

LLDP Chapter 561

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 561 Call Me Jared

"Really?" Jared raised his chin and decided to let it slide. He crouched down and dropped the high heels in front of her. "Put it on."

Amber nodded, leaning against the wall and ready to put on her shoes.

Then, Jared stood up, grabbed her hand, and put it on his shoulder.

Amber stared at him in shock. "What are you doing?"

"Supporting you," Jared answered.

"I can lean against the wall for support," Amber said, drawing her hand back.

Jared tightened the grasp on her hand. "The wall is cold. My shoulder is warm. I'll be your wall."

Hearing that, Amber chuckled helplessly. "You are really... Fine. Whatever."

With that, she just left her hand on his shoulder and started putting it on.

All strapped up, Amber retracted her hand. "Thank you, Mr. Wall."

Jared raised his eyebrows. "Mr. Wall?"

"Yeah. Didn't you say that you are a wall earlier? Mr. Wall seems like a fitting name for you." Amber taunted.

Jared smiled. "Whatever you like. But if you call me by my name, I would be even happier. Amber, next time, just call me Jared, no more 'Mr. Farrell', okay?"

Seeing the glimmer of hope in his eyes, Amber didn't have the heart to refuse.

Amber turned her head to avoid his gaze. "Fine."

"Okay," Jared agreed.

...

He believed that she would address him more affectionately someday in the future.

"Let's move. I'll take you to Mr. Hahn." Jared checked the time. It was already 11 p.m.

If they didn't go now, everyone would be gone.

Amber came here to see Mr. Hahn. Hearing that, she agreed with a nod.

They went into the elevator and headed to the lounge upstairs.

Jared stopped at the door of Mr. Hahn's lounge.

Seeing that, Amber was a little confused.

Just when she was about to ask if there was something wrong, he spoke first,

"Go on. I'll wait here. You said you want to seal this deal on your own. I'll leave you to it."

Mr. Hahn would sell it to her without hesitation if he saw Amber was with Jared.

That would be him throwing her the deal.

He didn't want to do that to her.

Amber soon came around. She said seriously, "Okay. I'll be out in a minute."

Jared was right. She did want to seal the deal herself.

It would be better if he just stayed outside.

If it were for his reminder, she would have forgotten about that.

"I believe in you. You can do it," Jared encouraged her with a smile.

Amber smiled back. "Thanks. I should go now."

"Okay," Jared hummed a reply.

After collecting herself, Amber took a deep breath, knocked on the door, then walked in.

Jared waited right where he was like a guard.

About half an hour later, Jared heard the doorknob being turned behind him.

He turned around to see Amber walk out of the door, looking thrilled.

Gazing at her excited face, his eyes softened. He smiled and asked, "How did it go?"

"Well, very well." Amber clenched her fists in excitement and continued, "At first, Mr. Hahn turned me down because he thinks that the scale of Goldstone is too small. But I persisted. Now, he is willing to make deal with me. I'll go to his company to sign the papers tomorrow."

"You are great." Jared gave her a thumbs up.

His girl was really something.

At first, she was merely a newbie who knows nothing at all. Gradually, she was able to handle some businesses of the company. Minutes ago, she sealed a deal with the CEO of a foreign enterprise on her own.

This huge transformation was accomplished by her in just a few months' time, which further validated her talent and hard work.

He believed, given time, she would grow more outstanding and dazzle everyone.

Amber beamed. "Thanks. I also think I'm great."

Jared put down his hand and chuckled. "Some girl just doesn't know what humble means."

"What? Being proud of ourselves is nothing to be ashamed of. As long as we aren't complacent, it is not a problem," Amber stroked her hair as she replied.

There was a soft light in his eyes. "True."

Amber met his gaze and froze.

She suddenly found him more and more gentle to her these days.

This reminded her of what he used to be like. That gentle young man in a white shirt.

Seeing Amber staring at him absent-mindedly, Jared reached out and waved in front of her. "What are you thinking about?"

Amber was still in a daze. Hearing that, she answered subconsciously, "I thought of what you used to be like."

"What I used to be like?" Jared squinted.

A chill ran down her spine, and she quivered a little, finally coming around. "Sorry... Where was I?"

"You said you just thought of what I used to be like." Jared continued, "Amber, what was I like in your eyes?"

What was he like?

Amber looked down on the floor.

He was the nicest, gentlest, and the most charming young man she had ever seen.

When she first saw him, she got butterflies in her stomach. She had never seen a man charming as Jared.

After they got married, the gentle prince charming suddenly morphed into this arrogant poker-faced bastard.

Thinking of that, Amber glared at him. "You are nothing like him right now."

With that, she headed to the lobby.

Jared watched her leave in confusion.

What was that? Why was she mad? What did he do wrong?

Jared wondered and chased after her.

When she got there, Amber's friend and her fiancé just finished their toast.

They didn't resume the party until the earthquake was over.

Amber stood in a corner, clapping with the guests to congratulate the couple on their engagement.

Of course, she was not giving them her blessing, she was merely doing it because everyone else did.

She knew clearly that her friend didn't get engaged to him because of love.

"So, your friend didn't break it off with Jonah Pratt," staring at the two on the stage, Jared commented, holding a glass of wine.

Amber frowned when she saw the wine in his hand. "Alcohol is not good for your condition."

She snatched the glass from his hand, put it on the long table, and brought him juice. "Here you go."

Seeing the bright red juice in his hand, his mouth twitched.

He didn't have to taste it to tell that it was sweet.

He didn't like sweet stuff, so he never drank any juice.

This glass of juice was brought to him by Amber herself. It was an embodiment of Amber's care towards him. He had to drink it even if he didn't like the taste.

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 562 Braylee's Hate

Jared shook the juice in his hand; the bright red juice was even more translucent and beautiful under the light of the hall.

He tilted his head and took a sip.

It was sweet, so sweet that it was cloying, but also sweet to the heart.

At this point, Amber took a sip from the glass of red wine she had just snatched from his hand, before answering his words, "Well, Nichole doesn't want to break off the engagement."

"She loves him?" Jared looked at her.

This "him", obviously referring to the scumbag Jonah Pratt.

Amber shook her head, "Of course not, Nichole said, the person she wanted to marry is gone, so for the sake of the family, it's the same with whoever she marries, and even if they are married, they would have an open relationship anyway."

"So that's how it is." Jared nodded his head and then set his eyes forward.

After seeing the couple go down, he tilted his head and finished the rest of the juice in his glass in one gulp, put the glass down, and said to Amber, "I'm going to see Jonah Pratt's father, do you want to go?"

Amber waved her hand, "Nah, I don't know them."

"That's fine, you wait here and eat something, and I'll be right back." Jared picked up a plate, chucked two mango-flavored cakes, and handed the plate to her.

Amber reached out and took it, "Go ahead, I'll wait for you."

"See you later." Jared smiled and turned to leave.

After he left, Amber suddenly froze.

Strange, why did she promise to wait for him?

The answer to something vaguely surfaced in Amber's mind, but it was quickly suppressed by her again.

She lowered her head, using a delicate silver fork, cut the cake, then forked up a piece and put it into her mouth, it was sweet.

Strangely enough, the taste of the cake was good, but definitely not as good as that made by a highly skilled pastry chef.

But for some reason, she felt that it was better than the ones made by the senior pastry chef.

Amber sat on the couch in the corner, eating the cake while waiting for Jared to return.

After waiting for a while, she put down her plate and got up to go to the bathroom.

After going to the bathroom, Amber stood at the sink washing her hands and touching up her makeup.

Suddenly, she looked in the mirror and saw the cubicle door behind her open, and Braylee came out of it fixing her hair.

Amber put down the lipstick in her hand, turned around, and shouted, "Braylee Reed!"

Braylee paused for a second and then looked up, "Hey... Amber?"

Her voice was shrill with surprise, and her eyes were written with shock and disbelief when she looked at Amber.

"Why are you here?" Braylee took two steps forward at a rapid pace and came to a stop in front of Amber, questioning loudly.

Amber took her lipstick back, put the lid on it and put it in her handbag, and said lightly, "I came to attend my friend's engagement party. Why can't I be here?"

"Your friend?" Braylee quickly reacted, her face twisted for a moment, "You're Nichole D'Alessandro's friend?"

Nichole D'Alessandro, Jonah Pratt's fiancée.

Amber looped her arms, "Yeah, but you seem to have a problem with Nichole, because of Nichole's fiancé?"

Hearing this, Braylee's face stiffened, then clenched her palms, her eyes panicked, "What do you... do you mean by that?"

"What do I mean you know it in your heart?" Amber's expression sank, "Braylee, I have not seen you for 6 years, did not expect you to give me a big surprise. A mistress, eh?"

The word mistress had provoked Braylee.

Braylee's eyes widened, her eyes were bloodshot as she looked at Amber, "You mean I'm the mistress? Obviously Nichole D'Alessandro, is the mistress. Jonah and I are in love, and Jonah doesn't love her, but she had to get engaged to Jonah. Isn't she the one that gets in the way between Jonah and me?"

If Nichole knew what she was doing, she should have taken the initiative to back out of the marriage with Jonah and given up her position.

Hearing this, Amber snorted, "So this is how you regard as a mistress. Just because you and Jonah have feelings, so Nichole, the bride-to-be here, becomes a mistress in your eyes, a mistress who prevents you from marrying Jonah. Braylee, you are really shameless. Do you think dad would forgive you if he saw you like this?"

Dad...

Braylee eyes flickered, and a trace of guilt surfaced on her face, but it quickly disappeared again. She crossed her arms and raised her voice, "Dad died long ago. I don't care if I can live up to him or not, so don't you play the dad card with me."

"You!" Amber's face turned red with anger, pointing at her furiously, "Braylee, you know that Dad is dead, but do you know that Dad was killed by you!"

Braylee's eyes kept rolling, avoiding to look at Amber, "Stop talking nonsense. How could I be the one that killed him?"

She didn't want to take the blame.

Even if, indeed, it was true.

"How could you?" Amber sneered, "Six years ago, when you and your mother thought Goldstone was going down, you ran off with the rest of the money, leaving dad with a bigger mess, and he jumped out of the window in frustration. Isn't that enough proof that you and your mother had caused his death?"

"Don't you dare!" Braylee clenched her fist, "You just said that dad committed suicide, so how did we kill him? Don't you dare accuse me and my mom. Dad's death is none of our business!"

Listening to her excuse, Amber sarcastically shook her head, "Braylee, you're such a horrible person. Do you still see him as your father?"

"No!" Braylee strained her neck and answered without hesitation, "Back when he defended you every time, when he was mean to me and punish me, he was no longer my dad in my heart."

Amber's eyes widened in disbelief, "Just because of that, you hold a grudge against Dad and don't even want to admit you're his eldest daughter?"

"Isn't that enough?" Braylee sneered.

Amber closed her eyes hard, took a deep breath, tried to suppress the anger in her heart, and said, "Braylee, do you know why Dad punished you? That's because you always bullied me. You always got yourself in trouble. No matter how Dad taught you, you didn't listen, so Dad had to scold you and punish you. He did it for your own good, hoping you'd grow up and hope you'd change. But I didn't expect you to hold a grudge against Dad for that, and you don't even want to admit he was your father!"

"What do you mean for my own good. Amber, you're not the one who was beaten, you're not the one who was scolded, so of course you can say that. I never thought he did it for my own good. In his heart, only you were his good daughter, and I was just a bad one who disgraced him. He regretted having me, right?" Braylee roared with a twisted face.

"Crazy, you're really crazy!" Shock was written all over Amber's face.

Braylee stared at her viciously, "I'm not crazy, I'm sober. I heard him say that with my own ears, he said he should have strangled me in the first place to avoid harming the Reed family. Since he would do that to me, then why couldn't my mother and I take the money and run away? I have long hated him. So after me and my mother heard that he died, you didn't know how happy we were." Braylee covered her stomach and laughed out loud with pleasure.

Amber was expressionless, her face was gloomy to the extreme, and the anger in her heart could no longer be suppressed. Clenching her fists for a few seconds, she dropped the bag in her hand, then grabbed Braylee by the hair and dragged her forcibly to the washstand.

Braylee did not expect Amber to suddenly make a move towards her, and pull her hair, she felt like her scalp was going to be ripped off, screaming in pain, "Let go of me!"

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 563 Jared's Concerns

Amber turned a deaf ear, still holding her hair tightly, and with her other hand, unscrewed the faucet, then plugged the sink.

Listening to the sound of clattering water, a great uneasiness rose in Braylee's heart, "What are you doing?"

"What am I doing?" Amber's red lips curled into a cold arch, "You'll soon find out, it'll be something you'll never forget."

"Fuck you, Amber, let go of me!" Braylee shouted with a fierce expression, while also using her hands to break Amber's hands, trying to free her hair from Amber's hands.

But Braylee's height and figure, both inherited from her mother, Beatrice Sitwell, short and small, simply could not shake Amber, whose strength was greater than hers.

Not to mention the fact that Amber is energized by anger and has more strength at the moment.

Even though Braylee was struggling, she couldn't break free but ended up getting herself tired and sweaty.

Braylee reluctantly raised her eyes and stared deadly at Amber, her eyes quenched with poisonous intent, "Bitch, let go of me or I'll..."

Before she could finish saying her threat, her entire head was pushed into the sink by Amber.

The cold water instantly invaded her eyes, nasal cavity, as well as her mouth, making her unable to breathe and extremely painful and uncomfortable.

The two hands of Braylee, both of which kept swinging violently in the air, waving.

Amber looked at her coldly, "Your mouth is so dirty, you have to be given a good wash to see if you still dare to curse and talk about Dad like that in the future."

Braylee's head was submerged in water, unable to speak, but able to hear.

Hearing Amber's words, she was so angry that she subconsciously opened her mouth and wanted to fight back.

As a result, when her mouth opened, a large stream of water rushed down her throat like a flood, making her feel even worse.

Amber kept her eyes on Braylee, silently calculating the time to tug her up in her heart.

After all, even if she loathed Braylee, she couldn't really kill her.

Thinking it was about time, Amber yanked Braylee's hair, tugging her head out of the water.

Braylee head tilted high, coughing violently, while looking at the ceiling, breathing heavily, her whole face was in a mess, even her eyes, were also red and bloodshot, wet eyelashes, not sure was by the water or tears.

"How about now? Is your mouth a little cleaner?" Amber looked at her with icy eyes, her voice impassive.

Braylee rolled her eyes and looked at Amber as if she wanted to eat her, her chest heaving fiercely, gritting her teeth and talking back, "Bitch, how dare you fucking..."

Amber frowned and once again shoved her head into the water, "Looks like your mouth hasn't been washed clean yet. I'll continue, then."

Braylee was so angry that she could kill, she closed her eyes and mouth tightly, kept shaking her head in the water, trying to shake Amber's handoff.

But Amber grabbed her by the hair and held on for dear life, no matter what she did, she couldn't shake it off.

Braylee knew she probably couldn't shake Amber's hand, and her heart grew desperate.

Of course, in addition to despair, there was a deep hatred.

This hatred went straight to her head, so she couldn't help but open her mouth to curse.

But her mouth was in the water, whenever she tried to open her mouth, the sound that came out, was in a blur, completely incomprehensible.

Even though it was incomprehensible, Amber could also guess through Braylee's tone that she was cursing, Amber said after a heave, "Braylee, you really are hopeless."

With those words, she yanked Braylee's hair up and pulled her head out of the water again.

Just as Braylee opened her eyes and were about to breathe, Amber pushed her head down again.

After holding her head down, instead of holding it down for a long time like before, she held it down and lifted it up, then held it down and lifted it up again.

She repeated a dozen times, Braylee was about to collapse.

Amber's behavior was more torturous than holding her head in the water for a long time because every time she could breathe, not yet adjusted to the rhythm, her breath was taken away by the water again.

And for every few seconds, to feel the cold choking feeling of being drowned, was mentally and psychologically depressing and hopeless.

Under both psychological and physical torture, Braylee was going to break down.

Her strength, however, had dwindled as she struggled against it, and in the end, her strength had begun to wane.

Amber knew she had to stop, or something really bad was going to happen to her, and then she yanked her head back up and swung her into the stall.

Braylee hit her back against the bathroom door, screamed in pain, slid down, and sat down on the cold ground, gasping for air.

She had no strength now; she was so weak that she could not move on the ground.

But even now, like a waste, she did not forget to look up at Amber, "You just wait, Amber, today's humiliation, I will give it back, and I will let you suffer the same!"

Amber stood with her back to her in front of the sink, washing her hands and looking at her in the mirror with a mocking smile on her face. "Really? I'll wait. I'll see what you can do."

Then she pulled a towel from the box beside her and turned around. "If you don't have that ability, in the end, you'll have to kneel at Dad's grave and repent."

"Why?" Braylee gritted her teeth.

Amber crumpled up the towel and threw it into the trash can. "Just because you are unfilial, is that enough?"

Braylee ground her teeth.

Amber wasn't in the mood to talk to her anymore, so she grabbed her purse, and stepped out of the bathroom elegantly in high heels.

"Amber!" Braylee ground her teeth, almost squeezing the word out of her mouth.

These two words were ground by her teeth as if she wanted to achieve the purpose of biting and tearing Amber into pieces through this.

She stared at Amber's departure with gloomy and vicious eyes and swore silently in her heart that she would take everything away from Amber when she returned to the country.

More than that, she wanted Amber to experience all the painful, desperate things in the world.

Otherwise, she could not let go of her hatred!

On the other hand, Amber walked out of the bathroom and headed for the banquet hall.

Just before she reached the entrance of the banquet hall, she saw a figure running out of it.

"Jared?" Amber looked at the man running out and hastily shouted.

Jared heard her voice and stopped in his tracks.

Amber frowned, "What are you running for? You forgot your feet..."

Before the words were finished, an arm came toward her, then tugged her into his arms, hugging her tightly, his voice low and hoarse, he asked, "Where have you been?"

Amber heard the worry and anxiety in his tone, her eyes opened and she meekly replied, "I went to the bathroom."

"What took you so long?" Jared loosened her up a little and then looked down at her, "I went back to look for you and waited for you for almost twenty minutes, did you really go to the bathroom?"

"Of course." Amber nodded, "Where did you think I was going?"

"I thought something had happened again when you suddenly disappeared." Jared said with a serious and tense expression, "It happened the last time, you suddenly disappeared, and when I found you, you had an accident. So Amber, do not leave without permission in the future. Even if you have to leave, you have to send a message to me, okay? You don't know how worried I was when I couldn't find you, worried that something had happened to you!"

He could not hear one more news of her accident; his heart could not stand this kind of surprise.

So now he was really worried that before his heart could be replaced, he would die from the stimulation if something happened to Amber.????

Chapter 564 Braylee's Ambition

And by that time, he would lose her once again.

So, he absolutely couldn't let anything happen to her, and he must not be over-stimulated before he had his heart replaced again. He wanted to live, and he wanted to live with her for the rest of his life.

Hearing the worrying anxiety in Jared's voice, she felt warm and itchy, and she smiled faintly, "I'm sorry for making you worry."

She also lifted her hand and placed it on his back, patting it twice to calm him down.

Jared gradually calmed down, "Be sure to tell me when you're away for so long in the future."

He gently let her go and cupped her face with one hand, looking at her admonishingly.

Amber saw his expression was so serious and hard, she subconsciously nodded, "Yes."

When she agreed, Jared was satisfied, no longer frowning, "Anything else next?"

"No. All done."

She had come here to attend her friend's engagement party, in addition to talking about the purchase rights.

Now that both things were done, naturally, there was nothing else.

"Let's go back, then." Jared looked at his watch.

It was already almost midnight.

Amber had wanted to go back for a long time, so when she heard him say that, she nodded and responded, "Sure, let's go back."

The two of them walked towards the elevator and soon arrived at the hotel's parking lot.

Jared took out his car key and pressed on it, and the luxurious Bentley purred and the lights flashed.

Jared pulled open the passenger door and gestured for Amber to get in.

Amber gathered her jacket around her body, then covered her chest with one hand and bent over to get in.

Just as she put one foot in the car, she suddenly felt something and pulled her foot back, standing up straight and turning her head to look in one direction.

Jared saw this, lightly opened his lips, and asked, "What's wrong?"

Amber did not answer, but pursed her thin lips, face cold, not turning her eyes away.

What was she looking at with such a serious expression?

Jared turned his head, followed her gaze, and then saw a man and a woman on the side of a car not far away across the parking lot.

The man he knew, was Jonah.

And the woman he did not know, but standing next to Jonah, with Amber's expression, he immediately guessed the identity of the woman.

It was Amber's sister, Braylee.

There, Braylee followed Jonah to the parking lot, also ready to leave the hotel and go back to the apartment to continue their business.

She didn't expect such a coincidence, but to see Amber here as well.

When she saw Amber, Braylee thought of the humiliation Amber had inflicted on her in the bathroom, and the anger and hatred in her heart could not stop running upward.

Then, she saw the man beside Amber, whose face was blocked, unlocked the Bentley and opened the door for Amber, and her heart was not only full of hatred but also jealousy.

Although Amber rescued Goldstone back, today's Goldstone simply cannot support Amber to buy such a good car, so this car must be that man who was with Amber.

That man was really blind; a rich man like him would like a divorcee like Amber.

The next thing Braylee saw was that the man turned around, and his handsome, beautiful face made Braylee stare, and then her mouth opened wide in surprise.

Such a handsome man!

She dared to swear that this man was the best looking she had ever seen.

A man like this should stand on the altar, unreachable, but he was actually standing next to Amber now!

Why?

What was so great about Amber, a divorced woman? Why should such a rich and good-looking man favor her?

The more she thought about it, the more jealous she became. Braylee's eyes turned scarlet and her face twisted up.

Jonah beside her noticed her expression, raised his eyebrows, and then followed her gaze.

Unexpectedly, he saw Jared.

For a moment, a hint of weakness swept across Jonah's eyes, but it quickly disappeared again. After straightening his collar and tie, he lifted his feet and walked toward Amber and Jared.

Since they saw each other, they should say hello.

After all, Jared's status was so much higher.

Braylee's eyes lit up when she saw Jonah go over, then rushed towards him to catch up, "Jonah, wait for me."

Jonah seemed to know this man.

Then, in that case, she can follow him and get to know this man too.

And she must remind this man that Amber was nothing good.

Tell him to hurry up and stay away from Amber.

Across the parking lot, Jared saw Jonah walking over with Braylee and turned his head to the woman beside him and said, "Shall we go?"

Amber shook her head, "No need to rush. since they're coming over, wouldn't it be rude for us to leave without a hello."

Moreover, seeing Braylee's smugness as she walked over to her, she was obviously looking for trouble.

She wanted to see what Braylee really wanted.

Jared listened to the woman's words and chuckled, "You're right. Manners."

With those words, he let go of the door handle and took his place beside her.

Jonah led Braylee to the front of the two, stopping almost two meters apart.

He first tossed Braylee's hand out of the crook of his arm, and then extended his hand toward Jared with a fawning smile on his face as he called out to Jared, "Mr. Farrell, we meet again."

If it were on any other day, Jonah shrugged off Braylee's arm like this, Braylee would have been upset.

But at the moment, she was very pleased with Jonah's behavior.

She did not want to have any close contact with Jonah at all, in front of this man.

Just now at the distance, she saw that this man was very handsome, and now when she looked closer, she found that he was even better looking, and her heart was thumping faster.

And his height and figure and the vibe that he exuded, were all far beyond Jonah.

Before this, she had always felt that Jonah was already the best among men, so she was willing to show a little affection to be with him, to keep him firmly in place, so that she would not worry about money, and then use some tricks in the future, maybe even married into the Pratt family.

But now, after seeing this man, she suddenly realized that Jonah was just average.

Thinking of it, Braylee looked up at Jonah and saw the ingratiating smile on Jonah's face, distaste flashing across her eyes. She then quickly turned her head away, her face glowing when she looked at Jared.

From Jonah's attitude towards this man, this man's status should not be low, at least higher than Jonah.

Sure enough, the man Braylee was truly looking for, should be this Mr. Farrell.

Jonah... was already in the past tense.

Braylee looked at Jared with burning eyes, it is too obvious, Jonah, Amber, Jared all saw this.

Jonah's expression stiffened, and quickly returned to a natural, dropping his eyelids, covering the coldness in his eyes.

Well, this woman was saying that she loved him before.

Now that she's seen another man, she can't even turn her eyes away.

Let's see how he will deal with her later!

Jonah saw that Jared had no intention to shake his hand, smiled awkwardly, then put his hand back, pretending that nothing had happened, and looked towards Amber, "Who is this lady?"

"Hello, my name is Amber Reed," Amber opened her mouth and smiled back.

Her smile was faint, even a little perfunctory.

Because she really, didn't have much of a good attitude towards such a cheating man.????????????????

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 565 Stirring Up Trouble

"Amber Reed?" Jonah thought the name sounded a bit familiar, immediately thought of something, suddenly clapped his hands, "so you are the friend my fiancée mentioned, and the lady Mr. Farrell told me about. Nice to meet you. "

He extended his hand toward Amber.

Amber looked at his hand and frowned, not wanting to shake it.

But she was not Jared, she couldn't just ignore him.

So she had to shake his hand. She didn't want to get into trouble.

Amber squeezed the corners of her mouth, barely maintaining a smile on her face, and extended her hand, ready to shake hands with him.

Just then, Jared's hand suddenly reached over and pressed her hand down gently, preventing her from shaking it.

Amber looked over at him in surprise.

He shook his head at her and then looked at Jonah, "A handshake won't be necessary."

Looking at Jared's possessive look, Jonah suddenly realized and laughed, "Sorry, I'm being abrupt and forgetting Mr. Farrell's relationship with Miss. Reed, I hope you don't mind Mr. Farrell."

He hurriedly put his hand down.

Listening to Jonah's words, Amber pursed her lips.

This person seemed to have misunderstood the relationship between her and Jared, thinking that she and Jared were a couple.

But Amber didn't explain.

"Okay, what do you want?" Jared asked in an indifferent tone as he took his hand off Amber's wrist and looked at Jonah.

Jonah waved his hand, "Nothing, just saw you were here, so I came over to say hello."

"In that case, the greeting is done. We should get going."

After saying that, Jared was going to pull the car door.

Seeing they were leaving, Braylee, who hadn't said a word and kept a decent smile on her face, couldn't be still and hurriedly spoke, "Wait a minute."

Amber and Jared stopped in their tracks.

Jonah even scolded with a cold face, "What are you doing?"

Braylee didn't even look at him as if she hadn't heard him.

She took a deep breath, took a step forward, put on what she thought was her best smile, looked at Jared, and said in a soft and delicate voice, "Hi mister, I haven't introduced myself yet. My name is ..."

"No need, not interested." Braylee hadn't even finished introducing herself when she was directly interrupted by Jared, his tone full of impatience.

Braylee face smile stiffened, how did not expect, he so does not give himself face.

For a moment, Braylee was embarrassed and angry and stood there not knowing how to continue.

Amber saw Braylee's predicament, her red lips tugged, obviously in a good mood.

She looked at Jared and gave him a thumbs up in a subtle move, mouthed at him, "Well done."

Jared didn't expect her to praise him and he gave a low chuckle.

Braylee watched their interaction, jealousy raged in her heart, she clenched her fist and spoke again, "Sister, won't you introduce me to this gentleman?"

"Sister?" Jonah froze, looking at her and then Amber, "You two are... sisters?"

"Yes Jonah, this lady and I, we are sisters by blood." Braylee looked at Amber, who was with a dark face and gently stroked her hair, smiling smugly.

This man was not willing to listen to her self-introduction, but if she got Amber involved, he should listen to it, right?

No matter what, she must make this man, remember her name!

"Right!" Jonah said in surprise, "How could I not see the similarity here? This lady is called Amber Reed, and you are Braylee Reed..."

"That's right. We have the same father but different mothers."

"Sorry, we are not sisters. A person who disowned her own father; I don't have a sister like this." Amber frowned and said coldly.

Jonah then realized that these sisters had not exchanged a single greeting since the moment they met just now like they didn't know each other. It seemed that they didn't have a good relationship.

"Amber, how can you say that?" Braylee's eyes widened, with an aggrieved face, and said, "Since when did I disown my father? That's a false accusation."

"I wronged you?" Amber pointed at herself and sneered in exasperation.

Jared put his hand on her shoulder and patted her gently, signaling her not to be angry, then looked down, condescendingly, looking down at Braylee like she was an ant, "Amber never tells lies, she said you disowned your father, you disowned your father."

"This gentleman, how can you misunderstand me like this just based on my sister's side of the story? I am my father's own daughter. How can I disown my father! You must have misunderstood me. Maybe it's because my father died so many years ago and I didn't go back to visit his grave, so you guys just..."

As she spoke, she lowered her head and looked like she was about to cry.

Amber's temples were throbbing, "Enough, put away your acting. I don't buy this. It's disgusting. Let's go."

She glanced at Jared.

Jared nodded slightly and reopened the car door.

Braylee saw this and secretly gritted her teeth.

Want to leave?

No way!

She hadn't even struck up a conversation with this man yet, hadn't separated them yet, so how could she let them go.

"Sister." Braylee hurriedly opened her mouth and shouted, "We haven't seen each other for so long, how about we find a place to catch up?"

She walked towards Amber and reached out her hand, trying to take Amber's arm.

Amber sensed her behavior and lifted her arm upwards, over her outstretched hand.

However, at that moment, Braylee suddenly shouted, she fell to the ground at once, and her arm immediately was scratched.

"Sister, why did you push me?" She covered her arm and raised her head, looking at Amber with an unbelievable face, with hurt written in her eyes.

It was as if Amber was an unforgivable villain.

The corners of Amber's mouth twitched, "Do you believe me when I say I didn't touch her?"

She looked at the man beside her.

The man nodded with his thin lips slightly parted, "Of course."

His unhesitating answer made Amber feel very satisfied.

She then turned her head back and looked at Braylee, "You said I pushed you?"

Braylee lowered her head, "There's no way I could have fallen on my own."

The implication was that Amber had pushed her.

Amber was both amused and angry, she narrowed her eyes, "Since you say so, then wouldn't I be sorry if I didn't really push you and sit this charge down?"

"What do you... want?" Braylee's heart suddenly thumped and she felt something bad was going to happen.

Especially with Amber's tone and look, it was like she was in the restroom again.

"What do I want? Of course, it's to push you!" With that, Amber bent down, dragged Braylee up from the ground, and then pushed Braylee's shoulder down with force.

Braylee suddenly fell out, fell heavily on the ground, she was so shocked, even forgot to shout in pain.

It wasn't until a while later that she reacted and howled in pain with a face full of distortion, "Amber, you..."

She didn't expect that Amber actually dared to push her!

"What's with me?" Amber stood in front of her with her head down, looking at her with the same look Jared had just given her, "Braylee, you are really something. When normal people who know someone doesn't like them, they'd stay away. But you are quite bizarre. You know that I do not like you, you still have to come up. Do you have to be like this?"

"You..." Braylee's face turned red with anger.

Jonah on the side looked at the overbearing Amber and couldn't help but swallow.

Good lord, this woman looked like a good girl on the outside, but he didn't expect her to be so tough, and fierce.

How come Mr. Farrell would like such a tough woman?

Jonah looked towards Jared but saw that Jared was looking at Amber with a proud face. The corners of Jonah's mouth couldn't help twitching.

Mr. Farrell's taste was so unique; he liked this kind of woman.

He wondered that, even if Amber killed someone, Jared would be the one to clean up the mess for her, right?

Chapter 566 Taught Braylee a Lesson

Thinking of this, Jonah took a step back and pulled away from these people.

He had already seen that Braylee was just a slut, who didn't love him as she claimed, and what she loved were only his status and his money.

And now, when she met Jared Farrell who was more good-looking and richer than him, this woman immediately ignored him. She stared at Mr. Farrell without blinking her eyes.

Unfortunately, this woman obviously did not know that the kind of woman Mr. Farrell hated the most was her.

He was waiting for this woman to be dealt with by Mr. Farrell and Ms. Reed.

On the other side, after pushing Braylee down onto the ground, Amber had returned to Jared's side.

Jared grabbed her hand and placed it in front of him to take a closer look.

"What's wrong?" Amber looked puzzled.

"Let me see if your hand is injured." Jared flipped her hand and replied.

"How could it be injured?"

Amber was about to pull her hand back.

"Don't move! Even if you are not injured, you have to be careful. You just touched something dirty. There are germs."

As he spoke, he pulled out a handkerchief from his left pocket and wiped her hands.

Looking at his actions, Amber found it funny, but she did not pull her hand back.

On the other hand, Braylee on the ground was about to be angered to death, her fists clenched tightly, nails almost dug into the flesh.

She was so angry.

This man actually said that she was dirty, full of germs!

On the other side, Jonah was about to laugh to death.

He knew that this woman, Braylee, was going to be dealt with by Mr. Farrell and Ms. Reed.

"Sir."

Braylee took a deep breath and temporarily suppressed the anger in her heart. She squeezed the corners of her mouth and looked at Jared with a sad expression. "How could you say that? I was pushed to the ground by my sister. Not only did you not speak up for me, but you even said that I am... all germs. Isn't that too much..."

"Who are you to me?" After wiping Amber's hand, Jared let go of Amber's hand. Then, he looked at Braylee coldly and indifferently. His voice was full of disgust. "Why should I speak up for you?"

"I..." Braylee choked and suddenly became speechless. Her face turned green and red, looking very funny.

However, she quickly adjusted her emotions and stood up from the ground. She lowered her head and said in a wronged tone, "I know. I have nothing to do with you. It's just that even if I'm a stranger, you should still come out and speak a few words of justice when you see such a thing. So, Sir, you can't protect my sister just because she is with you."

Jared was speechless.

What was this woman talking about?

Amber was with him. If he didn't protect Amber, who would he protect?

Was she out of her mind?

Thinking about this, Jared pursed his thin lips and said in a cold and indifferent voice, "Your sister is my woman. Why can't I protect her?"

"Hey..." Amber suddenly looked up at him.

"What's wrong?" Jared looked over as well, his expression and voice softened at the same time.

Amber lowered her eyes to avoid his gaze and shook her head, "Nothing."

Whatever he said.

She could not slap him in the face in front of Braylee.

Moreover, he was speaking up for her.

"Sir, you can't do this." Braylee raised her head and looked at Jared with a righteous look. "I know that Amber is your woman. You should protect her, but her personality is too..."

She threw a careful glance at Amber, afraid that she would be angry. She quickly looked away and lowered her head. "Sister has a strong personality and likes to bully others. Therefore, if you protect her for no reason, it will only increase her arrogance and spoil her. There'll be trouble one day!"

Listening to her slander, Amber almost blew her stack.

She was about to step forward to argue.

Jared suddenly stretched out his arm to stop her and shook his head at her, indicating for her to calm down first.

"Leave it to me." Jared looked at Amber.

Seeing that his eyes were serious, Amber inexplicably calmed down and nodded.

Jared put down his hand and turned to look at Braylee. His eyes were so cold that there was no emotion in them at all, "You said that Amber has a strong personality and likes to bully people. Tell me, who has she bullied?"

Braylee twisted the corner of her clothes and replied, "Sister, she... she liked to bully me since I was a child. I grew up being beaten and scolded by my sister, so I couldn't help but escape from the Reed family six years ago. Today, I happened to meet my sister in the bathroom. I was very happy to greet her, thinking that we hadn't seen each other for six years. But I didn't expect that she would push me into the sink and almost drowned me."

When she said this, she wiped her tears and actually started crying.

Jared looked at Amber in surprise, as if asking, "Have you done this?"

Amber's red lips moved, but she did not speak. She just nodded to admitted that she had indeed pushed Braylee into the water.

Jared finally understood why she had stayed in the bathroom for so long.

Turned out she had gone to deal with some trash.

"Since Amber treats you like this, you must have done something wrong and angered her. Otherwise, why would such a nice person do that to you?"

The corners of Amber's lips curled up, amused by his words.

"Excuse me?" When Braylee heard this, she stopped crying, looking perplexed.

She stared at Jared in disbelief. He was actually defending Amber to this extent!

When an ordinary man heard that his female companion was so arrogant and had even pressed people into the water, he would feel unhappy.

For example, Jonah.

Why was it different when it came to this man?

Wasn't he too unreasonable?

However, it was precisely such a Jared that had made Braylee's heart move even more, and her heart became even firmer. She had to drive a wedge between him and Amber and snatch him over.

In short, as long as it was something that belonged to Amber, she had to snatch it away!

"No, sir. I didn't do anything wrong. I just..."

"Enough! You don't have to tell me anything else. I don't even know you. Why do you think I will believe you and not my own eyes? I know what kind of person Amber is. You said that Amber bullied you since you were a child. Why have I heard that you bullied her since she was a child?"

"No, I didn't!" Braylee quickly shook her head and denied it.

However, she was puzzled. How did he know?

Had Amber told him?

No, he said that he did not know her, so how would Amber have told him about her?

"You know better than me." Jared gently pinched Amber's hand and said, "In the past when you bullied Amber, I couldn't help her, but in the future, if you dare bully her again, you should think about whether you are a match for me. Also, you keep saying bad things about Amber and making her a vicious woman. Have you forgotten that you and Amber are sisters? Do you really think others can't see what you are?"

Chapter 567 Jared's Vicious Tongue

"You... you..."

"What?" Jared interrupted her again. "Do you think I don't know what you're trying to say to ruin Amber's reputation? You just want to ruin her image in my heart, so as to lower her position in my heart. Heh, a woman like you is stupid and poisonous. Any man who can take a fancy to you is mentally disordered."

As he spoke, Jared glanced at Jonah.

Jonah coughed awkwardly and quickly turned his head to the side.

Braylee did not expect Jared to be so direct, exposing all her ambitions in the air.

For a moment, she felt guilty, embarrassed, and angry, and her whole body trembled.

Even Amber did not expect that Jared would speak with such a vicious tongue.

But he said the right thing.

Especially when she saw him protecting her and reducing Braylee to nothing, she felt even more satisfied.

"Let's go." Jared looked at Amber.

There was no longer a need to get entangled with Braylee, which would only be a waste of time.

Braylee had already been embarrassed by what he said and did not dare to stop them anymore.

"Okay, let's go," Amber grunted.

She turned around and did not look at Braylee. She bent down and got into the passenger seat.

Jared closed the door of the passenger seat, walked around the front of the car to the driver's seat, opened the door, started the car, and left directly.

The car drove toward the exit of the parking lot. When it drove for a distance, Amber glanced at the rearview mirror and saw Braylee being slapped to the ground by Jonah.

Amber exclaimed.

Jared also saw this scene and said lightly, "Braylee is Jonah's lover. Just now, Braylee wanted to get close to me, so she made Jonah, who was not very broad-minded, hate her in his heart. Jonah did not dare to attack me, but he dared to do anything to Braylee. Especially since you have no feelings for Braylee, so when we left, Jonah would naturally deal with her."

"Yes, she wanted to get close to you." Amber curled her lips.

"Wait, someone's tone doesn't sound right..." Jared raised his eyebrows.

"What are you talking about?" Amber looked down at her nails, flicked them, and continued, "Hardly had a Makenna left, there a Braylee came. Your luck's in."

"Are you jealous?" Jared narrowed his eyes slightly.

Amber straightened her back and immediately retorted, "How is that possible? What can I be jealous of? Don't talk nonsense."

How could Jared not know that she was pretending? He chuckled, "Yes, yes, you are not jealous."

"Of course, I'm not," Amber muttered.

Jared turned the steering wheel. Although he was looking at the road in front of him, his eyes were particularly serious and affectionate. "Don't worry. I only love you."

After saying this, he turned to look at Amber.

Amber's heart beat faster and her little face gradually became hot.

Fortunately, the lights in the car were dim, and Jared could not see her blushing face. Otherwise, she would definitely want to find a place to hide.

Was this person better and better at saying things that made people blush and their hearts beat faster?

For some reason, Amber suddenly remembered what Nichole had said to her in the dressing room.

Nichole said that if she met someone who liked her very much, she should be with him, lest she should regret it in the future.

So, should she be with Jared?

After all, he was indeed different now. If she was with him, she would not be like how she was six years ago.

Thinking of this, Amber looked at Jared in a daze.

Jared felt that she was in a daze. While the traffic light was traffic, he turned to look at her and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing. I was just wondering if I should agree to something," Amber said with a smile.

"What is it then?" Jared asked curiously.

"I can't say it for now. I probably haven't thought it through yet," Amber shook her head.

It was not a small matter to reconcile with Jared.

The six years of pain had left a deep aftereffect on her, causing her to have a certain degree of fear toward love and marriage.

So whether she wanted to reconcile or not was something she had to carefully think about.

If she were to reconcile with him in such an impulsive manner, she might really collapse when she got hurt again.

Seeing that Amber did not want to say anything, Jared nodded and did not insist. Then, he thought of something and started the car. He asked, "By the way, Braylee said that you pushed her into the water in the bathroom. What exactly happened?"

Hearing this, a trace of anger appeared on Amber's good-looking face. Then, she told him what had happened in the bathroom.

"I see. Then she should be dealt with." Jared nodded.

"I'm really sad for my father to have such a daughter." Amber rubbed her temples.

"But he had you too."

"Me?"

"Yes," Jared said. "Your father must be proud of you. If he could see from up there, he would be very pleased to know what you have done for the Reed family and Goldstone."

"I hope so." Amber smiled.

"Although you are right to deal with Braylee, don't do it again in the future," Jared added.

"Why not?" Ms. Reed looked at him.

"I'm afraid you'll get hurt." Jared opened his thin lips and replied, "Although Braylee can't beat you, it's hard to guarantee that there won't be any accidents. What will you do then?"

Amber was silent.

After a while, she nodded slightly. "You are right. I'll refrain myself from impulse in the future."

"That's good. Take good care of yourself." Jared chuckled.

"I will." Amber nodded.

Soon, Jared stopped the car, pulled up the hand brake, and said, "We've arrived."

"Eh?" Amber was stunned at first, then turned to look out of the window.

Looking at the villa in front of her, she suddenly widened her eyes in surprise. "Wait a minute, how did you know that I live here?"

She had felt that she had forgotten to mention something ever since she got in the car.

Now she finally remembered. She had forgotten to tell him her address.

Although she had not told him the address, he still brought her over.

There was obviously a problem.

"Because I live here too." Jared opened the car door and got out of the car.

"You live here too? You are the man Nichole arranged in?" Amber was so shocked that her mouth was wide open.

She pointed at Jared.

"Yes." Jared raised his chin.

"This..." Amber was stunned. After getting off the car, she continued to ask, "Don't you live in a hotel?"

"The hotel suite equipment is broken, so I asked Jonah to arrange a place for me. However, all the other properties under Jonah and his fiancée have been occupied. I learned from Jonah that the only person who lives in this villa is you, so I moved here too. When I moved in this afternoon, I wanted to give you a surprise, but you were not here."

Jared said it lightly, but Amber was very uneasy.

The hotel suite equipment was broken?

The excuse was highly suspicious.

Even if the equipment of one suite was broken, there were other rooms.

How could a seven-star hotel have only one presidential suite?

Therefore, it was obvious that he had deliberately contacted Jonah to find out where she lived and moved in!??????

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 568 Gratitude from Nichole

Thinking of this, Amber rolled her eyes at Jared, snorted at him, and then strode toward the villa door.

Jared stood in place with a puzzled face, looking at her back.

Why was she angry again?

He didn't seem to have done anything wrong, right?

He chased after her with his long legs. "Amber, wait a minute."

Amber pretended not to hear him and continued to walk inside.

Seeing this, Jared quickened his pace and followed her into the entrance.

The moment he closed the door, Jared grabbed Amber's wrist and gently pushed her against the wall, looked down at her, and asked, "Tell me, what's wrong? Why are you angry?"

Amber rolled her eyes in her heart again.

He actually asked her what she was angry about?

Amber raised her hand and pushed Jared's chest, wanting to push him away. "Nothing. Get out of the way. I'm tired."

"You have to tell me what happened. I can't be at ease if you don't tell me."

"Do you really want to know?" Amber took a deep breath and looked up at him.

"Of course. Otherwise, I wouldn't have asked you."

Amber pursed her red lips and finally replied, "Jared, did you deliberately follow me to live here?"

Jared was speechless.

She had guessed it right.

It seemed that there was a loophole in his words just now.

Seeing that Jared was silent, Amber sighed, "Sure enough, you are really... brazen!"

"So the reason why you are angry is that I live in the same house with you?"

"You make me feel like you are stalking me."

"Sorry, I scared you. But Amber, I do want to follow you for a lifetime!" Jared replied.

"Who wants you to be with me for a lifetime? It's annoying. Go away!" Amber lowered her head with a burning face.

She pushed him away forcefully, took off the high heels on her feet, put on her slippers, and walked into the living room.

Jared chuckled. He changed his shoes and followed her in.

Amber was sitting on the sofa and resting.

In the morning, she had taken a few hours of flight, gone out to buy medicine in the afternoon, and attended the engagement party in the evening. She had been exhausted after a day.

Especially her shoulders, which were very sore.

Looking at her hammering her shoulder, Jared thought about it and went to the kitchen. He made a cup of tea and handed it to her. "You drank a lot of wine tonight. Drink this and relieve the alcohol. Otherwise, you will have a headache later."

Amber looked at the tea he brought over. She was stunned at first, but then her heart warmed. She reached out and took it. "Thank you."

"Are you not angry now?" Jared sat down beside her.

Hearing this, Amber paused for a moment, then snorted lightly. "For the sake of your cup of tea, I will forgive you this time."

"Okay." Jared chuckled.

Amber lowered her head and continued to drink her tea.

Jared sat next to her and stared at her.

His eyes were focused and burning. Amber felt a little uncomfortable being looked at by him. She put down the cup and stood up. "Um... It's getting late. I should go to rest."

"Okay, go to bed early." Jared nodded.

"You too." Amber picked up the handbag on the sofa.

"I still have a short video conference to attend."

"Okay, then I'll leave first."

"Good night." Jared looked at her.

The corners of Amber's mouth twitched. "Good night."

Then, she turned around and went upstairs.

After returning to her room, Amber first sat by the bed. After waiting for two minutes, she took her pajamas and went to the bathroom to take a bath.

Soaking in the bathtub, as the water temperature gradually warmed up, the alcohol in Amber's body was gradually stimulated, causing her head to become dizzy, and her face was so red that it seemed like it was going to drip blood.

She knew that she couldn't continue soaking in it, otherwise, she might be drowned in the bathtub.

This kind of death was too shameful.

Amber rubbed her temples, held the edge of the bathtub, and stood up. Then she took a bath towel to the side, dried her body, put on her pajamas, and went out of the bathroom, intending to lie down and sleep.

In the end, before she could walk to the big bed, her legs suddenly went limp and she fell to the ground.

There was a carpet on the ground. Under the influence of the alcohol, Amber could not feel any pain even if she fell down.

She looked up at the chandelier on the ceiling. Her eyelids blinked from time to time. In the end, she could not hold on. Under the light of the chandelier, she closed her eyes and fell asleep.

Downstairs, Jared finished the video conference and prepared to go upstairs to rest.

At this time, the doorbell rang.

He frowned, put down the laptop in his hand, and walked towards the entrance.

He opened the door and saw a tall woman standing outside.

The woman saw Jared and smiled politely at him. "Mr. Farrell."

"Oh." Jared looked at the woman and asked lightly, "What's the matter?"

Nichole looked behind him as if she was looking for something.

However, she did not see what she wanted to see. She retracted her gaze and replied with a smile, "I am here to see Amber. There are some things I want to talk to her about. Has she gone to bed?"

"She has." Jared looked at her unhappily. "Can't you talk about it tomorrow?"

Did she have to come and disturb Amber's rest at this time?

Nichole also knew that it was not appropriate for her to have come at this time.

But she just wanted to tell Amber quickly.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Farrell. I didn't think it through. But what I want to tell her is a very important matter. An hour ago, when I found out that Jonah's lover outside was Amber's sister, I suddenly thought of it and thus rushed over." Nichole said with an embarrassed smile.

"Something about Braylee Reed?" Jared narrowed his eyes. "What exactly is it? I'll pass on the message to Amber."

"This..." Nichole hesitated a little.

A few seconds later, she shook her head and apologized, "I'm sorry, Mr. Farrell. I'll tell her about this personally. After all, this matter is very important."

How could Jared not see that this woman did not trust him?

However, it did not matter. He opened his thin lips and said indifferently, "Since you want to tell her yourself, you can come back tomorrow. I can tell from your face that it's not an urgent matter."

Nichole nodded. "Alright then. Sorry for bothering you, Mr. Farrell."

After that, she turned around and was about to leave.

However, just as she took a step, she thought of something and quickly turned around. "Wait a moment, Mr. Farrell," she said.

Jared stopped closing the door and pursed his thin lips. "What else do you want?"

Nichole suddenly bowed to him. "I have already heard from my father that you have talked to Jonah's father about Jonah having a mistress outside. For this, Jonah's father has scolded him sternly. He demanded Jonah to break up with the woman outside and also has given my family a generous compensation. Thank you so much, Mr. Farrell."

Jared looked at her expressionlessly. "If you want to thank someone, thank Amber. I did this for her. She cares about her friend and doesn't want to see you live a messy marital life. That's why I did this. Of course, another reason is that Jonah's mistress is the other daughter of Amber's father. I just want Jonah to abandon Braylee."

Although Amber had no feelings for Braylee, he still did not want Braylee to be the home-wrecker because this would disgrace Hugo.

But if Jonah dumped Braylee first, then she wouldn't end up being the home-wrecker.

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 569 Amber Was Jealous

Nichole smiled, "No matter what the reason is, Mr. Farrell, you have helped me, so I am very grateful to you. However, I came in a hurry tonight and did not prepare any gifts. I will make up for you tomorrow. Good-bye."

"Ok," Jared responded.

Nichole bowed again and turned to leave.

Jared directly closed the door and went back to the living room to pick up the laptop and went upstairs.

When he passed by Amber's room, he slowed down and glanced at her door.

He stopped when he saw the light in the room coming out through the gap under the door.

The light was still on. Amber was not sleeping?

Thinking of this, Jared raised his hand and knocked on the door. He planned to tell her that Nichole had come to find her.

"Amber, are you there?" Jared asked as he knocked on the door.

However, after knocking for a long time, the door had no intention of opening, and there was no movement inside the door.

Was she asleep?

Jared frowned and quickly rejected the idea.

Impossible. Amber hated strong light when she slept, so she couldn't have slept with the light on.

So she should not be asleep yet.

But why didn't she keep the door closed? Could it be that she wasn't in the room?

Thinking of this, Jared's face tensed up. He stopped knocking on the door and placed his hand on the doorknob. With a light turn, the door opened.

Jared pushed open the door and walked in. He first looked in the direction of the bed. When he saw that there was no one in the bed, his pupils suddenly contracted.

She really wasn't there!

Where did she go?

Jared's heart tightened and his fists clenched. He turned his neck and began to observe how Amber had left the room.

After all, he had not seen Amber downstairs.

However, when he looked around, he saw a long black object on the ground not far from the bathroom, which seemed to be human hair.

His vision was blocked by the sofa in front of him, and he was not too sure.

Jared walked around the sofa, planning to go over and check it out. When he looked, he saw Amber lying on the ground, not knowing whether he was alive or dead.

"Amber!" Jared's expression changed greatly. He took three steps forward and checked Amber's situation.

He lifted Amber up and let her lean into his arms. Then, he reached out to touch her forehead. He found that it was not hot. He checked her breathing again and found that her breathing was steady and slow. She did not look like she was sick.

Immediately, Jared calmed down. He even felt a little funny.

Amber was not sick, and she was only asleep.

But to fall asleep here, was she not afraid of catching a cold?

Jared had no intention of waking Amber up. He put her arms around his neck and then held her butt with one arm. He picked her up and walked to the bed.

When he came to the bedside, Jared put Amber on the bed. He tidied her hair and covered her with a quilt. After leaning over and kissing her forehead, he got up and turned off the light.

When Amber woke up the next day, it was already eleven o'clock in the morning.

She opened her eyes, looked at the ceiling, and looked at the bed below her. She was stunned.

Strange, why was she in bed?

Hadn't she just gotten drunk and fallen to the ground after taking a shower last night?

Had Jared entered her room last night?

Amber pursed her red lips, rubbed her temples, and sat up on the bed.

As soon as she got up, she almost vomited because her head was still a little dizzy and even a little swollen, which made her feel very uncomfortable.

But Amber still insisted on removing the quilt and getting out of bed. After putting on her shoes, she walked to the bathroom and threw herself on the toilet to vomit.

After vomiting, she felt comfortable. Although her head was still a little dizzy, at least the disgusting feeling disappeared.

Amber reached out and pressed the flush button, then stood up and went to brush her teeth in front of the sink.

It was already an hour later when she was ready to go out.

Amber had just walked up the stairs when she heard Jared's voice from the living room below. "The Pratt family did quite well."

Just as he finished speaking, a female voice sounded.

The female voice did not speak, but she was laughing. Her laughter was like silver bells, which was quite pleasant to hear.

When Amber heard this female voice, she immediately stopped walking down the stairs. Her hand that was holding the railing also subconsciously tightened, and her face was somewhat ugly.

Heh, Jared was really popular with women!

Yesterday, there was Braylee, and today there was another one.

Would there be someone else tomorrow?

The more she thought about it, the more uncomfortable she felt. Amber could not help but snort coldly.

Although her voice was not loud, Jared's hearing had always been good. He turned to look at the stairs and saw Amber standing on the stairs. His cold face immediately softened, and even his voice became gentle. "You're up?"

Amber did not want to pay attention to him and turned her head away.

Wasn't he talking to a woman to make her happy? Why should he care about her?

Why didn't he continue to talk to her?

Jared looked at Amber's unhappy expression, and an invisible question mark appeared above his head.

What was wrong with her?

Nichole, who was sitting opposite Jared, could not see the stairs, but when she saw Jared staring in the direction of the stairs, she immediately guessed that it was Amber who had got up and come down. She quickly stood up and walked around the sofa. When she saw the stairs, she stopped and waved to Amber who was on the stairs. "Amber."

When Amber heard Nichole's voice, she was first stunned. Then, she turned her head around and asked in surprise, "It's you?"

Therefore, the person who had just spoken to Jared was Nichole, not some other woman she did not know.

"What? You don't recognize me after not seeing me for a day?" Nichole looked at the surprise on her face and said with a smile.

"No, I'm just surprised that you're here." Amber shook her head.

And she was talking to Jared so happily.

"I came here to thank you and Mr. Farrell. But you wasn't up yet, so I am waiting for you while talking with Mr. Farrell."

"Is that so? Then... what did you say just now?" Amber glanced at Jared and finally turned her gaze back to Nichole. She asked with a slightly sour voice.

Jared raised his eyebrows and chuckled.

He finally understood why she had been unhappy just now.

Because he had been talking to another woman.

"We were talking about Jonah." Nichole did not hear the hidden jealousy in Amber's tone. She smiled, "Yesterday, Mr. Farrell talked to Jonah's father about his lover outside. So last night, the Pratt family forced Jonah to come to apologize to me and let him send the mistress away."

"So that's how it is." Amber nodded in realization.

No wonder Jared had just said that the Pratt family had done a good job.

So that was what he meant.

Amber immediately felt at ease and was no longer as flustered as before.

She held the railing and continued downstairs.

Jared looked at her trembling legs and suddenly understood something. He put down the financial magazine in his hand and went to the kitchen. He took out the hangover soup and handed it to Amber. "Drink this."

"What is this?" Amber looked at the black liquid in the bowl and smelled a strange scent. She wrinkled her nose in disgust.??????

Chapter 570 You Like Him

"Hangover soup." Jared replied.

"Why this color and this smell?" Amber frowned.

Jared looked down at the black liquid and was silent for two seconds. "It doesn't look good and doesn't smell good. But as long as it's effective, it's fine. Drink it," he said.

In fact, he had learned how to make this hangover soup online last night.

After he carried her to the bed last night, he smelled the scent of alcohol on her body. Even though she had taken a bath, the smell of alcohol was still there.

Therefore, he quickly understood that the real reason why she had slept on the ground was definitely that she had been drunk.

So when he left her room, he went downstairs to the kitchen to study how to make the hangover soup.

What he got was the liquid in his hand. It looked completely different from what was taught in the video.

However, in order to test whether it was effective, he had specially drunk some wine and then tried the soup he made. When he woke up this morning, he found that he did not have any drunken side effects. So he knew that it was very effective.

Originally, he had planned to let Amber drink it and proudly tell her that it was he who had made it. Maybe he would see her surprised and praising eyes.

But now, seeing her look of disdain, he decided to forget it and not to admit that he made it himself.

Thinking of this, Jared coughed lightly and replied, "I'm not sure. Maybe it's a new flavor developed by the hotel."

"New flavor?" The corner of Amber's mouth twitched. "Which hotel is so bold to sell this kind of hangover soup? After all, other than idiots, no normal person would buy such a disgusting thing."

Jared "the idiot" Farrell wasn't happy at her words, and he looked at her with a bit of hurt in his eyes.

Amber hadn't noticed that something was wrong with him, but Nichole, who had been silent at the side, noticed it. She reached out and pulled Amber's sleeve.

"What's wrong?" Amber turned to look at her.

Nichole did not say anything. She just raised her chin at Jared.

Amber looked over. Looking at Jared's expression and his gaze on the hangover soup, she immediately understood something. She smiled awkwardly. "Uh...sorry. I forgot that you bought this soup for me..."

It was not a lie. She had really forgotten just now.

Otherwise, she would not have said that only an idiot would buy this kind of hangover soup.

He had already been scolded.

Jared looked at Amber's embarrassed look and sighed helplessly. He said in a doting voice, "Alright, drink quickly. Don't you feel dizzy?"

"Fine, I'll drink it," Amber said with a smile.

Although this bowl of hangover soup didn't seem to be that tasty, it was still his good intentions.

She couldn't refuse his concern.

Thinking about this, Amber took a deep breath, closed her eyes, and drank the soup in the bowl.

While she was drinking, Jared put his hand into his pocket, and then, he took out a piece of candy and held it in his hand, looking at Amber.

When Amber finished drinking, she saw the candy in front of her before she could put down the bowl.

She was stunned and looked up at the person who handed her the candy.

"The taste of this soup is really not good. Have a candy. You will feel better."

He was the one who brewed the soup, so he naturally knew how the soup tasted.

Therefore, this candy had been specially prepared by him too.

Seeing that Jared was so considerate, Amber was stunned for a moment. Then, a warm feeling flowed through her heart and she smiled. "Thank you."

She reached out and took the candy.

"It's nothing, just give me the bowl," said Jared.

Amber did not refuse and handed the bowl to him.

He took the bowl and went to the kitchen.

Only Amber and Nichole were left in the living room.

Nichole touched her chin, looked at Amber who was peeling the candy paper, and then looked at Jared who had gone to the kitchen attentively. She instantly understood everything and revealed a smile of sudden interest.

"Amber, Mr. Farrell seems to like you very much," Nichole said.

When Amber heard her words, her movements of chewing the sugar stopped, then she lowered her eyelids and muttered. "Maybe."

Seeing that Amber had confirmed that Jared liked her, Nichole said, "Then, do you plan to be with him?"

"I don't know." Amber shook her head, then walked around the sofa and sat down in front of another single sofa.

"You don't know? You mean to say that you actually considered being with him, but you still can't make a decision, right?" Nichole also followed her.

"Yes, you also know that I was divorced once, so I don't have the courage to get hurt again when it comes to relationships. So before I make a complete decision, I don't intend to be with anyone."

"That's true." Nichole nodded, and then said indignantly, "It's all your damn ex-husband's fault. He actually dared to hurt you, causing you not even dare to go on."

The corner of Amber's mouth twitched, but she did not speak.

Should she tell her about Jared being her ex-husband?

She had better not.

"But Amber, I think you can be together." Nichole looked at Amber sincerely.

"Why?" Amber bent down and poured herself a glass of water.

"It's very simple. Because Mr. Farrell likes you, and you like him too." She shrugged.

Her blunt words caused Amber's expression to instantly change and she almost dropped the cup in her hand.

She... liked Jared?

How was this possible?

Impossible, this was absolutely impossible!

She was very sure that she had no feelings for Jared, so how was it possible that she liked him?

"Amber, what happened to you?" Seeing that Amber had such a big reaction, Nichole was shocked.

Amber clenched her fists and forced herself to calm down. She looked at her with a forced smile. "I'm fine. I was just shocked by what you said just now."

"Shocked?" Nichole frowned. She was obviously confused.

She didn't understand. What was there to be surprised about?

"Yes, you said that I like Jared. What a joke. How could I like him?" Amber said as she turned the cup in her hand.

"I'm not joking. You like him." Nichole crossed her legs and said, "I've observed it carefully. The way you look at Mr. Farrell, your eyes are filled with affection. Moreover, you just said that you have considered being with Mr. Farrell, but you haven't made up your mind. Amber, if you don't like him, why would you even think about being with him? Isn't this contradictory?" She asked.

Amber's lips twitched but she could not utter a word. She felt quite overwhelmed by emotions now.

Yes, if she didn't like Jared, why did she have the idea of being with Jared instead of Cole or Jere?

After all, they liked her too.

So... she really... liked Jared?

Had she really fallen for Jared again?

For a moment, Amber was dumbstruck, sitting there motionless.

Obviously, this realization had made her unable to calm down.☹