

LLDP Chapter 611

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 611 Just Like Before

"With her character, this kind of thing is indeed something she can do." Amber gave a sneering chortle.

Cole cautiously admonished, "Amber, Braylee came back for Goldstone. This time she didn't get Goldstone, so she definitely won't back down. Be careful yourself. Don't be cheated by her."

"Don't worry Cole. I have some tricks up my sleeve." Amber smiled warmly and answered.

Cole nodded, "That's good, if there's anything you need help with, call me."

"Mmm." The smile on Amber's face grew stronger and stronger.

"I'll hang up then," Cole said.

"Wait," Amber called out to him in a hurry.

Cole put the phone back to his ear, "Is there anything else?"

Amber bit her bottom lip, "Cole, do you still blame me?"

"Blame you?" Cole was a little confused, "What do you mean?"

"For rejecting you before." Amber lowered her eyes, and guilt was written all over her face.

Although it was a normal thing to reject a person's feelings.

But they were friends, and when she rejected him, she would more or less feel guilty in her heart, feeling sorry for him and feeling that she had hurt him.

Especially since they hadn't seen each other or been in touch for a while.

So the guilt she felt for him in her heart grew deeper and deeper.

After all, before, he would talk to her almost every day, and even if they didn't meet, he would still message her couple of times a day.

But after the last incident, he never talked to her again, which made her worry, was he really ignored her and drifted away from her.

But fortunately, after she had been uneasy for so long, he actually called her first.

Although it was talking about business, she was still very happy.

At least he was willing to talk to her that means, between them, they don't have to become strangers.

On the other side of the phone, Cole heard Amber's words, and after a few seconds of silence, he opened his mouth and said, "I never blamed you. I blame myself. Why haven't I been braver? why didn't I take the initiative to confess to you? But even if I'm blaming myself, I know it's useless because no matter what, you wouldn't have feelings for me..."

If she liked him, she would have liked him long ago and would not have fallen in love with Jared over and over again.

"I'm sorry Cole...", Amber lowered her head guiltily.

Cole smiled and waved his hand, "Well, you don't have to apologize to me. Feelings like this, it's supposed to be consensual, not to be forced. You don't like me, so it's right for to reject me, and if I hold a grudge against you because of your rejection, then I don't deserve to like you, or even to be a man."

Amber bit her lower lip, "Cole, do you really think so?"

"Of course!" Cole nodded, then the light in his eyes dimmed, "In fact, in the beginning, I did have some inability to accept it; I think I have loved you for so many years, why can't you love me? So during that time, I was torn, painful, and shut myself up, until my mother told me a lot later, I figured it out and came out of the confusion."

"What did your mom say to you?" Amber inquired suspiciously.

Cole laughed a little, "That is, to let me move on and let go, and so on. But she was right. She said loving someone is right, but if that person does not love you, then your love for her, to her, is a burden because she cannot respond to you. And if she responds to you, it is not necessarily that she loves you. It may be that she does not want to hurt you, and at that time, the pain of being hurt is for both people. Amber, I made you stressed out before, right?"

Amber's red lips twitched, wanting to say no, but the words came to her lips, but she couldn't say them.

Cole touched the tip of his nose, "I'm sorry Amber."

It was only after hearing his mother's words that he realized that some love, for others, was troubling.

And his mother also said that to really love someone is to want the other person to be happy and have a good time, not to want the other person to necessarily be with him or her.

If the other person must be with him or her, then it is not love, but possessive.

Then the other party will definitely not be happy, and will even lose vibrancy because of it.

He wanted to make Amber happy and didn't want Amber to lose her vibrancy, so he finally chose to listen to his mother and let go of Amber.

"Cole, you don't have to apologize to me," Amber said in a hurry.

Cole shook his head, "Yes, the apology is still necessary because I made you upset before. I let you worry for so long. Do not worry. In the future, I will not mess around, and I will not think of making you be with me. After all, feelings cannot be forced. If you be with me, you won't be happy, and I will also end up being exhausted because of unanswered feelings. So let's just stay being friends like before, okay?"

Amber nodded with red eyes, her voice a little choked as she returned, "Okay."

"That's enough." Cole smiled, but the smile was very bitter.

After all, she was the woman he had loved for so many years, and the relationship died before it even started.

His heart naturally does not feel good.

But there was no way; maybe they were destined to be friends only, not lovers.

"By the way Amber," he seemed to have thought of something, Cole spoke again.

Amber wiped the corner of her eyes, "Yes?"

"One more thing. I have let go and won't fantasize about having anything with you in the future, but Jeremy that boy may not. That boy's personality is already problematic. He's so obsessed with you. When the time comes, he will certainly go crazy. You have to be mentally prepared," said Cole with a serious expression.

Amber answered, "I know, I will."

If it was the first personality of Jere, she might still have a way to get along.

But the second personality of Jere, she does not understand at all, so really does not know how to face him later when they meet.

What's more, the second personality, compared to the first personality Jere, is much worse in nature.

But this kind of thing, have to take a step and see, after all, now Jere was in the capital, she didn't even know when will they meet.

What's more, she doesn't know if the first personality Jere now has the power to take back the body.

Also, she was not sure if the second personality has no such feelings for her.

So it's too early to tell.

Later, Amber said something more to Cole before hanging up.

Amber smiled when she looked at her phone.

Her biggest concern these days was Cole.

But now that it's finally over, Cole had moved on, he had let go, and he's willing to go back to the way he was with her.

It's the best thing that's happened to her today.

Amber lifted the covers off her bed and made her way to the bathroom, thinking, with joy.

Half an hour later, she came out of the bathroom, and as soon as she changed, she heard the doorbell in the living room.

Amber walks up, confused. "Who is it?"

"It's me." The man's deep, beautiful voice came from outside the door.

Amber opened the door in surprise and looked at the man outside. "What are you doing here?"

Jared carried the breakfast bag in his hand, smiling faintly. "I want to see you. I want to have breakfast with you."

Amber blushed. "I saw you last night. Come on in."

She opened the door wide, turned herself inside, opened the door for him, and signaled him to come in.

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 612 Cole's Warning

Jared lifted his feet into the house and walked familiarly toward the dining room table, placing the breakfast bags on the table and setting out the breakfast inside one by one.

After putting it away, he turned his head to Amber and beckoned, "Come on in and eat."

"You can eat first; I'm going to fix my hair." Amber pointed to her hair.

When she just changed her clothes, she messed up her hair, and now she still hadn't fixed it.

She had to fix it before she could come out to meet people, otherwise, it would be rude.

"Go on, then." Jared nodded.

Amber answered and headed to her room.

A few minutes later, she finished her hair and came out.

Jared was already sitting at the table waiting for her, and when he saw her coming, he pulled out a chair beside him and gestured for her to sit there.

Amber didn't push back and went over to sit down.

"Try Violet's shrimp congee." Jared handed her a spoon.

Amber looked at him with surprise, "Violet cooked it?"

"Yeah." Jared nodded.

"You're coming from over at the old house?" Amber asked.

Jared poured her a glass of juice, "I went over to the old house this morning to pick up a few things, and I brought breakfast out from there."

"So that's it." Amber lifted her chin in a daze, "I thought it was you who went to the old house specifically to have Violet get breakfast."

"Sort of, at least the breakfast we had, I specifically asked Violet to make it fresh, after all, Grandma doesn't eat seafood." Jared smiled a little and said, "Well, eat up, it's cold, the food will get cold later."

"Okay," Amber responded.

The two began to eat their breakfast in silence.

After breakfast, it was almost nine o'clock when the two of them left the door together and got into the car to leave Kelsington Bay.

Just as Jared's Maybach drove away, a figure walked out from the corner of the Kelsington Bay gate.

That man was Cole.

He came here because after calling Amber in the morning, he suddenly remembered that there was something he had left at his place and forgot to give it to her, so he drove over here, intending to give it to her.

What he didn't expect was to see her and Jared out together just as he arrived here.

And he could also see that she now no longer had a hint of resistance to Jared, and when she talked to him, her eyebrows were all happy.

Obviously, she has realized that she has fallen in love with Jared again and has accepted this fact.

Maybe even they might have gotten back together.

Otherwise, why would they come out of the building together?

Thinking of this, Cole's hands on both sides couldn't help but tighten up, and his heart was filled with a sour sting.

Although he had said on the phone this morning that he was willing to let go.

But it was his feelings, how could it be so easy to put them down, at least there must be a long time to process them.

So, seeing her with Jared was still hard on him.

Thinking of this, Cole took a deep breath, barely repressed his bitterness, pulled out his phone, and sent a message.

At the same time, Jared's cell phone rang in his pocket.

He paused from his conversation with Amber, took his phone out for a look, and saw the sender, with a flicker of surprise.

It's Cole!

Why would Cole text him out of the blue?

Jared's eyes darkened and he clicked on a text message that said: Are you and Amber together?

Jared raised an eyebrow, not sure why he would suddenly ask, but typed back: Pretty much.

At the other end, Cole looked at the words, frowning.

What did he mean, "Pretty much"?

Are they together now?

Cole pressed his lips together and continued to type, but his fingers trembled when tabbing: Now that you are together, you should treat her well and don't break her heart again, or I'll come after you!

No one knows how much pain he was in now.

The feeling of pushing your loved one into the arms of another man was more painful than a needle prick!

But he couldn't help it, because the man he loved didn't love him, she loved another man.

He could only let her go to let her be happy!

On the other end of the phone, Jared looked at Cole's words, and his surprise deepened.

What does that mean?

Tell him to be nice to Amber. Cole was letting go of Amber?

Realizing this, Jared tugged his lips a little.

He didn't know how Cole had figured out to let Amber go, but it was a good thing for him.

After all, there is one less enemy, who coveted his lover, isn't that a good thing?

The curve of Jared's lips grew and the speed of typing was much faster: I will do it without you saying so.

Cole sneered: I hope so. Anyway, if I find out that you treat her badly, I will take her away from you so that you can never find her.

Jared narrowed his eyes: You don't have that chance!

After sending it, he put away his phone.

Amber looked at him and asked curiously, "Who are you talking to?"

"Someone who has moved on." Jared put his phone away and whispered back.

"Moved on?" Amber tilted her head in confusion, "What does that mean?"

Jared laughed lightly and didn't explain.

Amber shrugged and didn't ask again.

After all, if he didn't want to talk, how could she force him to do it?

Maybe, he was talking about business matters.

Soon, they arrived at Goldstone.

Ben parked the car. Amber lifted the bag on her shoulder and turned her head to look at the man beside her, "I'll go now."

Jared nodded slightly, "Let me walk you up."

"No need." Amber shook her head and refused, "Don't you have to work too, so don't walk me up, go back to the Farrell group early, bye!"

She waved her hand, opened the door, and got out.

Jared rolled down his window and waited for Amber to walk around the front of the car to his side, then called out to her, "Amber."

Amber stopped in her tracks, "What's wrong?"

"Remember to miss me." Jared looked at her and said seriously.

Amber's face suddenly flushed, and she quickly turned her head to look around to see if anyone was there.

Seeing there's no one else, she waved her hand at Jared, signaling him to hurry up and go, "I... I'll try."

After saying that, she turned around and ran quickly into the group's front door.

Jared gazed at her tenderly until she was out of sight, then he rolled up the window and instructed Ben, "Drive."

"Yes." Ben nodded in response and started the car.

On the other side, in the elevator.

Looking at the elevator door that slowly closed, Amber breathed a long sigh of relief, then raised her hand and touched her face.

Her face is still very hot at the moment, and without looking in the mirror, she knows her face must be very red.

It's Jared's fault for popping out some lovey-dovey words every now and then that she couldn't resist and didn't know how to respond.

But it was exciting.

Six years ago, when she fell in love with him, she did not get the same emotional response from him, so she naturally did not experience the excitement.

Now, six years later, she finally got his emotional response; she also realized that the feeling of mutual love is like this, sweet, exciting, and even addictive.

As she was thinking, the elevator doors suddenly dinged open and a sharp female voice came from outside, "It's you!"

Amber put her hand down from her face, hurriedly organized her inner thoughts, raised her head, and looked coldly at Braylee outside, "This is the elevator for executives. What's wrong with it being me?"

Chapter 613 Make Braylee Apologize

Braylee was speechless for a moment, her face looking very ugly.

Amber ignored her and reached for the button.

She hadn't reached her floor yet.

"Hey, what are you doing?" But before Amber could press the close button, Braylee let out a sudden cry and pressed the open button from outside.

Amber frowned. "I'm going to the top floor. What do you want me to do? Since you won't come in, of course, I'll close the door. I can't waste my time because of you!"

"Who says I'm not coming in?" Braylee glared at her, let go of the button, and stepped into the elevator in high heels.

Amber took a step aside to distance herself from Braylee, indicating that she didn't want to get too close.

Braylee was about to say something when he saw Amber avoiding him like plague.

Amber suddenly turned her head. "Braylee, don't go anywhere after work this afternoon. Stay in the office. I'll take you somewhere."

"Where are you taking me?" Braylee stared at her, alert.

Amber's eyes flashed but made no reply.

Just then, they arrived at the top floor, she picked up her feet and walked out.

When Braylee saw this, she stomped her foot and chased it out. "Amber, stop. You haven't answered me. Where are you taking me?"

"You'll see," said Amber, without looking back.

Braylee stood outside the elevator with a sneer. "You know what? Fine, if you won't tell me, why should I listen to you and stay in the office? I'll tell you, there's no way you can take me out."

Amber stopped and turned her head to look at her, "Really? Then try to see if you can leave Goldstone by then."

After saying that, Amber did not stop and continued to walk forward.

Braylee yelled at her with an ugly look on her face, "What do you mean? You want to keep me here?"

Amber ignored her and quickly pushed open the door to her office and went inside, leaving Braylee standing in place, yelling in anger.

She yelled so loudly that even Amber, who had already entered the office, could still hear her.

Amber rubbed her temples, then picked up the landline microphone and made a call out.

"Miss Reed... no, Chairman," came Sheila's voice.

Amber pulled back a chair and sat down, "Get two security guards up here and bring Braylee down for me, it's annoying as hell."

Sheila's face was full of confusion, "Miss Reed, what's wrong with Braylee?"

"She's yelling outside my office," Amber said as she glanced at her office door.

Sheila nodded understandingly, "Got it. And I'll make the arrangements."

"Hmm." Amber lifted her chin a little and hung up the phone.

Soon, she heard footsteps outside her office, followed by Braylee's panicked shout, "What are you doing? Let go of me, I'm your Vice President, don't you dare touch me!"

However, no matter how Braylee protested or how she shouted, she was eventually forced into the elevator and taken away by the security guards sent by Sheila.

In just one day, Braylee was forcibly taken away twice like this and hated Amber in her heart.

But no matter how much she hated Amber, she couldn't do anything to Amber.

But at the same time, this also reinforced Braylee's idea to get rid of Amber and become the chairman herself.

With the door finally cleared, Amber turned on her computer and started her work for the day.

It wasn't until the afternoon that she was freed from her busy schedule by a phone call from Jared.

"Hello?" Amber leaned back in her chair; her head tilted slightly, and lifted one hand to her forehead, pressing it gently to ease the dizziness in her head.

Jared heard the exhaustion in her voice, and concern appeared on his cold face, "What's wrong? Is something wrong?"

"No, I'm just a little tired from all the work I've been doing." Amber put her hand down from her forehead and smiled back.

Jared's thin lips pursed and his tone disapproving, "Why don't you take a break?"

"I don't have time, too much work." Amber shrugged.

With Goldstone now gradually developing, plus her promotion, so the workload is at least twice as much as before.

But although she was a little tired, she was still very satisfied and very accomplished in her heart.

"By the way, what's the matter?" Amber changed the subject and asked about the business.

Jared looked down at the two tickets he was holding, "It's not anything important, it's just that I heard that many couples go on dates and go to the movies, so I had Ben buy two movie tickets and wanted to invite you to the movies, Amber, is that okay?"

Amber naturally heard the expectation in his tone, her heart was somewhat moved, but then thought of something and shook her head no, "Sorry, not today."

"Why?" Jared frowned slightly.

Amber's face coldly returned, "Because of Braylee. When I was in Country K, I said, I would make Braylee kneel before Dad's gravestone, to properly repent and make amends. Now Braylee is back, I have to fulfill the promise at that time."

Hearing this, Jared's heart was a little lost, but more than that, he understood her.

"Then let's do it next time." Jared looked regretfully at the movie ticket in his hand.

Amber made a noise of acknowledgment.

Jared asked again, "Are you planning to take Braylee to the mausoleum later?"

"Yeah, it's the kind of thing that can't be put off, making amends to Dad, should not be delayed." Amber glanced at the time in the lower right corner of the computer and replied.

Jared slightly raised his chin, "I'll go with you."

"You're coming with me?" Amber's eyes flashed with a hint of surprise.

Jared nodded, "In the past when we were married, I never accompanied you to pay respect to your parents, now I want to make up for it."

Hearing him say that, Amber bit her lower lip and finally agreed, "Since you want to go, and then let's go."

They were going to get back together, and if the relationship ended up being okay, remarriage would be on the agenda.

When the time comes, by then, he would be her parents' son-in-law again, so it was indeed okay for him to go and pay his respects now.

"Okay, I'll come over to you later." Hearing that Amber had agreed to let him tag along, Jared smiled in a rather good mood.

After that, the phone hung up.

Amber put her phone in her bag, then carried her bag and walked out of the office.

Sheila already knew what she was going to do next, and when she saw her come out, she rushed up to her, "Miss Reed."

"Braylee's still in her office, right?" Amber asks as she walks toward the elevator.

Sheila followed her, "Of course, the security guards are guarding it, she can't come out, but she made a big fuss in her office, and cursed at you, a bit harshly."

Amber sneered, "I'd have guessed that."

So she wasn't surprised at all.

If Braylee did not curse, she would instead be surprised.

"Okay, let's go straight to the car, you can ask security to take Braylee to the parking lot," Amber instructed as she walked into the elevator.

Sheila responded, "I got it, Miss Reed."

With those words, she took out her phone and sent a message.

Soon, seeing the reply, Sheila reported to Amber, "Miss Reed, it's ready; they're bringing her down soon."

"Well, that's good." Amber nodded her head, indicating that she knew, then looked at the elevator screen and didn't say anything else.

Sheila did not speak either, and the atmosphere in the elevator became solemn for a while.???

Chapter 614 Sheila Was Surprised

She knew why Amber hated Braylee.

Mr. Lyon once told her that Goldstone confronted a fatal financial crisis six years ago. Braylee and her mother were like a pack of vultures sweeping away all the company funds and stock shares. Knowing that there was nothing he could do to turn things around, the former CEO of Goldstone killed himself during a fit of depression.

It could be said that Baylee and that mother of hers drove him to committing suicide. Now, the two snobs saw that Goldstone had gotten back on its feet, they tried to lay their dirty hands on the shares of the company. The hostility Amber held against them didn't come out of nowhere.

The elevator door opened with a "ding".

Amber walked out.

It wasn't hard for her to notice the man leaning against a Maybach.

He was on his phone, typing.

Seconds later, Amber felt her phone buzzing in her pocket.

She knew that it must be him messaging her saying that he was here waiting for her.

Sheila was surprised to see Jared here. "Miss Reed, why is Mr. Farrell here?"

Amber curled her lips and walked towards Jared without giving an answer.

Sheila, on the other hand, just followed Amber.

Hearing footsteps approaching, Jared looked up. His expression softened when he recognized it was Amber. "Finally."

"Yeah. Sorry to keep you waiting." Amber nodded.

Sheila was surprised yet again. She blinked in puzzlement.

What's going on?

Did they arrange this beforehand?

Why do I feel there's something going on between them?

"Where's Braylee?" Jared looked around and asked.

Amber pointed at a van parked a short distance away. "In that van."

Jared glanced in that direction then nodded. "Ride in my car?"

"Okay." Amber nodded.

Jared opened the car door for Amber.

Amber got in.

Jared turned to look at Sheila and threw her the key.

Sheila caught it. She stared at the car key in confusion. "Mr. Farrell, why would you..."

"You drive." Jared ordered before she could finish her sentence, then got in and sat next to Amber.

Sheila stood where she was, didn't know what to do.

Amber was her immediate superior, but Mr. Farrell got an even higher status. She couldn't ignore his order.

Sheila was caught in a dilemma.

Amber noticed Sheila's predicament. She rolled down the car window and moved past Jared to stick her head out. "Yeah. You drive. He'll go with us."

"Got it. Miss Reed." Amber's words led Sheila through the fog of confusion. Sheila nodded and got into the driver's seat.

She started the car.

On their ride, Jared reached into the trunk and took out a bottle of beverage. He twisted off the lid then passed the bottle to Amber. "Here."

"What is this?" Amber took it from him, looking confused.

Jared chuckled as he replied, "A sort of refreshment that alleviates fatigue. I asked Ben to buy it earlier."

"Really? Let me give it a try." Amber stared at the bottle for a bit and took a swig.

Then, she laid it down and put the lid back on.

Jared fished out a handkerchief from his right breast pocket and wiped off a smudge around her rosy mouth. "How is it?" Jared asked gently.

Amber put the bottle down. "Okay. Sweet and sour. Very refreshing."

"Good." Jared folded the silk handkerchief and put it back in his pocket.

In the driver's seat, Sheila saw everything in the rearview mirror and was utterly surprised.

What was Mr. Farrell doing? Did he just wipe the corner of Miss Reed's mouth? And Miss Reed just let him? What the...

Sheila swallowed in total surprise.

Did Miss Reed get back together with Mr. Farrell?

Recently, she had been hearing rumors saying that they had gotten back together. She didn't take it seriously back then because she thought it was impossible.

Now, she suddenly felt like that rumor might be true.

But come to think about it, Miss Reed getting back together with Mr. Farrell was a good thing.

At least in that way, Miss Reed wouldn't be the only woman in Mr. Lyon's eyes.

Sheila looked down as she thought, a little bitter.

They soon arrived at the cemetery.

Sheila parked the car.

Jared got off first and extended his hand to Amber, holding the door for her.

Seeing that, Amber blushed a little as she took his hand.

Jared tightened the grasp and helped her out of the car.

Sheila, standing on the side watching their interactions, was even more sure that the two had already gotten back together.

She just didn't know when did they fix their broken relationship. Miss Reed was still cold to Mr. Farrell a few days ago.

And now, they were getting more and more intimate. She must have missed something.

"Did Mr. Lyon know about this? If he knew, his heart must be broken into million pieces." Sheila thought.

Amber's voice shocked her out of the daze. Sheila adjusted her glasses and answered, "Yes, Miss Reed."

"What's on your mind? I called you several times. You didn't hear me?" Amber was a little worried. "Is there something wrong? Are you sick? You don't look well."

"No, I'm not sick." Sheila shook her head. "I'm fine, Miss Reed. I was just... Lost in thoughts. I'm fine, really. How can I help you?"

"Where are the flowers I asked you to buy?" Amber asked, gazing at Sheila.

Sheila pointed at the van. "In that van. I'll get it now. Just a minute."

"Okay. Go now." Amber nodded.

Sheila scurried to the van.

Amber stood in front of the Maybach, staring at the gate of the cemetery, looking a little down.

Jared knew why she got emotional. After all, Amber's parents were buried here. It was only natural.

He knew what it felt like.

Plus, in two days...

Jared shook the train of thoughts out of his mind. He patted on Amber's shoulder gently and said, "The flowers."

Amber looked up to see Sheila holding two bouquets in her arms. Lilies on the left and a bunch of lavender on the right.

"Dad loved lily. And lavender was mom's favorite."

Amber was about to take the flowers when Jared beat her to it. "I'll take it from here," said Jared.

Amber nodded in agreement and said, "I'll go visit my mom now. Take Braylee to my father's tomb. Make sure she kneels in front of it."

"Copy that!" Sheila stood straight.

Amber shifted her gaze at Jared. "Let's go."

"Okay." Jared nodded slightly and followed Amber through the gate of the cemetery.

It had been 21 years since the death of Amber's mother. On the corroded tombstone, the photo yellowed with age, and the inscriptions were almost washed away by time, leaving behind some illegible letters.

Seeing that, Amber's eyes welled up with tears.

She fumbled in her purse, trying to find something to clean the headstone.

But nothing seemed to come in handy.

She furrowed her brows and decided to use her sleeves. Just then, the man standing next to her passed her a handkerchief.

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 615 I Won't Leave You Behind

"Here, use this." Jared sensed that she probably didn't have anything to clean the tombstone, so he took out the silk handkerchief he used earlier.

Amber took it from him and forced a smile. "Thank you. I'll buy you a new one."

Jared wanted to say she didn't have to. But it suddenly came to him that her buying him a new one would be a gift from her. So, he nodded. "Okay."

He actually preferred if she could make one for him herself.

Amber was completely unaware of what was going on in Jared's head. She unfolded the handkerchief and started to wipe the tombstone.

Amber was extra careful when she dusted the photo, afraid that any unnecessary force would compromise the last bit of coloration of it.

Seeing that, Jared asked, "Are there any other photos of your mother? If not, I can have this restored and reprinted."

"I think I have some photos of her before she passed away. I can make a copy of them and have this replaced." Amber didn't stop what she was doing when she answered.

Jared nodded, then remained silent.

Just then, Jared felt a drop of rain on his forehead.

He looked at the overcast sky. A storm was coming.

Jared didn't want to disturb Amber, who was cleaning the tombstone attentively, so he turned around and left.

Jared didn't make any noise when he walked away. Amber was too focused to notice that he was gone.

It was not until the sky started weeping that she stood up and turned around. "Jared Farrell, it's raining. Go back to the car..."

She stopped after realizing that Jared was long gone.

She was talking to no one, worrying for nothing.

Amber's face darkened as a surge of disappointment rose in her.

"Didn't he say he wants to do this with me? Didn't he say he is going to make up for the past six years? Where is he now? When did he left? Was it because I kept him waiting for too long, so he got impatient?"

Amber bit her lower lip and laughed at her own foolishness.

"Right. Why should he? He didn't owe me anything. We have nothing to do with each other. Even if we do, he doesn't have to come. He has every right to leave. But why do I feel so disappointed?"

Amber turned back. There was still a little unfinished. After cleaning it, she had to visit her dad's tombstone.

She squatted down yet again, ready to clean it.

The rain was still pouring down. But the next second, something over her head protected her from those water bullets.

Amber looked up. It was an umbrella.

She turned around to see Jared standing behind her holding the umbrella for her.

He tilted the umbrella towards her, his clothes visibly drenched by the heavy rain.

But he stood still holding it for her as if nothing had happened.

Amber was shocked. She opened her mouth, unable to make a sound until moments later. "Didn't... Didn't you just leave?"

Jared chuckled. "No. I just saw it was going to rain, so I went to get the umbrella. What? Are you afraid that I'll leave without telling you?"

Amber felt a little guilty for making assumptions like that. She wanted to refute him but couldn't utter a word.

She found that she couldn't lie to him at all.

Seeing this, Jared smiled, squatted down, put his umbrella on his shoulder, and pulled her in. He whispered into her ears, "Silly, I promised I would do this with you. I will keep my promise. Do you know how hard it is to regain your trust? I will never leave you behind."

Sensing that he was telling the truth, Amber rested her head on his shoulder. The insecurity in her heart finally dissipated.

It turned out that she was not as nonchalant as she thought she would be.

She actually wanted him to stay with her.

The words he just said made her feel happy and safe.

"I'm not silly. You are silly. You did go get the umbrella without telling me." Amber patted Jared's back gently as a nominal punishment.

The clothes on his back were completely soaked by the cold rain.

Hearing that, Jared chuckled again. "Okay. Silly me."

"Good since you know that." Amber grunted. She reached for the umbrella, took his arm, and stood up with him.

"Looks like it's going to be raining for a while. We can do this some other time. You are drenched." Amber brushed off the rain drops on his shoulder with her free hand.

Knowing that she said so because she cared about him, a wave of happiness flooded Jared's heart.

"No. Let's continue." Jared shook his head. "We already bring Braylee here. It won't be that easy to bring her here next time. Let's just finish this once and for all. A long delay means trouble."

Moreover, he could see that she also wanted to continue.

"But..." Amber gazed at him and bit her lower lip, looking a little hesitant.

Jared fixed her hair for her. "Okay. Don't worry about me. I'll be fine. Let's go."

With that, he took her hand and walked towards Hugo Reed's tombstone.

Looking at his back, Amber held the umbrella and compromised. "Thank you, Jared Farrell. I'll treat you to dinner when it's over."

"At your house?" Jared turned to look at her.

Maybe he could stay for the night if he was lucky.

Amber didn't know what he was planning on, so she nodded. "Sure."

He just got soaked through because of her and all he asked was a meal at her house. How could he refuse him?

"Then it's settled." Something flashed across Jared's eyes.

Two minutes later, they arrived at the area where Hugo was buried.

Since her mother passed away more than 20 years ago, the spots around her tombstone had been sold out long ago.

That was why Amber's parents buried so far apart.

From a distance, Amber could see two guards forcing Braylee to kneel in front of the tombstone.

Braylee looked like she was in pain. She wriggled under their grip, cursing Amber.

The unprintable invective she hurled at Amber was simply offensive to the ear.

Jared frowned, glaring at Braylee coldly.

Amber sensed Jared's anger and knew why he was mad. She patted on his arm. "Just walk away. She was just doing this for our reaction. Don't give her what she wants."

With that, handed him the umbrella. "Wait here. I'll handle it."

"Sheila," she called.

Hearing Amber's voice, Sheila walked over with the umbrella. "Miss Reed."

Sheila tilted the umbrella towards Amber.

Amber lowered her head and walked over to stand with Sheila. She gazed at Jared and said, "I'll go address it now."

"Okay." Jared nodded.

Chapter 616 Kowtow

Amber didn't want to drag Jared through the Reed family's mess.

Jared respected her decision so he stood there waiting.

Amber smiled at Jared then headed towards the tombstone with Sheila.

Baylee knelt in front of the tombstone. Drenched by rain, her soaked clothes and wet hair clung to her skin. She looked terrible.

Especially with that grotesque expression on her face.

"Amber Reed." Seeing Amber walking her way, Braylee enunciated through clenched teeth. Then, she tried to get up from the ground.

But the more she struggled, the tighter the grip the guards had on her.

Her knees hit the ground with a bang. The pain made her growl. "Let me go! This is an order! I'm the deputy general manager of Goldstone! How dare you do this to me? You are fired!"

She turned to glare at the two guards, her face almost distorted in rage.

Intimidated, the guards turn to look at Amber as a silent cry for help.

Amber waved, then gave them a reassuring look. She looked down at Braylee and said coldly, "So what if you are a deputy general manager? That doesn't give you the right to fire them. I'm the CEO of Goldstone. I have the final say."

"You..." Braylee glared at Amber, then gave her an evil smile. "Okay, you are the CEO. Amber Reed, you win. Happy?"

Amber didn't show any emotion as she looked at Braylee. She changed the topic. "Do you know why I bring you here?"

A faint sneer hung on Braylee's lips. "Who knows what's wrong with you!"

Amber's expression grew colder. "Don't you want to know why I made you kneel in front of this tombstone? Have you read the inscriptions?"

Braylee's response was dismal.

She rolled her eyes. "Amber Reed, you are crazy, aren't you? You brought me here just to let me read the inscriptions? Do you have nothing to do? What a joke! Why would I read this crap!"

"This crap?" Amber repeated slowly, exasperated. She clenched her fists, glared at Braylee, and bellowed, "So dad's tombstone is crap to you?"

"Dad's tombstone?" Braylee's pupil contracted in shock and turned to read the inscriptions. Her expression was a mix of guilt, panic, and a little spook when she caught a glimpse of the words "Hugo Reed" inscribed on it. However, she didn't look sad.

She didn't look sad at all!

"This is your biological father buried in front of you! Don't you feel even a bit sad? Are you made of stone?" Amber looked at Braylee as if she was a heartless monster.

Hearing Amber's words, Braylee's eyes fluttered down. Then she retorted loudly, "I don't feel sad because he deserved it!" ...

Braylee stared at the tombstone with hatred and bitterness in her eyes. "We are both his daughter. Why was he so nice to you and so mean to me! I just can't stand his obvious bias. Since he didn't treat me as a daughter, I won't see him as my father!"

"So that's how you feel." Amber looked at Braylee, harrowed. "I've explained it to you before. Dad treated us equally. You were rebellious. Dad was strict with you because he wanted you to get back on track. You misinterpreted his love. I feel sad for dad."

"You know nothing!" Braylee shrieked. "Of course, you are on his side! He always doted on you!"

Seeing that there was no way she could talk sense into Braylee, Amber stopped trying.

There was no using arguing with her. Braylee thought Hugo didn't love her. She wouldn't change her mind just because someone told her otherwise.

Frankly speaking, Braylee was simply extremely conceited and selfish. Even if she knew Hugo loved her, she would go fault-finding even if there was a slight change of attitude in him.

"Fine. If you say I'm on dad's side, then I'm going to speak for him." Amber said, deadpanned.

She crouched down. Sheila squatted with her, holding the umbrella.

Amber grabbed Braylee's chin forcefully and made her look at the tombstone. "Although you don't deserve to be dad's daughter, the same blood flows in your veins. You are obligated to show dad the due respect."

"What? Show him the respect?" A shocked expression appeared on Braylee's face.

Amber tightened her grip on Braylee's chin. "Yeah. By kowtowing in front of dad's grave! You are six years late. Now, make it up."

"Why?" Braylee scowled at Amber.

"Because your family name is Reed. Because you are dad's daughter," Amber replied, deadpanned.

With that, Amber looked at the guards. "You two. Make her."

"Yes, Miss Reed." The guards got to it immediately.

Braylee's head was pressed down to the ground before she could react.

Her forehead was knocked on the platform in front of the tombstone with a loud thump.

Braylee almost passed out in that instant.

But it was not over yet. The guards grabbed her hair and repeated it again.

A few times after, Braylee almost went crazy. Her forehead was swollen and scraped.

If it weren't for the two guards pulling her up, Braylee would have collapsed to the ground.

She looked up at Amber with her bleary eyes, fighting back the dizziness. She said viciously, "Amber, I suggest you kill me when you have the chance. Otherwise, I'll call the police and sue you for kidnapping and intentional assault!"

"Really? Call the police?" Amber raised an eyebrow as she scorned, "Braylee Reed, do you really dare to call the police? I think the answer is negative. You will also expose yourself if you do that."

"What do you mean?" Braylee panicked, feeling insecure and unsettled.

Amber got closer to Braylee and whispered into her ear, "You think I don't know you drugged dad before he jumped out of the window?"

"You..." Braylee stared at Amber, quivering, her face turned pale as a chill ran down her spine.

She and her mother absconding with all the money wasn't the only cause of Hugo's derangement. The main reason he jumped off the building was that they had drugged him.

But how did Amber know that? Thinking of this, Braylee was aghast.

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 617 Make Her Pay

Amber squinted as she observed Braylee's reaction. "You must be wondering how did I know about this, right?"

Braylee swallowed and remained silent.

Amber scoffed. "What is done by night appears by day. People talk, you know. I even know it was Trenton Gardner who gave you the drug."

Panic spread across Braylee's face.

Amber's heart sank.

It was really Trenton Gardner.

Although she had long suspected that it was Trenton, she didn't have enough evidence that directly led to him.

Her remark earlier was just tentative. But when she saw Braylee's reaction, she was pretty much sure her assumption was right.

"Wow. Braylee Reed. You are really something. You colluded with Trenton Gardner to kill your own father despite the clear knowledge of the feud between the Gardner family and the Reed family. Your own father! Do you even have a heart? You piece of crap!" Amber let go of Braylee's chin, then cleaned her hand with Jared's handkerchief with a disgusted look on her face.

Sheila was astonished after hearing Amber's words. She looked at Braylee, incredulous.

She already found Braylee repulsive when Cole told her that Braylee plundered a burning house by sweeping away all the money when the company was in a plight and indirectly made her own father kill himself.

What she heard from Amber made her despise Braylee even more.

The former CEO's death was not a circumstantial effect, but a direct result of Braylee's drug!

One was to kill her father by mistake, the other was murdering her father deliberately.

Although the former was also spiteful, it was not as heinous as the latter, not even in the slightest bit.

Hearing Amber's words, Braylee had no remorse at all. Instead, a grim smile appeared on her face. "I'm a piece of crap? I drugged dad and killed him? Do you have evidence? That's slander."

That was right. Without evidence, Amber could do nothing to her.

It was just Amber's words against Braylee's.

Calmly, Amber looked at Braylee's cocky smile.

She knew a waggish snake like Braylee wouldn't just admit what she did. Otherwise, Amber would have recorded this conversation and use it against Braylee.

"I don't have it now. But it doesn't mean I won't get it later. There is no seamless crime in this world. When I find it, I'll make you pay. You, and the Gardner family." Amber put the handkerchief back in her purse, her voice was cold as usual.

Amber wanted to kill Braylee Reed and Trenton Gardner herself. This way of revenge would be quick and simple. However, if she did that, the Reed family and Goldstone would be shamed.

Father wouldn't have the heart to see her in jail and she didn't want to disgrace the Reed family and Goldstone. In order to do that, she had to resort to law.

"Well, let's see if you can find something." Braylee scorned.

Amber's voice was calm. "Yeah, let's see. But before that, I think you still owe dad some respect. You two, continue. Don't stop until she passes out!"

"Yes, Miss Reed," the two guards answered.

Hearing that, Braylee's face was drained of color, clearly didn't think that Amber would do something like this to her.

"Amber Reed! Are you out of your mind!" Braylee hollered.

Amber turned around and walked towards Jared without looking back.

She only took a few steps before hearing the loud banging sound.

The guards were definitely using force.

Braylee was wailing and crying. Amber could hear how painful it must be.

But this is not enough. Not barely enough.

Her father lost his life, but Braylee was only getting some superficial wounds and a possibility of concussion.

Braylee had to pay for what she did.

"All done?" Jared glanced at Braylee and asked Amber.

Amber nodded. "Yes."

"It's getting late. Let's go." With that, Jared tilted the umbrella towards her.

Amber knew Jared was gesturing her to share the same umbrella with him. She smiled. "Okay."

Amber motioned to Sheila to move angle the umbrella so she could walk to Jared.

Sheila did what she was told.

Soon, Amber was standing with Jared.

A guard waled to them. "Miss Reed. She passed out."

"How so? It has only been a few minutes." Amber raised an eyebrow and looked in Braylee's direction. She had collapsed to the ground. The other guard was standing next to her, in panic.

"For real? Or is she faking it?" Amber looked at the guard who just came to deliver the message.

The guard answered solemnly, "It's real. We checked. She is unconscious now."

After all, Braylee was not really made of stone biologically.

No one could stand that much blunt force.

Amber raised her chin. "That's weak. Well, since she fainted, take her back to the car. Send her to Primary Medical Center and find Dr. Lansdale. Then you are off duty. You can go to finance department to get a month's bonus. Consider that as a thank-you for today's hard work. "

"Got it, Miss Reed." With that, the guard turned around and left.

Jared watched as the guards carried Braylee away. The he asked Amber, "You want Elias to get Braylee's DNA now?"

Amber nodded. "Yes. I can't miss this opportunity. The sooner I can get it done, the better."

"Have you told Elias?" Walking towards the gate of the cemetery, Jared asked Amber.

Amber shook her head. "Not yet. I'll call him when I get back to the car."

Jared nodded then remained silent.

On their ride home, Sheila was still the one driving.

The heater was on. They took off their wet jackets and didn't feel cold.

Jared took out two dry towels from the trunk and passed one of them to Amber. "Here, dry your hair."

Amber stood in the rain for a little while. Although she was not drenched, her hair still got wet. If she didn't dry her hair, she could catch a cold.

Amber took the towel and put it on her lap. Then, she grabbed the towel Jared was using.

"What's the matter?" Jared asked in confusion.

Amber motioned to him. "Lower your head."

Chapter 618 Jared's Lie

Jared knew what she was trying to do, so he did what she told him.

Amber covered his hair with the towel and started drying his hair for him.

Jared was right. She was helping him dry his hair.

His heart melted.

Suddenly, he raised his head and grabbed her hands. "Don't worry about me. You need to dry your hair. Don't leave it wet for too long."

Knowing that Jared was afraid that she would catch a cold, Amber was a little moved.

She freed herself from his grip and shook her head. "I'm fine. My hair was not drenched like yours. Let me dry your hair first."

When he was holding the umbrella for her, Jared's whole body was exposed to the rain because he tilted it so much towards Amber.

Amber, on the other hand, only got caught in the rain for a little while. Then Jared came with the umbrella. She was fine.

Jared was soaked all over.

Seeing that Amber was persistent, Jared chuckled. "Okay. I'm fine doing it myself."

"Just let me." Amber looked at him, serious. "You've done so much for me. I can't just sit back and not repay you. It's not fair. Let me do this for you."

Feelings should be mutual. They should work on this together.

One-sided relationship was brittle and would never last long.

Since she had decided that she wanted to get back together with Jared, Amber naturally hoped that this would work.

Therefore, she should learn how to safeguard this relationship.

Hearing Amber's words sent Jared in a daze.

Amber waved in front of his eyes. "What are you thinking about?"

Jared beamed, recovering from his daze. "Nothing. I'm just... Happy."

"Okay. Now, lower your head." Amber rolled her eyes at him.

Jared nodded, then did as he was told.

Amber grabbed the towel and started rubbing his hair.

The gentle massage made Jared really comfortable.

He wrapped his arms around her waist and rested his head on her shoulder. It was easier for Amber to dry his hair in this way because she didn't have to hold her arms up all the time.

Amber was a little shocked by the sudden change of position. She froze for a second, then nudged him on his shoulders. "Let go. Don't try me."

She didn't approve of this intimate physical contact.

She knew he was doing it on purpose.

Jared didn't listen to her. Instead, he tightened his clasp on her waist and pulled her closer, smelling the soothing scent emanating from Amber's body. "No. Just stay this way for a few more minutes. I feel dizzy." His voice was gruff.

"Dizzy?" Amber was alerted.

She reached out to feel his forehead, trying to find out if he had a fever.

His temperature was totally normal. He literally just made up an excuse on spot so he could hug her a little more.

If he let Amber feel his forehead, Amber would know he was lying.

Jared let go of Amber's waist and grabbed her hands, stopping her from touching his forehead. He hid his panic with a cough. "It's okay. Feeling a little dizzy just now. I'll be fine."

"Really?" Amber squinted in suspicion, staring at his charming face. The nervous look didn't escape Amber's eyes.

This cunning fox! Amber gritted her teeth. Very well. He was lying! He just wanted to tease her!

Jared knew Amber had seen through his little trick when he noticed the subtle change of expression on her face. He broke the eye contact and rested his head on her shoulder again.

Amber wanted to be mad at him. However, she couldn't help but find his reaction amusing.

Fine. Just this one time. She wouldn't allow this to happen again.

Amber's heart softened.

The next second, Amber started rubbing his hair violently.

In pain, Jared let out a grunt, feeling like Amber was going to flay his scalp.

He knew Amber was punishing him for lying.

She was obviously torturing him intentionally.

However, Jared enjoyed this.

He saw this "torment" as the banter between lovers.

If things went on like this, before long, she would even be willing to get more intimate with him.

With that in mind, Jared curled his thin lips into a smile.

Amber was done with her little revenge after ruffling his hair. She collected herself and continued to dry his hair with normal strength.

Jared leaned against her shoulder with his arms around her waist.

Maybe it was because Amber's gentle massage made him too comfortable, Jared gradually fell asleep.

Hearing his rhythmic breathing, Amber stopped and looked down.

His shut eyes and steady breathing all indicated that he was sound asleep. Amber's heart softened.

"Sheila," Amber threw away the towel and said to the woman who was driving in a low voice.

Sheila had been checking on them through the rear-view mirror from time to time, so she knew why Amber was being so quiet.

She whispered back, "Miss Reed, what can I do for you?"

"Turn up the heater." Amber motioned at the center console.

Jared fell asleep and there was nothing to cover him. If she didn't turn the heater up, Jared would catch a cold.

"Got it, Miss Reed." Sheila knew Amber was doing this for Jared. She smiled and turned the heater up.

The temperature in the car soon rose.

The high temperature made Amber a little uncomfortable.

But Amber had to tolerate it for Jared.

In order not to wake him up, Amber chose to text Elias about Braylee.

Sheila suddenly thought of something. She looked into the rear-view mirror and asked, "Miss Reed, where are we heading to? Are we going to send Mr. Farrell home?"

Amber glanced at Jared, then shook her head. "No, to Kelsington Bay."

She promised that she will treat him a meal at her place.

She couldn't go back on her words.

Hearing Amber's answer, Sheila gave her a knowing smile. "Got it, Miss Reed." She nodded.

Amber could tell Sheila misread something, but she didn't feel the need to make an explanation.

"Sheila must have guessed there is something between Jared and me. Then, I don't need to explain anything to her now. Jared and I will have regular contact in the future. She'll see it anyway." Amber thought to herself.

They didn't say anything in the next hour. Soon, they arrived at Kelsington Bay.

Sheila stopped the car and unbuckled the seatbelt. She turned around and asked, "Miss Reed, do you need any help carrying Mr. Farrell inside?"

Chapter 619 She Bought Them for Him

Amber looked at Jared and seemed to be a little hesitant.

However, when she saw the faint dark circles under Jared's eyes, she shook her head. "No. Let's wait until he wakes up."

He should have been very tired recently.

She had better not wake him up.

So, she might as well let him sleep like this for a while.

When Sheila heard Amber say this, she did not try to persuade her anymore.

"It's getting late. Why don't you go back first and drive my car?" Amber raised her wrist and looked at her watch.

She handed her bag over.

For the past two days, Jared had been picking her up. Her car had been parked in the garage.

Now, Sheila could use it.

Sheila did not refuse. After taking Amber's bag, she searched for the key.

After finding the key, she returned the bag to Amber. "Ms. Reed, I will take my leave first."

"Mm," Amber said. Then, she thought of something and stopped her. "Wait a minute."

"Does the chairman have any other instructions?" Sheila withdrew her hand from the door.

Amber pursed her lips and said, "Send someone to guard Braylee at the hospital. Don't let her leave the hospital for the next few days."

Braylee would have to stay in the hospital for a few days.

These days, she must not let her run around.

If she went out and did something, it would be troublesome.

Sheila also knew what Amber was worried about. She nodded with a serious expression. "Don't worry, Ms. Reed. I will arrange it."

"That's good. Go, drive carefully on the road." Amber smiled.

"Okay." Sheila pushed up her glasses.

Amber nodded slightly.

Sheila opened the door and got out of the car, leaving.

Amber sat in the car, waiting for Jared to wake up.

She waited for two hours until it was completely dark.

At almost nine o'clock in the evening, Jared opened his eyes and saw that he was still in the car.

Amber felt that the breathing rhythm of the man on his shoulder had changed. He was no longer as steady as when he was asleep. She turned around and asked, "Are you awake?"

"Yes." Seeing that he was still leaning on her shoulder, Jared immediately raised his head and sat upright.

As soon as his head left, Amber instantly felt relaxed. Her body could also move and she no longer needed to maintain a posture.

However, her shoulders were very sore.

"What time is it?" Jared rubbed his temples and asked.

The inside of the car was dimly lit, but outside the car, it was pitch black.

Amber pointed at her watch and answered, "8:40."

A hint of surprise flashed across Jared's eyes. "So late?"

Although he did not know when he had fallen asleep, he remembered that when he fell asleep, the sky was not completely dark.

In other words, at that time, it was almost six o'clock.

He had slept for at least two hours!

"You let me lean on your shoulder all the time?" Jared looked at Amber.

"Yes." Amber pinched her sore shoulder.

"Why didn't you wake me up?" Jared asked again.

"I was too lazy to call you," Amber said as she put her hand down.

How could Jared not know that she was lying when he looked at her?

It was not that she had been too lazy to call him, but that she had wanted him to sleep.

"Don't be like this in the future. Aren't you tired?" Jared sighed softly and reached out to massage her shoulders.

"I'm fine." Amber lowered her eyes and smiled. Then, she removed his hand from her shoulder. "Alright, let's get out of the car first. It is almost out of oil."

After being warmed up for so long, a lot of fuel had been consumed.

Jared glanced at the oil meter in front of him and said indifferently, "It doesn't matter. We can fill it up again."

He was rich.

"I mean, I don't want to stay in the car anymore. Also, aren't you hungry?" Amber couldn't help but roll her eyes.

Jared frowned.

Well, he was indeed a little hungry.

The two of them opened the door and got out of the car.

After getting off the car, Jared recognized that this was Kelsington Bay's parking lot.

Now that it had been so late, and the car had been out of oil.

Then he should be able to stay here tonight, right?

As he thought about this, the corners of Jared's mouth curled up, and the happiness around his body wasn't concealed in the slightest.

Amber looked at him doubtfully. She didn't understand what he was happy about, but she didn't ask much and brought him to the elevator.

They arrived at the apartment.

Amber put down her bag and went back to her room to change her clothes.

After coming out, she was still carrying a bag in her hand.

She threw the bag to Jared. "Go take a shower first and change your clothes."

He was only wearing a thin suit and the coat outside had long been wet by the rain.

His clothes had had creases all over and could not be worn anymore.

Jared took the bag that Amber had thrown over and opened it. A look of surprise appeared on his face.

He hurriedly turned to look at Amber. "Did you specially buy this for me?"

In this bag, there was not only a set of clothes but also a set of pajamas.

Moreover, they just so happened to be of his size.

Therefore, it was obvious that she had specially prepared these clothes for him.

"Alright, don't worry about whether I bought them for you or not. Hurry up and take a shower and change into them," Amber said as she shifted her gaze away.

She waved her hand and urged.

However, Jared could see that her face was red at the moment.

It was obvious that she had already admitted that these two sets of clothes had been indeed specially bought for him by her.

And they had already been washed.

Jared hugged the bag as if he was holding some rare treasure. He looked at Amber and said in a gentle voice, "Amber, thank you. I like them very much."

"Alright, I'm going to the kitchen to cook." Amber coughed.

After she finished speaking, she lowered her head and quickly walked toward the kitchen.

These two sets of clothes had been specially bought for him at the mall a few days ago.

That day, after Jared gave her the crystal ball, he stayed overnight at her place and did not have suitable clothes. Then the next day, she ran to the mall and bought them.

What was she thinking about when buying clothes at that time?

She was probably thinking that they would be of use in the future.

However, she did not expect that they would be of use so soon.

Looking at Amber's embarrassed back, Jared laughed in a low voice. Then he carried the bag and went to the bathroom.

Ten minutes later, he came out. He was not wearing the clothes in the bag, only wearing pajamas.

It seemed that it was okay for him to only wear pajamas.

Moreover, he could boldly guess that she wanted to keep him.

Otherwise, why had she given him the pajamas as well?

Jared dried his hair and walked to the sofa to sit down.

Amber came out of the kitchen with a bowl.

Seeing the pajamas on Jared, her eyes flashed. She did not say anything and walked straight to him, handing him the bowl. "Drink this."

Jared put the towel around his neck and looked at the black soup in the bowl. The familiar smell of the soup made him understand what it was.

Ginger soup!

"Thank you." Jared took the ginger soup and took a sip. Then he looked at her and asked, "Have you drunk it?"

Amber nodded. "I have."

When Jared heard that she had drunk it, he felt relieved. Then, he raised his head and finished the remaining ginger soup in the bowl.

After he finished drinking, Amber took the bowl over. "What do you want to eat tonight?"

What did he want to eat?

This was a little difficult for him.

He wanted to eat a lot, but he didn't know if she had enough ingredients here.

After thinking about it, Jared opened his thin lips and replied, "I like anything made by you." ????????

Chapter 620 Jared Helped in the Kitchen

"Then how about I make a few simple dishes?" Amber asked.

"Alright, I'll help." Jared stood up.

"You?" Amber looked at him with a doubtful expression.

"Is there a problem?" Jared asked.

"You have never cooked. Are you sure you can help?" Amber touched the bowl in her hand.

It was not that she looked down on him.

Instead, he had been living a life of luxury since he was born and had never done any trivial things.

His hand was not used to hold a kitchen knife, but to hold a pen.

Therefore, she really did not believe that he could help.

Actually, even she had not done any housework since she was a child. She had been forced to learn it by Shonna during the six years of her marriage.

Before they got married, she had not known how to cook either.

When Jared heard Amber's questioning words, his handsome face stiffened. "I can."

A man shan't say that he can't.

Moreover, when he was in Country K, he had learned how to cook hangover soup online. It could be considered that he had cooked in the kitchen before.

So helping shouldn't be a problem... right?

Jared thought in his heart.

Seeing that he was so serious about saying that he could do it, Amber no longer doubted him.

After all, if he dared to say that, he should have some ability.

And it was indeed not a big deal to go to the kitchen to help.

Thinking of this, Amber pointed in the direction of the kitchen. "Since you want to help, go ahead."

After that, she walked towards the kitchen.

Jared followed behind her step by step.

Amber took out the vegetables she wanted to cook from the refrigerator.

She directly put the fruits and melons into the sink, and the spinach into a small basin and handed it to Jared.

Jared took it with a blank face. "This..."

"Clean it, and leave it in the basin." Amber pointed at the small basin.

"Okay..." Jared took the basin and looked at the spinach in the basin. He was completely stunned.

How to clean it?

To remove the root?

And then what?

Jared stood there with the basin in his hand. He had no idea what to do.

"What's wrong?" Amber asked doubtfully when she saw that he did not move at all.

"It's fine. I'll go outside to clean it," Jared replied, lowering his eyelids.

He absolutely could not say that he didn't know how to do it.

He had just boasted that he would definitely be able to help. And it was the first task she gave him! Not to mention losing face, she might even be disappointed in him!

So he had better go out and do some secret research on the Internet.

When Amber heard Jared's words, she did not suspect that he was looking for an excuse to go out.

She thought that the kitchen was not big, and it was indeed a little crowded when the two of them stood inside, so she nodded and agreed, "Go, there is a trash can outside. Just throw the unwanted part into the trash can."

"Okay," Jared responded and went out with the basin.

Jared walked to the dining table in the living room and sat down. He put the basin on the table, then took out the phone from the pocket of his pajamas. He took a picture of the spinach in the basin and started searching.

Soon, all the information about it jumped out.

After reading the introduction, Jared finally understood what he should do.

He smiled, turned off the phone, and began cleaning it.

Ten minutes later, Jared looked at his masterpiece in the basin and curled his lips.

It looked good, and Amber should be satisfied, right?

Jared got up, picked up the basin, and walked to the kitchen.

In the kitchen, Amber was cutting vegetables. Her movements were neat and beautiful. In a few seconds, a zucchini was cut into pieces about the same size.

Hearing footsteps, Amber put down the kitchen knife in her hand and turned around. She saw Jared coming in with the basin. She smiled and asked, "Have you finished?"

Jared nodded. "Yes, I have."

"Quite fast."

"How about you take a look?" Jared handed the basin over, his tone revealing a hard-to-detect tension and anticipation.

Although he felt that he had cleaned it well, Amber might not necessarily feel that it was good.

Therefore, he was nervous.

At the same time, he hoped that Amber might praise him.

"Let me see." Amber took the small basin and grabbed the spinach in it. She raised her beautiful eyebrows. "Not bad, you cleaned it well."

She looked at him in surprise.

It was really well done.

It could be seen that he had really cleaned the vegetables with great effort.

Hearing Amber's approval, Jared's heart finally relaxed. His lips curled up even more, and there was even a hint of pride on his face. "No big deal."

The corners of Amber's mouth twitched. "You really aren't polite."

"Is there anything else I can help you with?" Jared chuckled.

Amber turned on the tap and prepared to wash the spinach. As she washed it, she pursed her lips to the side of the cabinet. "Take the tableware and put it in the sterilization cabinet."

"Sterilization, right? Okay." Jared nodded and walked over to open the cupboard.

There were many exquisite bowls and chopsticks in the cupboard, and Jared did not know what to take for a moment.

After thinking about it, he finally decided to take a random set.

Jared reached out and picked up the bowl closest to him.

As a result, just as he took the bowl out of the cupboard, the bowl slipped directly from his hand and then fell to the ground under his astonished gaze.

With a bang.

The bowl fell heavily on the ground with a crisp sound and broke into several pieces.

When Amber heard this voice, she knew what had happened. She quickly turned around and looked down at the bowl on the ground. "What happened?" she asked in surprise.

"Sorry, it slipped off my hand and fell on the ground." Jared pursed his red lips apologetically.

He didn't expect that he couldn't even hold a bowl properly.

He even wondered if he was too useless.

Amber nodded, indicating that she understood. Then she looked at Jared and asked with concern, "Are you hurt?"

"No." Jared shook his head and looked at her. His thin lips moved. "Amber, are you not angry?"

"Why should I be?" Amber asked, tilting her head.

"I smashed the bowl." Jared pointed at the broken pieces on the ground.

"It's just a bowl. Besides, it was my fault for being inconsiderate. Your left hand hasn't recovered fully and it is inconvenient for you to do things with one hand. So even if I have to blame someone, it's gonna be myself. Alright, stand aside and I'll clean it up."

"I'll do it." Jared took the initiative to take over this job.

In his opinion, this had been broken by him and should be cleaned by him.

However, Amber waved her hand, "It's inconvenient for you to carry a broom with one hand. It's better for me to do it. It will be done soon."

After saying that, she took the broom behind the door and began to clean up the fragments.

Jared stood there, looking down at his left arm that was hanging, and sighed helplessly.

He didn't know when his arm would recover.

He really hoped that it would be fine immediately. At least this way, he could help do something properly.