

LLPD Chapter 661

Chapter 661 Lady Georgia Fainted

After Amber took the blanket, she unfolded it and covered Jared with it.

Besides, Amber asked Ben to turn on the heating in the study. Only then was she relieved.

Ben was relieved to see her being so considerate toward Jared.

Jared's dedication to Amber finally paid off.

Amber didn't know what Ben was thinking. She sat beside Jared and looked at him sideways.

Jared's face was very red because of the alcohol, but under his eyelids, it was blue and black. Obviously, he had been drinking all night without sleeping.

Fortunately, all he drank was some red wine. Otherwise, he would have been in the hospital or died.

Thinking of this, Amber couldn't help shivering.

Suddenly, the phone rang.

Amber pulled herself together and took the phone out of her handbag.

It was from Georgia. She must want to know how Jared was going.

Amber answered it without hesitation. "Grandma."

"Amber, have you seen Jared?" On the other end of the phone, Georgia asked eagerly.

Amber nodded. "Yes."

"Well, that's great. How is he now? Did he self-harm?" Georgia clenched her cane and asked again.

Amber looked down at Jared. "He was drunk, but he hasn't self-harmed."

"Really?" Georgia couldn't believe it.

After all, every time Jared was drinking, he resorted to self-harm if he couldn't drown his sorrows.

Therefore, hearing what Amber said, Georgia thought it was a little unbelievable.

"Yes." Amber nodded. "According to Ben, Jared got drunk before he could self-harm."

"This is impossible!" Georgia stood up.

Amber was shocked. "Grandma, what's the matter?"

Georgia asked with a strange look, "Amber, tell me what kind of alcohol Jared drank?"

"It's red wine," Amber answered without hesitation.

Ben's expression changed as he clenched his fists nervously.

Different from Amber, Georgia knew that Jared wouldn't get drunk with red wine.

Nonetheless, Jared was drunk, which would arouse Georgia's suspicions.

As expected, hearing Amber's answer, Georgia squeezed her phone. "This is impossible. Jared has a good alcohol tolerance, so he shouldn't be drunk with red wine. Amber, is Ben around you?"

"Yes." Amber glanced at Ben.

Georgia sullenly said, "Give him the phone. I have something to ask him."

"Okay, wait a second." Amber handed the phone to Ben. "Ben, Grandma wants you to answer the phone."

Ben knew he couldn't hide the truth from Georgia anymore. After taking a deep breath, he took the phone with a forced smile. "Lady Georgia, what can I do for you."

Ben walked out of the study.

Amber looked at his back in confusion, wondering why he went out.

But Amber didn't think much about it. After finishing Jared's hair, she got up and went to the bathroom, ready to get some water and wipe his face.

On the balcony, Ben closed the balcony door before saying, "Lady Georgia, Mr. Farrell was indeed drunk with red wine."

"Ben Channing, stop lying to me!" On the other end of the phone, Georgia said with a long face, "Jared never gets drunk with red wine, so tell me whether he hides some spirits?"

"No." Ben shook his head. "Lady Georgia, Mr. Farrell didn't buy any spirits."

"Then tell me why he gets drunk?" Georgia asked angrily.

Ben lowered his head, not knowing what to say.

He was hesitant whether he should tell the truth.

Would Georgia be greatly affected?

For a time, Ben was caught in a dilemma and didn't know what to do.

"Tell me the reason!" Georgia urged impatiently.

Ben sighed, and finally decided to tell the truth.

Anyway, Georgia would know it one day.

"Lady Georgia, you must be mentally prepared," Ben pulled himself together and said.

Georgia got serious, "Mentally prepared?"

"Yes!"

"What the hell happened? Why should I do that?" Georgia was puzzled, but she got a bad feeling and asked in a trembling voice, "Ben, tell me whether something is wrong with Jared?"

"Yes." Ben nodded, "Mr. Farrell is suffering heart failure, so he got drunk much more easily than before."

It suddenly became silent on the other end of the phone, accompanied by the sound of a cup breaking.

When Ben heard it, his face turned pale with fright, and he hurriedly shouted, "Lady Georgia? What happened?"

Ben was afraid that Georgia fainted when she heard this.

If so, Ben would be mostly responsible for that.

Georgia was very old. What if she fainted and never woke up?

Ben didn't dare to think about it anymore. He grabbed the phone tightly with both hands, and continued to shout, "Lady Georgia?"

There was finally a voice on the phone, but it was Mrs. Murphy's.

Mrs. Murphy helped Georgia up from the sofa, gently shook her, and shouted anxiously, "Lady Georgia, wake up! Please wake up!"

Mrs. Murphy was about to cry, but Georgia's eyes remained closed.

Ben guessed what happened according to Mrs. Murphy.

Lady Georgia did pass out.

They were in trouble now!

With a tense face, Ben took the mobile phone from his ear and made an emergency call. He went back to the study, returned the mobile phone to Amber, and said eagerly, "Miss Reed, please take care of Mr. Farrell. I'm going to the villa."

Hearing this and seeing Ben's anxious look, Amber got nervous. "Is something wrong with Grandma?"

"Lady Georgia seems to have fainted."

"What?" Amber asked in a much louder voice, "Grandma faints? Why? What happened?"

"It's all my fault. I shouldn't have told her the truth." Ben slapped himself reproachfully. "I've made a big mistake."

He shouldn't have taken chances. He had thought that it didn't matter if Georgia knew the truth. After all, she would know it sooner or later.

But now, Ben did regret it.

Not to mention whether something would go wrong with Georgia, Ben even didn't know how to explain it after Jared woke up.

"What the hell did you tell her?" Amber frowned and asked.

Ben shook his head. "Miss Reed, I can't tell that to you. Lady Georgia has fainted. What if you...? Forget it. I won't tell it to you. I'll rush over to see how Lady Georgia is going, so please take care of Mr. Farrell."

Although Amber was worried about Georgia, Jared did keep her from going away, so she nodded. "Okay, just leave him to me. And you must take good care of Grandma. Call me if anything happened."

"Yes, Miss Reed." After Ben finished speaking, he turned around and left quickly.

Amber looked at Jared, clenched Jared's hand, and whispered, "I don't know what happened to you. Even Grandma faints after she knows it!"

Jared remained drunk, so he didn't answer.

He was mired in a nightmare and couldn't get out of it.

Exactly, it was more of an experience than a nightmare.

Chapter 662 Who Are You Apologizing to?

In Jared's dream, he was a child.

As usual, he went upstairs and asked his mother downstairs for breakfast.

Every time Jared knocked on the door, his mother would open the door with a gentle smile.

But this time, no matter how Jared knocked on the door, his mother didn't open it, which made him a little uneasy.

Therefore, Jared asked the servant to get a backup key. As soon as the door was opened, a strong smell of blood came from the bathroom.

With a pale face, Jared froze for a few seconds and then crazily ran to the bathroom.

The door of the bathroom was open, and no sooner had he got to the door than he was stunned.

Jared's mother was lying on the edge of the bathtub, her face and body splattered with blood.

She held the brow razor in one hand while the other hand was placed in the bathtub full of water.

A bathtub of blood-red water.

Jared's mother, whose body was stiff and cold, was dead.

What Jared saw that day was deeply engraved in his memory, and he would remember it on each anniversary of his mother's death. It tormented Jared both mentally and physically, and he could disentangle himself from it.

Even sometimes, Jared dreamed about what had never happened.

For example, this time, he dreamed that his dead mother suddenly stood up from the edge of the bathtub. Covered in blood, she walked toward Jared slowly and asked why he came to her belly.

If she hadn't been pregnant with Jared, she would have left the Farrell family long ago and pursued her love.

Then, she strangled Jared with her blood-stained hands.

Jared opened his eyes in horror. With bloodshot eyes, he was a little short of breath.

Amber was startled, and it took a while for her to recover. She looked down at Jared and patted his face gently. "Jared, what happened?"

Jared stared at the ceiling with hollow eyes as if he didn't hear Amber. His thin lips moved as he murmured something.

Amber bent down, put her ear to his mouth, and listened carefully.

"I'm sorry..."

Sorry?

Amber frowned, her eyes full of doubts.

Why did Jared say sorry?

Who was he saying to?

Amber looked at Jared and knew that he was still dreaming. She quickly grabbed his shoulders and shook him. "Jared, Wake up! Wake up!"

Amber had to wake Jared out of the dream, or it wouldn't be harmful to him.

Jared should recover as soon as possible.

After that, Jared's pupils gradually shrank, and he looked from the ceiling to Amber's face.

Jared stared at Amber, and after a few seconds, he made a voice, "Amber?"

His voice was as hoarse as a drake.

Jared drank too much, so he felt his throat was almost burning.

Amber let go of his shoulders angrily. "You recognized me? Looks like you've sobered up a little."

"Why are you here?" Jared put his left hand on his forehead and tried to sit up from the sofa.

However, Jared was too weak to sit up. He even found it difficult to turn his neck.

Seeing this, Amber grabbed Jared's shoulders and pushed him back onto the sofa. "Well, just lie down and don't get up."

After speaking, Amber rolled her eyes at Jared, "Why am I here? You guessed yesterday that I would come to you today, right? I told you not to turn off your phone today, and you agreed, but you turned it off anyway! Given it was a special day, I'll let it go. Otherwise, I'll refuse to get back together with you."

Usually, Jared would've apologized nervously when he heard the last sentence.

But now, he was not in the mood.

Jared closed his eyes, put an arm over his eyes, and said nothing.

Seeing this, Amber felt very worried and distressed.

They were both orphans.

But what happened to Jared was even more pitiful than Amber's.

Jared's father was murdered in the hotel. Although Jared's mother committed suicide, Jared witnessed it at a very young age.

Amber's mother died when Amber was very young. Amber hadn't started to remember at that time, so she didn't find it that unacceptable, even if she felt sad.

Even though Amber witnessed her father's death, she was an adult back then, so she was strong enough to recover.

Nonetheless, Jared was different. Her mother committed suicide with no warning. Jared was even the first to see her corpse. Thus, it was a big blow to his mind.

Thinking of this, Amber leaned over, hugged Jared, and buried her head in his neck. She said in an anxious and worried voice, "Jared, do you know I'm freaked out?"

Jared didn't expect that Amber would hug him. He looked down at her in surprise.

Amber stared up at him with red eyes. "Do you know how worried I am after Grandma told me that you would self-harm? I was afraid that you have cut yourself already. I was afraid that when I arrived, all I would see was your dead body lying on the ground! "

Amber couldn't help trembling and choking. Jared knew that she was really frightened.

Jared patted Amber's back gently and said in a hoarse voice, "I'm sorry..."

"It's not enough!" Amber stretched out her hands, held Jared's face, and pretended to be angry. "You should apologize to Grandma and Ben too. They were all worried about you, worried that something would go wrong, but fortunately..."

Amber's expression softened. "Fortunately, I arrived in time and you got drunk before you have time to self-harm, or you would have been lying on a hospital bed rather than the sofa."

Jared lowered his eyes and did not say anything.

He wanted to self-harm.

But he fainted before he did that.

After drinking only a few bottles of wine, Jared got a burning pain in his heart and fainted.

Therefore, Jared fainted rather than got drunk.

Jared could still feel the pain in his heart.

However, Jared must hide it from Amber.

Jared looked silent. Amber sighed helplessly, then looked into his eyes and said gently, "Jared, what about seeing a therapist?"

"A psychologist?" Jared's thin lips moved and repeated.

Amber nodded. "Yes, every year on this exact day you become a different person. It's because you have a psychological problem. You witnessed your mother's suicide, so it left you with a terrible impression. A psychiatrist may well help you forget what you saw that day or accept it. After that, you will be fine."

Chapter 663 Mentally Scarred

"No..." Jared shook his head.

He was clear that he had a mental problem.

But Jared didn't think that the psychiatrist could help him with the headache.

Hearing this, Amber frowned unhappily. "Why not? You haven't tried it. What if it does work?"

Jared closed his eyes. "My mother regretted giving birth to me..."

"What?" Amber was stunned for a moment and then looked at him in confusion. "Do you mean your mother regrets giving birth to you?"

Jared was silent.

Amber shook her head. "That is impossible! This is absolutely impossible! You're wrong. Grandma has told me that you had a good relationship with your mother and that your mother was very gentle."

Thus, Jared's mother couldn't regret giving birth to Jared.

Nonetheless, according to Jared's serious look, he might not be lying.

Then what the hell had happened?

Jared closed his eyes and didn't say anything.

Seeing this, Amber felt even more worried.

She lowered her head and approached him. "Jared, can you tell me more about it? I'd like to be your audience, so you can tell me anything. If you always keep it to yourself, you will remain stuck with it. Both Grandma and I care about you. We all want you to disentangle yourself from it and recover. If you don't say anything and refuse to recover, we will be more worried about you. Do you really want us to worry about you on this day every year? Don't forget, Grandma is very old now."

Amber didn't tell Jared that Georgia passed out.

Jared was mentally unstable, so Amber didn't want to make it worse.

Amber decided to tell Jared when he got better.

After Jared heard Amber's words, his thin lips moved. He admitted that he would indeed worry those who cared about him.

Georgia was really old.

Worse still, Georgia got weaker day by day.

The doctor said Georgia might die in these few years.

"The night my mother committed suicide..." Jared opened his eyes and said.

Amber stared at him, "Then what?"

"That night, she drank a lot. I didn't know why she drank so much, but I stayed with her all the time. Later, she got very drunk and talked a lot with me..."

Jared looked at the ceiling with blankly. "She was sad that Connor Stockert was getting married. Besides, she told me that she would have left with Conner if she hadn't been pregnant with me. Because of the pregnancy, she chose to stay."

Amber's expression changed slightly. "That is why you think your mother regretted giving birth to you, right?"

Jared's eyelashes trembled. "Back then, I didn't know who Connor Stockert was, but I knew my mother didn't love my father and didn't want to marry him. However, she was willing to stay for the sake of me, of which I was even proud. The next morning, she committed suicide. After that, I started a nightmare that lasted for more than ten years. In the nightmare, my mother kept committing suicide or strangled me with blood all over my neck, asking me why I was such a burden to her and why I came into her belly."

Amber bit her lower lip and said quickly, "This is just a dream. It's not true."

"I know it's not true, but what my mother said is true." Jared looked at Amber with dim eyes. "These nightmares remind me that my arrival made my mother unable to pursue her happiness. My existence stumbled her from leaving the Farrell family. It was I who killed her."

Hearing this, Amber was shocked and instantly realized that they made a mistake. Jared was mentally scarred not because he had witnessed his mother's suicide; rather, it was because he thought he was the main culprit of his mother's suicide.

"You're wrong!" Amber immediately shook her head. "Jared, you are not responsible for your mother's death at all. What you saw was all in your nightmares. Your mother never meant that. You are her son. She never regretted giving birth to you or thought you were a burden."

Anyway, no woman regretted giving birth to her child.

After all, the child was innocent. As a rational woman, a mother never vented her anger on her child.

After Jared heard Amber's words, his eyes lit up, but they quickly darkened again.

Jared shook his head. "You're not my mother. You don't know what she was thinking."

"No, I know." Amber clenched Jared's hands and nodded affirmatively. "Jared, I'm sure what I said is true. Grandma told me a lot about the relationship between you and your mother. Your mother was very gentle and nice to you. Even if she didn't love your father, she took up her responsibility as a mother. From where I stand, she said that out of anger. If she regretted, she would have directly told you that she regretted giving birth to you."

Jared's eyes widened.

Amber added, "If she regretted giving birth to you and thought that you were the obstacle preventing her from pursuing her love, she wouldn't have been so kind to you or taken care of you. Thus, Jared, you have thought too much about it. What you saw and heard in your nightmares is all your imagination. Jared, just try to forget those words and get rid of the nightmare!"

Jared said bitterly, "It's been more than ten years. And it has been engraved in my mind"

"I know, but you must disentangle yourself from it and start a new life, right?" Thinking of something, Amber got up and walked to pick up a bag from the ground.

Then, under Jared's gaze, Amber reached into the bag and took out something.

It was a black scarf.

Jared remembered he had asked Amber to knit a scarf for him, so he opened his eyes wide. "This is..."

"This is the scarf I knit for you. I stayed up all night to finish it." Amber spread the scarf and hung it around Jared's neck. "You look so nice!"

Amber had planned to give him this scarf on his birthday.

However, knowing that Jared was not himself today, Amber brought the scarf over.

Amber thought the scarf might be helpful to calm Jared down.

Jared rubbed the scarf around his neck. It was soft and smelt as fragrant as Amber.

Jared couldn't help clenching the scarf and buried his head in it.

Seeing this, Amber added, "I intended to give it to you on your birthday as a gift. Now that I bring it to you today, I'll give you something else when it's your birthday."

"I like it very much." Jared stroked the scarf and looked at it with satisfaction.

Amber poured a glass of boiled water. "Do you want some water?"

Jared shook his head. "No."

"No, you must drink. You almost lose your voice!" Amber frowned.

If it weren't for the alcohol in Jared's stomach, Amber would have made a cup of honey water to help his throat recover sooner.

Chapter 664 A Childish Man

Looking at Amber's serious and determined look, Jared had no choice but to nod.

He rubbed his temples, propped himself against the sofa, and sat up. He took the glass and took a few sips of water under Amber's gaze.

Only then did Amber give a satisfied look and stop staring sharply at Jared.

After drinking the water, Jared put the glass aside and shook his head. He still felt drowsy.

Seeing this, Amber asked, "You have a headache?"

Jared nodded.

Amber pursed her lips. "You deserve it. You shouldn't have drunk so much wine."

Jared lowered his head guiltily without saying anything.

Seeing this, Amber couldn't bear to scold him anymore. She said in a soft voice, "You can't drink so much in the future. Do you know how scared I was? I don't want to be scared anymore."

Jared looked at Amber. "I'm sorry..."

"Not at all. After all, you didn't do anything wrong." Amber said gently, "I know you want to drown your sorrows, but you should disentangle yourself from it as soon as possible. I've said that you are not responsible for your mother's suicide, so don't blame all this on yourself."

Jared's eyes flashed as if he was thinking about her words.

Amber put her hand on his forehead and explained under his puzzled gaze, "I just want to know if you have a fever. You drank so much wine without resting. Even the heating is not on, so I was afraid you would have a cold. Fortunately, you are fine."

Amber put her hands down and asked, "Would you like to sleep a few more hours?"

Jared remained dizzy, and he was too weak to stand up or walk around.

Jared wanted to rest, However, for fear that Amber would leave after he fell asleep, so he shook his head. "No, I'm not sleepy."

"Are you sure?" Seeing Jared's exhausted look, Amber rolled her eyes and said.

Jared's thin lips moved. Just as he was about to say something, his stomach grumbled.

Jared looked down at his belly and blinked blankly. "Is it grumbling?"

Amber was amused by his words. "It means you are hungry."

Amber had no idea whether Jared had eaten something last night. Nevertheless, it was almost noon now, so even Amber felt a little hungry.

"Hungry?" A trace of confusion flashed in Jared's eyes as if he didn't quite know what hunger was.

Seeing this, Amber was lost for words.

She thought this version of Jared was such a fun to watch.

It must be because he was still in a daze from the alcohol.

That was why Jared looked silly, not as shrewd as usual.

It was rare to see this, and Amber found Jared quite adorable in this way.

Amber didn't expect Jared to be like this when he was drunk.

With a shrug, Amber put her hands on Jared's shoulders and pressed him back on the sofa. "Well, you lie here, and I'll go to the kitchen to see if I can find something to make some food for you. "

Amber couldn't leave Jared starving.

Otherwise, he would get ill.

Jared lay back on the sofa and stared blankly at Amber, without saying a word.

Amber took her hand away from his shoulders, adjusted the scarf around his neck, and covered him with a blanket before getting up.

Before Amber could walk away, her hand was grabbed.

Amber stopped and turned to look at Jared. "What's wrong?"

"Are you going?" Jared looked at her and asked.

Amber tilted her head. "Where am I going?"

"You'll leave here, right?" Jared said.

Amber was amused. "I never said I was leaving."

"You didn't say that, but you are leaving now." Jared pursed his lips and said in a hoarse voice, with a grievance in his tone. It sounded a bit pitiful.

Seeing this, Amber patted the back of his hand and explained patiently, "I won't leave. I'm going to get you something to eat."

"I do not believe it." Jared pursed his thin lips again. "You're lying to me. You must decide to leave and never come back like my mother. She promised to take me out for dinner, but she left me alone the next day."

Hearing this, Amber was stunned for a moment. She sighed. "I'm not lying to you. I promise I won't leave. I'm just going to get you something to eat, and I'll be back soon. Don't worry. I always keep my words. I can swear to you I will come back."

Amber raised her hand and made an oath. "I'll make something delicious and come back immediately. If I don't do it, I will be asked to be with you every day."

Jared blinked. "Really?"

"Yes!" Amber nodded seriously.

Jared stared at her as if thinking about whether she could be trusted.

After a while, Jared slowly let go of Amber's hand. He looked at her and said, "Well, you can go, but you must come back quickly. I am here waiting for you."

"Okay. I'll be back soon." Amber nodded violently.

Amber thought Jared was as childish as a ten-year-old boy when he was drunk.

That was when his mother committed suicide.

No wonder he acted like a child today.

Amber didn't expect him to be so cute when he was about ten years old.

Amber resisted the urge to pinch Jared's face. She walked out of the study under Jared's gaze.

Before Amber got into the kitchen and opened the refrigerator, she thought that the refrigerator must be empty. After all, it would be impossible for Jared to cook.

Unexpectedly, the refrigerator was full of meat and vegetables, and they were all quite fresh.

Surprised, Amber couldn't help glancing towards the study.

Amber was very confused.

She wondered whether Jared could cook.

Amber took out a handful of vegetables, and couldn't imagine how Jared looked when he was cooking.

Before at Kelsington Bay, Jared did a terrible job even when he was just helping in the kitchen, let alone cooking.

Furthermore, as the head of the Farrell family and the president of the Farrell Group, Jared should be too busy to cook.

Therefore, these should be prepared by Ben. Ben probably asked the chef to cook for Jared here.

Without thinking much of it, Amber put the vegetables in the sink and took a small piece of lean meat from the refrigerator to make some porridge.

Jared drank too much wine, so he'd better eat porridge to nourish the stomach.

It took Amber more than half an hour to make the porridge.

Amber put two bowls of porridge on a tray and walked to the study with them.

Amber didn't know if Jared was asleep now.

Amber had left the door open when she got out of the study, so she could walk in it directly.

Amber especially walked on tiptoes towards the sofa. She had thought that Jared was asleep. However, Jared remained awake. He stared at the ceiling with his eyes open, motionless, as if he was in a daze.

Amber bent down and put the tray on the table.

When Jared heard this, his eyes moved. He looked from the ceiling to Amber with a surprised look.
"You're back!"

Chapter 665 Jerry

Jared was very happy about Amber's coming back. Seeing this, Amber couldn't help smiling. "Yes, I'm back. I didn't lie to you, right?"

Jared nodded.

Amber pulled a chair to the sofa and sat down, "Can you get up now?"

"No." Jared shook his head and looked at Amber pitifully.

Amber sighed and reached out her hand. "Give me your hand."

Jared put his hand on hers.

After Amber held it, she pulled Jared up from the sofa. "Sit tight."

"Sure." Jared nodded at once.

Hearing this, Amber couldn't help caressing his head. "Jerry, I didn't expect you to be so funny when you're drunk."

"Jerry?" Jared looked at Amber in confusion.

The next second, he put on a long face. "Who is Jerry? Do you fall in love with another man?"

Jared asked loudly as if Amber cheated on him.

Amber didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "What are you talking about?"

"You fall in love with another man!" Jared glared at Amber.

Amber blinked. "Which man do you think I fall in love with?"

She points to herself.

Jared pursed his thin lips with bloodshot eyes. "Jerry!"

Words failed Amber.

Jared thought she fell in love with Jerry.

Well, Jerry was Jared, so Jared was right.

Amber held her forehead. "Jared, you are such a silly head. Jerry is you."

Jared was stunned. "I'm Jerry?"

"Yes." Amber nodded.

Jared's face darkened. "You are talking nonsense. My name is Jared, not Jerry."

"'Jerry' is your nickname. It is a character from 'Tom and Jerry'." Amber rolled her eyes at Jared.

Jared finally understood.

It turned out that "Jerry" was his nickname.

Realizing this, Jared calmed down. "Why do you call me 'Jerry'? I am not that mouse."

Amber smiled and said, "Why? It's because you are as naughty as that mouse when you are drunk. Jared, I'm looking forward to what you will do after you sober up. I think you will definitely regret what you have done."

"What do you mean?" Jared couldn't figure out what Amber was talking about, so he asked in confusion.

Amber shrugged. "Forget it. It's no use explaining it to you now. Let's eat."

After Amber finished speaking, she picked up a bowl of porridge from the tray and handed it to Jared. "Take it carefully."

Amber felt as if she was taking care of a child now. She was even afraid he couldn't hold the bowl.

Jared took the bowl.

Seeing that the porridge was not spilled, Amber began to hold her own bowl.

Amber was also hungry now. She had been so worried about Jared that she skipped breakfast this morning.

Until now, Amber had starved for a long time.

Amber stirred the porridge in the bowl with a spoon and began to eat it in small bites.

After taking a few bites, Amber felt that Jared kept staring at her instead of eating his porridge.

Amber stopped and looked at Jared. "Why are you looking at me? Just eat your porridge."

Jared's thin lips moved, but he didn't say anything.

Amber sighed. "What's wrong? Do you mean you don't know how to use a spoon?"

Jared looked at her but remained silent.

Seeing this, Amber didn't know what to do next.

It was always very difficult to figure out what a kid was thinking.

Therefore, Amber was at a loss.

She had no idea what she should do.

Amber put down the spoon, took the bowl from Jared, scooped up a spoonful of porridge, and handed it to his mouth. "Open your mouth."

Jared opened his mouth right away.

Then, Amber fed him the porridge from the spoon.

Jared chewed and swallowed it.

Seeing this, Amber was angry and amused. "You know how to use a spoon, but you want me to feed you. Jared, do you really think of yourself as a child?"

"No." Jared shook his head in denial.

"Don't make any excuses." Amber rolled her eyes at Jared, and then scooped up another spoonful to feed him.

Jared opened his mouth again.

He actually enjoyed being fed by Amber.

Amber had to feed him spoon by spoon.

She had no other choices.

If Amber didn't feed Jared, he would keep staring at her with a pitiful look. Amber couldn't refuse.

Besides, as Jared's girlfriend, Amber was willing to take care of him.

After a bowl of porridge was finished, Amber put the bowl aside and handed a glass of water to Jared.
"Rinse your mouth."

Jared took the water and did it himself.

Amber picked up a basin and asked Jared to spit in it.

Jared did it very well.

After that, Amber handed Jared some tissues and asked him to wipe his mouth.

Instead of taking the tissues, Jared stared at Amber and made it clear that he wanted her to wipe his mouth.

Amber was annoyed. "Jared, although you're acting silly now, your clever little brain was still running and you know what you can ask me to do."

Amber could feed Jared with porridge, so Jared asked her to do that.

However, Jared could only gargle by himself, so he didn't ask Amber for help.

Given Amber could help wipe his mouth, Jared waited for Amber to do so.

Jared had had this whole thing planned.

Although Amber was annoyed, Jared pretended as if he didn't know what she was talking about and looked at her in confusion, "What do you mean?"

Amber was lost for words.

She didn't want to argue with such a drunkard.

Amber decided to get Jared back after he woke up.

Amber rubbed her temples and wiped the corners of Jared's mouth in resignation.

After wiping, Jared lay back on the sofa.

Only then did Amber begin to eat her porridge.

Jared kept looking at her with his eyes open wide.

While eating, Amber said, "You are full now, so you can take a nap. After the nap, you will forget what happened and get better."

But Jared shook his head, indicating that he would not sleep.

Jared was obviously sleepy, but he was too stubborn to close his eyes.

Seeing this, Amber didn't say anything.

Anyway, it didn't matter if Jared stayed calm and didn't self-harm.

Besides, even if he refused to sleep right now, he would fall asleep when he got sleepier.

Thinking of this, Amber ignored Jared and began to eat the porridge in her bowl quietly.

After eating, she decided to take the bowls to the kitchen for washing. Jared, who had been quiet on the sofa, suddenly said, "Stinky."

"What?" Amber turned to look at Jared and asked.

Did Jared mean that Amber stank?

Jared's thin lips moved. "I stink, so I want to take a bath."

Amber rolled her eyes.

It turned out that Jared was talking about himself.

Amber was relieved.

Amber crossed her arms, looked at Jared jokingly, and said, "You finally notice that?"

After drinking so much wine, Jared was full of wine smell, and after several hours, he stank very much.

Amber had intended to ask Jared to take a bath after he was fully awake.

Unexpectedly, Jared couldn't take it anymore and wanted to take a bath.

Anyway, Jared could have a better sleep after taking a bath.

Amber reached out and pulled Jared up. "Let's go. I'll help you to your room."

Jared nodded and stood up from the sofa.

Jared's strength left him, so he lost his balance.

As soon as Jared stepped on the ground, he fell forward with Amber.

In the end, Jared fell face down on the ground. Amber screamed in fright and fell on his back.????????????????

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 666 Exhausted

Amber fell on him so it didn't hurt at all, but her chin was aching because of bumping into his back.

After rubbing her chin, she quickly got up and reached out to pull him up, "Jared, are you ok?"

"Huh?" Jared sat up from the ground and looked at her in confusion.

Her lips twitched.

Well, this guy didn't know what was going on.

Probably he didn't even realize that he fell.

But judging by his stupid look, it didn't look like he was hurt.

After all, there was a carpet underneath.

Amber felt relieved and continued to help him to the study.

His legs are weak now and he fell three times at one step. With the help of Amber, he finally got out of the study and came to the bathroom of his room. Amber felt that she had never been so tired in her life.

Amber sighed and then said to the man beside her, "Hold on to this!"

She lifted her chin toward the sink.

Jared blinked, "Huh?"

Amber rolled her eyes, "I said, put your hands on it and hold on to it."

"My hands?" Jared looked down at his hands for a few seconds and tried to put them on the sink.

Seeing him do as she said, Amber breathed a sigh of relief. She was about to let go of his arm when he suddenly retracted his hand from the sink. He moved so fast that she almost missed it.

Amber asked, "What are you doing? You got electrified?"

"Cold," Jared replied.

That gave her a headache, "I know the sink is a bit cold, but when did you become so weak?"

"Yes." Jared nodded without hesitation.

Amber snorted, "Well, you're quick to admit that. Alright, put your hands on it now."

"No, it's too cold!" He shook his head and refused to put it on.

Amber closed her eyes, barely suppressing her anger.

Don't be angry with him. He was like a ten-year-old child now.

If you were angry with him, you would lose.

Amber persuaded herself like this, but she never knew that it could be so tired to take care of children.

Not only tired but also exhausted.

Since she was dealing with a ten-year-old grown man.

All in all, Hayden's nephew Jayden was less troublesome than him.

Rubbing her brows, Amber stared at the man with a serious face, "I'm telling you again, put your hands there, or I'll leave now and won't talk to you."

Jared's lips trembled, then hurriedly put his hands on the sink, and said resentfully, "Ok, don't leave."

Amber sighed, "Huh, you just had to make me do it."

Jared lowered his head sadly and said nothing.

Amber was angry, but amused.

He acted as if she had forced him to be executed.

"Just hold it and don't move, ok?" Amber released his arm, "If you fall in a while, don't blame me for not reminding you. There's no carpet here. It really hurts."

"Okay..." Jared replied in a low voice.

Amber shook her head, turned, and walked toward the bathing pool.

She was stunned when she saw the large bathing pool in front of her that could hold five or six people at a time.

He really knew how to enjoy himself.

When the Reed family was rich, she had never lived such a life either.

Without thinking much, Amber turned on the faucet to get hot water, ready to let him take a bath.

At the same time, she went to Jared again, "Stand here, I'll go out and get you a change of clothes."

Jared nodded.

Amber looked at his hand and confirmed that he was indeed holding the sink well and would not fall, and then she left the bathroom at ease and walked to his cloakroom.

When she came to the cloakroom, she went directly to the hanging pajamas, picked out a set, and went to find his underwear.

Seeing the men's underwear neatly placed in the box in the drawer, she couldn't help blushing. She picked up one at random and stuffed it into the pajamas, then closed the drawer and went out.

Back to the bathroom.

Jared saw her and a gleam of light appeared in his dull eyes, "Are you back?"

"Yes, I'm back." Amber nodded, and after putting his pajamas in the clothes basket, he went over to help him to the edge of the bathing pool, "Okay, you can go inside."

Jared nodded, then lifted his foot and stepped into the bathing pool.

Seeing this, Amber grabbed him and said, "Hey, what are you doing?"

"Take a bath." Jared blinked and replied.

Amber said, "You haven't taken off your clothes. Are you taking a bath with your clothes on?"

He was confused and tilted his head.

Amber was speechless and then said patiently, "Listen carefully, you can't wear clothes in the bath. So you should take off your clothes first, take a bath, and then put on the pajamas inside the basket."

Jared looked in the direction she was pointing, it was a clothes basket with his pajamas in it.

Seeing that he seemed to understand, Amber straightened her hair, "Okay, take your time, I'll go out first."

"Don't go." Jared grabbed her arm.

Amber was stopped, "Is there anything else?"

"I need you to help me." He looked at her.

Her eyes widened, "What did you say?"

Did she hear it right? He asked her to help him undress?

He repeated, "Help me undress."

"No!" Amber blushed and immediately refused, "I can help you with other things, but this is not ok. Take off your clothes by yourself."

"I can't take it off by myself." Jared pointed at the belt buckle on his waist and said pitifully.

The muscle of her mouth twitched, "You're not stupid. How could you not take it off? Don't make excuses. Let me go quickly, I'm going out."

"No." Jared tightened his hands, not letting her go, and kept his eyes on her.

Amber tried to break free from his hands.

But she found that as long as she moved, his hand would be even tighter, making her unable to break free.

There was no way. So she relaxed her arm for the time being, lest he grasped tighter and tighter.

It won't work if you try to reason with an alcoholic and he may not be able to listen.

So if you ask him to let go, he will become rebellious and won't let go.

But as long as you relax first, he will also slowly release you.

Sure enough, after she relaxed, his hand did loosen up a bit.

Amber glanced at the hand holding her arm, then raised a finger and pointed upward, "Look, there is a plane!"

Jared looked up subconsciously.

Seeing this, Amber suddenly twitched her arm, trying to take it out of his hand while he was not paying attention to her.

While Jared immediately reacted to her move, lowered his head, grabbed her arm, and pulled her back.

His legs were weak and with this pull, they both fell into the bathing pool behind them.

With a thud, the water splashed more than a meter high.

Chapter 667 Help Me

They sank to the bottom of the bathing pool.

Amber quickly held her breath to avoid choking on the water.

But Jared drank too much and didn't know what to do. He opened his eyes stupidly and let the water get into his mouth and nose.

Amber saw that his face changed and knew that he was suffocated by the water now. She quickly reached out to him to raise his chin and helped him out of the water.

Amber coughed after getting out of the water and took a giant breath of air.

However, Jared, who was beside him, was lying on the edge of the bathing pool, motionless, not knowing what was going on.

Amber took a few deep breaths in a row and felt that her breathing gradually recovered before going to check on his condition.

She saw him staring at the floor of the bathroom with his eyes open, in a daze.

Even if she tried to push him, he didn't respond, as if he had lost his soul.

But Amber knew that he just didn't realize that he was drowning before.

Amber patted his back and said resignedly, "Okay, I deserved it. Open your mouth quickly and spit out the water you just swallowed."

She patted him on the back a little harder, trying to force him to spit out the water he swallowed.

Jared processed what happened and his eyes gradually focused, then he opened his mouth as she asked.

Soon, he spit out some water.

Seeing this, Amber stopped patting him on the back.

Great, as long as he spit out the water, she didn't have to worry about water accumulating in his lungs, causing lung inflammation or something.

Amber was all wet and leaned against the edge of the bathing pool, panting slightly, looking at Jared with angry and helpless eyes, and said, "Jared, you really got me exhausted today. These few short hours are more exhausting than this whole year. I will come for you when you get sober."

Jared blinked, then suddenly swam to her side and hugged her, "Amber..."

"Huh, you still know my name?" Amber tried to push him, but it didn't work.

Jared buried his head on her shoulder and said again, "Amber..."

"What?" Amber gave him a tired look.

"I'm not feeling well." Jared rubbed her shoulder.

Amber raised her hand to lift his head and asked, "Where?"

Could it be that there is still water in his lungs?

Jared rubbed her palm again, "It's too heavy!"

Amber understood now. Looking at the clothes on him, she said, "The clothes are all wet and stuck to the body. Of course it's heavy."

She was dragged into the bathing pool with him so the clothes on her were all wet. It was very uncomfortable for her that her clothes stuck to her body.

If it weren't for the fact that he was drunk, she would have beaten him long ago.

"What should I do?" Jared held his clothes and asked her what to do with his heavy clothes.

Amber sighed, "Take your clothes off and do your bath."

She pushed him away and stood up, "Hurry up, I'll go out and change clothes."

He made her clothes wet, so she was going to put on his clothes.

Just as she stepped out of the bathing pool, Jared took her hand again and pulled her back.

The water splashed so high again that it was poured directly over their heads.

It made her dry face wet again.

Amber closed her eyes for a few seconds to calm herself down before opening them and shouting at the man, "Jared!"

She was really mad.

Why had she never found him so annoying before?

Jared said innocently, "What's wrong?"

"What's wrong?" Her chest kept heaving. "You are asking me? What's wrong with you?"

"I want to take a bath." Jared lowered his head.

It took a while for her to calm down, "So just go, why do you have to keep me here?"

"I don't know how to take off my clothes. I need you to help me." Jared took her hand.

Amber was silent.

Well, she got it.

He was determined to let her help him undress.

Otherwise, he would never let her go.

She took a deep breath, resisted the urge to get rid of him, and walked away, then held his face and squeezed hard, "Listen to me, if I help you and you still keep me stay here, I will leave. If you don't believe me, try it."

"Ok." Jared shook his head and replied in a low voice.

Amber said, "It seems that your mind is still very clear. When you noticed I was leaving, you quickly restrained yourself. Now I doubt whether you have sobered up long ago and are pretending to be drunken."

Jared looked at her calmly, and his eyes were filled with confusion.

Amber was not sure whether he was sober or not and she didn't care to bother to think about it. After releasing his face, she started to unbutton him.

It was not the first time she had changed his clothes; she had done so before in the cave beneath the cliff, so she felt no psychological burden.

But when she took off her pants, she couldn't keep calm.

Amber reached for his belt with trembling hands, turned her head away, and tried not to look at it.

If she saw something she shouldn't see, it might come to a sticky end.

Fortunately, Jared was not in his senses. He just asked her to help him undress and had no other intentions.

So Amber turned her head away and he didn't ask her to turn it back.

If he were sober, he would certainly do that.

Amber undressed him blindly and her hands were shaking, so she accidentally touched him.

When she touched it, she withdrew her hand suddenly as if she was shocked.

As a result, she touched it again.

She puckered up his face. In the end, she had no choice but to calm herself down. With a desperate look on her face, she tried hard not to draw back her hand.

If she didn't withdraw her hand, she wouldn't necessarily touch it.

But as soon as she did it, she would definitely touch it.

Thinking of this, Amber gradually calmed down, then grabbed both sides of his underpants, pulled down in one go, and took off it for him.

Then she hurriedly stood up and stepped out. She turned her back to the man behind her and said, "Okay, I'll go out first."

Without waiting for the man to respond, she hurried out of the bathroom, leaving traces of water wherever she passed.

Later, she got into his cloakroom and rummaged through it to find a new set of pajamas to put on.

His pajama was very large and it was like a dress on her.

She had no choice but to find a belt to tighten the part on her waist.

In this way, the loose and baggy pajama on her body suddenly turned into a fashionable dress.

After changing clothes, Amber threw her wet and dirty clothes into a basket, took the hairdryer and carried the basket out of the cloakroom, and went outside to dry her hair.

It took almost ten minutes to dry up her hair.

Amber walked to the bathroom and she was ready to ask him whether he had finished.

It's been a long time.

Amber came to the bathroom door, raised her hand and knocked on the door, "Jared, have you finished?"

There was no response.

Amber thought he didn't hear it, so she knocked on the door again and shouted, "Jared?"

There was still no response.

She frowned and pressed her ear against the door, trying to hear what was going on inside.

However, there was no sound inside, which made her worried.

Something wrong? ??????????????????

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 668 Her Resignation

He drank too much and had no energy. And he was so stupid that he didn't know how to swim up when he fell to the bottom of the bathing pool.

Maybe he really slid into the bottom of the bathing pool and was drowned after she left!

Thinking of this, Amber panicked and her face turned pale.

The next second, she quickly opened the door and rushed in.

While she didn't see the horrible scene she thought, only saw him lying on the edge of the bathing pool, with his eyes closed, as if he was asleep.

Seeing this scene, Amber was relieved.

Great, he didn't drown himself.

It really scared her to death!

But it couldn't be helped— she couldn't put her mind at ease when Jared was like this.

Amber rubbed her temples, walked over slowly, squatted on the edge of the bathing pool, raised her hand, and touched his face lightly, confirming that he was indeed asleep, not in trouble, and she was completely relieved.

"Oh, come on! You can fall asleep in the shower?" Amber flicked his forehead.

Immediately, his forehead became red, showing that she really used her strength.

After all, he was the one who made her exhausted.

"Wake up, Jared." Amber shook the man, trying to wake him up, "Don't sleep here, you will catch a cold. Get up, put on your clothes and go to your room."

However, he just moved a little and had no intention of waking up.

Amber's hands were sore while he didn't even flutter his eyelashes. It seemed like he was sleeping well.

Amber felt a little helpless and a little angry but also funny.

It seemed that she really had owed him in her last life, so in this life, she was tortured by him to repay the debt.

Fine, since she took off all his clothes before, it's not a big deal to put them on now.

Isn't there a saying that whoever takes off the clothes is responsible for putting them on?

Amber sighed, then picked up his sleeves, grabbed his arm with both hands, and pulled him, a tall and sturdy man, out of the bath.

In addition, he was drunk and sleepy, so Amber felt that he was much heavier than he was.

So, it almost took all the strength she had to pull him out.

Two minutes later, she finally managed to drag him out, but because she ran out of strength, she couldn't stand firm. She staggered back two steps and finally fell on the cold floor.

And Jared fell on her lap.

Amber was stunned, and it took a while for her to recover. She looked at the floor behind her, and then at the naked handsome man sitting on her lap who was heavy. She was speechless.

What the hell was going on?

How did things turn out like this?

Amber put one hand on the man's shoulder and the other on her forehead, and suddenly laughed.

She couldn't help bursting into laughter.

She was amused by the funny pose of him and herself.

After a while, Amber took a deep breath to calm down, then put both hands on Jared's back, took him up from the ground, and then helped him to the bathroom door.

Along the way, she tried to look straight ahead, not to look at him, so as not to see any embarrassing scenes.

However, in the room, when Amber threw him on the bed, she inevitably saw something of the man at a glance.

Her eyes widened suddenly, then she gasped for breath, and her whole face and her neck turned red.

"Damn it!" Amber said, then quickly covered her face and eyes and turned away. Her heart was beating so fast that it was about to come out of her chest.

God, how could she see that thing? It might cause a sty.

Amber was filled with annoyance and anger. She puckered her face and regretted that she shouldn't have rolled her eyes just now, but at this moment, what she just saw appeared from time to time in her mind.

That thing was really big!

When she slept with him before, she was drunk and drugged, so she didn't know the whole process and didn't see his body.

Now that she saw it, she was shocked.

That's really big!

Thinking of that time they slept together, Amber suddenly felt it was incredible that she could take it.

"What are you thinking! Calm down, calm down!" Amber shook her hand, and quickly scattered the thought in her mind, then took a deep breath and walked quickly to the bathroom to get his pajamas.

Soon, she came out holding his clothes and stood beside the bed with a very serious expression, as if she was in a matter of life and death.

Because next, she was going to dress him.

It was harder.

Undressing him was easy and could be done with her eyes closed.

But when dressing him up, it's easy to get the button wrong with her eyes closed.

And he needed to wear underwear.

She had heard before that the thing needed to be adjusted in the underwear.

How did she do that with her eyes closed?

That is to say, next, she would not only look at him again but also touch him.

Oh my God, give me a break!

Amber closed her eyes and she wanted to cry.

If only Ben was here.

Although she thought so, Amber knew that it was impossible. After all, she couldn't wait for Ben to come back and let him change it for Jared.

Who knew when Ben would come back?

Amber pinched the bridge of her nose and let out a long sigh.

Forget it.

She had seen it all, so what's wrong with a touch?

And in the future, she can't avoid it.

Amber took a deep breath and found his underpants from the clothes in her arms, ready to put them on.

She threw the pajamas aside, picked up his underpants, unfolded them, held his ankle, and began to put them on for him.

When wearing it, she paused, as if she was doing psychological construction.

After a few seconds, she calmed down and continued.

Finally, Amber saw that thing again, and then her face turned even redder, and her breathing became much quicker.

But this time, instead of avoiding it, although she was shy, she stared at it boldly.

After looking at it for a while, she poked it with her finger curiously.

When she realized what she had done, she hurriedly raised her head to prevent a nosebleed.

God, she found out that she was a lecher.

She actually went to touch that on purpose...

She thought she was hopeless.

Amber was resigned, lowered her head, and continued to dress him.

This time, she was no longer nervous and shy like just now.

After all, she had seen it and touched it. The freshness is gone.

Finally, Amber got him dressed. She sighed in relief and sat on the bed to rest.

That's right, rest.

Her sore back was soaked with sweat as if she had fought with someone.

Amber turned her head, glanced resentfully at the man who was still sleeping soundly on the bed, and shook her head.

Then, she stood up, picked up the pajamas on the side, and continued to dress him.

It was much easier, so she quickly helped him with his right sleeve. When it came to the left arm, she suddenly stopped, "This is..."

Chapter 669 His Wedding Ring

A ring?

Why was he wearing a ring on his hand?

And this ring, it looked familiar.

Could it be...

She hurriedly dropped the sleeves in her hands, held his left hand with both hands, and spread out his finger so that she could see the ring on his finger more clearly.

After looking at it for a while, she finally confirmed that it was really their wedding ring.

When did he put it on?

She touched the man's wedding ring on his finger and pursed her red lips.

This ring... she bought it herself at that time.

When they got married, his grandmother asked him to accompany her to buy their wedding rings, but at that time, he had no feelings for her, so he refused to go there, so in the end, she went there alone. She chose this pair and asked them to engrave their names.

At the wedding, the jewelry store delivered the rings, and they exchanged them, but after the wedding, he took it off and never wore it again.

She was upset, but she did not insist that he wear it.

For she knew that he did not love her and that he had shown her enough respect by accepting her to put the ring on his finger at the wedding without disgracing her, she could expect nothing more.

Then for six years, she never saw him put on the ring again, until the time before the divorce when he suddenly put it on again for some unknown reason.

It's just that he refused her approach, so she couldn't see the ring clearly, and then she almost forgot what his ring looked like.

If she hadn't remembered that his ring had the same center diamond as her ring, she wouldn't recognize it now and that the ring he was wearing was their wedding ring at the time.

Amber looked at the sleeping man and then at the ring on the man's finger.

She probably knew why he was putting the ring on again now.

Because they were in love and because they were getting back together.

And this ring, he has probably been wearing it for a while.

When she checked the ring just now, she saw that the ring had left some marks on his finger.

She guessed that this ring was put on before the cast was removed from his hand.

It's just that his hand was hanging in a cast all the time, and she seldom paid attention to it, so she never noticed it.

And he didn't say it either.

How he could not say it all the time!

Amber smiled, stuffed his left arm into his sleeve, then buttoned up his pajamas, took the quilt to tuck him in, leaned over and kissed his forehead, got up, and walked to the door of the room.

Get some sleep.

When you wake up, you can no longer be as drunk as today, making you weak.

You should be vigorous, even if there is too much pain hidden in your heart, you must never show it like this.

Otherwise, others would catch your weakness, and the consequences would be disastrous.

Jared, you cannot be willful anymore.

She looked back at the man on the bed, then closed the door and went out.

When she came to the living room, she walked to the sofa and sat down, took out her phone, and called Ben.

The phone was quickly connected, and Ben's voice came, "Miss Reed."

"Ben, how is she now?" Amber picked up the cup, took a sip, and asked with concern.

It had been more than two hours since she fainted, and Amber didn't know what's going on now.

Ben stood outside the ward, looked at her, and replied, "Lady Georgia is fine. The doctor said that she fainted because of being stimulated. Now she has calmed down and fell asleep."

When he came to the hospital, Lady Georgia woke up once.

She grabbed him and asked how Mr. Farrell's heart failed. He explained the reason and said that he had found a heart donor, then she was relieved to accept the treatment and fell asleep.

Otherwise, she would have died on the spot.

After all, she has already lost her husband, son, and daughter-in-law. If Mr. Farrell did not have a heart donor and died in front of her, she could never accept such a result.

"That's good." Amber didn't know what Ben was thinking, and she was relieved to hear that she was fine.

"By the way, Miss Reed, how is Mr. Farrell now?" Ben asked as he pushed his glasses.

Amber glanced at Jared's room and replied with a smile, "He is good as well. He woke up for a while after you left, but he was a little silly, just like a child, caused so much trouble for me and now he was tired and sleeping."

"Well, that's great." Ben nodded and felt relieved.

As for what Amber said he was like a child, he thought it was impossible.

Mr. Farrell is wise and mature, so how could he become so naive after being drunk.

It must be fake news.

"Ben." Amber suddenly remembered something and asked with narrowed eyes, "What did you say to grandma that made her pass out? Is it about Jared?"

Ben didn't expect Amber to be so sensitive all of a sudden. When she asked about this, he was silent for a while and didn't know how to answer.

Seeing that he didn't answer, Amber confirmed that she was right, and pursed her red lips, "It really is about him, what is it? Is there something happening to him that I don't know?"

"This... No." Ben answered with a guilty conscience, "I just told Lady Georgia that Mr. Farrell drank too much, and then she just..."

"That's impossible!" Amber's face sank, "She knew that Jared would be drunk today, and she was even mentally prepared that he would harm himself today because she has gone through these things, so it is absolutely impossible for this thing. It must be something else that has caused her to pass out."

Ben was speechless again.

Miss Reed was so clever.

It seems that Mr. Farrell would be living a tough life in the future.

Ben scratched his head and replied embarrassedly, "Miss Reed, please don't ask me, I can't say why. Because I told Lady Georgia about it, she fainted, so what if I say it and you faint too? I can't risk it again, but rest assured, it turned out all right, even though it was a little hard to accept. When it's over, you'll know what happened, even if we don't say anything. Anyway, Mr. Farrell didn't do anything wrong to anyone."

Hearing him say so, Amber frowned, "I'm lost. What is so serious that we can't accept it and even could pass out, but the result is good? Why is this so complicated?"

Her head ached.

Ben said embarrassedly, "I know that it is difficult for you to understand now. In short, I can't tell you about this matter. If you really want to know, when Mr. Farrell wakes up, you can ask him in person. If he won't say it, then I can't say it either, but Miss Reed, even if he did not answer you, I hope you can understand him. He has his own difficulties."

He said it so seriously that Amber realized that this matter was indeed very serious.

She looked at his door and finally nodded, "I see. And I promise. Since you said that he didn't do anything wrong to anyone, that's enough."

As long as Jared didn't betray her, she could accept that he concealed something from her.

Chapter 670 A Mysterious Person

What's more, she had secrets of her own.

Hearing what she said, Ben breathed a sigh of relief, "Thank you for your understanding."

"It's nothing." Amber shook her head, "Then you look after grandmother over there. Call me immediately if anything happens, if Jared wakes up, I can tell him directly. I won't leave."

She was going to stay here and accompany him.

After all, there are still more than ten hours until tomorrow.

Jared couldn't sleep until the next day, so what if he did something stupid again after she left?

"Okay, I will. Sorry to trouble you to take care of him." Ben nodded in response.

Amber waved her hand, "It's nothing, I should take care of him. I promised grandmother that I would be with him today."

"Okay, Miss Reed, I'll hang up first." Ben saw that Mrs. Murphy in the ward was carrying something, and was going to help.

Amber suddenly stopped him, "Wait."

Ben said, "Is there anything else?"

"I want you to find him a shrink. His temperament changes greatly every year this day because of psychological problems, so he must receive psychological treatment, otherwise, he will continue to be like this. This is a big problem for him." Amber said with a very serious face.

She didn't tell Ben that the real reason was that he felt that his birth made his mother unable to leave the Farrell family to pursue her happiness, which led to her suicide in the end.

He thought that his existence killed his mother and he was the murderer.

Ben and his grandmother believed that it was because he witnessed the suicide of his mother.

Since Jared had not told anyone for more than ten years about the real reason, she would not speak for him.

In her opinion, it was better for him to speak these things out himself.

Because until the day when he can say it himself, it means that he may have relieved and understood.

"Miss Reed, I know what you mean, and I also know that it is a kind of heart disease. If he didn't solve it, it would not be good, but it's not that I haven't found a shrink for him. Lady Georgia and I have all done that, but he had refused all of them." Ben replied with a wry smile, "He doesn't want to accept psychological counseling."

Amber was not surprised by Ben's answer.

If Jared had received psychological counseling earlier, he may have already let go.

Obviously, he never received psychological counseling.

"It doesn't matter, you go find one. I will make him go obediently." Amber said.

Ben widened his eyes in surprise, "Miss Reed, what will you do to persuade him?"

"Accept or break up." Amber slowly spit out four words.

Ben took a deep breath and said, "This method is indeed very useful. Miss Reed, you really hit the nail on the head."

Mr. Farrell loves Miss Reed so much, begged her to get back together with him, and finally moved her.

So during this period, Mr. Farrell always looked at him with pitiful eyes as if he was telling him he's a single man.

Yes, single.

At first, he thought he had misunderstood him. After seeing that kind of gaze a few times later, he finally made sure that he was not wrong at that time. Mr. Farrell was indeed showing off to him, those eyes are full of mockery, repeatedly telling him that he was still single at the age of 30.

Of course, he was very angry, after all, what's wrong with being single?

He didn't lose a good wife as Mr. Farrell did, and finally win her back, so why did Mr. Farrell look down on him so much.

Although he was filled with all kinds of complaints, on the surface, Ben didn't dare to reveal that and pretended that he didn't understand Mr. Farrell's gaze.

Because of this, he knew very well that Mr. Farrell, who liked to show off that he was no longer single, cared so much about getting back together with Miss Reed. If Ms. Reed wanted to break up, Mr. Farrell would not accept it.

He would definitely go see a shrink.

Thinking of this, Ben couldn't help but smile happily.

It would be better if he could see Mr. Farrell's shocked look to Miss Reed's breakup threat when he refused to see a shrink.

Amber felt somewhat embarrassed by his praise, "In order to persuade him to do that, I need to use the most useful method, otherwise it will be too troublesome."

"That's right." Ben nodded, and then replied seriously, "Okay, I will contact a good shrink and inform you when the time comes, and you can help persuade him to receive treatment."

"Okay." Amber agreed.

After that, she said a few other things and hung up the phone.

Originally, she planned to ask Elias to treat him directly.

But then she thought Elias is a surgeon, and he is so busy all day that he may not have time to treat him at all.

In the end, she asked Ben to arrange it.

Hope everything would go well.

Amber put down her phone and stood up. She went to the kitchen to make some soup for Jared when he woke up, which could be sent to the hospital for their grandmother.

When she came to the kitchen, she opened the refrigerator, found some fresh chicken, and planned to make a chicken soup.

She washed clean the chicken and put the unwanted parts in a bowl to throw away.

However, when she opened the kitchen trash can, she saw something was black and smelly, which looked like a pile of waste ingredients. She fell into a deep silence.

These things shouldn't be made by professional chefs.

If it is, then this chef can be ashamed to death for ruining so much food.

These were obviously the work of a novice.

Because she was like that before.

It was pretty clear who made this.

After she dumped the unwanted parts into the trash can, she looked at the kitchen door, as if she wanted to see a drunk man in a certain room through the kitchen door.

It must be him!

It's just that why did he do that?

Was he learning to cook?

Thinking of this possibility, Amber raised her eyebrows, and finally, she thought it shouldn't be like that.

It is possible that Jared just wanted to try to cook on impulse, but he was not really learning how to cook.

Then she washed the dishes, picked up the trash bag, and went out.

As soon as she opened the door, she was scared.

Because there was someone outside the door.

That person was sitting in a wheelchair, wearing a black, very long down jacket that almost covered his ankles. And with the hood of the down jacket on the head, she could not tell if it was a man or a woman. It would be hard not to be surprised to see that.

Anyway, it didn't seem like a friendly person.

Amber narrowed her eyes, put her hand on the alarm button behind the door, stared at the person outside the door, and asked cautiously, "Hello, can I help you?"