LLPD Chapter 681

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 681 Little Maple

Yesterday what Ben said nearly scared Lady Georgia to death. Though Lady Georgia recovered consciousness at the end, it was still a great shock to her. So, Ben thought he should be blamed and he was willing to take on the punishments.

Staring at Ben who was still bowing down to him, Jared pressed his lips tightly and his expression was cold, and he didn't have the least intention to tell Ben to rise up since he was as mad as hell.

At that moment, the atmosphere was thick with tension. Nobody started to speak and there was only silence except for the sound of breathing, a condition that would easily arouse fear. Ben was scared now since Mr. Farrell didn't speak a word but only stared at him. He would rather be beaten than be given the cold shoulders and he broke into a cold sweat out of pressure.

"Jared." Amber could tell Ben was stressed out, so she pulled at Jared's sleeve with a sigh and was going to say something nice for Ben.

Looking at her, Jared understood her intention at once and he didn't want to put her into a dilemma. Therefore, turning to Ben, he said coldly, "What have you said to my grandma?"

To Ben's relief, Mr. Farrell finally decided to speak to him, which meant Mr. Farrell wasn't that angry and he would be spared a life. Ben thought to himself, "Thank you so much, Ms. Reed. If you haven't persuaded Mr. Farrell, I might be a dead man now."

"Mr. Farrell, yesterday I told Lady Georgia…" Ben broke off in the middle of a sentence and glanced at Amber apologetically.

Amber understood Ben didn't want her to hear the conversation, so she smiled and said, "Take your time, gentlemen, I will be waiting for you inside the room." Then, she walked into the house. She had known yesterday that Ben didn't want to tell her about this, so she didn't feel offended.

Watching Amber going into the room, Jared didn't stop her. Jared knew Ben had his reasons, and if Ben wouldn't tell Amber, it was because what he said to grandma was something about Jared's health. Otherwise, grandma wouldn't pass out so easily for she was a tough woman who lived through many hardships. Even the bankruptcy of the Farrell Group wouldn't cause grandma to faint. Her only weakness was her two grandchildren – Jared and Logan, and only when there was something wrong with her grandchildren would she truly be scared.

After making sure Amber had left, Jared turned to Ben and questioned Ben with his eyes squinted, "You told grandma about my heart, didn't you?"

What would be a threat to his health was the matter of his heart. So, that must be what Ben had said to grandma.

Ben lowered his head guiltily and said, "Yes."

Hearing the answer, Jared could barely contain his anger, and he rebuked in a tone that chilled Ben with fears, "Why did you tell her? Haven't I told you to keep it a secret and don't let grandma or Amber know? How dare you!"

"I am so sorry, Mr. Farrell," Ben said regretfully, "I knew I shouldn't tell Lady Georgia, but she noticed something was wrong with your health when you were drunk with wine. So, she started to press me for telling her the truth and I couldn't hold it back anymore. To be honest, Mr. Farrell, even if I didn't tell her, she would find out the truth by herself anyway."

Pressing his lips into a thin line, Jared fell into silence. He was a reasonable person, and after hearing Ben's explanation he knew Ben wasn't entirely to blame. He himself was the one who made more mistakes. He overestimated his health condition that he could be drunk with even a bit of wine.

Rubbing his forehead, Jared said, "Well, since grandma was fine, I will forgive you."

Ben's eyes brightened and he smiled in surprise. "Thank you, Mr. Farrell."

"How is grandma doing now?" Jared asked concernedly.

Pushing up the glasses, Ben answered, "She is perfectly all right. She was sent to the hospital in time and recovered as soon as she arrived. But she is nursing her health now and will be discharged a few days later."

"Okay," Jared said.

"Mr. Farrell," Remembering something, Ben looked at Jared and reminded, "Though Ms. Reed doesn't know about the condition of your heart, she is also suspicious. Yesterday she asked me what had happened to you that even Lady Georgia fainted from shock. I tried my best to hold it back from her but I don't think she will give up finding out the truth and she will probably ask you…"

"Yeah, I know. I will handle this and now what I need you to do is to keep your mouth shut. If I know you expose the secret again, I will dispatch you to the minefield in Africa and I think you can be a good monitor there." Jared looked at Ben narrowly and said threateningly.

Ben was freaking scared of what Mr. Farrell said and he nodded hastily, "I promise this time I will never say a word about it." He didn't want to be dispatched to Africa at all, where the working conditions were relatively more difficult and he wouldn't recognize himself if he came back from there.

"Fine, go get the car," Jared said, rubbing his eyebrows, "Drive Amber to Goldstone Co. first and we will go to the hospital."

"Yes sir," Ben answered and headed to the elevator, while Jared went back into the house to find Amber and saw she was sitting on the sofa and making a phone call.

Hearing the footsteps, Amber turned around to look at Jared and she spoke to the phone, "I know, I know. I will be back in a minute. See you later. Bye."

Amber hung up the phone, stood up, and asked Jared, "You finish?"

"Yeah." Jared nodded. "I am sorry that I keep you waiting for so long."

"It's okay," Amber said, "I need some time to call Shelia too."

"Do you finish?" Jared asked, looking at her phone while Amber put it away and said, "Yeah."

"Well, then, let's go." Jared offered her his arm as an invitation.

Amber smiled, walked toward him, and linked her arm through his. This time there was no visitor to interrupt. Ben first took them to the Eclipse to have breakfast then he drove them to Goldstone Co.

When they arrived at the company, Amber got off the car. When she walked to the other side of the car, Jared rolled down the window and called Amber, "Little Maple."

Upon his words, Amber stopped suddenly and turned to Jared in great surprise, eyes widened. "What…what did you say?"

"Little Maple," Jared repeated softly.

Amber felt her eyes watery and she thought she was going to cry. When she started speaking, she found her voice choked with sobs. "How…did you know that nickname?"

Her father used to call her little maple and he said it was her mother who decided to call her this way. Her mom was fond of the maple leaf, and the year before her mom passed away, the three of them had gone abroad to enjoy the beauty of red maple leaves. It was during that journey that her mom gave her the nickname Little Maple in memory of the beautiful red maple leaf. And it was also the reason why her pen name was Maple Leaf.

But ever since her dad was gone, people around her barely knew this nickname anymore and when they called her, it was always Amber rather than Little Maple.

Though Cole and Cole's mother knew the nickname, they never called her this way because they knew this was special to her and only her parents could call her Little Maple.

It never occurred to her that six years later, she could hear this name again from her lover.

Chapter 682 Exclusive to Him

With a strong feeling of nostalgia and familiarity, her body was shivering and her eyes turned red.

"Didn't you tell me that yourself?" answered Jared, resting his arm on the window sill of the car.

At a loss, Amber blinked her eyes and said, "Did I ever?

"Uh-huh."

"Well...when?" asked Amber, feeling more puzzled.

She had never told him about the nickname, not to her recollection.

The name had been sealed in by her ever since her father's death six years ago.

She was to about to forget the name herself until he called her by it.

"Eleven years ago," said Jared, looking at the woman standing in a daze.

"Eleven years ago?" Her eyes were wider than ever.

"Yeah." Jared nodded.

"You mean in those text messages?" asked Amber who swallowed.

There was no way that she had told him the nickname herself, for she had not met him eleven years ago.

That left the only possibility that she mentioned it in those texts, for they had been pen pal with each other for quite a long time by then.

Seeing that she already guessed it, Jared admitted with a nod, "Yes, you told me the nickname in your text when you were bullied by Braylee back then. It irritated her that your father called you by that nickname, so she threw a hissy fit, trying to stop him from calling you that again. You were upset and told me your nickname was Little Maple in the letter. You only mentioned it once, but I've never forgotten it since."

"I see…" Amber said biting her bottom lip, in a choking voice, "it was so long ago, how can you still remember that? I could hardly remember it myself."

She wouldn't have recollected it if he had not brought it up.

But now the memory started coming back to her.

She did talk about it in her texting.

It was when she was fifteen years old. Her father returned home from a business trip abroad, bringing her and Braylee each a gift.

They were both delightful until a blaze of anger took over Braylee's face having heard the father calling her Little Maple.

Their father had long called her Little Maple, and he called Braylee "Bray", who loathed it dreadfully under the conviction that it was not special enough comparing with Little Maple, for "Bray" was only an abbreviation from her original name, too perfunctory to her.

Despite the fact that she had always had a problem with that, she had never thrown a tantrum over it, maybe just some sneering innuendo at most. But she went wild that time, demanding her father not to call her Little Maple again.

Her father didn't listen to Braylee, but she was still so saddened by the bickering that she texted a message about it to her then pen pal Zack.

Zack was a really kind and gentle friend who was always there comforting her whenever she was at a loss or feeling blue, so she trusted him deeply.

Sure enough, he replied her letter with nice comforting words and encouragements at that time.

"I've never forgotten anything about you." said Jared with a tender look.

Amber drew a breath, trying to pull herself back together after being unraveled by the nickname. "Oh, well, uh, how come you suddenly wants to call me by that?"

Staring at her, Jared said, "Since we are seeing each other, I don't want to keep calling you by your full name, it doesn't seem close enough. And I don't want to call you as Cole Lyon does. I want a name that's special and exclusive to me. So it just occurred to me."

"Well," Amber pushed her hair aside her brow. "Did you ever call Makenna that?"

It's most likely that he had done so, because Makenna had posed as her before.

If that's the case, it would definitely disgust her.

Jared, however, shook his head and said, "No, I didn't."

"Are you sure?" Amber frowned at him distrustfully.

With a nod, Jared said, "I am sure. You told me in your texting that it's given by your mother, and only called by your parents. So even when I mistook Makenna for you, I never called her that. It's always been yours."

Looking him into his eyes, Amber could see that he was not lying. She was finally relieved of her worries.

"Thank you," Amber flashed him a bewitching smile. "Thanks for keeping it unstained by Makenna."

The nick name was given by her mother, so even if it had been taken by Makenna, she would have reclaimed it anyway.

But she would no longer use it any more.

It somehow ended up well nonetheless, for he had respected what she had said in her texting by never calling Makenna by that.

It had thoroughly remained pristine as hers, as it always did.

"I am so glad that I didn't spoil it by calling anyone else that, "said Jared with his eyes on her.

"Because you are a respectful person, "said Amber, smiling softly.

A mischievously crooked smile appearing on his face, he said, "I like your compliment. Will it be OK for me to call you by that? I know it's your parents' pet name for you but they have passed away, you will no longer hear it from them, so I was wondering if it could be passed down to me. May I call you that?"

From then on, he would cosset her with his love and care about her as much as if she had been his baby.

He would treat her as well as her parents had done.

Amber wiggled her lips slightly at the sight of the appeal look of Jared's face, seemingly hesitating.

But it didn't take long for her to nod with approval, "Sure."

He was right, she had never heard anyone call her Little Maple ever since her parents' death.

It was only when she heard it from Jared that she came to realize she desired to be called like that.

If he wanted to call her that so much, then she would just let him.

She's willing to be called by something that's exclusive to him.

Thereupon the grin on Jared's face grew wider than ever as he said, " Little Maple."

Amber flushed with shyness.

She had been able to answer the name perfectly natural when it had come out of her parents' mouth.

But it was her ex-husband and present boy who was saying that name.

She would have to take a little time to get used to the idea that the name used by her parents for her as a kid would be then used by a man for her in a relationship.

It took time to adapt to this change.

At the thought of that, Amber gave her face a little rub and responded with a mumble, as a way of answering.

After that, with a light flashing across Jared's eyes, he called her again, "Little Maple."

Amber glared at him, "Are you done with that, Jared Farrell. You're really carried away, aren't you?"

He chuckled.

She waved her hand and said, "Well, enough, you should really just go now. Aren't you going to the hospital to see Mrs. Farrell? Then get there early. Say hi to her for me, I will be down there this afternoon."

"I'll come back and pick you up," said Jared after a look at his watch.

Amber was about to reject him, but after a second thought, she came to realize that it's quite natural for people in a relationship to do this. She swallowed her "no" down and said instead, "OK then let me know before you come over. I will have to check if I'm busy at that time."

"All right," said Jared who nodded.

She turned around and walked towards her company's building after saying good-bye to him with a wave.

Jared fixed his eyes on her as she was walking away.

All of a sudden, Ben who was behind the wheel looked over his shoulder and asked, "Are you back and Miss Reed back together, Mr. Farrell?"

Ben had vaguely heard something about "seeing each" during their conversation.

Therefore, he was wondering if it was as what he thought it would be.

Turning his eyes away from Amber to Ben, beaming with pride, he boasted, "You are right. We are indeed back together."

Chapter 683 Sheila Was Pregnant

Ben exclaimed, clasping his hands, "Congratulations! After all the bitterness, now finally comes the sweet."

Ben was genuinely happy for Jared.

Over the past few months, he had witnessed all the sufferings Jared had gone through while trying to make it up with Miss Reed, even nearly at the expense of his life.

He felt glad from the bottom of his heart that he had finally made it.

Jared responded with a grunt, wondering when had his assistant become a sweet talker.

"Oh, I almost forgot," said Ben, looking at Jared with an expectant grin, "now that you have got back together with Miss Reed, are you thinking about sharing your joys with us with some kind of a gift? You see, while getting a girlfriend or married, other bosses out there will typically treat their staff to dinner or give out some bonuses as a token of good luck. So how do you mean to share your happiness with us?"

With that, he started rubbing his hands together.

Jared's face darkened having heard what's been said. He said to himself, "Bonus?"

"Georgia was nearly shocked to death because of him. Can't believe he should have the nerve to ask for a gift."

Despite being unhappy with his Ben's behavior, there was one thing from Ben's speech struck a chord with him.

It was to share his joys with his employees and the need for a token of good luck for his reunion with Amber.

While he did not believe in such things himself, he got this strong inexplicable feeling that he should do so.

So he would give Ben a gift.

At the thought of that, Jared said grimly, "Every member of the Group will get an extra full pay this month."

"Thank you, Mr. Farrell," said Ben, with his eyes glowing in raptures.

Letting out a groan of sneer, Jared leaned down on the seat and shut his eyes.

Too ecstatic to think of anything else, Ben was lost to the frosty face of his boss.

"Just drive," demanded Jared impatiently.

Ben adjusted his tie, repressed his excitement and started off the car.

Meanwhile, Amber returned to her office.

Sheila, who followed after her, discerned that Amber was wearing the same clothes as the ones she had worn the day before, then she asked teasingly, "Looks like you have moved in with Mr. Farrell, haven't you, Miss Reed?"

Amber pulled a chair over and sat down. Knowing that Jared answered her phone for her this morning, she answered, "No, it's simply a stay-over for one night. Have some matter to deal with."

"Well," said Sheila smilingly, "but you are about to move in together, right?"

Sheila's eyes rested upon the ring on her ring finger.

She had not seen her wear any ring on that finger until she her stay-over in Mr. Farrell's place.

It was an outright testament to the rekindling of her romance with Jared.

Sheila made the guess the under the belief that couples these days tended to live together as soon as they were in a serious relationship phase.

It wouldn't take long for them to do so even if they were not living together just yet, and that's for sure.

In fact, Sheila was immensely relieved to see Amber wearing that ring on her finger.

Sheila felt a bit shameful to admit it, but she was more than happy to see Amber back together with Mr. Farrell.

For it was only in that case would Mr. Lyon give up on her.

Unaware of what was going on Sheila's mind, Amber was to deny, but then thought it wasn't unlikely that it was all part of Jared's plot to get her to sleep over at his place.

After all, the odds of Jared being so thick-skinned enough to make her move in with him were pretty high.

Amber found it mildly amusing as she thought of that.

Rubbing her temples, Amber said, "Now, enough with the chit-chat, how did the meeting go this morning?"

On hearing the subject that'd been changed into, Sheila's face took on an air of seriousness, "The meeting was ended earlier because you weren't there. It wasn't an important kind of meeting, so I didn't tell you that you had to make it there. Those seniors seemed to have a problem with that, but they didn't say a thing considering your position now. I have recorded the whole meeting, so you can watch it if you want."

"OK, good job." Amber said, nodding.

Just when she was to say something again, Sheila's throat was clogged by a strong nauseated feeling.

Her face immediately turned pale. Unable to help covering her mouth, she lowered her head and began to gag.

At the sight of that, Amber rose from her chair and went around the table to find out about her situation, "Sheila, what's wrong?"

Sheila was so sickened by the continued churning of her stomach that she failed to answer her.

She flew directly to the bathroom across the office and started vomiting into the washbasin, with her body bending over it.

Hearing Sheila vomiting painfully in the bathroom, Amber came right to the water dispenser, grabbed a cup in which she put some honey and warm water before defusing it with a clean straw, after which she rushed to the bathroom.

Sheila was seen splashing water into her mouth and over face as Amber reached there.

Amber did not come up to her until she was done with the gargling. Handing her a tissue, she asked, "Are you all right, Sheila?"

Taking the tissue, wiping the water off her face, she answered weakly, "I'm feeling much better now. Thanks for the tissue, Miss Reed."

Amber went on to say to her, "Are you feeling sick? Did you catch a cold? You want me to take you the infirmary?"

"Thank you, but I am good," dropping the tissue, she shook her head and turned down the offer, "I don't think I caught a cold. Maybe it's only because I have had some bad diet lately, my stomach is feeling a little weird. I will soon get completely well."

How could she have said that she might have got pregnant--with Mr. Lyon's baby? Sheila thought.

If Miss Reed had found out that she would definitely tell him.

And then Mr. Lyon would bring her to the hospital and make her do a physical checkup if she was pregnant; if that was the case, she was convinced that she would be forced to have an abortion.

There was not even a teeny tiny possibility that Mr. Lyon would let her give birth to his child!

Thinking of that all the light had faded out of Sheila's eyes, an aura of desolation coming out from her.

Amber's well-shaped eyebrows knitted as she saw her melancholy face, "How can you automatically get well if you threw up because you didn't eat properly as you just said? It can be serious, what if it's food poisoning or indigestion? And it's been two days? How could you not care about yourself? Have you just forgotten the way you just vomit? I am not gonna let you do this to yourself any more, and I am taking you down there to the infirmary. Or I will just ask them to get here."

With that she took out her phone.

Worked up by Amber's movement of her hand, Sheila promptly stopped her by pressing it down and said, "Oh, please do not call them. I don't need a doctor, I really don't. Please don't make me see any doctor, I am begging you, please..."

Sheila looked at Amber pleadingly.

Amber slightly opened her rosy mouth, unable to say anything until after some while, "Well...what's exactly going on with you? Why are you so upset about seeing a doctor? You are not being honest with

me, are you? You are not just throwing up because of food, you have been sick, right? And you know that, so you are not going to a doctor, is that so?"

The first thing came up Amber's mind was that Sheila had been suffering from some illness as serious as stomach cancer.

Otherwise, she could not imagine anything else that could explain Sheila's reaction.

Sheila decided to let her continue to believe that she was sick seeing that Amber was beginning to think that was the case rather than found out about her pregnancy.

She then put on a awkward smile and said to her, "Yeah, you are right. I have got a tumor in my stomach."

"What?" Amber said in amazement, "A tumor? Is it benign or malignant?"

Chapter 684 Celebration Gifts

Sheila lowered her eyes, replied guiltily, "Not sure, I haven't got a further check yet."

Lately she had been vomiting quite often the she had just been.

Moreover, her period was being late, making her begin to associate the symptoms with pregnancy.

So she had originally planned to get a pregnancy test stick from the pharmacy to test it herself after work.

Never had she expected herself to be seen puking by Miss Reed.

She had to lie to Amber so as not to disclose the likelihood of her pregnancy.

She felt extremely sorry to her.

"How could you not have it checked yet?" demanded Amber with a shock, thinking people had to have so little respect for their body to be so reckless.

Sheila felt ashamed of her dishonesty with her as she saw Amber getting fumed for worrying about her so much.

With her head hung, she whispered, "My mother is living with me now. I haven't hurried to get a further check because I am afraid that my mother would see me taking medicine and something like that. I don't want her to worry about me, you know, considering her age and her bad health."

"Be that as it may, "said Amber biting her ruddy bottom lip, "you can't put it off forever."

"I will be going for a check-up this afternoon," muttered Sheila.

"You will?" Amber squinted her eyes and questioned.

With a nod, Sheila said, "Of course, I know it's bad to keep putting this off."

Sheila thought if she was really with a baby, she would be given more time to consider how to deal with it by knowing it earlier.

Otherwise, if she was really sick, she could get the treatment earlier too.

It didn't sound such a horrible thing to her either way.

The expression of Amber's face was mellowed after being reassured that she would go to a doctor, but she was still deeply concerned, "I hope you mean what you said. You will go to a doctor and get a check in the afternoon. You mean more than a secretary to me. You are also my only female friend. I don't want anything bad to happen to you. If, it came to that, who were I going to confide to and who's to help me with my work?

Sheila felt warmth rising from the bottom of hear heart, her eyes red with tears, "Thank you for caring so much about me," she said.

Patting her shoulder, Amber said, "You are my friend, of course I care about you, but are you sure you don't need to go down to the infirmary?" She remained worried.

Sheila shook her violently as she said, "No, actually, I'm feeling all right."

Amber gave up pushing after her insistence on not going, thinking she would go to hospital today anyway, so there would be no need to urge her any more.

"OK then, let's get out of here," said Amber.

Sheila agreed and followed out of the bathroom.

When they returned to the office, Amber gave her the honey water she had made for her, "Drink this. It's good for your stomach."

Sheila was so moved that her noise was feeling a little sour at the sight of the yellowish drink.

A clump came right into her throat as she took the cup, "Thank you very much, Miss Reed."

"Stop thanking me already. As I just said, we are friends and this is not worth mentioning. Just drink it." said Amber, as she sat down on the chair she had placed for herself.

Sheila nodded and sipped the drink out of the cup.

Amber smiled after seeing her taking it and then she began scrolling her phone.

There was a message sent by Jared one minute before. She clicked it open and it said: I have got to the hospital now.

Amber moved her fingers wildly as she tested back: OK, send my wishes to Georgia.

She waited a little while for Jared to text back after she had sent the message, but to no avail, thinking he might have his phone at hand.

She put down her phone feeling a little frustrated.

Sheila noticed that and asked smilingly, "Are you texting Mr. Farrell?"

Without trying to hide it from her, Amber nodded slightly and said, "Yeah."

"So you two are going on really well. You have just seen each other minutes ago, and now you began to miss him." Sheila teased, throwing away her empty cup.

Amber smiled and said, "Yeah, so far so good, but who knows how it will go in the future? Any relationship can cool down as time goes by, no matter how hot has been. The only thing to do for me is to seize the present."

She would cherish what she had with Jared so she would be left with no regrets whatsoever.

"You two will be together happily ever after. I believe you will, " Sheila expressed her genuine blessing.

Amber smiled at her and said, "I hope so. Thank you."

"Well, mind if I go out if it's not necessary for me to be here anymore?" Sheila pointed at the door.

Amber gave a slight nod, "Sure. Please tell the people that I am sorry for keeping them wait at the meet..."

She was cut out by a knock on the door.

With a frown, she said to the door, "Come in."

An assistant walked in as the door was pushed open.

The newcomer came to Amber and said, "Miss Reed,"

"What's the matter?" Amber took a sip of her tea.

"The Farrell Group have sent a guy here with lots of gifts for us."

"What?" Amber looked surprised for a moment before she hastily put down her cup and looked at her, "Did you just say they're from the Farrell Group?"

"Yes. They said it's from Mr. Farrell for every member of Goldstone." The assistant nodded instantly.

Sheila pushed her black-famed glassed and said, "I guess it's some kind of a getting-back-together celebration gift, like wedding candies given away to relatives and colleagues."

Raising her eyebrow, Amber said, "That's too thoughtful to be his idea. He's not that kind of a guy who will ever do such things."

The assistant's eyes lighted up at the conversation. Excitedly, she asked, " Miss Reed, are you and Mr. Farrell back together like the news said the other day?"

Looking at the speaker who was worked up by the juicy gossip about her, Amber smiled wanly and shook her head, "Well, you just heard what we said."

"I did, but I just want to make sure." The assistant chuckled, thrilled inside, thinking, "Oh my gosh! I can't believe they are really back together. How exciting!"

Ignoring the emotional assistant, she picked up her phone and unlocked it, "I'm going to ask that man what's with all these things."

Hardly had she begun dialing the number than her phone rang.

It was from Ben.

Amber promptly answered it and the other said, "Hi, Miss Reed. This is Ben Channing, Mr. Farrell's assistant."

"Hi, Ben," Amber nodded to him.

"Did you see our people, Miss Reed?" said Ben standing outside Georgia Clinton's ward.

"Yes, I did, "replied Amber affirmatively, "what's with the red packets and food, Ben?"

Ben laughed and said, "It's something of joy-sharing gift in celebration of you and Mr. Farrell's romantic reunion. Mr. Farrell arranged me to get them for all staff in Goldstone to share your happiness with them. Not only them, everyone in the Farrell Group is going to receive this gift."

Amber raised her head and said to Sheila, "You were right."

Chapter 685 Antique Bracelet

Sheila smiled timidly.

Amber then spoke back to the phone, "Looks like he has really splashed out this time."

Jared was rich and generous, so he must have splurged on the gifts.

"You are so funny, Miss Reed. Actually, ‘splash' isn't the right word, this amount of money is nothing for Mr. Farrell, " said Ben humbly and smilingly.

Amber leaned on the chair and asked, "Was this whole thing his idea?"

Ben shook his head and said, "No, in fact, it was my idea. I heard that you and Mr. Farrell were back together, so I made a little suggestion. He had me arranged them for all members of his and your companies."

"I see," said Amber understandingly.

Jared Farrell would have in no means been so sophisticated enough to think of the idea himself, as Amber had expected.

But to his credit, as soon as he realized it, he made it perfect.

"Miss Reed, the gifts represent a gesture of good-will from Mr. Farrell. He wanted to bring good luck for your relationship, so please don't send them back," Ben implored.

Considering how she used to reject Mr. Farrell, Ben was concerned that she would turn it down again.

Noticing his worried tone, and understanding him, she brushed aside the hair around her ear and coughed with a little embarrassment.

"I'm not sending them back. Take a chill pill."

"All right then." Ben breathed out a sigh of relief.

Amber continued to say, "Where is he? Why is it you who's telling me this?"

"He's now talking to Mrs. Farrell, so he told me to call you and tell you this," answered Ben.

Amber nodded, "All right. Thank you, Ben."

"My pleasure, "said Ben.

They did not hang up the phone until a few words after that.

Putting away her phone, Amber said to Sheila and the assistant, "Those red packets and snacks were indeed given to us by Farrell Group. You find an assistant to help you receive them and distribute them to the folks."

"Got it." Sheila responded.

"Thanks, Miss Reed, and Mr. Farrell, who's not here." said the assistant after Sheila.

It was such a surprise to the assistant that not only had Miss Reed and Mr. Farrell got back together but the latter was also generous enough to prepare gifts for the staff of Goldstone.

What really excited her wasn't the snacks though, which were all exotic brands by the way, but the red packets.

She had peered into one of those bulgy paper packets and caught quite a stack of dollars in it.

He was so worthy of the name as a rich and generous man by all accounts.

Amber looked at the thrilled assistant with a giggle and then rested her eyes on Sheila, "When you are done giving away the gifts, tell them everyone can take a day off, in turn, of course. Otherwise the work can't be done if all us are off at the same time."

The assistant was so ecstatic to hear what Amber have said that she couldn't help but exclaimed, "Oh, seriously, Miss Reed? Are we getting a day off?"

"Yes, you are, " Amber nodded, "since Jared has shared our joys with you by giving away those things, as the other protagonist, I feel like I have to give something too. I don't have as much money as he does, so the only thing I can afford is a one-day off."

"I can't tell you how grateful I am feeling to you now, Miss Reed. A day off will be enough. It's been so long since our last holiday." The assistant was about to burst into tears.

As a growing startup company, Goldstone had hardly had any vocation over the past few months.

Even a one-day off holiday could be the biggest surprise to them.

"I'm so sorry," Amber felt a little guilty seeing the assistant's reaction, "Sorry for all the pressure and strain on you guys all these months. Thank you for the great job."

"No-o-o," the assistant quickly waved her hand, "nothing sorry about that. It's all for our company. You're not to blame, Miss Reed. We know what's going on with the company, so no one has ever complained of anything about that. I believe Goldstone will weather through this and we will relax by then."

"You bet you will." Amber said before speaking to Sheila, "As for the Farrell Group people, please get some candy and wrap it up separately and send it to them as a nice gesture from me."

Jared had left her no choice with his lavish gifts, since it would make her look bad if she did nothing in return.

Although she couldn't afford anything equal to his gifts, some candy would be better than nothing.

"OK, Miss Reed, I will arrange it." Sheila happily replied.

Thereupon she walked out of the office with the assistant.

An hour later, Sheila returned with a gift box, "The gifts have been given away to the folks and the holiday has also been announced. As for the candy, I have called some sweet maker and place the ordered, and they will send it there before the Group take off."

"All right, good job." Amber smiled.

"My pleasure," said Sheila, handing the gift box to her, "this is for you from Mr. Farrell, according to that guy."

"Hmm?" Amber reached for the box, looking puzzled.

It turned out he had not only prepared gifts for her staff but she herself too.

Amber smiled at the box and put it away without opening it. "Has he gone? I mean the guy from the Farrell Group."

"He has already left, but he is not heading for the Group but for Mr. Lyon's and Mr. Cohen's." Sheila shook her head.

"What is he going to their place for?" Amber frowned with perplexity.

Sheila smiled awkwardly and said, "To give out candies."

"To what?" Amber was shocked for a while.

Sheila repeated her words, "He's going to their place to send them candies, as the guy said, since Mr. Lyon is your friend, Mr. Farrell has also prepared gifts for the members of Lyon Corporation, to share his joys with them, same for Mr. Cohen, who's Mr. Farrell's friend."

Amber was speechless and could not believe her ears.

Share his joys with them?

What a crap, she thought, not believing his pretense.

His real intention, as she believed, was to provoke Cole and Hayden.

Jared had always known that they both had feelings for her, and was totally paranoid.

Without question, the candy was nothing but pure declaration and boast of their relationship.

At the thought of that, Amber covered her face with her hand, not knowing how to react, "That's just juvenile."

Sheila was worried as she could also see Jared's real purpose, so she said to Amber, "Is it gonna be OK for Mr. Farrell to do this, Miss Reed? Mr. Lyon will get mad."

Amber waved her hand dismissively and said, "Don't worry. I'll apologize to him for this."

Sheila nodded, then, seeming to have remembered something, she clenched her fingers and asked, "When you talk to Mr. Lyon, would you please not say anything about me, especially the vomiting thing?"

If Miss Reed brought it up with Mr. Lyon, she thought, he would definitely think that she was pregnant.

She would be in big trouble.

Confused about the unexpected request, Amber looked at Sheila's imploring eyes and nodded, "OK, I will not say anything about it."

"Thank you, Miss Reed."

"No problem."

"May I go out now, Miss Reed?"

"Sure." Amber smiled.

Sheila drew a breath and left.

Amber picked up the box and took it apart.

"Now let me see what it is that Jared Farrell have got me," she thought.

Soon the package was undone and there appeared an emerald bracelet.

The bracelet was darkish green, a sign of the fine quality of the emerald.

But its surface wasn't smooth, even had little scratches, adding ages to the bracelet.

"It looks like an antique, why did he give me this?"□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□

Chapter 686 I Miss Your Grandpa

Amber picked the bracelet up and looked at it confusedly.

Then she put the bracelet back to the box and took out her phone. She wanted to call Jared and to ask him about it.

But as she was about to press the dialing key, it suddenly occurred to her that Ben said Jared was now with his grandmother.

So, maybe it was now somewhat inappropriate to call him.

"Maybe I should call him later in the afternoon," she said to herself.

After all, they needed to meet each other this afternoon.

Over this, Amber closed the box and locked it into the drawer.

It was an invaluable antique. If she lost it, she couldn't afford to compensate for it.

Then she put the key into her purse and picked up a pile of files and began her work.

Meanwhile, the employees of their companies who received the gifts from them began to post what they got on their social media to extend their wishes to Amber and Jared's marriage.

If there was only one employee posting their wishes online, no one would notice that.

But now there were hundreds of people who had done so. Therefore, they were soon noticed by the major media, who then knew that Amber and Jared would soon get remarried.

The news that they would get remarried soon made headlines in all the major media.

A few days ago, some tabloids had reported that they might get remarried soon. But as they didn't confirm that news, the general public was still uncertain about that.

But the majority of them did believe that the news was true.

Otherwise, they must have appeared to clarify.

So, when the news that they would really get remarried went viral on the internet, people didn't feel much surprised about that.

After all, it had been a popular topic of the entertainment section for several weeks.

Now they knew they had guessed right.

But their attitudes towards their remarriage differed to an extreme extent.

Someone sent their wishes to them while others thought their remarriage would end bad again.

In the hospital, Ben looked at Jared, who was staring at the screen of his phone with a dark face, and asked him carefully, "Do you need me to inform these media to block those users who are criticizing your remarriage?"

Jared squinted, "No, you don't have to."

"Then do you want to let them go?" Ben was taken aback.

Jared looked up at him coldly, "So, you think I'm such a tolerant person?"

"Definitely not!" Ben shook his head instantly.

He knew better than anyone else that Mr. Farrell would never forgive others easily.

Therefore, he wouldn't simply let them go.

But Ben still had no idea what Jared had in mind.

Jared noticed Ben's confusion and then put a cold smile on his face, "I just want their best wishes."

"So, Mr. Farrell, you want me to…"

"You can start an event online. Post a tweet that says if they retweet this one and write down their best wishes to us, they could get rewarded. What do you think they'll do?" Jared said in a low voice.

Ben smiled and said, "That's a good idea! I will do it right away, Mr. Farrell."

Jared nodded.

Ben nodded and walked out.

After he left, Jared and old Mrs. Farrell, who was sleeping on the bed, were the only ones in this wardroom.

Jared tucked up for her and then he saw her old face and the black circle around her eyes. Then he stared to blame himself in his mind.

But what happened to him this year had made grandma look much older.

In the past Lady Georgia wasn't completely grey.

But now no single string of black hair could be found on her head.

The doctor said that his grandma would now fall ill due to the bad news these years which constantly made her worried and angry.

She could have lived longer. But now, she could only live for two years.

Over this, a sense of guilt began to well up in his mind and he took her grandma's hand in hand.

Lady Georgia noticed his mode and then she opened her eyes slowly, "Jared."

Hearing her voice, Jared quickly calmed down looked at her, "You wake up, grandma?"

She nodded and said, "Help me sit up, Jared."

"You can sleep longer, grandma. It's good for your health." Jared frowned.

"No, I don't have to and I couldn't fall asleep again," Lady Georgia shook her head, "And it's quite uncomfortable to lie on the bed."

Then Jared had no choice but to help her sat up on the bed and then put a pillow behind her back so that she could lean against the wall in a comfortable way.

Then Jared let her go and poured her a cup of water.

Lady Georgia rubbed her eyebrows and said, "Where is Murphy?"

"She got back to our old mansion to make soup for you and she will be back soon," Jared got back to the bedside and put a straw in the cup, "Have some water, grandma."

His grandma smiled with relief, "Thank you, Jared."

Then Jared put the cup away.

Lady Georgia rubbed the corner of her mouth and continued, "I'm fine here. You can get back to the company. It needs you now."

"The company is fine. Don't worry," Jared sat down again and tuck up for her, "It's a big company. It would keep running in the absence of me."

"You little boy." Grandma smiled with relief.

She knew that Jared didn't want to leave.

So, she wouldn't urge him to leave anymore.

"I've heard what you said to the doctor, Jared," Lady Georgia said suddenly and put her hands around her waist.

Old as his grandma was, every move of her, though quite slow, looked quite elegant.

The flow of time could not erase the beauty from her.

Hearing her words, Jared's pupils contracted, "Grandma..."

Lady Georgia smiled, "Don't bother. I'm quite fine even though I've realized that I only have less than two years to live."

Jared lowered his eyelids and remained silent.

Lady Georgia patted his shoulder and said, "Keep the chin up, Jared. My grandson is always a confident boy."

"Sorry, Grandma," Jared bit his lips.

Lady Georgia smiled, "You don't have to apologize. I've been living for quite a long time. And, Jared, I miss your grandpa so much."

Jared was going to say that she would live for several years if she received proper treatment in this hospital. But now he refrained from saying these to her.

Because his grandma said she missed his grandpa so much.

What should he say?

To stop his grandpa from missing his grandpa?

It would be quite a difficult task for his grandma.

Lady Georgia knew what Jared had in mind now and she smiled, "Don't bother, Jared. Don't you frown like this. If you frown too often, you would look much older. You are already a few years older than Amber. If you become older, you will look like her father. By then others would think you have robbed the cradle."

Chapter 687 Ambition of Braylee

Hearing this, Jared raised his eyebrows and rubbed his face.

He was indeed a few years older than Amber.

But by no means was he robbing the cradle!

Would Amber have the same idea in mind?

Seeing the confusion on his face, Lady Georgia smiled a gain, "You look so funny, Jared."

Jared frowned, "So, you were making fun of me, grandma?"

"I just want to change the topic. I don't want you to indulge yourself in the sorrow that I would pass away sooner or later," Lady Georgia patted his hand and continued, "Don't bother. My condition is not good and I do miss your grandpa. But I won't say goodbye so soon. I still want to see you and Amber get remarried and give birth to your own child. I think two years would be enough, isn't it?"

Jared opened his mouth but with her eyes in sight, he refrained from saying what he planned to say and nodded, "It is.

What he wanted to say was that Amber couldn't get pregnant in two years. So, it was impossible for his grandmother to see her great-grandson as she wished.

But he knew better than doing so. He didn't want to let his grandma down.

With that hope in mind, grandma might be motivated to live longer.

Maybe two years later when grandma failed to see her great-grandson, she might choose to live until they gave birth to their own child.

Lady Georgia didn't know what Jared had in mind. Hearing his promise, she smiled and said, "That's my boy. By the way, did you give that bracelet to Amber?"

Jared nodded, "I did. But she may have no idea why we gave it to her."

And Amber didn't call him to ask about that.

Old Mrs. Farrell smiled, "That's fine. You said she would come this afternoon, right? We can tell her by then."

Jared nodded his head.

Then they continued their warm talk.

But meanwhile, there were someone who got quite jealousy about their remarriage.

Those people were Cole Lyon, Hayden Cohen and Braylee Reed.

Cole and Hayden became quite angry after they received the gifts and sweets sent by Jared.

They knew better than anyone else why Jared would send those things to them.

They felt as if Jared were laughing at them before their mind's eyes.

They had already given up wooing Amber, but Jared didn't choose to let them go. What a malicious man he was!

But compared with them, Braylee was the one who got possessed by envy.

She had just been discharged from the hospital when she read the news that Amber would get remarried with Jared.

She felt that was the worst day in her life.

She even thought maybe Amber knew how she felt about Jared so she chose to disclose the media on this particular day to irritate her.

In her mind, Amber was exactly the kind of person who would do this.

It must be Amber who did it on purpose!

Over this, Braylee swept all the sweets and gifts down from the desk and then stepped on them while screaming loudly, which made her look quite like a psychopath.

After a long while, Braylee finally calmed down and breathed with a distorted face.

Then a hideous smile climbed on her face, "Hopefully, they may get divorced again soon."

For her, even Amber got remarried with Jared, they wouldn't be happy together for a long time.

They had got divorced the last time because they didn't love each other.

Maybe they still didn't love each other.

What she knew was that the couples got remarried would soon get divorced again.

How could they love each other given the failure of their first marriage?

Some little misunderstanding or conflicts would make them break up with each other.

She would make that day come sooner.

He must be hers.

Thinking of Jared's handsome face and his power and wealth, Braylee started to breathe heavily. Her heart beat fast and ambition was written all over on her face.

She was definitely unwilling to give up such a good man.

She believed that Jared was bound to be enchanted by her in the end.

She got even more excited when she thought of the fact that Jared was Amber's man.

Confidence began to well up in Braylee's eyes.

But that wasn't her priority at this moment.

The most important thing right now is to tell Amber that she had known her real identity.

Over this, Braylee tidied up herself and then called her assistant in.

The assistant saw the mess in the office and a trace of surprise flashed in her eyes. But that surprise soon faded away and she said calmly, "How can I help you, Ms. Reed?"

Braylee raised her jaw and said arrogantly, "You, clean the office for me. Remember, if I see a single speck of dust when I get back, I will let you pay for it. Remember that."

Then she pushed the assistant away and went out of her office.

The assistant rubbed her shoulder and grievance was written all over on his face.

She hated Braylee Reed so much.

After she was assigned to serve the Braylee Reed, she had suffered a lot.

The vice president, who was capable of nothing, was quite adept at torturing other people.

So now, the assistant was eagerly waiting for an opportunity to leave her.

She took a deep breath and calmed down before she took the broom and began her cleaning.

Meanwhile, Braylee walked to Amber's office and knocked on the door heavily. It sounded really like a bandit pounding at the door.

Amber was signing a piece of file. Hearing the violent sound of knocking, she got quite scared and the pointy pen cut the paper accidentally.

With that cut on the paper in sight, Amber put on a dark face and anger began to well up in her eyes.

"Who's there?" Amber said in a cold yet polite voice.

"It's me," Braylee heard her words and said loudly.

Amber squinted her beautiful eyes and put a sneer on her face.

Braylee was exactly the type of person who would do that.

Even somebody as stupid and rude as Bernardo Delgado wouldn't knock her door in such a violent way.

Maybe she wanted to get herself into hospital again.

Amber put down the pen in hand and closed the file before she threw it sideways. Maybe she would let Sheila to print another copy of it for her.

Luckily, it was not a piece of important file. If it was a copy with another company's official seal on it, she would definitely let Braylee pay for her stupid action.

"What's up?" Amber moved her wrist and said directly, obviously with no intention to let her in.

Braylee noticed her attitude and impatience was written all over on her face.

But then she quickly put a sneer on face and opened the door.

With her presence, Amber's face turned even darker and she said in a cold voice, "Get out of my office!"

Then she pointed at the door, hinting that Braylee should scram.

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 688 The Wrath of Amber

But Braylee didn't get scared by her words. She even pouted her mouth contemptuously and walked towards her desk.

Amber clenched her hand and said in wrath, "Didn't you hear my words, Braylee?"

Braylee sneered, "Why do I need to follow your order? I think I need to remind you that you, a bastard, are not my sister."

Amber's lips twitched, "What…"

"You must be very surprised. How did I know that?" Braylee stood before her desk and held her arms before her chest.

Amber bit her lips and remained silent.

For Braylee, she would do that because she couldn't deny her words.

Braylee combed her wine-red curly hair, "At first, I didn't know your real identity and I thought you were father's own daughter. But when I was in the hospital, I heard something which interested me a lot. It was about your real identity. Why would your kidney match Trenton Gardner's? Then I checked some files and found that your blood type was totally different from your father's. You're not father's child. You are an illegitimate child of your mother!"

"Don't you insult my mother." Amber said with a changed face and she stood up suddenly.

Amber's thunderous roar startled Braylee so much so that her face turned pale, "Jeez… Chill…"

Amber stared at her coldly, "Apologize to my mother!"

"Why should I?" Braylee tilted her head and shouted.

Amber said in a cold and hellish voice as her hand was reaching out to grab the glass cup on the desk, "You insulted my mother!"

Braylee rolled her eyes back and said with a contemptuous smile on face, "I didn't insult your mother. I was telling the truth. Otherwise, how would you explain your blood type? Your mother betrayed father and hid the truth from him throughout his life. He even raised you up, the bastard of his wife. Your mother was such a slut…"

Before she finished, Amber couldn't stand anymore and threw the glass at her suddenly.

The glass fell on Braylee's fore head and she began to bleed. Blood, mixed with the splashed coffee, trickled down her cheeks, which looked quite scary.

And Braylee also took a few steps backwards and then her shoes were trapped by the carpet and then she fell down onto the floor.

But then she felt something was trickling down her face.

Braylee then touched her face and checked her hand. Suddenly, she saw the blood on it and screamed, "I'm bleeding! I'm bleeding!"

With two hands on the desk, Amber was still possessed by her anger.

She breathed heavily with her eyes fixed on Braylee and she didn't regret what she had done.

Braylee had insulted her mother.

No one could insult her mother!

"You! You dared to throw this cup at me! How dare you!" Braylee stood up suddenly and looked around. She saw the wooden pen container on her desk and a sense of viciousness flashed in her eyes and she picked up the container before she threw it to Amber.

Amber knew Braylee would throw something back at her. She was that type of person.

That's why she was able to dodge that container as she was ready for her attack.

The container hit the bookshelf and smashed the glass on it.

Sheila, who was in the room next door and heard the sound, run over to Amber's office and said, "What happened, Ms. Reed?"

When she saw Amber and Braylee, who were standing face to face to each other, she instantly understood what had happened.

Braylee, whose face looked as distorted as a devil, was here to provoke Ms. Amber Reed.

"Are you alright, Ms. Reed?" Sheila said worriedly at the door.

Amber said in a low voice, "I'm fine."

"Do you need me to call the guards, Ms. Reed?" Sheila turned to Braylee vigilantly.

Amber shook her head, "No, thanks. I don't need them right now. I can handle this myself."

"But..."

Before Sheila could say anything, Amber shook her head again and said, "Thank you, just go."

Sheila had no choice but to nod, "Okay, Ms. Reed."

She left the office. But she didn't follow what Amber said and called the guards.

She asked the guards to wait beside the door. If they heard something wrong in the office, they would rush into it to help Amber Reed.

In the office, as Braylee saw Amber had dodged her attack, her face turned hideous.

She pointed at Amber and said in a sharp voice, "You bastard, how dare you!"

Bastard?

A sense of cruelty flashed in her eyes and she bypassed her desk and gave a heavy slap on Braylee's face.

The sound was quite clear and loud.

Braylee fell onto the ground again. With her hand covering her burning face, she was stunned.

She was beaten again.

Amber didn't let her go but crouched beside her and took her jaw with her left hand to turn Braylee's face to her. Then she gave another few slaps on her face.

After a few loud slaps, Braylee's face began to swell up.

Now Amber finally realized that she was beaten by Amber. Suddenly, she felt both angry and humiliated.

She pushed Amber away violently and then screamed and rushed over to her, "Amber, you bitch! How dare you beat me! I will kill you!"

Sheila also heard her words outside the office. She waved her hands seriously to the guards and said, "Get in and control Braylee Reed. Protect Ms. Amber Reed."

The two guards nodded and pushed the door open before they held Braylee's two arms and took her away from Amber.

Amber heaved a sigh of relief and moved her wrist. Then she stared at Braylee coldly.

Braylee was shorter than her and thus definitely couldn't be compared with her in strength.

But in great wrath, one's strength would increase exponentially all of a sudden.

Maybe Braylee had lost her head and it became tricky for Amber to ward her off.

Were it not for the two guards, maybe she would've been hit by Braylee in the end.

"Let me go! This is an order! Don't you know who I am? I'm the vice president of this company, the real owner of Goldstone! You're gonna regret this!" Braylee struggled with her arms held by the two guards while bawling with her eyes popped.

Amber gave a look to the guards to tell them not to mind what Braylee said.

The two guards would certainly listen to her words. After all, they knew who was in charge of this company.

"Oh? The real owner of Goldstone?" Amber walked over to Braylee and sneered, "How dare you say that? You only got 5% of the total share of Goldstone. How dare you say you are the real owner of my company?"

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 689 Failure

"I said that because Goldstone is a company of my family; because I am my father's real daughter. His only biological daughter!" Braylee said with a crazy smile on face, "But you, Amber Reed, are an illegitimate child of your mother. You don't even know who your father is! You are in no position to inherit my father's company!"

Both the two guards and Sheila was astounded by her words.

Though the guards did want to know whether Braylee Reed was talking the truth, they knew they were only ordinary staff of the company.

Curious about her words as they were, they needed to pretend to be uninterested in the story. Otherwise, they might lose their job.

But Sheila didn't have those worries as the guards. She took a step forward and glared at Braylee, "What are you talking about? You were lying!"

In fact, she knew Ms. Amber Reed was not her father's own daughter.

As Ms. Amber Reed's secretary, she had learned it from her.

So, she knew Ms. Amber Reed was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Reed, which was different from an illegitimate daughter.

Braylee Reed, who knew nothing about the story, was talking shit before them.

But Braylee didn't know what Sheila had in mind. She stared at Amber with a viperous smile on face, "I was lying? You can ask Amber to do a DNA test with me. If it turns out that she is not my own sister, then she is definitely an illegitimate daughter of her mother. Otherwise, why would father raise her up and let her inherit Goldstone? I, Hugo Reed's own daughter, should be the owner of Goldstone! Now I ask you to give me all your shares and get out of my company!"

Amber sneered and patted Braylee's face as if she was a fool, "You're right. I'm not my dad's own daughter. But I'm not an illegitimate daughter of my mother. If you want to use my identity to threaten me, then you would probably fail."

"I knew you won't admit your real identity." Braylee raised her head and said contemptuously.

Amber rubbed her fingers and said, "You are such a fool. Even if I was an illegitimate daughter, I was a member of my family if my father had accepted me as his daughter. You are in no position to order me to hand my shares to you."

"That's impossible!" Braylee's face changed and she screamed.

Before Amber said anything, Sheila had a glimpse at Braylee and said, "That's true, Ms. Braylee Reed. Our president had inherited Goldstone legally. You can consult a lawyer to ask about that."

"How is that possible..." Braylee couldn't accept that fact.

"So, that's what you want to say to me?" Amber sneered, "And I remember you mentioned that Goldstone is a company of the Reed's. That was true six years ago, but now it is not a family business anymore now."

"Bullshit!" Braylee yelled, her face distorted from rage.

"She was right." Sheila pushed her glasses up her nose and said, "I think you also know that our president had pledged 40% of her shares. From that moment, Goldstone was not a family company of the Reed's but a collectively-owned company."

"She won't understand, Sheila. Let's put it simple to her," Amber said while giving a glimpse at Sheila.

Sheila nodded and continued, "Our president didn't inherit her shares from Mr. Hugo Reed. I think you had known it right after you entered our company. She purchased those shares from other shareholders with the help of her grandfather and Mr. Cole Lyon. It was not Mr. Reed's shares. So, even if she was not Mr. Reed's own daughter, she still doesn't need to give her shares to you."

"So, are we clear now?" Amber patted Braylee's face again, "It's impossible from the beginning that you want to rob my shares from me."

After hearing their words, Braylee was stunned. Confusion was written all over on her face and she couldn't help murmuring, "How... how is that possible? Why..."

When she got back from the hospital, she thought she wouldn't get failed this time.

She had even planned how to humiliate Amber after she got the Amber's shares.

But she failed again!

"She went dumb?" Sheila whispered to Amber.

Amber took her hand off Braylee's face and returned to her desk and drew two pieces of wet tissue to rub her fingers carefully before she replied, "Because she didn't get what she wanted."

"For me, she is stupid," Sheila said, "Even a child would do some research before getting here to ask those stupid questions. But she was so silly that she thought she would become the president."

"You're right," Amber smiled and soon put on a poker face. Then she turned to the guards, "Get her out of my office."

The two guards nodded and got out with Braylee's arm in arms.

Sheila said after a while, "I should go with them and warn them not to talk too much."

Amber nodded.

After she left, Amber sat down again and heaved a sigh of relief.

What had just happened in this office had made her feel quite

But this time she knew how Braylee knew she was not her father's own daughter.

Braylee said she learned that in that hospital when she heard her kidney had matched Trenton's. And then she began to doubt whether Amber was Hugo Reed's own daughter or not.

Obviously, Braylee had heard what she said to Judy Lashley in the hospital.

By then Braylee was also in that hospital.

What she didn't expect that Braylee would start to doubt her real identity after she learned Amber's kidney would match Trenton's. Amber didn't expect Braylee to be that smart.

Recently, she had been wondering why her kidney would match Trenton's.

Elias said that it was quite hard for Trenton to find a suitable kidney for himself.

But her kidney happened to match Trenton's.

The whole thing was quite ridiculous given the open hostility between the Reed's and the Gardner's.

Amber sneered and took the broom at the corner to clean up the mess on floor.

She didn't think the fact that her kidney matched Trenton's could prove that she was Trenton's daughter.

After all, Trenton was a sworn enemy of her father 20 years ago. How could he adopt the daughter of his enemy?

Chapter 690 I Won't Forgive You

So, it was a mere coincidence, a gross one.

Amber rubbed her cheeks and began her cleaning.

Meanwhile, Braylee was thrown back to her office and she went extremely angry.

She was beaten by Amber, and Sheila Dawson even dared to ask the guards to parade her in front of all the departments to let the employees see how terrible and embarrassed she was.

Now Braylee stamped on the floor and screamed with her two hands clenched, "I won't forgive you, Sheila Dawson. I will let you pay no matter who's behind you. Even Amber Reed won't stop me!"

Sheila, who was at the door, stopped and turned away to smiled at the crazy woman, "Okay, then I'll wait for your revenge."

She was not afraid of Braylee Reed.

Ms. Amber Reed wouldn't let Braylee to bully her and Sheila was quite confident that she could win this game between she and that stupid Braylee.

Hearing what she said and seeing her face, Braylee almost passed out due to anger.

The little assistant didn't show an iota of respect for her.

And she seemed to consider her curse as mere joke!

"You... you..." Braylee said with her trebling finger pointed at Sheila and she couldn't say a word.

Sheila pushed her glasses up her nose and simply ignored her, turning to leave.

Otherwise, she was afraid that she would blow her stack.

Then Sheila asked the two guards to leave before she headed out of the office first.

The two guards then left the room and closed the door behind them.

Now Braylee became the only one in this office. She stamped on the ground and screamed again.

Even someone in the next door could hear her screaming.

Someone even opened the door and looked towards her office to check what had happened.

Someone had no idea why she screamed.

But someone could get the picture of it and twitched his mouth a bit, "She must have found fault with the president and failed."

"It's really scary, the screaming."

"It's not as scary as her face when she is in anger. It looks quite like that of a devil."

"Oh, I can imagine that. Funny."

Then all the assistants and secretaries in that office began to laugh without concern.

After all, they all disliked the recently appointed vice president.

Though they were not her assistant and secretary, she still gave orders to them as if they were her slaves and she constantly scolded them if they made mistakes.

For them, Braylee Reed was the worst boss in the world.

Now since they knew she was humiliated by the president; they were quite happy about it.

Braylee didn't know she had become a devil in others' eyes. She broke all the things that could be broken in her office and kicked on the other items that could not be broken.

Then she finally calmed down and breathed heavily on the sofa.

It was the first time for her to be humiliated as such.

After she got back to this country, all the humiliation she suffered was brought about to her by Amber Reed.

She would not forgive Amber!

If she couldn't get her shares, she would let everyone know Amber was an illegitimate daughter of her mother!

Over this, Amber took out her phone and dialed a number. Then she said with red eyes and a malicious smile on face, "It's me. I got a big news for you."

Soon it was afternoon.

Amber was still working. Then she heard her phone rang on the desk.

She put down her pen and checked her phone. She saw the name of Jared jumping on her screen.

Amber smiled and now she felt much more sober now.

She leaned on her chair and then swiped her phone to answer, "Hello?"

"Have you finished your work?" a sense of warmth was inspired in Amber's mind when she heard Jared's low and gentle voice.

Amber stood upright on her chair subconsciously and said, "I've almost finished. Have you arrived?"

"I'm here, down your building." Jared rolled down the window and looked upwards at one of the balconies on that building.

After hearing his words, Amber stood up instantly and went to the balcony.

Looking beyond the railing, she saw the Rolls-Royce Phantom which she was quite familiar with.

Though she could not see the one in that car, she still waved towards him.

Jared smiled, "I saw you."

"Okay, just wait for me there. I will go downstairs soon." Amber put down her hand.

Jared nodded slightly, "Take your time. I'll be right here waiting for you like a knight waiting for his princess."

His words made Amber's heart beat much faster and then she flushed and said, "Just stop it. When did you learn these words?"

Jared tilted and said, "I don't have to learn it."

He would say that only because his deep love for her.

Amber said awkwardly, "Fine, fine. You can talk sweetly from the moment you were born. I need to hung up now. See you later."

"Okay."

After she hung up the phone, Amber smiled at the car and walked back to her office.

Jared then rolled up his window to prevent the curious onlookers outside to look into his car.

In that office, after Amber got back to her desk, she put all these files into her drawer and then put the bracelet into her purse before she turned off her computer and left the office.

Soon, Amber got to Jared's car.

Before she could knock on the window, the door was suddenly opened from inside.

Amber took a step backwards.

Jared got off his car and combed her disheveled hair before her forehead gently and asked, "You run over here?"

"How did you know it?" Amber said with her eyes wide open.

After she left her office, she run towards the elevator.

Then she run towards the gate.

On her way she also encountered a department manager, who joked that she would run so fast because she was going to meet Mr. Farrell.

Then she suddenly realized that she didn't need to be in such a hurry.

Otherwise, it would seem that she couldn't wait to see her man.

Then she slowed down and walked slowly towards Jared's car.

But he still found out.

He got X-ray vision!

Jared smiled as if he knew what Amber had in mind, "I knew it from your hair."