

LLPD Chapter 741

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 741 He Decided to Move into Your Apartment

Amber seemed to understand something. She looked surprised and said, "Do you mean Mr. Gardener still hasn't given up on thinking that I'm Makayla Gardner? Is that why she behaved so when seeing me?"

Jared slightly nodded. "Nothing else can explain why Mrs. Gardner has changed her attitude when seeing you."

Amber mused for a moment. "You are right, Jared. I cannot think of any other reason besides this one. After all, she always disliked me whenever we met before. I can't believe Trenton Gardner and his wife haven't realized how hilarious their suspicion is. After all, the real Makayla Gardner is around them. They should have realized I'm not Makayla Gardner."

"Trenton Gardner should have given up that suspicion, but his wife cannot. Like I said, she still insisted on her suspicion. She might find it more difficult to keep being rational as a woman. Especially, she's a mother," Jared said while staring at Amber.

He didn't tell Amber that it would be difficult for Mrs. Gardner to forget her suspicion even after she understood Amber couldn't be her daughter, as long as she had thought of it.

Mrs. Gardner would probably be reminded of that idea whenever seeing Amber, so she would behave or speak weirdly to Amber in subconsciousness, such as she would care about or pay attention to Amber.

If this went on, Mrs. Gardner would pay more attention to Amber and have feelings for her.

After all, the blood ties were the most mysterious.

In that case, Mrs. Gardner would suspect Amber to be Makayla again.

Amber didn't know what was in Jared's mind. Upon hearing his words, she nodded thoughtfully. "I agree. Women looked upon feelings more than men. Then I can understand why Mrs. Gardner has behaved so weirdly to me."

A trace of complex feeling flashed through Jared's eyes. He changed the subject. "What has Judy Lashley said to you?"

Amber curled her lips. "Her words were more hilarious. She asked if I thought of myself as Makayla Gardner."

Jared's face darkened. "Did she really ask so?"

He wondered what on earth Judy was doing. Wasn't she afraid to raise Amber's suspicions?

Amber nodded. "Right. She was jealous, so she deliberately said those words to me."

"Oh?" Jared squinted.

Amber sneered, "She told me when Trenton watched the press conference, he suspected me to be Makayla Gardner. Then she asked me if I regarded myself to be Makayla Gardner. She was afraid I would pretend to be her to deceive the Gardner couple into revenge on them. What is the problem with her? How could she think about those ridiculous things?" She pointed to her head, with disdain in her tone.

Jared was silent.

He had never expected Judy to cover such an evident flaw and made Amber believe it.

Thinking of that, he glanced at Amber.

No wonder Amber didn't believe it at all. After all, she wouldn't think she could be Makayla Gardner or dared not to think about that.

Hence, Amber would definitely fall into Judy's trap. Even if she knew Judy had lied to her subconsciously, Amber would still deny it.

Jared cast down his eyes. "Don't take Judy Lashley's words to heart."

"Of course not. How silly her words are! I won't take it seriously," Amber said with a chuckle.

Jared replied to her with a grunt. Then he asked, "Did Mrs. Gardner ask you any other questions?"

He wanted to see if Judy asked her about a red mole or a birthmark on her body.

If Judy did, the situation would be challenging.

Fortunately, Amber shook her head and answered, "Nothing else."

Jared was finally relieved. "That's good, then."

Upon hearing his words, Amber glanced at him weirdly. "You seem relieved that Mrs. Gardner didn't asked me other questions? Are you hiding something from me?"

"Nah." Jared covered the expressions in his eyes. Holding her hand, he answered calmly, "I'm just worried Mrs. Gardner has made the trouble to you by questioning."

"No worries. She didn't this time." Amber shrugged. "Besides, for the sake that she cared about me for no reason, I didn't talk to her as rudely as before. This is the first time we get along peacefully. Honestly speaking, it didn't feel bad."

She told him the truth.

Generally speaking, even if she didn't argue or fight with Mrs. Gardner, they were foes. They should have made the atmosphere in the room tense when they were in the same room.

However, it didn't happen like that at all. Amber didn't feel how hateful Mrs. Gardner was, and the atmosphere in the room wasn't tense. In fact, there was awkwardness, and Amber had complex feelings.

However, she didn't feel bad or uncomfortable.

Seeing Amber's confusion, Jared pressed his thin lips together.

Amber didn't know why she had gotten along with Mrs. Gardner, but Jared knew it.

Amber was Mrs. Gardner's biological daughter. Even though they didn't know this fact, the blood kinship worked.

The blood kinship was magical. Even if brothers were separated since they were born without knowing each other's existence, they would feel dear to each other when they met for the first time one day.

That was the power of the blood kinship.

Hence, Amber got along with Mrs. Gardner well without any fight due to their blood kinship.

However, Jared couldn't tell her about it.

He knew he shouldn't have hidden it from her, but he had done it for her own good.

Besides, he didn't plan to hide it from her all his life. After Trenton passed away, he would tell Amber her real identity.

Once Trenton passed away, Jared believed the Gardner family would be ruined. By then, Jared wouldn't need to worry that Amber could do anything while being involved in the grudge between Trenton and the Reed family, which might make her collapse.

"You are absentminded again." Amber gazed at Jarrett when seeing him lost in thought.

Her voice brought him back to his senses, his eyes twinkling.

Amber's red lips parted. She wanted to ask what on earth he had thought as he was absentminded twice in a row.

Suddenly, the partition panel was pressed down. Ben looked at them in the rearview mirror. "Excuse me, Mr. Farrell, Ms. Reed. We've arrived at Kelsington Bay."

"That's really fast." Amber forgot her question. Pressing down the window, she peered out, only to find that the car had been parked in front of Kelsington Bay.

"I've been talking to you on the way. I didn't pay attention when we arrived," said Amber while pressing up the window.

Jared chuckled. "That only means I've fully occupied your heart."

"You narcissist." Amber rolled her eyes at him but didn't deny it.

Jared's eyes were full of smiles.

Amber stared at him and noticed it, feeling a bit shy. She looked away. "All right. I'm getting down."

Then she pushed the door open and got off the car.

Jared naturally got down from his side.

Then he said to Ben, who got down from the driver's seat, "Move the suitcases upstairs."

"Yes, Mr. Farrell," Ben answered, walking to the trunk.

Amber looked at Jared in confusion. "What suitcases?"

Jared didn't answer, but Ben chimed in, "Mr. Farrell's luggage. He brought some clothes and daily necessities over. Mr. Farrell said you wouldn't agree to move into his house right now, so he decided to move into your apartment, for the time being, Ms. Reed. I packed two suitcases for him."

As he was speaking, Ben fetched two huge suitcases from the trunk.

Amber looked at them, her lips twitching. "That's quick. You really make yourself at home, huh?"

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 742 Key Card

Amber hadn't agreed with him to move into her apartment, but Jared took the initiative to do it without asking her for her permission.

Jared chuckled. "You've got the point. I'm your boyfriend, and your place is gonna be my place sooner or later."

"Don't you think my apartment is too small?" Amber held her arms across her chest, looking up at him.

Jared smiled. "Of course not. As long as I stay with you, I don't care how small the house is."

Amber laughed. "You are just trying to please me."

She had to admit that she had been pleased, though.

"I'm not lying. I meant what I said. Otherwise, I wouldn't have moved here, would I?"

As he spoke, he looked at Ben with the two suitcases, slightly raised his chin, and said, "Go ahead to move them upstairs, Ben."

"Yes, Mr. Farrell," Ben answered.

Jared withdrew his gaze. Holding Amber's hand, he said, "Let's go upstairs. He'll take care of them."

"Wait a minute." Amber didn't lift her foot. She turned around to check on the two huge suitcases. "Ben, are they heavy? If they are, I can..."

Knowing what she would say, Ben hurriedly waved his hand to refuse. "Nah. They are not heavy. Don't worry, Ms. Reed. I can handle them."

"Are you sure?" Amber pointed at the suitcases.

Ben didn't answer yet, but Jared pressed her finger down. "There are wheels under each suitcase. He doesn't need to carry them. If he cannot handle this trifle, he's not worth such a high annual salary."

He glanced at Ben coldly while he spoke.

Ben cursed inwardly, but on the surface, he said with a smile, "Mr. Farrell is correct. Ms. Reed, please don't worry about me."

Ms. Reed was indeed kind and warm-hearted compared to Mr. Farrell, the heartless man.

Since Ben insisted, Amber nodded. "All right. Thanks a lot, Ben."

"Not at all. That's my duty," Ben pulled out the bar of one suitcase, pushed up his glasses, and answered.

"All right. Let's go upstairs." Jared was unwilling to waste time in the garage. He wanted to go upstairs instantly. Hence, he seized Amber's wrist and walked toward the elevator.

Amber could tell he was eager to go upstairs. She helplessly shook her head. "Slow down, Jared."

Jared didn't answer, but he slowed down obediently.

Soon, they arrived at her apartment.

Amber pulled out the key card and swiped it above the sensor.

With a beep, the door was unlocked.

Amber was about to press the key card into her purse, but she sensed that Jared's gaze followed her hand.

She looked up at him.

Jared seemed not to notice her gaze. He kept gazing at her access card. His lips parted, seemingly aiming to say something.

Amber raised her eyebrows and smiled.

She could tell the desire from his eyes.

"Give me your hand," Amber ordered, holding her arms across her chest.

Jared was confused, but he reached out his hand obediently. "What's wrong?"

Amber didn't answer. She continued, "Open your hand, palm up."

Jared obeyed her order again.

Amber reached out and put the white key card onto his palm.

Jared was taken aback. "You..."

"Why? Don't you want it?" Amber looked at his surprised face, smiling brightly. "I saw you gaze at my card, so I thought you wanted it. Give it back to me if you don't."

She reached her hand while speaking, pretending that she was gonna take it back.

Jared instantly closed his fingers and withdrew his hand as soon as she reached out. Under Amber's gaze, he put the key card into the pocket of his suit jacket and patted it solemnly. "You misunderstood. As you've given it to me, it's mine."

While he spoke, he couldn't help curling up his lips. Amber could tell how joyful he was.

Covering her lips, she chuckled. "It's just an key card, isn't it? Why are you so excited?"

Jared looked at her. "You've given me the key to your apartment, which means you've officially recognized me. It's also the evidence that you've agreed to let me move in. I'm indeed happy, and also, I must keep the key well."

"You sound like it's your family heirloom to be passed to the later generations." Amber was amused.

Jared also gave her the key to his house a few days ago, but she wasn't as excited as him.

"The family heirloom?" Jared bowed his head to stroke the key card in his pocket, lost in thought.

Seeing that, Amber had a had hung. She said, "Don't tell me you plan to do it for real."

Jared slightly raised his chin. He said solemnly, "I like your suggestion. I'll consider it."

Amber looked panicked. "No. Stop it. I'm just kidding. It's just an key card. Why do you want to pass it to the later generations?"

"Of course, it's valuable," Jared answered solemnly, "I can tell my children and grandchildren it's a token of their ancestor's love."

Amber looked at him with a baffled expression first. Then she pushed the door open and entered her apartment. She said in amusement, "Children, grandchildren, and ancestors? Jared, why have I never known you are so humorous?"

She was impressed by his thoughts.

Jared followed her in. "What do you mean?"

"Nothing. Hurry up and put away your suitcases. I'll prepare dinner." Amber put down her purse, picked up the apron on the dining chair, and put it on.

Jared walked to her back, helping her tie the apron.

Amber let him do it.

While tying a bow tie behind her, Jared said, "Ben is taking care of my suitcases. Let me help you in the kitchen."

"You?" Amber turned to look at him. "Do you want to help me?"

"Ehn." Jared nodded.

Amber slid him a sideways glance. "Are you sure?"

"Of course." Jared nodded again.

Amber laughed. "Forget it. Last time, you helped me..."

Before finishing her words, her shoulders were grabbed by Jared. He turned her to face him.

They looked into each other's eyes. Seeing Amber's weird smile, Jared looked away. He awkwardly coughed to clear his throat and said, "I lied last time. I had just started learning to cook at that time, so I was still a newbie. Now, I've learned many cooking skills, so I'm sure I can help you. Or, I can prepare dinner tonight. You can try my dishes. What do you think?"

Amber raised her eyebrows. "Are you being serious?"

"Or what?" Jared also raised his eyebrows. "I planned to cook for you when I became a cooking expert, so you would be surprised. Now, I can't wait to show you my cooking skills."

As Jared was so eager to show off his cooking skills, Amber didn't want to let him down.

She untied the bow tie of the apron behind her, took the apron off, and passed it to him. "Okay. Please take it from here. I look forward to having your dishes tonight."

"You won't be disappointed." Jared smiled faintly while taking over the apron.

He was pretty confident in the dishes that he had learned to cook.

He believed that Amber would be impressed.

Chapter 743 Jared Cooked

Seeing Jared so self-confident, Amber became more expectant.

She said with a smile, "Okay. I trust you. Turn around."

"Why?" Jared was confused.

Amber pointed at the apron in his hands.

Jared understood what she meant. His eyes lit up, and he turned around.

Amber shook the apron open, put it on him, and untied it.

Then she patted his back. "All right. Mr. Farrell, you can go to the kitchen now."

Jared hummed. "Okay."

He stroked into the kitchen.

Amber looked at his back with a smile. After a thought, she called him, "Mr. Farrell, do you need any help?"

"Nah." Jared didn't turn back, waving his hand in denial. "I can handle it myself."

He was afraid she would mock him if he made any mistakes later.

Hence, he'd rather cook alone in the kitchen.

In that case, even if he made a mistake, he could correct it secretly. Otherwise, she might think he bluffed.

Since Jared refused her, Amber shrugged and didn't insist. "All right. I'll help you sort out the suitcases."

"Okay," Jared answered from the kitchen.

Amber chuckled and walked to the bedroom.

Ben was squatting in front of the big suitcases.

He had opened them.

However, he squatted there in silence without moving, lost in thought.

When hearing the footsteps, Ben turned around. He instantly stood up when seeing Amber with a polite smile. "Ms. Reed."

"Ben, what were you doing just now?"

Ben chuckled bitterly, scratching his head. "Here is the thing, Ms. Reed. Mr. Farrell asked me to help him sort out his belongings, but this is your room, Ms. Reed. I'm a man..."

Amber understood what he meant. She smiled at him. "I see. Sorry for troubling you. You can have a rest, Ben. I'll help him with it."

It was her bedroom, so her belonging was everywhere.

Ben was, in a sense, a "stranger" to their relationship. If he helped Jared sort out his belongings, Ben would definitely have to touch Amber's belongings, some of which were private.

Hence, Ben was in a dilemma, wondering how to sort them out. Amber could understand.

Upon hearing Amber's words, Ben looked as if he had been saved. He bowed at her twice. "Thank you so much, Ms. Reed. I'll leave them to you, then."

"It's nothing." Amber shook her head.

Ben stroked out of the room.

Amber squatted in front of the suitcase as Ben did earlier. Then she checked on things in Jared's suitcases.

After looking through them, Amber covered her forehead.

It was impossible to put many things into the two suitcases.

However, Jared's stuff, including necessities, clothes, and accessories.

Amber needed to provide him with a massive space for those things.

As she thought of it, Amber looked over at the wall opposite.

It was around 66 feet, and the whole wall had been occupied by a built-in wardrobe.

Amber had many clothes, jewelry, and bags.

Unlike the Reed's mansion, she didn't have a walk-in closet in this apartment. All her belongings were put into the wardrobe, fully occupied. Hence, it would be a large project for her to make room for Jared's belongings.

Amber rubbed her cheeks. She knew she would be exhausted, but she stood up and opened the closed door to see how to put in Jarrett's belongings.

After checking around, she realized that it would be easier to put away her bags and jewelry. Hence, she decided to clean up some space in this part for Jared.

Amber rolled up her sleeves and started working.

After she put away her bags and jewelry and put Jared's belongings into the wardrobe, it had been more than an hour later.

Amber hadn't taken a break in the past one hour. When she finally stopped, she felt sore and painful all over her body.

Rubbing her waist, she held the bed edge while sitting down.

The opened wardrobe was opposite. Looking at Jared's clothes and other stuff, she checked on hers, suddenly satisfaction surging in her heart.

Initially, she thought she would feel her space intruding when seeing Jared's belongings in her wardrobe. However, when looking at them, she didn't have such a feeling. Instead, she was delighted.

She wondered if Jared felt the same when sharing his closet with her earlier.

While she was thinking, there were knocks on the door. Then she heard Jared's voice. "Dinner is ready, Amber."

Hearing his voice, Amber stood up. "Okay. In a second."

Jared replied with a grunt.

Since he didn't speak, Amber squatted to close his suitcases. Then she dragged them towards the door.

When she opened the door, she saw Jared standing. Amber was shocked. "What are you doing here?"

Patting her chest, she looked at him with an annoyed look. "Are you guarding my door?"

"I'm waiting for you," Jared pressed his thin lips and answered.

Then he saw the two suitcases pulled by her. "What are you doing?"

"The suitcases are empty now. They cannot be kept in the bedroom, so I'm pulling them to the study," Amber said and patted them.

Jared reached out to drag them. "Leave them to me."

Then he dragged the two suitcases towards the study.

Amber followed him, looking around. She found only they were in the living room, so she asked, "Where is Ben?"

Jared opened the study door and answered, "I asked him to go home."

"Why didn't you keep him staying for dinner?" Amber asked behind him.

Jared suddenly paused his paces. Then he turned around and looked at her intensely. "Why do you want to keep him for dinner? The dishes are prepared for you specially. I can't let a stranger eat them. Have you ever seen a boss cooking for his employee?"

Amber shook her head. "Never."

"That's right." Jared turned around, slightly raising his chin. "I won't give him any chance to try my dishes. I only cook for you."

Amber laughed out. "Should I be smug about it?"

"Shouldn't you?" Jared tilted his face to look sidelong at her.

Amber nodded hard. "Of course, I should be very smug. After all, the chairman of the Farrell Group, who's always ranked in the top five on the Forbes list of billionaires, cooked for me in person. Only I can have this honor in this world. If your admirers knew it, they would be jealous of me to death, Mr. Farrell."

"Good. You know it well." Jared snorted. "Hence, you should watch me and treasure me to avoid those women stealing me."

Amber covered her belly, falling about laughing. "I was just being polite, Mr. Farrell. Look at you. All right. Let's have dinner after putting the suitcases away. I can't wait to taste your dishes."

"Sure." Jared didn't waste time when hearing it. He hurriedly put away the suitcases.

After that, he stepped out of the study. Amber had been standing next to the dining table. With her hands pressing the table, she gazed at the dishes without a blink.

Jared marched forward, wrapping his arms around her waist from behind. "How do you like them?"

Chapter 744 Let's Celebrate

"They look pretty nice," Amber looked back at him and answered. His head clung to hers.

"Really?" He tilted his head to look at her.

Amber nodded. "For real. Although you don't know much about dishing up, the food's colors are fine. You are just a beginner. Good job, Jared."

She thumbed up to him.

Earlier, she had thought he might not cook well even if he had learned cooking.

Now, she realized that she was wrong.

Although she hadn't tasted them, she knew the dishes should be not bad based on their fragrance and color.

Her praise delighted Jared.

He released her waist, pulled a chair, held her hand, and pressed her to sit down. Then he pressed the fork into her hands and urged, "Hurry up and try them. Tell me what you think."

"Okay," Amber answered with a smile.

She was also curious about their tastes.

Amber raised her fork while looking at the dishes as if she was hesitating about which one to start with.

However, she was always determined. Hence, she decided to pick up the dish that was nearest to her.

Jared had cooked three dishes, stir-fried sliced tomato with scrambled egg, stir-fried green pepper with shredded pork, and spicy eggplant.

Those were the most common homemade dishes. Usually, people in the Farrell family wouldn't see them.

After all, the cooks in the Farrell family were Michelin chefs. They were not good at cooking traditional Chinese dishes. Amber guessed that Jared might have never seen those homemade dishes before.

After all, when Ben ordered takeout for him, he wouldn't order those homemade dishes either. Usually, it would be dishes from the finest restaurants.

Hence, Amber was surprised when seeing the everyday homemade dishes on the table.

Later, she understood, though. All cooks learning to cook would start from the most common homemade dishes. Hence, Amber put away her surprise.

She picked up the stir-fried sliced tomato with scrambled egg first. Under Jared's gaze, she slowly put the food into her mouth.

"How do you like it?" Jared sat in the chair next to her and asked instantly.

Amber didn't answer as she was munching. She couldn't speak.

After swallowing the food, she turned to look at him.

Jared seemed as aloof, calm as usual. However, Amber took a closer look and found that he had his heart in his mouth.

She wondered if he was worried that she would give him a negative comment.

Thinking of that, Amber smiled. "I can't answer you now, Jared, because I've only eaten one dish. I need to try others. Then I can tell you the answer."

"Okay. Try others." Jared raised his fork, picked up the food from the other two dishes, and put it on her plate.

Amber tried the other one.

Jared kept gazing at her without a blink.

He didn't ask her if she liked the taste again. However, the longer she ate, the more he frowned. Nervousness was written all over his face.

Noticing the tensed look on his face, Amber was amused.

She guessed no one else besides her could make him tense.

However, she had to admit that she was happy to see him tense because of her.

At least, it meant the evident change in his mood would only be because of her.

After finishing the food on her plate, Amber put down the fork, pulled out the paper napkin, and wiped her lips.

"Amber?" Jared called her. Evidently, he was still waiting for her answer.

However, Amber deliberately ignored him. She looked calm, picked up the water glass, and took a sip.

Jared pressed his thin lips together and called her again, his voice hoarse, "Amber?"

She knew he panicked. With a smile, Amber pressed her hands and looked over at him. "All right. All right. I'll tell you. Don't panic. Listen to me."

"Hurry up!" Jared slightly raised his chin, waiting for her.

Amber looked at him for a while and thumbed up to him again. "Wonderful. I like their tastes."

Seeing that, Jared breathed a sigh of relief secretly.

Although he was confident with his cooking skills, he didn't know if she liked the dishes made by him.

After all, everyone had different standards for delicious food.

However, the result was positive. She liked them.

Jared wanted to keep calm but couldn't help curling up his lips.

In the end, he had to press a fist onto his lips to hide the smile that touched them. With a cough, he said calmly, "That's good. Let's eat."

Then he picked up a lot of food for her.

Amber looked at the piled food on her plate, her lips twitching. She didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

However, Jared seemed to be proud now. He didn't realize that she might not be able to finish them all. He was still going to put more food onto her plate.

Seeing that, Amber grabbed his wrist to stop him. "Enough. Enough. Please stop it. If you keep doing so, I won't be able to finish them all. It will be a waste."

Jared looked over at her plate, raising his eyebrows slightly. Then he realized that it was indeed too much for her.

He was on cloud nine after she praised him, so he became irrational and only wanted to let her eat more food.

He didn't expect to make her overeat.

Jared put down his fork. "I'm sorry, Amber. I didn't pay attention. It's alright. If you cannot finish them all, leave them to me. It'll be a waste."

Amber cupped her chin, smiling at him. "You must keep your words, Jared."

"Sure." He nodded.

Amber shared some food on her plate with him by moving it to his plate. "Okay. Go ahead. You cooked them yourself. I cannot eat them all. Eat more, Jared. Thanks for your hard work."

"You are welcome," Jared answered with a bright smile.

Amber suddenly recalled something. She stood up.

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

"I remembered I had a bottle of wine," said Amber, "Let's have a drink. This is the very first time you have cooked for me. We should celebrate it."

As she spoke, she was about to find the wine.

Jared grabbed her hand and said, "Not necessary, Amber. It's just a meal. No big deal."

"Of course, it's necessary." Amber looked at him thoughtfully. "We need to celebrate many things when they happen for the first time. We are human beings, so we must have romantic feelings and a sense of ritual. Otherwise, our lives will be too boring. This is how I treasure your first-time cooking. Wait for me."

Smiling at him, Amber pulled out her hand and trotted to the study.

Jared looked at her receding figure and chuckled. Tenderness was written all over his face.

Her words made him overjoyed.

Not only women need to be paid attention to in a relationship. So do men.

Amber treasured the things that he had done for her. She wanted to celebrate the meal with him, although the dishes he made were common.

It moved Jared significantly.

Soon, Amber returned with a bottle of wine, which hadn't been opened.

Jared reached out to take it over. "I'll open it for you."

"All right. Here you go." Amber also gave him the wine opener.

She didn't mind letting a man do it.

Jared started to pull out the cork. He checked the label on the bottle of wine doing it. In a surprise, he said, "This is good stuff."

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 745 Valuable Wine

Ten years ago, the wine was brewed from the first batch of wild grapes planted in the red wine factory.

Since the wild grapes were limited, so the wine was also limited. There were only one hundred bottles worldwide. As soon as the wine launched in the market, it was sold out.

Due to its limited amount, this wine was pretty costly. The first fifty bottles were sold at one million dollars each bottle. The last fifty bottles were less expensive but also were sold for several hundred thousand dollars per each.

Although it was costly, there were many wealthy people in this world, so they were still sold out.

When Jared received the call from the wine factory, he directly bought ten bottles. However, he had already finished all of them.

Since this batch of wine was sold too fast, the wine factory didn't make its information public. Therefore, most people didn't know about such a kind of wine.

However, Amber had such a bottle of wine.

Jared was surprised. She couldn't afford such a bottle of wine to her financial capabilities.

That was why he was shocked.

Amber didn't know what was in his mind. Upon hearing his words, she sat down and answered, "Yeah, it's good. I heard it's worth several hundreds of thousand dollars. It's my father's collection. I heard one of his friends gave it to him. He was reluctant to drink it, so it was left. I didn't think it was from his friend. My father liked drinking, and he also liked collecting famous wine and liquor. I guess he had bought it himself. I also don't know if this wine is worth that much money. I looked it up online but failed to find any information about it. If I hadn't known my father was a wine expert, I would have suspected he had been deceived and bought a counterfeit and inferior-grade wine."

Amber smiled, her eyes full of nostalgia.

Jared plucked off the cork, poured some into a goblet, and gave it to her. "I don't know if your father has bought it himself, but he didn't lie about the price."

Amber's hand holding the goblet trembled. "No way! Is it really that expensive?"

"Of course." Jared poured it into his goblet and sat down. He shook the wine slightly, smelt its aroma, and continued, "It's one of the one hundred bottles in this world. The first fifty bottles were sold for one million dollars each, and the last fifty bottles were sold for several hundred thousand dollars. This one..."

Jared reached out to turn around the bottle and read the number. Raising his eyebrows, he said, "See the number fifty? This happens to be the fiftieth bottle."

"Does it mean this bottle costs one million dollars?" Amber said in a trembling tone. She gazed at the wine bottle and then her goblet, swallowing hard.

Although her father showed it off to her long ago, Amber never believed him. She thought he was bluffing as he was good at it.

However, the bottle of wine was indeed valuable.

Amber didn't think Jared deceived her because he didn't need to lie about such a thing to her.

Looking at her surprised face, Jared chuckled. "Yeah, one million dollars indeed."

One million dollars!

Amber hurriedly put down her goblet. "I won't drink it. It's so costly. One sip would cost me tens of thousands of dollars. It's a pity to drink it. I feel as if I'm not drinking wine but money. I'll feel guilty if I drink it. I need to pour it back and seal the bottle. Then it'll be passed to my later generations as the family treasure. You can't drink it either."

Then she reached out to grab Jared's goblet.

Although she was born into a wealthy family and used to drink expensive wine, she had never drunk something wine above fifty thousand dollars.

In fact, even a fifty-thousand-dollar wine was way too expensive for her, let alone a-million-dollar wine.

Anyway, she couldn't take a sip at all.

Jared didn't expect her reaction after knowing the price. She didn't only want to pour her own wine back but also wanted to grab his.

He wouldn't allow it.

Hence, Jared suddenly raised his head and gulped down the wine before Amber touched his glass.

Amber gaped at him. "Jared, why did you drink it?"

"Isn't wine brewed for drinking?" Jared asked with an innocent look and put down his goblet.

Amber looked at his empty goblet. She felt as if her heart had been gripped by a hand, raising a sharp pang in her heart. She frowned, her lips trembled, as if she would shed tears. "That's not common wine."

"Oh?" Jared supported his head against the table. "What wine is it?"

"It's priceless wine!" Amber sobbed.

Jared chuckled. "No matter how valuable it is, it's for drinking. Relax, Amber."

"Of course, you don't feel anything." Amber glared at him. "It's not your wine. It's mine. Boohoo..."

Then she grabbed the wine bottle, held it tightly, and looked depressed.

Jared could tell that she felt sorry indeed. Heaving a sigh, he held her in his arms, patted her back, and coaxed her, "It's not my wine, but I've bought this before. I bought ten in total and finished them all. I didn't feel sorry. Stop it, Amber."

"You are wealthier than me. Of course, it's no big deal to you," Amber retorted in anger.

Jared's thin lips twitched.

He seemed to have used the wrong method.

However, it wasn't important.

Jared stroked the back of her head and added, "That makes sense, but you cannot think that way. You should have a different perspective."

"Which is?" Amber raised her head to look at him, still feeling sorry.

Jared thought she was too adorable. He chuckled. "You should consider its expiration date. Wine could be stored for a long time, but it would expire eventually. Think about it, if you keep the one-million-dollar wine until it's expired, would the loss be more significant than it's been drunk?"

"Yes, it would," answered Amber.

"That's right. So, we open to drink it now so it won't be expired. Then we wouldn't suffer a bigger loss. Right?" Jared said, a trace of shrewdness flashing through his eyes.

Amber was silent. She lowered her head to check on the wine in her arms. She had to admit that Jared had convinced her, so she didn't feel so concerned as earlier.

Jared had been studying her expressions all the time. He noticed that her hands holding the bottle tightly had loosened a bit.

He knew he had convinced her.

Hence, Jared reached out to take out the wine bottle and put it back on the table.

Amber still wanted to grab it back. Thinking about his words, she withdrew her hands in silence.

Then, Jared put her goblet of wine into her hands and said, "Drink it. We've opened it, anyway. It'll be a waste if you don't drink it."

Amber lowered her head to look at the red wine that emanated an intense aroma and accepted her fate.

She agreed with Jared. They had already opened it. If she poured the wine back, it wouldn't be able to be kept for a long time. In that case, it would cause a more considerable loss. Let alone the loss of one million dollars, she wouldn't be able to taste the wine in that case.

Thinking of that, Amber took a deep breath, raised her head, and gulped down the wine in her glass in one go.

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 746 Alcohol Enhances Boldness

She moved quickly, but she still had a sorry look. Jared was amused and laughed out. "Slow down, Amber. You'll get choked."

"No!" Amber put down the goblet on the table with strength and pushed it to him. "One more glass, please."

Jared raised his eyebrows. "Don't you feel sorry now?"

Amber glanced at him. "How could it be possible? I still am, but I'd rather finish it compared to making it sour. Hurry! One more glass," she urged him.

Jared chuckled again. "Okay. Here you go."

He picked up the wine bottle and refilled her goblet.

Amber picked it up. Staring at the shiny red liquid inside, she sighed. "It's all your fault. Why did you suddenly cook for me?"

"Hmm?" Jared looked at her in confusion. "Is it my fault?"

How could she blame him for it?

"Of course!" Amber stomped. "If you hadn't cooked, I wouldn't have wanted to celebrate it. If so, I wouldn't have recalled this bottle of wine. If I hadn't thought of it, you wouldn't have had the chance to open it. All in all, it's your fault."

Jared was shocked by her words.

He had never known she was two-faced. She pushed all blame on him.

He admitted that he had cooked for dinner and taken the initiative to do it, but he didn't ask her to celebrate it.

She wanted to celebrate it, and he tried to stop her but failed. She insisted on taking out the wine.

Now, she was blaming him for everything.

Jared covered his forehead, feeling extremely aggrieved.

Amber was unhappy, seeing him keep silent and press his thin lips together as if he was thinking. She pounded on the table. "What's wrong? Are you not convinced? Don't you think it's all your fault?"

Jared's lips twitched.

She was forcing him to admit it was his fault.

"All right. All right. It's all my fault. I'm sorry." Jared had to accept his fate and take all the blame. He patted Amber on her shoulder to calm her down.

Amber was his girlfriend, so he didn't mind taking the blame. He could coax her.

After all, he had to be tolerant. And he was willing to be that for Amber.

Thinking of that, Jared took a sip of the wine in his goblet. "How lucky you are to have me as your boyfriend. No one in this world will spoil you so much."

He shook the wine slightly, staring at the red liquid. He chuckled.

This was the first time he accepted to take the blame, and it was all because of the wine.

He was willing to do it. If others knew it, they wouldn't believe it.

Amber knew what Jared meant by his words and also realized how unreasonable she seemed just now.

However, she didn't care. Jared was her boyfriend. It wouldn't be a big deal if he took the blames.

Thinking of that, Amber snorted willfully at Jared. "I'm glad you are sensible."

Jared pinched her cheek. "Why didn't I know you were so naughty before?"

Amber patted his hand off. "You don't know me well. I don't think you have seen my sides."

"Oh?" Jared curled up his lips. "Then I look forward to digging them out."

"Take your time. I wonder how many you'll find." She gulped down the rest of the wine in her goblet as she spoke. Then she put the glass in front of him.

It was evident. She wanted another glass.

Jared slightly frowned. He didn't move. "Stop it."

"No! We can't waste it." Amber shook her head determinedly, insisting on drinking.

Jared covered his goblet with his big palm. "You'll get drunk. This wine is stronger than the ordinary ones. You are not good at drinking. I'm afraid you'll get hammered. Let's stop drinking, good girl. We can take a rain check."

"No way!" Amber was unhappy when hearing his refusal. She frowned deeply and said in a coquettish tone, "I insist. This wine tastes good. I still want some."

"No way," Jared refused again. He was about to put the wine bottle away.

Seeing that, Amber pounded the table and stood up. "Jared, I dare you! Don't put it away. Heard it? You can't put it away. Or... Or..."

"Or what?" Jared paused his paces and looked back at her. His eyes sparkled a bit, and she couldn't understand the emotions in them.

Amber blinked blankly and answered, "Or, I'll cry a river."

Then she pouted, ready to shed tears.

However, no matter how hard she tried to become moody and squeeze her eyes, she couldn't cry at all.

Jared was taken aback when looking at her.

He was startled when she pounded the table.

In his opinion, Amber wasn't such a moody woman just because she couldn't drink the wine.

However, she had done it, actually.

Jared suspected that she had been drunk, so she became short-tempered.

Then Amber was ready to cry, so Jared could confirm that she was indeed drunk.

Of course, she hadn't been hammered yet. She was slightly confused, but that explained why she had become short-tempered. However, she looked more lively than usual.

Jared looked at her blank face and blushed cheeks. Suddenly, he wanted to tease her. "Aren't you gonna cry a river? Why are you still not crying?"

Amber curled her lips in a grievance. "I can't cry out..."

Jared chuckled, his chest trembling slightly. He was indeed amused.

"All right. Then I'll put it away." With those words, he was about to head to the study.

Amber instantly held his waist. "No way! I said I still wanted it. You can't put it away."

"But you are drunk, Amber."

"No, I'm not."

"Yes, you are," Jared looked down at her and repeated solemnly.

Amber frowned in silence as if she was considering his words solemnly to ensure if she was drunk or not.

She looked up at him with a more blank look a while later. "Isn't it nice? It'll be a good chance for you to do whatever you want."

Jared's eye pupils shrank. Then his eyes darkened.

He gazed at her while his Adam's apple bobbed. He asked huskily, "Amber, do you know what you are talking about?"

Amber giggled. "Of course. Don't you always want to make love to me? Because I can't overcome the mental knot, you've been trying hard to tolerate it. You must suffer a lot. I could feel the change of your body in the meeting room during the daytime, so I decided to sleep with you at a proper time. I didn't know what time was the best, so I suggested drinking some wine. Then I could become bolder after drinking some. Hence, I will make a decision more determinedly."

Jared listened to her, his eye pupils shaking. His Adam's apple bobbed faster. His voice became rougher. "So... You didn't really mean to celebrate it. Your real purpose was to drink with the excuse of celebration. Then you would get drunk and sleep with me, right?"

"Sort of." Amber pressed her head to his chest, listening to his racing heartbeat. She panted in the alcohol smell and said, "I also wanted to celebrate. Kill two birds with one stone."

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 747 You'd Better Grasp the Chance

Then she chuckled suddenly. "Sure enough, alcohol brings me braveness. Am I quite bold now? If I was sober, I wouldn't dare say those words."

"Hm. I agree." Jared held her in his arms gently, still feeling excited.

He didn't know she had decided to have sex with him.

She needed to overcome the knot in her heart to do that, and she chose to get drunk.

Jared had to admit that it was an intelligent way.

"Then, what are you waiting for?" Amber had no idea what was in his mind. She pinched the collar of his shirt, spraying her fragrant breath with the alcohol aroma onto his face. "I finally made up my mind and

carried out my drunken plan. Jared, why are you hesitating? I'm not hammered yet, and I still have the consciousness. Soon, I'll sober up. Probably, I'll change my mind later. Why don't you grasp the chance?"

Sure enough, she was drunk and got bolder. She even urged him.

Jared's eyes became so intense that they almost drowned her. Gazing at Amber, he said calmly, "I'll grasp the chance certainly. After all, you've taken the initiative. Amber, I'm not a man without the principles. I don't want to take advantage of you when you are drunk. Or I'll take advantage of your perilous state. I want you to do it willingly, so I must ensure that you still have your consciousness now. Do you really know what you are doing?"

"Are you looking down on me?" Amber glared at him with her widened eyes. "Of course, I still have my consciousness. I'm a bit drunk, but my mind is clear. I know what I'm doing or saying. If now, can I talk to you so clearly?"

"No, you cannot," answered Jared while shaking his head.

Amber hmphed. "That's right. No worries. I can think clearly. I'm just bolder than usual."

Jared took a deep breath, sweat oozing from his temples.

What a temptress! Sure enough, she had become bolder. She wouldn't do and say those things usually. Now, she had become brave, so she dared to do and say anything.

"You're gonna kill me," Jared lowered his head and whispered in Amber's ear with heavy breaths.

Amber knew what he meant, snickering gloatingly.

Jared lifted her and carried her in his arms.

Amber wrapped her arms around his neck naturally so she wouldn't fall.

Jared looked down at her. His Adam's apple went up and down. "Amber, since you said you still had your consciousness, I'll get you a chance to regret it."

"No regret!" Amber shook her head hard. Then she giggled at him. "I've been wondering how it feels when doing it for a long time. I was too shy before. I was hammered and drugged when we had sex last time, so I didn't know or remember anything. I still don't know how it feels. Jared, you must perform well to let me know how it feels. I want to know if it's the same as others' descriptions."

Jared was shocked by her words.

He didn't know she asked others about having sex.

Seeing Jared didn't move while holding her as if he was absentminded, Amber curled her lips unhappily.

She patted him on his shoulder. "Why are you in a daze? Will you do it or not?"

Jared blinked and returned to his senses. Seeing that she was unhappy because he was standing there motionlessly, he chuckled. "You're so eager now. If I still don't take action, I'm afraid you'll doubt if I'm impotent."

"I wonder." Amber snorted.

Jared squinted slightly. "Really? Then I just have to show you what I've got."

The next second, he lowered his head, biting her lips directly.

It seemed he wanted to punish Amber's doubt in him. His kisses were aggressive. He bit and sucked her lips. When Amber moaned in discomfort, he finally became gentle. While kissing her, he walked towards their bedroom while carrying her in his arms.

They had an extremely crazy night.

Probably because he finally could make love to his beloved woman, Jared was pretty aggressive and passionate in bed. Several times, Amber couldn't bear it. She found changes to huddle up or crawl to the bed edge to escape.

However, she failed every time. Jared seized her ankles and dragged her back to him.

Amber patted and hit him while sobbing, wishing he could end it soon.

However, Jared didn't show any mercy to let go of her when she saw her crying face. Instead, he wanted more and moved more fiercely.

In his eyes, Amber looked pitiful when shedding tears, but it made him want to bully her more so that she could cry more.

Hence, after midnight, Amber's voice became hoarse. Her eyes were swollen. She couldn't shed any tears but only sobbed and groaned while lying on the bed.

At four in the morning, Amber was way too exhausted to hang on. However, Jared was still full of energy, as if it would never dry out. Amber felt shocked and regretful. She regretted making up her mind to sleep with him.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have been too exhausted to lift a finger.

She did enjoy it, but she also felt soreness all over.

She recalled that she was also exhausted last time, wondering if he had been the same.

Amber sobbed and said in a weak tone huskily, "Stop it, Jared... You can stop it now. Hmm... I'm so tired... I'm so sleepy."

She felt she was dying.

However, Jared seemed to want to continue.

He paused, looking down at Amber, who was gasping for breath sleepily. Then he reached out his hand to toss the wet hair on her sweaty face. He said spiritedly in a husky tone, "Really? Are you sleepy now?"

"Yes..." Amber slightly nodded.

Jared bent over to kiss her red, swollen lips. "You can go to sleep, but you must answer a question first."

Amber was about to cry again.

This man was a demon. She wanted to sleep, but he insisted on asking her to answer a question.

Jared didn't care what was in her mind. He asked in a low voice, "Tell me. Am I good?"

Amber almost opened her eyes as she was so shocked when hearing his question.

It seemed he was still upset about her remark earlier.

She realized why he was highly aggressive tonight.

Amber almost shed tears.

If she had known Jared was so obsessed with this question, she wouldn't have provoked him earlier.

Seeing that she didn't answer while sobbing, Jared increased the strength of his waist when moving.

Amber groaned. "Stop... Stop moving..."

"Then tell me. Am I good?" Jared squinted at her.

Amber sniffed and said in a grievance. "Yes, you are."

"Who do I belong to?" Jared asked again.

Amber felt more aggrieved. "Didn't you say I need to answer one question? This is the second..."

"It doesn't matter. The most important is I want to hear your answer." Jared tenderly stroked her reddened face in sweat.

Amber slightly opened her eyes, looking at him tearfully. "Mine."

Chapter 748 Congratulations from Ben

Her pitiful look intensified the urge in Jared's heart to tease her.

Yet he knew she couldn't take his aggression anymore, so he could only take a deep breath and suppress the thoughts of wanting to bully her even harder. He touched her hot face and muffled, "Who is yours? Say it. How will I know if you don't say the name?"

Amber knew that this man was purposefully making it hard for her, and she would have kicked him out of bed if she weren't so weak now, for sure!

"Hmm?" Jared saw Amber's eyes roll and slightly lowered his head, kissing her on the lips, "Thinking about something?"

"No." Amber looked away, not wanting him to see what was on her mind.

What if he realised it and wasn't going to let her go?

Jared didn't push when he saw Amber wouldn't say anything; he just chased her down to answer the question he had just asked, "Come on, who is yours? I'll let you rest if you answer."

"Who knows if you're lying to me again, making me answer and then moving on to the next question?" Amber bit her lips and said aggrievedly.

Jared laughed lowly, "Not again, not this time, trust me, okay?"

Amber turned and stared at him the whole time to confirm whether he was worth trusting.

Finally, Amber compromised and tried to trust the man a little, thinking about how exhausted she was. "Jared Farrell belongs to Amber Reed." her red, swollen lips moved as she answered in a hushed voice.

Although Jared felt a pity for her soft voice but seeing how worn-out she was, he dismissed the idea of asking her to say it louder again and lowered his head to rub his forehead against hers, saying in a gentle voice, "Well, that's good. I'll stop. Go to sleep, you've had a hard night."

He kissed the woman on the lips again with those words and then covered her eyes.

When the man finally let her go, Amber felt relieved and finally surrendered to her sleepiness, so she closed her eyes under his hand and fell asleep within two minutes.

She was so tired that her breathing was a little rougher than usual.

Jared took his hand away from Amber's eyes and looked at her sleeping but still flushed face and her stranded sweaty hair, and his heartfelt as soft as if it was melting.

He then lifted the covers off his body and got out of bed, picked up the trousers on the floor and put them on, topless, picked up the woman on the bed and headed for the bathroom.

By the time he had finished bathing himself and Amber and changed the bedsheets again, it was almost dawn.

Jared tucked Amber in, grabbed his phone from the cabinet and sent a text message to Ben saying that he was gonna take a leave today before he too got into bed and fell asleep with his arms around the woman, only to be awakened by a phone call at 2 pm.

Jared opened his eyes, and the first thing he did was look for the ringing phone and hang it up before looking at the woman beside him to see if she had been woken up.

After seeing that Amber hadn't been woken up, he rubbed his brow with relief and sat up from the bed.

"It's two o'clock?" Looking at the time displayed on his phone, Jared raised an eyebrow, not expecting that he would sleep into the afternoon.

If Ben hadn't called, he would have gone on sleeping.

Sleep quality is much higher than usual when a beautiful woman is in your arms.

Jared put his phone down and looked at Amber, still sleeping with deep affection.

He knew that he had tired her out last night, so she was not woken up by the phone, even though it was ringing loudly.

By looking at her, he knew she would still have to sleep for a while before she woke up.

Just let her sleep a little longer.

Jared leaned over, kissed Amber on the forehead, and left the room, going outside to return Ben's call.

"What is it?" Jared walked over to the sofa and sat down, pouring himself some water while asking in a low voice.

Over the phone, Ben was stunned to hear the rasp in Jared's voice and the hint of sleepiness in it, "Boss, you didn't just wake up, did you?"

Jared took a sip of water down his throat, "Mm."

"It's not until now that you're awake?" Ben glanced out of his office window; the bright, blinding sunlight was not often seen in the cold winter months.

And this sunlight, indeed, reminded him that it was after two in the afternoon, not in the morning.

Mr. Farrell slept until now...

Ben swallowed hard. Was this still his workaholic boss?

"What's the problem?" Jared didn't want to know what Ben was surprised about and asked indifferently as he sipped his water.

Ben shook his head repeatedly, "No, there's no problem."

Jared grunted and let it go, put his glass of water down and asked again, "At five o'clock, I asked you to inform Goldstone that Amber would not go to work today. Did you tell them?"

"Of course, I did. How could I not do what you ordered." Ben pushed up his glasses, flattered but with a sneer on his face.

He was furious about this call as it was five in the morning when it was dark; he was just in a sweet dream about having a girlfriend. He hadn't even seen what she looked like when his work mobile phone, which he had put on his bedside, vibrated like hell, directly waking him up and scaring his girlfriend away.

He had two work phones, and the one vibrating was especially for Mr. Farrell.

When he heard this phone vibrating at 5 am in the early morning, he thought there was something urgent to be dealt with at Mr. Farrell's place, and he couldn't even bother to reminisce about his girlfriend and rushed to check the message.

But instead of something urgent, he was asked to inform the two companies that Mr. Farrell and Miss Reed were not going to work during the day.

Damn!

Was it such a big deal that he couldn't talk about it in the morning?

Why did he have to tell him at five o'clock and wake him up from his wonderful dream?

Despite his discontentment, he still had to do what he was told.

So, he had no other choice but rushed off to settle it as soon as it was morning.

At first, he thought that Mr. Farrell and Miss Reed were going out on a date today instead of working at their respective companies, but he didn't expect these two to be sleeping and weren't awake until now.

Wait, sleep?

Ben suddenly thought of something, and his eyes widened.

If it was a regular sleep, they couldn't have slept until now.

Then, in that case, Mr. Farrell and Miss Reed...

Ben's eyes rolled around and asked tentatively, "Mr. Farrell?"

"Hmm?" Jared frowned, "What?"

"Is it..." Ben smiled lewdly, "Did you and Miss Reed do it last night?"

As Mr. Farrell's assistant, he was very clear about things between Mr. Farrell and Miss Reed.

Although they were together, Miss Reed and Jared did not proceed to the final step as Miss Reed was not ready.

But based on the fact that both of them were taking a leave today and slept until now, it was very likely that these two people had sex last night.

Jared's eyes narrowed at Ben's question, "What are you asking that for?"

Although he didn't explicitly answer, he didn't deny it either, so it seemed true.

Ben's smile grew lewder, "Nothing, no. I just wanted to congratulate you on finally getting what you wanted and having Miss Reed completely."

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 749 Braylee Asked to See You

Ben knew very well that although Miss Reed was back with Mr. Farrell, there was still a feeling of uncertainty within Mr. Farrell.

Because there was always something about Miss Reed that was resisting Mr. Farrell.

Now that Miss Reed has given her body and soul to Mr. Farrell, it can be confident that Mr. Farrell will be assured and spirited.

As expected, hearing Ben's congratulations, Jared curled his lips, "Well, nothing special to be congratulated for; it's just a normal thing."

He said, but his tone was undisguisedly smug.

Ben rolled his eyes, speechless, but smilingly responded, "Sure, Mr. Farrell."

"What's the matter with you calling?" Jared asked and lowered his eyes, "I told you I'm not going to the company today, and there's no need to look for me if there's anything; I'll deal with it when I get there tomorrow."

"I know, but what I'm going to say is not about the company's business but something about Braylee Reed," Ben answered thoughtfully.

When he heard this, Jared's back straightened up, "Braylee Reed?"

"Yes." Ben nodded, "I got a call this morning from the police saying that Braylee wanted to see you."

"What?" Jared's brow furrowed, "To see me?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure it's not to see Little Maple?"

It wasn't like he had anything to do with Braylee or a grudge.

Braylee was going to jail; it would make sense if she wanted to meet Amber, but why him?

"I'm sure it wasn't Miss Reed because that's what the police said, and I was really surprised so I double-checked. Braylee Reed wanted to see you indeed," Ben replied.

Jared's thin lips pursed, "I see. Did they say why Braylee wanted to see me?"

"Yes." Ben nodded, "The police said that the purpose of her wanting to see you seemed to be related to Miss Reed, which is why I called you specifically to tell you about it."

He knew that anything about Miss Reed, Mr. Farrell would take it seriously.

Otherwise, he would have turned down Braylee's ridiculous request for a meeting with Mr. Farrell.

After all, that woman had nothing to do with Mr. Farrell, and he wouldn't even mention it to Mr. Farrell as there was no need to meet her.

But when Miss Reed was involved, the outcome would be different.

"Something to do with Little Maple." Jared's eyes narrowed dangerously, "Did it say exactly what it was about?"

"Not really; the police are not sure too; after all, Braylee's political rights have not been taken away; she has the right to keep quiet." Ben replied helplessly and then asked, "So, Mr. Farrell, will you meet with her?"

Jared pondered, then lifted his chin, "Tell the police I'll be there tomorrow; I'd like to hear what the woman wants to say."

"Noted." Ben nodded and smiled, "Then, Mr. Farrell, I'll hang up now and leave you and Miss Reed alone; bye!"

He hung up the phone as fast as he could after saying that.

Normally, Ben would not have dared to hang up the phone first.

But this time was different; he was confident that his words about not interrupting their time together would not annoy him.

After all, when it came to Miss Reed, Mr. Farrell was like a lovestruck teenager, and he knew it.

So, there was no fear that Mr. Farrell would be angry.

It turned out that Ben had made the right move.

When Jared heard the words "I'll leave you two alone", his anger at Ben's audacity subsided.

Ben was smart enough; otherwise, no more bonus for him this month!

With a grunt, Jared dropped his phone and got up to the kitchen to cook some congee and wake Amber up later so she could eat some.

Although he knew she was tired from last night and probably wouldn't want to get up.

But still, she had to get up and eat something, or her stomach wouldn't take it.

Jared went to the kitchen and started cooking.

With the experience from last night's cooking, Jared was now more comfortable with cooking.

Even if he only knows a few dishes.

When the congee was ready, it was already after three o'clock.

Jared looked at the time and thought it was almost time to turn off the heat, so he untied his apron and headed to the room to wake Amber up.

When he got to the room, Amber was still asleep, with no intention of waking up.

Jared walked gently to the bed, sat down, and slowly shook Amber's shoulder, "Little Maple, wake up."

Amber was still asleep, dreaming that she was flying and was happy, but a giant hand suddenly reached out from the sky and touched her the next moment. Then she fell from the sky, woke up in a shock and opened her eyes with a shout.

Jared was startled by her sudden awakening and stunned for a couple of seconds before reacting, hastily asking, "Bad dream?"

Amber blinked and slowly calmed down before glaring at the man, "Yeah, you're the nightmare!"

"..." Jared's mouth tugged, "How am I a nightmare?"

"You sure are the nightmare." Amber hummed, "I was just flying, and a big hand shook me straight down, I woke up with the real sensation of falling in my dream, and it's all your fault."

Looking at the man's hand on her shoulder, she understood whose hand it was that had woken her up in shock.

If it wasn't his fault, whose fault it was.

Jared looked at Amber's face full of accusations and was amused, "Okay, fine, it's my fault. Is it okay if I apologise to you?"

"Hmm, that's more like it," Amber grunted and laughed, then braced herself up.

But she had forgotten what had happened last night, so she just got up straight away as usual.

Then Amber dropped back into bed, sore and aching, her whole face turned white, the aches and pains all over her body reminding her of what she had been through.

Amber stared blankly at the ceiling, tears gradually welling up in her eyes, all the memories of last night flooding back, including the feelings.

She remembered she had drunk deliberately last night, gotten herself half-drunk and then had the nerve to initiate sex with Jared.

And Jared, the brute, had been torturing her tirelessly.

"Ah..." The more she thought about it, the more ashamed she became; Amber grabbed the covers and threw them over her head, cutting herself off from the world.

She really couldn't believe that the person who was so drunk and bold was herself.

And she was so pushy, provoking Jared and urging him to hurry up and get the sex started.

So, she had brought it on herself last night, in a sense.

When Amber suddenly pulled the covers over herself, Jared was confused and wondered what was wrong, reaching out to pull the covers over her, "What's wrong? Why are you covering yourself up? Let go of it, don't hold your breath."

"Leave me alone." Amber muffled back from under the covers as she pulled hard on the blanket to keep the man from yanking them off.

Jared frowned, "I'm your partner. I need to take care of you. There, listen to me, let go."

Amber still wouldn't let go.

Jared lifted the covers with his strength ruthlessly.

Amber looked at him with widened eyes, obviously not believing he was straight at it, "You..."

Looking at Amber's blushed face and the shyness in her eyes that hadn't completely dissipated, Jared suddenly understood why she had covered herself up in the blanket.

It was because she remembered last night and felt embarrassed.

"Well, don't be shy. There's nothing to be ashamed of." Jared tossed the covers aside and looked down at the woman with a soft smile.

Chapter 750 Just About the Same

Amber's body wiggled.

Who said it wasn't something to be ashamed of? It was something that wasn't supposed to be seen, okay?

This was her first time in the true sense of counting, so how could she not be shy.

And...

Amber pulled the pyjama slightly away from her body, revealing her white, graceful swan-like neck.

But now, her flawless neck was now covered with hickeys, making one's imagination run wild.

Amber blushed and looked down at the red marks sucked out of her collarbone and glared at the man by the bed, "Look at you, that's too much. How would I go out like this?"

Jared looked at his masterpiece on her body, and his thin lips curled up, "It's still winter, and no one will see you in a turtleneck; furthermore, I'm not the only one who goes overboard."

"Hmm?" Amber's back jerked up, and they had an inexplicable lousy feeling.

The next thing she saw was Jared suddenly turning around with his back to her.

"What are you doing?" Amber asked, puzzled.

Instead of answering, the man lowered his head, pulled the strap of his robe tied around his waist, and half-removed the robe from his body, revealing his lean back.

It wasn't as if Amber had never seen Jared's back before; she knew precisely how many whipping marks Lady Georgia had left on it.

Now, in addition to the scars of the whip, there were many new bruises on his back, the marks running from his shoulders to his waist. It was numbing to look at; the smaller injuries were purple and red, not yet bleeding.

However, the more serious ones had broken skin and were covered with scabs of dried blood.

Amber was no fool and could tell where these marks on his back had come from.

Her nails scratched the thin vertical marks.

Amber hurriedly looked down at her nails and saw that some blood was still under them.

So, it was clear that she was responsible for the shocking scratches on Jared's back.

No wonder he said he wasn't the only one who went overboard.

He'd left ambiguous red marks all over her body, but in the same way, she'd left an imprint of passion all over his back.

So, the two of them are just about the same.

Looking at the bruises on Jared's back, Amber was embarrassed and had nothing to say.

Jared turned his head gently, noticed her embarrassed and shy look and chuckled, his shoulders shaking slightly as he pulled his robe back on, then turned around and held his hand out towards her, "Get up, aren't you hungry?"

Of course, she was hungry.

After hard-working all night and sleeping for so long during the day, she had long been hungry and had little energy left.

She couldn't get up, and besides the soreness and weakness all over her body, she was just hungry and had no energy.

Amber reached out her hand and placed it in Jared's with that in mind.

Jared took her hand and pulled her out of bed with little force.

The moment Amber's feet touched the floor, however, her legs gave out, and she fell forward.

Jared's expression tightened, and he pulled her immediately into his arms, preventing her from falling.

But Amber still groaned in pain.

Jared looked down, his face full of nervousness, "What's wrong?"

Amber gasped and replied tearfully, "It hurts."

"Where?" Jared looked even more nervous.

Amber's little face turned red, and her lips were bitten tightly instead of answering.

Her expression of shame and anger made him seem to know where she was referring to the pain.

The tips of his ears couldn't help but redden slightly as well, and he looked a little embarrassed, coughing softly against his lips, "Sorry about last night, I..."

"No talking!" Amber knew what he would say and immediately covered his mouth, shouting at him in embarrassment.

Jared nodded his head, indicating that he would not say anything.

Since he had finally gotten her last night, he was inevitably a little too excited to be tender when having sex with her.

After it was over, when he had bathed her, he had seen her private parts being tossed around by him.

So, she must be feeling soreness in that place.

It was his fault!

Amber had no idea what Jared was thinking, and when he promised not to say anything, she blushed and let go of his mouth.

He let out a small breath and then picked her up by her waist.

Amber was startled for a moment, "What are you doing?"

"You're not feeling well enough to walk, so I'm carrying you," Jared said as he carried her outside the room.

Amber was anxious, "No, hurry up and put me down; you don't want your arm."

Hearing her words, there was frustration and doting in Jared's eyes, "Don't worry, my arm is recovering well; it's under control and will be fine."

Knowing he was severe, and after seeing that he was holding her and that there was no discomfort in his left arm, Amber said nothing more and let him carry her out.

Because she really couldn't walk.

Not to mention the lack of strength in her body, but the pain from rubbing between her legs with every step she took made her not want to walk.

"It's all your fault." The more she thought about it, the angrier she became; Amber couldn't help but slap the man's shoulder.

The man stifled a grunt of pain, then laughed, "My fault. You can punish me."

"Oh?" Amber's eyes lit up at the suggestion, and she was immediately interested, "And how would you like me to punish you?"

There was a glint in Jared's eyes, "How about next time you make me unable to walk either?"

Amber was stunned, "Are you serious?"

"Of course!" Jared severely nodded, "It's fair, isn't it?"

"Yuck!" Amber blushed and rolled her eyes at the man.

Fair?

Fair my ass!

If next time he will be the one who won't be able to walk, she'll be the one to suffer.

A woman's strength is not as muscular as a man's. If he can't walk, she won't even be able to get out of bed.

So, what he was saying was not a punishment but a benefit for himself.

Don't even think about it.

Jared knew Amber understood the implication; he chuckled in a low voice, "Just kidding, don't get mad."

"It isn't funny. Aren't you afraid that one day you're gonna get beaten up because of your jokes?" With that, Amber slapped him on the back again.

Probably because she had tapped the scratch on his back, Jared's brow knitted and hummed, his handsome face turning slightly pale.

Amber was startled at sight, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing, just don't tap it again," Jared said in a muffled voice.

Amber understood what was going on and grunted, "You just deserve it."

She released the hand on his back despite her words and circled his neck instead.

Jared knew that she still cared for him.

Jared placed the woman in a chair at the dining table, coming into the living room.

Amber saw the meal on the table, which was handled the same as last night, and guessed that he had cooked it again.

"Not bad." Amber wiggled her legs happily.

The mere thought of a man who could cook for himself continuously was heart-warming.

Jared put a spoon into her hand, "I made you some shrimp congee. How's that?"

"Mm." Amber smiled and nodded, then scooped up a spoonful and put it in her mouth.

Jared looked at her, waiting for her comment.

Amber replied pretentiously, "It is difficult to make a simple dish unpalatable, right?"