

LLPD Chapter 791

Chapter 791 Jared's Tricks

Okay then, this conversation was over.

He couldn't care less about whether Logan was his brother or not and he didn't care that Logan was just a kid.

What he cared about was that he didn't like it when a guy had been contacting her.

He was so possessive that Amber found it frustrating and funny.

Amber pulled a wry face and rubbed her forehead, "Fine, I won't pick up all of his calls from now on, okay?"

Logan would come back soon anyway. They wouldn't need to make phone calls so much.

Because they could just talk face to face more often.

Of course, she wouldn't say that out loud.

Hearing that Amber had promised him, Jared finally smiled and felt better.

Amber put down the spoon and said, "By the way, Logan has grown up a lot. He just apologized to me back then."

"Why would he apologize to you?" Jared instantly frowned and seemed intense, "did he just pick on you on the phone?"

Amber was stunned a bit and didn't quite understand how he drew this conclusion. She found it both hilarious and heartwarming.

"No," Amber shook her head, "he was apologizing for the past."

Hearing that, Jared finally stopped overreacting and calmed down. He lifted his chin and said, "Then he should apologize to you. My mother...Shonna should apologize too. But I'm sorry that I can't just force her to do that. She's the one who raised me. But I will take the responsibility to apologize to you."

"No need," Amber carelessly waved her hand, "it's her fault, not yours. You don't have to take it for her. And I've been wanting to let her slide for your sake in the first place because I don't care about her apology at all. Even if she apologizes, she wouldn't mean it. So she doesn't have to do anything as long as I don't have to live with her under the same roof. We just go our separate ways and don't have to deal with each other."

Jared chuckled, "Of course. I've said it before that we'll be living in Zenith Building. Though it is not as big and fancy as the Farrell's Mansion it's enough for us to live in, don't you think?"

A rather small house would feel more like home.

If it was too big, it would be a bit lonesome even if two live birds live there together.

"I'm okay as long as I don't have to live with Shonna," Amber said, blushing.

Jared rubbed her hair and said, "Good. Okay, let's eat. The food is getting cold."

Amber hummed and suddenly thought of something. She looked at him caringly and asked, "Have you eaten anything yet?"

Jared nodded, "Yeah, Ben sent some food here. I wanted to invite you but then I thought about it and changed my mind. And I saved the food for you."

"Why did you change your mind?" Amber asked as she was eating.

Jared's eyes darkened and leaned back. He propped up his head with his hand and looked at her in a passionate way like he was going to eat her alive. He said in a seductive voice, "Because I want you to have some sleep. When you're fully rested, you won't be able to sleep at night. And if you can't sleep at night, you'll have enough energy to be with me tonight."

Click!

The fork in Amber's hand was suddenly dropped to the desk and clashed. She was in shock.

"If you can't sleep at night, you'll have enough energy to be with me tonight." Those words kept hovering in her head and she couldn't get them out of his mind.

She suddenly remembered that in the daytime she promised him she would stay in his office with him tonight.

And then she connected the dots...

Boom!

Amber felt her face burning up and she started blushing. Her almond eyes were wide open as she stared at him shyly.

She never realized that was the goal of his plan that he didn't wake her up and just let her sleep.

This man was so...

Shameless!

And the most important thing was she was indeed energetic.

Usually, she would be exhausted at this hour but now she was in good spirits.

So his plan worked.

"Why are you staring at me?" Jared acted like he didn't understand why Amber was looking at him like that. He coughed and pretended to be stern, "Go on, eat. You'll only have energy when you're full."

"Yeah, I'll have the strength to survive the torment only after I'm full," Amber clenched her fists and gritted her teeth as she said that.

Jared raised her eyebrows, "Hmm, you misunderstood. I didn't mean that. I just want to fill your belly. It's not healthy to skip meals."

"Huh," Amber rolled her eyes, "you think I'm gonna believe that?"

Jared felt a bit guilty and looked away without saying another word.

Because even he didn't believe his own words.

After all, he claimed that she needed to eat enough food to get more energy. So what he said next didn't seem so convincing.

Seeing that Jared was silent, Amber angrily smacked the desk, "I'm done eating. I'm too mad to eat."

"Really?" Jared narrowed his eyes.

Amber hummed, "Yeah."

"Alright." Jared stood up and walked towards her.

Amber looked at him and somehow feel a bit uneasy. She subconsciously got up and moved to the other side a little, asking cautiously, "What are you doing? You stop right there! Don't go near me!"

Jared ignored her words and came to her side. He bent over and carried her whole body with his arms, "Since you're full, let's do some exercises to help you digest."

Then he carried her to the bedroom.

"What?" Amber was stunned.

Do exercises to help her digest since she was full?

She suddenly felt like she just shot herself in the foot.

Realizing that Jared was setting her up by asking if she was really done eating, Amber was even more furious. She smacked Jared's shoulder and yelled, "Jared, shame on you! You tricked me!"

"I didn't. I was just asking you if you wanna eat more. Since you don't, the rest of your time is mine," Jared responded, grinning. He looked down at her and pushed the door open with his foot.

Amber chocked up a little and then said in anger, "Who says my time is yours if I don't wanna eat anymore? This isn't..."

"It's nighttime now," Jared suddenly interrupted her and reminded her.

Amber batted her eyes, "What do you mean?"

"You said you will stay with me in the nighttime, which means your time is mine when the sun sets. But I'm still kind enough to give you two hours to let you eat. But you're not grateful for that and failed me. So you should be here with me next," Jared put her on the bed and sighed, acting like she was the cruel one.

Amber was in shock.

Why did he put it like she was being ungrateful?

She did say she would stay with him at the night but she never said that her nighttime was completely his.

He made the whole thing up and used that to trick her. He had gone too far.

Amber glared at him and was about to say something. But then Jared suddenly lowered his head and kissed her on the lips, stopping her from saying whatever she was about to say.

In a moment, they started getting more intimate and making those sounds. Even the moon shied away and hid behind the clouds. Then the room didn't get quiet again until dawn.??????

Chapter 792 Mr. Farrell Is An Enchantress

Jared looked at the sleeping woman in his arms and realized that he had worn her out.

He blamed himself for the night, but it wasn't all his fault.

How could he control himself when doing the most intimate thing in the world with the woman he loved?

Rubbing his eyebrows, Jared thought he must apologize to her when he woke up and buy her something nice.

After thinking it that way, Jared picked Amber up, walked to the bathroom, gave himself and Amber a quick wash, and then cuddled her to sleep.

But Jared didn't get much sleep either. He woke up at 7 o'clock. After getting dressed and freshened up, he kisses Amber on the cheek and silently leaves the room, leaving Kelsington Bay.

He got all of the unanimous votes of all the people in the meeting room at yesterday's meeting, so naturally, he would be very busy today.

He had to go on a factory tour today, which was why he had to leave so early. Otherwise, he would stay with her until she woke up.

"Mr. Farrell." Ben leaned next to Jared's car in the parking lot and had been waiting for a while. When he saw Jared coming, he dropped his cigarette and ground it out. He straightened up and greeted Jared.

Jared responded and said, "Tell Sheila later that Little Maple will come to Goldstone Co. a bit late."

Hearing that, Ben instantly knew what had happened. He smiled and nodded, "Yes, Mr. Farrell."

Good for Mr. Farrell. He could even make Miss Reed not be able to get up and go to work. That's how good Mr. Farrell was in bed.

As Ben giggled, Jared gave him a look.

Ben knew he was giving away his obscene thoughts, so he wiped his smile off his face and coughed seriously, "I'm sorry, Mr. Farrell, my throat is a little itchy."

Jared ignored him. He just pulled the door open and got in.

Seeing that, Ben got into the driver's seat and was fastening his seat belt when he heard a voice behind him, "Call the hotel to prepare breakfast and send it to Kelsington Bay around nine o'clock. But tell them not to knock. Tell someone to wait at the door until Little Maple wakes up. Then give her breakfast and leave her alone."

"Yes, Mr. Farrell." Ben nodded.

Jared didn't say anything more. He pulled out his phone, looked down, and clicked on the screen.

As he put it away, Amber's phone lighted up and vibrated in the room.

Amber was in bed when she heard the noises. She frowned a bit and her eyelids moved, as if she was about to wake up.

But in the end, because she was way too drowsy, she just couldn't get up after a while so she simply gave up and let herself fall asleep again.

She slept for another two or three hours until a phone call woke her up completely.

"Hello?" Amber still couldn't open her eyes. She just put her hand out of the covers and reached it out to the nightstand.

She usually put her phone on the nightstand every night before she went to bed. So she fumbled for her phone quickly and then she swiped the screen again automatically and put it to her ear.

On the other end of the line, Sheila heard Amber's hoarse and sleepy voice and suddenly fell silent for a moment before speaking, "Miss Reed, it's me."

"Hi, Sheila." Amber heard her voice and rubbed her eyes. She finally opened her eyes and then laid flat on her back and stared at the lights on the ceiling.

Sheila nodded, "It's me, Miss Reed, you're...still in bed?"

She asked cautiously and tentatively.

In the morning, she received a call from Mr. Farrell's assistant Ben, who said that Miss Reed would still be late today.

She then realized that Miss Reed must have slept with Mr. Farrell again last night, otherwise, how could she be late?

Miss Reed used to come to work at Goldstone Co. on time every day. But ever since Miss Reed and Mr. Farrell became intimate with each other, she hadn't shown up at Goldstone Co. in the past few days.

She was supposed to come today, but now it was almost noon and Miss Reed still hadn't come and was still asleep in bed.

So it could be imagined that Mr. Farrell, a man who is like an enchantress, had compelled Miss Reed to stop working. He was the one to blame!

Amber wasn't sure what the secretary was thinking about on the other end of the phone. When she heard Sheila ask if she was up yet, she blushed, then turned her head to look at the other side of the bed.

His side of the bed was already empty. And when she touched it, it was all cold. It was obvious that Jared had left and she didn't know how long he had been gone.

She was angry and embarrassed. She complained that this man did not wake her up when he got up, otherwise, she would not have been asked by Sheila if she was still up.

She was sure that Sheila knew why she hadn't gotten up at this hour.

This was humiliating!

Amber covered her face and replied in embarrassment, "I'm going to get up soon."

Sheila already knew she wasn't up anyway, so she had to admit it.

She had already lost her face so she had nothing left to lose.

"Okay." Sheila smiled.

Amber rubbed her temples, then propped herself up and sat up.

Her body was still sore after a night of intense sex, but she obviously felt better than she had the day before.

And most importantly, she could feel that last night Jared was as intense as the night before, but her body was not so sore anymore.

Apparently, this meant that her body was actually getting used to sex.

Thinking about it, Amber blushed again.

She didn't even know whether this was a good thing or a bad thing.

But she was one hundred percent sure that it was definitely good for Jared.

"Hmm." Amber coughed awkwardly, then hurriedly put aside everything she was thinking about. She changed the subject and asked about the business, "By the way, Sheila, why did you call? Is there something wrong?"

"Yes, something happened but it's not that bad," Sheila pushed up her black-framed glasses and looked serious, "yesterday you told me that a woman would apologize to you on the internet, and asked me to keep an eye on the PR department so that some bad comments wouldn't appear on the internet and let this matter fester into a cyber bully."

"Hmm," Amber nodded slightly, "Then what? Has that Alice already apologized?"

"Yes," Sheila nodded, "at eight o'clock this morning, after she contacted the front desk, she opened up a live online room and publicly apologized to you. She was crying hard and kept saying she was sorry, which was so disgusting that I couldn't bear to watch."

"Oh?" Amber raised her eyebrows, "did she do something?"

Since Sheila thought that Alice's apology was so disgusting, Alice obviously did something.

"Miss Reed, you are right. She didn't blatantly do anything, but I didn't hear any sincerity in her apology. She said she owns you an apology but that tone was not apologetic at all. It rather sounded like you

were the one who has wronged her. And she's crying so hard that everyone was misled. She wants everyone to think you forced her to apologize. This bitch is really pissing me off!" Sheila said indignantly.

Amber was smiling but there was only coldness in her eyes, "Well, don't be mad, she was right. I did force her to apologize to me."

Chapter 793 Help Him Get Well

"Uh..." Sheila froze for a moment, and then realized that things were exactly as she said.

She rubbed the tip of her nose awkwardly and said, "Even if you did force her to apologize, it was her fault in the first place. And if you hadn't forced her, she wouldn't have apologized at all. So it's not wrong for you to force her to do that. But she's acting like you're the bad guy here, which is really despicable."

Amber laughed sarcastically, "There's nothing you can do about it. Morons like this one will never think that they are wrong. In their view, the wrong one was never themselves."

Makenna was just like her.

She wondered where exactly Makenna was hiding now.

Elias said that he had poisoned Makenna twice with the venom extracted from iron trees, the kind of venom that could make people suffer from one of the most painful terminal diseases, that was, ALS.

Although it was unlikely that Makenna would get ALS directly, her immune system was already damaged by the venom and her movements would begin to be slow and stiff.

So she and Jared had been looking for doctors around the world who specialized in treating ALS in order to search for Makenna. But after searching for a long time, they found that those doctors had not seen anyone that might be Makenna, nor had these doctors been asked to see anyone else in private.

So, judging from that, Makenna's body had not yet begun to become stiff. After all, each person's physique would be different, Elias also couldn't guarantee that there would definitely be something wrong with Makenna's body, and the only sure thing was that there was a higher probability of problems.

Secondly, it was possible that Makenna's physical conditions did have problems, but in order not to be found, she deliberately did not seek medical attention, allowing her body to become stiff.

After all, Makenna was a ruthless person to start with. She was cruel to others and to herself.

Amber took a deep breath and stopped thinking about Makenna for a while. Otherwise, the more she thought about it, the more irritated she became.

"What's the situation of social media right now?" Amber asked as she moved her neck a bit.

Sheila replied, "According to your instructions, the PR department has been working since the beginning. Although there was some bad speculation about you on the internet due to Alice's playing victim, it was not a big problem. The PR department has basically kept the negative news down and

there's nothing too big. On the contrary, some media have been contacting me to ask about the specific reason for Alice's apology, which I didn't answer."

"That's right. No matter who asks that, tell them we have no comment." Amber waved her hand.

Sheila nodded, "I know. But Alice is playing victim online to mislead everyone. Miss Reed, do you want to..."

"No," Amber pursed her lips, "I understand what you mean. But don't give attention to people like that. The more attention you give her, the more she'll get thrilled and end up doing something instead to prove that we've bullied her, which would cause greater damage. Just ignore her. You won't see her again anyway so there's no need to deal with her."

Since she put it like that, Sheila had no choice but to give up. She said, "Okay, I get it."

Amber said, "Alright then, I gotta hang up now. I'll be at Goldstone Co. this afternoon."

"Okay, Miss Reed," Sheila nodded.

Amber put the phone down from her ear and checked the time.

It was twenty minutes past ten.

She hadn't been asleep for that long.

She remembered that she was fast asleep last night when she faintly saw the break of dawn outside the floor-to-ceiling windows.

It must have been after five o'clock at that time.

So, she had only slept for five or six hours, which was indeed not that long.

But this was only the case for her as a late sleeper.

For someone who usually went to bed before 12 o'clock, she did get up too late.

She scrolled down the screen of her phone and realized that there was another message from Jared. She checked the time it was sent and found out it was actually after 7:00 am.

So, he had gotten up that early and left so soon.

Did that mean he stayed up all night?

Amber pursed her lips and frowned. Wasn't he afraid that his body wouldn't be able to take it if he hadn't slept all night?

She was exhausted from last night but she wasn't the one who had done most of the work. It was him.

For a person who just lied that and didn't do any work, she was so tired that she just passed out and fell asleep. It wouldn't be that easy breezy for a guy who had been doing all the work for the whole night.

So, he must have been tired.

But he didn't stay here for a bit longer to have some rest and just left so early. Did he really think he was the toughest man on earth?

Amber looked quite grim and was a bit upset and worried. She was concerned about Jared's health.

She wouldn't have cared so much if he wasn't her husband.

She fretfully scratched her hair and checked out the message Jared sent her to see what he had said.

By the time she actually read what he wrote, Amber wasn't mad anymore and smiled, "Why are you always thinking about me? Think about yourself for once."

Turned out in the message Jared told her that he had her breakfast arranged and someone would send it to her around 9 o'clock. If she wasn't awake at that time, that person would wait for her to wake up outside the door and give her breakfast to her. He didn't mention that this person would knock on her door to tell her breakfast was here.

He must have told his staff about that just to make sure she could get more sleep.

This man was always capable of doing something nice like the breakfast and the pajamas she was wearing to ease her anger before she got mad at him.

When she passed out last night, she was completely naked. But now she was wearing a robe and her skin didn't feel sweaty and sticky at all. Jared must have given her a bath last night.

How could she be mad at a man who was so thoughtful?

Amber started typing and told Jared that she got it. She got out of bed despite the discomfort she was feeling right now and headed to the living room foyer to open the door.

Just as she expected, there was indeed a person squatting by the door.

The man was wearing a hotel waiter's uniform with a delivery box by his side and was currently squatting there, playing with his phone.

When he heard the door open behind him, the waiter immediately turned his head to look back and saw Amber. He hurriedly put away his phone and stood up, greeting her happily, "Miss, you are finally awake."

Of course, he was happy to see her. He had been waiting for her for an hour and his feet were getting numb. Now that she finally came, he could get his job done and leave.

Amber saw how excitedly this waiter was staring at her and understood the reason why. She smiled embarrassedly, "Sorry that I got up too late and let you wait for such a long time."

"That's okay." The waiter waved his hand, then lifted the box up and unzipped it. He took out the breakfast inside and handed it to Amber, "Miss, this is the breakfast ordered by Mr. Farrell for you. It has been kept in the insulated box so it's still hot. You can enjoy it directly."

"Okay, thank you so much." Amber took the breakfast and smiled as she felt the warmth coming from the bag.

The waiter slung the box over his shoulder and said, “No problem. Then please enjoy your meal, miss, I’ll leave you to it.”

“Okay.” Amber nodded.

The waiter turned around and left as Amber watched him go. Then she closed the door and carried her breakfast into the room. She came to the table, pulled out a chair and sat down and then she started to eat.

As she ate, she was thinking about whether she should bring something to Jared as well.

He didn’t even sleep last night. How about sending him some soup or something to help him get well?

After all, it would be inappropriate to send anything else that wouldn’t do any good to his health.

And Jared hadn’t replied to her messages yet, so he was probably busy.

How could his body take it if it hadn’t rested all night and had to work so hard right now?

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 794 There Is No Way That I’m Her Daughter

The more she thought about it, the more worried she was about Jared’s health. Amber finally decided to make him some soup. As a girlfriend, it was only right to make some soup for her boyfriend.

Thinking of this, Amber sped up the speed when eating breakfast. After that, she took the garbage out and went to the neighborhood supermarket to buy the ingredients for the soup.

It was still early, and she had plenty of time to make soup since she was going to work at Goldstone Co. in the afternoon.

Amber started picking through ingredients in the market and then chose some beef bones to make beef bone soup for Jared.

Beef bone soup could help strengthen his body, plus beef could drive away the cold. Under such cold weather, a nice bowl of beef bone soup could also warm up the body.

She believed that Jared would like it.

Amber looked at the beef bones in her hand and smiled lightly, then put them in the basket and went to the cashier to check out.

It was already eleven thirty when she returned to her community.

Amber walked into the apartment building, went to the elevator, and was just about to press the elevator button when she saw a familiar figure standing in front of the elevator.

The woman slightly lowered her head with her hands tightly carrying the bag handle. She was standing there and it looked like she was lost in thought and did not notice someone else was there.

Amber looked at this person with her red lips slightly pursed. She frowned and asked in a cold voice, “Miss Gardner, why are you here?”

Hearing Amber's voice, this woman came back to her senses and looked up at Amber. When she saw Amber, she obviously panicked for a moment, but quickly regained her calm. She squeezed the bag handle and forced a smile, "Nice to see you, Miss Reed."

Amber stared at her, "What? Miss Gardner, do you own a house here?"

"No." Makayla shook her head honestly.

Amber frowned even harder, "If you don't have a house here, then why are you here? Don't tell me you took a walk to get here. East Aspen and here are in two different directions."

Makayla was silent for a few seconds, then suddenly stared at her, "Miss Reed, I didn't come here to take a walk, I came here for you."

"For me?" Amber raised her eyebrows and was not very surprised by Makayla's answer.

Because she had just realized that Makayla was most likely coming for her.

"I don't think there's any reason for us to meet. So Miss Gardner, what exactly is it that you wanted to see me about?" Amber asked blandly, clutching the paper bag in her arms.

Makayla bit her lip and said, "I didn't come here for anything else, I just wanted to ask you a question."

If she hadn't known she might get hung up if she called.

She wouldn't have even come here in person.

"A question?" Amber narrowed her eyes, "what question is worth the long trip here?"

Makayla squeezed the bag handle in her hand again, "Miss Reed, my dad's health is getting worse and worse. The doctor says he may not live for more than six months at this rate."

"And then what?" Amber looked at her indifferently.

Makayla took a deep breath and said, "My dad desperately needs a kidney right now, and I..."

"Stop right there!" Amber's face was grim and her voice was full of coldness, "Are you here to convince me to donate a kidney to Trenton again? If so, please leave. I don't think we have much to talk about."

She reached out a hand to show her out, "If you don't leave right now, I will ask the security to come and throw you out. Miss Gardner, it's your choice."

Makayla hastily took Amber's arm, "No, Miss Reed, I'm not here to..."

"Hands off of me!" Before she could finish her sentence, she was once again interrupted by Amber.

Amber lowered her eyes to look at Makayla's hand gripping her arm seemed quite gloomy.

If she wasn't afraid of breaking the paper bag in her hand or getting it on the floor, she wouldn't have asked Makayla to let go of her hand and just shook it off instead.

Makayla felt the resentment from Amber and knew that her grip on her had made her angry. She froze and finally let go of her hand, but she was a little annoyed.

If it weren't for her father, she wouldn't be so tolerant.

She was no longer that Judy that everyone could bully and humiliate. She had become the daughter of the Gardner family and she was just as noble as Amber.

So, she didn't need to tolerate Amber's anger toward her.

But it wasn't the right time for now. For the sake of her father and her future, she could only endure Amber's temper.

After taking a deep breath, Makayla forced a smile and apologized to Amber, "I'm sorry, Miss Reed, I didn't mean to offend you, I just got too emotional."

Amber raised her head and gave her a wry look. Then she looked back down at the scratched and wrinkled sleeve with a huff.

She had to change her clothes again.

"Miss Reed, I really didn't mean to force you to donate a kidney to dad this time. I just wanted to ask you if...if Trenton were your dad, would you donate a kidney to him?" Makayla acted like she didn't see the boredom on Amber's face, clenched her hand, and showed the purpose of this visit.

At these words, Amber stopped fixing her sleeves and looked up at Makayla with a strange look on her face, "Miss Gardner, are you out of your mind? How dare you ask me that question?"

"I'm not crazy!" Makayla looked down and seemed quite weird, "I'm serious. I really want to know if Trenton was your dad, would you donate a kidney to him?"

Amber stared at her for a moment, which made Makayla very anxious. Then she suddenly stopped gazing and snorted, "I don't know why you would ask such a ridiculous question, but I can tell you my answer right now. No way!"

Makayla stared at her in disbelief, "Why? Miss Reed, even if Trenton is your father, you don't even want to donate a kidney to your own father?"

"Of course, I would donate a kidney to my own dad, but only if my dad isn't a disgustingly bad guy like Trenton!" Amber didn't hesitate to tell her her answer.

Makayla was so shocked that she couldn't utter a single word, "You...How can you be so indifferent? Even if your dad is evil, he is your father You don't even want to save your own father!"

"Why should I save a villain? Saving him might make me look like a good daughter, but at the same time, that means I would bring a devil back to life. How much harm would that bring to the society, huh? And how many people would end up miserable because of such a bad guy? So for the sake of the society and for the sake of others, I would rather be righteous and people will praise me for doing the right thing."

Amber looked at her and coldly added, "Also, there is no if in this world and there is no way that I'm Trenton's daughter. I don't know why you came here today just to ask me these strange questions, but I can tell you clearly, I won't save Trenton, so you should abort this idea before it's too late."

After saying that, she directly walked past Makayla and entered the elevator.

Makayla looked at the slowly closing elevator door and finally came back to her senses. Her face gradually became twisted and her red eyes were staring at Amber who was behind the elevator doors. She gritted her teeth and murmured, "I gave you a chance, Amber, I gave you a chance, but you didn't cherish it. So don't blame me!"

She gotta take good care of herself.

So what if Mr. Farrell was there to protect Amber? For the sake of her future happiness.

She must risk it all once.

She couldn't let her father die!

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 795 Sheila's Teasing

Even though Amber didn't hear what Makayla was saying to herself, she noticed the sudden change of the expression on Makayla's face at the moment the elevator door closed up.

That twisted look and the resentful eyes were so terrifying that they made her shiver.

She knew why Makayla would look at her like that. It was because Makayla didn't get the answer she wanted from her.

What Makayla wanted was that Amber would agree to donate her kidney to Trenton whether Trenton was her biological father or not.

But she didn't agree to do that after all, which made Makayla furious.

The funny thing was, she didn't know why Makayla could be so shameless to ask her to do that. She didn't know why would Makayla think that she would save Trenton and regard him as her father.

She even stupidly asked her what if Trenton really was her father just to make her save him.

Trenton was her father?

Amber looked at the screen in the elevator and smirked.

How was that even possible?

If Trenton really was her father, it would be pathetic for her.

She was raised by the Reed family. If her biological father was the one who destroyed the Reed family, how could she live with that misery in such an awkward position?

Should she help the Reed family take revenge?

Or should she give up seeking revenge and go back to her biological father?

Well, either way was an impossible decision for her.

If she chose the former, she was a monster who could even do harm to her biological parents and everyone would be pointing fingers at her.

But if she chose the latter, she would be the ungrateful bastard who betrayed her foster parents who treated her as their own and people would still despise her.

So either way was a dead end for her. The only she could do was to resolve the contractions between these two families and do it in a peaceful way.

And the peaceful way was to use her own death to revolve the hatred between these two families.

As long as she was dead, she didn't have to revenge on the Reed family.

As long as she was dead, maybe Mr. and Mrs. Gardner would feel sorry for what they had done to the Reed family and let it go. Maybe they would choose to atone for their past sins. After all, the Reed family raised their daughter.

In that way, she didn't have to face her biological parents in person and could undo the wrong for the Reed family. No one needs to die in the feud except for her.

That would be nice.

Of course, the premise was that Mr. and Mrs. Gardner were really her biological parents.

But the truth was, they weren't. She didn't have to care about the feud between the Reed family and the Gardner family and take vengeance on the Gardner family.

Speaking of that, Hayden mentioned it to her that the government had set up a business investigation team. The companies that were facing investigation in Olkmore City were the Trident Group and another company.

Now the investigation team had gone to Kongham City, which was next to the city they were in. The team was going to Olkmore City the next month to undertake a full investigation into the Trident Group.

There must be something wrong with the Trident Group and Trenton hadn't been well lately.

If the investigation team dug up something from the Trident Group next month, would Trenton drop dead out of something wrong rage?

Thinking of that possibility, Amber felt quite delighted.

Ding!

The elevator had arrived on the first floor.

Amber took a deep breath and contained herself. She exited the elevator carrying the paper bag. She went back to her apartment and started making the soup.

When the soup was ready, it was almost one o'clock.

Amber grabbed the thermal lunch box and drove all the way to Goldstone Co.

At first, she wanted to take it directly to the Farrell Group. But on the way there, she got a call from Sheila and she said that there was an important file that needed to be signed by her right now. So she had no choice but to go back to Goldstone Co. first.

“Miss Reed.”

“Good afternoon, Miss Reed.”

Amber walked into the gate of Goldstone Co. On the way, all of the employees who were passing by all stopped and greeted her.

Amber smiled and nodded to all of them.

Soon after that, she arrived at the top floor. The second she exited the elevator, she saw Sheila waiting by the office door.

Amber waved at her and Sheila started smiling, “Good afternoon, Miss Reed.”

“Good afternoon,” Amber coughed and answered awkwardly.

She managed to greet back to the employees calmly when they said hello to her.

But she couldn’t do that to Sheila. Because Sheila knew the reason why she was here so late.

So she was a bit embarrassed when she responded.

However, she had become cheekier than before. As long as she didn’t look her in the eyes, she could barely manage to act as nothing happened and open the office door indifferently.

She hadn’t been to her office for two days so the air wasn’t so fresh here.

Sheila walked straight to the windows and opened them all to get some fresh air.

Amber put down her purse and smiled at her, “Thanks.”

Sheila shook her head, “You’re more than welcome, Miss Reed. It’s my pleasure.”

“That being said, it doesn’t mean I get to be rude.” Amber grinned and put out the chair to sit down.

Sheila stood in front of her desk and said, “Miss Reed, I think it’s best to give me a spare key. If you have to take one or two days off again, I can help clean your office.”

Those words instantly made Amber blush, “What do you mean by saying that I have to take one or two days off? Nonsense.”

Sheila jokingly looked at her and said, “That’s not nonsense. These two days has been an excellent proof for that, hasn’t it?”

Amber didn’t know what to respond to her words and her face turned even redder.

In the end, she acted like she was outraged and threw a stuffed toy at Sheila, “Good for you! You’ve got some nerves to tease me like that.”

Sheila caught the toy and put it on the desk, smiling, “Don’t get mad, Miss Reed. I’m just kidding. But to be honest, Miss Reed, you’re glowing today.”

“Really?” Amber started touching her cheeks.

Sheila nodded, "Really. Your cheeks are rosy and you look much better than usual. All thanks to Mr. Farrell."

"What does that have to do with him?" Amber raised her eyebrows and didn't quite get what Sheila meant.

Then she suddenly realized what she meant by saying it was all due to Jared when she saw Sheila grin quietly,

For a moment, she started blushing again and became a bit mad and helpless, "Sheila, if you say that again, I'm gonna be mad at you."

"No no no, I won't say that again." Sheila giggled as she waved her hands, meaning that she wouldn't gab about it again.

Amber snorted, "Fine. Give me the documents."

"Okay." Sheila rubbed her cheeks and became serious and stern like she always was when she was at work. She handed the documents to her with both of her hands.

Amber took them over and started signing them as she said, "By the way, could you please help me have this sent to the Farrell Group?"

She used her pen to knock against the thermal lunch box.

Sheila pushed up her black frame glasses and asked, "Miss Reed, is it for Mr. Farrell?"

She guessed that right away.

Amber stopped hiding and nodded while she looked away, "Yeah. He was in a car accident the day before yesterday. Though he is completely okay, I'm still worried about him so I wanna make him some soup to help him get well soon."

She could never admit that the real reason why she made that soup for him was what happened last night.

If she really said that to Sheila, she would definitely taunt her for that.

So she decided not to come clean.

Just as she expected, Sheila didn't think twice about it when she heard that Amber made it to help him get better after the car accident. She took the lunch box and said, "I'll ask Jack to do it. He needs to go to Yutoga and he can stop by."

"Okay, do it your way then." Amber nodded and handed Sheila the documents she had just signed.

Chapter 796 Plan Failed

Sheila took the document and went out with the insulation box.

After she left, Amber leaned against the back of the chair, pinched the bridge of her nose, and breathed a sigh of relief.

She suddenly realized that Sheila had changed a lot these days.

In the past, Sheila was a typical businesswoman. She had a serious face with no expression on it, which made people feel nervous.

But now Sheila was different. She wasn't as serious as before. She was softer, often smiled, and even joked with her.

Just now, she even dared to tease her.

In addition, Sheila's dressing style seemed to have changed a little. Although the change was not obvious, and she still wore the same black suit and skirt, as usual, she didn't wear high-heeled shoes now. She liked wearing flat shoes.

But Amber didn't think too much. She just thought that Sheila was tired of wearing high-heeled shoes and wanted to change to a new style.

Although Sheila seldom dressed up, she was still a woman.

Every woman loved beautiful clothes.

Thinking of this, Amber shook her head and smiled. Then she picked up her phone and was about to tell Jared that she had asked someone to send the soup there.

But before calling him, Amber checked her message to see if there was any message from Jared.

But unfortunately, Jared still didn't reply.

Perhaps he was still busy at this time.

With a sigh, Amber quickly typed some words.

After that, she checked whether there was any wrong spelling and then sent the message out.

After sending the message, she put down her phone and began to work.

On the other side, in a large factory of the Farrell Group.

Jared finally finished his inspection of all departments and shops in the factory. He walked out of the factory in a white protective suit.

Ben saw him and walked quickly to him. "Mr. Farrell."

When Jared inspected the factory just now, he didn't follow in. Instead, he was dealing with the affairs about Smith outside. After he finished it, he came here to wait for Jared.

Jared took off his protective suit and threw it to Ben. "Have you finished it?"

"Yes." Holding the protective suit, Ben nodded and said, "With the recording, Smith and his men have to admit it. Moreover, when they heard that I had called the police and the police had contacted the commercial inspection department to check the truth, they were so scared that they told me everything Smith had done. Now, Smith has to stay in prison for at least ten years."

A cold smile appeared on Jared's face. "He's a senior shareholder in the group. I once told Smith not to have any improper ideas, since he's old now. When people get old, they shouldn't compete with young people, or young people will hate them, but he didn't listen at all. He deserved it."

He thought he was not a good person, but he was not a bad person either.

He had always been tolerant and kind to those who had made great contributions to the group.

As long as these people behaved well, sometimes he could give them the greatest honor.

However, there were always some people who thought he was a merciful man. They provoked him and tried to get something that didn't belong to them.

In that case, he would also show no mercy to them.

A cold light flashed across Jared's eyes.

"Exactly." Ben followed Jared and nodded in agreement.

He also couldn't understand what these people were thinking.

They didn't need to do anything but could still get money as long as they owned the shares.

But they still wanted to get more, regardless of their old ages.

They even didn't know clearly how much power they had and if they could succeed.

Even if they could, how should they use the money after they died?

Did they want to give the money to their cowardly sons who only knew how to enjoy life?

All in all, they deserved this, since they didn't know well about their real power.

Now Smith was sixty years old. When he was released from prison, he would be seventy years old. He would also be in poor health after he came out. He did this for what?

Ben pursed his lips, his eyes full of contempt for Smith.

"By the way, Mr. Farrell, your guess is right. Smith knows that he can't escape. He really plans to sell his shares, and the person he chooses is Tod Scott. He wants to arouse the greed in Tod's heart and make Tod the same as him. He wants Tod to be against you in the future." Ben followed Jared to the car and complained.

Jared squinted and sneered, "Then he has chosen the wrong person. Tod won't agree."

Ben also smiled. "Definitely. Mr. Scott indeed didn't agree to take over the shares in Smith's hands."

"Of course." Jared opened the door and got in the car. "Tod is obsessed with art. For decades, he has never been involved in any battle in the group, and he's not as ambitious as Smith. Smith still doesn't know Tod well. Does he think that all the shareholders who don't have power and a good position in the group are as ambitious as him?"

"Indeed. Smith doesn't know at all that every year Mr. Scott asks you to buy the shares in his hands so that he can take the money to pursue his art dream." Ben adjusted his glasses and said with a smile, "Speaking of which, Mr. Scott is coming to sell his shares to you this year, right?"

Jared's face softened a little. "No, I still need Tod's help. How can I let him go so easily"

The person they were talking about was also the founding member of the Farrell Group. He was the same age as Smith, and at the same time, he was the second-largest shareholder of the Farrell Group, holding 5 percent shares.

Smith knew that he had been defeated by him and couldn't escape from the punishment. He still wanted to make an enemy be against Jared, so he planned to sell his three percent shares to Tod. He thought that in this way, Tod would be ambitious and fight against Jared.

He was smart. For a shareholder of a super large group, eight percent of the shares was absolutely a very large number. It was normal for them to have some ambitions and greed, and they would no longer be satisfied with the state of idle shareholders who had no rights and had no decisive power over the group.

So Smith was right.

However, Smith didn't expect that Tod was not a normal person. From the very beginning, Tod hadn't been interested in the business. He didn't have any ambition for money and power. His biggest dream was to take his easel and travel around the world to leave his paintings everywhere, though his paintings had no soul and were ugly.

That was why Tod didn't buy Smith's shares.

Tod was eager to give his shares to Jared so that he could leave.

However, Jared needed some old shareholders to stay in the Farrell Group to tell the world that he was a nostalgic boss. He was not the kind of person who would change all the old shareholders as soon as he became the boss. He didn't allow Tod to leave.

However, he had already reserved the shares in Tod's hands. When Tod reached a certain age, he would naturally buy the shares in Tod's hands and let Tod leave.

Hearing Jared's words, Ben smiled gloatingly and said, "Then Mr. Scott will be angry again this time."

"Buy a set of the latest painting tools for him. Then he won't be angry." Jared said casually.

Obviously, he had coaxed the old shareholder like this many times

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 797 Speechless Ben

"Okay, I'll ask someone to buy it. When he gets angry, you can give it to him." Ben said with a smile.

Jared nodded and said, "You can make the decision."

Ben nodded and then stopped smiling. He frowned and said, "Mr. Scott refused to buy the shares in Smith's hands, but Smith also didn't intend to sell them to us. He said that even if he goes to jail with the shares, he wouldn't give us."

Speaking of this, Ben looked at Jared and asked, "Mr. Farrell, what are you going to do?"

"He won't give us?" Jared crossed his legs and his face was hidden in the shadow, making it hard to see his expression. But judging from his silence, Ben knew that he was in a bad mood and was holding back his anger.

"Does he think that I can't get the shares I want if he doesn't sell them to me?"

Jared clenched his fists and said, "No, I will let him sell his shares to me willingly."

"Mr. Farrell, do you have any idea?" Ben turned around in a hurry.

Jared raised his head and said in a cold voice, "I remember that his son likes gambling, right?"

"Yes." Ben nodded. "But he was punished and locked up at home by Smith before. Then he seldom gambles after that. The main reason is that he's short of money."

Jared snorted, "In that case, ask someone to seduce his son. I'll lead his son to go back to the hell of gambling and lose everything. At that time, go to the prison to find Smith, and he will be willing to give us the shares. After all, he only has one son. I don't think he will watch his son indulging himself. He will find a way to pay the debt for his son."

Since Smith was stupid, he would show no mercy to Smith.

After all, Smith had crossed his line several times under his tolerance.

Moreover, if Smith really had succeeded, Smith would never let him go easily.

In the business world, it was normal to win and lose, and use all kinds of means.

Sure enough, Ben didn't think there was anything wrong with Jared's idea. He nodded without hesitation and said, "Okay, Mr. Farrell. I'll do it. And there's one more thing."

"Say it." Jared took out his phone and checked it.

He just wanted to look at the time, but he didn't expect that there were two unread messages from Amber.

Jared's cold face softened.

Then he opened the message and wanted to see what Amber had sent.

The first one was that Amber thanked him for sending breakfast to her, and the second one was that she made soup for him and would send it to the Farrell Group.

It was sent half an hour ago.

It would take about one hour to get to the Farrell group from the Goldstone Group. Obviously, the soup hadn't arrived yet.

If he went back now, he might be able to receive the soup sent by Amber.

"Drive!" Jared put back his phone and ordered.

Ben was about to say something, but when he heard Mr. Farrell ask him to drive, he was startled and choked. After coughing a few times, he asked, "Is there anything urgent?"

Jared nodded but didn't mean to tell him what happened.

Ben had no choice but to shut up and start the car.

After the car went out of the factory, Jared suddenly asked, "You just said that there is one more thing. What is it?"

Ben was stunned.

He thought Mr. Farrell had forgotten it.

Ben pulled his tie with one hand and cleared his throat before he said, "It's not important. The lawyer I sent to discuss the compensation with Alice came back this morning and said that the compensation has been settled."

"Oh?" Jared looked up in the rearview mirror and met Ben's eyes. "How much is it?"

"Not to mention your medical expense, the repair fee of the car also needs at least three hundred thousand dollars. Alice agreed without hesitation and transferred the money on the spot." Ben replied.

Jared was stunned at first. Then he squinted and asked, "Did she just give you three hundred thousand dollars for the repair without hesitation?"

"Yes." Ben nodded.

"She is quite rich." Jared sneered.

Ben didn't think it was a big deal. He smiled and said, "After all, she has had full-body plastic surgery. Of course, she doesn't lack money."

Jared nodded and said, "Now that I have gotten the compensation, We don't need to worry about Alice. She is just an irrelevant stranger."

"Don't worry, Mr. Farrell. I know this." Ben nodded.

Jared closed his eyes and said nothing. He began to look forward to the soup that Amber had cooked for him.

He wondered what kind of soup she had made for him.

Thinking of this, Jared couldn't help smiling.

Ben rolled his eyes when he saw the affectionate look on Jared's face in the rearview mirror.

Mr. Farrell must be thinking about Miss Reed again.

Otherwise, why did he smile so warmly!

It was like a blow to him, a single man.

Although Ben was resentful, he didn't dare to say anything. He just quietly drove the car.

About an hour later, they arrived at the Farrell Group.

Ben wanted to drive the car to the parking lot directly but was stopped by Jared. "Park it outside the gate."

Although Ben was surprised, he still parked the car at the gate of the group.

When Jared officially took over the Farrell Group, he had issued an order that no one was allowed to park their cars at the gate of the group, and even temporary parking was not allowed.

But now, the first person who broke his rules was Mr. Farrell himself.

It was not the first time that Mr. Farrell broke his rule. Last time in the meeting room, his phone rang and he had also broken the rule.

He had heard from the people in the meeting that when Mr. Farrell's phone rang, he thought it was someone else's phone and got angry. However, it was just his phone.

When Mr. Farrell took a look at his phone, his anger was all gone. On the contrary, he smiled.

Maybe it was a message from Miss Reed or a call.

All in all, Mr. Farrell had broken his rules many times because of Miss Reed. But Ben still wondered why he parked the car at the gate this time.

Ben parked the car and got off.

The security guard at the door wanted to drive them away, but when he saw Ben coming down, he immediately stopped, turned around, and went back to his position, continuing to guard.

Well, since it was Ben who was driving, then the person sitting in the back seat must be Mr. Farrell.

So, he'd better pretend not to see anything.

No one would drive their boss away unless they didn't want this job!

"Mr. Farrell, here we are." Ben came to the back seat and opened the door for Jared.

Jared slightly bent down and got off the car. After adjusting his clothes, he strode towards the gate.

Ben followed behind and threw the car key to the security guard. "Park the car in the parking lot."

"Yes, Mr. Channing." The security guard took the key and quickly responded. Then he trotted to the car and went to park it.

Ben took a look at him and then kept up with Jared.

Seeing Jared directly go to the reception desk, Ben asked in confusion, "Mr. Farrell, what are you looking for?"

Chapter 798 They Become Jokes

Jared ignored him and knocked on the reception desk.

The receptionist was sitting in her seat, lowering her head and recording something, so she didn't notice them coming at all.

It was not until she heard a knock on the desk that she stopped writing and raised her head.

To her surprise, when she raised her head, she saw the boss. The receptionist was startled and stammered, "Mr. Farrell."

Jared frowned and didn't mean to embarrass the receptionist.

He knew how terrible he looked for the ordinary employees, so he could understand the receptionist's gaffe.

After all, he had seen a lot.

"Is there anyone from the Goldstone group?" Jared reached back his hand and asked.

The receptionist was stunned. "The Goldstone group?"

Jared nodded.

Ben, who was standing behind him, immediately understood everything.

Well, he had been wondering why Mr. Farrell would ask him to park the car outside.

It turned out that he broke his rule this time was still because of Miss Reed.

It made sense. Except for Miss Reed, no one would let Mr. Farrell break his rules again and again.

"No." The receptionist shook her head and replied.

Jared pursed his lips.

It seemed that the person who came to send the soup hadn't arrived yet.

Seeing that Jared lowered his eyes and didn't say anything, Ben coughed and said, "Mr. Farrell, did Miss Reed ask someone here to send you something?"

Jared raised his chin slightly without saying anything.

Ben smiled and pushed his glasses up. "That's easy. You can go upstairs first. I'll wait here. And then I'll send it to you."

"No, thanks." Jared said indifferently, "Of course, I will receive the thing she gives me by myself. I don't need you."

He cast a sidelong glance at Ben, showing that he didn't need help at all.

Ben twitched his mouth when he Jared's glance. He was amused.

Bah!

Who did he do this for? It was just for this guy, the tightfisted boss!

After all, as an assistant, he couldn't watch his boss wait for something in the hall.

That was just an assistant's job to send the thing to the boss!

As an assistant, he volunteered to help. And as a boss, Jared should praise him for being a good employee, but now, his boss even looked at him as if he was going to take that thing from him.

He was really pissed off!

Was it great to have a woman? He would also have a woman sooner or later.

Ben thought when he had time, he would also find a girlfriend. He didn't want to watch his boss show his love every day.

Ben kept complaining in his heart, but he still kept a smile on his face, so no one could see the resentment in his heart at the moment.

Jared didn't know what he was thinking. He sat down on the chair brought by the receptionist, crossed his legs, and began to wait.

It would take one hour to get here from the Goldstone group, and he had also spent an hour coming back from the factory.

It seemed that the person from Goldstone would arrive soon.

Thinking of this, Jared raised his arm, looked at his watch, tapped his knees with his fingers, and glanced at the door from time to time. Everyone could see that he was waiting for something.

Since he didn't leave, Ben didn't dare to leave either. He just sat behind him and waited with him.

The receptionist behind them looked at the two bosses nervously. And the smile on her face was almost frozen.

What were they doing here?

Why did the two horrible guys stay here?

Since they were here, she was so stressed that she couldn't focus on her work. She didn't even dare to breathe loudly, afraid of attracting the attention of the two guys.

Alas...

The receptionist rubbed her stiff face and smiled bitterly in her heart.

In the group chat, they were all proud of seeing Mr. Farrell the most times a day or talking about Mr. Farrell's handsome face.

She even had imagined that Mr. Farrell would stand in front of her and especially let her appreciate his face, making her the brightest and most enviable woman in the group.

But now, her dream came true. Mr. Farrell really sat in front of her and didn't leave.

However, she didn't dare to gaze at Mr. Farrell like what she had done in her dream. She even didn't dare to peep at Mr. Farrell's handsome face.

She was afraid that Ben or Mr. Farrell would catch her and fire her.

After all, in the past, many female employees had done this in the group. They secretly followed Mr. Farrell and gazed at Mr. Farrell, but without exception, they were all taught a lesson by Mr. Farrell and Ben.

So now, all the female employees in the group, even if they still had some thoughts, dared not really take action.

Otherwise, she would lose her job, and her behavior would be recorded, which would make her hard to find a new job in the future.

So she couldn't. She couldn't look at Mr. Farrell.

The receptionist clenched the pen in her hand and warned herself not to peep at Mr. Farrell.

Although Mr. Farrell had put a lot of pressure on her, she had to hold on and wait for Mr. Farrell to leave.

The receptionist was under a lot of mental pressure at the moment. And other employees who passed by them in the hall were also under a lot of pressure.

They didn't expect that the boss would be sitting in the hall, instead of his office.

People who didn't know would think that the boss specially came here to catch some employees who didn't behave well.

All in all, when the employees passed by them and saw Jared, they slowed down and lowered their heads unconsciously. They didn't dare to breathe heavily, and kept their heads low, pretending that they didn't see anything, fearing that they would be called to answer his questions.

However, at the same time, they thought it was funny.

It was really funny. The two guys were the two most powerful men in the group. Now each of them sat on a simple chair that didn't match their identity, clothes, and temperament at all. They sat by the reception desk and were still staring at the door. How funny the scene was.

Therefore, when some employees walked out of the sight of Jared and Ben, they couldn't help laughing. They even took out their mobile phones and sent what they had seen and heard in various group chats.

After a while, the whole group knew that their boss had come back, but he didn't return to his office. Instead, he sat in the hall, like a doorman.

Ben didn't know that those employees were laughing at him and Jared, but he could feel the change in their eyes.

From astonishment, caution, timidity, and then forbearance to laugh.

He knew what they were laughing at.

They just laughed at him and Mr. Farrell sitting here.

Indeed, as the two most powerful men in the group, they should sit in the luxurious and spacious office and comfortable and soft office chairs.

But now, they were sitting in the hall where people were coming and going, and two old chairs that had been used by many people.

They should be dealing with contracts with a value of millions of dollars, instead of sitting here and staring blankly at the gate like two idiots.

All in all, he felt ashamed.

Thinking of this, Ben lowered his head and covered his face.

And it was all Mr. Farrell's fault.

However, Mr. Farrell was still looking at his watch, or at the door, without realizing that they had become jokes in the eyes of the employees.

However, Ben didn't dare to remind Jared, or he would be scolded.

Alas...

Ben sighed with a headache.

He had no choice. Now that things had happened and they had been laughed at like this, what else could he do?

Of course, he had to stay with Jared like this

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 798 No Way

Although Ben was open-minded, he still hoped that the people from the Goldstone group would arrive as soon as possible.

If that guy could arrive early, he and Mr. Farrell would suffer less.

Maybe God had heard Ben's wish and didn't want Ben to continue to suffer this with Jared.

Soon, a man in a suit with an insulation box in his hand came in from the gate.

Seeing the man, Ben stood up at once and said to Jared excitedly, "Mr. Farrell, the man from Goldstone has arrived. I've seen the insulation box in his hand. Miss Reed has used it before."

Jared was looking at his watch. When he heard Ben's words, he immediately raised his head.

Sure enough, the familiar insulation box was coming to him.

As for the person holding the insulation box, Jared selectively ignored him.

With a smile on his face, Jared finally stood up and walked toward the man.

The man was surprised to see Jared walking towards him, "Mr. Farrell."

"Give it to me." Jared reached out his hand.

The man immediately handed the insulation box to him. With a respectful smile, he said, "Mr. Farrell, Ms. Reed cooked the soup for you. She asked me to bring it to you. It should be still hot. She asked me to tell you to drink it while it's still warm."

Holding the insulation box, Jared said gently, "I know. You can go back now."

"Okay." The man nodded.

Jared turned around and walked towards the elevator.

Ben followed him immediately.

The receptionist didn't feel relieved until the two went into the elevator.

Great! They finally left. She could finally breathe a sigh of relief. She didn't have to bear the pressure anymore.

The receptionist wiped the cold sweat on her face and showed a smile. Then she picked up her mobile phone and quickly sent what she had just seen and heard to the group chat.

The employees in the group chat were guessing why the boss was sitting in the hall. First, they had all kinds of guesses.

Now that the receptionist said that the boss was there because he wanted to personally wait for the soup made by Miss Reed, everyone was surprised.

They didn't expect this to be the reason.

However, the female employees were very excited. The reason why the boss waited in the hall was to personally take the soup made by Miss Reed. It could be seen that the boss was a gentleman, and he was only gentle to Miss Reed.

What a good man the boss was!

Then, some male employees in the group chat were naturally scolded by those women because they were not good men.

And those male employees even dared not to get angry.

After all, compared with their boss, they were really not good. Besides, if they got angry, it would mean that they were dissatisfied with their boss.

If so, they were sure that their superiors would come to talk to them in less than ten minutes.

So what else could they do?

They could just put up with it!

Jared went back to his office and Ben followed him in.

Ben wanted to ask if Jared wanted to send some documents to the departments, but Jared said first, "Bring me a bowl."

Well, to drink soup, he had forgotten his work.

Ben rolled his eyes secretly, but he still nodded with a smile on his face. He went to the coffee room and fetched a bowl and a spoon.

When he came back, Jared had already opened the insulation box.

As expected, the soup was still hot, emitting a billowing vapor, accompanied by the aroma of beef bone, making Ben saliva.

Ben sniffed and swallowed. He stared at the insulation box unblinkingly and said, "Mr. Farrell, the soup smells so good."

"Of course." Jared raised his chin slightly with a complacent expression on his face.

Amber was the best woman in the world. Definitely, the soup she cooked smelled good.

Looking at Jared's proud face, Ben rolled his eyes.

He was not praising him, but Amber.

Why was he so proud!

Although he thought so, Ben didn't dare to say so. He handed the bowl and spoon to Jared.

Jared took it and filled the bowl for himself.

Amber had cooked the soup for a long time, which made the bone soup more nourishing.

It could be seen how delicious the soup was.

Ben swallowed again and looked at the soup. There were a few green onions in the soup. His eyes could not move away.

The combination of white soup and green onions looked so awesome. The soup must be very delicious.

"Mr. Farrell, well..." Ben said with a gleam in his eyes.

Jared pulled over a chair and sat down. He looked up at Ben and asked, "What?"

Ben looked at the soup in the insulation box, rubbed his hands, and chuckled, "Mr. Farrell..."

His meaning was obvious.

Jared's face darkened. "You want to drink it?"

Ben's eyes lit up since Jared knew what he wanted. He nodded and said, "Yes, Miss Reed is a good cook. The soup smells good, so..."

"No way!" Jared interrupted him mercilessly, breaking his expectation.

Ben widened his eyes and asked, "Why?"

Jared sneered, "This is the soup made by my woman. If you want to drink it, you can find a girlfriend and ask her to make it for you."

Ben lowered his head in disappointment.

A girlfriend?

It was not that easy.

He would have found a girlfriend if it were really that easy.

Seeing Ben standing there with his head down, Jared put down the spoon and frowned. "Why are you still standing here? Get out now. Don't think that I will be softhearted if you stand here. Hurry up and go."

He waved his hand, impatiently urging Ben to leave, and even pulled the insulation box to him as if he was afraid that Ben would take the insulation box.

Ben was speechless.

Did Jared regard him as a robber?

Well, it was just a bowl of soup. He was not jealous at all!

"Okay, I'll go out now." Ben was cursing in his heart, but he still had to smile.

Jared ignored him and drank the soup carefully.

Ben curled his lips and looked at the insulation box again. Then he sighed and went to the door.

After he went out, Jared snorted with a complacent smile.

Did Ben want to drink his soup? No way!

Amber cooked it for him. He wouldn't let anyone enjoy it.

While drinking the soup, Jared took out his phone and called Amber.

As soon as Amber came out of the bathroom, she heard her phone ringing.

She shook off the water stains on her hands and walked to the desk. She picked up the phone and saw the call from Jared. Her face instantly became happy. She quickly answered the phone, "Hello?"

Hearing Amber's voice, Jared's heart softened. "Are you busy now?"

He asked.

Amber shook her head and said, "I'm not busy. How about you? Have you finished your work? You didn't reply to me this morning. You must be very busy."

"Yes. I inspected the factory this morning and didn't have time to check my phone. But I have finished my work temporarily. I will have a rest for two hours. Then I have to go to the construction site in the afternoon and may come back very late at night. You have dinner by yourself. Don't wait for me." Jared took a sip of soup and said.

"Okay, I see." Amber nodded but frowned.

He didn't have a good sleep last night. He was busy during the day, but he had to work overtime at night.

How could he bear so much work?

Amber sighed, but she didn't persuade Jared not to work overtime.

She was also managing a group. She knew that many things couldn't be delayed. After all, her employees were waiting for their wages.

She was worried about his health, so she could only do something else to help him.

Thinking of this, Amber asked, "Have you received the soup?"

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Jared replied, "yes. I'm drinking."

Then he scooped up a spoonful of soup and made the sound of drinking, "Did you hear this?"

Amber nodded with a smile, "Yes, I did. Is it delicious? I cooked it for a long time."

"Not bad." Jared nodded slightly and then complained with a frown, "Ben was also there. He also wanted to drink, so he asked me for it."

"Oh?" Amber raised her eyebrows in surprise, and then smiled, "It seems that I'm good at cooking. Even Ben thinks it's good."

"I didn't give it to him." Jared snorted, "This is the soup you made for me. No one else can drink."

Amber was amused by his overbearing tone. "Don't you think you are too overbearing?"

"No, I'm not." Jared shook his head slightly and said, "I'm just defending my thing. How can it be overbearing? Besides, it is from you. Why should I share it with others?"

"You are right." Amber nodded.

Well, she was actually happy that he didn't share it.

After all, it was true that no one wanted their gifts to be shared.

She was glad that he could do that.

"By the way, Alice apologized to me today." Amber suddenly thought of this and said.

Jared stopped drinking the soup and soon returned to normal. He nodded slightly and said, "It's okay as long as she apologized."

He was thinking that if the woman didn't apologize in the next two days, he would ask someone to urge her.

"How about her attitude?" Jared asked.

He was so busy today that he didn't have time to learn about it.

Amber sneered, "Attitude? It's disgusting."

Jared frowned and asked, "What happened?"

"It's not a big deal, but..."

Amber told Jared what Alice looked like when she apologized.

Hearing that, Jared frowned.

Amber rubbed her temples and said, "Anyway, she is guiding netizens on purpose."

"I'll ask Ben to handle it," Jared said in a deep voice.

Amber shook her head, "No, thanks. Sheila also said she would deal with it, but I refused her. We won't meet each other in the future, so I don't have to do anything else. Anyway, from the beginning, I knew that this woman wouldn't sincerely apologize and would certainly play some tricks, so everything she did can't surprise me. For me, she was just a contemptible scoundrel. I don't pay too much attention to her. Otherwise, she will keep bothering me. "

Hearing what she said, Jared calmed down and said, "Okay, just forget it."

However, even though he said that he didn't think so in his heart.

Whoever hurt her must pay the price.

She was kind, but he wasn't.

He had asked Alice to apologize to Amber, and that was his mercy to Alice.

But he didn't expect that Alice would make the trouble even when she apologized.

In that case, Alice should be responsible for what she had done.

Thinking of this, Jared squinted his eyes. A cold light flashed across his eyes.

Amber didn't know that this narrow-minded man had already decided to make trouble for Alice in private. When she heard that the man had given up the idea of helping her, she smiled,

After that, they talked about something else for a while before hanging up the phone.

"Ben," Jared put down his phone and called Ben in.

When Ben came in, he saw Jared standing behind the desk, gently cleaning up the bowls, spoon, and insulation box.

He acted like a househusband.

Ben looked away.

It was so embarrassing.

This was definitely not his boss who only knew how to work.

He didn't even know when his boss was so skilled at such trifles.

Without thinking too much, Ben cleared his throat and asked, "Mr. Farrell, what can I do for you?"

Jared put the bowl, spoon, and insulation box aside and took two pieces of tissue to wipe his fingers. Then he said in a cold voice, "Have you seen Alice's apology?"

"Apologize?" Ben was stunned.

Now, judging from his expression, Jared knew that Ben didn't see it.

Jared didn't get angry. After all, Ben was indeed busy today. It was not surprising that he didn't pay attention to it.

"Alice apologized to Amber today, but her attitude was not sincere," Jared said coldly, throwing the used tissue and sitting back.

Ben frowned and said, "I really don't know. I'm sorry. Let me have a look."

He took out his phone and checked it.

Although the news about Alice's apology had been suppressed by the public relations department in Amber's company, Ben could still find it out if he wanted to.

Ben soon found the live video of Alice's apology.

Alice cried, seeming to apologize, but in fact, she told the netizens that she was forced to apologize and she was innocent, which made Ben angry.

"This woman is still playing tricks!" Ben gritted his teeth and cursed.

Jared looked at him and asked, "Do you know what I want?"

Ben nodded, "Mr. Farrell, don't worry. I'll teach her a lesson."

Jared nodded and said, "Don't make any trouble. She just apologized to Amber. If something big happens at this critical moment, people will suspect that it is Amber who did it and it will bring trouble to Amber."

"Don't worry, Mr. Farrell. I know what to do." Ben pushed up his glasses and said coldly, "I will just make her have a hard time in her life and career. She is unlucky. No one can find that we are playing tricks on her."

Jared nodded and waved his hand. "Go."

"Yes, sir." Ben turned around and left.

Jared looked at the insulation box and was about to wash it clean in the kitchen.

But before he could do anything, his phone rang again.

Jared frowned and picked up the phone impatiently. When he saw the caller ID, a hint of surprise flashed through his deep and cold eyes, but soon he calmed down.

Why did this man call him?

Jared snorted and hung up the phone directly.

However, just a few seconds after he hung up, the phone rang again. It seemed that he would keep calling if Jared didn't answer it.

Jared's face darkened and impatiently answered the phone. He put the phone near his ear and asked, "What on earth do you want?"

His tone was very rude and impatient.

If it weren't for the fact that this man might complain to Amber and slander him, he wouldn't have answered the phone. Instead, he would turn off his phone.

"Jared, what did you do? You betrayed Amber again?" Cole's angry roar came from the other end of the line.

Jared sat in his chair, holding his phone and the desk all the time. Because of his anger, his handsome face flushed, veins standing on his temples, and his eyes were red. His body was trembling slightly in anger.

Obviously, he was furious at the moment.

Again?

Hearing the word, Jared's face darkened. With anger in his eyes, he said in a cold and emotionless voice, "Cole Lyon, what nonsense are you talking about? When did I betray Amber again?"