

LLPD Chapter 801

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 801 Defamation

"Seriously, am I the one talking nonsense?" On the other end of the phone, Cole Lyon sneered, "You know deep down in your heart if I am talking nonsense, Jared Farrell. Now you tell me, what's with that woman named Alice?"

"Alice?" Jared Farrell frowned. "What about her?"

"She apologized to Amber on the live broadcast today. I went to find out it was all because of you - you bastard! How could you do that to Amber? Did you cheat on her?" Cole hit on the table and said madly.

Jared's face grew gloomy. "Are you out of your mind? I have nothing to do with Alice. Neither have I gotten any control over how she feels about me, OK?"

Jared was aware of Alice's feelings toward him.

However, he didn't take the initiative to seduce her.

So Cole Lyon was simply slandering!

"Right, you've got no control over her feelings, but that woman hurt Amber, and you just let it happen. It's all your fault! You didn't treat her well, and you didn't protect her from getting hurt in that messy situation either. Jared Farrell, I am telling you - if you can't treat Amber the way she deserve, it's better you let her go. Don't freaking hurt her over and over again." Cole said with a cold expression.

Jared's thin lips pursed like a straight line, "Whatever that's been going on between Amber and I is nothing of your business. It's not your place either to tell me what I should or should not do. And I never did anything that hurt or will hurt Amber Reed. I didn't cause her any mess with other women. Why do you think Alice would apologize to Amber online publicly? If I ever had anything to do with that woman, do you seriously think I would just do this to her?"

Hearing Jared's backlash, Cole choked, speechless.

Because he knew - there had been nothing going on since the beginning between Jared and Alice.

It was just that when he found that Alice had threatened and provoked Amber after she fell in love with Jared, he was angry - but that was all. If it weren't for Jared Farrell, Amber would never have to get into such trouble.

That was why Cole couldn't help but call and question Jared himself.

Thinking so, Cole Lyon snorted coldly, "Fine, you don't have feelings for that woman, but you can't deny that fact that Alice's got feelings for you, can you?"

"I never denied it," Jared said lightly, with his thin lips open.

Cole narrowed his eyes, "Since you don't deny it, which is fine, tell you what, Jared, you better watch out. You are now with Amber, don't mess around and hurt her. Or I will make sure you'd pay for it."

Cole had guarded Amber and treated her as the apple of his eyes for over 20 years. He would never let the same person hurt her, let alone hurt her twice.

Jared's face was expressionless, and his voice was cold, "You should be glad that you've come here for Little Maple to tell me all those harsh words, or I would never cut you loose."

Saying so, he hung up the phone directly, ignoring the mad Cole.

Cole looked at the phone - it was already back to the main screen. He snorted, and his anger subsided away.

The purpose of his call was not only to scold Jared, but also to figure out Jared's attitude towards those lady troubles outside.

Now that he found out Jared was not happy about these ladies, his anger toned down immediately.

But it didn't mean he wasn't upset at all. Cole was trying to find a balance here with Jared.

Soon Cole called Amber Reed.

Amber was having a discussion with Cole's Secretary, Sheila Dawson, at the moment. But when the phone rang, she took it out and took a look.

Seeing it was a call from Cole, she was overjoyed at first, but then a random thought stopped her. She looked at Sheila who was across her, "It's Mr. Lyon."

Hearing this name, Sheila's eyes behind the black-rimmed glasses lit up for a moment, but soon the light in her eyes faded away, returning to the previous look. She lowered her eyes and replied in a low voice, "Ms. Amber, Mr. Lyon must be calling for some urgent matter. You should pick up now. I have nothing to do with Mr. Lyon, so don't mind me please."

Right, Sheila did have nothing to do with Cole Lyon.

However, the child she was bearing now was the bond between them.

It was just that Cole saw this as a fetter that he'd never wanted.

Thinking so, Sheila reached to touch her lower abdomen subconsciously.

Amber saw her move and asked with concern, "Ms. Sheila, is your stomach feeling alright?"

As if frightened, Sheila quickly took her hand off her stomach and replied, "Yes, I am fine."

Sheila shook her head quickly, suppressed her inner tension, and forced a natural-looking smile on her face, "Really, I'm fine."

"Are you sure?" Amber was still a little worried, "But I just saw you touching your belly."

"But..." Sheila's eyes flashed with a guilty conscience, "I was just a little hungry, that's why I touched my belly. Really, Ms. Amber, don't worry about it - please take the call and don't leave Mr. Lyon waiting."

Seeing the seriousness on her face, Amber could only believe that she was really just hungry. Amber nodded and answered the phone, "Hey, Cole."

"Amber," Cole's voice came over the phone, "I know about what happened with Alice."

"You found out?" Amber was slightly surprised.

Cole answered, "I did. That apology live on the internet made such a big noise, how could I not hear about it? I got curious about what that woman had to do with you and why she apologized to you. And some netizen did get it right - that Alice is not good news."

Amber Reed smiled and said, "You actually fact-checked that out!"

Jared Farrell didn't block what happened the night before, so it was easy enough to find out for anyone who wanted to investigate.

Cole pouted, "This is about you. And as your brother, I have to look it up for you to see if that woman is pulling harmful tricks against you. I am not surprised to find out that she actually did."

"She can't really do anything to hurt me," Amber was flipping the pen in her hand. "You know, she's just like the other women who are trying to get a taste of my man."

"Well, it's all Jared's fault!" Cole frowned, "Why does he have to mess with those women?"

"It was not his wrong doing, you know. He was just out of good intentions. But this woman approached him, which was typical, for his money and fame, of course any woman would have thrown themselves at him. That's his charm and there's really nothing he can do. We can't blame him for being an attractive success, right?"

"You are not even his wife, again, yet. And you are already taking his side." Cole's tone was a little sour.

Amber smiled, "No, I am not taking his side. I am just speaking of a fact - it was not his initiative, so it was not his fault. I can't blame it on him. Besides, after Jared found out that woman provoked me, he immediately asked her to apologize to me in public and explain the reason for the apology. You should know what this means - there would be consequences for this woman after the reason for the apology was explained. So, there's no reason for me to feel bothered when Jared chose to protect me and cut any possible ties with her."

"So you are saying that the apology was Jared's idea?" Cole wondered.

Amber nodded, "Sure. Did you think it was mine?"

Cole hummed, "I did think it was you, but Jared...Interesting."

Amber smiled again, "I know you are calling because of this Alice lady, because you have a problem with Jared. But now, are we good?"

"Well if it was his idea for that woman to make a public apology, then I will spare him this time. But..."

Cole Lyon frowned, "I watched the live broadcast, and the woman just apologized, and the apology was indescribable, and did not explain the reason for the apology?"

Cole frowned, "I watched the live broadcast, and the woman just apologized - the apology was indescribable, and she did not explain the reason for the apology."

Chapter 802 Hurtful Words

"I told that Alice not to say anything else." Amber replied with a smile.

Cole frowned in disbelief, "But why?"

"Why else would it be? What if it did cost a human's life?" Amber said, rubbing her temples.

Cole was touched immediately, and he turned silent.

Right, human life was no joke.

"Ahem." But soon, Cole adjusted his tie and laughed, "I have been wondering if she was the one who decided not to say anything on purpose."

"She wouldn't dare." Amber said with certainty.

That Alice dared to mislead netizens, but she never dared not explain the reason for her apology.

After all, these were two different matters.

Not everyone could figure out if she was misleading the netizens. Not everyone was smart enough.

But without explaining the reason for the apology - everyone could figure that out from her speech.

Therefore, Amber was very sure that Alice did not dare.

"Fine. Since it was your idea, then I will stop worrying about it. And Amber, keep your eyes on Jared and don't let him mess around with those ladies out there. If he really can't keep it in his pants, then leave him, or you will be the one that gets hurt." Cole pouted.

Amber couldn't help laughing, "I know, I know. Don't worry about me, okay? Take care of yourself, okay?"

"What's that supposed to mean?" Cole pointed to himself, puzzled, "What do you mean?"

Amber raised his eyes and looked at the opposite side. Sheila had been keeping her head down, quietly listening to Amber and Cole's conversation. Amber sighed silently in her heart, and then tentatively asked Cole on the phone, "Of course I am talking about your love life. Cole, you are almost thirty-one, don't you want a stable relationship and start a family?"

Hearing this, Sheila suddenly raised her head and stared at Amber's cellphone, looking a bit anxious.

"Ms. Amber..." Sheila lowered her voice and hurriedly shouted, for fear that Amber would recommend herself to Cole Lyon at this time.

After all, Amber had always supported her in pursuing Cole.

If Cole didn't hate her, then Amber recommending her to Cole would only make herself nervous. Instead, she was scared at the moment.

Because Cole did hate her. So Amber's recommendation would only lead Cole to believe that the idea came from herself, and Cole would just hate her even worse.

When Amber saw Sheila's expression, she knew what Sheila was worried about.

She shook her head slightly at Sheila, showing a reassuring smile, indicating that she didn't need to worry - she wasn't going to say anything bad about Sheila.

Seeing so, Sheila finally felt a bit relaxed.

But the tension in her heart did not go away, and Sheila's eyes were still fixed on Amber's phone.

On the phone, Cole heard Amber ask about his relationship status, his expression darkened, and finally replied with a wry smile, "Amber, haven't you known me yet? I haven't moved on from my feelings for you, how could I go ahead and find someone else? If I do, it would be unfair to the lady."

"I know." Amber sighed, "But you will meet someone eventually, and you'd take her in your life, care for her, and perhaps in the end, you will be falling for her."

"There's no one like that in my life." Cole shrugged and replied disapprovingly.

Amber looked at Sheila.

Sheila was very nervous.

Amber quickly retracted her gaze and said tentatively, "Why being so negative? Cole, you are handsome and from a great upbringing, there must be a lot of ladies who have a secret crush on you. Perhaps your future other half can be one of them?"

Having said so, Amber put Cole on speaker.

Immediately, Sheila heard Cole's voice clearly.

Cole Lyon still had the same disapproving tone, "No, there aren't anyone like that. I don't and I won't like any of them."

Cole's words instantly made Sheila's face pale - her anticipation completely vanished, as if she had just come out of the ice cellar.

Seeing her like this, Amber opened her red lips, feeling extremely guilty.

She was hoping to test Cole for Sheila to see if there could be any sparks between Sheila and him.

But she didn't expect to hear such hurtful words from Cole.

Cole didn't mention Sheila's name directly, but Sheila was one of those girls who liked him.

Besides, Cole said that the girls who liked him weren't good enough, and he didn't like any of them. Did that mean he wouldn't like Sheila either?

For quite a moment, Amber regretted turning on the speaker and letting Sheila suffer such a harsh blow.

Amber looked at Sheila, sighed at last, frowned and asked to the phone, "Cole, do you think your words would hurt people?"

Cole Lyon leaned back in his chair lazily, and his voice was indifferent, "Why? I didn't say those in their face."

"You..." Amber was so angry at him. She pressed her eyebrows, "You know what, forget about it. I've got to go. I am hanging up now."

Saying so, she was about to hang up.

Cole Lyon suddenly stopped her, "Wait a minute, Amber."

"Do you have anything else to say?" Amber asked back.

Cole sat up straight, "It's nothing too important - it's just that my mom wanted to invite you and Jared over for dinner after knowing you two are getting back together. I've been telling her that you guys have been busy lately or she would have kept on asking. But she won't give up, she will definitely ask again soon. So I am just giving you a heads-up."

"Why would your mom want to invite us to dinner?" Amber was surprised.

It was normal for Mrs. Lyon to invite Amber herself for dinner.

But now she was inviting Jared as well, which was making her wonder.

Cole smiled and said, "It's a big deal that you both are getting back together. Plus my mom has always treated you as the daughter she's never had, so it's not a surprise that she'd ask you to dinner. After all, you are marrying Jared, again. So she must want to meet with you both, talk to Jared to make sure that he'll treat you well. Which future mother-in-law would not want to meet her son-in-law-to-be? Of course she wants to meet Jared!"

Amber nodded and smiled, "Right, right. Will you let your mom know for me that Jared and I would pay her a visit whenever she's available then?"

"Sure." Cole responded.

When the call was over, Amber put down her phone, and exhaled slightly. She then looked at Sheila, who had her head down and whose expression could not be seen clearly, and expressed remorse, "Sheila, I'm sorry, I didn't know Cole would..."

"Don't worry about it, Ms. Amber." Sheila raised her head, her eyes were red and her expression was said, however, she forced out a smile.

But that smile looked so stiff and upset.

"I know you were trying to help, so I don't blame you, Ms. Amber. It's so kind of you to do so for me, which I feel grateful for. But I've always known how Mr. Lyon feels about me. So I was not surprised to hear those hurtful words from him at all. After all, he never liked any of the girls who like him, me especially." Sheila's voice was bitter.

You couldn't blame Cole for that - it was Sheila's own idea to climb into Cole's bed while he was drunk after all.

Cole was the one who had been dragging her, not letting her go and mistaking her as Amber, however, Sheila was sober the whole time at that moment - she should have been able to push him away as a grown-up woman, or even she could've helped him sober up.

But she did not. She had indulged what Cole was doing and herself, which led to Cole's annoyed attitude toward herself now.

Sheila made a mistake, and she deserved the outcome.

Sometimes she was also asking herself if she regretted it - Would she regret not pushing Cole away that day?

She couldn't deceive herself. She did regret it.

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 803 Apologize to Dad

If Sheila had pushed Cole away that day, even though Cole still wouldn't accept her, at least he wouldn't hate her.

Now it was all too late - it was too late to regret it after such a long time.

But she got pregnant!

Sheila clenched her palms tightly, feeling a little overwhelmed.

It stood to reason that from the moment she was confirmed to be pregnant, she considered getting an abortion to make a complete break with what had happened that day.

After all, there was no way Cole would be with her, let alone taking in the baby.

However, Sheila's feelings for Cole made her feel uneasy, and she was reluctant to abort the child.

She knew deep down that an abortion seemed to be the best option, both for her and for the baby, otherwise, it was unfair to the baby growing up without a dad. And it was selfish action because she had a baby against his will.

But emotionally, she really couldn't do it.

And now it had been over two months, she still couldn't make up her mind yet.

She didn't know what to do anymore.

"Ms. Sheila?" Amber reached out her hand and waved twice in front of her.

Sheila's eyes flashed. She then came back to her senses, and asked with trembling lips, "Is everything okay, Ms. Amber?"

"I should be asking you - is everything alright, Sheila? I see you were in a daze, and your face is very pale. Did I just..."

"No, no." Sheila waved her hand immediately, "Ms. Amber, it's not you. It's just because some random thoughts stuck in my mind, and I am feeling a bit overwhelmed... Ms. Amber, can I ask for a few days' leave?"

Amber looked at her, "A sudden leave?"

"Yes, if that's okay." Sheila lowered her eyelids, "There is something important going on. I would like to take a good rest, calm my thoughts, and decide on how to deal with it."

"May I know what's going on?" Amber asked.

Sheila pursed her lips and didn't answer.

Seeing this, Amber sighed helplessly, "Okay, I won't push it if you don't want to talk. Take a few days off and get some good rest. Take all the time you need, okay?"

"Thank you, Ms. Amber." Sheila breathed a sigh of relief, then bowed to Amber and said goodbye.

Amber looked at her, "Sheila, what happened just now..."

Sheila paused, then turned her head and smiled at Amber, "Ms. Amber, I am not bothered by what happened just now. Please don't worry about it. I am okay."

"Anyway, my sincere apologies." Amber smiled.

It was not out of bad intentions, but what Amber had done did upset Sheila.

For this, Amber was duty-bound and should apologize for her actions.

Otherwise, she would feel uneasy.

Sheila also read Amber's guilt, so she nodded with a smile, "Okay, I accept your apology, Ms. Amber, don't blame yourself."

"Thank you." Amber responded.

Sheila waved her hand, continued to walk towards the door with her feet raised, and soon walked out of the office without a trace.

Amber leaned back in his chair, rubbed her temples lightly, and sighed inside her heart.

It seemed that in the future, she should stop being a match-maker.

If it happened again like this time that the match didn't work out, and instead embarrassing either party, it would also be her fault.

Without thinking much, Amber put her hands down, sat up straight, and continued with her work.

In the afternoon, just before getting off work, she received a message from Mrs. Lyon.

Mrs. Lyon invited her and Jared Farrell to the Lyon Residence for dinner three days later. She emphasized that Amber should bring Jared.

So Cole got it right - his mom did want to talk to Jared.

"Ms. Amber." Suddenly, there was a knock on the door.

Amber Reed looked up at the door, and it was Sheila's assistant.

Sheila had asked for a leave to go home, so her work duties were now temporarily taken over by her assistant.

Amber Reed snapped down her phone and asked, "What's the matter?"

"Ms. Amber, the police called Ms. Sheila's landline just now, saying that Ms. Braylee's trial will be tomorrow, please don't forget to attend." The assistant put her hand down from the door.

Amber was stunned at first, and then she remembered that Braylee had been locked up in the police station for quite a few days now - it was time she should have the trial.

And Amber, as the plaintiff, must attend.

Nodding, Amber smiled at the assistant, "Thank you."

"No problem, and if there isn't anything you'd need my help with at the moment, I would be on my way out." The assistant nodded slightly toward her.

Amber, "Go ahead."

So the assistant closed the door behind her and turned to go out.

It didn't bother Amber too much though.

Braylee's trial was doomed, if it wasn't tomorrow, it'd be the day after tomorrow - Amber would have to attend either way.

So hearing about this reminder wouldn't cause Amber to worry. Braylee Reed was going to be put behind bars anyway.

Speaking of which, besides the reputation blemishes caused when dealing with the Gardner family, Amber's father never had had other major blemishes than Braylee Reed and her mother Beatrice Sitwell.

Thinking of Beatrice Sitwell...

Amber Reed narrowed her eyes and tapped her finger on the desk twice, making a "dab-dab" sound, which was unusually crisp in the large and quiet office.

This woman, Beatrice Sitwell, was now serving her sentence abroad and couldn't return to the country, so Amber couldn't deal with her properly no matter how much she would love to.

Amber could only wait until Beatrice finish serving her sentence before she could ask Jared to help arrange Beatrice's extradite back home.

Rubbing her temples, Amber suppressed the hatred in her heart, got up and walked into the bathroom.

After washing her face with cold water, Amber's anger against Beatrice and Braylee was finally pressed down.

Afterward, she went back to her desk, picked up her phone and looked at it - it was almost time, so she went ahead to pack her things and got off work.

However, after Amber Reed left Goldstone Co., she did not drive directly back to Kelsington Bay, but in the opposite direction of it.

She thought she would go to the LY Cemetery to visit her Dad, and tell him about the Braylee Reed trial tomorrow.

In any case, Braylee Reed was always the biological daughter of her father's blood. This was a fact that no one could deny.

So her Dad, who had the right to know about this, should know.

Moreover, she also wanted to say sorry to her father.

Although the fact was it was Braylee Reed who took the initiative to provoke Amber, it was true that Amber was the one who sent Braylee to prison.

Braylee Reed was her father's biological daughter, and Amber was the adopted one. Even if her father loved her very much, nothing was going to change her father's love to Braylee.

Amber should apologize for sending her father's birth daughter behind bars.

Amber drove all the way. She finally made it to LY Cemetery before dark. She bought a bunch of flowers before going in.

She entered and didn't come out until two hours later.

When she came out, it was almost nine o'clock.

Amber's eyes were a little red.

She came to the front of the car, looked up at the sky slightly, raised her hand to wipe the corner of her eyes, and then opened the car door to get in, ready to drive back.

By the time she got back to the city center, it was already ten.

Amber hadn't eaten anything yet, and now her stomach was rumbling with hunger. And the traffic jam she encountered now only made it worse. If it went on like this, she wasn't sure when she could make it back to Kelsington Bay.

Perhaps by the time she got back, Jared had already made it home.

Thinking so, Amber took her hands off the steering wheel, took her phone from the co-pilot seat to check the messages.

The phone screen was clean, with no missed calls or unread messages.

So, Jared Farrell hadn't finished work either.

And that he hadn't finished work by now only made Amber's worries even worse.

Chapter 804 Regretful Trenton Gardner

It had been over thirty-six hours since Amber and Jared's phone call last night.

If Jared had been busy during the whole day without resting a bit, that would mean he didn't have some shut eyes for almost two days straight.

No one could endure this.

However, worrying about him wouldn't help with the situation. It wouldn't work for her to tell Jared to stop working and get some rest now, would it?

Rubbing her cheeks, Amber sighed. Seeing the cars in front of her finally starting to move, she quickly calmed herself down and started the engine.

After going through the traffic, Amber's drive became more smooth. There weren't anything else to stop her except for those regular traffic lights.

However, when she was arriving at about ten kilometers away from Kelsington Bay, she parked her car on the side of the road and walked toward an antique-looking store there.

It was a shop selling traditional cakes, being passed down from the last dynasty, with a history of over a hundred years. It was an attraction in Olkmore City.

Most importantly, this traditional pastry tasted great and there were many people visiting each day.

Even at this time, there were still many people in the store.

Amber pushed open the store door and went in. She went directly to the check-out counter, and said to the clerk, "Hi, do you still have those herbal cakes?"

She asked with uncertainty.

Herbal cakes were one of the specials of this shop. But not everyone could get used to the unique bitter taste from the herbs, so there weren't as many people buying it. The shop only made a fixed number of them every day - there were only 100 portions available each day.

And Amber Reed was one of the few people who could accept these herbal cakes.

Moreover, not only could she accept them, but she had loved the taste of them ever since she was little.

And Amber's Dad used to joke about her strange taste for this.

However, as time went by, she grew to not have them as often as she did when she was a child - perhaps once in a while.

"Ma'am, fortunately, this is the last one." After Amber's question, the clerk immediately checked and replied with a smile.

Amber laughed, "I guess I am in luck today. Can you please wrap it up for me? Thanks."

"Yes, ma'am. One portion of herbal cake - please wait a moment." The clerk smiled at Amber, and then passed the cake to the packing staff in the back.

Packing took quite some time as there were many orders lining up in front.

Amber was not in a rush. She simply sat in one of the vacant seats on the side, waiting.

They offered free iced water on the small coffee table next to the empty seats.

After taking a glass of water, Amber Reed took out her phone while taking small sips and sent a message to Jared Farrell, "Are you finished with work, babe?"

Amber didn't expect Jared would get back to her so quickly though. As she was about to put away her phone, the screen lit up and there was the message from him, "It might still take a while, but soon. What's keeping you up, love?"

Amber put down the water glass, her red lips formed a lovely smile - her mood improved immediately, and her typing speed became faster, "I am not home yet, I am outside."

Jared Farrell, who had just come out of the Planning Department and was walking towards the office, saw this sentence, immediately stopped, and frowned.

Ben Channing, who was following behind him, almost hit him directly because of his sudden stop.

After finding the balance, Ben quickly took a step back, pushed his glasses that had slipped down a little, and said immediately, "Mr. Farrell, is everything okay?"

Jared ignored him and typed a message back to Amber, "Why are you doing outside at this time? Are you still at Goldstone Co.? Where are you, babe?"

Looking at these three consecutive questions, Amber knew that the man was worried that she hadn't gone home yet, so she replied with a smile, "I just went to LY Cemetery to visit my Dad but now I am back. Braylee Reed's trial is tomorrow, I had to tell my dad about this. But I'll be home soon, don't worry."

It turned out Amber was at LY Cemetery.

Jared's frown eased slightly.

For a moment, he thought Amber was out shopping and hadn't gone home.

Jared Farrell, with the worries lessened in his heart, sighed in relief, then lifted his feet and continued to walk forward.

Ben saw that Jared was back to normal, even though he wasn't sure what just happened there, he was relieved to see that Jared feeling better. Ben quickly followed him.

As Jared walked, he lowered his head and typed, "Head home early, okay? It's not safe outside."

Amber responded with a smile, "Okay, okay - I know you're busy, so I won't keep you from your work anymore. But I am worried about you having to drive home yourself after such a long day, can you ask Ben to drive you home instead?"

Feeling Amber's love and care, Jared's eyes were filled with tenderness. His Adam's apple slid slightly, and he replied, "Okay, babe."

After that, Amber put away her phone and stopped talking to him for now.

She was giving Jared enough time and space so he could finish all his work hopefully earlier.

Looking out the window, Amber took a sip of water, with a calm and gentle smile on her face that would make whoever that looked at it feel warm.

At the same time, the other door of the shop was pushed open, and there entered a couple of middle-aged man and woman.

They both had extraordinary temperament and were exquisite in dressing - from which you could tell at first glance that they were wealthy.

It was just that the man's face was pale and thin, his eyelids were dark, and one of his hands was still on his waist. At first glance, he looked like a seriously ill patient.

The woman next to him had been holding him as support. Her eyes were still a little red, from which you could tell that she just had cried, further confirming that the man was a patient.

"It's really getting late, why didn't we go home and get some rest, and instead we came here for some herbal cakes?" The woman, Mrs. Gardner, looked at Trenton Gardner beside her and gave him an angry look.

Trenton patted her hand that was holding his arm, and he squeezed a mild smile on his pale face, "But you love this, don't you?"

Mrs. Gardner's eyes widened lightly, "That was why you asked me out after work - because I like to eat this and you are buying it for me?"

"Of course!" Trenton nodded weakly, "I am not sure how long I would have before I kick the bucket. I was too busy with work in the past, throwing all myself into the Trident Group. And now that I am counting the days left, I have realized that I rarely was there for you. I owe you everything, Debbie."

"No." Mrs. Gardner's eyes were already red, but now they were even more so. Tears kept rolling in her eyes, and she kept on shaking her head, "No, baby. You don't owe me anything. Trent, you don't owe me anything."

Trenton Gardner just smiled, "I know deep down if I owe you."

In the past, Trenton was the reason why Makayla was taken away by Hugo, causing Debbie to lose her daughter just after giving birth and fall into madness.

Even though afterward they adopted Makenna, the small comfort it had brought couldn't seem to fix the pain. Trenton was well aware that their adopted daughter would never equal their birth one, she would not be the fulfillment for the lost piece of their hearts.

This was why he felt sorry for Debbie.

Besides, although he truly loved her in their marriage for decades, he had always devoted himself to the Trident Group and the Gardner family more than to her, and he was seldom around. She always liked to travel, and he had only left her tons of promises to their traveling plans - none of them really came true.

Now that he was getting old and at the end of his life, he started to look back in the past. He suddenly realized how much he had missed out and how terribly sorry he was now for his loving wife who had never left his side.

The more regretful he had felt, the more he hated himself for always giving Debbie false hope. And now, no matter how much he would like to fulfill those promises, there only seemed to be awfully limited time.

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 805 A Sour Taste in Heart

The only thing Trenton could do now was to accompany Debbie as much as possible at the end of his life, take her to places she liked, enjoy the food she always did - to make up for her, even just a little.

Having been married to Trenton Gardner for almost thirty years, Debbie knew him well from the inside out.

When she saw Trenton's expression at the moment, she knew what was on his mind.

However, because Debbie knew Trenton well, she felt even sadder - her tears flowed directly, "Trent, you are not going to die, okay? Please don't say that. We will have a matching kidney soon, please don't give up!"

Debbie held Trenton's hand tightly and didn't want to let go.

She was afraid that as soon as she let go, the man would be gone.

Of course Trenton had read her fear. He patted her on the back again, "You and I both are aware how low the chances are when it comes to finding me a matching kidney, baby."

"No!" Debbie couldn't take it anymore. She hugged Trenton directly, buried her head on his shoulder, and couldn't stop crying.

But Trenton smiled gently and patted her on the back, "There, there. Don't cry, baby. People are watching. Please don't cry, my love."

And of course, Debbie knew it was a bit embarrassing bursting into tears in public like this and to be looked at.

Debbie lifted her head from Trenton's shoulders, took out her handkerchief from the pocket, wiped her eyes lightly. She stopped crying and smiled - getting back to the wealthy elegant lady before all these had happened, as if the person who were just crying like a baby wasn't her.

"Alright, babe. Let's not dwell on this, okay? Think about something pleasant. We are here for the herbal cakes, come on."

Debbie suppressed the sadness in her heart and agreed. She then took Trenton's arm and walked forward.

The two came to the ordering counter.

Trenton coughed twice and said, "We would like a piece of herbal cake, please."

The clerk looked up at him and said apologetically, "We're sorry, sir. The last portion was bought by the lady over there."

She was pointing the lady who was sitting in front, with her back against the couple - Amber Reed.

Amber seemed to have felt someone pointing at her. She put down the water glass and turned her head.

Seeing the Gardners, she was stunned.

So were the Gardners.

"It's you?"

"It's you?"

The three of them said it out loud at the same time.

The clerk looked at Amber and then at the Gardner couple, only to realize that they knew each other.

Now that the three of them knew each other, the clerk would just give them space.

"Why are you here?" Debbie asked with a gloomy face, holding Trenton's arm tightly.

Trenton didn't say a word, but the way he looked at Amber was gloomy and cold.

Amber looked at these two people who had a terrible attitude toward her, and stood up with a sneer at the corner of her mouth, "This is not the territory of the Gardner family, why can't I be here? Why would Mrs. Gardner ask such a stupid question?"

"You..." Debbie's face flushed with anger.

Trenton put his hand in front of her, motioning her to calm down, then he faced Amber himself.

He still didn't speak though, just staring at Amber this whole time.

Looking at Amber's face, Trenton was lost in his thoughts for some reason.

Seriously, they really looked alike!

Amber looked like her mother in both profile and overall facial contour.

Trenton had noticed it before, but he didn't take it to heart, neither did he care too much.

So later, he gradually forgot that how much Amber looked like her mother.

It wasn't until the last time Trenton saw Amber's press conference that he suddenly realized that Amber might actually be Makayla, whether it was the time when she was adopted or the similarities she had to her mother.

But in fact, she was not.

He wasn't sure whether to feel regretful or happy about this.

Even now, when he sees Amber, he had some indescribable complex feelings.

At first, he was about to teach this girl a lesson, but now, he was full of complicated feelings that he couldn't make out at all.

And even at this moment, Amber looked at him with a subtle feeling in her heart.

She was used to Trenton's eyes malicious look at her, but facing Trenton now, she felt a little awkward.

Although Trenton looked at her grimly, there was a special emotion she couldn't describe.

That emotion made her very uncomfortable, and she felt like she was tied.

Amber didn't show the feelings though - she hid them well and looked at Trenton calmly.

She hadn't seen him for a while, but she knew that he was in and out the hospital these days.

She had no idea how serious his condition was until Makayla Gardner came to her over and over again, begging her for help.

Now seeing that Trenton Gardner had become so skinny, Amber just realized that he was really sick.

Amber wasn't sure why her heart was feeling kind of blocked and sour, seeing Trenton this way.

She should have been happy, after all, her enemy now was sick and dying.

However, she didn't feel any happiness but sadness.

Sadness...

Amber bit her lip.

Was she sad that Trenton was terminally ill?

But how was it possible!

This was absolutely impossible - she must be out of her mind if she would be sad for the enemy.

Amber clenched her palms tightly, took a deep breath, and suppressed all her terrible thoughts deep in her heart, then pretended to be impatient and glanced at the couple. She turned to the clerk and asked, "Excuse me. Is my herbal cake ready?"

Her words made the atmosphere at the scene a lot more relaxed.

Trenton also stopped staring at Amber finally. He just lowered his head, thinking about something.

In fact, Trenton tonight surprised Amber Reed somewhat.

In the past, every time she saw Trenton, she would get angry with Trenton Gardner, because this person would taunt her no matter what.

Therefore, she could not avoid arguing with him.

But today, Trenton didn't say a word, which made her feel a little weird.

However, it was likely because that he was ill and weak.

While Amber was still thinking about it, the clerk suddenly said, "Ma'am, your herbal cake."

"Okay, thanks." Amber smiled at her and reached out, ready to take the bag.

But when Amber was reaching out her hand, Debbie suddenly noticed something and her pupils shrank, grabbed Amber's hand and dragged her to themselves.

"Ouch!" Amber was almost dragged to fall to the ground by Debbie.

Luckily Amber had reacted in time and held onto the table of the ordering counter to keep her balance, she would definitely fall.

"What's wrong with you, Mrs. Gardner?" After Amber stood firm, she let go of the table, stared at Debbie who was a little emotional, and questioned loudly.

The people nearby around them were drawn to look over by her voice, curious about what was going on.

Even Trenton was shocked by his wife's actions.

But immediately, Trenton frowned and said to Debbie in a low voice, "What are you doing? Let go of her now. Even if you want to punish her, you should avoid doing this in public. You are trapping yourself now."

Debbie ignored his words and just kept staring at Amber's wrist. She was looking at the light scar on Amber's wrist, and her whole body was shaking with excitement, "Trent, look!"

"What the heck are you looking at? Let go of me or I'm calling the cops." Amber was annoyed, pulling out her hand hard.

Debbie grabbed her wrist tightly, "Can you please hold on? Just let me take a look, please. I'm begging you!"

This "I'm begging you" made Amber completely stunned.

Amber stopped struggling and looked up at Debbie in disbelief, "You... do you know what you're saying?"

Chapter 806 Really Not?

Beg her?

Mrs. Gardner was begging her!

She...

For a moment, Amber was in a complicated mood. Was she happy?

No!

Generally speaking, if an enemy really begged her, she should feel happy.

But she was really not happy.

She had a complicated feeling.

Not to mention Amber's mood, even Trenton was surprised.

His face twitched. He glared at Mrs. Gardner, "What nonsense are you talking about? Why did you beg her?"

Amber would laugh at her if she did this.

Mrs. Gardner knew that she shouldn't beg Amber, because it meant the Gardner family lowered their heads to the Reed family.

But at this moment, she had no time to think about it. She just wanted to know what was wrong with this scar!

"Trent, look! There is a scar on her wrist." Mrs. Gardner pulled Amber's hand in front of Trenton and said to Trenton excitedly.

"What scar?" Trenton frowned. He was so angry that his heart ached.

But he still took a look.

He was stunned when he saw the scar on Amber's wrist.

The position of the scar...

How could it be so similar to the position of the red mole of Makayla?

No wonder his wife was so excited at the moment. Perhaps she felt that the scar on Amber's wrist was the same as that on Makayla's, so she began to think that Amber was just Makayla.

But how could it be possible!

Just when Trenton wanted to wake Mrs. Gardner up and let Mrs. Gardner know that the person in front of her was Amber, not Makayla and that Makayla had been found and was at home. She shouldn't be influenced by the press conference that day. He wanted her to wake up.

Mrs. Gardner suddenly stared at Amber with red eyes and asked, "What... What's on your wrist?"

Looking at Mrs. Gardner, who was obviously in a weird mood, Amber frowned and asked, "Why do you ask this?"

Of course, her scar was cut by their daughter, Makayla.

What else could have happened!

"Don't ask this. Just tell me how you got this scar." Mrs. Gardner tightened Amber's wrist again and said in a more anxious tone, "Before the scar appears, is there anything else here? Tell me, is there anything else?"

She asked seriously, eager to know the answer.

Looking at Mrs. Gardner, who looked a little crazy because she was too anxious, Amber did not answer.

In fact, it was not a big deal to tell Mrs. Gardner that there was a red mole on her hand before she got the scar.

But she didn't know why. There was a voice in her heart saying that she couldn't tell the woman in front of her about the scar on her wrist.

Once she spoke it out, her life might no longer be peaceful.

Amber always believed in her intuition and always followed it. What's more, Mrs. Gardner had a grudge against her.

She didn't know why Mrs. Gardner cared so much about the scar on her wrist.

But Mrs. Gardner shouldn't have a good intention.

Therefore, there was no need to tell something to the enemy, let alone to tell Mrs. Gardner. Who knew if it was a trap set by the enemy? After telling her, she would fall into the trap.

Thinking of this, Amber lowered her eyes to hide the expression in them and replied coldly, "No, there is nothing. I just got this scar accidentally some time ago by scalding."

After saying that, she pulled out her hand hard.

Mrs. Gardner stumbled and almost fell down.

Seeing this, Amber's heart suddenly tightened. She even subconsciously stretched out her hand, trying to hold Mrs. Gardner back. She didn't want Mrs. Gardner to fall down.

But before she could help Mrs. Gardner, Trenton reacted in time and put his arm around Mrs. Gardner's shoulder to avoid the consequences of Mrs. Gardner falling down.

Seeing this, Amber breathed a sigh of relief, and then took back her hand, pretending that she had done nothing just now.

But in fact, she was upset and irritable.

She was upset that she would be so nervous about the fall of Mrs. Gardner.

She was really crazy.

She found that since she met Mrs. Gardner by chance in the hospital last time, her feeling for Mrs. Gardner had changed and become strange.

This kind of emotion beyond her control really made her unhappy and a little panic.

"Are you okay?" Trenton looked at Mrs. Gardner and asked.

Mrs. Gardner shook her head. "I'm fine."

She was a little depressed.

Trenton looked at her for a while and then raised his head with a gloomy face. He looked at Amber and said in disgust, "Sure enough, a girl taught by Hugo is rude and pushed an elder directly."

Hearing this, Amber got angry immediately. She looked up and stared at Trenton without fear. "You are so funny. You said I pushed her? When did I push Mrs. Gardner? Wasn't it because I pulled my hand

back from her grip that she couldn't stand firm? Why did I push her? If so, can I say that she wanted to hurt me since she grabbed my hand?"

Hearing her sarcasm, Trenton was angry.

Seeing that the two of them were about to quarrel, Mrs. Gardner became a little anxious. She pulled Trenton's arm and persuaded him, "Well, Trent, don't mind it. This is a public place. Don't be so impolite."

Most importantly, she didn't like to see the two of them quarrel.

Seeing them quarreling, she felt sad.

She had never had this kind of feeling before, confused and a little strange.

In the past, Makenna had also quarreled with Trenton. Now, Makayla still sometimes quarreled with Trenton, but she didn't have a sad mood at all.

But now, when she saw Amber and Trenton quarrel, she was sad. She even hoped that they could get along well.

Why...

Mrs. Gardner pinched her palm and looked at Amber's wrist. "Amber, is there really nothing on your wrist? Such as..."

"No!" Pursing her lips, Amber interrupted Mrs. Gardner impatiently, "I've told you that there is nothing. No matter how many times you ask me, I have the same answer."

Mrs. Gardner's eyes darkened and his face turned pale because of disappointment.

She blinked her eyes blankly and replied in a hoarse voice, "Really..."

Looking at Mrs. Gardner's sad face, Amber felt nervous and guilty again.

Realizing this, Amber was a little anxious.

What the hell.

Her heart ached, and she was still in a panic and guilty?

She felt guilty for Mrs. Gardner?

Amber clenched her fists and breathed heavily. She couldn't accept the fact.

Mrs. Gardner really had a great impact on her. She hadn't had such a feeling before she met her last time in the elevator and Mrs. Gardner inexplicably said something considerate to her.

She began to care about Mrs. Gardner's mood.

She was going crazy!

Amber closed her eyes and forced herself to calm down.

She was crazy!

She was afraid that she would be influenced by Mrs. Gardner if she stayed a little longer.

Mrs. Gardner was so weird!

Thinking of this, Amber took a deep breath and tried to calm down. "Mrs. Gardner, I don't know why you are so interested in the scar on my wrist. No matter what your purpose is, you'd better forget it, or..."

Chapter 807 She Looks Like Makayla

"Or what?" Trenton interrupted her with a malicious look, "Do you want to kill us?"

Amber frowned and then smiled, "I won't kill you. After all, it will dirty my hands. But perhaps I'll make you die in other ways."

She suddenly stepped forward, lowered her voice, and said coldly, "I know that you asked Braylee and Beatrice to poison my father. In addition, you have done something else. As long as I get the evidence, you can't escape the death penalty!"

After hearing this, Trenton's pupils shrank and his face turned pale.

He looked at Amber in shock, as if asking how she knew it.

Amber just sneered and did not answer. She left the dessert shop with the herbal cake.

Trenton looked at her back, and his eyes were gloomy and horrible.

A few years ago, he bought off Beatrice and Braylee to poison Hugo. He did it secretly and didn't tell anyone about this.

He had thought that no one would know it.

But he didn't expect that Amber would know it after she gave him a hard slap.

Did that idiot, Braylee, tell her?

No, it shouldn't be.

If Braylee told her that she had poisoned Hugo, Amber wouldn't let Braylee go.

So Braylee was not that stupid.

Someone must have told Amber about it.

As for who it was...

Trenton squinted his eyes, which were full of viciousness.

He would find out that person and kill him, or that guy would become big trouble for him.

"Trent, what are you thinking about? You look terrible!" Mrs. Gardner was taken aback by the horrible look on Trenton's face.

Trenton's eyes flashed, and he concealed the malicious and insidious feeling in his heart. He returned to his original peaceful look and shook his head at her. "Nothing."

Seeing that he didn't say anything, Mrs. Gardner didn't ask any more questions. She lowered her eyelids and said in a sad tone, "Trenton, why isn't there a red mole on Amber's wrist?"

"What do you mean?" Trenton frowned and looked at her. "Do you really want Amber to be Makayla?"

"No, no." Mrs. Gardner shook her head and hands repeatedly. "Of course not. But Amber looks so much like Makayla. The date she was abandoned is the third day after Makayla was taken away by Hugo. She has a similar face to your mother's, and the scar on her wrist is the same as the red mole. All of these make me doubt that she might be Makayla. The most important thing is that... Did you see that she likes herb cake?"

She grabbed Trenton's collar and smiled. She said excitedly, "She likes herb cake. Herb cake has a bitter taste. Ordinary people don't like this kind of taste, so there are very few people who like it. I like it, but Makayla doesn't like it, which makes me a little disappointed. My daughter doesn't have the same taste as mine, but Amber, who has so many similarities with Makayla, likes it. This makes me feel more or less strange."

She even chuckled happily.

Looking at the smile on Mrs. Gardner's face, Trenton was annoyed.

She was so happy when they talked about Amber.

Did she really want Amber to be Makayla?

Trenton sighed and patted the back of Mrs. Gardner's hand, "Well, let's stop talking about it. No matter what you say, Amber is not Makayla. Makayla has come back and is with us. Even if Amber looks like Makayla, it's just a coincidence. I don't know why you are so stubborn about the possibility that Amber might be Makayla. You are so persistent that you even forget that Makayla has come back to us. Anyway, you are wrong. Last time, you hurt Akayla's heart. If you hurt her again, Makayla will be sad. "

Mrs. Gardner remained silent.

Of course, she knew she was wrong.

But she didn't know why. When she saw Amber, she just wanted to think if Amber was Makayla.

Sometimes, she even felt that Amber was really more like Makayla than that girl named Makayla at their home.

Amber had so many similarities to Makayla. They appeared at the same time, had the same taste, had a similar face to her mother-in-law, and had the same wrist mark as Makayla.

As for Makayla, she didn't have any.

Last time, she had said that she was good to Makayla, but she couldn't love Makayla.

She knew it was wrong and she should correct it.

But after so long, she still couldn't really love Makayla, which made her very distressed.

Seeing that Mrs. Gardner didn't say anything, Trenton didn't know if she had listened to him or not.

He rubbed between his eyebrows and felt a little tired. "Well, forget it. We're here to buy cakes, aren't we? Since there's no herbal cake, then buy something else. Since we're here, we shouldn't go back with nothing."

Mrs. Gardner forced a smile and said, "Okay."

On the other side, Amber had already returned to her car.

She threw the cake on the passenger seat and leaned against the back of the driver's seat. Her eyes were slightly closed, and her mood was not good. Mrs. Gardner's face, which was so excited that her eyes were red and bright, constantly appeared in her mind.

At that time, Mrs. Gardner looked at her strangely, with excitement, joy, and love in her eyes.

The look in her eyes shocked and flustered Amber.

She didn't know what Mrs. Gardner meant at that time, but she knew that the reason why Mrs. Gardner was like that was because she had taken a look at the scar on her wrist.

Thinking of this, Amber opened her eyes and turned on the light of the car. Then she raised her hand and looked at the fresh scar on her wrist. Her eyes twinkled slightly.

What did this scar mean to Mrs. Gardner? Why did Mrs. Gardner suddenly change her attitude?

Amber's heart was beating fast. She was about to know the answer.

But soon, she forcefully stopped it.

She rubbed her face hard, which had messed up her makeup. She didn't put down her hand until her face was painful.

'I can't think about it. I can't.'

If she thought about it, she would become so terrible that she couldn't accept herself at all.

So she couldn't think about it.

Amber bit her lower lip.

And she shouldn't think of Mrs. Gardner.

Mrs. Gardner had really affected her mood these days.

Therefore, she couldn't think about Mrs. Gardner, let alone care about Mrs. Gardner, or the result would be terrible.

Calm down, calm down.

Amber clenched her fists and forced herself not to think too much and calm down.

But after a long time, although Amber looked calm, her heart was still so heavy.

Until she returned to Kelsington Bay, she was still in a bad mood.

It was almost twelve o'clock when Jared came back.

He had thought that Amber had fallen asleep at this time, so he had been very gentle when he entered the room, fearing that the noise would spread to the bedroom and wake her up.

Jared changed his shoes and turned on the light in the living room. Then he saw Amber sitting on the sofa with her head down slightly. He was shocked.

But Jared quickly adjusted his mood.

He walked over with his long legs, frowned slightly, and his voice was a little unhappy. At the same time, he showed no disguise of concern. "Why don't you go to bed at this late hour?"

Amber didn't answer, as if she hadn't heard anything.

Seeing this, Jared stopped loosening his tie and looked down at her carefully.

Only then did he find that she was in a daze!

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 808 Jared's Lie

What's more, she was also depressed, as if she had experienced something that made her feel heavy and unable to cheer up.

"What's wrong?" Jared sat down next to Amber, grabbed her shoulders, and shook her slightly. "Is there anything wrong?"

Amber finally came to her senses after being shaken by the man.

Her eyes flashed, and her dim pupils finally returned to bright.

"You are back?" She looked at the man and asked with a smile.

Jared replied, "I'm back. Why don't you go to bed at this late hour? Why don't you turn on the light? Is there anything wrong?"

The man's series of questions made Amber shake her head and sigh, "nothing happened."

Obviously, Jared didn't believe her. He pursed his lips and said, "nothing happened? How could you be like this?"

Amber didn't say anything.

She knew she couldn't hide it from this man.

"Tell me, what happened?" Jared touched her hair and said with concern, "don't hide it from me. You know I'll be worried."

Amber felt warm in her heart, and she was finally relieved. She bent down and leaned her head on Jared's shoulder. "More than an hour ago, I met Trenton and his wife."

Jared stopped stroking her hair. "Trenton and his wife? "

"Yes."

"Where did you meet them?"

"I went to a pastry shop nearby to buy some food after I visit dad. When I was waiting for packing, Trenton and his wife also went in." Said Amber.

Jared frowned and asked, "did they bully you?"

"No." Amber shook her head and said, "We just argued a few words verbally as usual, but..."

"But what?" Jared's heart tightened.

Amber raised her hand and said, "Mrs. Gardner saw the scar on my hand and suddenly looked weird. She held my hand and asked me how it came. And before the scar appeared, is there anything else on my wrist? What do you think..."

Before she finished her words, Jared's face changed slightly.

His hand on her waist suddenly tightened, and his Adam's Apple moved. He asked in a serious voice, "did you tell her?"

"What?" Amber looked up at him and asked, "what?"

"I mean, you tell her how the scar came from, and there was something on your wrist before the scar appeared?" Jared lowered his eyes and said in a strange tone.

Amber shook her head and replied, "No. I don't know why Mrs. Gardner asked this question. I don't know if there is a trap, so I didn't tell her. I just made up a random excuse to muddle through."

Jared stared at her for a while and found that she was not lying. He breathed a sigh of relief and felt a little relieved.

"That's good." Jared held Amber's waist tightly.

Amber squinted, "why do I feel that you seem to be very nervous? Are you afraid that I will tell these to Mrs. Gardner?"

She looked at him.

Jared's eyes flashed, but soon he regained his composure and replied calmly, "no, as you just said, you didn't tell Mrs. Gardner about it because you were afraid that Mrs. Gardner would have a plot, and so did I. So I don't want you to be so stupid to tell everything directly. If there is really a trap, I can't help you because I was not with you."

As he spoke, he poked her forehead.

Amber dispelled her doubts because of his action. She touched her forehead and said, "who is stupid? I'm smart. The Gardner family is my sworn enemy. Of course, I can't answer whatever they ask. So if you say I'm stupid, I'll be angry!"

She pretended to be angry and stared at him.

Jared chuckled, lowered his head, and kissed her slightly pouted lips. Then he replied, "Okay, you're not stupid. You're smart."

"Of course!" Amber raised her chin proudly.

But soon, she calmed down and had a complicated mood.

When Jared saw that she returned to her low mood again, he also frowned with a strange feeling.

He gently pinched her chin and raised her head to let her look at him. "What's wrong with you again?"

Amber patted his hand down from his chin and said, "actually, it's nothing. I just find that I have a special feeling for Mrs. Gardner and Trenton."

Jared's expression changed slightly, but his tone was calm. "What special feeling?"

Amber rubbed between her eyebrows, "I care about them very much. In the past, I only hated them very much. I was happy to see them suffer. But after I met Mrs. Gardner in the hospital last time, I found that there was a strange change in the relationship between me and the Gardner family. I actually began to care about their emotions and mood. Jared, do you think I am crazy? "

Jared lowered his head slightly and rubbed his chin against her head. "You're not crazy. You're just too kind."

"Kind?" Amber frowned.

Jared's eyes twinkled. "Yes, you have always been softhearted. In addition, Trenton is sick, so the Gardner family becomes a little pitiful. That's why you are influenced by them when you see them. Because you are too kind to do something harmful to the poor guys."

Amber thought his words made sense.

But she was still worried and asked, "really?"

She looked up at him.

Facing her clear eyes, Jared felt a little guilty. He slightly tilted his head and looked away, not looking at her.

"Really." He coughed and answered in a hoarse voice.

In fact, it was a lie.

She had a special feeling for the Trenton couple and she cared about their moods because she was influenced by their blood relationship.

Even if they didn't know that they were a family, and even if they hated each other.

But blood relationship was the most magical fetters in the world.

It closely connected her and the Trenton couple, affecting the atmosphere between them, and making them have a different feelings for each other.

This was the blood relationship that no one could control and stop.

But he couldn't tell her. He could only lie to her that she was too softhearted.

He had no choice. He did it for her good.

In the past, Amber hadn't been affected so much by the blood relationship, but now she was.

It seemed that he had to do something, or things would get worse.

Thinking of this, Jared held up Amber's face with both hands and said in a serious tone, "from now on, stay away from the Trenton couple. I'm afraid that you won't be able to take revenge because of their influence."

Amber laughed, "how could it be possible?"

"Just in case." Jared didn't smile at her but still looked serious.

Seeing him like this, Amber couldn't be careless anymore. She nodded seriously and said, "Okay, okay, I know. You are right. Indeed, I have become very strange these two times when we met. I have a feeling that I was led by them. It's not my style at all. I really should stay away from them."????

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 809 Am I Old?

"That's good." Jared then released her head with satisfaction. He held her hand and stood up. "It's late. Are you hungry? Do you want to eat something?"

Amber shook her head and said, "no, I'm not hungry. You just finished your work. Are you hungry?"

"I'm not hungry." Jared shook his head.

Amber yawned and said, "since you are not hungry, you can wash and go to bed. You must be tired after a whole day. Look at you. You have dark circles under your eyes."

She pointed at his eyelids.

Jared raised his hand and touched it. Then he smiled carelessly and said, "it's not serious."

"It's not serious? You haven't slept for more than thirty-six hours." Amber pursed her lips and felt a little unhappy.

Jared shrugged.

It was only thirty-six hours.

In the past, he often didn't sleep for two or three days.

But his intuition told him not to say these words, or he would definitely piss her off later.

Amber didn't know what the man beside her was thinking. She pushed him towards the bathroom and said, "Okay, hurry up. It's getting late."

"Okay, I'll go now." Jared turned his head and looked at the woman behind him with a gentle smile.

After pushing Jared into the bathroom, Amber clapped her hands, turned around, and went back to her room, reclining on the bed.

Then she reached out her hand, picked up the crystal ball at the head of the bed, and shook it. Then she held it in her hand. Looking at the flying snowflakes in the crystal ball, she couldn't help smiling.

She had been in a heavy mood since she came back from the dessert shop. All she thought about was her strange concern for the Trenton couple.

She didn't know why her attitude towards the Trenton couple had changed so much, so she was very upset. She wanted to know the reason.

But the more she wanted to know, the more she couldn't figure it out. Then she sat on the sofa in a daze until Jared came back.

Fortunately, after Jared's advice, she was in a better mood now. Her strange care for the Trenton couple also stopped.

Maybe what he said was true. Her strange care for the Trenton couple was really because she was softhearted and she was easy to feel sympathy for others.

And she really hoped that the reason was not something else, otherwise...

While she was thinking, the door was suddenly pushed open.

Jared came in, wearing a loose bathrobe, revealing his strong and perfect chest. The muscles on his chest were tight and silky. He looked very attractive, full of temptation that only belonged to men.

At this moment, he wiped his wet hair with a towel while walking. The tip of his hair was still wet, water dropping into the bathrobe on his shoulder.

Amber put the crystal ball back and no longer lazily leaned against the head of the bed. She sat up straight and looked up at him. "Why don't you dry your hair and then come in?"

"I want to accompany you." Jared walked to the bedside and sat down.

Amber rolled her eyes and said, "I don't want you to accompany me."

"I want." Jared looked at her and said.

Amber was amused. "All right. Give me the towel and I'll dry it for you."

"Okay," Jared replied and handed the towel to her.

Amber knelt down behind him and gently dry his hair.

The man's hair was black and soft, just like silk.

Amber couldn't help rubbing and fiddling with it.

However, when she touched his hair, Amber suddenly saw a small stitched scar on his scalp.

It was only about two centimeters long, but it looked like there were several stitches.

And the scars seemed to be aged.

Amber stopped what she was doing and frowned. She gently touched the scar with her finger and asked with concern, "how did you get this scar?"

Her voice was a little hoarse.

Obviously, the scar made her feel a little sad.

Jared opened his eyes and felt the position of her touch. He knew what scar she was asking about. He opened his thin lips and replied, "it was accidentally hit by Logan when he was a child."

"Logan made it?" Amber raised her voice.

Jared replied, "at that time, Logan was still young, only three years old. He was very naughty and liked to throw things around. When I came in from outside, I was hit by the glass thrown by him."

Amber touched the scar and her face darkened. "I thought you had gone through something else to get this scar. I didn't expect it to be Logan. He has been disliked by everyone since he was a child."

Jared was pleased by her words. "You're right."

"Well, sit down. I'm drying your hair. What are you doing? Don't move." Amber patted the man on the shoulder.

The man sat up straight and looked serious and cute, just like an army man.

Soon, Jared's hair was almost dried. Amber picked up the hair dryer and dried it for him.

His hair was not long, and it was half dry. It was fast to dry it with the hair dryer.

Amber put the hair dryer into the drawer at the bedside.

As soon as she put it down, he pressed her down on the bed.

Amber raised her head and saw that Jared was also staring at her. His dark eyes became deeper, like two black holes, which almost sucked her soul.

The man's breath was a little heavy, and the hot breath hit Amber's face. He stared at Amber's red lips like a wolf.

Amber looked at the man's eyes and knew what he wanted to do. She raised her head and pressed her forehead against his to stop him from lowering his head.

The man was stunned. Apparently, he didn't expect to be stopped halfway.

He looked at the woman under him, confused, wondering why she stopped him.

Amber opened her red lips slightly, revealing her white teeth and tongue tip.

She looked at him and shook her head slightly. "No, you haven't slept since yesterday. Aren't you tired?"

He even wanted to have sex with her.

However, Jared shook his head and replied in a hoarse and sexy voice, "I'm not tired."

Amber rolled her eyes at him and said, "you're not tired, but I'm tired. Anyway, you should sleep tonight. You're already thirty, not the young man in your twenties. How long can your body withstand the torture like this?"

Jared's eyes trembled.

She said he was thirty.

He knew he was already thirty, but was a thirty-year-old man really old?

A thirty-year-old man should just be at the best age.

Thirty was the golden age of a man. Why did she feel that thirty was so old in her eyes?

For a moment, Jared felt a little frustrated.

Looking at his aggrieved look, Amber raised her hand and pushed the man to the position beside her. "Okay, go to sleep. You need to sleep, okay?"

Jared pursed his lips and asked, "am I very old?"

He asked.

Amber blinked her eyes and asked, "what?"

"You just said I'm thirty, not a twenty-year-old young man." Jared stared at the woman and asked, "so, do you think I'm old?"

Amber was amused. "I didn't say that you are old. I just said that a thirty-year-old man's physical quality is indeed not as vigorous as that of a twenty-year-old man. So, you can't think that you are still young and ignore your health. I'm doing this for your own good, understand?"

Chapter 810 Good News

Jared stared at Amber for a while without saying anything.

Suddenly, he turned his back to Amber and said in a low voice, "you said so much, but you still think I'm old."

The physical quality of a person at the age of more than 30 was not so good as that of a person at the age of more than 20.

That was to say, a person who was more than 30 years old had a worse physical function than a person more than 20 years old.

The older he was, the worse his physical quality would be.

So she meant that he was old.

Amber's mouth twitched and she was choked.

She didn't say he was old, but he seemed to be sure that she said he was old.

Well, now she had offended him.

Amber rubbed her temples, feeling amused. "No, I really didn't. trust me."

Jared ignored her and kept his head at the back of her head.

Seeing this, Amber stretched out her hand and gently pushed him on the shoulder. "Trust me, really not."

Jared still sat still.

Amber sighed and leaned over to hug his shoulder. She kissed him on the cheek and said, "do you believe it now? If I tell you that you are old, I will abandon you and won't be with you. I'm really worried about your health. You haven't rested for such a long time, and your body can't bear it. Besides, only when you have a good rest can you be more energetic, right?"

Jared straightened his back and turned his face to look at Amber.

He finally responded.

Amber breathed a sigh of relief.

Jared looked at her and said, "if you kiss me again, I'll believe you didn't say I'm old."

Amber raised her eyebrows and smiled, "you are really insatiable and try every means to get yourself benefits."

Although she said so, Amber still lowered her head and kissed the man on the face again.

The man finally turned around, held her waist, and held her in his arms. "That's good."

Amber shook her head. "Can we go to bed now?"

"Yes." Jared nodded slightly.

She was right. Only when he had a good rest could he have more energy.

Then he would have a good sleep. Tomorrow, he would let her know whether he was old or not.

He would let her know that a thirty-year-old man was in better health than a 20 year-old-man!

Thinking of this, Jared was happy. He held Amber in his arms and closed his eyes.

Amber didn't know what was on the man's mind. When she saw him close his eyes obediently, she breathed a sigh of relief. Her body also relaxed and she closed her eyes.

She finally stopped suffering and could have a good sleep.

If this man was a little angry, she would have spent more time coaxing him.

If it went on like this, she might not be able to sleep for a long time.

Now, it was finally quiet.

Amber smiled. She gently rubbed her head against the man's chest and found a comfortable position. Then she closed her eyes and fell asleep.

The next day, when she woke up, she found that she was alone in bed.

She touched the place where Jared had lied and found that it was still a little warm. She guessed that he had just gotten up.

She wondered whether he had left or not.

Amber took the phone from the bedside table and looked at it. It was seven thirty. It was already dawn outside.

She put down her phone, yawned, sat up from the bed, stretched herself, and got out of bed. Then she opened the door and walked out.

It was quiet in the living room and no one was there. At the vestibule, Jared's slippers had been placed neatly on the shoe soles at the door. Obviously, he had left.

A hint of disappointment flashed through Amber's eyes. She was disappointed that she didn't see him when she got up early.

But the disappointment didn't last long. She hummed a song and went to wash up.

Last night, he said that he would be busy in the next few days. He might go out early and come back late, so she was prepared in the morning, and she could quickly adjust her state to accept the reality.

"Hello?" As soon as Amber came out of the bathroom, she received a call from the police.

Today was the date of Braylee's trial, so the police would inform her to attend it on time.

After hearing the notice from the police station, Amber nodded slightly and said, "Okay, thank you for reminding me. I will be ready."

After saying that, she put down her phone and took a long breath. Then she walked to the table and poured a glass of water.

After taking a sip, Amber rubbed between her eyebrows and pursed her red lips.

In fact, she really wanted to tell the police that Braylee had poisoned her biological father.

But for this matter, first of all, she didn't have any evidence. Moreover, it involved the Gardner family and Sharon Kay.

Last night, she deliberately told Trenton that she knew that he had asked Braylee and her mother to poison her father. She wanted to see how Trenton would react.

Trenton was indeed a little shocked and flustered at the beginning, but soon he calmed down.

This calmness made her heart sink a little.

She just wanted to test Trenton on purpose. If Trenton kept panicking, it meant that the evidence that Trenton had asked Braylee and her mother to poison her father must be very easy to find. Trenton couldn't hide it.

But in fact, Trenton quickly regained his composure. He didn't show any panic after knowing the question, which meant that Trenton had covered up everything about the poisoning. He was innocent that he was confident even if she called the police, the police couldn't find any evidence.

So she refrained from herself telling the police that they had poisoned her father. After all, it was useless.

If there was no evidence, Braylee would not be charged with more crimes, and Trenton would be fine. At most, he would be arrested, interrogated, and released. It was meaningless.

So she had to give up. She could only wait until she found some strong evidence to send them to jail.

While she was thinking, Amber's phone rang again.

Amber calmed down and took out her phone. It was a call from Hayden.

As a matter of fact, she hadn't seen him for a while.

It seemed that she hadn't seen him since she came back to Jared.

She didn't know why he called her at this time.

Amber pulled out a chair, sat down, and answered the phone, "hello?"

"Amber, I have a piece of news for you." On the other side, Hayden was sitting in his car with his legs crossed. He held the phone with one hand and a document in the other. He tapped his knees with the document from time to time and said leisurely.

Amber became interested and asked with a smile, "Oh? What news?"

"A few days ago, you asked me to collect the genes of some high IQ people in the world, didn't you? I asked someone to go abroad and check several gene banks. Now I have sorted out what you want. Do you think it's good news?" Looking at the documents on his knees, Hayden said with a smile.

Amber straightened up and her face was full of surprise. "That's really good news."

She wanted Braylee to give birth to a descendant of the Reed family to inherit the group.

Braylee was a fool, and she was vicious. Amber didn't want Braylee's child to inherit Braylee's bad character and stupid brain, so she could only place her hope on the gene of the child's father. She hoped that the child would inherit the gene of his or her father, which meant that the father had to be excellent in appearance, character, and intelligence.