

LLPD Chapter 841

Chapter 841 A Chance Encounter At The Tuxedo Shop

Sheila had sex with Cole in order to get ahead.

And Cole, regardless of whether he was actually drunk or not, made a big mistake by dragging a woman to bed.

She even wondered if, instead of Sheila, some other woman had been there that day, would Cole have dragged her to the hotel?

The answer, perhaps, was yes.

So, both of them were at fault.

Jared scratched the bridge of Amber's nose as she grimaced, "What's on your mind?"

Amber shook her head, "I'm just wondering if Sheila was doing the right thing now, trying to get rid of the baby, and asking me to hide it from Cole."

Jared gently touched her hair, "Whether it is right or not, it is a private matter between them. Even if you're friends with Cole Lyon, you don't have the right to get involved. Let them deal with their problems. Sometimes too much interference from outsiders can cause unnecessary problems, and the loss is not worth the gain."

"I know, but Cole's my friend, and I..."

"So what? It's their private business." Jared cut her off, "Besides, Cole Lyon is a grown man. You don't have to care so much about what happens to him. He's not your son."

At this, Amber burst into laughter and gave him a pat, "What are you talking about? My son?"

"I'm just making a metaphor." Jared smiled, "Cole Lyon and your secretary, they'll take care of themselves. They're still fine, but you're more concerned than Mrs. Lyon. Do you think he's your son?"

"Nonsense!" Amber glared at him.

Jared laughed, "Well, don't worry about them. They're not that worried themselves. So, what are you worried about? If you have that much energy for them, you might as well use it all for me."

"Don't I care enough about you?" Amber looked at him.

Jared nodded, "Yes, but I'm a greedy man, and that's not enough for me. I'd be happier if you'd take the same care you take for other people and give it all to me."

"Shut up!" Amber didn't know what to say.

Jared rubbed her hair and said, "Well, it's getting late. I should probably get going. See you tonight."

"Okay, see you tonight." Amber nodded and walked him to the elevator.

Jared suddenly gave her a hug, "Don't forget to miss me."

"I won't!" Amber patted him on the back.

Jared let go of her, turned around and got into the elevator.

Amber stood outside the elevator waving to him until the doors were closed and the elevator descended. Then she turned and headed to her office.

Yeah, he was right. This was a private matter between Cole and Sheila, and they should sort it out.

She was Cole's friend, not his mother, so there was no need to upset herself.

Besides, she had explicitly rejected Cole, and now she was upset about Cole. What was that?

She had got to get over it!

Even if they were friends, she shouldn't have to worry about him on that matter, because that kind of took the concept out of being friends.

She decided to listen to Jared. She would pretend she didn't know that and let them work it out.

If something did happen, it was not too late to see if she could help.

Amber's heart was relieved at the thought.

In the afternoon, when the time was up, Amber put down her papers, left Goldstone Co. and headed to the mall to try on her dress.

The dress shop staff were already waiting at the door. As Amber approached her, she smiled politely, "Good afternoon, Miss Reed."

"Good afternoon." Amber smiled back.

The manager made a gesture of invitation, "Please come in, Miss Reed."

"Thank you." Amber said and followed her into the store.

This was the dress shop of a top luxury brand abroad.

When Amber entered, she saw that it was filled with elegant and expensive gowns.

Of course, the dresses on display weren't really worth much.

The ones that were really valuable, instead of being on display, they were hidden in the store, used as a treasure of the store, waiting for the really rich and powerful to buy them.

Those who did not understand the unspoken rules of luxury might think that what was displayed in the store was already the best.

"Take a seat, Miss Reed. Would you like champagne or coffee?" The manager led Amber to the couch in the lounge area and asked as she sat down.

Amber puts her bag down, "Coffee would be fine. I drove here, so I can't drink alcohol."

"Ok, just a moment, please. Someone has gone to the warehouse to pick up your dress. It will be delivered soon." The manager said with a smile.

Amber nodded and said, "Okay, thank you."

"You're welcome." The manager said and turned to leave.

Amber sat down on the couch, pulled out her phone, and waited for her dress to arrive while idly browsing the Web.

After waiting for a while, she suddenly heard a familiar voice behind her, "was that all? Don't you have something a little shinier?"

It was...

Amber squinted slightly for a moment, then a name popped into her mind.

Alice!

Amber put her phone down and looked back to see a figure in a wheelchair.

The figure was clearly Alice.

Amber raised her eyebrows.

What the hell was she doing here?

And she looked like she was shopping for a dress, too.

It was just, why would she buy a dress?

Amber didn't doubt that Alice could afford it, because she could get plastic surgery all over her body. And that must cost a lot.

Plus, last time she paid Jared hundreds of thousands for his car repairs. Alice took the money out in a second without hesitation.

So, Alice must be well off.

She did not know, though, where an orphan, an orphan without any profession, could get so much money.

Amber took one look at Alice and quickly looked away.

She didn't like a woman who liked her man and wanted to take him from her.

So even if they ran into each other here, she wouldn't say anything. She'd just ignore her.

Alice didn't see Amber in the rest area behind her. She was holding a pink fishtail dress and examining it critically.

Now, she was not happy with the dress.

She handed the dress to the clerk beside her, frowned and asked, "Are there really no other styles of fishtail dresses?"

The saleswoman smiled and shook her head, "I'm sorry Miss, we only have these styles of fishtail skirts in our store, nothing else."

Alice scowled, “The dresses of these styles are all of the old styles, are there no new styles this year?”

“Yes, but this year our brand only released one fishtail dress. If you are interested, please provide the VIP qualification. We can make an appointment with the head shop and customize one for you. What do you think, miss?” The saleswoman continued to smile at Alice.

Alice’s expression froze, “The VIP qualification?”

“Yes.” The saleswoman nodded. “Because the fishtail dress newly released this year is designed by the top designer of our brand, the price of the fishtail dress is naturally much higher than other dresses. Only with VIP qualification can we customize this dress, otherwise we may have to choose other dresses. The VIP qualification of our brand must be obtained by consuming 100 million in total in all stores under our brand, so do you have the VIP qualification?”

Chapter 842 Had To Coax Her Man Again

Alice looked even worse.

Spending 100 million yuan to get VIP status was deliberately putting obstacles in our way!

Even if she was... had a lot of money before, she didn’t spend 100 million in all the stores under the brand, let alone now.

Seeing that Alice looked pale and didn’t speak, the saleswoman understood immediately. She narrowed her eyes for a moment, then smiled again, “Another way to qualify for VIP status is to provide a bank card with a balance of at least 100 million to prove your assets. In that case, we can also customize one for you.

Alice’s eyes were wide open, “At least 100 million?”

How was that different from spending a total of \$100 million?

“Yeah.” The saleswoman smiled and nodded, “So, miss, do you have a bank card for this asset?”

Alice saw the smile on the saleswoman’s face and felt humiliated.

If she had a bank card with this kind of asset, would she not be a VIP?

The saleswoman was clearly trying to humiliate her.

This saleswoman clearly saw that she did not have it, but she still asked her these questions, and she was obviously trying to make fun of her.

Alice clutched the arms of the wheelchair so hard that veins popped up on the back of her hands.

In the lounge area behind her, Amber could hear that Alice was humiliated and couldn’t help laughing.

Although she felt it was rude, the person being humiliated was someone she hated, so she felt it was okay.

If Alice didn’t have the heart to hide, she might be willing to come to her rescue for the sake of getting to know her.

But for now, she might as well let it go.

Such people who knew no shame should be taught by society.

Amber smiled and shook her head. Then she picked up a dress magazine and placed it on her folded lap, slowly flipping through the pages.

There was an argument behind her at this moment.

Amber listened and found that it was just that Alice was not satisfied with the saleswoman's attitude and was teaching the saleswoman a lesson.

And the saleswoman was not easy to mess with. She gave Alice's lesson back, in the politest manner and without a fuss.

Well, reading magazines and listening to slapstick at the same time was kind of fun.

Amber took a sip of the coffee she had just received from another saleswoman, and smiled even more.

Suddenly, the phone on the small glass end table in front of her vibrated.

Amber put down her coffee, picked up her phone, and looked at the message from Jared. Then she raised her eyebrows in surprise.

Why was he texting now?

Wasn't he busy?

Though confused, Amber quickly unlocked her phone and tapped into the message board, where she found Jared's message and was torn between laughter and tears.

Jared actually asked her if she had any stomach problems.

The man must have been worried that she'd hurt her stomach after eating so many chili peppers for lunch.

He had been worrying since noon.

Although she smiled helplessly, Amber was genuinely touched.

After all, only the people who really cared about her would care such a little thing. Otherwise, who cared if she got sick from eating so many chilies?

With a gentle smile on her face, Amber clutched her phone with both hands and typed a reply, "I'm fine. There's nothing wrong with me. You can rest assured."

On the other end of the phone, Jared's furrowed brows unfurled as Amber responded to his message.

Just as Amber thought, he was worried that she would have a stomachache after eating so much spicy food for lunch.

So, he took some time to ask her.

Now he was relieved to know that there was nothing wrong with her.

“Mr. Farrell, the plane is here. We’re just gonna go.” While Jared was about to text Amber, several elite men in suits and ties, carrying suitcases, approached Jared, and offered him a polite goodbye.

These were the managers of the foreign subsidiaries of the Farrell Group.

Jared was at the airport to get the private jet he was holding at the airport to take these people out of the country.

As the boss, since these people worked abroad for him and seldom came back, he naturally tried his best to treat them kindly when they returned home.

He wanted these people to know that as the boss, he had always thought highly of them and had never forgotten them.

Only a man in charge who could win people over could make them willing to work for him.

Jared put his phone down, looked up at the staff, and gave them a little nod, “Well, have a good flight. If you have any questions abroad, please feel free to contact Ben and he will let me know as soon as possible.”

“Okay, Mr. Farrell.” They all answered and walked together to the VIP aisle.

Jared stood there and watched them until they were gone, then turned around and headed for the parking lot with Ben Channing.

After getting into the car, Jared realized he hadn’t texted Amber back.

He took out his phone and unlocked it, typing furiously with his fingers, “Sorry, there was a delay because my subordinate just boarded the plane.”

Amber, expecting Jared to stop texting her, started to listen to the drama when her phone started vibrating again.

She looked at Jared’s apology and smiled, “I know you are busy, so I don’t blame you. Don’t think too much about it. Have they gone abroad?”

Jared smiled, “Yeah, they just got on the plane, and now I have to go back to the group, and I have a lot to do.”

“You’re working so hard.” Amber sighed and continued typing, “Well, be safe on your way back. I’m outside right now.”

Jared’s eyes narrowed when he saw Amber outside, “What are you doing out there?”

Amber took a sip of her coffee, “My dress arrived, so I came to the store to try it on.”

Jared lips were slightly pursed, “I told you at the beginning that I would take care of your dress, I would arrange it, and the designer would come and measure it for you, but you refused.”

Amber took a hint of resentment from the man’s words and chuckled.

She and Jared were both invited to the mall and Jared asked her to come with him.

By that time, they were back together, so she had no reason to turn him down.

Jared then happily sent someone off to get the dress ready.

But she refused.

For the same reason, that she could do this on her own and she didn't want to rely on him for everything.

Jared couldn't persuade her, so he just stopped. He didn't say it, but she knew he was holding it in his heart.

He felt that she didn't depend on him for anything, that she refused everything he wanted to do for her, that she hadn't really accepted him in her heart.

That was not true. She just didn't want to depend on him for everything.

In that case, she did not know whether she would lose herself and become a dodder flower that could only rely on others to survive. Once the tree she clung to was gone, she could not live.

She was a human being, a conscious woman with her own mind and her own pursuit.

She could never bear to be like that.

That was why she turned down Jared's offers so many times.

Amber rubbed her temples and shook her head in amusement. Well, she had to coax her man again.

Amber typed softly with her fingers, "Ok, don't be angry, how about you prepare the wedding clothes in the future?"

She could not help blushing when she sent it.

After all, it was the first time she had talked to him about marriage since they got back together.

It also showed that she did mean to marry him.

He would probably stop being upset when he saw that.

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 843 Mad With Anger

Sure enough, Jared straightened up when he saw the word "wedding" and then brought his phone closer to see if he was reading it correctly.

When he found that he had not been mistaken at last, a smile began to spread over his face and eyes, and anyone could see his good mood.

Ben Channing looked at Jared in his rearview mirror and wondered, "Mr. Farrell, what's going on?"

Jared was in a good mood to answer his questions, "Little Maple said I should prepare the clothes for our wedding."

"Oh? Really?" Ben Channing was genuinely surprised.

Jared nodded his head, his face full of undisguised satisfaction, "Yes."

"That would be really nice. Congratulations, Mr. Farrell. It shows that Miss Reed is willing to remarry you." Ben Channing laughed too, genuinely happy for him.

Jared coughed to suppress his delight, then he said calmly, "Thank you!"

With that, he looked down and replied to Amber, "Ok, I'll prepare it then."

It was just a simple sentence, but Amber could see how happy he was through the sentence.

She replied with a smile, "I'll leave it to you. All right, I'm gonna go. My tux is coming.

Jared replied with an OK, reluctantly put down his phone and looked at Ben Channing for instructions, "When you get back, you collect some of the most famous wedding dress designers in the world, and I'll see which of their dresses fits Amber and me better."

Ben raised his eyebrows.

Mr. Farrell was a little too active.

Miss Reed just told Mr. Farrell to get the wedding dress ready. When they would get married was still uncertain.

Mr. Farrell, on the other hand, was preparing now.

He really was a marriage maniac.

Ben Channing thought so, but he didn't dare to show it. He just nodded with a smile, "All right, Mr. Farrell, I'll arrange it when I get back to the group."

"Okay." Jared lifted his chin, "And places suitable for weddings. I'll check them out.

"Okay." Ben said.

Jared thought and said, "In addition, you also need to sort out the information of some top jewelry designers for me to design jewelry accessories and wedding rings."

"Okay, Mr. Farrell. Anything else?" Ben asked with a half-smile.

If you needed anything, just tell me at once.

"That's all for now." Jared shook his head, "I'll let you know when I think of it."

"Okay." Ben nodded and said nothing.

Jared was quiet, looking down and thinking.

In the past, he didn't give Amber a wedding. By then, he was hypnotized and convinced that Amber wanted to marry him. He was so disgusted with her that it was impossible to give her a wedding.

And now, he was back to normal and loved her more than ever, so naturally, he wanted to give her the best, the best wedding, and everything.

He even decided that giving her everything in the world would not be enough to show her how much he loved her.

On the other side, the dress shop.

Amber put her phone away and put it in her bag.

Behind her, the manager had brought her dress out of the warehouse and was coming towards her with it.

But when she passed Alice, she stopped her, "Wait a minute."

Unconsciously, the manager stopped, looked back at Alice in her wheelchair, and asked politely, "What can I do for you, miss?"

Alice didn't look at the manager, she just looked at the dress she was carrying.

It was a silver-blue one-shouldered fishtail dress, unique in design and novel in fabric, decorated with countless tiny diamonds, so that the whole dress was dazzling even without the light of the reflection, which was very gorgeous.

It was as if wearing it could literally transform a person into a mermaid.

Alice couldn't take her eyes off the dress.

She liked the dress at once, and she could already imagine how beautiful it would look on her.

With her heart beating fast, Alice pointed to the dress in the manager's hand, with undisguised determination and ambition on her face "I want to try on this dress."

She had already seen the brand's new dress this year on its website, and there was no such fishtail dress.

So, this fishtail dress wasn't one of those things that you needed VIP status to buy or order, was it?

Well, in that case, she had to take the dress.

The manager never realized that the woman was calling her because of the dress she was holding.

It was understandable, though, that the dress was so beautiful, and when it got there, they were so blown away. Any woman couldn't refuse it.

It was not unusual for this woman to want it.

The manager didn't hand Alice the dress. He just looked at Alice and smiled, "I'm sorry, miss, this dress is custom-made and specially designed by our designer for the guest. It was not for public sale, so we can't give it to you."

Alice's face fell, "What? Is it custom-made?"

"Yes." The manager nodded.

Alice bit her lips.

No wonder she didn't see the dress on the website. It was designed by a designer, and it was just one person's dress.

Then she wouldn't get the dress, would she?

Alice looked at the dress in front of her and was filled with unwillingness.

She couldn't let go of a dress that beautiful.

Why didn't she fight for herself?

Alice bit her lower lip, finally took a deep breath, calmed down, and forced a smile, "Since it is customized, it is ok, but the owner of the dress is not here now, it is ok for me to try on the dress. I want to see if it is suitable for me. If it is, I can also ask your designer to customize a dress, what do you say?"

She checked the store. She was the only customer.

That was why she was sure the owner of the dress wasn't here.

And these saleswomen, they probably wouldn't say no. After all, if she ordered one more, these saleswomen might get a higher commission.

However, Alice thought her proposal would not be rejected, and the next second her smile froze on her face.

The manager smiled and said, "I'm sorry, miss, but you still can't try on the dress. Everyone's figure is different. This dress is tailor-made. If you try it on and the dress is deformed, what are we supposed to tell the client? It is also unethical to give a client's dress to another client to try on. If they find out, we'll all lose our jobs. Secondly, this dress is the only one of its kind in the world. If you want the same dress, you can only ask the client for permission. If the client allows her designer to make a custom dress for someone else, you can get it. And there are conditions, of course."

Alice was already upset when she heard that she couldn't try it on.

But when she heard that she needed the customer's permission to customize the same one, she felt like hitting someone.

Now that she knew there were other conditions, she wanted to kill.

Wasn't it just a dress?

How could there be so many rules?

Chapter 844 Who Do You Think You Are?

Furious, Alice gritted her teeth, "Go ahead. What's the condition?"

The manager smiled, "The condition is that in addition to obtaining the consent of the customer, we also need the VIP qualification of our brand."

"..." Alice's face turned pale. She was trembling with anger.

VIP status, this fucking VIP status again!

Would it kill you not to mention it?

She must have been crazy to enter this store. It was really infuriating.

Seeing Alice's twisted face, the saleswoman who had not said anything after the argument with Alice could not help laughing.

Even Amber, who was in the back, started to laugh at the manager's words.

The laughter reached Alice's ears and made her face grimmer, "Who's that? Who's laughing?"

The manager looked over her shoulder at Amber and introduced Alice, "This lady, who was smiling, is the owner of this dress."

"What?" Alice froze.

The owner of this dress?

Little did she know that the owner of the dress was here.

She thought she was the only client in the store.

Thinking so, Alice looked over at Amber.

Amber sat on the sofa with her back to her, and the back of the sofa covered Amber's entire body so that it was not obvious that someone else was sitting there.

No wonder she thought she was all by herself. She couldn't see her there.

"If you want to have this dress made to order, miss, talk to your client over there and see if she agrees."

The manager made a guiding gesture toward Alice, leading her toward Amber.

Amber heard footsteps and knew that she was facing a confrontation with Alice. She was not in the mood for the coffee. Instead, she put down her coffee, pulled out a tissue, and gracefully wiped her mouth as she waited for her to come.

Soon, the manager came over with Alice. She was about to speak, but was interrupted by Alice beside her.

"It's you!" Alice looked at Amber in surprise and disbelief as she sat on the sofa.

The owner of the dress was Amber Reed!

So, it was Amber who was laughing at her?

Did that mean Amber saw her embarrassing herself in front of the saleswoman?

Alice turned pale at the thought.

It was worse than killing her to be humiliated before her enemies.

As if unaware of Alice's grim face, Amber raised her eyes and gave her a cold smile, "Alice, what a coincidence! We meet again."

The manager was surprised, "Miss Reed, do you know this young lady?"

Amber looked over at Alice and said with a cold smile, "Well, we only met once, but that was a very impressive one. Miss Alice is a boyfriend grabber. Unfortunately, she failed and ended up apologizing to me all over the Internet."

"You..." Alice's eyes were widened, clearly not expecting Amber to be so unprincipled as to reveal what she had done.

She could even feel the strange way the manager looked at her.

This woman said this on purpose, to humiliate her.

Alice clenched her hands in hatred.

The manager gave her a more subtle look, then pulled her eyes back and gave Amber a double nod, "I see. No wonder this lady looks familiar to me, but I can't remember where I met her. It was on the Internet."

Amber smiled but didn't respond.

The manager thought of her business and handed over the dress in her hands, "Here is your dress, Miss Reed. Would you like to try it on and see if there is anything that needs altering?"

"Okay." Amber took the dress, folded her legs, and stood up.

Just as she was about to take a closer look at the dress and go to the fitting room, Alice suddenly narrowed her eyes and said, "Miss Reed, did you just call me a robber?"

Amber put down her gown and looked at her with the manager.

"What are you trying to say?" Amber asked softly.

Alice flicked her nails and put on a wicked smile, "If Miss Reed calls me a robber, would I be betraying your opinion of me if I did not rob you? I love this dress you're holding. Can you part with it?"

Amber frowned.

The manager did not expect the woman to grab the item directly from Miss Reed.

And Miss Reed was angry, too.

Looked like it was gonna be fun.

Though she did want to leave the field of battle to the two women, so she would offend no one.

But not now. Behind Miss Reed stood Mr. Farrell, who was part owner of the brand and, unbeknowningly, her boss.

Miss Reed was kind of her boss's wife.

Therefore, she must not allow Miss Reed to be bullied in the store she oversaw, or it would be the end of her career if Mr. Farrell knew it.

With that in mind, the manager took a deep breath, stepped in front of Amber, and looked down at Alice in her wheelchair, smiling politely but coldly, "Miss Alice, as I remember saying, this dress was

designed for Miss Reed on a contract with our designer, and it's hers alone, so you don't have the right to take it. You can't order the second one until you get Miss Reed's approval, do you understand?"

Alice, however, ignored this and sneered, "So what? Even if she did, does it have to be hers? The one who gets it is the one who owns it. So, Miss Reed, will you let me have this dress?"

She believed this will put Amber in a difficult position.

If Amber refused, she could tell the community that Amber was unreasonable. As a result, Goldstone Co.'s partners would have to consider whether to stay in business with them. After all, if you worked with such a person, you might be blamed by a junior one day if you were not able to agree with her.

But if Amber gave it to her, she could tell everyone in the circle that Amber was a wimp. That way, anyone could step on her toes.

The more she thought about it, the more excited Alice was that she didn't think Amber would not have thought of it.

Amber must have thought of this. Then she must be going to give up the dress.

She could now see Amber's disfigured face as she gave away her dress.

Amber looked at the ugly look on Alice's face and knew without a second thought what the woman was daydreaming about.

A gleam of derision flashed in her eyes and she said coldly, "It's not a question of whether I dare. All I can say is, I'm not going to let you, and you're not in the position to let me give my stuff away. After all, who do you think you are?"

Good!

The manager was cheering on Amber.

She would have clapped if circumstances had not prevented it.

She also hated this woman named Alice. She had seen all the arguments between this woman and the saleswoman. It was all about this woman being unreasonable.

So, she was glad to see this woman being humiliated.

Not far away, the saleswoman who was arguing with Alice was also pleased to see that Alice was shocked and speechless by Amber's aggression.

She thought it served her right to lose to Miss Reed!???

Chapter 845 Threats Of No Use

Neither the manager nor the assistant said anything, but the glee in their eyes was very visible.

Alice was so mad when she saw the them laughing at her so much.

But that was not the worst part. The worst part was Amber's "Who do you think you are?"

It was the first time she had ever been scolded like that.

It was just plain humiliating.

“So, Miss Reed, you’re not gonna let the dress out, are you?” Alice’s hands were tightly clutched on the armrests of her wheelchair, her voice surly.

Amber looks at her coldly, “It’s mine. Why should I give it to you? If it were yours, would you give it to me?”

Of course not!

Alice unconsciously replied.

But her face did not show what she thought.

And, as far as she was concerned, she could rob people and they must give it to her.

But if someone tried to rob her, it was a terrible crime and unforgivable.

She was one of those people who didn’t hold herself to the same standard as everyone else.

“Miss Reed, aren’t you afraid that people in your circle will say that you have no sympathy and mercy?” Alice squinted threateningly.

Amber looked at her like she was a fool, “I know what you’re trying to say, I know what you’re trying to do, but I’m telling you, nobody in this circle is stupid. Since they have been in the circle, not out of the circle, that means they are smart. It’s impossible for them not to see who’s right and who’s wrong. If I did give the dress away, it would be a shame not only on me, but on everyone in the community. After all, in their mind, do they have to give up their stuff to someone else? And if they do not, does it mean that they are wrong and unreasonable?”

At this point, Amber took a step closer, “Now, Miss Alice, if I told the circle about your idea, how would the circle react?”

Alice’s face was pale, and there was a flicker of panic in her eyes.

What else could they do? They wanted her dead, of course.

She did think that if Amber did not let her, she would convince the circle that Amber was a strong, unforgiving person, and that those in the circle who worked with the Reed family would be wary of Amber. But it never occurred to her that she, too, had offended others in her circle.

Exactly, as Amber said. If someone was interested in something in the hands of others in the circle, and asked for it, if it was not given, did it also mean that the person who owned it was unreasonable and unforgiving?

Alice didn’t expect Amber to catch on so quickly.

Now she was the one with the real dilemma.

Amber smiled as Alice’s face changed like a color palette.

She thought this woman could last a long time, but that was it.

Amber pursed her lips in a bored way, "Miss Alice, I know that if I don't give it to you, you'll make my business partners wary of me, and if I do, you'll make me everyone's joke, and everyone will know that I'm a coward. But it never occurred to you from the beginning that even if I didn't give it to you, the circle wouldn't be on my guard. Because it's never wrong not to give up what's yours. My partners will only appreciate me because I am a determined person and they will feel more comfortable working with me. You're not a manager, you don't know how it works, and you take people too lightly and too stupid!"

And with that she gave a mocking smile, "Since I gave it to you, people in the circle would bully me, which was even more unlikely. Because in the first place, I would not give it to you. Besides, even if I let you have this dress, do you think you could wear it? Do you deserve it?"

Amber unrolled the dress. Faced with Alice's anger, she went on, "This dress is based on my figure, and you may be taller than me, but you're in terrible shape. You have no boobs and no butt. Do you think you'll look good in this dress? No, it's ugly. It's a copycat."

She didn't mean to be so mean, but she hated this Alice so much.

She hated her so much that she didn't want to save any face for this Alice.

Anyway, for some reason, she hated this Alice almost as much as Makenna Gardner, more than Judy Lashley.

It was clear that this Alice had no conspiracy with her except verbal hatred, but she just hated this woman.

It was probably just a natural mismatch.

And she thought this woman had something in common with Makenna Gardner.

Sure enough, there were similarities between bad guys.

Alice was so angry at Amber's words that she got out of her wheelchair and ran at Amber and strangled her.

This woman satirized her about everything, even her body and degraded her like she was nothing.

Was this the same cowardly Amber she used to be?

Even the manager and saleswoman nearby had no idea Amber would be so sarcastic and offensive.

Still, they were happy to see Alice in the wrong place.

"Okay, you won." After a long time, Alice finally took a deep breath and laughed coldly, "If I can't have this dress, you can't have it, either."

Hearing this, everyone, including Amber, became alarmed.

Especially the manager and saleswoman.

The manager stared at Alice, "What do you want to do, Miss Alice?"

Was this woman trying to ruin the dress?

The saleswoman took out her cell phone and typed in the police number. She would call the police as soon as Alice made a move.

Alice looked at the phone in the saleswoman's hand and snorted, "You can rest assured that I'm not that stupid to ruin the dress. I know that if I did, I would never walk out the door today, and the compensation would kill me."

Hear this, the manager and the saleswoman were greatly relieved.

The saleswoman put her phone down, too.

Only Amber held the dress hanger tightly and squinted at Alice, "So what do you want to do?"

Alice sneered, "I remember that you, the manager, said that if I need to customize such a dress, in addition to obtaining the consent of the clients who invited manuscripts, I also need VIP qualification, right?"

"Yes." The manager didn't know what Alice wanted to do, but she nodded and answered.

Alice went on, "To be a VIP, we need to spend more than 100 million in any store of your brand. Since customizing a dress like this requires VIP status, isn't it also necessary to solicit manuscripts? As far as I know, Ms. Reed's Goldstone Co., which is currently unprofitable, is the bottom of the Olkmore City's corporate pile. Does Ms. Reed have that kind of money to spend \$100 million?"

Alice smiled even more heartily as Amber pressed her lips together, "I don't think so, and miss Reed certainly doesn't have VIP status, and if she doesn't, then how did Miss Reed get the manuscript? If it was your brand that gave her the privilege, then don't blame me for going public and making your brand less valuable."

The manager scowled, and suddenly understood what she meant. There was a fleeting sneer in her eyes, "So What you're saying is that we should take the dress back and not give it to Miss Reed?"

"That's right." Alice disdainfully raised her chin.

She firmly believed that Amber was using a privilege.

She used to have more money than Amber, and even she didn't spend \$100 million on the brand, so there was no way that Amber would.

So there must be something wrong with where this dress came from.☹

Chapter 846 An Inferior

Alice was adamant that Amber's dress was the brand's way of privileging her.

The question of why the brand would give Amber the privilege never crossed her mind.

All she knew was that once she had it, she could bully the brand into taking back the dress.

In short, if she couldn't get what she wanted, she couldn't let anyone else get it, especially Amber.

Amber looked at Alice's smug expression with disgust.

The manager was also speechless. She twitched the corners of her mouth and replied, "Miss Alice, I'm sorry, but we can't take back the dress, and Miss Reed has no privileges."

"What?" Alice's face froze and she looked very funny.

Amber sat down, put the dress aside, and without trying on it, she picked up the half-finished coffee and continued to taste it.

"How is that possible?" Alice finally came to her senses and shook her head unwillingly, "How is it possible that she, who doesn't have VIP status, gets to dress with one of your top designers without giving her the privilege? Are you kidding!"

Her voice sharpened.

The manager frowned and grew impatient, "I'm not lying. Miss Reed has no privileges. As you said, The Goldstone Co. does not make money, and Miss Reed does not have enough money to spend 100 million on our brand. Therefore, our brand does not like Miss Reed and will not give her any privileges. But Miss Reed has a boyfriend behind her, Mr. Farrell! Miss Reed doesn't have that kind of money, but Mr. Farrell does. Mr. Farrell is a VIP of a lot of luxury brands, including our brand, so of course we can design a dress for Miss Reed."

Then the manager looked apologetically at Amber as she calmly sipped her coffee, "Miss Reed, I'm sorry for what I said.

What she just said was very offensive.

She hoped Miss Reed would not be angry, or she would be in trouble if Mr. Farrell was to blame her.

Amber put down her coffee cup and looked up at the somewhat apprehensive manager, "It's okay. You're just telling the truth, and I don't have a problem with that."

The manager was telling the truth. Goldstone Co. was a group with a bit of a reputation in Olkmore City, and it was at the bottom.

To put it mildly, Goldstone Co. was a conglomerate, but to put it bluntly, Goldstone Co. was just a bigger company, far from being a conglomerate. After all, only a company with multiple subsidiaries could be considered a conglomerate.

Goldstone Co. sold off several of its subsidiaries six years ago, and now had just two or three. The reason why the group had retained its title was that it had not changed. Goldstone Co. was a company, not a conglomerate, if you really counted it.

Goldstone Co. had no place in Olkmore City, much less in the country or the world. So, it was not surprising that a century-old luxury brand would despise her as the chairman of a small company.

She could hardly be offended by it, for she had always been self-aware.

And she did get the dress because of Jared.

She didn't want to, but the owner of the mall party she was going to was a big fan of the haute couture brand, who wore it both in her everyday clothes and in her formal dress for various events.

When she wanted to win a piece of the store's platform, she had to start with the proprietress.

She did not know her, and her way of acquainting herself with her was by her tastes.

The owner's favorite thing was to wear the clothes of this brand and collect all kinds of bag decorations of this brand. That was why she chose this brand instead of buying dresses of light luxury brands in the shops where she usually bought dresses.

Of course, even if she chose a generic dress from the brand, she must wear a unique dress that was not available on the website. Only in this way could she attract the attention of the proprietress and use the dress as a medium to connect with the proprietress.

But to get such a dress, she had to contact the designer of the brand and let the designer himself design for her.

As Alice said, she was not a VIP, and certainly not qualified for the brand to design her own dress. Then she thought of Jared and, using Jared's credentials, finally got the brand to say yes.

Of course, she paid for it herself.

Jared tried to pay for her, but she refused.

This dress was worth \$2 million, and once she spent it, her bank account would be empty again.

But if she could get the platform, it didn't matter. After all, the money would come back later.

Alice had no idea what Amber was thinking. She was stunned when the manager told her that Amber's VIP status was Jared's.

Jared! Jared!

Yeah, how could she have forgotten him?

They were back together!

Alice was biting her lower lip, her face twisted with resentment.

How did this happen? How did this all happen?

She didn't understand.

Every time she felt that the plan was progressing as she thought it would, and sometimes the results were visible.

But why was it that every time it came down to the wire, the result was the opposite?

Was Amber Reed god's own daughter?

She always managed to land on her feet!

Amber was a little bored by Alice's suspicious and angry attitude.

She picked up her dress and got up again, "Now, Miss Alice, do you want to steal my dress? If you still want to rob me, I....."

"You must be kidding me." Alice clutched the armrests of the wheelchair and looked at Amber with a forced smile and hatred in her heart, "It's your dress. How dare I keep taking it? If I keep robbing, I'm afraid you'll never let me go, will you?"

Amber raised her eyebrows and then smiled, "Now that Miss Alice has figured it out, I will not care about miss Alice's rudeness to me. After all, this is a public place, and it is not good to make a big scene. Well, it's getting late, I should go and try on my dress, Miss Alice, help yourself."

With that, she took the dress and walked straight past Alice toward the dressing room.

Alice stared after her, her eyes scarlet, as if she wanted to eat her.

This bitch, how arrogant she was!

She behaved as if she were talking to servants and lowlifes.

This bitch, talking about her like that, it was a blatant attempt to demean and humiliate her.

Just wait, one day, she would kill this bitch, and...

Alice narrowed her eyes viciously, swearing fiercely.

The manager looked at her and frowned uncomfortably and asked, "Miss Alice, Miss Reed has gone to try on her dress. Would you like to see anything else?"

"No." Alice looked up at the manager coldly, "Your dress is way out of my reach."❓❓❓❓

Love Letters, Divorce Papers (Jared and Amber)

Chapter 847 You're Really Beautiful

The manager couldn't hear the sarcasm in her voice. Her smile did not change, but her tone was colder, "Miss Alice, if you don't like it, please go somewhere else."

The implication was to kick her out.

Of course, Alice knew what she meant, and of course she was angry.

But she knew she was so different now that she couldn't offend the manager of a branch of a small brand.

So, all she could do was to hold her breath and snort coldly, "Okay, okay. So much for your brand."

The manager grinned, "Well, I'm sorry about that, miss."

Alice coolly pressed her lips together and slid her wheelchair away.

The manager looked at her figure with sarcasm in her eyes.

She had been the manager of this branch for several years and had met many different people, but this strange woman named Alice was a new one to her.

This woman was so arrogant, and she was waiting to see how long this woman could be like that.

Someone had to take care of this woman!

The manager withdrew her gaze dryly and walked in the direction of the dressing room.

She reached the dressing-room door just as it opened.

Amber stepped out in a blue, one-shouldered, diamond-studded fishtail dress.

The moment she came out, it was like the whole world lit up a little bit.

The manager gasped, her face undisguised with excitement and amazement, "Miss Reed, you look so beautiful."

She looked Amber up and down with undisguised admiration.

Here was Miss Reed, handsome though she was, not very handsome. She had seen more beautiful women than Miss Reed.

But even the more beautiful women did not give her any look of surprise.

Miss Reed here had an air of her own, which, perhaps, had been through too much, and had hidden too much in her heart, and which no other woman had.

And the fishtail dress itself was so close to Miss Reed's temperament, that when she wore it, they complemented each other, and she was naturally stunning.

Amber blushed somewhat sheepishly as she looked into the manager's eyes and heard her praise, "Thank you."

The manager went on quickly, "Miss Reed, I'm telling you the truth. You're very beautiful. Look for yourself."

Then she pointed to the full-length mirror opposite.

Amber looked up to see her reflected in the full-length mirror opposite her.

When she looked at herself in the mirror, she was stunned, unable to believe that the woman in the mirror was herself.

She... did seem beautiful!

Her heart racing, Amber moved closer to the mirror and took a closer look at herself.

And then, she looked better and better.

Human beings were creatures who liked to appreciate beautiful things, including themselves. If a person was beautiful to the point that herself would be so amazed, she would also look at herself and lose consciousness.

This was how she looked now.

In the past, she had worn a lot of beautiful dresses, but she had never looked so good.

She couldn't figure out why.

But that didn't matter. What mattered was that she was beautiful.

Thinking of which, Amber looked at herself in the mirror and smiled, which was so gentle that made her look even more beautiful.

The manager came to her side, "What do you think, Miss Reed? Isn't it beautiful?"

Amber smiled and nodded, "Yes, it's beautiful."

"You'll look great with makeup, more appropriate jewelry, better hair, and matching heels."

Amber smiled lightly, "Your suggestion is good. I'll give it a try."

"Trust me, it's gonna be great." The manager thought of something, then she looked at Amber and asked, "Miss Reed, would you like to take a photo?"

Amber raised her eyebrows, "A photo?"

"Yes, you are so beautiful, wouldn't it be a shame not to have a souvenir? And it would be nice to send it to Mr. Farrell. Mr. Farrell will be very impressed." The manager winked at her.

Amber twitched the corners of her mouth in embarrassment and handed over the phone, "Okay! But I'm just keeping it as a souvenir. I'm not sending it to him."

That sounded like a bit of a cover-up.

The manager pretended she didn't understand, smiled, and took the phone, "All right, Miss Reed, strike a pose, and I'll make sure you look good."

"Ok." Amber nodded, then stepped back, putting some distance between her, and striking a graceful pose.

The manager was very good at taking pictures. She should often take pictures of guests, so the photos she took were stunning.

That was enough for her to be an amateur photographer, even if she didn't become a manager.

Amber looked at herself on her phone and then remembered the manager's words. After a few moments of hesitation, Amber sent it to Jared.

Well, she'd better send it to him, or he would probably blame her for not showing it if he saw it later.

Plus, he went out of his way to buy her what she wanted and just texted her to see if she was sick.

He deserved a little something for being so considerate.

Then, Amber smiled and put her phone away before heading back to the dressing room to change out of her dress and check out.

While she was getting dressed, her cell phone in her coat pocket went off and it was Jared's name on the screen.

But Amber didn't hear her phone ring while her coat was outside and Amber was in the dressing room.

After a few rings, the phone was cut off and quiet was restored.

But soon, the phone in the dress shop rang.

The manager said something to the other end of the phone, and as soon as she hung up, she started walking around the store, looking for something.

When Amber came out, she saw the manager approaching with a men's suit.

The men's suit was a bit different from the usual style, with a bit more shape and a bit more shine in the fabric rather than the usual dull matte.

So, it was obvious to Amber that this was not an everyday men's suit, but a men's dress.

It was just, what was the manager doing here with this dress?

And the tie on the man's dress was very similar to hers.

Men's tie, women's dress, if they were the same or very similar, they were couples.

Was the manager trying to suggest Jared's dress?

As it turned out, Amber was right, but there was one difference.

"Miss Reed, this is Mr. Farrell's dress. Mr. Farrell would like you to see how it looks. If it suits Mr. Farrell, Mr. Farrell would like you to take it back." The manager smiled as she moved over to Amber, holding up the suit.

Amber opened her eyes wide, "Jared's dress? And Jared asked me to check it?"

"Yes."

Amber looked at the manager, "So Jared just called your store?"

The manager nodded, "Yes, Miss Reed. Mr. Farrell just called to order a dress, too. It's just that Mr. Farrell can't be here, so he let me help him pick out a suit and show it to you. If it suits Mr. Farrell, take it with you. If it doesn't fit, Miss Reed can help Mr. Farrell pick out a suit for him and he will wear it to the mall event with you."

Amber twitched at the corners of her mouth.

For the mall event?

Didn't Jared already have his dress ready for the event?

Why did he have to choose a new dress now?

What was this man up to now?

Amber touched her forehead, "I get it. Why don't you put down the tux, and I'll ask him what he means."

Chapter 848 I Want To Wear A Matching Outfit With You

"Okay, Miss Reed." The manager smiled and nodded.

Amber headed to where she left her coat.

When she reached her coat, she fumbled in its pockets and pulled out her phone. She lit up the screen with a flash of surprise in her eyes.

Turned out, Jared actually called her a few minutes ago.

But she was in the locker room, so she missed it.

Amber put the dress on top of her coat, unlocked her phone, and called Jared.

As soon as the call came through, Jared's husky, repressed voice came through before she could speak, "Little Maple."

He called out her name.

These were just ordinary words, but Amber felt something wrong when she heard them.

His husky voice was sexy, and the lingering way he said her name made her feel as if he were flirting with her.

Amber responded with a slight cough as her face burned slightly and the tips of her ears blushed, "What?"

"That was a beautiful picture of you back there." There was silence on the phone for a few seconds before Jared spoke, "Can you show it to me in the evening?"

He asked, his voice hoarser than ever.

Amber now understood the sudden change in his voice, and why she could feel as if he was trying to impress her.

That was because she had already got him.

She knew exactly how good that picture looked, and she herself was stunned to see herself in that dress.

Not to mention Jared.

So that was why Jared was so exciting.

And he definitely meant something about the evening thing.

If she showed him that at night, he'd just jump on her and rip her dress off.

She knew him well enough to know he was capable of such a thing.

Amber rolled her eyes angrily and said no, "No way!"

Jared frowned, "Why?"

"You're asking me why?" Amber looked in the manager's direction, held the phone slightly, and lowered her voice, "If I show you, how can I keep my dress?"

This left Jared speechless, but the answer came to his mind.

And he knew she was right.

He was working on papers when he received the photo.

When he heard the phone vibrate, he was going to ignore it, but out of the corner of his eye, he glanced in the direction of the phone.

At a glance, he saw it was her message.

When he saw her message, his first reaction was not joy, but concern.

After all, it was hard for him not to wonder if something had happened to her when she suddenly texted him so soon after their contact had ended.

Then, ignoring the urgent paperwork at hand, he picked up his phone and checked her messages.

Unexpectedly, at this glance, he could not take his eyes away.

She had sent him, not anything else, but a picture of herself in a dress, looking fabulous.

He had seen her look beautiful in a dress before, but this was the first time he had seen her look so beautiful.

And the fishtail dress was meant to be close-fitting, and when she wore it, it showed off her perfect figure, as if she were a beautiful mermaid.

At that moment, he really wanted to rush to her and eat her, so that he could make sure that no one would find her so beautiful.

Of course, he knew it was impossible.

The only thing he could do was to call her and try to dress her up for the night and eat her that way.

It was impossible for a man not to be impulsive in the face of such a beauty.

He wanted to tear her dress to pieces and eat her, as she had said.

Unexpectedly, the idea was already known to her before he implemented it.

When the man did not speak, Amber confirmed that she would not be able to keep the dress. So, she snorted, "That's what you're thinking!"

Jared touched the tip of his nose guiltily, "No, you're wrong. I didn't mean that."

Amber pursed her lips, "I don't believe you. If you didn't mean it, what did you mean by wearing it at night?"

Jared rolled his eyes and calmed down, "I just wanted to see you in the dress, not in the picture."

"Come on, see it for yourself, and then you're gonna jump on it, right?" Amber rolled her eyes again, "It's not like I don't know you."

Jared couldn't defend himself anymore.

Amber waved, unwilling to pursue the subject further.

Although, she was kind of proud.

Women all had a little vanity, and she was no exception.

She liked to hear compliments. She liked to be looked at all the time.

So, she was proud of her charm and her ability to impress Jared.

"Is it true, by the way, that you just asked the manager of this store to help you pick out your dress?" Amber asked, toning down her vanity.

Jared lifted his chin a little bit, "Yes, did she pick it?"

"Yes." Amber nodded, "She chose a nice one, but why are you suddenly thinking of buying a dress? Haven't you already had one hand-made for you by your own designer?"

"Yeah, but I don't like it." Jared frowned and replied to her.

Amber twitched at the corners of her mouth, "You don't like it? They must wait for you to like it, make you feel satisfied, before they finalize the version, and now you say you don't like it?"

"I really don't like it." Jared nodded and said proudly, "That dress doesn't go with your dress."

Amber knew what he meant when he heard that.

He meant that the dress he had made by his designer would have nothing to do with hers.

After all, the two of them were going to be there together, and he wanted to wear a matching dress with her, so naturally he couldn't wear the dress he made at the beginning, so he had to buy a new dress that matched hers.

Then he asked the manager to choose one of those with blue ties.

Well, he wanted to wear matching outfits with her. She had no idea he wanted it.

Amber laughed, "It's just a dress. Do you really need it?"

"Of course." Jared nodded earnestly, "That's how everyone knows we're a couple."

"Childish." Amber laughed.

Jared didn't mind. It was okay to be childish.

He was happy to wear matching outfits with her anyway.

"Do you think the manager's choice matches your dress? If it doesn't match, you can help me choose one." Jared gave her the job.

Amber looked at the manager, "She made a good choice. The manager was very discerning. The tie was not the same fabric as my dress, but it was so close that it looked almost indistinguishable."

"That's good." Jared nodded, "That's it. Please take it back for me."

"Okay." Amber answered.

They talked for a while until Amber heard Ben asking him for a file and ended the conversation without interrupting his work.

Chapter 849 Get Robbed

Putting the phone down, Amber looked at the manager, "Wrap up these two dresses and check out."

"Okay." The manager smiled and nodded. She picked up two dresses, slapped them over her arms, and led Amber toward the cash register.

After packing the dresses, the manager handed Amber two bags, "Miss Reed, you only need to pay for your dress, not Mr. Farrell's."

"Why?" Amber paused as she reached for her card.

The manager explained with a smile, "Well, most of Mr. Farrell's bills are annual, and we settle all the bills for the year at the last day of the year."

"Oh, I see." Amber nodded.

It was true that a lot of the fat cats in the business paid once a year.

"Okay. Credit card." Amber handed her card over.

The manager took Amber's card, but instead of rushing to swipe it, she looked at her and asked, "Miss Reed, Mr. Farrell called earlier and said that your dress could be charged to him. You..."

"There's no need." Amber knew what she was going to say next and shook her head no, "I ordered the dress, and I already borrowed his VIP status, so he didn't have to pay for it."

"Ok, got it." The manager smiled and gave the card to the clerk at the cash register.

She didn't really understand.

Weren't these two people together?

Why did they have to divide things so clearly?

The dress was expensive, but Mr. Farrell didn't mind the money. It was nothing to Mr. Farrell.

Why wouldn't Miss Reed use Mr. Farrell's money?

She had a lot of questions in her mind, but the manager didn't want to ask her.

After all, it was everyone's personal business and it was not appropriate for her to ask.

"Miss Reed, please keep your card." After swiping the card, the manager handed Amber her card back.

Amber took the card and replied with a smile, "All right, I'm gonna go."

"Good bye." The manager escorted her out of the store.

Amber walked out of the mall to her car and headed back to Kelsington Bay.

She had been in the dress shop for two hours, and it was after five o'clock, and the office was almost closed, so she didn't have to go back and she decided to go home directly to get dinner.

Jared said on the phone that he was going to be back late tonight, and after work, he was going back to the Farrell's Mansion to pick up some stuff.

She had no idea what he was going to get.

Amber shook her head and, without thinking. She went to the car, bent over to her bag, and took out the keys, ready to get in.

At this moment, a man in a mask and hat, wearing a black jacket, walked in the opposite direction.

At first, the man did not walk differently, as if he were really just an ordinary passer-by.

So, Amber took one look at him and didn't think much of it.

But as he was walking past her, the man made a sudden move, grabbed both bags in her hand and snatched them.

The handle of the bag was fragile and could not withstand such a drag.

There it was. It just snapped.

Two bags fell to the ground and hit Amber in the foot.

The box inside the bag was hard, and Amber groaned in pain as it hit her.

That man took advantage of the moment, bent over, picked up the two bags on the ground, and ran away with them.

Amber finally recovered from the shock of being robbed and realized she had been robbed. Ignoring the pain in her feet, she immediately got in the car and ran in the direction the man was running.

She had no idea that she would be so unlucky as to come out and be robbed.

Maybe it was the logo on the two bags that caught the robber's attention.

After all, it was a top luxury brand, no matter what was inside, it must worth a lot, so it was easy to make people greedy.

Amber clenched the steering wheel with both hands and stared darkly at the man ahead as he sped away.

The man was running on the sidewalk, and the car couldn't get up, so Amber had to chase him in the traffic lane.

As she chases him, she pulled out her phone to call the police.

Because she knew she couldn't stop at random, she could only run after the man to see where he was going so the police could catch him more accurately.

However, as Amber called the police and hung up the phone, the man suddenly ran into an alley to the left.

Amber's face changed.

Since her car couldn't get in, she had no way of knowing where the man would go if he got into the alley.

That made it harder for the police to find, unless there was surveillance.

"Damn it!" Amber angrily slapped the steering wheel as she pulled over to the side of the road where she could park.

After all, such a thing would make anyone feel angry.

She had no idea that she would be so unlucky. She was spotted by thieves as soon as she came out, which made her eyes red with anger.

But there was no point of being angry, things had been robbed.

Now all she needed to do was to catch the thief and get the dress back.

After all, the mall party was tomorrow night.

Amber took a deep breath to calm down her anger and then called the police. She told them where the robber finally left off and asked them to get the surveillance.

The police naturally accepted the clues she provided, and then comforted her, telling her not to worry, and would give her a satisfactory result.

Amber squeezed the corners of her mouth.

What else could she do?

She couldn't find the robber on her own, she had only the police to rely on.

So, for now, all she had to do was to trust the police.

But what should she do to Jared?

He asked her to take the dress home, and she couldn't even do it right.

For a moment, Amber felt guilty and useless.

She let go of the steering wheel and covered her face with her hands, feeling guilty.

After a long time, until there was a knock on the window, she took her hand off her face, showed a pair of red eyes, and rolled down the window.

Outside, a traffic officer looked at Amber and warned, "Miss, this is not the place to park for a long time. Please start your car immediately."

Amber nodded slightly and said in a sad, hoarse voice, "All right, I'll drive right away. Sorry."

The traffic officer said nothing, saluted her and walked away.

Amber took a deep breath, cleared her mind again, and put the car into gear.

The police hadn't called her back, and they were probably still looking for him.

Police said they'd get him and call her back as soon as they could, but she didn't know if they would get anything tonight.

Amber rubbed her eyebrows irritably, but didn't think twice about it in order to avoid getting distracted and getting into trouble.

It was already half past six when she returned to Kelsington Bay.

Amber dropped her bag and collapsed onto the couch. She was hungry but in no mood to get something to eat.

She was all about the dress right now. Until the dress was found, she was in no mood to eat or do anything else.

Amber was biting her lip, holding the phone in her hand, silently staring at the black screen, waiting for it to light up.

But apparently, her expectations were not met.

She waited and waited and waited until it was dark and the screen didn't light up. So, the police still hadn't caught the thief.

Amber became even more anxious and angry. She was so upset that she wanted someone to be with her and wait for the result, instead of waiting in fear alone.

Amber's red lips curled as she saw Jared in her mind.

She missed Jared.

Chapter 850 The Fatter Shonna Woodham

She wondered what Jared would think of her when he found out she had lost the dress.

All she knew was that she was very uneasy and wanted someone to be with her, someone she could rely on.

In the past, when she didn't get back together with Jared, she had to bite the bullet and deal with it herself.

But now that she was back with him, she was not alone anymore, so naturally she wanted to lean on him.

Boyfriends, after all, were meant to be relied upon.

Amber clenched her hands, her mind fluctuating.

At that time, the Farrell's Mansion.

Jared got back to the house, and when he got out of the car, he saw a fat figure coming out of the gate and walking toward him with a big, happy face.

"Jared, what are you doing back here?" Shonna Woodham arrived in Jared's presence, and her panting, fleshy face was flushed from her joy, her haste, and her fatness.

She looked very tired.

Jared frowned, "Mom, you should go on a diet. You've been wheezing all this way. Being too fat is bad for your health."

It had been a while since he had seen Shonna Woodham, and when he did, she was even fatter.

Her eyes, which had been a little before, were now almost closed.

Shonna Woodham wasn't too happy to hear that Jared had made her lose weight, "Why should I go on a diet? I'm fine, aren't I? The ladies in the circle all said my appearance shows good fortune and that it would be good for our family."

"And you believed that?" Jared pinched his lips, "If it shows good fortune, then why don't they look like this themselves to be good for their families?"

Shonna Woodham was stunned.

Yeah, if it was a blessing, why were all those women actively trying to lose weight?

Shonna Woodham, who was not really a fool, soon realized why, and looked morose.

She was fooled by those women!

Those women lied to her and made fun of her so she wouldn't lose weight and they could make fun of her.

She, on the other hand, had taken it for granted that they meant what they said, and had even floated with complacency, without thinking that they had been deliberately teasing her from the very beginning.

They had probably been laughing behind her back a lot these days.

Shonna Woodham was filled with anger at the thought. She was already fat, and her anger was so strong that her body swelled and swelled as if she were about to explode.

She, too, was a little unsteady, swaying slightly as if she were about to faint.

Seeing that, Jared frowned and gave her a hand, "Watch out!"

Shonna Woodham came to her relief and patted Jared on the back of his hand, "It's a good thing you helped me up, or I would have collapsed."

"What was going on?" Jared asked.

He had just seen that something was wrong with her.

Shonna Woodham said with a wave of her hand, "All of a sudden, I felt dizzy and my brain was swollen."

This symptom, Jared immediately understood what was going on.

"Hypertension." Jared said quietly.

Shonna Woodham's eyes widened in disbelief, "Hypertension?"

“Yes.” Jared nodded, “When this happens, it can only be hypertension.”

“How... how can I get that?” Shonna Woodham opened her mouth in disbelief, “Isn’t that a problem of old age?”

“Who told you that?” Jared frowned, “Young people may have it, not to mention middle-aged people like you, while obese people are more likely to have it.”

Shonna Woodham saw what he meant, and the fat of her face trembled twice, “So you’re saying I have high blood pressure because I’m fat?”

Jared didn’t say anything, just gave her a look of “What do you think?”

Shonna Woodham roared with anger, “It was all those women who ruined me. If they hadn’t kept saying that it’s a blessing, would I have suddenly gained so much weight? Those women have poison in their hearts! Jared, you got to get me back!”

She grabbed Jared’s arm and was so angry she was about to cry.

Jared rubbed his eyebrows as he watched her freak out, “They are wrong, I will naturally warn their husbands, let their husbands deal with them, but similarly, you are wrong, mom, you can’t control your vanity and mouth, after being sought after by others, you believe everything, and then overeat.”

Shonna Woodham hung her head in recognition of her mistake.

Jared looked at her and said, “Next, I will arrange a doctor to do a comprehensive physical examination for you, and then make a weight loss plan for you, which will let people watch you, so that you stick to exercise every day, get a reasonable diet, and strive to lose weight early.”

“Lose weight?” Shonna Woodham’s expression changed when she heard that Jared had made her lose weight. She was terrified and defiant, “I don’t want to lose weight, Jared. Can we skip it?”

She looked at Jared with a sad face.

God knew she was scared of losing weight.

In the past, she also tried to lose weight. She could not eat this or that. She went to bed early and got up early to do exercise every day. She was so tired that her life was dull.

If it weren’t for the fact that the doctor finally said she was only slightly fat and did not affect her health, she would have been tortured to death by reducing weight.

She thought that after the first weight loss, she would never lose weight again.

Unexpectedly, she now had to start losing weight and go through the ordeal again.

“No!” Jared, however, didn’t seem to see Shonna Woodham’s anguished expression and answered without mercy, “You are so fat now that you have hypertension. It won’t do you any good if you don’t lose weight. The women in the circle will continue to laugh at you, and Logan will soon be back. Do you want Logan to see you like this and worry about you every day?”

Shonna Woodham straightened up with a glare and shook her fat neck so fast that the flesh of her face and neck shook, "No."

The people she cared about most were her husband and her two sons.

Especially since Logan was her own child.

The thought of her son worrying about her every day was painful to her.

"Since you don't want that, lose weight." Jared squinted at Shonna Woodham.

Shonna Woodham met his forbidding eyes, her mouth opened, as if she wanted to say something more, but nothing came out of her mouth, and she just nodded mournfully, "Okay, I'll do it."

Jared looked so much better.

Shonna Woodham was relieved to see it.

She had always been afraid of her older son, especially when he kept a straight face.

Now that he was looking better, she was relieved.

"Jared, by the way, you haven't answered me yet. Why are you here suddenly?" Shonna Woodham changed the subject, looked at Jared and asked, "You're not going anywhere tonight, are you? All this time I was alone in the house. It was so cold and quiet that there was no one to talk to."

"I came back to pick up a few things." Jared said softly, adjusting his sleeve.

The implication was that he would leave again after he got his stuff.

Shonna Woodham followed him through the gates of Farrell's Mansion, "And what's that?"

"My mom's jewelries." Jared strode ahead and didn't look back.

Shonna Woodham paused, "Her jewelries?"

Jared said yes and started walking up the stairs.

Shonna Woodham quickly caught up, "What are you doing with her jewelries? Are you giving it to Amber Reed again?"