

LLDP 283-292

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"I'm fine!" Amber frowned, put her hands behind her back, and refused.

His hand froze in the air, and after a while, he clenched it into a fist and withdrew, feeling quite disappointed.

"Amber, I'm really sorry..." Jeremy bowed his head and apologized again, with a very remorseful expression on his face.

He didn't mean to hurt her.

He just couldn't hold back the anger in his heart, so he clenched her arm subconsciously.

Amber looked at him, who was always gentle while was like a big dog who made a mistake, and her heart softened suddenly.

She reached out and touched his hair and smiled gently, "It's okay, I don't blame you."

"Really?" Jeremy raised his head and looked at her with bright eyes.

Amber nodded.

Only then did Jeremy put aside his inner apprehension and smile again.

Jared, who was on the side, saw this and felt really uncomfortable.

Of course, what was bothering him now was Jeremy.

This person was very dangerous!

“Amber, come with me first. I really have something very important to tell you.” Jared frowned and said solemnly.

Seeing him being so serious, Amber thought that he actually meant it, so she nodded in agreement, “Okay!”

“Amber?” Jeremy’s mood turned gloomy again.

Amber patted the back of his hand, “I’ll be back soon.”

After she finished speaking, she walked straight towards the corner that Jared had just pointed to.

Jared didn’t even look at Jeremy but just walked over.

Jeremy stared at the two people in the corner, his eyes were blood shot, and his two fists were tightly squeezed together. Because of using too much force, his hands were shaking slightly, and the veins on the back of his hands were throbbing.

He really wanted to kill Jared Farrell!

Then he would kill Hayden Cohen and Cole Lyon, those who wanted to take Amber away from him.

After killing these people, he would take her abroad and locked her in the cage he carefully built for her, so that she would never leave him, and could only think about him in her heart!

In the corner, Amber turned around and looked up at Jared, “Mr. Farrell, what do you want to say?”

“I want to tell you to stay away from Jeremy Lynch!” Jared said in a very serious tone.

“Huh?” Amber was stunned for a while, then widened her eyes in disbelief. “This is the important thing you mentioned? To stay away from Jere? What the hell is wrong with you?”

She snorted angrily and turned around to leave.

No wonder he had to call her here, he didn’t want Jeremy to listen.

“Wait!” Jared reached out and grabbed her.

“Let go of me!” Amber shook her hand.

Jared held on tight, “Amber, I’m serious. Jeremy is very dangerous. If you get close to him, he will hurt you sooner or later.”

Amber snorted, “Hurt? Jared, don’t you think it’s funny to say this? He’s my brother, I know him, he’s gentle and kind, and he won’t hurt me as you said. The person who really hurt me is you, isn’t it?”

She looked at him sneeringly.

Facing her gaze, he felt like his heart was being stabbed, but he couldn’t refute it.

Yes, the person who really hurt her was him.

Even if it wasn’t his original intention, he still did it and he cannot deny it.

Seeing Jared was wordless, she shook his hand off and warned him, “Don’t tell me nonsense about Jere or Cole going to hurt me again. You’re way out of line.”

She glanced at him one more time and left to find Jeremy.

Jared raised his hand to his aching heart.

He still remembered clearly that he had been indifferent to her for six years.

He thought it was nothing before, but now he realized that it could be so hurtful.

“Amber,” Jeremy saw her face bad look, quickly hid his darkness, concerned to ask, “what did he say to you?”

She looked at him, her eyes shining, then shook her head, “Nothing. Let’s go back.”

How could she tell him those words, which would only hurt his heart.

Jeremy saw that she didn’t want to tell him and his eyes went dim, then quickly restored as usual, “Good, let’s go.”

Neither of them went to see Jared and headed straight for the exit of the police station hall.

As they approached the door, suddenly a door opened, Trenton came out from inside, followed by a police officer.

He was saying to him with a grim face, “Those six bastards must be found!”

“Don’t worry, Mr. Gardner, this is our duty.” The policeman nodded.

Only then did his look turn better.

Suddenly, he felt that someone was staring at him, so he turned to look. Seeing Amber, he snorted and left the police station without saying hello.

Amber did not care about his leaving, what she was interested in is the six bastards he just mentioned.

“Officer,” Amber called the police officer who just talked to Trenton.

The policeman stopped. “What can I do for you, Miss Reed?”

Amber was one of the city’s major taxpayers, so the police naturally knew her.

Amber smiled at him and asked, “What did he mean by the ‘six bastards’?”

Jeremy heard her question and he immediately looked away, hiding the emotion in his eyes.

Neither she nor the officer noticed that.

The policeman replied, “Well, Mr. Gardner came here to check the surveillance video on the night of Miss Gardner’s accident and find the six suspects who assaulted her.”

“Six?” Amber was stunned by the number.

She always thought that there was only one person.

She did not expect Elias Lansdale to arrange six men; it seems that he hated her more than she imagined.

Amber originally put down the guard of him, now it rose again, even heavier than before.

It was true that Makenna lied about her identity, and Elias Lansdale hated her for that. It is justifiable that he wanted to get even with that, after all, he was deceived and thus enraged by it.

But He was so nice to Makenna before, when he found that she was not his true life-saver, he could be so cruel to her, which was really bone-chilling.

Amber wondered that, if one day he thought he had done enough to return her favor, maybe he would be so ruthless to her as well.

Thinking of this, Amber couldn't help shivering.

The police officer did not know what she was thinking, thinking that she was frightened by the number, and nodded slightly, "Yes, six, and please do not spread the word. It will cause trouble to our investigation."

"Of course." Amber managed a smile at him.

The police officer left.

She stayed for a while in the same place, until Jeremy called her, she barely pressed the in her heart and left the police station with him.

In the evening, the policeman called Amber about the conviction of Chole and Tom Wark.

When did the police become that efficient?

Without thinking more, Amber asked the police about the verdict.

Soon, she got the answer.

Tom Wark was but an accessory, so he would be detained for ten days.

While Chole was the ringleader, she would be detained for 20 days and she shall pay Amber 200,000 as compensation.

Amber was taken aback at hearing the number.

On the way back here, she had called the lawyer about this, and the lawyer told her that although Chole committed a crime, it was not serious, so the detention would be about 10 days, and she may be fined about 50,000.

But now Chole was going to be detained for 20 days, and the fine also increased. It was obvious that there was something fishy.

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Then, Amber thought of the afternoon when they left, Jared stayed in the police station.

Was that what he was doing at the time?

He deliberately asked the police to enhance the punishment?

Thinking of that, Amber pursed her lips and dialed his number.

Jared was having a video conference in his study when the ringing of his phone interrupted his speech and made him unhappy.

But when he saw the caller ID, his annoyance vanished, replaced by a slight smile.

He can't believe she called him!

Jared grabbed his phone and didn't answer it right away. Instead, he looked at his computer screen and said, "The meeting is suspended. I'll take this call first."

Then he got up and went to the balcony under the gaze of the people on the computer.

“Don’t answer the phone in the meeting. That’s the rule he set, right?”

“Yes, but now he’s broken it himself, and he doesn’t seem to care.”

“Whose call?”

“Who knows, but judging by the way he smiles, maybe his sweetheart?”

Jared did not know what they talked about him after he left, he stood on the balcony, and answered the phone, “What is the matter?”

His voice was deep and husky, with a soft touch that seemed particularly pleasant to hear.

Amber only felt some itch in the ear, so she could not help but take the phone away, rubbed the ear, then put the phone back, asked coldly, “The punishment of Chole, you did that?”

That’s why she was calling him!

For a time, his heart was filled with joy, then suddenly disappeared, he answered, “Yes, it is me.”

He admitted so easily that let Amber was stunned, but soon recovered, she asked again in a cold voice, “Why? It’s none of your business, isn’t it?”

“I know. I just want to do something for you.” Jared gently replied.

Her eyes widened slightly. “Do something...for me?”

“Yes.” Jared nodded.

Amber smiled, laughing sarcastically, “Jared, don’t you think it’s too late? Before the divorce, I probably would be touched by this, but now I just feel ridiculous!”

She said to him sardonically. “You know what? How much did I expect of you in those six years? When your mother and your brother bullied me, I wanted you to stand up for me. In your posh little circle, those people laughed at me as Mrs. Farrell, and I was hoping you could help me out. But you didn’t do that, and you didn’t do any of your duties as a husband, so what’s the point of doing anything for me now? It only shows what a hypocrite you are!”

Listening to her words, his heart was attacked by a pang of regret. It was too painful to even breathe and his hand holding the phone was also slightly trembling.

“Sorry...” His face became a bit pale.

He admitted that he never did anything for her.

He owed it to her.

“You don’t have to say anything to me, because I do not care.” Amber took a deep breath, then back to that topic, her voice is clear, “The matter about Chole is my business and I do not need your interference. So, Mr. Farrell, I earnestly request that you retract whatever you’ve agreed with the police, thank you!”

After finishing her words, she hung up the phone.

Jared put down his hand.

He stared at the phone screen blankly, seeming so lost.

After a while, he closed his eyes. When he opened them, he took the phone and went back to study with an elusive look in his eyes.

Meanwhile, in the hospital.

In a coma for two days, Makenna was finally awake.

Mrs. Gardner was so happy that her tears almost rushed out, she quickly pushed her down to the bed and said, "Don't move. Stay in bed!"

"Mom..." Makenna looked at her mother and said with a hoarse voice, "Mom, what was wrong with me?"

It hurt so much, but she can't move, especially below her waist.

She was afraid that she was paralyzed.

Mrs. Gardner didn't want to answer that question.

Seeing her hesitation, Makenna instantly understood that she was not well.

She reached out and tightly grab her arm, and shouted, "Mom, tell me, am I paralyzed? Mom!"

Mrs. Gardner was hurt by her and hurriedly pulled her arm back and replied, "No, you are not paralyzed."

"Then, why can't I feel anything below my waist?" Makenna shouted. Her eyes were bloodshot with her hideous expression looked very scary.

Mrs. Gardner was scared and she couldn't help but retreat. "You don't have feeling down there because the doctor had used anesthetic."

“Really?” Makenna looked at her with hope.

Her mother nodded, “Yes, why would I lie to you?”

She caressed her head gently.

Makenna saw how serious she was and she took a big relief and smiled with tears in her eyes, “Good, good!”

She was not disabled!

She was such a proud person that she could never accept any flaw with her.

“And why did the doctor put me under anesthesia?” Makenna stared at her and asked again.

Mrs. Gardner first sighed, then covered her face and began to cry, “Those damn bastards, they hurt you, and your private parts were severely ripped, even the uterus... I’m afraid you can’t have children in the future.”

Boom!

Makenna felt like a thunderclap had smashed in her head, and the whole world was spinning.

Can’t have kids anymore...

Then how could she marry Jared and have children for him?

Women who can’t have children are not better than crippled.

Her whole life was ruined!

“Ahhhh!” Makenna screamed like crazy, her whole face was distorted, and her eyes were blazing with hatred.

“Amber! Amber!” Makenna clutched the sheets under her with both hands, trembling violently, shouting the name non-stop.

Mrs. Gardner endured the goosebumps on her body and asked quickly, “Makenna, what’s wrong with her?”

“Mom, it was Amber, the way I am now, it was all because of her!” Makenna looked at her and roared hoarsely.

“What?” Mrs. Gardner covered her lips in shock.

Trenton heard that Makenna was awake, and rushed over from the Trident Group. As soon as he walked to the door, he heard Makenna say it was Amber.

His face changed, then he quickly stepped into the ward, and said seriously, “Makenna, is what you said true? Is it really Amber who caused this?”

Makenna’s eyes flickered with hesitation, and then she nodded firmly, “It’s her. She specially tricked me to Saurock Avenue, and then had me kidnapped and taken to a warehouse... Dad, you have to avenge, and those six men, I want them dead, dead!”

Trenton nodded, his eyes brimming with ruthlessness, “Don’t worry, dad will revenge for you!”

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He knew that this matter must have something to do with Amber!

More than 20 years ago, Hugo Reed killed his first daughter, and now his daughter has ruined his second daughter, and the chance for him to unite with the Farrell family is completely gone.

He was determined to take down the Reed family.

Hearing that Trenton promised to avenge her, Makenna smiled.

Afterward, she thought of something again, and hurriedly asked, "By the way, mom, how did you find me?"

Those six men assaulted her inhumanely, and she couldn't hold back and fainted, not knowing what happened afterward.

"It's not us who found you, but the passers-by found you in the downtown area." Mrs. Gardner shook her head and replied.

A great sense of premonition rose in Makenna's heart, "Downtown?"

Mrs. Gardner nodded with red eyes, "Yes, that night, you were naked in a sack and thrown in the downtown area. A passerby found you naked and hurt, then called the police."

"The police?" Hearing these two words, Makenna's eyes went black, and she almost fainted again.

Her fingernails were pinching her palms tightly, and the palms of her hands were torn apart by the fingernails, oozing blood.

But she seemed to feel no pain, and said emotionally, "You mean that now everyone knows I, as the daughter of the Gardner family, was assaulted"

Although Mrs. Gardner really wanted to deceive her, she knew that it would not be kept forever. As long as Makenna went online, she would find out that she was lying.

So, it was better to admit it directly.

“Yes.” Mrs. Gardner nodded sadly.

Trenton patted Mrs. Gardner’s shoulder to comfort her.

“How could this happen...” Makenna’s head was dizzy, and her whole body collapsed.

Everyone knew.

Now she could totally imagine how people on the Internet would talk about her, how those people in the circle would laugh at her, and how the media would use her to gain clicks and views!

“How about Jared? Does he know?” Makenna asked again with red eyes.

Mrs. Gardner couldn’t bear it anymore and turned her head away.

Seeing her like this, Makenna understood, “He knew...”

Trenton pounded the table angrily, “Not only did he find out, but he also took the opportunity to break the engagement!”

Makenna didn’t speak anymore, her eyes stared at the ceiling blankly. She seemed to have lost her soul.

After a few seconds, she suddenly laughed, and her laughter was filled with grief and grudges, and tears trickled down her cheeks.

Mrs. Gardner looked distressed, “Makenna...”

“She is uncomfortable now and she needs to let it out.” Trenton grabbed Mrs. Gardner who wanted to go up to comfort her.

She had no choice but to nod her head.

At this time, someone knocked on the door of the ward, and it was his assistant.

“Mr. Gardner, we found the girl with the special necklace that you posted earlier!” The assistant walked in and said hurriedly.

Both of them froze at the same time.

Even Makenna stopped crying and laughing, her breath stuck in her throat, and she coughed so violently that her face was turning red.

But no one seemed to care about her, they both stared at the assistant.

“What did you say? You found Makayla?” Mrs. Gardner’s hands were shaking with excitement.

So did Trenton.

Like his wife, he desperately hoped to find their eldest daughter, Makayla.

Because this eldest daughter is his biological daughter.

What’s more important is that now Makenna is completely ruined, he can only put all his hopes on Makayla.

“Yes.” The assistant nodded, “When I was in the hospital just now, I was stopped by a girl, who gave this to me.” The assistant said, spread out his hand, and there was an old necklace lying in his palm.

Seeing this necklace, Mrs. Gardner burst into tears on the spot, covered her mouth with both hands, and cried silently.

Trenton was a little calmer than her, but his hand to take the necklace was trembling all the same.

He took the necklace over, opened the back of the pendant directly, saw the three-letter abbreviation of her name, and suddenly laughed, "It's her necklace, this is her necklace."

Mrs. Gardner saw it too, and nodded again and again, "It's Makayla, it's my daughter. Where is she now?"

"In the hospital lobby, I asked her to wait for me there." The assistant replied.

Mrs. Gardner took his hand, "Let's go, let's go see her."

"Alright, let's go!" He carefully put away the necklace.

The couple hurried out of the ward, followed by the assistant.

None of the three looked at Makenna behind them.

Especially for Trenton and his wife, how can the current Makenna compare to the return of their true daughter Makayla?

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" Makenna roared, picking up the things by the bedside and smashing them on the floor and walls, venting her anger.

To prevent her parents from finding Makayla, Makenna even asked the detectives to find her, but she was not found.

But who would have thought that Makayla would actually come to her door at this time!

God is really unfair. Amber has always been a trouble to her, now that Makayla was back too.

Gradually, Makenna calmed down again, staring at the ceiling with hollow eyes.

When Makayla came back, she would share with Makenna her parents' love, her property, and inheritance rights. But Makenna believed that she could defeat her. It was merely someone who had been living under someone else's roof.

Therefore, the most urgent task now was to deal with her assault first.

Thinking about it, Makenna took a deep breath, took the phone beside the pillow, and called Elias Lansdale.

Elias was seeing a patient when he heard the phone ringing next to him. He tilted his head and saw the caller ID, and blinked his eyes.

He didn't answer immediately, but turned his head back, tore off the prescription, and handed it to the patient opposite, "It's okay, just take some medicine and you'll be fine."

"Okay, thank you, doctor." The patient took the prescription with both hands and stood up gratefully.

Elias smiled lightly, "You can go get the medicine."

The patient nodded and went out.

Then Elias answered the phone.

Before he could speak, her voice full of hatred came, "Elias, didn't you say that you have already led Amber to Saurock Avenue? Why is it me who was attacked at the end?"

The corners of his lips curled slightly, but what he said was full of apology, "I did lead her to come, but I didn't expect that it was you who had an accident in the end, and I saw the news of your accident that night, only to find out Amber didn't go because something happened on her way and she left halfway, and both of you guys have a red mole on your wrists, so those people thought you were her."

What he said was well-founded, and Makenna didn't suspect about him lying.

Therefore, she believed his words.

After all, she was his angel, and he would definitely not plot against her.

So all of this was a coincidence. If she was gonna blame someone, it would be Amber.

If Amber didn't leave halfway, Makenna would not have been attacked by those men!

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Thinking about those men, Makenna pinched her phone tightly and squeezed words between her teeth, "You found those men who bullied me. You must give them to me."

She wanted to end their lives in person.

Elias leaned against the back of his seat. "I can't. After you were on the news, those men realized you were not Amber Reed, so they ran away. They were afraid we would avenge."

"What? Ran away?" Makenna exclaimed harshly.

Elias spun the scalpel casually. "Yep. I'm looking for them as well. It's been two days, but I have no clue."

"Shit!" Makenna was furious.

How was she gonna avenge if those men had run away?

However, thinking about Amber, she had an idea.

Since they ran away, Makenna didn't mind venting her anger on Amber.

"Elias, you must keep looking for those men. Keep me updated if you have any clue," Makenna ordered in anger.

Elias pushed his glasses and answered, "Okay."

After finishing the conversation, Makenna put down her phone and tabbed to browse all the social media platforms, reading her news.

Seeing the negative comments and the unkind mockery, she wished to find out all those netizens in real life and kill them.

However, she looked much better after reading the comments in the recent two days.

Those comments were defending her. The netizens believed that she was a victim.

Hence, she decided to stick to being the victim.

As she thought, Makenna dialed a phone number. "Hello, is this Sona Media? This is Makenna Gardner..."

On the other side, Hayden called Amber out. They arrived at a quiet coffee shop.

Amber yawned, looking at him in anger. "What is wrong with you, Hayden? Why did you call me out so late at night? I was going to bed."

Hayden giggled. "I'm sorry, Amber. I do have something to talk to you about."

"What is it?" Amber stirred the milk, picked it up, and took a sip.

Hayden looked solemn. "I let the fake Makayla show up in front of the Gardner couple."

Upon hearing it, Amber paused when drinking the milk.

Soon, she returned to normal and put down the milk. She asked, "How is it going then?"

"Quite smoothly. The Gardner couple is watching Makenna Gardner in the hospital. I let the fake Makayla go there to find them directly. According to my spy, Mrs. Gardner has believed she is the real Makayla. However, Trenton Gardner is still rational. Although he was excited, he insisted on doing the paternity test with her," Hayden took a sip of his coffee and answered.

"It seems the Gardner couple truly love their eldest daughter," Amber said while playing with the straw.

If not, why would Mrs. Gardner be so eager to recognize her daughter?

Even Trenton was excited.

Thinking of that, Amber had a weird feeling, but she couldn't tell what it was.

However, she didn't keep on wondering about it. She suppressed the weird feeling soon.

Hayden answered with a shrug, "Of course, they do. After all, Makayla Gardner is their only biological daughter. Makenna was adopted to comfort Mrs. Gardner."

“To comfort her?” Amber was confused. “What do you mean?”

“I didn’t find it out until a few days ago. More than twenty years ago, Mrs. Gardner saw Makayla be drowned in person, and she had a mental disorder. Whenever she saw a baby the same age as Makayla, she thought it was her daughter and wanted to snatch it. Or, she was holding a pillow in her arms every day as if it was her daughter,” said Hayden.

Amber widened her eyes in surprise. “For real?”

“Yep.” Hayden nodded.

Amber sighed. “Mrs. Gardner doesn’t look like a person with mental disorder.”

“She’s recovered already. More than twenty years ago, to comfort her, Trenton adopted a replacement of Makayla from an orphanage. That was Makenna. To make her look more like Makayla, Trenton put some unique marks on Makenna, such as a birthmark that took after Makayla’s,” Hayden said while drinking the coffee.

Amber nodded. “I see. Trenton must love his wife a lot.”

“They used to be the childhood sweethearts, so they loved each other a lot. However, the most important reason was that, besides Mrs. Gardner, no other woman would want to marry him,” said Hayden with a gloating smile.

Amber became interested. “Oh? Is there something wrong with Trenton?”

“Bingo!” Hayden clicked his fingers. “My Amber is such a smart girl.”

Amber rolled her eyes at him. “Knock it off. I’m serious. What is it?”

Hayden laughed out. “All right. I’m serious, too.”

As he spoke, he coughed to clear his throat and continued, "Trenton has necrostermia. I put a great effort into digging this out. It was already a miracle that Mrs. Gardner could give birth to Makayla for him. Makayla is also his only child in this life. Hence, he purchased a customized necklace for his daughter when she was born."

Upon hearing it, Amber raised her chin in a trance. "No wonder that even though Trenton treasures the Trident Group so much and he knew Makenna wasn't talented in business, he still didn't want another child."

"Isn't it incredible?" Hayden smiled.

Amber hummed. "Indeed. However, it's not important. The most important is if the paternity test you've arranged is reliable."

"No worries. I used some privilege to make it done. Whoever uses the hair of the fake Makayla and the Gardner couple for the test, the result would show they were her parents. Of course, it only worked in all the testing institutes of Olkmore City. It won't work if they do it out of town," Hayden spread out his hands.

After all, the Cohen family's power stayed in Olkmore City.

Also, they couldn't meddle in the businesses in other cities. Otherwise, they would end up like the Garland family.

"That's good, then." Seeing that Hayden was so affirmative, Amber breathed a sigh of relief.

She gathered that it wasn't very likely for them they to go to another city for the paternity test.

They didn't leave the coffee shop until two hours later.

Hayden sent Amber back to Kelsington Bay. "Jayden always wanted to visit you. I'll take him with me next time."

Amber nodded with a smile. "Sure. I also miss Jayden a lot."

A light flashed through Hayden's eyes. "That's a deal, then."

Perfect. He had another excuse to meet her next time.

"Ehn." Amber nodded.

"It's getting late now. Hurry up and go home. I must go now. Good night." Hayden waved his hand, pressed up the car window, and drove away.

Amber stood motionlessly to watch him. When his car vanished in her sight, she turned around to enter the apartment building.

When she turned around, she heard a familiar male voice. "Amber."

Amber stopped her pace and looked in the direction of the voice.

Around ten yards from her, a car's door was opened. Jared got down and strode to her.

Amber frowned.

She didn't expect him to drive such an ordinary car.

No wonder she hadn't noticed him earlier.

Jared stopped in front of her. Looking at her, he asked in a deep tone, "Where have you and Hayden been earlier?"

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Amber frowned more deeply.

He sounded as if he was a husband interrogating his disloyal wife.

He hadn't accepted his identity yet, had he?

"It's none of your business. Stop being so nosy." Amber curled her lips and turned away.

Jared grabbed her arm. "I'm just worried about you. It's so late now..."

"Thank you for your kindness, but I don't need it." Amber pulled out her arm and looked at him coldly. "You never cared about me before, so I don't need it now. Mr. Farrell, it's quite late now. Just go home. I'm going home as well."

Then she ignored him and walked into the building.

Jared didn't stop her again, watching her figure disappear in silence.

After arriving home, Amber took off her shoes and tossed away her purse. Then she walked to the bathroom barefoot.

She took a shower and walked to the bedroom to sleep.

She was supposed to sleep at ten o'clock, but Hayden called her out. Now, she felt too sleepy to keep her eyes open.

She yawned and walked to the French window, ready to pull the curtain down.

Suddenly, she looked down and saw the ordinary car was still parked on the roadside downstairs.

That meant Jared was still there.

Amber wondered if he wanted to play at being a loving man.

She snorted. She pulled down the curtain without hesitation and lay down on the bed the next second.

Downstairs, Jared was sitting in the driver's seat and looked up at a particular building level.

When the light was out in the window, he knew she had gone to bed.

Suddenly, his phone rang.

Jared picked it up to check the caller ID. It was a call from Ben.

"What's up?" Jared swiped to answer and put it in the hand-free mode. He tossed the phone to the passenger seat and found a pack of cigarettes and a lighter from the storage box.

Ben answered, "Nothing important, Mr. Farrell. The hospital called. Makenna is awake."

"Ehn." Jared didn't react at all after hearing it. He pulled out a cigarette, lit it up, and took a drag.

Ben wasn't surprised at his reaction. He pushed up his glasses and added, "Another thing. Makayla has returned to the Gardner family."

"What?" Jared paused when flicking the ash. Squinting, he repeated, "Makayla?"

"Yes," Ben nodded and confirmed.

Jared frowned. "The real Makayla?"

"Probably yes. Makayla went to find the Gardner couple with a necklace. The Gardner couple has done the paternity test with her. Makayla stays, so she's probably the real one," Ben answered thoughtfully.

Jared looked solemn.

Their daughter's necklace...

Wasn't their daughter's necklace in Amber's hands? How could another woman have it?

Jared wondered if that necklace was fake.

It shouldn't be. If so, the Gardner couple should be able to recognize it. After all, it was a gift from them to their daughter. No one else would be more familiar with it than they were.

Besides, the necklace was designed for their daughter particularly. It was unique in this world. Its photos had never been exposed online. The only necklace exposed online was the mother's necklace, and its pictures were posted by Trenton a few days ago.

The daughter's necklace looked similar to the mother's, but it had something different. Hence, others couldn't fake it at all.

The only explanation was that Makayla's appearance had something to do with Amber.

Amer probably gave the necklace to Makayla, and the latter went to see Trenton with it.

Jared wondered why Amber had done it.

He looked up at the window in the dark, frowning.

“Mr. Farrell? Mr. Farrell?” Ben called him after hearing no response from him for a long time.

Jared returned to his senses. “Go check the former identity of that woman. See if she has ever contacted Amber.”

He was afraid Amber had been deceived.

What if that Makayla had another identity? It would be dangerous for Amber.

“Yes, Mr. Farrell.” Ben was curious why Jared had associated Makayla with Amber, but he didn’t ask.

After hanging up the phone, Jared put his hand outside the window to flick the ash. He kept gazing at Amber’s window.

He spent the whole night doing it.

The next morning, Amber got ready to go to work.

As soon as she opened the door, she saw Jared standing there.

Jared was still wearing the same suit as last night. From his haggard face and the dark circles under his eyes, Amber could tell he stayed downstairs overnight.

“Did you stay in the car for a whole night?” Amber asked with a frown.

A light flashed through Jared’s eyes. “Are you concerned about me?”

Otherwise, how did she guess that he had stayed in his car for a whole night?

Amber curled her lips. "You thought too much. No, I'm not concerned about you."

Jared didn't feel pretty disappointed upon hearing her denial, although his eyes dimmed.

Since she had noticed that he stayed downstairs, he believed she was still concerned about him.

He was already overjoyed.

"Breakfast." Jared lifted the bag in his hand and gave it to Amber. Afraid she would refuse like last time, he hurriedly added, "No worries. It's different from the food last time. I waited in line and bought them in a breakfast shop nearby."

"Did you go there personally?" Amber looked at him in surprise.

Jared slightly nodded. "Yes."

Amber clicked her tongue.

She knew the breakfast shop nearby her apartment. Their food was tasty. She had been there for a few times. Many seniors always rushed there in the early morning, and there was always a long line.

She didn't expect his man, who always led a superior life and had someone else serving him, could go to buy breakfast in person.

Thinking about the scene that he was competing with those grandpas and grannies for breakfast, Amber couldn't help chortling.

"What are you laughing about?" Jared looked at her in confusion.

Amber waved her hand. "Nothing. Go take your breakfast home. I'm not hungry."

However, as soon as she finished speaking, her tummy growled.

Jared looked down at her lower abdomen with tenderness in his eyes. But he soon hid it away.

“You are hungry,” Jared said.

Amber blushed, looking a bit annoyed. “I’m not.”

“Your stomach growled,” Jared said.

“You’ve misheard it.”

After that, she bypassed him and walked to the elevator.

Seeing that, Jared looked amused. Then he strode to catch up with her and walked with her shoulder by shoulder. “All right, I got it wrong. Please eat something. I never did this for anyone else.”

The elevator arrived.

Amber walked in, only to find a grandpa and a granny in there with sportswear. They should be going downstairs to work out in the garden.

Amber smiled at them. Then she said to Jared solemnly, “You don’t need to tell me whether you’ve bought breakfast for anyone else. I don’t care. I won’t accept breakfast from you at all.”

Upon hearing it, Jared felt a pang in his heart. He lowered his head, looking pretty down.

The grandpa and granny who were walking behind them couldn’t help cutting in their conversation, “Miss, did you have a fight with your boyfriend?”

When Jared heard them refer to him as Amber's boyfriend, his eyes twinkled. He nodded at them apologetically, meaning he was sorry about disturbing them.

His reaction implied that he was Amber's "boyfriend".

Amber gaped.

How could this man be so shameless?

When Amber was about to explain that Jared wasn't her boyfriend, the granny suddenly said with a smile, "Miss, I've overheard your conversation. Sometimes, compromise is needed in a relationship."

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"What?" Amber was confused.

The granny smiled and said, "Quarrels are inevitable in a relationship, but you have to learn to compromise. This young man is quite sincere when apologizing. He also bought you breakfast. Forgive him. There aren't many considerate men out there nowadays. If you don't treasure him, you might regret it in the future."

"No, Ma'am. I..."

The elevator arrived.

The granny patted Amber on her shoulder and stopped her, "Miss, think twice about what I've told you."

Then, she looked over at Jared. "Young man, don't make your girlfriend angry in the future. It's fate that brought you together. You shall cherish her."

“Yes, Ma’am. I remember it. Thank you.” Jared nodded at her to thank her.

In the past, he hadn’t cherished Amber. In the future, Amber would be the most important for him.

Seeing that Jared was obedient, the granny took the grandpa’s arm and walked out of the elevator together.

Amber’s destination hadn’t arrived, so she didn’t go out.

Scratching her hair, she felt annoyed and said, “What the heck? Jared Farrell, you bastard! The granny mistook us for lovers. And you didn’t even correct her!”

Jared pressed the close button. “I didn’t want to embarrass her if she knew she had made a mistake.”

“I don’t buy it.” Amber glared at him. “You and your ulterior motives.”

Jared raised his eyebrows and admitted it in default.

Amber rubbed between her eyebrows and calmed down. “All right. I won’t argue with you this time. If it happens again, I won’t let go of you so easily, Jared Farrell.”

She looked at him coldly.

Jared felt a pang in his heart. He lowered his eyes to cover his sorrow and hummed. “Okay. How about the food...”

“I don’t want it,” said Amber flatly. Ignoring him, she walked out of the elevator and towards her parked car.

Jared followed her while holding the food bag.

Amber also ignored the footsteps behind her. She pulled out her car key and pressed the button to open the door. Then she sat in and drove away.

Jared stood while watching her leave, pressing his thin lips slightly.

Ben, who came over to pick Jared up, watched the whole scene not far away. He shook his head and heaved a sigh.

It seemed Jared still had a long way to go win Amber's heart.

...

At Goldstone Co.

Amber was dealing with the piled documents. Sheila knocked on the door and entered her office. "Excuse me, Ms. Reed. Someone from Mendara Inc. wants to see you."

"Mendara Inc.?" Amber raised her eyebrows.

Sheila nodded. "Yes. The president of Mendara Inc. is here."

"Must be for Chloe Mendez, right?" Amber curled up her lips into a mocking smile.

"Yes, it is. He wants to apologize to you," Sheila answered.

Amber snorted. "What's his offer? Did he bring anything? He's not sincere at all, just like the last time."

Last time, Mrs. Mendez blocked her way in front of the courthouse and apologized to her. She wanted Amber to spare Chloe unconditionally.

Of course, Amber didn't actually care about the gifts or compensation. However, if they wanted to apologize to her, they should at least show their sincerity.

Mr. Mendez seemed to be the same this time.

Amber had to admit that sure enough, they were a couple, so they did things in the same way. Probably, Mrs. Mendez knew she wouldn't let go of Chloe, so Mr. Mendez went to see her deliberately.

Did they think she would let go of Chloe since Mr. Mendez had come here?

They'd better dream on. Amber even ignored Trenton, let alone the Mendez family, who couldn't compare to Goldstone at all.

"Would you like to meet him, Ms. Reed?" Sheila asked.

Amber lowered her head to continue working on the documents. She answered flatly, "No. Let them leave."

"Yes, Ms. Reed." Sheila nodded, turned around, and left the office.

After a while, Amber finally had finished dealing with the pile of documents. She stood up and walked to the French window, rubbing her sore neck and wrists.

Suddenly, she saw several vans arrive downstairs in front of the company.

The car doors were opened, and reporters with microphones and cameras rushed into the entrance like crazy.

They seemed to have sensed some exciting news, looking pretty excited.

Amber frowned, wondering what made the reporters come to Goldstone in such excitement.

However, she felt uneasy somehow.

Amber took a deep breath to suppress the uneasiness. Then she turned around to walk to her desk, picked up the landline phone, and pressed the button to connect to Sheila's office.

"Hello, Ms. Reed. What can I do for you?" Sheila asked respectfully.

Amber pressed her red lips. "I saw many reporters arrive at Goldstone. They are in the lobby now. Go find out..."

Before she finished speaking, her phone rang.

Amber saw it was Cole, so she picked up her phone and said to Sheila, "Please hold on for a moment."

"Okay, Ms. Reed," Sheila answered.

Amber put down the landline phone and wiped to answer the phone call from Cole. "Hello, Cole?"

"Babe, have many reporters arrived at your company?" Cole asked anxiously.

The suppressed uneasiness in Amber's heart surged again.

She pinched the cell phone tightly and nodded. "Yes. Almost more than twenty reporters. What on earth is going on, Cole? Do you know something?"

Cole said in anger, "Makenna did so. Half an hour earlier, she uploaded a statement via her social media account. She said you were the mastermind behind this. Those reporters all rushed to you."

“What?” Amber’s expression changed slightly. “How dare Makenna say that!”

“Yeah. I’m so pissed. I wish to skin her alive right now. Damn! She’s the most shameless bitch I’ve ever seen,” Cole cursed loudly.

After a few seconds, he tried hard to calm down. “Babe, don’t go out. Or, those reporters won’t let go of you.”

“I know.” Amber nodded with a solemn look.

Cole added, “That’s good. I’m worried as you are in Goldstone alone. I’ll go to accompany you.”

As he spoke, he was about to hang up.

Amber hurriedly stopped him, “Please don’t. You can’t come here. The public knows you are my boyfriend now. If you show up, the reporters won’t let go of you either. Probably, some of them have rushed to your company as well.”

“Excuse me, Mr. Lyon.” She heard someone calling Cole right after she had finished speaking.

Cole exchanged a few words with that person. Then he continued to talk to Amber several seconds later. “You are right, Babe. Many reporters have arrived downstairs of my company as well.”

“I’m sorry for bringing the trouble to you, Cole.” Amber felt so sorry for him.

Cole smiled carelessly. “All right. I don’t blame you. I need to deal with them now.”

“Ehn. Go ahead.” Amber nodded.

After hanging up the phone, she picked up the landline phone again and continued, "Sheila, go check on the lobby on the first floor. Please bring more security guards there to stop the reporters. They can't come upstairs."

"Yes, Ms. Reed," answered Sheila.

Amber put back the landline phone, rubbing her forehead in anger.

As Cole had said earlier, Makenna was indeed a shameless bitch. As soon as she woke up, she made trouble.

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Amber thought Makenna would break down after waking up and knowing what had happened to her.

It seemed she had been overly optimistic and underestimated Makenna's shamelessness.

Of course, Makenna was a vicious woman. How could she break down just because of such torture? She would become crazier instead.

As she thought, Amber pressed her red lips. She picked up the phone and tabbed to read Makenna's social media page and saw the status that she had posted earlier.

Her status had been listed in the trends. The total comments and reposts had exceeded a million. Even some KOLs were giving their opinions on this matter.

Amber tapped to read the comments with an annoyed look. Seeing the comments that were comforting Makenna, she felt her stomach turn.

Trenton's video earlier had almost whitewashed Makenna. After this status was posted, Makenna had made herself a victim ultimately. Except for those who knew her true colors or disliked her, no one would laugh at her for being bullied. They all pitied her and felt sorry for her.

Amber had to admit that Makenna was Trenton's daughter indeed. She had the same skills to whitewash herself.

"Ha..." Amber sneered and didn't continue reading the comments. She quitted Makenna's social media page and logged in to her own account.

As soon as she logged in, the message tone kept ringing. The popped messages even made her phone die for a minute before it returned to work.

When Amber saw over a hundred private messages, her heart sank.

She tabbed the private messages, only to find vicious curses and offensive emojis. Her face tightened, but she didn't feel surprised. She had expected it to happen.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have logged in to her own account.

In the status posted by Makenna, she directly said Amber was the one who plotted against her, so the public had believed her. They went to Amber's comment section to attack her.

Later, Amber posted a tweet as well.

It was one simple sentence: I didn't do anything and I don't need to prove my innocence
@MakennaGardner

Seeing her denial, no one believed Amber. Instead, they cursed her more. With some trolls deliberately adding fuel to the fire, thousands of insults had flooded her comment section within several minutes.

Seeing that, Amber bit her lower lip. In the end, she felt irritated and quit the social media platform. Out of sight, out of mind.

Right then, her phone rang.

Amber took a look at the number. It was a local phone number.

She hesitated for a moment and swiped to answer, "Hello?"

"Hello. Is that Ms. Reed?" a woman asked.

"Yes, this is she," Amber answered while rubbing her eyebrows.

The woman turned out to be overexcited when hearing Amber admit her identity. "Hello, Ms. Reed. I'm from Sona Media. Ms. Gardner accused you of being the mastermind of her assault. What's your opinion about it?"

Upon hearing it, Amber tightened her grip on the phone, looking angry. "How did you know my phone number?" she asked.

The woman was taken aback for a bit. Then she ignored Amber's questions and urged her impatiently, "Ms. Reed, please answer my question. Did you hire someone to bully Ms. Gardner for real?"

Amber directly hung up the phone with a stern look.

She couldn't talk to such a kind of reporter. If she did, the reporter would keep asking all sorts of tough questions.

Hence, it was unnecessary to continue the conversation.

Besides, she blocked this number to avoid receiving another call from this reporter.

However, as soon as she blocked the number, her phone rang again. It was a call from another local number.

Amber guessed the woman earlier had changed her number and called her, or probably, it was another reporter.

Hence. She directly hung it up and blocked the number.

However, it wasn't the end yet. In the following hours, all kinds of unknown local numbers kept calling her. Some netizens even texted her to curse her. Amber felt exhausted.

She wished to directly turn off her phone, but she had to tolerate it when thinking of her clients and business partners who might call her occasionally. She just ignored those calls and messages.

"Excuse me, Ms. Reed." Sheila walked in with a panicked look.

Amber opened her eyes. "Yes?"

"Ms. Reed, several netizens arrived downstairs. They sent you a lot of blades and wreaths..." Sheila glanced at her and answered in a low voice.

Amber's face turned cold, feeling extremely angry and aggrieved.

She hadn't done anything, but she had to bear those blames and curses.

Looking at her trembling body, Sheila asked with concerns, "Are you alright, Ms. Reed?"

Amber answered, "I'm fine. Please send the security guards to catch all the netizens who have sent me death threats and send them to the police station."

"Okay, Ms. Reed," Sheila answered immediately. Then she thought about something and added, "Another thing. This matter has raised an uproar online. Goldstone's stock price was reduced harshly. Mr. Delgado said you must resolve this problem ASAP, or he'll ask you to give him back the management power."

“Bernardo Delgado!” Amber patted the desk in anger and stood up. “Now the Goldstone’s stock market is in turbulence, but he didn’t think of stabilizing it at all. Instead, he only thought of snatching back the management power.”

“That’s his style, isn’t it?” Sheila also nodded in anger. The next second, she looked down.” This time, almost all the senior executives support Mr. Delgado. After all, you were involved in this matter this time. They believe it’s your fault to bring trouble to Goldstone, so they are planning to hold the general meeting of shareholders to redecide if you are qualified to get the half management power.”

Amber’s lips parted. She couldn’t utter any word.

She couldn’t deny it. After all, it was her fault to cause the Goldstone’s stock market plunge.

Although she didn’t do anything to Makenna, the latter pushed all the blames to her, and she had no way to prove her innocence.

Unless Elias could stand out. After all, he was the real manipulator behind the scene.

As she thought of it, Amber pinched her nose bridge and said in a tiring tone, “I got it. Tell Bernardo Delgado. I’ll resolve it ASAP.”

“Okay, Ms. Reed.” Sheila cast a worried glance at her and left the office.

Amber picked up her phone and dialed Elias’s phone number.

However, no one answered the call. Amber’s heart sank.

She wondered if he deliberately refused to answer or was busy.

Amber frowned deeply, her fingers tabbing the desk uneasily.

Suddenly, her phone rang again.

Amber thought it was Elias who called her back when seeing her missed call. She looked delighted and hurriedly picked up the phone.

However, after she saw Hayden's caller ID, the joy on her face stiffened. She heaved a sigh in disappointment and swiped to answer.

Meanwhile, the Farrell Group.

Jared just stepped out of the conference room after a meeting. Ben walked to him with a solemn look. "Excuse me, Mr. Farrell. Something happened to Ms. Reed."

"What happened?" Jared paused his paces and asked anxiously.

Ben pushed up his glasses and answered, "Makenna posted a tweet, declaring that Ms. Reed had hired someone to assault her. The public have believed it and went to cursed Ms. Reed on her social media page. Some even went to Goldstone to send her death threats. The reporters also went there to bother Ms. Reed.",

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"What?" Jared's expression slightly changed, emanating a low pressure.

After a few seconds, he asked, "How's Amber doing now?"

"Ms. Reed has been in her office without going out, so the reporters didn't harm him. I guess she has been impacted mentally, though," said Ben.

Jared narrowed his cold eyes. "Release some celebrity scandals on the internet to distract the public's attention. Besides, find out who's behind the KOL accounts that spited Amber and the individual accounts who had given the foulest insults."

He would get even with them one after another.

“Got it, Mr. Farrell.” Ben nodded and went to execute it.

Jared pulled out his phone from the trousers pocket and dialed Amber’s number. “Hello, the subscriber you’ve dialed is busy. Please call later...”

Busy?

Jared frowned.

He wondered who she was talking to now.

Faces of Cole, Jeremy, and other men flashed across his mind. The more he wondered, the more annoyed he became.

He put away his phone and walked to the elevator in the end.

He was worried about Amber, so he decided to check on her personally.

At Goldstone Co.

Amber noticed the missed call from Jared. A trace of surprise flashed through her eyes. Soon, it disappeared.

She could guess why he had called her.

Probably, he had also seen the news online.

“Hello, Amber? Are you still there?” Hayden didn’t receive her response, so he called her from the other end of the line.

Amber put the phone back to her ear. “Yes, I’m still listening. Sorry for that. I got a missed call just now.”

“Who was it?” Hayden asked curiously.

Amber’s eyes twinkled. “No one important. Forget it.”

“All right.” Hayden shrugged and didn’t suspect her words. He said with a solemn look, “Since Elias Lansdale has done that to Makenna, we need to ask him to stand out and prove your innocence. Otherwise, this matter will be too difficult to be resolved.”

“I know.” Amber nodded. “I called Elias earlier, but he didn’t answer the call.”

“He should be in the operating theater now. A foreign politician had a brain tumor. He knew Elias could more likely to be successful if he did the operation, so he came from abroad deliberately. The operation is taken today. My father and his coworkers are waiting at the hospital now. This operation will take a long time. It would take about twenty hours,” said Hayden.

Amber raised her chin in understanding. “I see.”

She was worried that Elias had refused to answer her call deliberately.

Since he hadn’t done it purposely, she was relieved.

“So I need to wait for another twenty hours before he can prove my innocence?” Amber frowned.

Things would be out of control in twenty hours.

It wasn't the most important, though. The most important was Bernardo wouldn't give her twenty hours before handing back the management power.

Hayden heaved a sigh. "Right. All you can do is wait. I can help you put a lid on this, for the time being, so you can have a break. Then Goldstone's stock market would be stabilized... What?"

He suddenly saw something and blinked in surprise.

"What happened?" Amber asked in confusion.

Hayden approached the laptop closer. After ensuring that he didn't make a mistake, he swallowed hard and said, "Amber, good news. The heat online had been reduced a lot. Did you ask someone to do it?"

"No, I didn't." Amber shook her head.

Hayden frowned. "It's weird. Just now, there was an uproar online. Now, almost everything has gone. I'm sure it's been suppressed by someone. If that wasn't you, who would it be? Cole? Or Jeremy?"

"No way!" Amber shook her head affirmatively. "A lot of reporters went to Cole's company as well. He must be busy dealing with them, so he won't have time to help me suppress the news. Jere... he had a filming project on a closed occasion now. I'm afraid he even doesn't know what's going on. I don't think he has done it..."

"Not Jeremy nor Cole. Who was it? Would it be..." Hayden thought about a man, looking solemn.

Amber also thought about him. Her red lips parted, and she uttered a name, "Jared Farrell."

It must be him. Just now, he had called her.

"I also thought about him. It's highly possible. Amber, if it was Jared for real, would you forgive him?" Hayden asked her tentatively.

Amber lowered her head and said flatly, "No, I wouldn't. It's a different matter."

Hayden immediately smiled when hearing her answer. "That's good, then."

Amber felt weird. "Aren't you his friend? Why don't you hope me to forgive him?"

"Oh... Well..." Hayden looked away in the sense of guilt and let out two hollow laughs. "Well... I only support the reasonable ones, not my friends. He's done so much to hurt you before. Of course, I won't support him."

"Really? You do have an open mind." Amber nodded.

Hayden saw her believe him, breathing a deep sigh of relief.

"All right, Hayden. I've gotta go now." Amber rubbed her temples.

Hayden hummed. "OK. If you need any help, call me at any time. I'll try my best to help you. Besides, you must be careful. Don't face those netizens and reporters. They are all nuts. They will hurt you easily, so you must be careful. Don't get hurt."

"No worries." Amber smiled when hearing his reminder.

After hanging up the phone, she put down the phone. Then she clicked the mouse to search for the news related to her.

Just like what Hayden had said, her news had been suppressed. She could only see a few pieces. The commented and reposted news had been gone completely. Instead, the celebrities' scandals replaced it in the trends.

Some had cheated on their spouses. Some hooked up with fans. Some evaded paying the taxes.

Not to mention Amber, all the netizens could tell those artists' scandals were used to distract the attention from her news.

However, those scandals had attracted the public's attention as expected. Hence, they turned to fire at those celebrities instead.

"Phew..." Amber stood up and walked to the French window to look down. Half of the reporters had gone. She guessed they had gone to interview the artists.

She breathed a sigh of relief. Now, she had time to stabilize the stock market.

In the hospital, Makenna was happily munching some fruits while sitting on the bed.

Thinking of what she had seen online, the cyberbullying that Amber was suffering, she couldn't help laughing out aloud.

How stupid those netizens were! She had just posted a status, but they all believed that she had been bullied, which was done by Amber.

However, due to their stupidity, Makenna could succeed. All she wanted was to push the blame to Amber, so Amber couldn't get rid of it at all.

Why had she been bullied by Amber was still safe and sound?

Makenna couldn't bear it at all. Hence, she must drag Amber into the mire with her.

However, Amber was also stupid. How could she post that line to say she was innocent online? The netizens would never buy it.

Many artists said they were innocent after their scandals had been exposed, but the scandals were proved to be correct in the end. Hence, the netizens would never believe someone declaring herself innocent online.

Right then, the ward door was open. A bony, dystrophic figure poked in. "Hi, Makenna."

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Makenna's joy faded away. She glared at the woman fiercely. "Why are you here?"

"I... I came to see you, Makenna. I also brought you some soup." Makayla put on a flattering smile at her and entered the ward.

Seeing that, Makenna seemed to be stimulated. She patted the quilt on her excitedly. "Why did you come in? Get out! You are not allowed to enter. You're covered with bacteria. You'll dirty the air. Get out!"

Upon hearing it, Makayla stiffened, feeling at a loss. "I don't have bacteria. I've changed my outfit. Makenna..."

"Stop calling me Makenna! I don't know you," Makenna interrupted her loudly with a twisted look. "Makayla, remember. I don't allow you to call my first name. You are not my older sister. Understand?"

"I... I..." Makayla lowered her head in sorrow, sobbing in a low voice.

Right then, Mr. Gardner walked in. Seeing the sobbing oldest daughter and the unhappy younger daughter, she frowned.

"What happened? Makayla, tell me. What happened?" Mrs. Gardner wiped Makayla's tears off and asked, feeling sorry.

Makayla pressed her head in Mrs. Gardner's arms. "Mom, should I have not come back?"

"Why do you ask so?" Mrs. Gardner was shocked. In a hurry, she said, "It's your home. Why shouldn't you come back?"

“But... But why does Makenna hate me so much? She doesn’t allow me to call her first name and said I was not her sister.” Makayla cried sadly.

Mrs. Gardner was taken aback. “Did Makenna say so?”

“Ehn.” Makayla nodded.

Mrs. Gardner squinted, looking over at Makenna with a complicated expression.

Makenna felt guilty and turned away, hating Makayla to the core.

How dare this bumpkin complain to her mother!

She had thought Makayla had been living in the countryside, so she might be timid and timorous. However, she had underestimated Makayla. It seemed the latter was pretty good at using her puniness to win over compassion and support from others.

“It’s alright, Makayla. You’ve just come back. Makenna might not get used to it yet. I’ll talk to her later.” Mrs. Gardner patted Makayla on her back and comforted her gently, “Makayla, please wait for me outside. I’ll talk to your sister. We’ll go shopping later.”

“Okay, Mom.” Makayla smiled through tears. She left Mrs. Gardner’s arms, gave her the insulation pail, nodded, and left the ward.

Only Mrs. Gardner and Makenna were left there.

Mrs. Gardner put the insulation pail on the nightstand, looking at Makenna unhappily. “What’s wrong with you, Makenna? How can you treat your sister that way? Before Makayla returned, wasn’t you looking forward to her coming back home? You said you wished to have an older sister who could care about you and protect you. What are you doing now?”

Makenna had never expected Makayla to come back.

She just said those words to please her parents at that time.

However, Makayla indeed had come back home.

Although she thought of that, she couldn't tell her mother about it.

Makenna pinched her hands under the quilt tightly. With reddish eyes, she said in a grievance, "Mom, I didn't mean to do it. I can't accept my sister to be like her. She's bony, short, and bad-looking. She looked so poor. How could she be my sister? Mom, did you make a mistake?"

"How could it be possible? Makayla's eyes are like mine, aren't they?" Mrs. Gardner pointed at her eyes. "Besides, your father has done the paternity test with her. The result shows they are father and daughter. How could she not be Makayla?"

Makenna bit her lower lip. "I can't accept it because so. She can't do anything. When she came home yesterday, she made so many mistakes. I feel ashamed when walking with her. Others will also laugh at our Gardner family for such a disgraceful daughter."

"Alas..." Mrs. Gardener heaved a sigh. "I know what you mean. You just disdain your sister will disgrace you, don't you?"

Makenna's eyes twinkled. She didn't answer, but she acquiesced it.

That was only one of the reasons.

The real reason was that she couldn't accept a pumpkin. Makayla would not threaten her status in the Gardner family but also would snatch her parents' love and the family's fortune from her.

Hence, Makenna must kick Makayla out of her home.

Mrs. Gardner didn't know what was in Makenna's mind now. She rubbed Makenna's head and said dearly, "Makenna, I understand how you feel. But you need to be more patient with your sister. She grew up in the countryside since childhood. Unlike you, she had no resources to learn all kinds of skills. She doesn't know how to behave in the upper class. Hence, it's normal that she makes mistakes. Learn to forgive her."

Speaking of that, Mrs. Gardner smiled. "Your father and I have signed her up for the etiquette training course and some training courses to establish her hobbies, such as piano and dancing. I believe your sister will become excellent soon. By then, you will have a different opinion about her."

"For real? That's wonderful!" Makenna parted her lips and answered with a wry smile.

However, her heart was full of twisted hatred.

Makayla had just returned, but they couldn't wait to train Makayla.

She wondered if they wished to let Makayla replace her as soon as possible.

Makenna decided to kick Makayla out as soon as possible. If she couldn't, she would only...

She narrowed her eyes. A murderous look flashed through her eyes.

Anyway, she would never let others who could potentially harm her interest live. Amber couldn't, and neither could Makayla. Even Makayla was her sister.

Mrs. Gardner didn't notice Makenna's weird look. She opened the thermo container and poured a bowl of soup for her. "Come on. Your sister cooked this for you purposely. Have a try."

Makenna smelt the aroma and felt peckish. However, when hearing it was cooked by Makayla, she lost her appetite instantly.

She didn't show it on her face, though. With a smile, she took the bowl over and said, "Really? Did Makayla cook it? Mom, please thank her on my behalf."

Seeing that her younger daughter would accept Makayla after talking with her, Mrs. Gardner was overjoyed. "Okay. Okay. I'll tell Makayla later. She will definitely be delighted."

Makenna sneered inwardly while stirring the chicken soup. "Mom, aren't you going for shopping with Makayla? Please hurry up and go. Don't make her wait too long."

"Okay. I'm headed up now. Call me if you need anything," Mrs. Gardner said while checking her watch.

Makenna hummed.

Mrs. Gardner picked up her handbag and left the ward.

As soon as the ward door was closed, Makenna had a stern look on her face. She turned around and directly poured all the chicken soup into a flowerpot.

Seeing the chicken soup melt with soil, she muttered in disdain, "Can the soup made by a pumpkin be clean?"

Bang!

She smashed the empty bowl on the nightstand. Then her phone rang.

It was a call from the troll leader troll that she hired, so she directly swiped to answer.

Before she spoke, the troll leader said hurriedly, "Hello, Ms. Gardner, bad news. Amber Reed's news has been suppressed. It can't be seen online now."

"What?" Makenna sat upright instantly, looking annoyed. "Did she do that herself?"

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“No, she didn’t. It was...” The troll leader hesitated.

Makenna was impatient. “Tell me. Who did it?”

“Your ex-fiancé did,” the troll leader closed his eyes and answered aloud.

Makenna was taken aback.

It was Jared!

Makenna gripped her cell phone tightly as if she was about to crush it.

After a few seconds, she took a deep breath and calmed down. “How’s the situation online now?”

“Amber Reed’s news couldn’t be seen at all. The posts reposted by KOLs were forcibly deleted. Your status was still there, but it couldn’t attract any attention anymore.”

Speaking of it, the troll leader heaved a sigh.

Sure enough, being rich was so good. Money could operate the whole Internet.

Makenna’s hand pinching her phone trembled. She was curious. “If I want to hype them up again, how much do I need?”

“Over six million dollars,” the troll leader gave her an answer after quick math.

“Six million dollars?” Makenna raised her voice, looking extremely angry. “Why don’t you rob the bank?”

The troll leader smiled bitterly. "Ms. Gardner, I didn't lie. You do need that much, as Mr. Farrell has spent over six million dollars suppressing the news. If you want to hype it up, you have to spend more. Otherwise, it'll be useless."

Makenna was so angry that she couldn't utter a beep.

Where was she able to find six million dollars?

Although the Gardner family was wealthy, her monthly allowance was only two hundred thousand dollars. She would spend it all at the beginning of each month because she bought new arrivals of luxury handbags and shoes every month. After spending it all, she used Jared's money.

However, her engagement with Jared had been canceled. Before she woke up, Jared had already frozen all her credit cards, so she couldn't use his money anymore. She used her savings to hire the trolls and KOLs to hype up the news this time. She had almost spent all her savings.

She couldn't afford another six million dollars.

She also dared not to ask her father for it. The Trident Group had lost all its cooperation with The Farrell Group, and its capital chain had been broken. Her father wouldn't give her so much money to hype up the news.

Thinking of that, Makenna bit her lower lip and had an idea. Curling up her lips into an evil smile, she said, "Spread the news. I'll hold a live broadcast. Tell them I'll tell them how I was set up by Amber Reed in detail."

The troll leader's eyes lit up. "That's a brilliant idea. No one will be able to suppress it. Once it's suppressed, it'll prove Amber Reed has done it to you. Otherwise, why will she be afraid of your live broadcast? I'll do it now, Ms. Gardner."

"Go ahead." Makenna sneered.

At Goldstone Co.

A Maybach was parked nearby.

The rear window had been pressed. Jared frowned at the reporters outside the entrance. They all wanted to break in, quite noisy.

The security guards of Goldstone stood in a line, trying their best to stop the reporters.

However, those reporters were way too crazy. The more security guards stopped them, the harder they pushed.

Seeing that the security guards would not stop them, Jared picked up his phone. "Go help them and send those reporters away."

"Yes, Mr. Farrell," a rough low voice answered on the other end of the line.

The next second, right after Jared put down his phone, several modified cars bypassed his Maybach and stopped at the entrance of Goldstone.

The car doors were opened. Almost twenty men in black got down.

They were all above five feet nine with a stern and expressionless look. They had muscled shapes, looking quite tough.

All of them were professional bodyguards working for The Farrell Group. Each of them had gone through the strictest training. When they stood there, they emanated aggressive temperaments.

Those noisy reporters quieted down as soon as they saw the bodyguards.

They wondered who those men in black were.

When they were confused, the bodyguards made moves. They rushed up and reached out to the reporters.

Then they lifted the reporters' collars and pressed them into the cars. The cars roared away instantly.

It happened in only two minutes. When the security guards of Goldstone Co. returned to their senses, there was no one in front of them as if they had an illusion just now.

They couldn't help wondering what had happened.

Where did those gangster-liked men come from?

Seeing the reporters were taken away, Jared started his car and drove towards the entrance of Goldstone.

In Amber's office.

Amber was talking about the stock market with the trading department. Suddenly, there were a few knocks on the office door.

She raised her head and looked over. When seeing Jared, she was startled. "You... Why are you here?"

Jared strode in. When he saw her widened eyes in surprise, a trace of amusement flashed through his eyes. "Yeah. It's me."

Amber put down the phone and frowned. "How did you get here?" she asked.

"Your coworkers dared not to stop me," Jared stopped in front of her desk.

Amber's lips twitched.

Goldstone couldn't compare to the Farrell Group. Besides, it relied on cooperation with the Farrell Group to develop stably. Hence, the Farrell Group was the financial supporter of Goldstone. In addition, Jared was the president of the financial supporter, so it was normal that the employees in Goldstone. Dared not to stop him.

It had happened last time.

Amber rubbed between her eyebrows. "All right. When you came upstairs, didn't the reporters stop you?"

She was worried that if he had been stopped by the reporters, then the world would know he had come to Goldstone.

In that case, those people online would attack her again.

As if he had realized what Amber was worried about, Jared pulled the chair and sat down. "Don't worry. I've let my men take away the reporters."

On the way to Goldstone Co., he had let the security company send him a squadron of bodyguards to send the reporters and the netizens with evil intentions away.

However, he didn't see any netizens downstairs earlier.

"Take them away?" Amber was taken aback. In a hurry, she walked to the French window and looked down.

Sure enough, she didn't see any reporter downstairs. She turned around and walked back to her seat. Looking at Jared with a complicated expression, she said, "Thank you."

"Huh?" Jared was lost in thought, so he didn't hear it.

Amber thought he faked not hearing her and wanted her to thank her more loudly, feeling a bit upset.

However, thinking that he hadn't sent away the reporters only but also helped her suppress the news online, she had no reason to lose her temper on him.

Hence, she took a deep breath to calm down and bowed at Jared. "I said thank you. Thank you for sending away the reporters and helping me suppress the news."

Jared didn't like it when she thanked him so politely. He reached out to pull her up.

However, Amber dodged before that and stood upright.

Jared's eyes darkened. He rubbed his fingers and put down his hands to cover his disappointment. He said, "You are welcome. You don't need to be so polite."

"Nah. I should thank you. You don't have an obligation to help me do those things. I'll pay you back," Amber said solemnly when looking at him.

Jared frowned slightly. He wanted to tell her not to pay back, as he was willing to do it for her.

However, he also knew that Amber wouldn't accept it if he said so.

Hence, it was better this way. At least, she owed him a favor.

"Okay." Jared nodded.

Hearing this, Amber heaved a sigh of relief. Then she asked, "By the way, Mr. Farrell, why are you here?"