

Love Letters, Divorce Papers Chapter 3

Cole Lyon was her childhood friend, a typical rich kid.

Cole asked tentatively, “Have you really decided?”

“I’ve never been more awake.” Amber had been smiling since she came out.

She was delicate and beautiful, and when she smiled, it was as if the years of gloom had been dispelled and she became brighter.

Cole sighed, “I thought you’d never be able to think straight for the rest of your life. I’ve been worried sick about you for the past six years. Why do you fall for that scumbag?”

Amber nodded, “Yeah, how could I have been so stupid!”

“Luckily, you didn’t come to your senses too late. Another six years of this and you’d be an old woman.” Cole continued jokingly, “I was thinking that if you got kicked out when you were old, I’d marry you reluctantly as a companion. At least, we’re childhood sweethearts.”

Amber gave him a cold stare, “Please shut up.”

“By the way, here are the divorce papers you asked me to prepare. Take a look.”

Taking the stack of papers, Amber flipped through them, “I’m not taking anything from Jared. I don’t owe him anything back then, and I won’t owe him anything in the future.”

She didn’t hesitate to write her name down.

Seeing how decisive she was, Cole couldn't help but laugh, "Good, you're not stalling at all."

Amber put the pen away and raised an eyebrow slightly, "Let's go to Fairmont Hospital."

"Okay, my princess."

The top floor of the hospital was reserved for VIP patients.

Finding room 1203, Amber knocked on the door, then pressed the handrail and pushed straight in.

On the hospital bed, the pretty woman seemed to be frightened by her and hid under the covers in terror. She was teary-eyed and very afraid of her.

Jared's face darkened and his voice was like a wisp of piercing wind, "What are you doing here?"

Amber took the divorce papers out of her bag and handed them to him, "Sign this, and I'll leave immediately."

The look on his face turned even gloomier as he took it. "You want a divorce?"

"Or what?" Amber stroked her hair around her ear and smiled warmly and detachedly, "It's been a hard six years for you. Sign it and you will be free, won't you?"

Jared frowned. He wondered what trick she was playing was again.

At that moment, Makenna in the hospital bed called out weakly,
“Jared ...”

The cry was like some sort of cue.

Jared looked at Makenna and once again kept his eyes on Amber’s face before his Adam’s apple moved, “We’ll talk about this when we get back. You go out first and don’t disturb Makenna.”

Amber smiled, but the smile didn’t reach her eyes, “I’m serious. You’re taking Miss Gardner back anyway. Wouldn’t it be nice if I left? Before I get in your way.”

“Amber Reed!” Jared’s voice was almost like growling as if he had reached the limit of his patience with her.

“Miss Gardner is watching. It can’t be that you’ve taken a liking to me and won’t divorce me?” Amber’s lips curled up into an elegant and charming smile.

Makenna looked at Jared pitifully and tested his mind, “Jared, what’s wrong with you?”

Amber looked at the man with detached gaze and waited for him to make a choice.

“Fine, I’ll sign!” Jared pursed his lips.

Amber smiled in satisfaction. With the signed divorce papers in hand, she left dashing without a moment’s hesitation.

As soon as she stepped out of the ward, however, she could no longer control the tears in the corners of her eyes.

Her six years of marriage and her eight years of love had all gone down the drain.

It was a lie to say that it was not heartrending for her.

It was as if someone had stabbed her heart with a needle, and it hurt with every twinge.

