

Love Letters, Divorce Papers Chapter 8

At the Farrell's Mansion –

Shonna was directing the maids to erase all traces of Amber's stay here, including the sheets she had slept on, the slippers she had worn, the apron she had brought with her, and even the dinnerware she had used.

“What are you doing?” Jared, who had returned, frowned slightly at the scene.

Shonna grunted, “What's the point of keeping that woman's things when Makenna's going to marry you later?”

She rolled her eyes up and hurried over, “Jared, aren't you and her divorced? You earned all the money with your hard work. She's not getting a penny of it!”

He said indifferently, “She didn't ask for anything.”

Shonna was clearly not convinced, “No way! She doesn't have any money. How could she not make a fortune out of you? Otherwise, how else would she get the money to keep a man outside?”

Jared's temples throbbed when he thought about Amber's relationship with the male model. He didn't want to deal with Shonna anymore and just told Ben to get the divorce papers and show them to her.

Upstairs, Makenna was sitting in front of the window reading a book.

She looked up and smiled softly at him, “You're back.”

Jared looked at her serene smile and slowly calmed down.

“Are you feeling better?”

“Fine. I was bored in the room, so I found a book to pass the time.” Makenna placed the book gently on the bedside table and stood up, then wrapped her arms around the man’s waist from behind, “Jared, do you regret divorcing her?”

Jared’s voice was husky, “What is there to regret? I didn’t love her. What’s more, she was the one who cheated on me first.”

The corner of Makenna’s mouth curled up slightly.

Jared turned around and put his arm around her, “Don’t talk about her anymore. The most important thing right now is your health. Your dad is having a party for you next month. You need to get better soon.”

Makenna blinked and gave a brighter smile, “Got it.”

After Jared left, she called the Gardner family’s butler.

“My lady, what do you want me to do?”

“Tell my dad about Amber hitting me with her car. You know what to say.”

“Yes, my Lady.”

After hanging up the phone, Makenna turned her head to look at a cactus on the window sill, and the corners of her mouth curled up slowly.

Jared returned to the office and called for Ben, “How’s the Coraz n Azul I asked you to purchase?”

Ben said respectfully, “Mr. Farrell, it will be delivered by air in about a week or so.”

The Coraz n Azul was the famous work of the internationally renowned Maestro K. There was only one piece in the country and it was worth a fortune. Ben knew Jared had gone to great lengths to buy it and was planning to propose to Miss Gardner at the Gardner family’s party.

Ben suddenly thought of Amber, who had been with Mr. Farrell for six years.

Mr. Farrell had never given Amber a gift, not even a flower, let alone an expensive necklace.

One time, Amber came to visit Jared with a lunch box and was waved away by him with a cold face, making Amber the laughing stock of the company. All the staff knew that Mr. Farrell did not take Amber seriously. Later, Amber came to the company several times and was turned down by the receptionist.

Ben sighed that Mr. Farrell was far less gentle with Amber than he was with Miss Gardner.

Jared nodded gently and said nothing more, then looked down at his paperwork.

At that moment, a phone call came in.

Jared glanced at it, saw it was his best friend, and quickly picked up, “What’s up?”

On the other end of the line was a young man’s flirty voice, “Jared, check out the latest headlines on the internet.”

Not knowing what he was up to, Jared unlocked his phone and absently glanced at it, then his gaze instantly froze.

It was an intimate photo of Amber and the male model. One with his head down and the other with her face tilted up, looking like they were kissing.

The eye-catching headline in bold font: **[Shocked! Chairman of the Farrell Group was forced to divorce. Popular male model rose to the top.]**