

Chapter 39 The Dorothea Manor Was Built For Her

With an evident frown, Jarred stiffened his voice as if warning sternly. "Cheryl."

"Jarred. It's okay. Take Ines to see your grandma."

Cheryl stared into Jarred's surprised eyes without much change in her expression. "Your grandma loved you the most when she was still alive, and I know that she attached great importance to your marriage before she died. Knowing her... As long as you bring a woman you like when you see her, I'm pretty sure that she would accept her."

"Nonsense!"

Jarred's snapped, letting out a cold and harsh voice. His face darkened, like an omen of an upcoming storm, which looked extremely terrifying.

Seeing this rare side of Jarred, both Cheryl and Ines were taken aback.

Although Cheryl was slightly afraid, she tried her best to keep a calm face. She was unwilling to surrender just because Jarred became angry. ④

On the other hand, Ines was the first to react. She walked towards Jarred, reached out her hand to grab his arm, and persuaded in a soft voice, "Jarred, calm down. Please

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"You go back first." Without letting Ines finish her sentence, Jarred interrupted. After that, he raised his hand, signaling the bodyguards to send Ines home. He also did it to subtly shake away Ines' hand. ⚡

Of course, Ines didn't expect that Jarred would react like this. Her eyes widened in disbelief as his words rang in her ears.

She looked at the man in front of her, feeling that he

suddenly became a different person. "Jarred?"

Cheryl even made a concession, so she wondered why Jarred would still ask her to leave.

"Come on. It's time for us to go."

Ignoring Ines, Jarred approached Cheryl, put his arm around her waist, and led her to the Rolls-Royce Phantom without further ado.

Ines subconsciously tried to catch up with the two, but a tall and strong bodyguard blocked her way. Then, he made a gesture, signaling her to ride on the other car. "Miss Sampson, please get in the car and I'll drive you back to your residence."

Ines felt a lump in her throat, humiliated. She could just glare at the bodyguard and walk towards the car unwillingly.

When the door of the car was about to close, Ines could see Cheryl on the other car.

Cheryl was sitting next to Jarred, and she was actually looking at Ines with a complacent smile on her face.

Jarred's grandmother was named Dorothea. Dorothea Castro.

So, the manor was actually named after her.

It was built beside the mountain and was surrounded by huge trees. It was such a beautiful and tranquil place.

Dorothea loved the peace brought by nature. Therefore, Yates specifically had the manor built this way. After she

died, she was buried in the mountain behind the manor, where the first beam of sunrise could be witnessed.

Eventually, the car, where Jarred and Cheryl were, stopped outside the Dorothea Manor.

Then, the two got out of the car and walked in.

Along the way, they were welcomed by a garden full of orchids, which were Dorothea's favorite. Each of them possessed great value, and some of them were even extinct in different parts of the world now.

When all the members of the Fuller family arrived, everyone followed Yates up the mountain to pay their respects to Dorothea.

Kneeling in front of the tomb, Cheryl couldn't help but feel a little emotional. She was really fond of the amiable old lady, and the memories she had with her made her feel nostalgic.

She then bent down and kowtowed in front of the tomb respectfully.

'I'm actually pregnant...

But I'm sorry...

This might be the last time that my child and I could come visit you,' Cheryl thought to herself.

A teardrop dripped down her cheek and fell in front of Dorothea's tomb, seeping silently into the soil. Cheryl hoped that Dorothea had heard her message for her.

After everyone paid their respects, they gradually left the

tomb and let Yates have some time alone time with his beloved Dorothea.

While everyone was going back, Cheryl stopped in her tracks and looked back one last time.

She saw Yates put his crutch away and stroked the tombstone with a very contented smile on his face. His lips kept moving, as if he was telling an interesting story to Dorothea.

A gust of cold wind blew, and the leaves of the trees behind the tombstone swayed and rustled, as if gently responding to the old man in front of the tombstone.

Seeing this touching scene, Cheryl felt like she was about to cry again.

Since she became pregnant, she could easily become sentimental.

Then, all of a sudden, she felt a hint of warmth on her fingertips as they were gently held by a broad palm.

Cheryl was slightly surprised. She stood there motionless as the hem of her elegant black dress swayed gracefully in the wind.

Her slender figure seemed very fragile in the gentle breeze.

Without any resistance from Cheryl, Jarred slid his fingers in her hand. Their fingers interlocked. "Let's go."

"Okay..."

Cheryl nodded and quietly left with him.

When they finally arrived at the gate of the manor, Jarred received a call from the company, making him stop all of a sudden.

