

## Chapter 43 Her Grandpa

The minute the Fuller family saw Ines in the hospital, she was unceremoniously driven away. Their action didn't deter Ines who waited outside the hospital. She was planning to stay there all night if she had to.

Cheryl, who had been taking care of Jarred, was so tired that she fainted and had to be admitted in another ward.

One after the other, the other members of the Fuller family left the hospital as the night wore on.

Seeing their absence as her chance, Ines sneaked into the ward while the bodyguards were changing shifts. ②

In the ward, Ines poured a glass of warm water for Jarred. "How do you feel now?"

"I'm fine," Jarred answered, taking a sip of water. He looked sullen and somewhat absent-minded.

Ines breathed a sigh of relief. "That's good. Your state was not stable last night. I was so worried that I didn't dare to close my eyes. But being awake for so long took its toll on me and I was forced to nap for a while."

With a gentle smile on her face, she persuaded, "You've just recovered from your fever. Lie down and rest."

Turning his head to look at her, Jarred smiled wanly, "Thank you. But you're not doing great yourself, so I don't think it's right for you stay up all night taking care

of me."

"But I was worried about you."

As Ines acted coquettishly, she tried to collect the glass from Jarred.

Her slender fingers directly covered Jarred's hand.

In another ward.

Cheryl suddenly woke up with tears in her bright eyes.

Just now, she had dreamt of her grandfather.

In the dream, her grandfather was still hale and hearty, and his hair was not grey yet. It was Cheryl -the younger version of her- who was ill.

She had developed a high fever in the middle of the night.

That very night, her grandpa had taken her to the hospital. The nurse had valiantly tried to convince her grandfather to rest, but he wouldn't leave her bedside. He had stayed by her side the entire night. When her fever broke, Cheryl had woken up feeling warm and slightly guilty at the sight of her troubled grandpa. ②

Guilt swamped her for making him worry about her, as well as for making him stay awake the entire night.

But her grandpa laughed happily, waving her concerns away. "I'm not tired. As long as I'm with you, I'm happy..."

Cheryl's mother passed away at an early age, and her father's whereabouts remained unknown. The only living relative she had was her grandfather who had raised her

and she loved him deeply.

It had been only the two of them for a long time until Cheryl married into the Fuller family.

Naturally, Cheryl had wanted her grandfather to live with her, but her grandfather refused, insisting that he wanted to spend the rest of his days in a sanatorium.

In fact, Cheryl was well aware that her grandfather refused to live with them because he was afraid that he would be a liability to her new family and she had tried her best to convince him otherwise, but her grandpa wouldn't change his mind. In the end, Cheryl had been left with no other option but to arrange the best sanatorium for him.

Several times a month, Cheryl went to the sanatorium to pay her grandfather a visit. He acted like he had adapted to living in the sanatorium, but Cheryl knew that he missed her dearly.

But he didn't want to be a burden to his granddaughter, especially now that she was married, so he pretended to be cool and happy with his new environment.

Cheryl touched her belly, a sense of determination enveloping her.

After the divorce, she would take her grandfather out of the sanatorium and live with him.

Once she had her baby, the three of them would live a happy life together.

There was a short knock preceded by the door opening and a nurse walked in. Her presence in the room snapped Cheryl out of her musings. Deftly, the nurse changed the dressing on her injury. As she worked, she commented quietly, "The swelling on your ankle has subsided. I'll change the dressing for you one last time. Although you can walk, it's best that you don't attempt anything strenuous like jumping or running."

"Thank you. I'll be more careful." Cheryl nodded with a smile and asked, "How is my husband?"

"Well..." The nurse blinked at her in incomprehension before she finally said, "Mr. Fuller's fever has gone down."

Alone in her ward after the nurse's departure, Cheryl couldn't help but feel that something was amiss. Holding on to the walls for support as she walked, Cheryl slowly made her way towards Jarred's ward. ②

Since their wards were next to each other, she arrived at Jarred's door in only a few steps.

The bodyguards who were supposed to guard the door had disappeared without a trace. ②

With a small frown, Cheryl pushed the door of Jarred's ward open.

Shock held her immobile as she stared at the scene unfolding in front of her.

Jarred sat on the bed.

The hospital gown didn't have any effect on his austere

air. But now, he looked delicate as well. Jarred looked like an angel who had crashed into the mortal realm. He used to be unapproachable and aloof. But now he looked weak and fragile.

It would appear that Ines was swooping in to take advantage of Jarred's fragile state to try and win him over. She palmed Jarred's cheeks and leaned over to kiss him.

Jarred put his hand on Ines's shoulder as if he was going to hug the woman in front of him...