

Chapter 46 Grandpa, We Have Something To Tell You

The next moment, the car stopped.

Then, the driver knocked on the partition, reminding them that they had already arrived at their destination.

Cheryl couldn't help but heave a sigh of relief. But in fact, she actually felt lucky and disappointed at the same time.

But when she turned to Jarred, she suddenly froze as their eyes met.

It turned out that Jarred was staring at her very affectionately, which instantly made her panic.

"What do you think?"

Jarred whispered sweetly in her ear.

"W-what are you talking about?" Cheryl's body almost went numb when Jarred's low and sexy voice rang in her ear, making her stammer greatly.

"Was I good?"

Cheryl's eyes widened in shock.

Her face turned red. She was flustered, and several thoughts quickly entered her mind.

Seeing that Cheryl remained motionless, Jarred took

advantage of the opportunity and nibbled her earlobe to turn her on.

Cheryl trembled and was about to react. But before she could say a word, Jarred suddenly leaned back.

Then, he buttoned Cheryl as if nothing happened.

"Come on. Get off the car. We're already at the manor."

Cheryl was so shocked that she actually wanted to scoff at Jarred. His words made her regain her senses, and she felt a cold sensation from the bottom of her heart.

At the same time, Jarred got out of the car and looked at the Dorothea Manor with a stern and darkened face.

Cheryl got off as well, and the two walked through the garden and they entered the Dorothea Manor.

Godfrey had already been waiting for them in the living room for quite some time now. When he saw the two arrive, he nodded respectfully and said, "Mr. Fuller is expecting you in the master bedroom."

The master bedroom belonged to Yates and Dorothea, but only Yates was using it now.

He had brought many of Dorothea's daily necessities here. Toothbrushes and towels came in pairs, as if Dorothea was still living here.

But the reality was Yates was the only one living here now.

Godfrey knocked on the door and informed, "Sir, Mr. Fuller and Mrs. Fuller are here."

"Let them in."

Jarred then pushed the door open. He came in first, then Cheryl followed him.

Yates was sitting on the sofa beside the window, holding an unfinished knitted sweater in his arms.

Seeing this, Cheryl easily became emotional. Tears welled up in her eyes.

Yates waved at her and told her to sit next to him. "This was made by Jarred's grandmother. She had been spoiled since childhood and had never properly learned handcraft. But she wanted to make a sweater for me even though we were both old already. Unfortunately... I didn't have the chance to put it on."

"I don't think she just wanted to make a sweater so that you could wear one. She wanted to leave something to you. When you see this sweater, even though it wasn't finished, you will definitely remember her."

Cheryl held Yates's hand and continued in a soft voice, "Now... It doesn't matter if you can't wear the sweater. The important thing is that it's here to accompany you, a memento from your dear wife."

"Yes. I agree." Yates let out a bright smile and sighed meaningfully. "Well, that's how a couple works. They

should think and care for each other."

Cheryl swallowed hard and was stunned.

Of course, she was aware that what Yates said was right. For a relationship to work and last, the couple should be thoughtful of each other.

But unfortunately, Cheryl seemed to think that she and Jarred wasn't that kind of couple. They might be together, but they weren't doing something to keep their relationship harmonious.

Meanwhile, Jarred walked close to Yates and Cheryl. He then looked at the dark sky outside the window, breathed deeply, and said, "Grandpa, Cheryl and I actually have something to tell you."

