

## Chapter 47 Grandpa's Reaction

"Alas..."

Yates let out a heavy sigh before looking at Cheryl with clarity. It was as if he could see right through everything.

"I didn't expect you to come to this point in your relationship."

"Yates."

Cheryl was a little taken aback. Had he known about their plan right from the beginning?

Similarly, Jarred turned around and gazed intently at Yates.

However, Yates no longer paid attention to them. He lowered his gaze and stroked the unfinished sweater with his fingers. His thoughts were flooded with a hodgepodge of emotions.

"Why are you surprised? I've traveled the globe and met a diverse range of people. Did you think you could keep it a secret from me?"

It looks like... Three years of your life were wasted because we pressured you into marrying each other at that time, and it was our biggest mistake."

"No, I don't regret marrying Cheryl." Jarred's tone was

"No, I don't regret marrying Cheryl." Jarred's tone was chilly, but he was dead serious about his words.

Cheryl was startled to hear this, and she stared at him in a daze.

Today, the man's look had changed somewhat. His blue shirt and white pants gave him a youthful appearance, similar to the first time she met him.

She felt lucky to be marrying the man she had loved since she was a little girl, which made her thankful to the heavens above.

"But you came to tell me that you're divorcing, right?"

Cheryl was brought back to reality by Yates's grumpy tone. "You must have gone through a lot in the last three years to seem to be a loving pair in front of me. I am alone to blame..."

"It's not your fault."

Cheryl shook her head desperately and then leaned over to hold Yates's arm. "At the time, I was willing to marry him. Three years have passed since our wedding, and we couldn't be happier with each other's company. We didn't pretend to be anything."

At the very least, her affection for Jarred was sincere.

Jarred mirrored her sentiments by saying, "She's right, Grandpa. However, we must now separate for some

reasons."

Cheryl's grin was bittersweet when she heard Jarred's words.

Yes, he did have a valid reason for ending their marriage. She had no choice but to comply with his request.

"I'm very sorry," Yates continued as he softly stroked Cheryl's hand. "Our only wish is for you to be happy. That goes for Jarred's grandma and me and your mom's parents. We thought it would be best if you two got married then."

"Oh, Yates..." After feeling touched by Yates's words, Cheryl felt a sudden lump form in her throat.

"However, it is quite clear that our decision was rushed and reckless. You've chosen to divorce now, haven't you?"

Yates gazed at the young couple before him. Even though he had gray hair, his eyes were still brimming with life and vitality.

"Yes," Jarred replied immediately.

Cheryl gave a sardonic nod.

Despite her reluctance, she had no choice but to accept the tragic reality that her husband had feelings for another woman.

Since Ines's arrival in the country, Cheryl and Jarred had just been married in name.

Yates's rough hand, which was shaking as he held on to the sweater tightly, got tangled up with the soft wool threads.

"Do anything you want now that you've made up your mind. I won't get in the way of your decision." ④

Cheryl and Jarred both knew that it was the end of their marriage by the time he was done saying his piece.

They were both genuinely shocked to even say anything. Neither of them had imagined Yates's attitude to be so different. He had no desire to stop them from divorcing, and he didn't seem angry.

They were surprised by how well the conversation went. They were uneasy about Yates' discernment, making them wonder whether they were awake or dreaming.

Jarred, in particular, felt tense.

Yates's remarks left him feeling empty and anxious. He couldn't shake the feeling that something important to him was going away with Yates's words. ⑤

Despite his efforts to hold on to it, his feet were stuck in place.

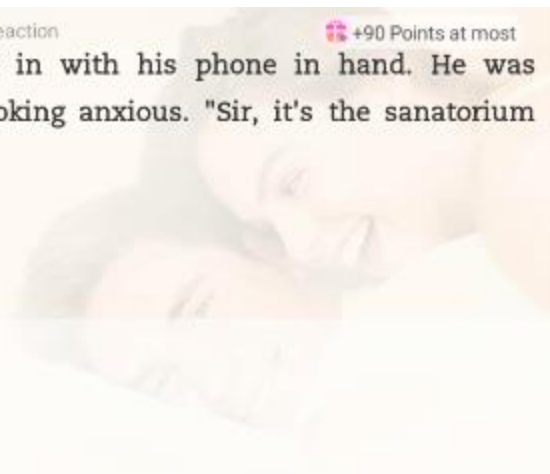
He couldn't move even one inch.


A knock came at the door unexpectedly.

"Please come in."

A few seconds later, the door swung open.

Godfrey rushed in with his phone in hand. He was panting and looking anxious. "Sir, it's the sanatorium calling."



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