

Chapter 49 Look After Her For Me

Cheryl noticed the doctor's sullen expression. He sighed heavily. "Sorry, but we've done everything we could to save him. Aside from his old age, several of his organs are failing. I'm afraid he won't make it through tonight..."

"What? Are you serious?"

Cheryl's head was spinning, causing her to lose her balance. As soon as Jarred saw she was about to fall, he leaped forward to catch her.

Her vision was blurry. She couldn't focus on anything, and her hearing was affected somehow. She could only think of the doctor's words, "I'm afraid he won't make it through tonight."

Her heart was crushed, and tears streamed down her face. It wasn't long before her grandfather was moved to the ward.

Cheryl quickly made her way to her grandfather, her gait shaky. As she looked at his bedridden state, surrounded by tubes and machinery, she broke down in tears.

"Oh, Grandpa. It's me..."

"Cheryl, you're here," her grandpa said in a grave voice as he slowly opened his eyes.

shaky. As she looked at his bedridden state, surrounded by tubes and machinery, she broke down in tears.

"Oh, Grandpa. It's me..."

"Cheryl, you're here," her grandpa said in a grave voice as he slowly opened his eyes.

Cheryl grasped her grandfather's hand with much love and tenderness.

She tried to speak in front of him, but she could not get a single word out.

"Cheryl misses you terribly, sir."

It was Jarred's deep voice that came next. His warm and big hand landed on Cheryl's shoulder to give her the strength she needed.

Cheryl gazed at her grandfather with compassion as she brushed away her tears. "That's right, Grandpa. I plan to get you out of the sanatorium once you're discharged and have you settled into a normal life with me. You will always be by my side, right, Grandpa?"

"You silly girl..."

Cheryl's grandfather mustered a smile and gazed at his granddaughter with anguish in his eyes. "My time is running out. I've reached the end of my days, and I'm ready. I'm saddened I couldn't stay with you any longer, and the thought of not being able to hold my great-

grandchild breaks my heart."

Cheryl shook her head wildly, her tears welling up. "Don't lose hope, Grandpa. You still have a chance! If you continue to live healthily, you should be able to see your great-grandchild next year." ①

Jarred's eyes were riddled with sadness as he peered down at her.

Cheryl's grandfather, however, did not take her remarks seriously. He shifted his gaze to Jarred and continued, "Cheryl is fortunate to have found a decent man to share her life with. Although... I was not pleased with your lack of warmth at first, but I can now see that you are kind toward my granddaughter. I appreciate that. I hope later on..." He coughed violently before he could complete his sentence.

"Grandpa!"

Cheryl's red eyes widened in panic as she looked at him.

"Although we may not be together in the future... You have someone to accompany you and look after you in my absence." The old man squeezed Cheryl's hand and looked serious as he asked Jarred, "Right?"

Jarred said, "Of course," looking directly into the old man's eyes.

After hearing Jarred's response, the old man smiled with an air of pleasure. It was difficult for him to reach out,

but he did it anyway. He then put Jarred's hand on top of Cheryl's.

He appeared in deep thought as if he had just handed Jarred his life's most treasured legacy.

"Please look after her for me."

Cheryl sobbed uncontrollably.

"You have nothing to worry about, sir. I will look after Cheryl well." Jarred offered a serious nod and decided what to do in his heart. ⓘ

The old man delicately wiped Cheryl's tears off her cheeks with his shaky hand. "Do not cry, my dear. When I look at your tear-stained face, my heart breaks."

Cheryl breathed in shallow, quick gasps. "Okay, I'll stop crying now," she sobbed, trying to contain her inner anguish.

The old man nodded bleakly and motioned for Cheryl to come closer.

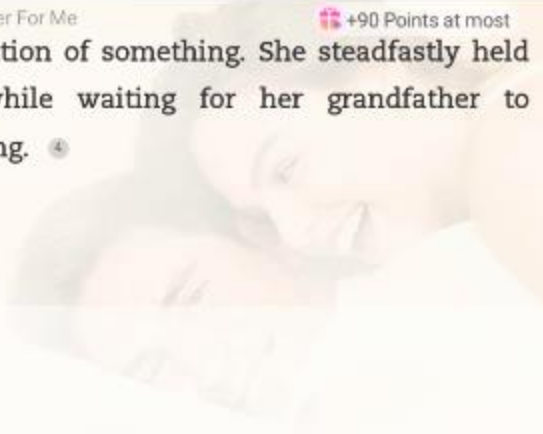
She immediately leaned toward him and tightened her grip on her grandfather's hand.


"You should first look for your father, Cheryl. Then..."

The old man's voice sounded strained and raspy, growing weaker as he spoke, as if he had lost all of his strength. After a while, it became a very shallow breath.

However, Cheryl's demeanor barely changed despite her

apparent realization of something. She steadfastly held her position while waiting for her grandfather to continue speaking. ④



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