

## Chapter 52 Let's Not Divorce

The box slid off by mistake and broke when it hit the ground.

When Cheryl reached down to pick it up, she found the words, 'I will always be proud of you, Cheryl,' inscribed at the bottom of the box.

She opened her mouth and let out a small whimper. Then she clutched the box to her chest, and her eyes overflowed with tears.

If only she had stayed by her grandfather's side for a longer period, he wouldn't have felt guilty about leaving her behind.

She wished she could tell him now she had never blamed him, but it was too late.

Cheryl eventually took a deep breath and relaxed. Even if her eyes and nose were swollen from crying, her tear-reddened eyes looked clear and determined.

She needed to pull herself together and work hard to become the most successful fashion designer.

Suddenly, the door swung open, and a tall guy strolled in. His placid expression froze at the sight of her.

"Cheryl!"

Jarred ran over to Cheryl, picked her up by the waist before she slumped to the floor, and set her down on the lounge's bed.

He felt sorry the instant he saw how miserable she looked, so he grabbed a tissue and gently wiped her tears.

Cheryl felt stronger as she rested her head on his warm chest. Trembling, she grasped Jarred's hand.

She murmured, "Jarred," as she struggled to calm her nerves.

"Yes, I got you."

"I may not be available in the next few days. Don't worry, though. I'll divorce you once my grandfather's funeral is over..."

The look on Cheryl's face was as impassive as that of a robot. It was both calm and unsettling.

But she alone was aware of how difficult it was for her to say it without stuttering.

"Cheryl."

Cheryl was quivering as Jarred cradled her in his arms. He whispered in a raspy voice, "Let's not divorce, okay?"

"..."

He waited patiently but received no reply. The only sound he heard was her breathing, which began to settle down to a more even beat.

He looked down abruptly at her.

Cheryl was resting her head on his chest. She squirmed and closed her eyes, drifting off to sleep.

Jarred let out a few shallow breaths without realizing it.

He delicately brushed her brows with his slender fingers.

The next morning, Cheryl was roused from her sleep by the knocking on the door.

She slowly opened her eyes, still groggy. The lounge was eerily quiet, and she was all by herself.

All that had happened yesterday felt like a dream, and it seemed like Jarred had never been there.

The knocking on the door persisted, and the sound steadily increased as time went on.

Cheryl massaged her throbbing temples before getting to her feet and opening the door.

Before determining who it was, she felt someone seize her by the collar and she got dragged forward.

The biting tone of Ines's voice reached her ears. "Cheryl! You're one nasty woman. Why would you do something so devious just to keep Jarred around?"

Cheryl winced in disgust, and pushed Ines away.

Ines was still dressed quite formally, like she was ready to attend a dinner party at any moment, complete with an elegant dress and stilettos.

However, she had a menacing look on her face, and her eyes were red from crying. People who passed by her thought she should go to a mental institution because of how vile and messed up she looked.

"We're in a sanatorium hospital, and this place has many elderly patients. Keep your voice down," Cheryl explained gently.

Ines approached her, sneering and regarding her with contempt.

"Stop putting yourself through this. Even if you have done everything to convince Jarred to change his mind about getting a divorce, he still loves me more than anyone else in the world.

You should learn to let go of a guy who doesn't care about you and move on!"

Ines spat forcefully.

Cheryl seemed to be in shock. Ines' last statement went right over her head since she wasn't listening closely.

She inquired, with complete skepticism, "Did Jarred say he wanted to call off the divorce?"

