

## Chapter 40 She Had Gotten Lost In Rainy Day

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Cheryl walked away and looked around, admiring the beautiful flowers.

"Mrs. Fuller."

A familiar voice reached her ears.

Cheryl glanced at the direction it was coming from and recognized it to be the voice of the guard at Dorothea Manor. He was the one watering the flowers.

"Long time no see," she said.

"It's been a year, ma'am." The guard smiled at her and asked, "How is Mr. Yates Fuller doing?"

"Don't worry. He is very healthy," Cheryl replied politely.

This guard was one of the confidants that Dorothea brought in from her mother's family. Ever since Dorothea passed away, he had been working here as a guard willingly.

Seldom people would visit the Dorothea Manor. Though he lived in isolation, the guard was still willing to stay here. Every time he met acquaintances, he couldn't resist the urge to converse with them.

He couldn't stop talking about Yates and Dorothea's past.

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Dorothea absolutely adored rare flowers, so Yates would go around the world and he'd spend lots of money on any rare flower he could find. He even took the time to learn more about flowers, personally built a garden house for her, and nurtured flower seedlings just for her.

Dorothea liked to watch the sunrise, so Yates built a manor on the mountain, so they could watch the sunrise together.

Tears welled up in the guard's eyes as he talked of the past.

Ever since Dorothea passed away, Yates rarely ever came back to the manor, aside from the anniversary of her death. It wasn't because he had forgotten his wife. On the contrary, it was because he loved her too much. All the

contrary, it was because he loved her too much. All the beautiful memories they shared together had been engraved into his very soul. Sadly, his beloved wife was no longer with him. One could imagine just how painful it was for him to lose her.

Cheryl looked down, moved by the story.

In the past, the pace of life was much slower than it was today. Because of that, they loved each other and were faithful to one another.

How she wished that Jarred could love her that much and that he hadn't fallen for someone else. ③

Unfortunately, they weren't meant for each other. It seemed that he had no recollection of their special encounter before they got married.

After today, they were going to be divorced and from then on, they'd go on their separate ways.

Noticing that she seemed sad, the guard asked, "Mrs. Fuller, are you alright?"

Cheryl tried to arrest her sadness before saying goodbye to the guard and turning away.

However, she didn't go back to Jarred. Instead, she walked along a path leading to the woods.

Her heart was caught in a tangled web of emotions. She knew that she wouldn't be able to face Jarred as though nothing had happened.

The forest was tranquil. Only the sound of insects and

birds chirping could be heard, making Cheryl unprecedentedly relaxed.

Just as she had adjusted her mood, she realized something.

She had gotten lost inside the forest.

It was getting dark and the wind was blowing stronger by the minute. ①

With Godfrey's help, Yates walked back to the manor and realized that something was amiss.

"Where's Cheryl?" he asked.

Godfrey pondered for a moment and replied, "She was with her husband just now."

Yates called Jarred over and asked him where Cheryl was.

Jarred's face turned grim. "Isn't she supposed to be in Dorothea Manor?"

Just now, Jamison called to tell Jarred that there was a difficult problem. Jarred engaged in the online meeting of the senior executives and he didn't disconnect from the meeting until Godfrey called him.

"You should look after your wife! How dare you ask me where she is?" Yates was so angry that his brows were knitted. He felt so sorry for Cheryl because Jarred was clearly neglecting her.

With no time to explain, Jarred immediately called Cheryl, but the latter wasn't answering. ②

He sent out everyone he could dispatch to search for her.

However, there were no signs of her in Dorothea Manor.

Finally, the guard that had talked with Cheryl pointed out the direction she was headed in.

"Jarred..." Yates was getting more and more anxious.

But before he could finish his sentence, Jarred had already run towards the forest.

Yates was stunned for a moment, and then he asked Godfrey to send their men to search for Cheryl in that direction.

The wind was howling and dark clouds roamed the skies. It seemed that a storm was brewing. ☻

Cheryl retraced her steps, but she still couldn't find her way back to Dorothea Manor.

Upon noticing that it was about to rain, she became agitated and she quickened her pace.

All of a sudden, she tripped on a boulder. She lost her balance and fell heavily to the ground.

Soon, she felt a scathing pain coming from her ankle.

She grabbed her ankle, feeling like a needle had been pierced into her bone.

Cheryl rubbed her temples and sighed.

'I have a bad feeling about this.'

Not only was she lost in the mountains, but she also sprained her ankle. To make matters worse, it was about to rain and there was no shelter to be found anywhere nearby.

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'I'm doomed!' she thought.

"Cheryl!"

A familiar voice came through, followed by a torrential rain.

