

Chapter 42 When He Was Vulnerable

Cheryl and Jarred were both drenched. They were especially bothered by the way their clothes stuck to their skin.

Jarred's hands were blisteringly hot, in contrast to Cheryl's freezing body.

Cheryl pulled herself up and reached out for his forehead, only to discover that it was also hot.

"Jarred, you're burning. Do you have a fever?" 2

"No,"

Jarred gently rebutted.

He sounded so convincing that Cheryl would have believed him if it weren't for the cold sweat on his brows and the unusual redness on his cheeks.

Cheryl scowled at him and reached out to pat his pockets.

"Where's your cellphone?"

"It's in my coat."

Cheryl grabbed his phone from his suit jacket and eagerly unlocked it, only to discover that there was no signal at all.

Anxiety gripped her. She was forced to get to her feet and hobble out of the cave.

But Jarred stopped her from taking another step. "Where are you going?"

"You have a fever that won't go away! I need to find someone to come and get you!"

"You're not going anywhere."

"Listen to me, Jared!"

They couldn't come to an agreement.

Jared eventually drew Cheryl into his embrace.

Cheryl was determined to break free from his grasp, but she was startled by what he said next.

"Please don't go. Just stay by my side." ②

For no explicable reason, her heart was shattered when she heard the man's hoarse and frail voice. She had lost the will to fight at this point.

Jared felt cold and hot at the same time, and he began to drift into unconsciousness. There was only one thing on his mind, and that was for Cheryl to stay with him.

A flashback of his childhood accident occurred to him when he was in a half-conscious state.

He was stuck in that small, dark room, and he was both physically and mentally exhausted. Despair was slowly eating him up.

Suddenly, a little figure was hurled into the room. She spoke softly to him while holding his hand.

Her compassion stripped away his anxiety and despair.

He felt his heart overwhelmed by a surge of reassuring warmth as he held her hand, just like he was now holding Cheryl. His heart was filled with unexplainable

tranquility.

"Cheryl..."

Jarred's voice was low and hushed.

His lips were colorless and pallid, and his body was alternately chilly and warm. He was disoriented and could barely hear Cheryl's voice.

"Jarred, I'm here..."

Jarred slipped into the darkness after closing his eyes.

Cheryl felt the pressure of a grown man's weight suddenly pressing on her. She almost fell over. Despite this, she did her best to help Jarred lie on the ground comfortably.

While Jarred was in a coma, he continued to hold Cheryl closely.

While looking at him, Cheryl wasn't sure what to think. She couldn't determine whether his increased dependency on her was related to his illness or something else entirely.

She shook her head to dispel the ridiculous importance she had placed on herself.

Suddenly, she felt a vibration on the phone in her hand. Quickly checking the screen, Cheryl saw it was Jamison who called.

They finally had a signal!

They were taken to the hospital a few hours later.

When Jarred finally opened his eyes, he felt a gentle

touch on his finger.

Everything that happened before he passed out began to play back in his thoughts. He curled his fingers around the small hand and held it tightly.

"Cheryl, your ankle..."

He immediately stopped talking when he realized the person by his bedside was not Cheryl.

It seemed as if his movement roused the woman from her sleep. She sat up, and she still had visible marks on one side of her face from sleeping with her head buried in her hands.

Even though she seemed sleepy, her face instantly brightened at the sight of him. "Jarred? You woke up!"

"Where is Cheryl?" he said, letting go of her hand and massaging his forehead.

Ines felt upset after hearing what he said. Cheryl was the first person he thought about when he woke up.

She wondered what happened to them while they were on the mountain.

She inhaled deeply and shook her head as if she were confused. "I have no idea. I hadn't seen Cheryl when I arrived here last night."

In reality, Ines had already bought over the servants around Jarred. She raced to his bedside as soon as she learned that he was comatose and confined in the hospital. ①

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Because of Jarred's recent shift in his attitude towards Cheryl, Ines was on high alert.

The best moment to win over a man's heart was when he was vulnerable. ①

