

Burning Love What If I Never Get Over You

Chapter 20 It Hurts

It rained all night.

It was only until the next morning that the Rolls-Royce Phantom finally returned to River Villa in the pouring rain. Jarred rubbed between his eyebrows and disembarked from his car. "Mr. Fuller, you've worked overtime all night. You should get some rest, sir."

Jamison got out of the driver's seat and bade him farewell. "I'll be taking my leave, sir." Last night, Jarred had to take a psychologist to deal with the crying Ines. He didn't even enter her house and just went straight to the company to solve a problem regarding his company's project.

It was a busy night.

Even Jamison had to stay up the whole night. "It's raining too heavily, Jamison. Just sleep in my villa." Jarred stopped Jamison from leaving, and asked a maid named Gertie to lead the latter to one of the guest rooms. The villa was eerily quiet and the person who was usually waiting for Jarred in the living room was nowhere to be found. Upon walking over, he saw a document on the table.

The pure white paper seemed out of place beneath the dim light.

It was the divorce agreement.

Uneasiness squeezed away Jarred's tiredness.

He strode over to the table, picked up the divorce agreement, and turned to the last page.

Cheryl had already signed it. Her handwriting was as graceful and smooth as ever.

It appeared as though she signed the divorce agreement without a shred of hesitation.

Jarred's heart sank and he crumpled the fragile paper into a ball. 'Our three years of marriage has really come to an end.' Boundless anger arose in his heart. 'Is she that eager to leave me? Then why did she pretend to be in love with me these past three years? Has she grown tired of pretending?' he wondered.

He walked back to the bedroom, dragging his feet. It was dark inside the room, and only a ray of sunshine peered through the window and fell on the bed. There was a woman on the bed, lying on her side and sleeping. The dim light accentuated her beautiful figure. All that covered her was a thin quilt, revealing her slender legs. Her toenails were dyed with a pearl luster, which were as beautiful as an exquisite white gem.

Jarred tucked her in and sat on the edge of the bed, staring at her sleeping face in silence. There were dark circles around his eyes, and his gaze was frighteningly deep. The room was dead silent, but Cheryl was unaware of it.

Right now, she felt as though she was dreaming.

There was a hand on her waist, slowly making its way into her nightgown and lustfully stroking her skin.

Frightened out of her wits, Cheryl hurriedly dodged.

But instead of being able to escape, she fell into a warm embrace, unable to move.

She wanted to ask for help, but her lips were sealed by a kiss the moment she opened it. She could only muster moans at this point.

A man's lips were on her tender red lips. His rough palm moved along her body, leaving sparks like wildfire. Soon, her body heated up.

Cheryl was jolted awake, but she could still feel someone touching her.

Startled and feeling dubious, she saw a familiar set of eyes in front of her. Jarred's face was grim, and he was acting weird and ruthless. Subconsciously, Cheryl moved backwards. She soon found herself naked in his arms.

Boom!

An alarm resonated in her mind. She was both anxious and furious. "Jarred, you disgusting pervert!" she blurted out. "He was with Ines the whole night.

I refuse to believe that nothing intimate happened between them." He has just slept with another woman, and he already wants to f**k me? Disgusting! Cheryl thought to herself. She was so infuriated that her eyes were bloodshot. She struggled to push him away.

"Don't touch me!" "I'm disgusting?" Jarred chuckled. His eyes remained cold and frightening. "Tell me, who do you find not disgusting? Enoch Sewell?" Cheryl was confused by the question. "What are you talking about-hmm!" Before she finished speaking, Jarred clasped the back of her head and kissed her violently. The kiss was so aggressive and long that Cheryl soon found it difficult to breathe. She felt a tingle at the tip of her tongue. Her shortness of breath made her feel like she was on the verge of suffocation. Somehow, she found the strength to attempt to slap Jarred's face. But before her hand could reach his face, he managed to catch it and shackle it to the side.

This time, he kissed her even more violently. It was as if he was punishing her. Cheryl's lips were starting to hurt. The pain seemed infectious, and she gradually felt a dull pang coming from her belly. Tears welled up in Cheryl's eyes and they rolled down her cheeks soon after Her nails dug into his shoulder as she cried, "It hurts!" Jarred was stunned. The cruelty in his eyes faded right away. He looked at her, feeling nervous.

"Where does it hurt?"

Cheryl could feel the pain from her lower abdomen growing. She curled up in his arms as beads of cold sweat appeared on her forehead.

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