

Burning Love What If I Never Get Over You

Chapter 22 Such A Lovely Couple

Finally, the doctor sighed heavily and said, "Okay, I promise to keep it a secret. However, raising a kid on your own is a challenging task. You should carefully consider your options before making that choice. At this point, you should be responsible for yourself and the child's health and safety." Cheryl acknowledged with a firm nod. "I get what you mean, doctor. Thanks for everything." After the routine examination, the doctor left the ward with a cloud of perplexity in his thoughts. But then again, he was simply doing his job as a doctor. It wouldn't be appropriate for him to get involved with the patient's family matters.

However...

The guy who brought Cheryl here yesterday seemed worried and sincere. Though it was the middle of the night, he insisted on getting the most reputable doctor to the emergency room to check her condition. When the hospital director received the news, he had no qualms and gave the go-ahead despite the last-minute request.

The man remained outside the emergency room the entire time while she was receiving treatment. According to the nurse, he did not sit down even for a while.

Unfortunately, he collapsed to the floor with a loud thud after the successful procedure. Only then did everyone discover how exhausted and overstressed this guy was.

The diagnosis revealed that he had been experiencing extreme fatigue for about forty-eight hours and hadn't slept throughout that time.

But despite all of this, he still rushed his sick wife to the nearby hospital. The only time he veered away from her was when he needed to go through the admission procedures and when he passed out.

When he awoke, he insisted on getting out of bed and staying with her while he was hooked up to an intravenous drip.

He couldn't be stopped, despite the nurse's best efforts.

It was pretty hard to decipher the relationship between wealthy individuals. How could such a lovely couple want to split up?

The doctor was very baffled. In the hospital ward, Cheryl slumped on her bed, her face downcast.

Jarred spotted her staring out the window with sorrowful eyes when he walked in.

"Cheryl," he said faintly.

Even though Cheryl's heart hurt, she maintained a passive expression and didn't turn around.

Jarred strolled up to her and pulled out a box of delicately packed pastries from the bag.

"How do you feel?"

The words came out softly.

Cheryl could not resist turning her head to look at him. She couldn't believe her eyes.

Jarred's outfit comprised only a comfy brown pajama set, and he wasn't wearing glasses. His hair was a tangled mess and he seemed quite weary. His appearance caught her off guard. Was this the same Jarred she knew? Who was that gentleman who looked so well put together in his perfectly tailored suits?

Jarred unwrapped the food carefully and offered the delectable treats to Cheryl without her even realizing it.

He said with hope in his eyes, "This is the first time I've bought them. I'm not sure which one tastes the best, but I hope you'll like them."

Jarred's personality had previously been cold and disdainful, but now he seemed gentle and caring. Cheryl was

astounded by the stark difference. "Is something wrong?" Jarred's brows were arched when he noticed her lifeless eyes. Cheryl's heartbeat quickened, and she averted her gaze. She glanced down at the sweet treats he was holding. "You didn't put poison in here, did you?" Jarred gave a weak grin but remained silent. He simply looked down at her, and his eyes were filled with adoration Cheryl's scalp tingled beneath his stare.

Inwardly, she wanted to get out of this strange atmosphere as quickly as possible. She extended her hand to take a dessert, but Jarred's hand prevented her from doing so. "I'll feed you." "Uh..." Jarred used the spoon to take a portion of the dessert and gave it to Cheryl. The dessert smelled like peaches, the whipped cream melted in the mouth, and the cake's taste was delightful. It was absolutely delicious. Cheryl couldn't stop herself from grinning with every bite. Jarred leaned closer and delicately wiped her lips with his bony fingers, leaving some pink cream on his fingertips. Cheryl was ashamed at first, but what ensued next left her speechless. "This is yummy," Jarred murmured, licking his fingers. The two were just a few inches apart. Their gazes collided, and their breathing came in unison. The ward got warm for no reason. Cheryl wanted to get out of there. However, Jarred was directly in front of her, and she couldn't get away from him no matter how hard she tried.

Jarred looked at her ruddy cheeks with considerable curiosity as he spoon-fed her the dessert. Cheryl exhaled deeply, then pushed Jarred aside. "I need to get some rest." Her action implied that Jarred must go immediately. However, he remained still and only gazed at her steadily, his eyes full of conflicting emotions. Cheryl's mind raced with a million things as they locked eyes, and her heart sank "Do you have something to say?" she questioned in a raspy voice. Jarred pulled the crumpled paper out of his pocket and opened it carefully. It was the divorce agreement. Cheryl blinked rapidly, aware of a sudden lump in her throat.

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