

Burning Love What If I Never Get Over You

Chapter 28 You're Not Needed Here

"Where's Jarred? I want to talk to him," Cheryl responded, She didn't want to waste her time talking nonsense. "He's currently taking a shower," Ines replied coquettishly, putting on a timid smile.

The following second, the sound coming from the other end of the line became louder. It seemed that Ines had put the phone on speaker mode.

Cheryl heard the sound of running water over the phone. Though she thought that she could bear it, she was still hurt. "Who are you talking to?"

Jarred's voice was faint yet gentle. Suddenly, Cheryl no longer wanted to face this situation.

'He is taking a shower. Something must've happened between him and Innes. Or maybe he's going to...' She cast aside her thoughts and just hung up. She then sent Jarred a message, telling him to go back to the Fuller family's mansion for lunch tomorrow.

Afterwards, she deleted Jarred's number from her contact list and blocked it.

Meanwhile, in Ines' apartment, when Jarred walked out of the bathroom, his shirt was soaking and it clung to his muscular body.

His hair was slightly wet, and his dark-colored eyes looked deep. He exuded a cool and composed presence, and his figure was as s**y as a swimmer's body. Ines' heart skipped a beat. She handed him a clean towel while blushing. "The shower head has been fixed." Jarred began wiping the water off his body. While staring at his muscles that were outlined by the wet shirt, Ines sighed and thought that he was so d**n s**y. 'I have to make him stay the night!' She remembered that Jarred had been here a few times before, but he'd always leave in a hurry. They had never had the chance to be intimate. "I'll ask the maid to buy you a suit. You need to change out of those clothes, or you're going to catch a cold." As Ines spoke, she timidly reached her hands towards the buttons of his shirt, intending to undo them. But before she could touch him, Jarred took a step back to avoid her. "That's not necessary," he said.

"Where's my phone?" he asked, interrupting Ines. The look on her face froze. She picked up the phone on the table and put it into his hand. "I'm sorry about this, but I answered a phone call for you earlier. Cheryl was calling you and I thought it was urgent, so I decided to answer it." "Alright," Jarred replied before leaving the apartment in a hurry.

When he went downstairs, he responded to Cheryl's text message. "Got it. I'm going back to the hospital right now to keep you company."

But once he had driven out of the parking lot, he still didn't receive any response from her.

Jarred had a bad feeling about this.

He checked his phone messages and saw that the system indicated that his message had been rejected by Cheryl. It turned out that she had blocked his number.

Jarred tried to call her at once, but unfortunately, he couldn't get through to her because he was blocked.

His face turned grim.

At this moment, Jamison called him. "Mr. Fuller, are you sure you want to refuse the meeting with the Watts Group?

This could be the most important project for our company this quarter."

Jarred was just staring at the screen of his phone, which showed that Cheryl had blacklisted him. He was lost in thought.

The hospital was right in front of him already, but he turned his Rolls-Royce Phantom around and decided to just go to the Watts Group. The next day, Cheryl arrived at the manor of the Fuller family early. As soon as Yates saw her, he greeted her with a warm smile. Cheryl shared some funny anecdotes with him. They chatted happily as though they were really grandfather and granddaughter. It wasn't until lunchtime that Jarred finally arrived. "Grandpa, I'm here." Jarred was dressed in an iron gray high-cut suit. He looked mighty fine as usual, and his eyes were locked on Cheryl. Cheryl, on the other hand, was thinking of the phone call that she had with Ines yesterday. She averted her gaze from Jarred and just ignored him.

Yates scoffed at him and said, "What do you think you're doing here? Cheryl has been here with me for a long time.

I don't need you here, you fool!" "Didn't you miss me, Grandpa?" Knowing what kind of person his grandfather was, Jarred remained composed. "Don't flatter yourself, you little b*****d. Cheryl is the only one I missed. Whether you came or not, it wouldn't matter to me."

Yates pounded his crutch onto the ground and grunted, "I didn't expect you to come here looking so proud of yourself. You came just in time for lunch. Are you going to leave after eating and treat our family's house like a restaurant?"

Cheryl glanced at Jarred and saw that he was still composed. She feared that he might say something stupid and annoy Yates, so she quickly held the old man's hand and said, "Don't be angry. He's just really busy with his work.

He didn't mean to be late."

Seemingly unconvinced by her words, Yates argued, "Then why won't he explain himself? Why is he letting you speak for him?"

"Don't you know what kind of person he is by now? He's a cold, standoffish man. He's not very fond of talking, nor

is he good at explaining himself. Sadly, he failed to inherit your eloquence," Cheryl explained while wearing a sweet smile.

This time, Jarred stared at her with unblinking eyes.

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