

Burning Love What If I Never Get Over You

Chapter 31 You Love Many Men

Jarred scoffed mockingly, "It seems you love many men. This man that you fell in love with at the first sight, and Enoch, who lived next door to your childhood home. Who's next on your list?"

It didn't matter who it was, because he couldn't have been the one.

Jarred's expression hardened as he processed this information. "There aren't many men I love," Cheryl fired back quickly, expressing disbelief along with her sadness. It was just surreal. Jarred regarded her as a dissolute woman despite their lengthy relationship.

Only Jarred captured her heart from the first moment they met.

He was the only guy she had ever loved for more than a decade. Meanwhile, Jarred knew nothing about her and even made ridiculous guesses about her. "You can say whatever you want, but I know two of them already." Jarred cast Cheryl a stern stare. "Well, that's because..." Cheryl felt the urge to confess, but she knew it was not the appropriate time to do so, so she refrained from speaking. If Cheryl knew that Jarred had the wrong idea about her feelings for someone else before Ines came along, she would have clarified it to him without wasting any time. But she missed that chance. And now, she couldn't get herself to do it. After all, they had already decided to split up. Also, Jarred loved Ines more than anyone else. What purpose would her explanation serve at this point? It would only cause her more disgrace. The most Jarred could do was tell her how sorry he was. Cheryl squeezed her hands into tiny fists and dug her fingernails into her soft skin.

She didn't need his pity. "What? For what reason, huh?"

Jarred demanded.

Cheryl's cheeks burned, but she remained silent.

Jarred's frustration prompted him to scoff, "Answer me! Why don't you spill it?"

He waited for some time, but he was never offered an explanation. His feature, contorted in despair and anger. Without waiting another second, he turned around and stormed away. He didn't realize that when he walked away, Cheryl was looking at his back with hot tears coursing down her cheeks. "Miss, stop crying!" A child's voice came out of nowhere. Cheryl glanced down to see a kid with a pair of bright, large eyes standing in front of her. He offered Cheryl a pack of tissues with a beautiful grin on his face. He murmured gently, "Here. Please wipe your tears. If you cry, you won't look pretty." The pain in Cheryl's heart subsided. She knelt, grabbed a tissue, and locked her gaze on the kid. "Thank you so much, sweetie."

"Wipe your tears away fast," the boy insisted.

Cheryl's eyes brightened with pleasure as she giggled. She delicately wiped her tears dry.

The fact that a child had to persuade an adult like this was humiliating.

Nevertheless, it worked.

"You're so adorable."

Cheryl couldn't resist stroking the boy's fluffy hair. The boy proudly lifted his chin and pointed out, "I'm a proper gentleman. A true gentleman never makes a girl cry." Did he just say a gentleman? Cheryl was unintentionally reminded of how Jarred looked while

wearing a suit. He was also a refined gentleman. He made her feel relaxed and happy, but he had caused her to cry many times in recent days. "Honey!" A woman's voice could be heard from a short distance away. "Mommy! I'm over here!" After saying his goodbyes to Cheryl, the boy dashed up to the woman. He laughed heartily as he flung himself into her arms.

Cheryl gazed wistfully at them.

She gently put her hand on her belly and stroked it. Even if Jarred weren't in her life anymore, she swore that she and her baby would have a bright and joyful future. It was becoming overcast, and heavy clouds covered the sun. By now, Cheryl was shivering from the chilly breeze. She was getting ready to leave when a suit jacket dropped over her shoulders while she was hugging her arms. Its lingering warmth enveloped her instantaneously.

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Chapter 32 His Childhood Savior

She looked up, surprised to see Jarred had returned. All he wore was a white shirt, making him look pure and noble. When their eyes met, Jarred awkwardly looked away and said, "Put it on. If you get sick, Grandpa's going to scold me again."

Just now, he was really angry, and he wanted to leave Cheryl behind. However, he didn't want to cross that line. As soon as he thought of how fragile her body was, he felt compelled to turn back.

Cheryl tightened the suit jacket around her. Both her body and her heart felt warm.

"The car is almost here. Let's go home."

Jarred walked ahead, and Cheryl followed him.

She was shorter than him, so she walked a lot slower than he did. However, Jarred was walking at the same pace as she was.

Silence ensued between them, making them both feel awkward.

Frowning slightly, Jarred asked, "Cheryl, my mother tore up the divorce agreement. What do you think about that?"

Cheryl stopped in her tracks.

'What do I think? Should we just give up on the divorce?'

"How do you want to divide the properties?" Jarred's cold words broke Cheryl's flights of fancy.

with a bitter smile, she replied, "I have no interest in your properties."

Cheryl found it ridiculous.

For the past three years, they had been together, day and night. She felt insulted that Jarred would think that she only cared about his wealth. What she cared about was their marriage and the man she loved.

Jarred, on the other hand, was always thinking of the divorce and how he could be with his other woman.

Cheryl stared at the pack of tissues in her hand and asked tentatively, "When are you planning to have a child?"

“I don’t have plans on having one,” Jarred answered firmly. Cheryl clenched her fist, causing the pack of tissues to be crumpled up. ‘It seems that my child is destined to not have a father.’

The two of them walked to the entrance of the night market. There was a small stall selling wheat candy.

The fragrant sweet smell stopped Cheryl in her tracks. She turned around and went to buy some wheat candy. And when she turned around, she saw Jarred staring at her.

Embarrassed, Cheryl tried to stay calm and put the candy into his palm. “Wanna try it?” The sound of her voice reached his ears, leaving him in a trance.

Once upon a time, a girl gave him a piece of candy. Its sweet taste dispelled his fear of darkness.

Despite being trapped herself, she still took good care of him, a boy who had claustrophobia.

Like a warm ray of sunshine, she broke through layers of clouds and came to his side, staying with him through his most trying moment.

That was why Jarred couldn’t bear to see her trapped and depressed abroad after the car accident. He couldn’t understand why his mother, Louisa, was so cold towards Ines, nor could he abandon his childhood savior.

“Jarred?”

Cheryl had been calling out to him several times but got no response. Thus, she waved her hand in front of him.

Jarred grabbed her hand.

When they felt the warmth of each other’s skin, they were both stunned. Cheryl was the first to gather her composure and soon withdrew her hand.

“I don’t like sweets,” Jarred replied lightly. But even though he said that, he still put the wheat candy into his pocket.

“I see.”

Cheryl pouted, turned around and left. All of a sudden, Jarred’s phone rang in his pocket. Cheryl looked back and saw him talking over the phone with a frown on his face. Soon, he hung up, wearing a puzzled expression. It seemed that he had encountered a difficult problem. “What’s wrong?” asked Cheryl. Jarred tightened his suit jacket on her shoulders and answered, “I’ve got something to deal with at the company. I have to go now. Go to the place where we got off the car just now. The driver will pick you up and send you home.” Because she had gotten used to it, Cheryl just nodded.

“Okay. I understand.” Not long after, Jarred left in a hurry and disappeared from her sight. Cheryl dragged her feet back to where they pulled over, but she stopped halfway.

“Hey, is that you, Mrs. Cheryl Fuller?” A man dressed in famous brands of clothing appeared. The way he dressed himself showed that he wanted everyone to know how rich he was. His eyes glistened as he looked at Cheryl with a sardonic grin on his lips.

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