

Burning Love What If I Never Get Over You

Chapter 1 Pregnancy And Divorce

"You're pregnant, ma'am. Congratulations!"

Cheryl Naylor walked out of the hospital in a stupor, but the doctor's remarks continued to play in her head.

When she glanced at the pregnancy test report in her hand once more, her face creased into a sudden smile.

It was the third year of Cheryl and Jarred Fuller's marriage.

They wed not because of love but to fulfill the last request of Jarred's grandmother.

However, Jarred was a wonderful husband once they were married, doing everything a spouse should do. He made sure Cheryl lived a good life and took good care of her. Every year on their anniversary, he would ask his assistant to send Cheryl a gift.

He treated her with the utmost respect and dignity that a wife deserved.

It seemed to everyone else that they were the sweetest and most loving couple.

However, it was a far cry from reality.

Cheryl kept to herself that Jarred did not utter a single "I love you" to her in the past three years they spent together.

Nonetheless, she fervently wanted to marry him, and she was already content with just having his company and presence in her life. She hoped their happiness would only increase now that they were expecting their firstborn.

Cheryl cautiously tucked away the pregnancy test report and eagerly dialed Jarred's number.

"Cheryl."

The man's deep and pleasant voice could be heard via the phone. It had a soothing tone to it.

Cheryl couldn't keep her enthusiasm from coming through, and her voice reflected it. "Jarred, I've got some news for you!"

"I've got something to tell you, as well. Let's talk about it later tonight."

“Okay...”

But before Cheryl could finish her sentence, the call was abruptly ended.

She didn't know what to think at first, but the pleasure of her first pregnancy soon took over.

Night came fast as the sun started to sink lower in the sky.

Bright lights illuminated the River Villa.

Cheryl prepared a feast of Jarred's favorite dishes as she waited for him to come back.

Before long, a car pulling up on the driveway could be heard outside.

As she anxiously awaited his entrance, Cheryl's pulse raced.

The urge to welcome him prompted her to get to her feet.

At that moment, the door swung open, and a tall guy strode in.

Jarred had a reputation for dressing sharply. He was dressed in a tailored grey suit, a crisp white shirt, and a fancy tie.

He had chiseled features and a promi

nent nose that stood out. His gold-rimmed glasses gave people the impression of being aloof and arrogant.

“You're home. Let's eat dinner first, shall we?”

Cheryl suggested, smiling.

She held out her hand unintentionally to Jarred. However, he just lifted his hand to check the time. A pang of shame from being ignored stopped her hand in mid-air.

“It's already late. You haven't eaten yet?” Jarred's brow furrowed slightly.

“You said tonight...” Cheryl was about to say something but decided against it after a second thought. She then asked, “Have you already eaten?”

Jarred's gaze wandered into the dining room and landed on the meticulously prepared dishes.

“Not yet.”

He strolled over to the table as soon as he finished speaking.

Cheryl sighed contentedly and smiled as she joined him.

They sat down to eat.

Cheryl had been slaving away in the kitchen for hours, and she was starving.

After taking a few bites into her meal, she noticed Jarred was staring at her with deep-set eyes.

Jarred was the first to speak up when they locked eyes.

“We should get a divorce, Cheryl.”

Cheryl’s fork crashed on the table as it slipped from her grasp.

She seemed to be in a state of repressed disbelief as she sat still on her chair.

Jarred stayed quiet, patiently waiting for her to absorb the news.

Even the sound of needles landing on the floor could be heard clearly in the dining room.

The stifling silence was only broken by the sound of an incoming text message.

Cheryl glanced down at her phone to see a message from Sheila Goodwin, her best friend of many years.

“I ran into Jarred and Ines at the art show today! Keep an eye on your man. Don’t let that s***k Ines take your husband away from you.”

Cheryl stared at the screen uncomprehendingly. She fiercely blinked back the sudden scalding tears.

After a while, she mustered a bitter smile.

That explained why she suspected something was off with Jarred today. It was no surprise he didn’t come home last night.

Cheryl only understood now why Jarred had been acting strangely.

‘What should I do, Sheila?

She already took Jarred from me,’

Cheryl thought to herself. Her eyelids were tightly shut to keep the tears from flowing.

She felt like a knife was stabbing her heart, yet she managed a slight grin. "Are you divorcing me because of Ines?"

Jarred didn't say anything as he looked at her deadpan expression.

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