

Burning Love What If I Never Get Over You

Chapter 10 Ines

At that instant, Cheryl felt like a bolt of lightning had hit her. She never expected to see this side of him. She thought he looked like a young boy in love, filled with sweet sentiments.

However, the privilege belonged to another woman. It was like poison to Cheryl, instantly turning her life into a death sentence.

Cheryl bowed her head while holding the bowl. Her long hair veiled her face, so no one could see her expression clearly. She waited for Jarred to pick up the call.

“Stop the car,” Jarred commanded the driver harshly.

The Rolls-Royce Phantom came to a complete halt at the side of the road.

“Well, at least try to finish this bowl of porridge.”

After he told Cheryl that, Jarred put on his gold-rimmed glasses and hopped out of the car.

However, even as Cheryl’s porridge sat steady in her hands, she felt her heart sinking. Jarred answered the phone as he stood by the roadside. Although he seemed very loving and spoke in soft tones, it was not her on the other end of the line. ‘Cheryl, get your s**t together.’ Cheryl’s face looked pallid, and her chest felt congested as she held the spoon firmly. Following her divorce from Jarred, it was natural for Ines to step in and take back all she had previously owned. Then what would happen to Cheryl?

What had she been doing wrong all these years? Why was it so simple to replace her? Because she wasn’t the one who had captured his heart?

Soon after, Jarred hung up the phone and made his way over.

However, he did not board the car. Instead, he tapped on the front passenger-side window. The driver lowered the window using the control on the steering wheel

“Send her back first.” Jarred’s gentle and warm voice penetrated the car. “Something important just came up, and I need to take care of it.” His gaze shifted to Cheryl in the backseat as he spoke the second sentence. However, she looked down and fumbled with the bowl she was holding. He was unaware of her thoughts, and she did not even bother to look at him.

He frowned and motioned for the driver to leave but said nothing further.

The Rolls-Royce Phantom took off and joined the traffic.

Jarred didn’t turn away to leave until the car was no longer visible to him. Cheryl mechanically ate the porridge and gently rubbed her lower tummy. She had no appetite, yet she could not risk jeopardizing her health for her baby’s sake and safety. It was her first pregnancy, and she was nervous about it. She was worried that her life would get more complicated as time went on. Seeing the wedge shoes on her feet, Cheryl frowned slightly. She instantly dialed Sheila’s number. “Do you have time now, Sheila? I’m going to the mall to get some flat shoes.” The other end of the line was quite noisy. Sheila’s voice sounded raspy and seductive at the same time. “Cheryl, I’m sorry, but I’m swamped today. I still need to go through a couple more plane shots before I’m done. I suppose I’ll be through with my task by midnight.”

Sheila was attractive and in terrific form. A long time ago, an agency selected and signed her as a model.

She had risen to the top of the domestic model ranks, and many people were envious of her achievements and resources.

Cheryl was aware of Sheila's struggle to get her present position, so she did not insist on asking her out.

They exchanged a few words before hanging up the phone. Cheryl glanced at the driver and whispered, "Let's go to Scape Plaza first." "Okay." The Rolls-Royce Phantom quickly reached its destination.

Cheryl had no interest in walking around by herself.

She took the elevator that would take her directly to the famous brand shop she frequented. "Miss Naylor, it's been a long time since you came here the last time," the store manager remarked cheerfully. Although Cheryl had never identified herself as Mrs. Fuller to others, she was generous and never scrutinized the prices when she went shopping with Sheila. They would purchase something immediately if they liked it. The store staff were naturally polite toward such customers. "I came here to buy flat shoes," Cheryl said with a small smile. The store manager's eyes lit up, and she motioned for her to follow. "This season's haute couture collection has just arrived. Please follow me." Cheryl trailed behind her. When she walked by the dressing area, she saw a familiar face. The woman just walked out of the fitting room. She was dressed in a dark brown evening gown with an off-the-shoulder design. Her curly hair was slightly pulled back and tied into a low ponytail. Her minimal makeup went well with her outfit. She was dressed in a manner that made her quite demure. The lady who was all dolled up seemed pleased and self-satisfied, exhibiting a hint of arrogance that was inconsistent with the way she styled her hair.

"Ines..." Cheryl mumbled the woman's name with a heavy heart.

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