

## Burning Love What If I Never Get Over You

### Chapter 11 What The Hell Do You Think You Are Doing

Ines groaned and shook her head as she whirled around before the full-length mirror. "This one isn't any better than the last. Let me try on a few more outfits." An awkward smile appeared on the shop assistant's face. "Unfortunately, this item is the last of its kind." "Then find me something more tasteful and expensive than this."

Ines viewed the shop assistant with condescension and disgust. "Mr. Fuller, CEO of the Fuller Group, has requested that I accompany him to a dinner party. I must look classy and graceful enough to be seen in public. Everything I've tried on so far isn't up to par. I have to keep looking. So are you being serious right now?" The shop assistant was so shaken up that she said she wouldn't even dare to joke around. To make amends quickly, she stated, "I'm so sorry. It is our mistake."

"That's fine." Ines offered a satisfied nod. Then, with a delighted grin, she continued, "I will be the first girl he takes to a public event in many years. If you're smart, you should be able to know what to do."

"I'll go get you a more fitting dress right away!" The shop assistant nodded politely before hurrying away. Meanwhile, Cheryl was frozen in place. Her mind kept replaying what Ines had just said.

'Wow, really?!' Cheryl considered herself a joke in comparison to Ines. She and Jarred had already tied the knot three years ago, yet their marriage had been kept under wraps. No one knew she was Jarred's wife save their families and friends. Apparently, Jarred had never brought her to a public function.

During this instance, Jarred's first female companion would be his ex-girlfriend, Ines, rather than his wife, Cheryl. He intended to introduce Ines to the world before his divorce from Cheryl could be formalized. He just couldn't wait.

The situation broke Cheryl's heart. Jarred was out to degrade her and clear the way for Ines to take her place.

Should she consider herself fortunate that their marriage was kept hidden? Otherwise, she would be too self-conscious to face the stares of others.

"Excuse me, Miss Naylor? Is everything okay with you?" The shop manager was worried when she saw Cheryl's pasty-white face. Cheryl regained control of her emotions and faked a grin. "I'm fine. Let's go." She barely went a few steps when she heard Ines' soft voice. "Cheryl?"

However, Cheryl continued to walk with the manager like she hadn't heard anything. Ines rushed up to Cheryl and grabbed her arm. She asked, "Didn't you hear me?" with a belligerent grin.

Cheryl was forced to stop. "No, I didn't hear you," she replied with a half-smile as she turned around.

Ines stifled her displeasure. With discerning eyes, she scrutinized Cheryl from top to bottom. Cheryl wore modest, ordinary clothes, and it was undeniable that they were not from a well-known label. "Why are you dressed so casually when you go out? People who don't know you may mistake you for a refugee." The tone of Ines' voice was gentle, but her taunting was not at all subtle.

The shop manager's face remained subdued. However, she wanted to ask Ines whether a refugee would be able to purchase Robert's creations.

“There is nothing wrong with acknowledging that you were once poor. Just don’t be swayed by money and covet what isn’t yours.” Ines grew infuriated after seeing that Cheryl’s expression remained unchanged.

The thing she despised the most was Cheryl’s disinterest.

Cheryl went from being an impoverished girl to being Mrs. Fuller. She took away the title from Ines.

How could she have such a high opinion of herself? It was downright repulsive.

Ines gave a mocking sneer. “Cheryl, make the most of what you have right now. Soon enough, it will all be mine.”

She was smug and as loud as a fly.

Cheryl had to confess, though, that Ines’s last words had cut her as deeply as if a sharp knife had stabbed her. Despite her heart being virtually numb with misery, Cheryl’s face barely changed. “Are you done talking?” she inquired gently. Ines regarded her with perplexity. Was this still Cheryl, who was once cordial and meek? Her uncanny stillness matched Jarred’s. “Get out of my way if you’re done speaking.” Cheryl wanted to avoid wasting any more time. She lifted her hand to shove Ines out of the way. Ines scanned the area and saw a familiar face. An idea hit her at that moment. She did not try to avoid getting hit. Instead, she suddenly became unsteady on her feet and slumped to the ground with Cheryl’s strength. “Ahh!”

Cheryl wanted to save Ines from the fall.

However, another person overtook her. He grasped Ines’s hand and almost held her in his arms. Jarred helped Ines in getting to her feet. His eyes were filled with resentment, and his voice sounded rough. “What the hell do you think you’re doing?” he barked indignantly.

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