

Burning Love What If I Never Get Over You

Chapter 15 Are We Close

“What did I say before?” Queenie chuckled with disdain. “She’s nothing but a s**t who’s good at seducing men!” “She’s just trying to pretend to be pure, but she’s actually a b***h. Get the hell out of here!”

Their voices were shrill and attracted many of the other guests’ attention. Cheryl seldom argued with others, but now she had become the focus of everyone’s attention. She was caught in a dilemma. On the one hand, she wanted to retrieve her invitation and defend herself, but on the other hand, she was afraid that Jarred would hear the commotion.

For a moment, she just stood there, pondering on what to do.

Queenie and Rosie exchanged glances, chuckling between themselves and looking arrogant.

“Since you’ve tried every means to sneak into the party, why don’t we help you publicize it?” They decided to take things further by snatching away Cheryl’s handbag in search of her identity information. “Who the hell would want to keep a mistress like this one?”

At this point, Cheryl burst from anger.

She picked up a goblet within her reach, wanting to pour wine on these women just to stop them from talking nonsense.

But before she could even do that, she heard two deafening slaps that resonated throughout the banquet hall.

“Clap! Clap!” Queenie and Rosie covered their painful cheeks in shock.

The following moment, the handbag they snatched from Cheryl was taken away by someone.

“Which families do you hail from? Clearly, they didn’t teach either of you proper manners!” Those harsh words added insult to their injury.

Rosie came to her senses, charging towards the person who slapped them. “Who the hell do you think you are to hit us?”

However, Queenie stopped her at once. She glanced at the person who slapped her with fear in her eyes and said to Rosie, “Calm down, will you? That’s Charlene Fuller!” Charlene Fuller had short hair, which exposed her beautiful swan-like neck. She wore a wine red evening dress and her high heels were ornamented with diamonds. Her graceful figure was like a blooming rose, charming and flamboyant.

“Charlene.”

Cheryl looked at her in disbelief.

Charlene was Jarred’s biological sister, and also the only one in the Fuller family who didn’t treat her well.

Each time they ran into each other at the Fuller family’s mansion, she’d always frown at Cheryl.

In Charlene’s eyes, her older brother was incredible and Cheryl wasn’t good enough for him.

Cheryl was well aware that Charlene wasn’t fond of her, and that was why she was surprised at how the latter helped her.

“Take your stuff,” Charlene said crossly while putting Cheryl’s bag into her hands. “It’s really an eye opener for me to see such bitches push you around. Can you be a little more assertive?” Even though she never liked Cheryl’s family background, the latter was still a member of the Fuller family

Charlene wasn’t going to sit around and let others bully Cheryl at will.

Silence ensued between them.

Neither the bullies nor the bullied were speaking.

Charlene cursed at people the same way she did before, and she didn’t show Cheryl a shred of mercy either.

While looking into Charlene’s eyes, Cheryl put on a smile and replied, “Got it.” So many years had passed, but it was only until this moment that she found out that Charlene was actually kind despite her sharp tongue.

Charlene scoffed at Queenie and Rosie and rolled her eyes at them.

They both trembled in fear, bowing to Charlene before she could chastise them even more.

“I’m so sorry, Charlene. It was our fault!” “Please, forgive us.” Suddenly, Ines came over and shot them a glare. ‘Such good-for-nothing bitches! Not only did they fail to make a fool out of Cheryl, but they also attracted Charlene’s attention.’ Ines put on a warm smile and held Charlene’s arm. “Charlene, darling! Why didn’t you tell me you were here?” “What the hell do you think you’re doing? Are we close? Don’t act like we are, you creep!” Charlene exclaimed.

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