

Burning Love What If I Never Get Over You

Chapter 17 Was Cheryl Jealous

“Cheryl?” Jarred was astonished, and he instinctively reached out to take Cheryl’s hand. Cheryl scoffed at him while shunning his hand on impulse. “You knew that we were still married, yet you brought another woman to the dinner party and behaved intimately with her in front of everyone else.

Once our marriage is out in the open, people will remember what you did with another woman outside of our relationship. At that time, how could the Fuller family not be disgraced?”

Jarred was taken aback by Cheryl’s incisive remarks. However, it was hard to tell what was going through his mind because he had a peculiar expression.

Ines stared incredulously at Cheryl.

Cheryl’s personality had changed.

She had never spoken to Jarred with such audacity before. It was nothing more than a subtle challenge to Jarred’s bottom line.

Ines cracked a grin.

She was looking forward to seeing Cheryl’s reaction to Jarred’s rage. In the meantime, Jarred had a soft look on his face and even a tiny grin when her eager gaze landed on him. His eyebrows were slightly arched in excitement.

“Are you jealous, Cheryl?” Jarred asked in a low, and sensual tone, tinged with a smirk. Ines’s eyelids peeled open as her face twisted in anger. However, Jarred paid her no attention at all.

He was primarily interested in Cheryl’s jealousy, suggesting that she was still interested in him. When Cheryl peered into his teasing eyes, her resentment seemed to dissipate, and she was at a loss for where to direct it.

She made every effort to hang on. “No, I’m not!”

“Well, it looks like you’re extremely jealous,” Jarred remarked after arriving at a decision.

“Oh, please!” Charlene winced in disgust and quietly rolled her eyes.

She shouldn’t have gotten involved in Cheryl’s affairs.

She was just trying to help Cheryl for once and Jarred suddenly chided her. Now she was compelled to watch their display of affection.

She was so pathetic in every way.

But Ines was far worse.

The guests’ admiration had turned into chatter as they glanced her way.

The color drained from Ines’s face, and she was shaking all over.

Although she was Jarred’s companion, he and Charlene now surrounded Cheryl, making her a background board and the subject of conversation among the guests.

It seemed like Ines had bitten off the tip of her tongue since she could taste blood in her mouth.

“Jarred...” she cried out, shaking.

Then, Jarred remembered she was there and said succinctly, “I’ll have Jamison send you back.”

Jamison was Jarred’s personal assistant.

“What? Aren’t you coming with me?”

However, Jarred had already left with Cheryl in his arms before Ines could continue her inquiry. Charlene glared cynically at Ines with her arms folded over her chest. "Ines, what do you call a woman who bothers a married man?"

Ines gave her a hard stare in return.

Charlene gently opened her crimson lips and spoke only two words. "A homewrecker."

For her part, Cheryl found herself stuck in the Rolls-Royce Phantom's front seat after Jarred escorted her with his arm around her waist.

On the way to his car, she resisted and attempted to shake his hand off. His eyes had a trace of teasing. "Do you want me to carry you instead?" he asked in a menacing tone, despite his kind appearance. Cheryl instantly gave up her struggle. She wasn't quite as brazen as Jarred. By now, Jarred was already sitting behind the wheel. He suddenly leaned over to Cheryl while she was deep in thought. She leaned back instinctively, her wide and gorgeous eyes vigilantly peering at him. "What are you doing?" Her inquiry was answered with a faint click. Cheryl glanced down to see that Jarred had simply buckled her seat belt. "What did you expect it'd do?" After he did it, he didn't move back to his seat. He was only inches away from her, and he gazed directly into her eyes while sporting a pensive smirk. "Oh, Cheryl, what did you think would happen?" He spoke her name softly and sweetly. Cheryl felt as though a feather had brushed her heart. She became upset after recalling what Jarred had done during the dinner party. She stared at him sternly and remarked, "Don't even flatter yourself. I wasn't expecting anything."

"In what sense did I self-flatter? What am I missing here?" Jarred whispered to Cheryl, his hot breath searing her flesh. "What made you say that I'm flattering myself? Let's hear it." Cheryl's face flushed scarlet. She averted her gaze and remained silent. Jarred paused for a while, thinking. He went on to say, "Even though I brought Ines to the dinner party, I was never intimate with her." Ines's depression had been getting worse recently. She had made a big deal about her infertility on multiple occasions, even attempting suicide. The doctor recommended that she make more friends.

Jarred accidentally mentioned the dinner party while taking a phone call in front of her. She pleaded with him many times to take her with him and cited the doctor's advice. Finally, Jarred begrudgingly consented. Cheryl didn't think he would answer her last question right now. "Oh, I understand."

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