

Burning Love What If I Never Get Over You

Chapter 23 Tearing Up The Divorce Agreement

“Have you appended your signature?” A lump lodged in Cheryl’s throat. Jarred shut his eyes tightly, the weariness he was trying to keep at bay reappearing.

He sighed, “You are so cruel to our marriage.” She was chomping at the bit to break up with him.

Hearing his sigh, Cheryl felt like crying. Valiantly, she forced herself to calm down. “Isn’t this what we agreed on?”

It was Jared who proposed the divorce and also drew up the divorce papers. So why did he still look like he was reluctant to leave her?

Sometimes, he was warm towards her and other times, he was cold. His inconsistency made her hesitant and unsure of her decisions. She was so uncertain of where she stood with him that she decided to give up on

everything Frowning, Jarred didn’t answer her question but whispered her name.

“Cheryl...”

When Jarred took off his glasses, his expressive eyes were full of indescribable tenderness.

His low murmur revealed a pitiful helplessness, constantly tugging at Cheryl’s heartstrings.

Jarred reached his hand out and clasped Cheryl’s fingers reverently.

The touch snapped Cheryl back to her senses. They couldn’t do this. She snatched her hand out of his suddenly. Bereft, Jarred stared at his empty palm. This was the second time she refused his touch. Jarred’s eyes darkened. If Jamison was here, he would have noticed that his boss was about to lose his temper.

Reclining against the headboard, Cheryl felt her heart race.

She couldn’t allow any display of affection between them. Cheryl was afraid that a knife was waiting behind Jarred’s tenderness.

The moment she lowered her guard around him, he would stab at her heart and cut off everything she treasured. She was about to lose her husband, and the elders of the Fuller family who treated her like family. There was nothing else to lose except for...

Unconsciously, Cheryl covered her stomach and stared at Jarred guardedly. Sneering, Jarred lowered his head to hide the pain in his eyes from Cheryl.

Cheryl must have really suffered in all the years when they were married. Not only did she have to endure being his wife, but she had to pretend to be a loving and affectionate wife. Now that she was getting her wish to leave him, she couldn’t even stand letting him touch her.

It was the same last night... He vividly remembered how Cheryl had glared at him and shouted, “Don’t touch me.” “Since you are so desperate to leave me, I’ll fulfill your wish,” Jarred declared flatly, signing the divorce papers as he spoke.

He exerted so much force on the pen that the tip pierced the paper. “There, I’ve signed it. Are you satisfied now, Mrs. Fuller?” Cheryl stared blankly at the two signatures on the divorce papers and couldn’t help but feel like she should say something.

“Jarred, I didn’t...”

Bang! The door was pushed open and a figure strolled into the room.

Jarred turned his head in the direction of the noise. "Mom?" he called when he saw the person approaching them.

Lowering her head, Cheryl quickly hid her tears behind her long hair. Coming to a stop a few inches before their bed, Louisa stared at the couple, her brows furrowing at the obvious tension between the two of them. "What's going on here? Did you have a fight?"

Her heels clacked against the floor softly as she waited for a response to her question, Stealthily, Cheryl angled her body sideways to cover the divorce papers on the bedside table. "Louisa, I'm sorry for making you worry. I've been a little under the weather..." Cheryl began softly, trying to distract Louisa with the change in topic. But Louisa was undeterred by her rambling. Instead, she bent over Cheryl and clutched a corner of the white paper before lifting it closer to her face so she could read its contents. Cheryl's heart rose to her throat. The truth was, she liked Louisa very much. To the rest of the world, Louisa was a strong businesswoman, but at home, she was a doting mother. She treated Cheryl like her child and doted on her. Cheryl would lose the right to be spoiled by Louisa once her divorce with Jarred was finalized. The longer Louisa read the document, the darker her eyes became. By the time she was done reading everything, her entire countenance had turned stormy.

Hiss The sound of the divorce papers being shredded into a million pieces rent the air as Cheryl and Jarred stared at her mutely. When she was done, Louisa dumped the torn pieces into the trash can. "Just forget that any of this happened, okay? What is important is that such a thing never repeats itself..." Louisa slowly rubbed her hands together and stared them down as her words trailed off. The threat behind her words was as clear as day. Relief was the only thing Jarred felt as he watched the divorce papers get shredded into a million pieces. But still, he tried to say something in his defense.

"Mom..." The look she cast in his direction had Jarred's words drying up. Cheryl wanted to say something as well, but decided to hold her tongue on a second thought.

Louisa looked at her and smiled as if nothing had happened. "I know it's not your fault." Then, she cast a sharp glance at Jarred.

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Chapter 24 Five Million Dollars

Someone knocked at the door.

Louisa's venting was interrupted. "Who is it?" she demanded coldly.

The door opened slowly, revealing a delicate face.

Ines didn't expect Louisa to be here. She bowed with a terrified expression. "Nice to meet you, madam. I heard that Cheryl is sick, so I came to see her..." "Her husband will take care of her. It's none of your business," Louisa sneered. They had only just met, but Louisa was already humiliating Ines. "Madam, I..." "Silence. I don't want to hear your explanation." Louisa had the arrogance to interrupt Ines. "Now that you're here, answer my question." Ines forced a smile and said, "It would be my honor to answer."

“You left the country after I gave you five million dollars. Why are you standing in front of me now?”

Ines was stunned. She glanced nervously at Jarred.

But Jarred’s attention was completely captivated by Cheryl. “Answer me!” Louisa urged, frowning. Ines came to her senses. Tears shone from her eyes, but she suppressed the jealousy and reluctance that raged within her.

“Actually... I had a car accident abroad. I am disabled now. It is too hard for me to live abroad. I miss my family and I want to spend the rest of my time with them...” Her words dissolved into s**s and she gave Louisa a pitiful look.

But Louisa was unmoved. “So?” “Mom, Ines’ relatives live in Hather. Given what has happened to her...”

Jarred frowned.

It was ruthless of Louisa to treat the woman who had saved him like this.

Louisa glared at him. “Did I ask you? Or did you see her get in a car accident? If you don’t know the truth, just shut up.” Ines pinched her thigh to make herself cry. “...I know how difficult it is to be confined to the hospital. That’s why I wanted to see Cheryl...” she said between s**s. “I want to take care of Cheryl in the hospital...” “No thanks,” Cheryl replied politely but indifferently. Cheryl believed that Ines wanted to kill her instead of taking care of her. Then Cheryl could no longer hinder her from marrying into the Fuller family.

Ines’ face turned pale with frustration. She bit her lip and wiped her tears, trying to appear upset that she was being prevented from helping. The ward fell into an awkward silence. “I’m here at the hospital. We really don’t need your help,” Jarred said, breaking the silence. “Ines, you can go back first.” “Can’t I stay and help you?” Ines said seductively. “No need.”

Frowning, Louisa said, “Miss Sampson, aren’t you aware that Cheryl and my son are a couple? It is normal for my son to take care of his wife, Why do you insist on interfering?”

“I...I only have good intentions...”

“Good intentions? We don’t need your good intentions. We can afford the best doctors, the best equipment, and the most comfortable environment for Cheryl to recuperate. Who do you think you are? Can you take care of a patient better than the doctors? Oh, is it because since you just returned from abroad, you don’t have a job? Even if you want to be a nursing worker,

that’s no excuse to pester us. A nursing worker can’t get the money you got before.”

Louisa spoke with a noble posture and fierce aura. Her words made Ines speechless.

Now, Jarred was her last hope.

“Mom, you’ve gone too far.”

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Chapter 25 I Am Jarred’s Only Wife

“Be quiet or I’ll slap you! I don’t want to see you ever again. Get out of my sight,” Louisa snarled at Ines.

Ines clenched her teeth. Sadness was on her face.

Before she could speak, there was a knock at the door. It was the butler, who wore black glasses. He had been following Louisa the whole time, and now he entered with a phone in his hand.

"Mrs. Fuller, there is a call for you."

As soon as Louisa placed the phone to her ear, her expression changed completely.

"There is something I have to deal with. Cheryl, rest well. Don't worry. I'm on your side."

Louisa touched Cheryl's hair and strode out of the ward without saying goodbye to her son.

Ines breathed a sigh of relief.

She thought for a while, and then said in her most sincere voice, "Jarred, your mother did give me five million dollars. Something had happened to my family and I was in urgent need of the money. I'm sorry. I couldn't ignore my family..." Ines spoke in a soft voice with her eyes fixed on Jarred. "Really?"

Jarred turned his head and looked into her eyes.

His gaze was cold and serious.

Ines' lips trembled, but she pretended to be calm. "Of course, how could I lie to you?"

Jarred's assistant, Jamison, knocked on the door with a phone in his hand. "Mr. Fuller, the boss from the Seven Valley Company wants to speak with you."

Jarred walked over and took the phone. "We have made our request very clear..." he started saying.

His cold voice faded away. Cheryl and Ines were alone in the ward.

"Goodbye, Miss Sampson," Cheryl said in an icy voice. Ines knew her presence was unwanted.

Cheryl lay down with her back to Ines. She didn't even want to look at the other woman, because she upset her.

Ines didn't leave. She took a few steps closer. She picked up the pieces of paper beside the trash can, on which the words "divorce agreement" were printed. Ines' face darkened.

Was this the divorce agreement between Cheryl and Jarred?

"Cheryl, are you still forcing him to be with you?" Ines sneered, clenching the pieces of paper.

"I didn't expect that you'd try to prevent the divorce by tearing up the agreement," she added. Cheryl ignored her.

Ines' fury increased. She stared at Cheryl as if trying to burn her with her eyes.

"Don't pretend to be deaf! Jarred asked for a divorce and gave you this paperwork. He couldn't be any clearer about how he feels. He doesn't love you at all. If I were you, I would have left with dignity while I could still make a fortune."

"It's a pity that you're not me. I'm Jarred's legal wife and I share his property. What about you?"

Cheryl spoke indifferently. She didn't get angry as Ines expected: "Whether we divorce or not is a matter between us only. Who do you think you are? It's none of your business, understood?"

Ines's forehead twitched. Her patience was nearing its limit.

Louisa was Jarred's mother, so Ines had to bear her insults. 13.08

But Cheryl was nothing to her!

How could she speak to her like that?

She was accusing her of being a homewrecker!

Ines was Jarred's first girlfriend. If Cheryl hadn't forced Jarred to marry her because of Jarred's grandmother's will, Ines was sure that she would have been the one Jarred married.

Cheryl was the person intruding in their relationship! Ines laughed angrily. "Who do I think I am? I'm Jarred's lover, and I should be his wife." Cheryl finally met Ines' crazed eyes. "You think you can just decide that you're Jarred's wife?" Cheryl smiled. Ines stomped her feet and raised her voice. "I didn't decide it! This is what Jarred wants! Didn't he ask for a divorce His next step will be to marry me!"

"Okay, we'll talk about it later."

Cheryl nodded calmly and said with certainty, "Currently, I am Jarred's only wife. No one can replace me." Jarred, who had just returned to the ward, heard her words, which were as solemn as a vow.

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