

## Burning Love What If I Never Get Over You

### Chapter 29 Their First Photo As A Couple

Yates was amused. He glanced at Jarred, whose sole focus was on his wife, and rumbled teasingly, "Cheryl really can't bear to see her husband suffer even a little bit. It's hard to find such a good wife."

"Yates..."

Cheryl smiled shyly, a soft blush staining her cheeks.

Though she was full of smiles, her heart was bitter.

Ines picking up her husband's call had sucked out whatever happiness she had in her and all that was left behind was pain and the facade she had to put up for the family.

Even though Cheryl knew that her husband had come late because he was with another woman, she had been left with no other choice but to fabricate an excuse to explain his absence to his grandfather.

Only a pathetic wife would go to these lengths. A short time later, Godfrey came to announce that lunch was ready.

Cheryl held Yates's arm and helped him into his seat at the head of the table. Then she sat down beside him. Across

from her was Jarred's handsome face.

with his lashes lowered, he gave off the air of a man lost in his thoughts. With a frown,

Cheryl tilted her head to follow the direction of his gaze. She found Jarred staring at her phone on the

table.

"What are you thinking? Lunch is ready," Yates announced in high spirits. Cheryl smiled at him and dished a bowl of soup for him.

Yates and Cheryl conversed happily as they ate, while Jarred sat across from them eating his meal silently and feeling like an outsider.

"The month will end this weekend. Don't forget to arrange the schedule for your grandma's memorial ceremony," Yates stated in a low voice, placing his chopsticks on the table.

Jarred's grandmother was an extrovert who loved being surrounded by people when she was alive. So every year on the anniversary of her death, the Fuller family would go to the cemetery to visit her grave. And each year, Yates would ask them all to head back home without him while he stayed behind to speak with his deceased wife. The sight of the lonely figure sitting by the grave and murmuring lovingly to it always made Cheryl want to cry. There was faithful love in the world...

But only lucky people could have it.

Cheryl doubted she was lucky enough to find such love.

Gently, Cheryl squeezed Yates's hand and tried to offer him words of comfort. "I know she will be very happy to see

us."

"Yes, I'm sure she will be happy. Her biggest wish was that our family could live in harmony." Yates sighed and patted Cheryl's hand.

Guilt swamped Cheryl as she stared at the old man's sincere eyes. In the end, she and Jarred were going to shatter his dream of a harmonic family.

It was almost certain that by the end of the month, she would be a divorced woman,

Cheryl turned and stared at Jarred beneath her lashes.

This week was all they had left together.

As was custom for Yates, he took a nap after lunch. Cheryl and Jarred left the mansion in a car.

Unfortunately, the car broke down on the road.

“How soon can you fix it?” Jarred asked with an unhappy frown

The driver looked embarrassed. “I’m afraid it can’t be fixed on the spot. The car has to be sent to the repair shop.

This is my fault, Mr. Fuller. I forgot to check the car earlier.” “Don’t worry about it.”

The new car was not due to arrive until later in the day. With a frown, Jarred turned to

his silent wife only to find that her attention was on a spot not far away. Swiveling his

head, Jarred found that Cheryl was staring at the fountain in front of a shopping mall.

That was..

the spot where they took their first photo as a couple.

When Jarred ‘heard that Cheryl had refused his grandfather’s marriage proposal, he

had gone to her and expressed

his intentions.

“If you marry me, I will treat you right. I’ll take care of you and ensure I meet all of your

needs. Will you marry me?” The young lady flushed, unsure of how to react. She was

such a lovely girl that he instinctively wanted to make every single one of her wishes

come true, no matter how small. Logically, Jarred was aware of how abrupt his action

was, so he hadn’t been expecting Cheryl to agree immediately. A blush stained her

cheeks, her nervousness on full display. But the fact that she was shy didn’t deter her

from touching Jarred’s arm. With wide eyes brimming over with delight, she asked, “Can

I take a photo with my fiance now?”

Till date, Jarred still had that photo in his phone. His eyes darkened and he glanced

away from the fountain. “The car hasn’t arrived yet. Would you like to go for a walk?”

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### **Chapter 30 A Childhood Accident**

Cheryl regarded him with astonishment. “Are you sure that’s okay?”

“It’s fine.”

The driver waited inside the car while waiting for the trailer to arrive and tow the vehicle to the repair shop.

Cheryl and Jarred made their way toward the shopping mall.

When they were approaching the fountain, Cheryl purposefully picked up the pace while

Jarred came to a complete stop.

Cheryl glanced back, sensing something was wrong, and asked, “Why did you stop?”

“Do you want to join me for a photo?”

His face showed no emotion, but his low voice struck Cheryl’s heart like a sledgehammer.

The memories were as vivid as yesterday in her thoughts.

Three years ago, they were just about to tie the knot. It was her idea that they posed for

a picture in front of the fountain

Today, when they were preparing to get a divorce, he abruptly suggested that they snap a photo at the exact location. Were they going to call it quits at the same spot where their relationship had first started? She found him both handsome and respectful even after everything that happened. However, he would never be hers again. "Okay." Cheryl took a cautious step forward as if she were treading on razor blades. Even though she was just a few meters away from Jarred, she felt it took forever to get to him. Cheryl and Jarred posed together for a photograph.

"Shall I forward you the picture?" Jarred inquired as he waved his phone at Cheryl.

"Sure."

"Then take my phone number off your blacklist," Jarred reminded her softly.

Cheryl's eyes widened with surprise. She recalled that she had barred his contact details and social media account the day before.

She had a sneaking suspicion that Jarred requested a photo so he could have a reason to get off her blacklist. "Ah," she muttered, refusing to give him the satisfaction of succeeding. "You don't have to send it. Just print the photo and give me a copy." She then turned around and walked away.

Her long tresses brushed over his hand, causing him slight discomfort.

Jarred was taken aback for a moment before following her closely.

It just took him a few steps to catch up to Cheryl due to his long strides. "Please tell me what I've done wrong. If you continue to blacklist me, it will only make it harder for us to talk," Jarred spoke in a gentler voice, but his demeanor was more like a boss talking to an employee concerning work. Cheryl sped up and exclaimed, "I'd rather not hear your voice on the phone." She especially hated it when Ines was around him.

While conversing, they wandered onto the night market street next to the shopping complex.

Even though it wasn't as busy as it was at night, there were still a lot of shops operating during the day. There was heavy foot traffic, and as people walked by, Cheryl almost hit a student riding a skateboard who wasn't watching the road.

"Look out!"

Jarred grabbed Cheryl as quickly as he could. The student was coming so quick that he startled Cheryl by almost hitting her. "Are you hurt? Did he hit you?" Jarred asked worriedly as he studied Cheryl from head to toe.

"No..."

Cheryl was still reeling from her ordeal and didn't realize she was in Jarred's arms. The tip of her nose met his soft lips as she lifted her head.

Cheryl remained still as if a switch on her body had been turned off.

Jarred remarked, "Your cheeks are glowing red," while maintaining a neutral demeanor.

"I was terrified!" Cheryl instinctively broke free from his grasp, shielding her face and aiming to protect herself. "All right." Jarred slowly withdrew his hands and refrained from exposing her lousy lie. Cheryl felt self-conscious after realizing what she had said. If other people were scared, their faces would turn white. Why did she feel compelled to say that? Jarred warned, "Be cautious whenever you're outside." Cheryl absentmindedly nodded in response. It immediately dawned on her that she had been involved in a shocking and terrible accident many years ago. "Honestly... I had a memorable experience here as a child. Someone took my breath away the moment I

laid eyes on that person.” Cheryl’s gaze was drawn to Jarred as if she were lost in thought. His wide eyes constricted slightly, exposing a cold glow. Cheryl’s current gaze bothered him. Because of the way she gazed at him, he felt like she was actually looking at another man instead of him.

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