

## Burning Love What If I Never Get Over You

### Chapter 9 Divorce After The Death Anniversary Of Jarred's Grandmother

Upon hearing what Louisa said, both Cheryl and Jarred were stunned. They were so busy arguing with each other that they almost forgot that the anniversary of Jarred's grandmother's death was at the end of the month. Before his grandmother passed away, her only wish was that Cheryl and Jarred could get married. Sadly, they wanted to end things between them. If Yates were to find out about this, he would certainly be devastated.

Cheryl and Jarred exchanged glances and saw the concern in each other's eyes.

After chatting with Cheryl for a while longer, Louisa said that she had to leave.

Before leaving, she told Jarred to take good care of her beloved daughter-in-law.

He nodded in response and saw his mother off.

When he returned, he saw Cheryl standing by the window and feeling the wind on her skin. Because she was sent to the hospital in a hurry, she was still wearing the thin clothes she wore that morning. Her black hair fell onto her collarbone, making her look particularly fragile. Jarred walked closer to her and closed the window.

"Don't let the wind in," he said.

Cheryl was brought back to her senses, and averted her gaze from the scenery outside the window, only to find that Jarred was right in front of her.

He then trapped her between his body and the window. Cheryl took a step back, leaning against the window. She could smell his scent from where she was standing.

She turned her face away from him to avoid his gaze, suppressing her emotions by talking about something serious. "It's almost your grandmother's death anniversary.

Your grandfather will probably feel lonely for the coming days." Jarred noticed that she moved away from him, so he let go of her and frowned. "Let's not tell my grandpa about our divorce until the day passes," he replied. "Got it."

Once they had reached an agreement, they left the hospital.

As soon as they got into the car, Jarred took out a food box out of nowhere.

It was opened and the smell of its contents filled the air. Cheryl's stomach began to growl and she swallowed. Her face blushed and she lowered her head shyly.

Not a minute later, he handed her a bowl of porridge. There was a smile on Jarred's face. "You haven't eaten anything for a long time. Here, have some porridge."

Though Cheryl was mad at him, she didn't want to torture herself, not to mention she was pregnant.

Thus, she accepted the bowl and ate the porridge spoon after spoon. Every time Cheryl lowered her head like this, her face looked even more delicate. Her eyelashes were fluttering like wings of a butterfly.

Suddenly, he moved his hands.

He really wanted to hold her in his arms for as long as he lived. Unable to resist the urge any longer, he leaned over and put his arm on her waist. Cheryl saw him approaching from the corner of her eyes and began to panic.

The moment she looked up, she met his affectionate gaze. She held her breath and her heartbeat was racing.

"What are you doing?" she asked. "Is it delicious?" Jarred glanced at the bowl of porridge in her hands. It was only then that Cheryl realized that she was just

overthinking. "Well, it suits my palate." "Let me try it."  
The sound of the man's husky voice numbed Cheryl's ears. It made her hand the bowl to him subconsciously. However, his hand missed hers. It fell on the back of her neck, almost burning her skin. Cheryl's pupils dilated and her brain was on the verge of breaking down. Before she could react, Jarred had already taken off his gold-rimmed glasses and bent over to kiss her. She watched his handsome face gradually fill her vision, and she couldn't move her body at all. Her heart was racing and she could feel her face burning. All of a sudden, his phone rang. It broke their intimate moment. Cheryl shrank back; her face almost got buried in the bowl. "Your phone." The sight of her meek face put a smile on Jarred's lips. He then took out his phone. Cheryl glanced at it and saw Ines' name followed by a heart emoji. It was completely different from his calm, reserved demeanor.

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