

HONEY, YOU NEVER LOVED ME

Chapter 1

"Mrs. Forger, your cancer is in its last stage..."

My face was pale when I asked him to repeat the words I thought I had heard wrong.

The doctor had his arm pressed on the physician order sheet as he carefully chose his next words.

"Mrs. Forger, the uterine evacuation during your miscarriage that you had 2 years ago wasn't carried out properly and on top of that, there was an infection to the unhealed wound. Those are the main reasons the uterine cancer has—"

I cut him off at that. "How much time do I have?" I asked.

"At the rate that the cancer cells are spreading, the most you have is three months—"

Instead of what he continued to say after that, all I could hear next was a buzzing noise in my head as the doctor's words reverberated in my mind.

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It was night time at Forger's Villa when the man removed himself from on top of me to head to the bathroom for a shower. I, on the other hand, sank my head into the pillow as waves of heartache drowned me.

The man whose body I was tangled up with just moments ago was my husband—Nicholas Forger.

I treated him like a wife would a husband and yet, all I was to him was a tool to accomplish his goals!

It had been three whole years now. Every time he

returned to the villa, he would head straight to the bathroom to take a shower after we had done the deed. He always acted as if he had touched something unclean. And after his showers, he would leave without an expression on his cold face.

He wouldn't say a word to me even until the end.

He was just like his usual self today. After he got out of the shower, he put his suit back on before he left again.

I softly called out to him when I saw him heading out the door, and he only reacted by pursing his thin lips and throwing an indifferent look at me.

Observing his empty gaze, I couldn't utter the words I wanted to say to him. All that came out was a brief "Be careful on the road".

I could soon hear the sound of the car engine coming from downstairs. Without anything on, I got out of bed and peered at the black Maybach as I gave Nicholas a call.

"What is it?" He sounded impatient when he picked up the phone.

We had been a married couple for three years now. I was aware that he had another woman in his heart when he took me as his bride. However, Grandpa had forced Nicholas into marrying me by threatening to harm that woman's life.

Nicholas did his part to put up a fight but alas, he had no choice but to give up on her and make me his lawfully-wedded wife.

He had been cold, if not cruel toward me throughout the duration of these three years.

On top of that, he had never held back in humiliating me. It was always especially terrible when he groaned and moaned the woman's name while he was in bed with me. I knew that Maria Hudson was her name.

Out of nowhere, I began to reminisce about the time I had first fallen for Nicholas. I was a mere 14-year-old girl who had only started to understand what it meant to like someone. Teenagers at that age would always fall hard and deep when they found someone to give their hearts to. I, too, happened to have given mine to the piano teacher who taught the class next door.

I still didn't understand until now why I had fallen in love with a stranger older than me by seven or eight years. I had thought about the possibilities, and it could have been because of his gorgeous appearance, or the gentleness of his voice when he spoke, or how the first song I heard him play on the

piano was coincidentally the last song my mother played for me before her passing.

All the possible reasons, but still I couldn't say which was the exact one. All I recalled was how I quietly gazed upon him for months before I didn't see him anymore when he finally stopped teaching piano.

I didn't even get to know his name.

I hadn't seen him even in the following years, but that was until Chairman Forger personally came to our house to propose a marriage between his son and I.

The Felix Family, which was my family before I became a Forger, had incomparable wealth and power in Bryxton.

It took me one night to become the most influential person in Bryxton following the death of my parents,

who unfortunately disappeared without a trace following an aviation accident. This had happened before I met Nicholas.

It was also during the loneliest and saddest time of my life that I met the warm Nicholas.

Come to think of it, we had seen each other before we officially met. He wasn't oblivious to the fact that I followed him around for months, but he never paid too much attention to me and neither did he tell me off, all because I was just another student to him. It was only when night was approaching that he would always caringly remind me, "Little lady, it is about time you headed home. You are going to worry your parents otherwise. It is dangerous to be out alone so late."

It still warmed my heart whenever I thought about the past.

The Nicholas I knew back then was a gentle and considerate man.

I unconsciously shut my eyes in an attempt to block out the shame that came the next moment. My biggest regret was when I agreed to the engagement Nicholas' father had proposed. I wasn't happy about it at first. After all, there were tons of families out there who wanted to get acquainted with the Felixes in order to climb up the social ladder.

However, as soon as I saw the familiar face in the photo that Chairman Forger took out, I could feel my heart jump in anticipation.

It was the man that I had been thinking and dreaming about for years.

I picked up the courage and eventually placed a bet on my marriage to Nicholas. I wanted to bet that we

would at least treat each other respectfully despite there being no love between us.

I also wanted to bet my life with the possibility that he would treat me and take care of me like how a husband would.

I had never thought that my wager would turn out to end up with him constantly insulting me.

He even had someone abort our child growing in me two years ago.

I remembered how cold he was when he spat to me in front of the doctor, "Renee, you have no right to have my child!" He had zero consideration for both my pride as a person, and eagerness as a mother.

He detested me so much that he even wanted to get rid of the child he had with me.

It seemed as though he had completely forgotten the young lady who relentlessly pursued him back in the days.

To Nicholas, I was the woman who coerced his father into letting me marry him. I was also the woman who took the place beside him which rightfully, should have belonged to the woman he loved.

I was someone who had committed sins not worth forgiving to him.

I must have stayed silent for quite some time now as my mind drifted everywhere into the past, but Nicholas' voice soon came from the other end of the call. "Don't test my patience," he warned. "You know that I have none when it comes to you."

His voice instantly snapped me back to reality, and

after I managed to swallow the lump in my throat, I let out a carefree laugh. "Let's make a deal, Nicholas."

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