

HONEY, YOU NEVER LOVED ME

Chapter 10

It continuously snowed for a few days in Bryxton, giving the whole city a clean and dewy look. Now that the two of us stood face to face in the long and narrow alley, the faint street lights shining on Nicholas gave him a long shadow that made him look as though he was a character straight out of a comic book. He was stunned when he heard me calling his name, but he eventually let out a small hum of acknowledgement as his inquisitive eyes looked at me. It took another second before he spoke in his smooth, warm voice. "Where do you live, little girl?"

"Felix's villa—"

Suddenly remembering that he had never been to my place before, I hurriedly told him my address in detail. He only slightly smiled at that. He then reached for the scarf around his neck, took it off and wrapped it

around me. I could still feel his warmth on it.

As I greedily took a deep breath, he offered to bring me home. "Let's go. I will take you home."

I gazed at the gentle features on his face, and I couldn't help but notice how gorgeous he was when he smiled.

I took a step forward and walked beside him before I reached out my hand and meekly held his hand. He froze for a second but instead of rejecting me, he grabbed my hand and tightly led me home.

Neither of us spoke along the way. He didn't say anything and I, too, didn't ask. It was only until we were at the entrance of my villa that I gingerly peeked at him and asked, "Would you like to come in for a cup of tea, Nicholas?"

"It is late, little girl," he smilingly rejected me.

I couldn't say anything to that. I only stood on my tiptoes to brush off the snowflakes on his shirt. I smiled brightly when I was done, and I bid him farewell. "See you next time."

He didn't agree to nor refuse what I said. It was at this moment that I suddenly realized that everything that had happened tonight was merely wishful thinking on my side. He would still go back to being Maria's groom once we parted ways tonight.

Like he said, he owed her a wedding.

And I, on the other hand, was someone who would no longer be around.

How silly of me to still be hoping that something would happen between us.

As my eyes dimmed, I turned around and walked into my villa.

I ran all the way to my bedroom and after I turned on the light, I went to the French windows to look outside. His tall and straight figure was still there as he casually put his hands in the pockets of his overcoat.

I slowly leaned my cheek onto the glass of my window, and in a soft voice, I said to myself.

"Goodbye, Nicholas Forger. Let's never meet again. I hope everything in your life goes the way you want it to."

As soon as I whispered that, I closed my eyes and I could feel the hot tears rolling out.

I wondered why I was such a crybaby these days.

With a grin on my face, I waited until Nicholas had left before I headed to the bathroom for a bath. I then habitually took my painkillers before I went to bed.

My head was a mess when I woke up the next morning. I also had excruciating pain in my abdomen.

I threw my blanket open, only to see that the white bed sheet underneath me was soaked in blood.

Somehow, I wasn't surprised at all to wake up to such a sight. All I did then was get out of bed and change the sheets into a fresh, black one before I took another bath. Just as I got out of the water, I received a call from May, who was a bundle of nerves when I accepted the call.

"Ree! I found him..."

"Who are you talking about?" I quizzically said.

She must have been so overwhelmed she started to cry then. In a choked up voice, she explained, "Alba Adams! I never believed that he had died because I didn't see his body with my own eyes. I still refused to believe it even when everyone told me that he was dead. I needed to see it to believe it!"

She continued to sob, "I was almost at the end of my wits after failing to find him even after seven or eight years. But now... Ree, have you any idea how happy I am?"

I knew that Alba was the man who had gotten hit by a car in May's place.

Caringly, I asked, "Where did you find him?"

"His grandmother's house in the countryside. But I am afraid to go see him. His legs are crippled because of the accident. I am scared that... Oh—but he still isn't married."

It was no wonder she left in a hurry last night. From the tone of her voice, it seemed like she wasn't bothered about the fact that he was a disabled man.

She wanted him regardless.

"You have to calm down first. You can go see him after you are ready for it," I persuaded her.

"Mmhmm! I will give myself some time before I go to him."

After hanging up the call, I began to recall how warm Nicholas was just last night.

I then picked up the apricot-colored scarf and hugged it close to me.

I only went to the kitchen to prepare breakfast when I felt hunger taking over. Right after I was done cooking some food, I unexpectedly received a call from Chairman Forger. "Can we meet?" he asked in a soft voice.

When I didn't answer him, he let out a sigh and tried again, "Renee, let's talk."

I didn't think there was anything left for us to discuss, but I still agreed to it.

"Where should we meet?" I asked.

"At the Forger's Residence."

Not seeing the need to rush at all, I took my time to

enjoy my meal after the call ended. I only made a move to our rendezvous after I had filled my tummy.

The old residence the Forgers lived in was a place that not even Nicholas and I had come back to often. He had also never brought me with him here throughout our three years of marriage.

I always came here by myself. The only times I would make a public appearance with him was on Christmas every year.

No matter how much he might despise me, he still should have brought me home to pay our respect to the elders of the family.

I easily parked my car in the familiar garage before I entered the building.

As soon as Chairman Forger saw me, he loudly

welcomed me, "Come here, Renee."

I had already noticed that Nicholas was here as well when I was at the entrance to the residence. He had a glum look on his face as I took a proper look at him now.

He was the polar opposite of the Nicholas I saw last night.

I walked in and sat across from him as I faked courtesy by calling the Chairman my 'Father'.

Nicholas and I might be divorced now, but Chairman Forger was still someone I respected nonetheless.

Hearing this, he let out a wide smile as he nagged, "I don't know what you younguns are arguing about, but if you have something to say to each other, say it! There is only one line I do not want crossed—Maria

Hudson must not set even a foot into the Forger's territory. Give it a thought, both of you."

Nicholas' contemptuous eyes immediately darted in his father's direction at that.

Even I knew that no one could change Nicholas' mind.

I could tell that my previous father-in-law wanted us to rekindle our marriage, so I calmly smiled and said, "There is nothing to talk about."

"How could there be nothing to talk about? You are the dignified president of Felix Corporation and yet, your marriage into our family has caused you to suffer a lot of grievances. Now, you are even giving up both your position as Mrs. Forger and your company? What have you ever wanted in return? All you ever wanted was Nicholas! How dare he try to marry another woman now?!"

It seemed that everyone knew the thoughts going through my head. I was sure that Nicholas had heard about it a lot from others as well. I used to laugh it off, but now it felt as though I was being pricked by needles. I stood up and told him, "People change all the time and I have too, Father. The reason I wanted a divorce is because I don't feel for your son anymore. I am not generous for giving him the company either. I just want to leave the Felix Corporation in better hands because I am not good at doing business. It was built as a result of my parents' hard work, after all—"

"Rubbish!" the chairman suddenly roared, cutting me off. "Do you think I would believe a lie like that?!"

Worried that he might say anything more, I quickly left them and headed to the garage.

After I drove my car out, I came across Nicholas, who was lazily having a smoke at a junction. I was going to go around him, but I had to stop the car when he moved to stop me from driving.

"What is the meaning of this?" My head felt heavy as I looked at him.

He, however, took his time to tap off the ashes hanging on the end of his cigarette. "Let's have a chat, Renee."

Last night was only a fleeting dream. He would never gently call me 'little girl' anymore.

And I told myself I wouldn't hold any hopes or expectations for him after last night.

He was going to be someone else's husband, after all.

I coldly asked in return, "What do you want to talk about?"

His fingers holding the cigarette butt seemed to quiver as he gazed at me with confused eyes. When he spoke again, he threw me an unexpected question. "Do you really want to date?"

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