

HONEY, YOU NEVER LOVED ME

Chapter 11

Even if it was only a game of pretend, I wanted to have a romance and taste the feeling of being loved.

After all, I had little time left. I had no time to think about this sad life.

I narrowed my eyes with a smile and said, "It has nothing to do with you."

When I was about to drive away, Nicholas suddenly opened the door and entered the car. Since it was dangerous, I stopped the car and scolded angrily, "Are you mad?! You will get hurt!"

However, Nicholas was fearless. I looked at him coldly and just as I was about to chase him out of the car, he asked firmly, "Do you still love me?"

It was both a question and an affirmation.

He was already engaged and about to be one's groom in three months' time, but he still said those words with certainty. Does he really think he can do whatever he wants?

However, it was my fault for showing my gentle side in front of Nicholas as well as giving him the opportunity.

I had to blame myself for loving him.

No one would believe me if I said I hated him either.

"Yeah, I do. Do you feel repulsed by my love?" I laughed candidly, for my words were truthful yet filled with rage.

Nicholas narrowed his eyes and ordered me to drive,

"Drive back to Felix's Villa."

"How about you?" I asked.

He replied nonchalantly, "I'll be with you."

I thought about it and answered, "Forget it. I don't want to bring you to my house."

"Then, let's head back to the Forger's Villa."

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With that, I drove to Forger's Villa. Later on, Nicholas alighted from the car and pulled my wrist as he dragged me inside. The villa was clean and tidy while the sofas were covered with a white cloth as if no one had lived there.

He released me before removing the white cloths. I

sat on the couch whereas he went into the kitchen and poured me a cup of warm water.

I held the cup in my hand, feeling a little helpless. What is he trying to do?

It was afternoon, and the sunlight gradually crept into the villa from the windows and warmed my body. Meanwhile, Nicholas didn't say anything as he was busy cleaning up the place.

Neither of us disturbed the other. Soon, it was evening. When he came downstairs, he had already changed into a light-colored sweater and pants. He also had messy and wet black hair.

He came over and sat opposite me. I calmly stared at him while he gently looked at me. He then patiently asked, "What do you want to eat for dinner?"

Nicholas' eyes were clear. In the past, I wouldn't have imagined that he'd be this soft and gentle, for he had always been cold to me.

I shook my head and answered, "I'm not hungry."

He frowned and cajoled in a low voice, "But you have to eat something."

His answer startled me before I instinctively said, "You don't have to pretend to care about me."

As he was stunned, he asked bitterly, "Have I mistreated you before?"

During the three years of our marriage, he never mistreated me. Rather, it was because he never treated me to anything. He had been ignoring me for three whole years.

After every love-making session, he would leave the villa without saying a word. I never saw him anywhere else besides the bedroom, save for that day when he forced me to abort my child.

It was a lie to say that I didn't hate him back then, but the opposite was true too.

It took me a few years to accept this feeling. I couldn't forgive him, but I couldn't hate him at the same time. I had already accepted everything, for many emotions would be relieved with the end of life. Although it was a thorn in my heart, I turned that into memory and would reminisce about it occasionally.

I sighed with a smile and said, "No."

Suddenly, the doorbell rang. Nicholas rose to his feet to open the door.

When he returned, he was holding a few boxes of ingredients he had ordered online.

I asked him curiously, "Are you going to cook?"

"Yes. You like to eat salmon, right?"

I was stunned. Then, I nodded and answered, "Yes, I do."

Maria is the one who likes salmon, not me.

We had met each other before she left Bryxton. Back then, she stared at me pitifully and asked, "Do you know why Nicholas likes to eat salmon? It's because salmon is my favorite, and he will take the time to try out my favorites. Renee, you'll come to know that he is an affectionate man. If he loves you, you will be the happiest woman in the world. If he hates you, you will be the world's saddest woman, for the man you love

has an ice-cold heart."

At that time, I answered stubbornly, "Who says that I like him?"

Then, Maria asked in astonishment, "Why did you marry him then?"

I couldn't bring myself to see her being smug, so I lied, "As a woman from the upper class, I choose a suitable partner by social status rather than love. I am compatible with the Forger Family, that's all."

Although I hated Maria's smugness, I still cooked dinner before Nicholas arrived home. Each time, I would prepare salmon stew for dinner. When I looked back on it, I had always tried to please him.

However, I didn't expect him to think that I liked to eat salmon instead.

Still, this wasn't important, and it didn't matter what my favorite was.

Nicholas went into the kitchen to cook, whereas I went upstairs to enter my former room and changed into a thin sweater. Then, I went downstairs, poured a cup of warm water, and took two tablets of painkillers.

Since I was bored in the living room, I stood at the kitchen entrance and looked at him quietly.

The lavender light in the kitchen shone on him softly.

At that moment, he bent over to slice vegetables on the chopping board since he was stocky, and the way his slender fingers tightly held the knife distracted me. When I came back to my senses, my mind was a mess. After all, I had never seen him being domesticated before.

His actions made me flustered yet aggrieved at the same time.

I loved him for nine years and had a crush on him during those six years. However, he never reciprocated my feelings. Do I really have to spend the rest of my life in such a lonely way?

The unwillingness at the bottom of my heart was overwhelming.

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Soon, Nicholas had prepared three dishes.

I placed a slice of salmon in my mouth and chewed it carefully. He looked at me with anticipation, after which I smiled lightly and answered, "It's delicious."

"Still, I used frozen salmon, and it's not as good as fresh ones."

I shook my head. "It's good enough."

He doesn't have to care about the texture of the fish. I will be ecstatic about every dish as long as he prepares it.

I slowly savored the food as he quickly ate his portion. Even after he placed his spoon down on the table, he did not rush me.

Once I was done eating, he then got up to clear the dishes.

When Nicholas came out of the kitchen, I waved goodbye to him. He fell silent for a while as he looked at me with his deep eyes. He then asked solemnly, "Are you in such a hurry to leave?"

I laughed and countered, "Do I have a reason to stay?"

"This used to be your home."

I once lived in the Forger's Villa for three years, and it would be a lie to say that I didn't miss it.

The corners of my lips twitched as I said, "I thought so too."

Before I turned around to leave, he grabbed my wrist tightly.

I looked at him in confusion and asked, "W-What does this mean?"

"You haven't answered me. Why do you want a romance?"

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