

HONEY, YOU NEVER LOVED ME

Chapter 12

Nicholas was looking at me persistently. Sometimes, I couldn't understand what he was doing.

Why are you pretending to care about me after we've divorced?

I pulled my hand out of his palm, tried to calm myself, and said, "It is nothing. I think I simply lack romance in life, so I will buy myself some love. It's not like I haven't done this before, anyway."

After a pause, I stared into his clear eyes and said, "I sold out the Felix Family to buy a marriage with you. Now, it has changed into romance, that's all."

"Let's just date."

The bag in my hand fell to the ground, and I asked in

astonishment, "What did you say?"

"Let's date. I will pretend to love you, spoil you, and hold you in the palm of my hand. I will let you experience happiness and never disobey you. I can be a perfect boyfriend until the eve of my wedding."

This was a wake-up call.

He was engaged to another woman. No matter how desperate I was, even if I had to randomly find a man on a street, I would never want to be with him. I even gave him a chance before the divorce, after all.

Moreover, it sounded like he was pitying me.

I was desperate for his love as I was willing to give up everything. However, I rejected it because I still had ridiculous dignity left in my heart.

I left Forger's Villa pathetically. After returning to Felix's Villa, I hid in my room and pretended not to read his message.

'Why are you running away?'

I could never reply to that message.

He loved Maria Hudson, his fiancée.

I would've been ecstatic had he said that before the divorce.

However, things had changed, and I did not need his mercy.

I don't need it even though I'll be lonely to death!

For the next week, I hid in Felix's Villa and didn't go anywhere. My sickness was getting severe and I lost

my energy, so I lazily stayed in bed for days.

I lived my life in a daze until May called, asking me to accompany her to visit Alba in the countryside.

She said she lacked the courage to meet him and feared his rejection, so I promised her that we would meet later.

As if through sheer habit, I put on delicate makeup before going out. When I reached the teahouse, I saw May dressed in plain clothes.

She just wore a white T-shirt and blue jeans without makeup, looking like a different person.

I was surprised. "It's rare to see you without makeup."

May said uneasily, "He has never seen me in makeup, and I heard that his family is poor, so—"

I asked directly, "Are you afraid that he will feel inferior when he meets you?"

She forced herself to smile and said, "I don't want to put pressure on him."

"You still do in this state," I said outright, for this was the truth.

Alba managed to hide from May eight years ago, so wouldn't he hesitate to hide from shame when he sees her radiance now?

Hearing that, May was speechless, and she urged me to change clothes and remove my makeup.

I did not refute her. Then, I found a simple set of clothes to put on. May was still dissatisfied when she saw me, and I patiently changed to another set of

clothes, but she was still frowning.

Finally, she admitted, "It was not about the outfit."

I raised my eyes and asked, "What is it about, then?"

She shook her head sadly. "It was never about the outfits. Your beauty is innate, and you can't hide your natural temperament. You're just like me, and you can't hide who you are with clothes."

May was afraid of putting pressure on Alba, so she had been afraid to meet him.

She finally got the courage to do it today. However, she was starting to back down.

I encouraged her and said, "Why not just give it a try?"

May asked me hopefully, "Will he reject me?"

"I'm sure he won't. He will treat you with respect."

However, there was always a gap between imagination and reality. After May and I anxiously rushed to town, his grandma stopped us. She finally let us in after some chatting.

This was my first time meeting Alba. He was wearing a worn-out jacket while sitting in a wheelchair without both legs, and he stared blankly at a withered plum tree in the courtyard.

He was very haggard, and his face was full of fine scars. Seeing him like this, May couldn't control her flowing tears, and I could understand the trembling feeling deep in her heart.

She slowly approached him and whispered, "Alba."

Her voice was very soft for fear of disturbing him.

Alba seemed to be stunned for a moment. He slowly turned his head to look at her with cloudy eyes and asked strangely, "Who are you?"

May paused, suddenly at a loss.

I quickly asked, "Do you remember May?"

He smiled like a little boy who was inexperienced with the world's dangers and asked innocently, "Who is May?"

Hearing that, May quickly glanced at Alba's grandma. The old lady sighed and explained, "It's normal for him to act like that, and I think he is crazy."

She had been worn down by the flow of time, and one

could only hear the helplessness in her tone. It seemed like she had already gotten used to his demeanor.

May said nothing but looked at him fixedly, seemingly wanting to find a glimmer of hope in his eyes.

After a long time, May said before anyone else, "Let's go home."

I returned to Bryxton with her. On the way in the car, May said firmly, "He's not crazy, and he knows me. I saw the struggle in his eyes."

"Then why are you—"

"He doesn't want to recognize me."

It seemed like she had made a decision. After returning to Bryxton, May wanted to sell the teahouse.

I solemnly asked her, "Are you sure? If your family disagrees and everyone looks down on him, will you stay by his side? Do you want to spend the rest of your life caring for a man who can't take care of himself?"

May nodded firmly. "I was supposed to die eight years ago, so my current life belongs to him. It doesn't matter if he doesn't recognize me or pretends to be crazy. I want to spend the rest of my life staying by his side. As long as I can spend my days with him, I will endure all the pain. I firmly believe that I can attain true happiness this way. I feel happy now. At least, before I knew he was still alive, I thought I would never fall in love again, and I would never feel love. However... Ree, as long as he's still alive, I am alive."

May repeated the word 'happiness' several times.

However, one would need money to leave everything

behind and stay with Alba. In the future, she would need money to buy necessities and other stuff.

Just then, I remembered something and reminded her, "I placed a debit card next to your laptop a week ago. I know you're aware that it's mine, but you never asked for the password."

May pursed her lips and said, "I know the password."

Hearing this, I smiled and said, "You truly know me well."

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