

HONEY, YOU NEVER LOVED ME

Chapter 14

The snowfall had decreased in Bryxton since the rainfall was getting frequent. I put the phone to my ear and heard Nicholas complain softly, "It's raining cats and dogs, and I'm soaking wet. Can you open the door for me now?"

If one listened carefully, one could hear a hint of grievance in his tone.

I withdrew my gaze and asked, "What are you doing here?"

"Renee, have you forgotten that I'm your boyfriend now?"

It turns out that Nicholas still remembers this.

"I thought you regretted it," I said.

"Is it because I haven't contacted you these days?"

I let out a low hum, the grievance apparent in my tone.

"Silly girl, didn't I tell you that I have to deal with my company's affairs to make time for you? I will be constantly accompanying you if there isn't an urgent case in my company for the next two months."

His words softened my heart, and he even called me 'silly girl' intimately. I used to think that I was only a plaything in his mind.

Silly girl... Speaking of which, I am eight years younger than him.

I am almost twenty-three, but he's thirty-one now.

When I married him, I was only twenty years old. May said he was taking advantage of me as he got himself a young lady.

"Hmm?"

It seemed like Nicholas was humming since I had stayed silent for too long.

I yelled his name, "Nicholas!"

"Hmm?"

"I'll open the door for you now."

I hung up the phone and left the windows. Then, I hid the painkillers in the bedroom. I sat in front of the dresser and put on delicate makeup to cover up the scar on my face, which I had gotten from the previous fall.

I had reopened the scar on my face repeatedly using my fingernail, doing that to vent my anger and remind myself that this was the injury he left me. Now that I thought about it, I was only hurting myself, and I shouldn't hurt myself for a man.

I sighed, got up, and went downstairs to open the door for Nicholas.

As I stood at the entrance, he gently flicked my forehead. I was stunned as he smiled lightly and asked, "What took you so long? Were you going to freeze me outdoors?"

I lied and said, "I just went to the toilet."

He glanced at me and asked, "Have you put on makeup?"

I instinctively denied, "No."

He asked persistently, "Do you put on makeup for me?"

I was speechless, but I finally said, "No."

He stretched out his hands, took off his soaked coat, and said with a low voice, "I didn't see you with lipstick when I was outside just now. Your pale face doesn't suit you; you look much better now."

As a last resort, I made an excuse and said, "I'm used to putting on makeup when I meet people."

Nicholas was convinced as he raised his hand and skilfully rubbed my head. Then, he walked around me to get into the living room and said, "I've known you for years, and I always see you put on your makeup. Now that I think about it, I've never seen you without

makeup."

I had a habit of being stunned, but I rubbed my head and lightly explained, "I inherited the Felix Family when I was fourteen. I was also a chairwoman and president. At that time, I was still an immature girl, so I used makeup to cover my immature self. This habit has stayed with me until now, and I am unaccustomed to not wearing makeup."

He walked toward the sofa and asked, "You inherited the Felix Family at fourteen?"

During the three years of our marriage, he had never taken the initiative to know me. I couldn't say I was disappointed, so I briefly explained, "When I was fourteen years old, my parents died in an airplane crash. I don't have any relatives, so the company was putting their expectations on me. In the end, I had no choice but to drop out of school to become the

president of the Felix Family."

He froze for a long time, then asked, "What about later? Did you continue your studies?"

"No. I didn't know much about business, so I followed my seniors closely to learn the ropes, the charisma of being a leader, and ways to lead the Felix Family to a brighter future. Then, I married you when I was twenty years old, so I didn't have the time to continue my studies." I thought of something, then laughed. "No one knows that the president of the Felix Family is just a middle-school graduate."

Hearing my words, Nicholas said, "I used to think that you are a mature woman in terms of temperament or makeup. In fact, you were only twenty years old when you married me, and now you are twenty-three. A woman at your age should be as lively and cheerful as Sophia. All they have to do is to get expensive

cosmetics, beautiful clothes, and chase after their idols."

I reminded him with a smile, "Sophia is three years older than me."

He was startled. "Indeed, you're younger than her."

I am younger than Sophia and seven years younger than Maria.

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Nicholas didn't leave that day. While I was on my phone, he was watching a movie in the living room. He would ask me a few common questions whenever he felt like it. For example, he casually asked me, "Have you dated before?"

I truthfully answered, "No."

"Have you had a crush on a man before?"

Involuntarily, it reminded me of Nicholas when I was fourteen.

Does he know I am the little girl who tailed him in the past?

Did he call me a little girl casually that night, or did he recognize that I was the same girl in the past?

That night, Nicholas was shockingly gentle.

When I reminisced about that, I smiled softly and said, "Yeah, I have."

He squinted his eyes and asked, "Do I know him?"

He abruptly stretched out his hand and pulled me into

his arms. Since I wasn't used to it, I struggled a little. However, he forced me to his chest, and his lips were close to me. I could even feel his shallow breaths against my face.

I couldn't get used to his affectionate hug.

Meanwhile, he softly pecked my face using the corner of his lips. "Do I know him, hmm?"

Naturally, this means he hasn't realized that I'm the little girl from back then.

That year, he had asked me, "Why are you tailing me, little girl?"

I was nervous that night as I said timidly, "That's because... I love you."

"You are still young, kiddo. You don't know what love

is."

I asked him hopefully, "Can you wait for me to grow up?"

He smiled and didn't respond to my question. After that night, I never met him again. My schoolmate told me he was a volunteer who temporarily taught at the school for a few months.

That night, it was his last day of volunteering, and it was also the day I confessed to him.

I thought he would have avoided me if he didn't leave the school.

In his eyes, I was just an ordinary student, and there was no need for him to avoid me.

I felt disappointed when I learned he didn't know I was

the little girl back then. The way he played 'Street Where Wind Resides' and addressed me as a little girl was my form of self-indulgence.

However, I was sure he was the same man in my memory.

I stared at him with red eyes and said with a self-deprecating smile, "You don't know him. He is a man I loved when I was young. I was so young that he didn't believe I loved him."

He suddenly showered me with kisses on the corner of my lips, and his palms even reached under my dress. I gently responded to him, forgetting the no-sex rule. Before going to the path of no return, he stopped, hugged me in his arms, and breathed softly.

"How about now? Do you love me?"

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