

## HONEY, YOU NEVER LOVED ME

### Chapter 16

The phone call only took a minute or two.

Nicholas went out for a while, but he seemed worried when he returned, and he looked at me helplessly.

I asked softly, "What happened?"

He sighed and answered, "I'm leaving later. Do you want to come along with me?"

I asked him knowingly, "Is it because of Maria?"

Nicholas closed his eyes and answered, "She was injured in a car accident."

I asked patiently, "So, you're returning to take care of her?"

Nicholas was silent, but his departure already gave me an answer.

Before he left, I reminded him, "You do remember that you are not allowed to meet her during our date, right?"

He answered in a deep voice, "Yes, that's why—"

Are you asking for my permission?

Why does he think I'll let him go, though?

"Nicholas, I will end this game if you want to leave."

I turned off the movie, got up, and said with a smile, "I won't stop you from leaving unless you want to break the contract. Nicholas, I've never been as considerate as you think I am."

Nicholas looked at me silently and finally turned to leave.

He left, and I stood at the window as I looked downstairs. There was a hint of committedness in his shadow as he walked off.

I sighed and turned around before going back to sleep.

When Nicholas's mother called me for dinner in the evening, I went downstairs in neat clothes, dragged my suitcase, and stood in the living room. At that moment, I found that the snow had finally built up.

Seeing me like this, Nicholas's mother asked gently, "Are you leaving?"

"Yes, I'll be catching the plane soon. Thanks for your kind hospitality over the past few days."

"It's okay. You are my daughter-in-law, so you don't have to bother with such formalities."

"Madam, to be frank, Nicholas and I have been divorced for a while."

Nicholas's mother was stunned.

Her face was full of pity, but I smiled and asked, "Can I build a snowman?"

"Sure, do you want me to help you?"

"It's okay, I'll leave when I'm done."

I found a place with the thickest layer of snow and started to build a snowman. Since I used to build snowmen with my parents when I was a child, it was not difficult for me to build them now. After the pile

was formed, I took out an apricot scarf from the suitcase and gently wrapped it around the snowman.

I turned back to the hall and wanted to leave with my suitcase, but I caught sight of the photo on the wall. It was a picture of Nicholas playing the piano when he was young, and he was wearing a simple white t-shirt.

He seemed warm, tidy, and incorrigible.

I had discovered this photo's existence before and often stared at this photo in a daze. Once when Nicholas found me doing that, he asked me in confusion, "What are you looking at?"

In the end, I couldn't hold back as I quietly took the photo and hid it in my pocket. Nicholas' mother called me as soon as I walked to the door. I thought she had found out about me stealing the photo, so I pretended not to hear her and left quickly.

I was in such a rush that I didn't hear her words. "Why do you have Christopher's scarf?"

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I was sitting on the plane with a terrible headache. I fell asleep later on, and the flight attendant had to wake me up to get me off the plane.

I got up in a daze and left to go home.

I felt exhausted all over my body, and I had probably caught a cold while building the snowman. In addition, my already fragile body made my condition worse, causing me to feel lethargic with a rising fever. Hence, I took a taxi to the hospital from my house.

When the doctor saw me, he asked in surprise, "Why are you so weak?"

I nodded and said, "I've caught a cold. Can you give me a drip?"

"Sure. How are you feeling lately?" he asked.

"The pain is obvious, and I'm bleeding more than before."

The doctor suggested, "I still recommend surgery."

I smiled and refused, "As you said, I have terminal cancer. Even if I have surgery, I won't fully recover, which will only prolong my life for a few months. Hence, what difference will it make if I'm going to die after the surgery either way?"

I don't want to waste the rest of my life in the hospital.

The doctor sighed and said, "Ms. Felix, let me

examine your body."

After the examination, the doctor placed me in a VIP ward. I lay on the bed with a dizzy head and quickly fell asleep. When I woke up, I saw a tall figure in front of the window.

Bryxton was brightly lit, and the man had his back to me while looking at the neon lights outside the window. I lay on the bed, blinked, and asked him, "Is Maria also in this hospital?"

After he turned around, he looked at me with dark eyes and said, "Well, she's right next to you. I just passed by and saw your name written on the door outside."

"The hospital belongs to the Felix Family; this is my exclusive ward."



I wanted to tell him that I didn't show up on purpose because Maria was hospitalized here; it was just a mere coincidence.

Nicholas suddenly walked toward me and asked in a worried voice, "Why are you sick?"

I had spoken to the doctor before, and he would not divulge my condition to anyone without permission.

Nicholas only asked about my cold and fever.

"I caught a cold and was not feeling well, so I requested a drip."

Nicholas frowned. "You were fine when I left this morning."

I said warmly, "My body is fragile."

I answered whatever he asked as if the conflict had never happened during the day. At that, Nicholas suddenly asked, "Don't you resent me?"

I shook my head frankly. "I can't say that. After all, I'm too lazy to be bothered by it."

If there is no resentment, there is no need for forgiveness.

Nicholas and I finally went our separate ways.

I was grateful for his care over the past few days. Although it was fake, it made me experience the feeling of being taken care of by someone that I loved at the very least.

Hearing me say that, Nicholas seemed to have difficulty accepting it. He stared at me for a while and finally said, "As you wish."

As I wish?!

I was dumbfounded, not knowing what he meant.

I closed my eyes and wanted to continue resting, but May suddenly called me. Her frightened voice came from the speaker as she said, "Ree, save me!"

I asked in surprise, "What's going on?"

"I'm at the police station, and Nicholas has me locked up."

When I arrived at the police station, I found out that May had caused Maria's car accident. I asked May what happened, and she said in a panic, "Maria deserves it! She was the one who caused the car accident that year."

I was confused. "What do you mean?"

"The driver who hit Alba was Maria, and she broke his legs. I didn't know what happened between them, and I didn't care about it until she found me today and asked about your whereabouts. I finally figured out that she is Nicholas' ex!"

I reassured her and said, "Don't be afraid. What happened afterward?"

I hugged May as she cried and explained, "I didn't want to ram into her at first, but she said that you stole Nicholas from her and that you're hiding him somewhere! She couldn't find him, so she came to me. She assumed I knew your whereabouts since we're best friends, but I truly had no idea! She then started to mock Alba and me, saying that he is a lame man with a broken leg. She even said that he can't do anything and that he is not manly. I couldn't hold back

any longer, so I hit her with my car. I was so angry! If it weren't for her, Alba and I would not have been through so many hardships now! Her lawyer told me I am now suspected of murder and will stay behind bars for at least two years. Ree, help me out! I can't go to jail. I have to stay with Alba. I want to be with him! I don't want to stay in prison."

May was about to collapse, so I hugged and coaxed her to assure her it was all right. At the same time, I realized that I had to meet Nicholas to solve this case. After all, he was Maria's most prominent support.

I forced my body to return to the hospital to find Nicholas.

At that time, he was feeding Maria porridge. His movements were gentle, just like how he had cared for me in the last few days.

I closed my eyes and was about to knock on the door when Maria spotted me standing at the door. She deliberately asked in front of me, "Nicholas, do you love me?"

He responded lightly, "Why are you asking this all of a sudden?"

Maria asked stubbornly, "Do you?"

"Maria, you know how I feel about you."

What Nicholas feels about Maria is love.

I resisted knocking on the door, so I waited in the corridor. It took about twenty minutes for Nicholas to come out. He was startled when he saw me and asked indifferently, "Why are you here?"

I pursed my lips and asked, "Can you spare May?"

"You and her—"

"She's my best friend."

Nicholas pondered for a while and told me clearly, "I need to stand up for Maria, just like how I have to give you an explanation if you are injured. Otherwise, she will never forget this and keep making trouble. She will think that the man that's supposed to protect her did nothing."

Nicholas was right. If he helped me, Maria would argue with him, and he would also disappoint his wife. He had no reason to favor me since I wasn't his fiancée.

His words were light yet cruel, for what he said was the truth.

Nicholas bypassed me and tried to leave. Still, I suddenly asked him indifferently, "Have you never given me an explanation because I never caused trouble?"

His footsteps faltered as he looked at me calmly.

"Renee, what do you mean by that?"

His tone was cold, for he feared that Maria would hear his tenderness toward me inside the ward. I asked tearfully, "Nicholas, I never once complained when you forced me to abort my child two years ago. I never argued with you, even when the doctor said I will never be a mother again! Since you've taken away my right to be a mother, can't you spare May in exchange?"

"Renee, what are you talking about?"



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