

HONEY, YOU NEVER LOVED ME

Chapter 18

"Let's pretend that romance never happened."

He even wanted to take back that make-believe love. I smiled and said, "Okay. That's what I wish for as well."

"Renee, the reason why I agreed to divorce you is because I owe Maria a wedding, and I need to fulfill my promise. I did not intend to hurt you, and I'm sorry. You can contact me if you need anything in the future."

"Are you in love with me, your ex-wife?" I sneered and reminded him, "There's nothing to be sorry about. You don't love me, that's all. I don't have any regrets. Don't tell me that you regret divorcing me now after falling for me and that your love for Maria is beginning to waver! If that's the case, you are a sc*mbag who can

never be satisfied, Nicholas."

There was a brief silence on Nicholas' side, and he said, "Renee, you don't have to be so hostile. I admit I feel guilty for you, but that doesn't mean you can do whatever you want."

"So, what are you trying to say on this call?" "I'm sorry for the child—"

"Stop. I don't accept your apology. You should apologize to my child instead of me. I know what you're thinking; you want to apologize to me and ask for peace of mind to marry Maria, right?"

Nicholas stayed silent.

I hung up the call and turned off the phone before putting it in my coat pocket. After some thinking, I turned on the phone to send a text message to

Nicholas. 'It's alright, I forgive you. We will go separate ways from now on. You can live with Maria, and I must search for my new life.'

My words were too formal and fake. Nicholas might not believe my apology to be genuine.

However, aside from May's case, I did not blame him.

The only person I could blame was myself, after all.

I did this to myself, so I deserved everything!

I exhaled as I felt my body getting colder.

I couldn't support myself, and I kneeled on the beach. The waves rushed over my body, but before they consumed me wholly, a pair of strong arms carried me and hugged me tightly.

When I looked up and saw who it was, I couldn't help shedding tears.

"Clair, why are you here in Bryxton?"

The man in front of me was handsome with sharp brows, and he was staring at me with his deep eyes.

He had been adopted by my mother twenty years ago. However, he was later found by his biological parents and returned to them. I was only eight years old when he left, and I haven't seen him since. I contacted him through video call, but I rarely talked to him. Fortunately, I recognized him at first sight.

He replied, "I'm on vacation, so I came back to Bryxton to meet you."

After a pause, he said, "You seem unhappy."

"Yes, I'm sad."

"Come to Sundew with me, then."

"No thanks. This is my home."

"Okay, I'll accompany you for a few days here."

"Sure. Thank you, Clair."

I thanked him for showing up.

My adoptive brother, Clair Norman, let go of me and bent down to let me lie on his back. I obediently put my arms around his neck and heard him ask, "You're so pale. Are you sick?"

I said frankly, "Yeah, I am."

He asked patiently, "Have you seen a doctor?"

"Yes. The doctor said there is no cure."

He asked in a low tone, "What incurable sickness is it?"

"Terminal cancer."

He stayed silent upon hearing that.

Then, Clair took me back to Felix's Villa, went to boil a kettle of water, and got medicine for me to eat. After consuming the pills, I lay in bed and asked him, "Where is my sister-in-law? The last time I heard you mention her, she was threatening you with divorce."

"She always does this, and I'm tired of it. Don't mind her. Right now, I should be most concerned about you. Tell me, why are you sick?"

Clair's tone was sad and filled with disbelief.

It was hard to accept, but this was the truth.

I comforted him and said, "It's alright. I know you're sad and can't accept it right now. It took me a long time to accept this too. Now, I've fully accepted my fate. Don't feel sorry for me, for I'd feel down if you are sad for me."

In the end, he said helplessly, "Let me take care of you for now."

"Thank you, Clair."

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The following day, I was woken up by the pain. I stretched out my hand to press my stomach, got up, and took two painkiller tablets. After the pain

subsided, I went to the bathroom to take a shower. Then, I put on some makeup and went downstairs.

When I went downstairs, I saw Clair making breakfast in the kitchen. He seemed to hear my arrival. He turned his head to look at me, and his indifferent expression was suddenly painted with anxiety and worry.

"Ree, you have a nosebleed."

Hearing this, I reached out and touched my nose. Then, my legs couldn't support my body, and I fell into a warm embrace. I looked up at him in a daze.

"I think my sickness has worsened. Can you bring me to the hospital?"

Clair took me to the hospital, and the doctor gave me anesthesia. After a long time lying on the bed, the

pain in my body finally disappeared. After the doctor left, I put on my coat and left the ward to see Clair sitting on the bench. The dignified and arrogant man's eyes were red. I asked softly, "Are you crying?"

As soon as the words fell, he abruptly withdrew his gaze.

He scolded me softly, "Silly girl, why are you tormenting yourself? How can I explain it to your mom? Why didn't you tell me earlier? I would've come to Bryxton to care for you earlier. I can't imagine how much you've suffered alone, and it must've been lonely and helpless."

"Clair, this is my fate. There is nothing to be sad about."

He whispered, "Come here. I'll carry you home."

I ran over with a smile, "Okay, take me home."

I went over to lie on his back, wrapped my hands around his neck, and closed my eyes.

He wrapped his hands firmly around my legs and left.

As soon as we arrived at the hospital's entrance, I heard a disgusting voice call my name, pretending to be surprised. "Renee, why are you here? Who is this man?"

It's Maria. Enemies will always meet each other.

I was too lazy to pay attention to her and closed my eyes, pretending I didn't hear her.

Seeing me act like this, Clair planned to ignore her and leave. However, Maria couldn't take a hint and stopped him to ask, "Who are you? Do you know who

she is?"

A cold voice interrupted her, "Maria, don't make trouble."

When Clair was about to leave, that cold voice called out to him, "Mr. Norman, I heard that you'd be coming to Bryxton, but I never thought I'd meet you under these circumstances. Is Ms. Felix your—"

"Mr. Forger, she is sick and not feeling well. If there's nothing important, I'll be leaving now."

Clair sneered and said, "I wonder what you're thinking about. You are caring for a woman that is a joke compared to my Ree."

He knew a bit about my situation, and it was clear that he was talking about Maria.

I didn't want to talk to them, so I pretended to fall asleep on his back. Hearing Clair humiliating her like this, Maria couldn't help but scold, "What are you talking about? If I'm a joke, then she's a clown!"

"Oh?" Clair raised his eyebrows. "Do you think you're better than her?"

Before Maria could say something, Nicholas stopped her.

"Maria, please keep quiet."

Clair reminded him coldly, "Mr. Forger, you should teach her some manners."

Nicholas answered indifferently, "Of course."

With that, Clair left the hospital and returned to Felix's Villa. I never knew that Nicholas had been staring at

me during the entire exchange, and I subconsciously avoided meeting him again.

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