

HONEY, YOU NEVER LOVED ME

Chapter 2

Nicholas seemed to be caught off-guard when he heard my words. "What are you up to this time?" he asked.

I noticed that it was starting to snow outside the window. It would be my 23rd birthday, which fell on Christmas Eve, in less than 2 months.

I wondered if I could stay alive until then.

With my lips pressed into a line, I caressed the smooth surface of my belly before I smilingly suggested, "You know that I have always liked you. I was hoping you would let go of whatever prejudices you have against me and date me for three months."

Upon hearing my words, he replied, "You're delusional."

I couldn't catch a hint of warmth in his short sentence. The room felt like it was too big and lonely for me in that instant, and big droplets of tears started falling down as a numb feeling overcame me.

Still, I managed to hold back my tearful voice and brightly exclaimed, "Didn't you want a divorce, Nicholas? How about this? Date me for three months. You have to act like a proper husband by loving me and caring for me. Act like you are in love with me even if you aren't. I will agree to a divorce if you can keep it up for three months. I will also leave you all the property under my name. Just think about it. A 3-month act in exchange for all my hundred-million property and the divorce you have been wanting. You can even make Maria your legal wife after three months. You are definitely getting the long end of the stick here."

"You want me to put on a three-month act with you?" he asked, baffled.

It would be an act where I was the only audience. This was all for me to deceive myself.

Suppressing my thoughts, I answered him, "Yes. Shall we date, Nicholas?"

"Ha! How about you stop making me want to gag at the sight of you for three months?"

I didn't say anything to that. All I could do now was watch as the black Maybach gradually left the yard of our villa.

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I woke up the next morning, feeling slightly lightheaded with a lump in my throat. I must have

cried too long and too much last night. I then got out of bed and obediently took the medication my doctor had prescribed. After that, I went to get freshened up and put on makeup before I left for work.

I might be Nicholas' wife, but I was also the president of a company owned by the Felixs.

I was in the midst of arranging some documents in my office when I received a call from Chairman Forger.

"Are you aware that Maria has returned from America?" His solemn voice immediately rang out after I accepted the call. He then warningly reminded, "Keep an eye on Nicholas for the time being. You can leave the rest to me."

I froze for a moment, but when I found my tongue again, I asked, "When did she come back?"

"Yesterday."

So this was why Nicholas didn't call me by her name last night. I couldn't even pique his interest with my offer of a divorce. He must be extremely reluctant to act like he was in love with me in front of Maria.

He refused to let Maria misunderstand how things were between him and I.

A numbing pain suddenly hit me as I came to this realization.

Since I couldn't hold on to him, I guessed I would just have to let him go.

As I let out a jolly laugh, I told Chairman Forger, "Father, I want a divorce."

He must have been taken aback by my words then.

After sucking in a deep breath, he hesitantly asked, "What did you just—"

"Nicholas doesn't love me," I cut him off. "Your relationship with him started falling apart after I married into your family. I am sure things will get better after our divorce."

I knew that the chairman would never allow it, not if...

I lowered my gaze to look at the share transfer documents on my desk. "Don't worry. I will give all the shares that belong to the Felixs to Nicholas." I chuckled.

The chairman was silent after he heard my words, but he asked again in a curious tone, "Why are you in such a hurry to divorce Nicholas right after Maria's return? And you are even willing to transfer all your shares to the Forgers? Just what is it that you are

planning to get out of this?"

What do I plan to get out of this?

I reached out to cover my eyes which were wet with tears, and I had to force down the sadness bubbling in my chest. "What do you think I was planning to get out of choosing the Forgers when there were so many other suitors who wanted to take my hand in marriage?"

I couldn't help but find myself ridiculous and I said, "Father, the Felix household was what the Forgers wanted right from the start, and he alone was all I ever wanted in return."

The chairman fell silent again after hearing my words. He eventually let out a small sigh before I hung up the call.

As soon as I did, I placed my signature on the documents in front of me.

I was the only one left in my family ever since my parents had passed away.

Now that I wouldn't be here for long as well, I could let Nicholas handle what remained of the Felixs.

Despite how he lacked the power to protect the woman he loved three years ago, Nicholas was actually a brilliant man when it came to business.

With his decisive and ruthless method of execution, he was a fearsome opponent that many other competitors watched out for.

Also, he had gotten a lot stronger ever since he had to suffer the loss three years ago. The Forgers were now big enough to gobble up the Felixs whole.

It might cause extensive damage on both families, but Nicholas had nothing to fear. I knew that he was waiting for the right time to strike. He was planning for the moment when he was in full control of the Forgers and Maria was back to his side to finally tear the Felixs apart when he had the power to do so.

Knowing that destroying the Felixs was already part of his plan, I figured I might as well give the company and its rights to him all on a silver platter.

There would be no one left to inherit the Felix name after three months, anyway.

I swiftly continued with drafting up a will after I signed the share transfer documents.

There was only one short sentence I wrote in my will—I hope all your wishes come true, Nicholas.

After I was done, I brought the documents to my late Dad's lawyer.

Mr. Wright had an odd expression on his face as he flipped through the documents and my will.

I let out a small smile when I noticed the look on his face. "I will leave everything to Nicholas after I am gone. The only thing I want is for him to play a song in front of my grave."

"And which song would you like for him to play, Renee?" Mr. Wright had melancholic eyes as he looked at me, waiting for my answer.

I only casually answered, "'Street Where Wind Resides' will do."

This was the first piece I heard Nicholas play when I saw him for the first time.

It was also the last piece that Mom played for me before the accident took her life.

I called Nicholas after I was done discussing with Mr. Wright, and as soon as he picked up, he spoke in his low voice. "Hmm? Why are you calling me again?"

Did he just say that I called 'again'?!

I had only called him twice this year, one of the calls being the one from last night.

I held back my temper and asked with a smile, "Are you coming home for dinner tonight?"

"No," he coldly threw a reply at me.

Snow was still falling from the sky. As I reached out to catch a snowflake, I felt as though the cold seeped

right into my skin and the cracks of my broken heart. I suddenly brought it up, "I heard that Maria is back—"

He unhesitantly interrupted before I was done talking. "What are you planning to do to her? I am warning you, Renee—if anything were to happen to her, I will kill you and bury you altogether!"

Kill and bury me, huh?

I was going to tell him that I wanted to make his dream come true by giving up my position as Mrs. Forger. I only wanted him to come home for dinner tonight so that we could discuss our divorce.

It seemed that I was nothing but an evil woman to him.

I might as well play along if this was the kind of impression he had of me.

My smile had grown into a full-blown grin when I said, "Are you coming home or not, then? I can't guarantee I won't do something that will hurt someone once I get crazy from jealousy."

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