

## HONEY, YOU NEVER LOVED ME

### Chapter 20

Despite my best efforts, Clair refused to leave Bryxton. After he sent me home without saying anything, I stubbornly stood by the door, refusing to move. Seeing me in this manner, he sighed and asked, "Do you really want me to leave?"

I had no one beside me now. May, my only friend whom I could confide in, was still imprisoned.

Honestly speaking, I didn't want him to leave as well.

But recently, there were a lot of phone calls looking for him.

I was well aware that he had many things on his plate, and I didn't want to disturb him any further.

Furthermore, I did not want him to have to face my

death.

In response, I nodded. "Yes, let me have some time to myself."

"You had nine years to yourself. Isn't that enough?"

His words reminded me that it was the ninth anniversary of my parents' deaths.

I had been hustling throughout the past nine years without doing or achieving anything for myself.

Meanwhile, the only thing I had done for myself turned out to be the biggest mistake of my life.

If I could redo everything, I would never marry Nicholas.

I frowned and said firmly, "Thank you for your care,

Clair."

Seeing how determined I was, he agreed to leave later.

He then walked into the room with me and helped me remove my makeup, clumsy but attentive. After my makeup was removed, he saw the light scar on my face which saddened him. "How did you get this?" he asked, his voice shaking.

I recalled the day Nicholas had pushed me to the floor to protect Maria. I told him I was hurt as well, but he didn't take me seriously.

Even after the incident, he never said a word about my injury.

"I accidentally fell down myself," I answered.

"How can this be caused by a fall?"

Clair guessed that things weren't that simple, but since I wasn't interested in elaborating any further, he didn't press on either. As I blinked my eyes, I inquired, "How much are the Normans' losses for canceling the collaboration with the Forger Family?"

Since I was also in the business field, Clair knew it was pointless to keep it from me. Hence, he answered truthfully, "The losses are significant, but the Forgers will suffer as well. That's not a bad thing, after all."

Hearing that, I lowered my gaze and said, "Thank you, Clair."

"Ree, you are the only young lady of the Felix Family. You were born to be noble with the most power in Bryxton. Now that you have given up everything, I'll

keep an eye on you and protect you from harm. Whatever honor you had previously, you will have them back in the future. I will make sure Nicholas, and even the entire Bryxton, understands that what they don't value will be treasured by someone else."

Treasured by someone else... His words lingered in my mind.

After preparing my dinner, Clair left. When he arrived in Sundew, he called to let me know he had reached safely and reminded me, "Call me if anything happens. Sundew to Bryxton is only two hours away. Remember, whatever happens, I'll be there for you in two hours. Don't try to deal with everything on your own, Ree."

"I am so grateful to Mom for giving me a brother," I replied gratefully.

"You're everything to me."

"Your wife will be jealous if she heard this," I said smilingly.

"She won't. She loves you this much as well."

"I know that. I've got to go now."

After ending the call, I took a shower before getting into bed. The next morning, I received Miss Joey's call early in the morning. She had been my piano teacher when I was younger, and we stayed in touch over the years. I would go to her whenever I had time to practice my piano. After all these years of learning and practicing, I was quite skilled at playing the piano, and Miss Joey would occasionally ask me to stand in for her during her piano classes at Bryxton's leading university when she was unavailable. Today was one of those days.

Since I had nothing planned for the day, I agreed. After that, I got up and changed my clothes. I didn't want to appear aloof, so I put on a bright long dress, flat-bottomed shoes, and light makeup just to cover the scar on my face.

There were only students at the university. My garage was full of posh sports cars that would attract too much attention, so I took a taxi there. The moment I arrived, I received a call that I was unwilling to answer, but I had to answer nonetheless out of courtesy to an elder who treated me well. "Dad, why are you calling me?" I stood by the school's entrance and asked through the phone.

It had not been snowing in Bryxton. Under the bright sunlight, I raised my head to admire the bright blue sky and snowy white clouds while listening to Chairman Forger's question. "What's your relationship

with Clair?"

I feigned ignorance and asked, "Why? What happened?"

"He terminated all contracts with the Forgers and even paid a large sum of money as compensation. Ree, the Forger Family does not require that sum of money; we require the contracts."

"Dad, I have no say in this, and I can't stop Clair from doing what he wants. Please ask Nicholas directly or come up with some solutions on your own. Now that things have gotten to this point, everything happening in the industry has nothing to do with me, and I don't want to get involved in it too. Please don't bother me with such matters in the future."

My tone of voice was so firm that Chairman Forger turned silent.



After a while, he inquired, "Can't you continue to be my daughter-in-law even after the divorce? You are aware that I have always been opposed to Maria joining the family, but Nicholas feels obligated to her."

He then took a brief pause before continuing, "Nicholas doesn't love her; he merely feels indebted to her, and deep down his heart, he believes he owes her a wedding. Ree, he has not realized his feelings for you yet. Everything about him has been planned by me since he was a child, and he has never, ever defied me. Perhaps he didn't think it was necessary until he met Maria. That was the first time he defied me, and he probably thought he had won by divorcing you."

"Nicholas is an adult now, Dad. He can think for himself and do whatever he wants, and he can like whoever he wants. Our divorce was the result of

careful deliberation; neither of us owes the other anything."

Upon hearing that, Chairman Forger sighed. After a long while, he asked, "Can't you reconcile with him?"

"It's impossible."

"I can convince him as long as you're willing, Ree."

I quickly said, "I am not."

After knowing him for three years, I was well aware of the type of person he was. Chairman Forger prioritized the Forger Family's interests above all else. He would undoubtedly get rid of anyone who put the Forgers' interests at risk.

But now, he couldn't fight with Nicholas anymore. Following that, he wouldn't be able to lay his hands on

Maria as well, and Nicholas would marry her. Hence, he wanted me to reconcile with Nicholas so that the Normans would continue working with the Forgers and get closer to them.

In Chairman Forger's eyes, I was valuable, whereas Maria was worthless.

I should be grateful that I was the Felix Family's young lady; that was why he had treasured me all these years.

However, I refused to get involved in their problems, and I didn't have time for that either. After hanging up the phone, I went to one of the classrooms. When they saw me, all of the students were overjoyed.

"It's been a few months since you last taught us, Ms. Felix!"

"Have you forgotten about us because you've found yourself a boyfriend?"

"Which song are you teaching us today, Ms. Felix?"

"Ms. Felix, you're still as lovely as ever!"

"..."

Each of them bombarded me with questions that I couldn't answer one by one and could only smile at. In fact, we were about the same age. If my life had followed the same path as everyone else's, I would be sitting in class just like them, waiting to be taught and preparing for exams.

"Why are you not saying anything, Ms. Felix?" a young guy asked.

To that, I jokingly answered, "You all have said

everything; what's left for me to say?"

"Do you have a boyfriend, Ms. Felix?"

They kept on asking such insignificant questions.

"That's enough, guys. We'll start the lesson now," I said with a smile on my face.

"What song are we learning today?"

"Street Where Wind Resides."

I had never performed this song in public before. To be more specific, I hadn't played this song since my parents died. I lacked the courage to do so, and I wanted to avoid it subconsciously.

Today was most likely my final lesson with these students. As a result, I wanted to leave them with this

song, the most precious song in my heart, in hopes that they will remember me in the future.

This piano piece was imprinted in my mind. I had heard the man in my memories playing it a few times, and it had recently been played in the classroom. Reminiscing the repeated calling of 'little girl' in my head, I played the song with my eyes closed. The entire class resonated with the piano tunes exactly as I remembered them being played.

The wind, contrary to the song's title, did not reside anywhere. It simply passed by, stealing everyone's youths.

You vanished with the gust of wind, leaving only shards of fallen leaves behind, but I remained waiting. All of my previously blurred memories became hazier as a result of the tears in my eyes, and I couldn't see anything else; not even a figure was seen from

behind, leaving only my memories alone.

Everything was gone.

I smiled, but my tears flowed uncontrollably.

When I finished the song, the students asked why I was crying.

To that, I merely answered, "That's my secret."

After the lesson, I took my bag and exited the classroom. However, the moment I stepped out, I was stunned.

Since when did Nicholas arrive?

Shocked, I asked, "Why are you here?"

He was dressed in a black suit. With his solemn face,

he looked at me with his deep gaze, pursed his lips, and asked coldly, "Why did you cry just now, Renee?"

"What has it got to do with you, Mr. Forger?" I smilingly asked.

Hearing my words, he darkened his face, but he persisted. "What's your secret?"

"Don't you understand my words?" I frowned.

My secret was about that person whom I met that year, as well as that specific piano piece.

It was totally unrelated to Nicholas.

I didn't want to continue talking to him. As a result, I left immediately after finishing my words, but he trailed behind. "What do you want, Nicholas?" I yelled angrily.



As I glared at him, I threw my temper. He, however, smilingly said, "It's rare to see you get angry!"

That stumped me. "What exactly do you want?"

After a long while of silence, he blurted, "I regret it now."

"What?" I did not understand what he meant.

"I regret divorcing you, Renee."

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