

## HONEY, YOU NEVER LOVED ME

### Chapter 21

"Do you know what you're saying?" I asked firmly.

"I know! I really regret it now!"

To that, I merely sneered. "Why? Is it because of the Normans?"

"What kind of person do you think I am?" Nicholas asked, taking a deep breath.

"How about you? What do you take me for then?" I returned the question with a cold smile.

How could he want me whenever he wanted to, only to kick me out according to his wishes?!

Was I that lowly to him?

I immediately left the school and hid in the Felix Family for a couple of days until May requested to see me through the prison warden.

When I saw her, she looked pale, but her gaze was calm.

As I sat in front of her, I asked restlessly, "How are you? Did they bully you?"

May shook her head and said softly, "I just want to see you."

It had been a little more than a month since she had been locked up. That meant my remaining days were getting shorter. With a sigh, I advised, "Don't be concerned. You'll be out of here in no time, and you'll be able to celebrate Christmas with Alba."

Clair had promised me that he would get May

released before Christmas.

However, she shook her head and responded inexplicably, "I have no idea why I keep thinking about you recently. There is a nagging fear in my heart that you will leave me soon, just as Alba did without saying anything."

That startled me, but I responded with a smile, "Don't be silly. I am always here."

"Ree, I sense that you have something hiding from me."

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I hesitantly left the prison and went to town where I met Alba by chance. His grandmother was pushing him around for a walk. I followed them from a distance and did not approach him until his grandmother had

left.

I was well aware that he wasn't someone stupid. He was, in fact, waiting for me to approach him.

Even before I could even get close to him, I heard him asking, "How is she?"

With a low tone, I asked, "Who?"

"May," he replied.

"You know her?"

"Of course I do. I'm not that silly."

"Why did you feign ignorance previously then?" I demanded, but after a while, I continued, "Is it because you consider yourself inferior to her? Do you believe that you are unworthy of her?"

That rendered Alba silent for a long while before he responded, "I am indeed not worthy of her."

Although the man in front of me was paralyzed, his gaze was bright and clear. If it hadn't been for the accident or his disabilities, he could have made a name for himself even as a hooligan.

However, fate had decided otherwise.

It was unfortunate that we both met Maria in our lives.

"Alba, she only wants you."

"I am a useless person now."

The scenery in town was as beautiful as usual.

Looking at the stream in front of us, I exclaimed,

"Alba, at least you're here. Unlike me, you are

capable of loving someone. I've been diagnosed with terminal cancer and have only one or two weeks to live. Perhaps I'll be gone tomorrow. There is no longer a future for me."

He was taken aback by my words. Seeing that, I continued, "Give yourself a chance to be happy."

"You—"

"Take care of it yourself. Don't disappoint May."

I turned and left immediately after my words. Some things were always better left unsaid, after all.

When I arrived in Bryxton, it was already dark. I lay on the bed in exhaustion while my stomach was in excruciating pain. I had no choice but to get up and take some pain relievers, only to vomit later.

I was now on the floor and wanted to call my doctor, but I knew my body condition well. Based on my current situation, it was unlikely that I'd live past the age of twenty-three.

I closed my eyes as a tangle of emotions swirled in my chest. I wasn't even afraid anymore as if waiting for death had become second nature to me. However, I longed for the past.

The more desperate the situation I was in, the more I missed that person.

If time could be turned back, I would very much love to follow him from behind again.

For days and years, I only hoped that we would never meet again.

That way, he could live in my heart forever.

There would be no sorrow if there were no expectations.

Just when I was being tortured by the pain, I received a call.

A soft and gentle voice resonated from the phone.  
"Renee."

"What do you want, Nicholas?"

"Will you forgive me?"

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