

HONEY, YOU NEVER LOVED ME

Chapter 22

When one was on the verge of death, nothing mattered anymore.

I said with a smile, "Yes. I'll forgive you."

"What happened to you, Renee?"

"What?" I frowned.

"Something seems to be amiss with you."

To that, I responded gently, "Nothing happened to me."

"Are you at home? I am downstairs."

That surprised me.

With that, I immediately hung up the phone and stood up to clear the painkillers scattered on the floor. Then, I changed into a clean set of clothes and put on some light makeup. While I was doing all of this, he kept calling, but I did not answer any of them despite knowing that this wouldn't stop him. After all, he knew the passcode to my house.

It was 1227, which signified December 27th.

I told him this on the first day of our relationship.

At that time, he frowned and asked me, "Why did you choose this number?"

"I randomly picked it," I answered patronizingly.

When I was still putting on my makeup, I heard a knock on my door, so I put my lipstick down and opened the door for him. Unlike his usual attire, he

was dressed in a white shirt.

I looked at him with askance. "Why are you so lightly dressed?"

Hearing that, he let out a smile. "Are you worried about me?"

He drew me into his arms as I cast a sidelong glance at him, and his lips lightly rubbed against my cheek. As if he wanted it more, he said, "I've been thinking all this time about who I truly love."

"So, have you found the answer?" I asked softly.

"Yes, I'm in love with the woman I used to despise."

I felt aggrieved upon hearing that. It was ironic to hear him express his love for me as my life was coming to an end.

There was not even a tinge of happiness to that.

"Really?" I asked indifferently.

Perhaps he was shocked by how calm I appeared when his expression changed. He hugged me tightly in his arms as if confirming my presence and feeling my warmth. However, due to the pain in my stomach, my mind was blank, and all of his words couldn't get to me. It took me a long time to respond to what he said.

"Are you willing to give me another chance, Renee?"

"What chance?" I mumbled.

"To reconcile with me and be my wife."

I asked dazedly, "What?"

Firmly, he repeated his words, "Be my wife, I said. Let's reconcile."

"What makes you think I'd be willing to do so?"

A gentle kiss landed on my eyes. In a soft tone, he said, "Please give me another chance to be with you. You don't have to worry about Maria; I'll handle her. Also... nothing happened between the two of us."

Nothing happened between them... Is he implying that they had never been intimate before?

But what did this have to do with me?

I merely closed my eyes and said, "I'm going to sleep now."

He was dumbstruck by my words. After a long time,

he finally let me go.

The moment the door was closed, I collapsed to the floor.

As I was covered in cold sweat, I went to the bathroom right away. In fact, I was bleeding, and the entire bathtub was quickly filled with redness. I had no idea how I fell asleep in the bathtub that night. When I woke up the next morning, the water in the bathtub was already bone-chilling cold. I got up from the bathtub and lay down in bed weakly, wanting to continue my sleep.

Perhaps I didn't have much time left, and I could feel that myself.

For the next few days, I stayed in bed dazedly, completely drained of any energy to prepare any food. I merely survived on milk and bread. Clair had been

calling me every day to make sure I was fine.

After a week, Nicholas came again.

As he stood outside, he said through the door, "I've settled everything."

I did not open the door, hence I could not see the anticipation on his face.

With a smile, I asked, "So?"

"Renee, be with me again."

Just as I was about to turn him down, he received a call and left abruptly.

I dragged my frail body and stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling window, where I saw Nicholas in a brown shirt. His figure from the back was stunning, and he

was as likable as ever.

Hurriedly, he got into his car and left.

I merely closed my eyes, turned around, and got back into bed. At that moment, Clair called.

"How's your body recently?" he asked with concern.

"It's quite okay; it's just that I am starting to miss my old life. The memories keep flashing in my mind. Clair, I've never told anyone about this except for May. Would you like to hear it?"

In a soft tone, he responded, "Of course. As long as you are willing to tell me."

"I first met Nicholas when I was fourteen, and the first song that I heard from him was 'Street Where Wind Resides'. That was the last song Mom played for me

before she passed away. With that, he easily entered my heart. Even now, after so much has happened, I still don't blame him."

"What are you trying to tell me, Ree?"

"Clair, don't be at odds with the Forgers just because of me."

There was a long while of silence from him after my words. Then, he sorrowfully said, "I understand your intention."

My intention... I had always loved that man dearly.

"Thank you, Clair."

"Christmas is near, Ree."

"Clair, please don't come to Bryxton," I pleaded.

I didn't want him to have to face my death.

"Ree..."

After hanging up the phone, I sat on the bed with my legs crossed as if waiting for a specific moment.

Perhaps it would be now, tomorrow, or the day after tomorrow.

At any rate, I knew that my time was up.

On the third day, I received Nicholas' call. "I'm sorry," he apologized right away after I answered the phone.

"It's alright, and you should live happily with her."

He left abruptly three days ago because Maria had tried to commit suicide.

It wasn't a secret, for anyone who read the news knew about it.

She was probably doing this to force Nicholas to stay by her side.

Whatever it was, it no longer mattered to me.

"I'm sorry, Ree."

Ree...

This was the first time he had addressed me as such.

"It's okay; she loves you a lot. I wish you both a blissful marriage."

He was silent after hearing my words, but he didn't end the call.

It was Christmas Eve tomorrow, as well as my twenty-third birthday.

Meanwhile, Nicholas' wedding was only three days away.

After he hung up the phone, I changed into a plain white dress from my closet and tied my hair back with a white hairband. This is what I was wearing when Nicholas first addressed me as 'little girl.'

I then changed my bed sheets to a pure white one before laying back down and admiring the scene outside the window. Snow was falling, and the wind was howling. As if thinking of something, I subconsciously raised my hand and touched my cheek.

My face was pale without any makeup.

I smiled warmly as I slowly closed my eyes, listening to a faint voice calling me 'little girl'.

That person smiled as well. "Little girl, why are you following me?"

"That's because... I like you."

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