

HONEY, YOU NEVER LOVED ME

Chapter 24

"Renee, you just had surgery, and you need to rest well."

I didn't die. In fact, Clair had forcefully brought me out from Bryxton to undergo a surgery that had a success rate of only one percent.

However, Clair was adamant. He claimed that when he arrived at Felix's villa that night, I was already on the verge of death. I was dressed in a white gown and laying on the bed, my face pale. Even if I didn't go through with the surgery, I would have died anyway.

The surgery, strictly speaking, wasn't successful, but it didn't fail as well.

At least it bought me more time.

May raised her hand and tidied my hair. I struggled to open my mouth, and when she saw that, she immediately stopped me. "You've only recently awoken, and the machines are still all over you. You are unable to speak at this time."

When I heard that, I blinked hesitantly. Then, I heard May say, "A few days ago, we did not immediately take you away." Instead, Clair suggested calling Nicholas. When he arrived, he assumed you were dead and sobbed pitifully. They even held a funeral for you, at which the lawyer also announced your will.

They even held my funeral...

Does Renee no longer exist in Bryxton?

My eyes welled up with tears as I thought about this.

May rubbed my arms, which were stiff from lying

down with no movements, and admitted guiltily, "Clair staged your death to punish Nicholas so that he would live with guilt and regret for the rest of his life. But... when I saw him crying so hard at the funeral, I gave in and told him the truth."

He cried hard for me...

I remembered him looking for me in my house once. He said sincerely at the time, "I've been thinking about who I truly love all this time... I'm in love with the woman I used to despise."

He even wanted us to reconcile and for me to become his wife.

I did not agree to his request at the time, and he also did not keep his promise.

Eventually, he decided to marry Maria.

I pursed my lips and asked with difficulty, "Don't you hate him?"

My voice was extraordinarily hoarse.

Nicholas had previously landed May in prison because of Maria. Life in prison was undoubtedly tough, but May repaid him with kindness by telling him that I was still alive.

"I hate him." She paused for a moment, and while rubbing my arms, she continued, "I hated him every second when I was in prison. I hate him for defending Maria and for hurting my best friend, but all my hatred vanished when I saw him crying in front of your tomb."

"I love Alba just as much, and I feel the pain of losing someone you love. Seeing Nicholas behaving in that manner was like seeing myself in the past," May said,

her heart softening up.

According to her, Nicholas had cried pitifully for me. I couldn't imagine that callous man expressing his feelings, let alone crying openly before my tomb in front of everyone.

Such a manner of his indeed made people's hearts ache for him.

I tiredly closed my eyes. Then, I heard May asking, "Do you still love him?"

To that, I opened my mouth and said hoarsely, "Yes."

I had loved him for the past nine years, and such feelings couldn't be erased in such a short period of time. It might be a good end now that things have turned out this way. By agreeing to bet, I was also agreeing to lose.

May then asked with concern, "Will you go back to Bryxton once you've recovered?"

I pondered dejectedly, "Who would I be if I return?"

My words made her pause for a moment. "Renee, I've been hesitating to tell you something, but I am afraid that you might not be able to accept it. Nonetheless, I want you to know the truth."

I looked at her doubtfully. "What truth?"

I had already died once. What else could be unacceptable to me?

In a solemn tone, she said, "Nicholas has a brother named Christopher."

My mind was foggy and my head was heavy, possibly

due to the fact that I had just awoken.

"I know that," I said.

She then cast a pitying look at me. "They are identical twins, and they have a similar appearance."

Her words astonished me. I looked at her and asked, "What are you trying to say?"

"The one that you met nine years ago wasn't Nicholas."

In that instant, everything in front of me went black, and all I could hear was May calling my name.

My mind was blank as well, and I was unable to think of anything.

I couldn't comprehend what May was saying.

It took a long time for me to finally understand her words.

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I kept a secret deep down my heart; I had been in love with Nicholas for the past nine years.

When I was young, I followed behind him, and I finally became his wife when I grew up.

For nine years, I was completely devoted to that guy, guarding my feelings for him cautiously.

Though he did not love me and did not even sympathize with me, I firmly remained by his side.

After all, my feelings for him were genuine.

For my entire life, he was the only person I had ever loved.

However, May was telling me that the man I loved, the man who was as warm and bright as the sun, was never him.

All my memories and my feelings were a mistake from the start.

My heart ached excruciatingly when I thought of this.

I was sent into the emergency room again. When I woke up, Clair was in the ward. Seeing me looking sad, he stroked my head with his palm and gently asked, "Why are you crying, Renee?"

Am I crying?!

I still remember the first time I had met 'Nicholas',

when he addressed me as 'little girl' with his warm voice, and when he played the song 'Street Where Wind Resides' for me in the classroom.

My memories with him were few, but they were all precious to me.

I treated them as if they were treasures dear to my heart.

But now, I was being told that the guy I met nine years ago wasn't Nicholas.

If the man who called me 'little girl' in the past wasn't Nicholas, was my three years being Mrs. Forger and all my sufferings a joke?!

Was all the love I showered on him just my deception?!

The pain in my heart was unbearable. I shook my head, not knowing what to do. It seemed as if my heart had a huge, bleeding wound. This truth was even more agonizing than death.

When he saw that I was crying non-stop, Clair's heart was breaking for me as well. With his eyes red, he wrapped his arms around me and gently comforted me, "Don't be afraid, Renee. You will be alright. The doctor said you will get well soon. Everything will be fine as long as we have enough time and if you listen to me and rest well!"

"Clair," I cried out helplessly, my tears falling uncontrollably. When he saw this, he wiped his tears and said, "I am here."

Life seemed pointless at this point. I clutched his arms tightly, recalling the snowy night when 'Nicholas' wrapped his scarf around me and called me 'little girl.'

The real man, I suppose, was the one I met nine years ago.

"I want to return to Bryxton," I said as I snuggled in Clair's arms.

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