

## HONEY, YOU NEVER LOVED ME

### Chapter 25

If Christopher was the one who played the piano and called me 'little girl' nine years ago, the first time we met after that was outside May's Kitties teahouse, where I noticed a familiar figure from behind.

That figure was as impressive as it had been many years before, and it merged with the warm man in my memories.

At that time, May even asked, "Why are you crying, Renee?"

I didn't want to cry either, but I had been chasing that figure for nine years.

It was already imprinted in me and flowing through my veins. It was all I desired in this world.

I could still recall running backstage after the concert that night to look for him, but to no avail. Dejected, I grudgingly left the music hall.

When I was strolling by the roadside in my high-heels, a sloping figure appeared in front of me. Surprised, I raised my head, and he smiled and said, "Little girl, you're following me again..."

The 'Nicholas' then was the real man I loved.

That night, he was specifically waiting for me there.

And it was also that night that I mistook him as Nicholas.

He knew I was wrong, but he did not correct me.

He was also aware that I had been waiting for him the entire time, but he refused to give me an explanation.

Indeed, he was warm, yet cruel.

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Bryxton had always been rainy. On the day I returned, the sky was also overcast. Clair had retracted my death certificate before I returned to Bryxton, meaning that the will that I drew up had not taken effect.

Though the Felix Family was in Nicholas' hands, it was still legally mine.

But that didn't bother me in the least. I returned not to fight Nicholas for anything.

The only reason I returned was to insist on an answer.

I would like to meet Christopher and talk to him,

putting an end to my nine-year pursuit of him.

But how could nine years of obsession end so abruptly?

I dragged my luggage out of the airport. As soon as I got into the car, I received May's call.

May only went looking for Alba after she was confident that my condition had stabilized. Though I had no idea what their relationship was like now, I could tell May was much happier than she had been.

She asked, in a concerned tone, "Ree, how are you feeling now?"

I'd been in Sundew's hospital for two months, and my illness was much better. Despite the fact that the tumor had not been completely removed and it could still become dangerous at any time, the doctor said I

could live for another year or two.

Furthermore, as long as I obediently received treatment, I could hold out until they developed a new type of medicine capable of healing me.

Casually, I replied to her, "I'm okay. At least I have some hope now."

After a brief moment of hesitation, May said worriedly, "Clair told me that you have returned to Bryxton."

"Yes. I have just arrived at the airport," I answered while smoothing out my dress beneath my coat.

To that, she straightforwardly continued her question. "Are you looking for Nicholas or him?"

The 'him' that she meant was Christopher.

I was stumped for words, unsure of what to answer.

Then, she posed a fatal question. "Ree, you married Nicholas three years ago by mistake, misidentifying him as the man you deeply loved. Though the truth is cruel, the man with whom you got along and had a relationship for the past three years was Nicholas."

After a brief pause, she enunciated, "Even before you knew the truth, Nicholas was the only person in your heart. Have you ever wondered whether the man you loved was Christopher nine years ago or Nicholas, the one you had been with and had hurt you for the entire three years, as well as the one who made you understand the struggles of being in love?"

In short, May was asking me who I was in love with.

My love appeared to be slashed in half.

Her question was so sudden that it struck me speechless.

Then, her voice resonated from the other end of the phone again. Clearly, she said, "Christopher's appearance in your life was fleeting, and perhaps his appearance was predestined for you to meet Nicholas! It's obvious to me, Ree, that the one you love is the real man in front of you."

Her words struck a chord within me. I had never considered it before, because I could never get an answer.

If what she said was true, why did I return to Bryxton?

My heart, however, told me that I had to return.

With my eyes closed, I decided to brush her words off. "I have my own considerations."

I inquired after a brief pause, "Why are you speaking for Nicholas?"

Her way of repaying him with kindness seemed to go overboard.

Facing my question, May awkwardly replied, "I am just worried about you."

Then, as if she was afraid of me asking more questions, she hurriedly hung up the phone.

After our conversation, I had been thinking about her words. I knew these questions from May were unavoidable, but I couldn't find an answer to them, and no one else could either.

After an hour, the car came to a halt in front of Felix's Villa. When I dragged my luggage out of the car and



saw the man standing by the door, I subconsciously asked, "Nicholas? What brings you here?"

The man in front of me was dressed in a white shirt and a black tie. Surprisingly, he wore a bracelet with a string of polished beads. I remembered him not wearing such accessories in the past.

At this instant, the man looked at me casually. His gaze was soft and deep, as if he was trying to entice me and drown me in it.

After a long while, he frowned and asked, his voice foreign, "Do you know me?"

I was startled. Looking at him, I asked, "You don't recognize me?"

He simply looked at me indifferently before turning around and leaving.

My heart was filled with disbelief as I looked at his departing figure. Following that, I quickly dialed Chairman Forger's number.

He was so surprised to receive my call. The moment he answered it, he exclaimed, "Ree, I did not expect you to contact me..."

He wasn't at all surprised that I was still alive. Clair, after all, had already spread such information before I returned to Bryxton. As a large and reputable family, the Forger Family was acutely aware of such matters.

Furthermore, they had not truly gained control over the Felix Family yet.

"I met Nicholas just now," I said.

He asked dubiously. "You met him?"

Perplexed, I responded, "Yes, but he doesn't recognize me."

After a moment of thought, Chairman Forger explained, "After your funeral, he was admitted to the hospital for a short period of time. After that, whenever your name was mentioned to him, he always questioned your identity. We suspected something was wrong with him and rushed him to the hospital, where the doctor diagnosed him with selective amnesia."

So, he remembered everything but not me?

My mistake in wrongly identifying him three years ago was already a joke.

Now that Nicholas had forgotten about me, I was undoubtedly the greatest joke of all.

Did it bother me?

No. I didn't mind that at all.

My heart, however, was tingling with disappointment.

"Okay. I understand."

Just as I was about to hang up the phone, Chairman Forger anxiously said, "They did not get married."

Reflexively, I asked, "What?"

"Nicholas and Maria did not get married," he elaborated.

Well, whether they married or not, it had nothing to do with me.

"By the way, I have a question about someone."

"Oh—who?" Chairman Forger asked.

"Where is Christopher?"

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