

HONEY, YOU NEVER LOVED ME

Chapter 26

"I have no idea where he is since he never contacts me," he answered sentimentally. Suddenly, he curiously asked, "Why do you want to know about him?"

Previously, when we were in Goldshore, Nicholas had told me that Christopher was an aloof person. In fact, Christopher despised the Forgers in his heart and as time passed, he cut off all contact with Chairman Forger.

Hearing Chairman Forger's words, I felt a twinge of sadness. Clair had only managed to find out that Christopher was still in Bryxton, but his precise location was unknown.

Just when I was feeling helpless, Chairman Forger called out to me. Doubtfully, he asked, "You're looking

for Christopher for—"

I interrupted and patronizingly responded, "When my mother was alive, she enjoyed playing the piano. I previously attended Christopher's concert and found his music to be inspiring. Hence, I plan to invite him to the ninth anniversary of my mother's death."

Such a reason was, obviously, a window-dressing one. However, seeing that I wasn't willing to continue, Chairman Forger did not pursue it as well and straightforwardly told me who would know about Christopher's whereabouts.

"Nicholas knows about his brother's matters," he said.

"Can you help me to ask him then, Chairman Forger?" I inquired hesitatingly.

He declined, as if it were too difficult for him. "I've

never had anything to do with Christopher. So, Ree, I think you should ask Nicholas yourself."

Chairman Forger was a crafty man. I understood that he in fact wanted me to find Nicholas myself in order to create opportunities for us.

He did, in fact, still wish for Nicholas and me to be together.

Because I was still in control of the Felix Family.

However, Nicholas did not recognize me now. I was certain that if I went looking for him right now, he would not tell me anything about Christopher.

I requested Chairman Forger's assistance, but he hung up the phone and immediately sent me Nicholas' current address instead. I clicked into the message and deleted it right away.

I could find Christopher through other ways, and I would never bother Nicholas again. Our relationship was a blunder from the start. Furthermore, he had now forgotten about me.

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When I got home with my luggage in tow, I noticed that everything was exactly as I had left it. The plain white bed sheet I'd changed that night was still there.

I then set down my luggage and removed all of the bottles from it. Looking at these medications, I felt depressed.

But time was the most valuable asset for me now.

Clair had thrown in a large sum of money to enlist the world's top medical team to study my illness, and they

were now stepping up the development of new medicines to treat my cancer.

If I could survive the next couple of years, there might be hope for me in the future.

In fact, I was able to accept death much more easily now, possibly because I had died before. Instead, my love for the man in my heart was my greatest obsession.

Even now, I couldn't face the fact that I had loved the wrong person.

Also, it was unacceptable to me that despite knowing that I had mistaken him for someone else, Christopher did not correct me at all, and instead left nonchalantly after sending me home.

I had been cherishing our only memories for the past

nine years. It made my heart surge all the time and created chaos in my mind, but he was living his life calmly as if nothing had happened.

The love that I had for my entire life was a mere joke to him.

My heart was filled with sorrow whenever I thought about this.

Hence, I wanted to find Christopher and get an answer from him.

The more I reflected on it, the more depressed I became. So, to get rid of my sadness, I shook my head and went into the bathroom to take a shower. After that, I exited the bathroom and attempted to wipe my long hair with the towel in my hand.

While raising my head, I noticed the man standing

downstairs.

Despite the fact that it was already March, Bryxton had always been a cold place. The man was dressed in only a thin white shirt.

Didn't he forget about me?

Why was he here then?

I put my towel down and gazed at him through the floor-to-ceiling windows. As it was daytime, he could see me and my room through the window as well.

After hesitating for a while, I turned around and sat down in front of the dressing table, preparing to put on some exquisite makeup.

I've always enjoyed putting on makeup. It could not only make me look beautiful, but it could also conceal

the light scars on my face as well.

Then, I applied an orangish lipstick on my lips, curled my waist-length hair, and changed into an elegant dress and high-heels before heading downstairs. After opening the door, I walked over and stood in front of him.

Though Nicholas and Christopher looked identical, Christopher had never stood at the lower level of my house before. Thus, when the man stepped down from the car, I subconsciously took him as Nicholas.

He looked at me, his eyes aloof and his facial contours sharp, as if he was wary of me.

I pursed my lips and asked, "Why are you here?"

He remained silent. "This is my house," I continued.

"Your house?" He merely repeated my words.

His gaze was filled with doubts and confusion.

I replied firmly, "Yes. This is my house."

However, he suddenly asked, "Who are you?"

While smoothening my hair which was being blown by the light breeze, I smilingly asked, "Why are you standing here as if you're guarding something? Is there anyone important to you here?"

My words were meant to be sarcastic. Hearing that, Nicholas furrowed his eyebrows and warned in his deep voice, "Be careful of your words."

I stretched my hand and compromised. "Fine. Why are you still here? You've left just now, haven't you?"

He didn't say anything, possibly because he didn't want to entertain me.

Nicholas was a man with such a personality; he would completely ignore those who were unfamiliar to him or who he disliked.

My heart was filled with rage when I saw him act in such a way. Given how he had treated me in the past, I decided to treat him harshly as well.

"You better leave now, or I'll call the police."

After a brief pause, I calmly reminded him, "This is my house. It is illegal for you to be loitering here. Now leave!"

Just as I turned around intending to walk back to the villa, I could hear a cold and clear voice from behind. "You are Renee, right?"

That startled me. I immediately turned around and inquired, "You remember me?"

"They informed me that I had a wife named Renee, but that we had already divorced. I can't even remember what she looks like."

His voice brought with it an endless sense of sorrow.

"So you are here to..."

Staring at me sternly, Nicholas bitterly said, "I am curious to see how she looks, so I come here frequently to wait for such an opportunity. It has only been a few days and you appeared."

He then paused for a moment before letting out a smile. "She's beautiful."

Nicholas now had no memories of our past.

I was no longer the woman that he disgusted.

He wasn't prejudiced against me either.

It was the first time both of us met without any suspicion or malice. He looked at me, just like a simple man, and uttered a praise, "She's beautiful."

If he was like this three years ago, there would have been fewer painful events between me and him.

And I would not be in the same situation as now. At the very least, I would have a healthy body and a toddler with me.

These thoughts made my eyes reddened. Smiling, I replied, "Thank you. You are handsome too. If there's nothing else, please don't bother me any further."

Nicholas' expression immediately darkened upon hearing that.

I turned around wanting to leave, but he grabbed onto my wrist. "What are you doing?" I asked angrily.

He merely looked at me with his lips pursed, his gaze burning.

I calmed myself and said, "Let me go, Nicholas!"

"Renee, just why did we get divorced?"

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