

HONEY, YOU NEVER LOVED ME

Chapter 28

The rain was drizzling in Bryxton, but Christopher's scarf shielded me from it all. His gentleness touched my heart, but at the same time, I was also overwhelmed by sadness.

I wanted to ask him why he lied to me that day.

But I hadn't even finished calling his name when Nicholas interrupted me from nowhere. Stunned, I turned around, only to see him standing in the rain, his entire body soaked.

I was stumped for words. Christopher, on the other hand, timely explained, "Olivia made some blunders and Ms. Felix drove us back."

This was the first time Christopher addressed me as anything other than 'little girl,' and he did so politely.

That startled me. Then, I remembered a fatal flaw—I was his brother's ex-wife.

His brother's ex-wife...

The woman that his brother legally married and slept with.

At that moment, I realized why he had refused to admit that he was Christopher that night. Perhaps he had known my identity from the beginning and had kept his distance from me all along.

With my eyes red, I looked at Christopher, wanting to tug on his sleeve. However, I didn't dare to do so as Nicholas was here.

I really wanted to do that, to pull Christopher's sleeve and follow behind him like a little girl, as if time had

returned to the past.

But I was well aware that I was now an adult.

From a little girl to a woman now.

This realization stung my heart. I lowered my head and quietly opened the car door, intending to leave.

I started my car while looking at the two men outside who appeared to be identical; one appeared to be warm and gentle, while the other appeared cold and ruthless.

After taking off the apricot scarf on my head and putting it aside, I was prepared to step on the accelerator. However, Nicholas suddenly opened the door to the passenger's side.

"What are you doing?" I asked, my tone unwelcome.

Even though it was summer, it wasn't a good feeling to be drenched. Nicholas sat in the passenger's seat, his expression emotionless. Coldly, he muttered, "It should be alright to send your ex-husband home, I suppose?"

That rendered me speechless.

Despite my reluctance, I remembered Clair's words from the afternoon and after some deliberation, I decided to send Nicholas home.

The car went past Christopher. From the rearview mirror, I saw him standing motionless, his clear gaze fixed on us as we drove away.

It was so difficult for me to finally meet him but before I could ask the questions that had been bothering me, Nicholas' sudden appearance interrupted everything.

I heaved out a long sigh while thinking about this.

Seeing me in such a manner, Nicholas asked in a cold tone, "Why? You can't bear to leave him, can you? Do you really like him?"

His words were sarcastic and I chose to ignore him.

Halfway through the journey, May called. I wore my Bluetooth earpiece and answered the call. "Have you gotten Olivia out?" she asked.

"Yes. Her brother did that."

Hearing that, May was surprised. "She has a brother?"

"Don't you know that?" I retorted.

"I'm not sure. She's just my junior, with whom I had fun during my university days. She then went to a music academy in another country. By the way, what is the name of her brother?"

I supposed the last question was just a casual remark.

After a moment of thought, I replied, "Christopher Forger."

May was immediately dumbfounded and repeatedly apologized to me.

Chuckling, I responded, "It's fine."

I wanted to see him anyway.

Even though I had only met him for a few minutes today, I now knew where he was. Other matters could

be postponed to a later date, even though I knew there was no necessity to discuss anything with him.

But it was too difficult for me to let go of the obsession I had harbored in my heart for so long.

And there was that question that May posed.

Which of them do I love, Nicholas or Christopher?

My love was so forcefully split in half that even I was confused.

After hanging up the call, I noticed that Nicholas was staring at the apricot scarf. Then, in a cold tone, he asked, "Was it because of him that we got divorced? Do you really love him that much?"

Failing to sense the nervousness in his words, I merely explained patiently, "A few months back, you

were the one who insisted on the divorce. I begged you to stay, but you refused. Don't use your amnesia to put the blame on me."

Then I tilted my head to look at Nicholas, only to see him with his lips pursed and his face pale. I calmly blinked my aching eyes and said, "Clair informed me that you are attacking the Normans with the Felix Family's resources. I own the Felix Family and have the authority to reclaim it. So, for the sake of everyone's peace, take my advice and stop what you're doing right now."

I did not know if Nicholas understood what I said as he did not give me any response. After dropping him off at the Forger's villa, I left right away.

After that, I received a call.

It was from the person I was unable to reach earlier.

His bone-chillingly cold voice rang out over the phone, "I'm not going to give up targeting the Normans unless you personally come to me to reclaim the Felix Family. Or remarry me, and I'll let them go. Otherwise, even though I'll suffer, I will crush them."

I scoffed at that. "You're being unreasonable, Nicholas Forger."

Of course, I could regain control of the Felix Family, but that would require me to manage it myself. I didn't want to waste my time doing something like that.

The doctor said in a year or two, there might be a new medicine developed to treat my cancer. However, it would be difficult for me to even survive these next few years, let alone discuss the development of new medicines.

With an unfeeling voice, he called out, "Ree?"

"Can't you just let me off?" I pleaded.

"That's impossible." He rejected me right away.

The rain was getting heavier in Bryxton. Perplexed, I asked, "Why can't you just let me off? We have already divorced, and you don't even remember me now. Why are you not letting me go?"

I took a breather before continuing, "Don't tell me your amnesia is a ruse, and that's why you insisted on remarrying me. Are you taking me for a fool, Nicholas? How about Maria? You insisted on giving her a wedding, didn't you?"

He hung up the call right after that.

Staring at the phone, I did not know what I could do

now. It was as if I'd never be able to leave this complicated relationship.

When I drove back to Felix's Villa, I saw an uninvited woman standing by the door on this rainy day.

Seeing this, I pulled over to the side of the road and got out, holding the apricot scarf. "Can we talk?" she asked as she approached me and sheltered me with her umbrella.

I, on the other hand, quickly avoided her umbrella and trotted into the villa in the rain. She followed shamelessly, and with a dejected tone, she said, "We did not get married in the end. I did not manage to become Mrs. Forger."

Her sorrowful expression reminded me of the previous time she called me and boasted, "I am Mrs. Forger, Maria Hudson."

"So?" I held the scarf close to me and asked.

Perhaps she was so taken aback by my aloof demeanor that she began to explain helplessly, "I simply want to talk to you about him."

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