

HONEY, YOU NEVER LOVED ME

Chapter 3

Nicholas was so angry he immediately hung up on me.

I just had to come across the one person I wanted to see when I slid my phone back into my bag.

It was Maria Hudson.

The one and only Maria whom Nicholas loved with all his heart.

As we came face to face with each other, I gave her a small smile and began to go around her when she suddenly called out in soft voice, "Mrs. Forger, I presume?"

I immediately stopped walking and looked at her from the corner of my eye. "Is something the matter?"

"Does it feel good to be Mrs. Forger?"

Maria was obviously provoking me. Now that I was looking at her closely, I noticed how delicate her lightly made-up face was. Her lips, however, were painted a bright red. To protect her exquisite, slender body against the cold winter, she wore a thin and long mauve dress with a white coat on the outside.

I had to admit that she was gorgeous to look at. It was no wonder Nicholas liked her.

My eyes were turning green as I looked at my rival in love. I was going to ignore her at first, but then she sarcastically added, "How do you feel at ease being in the position that you took away from me? Does Nicholas love you? Does he whisper sweet nothings in your ear? Does he cook for you? Does he get you gifts during celebrations? No, Nicholas doesn't do any

of these with you! Renee, you are only using your authority as the president of the Felix Family to rob me of my position as the rightful Mrs. Forger!"

My heart broke with every word she said. I could tell that Maria and Nicholas had done everything she had mentioned. It would be a lie to say that I was not jealous, but what was the use of petty jealousy now?

I couldn't even hold onto my place in the Forger Family.

"And what of you?" I smiled indifferently as I ignored her question. "I gave you your chance three years ago. It doesn't matter if you are satisfied with how things have become today, but I am the one who legally holds the position as Mrs. Forger now. And you are right. I am using my authority as the president to force Nicholas to stay in this marriage. You, however..."

I was never one to let others bully me.

I would never go out of my way to cause harm to anyone, but I would not go easy when I retaliate.

It was stupidly amazing how someone like me had allowed myself to be trampled under Nicholas' feet for three long years.

I continued bitterly, "I have the money to give the Forgers, but what about you? You have nothing. You have no power, so do you really think you can afford being Mrs. Forger?"

Maria's face turned pale when she heard my scornful words. She looked so pitiful with her watery eyes that any man would easily have fallen for her act.

"Stop acting helpless and miserable. Nicholas might

fall for it, but this doesn't work on me!" I scoffed.

Right after I said that, someone suddenly stepped forward to seemingly protect Maria from me. Nicholas had on a black coat that only made him look colder than he already was. Currently, he firmly stood in front of Maria to shield her with his big and sturdy torso.

His piercing eyes were staring straight at me.

He also had a frown on his face as he stood in a defensive stance. He must have been worried that I would do something to her.

I was sure that he had heard everything I said to Maria. However, being one who rarely lost his composure, he only squinted his eyes and asked in a voice void of emotion. "What are you doing here?"

"I had a date with a friend. Why do you ask?" I then

peeked at the woman behind him before I asked knowingly, "Nicholas, are you meeting up with your ex-lover behind my back?"

His expression immediately darkened when he heard me addressing Maria as his ex-lover, and he only instructed, "Go back and wait for me at the villa. I will be home tonight."

His words didn't sit right with me. It sounded as if he was doing me a huge favor by gracing his presence at home.

Had I really become such a pitiful person to him?

Not only that, he just had to say it in front of his ex.

As I mockingly laughed at myself, I said to him, "Of course I will go home, but let me remind you something—I may not mind her, but don't forget about

what your father thinks of her."

Nicholas fell silent at that, but Maria stepped forward and grabbed my wrist as she tried to fish for sympathy. "Please don't misunderstand us, Miss Felix..."

I wasn't comfortable with being touched by others, so I subconsciously pulled my hand away. Nicholas, on the other hand, must have thought I would hit Maria. He immediately pulled her away from me as she fell into his arms.

He had been so forceful that I unexpectedly fell to the ground due to inertia, and my cheek chaffed as I fell on the cold ground.

I was stunned as I looked up to see him gently patting her on her head while he caringly reassured her, "It is alright, Maria."

It is alright, Maria?

Of course she would be alright! Just what the hell did he think could happen to her?!

I pressed my hand against my burning cheek, and I started laughing out loud.

There was nothing else I could do other than laugh at how foolish and delusional I was.

When Nicholas heard my laughter, he coldly barked, "What are you laughing for?"

"Nicholas," I enunciated every word, "I am hurt."

He seemed surprised by how soft my voice was when I told him that at first, but he soon turned his head to the assistant standing beside him. After he told the

assistant to bring me to the hospital, Nicholas and Maria left us.

I caught sight of the satisfied smile on Maria's face before they went their way.

Nicholas' assistant then helped me off the ground to bring me to the hospital, which I rejected before I drove my way back to the villa. I proceeded to fill up the bathtub with piping hot water to soak myself in.

The pain on my face was throbbing now, but it seemed as though I couldn't feel a thing in my chest. I even started to scratch my injury with my sharp nails.

The better his treatment toward her was, the more pathetic they made me look.

My eyes were closed the whole time as I basked in my miserable reality. Eventually, I got up and wrote a

divorce agreement and solemnly signed at the bottom of it before I placed the paper into a drawer.

After I gave it some thought, I decided to head to the kitchen to prepare some food. I then went to the living room to wait for him after I was done with the clean up.

Nicholas told me that he would be home tonight, and I trusted him. He wasn't someone who would break his promises.

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It was around 3 AM when I heard a noise coming from outside. As I slowly looked over to the entrance of the villa, I saw Nicholas searching for the light switch before he eventually turned on the lights in the living room. He was taken aback when he saw me sitting on the sofa. "You're not asleep yet?" he asked. Talking to

me first wasn't something that he did often.

I went over to fetch his coat, and I immediately noticed the downy flakes of snow and lingering scent of Maria's perfume on it.

"I haven't had dinner, Nicholas," I informed him calmly as I quietly hung the coat beside the door

I had never once lost my temper with him. It didn't matter how badly he bullied or insulted me because by the end of the day, I would always call out to him with as much gentleness as I could muster. I didn't have the heart to say anything hurtful to the Nicholas who used to be so kind to me.

Even if he was no longer the person I fell in love with, I could never do something like that to him.

He froze for a second, and he gave me a shove

before he looked at me with his sharp eyes. "Renee," he stated, "you have been acting weird since yesterday!"

"I have something to tell you, Nicholas."

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