

HONEY, YOU NEVER LOVED ME

Chapter 31

Christopher...

Is it Christopher the one I met nine years ago?

I took my time to think about it for a really, really long time.

It was long enough that I thought I was mute. Then, I answered, "Yes."

It was both a yes and no.

May was right; Nicholas was with me for the three years of our marriage.

It was Nicholas who was entangled in my fate for three years. The Christopher from nine years ago was just a shadow that I secretly tailed, a trace of my

youthful days.

Having said that, I was frustrated.

When I thought of this, my heart hurt. I placed my palm on my chest and cried, "Yes, I love him! He is the only light I looked upon when I was young."

However, that light was actually my ex-husband's brother.

I was so sad that I couldn't stop crying. "I was full of joy and kept my love for him. No matter how he treated me, it was enough to console me as long as I remember the warmth he gave me. However, I discovered I had followed the wrong twin right from the start. Isn't that ridiculous?"

Maybe because of my illness, I temporarily forgot the people around me and finally answered the question

that Nicholas asked me several times today.

There was a long silence in the car, and I thought I heard a soft cry. As I was drained, I couldn't help but fall asleep. It was already the following day by the time I woke up.

My eyelids were heavy, so I slowly opened my eyes and stretched out with my hand to rub them. It took me a long time to realize that this was not my room.

I pulled off the quilt and found that my clothes were also removed. I quickly left the bed to locate my clothes and wear them.

At this time, a man opened the door from outside.

It was Nicholas, and he held a glass of water with pills in his hands.

I frowned and asked, "Why am I here?"

He calmly said, "You fell asleep in my car last night."

"Didn't I ask you to take me home?"

He calmly raised his eyebrow. "I don't have the key to your house."

After hearing his words, I suddenly realized that my key was instead in my own car.

I sat at the side of the bed and ruffled my messy hair. Nicholas handed me the cup of water and medicine and then explained, "I took you to your doctor. He prescribed medicine for you, which will help to relieve your condition."

I had a doctor in Bryxton and I didn't expect him to find the doctor. I took it and asked, "Do you know

about my illness?"

I raised my head and took a sip of water before putting the medicine into my mouth. After I ate the pill, Nicholas softly replied, "Yes. Although I had forgotten what took place between us, my father has explained it to me before."

Nicholas had forgotten about it, but his father reminded him.

"So, you know who caused it?"

After Nicholas heard this, his expression turned gloomy, as if I triggered him with my question.

I grinned and said, "So, you know."

Nicholas' eyes were dark as ink. I stood up and wanted to leave, but he suddenly grabbed my wrist

and tugged me into his arms.

It was simply inexplicable.

At that, I struggled. "Let go of me now!"

My lips were suddenly covered by his thin and cool lips. I stared at Nicholas with amazement as I couldn't believe it.

His big palm wrapped around my back as he lightly rubbed it. From my angle, I saw him close his eyes.

His eyelashes were thick and long while trembling slightly, as if he were afraid of something.

I wondered what Nicholas was fearful of.

He had amnesia, so I wouldn't be afraid if I were him.

Logically, he should only care about Maria; however, he ignored her and took me back to his apartment instead.

I bit his lip hard with my teeth, and only then did he slowly release me. He greedily licked my lips with the tip of his tongue.

I was stunned. Nicholas was panting lightly as he explained , "My father said that I have done a lot of bad things to you, so I want to make up for you."

I gave him a half-smile and asked, "How are you going to do that? If you can do it, you should send me back three years ago so I can choose to not marry you. In that way, I won't even get endometrial carcinoma!"

His eyes froze as he fixed his gaze on me. Then, he bent slightly and pressed his forehead against mine.

He feels like a loyal dog. Is he trying to please me?

I pushed his hand away and sat back on the bed. At this time, my phone rang, and it was a WhatsApp message from Clair.

He asked, 'Do you need any help?'

He might have known that I had gone to the police station.

I quickly replied, 'No.'

I had the skill to deal with Maria.

That was when I could tell that my makeup was removed from the reflection of the phone screen.

A pale and delicate face with scars appeared before

me.

I looked up in horror and asked, "Did you remove my makeup?"

Nicholas came over and sat next to me. Then, he held my hand and clasped my fingers tightly. In a deep voice, he murmured, "Yes. I was afraid that you'll be uncomfortable sleeping with makeup on."

However, I was unhappy with his actions. I drew out my hand from his and warned, "I hate anyone touching my makeup, especially you, because it was you who left this scar on my face!"

Hearing this, he stayed silent for a long time and finally sighed. "I'm sorry for what I did in the past."

Seeing that he was unmoved, I was furious. I stood up and scolded, "Are you pretending to be a loyal dog

now? Nicholas, remember that it was you who caused all of this. You caused me to have d*mn cancer! Do you think I will forgive you with just a simple apology? I'll have you know that this is impossible. Are you saying you want to remarry me? Can you tell me how much longer I can live? Do you think I have the time to waste on you?"

Before Christmas Eve, I didn't blame him as I was dying. After all, he didn't love me.

Of course, I had almost died too and I couldn't blame him.

In the end, I couldn't bear to hate him because I thought that he was the man I had loved for nine years.

However, I found that he was not that man!

So, I didn't have to spare him.

There was no need to forgive him!

I was getting furious. At that point, Nicholas knew that I was not in the mood for proper communication, so he simply got up and left the room.

After he left, I quickly left his place.

First, I went to the police station to get back my car. However, I found Olivia at the police station's entrance, and she was surprised when she saw me too.

"Renee, why are you here?"

Although it was spring in March, Olivia was dressed in thin clothes. She wore a thin long-sleeved dress, which was different from my warm clothes.

I suppressed my irritability and said, "Someone broke into my house last night, and I reported her to the police. The police summoned me over to interrogate me."

"Renee, are you in a bad mood?"

Unexpectedly, Olivia discovered my mood.

I was irritated because of Nicholas, so I shook my head and answered, "It's nothing."

She smiled and responded, "Then, it's alright. I have two friends there. I will bail them out first. Renee, let's exchange our phone numbers. I will treat you to a meal when it's over."

At that, I asked curiously, "What did you do yesterday?"

An embarrassed Olivia elaborated, "I was racing with my friends on the mountain last night, but I didn't expect to be caught by the police there."

"It rained hard last night—"

She smiled indifferently and said, "It's alright."

"Okay. You can go now."

She took out her phone. "Renee, let us exchange our phone numbers for WhatsApp."

After I gave her my phone number, I returned to the Felix Family. While parking in the underground garage, I called my assistant, Gary.

Although Nicholas was currently in charge of the Felix Family, the people working there were still my loyal

employees. In their eyes, I was the head of the family.

Nicholas was just my successor after my death.

When I was still alive, my words would have more authority than his.

I allowed Gary to take care of the troubles in the police station for me. I asked him, "Will the suppression of the Norman Family stop if I am in control of the family once again?"

"Yes, President Felix."

If I need to regain control of the Felix Family, I must take the share transfer contract back, which was why I quickly called my lawyer.

His words surprised me. "President Forger has always declined the contract for the share transfer

and he said I should keep it for you to claim it in person instead."

I was shocked and asked, "Since when?"

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