

HONEY, YOU NEVER LOVED ME

Chapter 7

I had a dream after that. In my dream, I was back at Felix's villa, and there were Dad, Mom and Nicholas as they chatted like they were old friends. They were sitting around having a discussion about the banquet for my 23rd birthday.

As I stood beside the sofa, I could hear Nicholas speaking in that warm voice of his, "Ree likes red. Let's decorate the venue with red roses. I will also play a song on the piano for her."

He had a kind expression on his face as his eyes seemed to radiate a soft glow. The sunlight that shone on him from the window only further enhanced his gentle good looks. I raised my hand to touch his brow bone, but I immediately went through him, and my hand stopped mid-air. Out of panic, I quickly called him by his name, only for him to completely

ignore me. I then began to cry and howl at the top of my lungs, and it was only a matter of seconds before the scene before me turned white.

My eyes abruptly shot open at that. The first thing I noticed was how I was lying in a ward myself, still with my bright dress on. Nicholas, on the other hand, was standing at the side of the bed with a cold expression.

It must have been because how I had just met the old, gentle Nicholas from both my dream and memory that I couldn't bear the sight of the real one standing in front of me. With my eyes closed again, I casually asked, "Did something happen earlier?"

Instead of answering me, Nicholas only cast his gaze downward wordlessly. The chairman suddenly pushed the door open from outside and he stomped into the room. Even though he kept his cold gaze on Nicholas, he roared at me, "You almost scared to me

death when you fell and had blood all over your face! Something like this wouldn't have happened if you hadn't come to the hospital because of that d*mned woman! Ree, you have been too lenient with Nicholas. You need to keep your husband in check!"

Husband...

It was only then that I suddenly recalled how we were newly divorced.

I lifted my chin to look at the cold, handsome man beside me. He didn't seem all that affected by his father's words. "Father, we are already divorced," I said with a smile on my face.

Nicholas' eyes seemed to widen when he heard my words. The chairman, too, was caught by surprise, but it only took him a while to recover as I had already informed him about this earlier on. "You have only told

me this hours ago. Why is it done so fast?"

"Is this considered fast?" I asked after pursing my lips. "Nicholas has been wanting to get a divorce for three years. It really hasn't benefited anyone even after all this time of us dragging it on. By the way, I am not business-minded. The Felixs will cease to exist if I continue to manage it. I will leave the company to the Forgers. You can go ahead and merge my company with yours if you want to. I have no objection."

Chairman Forger let out a sigh at that. "You are letting someone else reap the effort of your hard work, Ree..."

After our conversation ended, I put up with the pain in my abdomen as I got up and out of the hospital. Nicholas was walking beside me the whole time. I was about to head to my own car when he drove his black Maybach and stopped in front of me.

"What are you doing?" I asked with my eyebrows raised.

"Get in. I will take you home."

He had never allowed me to sit in his car before, and I didn't think there was a need for this now that we were divorced. All I did then was calmly remind him, "There's no need. I drove my own car here. I can't possibly dump my car here, can I? Let's part ways with no hard feelings, Nicholas Forger. It is better you treat me like how you used to. Like a total stranger."

He immediately sped away after that. I only got into my car after I could no longer see his. As soon as I got back to the villa, I automatically filled up the bathtub with hot water again to soak myself in. It took no longer than 10 minutes before the clear water in the tub had turned red.

It was a normal symptom for the womb to bleed for patients who had uterine cancer.

It was Nicholas' handiwork that resulted in me suffering from uterine cancer. Not only did he cruelly abort my child, he even relentlessly pestered me in bed even though I was still recovering from the procedure. I, too, did not reject him.

All in all, I was the ultimate reason my body was in such a condition.

I had no one but myself to blame.

I started to close my eyes as exhaustion took over. It was already morning by the time I woke up. Now that I was surrounded by piercing cold water, I first got out before I pulled the stopper to remove the tub of bloody water. I then put on a bathtub as I gave my

assistant a call. He would leave right after he came and collect the divorce agreement from me, but he would be back again tonight to pass me the divorce certificate.

As I absent-mindedly stared at the document, I asked him, "Have you passed him the other copy?"

"Yes. I personally brought it to Mr. Forger."

"Okay. Let him handle anything related to the company from now on. Find someone to clean up this villa before you return it to him after three months." I thought about what else there was for me to arrange and when something came to mind, I gave another instruction. "Also, help me get five million from the Forgers' finance department, and have it transferred to my card. I will have nothing to do with them after that."

My assistant was visibly confused by his task.

"President Felix, what are you—"

However, I immediately interrupted him. "Don't ask anything. Please proceed as I have told you."

It only took a while after my assistant left before I received five million in my bank account. Swiftly after that, I went back into my room to pack up a few items of clothes and makeup before I drove back to Felix's villa.

It was the place that had appeared in my dreams just the night before.

After I got back, I stood in the living room for a long time as the dream from last night started hitting me like it was a memory I had in the past. From the way he gently mentioned how I loved red roses, to how he said he would play the piano for me, it all felt too real.

Why did he have to be so perfect in my dreams?

I had a shut-eye after I made my way to the bed upstairs, and I must have had enough of the throbbing pain in my abdomen when I decided to give Mr. Wright a call to have him get me some painkillers.

Time seemed to pass in a blur for the next seven or eight days I stayed at my old home. Just when I could feel the loneliness taking complete control of me, I finally peeled myself off the bed and made my way to the streets with my bank card that had five million in my hand.

If no one was going to love me, I would have to find someone to love!

I didn't mind even if there were no genuine feelings involved, and it was only a lie.

All I needed was someone whose time I could buy at five million to love me for three months.

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