

HONEY, YOU NEVER LOVED ME

Chapter 8

It was yet another snowy day in Bryxton where frozen snowflakes unceasingly fell like silver ribbons from the sky. It was an incredibly beautiful sight to behold in the city. I had a long golden dress on which I accessorized with a white overcoat and a pair of delicate silver earrings. I also had the perfect makeup on to complete my look before I started to stroll around the streets.

It was so lively here in Bryxton and yet, I couldn't help but feel out of place. As I stood in the crowd hesitantly, I began to look at the people who passed by in front of me. Despite the cold wind blowing and the snow falling on me, I didn't feel the cold at all. I eventually started following an average-looking man of medium stature. I took the chance when he idly stood there for a smoke to pick up my courage as I ran over to him. With my bank card in my hand, I

started to plead, "I will compensate you with five million if you would go out with me for three months."

I could tell from the look on his face that he must have thought that I was a lunatic. It took him quite some time before he finally answered me. "I am sorry, but I have a girlfriend."

"It is alright," I told him. I only had the guts to approach him because he was here alone.

Now that I was rejected, I disappointedly scurried away to find my next target, who, like the previous one, was an average Joe. It was weird because my looks were definitely no reason for them to reject me. Not only that, I was even luring them with five million!

However, I would understand if this was the exact reason they thought I was crazy.

"Please go out with me!"

"Are you right in the head? Should I contact your family for you?"

"It's alright, then. I will go look for someone else." I smiled brightly and immediately took off after that.

It didn't take long before I found another man. "Please go out with me!"

"I'm sorry..."

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I was slightly lost about what I should do now. I wanted to find someone who loved me to be in a relationship with because I still didn't know what it felt like to be loved.

I wasn't really sure what happiness felt like.

All I remembered from the last relationship was how I almost went mad with jealousy because of Maria.

I continued to walk with my head down and when I reached another person, I gave it another go. "Please date me," I said.

A surprised voice suddenly exclaimed, "It really is you, Renee!"

Startled, I lifted my head, only to see that it was a relative of the Forgers—Sophia Forger.

The man standing in front of me coincidentally was the stoic, expressionless Nicholas.

I was so embarrassed then. Sophia, however, continued to babble despite my awkwardness.

"Renee, Nick and I already saw you a while ago. We were wondering what you were saying to those men with your head down. We only heard you when you got close to us..."

I turned around and started to leave, but Nicholas was one step ahead of me as he grabbed me by my wrist before he dragged me away. Sophia called out to us anxiously, but all Nicholas did was bark an order at her, "Go home yourself. Don't go around telling people what you saw today."

"What about the concert?!"

The man continued to pull me away without giving her a reply. I struggled against his hold and yelled for him to let go of me, which he did only after we reached the car park.

I reached out to massage the sore spot around my

wrist, whereas he lit a cigarette and began to take puffs from it. He finally spoke to me in that familiar cold voice of his after he blew a smoke ring. "What are you doing, Renee?" he questioned me.

I was not the old me who would quietly swallow any insults he threw my way. This time, I hissed back at him without any intention to hold it in anymore. "Didn't you see with your own eyes? I am looking for someone to date."

"Don't tell me this is how you get by now," he grunted.

"What? Are you talking about how I am looking for men on the street?"

His breath suddenly hitched, and he lowered his head to cough softly. He then threw away the cigarette butt and got into his car. However, he soon realized that his car wasn't working when he tried to turn on the

engine. Instead, he looked at me and asked, "Did you drive here?"

The man I was looking at seemed to be a lot less angry than how I remembered him to be. There was no disgust in his slightly-gentler eyes as well. Hearing that, I immediately panicked and blurted out, "No, I came here using public transport."

He had no choice but to get out of his car then. After he closed the door behind him and called for towing services, he brought me to the bus station. He didn't have any change on him, and so he took a one hundred note from his leather wallet and gave it to the bus driver.

The driver in return looked at Nicholas with an odd expression on his face, and the former felt as though he had just witnessed a rich person in real life.

Nicholas brought me to the mid section of the crowded bus, and he made me stand by the window as he used his body to separate me from the other passengers. I looked sadly at the snowy scenery outside the window before I suddenly asked a question, "We are divorced now, Nicholas. What is the meaning of whatever you are doing now?"

The bus abruptly came to a stop then. Caught off guard, I bumped into him with full force. I could feel my heart jump at irregular beats as my cheek took in the warmth of his chest. I must have been hypnotized then, as I couldn't help but wrap my arms around his waist. "I am wearing heels, Nicholas," I said in a hushed voice. "I am afraid I might fall. Let me hold on to you for a bit, okay? It'll only be a while. I will let go of you when I get off the bus."

Anyone could pick up the fear of rejection laced in my voice if they paid attention to it.

Me liking Nicholas was a fact that would never change despite us being divorced.

My world would always fall apart every time he appeared again.

With my fingers wrapped around his shirt, I only raised my head from his chest after a long minute. My eyes happened to meet his clear gaze when I did that. "How have you and Maria been lately?" I softly asked.

He was obviously troubled by my question as he only replied with a puzzled grunt.

Pursing my lips, I continued to ask, "Will you and her get married?"

It instantly fell silent between us, and all that could be heard now was the sound of our shallow breathing. I

stubbornly stared at Nicholas for an answer. He eventually compromised when he let out a sigh and answered, "I owe her a wedding, after all."

"When is the wedding going to be held?" My grip on him had already loosened.

He continued to look at me, and I could see the hesitation when he let out another sigh. "On the 26th of December."

That was the day after Christmas.

I probably wouldn't be around anymore when that day came.

I let out a genuine smile at that. "Congratulations, Nicholas," I cheerfully wished him in a gentle voice.

The look in his eyes seemed to change at that

moment. With his grip tightly on my arm, he lowered his head to lean closer to me. I couldn't read his expression, but his deep voice rang out the next second. "Why were you looking for someone to date you earlier?" he asked.

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