

HONEY, YOU NEVER LOVED ME

Chapter 9

I chose to remain mum. Nicholas, on the other hand, stubbornly stared at me.

I immediately hopped out of the bus when we arrived at the bus station. This time, he didn't follow after me. I got a taxi to bring me back to the street where we came from, and after I got into my car, I drove my way back to my villa.

I was the only person in the enormous villa. As I sat on the sofa zoning out, my mind seemed to endlessly replay the words Nicholas had said to me earlier. "I owe her a wedding, after all."

Come to think of it, he did owe Maria a wedding.

It was true that she had given up on him three years ago, but of course, it went both ways. He had given

up on her as well.

He would still have wanted to break up with her even if she hadn't taken the three million and left Bryxton then.

Again, there was no right or wrong when it came to love.

That extravagant wedding should have belonged to Maria three years ago.

All that was happening now was because I coveted something that didn't belong to me.

Just as my thoughts began to roam free, I received a call from May Sommer, who was one of the few friends I had.

She opened a teahouse named 'Kitties' teahouse',

which was a place where there were cats strolling around and about. Her teahouse had always been making a steady loss. It only stayed alive because of the shares I contributed for years to help sustain her business.

After I accepted the call, I pressed my phone to my ear and asked, "Yes, May?"

Her excited voice immediately came from the other end of the phone then. "Remember the music hall beside my place? There is a piano performance tonight. I heard that the pianist is a maestro who has just returned from America. Don't you like piano? Come over now. I will go with you to the performance tonight."

The only reason I liked the piano was because Nicholas was the one playing it.

I lowered my gaze to look at my bank card that had five million. I admit, I was a little crazy for trying to buy love off the street. It didn't matter to me that I was seen as a lunatic. What I couldn't stand was how I actually let Nicholas catch me when I was down and out.

Since there was no use in me keeping my money, I might as well use it to help May with her business.

"I will be there in an hour."

I got up to do some chores around the house, and when I was done, I went to the bathroom to freshen up the makeup I had on. I wanted to always look my best.

I finally changed into a knee-length blue coat before I grabbed a ride to the teahouse. When I arrived, I stood under the snow to have a moment to myself

before sucking in a deep breath and putting on an energetic expression. I then waltzed my way into the teahouse.

May hurriedly put down the teacups she was holding when she saw me. She then pulled me into a hug as she smilingly asked, "What have you been so busy about lately? You should have dropped by!"

"I have been occupied with work," I quickly told her a lie.

She only let go of me after hearing my explanation. "Have a seat," she urged. "I will get my staff to make you tea. I will come to you again after I am done with work."

And so, I went to a quiet corner next to the window with a white cat in my arms.

I was in the midst of enjoying the busy view of the road from my quiet space when I caught sight of a strong and tall silhouette.

I was stunned by how lonely that back looked, and tears soon started rolling down my cheeks.

I greedily stared at the familiar figure. Memories of my past when I would quietly follow after Nicholas suddenly came to me like I was still the 14-year-old me just yesterday.

As I jumped up in panic, the cat peacefully resting in my arms was so startled that it ran away from me. However, I couldn't possibly be bothered by that when my priority was to find the familiar figure I had caught a glimpse of. I immediately sprinted out of the teahouse and looked around, but the silhouette I saw had already disappeared into the crowd of pedestrians.

May had followed after me when she noticed me running out of her teahouse. Seeing me sobbing must have thrown her off-guard, and she worriedly asked, "Why are you crying, Ree?"

I... I thought I saw him...

It was a figure that had been imprinted in my mind.

It seemed to overlap with the man who used to be so gentle to me.

Was it possible? Could he be Nicholas?!

No one other than Nicholas had ever made me feel this way.

Who could he be if he wasn't Nicholas?

I suddenly recalled the concert that Sophia had mentioned.

Was this where it was supposed to be held?

Was Nicholas here as well?

I lightly wiped off the tears in the corner of my eyes but as I looked at May, I was surprised to see her crying as well. "Oh my—why are you crying, Maybug?" I exclaimed.

"Why do you always look so sad, Ree?" She wrapped her arms around me and sobbed. "You always burst into tears out of nowhere. Did you forget that he has been yours for three years now?"

The person she was implying to was Nicholas.

I could understand why. I hadn't told her about my

divorce, after all.

I blinked a couple times before a smile appeared on my face. "It's probably the snow. It is too cold for my eyes."

We then made our way back onto the teahouse. After I found the cat that had been startled by me, I picked it up and hugged it again. "I am sorry for scaring you earlier," I whispered.

Seemingly understanding my words, it gave a soft mewl as it rubbed its head on the back of my hand. I couldn't help but laugh at the sight of the adorably obedient feline. "Good kitty."

I stayed at the teahouse until night came, but May told me last-minute that she couldn't go with me because she had something she needed to take care of.

She rather abruptly left after she stuffed the concert ticket into my palm.

Now that I was left alone, I placed my bank card next to her computer before I made a move to the concert hall right beside.

The hall was filled with people waiting to watch the show. Fortunately, I managed to find myself a seat beside a couple who were whispering words of affection to one another.

The girl asked her boyfriend, "When are you going to marry me?"

And the boy smilingly said, "As soon as we are of age."

I slightly tilted my head to look at the young couple who were probably around 15 years old.

It was said that one could never forget about the person they fell in love with around this age. May was one of the prime examples of it.

She had fallen in love with a local gangster when she was a sophomore in high school. Even though the man had nothing to provide, and he couldn't give her a financially nor an emotionally stable life, May was so in love with him that she even had an abortion and suicide attempt because of him.

Even after all that, she insisted that there was no other man in this world that would love her the way he loved her.

I still remembered something that she had told me years ago. "He might have a rough demeanor, but underneath that is... a soul so pure and clean. I know his weaknesses, and I know how sensitive and

prideful he can be. I also know that he would do anything for love. Ree, he is a good man. I would even go as far as to say that he is on the same level as the Nicholas you first knew. He is a prideful man who has a mind of his own."

Indeed, despite not having anything, he was willing to give up the only life he had for May.

May was in her last year in high school when he jumped in front of a car to save her.

He must have taken her heart with him when he passed away.

Because of that, she was still single after all these years.

I looked away from the young couple then. I could only pray that life would go smoothly for all the

youngsters of their age around the world.

...

Time went by just like that. I really wasn't interested in the concert at all.

Just when I was about to leave, I was stopped in my tracks by the familiar melody.

My eyes were already moist when I abruptly turned to look at the stage.

A grand piano, and the pair of beautiful hands that seemed to hover over the black and white keys.

'Street Where Wind Resides'.

Does he remember?

The man who was playing the piano was as gentle as he was gorgeous, and the visage immediately overlapped with my memory of the kind and graceful man I remembered from years ago.

I hurried backstage to look for him just as soon as the last note rang out, but I couldn't see him anywhere.

I was terrified he would leave. I couldn't bear to imagine how he could become someone else's groom if I couldn't get a hold of him.

I desperately wanted to see him and tell him who I was.

However, I still couldn't find him no matter how long I looked for him. Dejected, I finally left the concert hall.

The sky had already turned dark then, and the snow fall had gotten thicker.

I slowly walked along the street in my high-heeled shoes as I watched the snow-covered roads illuminated by dim street lights. As I kept walking, I suddenly noticed the long shadow of a person ahead of me.

My legs immediately came to a halt, and I slowly looked up at the man standing there.

I could feel my breath hitch. The man had a dark green overcoat on top of a high-collared black sweater. He had an apricot-colored scarf wrapped loosely around his neck. He was the owner of the familiar back I saw this afternoon.

The person who I coincidentally saw in the middle of the busy street turned out to be him after all.

My lips were pursed as I readied myself to ask him

why he chose to play 'Street Where Wind Resides' earlier on, but before I could even speak, the corners of his mouth lifted into a smile that seemed to reach his eyes. "Little girl, here you are, following me again..."

Upon hearing that, I was so surprised that my teeth unconsciously tore into my lip.

Little girl?

Does this mean that he had finally remembered who I am?

My tears were filled to the brim as I called out to him in a shaky voice. "Nicholas!"

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