

# You Made Me This Way

## Chapter 16

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After the meal, she knew that I did not have a place of my own, so she brought me home and emptied out a bedroom for me.

Even though it might be somewhat inappropriate, seeing that we were an unmarried man and woman living together, wasn't this life what I wanted all along?

Nylah, being the ray of sunshine she was, loved to laugh and was very easy to get along with

In her own home, she asked if I was comfortable and even gave me some fruits and sunflower seeds to snack on.

After this, she then went to bathe while I lay on the sofa in the living room, observing my surroundings. This being my first time living in an apartment made me curious and excited at the same time.

But soon, my phone rang and sure enough, it was that fellow, Andrew, who was calling again.

"Mr. Huston, I hope that you can think about my previous offer." This time, his tone was not as anxious as before, as it even revealed a hint of arrogance.

"Mr. Yole, I've already said that I'm not selling it and that's final. Can you stop harassing me now?" I replied impatiently.

Yet, he only unexpectedly smiled at my answer. "Mr. Huston, you're not the one who can make 'military gray. Right at this moment, our people are also negotiating with another party that knows how to make this dye too, so..."

His words made me shudder, as my art teacher had said that he was not the only person that held the dye's formula, he also had a brother that had it too, and it was also the same brother that landed him in jail!

Even though Mr. Spencer wanted to get into politics and had bribed his way into it, he did not commit any atrocities. Instead, he even helped out the general populace a few times. He just wanted to be an official very badly.

But, his brother was the exact opposite of him. Not only was he an avid gambler, he was also very into investing in stocks, as half of the Spencer Family's fortunes were wasted away by him. After that, he even wanted to sell the formula of military gray because of his debt and still wanted to gamble some more!

Because of this, Mr. Spencer then fell out with his brother, making his brother, unfortunately, report him to the police, which promptly landed Mr. Spencer in jail. As he did not have any children nor was he married, all the assets of the family were then taken by this brother of his.

It has been ten years ago since this transpired. If there could still be anything linking them together, it would only be hatred.

"Mr. Yole, since you've found other sellers, why are you still calling me? Just talk with the guy."

"Hmph. I'm not going to lie, that person's asking price is sky-high. Plus, he's wildly

arrogant. I don't like to do business with such individuals." After a short pause, he then continued, "Mr. Hushton, the way I see it, it would only be a win-win solution if you sell the recipe to me now. Otherwise, we will both lose tomorrow."

Frowning, I asked, "What do you mean we both lose tomorrow?"

Sighing, he then replied, "That Spencer fellow said that the recipe in your possession is something that his family had trademarked. He even said that you were a thief and that he's going to come to your factory tomorrow to take back that formula! If that really happens, then not only will you not get any money, but the formula will also be monopolized by him. By then, he'll only increase his asking price. So, it would only benefit both of us if we make that deal now."

That b\*stard. Not only did he frame my teacher, but he's also even going after me now?!

"Who introduced this Spencer fellow to you?" I asked, puzzled.

"Who else could it be? Of course, it was Sally. She really is far from ordinary. Also tomorrow, she said that she had a surprise in store for your factory. As you know, Sally isn't one who will just give up the government project without a fight," Andrew said smugly.

"What surprise?" I asked.

Smiling, he only said, "This, I cannot tell. But, things might change if you sell the formula to me."

I had failed to realize that this Sally character would be more persistent than I thought! If we refused to sell the formula, we would be penniless. If anything happened and the formula got taken away by the Spencers, then not only would we fail to make good on the government project, but Nylah's factory would also go bust as a result.

If we did sell the formula, we would be very rich. But, the rights of usage would no longer be ours. If we could not make the dye, Sally could still show up at any moment and take back the project.

It seemed like she would not be on the losing side no matter the outcome. Looks like this haughty woman was not as dumb as her appearance would suggest.

"Tell that Spencer guy that he can come if he wants. I came up with the recipe on my own, so I'm going to see how he will take it from me!" I said angrily while firmly gripping the phone.

"You jest, Mr. Hushton. How could a twenty-something such as yourself come up with such a complicated dying method? Just make the deal with me. Isn't your aim just to make money with it anyway? Why can't you just sell it to me?"

"Why I can't sell it to you isn't important! This is because of my pride as a Tresan!" After saying that, I hung up.

Squeezing my forehead, I laid back down on the sofa, thinking of what to do tomorrow. Nothing can go wrong tomorrow. I had this thought not only because this concerned the ownership of the formula, but also the fate of Papillon Enterprise and mine too!

If people were to discover that I knew Mr. Spencer, then the fact that I went to jail would be exposed to Nylah too.

What would she think if an inmate fresh out of prison suddenly approached her and was even living in her home? That would only be the worst-case scenario!

"What are you thinking about? You look very serious." An unknown amount of time had passed before she suddenly stood in front of me. It seemed like she just showered, as her hair was still wet and she was in a thin nightgown.

“N-N-Nothing..” Blushing, I then turned away, as her nightgown was so thin to the point where I could see the silhouette of her red underwear.

Nevertheless, it could be because she was used to dressing like this at home as she sat beside me. Crossing her fair legs, she then took the remote and said, “Hey, are you going to watch TV? If not, then I’m going to.”

“Knock yourself out!” I knew that all women liked dramas, as that was all the girls talked about during my days in school.

Unexpectedly, she turned on a show called ‘Under Investigation’ before immersing herself in it. This sight made me ask puzzlingly, “Nylah, do you enjoy this show a lot?”

Grabbing a peach, she then ate it indulging, saying, “Yup! I watch it every day!”

She watches this every day? Is this her kink or something?

This only served to confuse me even further, as I continued to ask, “Why? Aren’t you horrified by what they show?”

“That is exactly the reason why I watch it!” Swallowing the peach, she then looked down before continuing, “Annon, my mother was actually killed in a robbery back then. That’s why even though I might act very haughty on the outside, I actually feel very unsafe.”

Saying that, she then pointed at the television, at the criminals who got caught because of robbery, saying, “Do you know? The people I hate the most are robbers like them! I think that all of them should be shot!”

This made my heart skip a beat. Because of what she said, Nylah must never know that I was in jail because of robbery now!

“Nylah, I’m tired now, so I’ll be turning in early,” I said panickingly. Being a bad liar, I was worried that she might see through me at once.

“Tired? Are you kidding me? I still have so much that I want to talk with you about. How about we talk about your university life? Also, what else have you done these years?”

Looking at me curiously, she then blinked.

As I did not even attend university, how would I dare to talk to her about this? I knew that I would only get exposed the moment I spoke.

Standing up in a hurry, I replied, “I’m really tired. We can leave this conversation for another day.”

Stating that, I ran inside the bedroom and even locked the door.

This was not only due to me fearing that she might find out who I really was, but I was also afraid that Nylah’s mother might have been involved in my brother’s robbery back then!