

## You Made Me This Way

### Chapter 18

It was only then did I realize that there were three police officers standing beside Anton. However, before they had even moved, Nylah dashed toward me, pushing me hard.

“You a\*shole! Why did you come here? Quickly, run away now!”

“Calm down, Nylah! Believe me! Everything will come to pass, now and in the future as well!” Just as I finished saying that, the officers then had me surrounded. Letting go, Nylah became white as a sheet, as I could not escape even if I wanted to now.

Jerking my arm, I then shook two of the police off, saying, “What are you doing? Shouldn’t you show some evidence before taking me in?!”

Clenching his teeth, Anton then combed what little hair he had left while saying, “What more evidence do you need? Nobody except the Spencers have the know-how to dye military gray in this world! What is there left to say now that you’ve been caught stealing other people’s formula?”

Turning my head, I then saw that another person was sitting beside Anton. Looking like he might be around Nylah’s age, he was wearing a suit while wearing a jade ring. Under his sunglasses were a pair of lecherous eyes that were staring at Nylah with impure intentions.

Glancing at him, I then calmly asked, “You know how to make that dye as well?”

Focusing his gaze on me, he peered before stating impatiently, “What do you mean ‘as well? Military gray has been an heirloom that has been passed down in our family for hundreds of years now. It should be me that’s asking you where you stole our formula from?”

“Watch your mouth. I did not steal anything. I’ve said it and I’ll say it again, I came up with this formula by myself in the laboratory of the university. With our advanced society and improving technology, even rockets can fly to space now, so why is it so surprising that I managed to come up with a new dying formula?”

“For a brat, you sure know how to lie. Do you know how much my ancestors sacrificed to come up with this recipe in the end?” Standing up, he then smiled before suddenly asking, “Or perhaps, you were in jail before?”

Hearing this, my heart panged, as he continued sneering while closing in on me, saying, “The only logical explanation on how an outsider like you managed to get the formula could be one. And that is, you were in Eastland prison before!”

“Shut up, Damon! I won’t allow you to slander him like this!” Nylah suddenly appeared in front of me.

“I’m slandering him? Nylah, besides me and my father, the only other person that knows about the formula is my uncle, who is in that prison now! Seeing how defensive you are, don’t tell me that you fancy him? I should warn you that looks can be deceiving. Maybe, he’s still on parole even now!” Damon then smiled at me.

Livid, Nylah then held onto my hand, rebuking, “Annon graduated from a proper university. I’ve seen his certificate and portfolio before! He’s not a criminal. I will sue you for slander if you keep humiliating him like this.”

Staring back, Damon then bellowed, “Nylah! Do you really hate me so much? Back

then, you even transferred to Bluebell just to get away from me. Now, you're willing to fall out with me just because of this criminal? Ok then, I'll open your eyes today and let you see him for who he really is! I'm going to prove to you how sh\*t you are at judging people!"

Feeling a chill run through my body, I then suppress feelings of guilt, lifting my head up to look at this supposed successor of the Spencer Family. "Are you done barking? You state that my formula is yours. Ok, we can have a match then. If my ingredients, efficiency, and methods are different from your military gray, what are you going to do then?"

Clenching his teeth, he snorted, "If you can still make the dye in a different way, I naturally concede by then!"

"You'll only concede?" Staring at him coldly, I stated loudly, "If you lose, then the rights to the military gray dye from the Spencer Family will be owned exclusively by me! If I lose, then I'll let you all deal with me however you please! Deal?"

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Damon, who panicked upon seeing how confident I was, clenched his teeth when he gazed upon Nylah, saying, "Sure. I agree to your little game!"

Next, the contract was then quickly printed out under the supervision of Anton.

Not only did I need to protect my own dignity and Nylah's factory, but I also needed to take back the ownership of military gray on behalf of Mr. Spencer!

Signing his name confidently, he pressed his fingerprint before taunting me, "You're dead, kid. Nobody except for our family has been able to make military gray since the independence of this country! You stupid fool. How dare you trick Nylah too?! I'm going to make you rot in jail for the rest of your life!"

Ignoring him, I only felt rage inside, as one should stand up for themselves in these types of situations!

Looking at the contract, I quickly signed it but just before I could stamp my fingerprint, a fair, small hand caught my arms in an instant.

"Don't do it. Just leave and never come back!" With tears in her eyes, she looked at me with an inexplicable expression before turning around and announcing to the crowd, "That piece of cloth wasn't dyed by Annon yesterday. Mr. Lowe, I lied to you all. That piece of cloth was my mother's keepsake from a long time ago. Annon never dyed anything in the first place!"

The office instantly fell into a heated discussion.

It was not a light matter to cheat on a government project. If it all goes awry, the factory might immediately close up shop!

"You stupid brat! Doing this all for an outsider, is it really worth it?!" Slamming his fist into the table, Anton then bellowed at Nylah, "This factory has your mother's blood, sweat, and tears in it. Do you know the consequences of doing this?"

"I know. But, I also know that it was Annon who helped me in my darkest hour. Mom always told me that I should repay my gratitude." Even though her face had turned completely pale, Nylah still said this determinedly.

"Haha. This is becoming more and more interesting by the minute! Nylah, you did a great job. I admire your guts." Sally laughed out loud. If Nylah really took the fall for me, then the project, including the factory will fall into her hands soon enough, so how could she not be happy?

It was only I who shed a tear. I knew that she was kind, but I did not know that she would be this foolish, letting herself fall into the abyss just to protect me.

Closing my eyes, I stamped my fingerprint hard on the contract.

“Damon Spencer, is it? The bet goes live now!”

Clenching my teeth, I looked at everyone in this office furiously. It was you all that forced me and my savior. Even if I, Annon Hushston, am trash, I will still stand up this time!

“Are you mad?! Run now! Who told you to be some sort of martyr now?” Nylah then cried all of a sudden. Grabbing onto my clothes, she then shook her head nonstop while saying, “Why are you going down with me too? What can you change by doing this?!”

“Nylan, everything will pass with time. I came here to repay you, not to harm you,” then took a deep breath before continuing, “Let’s meet at the dyeing station. Mr. Lowe and the other leaders, I would like to ask that you be the referees. Please judge us fairly.”

Snorting, Anton then replied, “You don’t have to worry about my impartiality. I won’t be biased toward you just because of your relationship with Nylah!”

“That would be the best!” After that, I then headed for the dyeing station.