

## You Made Me This Way Chapter 31-35

### Chapter 31

As soon as I had said that, everyone in the meeting room burst out laughing. Nylah even darted me a look with a flushed face. "That's enough, stop embarrassing yourself. We can't manufacture these products, no matter how desperate we are!"

"What's wrong with selling these? Don't you wear panties and bras? Nylah, they are getting ahead of themselves; are you acting the same?"

With my head raised, I looked at everyone and bellowed, "That's enough!"

"Annon, just give up. The Papillon Enterprise is not so desperate to the point of making undergarments to save fabric! Just get down from the stage. Mr. Miller has won." Mark, who was sitting off the stage, gloated at my humiliation.

I took a deep breath and looked at Mark in his eyes as I remarked, "You guys sure are a bunch of scumbags."

Upon hearing that, he slammed the table and sprang to his feet. "Who are you calling scumbags?"

I growled through gritted teeth, "If I am not wrong, Papillon Enterprise was once a very successful company and it was all thanks to Nylah's mother. After she passed away, the company performance plummeted. Am I wrong to call you a bunch of shareholders scumbags? Have you guys ever contributed to the company? If you guys are capable enough, will the company be in its current state?"

"You!" Mark's eyes reddened, but he couldn't refute.

"Let's put aside my proposal and focus on John's impressive proposal!" Looking at them, I knocked on the table and reminded them, "Everyone please don't forget about the fact that Papillon Enterprise is not the world's top 500 company, but a small business with poor performance, limited cash flow and even facing bankruptcy at any time!"

Then, I turned to John and questioned, "Do you understand our company's cash flow? To be honest, we can't even fork up our employees' next month's salary, so how are we supposed to have the money to create a high-end fashion brand, do advertisements, or even expand our channels? Papillon's prime target now is merely to survive!"

John removed his glasses and refuted in displeasure, "We can raise capital by finding investors!"

"Raise capitals? From where? There wasn't even one investor who was willing to finance our firm during the Economic Conference that took place a few days ago. Besides, even if we manage to secure the capital, how are we supposed to compete with other high-end brands? We are no match to them in terms of money, strength or connections! I believed that I don't need to elaborate further on how complicated the fashion industry is. Let's not talk about big brands and focus on Sally Jones' company for now. Sally has both connections and money, but her company can only thrive in the suburb; it is not even at the level of average fashion brand. Do you guys really think that Papillon Enterprise is more capable than Rose Enterprise?"

Now that Mark's face had turned as red as a tomato and his temple pulsing, he roared, "Anyhow, we still can't make undergarments! We can't afford to humiliate ourselves like

this!"

I slapped on the table. "Shut the f\*ck up! Mark Olsen, no matter what the result of the competition is, you won't be part of the firm anymore, so you better shut up!"

Then, I turned to face the crowd. "Our company's primary target now is to survive, so the female's lingerie market that has less intense competition is our best choice!"

A conflicted Nylah looked at me and uttered with pursed lips, "Annon, I understand your thought, but this is not a long-term plan. My mother's last wish was to build a clothing brand under Papillon Enterprise, so our firm's main goal is still making clothes."

When I heard that, I turned to look at John, whose expression was dark. "John, please explain to everyone why I suggested we make brassieres. If you are unable to see through my reasoning, you are as useless as them!"

John took a deep breath and slowly raised his head before he explained, "Brassiere is also known as a woman's second organ. If a brassiere brand is comfortable to wear, and affordable in price, it will instantly gain the women's favor and trust, and what comes next will be their faith and dependence on this brand."

I then added, "I've examined the cloth produced by our factory-it is made of 80% pure cotton and it has a smooth texture, which is the perfect garment for female undergarments! Besides, I master another dyeing technique that is specially used to dye undergarments. I'm sure that as long as our prices are reasonable, Papillon's brassiere will quickly occupy the market in a short span of time!"

After I said that, he chimed in with his head bowed, "As long as we established trust with our consumers, it will be easy for us to expand into female fashion even without much promotions because our female consumers of our undergarment line will undoubtedly choose Papillon's clothing. After we managed to market our womenswear, our menswear would not be a problem as well. After all, men's clothing is mostly bought by women, so we will win the market when we dominate the female consumers!"

"Does everyone understand? There are only three steps in this strategy of mine. As long as we don't face any major issue, I am 80% certain that I am able to transform Papillon from a new unknown brand to a popular clothing brand!"

At that instant, the whole meeting room fell silent. I believed that I had explained the whole plan in such a detailed manner that even a crude man like Jared should be able to understand it.

After I stepped down from the stage, I turned to John and asked, "Do you admit defeat?"

He clenched his glasses in his hands and squeezed a word from his mouth. "Yes!"

"Really?"

"Yes!"

"I hope you keep your promise-get Mark to immediately return the shares and leave the company!" With that, I turned on my heels and left the meeting room.

Subsequently, I returned to Nylah's office and packed my things. Looking at the office and the factories outside the window, I felt a deep sense of reluctance to leave this place despite the fact that I had only been here for a couple of days.

The days I had spent with Nylah would be the happiest moments in my life, but I knew that I wouldn't be able to experience such happiness ever again.

Since the person whom she liked was John, was there even a reason for me to stay?

To be honest, my heart would shatter into pieces if I were to stay and witness their

intimate moments together.

Now that the trouble in the company had been resolved, I believed that there wouldn't be an issue for Nylah to market the company's dyed fabric when she had the 'Military Gray' formula with her. On top of that, she had a piece of land at Northdale. Although nobody believed that it would produce favorable income, I had faith that it would appreciate in value in less than a year.

Nylah, thank you for lending me a hand when I was at the crossroad of my life. Thank you for taking care of me these few days and giving me a sense of home. However, it's time for me to leave. This is all I can do for you. As long as you follow the three steps that I drafted out in the plan, you will definitely fulfill your mother's last wish and make Papillon a famous clothing brand.

When I was still deep in my thoughts, I didn't notice that Nylah was already standing at the door.

"Why are you leaving? Give me a reason." She looked at me quietly with a profound gaze.

"N-No special reason. I just have something more important to do." I raised my head and took a deep breath, but I would never tell her that the reason was because I had feelings for her and I didn't want to see her with another man.

I dare not say those words as I knew my place. Rather than confess my feelings and get rejected, it would be better that I bury my feelings deep in my heart.

"Can you not leave, please? Maybe there are certain things that are not what you think," she pleaded, coming up to me to grab my arm.

"Nylah, I really have something else to do. I will be staying in Milch and you will be able to see me anytime." I forced a slight smile at her, but I still removed her hands and left. Next, I wanted to look for Lauren to rescue Master Campbell! I, Annon, had always been a man of my words!

## **Chapter 32**

As soon as I had left the office, everyone left the meeting room as well.

Nylah wanted me to stay, but John dropped his dark expression and wore a charming smile as he approached her for a chat.

I, on the other hand, called Eric to one side and exhorted in a serious tone, "Eric, you have to bear in mind that the steps in the fabric-dyeing formula is the company most important asset, which is also all the workers' hope, so you must never let anyone know about it, including Nylah. Do you hear me?"

He immediately nodded, after which I added, "You have to beware of John; he is targeting the formula. If the formula were to fall in his hands, the workers' hard earned money would go down the drain."

"Annon, can't you stay? All the workers admire you a lot!" He looked at me sadly.

"Remember what I said. I'll be taking my leave." With that, I went directly down the stairs.

Nylah's voice was suddenly heard from upstairs, "Remember to come home for dinner later."

I looked behind, only to see Nylah standing there with a smile on her face. Then, I gave an awkward smile and waved at her.'

I can't go back. The man, whom you wrote love letters to for seven years, has returned,

so what's the point of me sticking around? Nylah, I have repaid your kindness. I carried my bag and left the industrial area. Standing by the road of the development zone, I cast a reluctant gaze at the factory before I took out my phone and gave Lauren a call.

"Hey, are you busy?" I asked.

"What's the matter?" She was as cold as usual.

"Let's meet up." I took out the cigarette that Nylah had bought for me and inhaled the smoke.

"Just tell me what you want. I'm busy! Also, I won't help you with anything stupid again." Lauren succinctly made herself clear.

"I want to see you because of that time when I used the formula as a collateral to borrow 20 million from you. We need to sign a written agreement for this. I'll return you the money in one year."

After a brief silence, she let out a sigh. "You are Master Campbell's disciple, so I believe you. We don't need a written agreement between us."

Although I had never met Lauren in person, we had built an absolute trust between us because of Master Campbell. She was indeed a reliable person to me.

"Fine. Where are you now? I'll send someone to pick you up." She caved in when I kept quiet.

I looked behind at the sunset and Nylah's factory. With my eyes narrowed, I muttered, "At the development zone near the entrance of Papillon Enterprise."

20 minutes later, a black Rolls-Royce arrived and pulled over right next to me. The car window rolled down and a male driver's head poked out. "Are you Mr. Annon Hushton?"

"Yes." Judging from the car, I reckoned that Lauren was someone important.

"Get in. Miss Krause is waiting for you with the food served."

I sat in the back seat of the luxury car and was driven all the way to a women's health club at the city center.

Standing at the entrance was a capable-looking girl with short hair and exquisite features. She was dressed in black professional outfit and was wearing a pair of black framed glasses. Although she had a sexy figure, she kept a poker face.

"Are you Lauren Krause?" I asked.

"Miss Krause is waiting for you upstairs. Please come with me." She revealed a stiff smile and led me into the hall.

I scratched my head and followed her in. The health club was luxuriously furnished and there were many beautiful women in there, which dazzled my eyes.

We took the elevator straight to the penthouse. "Miss Krause is here. Please come in," the girl, who led the way, said before helping me to open the door.

It was a spacious room with pure cashmere carpet spread out on the floor, a large golden chandelier hanging from the ceiling and a huge floor-to-ceiling window that captured the night scenery of the entire city.

In front of the floor-to-ceiling window was a European-styled dining table with steaks and other dishes set on it. Beside the dining table were two couches, and Lauren was lying on one of them with her back facing me.

"Lauren, thank you so much. You have been a great help to me twice." Stepping on the soft carpet, I walked up to her.

"Please have a seat, Annon," she uttered in a cold yet sonorous voice without turning

around.

When I arrived at the dining table, I finally got to take a good look at her. She was wearing a sky-blue long gown that revealed her perfectly proportioned figure. Beneath her skirt was a pair of long, fair, smooth legs that looked just immaculate.

However, she was wearing a facial mask on her face as she lay on the couch. "Are you Annon?" she asked, languidly darting a look at me.

I nodded, sitting down opposite her. It was at that moment she sat upright and removed her facial mask. "Why do you look so ordinary? You don't seem to possess any specialty. Master Campbell shouldn't accept you as his disciple."

However, I was too astonished to react to her words!

"It's you?" Isn't she the 'goddess' that became the center of attraction during the Economic Conference that day?

"What's wrong? Have you seen me before this?" Her eyes were particularly stunning with a slight blue hue. "Not many people have seen me in Milch," she added with a dubious tone.

"The Economic Conference-"

"Ah, I see." She nodded before she elegantly asked while looking at me. "So, why do you want to meet me?"

I didn't want to keep staring at her, but I really couldn't help it-her looks and temperament had the ability to crush all men's pretense.

I forced myself to lower my gaze before I responded, "I still think that we need to have a written agreement between us in regards to the matter of me borrowing money from you."

"I've mentioned there's no need for that because I trust you and believe more in him."

As she spoke, she picked up the cutlery and gracefully cut her stake.

"Lauren, how much do you know about Master Campbell's matter? I don't believe that he is a bad guy. I have to rescue him!" I felt more determined when I remembered about him.

She turned to look outside the window at the beautiful night scenery with her eyes narrowed. "I went to visit him a few days ago. He exhorted that both of us should never get involved in this matter. So, I believe that you know what to do."

I immediately declared, "I'm greatly indebted to Master Campbell, so I have to get involved in this no matter what!"

"Do you know how complicated things are in Milch? Who are you to make this sort of declaration?" Lauren sprang to her feet and blew up at me; her sudden temper startled me. "Annon, even someone as impressive as Master Campbell ended up in prison, which only means that the enemy is much more terrifying than you could ever imagine." She gripped her cutlery and looked outside the window with both rage and sorrow on her face.

"You are Master Campbell's disciple as well, right? Are we really going to do nothing and enjoy our lives while he suffers in there? Everything that I have now is all thanks to him. Therefore, I have to defeat the enemy no matter who this person is and rescue Master Campbell!" I exhaled a deep breath. The phrase that Master Campbell had taught me more often than anything else was 'to fight!!

If I thought that life was unfair, I had to rise up and fight; I had to continue fighting until my very last breath! Pride was something we had to fight for!

Lauren turned to look at me with a profound gaze. "It seems like you are not as useless as I thought. You are at least a kind and righteous person." She flashed me a slight smile.

"Do you know who the enemy is?" I took out a cigarette. Just as I was about to light it up, I put it down-I couldn't smoke without permission in such a grand place.

"Go ahead and smoke." She darted me a look. As she swirled the glass of red wine in her hand with her fair hand, she answered, "I don't know who the enemy is as well, but there's something that can give us the answer."

"What is that?" I immediately followed up with a question.

"A diary. It was Master Campbell's most personal item. Annon, did he hand you the book?" she asked; she had stopped swirling her wine and was now staring at me with an enchanting gaze.

### **Chapter 33**

But I was stunned! I was indeed given a diary by Master Campbell shortly before my release, but I wasn't sure if it was the one Lauren mentioned.

Most importantly, he repeatedly warned me that the diary should not be seen by anyone other than myself. This also included my own father.

"No. I've never seen any diary on Master Campbell," I said determinedly after a puff of my cigarette.

Despite the fact that the master had introduced Lauren to me whereby we had developed a deep sense of trust between us, there were still some things that should not be revealed.

She nodded in response. Taking a sip from the chalice, she said, "Please don't get me wrong. Even if the diary is with you, I wouldn't look at it. And of course, I disagree with you interfering in Master Campbell's affairs as well."

"What was his previous job? And what is his true identity?" This was something I had always wanted to know.

"Don't ask questions about things you're not supposed to know, and don't get involved in his affairs!" She frowned before she continued in a berating tone, "He has other wishes that he wants us to fulfill for him."

"And what's that?" Her words piqued my interest as I was willing to go to any lengths for him.

However, her face flushed in response. "I'll tell you once you meet the requirements," she replied, looking out the window.

"What requirements?" I asked anxiously, to which Lauren avoided my gaze. "My requirements."

I did not understand what she meant. "What requirements do you have for me?"

"That's enough. Anyway, I'll be keeping an eye on you from now on." She raised her chalice and drank the wine, her face still flushed.

How inexplicable she was, I thought. Her words were all half-hearted and hesitant but at least, I learnt that Master Campbell had a formidable foe. This also indirectly proved that he must have been imprisoned for a reason.

Later in the day, my phone rang when I was having my meal. It was a call from Nylah. I had no idea why she was looking for me. After all, her problems had been resolved, and she had found her prince charming.

Yet, I still answered the call out of courtesy. "Hello?"

"I've prepared a lot of delicious food. Quickly come back!" she said with a smile.

"I've eaten, Nylah. If there's nothing else..." For the time being, I wasn't willing to see her and place myself between her and John.

"You've eaten? Where are you, then? I'll come and get you." I heard her walk to the door while she was speaking.

"That's not necessary. I have other pressing matters to attend to." With the phone in my hand, all I could think about was how I didn't want to see her for even a second. My heart was trembling as well. Since she did not like me, I couldn't return to her.

However, she continued to walk downstairs and responded, "Whatever happens, you must still return. Where else are you going to spend the night? Don't be childish and come back fast."

I pursed my lips and furrowed my brows when I heard that. Finally, I gave her the address of the club.

There were just some people in your life that you couldn't let go of, and Nylah was that person for me-she was my Achilles' heel.

"She's the girl that you like?" Lauren put her chalice down and asked with interest.

"... I don't like her." I tried to conceal my emotion.

"Things are getting interesting." In response, she gave me a cold sneer. Then, she went to the floor-to-ceiling windows and asked while looking out, "Annon, between me and her, who is more superior?"

When I heard that, I just stared at her blankly. She was dressed like a fairy in a sky blue gown. Her watery eyes, graceful movements, and the elegance she exuded were hypnotic.

In fact, I didn't even dare to look at her. I simply averted my gaze and answered, "What's the point of making such a comparison? It's none of my business whether any one of you is superior."

"You've been rejected by her?" Lauren asked, smirking and attempting to appear distant.

Her words enraged me to the point where I did not want to say anything. I felt irritated the moment I remembered that Nylah had been writing love letters to John for seven years!

Lauren mocked me with her cold stare. "You can't even court a woman. How useless that is! I don't understand why Master Campbell holds you in such high regard."

"Have you had enough? I bet you don't have a boyfriend yourself! How dare you mock me when you're single as well?" I was already annoyed, but she insisted on adding insult to my injury.

"You—" Hearing my words, Lauren turned around to face me. At this precise moment, my phone rang again.

It was Nylah again. She told me she was already downstairs and asked when I would be coming down.

After I hung up the call, I turned to look at Lauren and said, "If there's nothing else, I'm leaving now. I'll definitely repay you all of the money I borrowed."

I turned around immediately after my words. However, she strode into the elevator with me, her face expressionless. When I exited the club, Nylah was standing outside.

I became agitated as soon as I saw Nylah. Just as I was about to open my mouth,

Lauren unexpectedly grabbed my elbow and asked, "You're Nylah?" Nylah raised her head right away. When she saw Lauren, she was taken aback, not only because Lauren was beautiful, but also because Nylah had previously seen Lauren at the Economic Conference.

"Please keep in mind that Annon is only staying by your side to repay your kindness. I hope you don't read too much into it." Lauren even kissed my cheek after she finished speaking.

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Then, she pushed me away and gave me a provocative look before turning around and getting into the Rolls-Royce parked beside the road.

That left me dumbfounded. She obviously did it to get back at me! I should not have mocked her earlier for being single.

I should have known that being the grandmaster's disciple, of course she wouldn't be a good Samaritan.

Lauren was clearly attempting to bury the feelings between Nylah and me, which were already half-dead to begin with.

Nylah, too, was taken aback. After a while, she exhaled deeply and said, "Annon, you and her..."

"No, Nylah. I assure you that this is my first meeting with her. That was merely a joke. There's nothing going on between me and her..."

"Why are you explaining it to me? You've always been like a brother to me." I noticed her putting on a strong front and continued, "She is really beautiful. That's why I was surprised to see you with such a big shot..."

That was true. Why was I explaining it to Nylah? The person she loved was John, not me! Furthermore, if she knew I had a girlfriend, we wouldn't be that awkward when we worked together in the future. That would be a good thing!

After we got into the cab, Nylah stared out the window for a long time without saying anything. Suddenly, she asked, "The money you've used to purchase the land was borrowed from her, right? The fact that she can easily lend you twenty million demonstrates how special your relationship with her is. I was concerned that you wouldn't be able to repay such a large sum of money, but it now appears that I've been thinking too much. She most probably does not require you to repay her."

Hearing that, I simply rolled down the window, lit a cigarette, and began smoking. Why should I explain if she had no feelings for me? Let her misunderstand things in the manner as she wished.

"By the way, how is everything in the company?" I changed the topic of our conversation.

"The company is fine. Sally is the only thing that's bothering me. She called again and stated that she had previously been taken advantage of and that she will not let the matter go."

I frowned when I heard that. It appeared that my debt of gratitude had not been fully repaid yet. At the very least, I had to deal with Sally for her!

## **Chapter 34**

When I returned to the simple but warm home with Nylah, my heart was flooded with emotions.



I once imagined that I could continue cohabiting and managing the company well with her, and that we would eventually develop feelings for each other.

With John's appearance, however, all that I had imagined became a mere fantasy. Without even realizing it, I started to find myself naïve. Why did I believe she was within my reach?

Nylah, on the other hand, went straight to her room after we got home and didn't say anything further to me. I suppose she was busy talking and flirting with John.

To distract myself from the emotional thoughts, I quickly pulled out the diary that my teachers gave me from my bag. Lauren claimed that the diary contained the identity of Master Campbell's adversary. Though I had no idea the diary she was referring to was the one I was holding at the time, I would never pass up a chance.

I anxiously flipped open the diary after locking the door and drawing the curtains. There was a lot of industry knowledge and experience sharing, which I was already familiar with. However, some of the details known only to high-ranking officials were not within my knowledge.

After a while of flipping through it, I came across a dubious entry; the main person in question was 'Tony Lane.

More than ten years ago, rumors circulated that the town was relocating to a developing area, and Tony was the project's leader. This rumor, however, did not come true.

Instead, the developing area was converted into an industrial zone, and several of Tony's subordinates were imprisoned for unknown reasons at the same time. Tony, on the other hand, was promoted.

It was obviously out of the ordinary that the same thing happened twice, that many people were imprisoned and that Tony was the only one who rose straight up in his career. Was Master Campbell one of the imprisoned? Was he harmed by Tony before?

If he was, then I suppose Tony must have been the foe that Lauren mentioned. I got goosebumps just thinking about it. Dealing with such a big shot, Tony was tantamount to meeting my end! Even Master Campbell, who was someone so formidable, couldn't escape Tony's trap.

What should I do? Should I proceed with this? Throughout the night, I was in a state of complete terror. Finally, I realized why Master Campbell had forbidden me from interfering in this matter. It was completely beyond my abilities, and I would most certainly be dead meat if I got involved.

Just as I was thinking about this, heavy rain began to fall outside the window. I was so terrified by the sudden lightning and thunder that I curled up in one corner of the bed. At the same time, my mind flashed back to my time in that murky and cruel house.

That was a time when my father was constantly beating me and my brother was always humiliating me. Every rainy night, I did the same thing I was doing now: I curled up on the bed. I even hid beneath the bed at times because I knew I was no match for them. I only live to put up with all of their mistreatment..

But Master Campbell changed my life. He was the one who taught me to fight back and helped me leave that kind of family. Come to think of it, Tony is rather similar to my father and brother in the past, no? He's as powerful as they were, invincible and tyrannical.

Do I really have to live like a coward and see Master Campbell, who has changed my life, imprisoned for no reason?

“Sometimes, you need to fight back. The enemy is, perhaps, not as terrifying as you imagine. Take the first step and you’ll discover a lot more!” My ears were filled with his voice.

My heart was suddenly filled with a fervent desire. I gritted my teeth and looked outside in this dark night filled with lightning and thunder. It was at that point that I knew-I must fight!

The next morning, Nylah appeared dejected. I asked her if there was anything bothering her while we were eating.

She took a deep breath and said, “I’ve been thinking about it all night, and maybe I shouldn’t bind you to me. That woman can give you a better life and better career opportunities. You can leave if you wish to. You do not need to consider my feelings.”

“What if Sally causes you trouble after I leave?” I asked.

· “Last night, John promised to join my company. With him by my side, you don’t need to be worried.” She forced a smile.

“I admit that he is capable. However, he frequently bites off more than he can chew! He is unquestionably not Sally’s match!” I smacked the table hard. My heart was filled with a raging rage for no apparent reason.

“Do you think you are now the most formidable person on earth just because you beat him once? If you’re that great, look for your girlfriend now! Simply go be with that wealthy and capable woman! My small place here cannot accommodate such a great figure as you! I don’t need you to repay your gratitude, in case your girlfriend misunderstands!” Nylah turned around and her tears began to fall.

I was enraged as well. Clearly, my relationship with Lauren wasn’t what Nylah . thought it to be. I wanted to leave all because of her getting entangled with John, so why did she yell at me? What did I do wrong?

“Why do you need to get John into the company?” I asked after taking a deep breath. With her brows furrowed, Nylah wiped her tears and said, “I am well aware of my abilities. Without you, John is the only one who can assist me in managing the company.”

“But what if I stay?” I asked affectionately while looking at her.

“John is already here. He’s my old friend, and I cannot break my promise to him,” she replied firmly.

He was her old friend, so she wanted to have him here so their feelings could be rekindled. How about me? What did I mean to her?

After a long while, I finally said, “I will leave after I’ve settled things with Sally, Nylah. , I hope for the best for you and John too.”

I exited the door right after my words. She immediately followed, and we shared a taxi to the company.

“Are you familiar with Tony Lane?” I stared blankly outside the window.

“He appears to be the main person in terms of education and economics. Since his appointment, the city’s educational level has risen significantly,” Nylah responded with an equally cold tone.

“Only this? Any other information?”

She paused for a moment before responding, “He has raised the idea of promoting education in rural areas over the last two years, and he appears to be someone who will walk the walk. Why do you want to know about him?”

I shook my head in response. He was such a hypocrite! Heaving a deep breath, I continued my questions. "Do you or Uncle Anton know Tony well?" Nylah simply sneered at me. "He is such a high-ranking leader. Where would we have the chance to talk to him?" She was correct. I might not even get to meet him, let alone fight with him and help Master Campbell overthrow his imprisonment. But, to my surprise, such an opportunity presented itself not long after I arrived at the company. I believed that if I could get close to Tony, I could surely discover some of his weaknesses. Master Campbell, I'm now risking my life to correct the grave injustice you had encountered!

### **Chapter 35**

When Nylah arrived at the company, she immediately began decorating John's office. That office had previously belonged to Mark, but now it belonged to John. The interior design was almost as opulent as Nylah's office.

I couldn't help but feel emotional as I leaned against the door. Despite the fact that I went above and beyond for the company during this time, I had never received such treatment before. I was still squished in Nylah's office, without even having a proper table.

Finally, the company's situation stabilized. A few of the stocks were dispatched, generating some revenue for the company, but then John arrived. He not only took the position of vice-president from me, but he also took the woman I loved.

But what could I possibly do? I was capable of resolving any problems at work and dealing with any enemies, but I couldn't change a woman's feelings for another man. When I saw them both smiling and whispering to each other, my heart ached as if it had been pricked.

After everything was done, Nylah wiped her sweat before approaching me and saying coldly, "Come with me to the textile production workshop. Eric says that there are some batches of ingredients that require you to deal with personally. Don't worry, I won't let you work for free. I'll pay you your salary when you leave."

She then flung her long hair while turning around and went downstairs.

I had no idea why she had become so distant from me. What did I do wrong this time?!

Taking a deep breath, I did not follow her downstairs, but instead walked into John's office. Facing him, I asked, "Why do you want to stay here? Your abilities could take you somewhere better than this small company."

Hearing that, he pushed his spectacles back and smiled provocatively at me. "Because I love Nylah. With such a beautiful lady by my side, of course I have to stay here."

"That's bullsh\*t! You don't love her at all! You can fool everyone but not me!" John had always been cold to Nylah since they first met. I could never believe he stayed here out of love!

"Andrew was right. You're a tough nut to crack, huh? Since that's the case, I shall not conceal my motive anymore. I'm just waiting for you to sell us military gray! Our price remains-six million." John was a tactful man and he spoke candidly.

"Tell your boss that I won't be selling it! You and your boss better abandon such an idea!" I said coldly as I looked at him.

But all he did was sneer at me. Leaning back in his chair, he asked, "Which do you think is more important, the military gray or Nylah? You are well aware that she has feelings for me. If you sell me what I want, I can leave right away and never see her again. But if you refuse, I'm sorry if the lady you like is sleeping in my bed tonight."

That made my brow furrow. His words immediately enraged me! However, I knew that he was correct. Nylah loved him so much that she wrote him love letters for seven years. Would she say no to whatever he wanted? Furthermore, she was now in need of employees. She would undoubtedly want John to be her boyfriend, if not her husband!

"You have to be responsible to her if you dare to do so!" I yelled through gritted teeth.

"It's up to me whether I want to be responsible or not. What could I do if she insisted on getting into my bed? I've played with all sorts of women before. Do you think I will be bothered by a mere woman like Nylah?"

"Do you believe I'll actually kill you?". I roared with reddened eyes. I absolutely couldn't tolerate someone humiliating Nylah in front of me!

"Annon, you have a choice. As long as you get the sale done, I'll leave without hurting her."

I smiled coldly in response. "She wouldn't fall in love with me even if you leave, so what makes you think you could threaten me with this?"

Following my words, he removed his spectacles and began wiping them. "But I know you love her and cannot bear the thought of anyone hurting her. This is your flaw. I'll give you a week to think about it. Don't force me to take any drastic measures. It's too late if it reaches the point where I'm exchanging the military gray with you using her nudes."

"Shut up! Do you think I'm not going to tell Nylah everything you just said?" My eyes remained reddish. I knew he was conceited, but I didn't expect him to be this despicable!

"Of course you can, but do you think she'll believe you? You may not know that I had an exceptional reputation in school and when I studied abroad, I was even named as one of the top ten of Milch's outstanding youth! She is totally mesmerized by me."

I was so furious that I started gritting my teeth. That was why one could offend a gentleman but never a villain. John, who appeared to be a decent person, was totally a scumbag!

I didn't want to be with him any longer. Hence, I turned around and headed downstairs. The only thing I could do now was to warn Nylah to stay away from John. If she stays with him, not only would she be hurt, I would suffer as well. I would never give them the formula, and I would not let Nylah be hurt by him as well.

However, the moment I reached the workshop, I saw a crowd gathering inside.

There were a few children in torn clothes among the crowd.

"Flyder, we truly do not have the money. All our money was spent on the company. Tell your teacher to grant us a month, will you?" said a female worker while stroking her child's face.

"Mom, the singing competition begins next week. According to the teacher, we won't be able to compete and will be assigned to a class with weaker students if we don't pay!"

After completing his sentence, the boy named Flyder burst out crying.

Whereas I stood by the side, trying to comprehend the situation. It appeared that the school intended to participate in the city's singing competition and wanted the students to raise funds to hire a music teacher for them to perform well in the competition.

"You're only good at crying! When are you going to be considerate of us?" A man stepped out and raised his hand, seemingly trying to beat Flyder.

Seeing that, Nylah immediately tugged at him. "Don't hit the child! How much money do you need? I'll pay..." Before she could finish her words, I approached her and grabbed her elbow.

I could not allow her to continue her sentence. Though the company did sell two batches of the stocks and managed to generate some income, the money was to be used to purchase the next batch of raw materials, as well as to pay the workers' salaries. Once she promised to pay for Flyder, how about the children of the other workers? What if, after this, everyone came here with their children to ask Nylah for money?

I took a deep breath and asked Flyder, "How much money does your school require from you to hire the music teacher, Flyder?"

The child lowered his head, looking terrified. "Eight... Eight hundred!"

"These b\*stards! What kind of school is this? Their school fees are not even eight hundred! Are they going crazy over money?" Flyder's father was mad and he was about to rush to the school to demand an explanation.

I quickly stopped him. "Leave this to me and you'll stay in the company. Take me to your school, Flyder. I'll pay for everyone."

Following my words, the children eagerly drew me toward the school. I was really interested to know who the music teacher was that required eight hundred from a student as tuition fees!

However, it was completely unexpected that such an incident would provide me with the opportunity to meet the Deputy Mayor, who was none other than Tony Lane.