

# Hate To Love You

## Chapter 14 A Special Corner of Your Life

“Aren’t you going to check and see if there is anything missing from the box? You don’t have to thank me. I wasn’t trying to look for it. I stumbled upon it by accident,” Jasper said as he tilted his head and threw Talia a glance.

Talia only shook her head and gratefully said, “I’m sure everything is still there. To be honest, I don’t know what is inside the box. It was something my mother had always treasured when she was alive. Regardless, I really am grateful for this. Thank you.”

She couldn’t hold back her tears any longer as she spoke. Soon, big droplets began to fall, leaving flower-like stains on the box.

Jasper’s eyebrows immediately threaded together when he saw the moisture from her eyes. Immediately, he stood up from his seat and handed her a glass of alcohol. “Drink this up along with your tears. How annoying,” he chastised.

She wouldn’t have had the chance to drink together if it had been any other normal day, and even if she did have the opportunity to, she wouldn’t have agreed to it. However, her emotions had gone through one hell of a rollercoaster ride today and alcohol was exactly what she needed now. So, she took the glass, wiped away her tears, said her thanks, and tilted the content of the glass into her mouth.

The moment the strong alcohol glided down her throat, she involuntarily let out a few coughs before she managed to speak again. “What—what kind of alcohol is this?”

Jasper scowled at her as he would to an idiot before taking a small sip of the drink from his own glass. “Not only do you not know about alcohol, but you’re also illiterate too?”

Only then did Talia see the letters ‘XO’ printed on the bottle of the amber liquid.

Feeling slightly embarrassed, she tried to explain, “I don’t usually drink alcohol. Of course, I wouldn’t have known. I’ll head to bed first if there is nothing else.”

Hearing that, Jasper slowly walked back to the chair he was sitting in and he began to absent-mindedly swirl the alcohol in his glass. “You used to stick to me like a leech. Why are you distancing yourself now, after so long? Isn’t it a little too late for that? Are you trying to appear special to me? You don’t have to do that. You have always been special to me. You are that special someone that I... especially hate.”

Upon hearing his words, Talia let out a snicker. “Is that so? That certainly is something to be proud of. At least I have a place in that special corner of your life.”

Jasper's head swiftly whipped in her direction, and he stared at her with questioning eyes. "How come I never noticed what a smartmouth you are?"

It was rare for Jasper to be in the mood to have a chat with her. As she felt the heat from the alcohol warming up her cheeks as her mind got cloudy, she boldly plopped herself into the chair across Jasper's. This could well be the last chance she had the chance to have a proper talk with him.

"Jasper Mills," she moaned in a soft voice.

His eyes habitually swept past her as he quietly poured another glass for them both.

His hatred for her was as deep as her yearning for him, but it didn't feel suffocating for him to be in the same room as Talia. They had been in each other's company for years, after all. Familiarity could really be a dangerous thing at times.

Unaffected by his silence, Talia continued rambling on, "What if I were to disappear one day? Will you still think of me after a long, long time?"

A frown appeared on his face the next moment. "Don't pull that sh\*t on me. You would have left years ago if you really intended to do that. You wouldn't have been leeching off of me all this time."

Talia only let out a slight smile at that. Without saying a word, she raised her glass and swallowed all its content in one big gulp. This time, she didn't cough. But the heat from the alcohol seemingly scratched its way down to her stomach, not forgetting to bring along all the sorrows she had kept hidden in her chest. All that was left after that was the remaining warmth from the hot pain.

She then took tipsy steps back to her own room.

Her mood naturally dropped again as she looked at her mother's box. This box was the only thing that her mother had left behind.

It took her a lot of effort to pry open the old lock on the box, but when she finally managed to open it, she was surprised by the old photos, envelopes, and photos of her and her mother together. The thing that caught her eye especially, was...