

Hate To Love You

Chapter 19

Suddenly, Talia lost all her courage to move another step forward and approach Jasper. She knew that no matter how she explained it, she would not be able to remove the mud caught on her reputation from such a scandal, and Jasper would not believe an ounce of her words.

Ten seconds of staring at one another felt like a century long.

Within those seconds, Jasper did not do anything. There was no anger, no question-just nothing, like a blank wooden canvas.

Then, Jasper indifferently turned his head away and spun around to get into his car.

At this moment, a loud voice resounded in Talia's mind, urging her to chase after him. It was like she would never cross paths with that man again in the future if she moved one second later.

Sprinting like a cheetah to the front of Jasper's car, Talia felt as if she had drained all her energy and sprinted with her might. At the same time, Frank's coat, too, fell to the ground behind her while she was chasing after Jasper. However, she did not realize it was gone from her body, and neither did she notice the flash of disappointment in Frank's orbs.

"Jasper..."

With a desperate crying voice, she looked at the man inside the vehicle through the car window. At that moment, Talia felt as if she was a drowning person desperately clutching at a straw for help.

However, the man did not even look up at her once, nor did he start the engine to signal his departure. Caught in a stalemate, Talia boldly acquiesced that he would permit her to enter the car. Regardless of how he would treat her, she would not back down from it.

As soon as she got into the car and sat her butt down, Jasper immediately drove back to the Mills Residence. Since the start of the car ride, he never once looked up at her. However, one could wonder if this was the calm before the storm.

Suddenly, Talia thought about the indifference and estrangement she saw in Jasper's eyes. They were a match with the look Jasper threw at her when he was given the news of her moth foreign land. The only difference was that, back then, there was hatred mingled in his eyes. But now, his gaze seemed calmer toward her scandal than he did with his mother. This brought fear to Talia.

Feeling like her lungs were squeezed dry of oxygen, Talia broke the icy atmosphere. "It's not what you think. 1—"

"What?" Jasper suddenly cut her off in a cold manner. His grip on the steering wheel tightened until his knuckles turned white. "What relationship do we have? There's no need to explain anything. It's just... you make me feel like you're a harlot. That's all."

Upon hearing that, Talia clenched her hands tightly. Her fingernails were deeply embedded into her skin, nearly breaking it. It was as if such pain could absorb the hurtful blow she felt and disperse the throbbing pain inflicted on her heart by Jasper's remark.

Jasper's right. We have no formal relation to one another, so he doesn't need to hear my side of the story. More importantly, he definitely won't believe there was nothing inappropriate that happened between Frank and me last night. After all, it doesn't matter to him in the slightest.

Seemingly dissatisfied, Talia looked at Jasper with red eyes and asked, "Then, why did you show up at the Shields Residence?"

Jasper did not answer, and the air in the surrounding atmosphere continued to return to its earlier icy state.

Upon returning to the Mills Residence, Jasper got out of his car and silently made his way toward the door. When Talia entered the room behind him, he was packing his belongings. Roughly tossing all his clothes into the suitcase, he acted as though it was unbearable for him to be in the same space as Talia for another minute.

Seeing as Jasper managed to come back after three years, Talia thought she could finally live in harmony and peace with him before she left. This way, she would have fewer regrets in her conscience when she left. But now, it seemed that Jasper had no plan of staying here.

"Jasper.... where are you going?" Talia asked cautiously, with a hopeful prayer in her mind.

The man looked at Talia, and his brooding eyes eventually filled with rising anger. "Get out of my way! Don't be an eyesore!"

Even so, Talia was being pertinacious and refused to step away from her spot. "If you're going on a business trip, I'll help you pack your luggage..."

As she said that, Talia squatted down and helped Jasper pack up the clothes he had hastily thrown into the suitcase. Despite her hands trembling out of fear, she still wanted to try her very best at the moment.

At once, the man grabbed Talia's wrist and threw her aside. "Get the hell away! You freaking make me sick with disgust! Talia, you're nothing but a damn harlot!"

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Talia's knees buckled, and she fell to the ground. Feeling a faint tingling pain coming from her wrist, she felt her tears streaming down her cheeks endlessly. Her eyes were filled with silenced despair, and her dry throat was unable to utter any more words.

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Talia wanted to tell Jasper that it was her who should be out of his sight, not the other way around.