

Hate To Love You

Chapter 8 I'm Carey, and You're Mills

Not only was Talia not the least bit worried about Jasper even though he hadn't been home the entire night, but she, too, wasn't even interested in knowing where he was. She had gradually learned to not concern herself with him.

After waking up the next morning, she took her time to prepare herself a simple breakfast, where she then enjoyed a rare morning of peace.

She could do some chores around the house before it was time to give piano lessons at Frank's place, which meant that she had the entire morning to laze around. Come to think of it, she hadn't had a proper day off in the past 3 years.

She began to clean up the house after she was done with breakfast. Cleaning up Mills Residence was no easy task because of the size of the building, but she eventually managed to get the job done around the afternoon. She then went into Jasper's study room after taking a short rest.

She hadn't done any cleaning in the room ever since its door was locked 3 years ago when Jasper had left but realized today that she could clean the room now that it had been unlocked, she pushed the door open and made her way into it.

Air thick with dust hit her nostrils as soon as she stepped into the room, making her hack for a short while. She was fortunate that the dust collected on the floor wasn't thick, as the windows had been closed the whole while.

With a mask on now, she walked toward the French window in the room and pushed it open. The room immediately felt more vibrant as sunlight shone its way in through the window. The dirty air, too, flowed out as fresh air began to fill the room.

It was already 1 in the afternoon by the time she was done tidying up the room. Exhausted, she took her rest on a chair while reaching out to take a book from a bookshelf. Just as she was about to open the book, a piece of old paper came falling out of the book and onto the floor.

Worried that she had ruined one of Jasper's belongings in his study room, she quickly bent down to pick it up. However, she stopped in her tracks when she read the words written on the piece of paper. It was a sheet she had used to write an essay titled 'My Older Brother' when she was in year 6 of elementary school.

She hadn't even noticed that the essay had been ripped out of her essay book, so of course, she wouldn't have thought that Jasper would be holding onto this.

The paper had turned slightly yellowish from the years it had gone through, but the words on it were still somewhat readable. The essay was proof that Talia always had beautiful and proper handwriting that was readable even upside down ever since she was young. But somehow, every single one of the words 'brother' in the paragraphs had been smeared off. She couldn't help but wonder if Jasper really resented her so much to the point of not letting her call him 'brother'—not even in an essay.

Hearing footsteps coming from downstairs, she quickly folded the paper, put it into a pocket of her shirt, and shoved the book back onto the shelf. However, she immediately bumped into Jasper as she stepped out of the room.

"Umm... I—" she nervously began to explain, before being cut off by the man.

With his brows knitted together, he coldly stared at her and demanded, "Who gave you the permission to go in?"

"I—I only wanted to clean up a little. The study room is just too dirty. You use this room too, don't you?" she explained as she held the hems of her shirt tightly in her hands. "I have finished cleaning up. I'll hire someone to do it next time if you don't like me touching your things."

He only pushed her away in response as he walked into the room. After looking around for a bit, the contempt on his face slightly eased. "I will get someone to do the clean up. Don't bother yourself with something like this in the future. Staying here doesn't make you the owner of the house, understand?"

Despite his harsh words, she let out a nonchalant smile and replied, "Understood. I have something to attend to. I'll be leaving now."

She wouldn't have developed such a strong heart to withstand this sort of treatment if it wasn't for Jasper's attitude all this time.

Jasper's voice suddenly called out to her after she took a few steps away from him. "Why are you short of money by the way? I have never been stingy with you, have I? Don't you dare go out there and embarrass yourself," he warned.

Upon hearing his words, Talia stopped walking, and without turning to look at him, she uttered, "Thank you for your care all this while, but I no longer need your help. I am a working adult now, and I earn clean money from doing a perfectly proper job. My last name is Carey, while yours is Mills. No one would know about our relationship. It could never taint your reputation even if I were to do something embarrassing,"