

# Hate To Love You

## Chapter 9 The Thorn in His Heart

She promptly made her way to her room after saying her fill and shut her bedroom door behind her, which elicited an angry response from Jasper. "Talial" he roared.

Knowing that the sadness and grief within would erupt if she were to answer him, she chose to swallow her emotions and remain silent. Even after all these years, she still didn't know whether her mother and Vincent had something going on between them, or if they were only childhood friends.

But why would Jasper's parents end up getting a divorce because of it if their friendship really was platonic?

She had been too young to understand things back then, but could the truth be as what Jasper had told her? It did seem plausible for her mother, someone who knew that she didn't have much longer left, to do everything within her capability to give Talial a new home. That might be the reality of it, but Talial never dared to give it much thought.

Even though all three people involved had passed on, Talial still didn't get the chance to investigate the truth because she knew that digging into the truth would be like picking at the thorn stuck in Jasper's heart.

The appointed time for Talial's piano lesson at Frank's soon came, and just like yesterday, Frank was at home when she arrived.

After greeting him, she then started class with Sophia.

As she patiently taught the young lady, she couldn't help but notice how Frank's eyes never left her as he sat nearby. It made her uncomfortable, but she began to convince herself that she was thinking too much. There was no way someone as brilliant as Frank would be interested in her. What had happened in the past was probably just because they were young and naive.

When it was time for a short break, Frank went and poured her a glass of orange juice. "I used to see you drink this all the time at school. Your taste in beverages hasn't changed, has it? This was freshly squeezed."

Talial felt a wave of emotion well up in her chest when she heard his words. This was the first time that someone had remembered what she liked even after so many years.

"Thank you." She calmly took the glass from Frank and put it aside.

"My father wouldn't even spare me a dime back when I attended university. I only managed to graduate from all the scholarships and part-time jobs I got," he said with a

laugh before continuing. "I thought that you would ask me how I've been. I'm surprised that you haven't asked anything yet."

Talia, too, let out a chuckle upon hearing his words. "Sticking my nose out from someone else's business can sometimes be a sign of respect. Let's resume class. I'll get Sophia."

Just as she said that, her phone began to go off. After glancing at the screen, she instantly recognized the familiar caller ID flashing on the screen—it was a call from the hospital.

She quickly apologized to Frank before moving aside to pick up the call. "Hello?"

The panicked voice of the department head immediately came through the phone then. "Talia, where are you now? We don't have enough hands here. There is a patient who is in need of an emergency operation. Come over, quick!" he urged.

Needless to say, Talia felt troubled by the request as she had not expected to be needed at work today. However, she knew that saving the patient's life was her priority now.

With that, she hung up the phone and turned to look at Frank hesitantly, but before she even said anything, Frank interjected and told her, "Go ahead if there is something else you need to do. We can just arrange another time to get done with the remaining class. No problem at all."

She let out a sigh of relief at how considerate he was of her situation. "Thank you. I have to go to the hospital now. They need me there to carry out a surgery," she explained while saying her thanks.

His eyes had a proud glint as he looked at her. "I can't believe that you really are a doctor now. I'm not as lucky as you are. I have to do what my father wants me to." He then generously offered, "Let's go. I'll take you to the hospital."

Hearing that, she immediately waved her hands in refusal. "No, it is okay. I already feel bad about leaving class halfway. I'll just grab a taxi."

Despite her rejection, Frank still had a nonchalant smile on his face as he lightly pushed her from behind. "Why are you acting all coy for? We have known each other since medical school. Don't you know that a life is at stake here? Let's hurry up," he urged.

Her nerves gradually eased when she felt the strong and warm palms resting on her shoulders, and she gladly accepted Frank's help. The charming man always had a knack for making her feel relaxed whenever they were together.

Right after they reached the hospital, Talia hurriedly gave her thanks and hopped out of the car. She then rushed all the way to the department office, only to find out that the patient had already been wheeled into the operating room about 10 minutes ago. Apparently, someone had taken over her position as the operating surgeon.

Confused yet relieved, she let out a sigh. Didn't the head of the department call her because they were short-handed? Where did they get someone to replace her within such a short time?

Just then, a nurse scurried into the office. "Dr. Carey!" she called out after knocking on the door. "Please head over to the operating room if you are already here. Dr. Goodwin is still unfamiliar with our equipment since he is new here. We need your help! The department head even told me to take note of when you arrive!"

As soon as Talia learned about the situation, she quickly gave an affirmative response and let the nurse lead the way. As they made a sharp turn at a corner, Talia came face-to-face with a familiar face. "You..." she began to say.