

You Made Me This Way Chapter 14

Chapter 14

When everyone's gaze focused on me, I lowered my head instantly due to self-abasement and fear. Ever since young, I had been afraid of taking the center stage in public and I didn't know why. As the trepidation and self-abasement took the best of me, I couldn't even talk comprehensively; my only wish was to make myself scarce from the scene. "Oh, he's my new employee. Uncle Anton, he might have been aggressive with his words just now, but I hope you won't take it personally," Nylah said as she put in good words for me. "Nah, I couldn't be happier when he actually took your side!" said Anton as he patted my shoulder with a smile. "Oh, right. Are you really not related to the Spencer Family in any way? That's not possible since 'military gray' could only be made by them with a secret formula!" I was bad at lying, but I couldn't admit it for my own safety. Thus, my head remained low as I tried to not let the cat out of the bag. "I don't know them. I formulated the recipe for this color by chance when I was still studying in university." Despite the unanswered doubts, Anton didn't pry into it further and turned toward Nylah instead. "He must be a talented man. Nylah, you should really appreciate him and make sure he stays. You may have the chance to relive the zenith that your mother had once achieved." "Okay, Uncle." Nylah grinned before she became slightly embarrassed when she tried to bring up the next question. "Um... About the government fund... When can we get the money? If we don't have the money, the workers can't start the operation." "I had prepared it earlier for you, so you'll receive it tomorrow morning. The Economic Conference will be held on the weekends. That means you're left with five days. I guess that's long enough for you, right?" Anton was still quite worried. "Do not make another mistake. After passing the quality control, remember to send the clothes over on the day before the conference, got it?" "Got it," answered Nylah. After that, Anton and the rest of the people left. Nylah escorted them to the door before speaking to Nancy, "Nancy, leave us for a moment and close the door." Both Nylah and I were the only ones in the meeting room. She primed the strands of hair around her ears and approached me with light steps. I quickly stood up while looking at her frantically. Before this, I imagined various scenarios of how our reunion would be. However, none of the scenarios depicted us being in a meeting room when her company was having a crisis. While I was staring at her, my lips remained apart and the word 'Nylah' was just at the tip of my tongue as all the misery and past hardships surged into my mind at that moment. Nylah, do you know that I might not be able to stand right here if you didn't appear back when I was still a sophomore? If it weren't for you, I could've gone crazy after being framed by my parents and going to jail; if it weren't for you, I wouldn't have written that essay in jail which had completely changed my life. You're my everything and the only ray of light in my life. As mixed feelings were stirring inside me, our eyes met. She stared at me intensely without blinking her eyes. Suddenly, she seemed to be remembering something and my heart missed a beat. Has she finally remembered who I am? "You're Mark Olsen's man, aren't you?!" Her eyes widened and her chest was heaving profusely. "Huh? Who's Mark Olsen?" I was bewildered by her question. "Stop pretending!" Her darkened face was seething in fury. "There's no one else besides him! Did he tell you to use this recipe to purchase the shares so that he can take control of the company?" I stared at her in utter confusion while she snorted smugly, "Well, you've achieved your objective. Since the fate of the company was at stake, I don't mind him taking over the company to protect 'Papillon' and mother's factory! Go ahead and tell him this at this instant!" She grasped my clothes tightly and pushed me outside fiercely. "Nylah... I... It's not like that!" I was so flustered that my tongue stiffened once again. The thousands of words in my heart failed to escape from my lips at such a crunch time. In the end, I quickly grabbed her shoulders and squeezed a few words through my gritted teeth, "This too shall pass." Nylah was nonplussed to hear those familiar words. It was because of this mere sentence, I was able to go on with my life when I was at the verge of collapsing. While my hands were grasped on her shoulders, she looked at me in a daze. Her brows creased slightly and her beady eyes blinked in confusion. "Have we met before? You look familiar but I can't remember—" "Six years ago, at Bluebell Library... There was a skinny boy in shabby clothes who often read books at the library. Then, a girl came up and accompanied him in silence. She gave him some fries before too. When he hit rock bottom in life, she even gave him tissues and wrote a sentence on his hand." The tears swimming in my eyes eventually streamed down my cheeks. "You're..." Nylah's eyes fixated on me as she took a good look at me. Suddenly, she grabbed my waist in excitement. "I remember now! It is you! Oh lord, how did you grow up so fast? I remember you were a cry baby who was short and skinny to the bones during those days!" "Nylah, can I call you 'Nylah'?" When she finally recognized me, I was weeping so much that I could hardly say those words explicitly. "Yes, of course you can! Don't cry. There's nothing to cry about." She held my hand while wiping off the tears on my face. She was right—there was nothing to cry about. To her, I was merely a poor nobody, but she was my savior. "Stop crying, okay?" Patting my back lightly, she bit her lips before adding happily, "I went to your high school later on to know more about you. I was relieved to know that you managed to get into the University of International Economics. You are a hardworking guy yourself. All I did back then was give a few encouraging words, but you made it in the end! How have you been for all these years? I guess you graduated a year ago, right?" I shook my head before nodding as I didn't know how to confide in Nylah. The truth was that everything didn't go well. I spent five years in jail. However, how would she perceive me if I told her in total honesty that I was an inmate? Which girl would want to have an inmate by her side? Therefore, I lied. I lied that everything went well and I enrolled in the university. "Why didn't you get into Rullogrend Business School?" I asked out of curiosity. She smiled and mentioned that her results in high school were decent, hence she chose a better university in another city instead of staying in the city. Then, she apologized for writing those words a few years back. Her pure intention was to just motivate me. I understood. Why would a pretty and excellent girl like her give up a better choice to further her studies just for a poor guy like me? That didn't matter at all, though. What mattered more was the fact that she had given me the strength and help that I needed. "What about you? How did you find me?" Nylah pulled me over to take a seat before giving me a cup of water. "One of my friends said you were in trouble, so I rushed here." My face was flushed red as I held the cup of water. "So, you traveled miles just to help me?" She looked at me dubiously. Something in her eyes was so enticing that I couldn't shift my gaze away from them. My purpose in coming over was to return her favor. Besides that, however, my mind sprouted another improbable expectation. Even though it might never become the reality for eternity, my sole wish was to stay close to her side and talk to her. That alone was enough to keep me content.