

You Made Me This Way Chapter 15

Chapter 15

Burdened by Nylah's intense gaze, I was so shy that my face was burning hot as if I was caught red-handed for doing something underhanded. "Yes... I came here just to help you." I lowered my head and clenched the hem of my shirt bashfully. "Really? Nothing else?" she questioned further as she approached closer. Her face almost stuck to mine at that moment. "Nothing else." I glanced at her, flustered. "Chill! It was a joke. I didn't expect you to be still as shy as you were back then. It's fun teasing you." Nylah's eyes became a crescent as she smiled and pinched my cheeks. "Since you actually helped me big time, how should I repay you?" Subsequently, she took a step forward. The flurry of her pleasant scent poured over my face and her ample bosom had flattened me against the back of the chair. "W-What do you plan to do?" My mind was in shambles as my heart was palpitating rapidly, especially when her fair cleavage was swaying slightly to my face. With one hand holding onto the armrest, she bent her body and looked at me. She pretended to ponder about it before pouting naughtily. "I'm still single, so why don't I marry you and be your wife?" I gulped my saliva upon hearing that. For the whole 23 years of my life, I had never interacted intimately with a woman before, let alone discuss such an important affair like marriage. All I could remember was my mind going blank at that moment. "Pfft! Look at yourself! You're so cute!" Nylah covered her mouth as she laughed heartily in merriment. Then, she waved her hand. "I am a whole mess with the debts. How can I marry you and bring trouble to you? I was just pulling your leg, you silly brat." I heaved a sigh of relief, but I couldn't help the slight disappointment in me. I hoped I had the courage to tell her that I didn't mind those debts and troubles. If she wanted me to marry her, I was glad to go along with it at any time. However, I dared not say it out loud because I clearly knew that she was jesting. After that, we went to Santo District and had noodles for a meal. Nylah even ordered extra beef for me. Because of her good looks, people were glancing at her furtively all the while. Perhaps due to her being a good talker in addition to her easygoing disposition, I gradually relaxed but I was still feeling shy. As we were halfway into our meal, I questioned, "Nylah, what exactly happened to your factory?" While Nylah added some pepper to her noodles and mixed it, she explained, "When my mother was still here, the factory was operating well. But when I was in 12th grade, my mother passed away and we had no choice but to hand over the factory to the company's managers and our relatives." Even so, when she returned to take over the company after finishing her undergraduate studies, the company was already heavily in debt and under poor management. As she spoke, she placed some of her meat into my bowl. "Did I disappoint you? I'm broke. Are you still willing to help me out? Even if you're willing to, I don't have the money to pay you. Don't tell me that I didn't warn you." I almost laughed looking at her solemn face, but she continued, "It would've been great if you were someone rich. Then, I can just marry you to save my mother's company. Besides, you're a pure guy. It wouldn't be bad if I were to spend the rest of my life with you." I took the chance to ask since we were on the topic, "Nylah, how much should one have to be considered rich?" She contemplated for a moment. "I think it should be at least ten million." Thinking back about it, I thought we were both silly as we kept talking about 'ten million' when both of us were broke. I played along with her and joked, "Nylah, if I really get myself ten million, you... you must marry me!" "Save that for later. You might be the one who has forgotten about me when the time comes." Her lips twitched as she gave me an eye roll. "Don't just talk. Let's finish our noodles." Suddenly, my phone rang. It was Andrew, whom I had given my contact number to. "Mr. Hushton, it's an emergency! I need to talk to you about something!" He sounded urgent. "Oh? What's the matter?" I asked while indulging in my noodles. "Someone wants to buy your coloring recipe for 40 million!" "How much did you just say?" I was stunned! Andrew quickly responded, "It's a huge amount of money! The buyer even said that he'll pay in cash!" Pay in cash? How can someone possibly pay 40 million in cash? Besides, just what kind of person is willing to buy the recipe at such a staggering price? Nylah kicked my leg underneath the table as she noticed my baffled face. "What's wrong? Is it Sally Jones? Is she trying to get you over to her side? I knew that she won't let this slide that easily!" I shook my head, for Sally wasn't that well-off to purchase the recipe with such a huge amount of money. Instead, it was obviously an international company. "Nylah, if I really have 50 million, will you marry me?" I couldn't get enough of her heavenly looks as she was the only one I yearned for all these years. Taken aback by my sincere question, she spluttered out the soup. After coughing a few times while covering her stomach, she barely answered, "You? 50 million? You bought this suit in a department store, didn't you? Why would a millionaire wear this? Besides, do you know how much 50 million is?" In order to clear her doubts, I put the phone on loudspeaker as Andrew replied immediately, "Mr. Hushton, I'm not kidding, Someone really wants to buy the recipe from you! 50 million is not a small sum of money. If you're down for it, we can sign the contract tomorrow. I can be your agent!" Nylah's smile stiffened in bewilderment when she heard that. I told her, "Nylah, I wanna sell the recipe for 50 million to... marry you." Clang! The fork in her hand dropped onto the floor. She primped her clothes frantically. "I... I—It's too sudden; I... I haven't thought about it thoroughly yet. I..." Her cheeks reddened as she smiled at me awkwardly. I knew her very well. That conversation held no weight of seriousness at all. If she was someone who would sell her body for pecuniary purposes, then she wasn't the Nylah I knew of. Meanwhile, Andrew was urging me from the other side of the line, "Mr. Hushton, what do you think?" "I'm not selling it," I declined succinctly. "No... I mean, if it's because of the price, I'm free to talk about it at any time!" he added. "It's not about the money. I just don't wanna sell it. You don't have to call me for this in the future anymore." Then, I hung up the phone. The recipe was an heirloom that was passed down in my teacher's family for generations. When his ancestor was threatened by the Japanese to hand over the recipe with a knife held at his neck, he didn't even budge an inch. Therefore, what would that make me if I were to sell it to someone else? On the other hand, Nylah was shocked to see me declining the offer without hesitation. She gave me another kick on the leg. "Are you crazy? They offered 50 million for the recipe. That's a steal!" "You're not going to marry me anyway, so what's the use of having so much money?" It seemed that her playful side had rubbed off on me. "Then, what if... What if I said 'yes'?" She kicked me once again. "If I had 50 million, would I even find someone like you?" "You!" She was so vexed that she pointed at me, but she couldn't help but smile in the end. "I'm not that bad either. I was the prettiest in my school back then!" Then, we broke into laughter. The atmosphere was heartwarming; it was my first genuine smile ever throughout my 20 years of life. However, when the second day came, I couldn't bring myself to smile at all. I had not expected Sally to be such a minacious person!