

## You Made Me This Way

### Chapter 19

At the same dyeing station as yesterday, I then wrote all the ingredients I needed for the dye and handed it to a skilled worker at the side, asking him to prepare the things on the list for me.

As for Damon and Anton, they went to another dyeing station. Not seeing Nylah anywhere, I figured that she must have given up by now.

After closing my eyes for half a minute, I got rid of all wavering thoughts, as I went through the dyeing process thoroughly before getting started.

Mixing the dyes, I then controlled the temperature while adding the other ingredients before washing and drying it. This time, it only took me half an hour to produce three meters of military gray dyed cloth.

Returning to the office, I did not see Damon and the others anywhere.

One of the officials called Anton, saying, "Mr. Lowe, Annon has already finished dyeing. How are you getting along on the other side?"

"What? How can that be? Damon was saying how he was still missing some rare ingredients on his side, so we have been asking people to send them over. We haven't even started the process yet!"

"Sir, I could dye it even without the missing ingredients, so is there any more need for this competition to continue?" Letting out a long breath, I stated while leaning against the office table.

Five minutes later, Damon returned huffily, shouting at me, "You scammer. How could you make military gray without those ingredients? Did Nylah cheat again and give you an already complete product?"

Before I could rebuke him, the official that was with me immediately stated, "We watched Annon dye the cloth himself. Kid, you shouldn't slander others so simply!"

"Then, where's the cloth that he dyed? If it really is in military gray, then I'll jump down this building right this instant. F\*cking convict, scamming top officials. I look forward to how badly you'll die!" Wide-eyed, Damon then pointed at me angrily.

"You promised this, so sign on it. If you don't jump down, then you'll have to cough up 50 million!" Staring at him, I would never let the people who bullied either me or Nylah live in peace!

In a blind of rage, Damon was about to agree when Anton quickly stepped in, saying, "Enough! This isn't worth getting yourselves killed! Annon, where's the cloth that you dyed?"

Throwing it on the table, I said coldly, "After washing this with cold water, the military gray you want so badly will appear!" |

"Haha! I already said that he was a fool. How could a military gray dye look like this diaper? The Spencer Family had never produced such a thing before!" Holding the cloth up, Damon started laughing loudly, acting as if he had this bet in the bag..

In contrast to how Damon was acting, all the others in the room did not share the same sentiment. This was because they all had seen for themselves that this was the exact same situation with the dye I made yesterday.

After bringing over a pail of cold water, Anton took the cloth and dunked it in the water himself. Soon, the military gray color scheme then slowly revealed itself.

Seeing this unfold, Damon could no longer smile, as he frantically snatched the cloth and insisted, "It's impossible! It must be because of the water. When it dries, it will go back to that diaper-looking thing!"

Then, Nancy gave him a dryer. Swayed by the wind, the cloth still maintained its color, only seeming to become more and more vibrant!

Letting out a sigh of relief, the reason I dared to make this bet was all because of Mr. Spencer. During his years spent in jail, he only focused on one affair, and that was perfecting the recipe of military gray. Finally, he managed to cut down on the process while also replacing many of the rare ingredients with more common ones.

So, the military gray was not the one that Damon knew, as it was far more superior! "Damon, your family's formula shall cease to exist from now on!" Pointing at the contract, I said this loudly.

Shaking, Damon then fell to the floor, while Anton scratched his head awkwardly, embarrassed to the point where he could not look at me.

Standing beside me, Nylah then stared at all of them, questioning loudly, "Anyone still wants to step out? Does anyone still dare to accuse Annon of theft?"

Yet, Sally saw the opportunity and craftily said, "Sadly, this still doesn't change the fact that he's a robber! Nylah, would you use a recipe from a robber? Don't forget about how your mother died!" She smiled coldly.

Turning her head toward her, Nylah then said angrily, "I won't allow you to humiliate him like this! Get out of here! You're not welcomed!"

To this, Sally only smiled even more, as she took her phone out. Calling someone, she then said to Nylah, "The show's only starting now. Nylah, the person beside you really is a robber!"

Just as she finished speaking, the door to the office suddenly slowly opened.

Seeing who it was made my heart skip a beat!

Standing there were actually my parents, and also my brother with raging eyes..

## **Chapter 20**

My father was grinding his teeth as he rushed toward me. As he was about to strike me, Nylah immediately spread her arms open and placed herself between us while saying, "Who are you?! What gives you the right to hit people?!"

"Who am I? Ask this f\*cker if he still knows this father of his!" Pointing at me, my father looked like he was about to tear me to shreds at that moment.

"Annon, is he..." Nylah looked at me, frightened.

"Yes. They are my family." Lowering his head, I did not think that Sally would be that capable of even getting my family out of jail.

Yet, she only foolishly grabbed onto my father's arm, saying, "You came at the right time, Mr. Hushton. They were defaming Annon, saying that he is an ex-convict. Tell them the truth. As his father, you know that he isn't."

Shaking her off, my father only snorted before he bellowed, "You idiot. You didn't think that I would be released this quickly, did you?! You really are something. Since you have stolen from others just after two days from jail, you can look forward to how I'm going to punish you!"

Hearing this, I felt a shortness of breath. This was what my own father was like. I only wondered how heartless he could get.

“Stop wasting our time. Tell us the truth about your son!” Anton, who was looking on from the side, asked sternly.

“He’s a robber. After being jailed for five years, he was just released two days ago.” Peering at me, my father looked to force me to a corner.

“Sir, might I ask what he did? Five years is not a short amount of time to serve.” Lying on the floor, Damon suddenly regained his composure as he smiled while asking.

After snorting again, my father replied, “Incompetent since he was young, he actually went to stage a robbery by stopping other people’s cars just as he turned 18. On top of that, he even inflicted grievous injuries on the victim!”

At that moment, Nylah froze as her body lightly swayed, looking as if she was about to fall. Then, she slowly turned around before asking me, “Tell me that this isn’t true. Tell me that you’re not a robber and that you’ve never committed a crime before. Tell me!”

Before I could say anything else, Henry actually silently whispered to my ear, “The whole village has already been bought out by Miss Jones. My dear brother, there’s no one left to testify on your behalf. You’re finished!”

My brother’s words sounded like a nightmare to me, as my heart sank!

“Why are you treating me like this? What did I do wrong?” Clenching my teeth, I looked at them with hatred.

“Because you’re a little devil. Ever since you were born, nothing has gone our way in this family!” Looking at me fiercely, my father blamed everything on me.

Pursing my lips, I retorted, “Good luck is earned through hard work. You only know how to drink and sleep all day. Have you ever tried to improve our living standards? What else do you know besides beating me?!”

Clenching his teeth, he tightened his fist, saying, “You f\*cker, I don’t need you to lecture me! You robber! I can’t believe you’re scamming people as soon as you were let out. I don’t have a son like you!”

Hearing this, Nylah, who still had some color on her face, instantly became pale again. Turning around, she looked at me unwillingly, “Annon, just go. Let’s forget that we ever knew each other. My company cannot house a robber.”

“But I’m not!” I did my best to argue through gritted teeth.

“You’re not?” My smiling father then pointed at me vehemently before saying,

“Everybody, this is my son. There’s no one that understands him more than me! His real name is Henry. He was in Eastland Prison for some years before. If you don’t believe me, you can go there and check his dossier.”

“Stop your explanations! What is a robber like you planning to do by approaching Nylah?” Staring at me, Anton questioned me like I was a suspect.

“I already said that I’m not. Henry is my brother!” I explained loudly.

A frowning Anton asked, “What proof do you have?”

Walking to the office table, I then emptied out all the papers I had inside. “It spells Annon on all of my identification and certificates. Is this not enough?”

After Henry cleared his throat, he then shouted, “He’s just a thief! It was him who stole my stuff! I’m Annon!”

To this, my father also followed up by saying, “I’m their father, so would I not recognize who Annon is? This brat is Henry, and he’s a robber!”

His words made the meeting room fall into a heated discussion again.

“That’s right. How could a father not know who their son is?”

“Why would a father wrong their own child?”

“He must be a robber. As a father, it must pain him to do this for the greater good!”

While closing my eyes, I smirked. Right. How could a father wrong their own child? My father would do anything because he was afraid that he might get exposed for landing me in jail; he feared that I might get revenge on how he treated me all these years. This was why he needed to get rid of me!

Grabbing the ID card, I looked at my father pensively since he was oblivious to how the law works and asked, “Dad. Have you had enough of this farce? When I registered for the ID card and for the SATs, they all needed my fingerprints! My fingerprints have been registered in the school and government’s database since a long time ago.”

“He’s right. As long as there’s an ID card, we can easily prove a person’s identity.” The police that Anton brought over immediately stood out and said.

“Thank you!” Nodding at the police, I then looked at my father, continuing, “I’ve told you before that this is a law-abiding society, and that everything requires proof! It might not be trustworthy if only you point out who the real Annon Hushton is. But, nobody would have a problem if it were the police checking it, right?”

Back then, I went into prison as Henry, so even if they went to the prison to investigate, they would only find out that it was my brother. As for my name, it was used by my brother to attend university, so as long as I did not admit it myself, nobody would know that I was in jail before.

Frowning in confusion, Anton then looked at the police beside him, saying, “Please take his prints to process. We can’t leave a robber at Nylah’s side.”

After walking over, the police took my fingerprints on a mold a couple of times before leaving the office in a rush.

Leaning against the table, I looked at Nylah silently while she also did the same, but her gaze was out of fear.

After ten or so minutes, Anton’s phone rang. Nodding, he then breathed a sigh of relief, as he smiled awkwardly at me, saying, “A-Annon, I’m sorry. We had wronged you. It was Henry who was in jail, not you. And you are Annon.”

The people there instantly burst into heated commotion the moment he said that while Nylah ran over and hugged me. “I knew that you weren’t a criminal. How could such a timid and sweet young boy back then be a convict?!”