

Chapter 1 He's back.

"Abort the child!"

At the hospital, Amaya Timothy was passing the stairway when she suddenly heard a familiar voice.

Philip Dalton?

After three years, is he finally back?

Her breath hitched and she stopped to a halt, slightly beating herself by the eavesdropping.

A woman is crying, "I don't want to abort the baby.....please....."

"You will have another one later....." The man's voice was cold and domineering, without a hint of soothing.

Not only did he come back, but he also brought back a pregnant woman.....

Amaya's heart clenched, not wanting to hear any more, and fled in fear.

Sitting in her department, she took out her phone and flipped out the familiar string of phone numbers, but didn't have the courage to dial it, he hadn't revealed half of it to her that he would be back, most likely he didn't want her to know.....

"Dr. Timothy, are you not coming home yet?" The nurse passing by asked out loud.

"You can go now; I still have some patient."

She knew that Philip would definitely move back to

the Dalton Mansion when he returned, and in order to not bump with him, she deliberately stayed at the hospital until late at night before going back.

She and Philip Dalton were 'strangers' who had lived under the same roof for nineteen years.

'Stranger' means, they are not related by blood, not family, not friends, and not husband and wife.

She still remembered vividly the look of utter disgust she had received when she was eighteen. When he had found his portrait, she had secretly drawn and the diary she had written about him, and her crush had been made public, cut open and treated by him like an ant, thrown on the ground and trampled on at will.

From the moment she stepped into the Dalton family at the age of five, he had hated her beyond measure, and his love was something she didn't dare to ask for, so instead, it seemed so ridiculous that she liked him.

When she entered, she didn't turn on the lights, having lived in the Dalton mansion for nineteen years, she knew every detail and furnishing of the place.

Walking to her bedroom door, she had just gripped the doorknob when a sudden heat hit behind her.

In the darkness, the man embraced her, his familiar scent enveloping her with the pungent smell of alcohol, cold kisses falling on her lips, her neck.....

She had never been able to resist him, especially

after not seeing him for three years, and at the moment when she was about to fall, she suddenly thought of that incident during the day, that he had a woman and was pregnant, and she shouldn't lower herself anymore.

Summoning up the courage to push him away violently, she quickly straightened her clothes, "You are drunk."

The man pinched her chin with precision and sneered, "How would I want to fuck you if I wasn't drunk? Isn't that how you climbed into my bed in the first place? What? It's only been three years, and you've become noble?"

Amaya bit her lip and didn't say anything, she had long been immune to his vicious words, countless times in the past even when they were in bed, he didn't forget to say these awful things to her.

Her silence irritated the man immensely, and the hand that squeezed her chin hardened, "How dare you come back so late when you know I'm back home?!"

She lowered her eyelids, her voice shaking a little from the pain, "You didn't tell me."

He pressed again her, "Everyone knows, and you wouldn't know?"

Yeah, she bumped into him and the pregnant woman at the hospital, and then came across the news and everyone knew he was back, and she was the last to know, and on such an unexpected occasion, she

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thought,he wouldn't want to see her.

Not waiting for her to talk,Philip picked her up and walked into the bedroom.

Amaya raised her hand against his chest in panic,"Brother!"

Reward

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