

## Chapter 12 Of course not

Amaya stiffened, only three people knew about this, her and Matthew, and her bestie Emily Walsh, how did he know about it?!

Noticing that Philip's gaze had fixed on her face, she didn't dare to meet his gaze and pretended to be calm as she asked, "You're quite gossipy, who told you that?"

Jeremy said with a wry smile, "I forgot, it's been quite a long time, after all, I was teaching at your university at the time and I overheard others talking about it by chance. It was only when you said that you were classmates that it occurred to me that there had been this between you."

Amaya pretended to be relaxed: "So....is all in the past, he's a pretty good guy, I am not good enough for him."

She sensed something was wrong after the words were out of her mouth, Philip's face was dark and frightening, and his eyes looked like he wanted to cut her to death.

"A man always wants what he can't have. And even though he slept with others, it doesn't mean the girls are good enough for him."

Philip's cold words made Amaya's heart sink, yes, whether it is him or Matthew, she didn't deserve them both, no need for him to deliberately remind her.

For some reason, she felt a bit stingy in her eyes and could only lower her head, not wanting her emotions to be seen.

Realizing that he had caused a bad start, Jeremy tried to change the subject by putting some food onto the plate in front of Amaya: "This dish is delicious, their special."

Philip said in a cold voice, "She has her own hands."

Jeremy gulped, "Relax, are you jealous?"

Philip shot him a death stare, "Of course not, just eat."

During this meal, Amaya didn't move her chopsticks much, and by the end of the meal, the atmosphere seemed to be back to normal, or as if it was just the appearance of calm masking the storm.

Coming out of the restaurant, Jeremy drove away with his car, and Amaya took the initiative to say to Philip very consciously, "I'll get a cab, you drive safely."

Philip didn't say anything, got into the car, drove past her, and soon disappeared into the night.

She didn't feel lonesome either, he had always been like that anyway, he wouldn't be kind enough to give her a lift even if it was on his way, in his words, just the sight of her made him sick, she had been trying so hard to please him for so many years, and that was all it had turned out to be.

Thinking of all the sex they had in the past, it

seemed like none of them had happened in his sober state,they'd all been drunken impulses.Just like he'd said if he hadn't been drunk,how could he have ever wanted to sleep with her?

After waiting on the roadside for about ten minutes,there was still no empty taxi to stop in front of her,so she simply did not wait and slowly walked back,the spring night breeze was slightly cool,blowing into her heart,but could not blow away her melancholy.

"Beep-"

After walking for a while,a car suddenly stopped beside her,the sound of the horn catching her attention,she looked sideways,the window rolled down,it was Matthew:"Why are you going home alone?I'll give you a ride?"

She was a little rattled,"No.....no,I want to walk home."

Maya's small head poked out of the back window,"Don't push back,my brother is such a good person,but you don't think too much about it!"

Amaya smiled bitterly and helplessly,"I won't overthink."

Matthew laughed and snapped,"Maya what are you talking about?Don't talk nonsense and let Miss.Timothy gets in the car."

The hospitality was overwhelming,so Amaya ended up getting in the car.

At first,both of them didn't speak,it was Maya who was mumbling,when they were almost at the Dalton mansion,Matthew only suddenly opened his mouth,"Just asking,you live in the Dalton residence,and just had dinner with Philip,are you.....very familiar with him?"