

Chapter 13 Come to my room after the shower

What he wanted to ask was what their relationship was, it just became extremely euphemistic when it came out of his mouth; a smooth person would never make the question too obvious.

Amaya knew what he wanted to ask: "Yes, very well acquainted."

Three simple words, without much explanation, and she didn't know how to introduce her relationship with Philip.

She didn't ask Matthew how he knew about Philip, and in L.A., no one should not know about Philip.

Noticing that she didn't want to talk about it, Matthew didn't ask any more questions.

When they arrived at the gate of the Dalton residence, Amaya got out of the car and waved at Matthew and Maya, "See you on the weekend."

Maya leaned over the car window and surveyed the mansion, muttering with her small mouth, "Living in such a big house and still going out to do a part-time job, are you that poor?"

Amaya said frankly, "Yes, it's very poor, and I need a salary to afford my food. Drive safely, bye."

Watching Matthew's car drive away, Amaya only turned around and entered the door, when she opened the door, she found that Philip hadn't arrived home

yet,he had left long before her,did he go somewhere else?

She didn't think much about it,entered the door and turned on the light,the warm light dispelled her some loneliness,and was about to go upstairs,but the sound of a car came from outside,it was Philip who came back.....

He must have seen Matthew's car.

She was still reeling from what had happened at the table,so she didn't want to see his face,and went back to her room to get her pajamas and go into the bathroom to take a bath,watching the tub gradually fill up and the pink bath bubbles slowly plump up,it was an interesting process that would at least kill some of the lonely and long hours.

The tub filled,and she sank her body in,emptying her thoughts of anything,exhaustion hitting her,and just as she drifted off,her bathroom door was suddenly pushed open.

Her eyes snapped open and met Philip's deep eyes.

Her brain blocked for a moment,"Something wrong?"

He stood in the doorway,not leaving and not coming any closer,his expression is undecipherable.

There was a moment of silence before he said,"Come to my room after your shower."

After saying that,without waiting for her answer,he turned and walked away.

His word was ambiguous,so Amaya couldn't help but get a little rambunctious,making sure he wasn't drinking tonight before she got up and got dressed.

Walking up to the door of his room and seeing that he had left it open,she didn't want to go in,raising her hand and knocking symbolically,"I'm here,what can I do for you?"

Philip was sitting on a chair in front of the floor-to-ceiling window,facing out the window and looking at something,outside was darkness.

"Your mother's stuff,take it away."

He raised a hand and pushed a wood box on the small coffee table in front of him,his tone cold.

The box is a bit old,dull in color,and not large.

Seeing that box,Amaya's heart sank and she quickly stepped forward to hold the box up.This was her mother's relic,no matter where her mother took her as a child,she would always carry this small box,there must be something precious to her mother in it.

When her mother died,the box disappeared,she tried to find it and thought it was buried with her mother,but she never thought it would be in Philip's hands.

She didn't blame him for taking it out now;she was already grateful that she can see that box again.

She held the box like a treasure,red-eyed,not wanting to cry out in front of Philip,forcing herself to

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hold back, "Thank you....."

Reward
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