

Chapter 14 The Most Special Corner

Philip gave her a sideways glance, "Don't you want to open it to see if something is missing inside? I found it by chance in the warehouse, not that I intentionally found it for you, so no need to say thank you."

Amaya shook her head, "Definitely not missing.....I don't actually know what's inside, but to my mom, this box is very important. Anyway, thank you."

As she spoke, she couldn't hold back her tears, dripping onto the box and staining it with irregular 'flowers'.

Philip frowned, got up and got a cup, poured a glass of wine, and handed it to her, "Hold your tears back, it's annoying."

If it were usual, Amaya would never drink with Philip, nor did she have this opportunity, but today her mood was like a roller coaster, up and down, and also wanted to have some, so she did not refuse, wiped her tears, took the glass and said thank you.

The strong liquor entered her throat and she choked and coughed, "What.....is this?"

Philip looked at her as if she is an idiot, gently sipped the drink in his own cup, and said lightly, "You don't recognize wine, and you don't recognize the word?"

It was only then that Amaya saw the letters on the bottle of wine: Brandy.

She was slightly embarrassed,"I don't usually drink.....of course I don't know.If there's nothing else,I'll go back to my room."

Philip sat back in his chair, carelessly shaking the liquor in his cup:"Once upon a time it was you who took the initiative to lean upon me,now is it too late to play hard to get?Trying to make me think you're special?There is no need,in my eyes,you have always been the most special,special.....hateful one."

Amaya smiled to herself,"Really?Then I'm kinda honored,at least to have the most special corner in your life,anyway."

Suddenly,Philip turned his head to look at her,as if he was probing for something:"How come I didn't find you so articulate before?"

Amaya felt her face gradually burn.It's rare Philip is in the mood to talk more with her,she boldly sat down in the chair opposite him,in the future such an opportunity.....maybe she will never have it again.

"Philip....."

She hung her head and whispered his name.

The usual glint of displeasure swept under his eyes and he didn't respond,refilling his own glass as he poured her another.

His distaste for her was as ingrained as her love for him,but after so many years together,it wasn't too hard for the two to sit together,and habit is a terrible

strength.

Amaya didn't care whether he responded or not, and continued, "If one day, I completely disappear, will you think of me occasionally long after?"

Philip frowned and said coldly, "Don't play the whole melodramatic with me, if you wanted to get lost, you would have done so long ago, you wouldn't have begged and pestered me for so long."

Amaya smiled, not speaking, and picked up her glass and finished it in one gulp, this time she didn't choke and cough, the burning sensation in her throat and all the way down, as if had taken all the pain in her heart to her stomach, leaving only a rolling heat.

Before the drunkenness hit her, Amaya went back to her room.

Her heart was unusually heavy as she looked at the box her mother had left her, the only object she had left behind.

The lock on the box was old and worn, and it didn't take much work to open it.

Inside were old photos, envelopes, photos of her as a child with her mother, and.....

Reward

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Comments

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