

Chapter 15 The Old Love Letter

A picture of her mother with a handsome man, a man she had never seen before, but whose instincts told her that it was her biological father.

The letters were mostly from her mother to her biological father that she hadn't ended up sending. She sorted through the contents and suddenly found a folded paper at the bottom without an envelope, curiosity drove her to open it and check it out, her heart thumped violently when she saw Philip's father's name.

This is the only letter his father wrote to her mother, the handwriting is clear and strong, word by word speaks of his deep feeling for her mother.....

Amaya was confused, her mind was blank, did this mean that..... her mother and his father were really not that innocent? At least his father was fond of her mother, back then, her mother was desperate, in order to entrust her to the Dalton family, so she could be with his father during her last time.....

What she did not dare to check for so many years seemed to seek a vague answer in this small box, all these years, Philip's indifference and bitterness towards her, was really not at all unfair.....

At the same time, she was glad that Philip hadn't opened the box before her and didn't let these personal

things show in front of his eyes.

The guilt in her heart was overwhelming, not knowing how to face Philip in the future.

Suddenly, she heard a car driving downstairs, is Philip going out?

She went to the window and watched his car drive away, the guilt in her heart drove her to reach out to him and make it up to him, and there was no proper way to do it.

Took out her phone and sent a message: where are you going late at night?

For the first time ever, Philip returned the message with only two short words: business trip.

She carefully typed down a line: you've just had a drink, don't drive yourself, be careful on the road.

Her tenderness was naturally unusual, but Philip paid no further attention to it.

It was destined to be a sleepless night, looking at the large Dalton mansion, Amaya's mood was incomparably complicated, she should not be here, it was because of her that destroyed everything that Philip had, if not for her, her mother might not have stepped into the door of the Dalton family.

Worried and desperate for someone to talk to, she called her best friend Emily Walsh: "Yao, where are you? Can you come out?"

Emily Walsh's first reaction when she received the

call was to express her dissatisfaction: "Doctor, no surgery today? No patient? And you finally think of me? I deserve to be free anytime to wait for your once-in-a-century call. Name a place."

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In front of the Bar, Zero. Amaya and Emily meet up.

Emily was wearing a white hoody, casual and spontaneous, a clear and pretty face hiding in the hood, looking at the sign of the bar in front of her, she was speechless, 'I'm confidently sure that you won't come to a place like a bar, thinking that you just use this place as coordinates, you really want to go in, huh? Do you think this is the right outfit for me?'

Amaya tugged at the ever-so-ordinary regular clothes she was wearing, "Aren't we both the same? I'm just in a bad mood and want a drink, you're the only one who can keep me company."

Emily put on a disliked face but stretched her arm over honestly, and Amaya naturally took Emily's arm, and the two walked in together.

She didn't come here thinking about having fun, so they went straight for a table in the corner.

After ordering, Emily cut the chase, 'What happened? Did that giant pain in the ass of yours upset you again? I told you to dump him earlier, why treat yourself like that?'