

Chapter 19 You're filthy

Amaya suddenly lost the courage to walk up and approach him, she knew that at this moment, no matter how she explained, he would not believe it.....

Ten seconds of staring at each other were as long as a century.

Philip did nothing, no anger, no questioning, nothing.....

He indifferently retreated his gaze and turned to the car.

At that moment, a voice rang in Amaya's head, driving her to go after him, as if, she was one-second slower, she would never be able to touch that man again!

Running to the car, she used almost all her strength and the fastest speed in her life, and Matthew's jacket on her shoulder also fell to the ground while running, she didn't notice, let alone see the loss that flashed under Matthew's eyes.

"Philip....."

With a sobbing voice, she looked at the man inside through the car window as if she were drowning and trying desperately to grab that lifeline.

The man didn't look at her or start the engine. Such a stalemate that Amaya boldly thought as he allowed her to get into the car. No matter what he would do to

her,she couldn't back down.

When she got into the car and sat down,Philip drove back to the Dalton residence,and from that time,he never looked at her again,masking the storm,with peace.

Amaya suddenly remembered that the indifference and detachment in his eyes were the same as the way he had looked at her when he had learned the news of his mother's death in another country,the only difference was that his eyes were mixed with hatred back then,but not like this time,so calm that it scared her.

She was at a loss for words and tried to break the suffocating silence,"It's not what you think,I....."

"What?"He interrupted abruptly and coldly,his grip on the steering wheel tightening imperceptibly,"Are we related?There's no need to explain.It's just that.....you make me feel you are filthy."

Amaya clenched her hands,her nails digging deep into her palm as if such pain could distract slightly from the throbbing agony in her heart.

He is right,they didn't have any whatsoever relation,and he doesn't need to hear her explanation,and he wouldn't believe that nothing had happened between her and Matthew last night,and it didn't matter to him either.

Seemingly reluctant,she looked at him with red

eyes and asked, "Then why did you wait for me at his home?"

Philip didn't answer, and the pair returned to its previous stillness.

When they returned to the Dalton residence, Philip got out of the car and entered the door quickly, and when Amaya followed him in, he was packing his luggage. He roughly threw all his clothes into the suitcase, as if staying here for one more second would make him unbearably uncomfortable.

Three years, he had finally come back, and Amaya had thought that she could live with him in harmony during this time before she left so that there would be less regret when she left, but now it seemed that he didn't intend to stay.

"Philip.....where are you going?" She asked carefully, with supplication.

The man looked over at her suddenly, his deep eyes finally tinged with anger, "Get out and stay out of the way!"

Amaya stood obstinately in place, refusing to leave, "If you're going on a business trip, I'll help you pack....."

With that, she knelt down to help him gather the clothes he had casually tossed into his suitcase, trying to do the best she could even though her hands were shaking badly.

The man yanked her wrist violently and threw her away,"Get out of here!You fucking disgust me!Amaya,you're no better than that!"

She fell to the ground,a faint stinging pain coming from her wrists,tears sliding down her cheeks,her eyes a dead silence of despair,her throat dry,unable to spit out another word.

She wants to say the one who should leave is her.....

Reward

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