

Chapter 4 She's the one who doesn't deserve him

Before she could finish her sentence,a strong and tall figure blocked the light from the doorway,"Julia Mirrville."

The man stood there,his reserved aura was natural,the pair of eyes like pools,yet as sharp as a knife blade,thin lips slightly pursed,aloof and detached.

Seeing Philip here,a flash of surprise quickly swept under Julia's eyes,then she pouted,"Mr.Dalton,I knew you wouldn't let me be alone."

Amaya took a silent breath and was just about to speak when he surprisingly turned around and took Julia away,from beginning to end,without looking at her!

Swallowing back her words as they walked away,she suddenly laughed at herself,no matter who stood with him,they all looked like a perfect couple,only she,no matter how many times she had slept with him,was unworthy of him.She's the one who doesn't deserve him.

At the entrance of the elevator,Philip suddenly shook off Julia's hand that was holding him,with a look of displeasure on his face.

Julia was puzzled,hesitated for a second,but still decided to boldly go forward,her plump chest brushing against Philip his arm:"Dalton.....What's wrong?"

Philip slightly turned his face sideways and looked coldly at the woman in front of him who didn't know what she was doing: "I'm not in the habit of playing with women left over from others, especially those played by my brothers."

Julia froze on the spot, she thought that if he didn't reject her intimacy just now, he had tacitly approved of their developable relationship, but she didn't expect this man to change his attitude like that!

'Ding--'

The elevator arrived, Philip lifted his steps and entered, raising his hand to pat the sleeve that had been touched, disgust all in his eyes.

Julia did not follow, just now Philip's eyes scared her, she stood at the same place pale, her 'plaything' for the rich, cannot enter Philip Dalton's eyes, is his 'tacit approval' gave her the wrong impression, she still has self-awareness.

In the evening, Amaya hadn't wanted to go home, and it just so happened that another doctor had to change shifts, so she agreed to take her shift.

With the thought of staying out all night, she wanted to remind Philip to have dinner, but she hesitated as she just took out her phone. It's always been her who clings on to him, when will she change this stink?

Having already decided to let go and leave this

place for good,three whole years of planning,she couldn't be swayed just because of his sudden return.

She admitted that she still fluttered when she saw him,but she would never allow herself to be a bitch again,and from the beginning anyway,it had been her wishful thinking.

An emergency surgery came in the middle of the night and by the time it was over it was six in the morning and the sky was fish-belly white.

Amaya was so tired that she could hardly straighten her back,and it was no exaggeration to say that when she came out of the operating room,she could see things with double vision.

Surgery requires a long period of concentration,which is no easier than physical work,and the slightest mistake can cost a human life.

After a short break back at the office,she changed and went home through the early morning mist.

Looking at the Dalton mansion erected in the morning glory,she suddenly felt a little emotional,this was where she thought she belonged,inside lived the person she loved the most,but did not belong to her,she was the one who had obsessively hijacked it for so many years.

She is twenty-seven,and Philip is three years older than her.

He is so wealthy and talented,with an outstanding

appearance,it is only a matter of time before he marries someone else,and after so many years,she finally learns to quit voluntarily and stop giving herself a hard time.

After an exhausting night,when you enter the door and are in familiar surroundings,your body's functions begin to fall into sleep uncontrollably.

Shaking off her shoes,she wanted to leave her handbag behind and go back to her room for a good sleep,but when she thought that Philip doesn't like messes,she patiently packed up the shoes she had changed.

Little did she know that all of her actions were in full view of the man standing at the stairway.

Her eyes half-closed,as she slammed into a'wall of flesh'and the man frowned in displeasure,his masculine hand grabbing her frail wrist with a slight force and coldly reprimanding,"Stand still for me!"

Reward

27

Comments

10