

## Chapter 7 Encroach her breath

Amaya blanched in pain, she didn't know how Philip knew about her part-time job, much less what had upset him again.

She bit her lip and didn't say anything, not wanting to explain, and not needing to, anyway, in his eyes, her mother had brought her to the door in the first place because the Dalton family had money, causing his parents to divorce, something she had no way of justifying.

Her silence drove him crazy, tugging her and pressing her against the wall, "You like money, I can give it to you, wouldn't it be easier for you to be with me than for you to dangle among various men?"

Looking at him as an out-of-control beast, Amaya curled up in fear: "Don't you do this.....please don't do this, it's not what you think....."

The words she hadn't finished were blocked back, Philip had always been dominant, and she felt like she was about to suffocate.

Crystal tears hung on her long, slender lashes. She didn't want to fall again, expecting him to take the initiative every time, which only made her indulge in illusions more.

She suddenly snapped and bit him, the taste of blood filling her mouth instantly.

Philip felt the pain, and his big hand choked her neck, but not particularly hard.

Her eyes misted and her cheeks flushed slightly as she gazed at him with a touch of unyielding, "Stop treating me like that, that night, I didn't take the initiative to..... I do love you, but I'm not that cheap, it was just an accident."

Yes, the day she turned eighteen and her fondness for him was accidentally discovered by him, he threw her drawings and diary mercilessly on the floor, disdaining them, and then took off.

She was having a hard time sleeping, feeling like her sky was falling, that her secret had been discovered, and how she was going to get along with him from now on.

She heard a commotion from downstairs and knew he was back. She tried to explain to him, and hesitated before knocking on the door. She still remembered that night, she held a glass of juice, and the glass was knocked to the ground by him drunk.

When she woke up, she became the one who seduced him.

She wasn't trying to clean herself up, and it was true that it wouldn't have happened if she hadn't gone to his room that night, so she kind of asked for it, and she admitted it.

From then on, he would occasionally get drunk and

ask her to go to his room, gradually more often, and she had fantasies, but then it dawned on her that no matter how much she liked him, she was being a bitch and couldn't be the one on the tip of his heart.

Philip suddenly laughed, the corners of his lips slightly curled up with a bit of coldness and mockery: "Was every subsequent non-refusal and catering an accident?"

Amaya was at a loss for words, and he stopped talking when suddenly, the phone rang untimely, and it was Philip's.

He paused for a couple of seconds and got up to answer the phone as Amaya fled in a panic, watching her disappear down the stairway, his eyes dimmed, "Yes?"

On the other end of the phone, "I found out, the man's name is Matthew Field, he's Miss Amaya's college classmate, and the two aren't close."

Philip's wrinkled brows relaxed a bit and then hung up the phone.

She was the one who insisted on appearing in his world, and she would never escape from his palm without his permission.

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When Amaya came out of the shower, she heard a car leaving downstairs, and Philip was out again.

She breathed a sigh of relief, she had just been lucky to hold her last line of defense, if it.....happened

again,she didn't know if she could still make up her mind to leave here without any problems.

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