

Chapter 8 My Last Name is Timothy, Your Last Name is Dalton

Philip hadn't come back all night, and Amaya hadn't worried, much less wanted to know where he'd gone; she'd had to learn not to pay attention to him.

Waking up early in the morning, she absently made herself a simple breakfast and enjoyed a rare moment of relaxation.

She had to go to Matthew's house to teach piano only in the afternoon, so she got half a day free in the morning, and it was time to clean the house. She hadn't had a proper day off in the past three years.

After eating, she began to clean up the house. Until almost noon she just almost finished the first floor, rested for a moment, and then head into Philip's study.

Three years ago, when Philip left, the study was locked, so she had never cleaned it, and today when she found the study door unlocked, she thought of cleaning it.

Pushing the door in, the smell of dust hit her nose, choking her and causing her to cough, so she had to find a mask and put it on. Luckily the windows were closed tightly and the dust on the floor wasn't particularly thick.

Walking up and pushing open the floor-to-ceiling

window in the study,the sunlight poured in,chasing away the gloom in the air and bringing more life to it.

After cleaning the study,it was already one o'clock in the afternoon,and she was so tired that she sat down in her chair without the slightest strength to move,and drew a book from the shelf by the way,and had just opened it when a page of stale paper fell on the floor.

Here is Philip's study,inside are all his things,cannot be damaged even a little,she panicked and bent down to pick it up,waiting to see the words on it,she could not help but be stunned for a moment,this paper is an essay she wrote in the sixth grade,the title is:"My Brother".

She hadn't noticed when this essay had been torn out of her notebook and hadn't expected it to be here in Philip's study.

The paper was slightly yellow with age,and the handwriting on it was barely clear,she had been writing beautifully since she was a child,so she could read it,but she doesn't know why every'brother'address in the essay had been blotted out by something,did Philip Dalton hate her that much?Even in the essay,he refused to let her call him brother.

Suddenly hearing footsteps downstairs,she hurriedly folded the essay paper and put it into her pocket,putting the book back in its place.Just after she came out of the study,Philip came up.

She was a little nervous:"That....."

Philip frowned and stared at her as he asked in a cold voice,"Who let you in?!"

She clutched the corner of her coat in panic,"I.....just want to clean it,the study is too dirty,don't you need to work here?It's already cleaned,if you don't want me to touch your stuff,I'll hire someone to clean it later."

He coldly pushed her away and walked into the study to inspect it,his expression eased a little:"I will get someone to clean it,in the future,it's not your turn to do such things,just because you live here,doesn't mean you are the mistress of the place,understand?"

Amaya smiled indifferently,"Understood,I have things to do,I'll leave first."

If it wasn't for Philip Dalton,she is afraid she wouldn't have developed a heart that is invulnerable to swords and spears at such an age,right?

Just a few steps away,Philip's voice suddenly came from behind her,"Why exactly are you short of money?Have I treated you badly all these years?Don't go out and embarrass me!"

Amaya paused in her steps and didn't turn around,"Thank you for taking care of me all these years,I'm an adult now and I don't need your help anymore.I have a proper job and my money is clean,where did I embarrass you?My surname is Timothy,your is Dalton,no one knows about our

relationship,even if I embarrass someone and that one won't be you."

Reward

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Comments

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