

## Chapter 23 She is in my hand.

After so many years,Amaya still returned to the town where she and her mother had lived,before she was five.

It's far from the busy metropolis,the sky is blue and the air is fresh as if it were the same.

When her mother died,her ashes were buried here,which was her wish during her life,and here,too,was the birthplace of both of them,and the beginning of her disappointment.

Going back to the beginning means that she may not see Philip again,and it also means that she has to abandon the past almost twenty years as an old dream,but how easy is it to wake up from that dream completely?

Thankfully,the house with a yard that she and her mother used to rent is still standing and has been renovated over the years,except,the owner has changed and the house is currently occupied.

It was a pretty big house,totally subletable,and she had a particular affinity for the house,so in the end,she got the contact information for the new owner and called the owner.

She got permission from the other party before she came to the door to negotiate.

When she arrived,the courtyard door was open,and

after calling out a few times with no answer, she hesitated and lifted her steps to go inside.

The yard was still much the same as before, the grapevine and the garden were lushier than they had been back then, and she was surprised to find that the Chinese rose she had planted as a child was still alive, its branches and leaves pruned, growing tall, and at this season, it was her time to bloom.

She had loved flowers and plants since she was a child, and to put it mildly, she had once fantasized that she could be with Philip and create the perfect garden for him. Looking back on it now, it just felt childish.

As he watched, a crisp male voice rang out from behind her, "You want to rent my house?"

She turned around and met a pair of stunning piercing eyes.

The man is sloppily dressed in a light gray tank top and sweatpants of the same color, his slightly longer hair slicks back and tied up in part. He is tall and looks like he has just woken up, and he is holding a glass and a toothbrush with toothpaste squeezed on it.

This guy will give her a feeling of unkempt, probably knowing he is hot, Amaya had to admit, this new landlord of her looks quite handsome.

She politely introduced herself, "Yes, I'm the one who called you before to rent a room, do you live here now? Can you sublet a room for me? I'll live alone."

The man walked to the faucet in the courtyard, took the water, and began to wash as if there were no one else. With toothpaste foam on the lips, he said vaguely, "I rent a room by eye, I'll rent if it's a beautiful woman."

With that, the man winked back at her, "You fit the bill."

The corners of Amaya's mouth twitched, why did this guy seem a bit immodest? She was already mulling over the phrase 'I have other houses to see' when the guy suddenly turned serious again: "Eight hundred a month, one deposit and three payments, at least three months, no refund if you move in the middle."

The town has been growing over the years and seems to be creating a scenic area with a lot of traffic coming and going, this is a proper price.

Amaya asked stiffly, "Then you.....are living here all the time?"

The man finished gargling and casually drew a towel to wipe the water stains from the corner of his mouth, "No, just recently in, so mostly you kind of get a good deal on renting the whole set for eight hundred."

Amaya sighed in relief, "Thanks then, I'll move over as soon as I can."

When it was time to sign the lease, it occurred to Amaya to ask about the landlord's name: "That.....what's your name? We'll be neighbors from now on."

The man looked at her, his eyes narrowing

slightly,"John."

Amaya inexplicably felt that the name sounded familiar, but for a while, she couldn't remember where she had heard it before. After signing the contract, she went back to the hotel where she was temporarily staying to get her luggage.

John watched her distant figure, fished out his phone, and sent a message: Philip, your girl, is in my hands.

At the end of the message, a wicked grin was attached.

At this time L.A., Philip, who was in a meeting, glanced at his mobile phone screen lit up for a moment, ghostly opened the message, read the content, the corners of his lips hooked a few, an imperceptible smile, and not the slightest surprise.

Reward

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Comments

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