

Chapter 26 It's hopeless.

After saying that, Amaya turned around and left.

As she passed by John, she asked in surprise, "What are you doing here?"

John looked up lazily at the sky, "Can't I come out to appreciate the moon?"

Amaya was upset and knew that he was following her on purpose, and she didn't have time to chat with him, "Then take your time and watch, I'm going back."

John followed up carelessly, "You are really insensitive, I followed you for fear that you will be in danger. You are my tenant, if something happens to you, I am the one to be blamed."

Amaya dissed back without a smile, "You're the biggest danger to me now, as a landlord, is it normal to follow his tenant's whereabouts?"

John was gagged and laughed through gritted teeth, "Yes, yes, yes, I'm a pervert, just beware and guard against me in the future."

For a week afterward, Henry would send messages to Amaya every day, nothing more than urging her to leave this shitty town and go to Houston with him, where he could give her an excellent life.

She recalled her designed clothes and his watch worthy of few hundred thousand dollars. Amaya knew he had made it over the years, but she had no intention

of coveting those little things, growing up in the Dalton family, what had she not seen? She is not the kind of person who will be lulled by money and material things.

She never returned his messages, and Henry was still happy to do so, morning, noon and night.

Finally, Henry is leaving this town and sends a message to Amaya to say goodbye, who looks at it and ignores it as usual.

It was nice to have the ease of a hospital job in a small town, to be idle most of the day, to be free from the urgency of the big city, and if she could, she would live here in peace and quiet until her old age.

The only thing that bothered her was that she would still think of Philip from time to time, and every time, her dormant heart would raise huge waves.

In this life, will they ever see each other again?

What broke the quiet was a more than usual morning.

An honest and normal-looking man carrying an infant arrives at the hospital where Amaya works.

It just so happened that the man found Amaya's office, and at the sight of the child's not-so-normal red face, her heart stuttered, "I'm not well-versed in pediatrics, find another doctor, there's an older doctor in the next office!"

The man's eyes were as wide as a bull: "I'm looking for you! You can't get away with it if something happens

to my child!"

Amaya frowned, "If you keep delaying, something will really happen! You kid might have to be transferred to the hospital!"

As if he couldn't hear Amaya's words, the man shoved the child hard into her arms, "He just has a cold, you just give him a shot and he'll be fine, I'm going to the bathroom, I'll be right back, hurry up!"

Before she could react, the man had already run out of sight.

Amaya was furious, but right now saving lives was important, she held the baby and found the old doctor in the next office, "Help me see what's wrong with this baby, a man just brought it in and went to the bathroom."

The old doctor only took one look and said, "It's hopeless, hurry up and let his family carry it away, so they can't blame his death on our hospital."

It was then that Amaya realized she might have been screwed, there were people who would just specialize in using a dying child to screw the hospital, and most such cases resulted in a hefty settlement.

She gritted her teeth, opened the sheet and clothes wrapped around the child, and did a simple examination; severe jaundice and bloating, almost breathless, less than half a year old, supposedly

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congenital biliary atresia, and what the old doctor had said was true, it was hopeless.