

### Chapter 3 Her love is sick

Amaya looked into his metallic eyes with some embarrassment,so close that she couldn't help but feel fluttered:"L....."

No sooner had she opened her mouth than he spoke viciously,"Put yourself in your position,you are no different to me than a whore in a clubhouse,the only difference is that I allow you to live here."

Looking at his back as he left,Amaya blanched for a moment,forcing down the feeling that tore through her heart.It's not the first time,there is nothing to be upset about.....

He was referring to breakfast,which,as far as he was concerned,was just a pointless gesture of goodwill.

.....

Gathering herself to go out and arrive at the hospital,she breezed up the elevator to the cardiac surgery department on the third floor,and as she passed the testing area,she suddenly heard a clear,female voice:"When will my report be ready?"

This voice she had heard,just yesterday.....this woman cried to Philip and said that she did not want to abort the child,she remembered it vividly.

She stopped to look in the direction of the sound,the woman wore a tight black slip dress,stepping on high heels,revealing a pair of slender white legs,a tall

body, and a pretty face is enough to attract men's eyes wherever she goes, only the heavy makeup on her face is slightly tacky. It turns out that Philip likes this type.

Seeing this woman, she couldn't help but think of Philip and the woman tangled in bed, a strong feeling of discomfort quickly swept through her body and soon returned to calm.

The hospital's testing department was all clustered on the third floor, and it looked like the woman had come in for a review of yesterday's abortion.

Without much lingering, Amaya returned to the office to change into her white coat, but her mind always unconsciously drifted to that woman....., without knowing it, she went to the gynecology department.

"Dr. Lee, that patient in the black dress just had an abortion yesterday, right? How's her situation?"

Dr. Lee pondered for two seconds: "Oh, her..... seems to be called Julia Mirrville. Yes, she just had an abortion yesterday, it is only the beginning of spring, dressed like this, and is not afraid of getting sick. Young people, your body can stand the toss and turn, there should not be a problem. Dr. Timothy, you know her?"

Amaya shook her head somewhat uncomfortably, "No, she..... is the girlfriend of a friend of mine, and has never met."

She hadn't been able to name her relationship with Philip for so many years, more or less absurdly

ridiculous, and even introducing him as a friend felt awkward.

Julia suddenly winded up squeezing into the office with the test sheets, "Doctor. Lee, here is my report, please take a look for me."

The conversation from earlier came to a silent and abrupt halt, and Amaya put her hands uncomfortably in the pockets of her white coat; she was not good at prying into people's affairs behind their backs, and she couldn't help but feel a little guilty.

She even felt sometimes that her love for Philip is to the point of sick, so why would she want to know about Julia's situation? Was it to make sure that her baby had really been aborted.....? If the child had stayed, it would mean that he would get married, right?

She didn't know what was really in her mind, and she didn't dare to think about it.

Suddenly seeing Amaya on the side, Julia surveyed her inquisitively, "I seem.....to have seen you somewhere."

Amaya looked at her calmly, and after a quick search in her mind, she could be sure that she hadn't seen Julia before, and even if she had, it was in the capacity of a doctor and a patient.

A moment later, Julia seemed to remember something: "Oh, it seems to be in....."