

## Chapter 32 Don't let her know I saved her

Amaya was suddenly blurred in consciousness,crimson blood trickling down her wound.She can't see and the strength in her body was gradually drained away,losing the ability to resist.

She saw,in a blur,the man riding her and unbuckling his pants,the unpleasant stench of sweat from the man is clearly smelled,and she thought.....just die.....die like this.....

Suddenly,a gunshot startled the birds in the treetops,and the sound of the gun fired echoed through the wilderness for a long time.

The man on top of her collapsed in response.

In a trance,he saw Philip standing there,draped in sunlight,like a dream.

She tried to raise her hand to touch him,but her body could no longer move.

Is she dying?Is that why she saw him in a vision before she died?

Some people say that before people die,what they see,must be the person they want to see the most,it turns out that she left him more than a month,and still hasn't forgotten him in the slightest,so that is why in the deathbed she is so persistent.....

That's enough,that's enough.....

She had a smile on her lips as she finally lost consciousness completely.

Not knowing how long had passed,Amaya woke up lazily,the air was pungent with the smell of disinfectant fluid,a smell unique to hospitals that she was all too familiar with.

Looking at the clean white ceiling and the IV bottle above her head,she was a little disoriented,feeling her brain foggy as hell,she wasn't dead?Saved by someone?

Thinking about the'before death'hallucination,she saw Philip.....Could never be him,right?

When out of the corner of her eye she saw the figure standing in front of the ward window,her breath hitched,and,holding back the pain of her wound,she slowly turned her head,her pupils gradually dilating and her eyes tinged,now,or was it an illusion?

The man standing at the window with his back to her,his back,so familiar,how could she be mistaken?

Suddenly rehearing the gunshot at the time of the incident, she inexplicably felt some panic.....at that time what she saw and heard, was it a hallucination or not?!

"Phi....." she tried to call him, but her throat was too dry and hoarse.

At the same time, the door of the ward was pushed open and John walked in with a breeze, "Huh.....? You're so resilient, you woke up so quickly."

The man at the window quickly turned around, swept a quick glance at Amaya, walked to the bed and rang the nurse's bell, then 'grabbed' John and went outside to the corridor, "How could this happen?!"

John cried out in injustice: "There are times when people made mistakes, there are times when I am not around, who knew she would go to her mother's grave out of sudden alone? That place is remote and few people usually go there. Although I didn't make it, you did."

Philip's brows knitted together, "That trash, get rid of it."

John lowered his voice: "I guess you were too nervous to aim, otherwise it wouldn't be my turn to handle it, in fact, that shot, he would be dead or crippled."

Philip glared at John, "Don't let her know that I did it."

The conversation between the two came to an abrupt end as the nurse and doctor arrived.

The doctor gave Amaya a checkup: "Stay here for observation for two days and then you can be discharged, do not do strenuous exercise in the next three months. You should not be too tired, take good care of your wound, so as not to cause complications, injury to the brain is a lifelong matter....."

There are specialties in this business, and although Amaya is a doctor herself, she can only obey orders when he is reduced to a patient.

When the nurse and the doctor left and the people walked into the ward, only John.

When Amaya subconsciously looked towards the door, John explained, "Philip still had something to do, so he left first, I'll watch you here. How do you feel now?"

Amaya glared at him wishing to burn some holes in his head, "You have known Philip for a long time, right?"