

Chapter 33 Not so shameful

John admitted sheepishly, "Yes.....I didn't try to deliberately hide it from you, and you didn't ask either. These don't matter, I just came here for the project of the scenic spot, Philip is the investor, and you happen to find me to rent a room.....it's all coincidence."

Amaya closed her eyes, she believed it was a coincidence, Philip couldn't be gladder to never see her again in his life, so how could he spend his thought on her?

She should have thought of it before, she had felt as if she had heard his name, John Kennedy, somewhere before. His family is a family that no one could afford to mess with.

John has two brothers, and he is the smallest. Usually, although John doesn't show up much in front of the media, he is inevitably mentioned.

After a moment, she asked again, "When I had an accident, who saved me? I heard the gunshots and.....saw Philip."

John's back was covered in cold sweat yet he remained calm: "How come it was him. The person who saved you was me, Philip he hadn't arrived in town at that time yet. Besides, he's a solid businessman, how would he know how to shoot?"

Was it John? She was now completely sure that his two toy guns were the real thing.

Philip recalled the scene, after the gun went off, what she saw was clearly Philip, was it really a mistake? In that situation, her consciousness is blurred, and it is possible to see wrong.....

Thinking too much about it made her head start to hurt and she simply stopped thinking about it and asked, "Is that scumbag.....dead?"

Since John had shot him, that guy would definitely not end up too well.

John's lips pressed, "I think since that man wants you dead, you shouldn't care about his life or death, that kind of scum, it's a waste of air for him to live."

Amaya was no saint either, and she knew full well that she had almost died.

While hoping that the scum will be punished, she doesn't want John to touch the bottom line of the law, "If.....if it's irreparable, then let's pretend that this matter never happened, if.....that person is still alive, forget it. Anyway, I'm fine now, just send him to the police station."

She wasn't worried that John would get into trouble because of this, and to his family, such trouble was no trouble at all.

John helplessly responded, "Fine, you're the victim, I'll defer to you, just leave this alone, I'll take care of it."

Amaya nodded and suddenly another question came to mind, "Did you know me, before?"

John mused that there should be nothing to hide about this, so she said honestly, "I know, I've known Philip for so many years, of course, I'm aware of what kind of people he has around him."

She relaxed, so she is not so shameful in Philip's eyes. If Jeremy knows her existence is an accident, John also knows her.....which means Philip did not deliberately hide their relationship.

When Amaya was hospitalized for these two days, Philip never showed up again.

She had fantasized about the way and mood she should face him if they met again in the future, but she hadn't expected their reunion to come so suddenly that she didn't even have time to savor it.

She was treated at the hospital in the city, and on the day, she was discharged, it was John who drove her back to the town.

Learning that Philip would be staying for a while because of the project and that he was staying at John's place, she had some mixed feelings. This meant that she and him, again, would be spending time together under the same roof.

She was puzzled, why did he stay at John's place when he obviously loathed her so much? Shouldn't he stay away from her?

Chapter 34 See him again

Back at home,in front of the courtyard,there were two black cars parked,leaving no place for John's car,so he could only drop off Amaya first,and then parked elsewhere.

Amaya walked into the courtyard and saw Philip talking to someone with a drawing in his hand,the sunlight spilling finely on him through the grapevine,like a bright painting.

Suddenly,a woman in a professional outfit with short,neat hair came out of the kitchen with drinks,and Amaya reflexively walked away and hid back in her room.

That woman,the woman who had been held into the hotel by Philip that day,as she had waited outside the hotel all night,not daring to think about what had they done in his room.

Even when he came here on business,Philip brought that woman with him.....

With Philip's arrival,John's house here was filled to the brim and much livelier.But for Amaya,it was torture,her original tranquility was completely shattered.

In order to avoid seeing Philip,she only wandered between her room and the kitchen,which was mostly occupied by the woman Philip had brought with him,the woman,who is responsible for Philip's food and living.

Whenever the two bumped into each other in the kitchen,Amaya was so silent that she looked like a mollusk that couldn't make a sound;the woman would instead greet her each time,and she would just nod her head and run away in a huff.

In the late night,Amaya stepped into the kitchen to get food and again met the woman.

Perhaps seeing that the woman was just preparing a drink and would soon leave,Amaya didn't duck out of the way.

The woman greeted her as usual,"Do you think that I have an unusual relationship with Mr.Dalton?"

Amaya looked at her in surprise and didn't say anything.

The woman smiled,"Sometimes,what you see,is not always true.Mr.Dalton isn't that kind of person,I'm his assistant,that's all."

With that,the woman walked away with her drink.

Amaya didn't understand why she was saying this, right now, everything about Philip was none of her business.

After making some spaghetti and finishing it, she thought about taking a shower, when she was discharged from the hospital the doctor had instructed her to keep the wound out of the water for a while, it was not good for recovery, and she understood that. But she thought it would be fine if she is careful.

Amaya walked into the bathroom, took off her clothes, and had just turned on the shower when the bathroom door was suddenly pushed open.

She panicked and hurriedly grabbed her clothes to block her body, and when she saw clearly that it was Philip, she was stunned, "Do you.....you want to use the bathroom? Then I'm leaving now!"

Philip looked at her with an expressionless face, "You are a doctor yourself; don't you know the basics?"

Amaya had no way to retort, she wanted to say that she would be careful not to wet the wound, the words came to her tongue, but she could not say it.

As the bathroom door was closed again, she depressingly wiped her body, barely comfortable, but there was no way to wash her hair. She had a lot of volumes and hadn't trimmed it in years, it was above waist length, unpermed, and extremely good, what had been her pride and joy had now become a liability.

The weather was changeable and unpredictable now, and it was one of those days when it was a bit hot and she couldn't stand the torture of not washing her hair and thought of cutting the long hair she'd kept for years short.

The yard was quiet, no one was there, and the lights in Philip's room were turned off. She found a pair of scissors and moved the trash can to the foot of her bed.

Slender fingers pinched the long hair together and the sharp scissors closed.

No sooner had she cut than the scissors were violently snatched away!

Chapter 35 Cut the long hair that was grown for him

She jumped in shock and whimpered,blanched as the wound on her forehead tugged with sharp pain.

When she got a good look at the visitor,she frowned and asked,"What are you doing?"

It was Philip's assistant,the woman breathed out,"Seeing as you should want to wash your hair,but you are inconvenient,let me help you,such good hair,it's a pity to cut it."

When Amaya tried to say no,the assistant was already carrying a basin to the bathroom to get hot water.

Amaya felt that something was not right,first,she was stopped by Philip when she wanted to take a shower,and now the woman snatched her scissors.....

She suddenly remembered something,the reason she had long hair was that Philip liked it,he had acted obsessed with her long hair when he had drunkenly pinned her down,often wrapping it around his fingers and playing with it,and she hadn't cut it since then.

Now that she no longer had to humble herself to please him.The long hair does not need to keep.

Amaya looked in the direction of the bathroom,picked up the scissors,took a deep breath,cut her hair off to shoulder length,and threw it in the trash.

Since she is starting over,let's be thorough.

The assistant was stunned for a long time when she came out and saw the empty yard and the hair in the trash can.A woman who cut off her long hair that she had kept for years must have made a great determination.

Amaya couldn't be idle,she went to the hospital the next day and continued to work,the previous disturbance was over,without the'leader',those little shrimps couldn't make waves.As long as she didn't carry trouble with her,the hospital wouldn't suspend her.

Sitting in her office,she faintly heard a funeral procession approaching from a distance.

Amaya got up and walked over to the window to check it out as a procession of mourners passed under the hospital carrying a coffin and a grey photo.

Her heart skipped a few beats when she saw the face in the photo, it was the man who had nearly killed her, he hadn't escaped it after all.....he was dead!

Even as a doctor, used to seeing life and death, watching a life fall before her eyes like this, a non-illness, nonnatural death, and involvement with her, still gave her a sense of discomfort, and the scene with John firing the gun gave her a shudder and a dizzy spell for no reason.

When Amaya came home from work in the evening, she bumped into John squatting in the doorway and typing on the phone, he greeted her, "Hey, why did you cut your hair?"

Looking at the smile on his face, Amaya could always think of his ruthless look, so she answered, hurrying back to her room.

John was a little baffled but didn't care.

Amaya thought about it and thought it would be better to leave here, originally, she came back here because it was her birthplace, and then this series of events happened, which had long since made her not feel good about this place, and there was no peace around here. So, she thought of retreating and wanted to put down her roots somewhere else.

The thought came to her mind and it was overwhelming.

She didn't want to talk to John about it to his face, so she hid in her room and sent him a text, making it clear that she wanted to move out.

She didn't expect John to push her room door open straight away, "Moving? Where are you going? When we first agreed to deposit one and pay three, no refund of the deposit if you don't stay for three months."

Amaya did not dare to meet his eyes: "I.....I just tell you. I don't want the deposit; you can just return me the rest of my rent....."

John stared at her with a deadly stare, "What's wrong? You definitely have something in your mind, if you don't tell me, you really won't be able to leave this door."

Amaya bit her lip, "Nothing, simply don't feel like staying here anymore."

John asked with a mysterious face and an exploratory desire, "It's not because Philip is here, is it?"

Not wanting to waste more time with him, Amaya said, "Yes, whatever you say."

Just as she finished speaking, she caught a glimpse of the man standing in the courtyard outside the door and couldn't help but exhale.