

Chapter 38 You'll never be able to pay me back in your lifetime

Philip looked at him with some consternation, met his deep eyes, and quickly moved away again, "I.....have been saving money since you left the country, after all, I owe too much to you and your family, I can't keep owing you, right? Still a little short, I will pay you back every month in the future, last month's remittance, did you check?"

Her words were more or less evasive.

Philip's expression turned a few degrees colder: "Who wants your money? What you owe me, is it something that can be paid off with the money?"

Amaya's fingers gripped the hem of her shirt nervously, hanging her head and whispering, "I know.....it's not a matter of money, but I can only do so much. If there is anything I can do, you can just mention it, and I will make up for you as much as I can until you feel like I am paying you back."

Philip didn't know if he was angry or if he thought her words were ridiculous: "Heh, until you've paid me back? You won't be able to pay me back in your lifetime. The only place I can use you is in bed."

Amaya's face heated, not knowing how to answer, even though that seemed to be the case, the fact made her squirm and embarrassed.

Feeling like she couldn't stay any longer, she turned away hastily, "I'm going back to bed, you go to bed early too....."

She had just opened the door to her room when a sudden stir came from above her head, and before she could see clearly, her entire body was yanked back by Philip, and the next second, the potted plant landed on the ground and fell to pieces!

The potted plant was a hanging orchid that had been placed on the eaves of the house, quite high, and it fell probably because it was too windy this evening.

Amaya was scared for a moment, if she had just walked out and gotten her head smashed again, she might have ended up here in this life.

Waking up, she suddenly found herself shrinking in Philip's arms, his tall body and strong chest gave her a great sense of security, the strength of his arms holding her was unprecedented, and his breathing, too, became much sharper.

She raised her eyes and met his deep,ocean-like eyes as if she had been swept into a whirlwind for a moment.

Amaya's mind wouldn't think for a moment,sensing that he was slowly coming closer,she was a little overwhelmed,she could clearly feel his breath spilling over her face.

Suddenly,he let go of her and turned to walk away,"Go to bed early."

Amaya answered and walked around the pitifully fallen potted plant to her room,closing the door behind her,she pressed down on her wildly beating heart for a long time before it calmed down.

Did.....he almost kiss her?

Back in the old days,even when he did have sex with her while drunk,he didn't often kiss her,let alone when he was sober.Probably just a physical urge,yes,must be it!

The following day.

When Amaya got up and washed up,she caught a glimpse of John moving the pot of hanging orchid that had fallen last night,and lamented with a pitying face,"It depends on your own fate whether you can live or not,I'm not very skilled."

Amaya,who also liked plants and hadn't had time to deal with them last night,said,"I'll do it later,you're really not very skilled."

John looked at her with a bad smile,"Last night I saw you running out of Philip's room,in a hurry,I'm such a big person standing there and you didn't see me,did you do something wrong?"

Amaya was washing her face,holding the water and splashing it on him,"Off,I'm busy!"

John also did not dodge away,wiped the water off his face,and smiled as bright as the sun,"Are you embarrassed?We are all adults,what are you embarrassed for?I'm leaving today,I don't know when I'll come back,don't miss me."

Amaya was about to diss him,but then she thought if he left,wouldn't that leave her and Philip.....

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Chapter 39 I'm asking you one last time

She frowned and asked, "Where are you going?"

John sighed, "My grandpa summoned me, to go abroad, there's no way out, who knows when he'll let me back again?"

At this time, Philip walked out of the room, Amaya shut her mouth, washed up quickly, and went to the hospital.

After John left, Philip became even busier, often going out for a whole day before returning, and most of the time, returning later than Amaya got off work.

Following along with him were his assistant and a few people he brought with him.

Amaya leaves work early and helps make dinner so they can have something to eat when they get back.

But she never ate with them, and after that night, she always felt that the air between her and Philip was a bit subtle, and she avoided him if she could.

Philip had said that he would only be here for half a month, and time was always fleeting, and Amaya could see that it was time to wrap up their work.

Amaya was inexplicably a little anxious, if Philip didn't come, her heart, wouldn't it have sunk to the bottom already?

While cooking, Philip's assistant also followed up in the kitchen, "We're going back to L.A. tomorrow."

Amaya's hand stiffened a few beats imperceptibly, "Oh.....then you guys have a safe flight."

The assistant laughed, "Aren't you going back with us? Still, really plan to stay here for the rest of your life? The project here will take at least another year or so until it's wrapped up, and it's quite large, so if Mr. Dalton doesn't have time to manage this, he probably won't come over again."

Amaya still didn't have much of a reaction, "No plans to go back, for now, this kind of project, he most likely won't come again, I know."

The assistant was a bit helpless: "Miss. Timothy, nearly twenty years of living in L.A., suddenly changed, can you really adapt to the people and things around you?"

Amaya pursed her lips, "This place isn't really new to me either, I was

born here."

The assistant didn't say another word, but Amaya could feel that she was urging her to go back to L.A.

She didn't know if this was the assistant's own intention or Philip's. According to Philip's character, he wouldn't advise her so evasively, right?

During the night, Amaya lost sleep again.

With the lights off, the bright moonlight spilled in through the windows through the branches of the trees, casting dappled light and shadows yet bringing no hint of sleep.

Her phone suddenly pinged, the vibration seeming a bit abrupt in the silent night.

She thought it was from Emily, she tapped on it and saw Philip's name, she was stunned for a few seconds, did he pull her out of the blacklist?

The content of the message was only a few simple words, not even punctuation, but it set off a shocking wave in her heart: back to L.A.?

After ten minutes, Amaya replied: No, going back doesn't make sense to me.

Yes, there is no point, she left, also to end the absurd past, to go back again, with what status?

She had made plans long ago, he left, she left, this was not where she wanted to stay either, there was always room for her in this world.

When she woke up and washed up the next day, Philip's people were already organized and ready to go.

She brushed her teeth absentmindedly, glancing towards the courtyard entrance every now and then, expecting Philip to be in the car, but not expecting that he had come out of his room.

She sheepishly withdrew her eyes and pretended to be relaxed, "Leaving? Have a good flight."

Philip stopped beside her, "I'm asking you one last time, will you come with me?"

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Chapter 40 No Reason

Amaya stiffened,her nose suddenly became a little sour,as long as there was that one suitable reason,even if he would never marry her,she would go with him without a second thought,but in fact,there was none,not a single reason.

She took a deep breath and looked at him and smiled,"No."

Philip frowned at her for two seconds before turning around and walking away.

At that moment,Amaya had the urge to go after him,and she desperately tried to hold it back as tears blurred her vision.

It wasn't until the car drove away that she had the courage to chase after the door,a thick sense of loss spreading through her heart.

She couldn't figure out how he could ask her if she wanted to go with him when he had clearly loathed her for so many years.

Why left her with illusions and hopes?She was too scared to take another step forward for fear that the hell would break loose again.

When she went to the hospital,she was distracted,and her mind always came back to the scene where Philip asked her if she wanted to go with him,and the more she thought about it,the more confused her mind became.

Suddenly,out of the corner of her eye,she caught a glimpse of a probing figure in the doorway and asked,"Yes?"

The man at the door dodged and answered,not coming in again,and Amaya was a little helpless,"Come in if you want to see a doctor."

The man moved timidly into the consulting room with steps,accompanied by an indescribable smell of sweat and body odor and a foul stench.....

She couldn't help but frown and put on her mask silently.She clearly saw the man take two steps back as she put on the mask,like he knew he smelled bad and was self-conscious.

Amaya sized up the man for a moment,a young man in his twenties,his clothes had been washed to the point where you couldn't see the color,and they were still a little dirty,his hair was a little long and disheveled,and the dirt could be clearly seen on his exposed skin,like he hadn't bathed in a long time,but he was so far from being a bum.

Most noticeable were the traumatic wounds on his bare feet dripping

with pus and blood,largely due to the pain of not being able to put on his shoes.

Amaya walked up and sat him down,frowning as she asked,"How did you get it like that?"

The man's eyes flickered and dodged,overwhelmed like a child.Amaya confirmed that he had a brain defect and,in the spirit of medical ethics,examined the wound,it was just a flesh wound,not some skin disease,cleaned up the rotting flesh and bandaged it,she breathed out,"There,go pay the bill.Don't run around with your foot like that,and take care of your hygiene."

The man sat in his chair half-heartedly,just peeking at her.

She realized now that he didn't have any money on him,she conceded,"Forget it,I'll pay the money for you,you should hurry home."

When she finished,she went to the sink to wash her hands,using the disinfectant twice,the smell of that septic and rotting wound overwhelmed her.

By the time she looked back,the man had left,and then an older woman came in,"What's that smell?"

Philip was a little embarrassed,she couldn't blame her,most people in medicine had overly normal cleanliness,and she didn't want to get into this than anyone else.

When she was done,she got up to get a glass of water and walked over to the window to drink it and look down at the street scene.However,she saw the dirty man from before,and he hadn't left,not only hadn't he left,he was standing downstairs directly across from her consulting room,tilting his head as he watched her.

Amaya was startled for a moment,the water in the cup on her hand spilled some out,she hurriedly took a tissue to wipe it,and when she looked up,the man was still there,as stubborn as a statue.

Amaya was so shaken by his look that she closed the window and returned to her seat,and when she got busy in the afternoon,she forgot about it.

As she walked home from work in the evening,in the afterglow,she always had the feeling that she was being followed,and every time she turned around,everything was normal.

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