

# Let me go, Mr. Hill Novel by Shallow South

## Chapter 1792

Freya grinned. “Besides, she said she’ll introduce to you men of good character and from influential families. Their parents and elders are also loving and harmonious couples.”

Catherine said awkwardly, “Actually... Shaun and I... are almost back together again.”

“Huh?” Freya raised her voice.

“Calm down. Don’t scare the child in your belly.” Catherine quickly appeased her.

“No, you told me a few days ago that you broke up with Shaun and that him dating Hannah had nothing to do with you. How long ago was that? Yet, you’re getting back together with him again?”

Freya looked at her with disappointment. “I know Shaun wasn’t sincere in pursuing Hannah, but don’t you have a backbone? At the very least, you have to drag on for at least a few more months and torture him thoroughly. Not even a day has passed, and you’re already getting back together with him.” Catherine bowed her head in shame, feeling quite useless.

She was very determined in the morning, but she surrendered

by the afternoon.

Shaun's offensive power was too fierce, and he was good at sweet-talking her.

"Forget it. You've probably fallen into a pit called 'ShaunHill' and can't get out." Freya shook her head in exasperation. "I've thought about it all. I thought I'd introduce to you some good men so that Shaun would feel regretful and annoyed for emotionally abusing his wife."

"Although I'm starting to be okay with him, that doesn't stop me from staying cold and indifferent. I'll continue pretending." Catherine tried her best to regain her dignity.

"That's true. At the very least, you have to persevere for three days before allowing him to take you to bed." Freya encouraged her.

Catherine was at a loss for words.

In Freya's eyes, she could only persevere for three days? Forget it. She would not bicker with her.

After that, the two women went on a crazy shopping spree. By 6:00 p.m, they had successfully procured more than ten bags each.

"Let's find a place to eat first. I'm starving." Now that Freya was

pregnant, she could not go hungry at all.

“There’s no need to find a place. I’ve already made a reservation for Tangent Private Kitchen.”

“Not bad for foreseeing it. It’s quite difficult to make a reservation in that restaurant, but I’ve heard that the food there is good.” Freya praised as they took the elevator upstairs.

When they arrived at the room, they found someone already waiting there. The person had her back to the door and was flipping through the menu. Her long honey-colored hair draped over her shoulders, and she wore a light tan trench coat with blue jeans. It was a very simple outfit. However, when she turned around and revealed her clear but dazzling face, Freya instantly felt this scene could belong as a picture on the front of magazines or as phone wallpaper.

Some people were just born to be stars.

“Eliza, you’re back. ” Freya was overjoyed. “Have you recovered?”

“Yeah.” Eliza smiled. “I’ve been busy recently shooting commercials. I’m about to join a film crew.”

“I didn’t expect you to come tonight.” Freya glared at Catherine. “You didn’t even tell me. If I knew, I would’ve asked her to come shopping with us.”

“Forget it. If I accompanied you, we’d be stalked by paparazzi.”

Eliza smiled. "Plus, I was working this afternoon." "That's true. Celebrities are very busy."

Freya sighed. "It's only been a month since we last met, but it feels like a long time has passed."

"Yeah." Catherine felt the same way. Too many things have happened recently. "Eliza, thank you." Although she did not leave in the end, she would not forget how Eliza threw her a lifeline when she was helpless.

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"What are you guys talking about?" Freya could not understand them at all. "Are you keeping secrets behind my back?"

"Eliza did me a favor a while ago." Catherine did not say anything specific. She thought that it was better not to reveal the person that Eliza knew. "Let's order."

The food here was good and special in its own way.

Surprisingly, the three women had endless topics to talk about, from clothes to gossip to hobbies.

"By the way, there hasn't been any news about Cindy recently. Has she

been blacklisted? She was originally engaged to Chester, but there hasn't been news about that either," Freya suddenly asked.

The room fell silent, and Eliza brushed her long hair. “I’m not too sure. I haven’t been to the company lately.”

“She probably pissed Chester off after she contacted Rebecca a while ago,” Catherine said. “I heard Shaun mentioned that before Rebecca died,

Cindy seemed to have taken the initiative to introduce Titus and Sheryl to Chester’s parents, with Rebecca acting as the middleman.”

Freya understood. “I got it. She wanted to appear capable before Chester’s parents by acting like she knew the Costner family. However, the Costner family was targeting Shaun, who’s Chester’s good friend, so she touched Chester’s nerve. She should’ve known better.”

“Yeah.” Catherine smiled. “Eliza, is Chester still pestering you?”

“I left Canberra a while ago and haven’t seen him since.” A conflicted look flashed in Eliza’s eye at the mention of that man.

“He has probably lost interest in you.” Freya grinned. “As long as he’s not pestering you anymore, it’s good. If you want to date, I can introduce you to some quality men any time. I can find someone who’s both powerful and handsome for you.”

“You seem very keen to be a matchmaker recently.” Catherine

was amused.

“Hehe. It’s because I can’t have them for myself, and when I see such excellent men, I can’t bear to let them go to other people either.”

Just as she finished speaking, her phone rang. It was from Rodney.

She picked it up lazily. “What?”

“Where are you? I’ll pick you up,” Rodney said. “Dude, do you know what time it is now? It’s only 8 p.m.” Freya complained angrily. “I’m still chatting with my friends.”

“My daughter has to go to bed by 9:30 p.m.”

Freya was speechless. They had not identified the child’s gender, yet he insisted that the child in her belly was a girl. “Heh, your daughter lies in my stomach all day. My belly is her bed. She can sleep whenever she wants.”

“She’ll be more comfortable lying in a bed.” Rodney did not give her the chance to refuse. “

You’re with Catherine, right? If you don’t come back, I’ll call her and tell her to persuade you. In the meantime, I’ll also ask her if it’s true that pregnant women should go to bed early and refrain from staying up late.”

“You’re nuts.” Freya was furious. After thinking about it, she glanced at the bags on the ground and finally told him the address.

“Is Rodney urging you to go home?” Catherine teased. “He’s so annoying,” Freya grumbled.

“Pregnant women should sleep early.” Catherine looked at the time and agreed. “Eliza will send me home later. You should go back with Rodney.”

“Will you two eat supper together behind my back?” Freya asked painfully.

Catherine held back her laughter and exchanged a glance with Eliza before shaking her head. “We won’t.”

“Young Master Snow will be here soon, so we’ll head off now.” Eliza suddenly looked at the time and said, “If Rodney sees me here, he might tell Chester, and I don’t want to have anything to do with him.”

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“Sure.” Catherine agreed.

After sitting for 20 minutes or so, Catherine and Eliza left first.

It had yet been ten minutes since they left when Rodney came in wearing a white suit. His skin was very fair, and his beautiful eyes and red lips gave him a bewitching presence. Along with his slender legs,

he looked just like a noble prince.

Although Freya saw this face every day, she still couldnot help but sigh.

He was a man, yet he looked even better than her. Ugh.

“Why are you alone? Where’s Catherine?” Rodney lookedat the room. It was quite big, and there were three bowlson the table. “You ate with two other people tonight?

Who’s the third person? Freya Lynch, you aren’t eating out with another man behind my back, are you?”

Freya rolled her eyes at him. “ I’d love to, but I’m married to you. What man would be willing to havedinner with me?”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Annoyed, Rodney frowned. “Are you that eager to find a second love?”

“All I can say is... the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.” Freya touched her bulging belly and deliberately said it mysteriously.

Rodney glared at her angrily, wanting nothing more thanto eat her up.

Freya pretended not to see. Anyway, it was his fault forsaying that first thing after coming through the door.

What did he mean by her eating out with another manbehind his back? He made it seem as if she was very indecent.

Did he forget why they got married in the first place?

Rodney glared at her until his eyes hurt. When she did not respond, he glanced to the side and noticed that the ground was full of bags of new clothes, to which he scoffed. “What? Did you buy so many clothes because you want to dress up and look for a man after you’ve given birth to the child?”

Freya let out a snort and said sarcastically, “How do you know me so well?”

Rodney felt like his chest was about to explode with anger. At the thought of her dressing up and wearing sultry clothes to seduce other men, he became furious. “In your dreams, Freya Lynch.”

Then, he picked up the paper bags on the ground. “Rodney, what are you doing?” Freya had a bad feeling.

Ignoring her, Rodney picked up the paper bags and walked out with them. A beautiful young waitress just so happened to walk over, and he handed all the bags to her. “These are for you.”

The waitress was dumbfounded. She had worked here for so long, so she naturally recognized the brands on the bags, which were the most expensive luxury brands in the mall. She had secretly gone to browse through them before, but even a short-sleeved blouse cost seven to eight thousand dollars. What was more, the clothes inside the bag were all from the new autumn series.

Besides, this man was very handsome and looked like a celebrity.  
Could it be...

The waitress's heart suddenly pounded.

"You bastard. How can you give my clothes away?" Freya was furious and walked over to grab the bags. "I spent my own money on these. If you want to please another woman, you can go and buy them yourself."

"Freya, I'm telling you. You'll have a potbelly even after you've given birth, so you won't be able to fit in these clothes. I'm giving them away for your own good."

Rodney's words pierced Freya's heart like sharp arrows.

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"Rodney Snow, are you human? You have no conscience at all. You were the one who made me like this." Freya was pregnant, which happened to be the time she was most easily stimulated. At that moment, her eyes were red with anger, and she lost her rationality.

She rushed over and grabbed the paper bags. "You have no right to dispose of things I've bought. Get out of my sight."

Then, she suddenly felt a sharp pain in her abdomen, and her face went white. She hurriedly held onto the wall beside her in pain and almost

fell down.

Rodney, who was shrouded in anger, was also frightened. “W-what’s wrong?”

“Get lost.” Freya forced back the pain and glared at him. Just then, she felt something leaking.

Even if she had never given birth before, she had done her research on it. In an instant, she panicked. “Oh no. I think my water just broke.”

“That... That can’t be.” Rodney was dumbfounded. The due date was still a month away.

“I’m going into labor prematurely because you made me angry.” Freya was in so much pain that she wanted to cry. Why was she so unlucky? She really had a bad life. She should not have married a b\*stard like Rodney.

Rodney’s face went white in shock. This time, he did not dare to argue with Freya anymore as he hurriedly picked her up and dashed downstairs.

Freya’s belly was big and now weighed more than 170 pounds.

He ran downstairs in one breath and put her in the backseat, only to find that her skirt was already wet with amniotic fluid.

His legs went soft. He was not as nervous even when Gavin rebelled

and Wesley pointed a gun at his face thatnight.

No. He had to calm down.

First, they had to go to the hospital.

Hence, Rodney hurriedly got into the driver's seat, started the car, and rushed to the hospital.

Along the way, he called his mother, Wendy.“

Mom, Freya is going into labor. I'm sending her to the hospital now.”

“What? Isn't she due next month?” Wendy was also shocked. “I'll come with your dad right away. You take her to the hospital first. I'll notify her parents.”

In the backseat, Freya was in so much pain that she teared up. The more it hurt, the more she hated Rodney.“Rodney Snow... If I die of pain... I'll come back as a ghost... to haunt you... Argh... It hurts.”

Her nails dug into the leather seat in pain, and her back was wet with sweat. She no longer had the strength to curse him.

When they finally reached the hospital, Chester had already gotten the news in advance and had the obstetrics and gynecology unit send Freya into the waiting room.

On the other side.

Catherine and Eliza found a snack bar and were just about to eat some supper.

Rodney suddenly called and said nervously with his voice quivering, “Catherine, you... Hurry up and come to the hospital. Freya is in labor.”

Catherine was shocked. “Why is she in labor? There was no sign when we were eating just now.”

“Stop asking questions and come here already. Hurry up. She has asked you to come.” Rodney hung up the phone as soon as he said that.

Eliza was also stunned for a moment, but she immediately stood up. “I’ll go with you.”

Catherine nodded. She could not care about anything else at that moment.

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Freya’s due date was still a month away, but she was now in labor. Catherine was a little doubtful whether the reason was that she went shopping with Freya earlier.

If she had known, she would not have asked Freya out today.

Once they rushed to the hospital, they happened to bump into Jason and his wife, as well as Nathan, Heidi, and Ryan.

Freya had been pushed into the delivery room. Through the door, they heard the pained cries from inside.

Catherine and Eliza's hearts ached at the sound. Freya was fine before they left. Who would have thought she would be in such pain in the blink of an eye?

Wendy grabbed her son angrily. "Isn't she supposed to be due next month? Why did it happen early?"

"I... I don't know." Rodney mumbled, not daring to meet his mother's eyes.

If she found out that Freya went into premature labor because they quarreled, he might be beaten to death.

Catherine blamed herself. "Aunty, it might be my fault. Maybe it's because I went shopping with Freya in the afternoon and tired her out."

"Pregnant women should walk more before giving birth, and shopping is the same as walking. It's not your fault." Wendy could not blame her.

"What's important is that the mother and child are safe."

Rodney stood by the side without saying a word.

Ryan looked at him and suddenly said, “Rodney, Freya was with you when her water broke. Did you quarrel with

her again and piss her off so much that she went into premature labor?"

Everyone instantly turned their eyes to Rodney.

After all, everyone knew that Freya and Rodney were always fighting and arguing.

No one knew what was wrong with them. As soon as they met each other, sparks would fly and scatter everywhere.

Rodney's expression was stiff. After a moment, he muttered, "I argued with her a little, and... her stomach suddenly hurt."

Wendy's face instantly became as cold as ice. "You argued with her a little? What did you say to her? What did you do to cause a pregnant woman to go into premature labor?"

"I... I asked if she was having dinner with another man tonight, and she... She said she was looking for a second love, so I was angry and said that... she'll have a potbelly... So, I gave away the clothes she bought... and we quarreled for a while. Then, her stomach started to hurt..."

Rodney hung his head low and mumbled about what happened.

Catherine was aggravated. “She was having dinner with me tonight.”

“I know you were there, but there were three sets of cutlery. There was someone else...” Rodney muttered.

“That was me.” Eliza’s expression was ice cold. She did not expect Rodney to suspect Freya just because they left early. “Besides, she’s your wife. Shouldn’t you know what kind of person she is? If you ask your wife, who’s nine months pregnant, those kinds of questions, you’re questioning her character. Any woman would be angry.”

“That’s right. Freya has worked so hard to carry your child, yet you still suspect her. If I were her, I’d die of anger.”

Wendy was so angry that she slapped Rodney across the face. “What did I tell you? You’re married and she’s pregnant, so I’ve told you to compromise with her. Yet, what did you do instead? You had the nerve to tell her that she’d have a potbelly? How did she end up like this in the first place? It’s because of you. She wanted to buy beautiful clothes, yet you gave them all away to another person. Are you even a man? Why did I even give birth to you?”

“Mom, I’m sorry... I didn’t want to...”

Rodney’s handsome face went pale from the scolding.

He did not want that to happen either. Looking back at it now, he could not believe that he did such a thing.

“You didn’t want to, but you’ve done and said it.” Heidyfurrowed her brows as well. “Rodney, I thought that

you'd have become more mature after what happened to your uncle, but..."

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Rodney was too ashamed to lift his head.

He also did not understand why he would always say so many unpleasant words and go too far with his actions every time he was with Freya.

He did not want it to be like this. Wendy let out a long sigh.

Although she gave birth to him, he had been beaten, scolded, and even kicked out of the family before. Why was he still like this?

She really did not know what to do. "What's the use of apologizing to us? You should apologize to Freya instead. You should apologize to her parents and your child. You'd better pray that the child is born safely, and you should beg for Freya to forgive you. Think about it. You two got together because of the child, but you were only forced to get married to keep the Snow family's reputation. Now that the child is born, it doesn't seem like Freya will want to be with you anymore."

Those words made Rodney inexplicably upset. "

Mom, now that the child is born, how can we get a divorce? It won't be good for the child."

"Hah, you might think so, but others might not feel the same." Wendy sneered mockingly.

The 'others' she was referring to was naturally Freya. Rodney muttered,

"I'll persuade her."

To the side, Eliza and Catherine exchanged looks.

They were both very angry at Rodney, but the Snow family was there. Moreover, they had already beaten and scolded him, so it was not appropriate for them to interrupt.

All they could do now was wait for Freya to give birth to the child.

After a long time, the situation in the delivery room finally quieted down.

Before long, the nurse came out with a baby in her arms. Knowing that the identity of the people outside was extraordinary, the doctor smiled and said, "Congratulations, Madam. Mrs. Snow gave birth to a little girl. She's six pounds and very healthy."

"Thank you so much." Wendy passed the doctor an envelope

and quickly took the swaddled baby.

Rodney also looked over excitedly. His little daughter had just come out of Freya's belly, so she looked wrinkled like a little monkey. "This... This is my child? I'm so handsome, but why is she so..." "Shut up."

The Snow family warned him in unison.

Everyone knew that no good words ever came out of his mouth.

Rodney felt aggrieved, and Wendy glared at him. "Newborn babies are all like this. They'll grow.

Besides, look at those eyes and that little mouth and nose. She's so pretty. The Snow family has no bad-looking genes."

"That's right." Jason also nodded and asked, "How's the mother? Why hasn't she come out yet?"

"She has a tear down there, so the doctor is stitching her up." The nurse smiled and said, "Please leave the baby to me. I have to give her a bath."

"I'll go with you. Rodney, stay here." Wendy followed the nurse and left.

Not long after they left, Chester came over. Dressed in a white coat, he

looked graceful and handsome.

His dark eyes glanced at all the people present, and his gaze paused for a few seconds on the woman beside Catherine.

Eliza frowned and subconsciously hid behind Catherine. Catherine looked up and nodded at Chester with a smile.

Chester raised his brows and walked over to Rodney, whom he patted on the shoulder. “Congratulations.”

Rodney was still quite overwhelmed. When he heard Chester’s voice, he smiled. “Chester, you’re late. You didn’t see my daughter. She was just born, and the nurse took her to take a bath. I still can’t believe that I’m a father now.”

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“Be a good father from now on,” Chester said in a low voice. “It’s not easy for a woman to give birth. Treat her well.”

“I will.” Rodney nodded. “I suddenly feel like a different person. I have responsibilities now.”

After more than ten minutes, Freya was pushed out of the delivery room. Her little face was pale, and her forehead was still wet. She looked drowsy and weak.

Rodney leaned over, and his heart clenched when he saw her. His thin lips moved, and he said, "Freya, are... are you okay?"

Freya's eyelashes fluttered, but she ignored him. Rodney was upset.

The nurse pushed the hospital bed to the VIP ward and said, "Young Master Snow, please carry your wife to the bed."

Rodney bent over and was prepared to carry Freya when she opened her eyes and stared at him in hatred. "Don't touch me."

Rodney's body stiffened. With so many people watching, he whispered in embarrassment, "How will you get on the bed if I don't carry you? Freya, don't be so strong-headed. You're at your weakest now."

"Even if I have to crawl over by myself, I won't let you carry me there."

Freya forced herself to sit up. She had just gotten stitches down there, so her body trembled with pain as she moved.

Since Catherine had been through this before, she quickly held Freya up. "Eliza, let's carry her together."

With that, the two women carried Freya to the large bed.

Just then, Wendy came in holding the cleaned baby.

Freya opened her eyes, and when she looked at the child in front of her, mixed feelings welled up in her heart.

She definitely liked children.

However, she would never forget that this baby was thereason she married a b\*stard like Rodney.

At that thought about her premature birth, her eyes could not help but redden.

She wanted to divorce him, but she did not want to give up this child, whom she had suffered so much to give birth to.

However, she felt very tired to continue living a life with Rodney.

“Rodney...” Jason gave Rodney a look.

Rodney obediently went to the bedside and apologized. “Freya, I’m sorry. It was my fault. I’m a prick. I shouldn’t have said those words to aggravate you...”

“You didn’t say anything wrong. I do have a potbelly.” Freya interrupted him coldly.

Wendy said, “Freya, I’ve already given him a beating just now. He’s just a b\*stard who doesn’t know how to watch his words. Now that you’ve given birth, it won’t be the

same anymore. There will always be fights between a married couple, but you'll be fine after a while."

"Rodney, you can't behave like this anymore. It wasn't easy for Freya to give birth to your child. From now on, you have to work hard for the children and give them a happy family. You don't wish for your child to live in an unfortunate single-parent family, right?"

"I will, Mom." Rodney hurriedly nodded.

Catherine secretly sighed. Madam Snow was really good with her words. Not only did she teach Rodney a lesson, but she also reminded Freya of the disadvantages of a child living in a single-parent family.

Freya also felt uncomfortable. However, after a while, she finally said, "We only got married for the sake of the child and Godfather's reputation. Now that the child has been born and Godfather's position as prime minister is stable, I don't think we need to go on like this anymore."

Rodney's expression changed. "I told you I didn't mean it before. If you didn't say that you were looking for a second love, I wouldn't have gotten so angry."

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