

Let me go, Mr. Hill By Shallow South

Chapter 1983

Feeling speechless, Ryan reminded Heidi, —Mom, I just turned 26 this year, which is far from 30.||

—After you’ve turned 26, you’ll be 27. How far is that?|| Heidi said in a huff, —It’s about time you got a girlfriend. You can get married after a few years of being in a relationship.||

—Mom, I have no thought of getting married.|| Ryan took a mouthful of milk and then continued, —I have no feelings for the women I’ve met.||

Upon hearing that, everyone at the dining table went quiet and turned their eyes to him.

Freya was no exception. She even looked at him strangely.

Nathan put down the spoon and said solemnly, — Perhaps you have no feelings for them because you haven’t found the right person yet.||

—That’s right,|| Heidi quickly added. —You best not bring a boyfriend home. I may be open-minded, but not to that extent. I’m still looking forward to having a grandson.||

—Mom, same – sex couples can get married in this day and age, || Ryan refuted.

—That’s their business.|| Heidi pulled a long face.

Ryan shrugged and kept quiet, but a look of disapproval was written all over his face.

The rest of the breakfast went on unpleasantly. At last, Ryan took his leave first.

Heidi watched him leave grimly. —Well, what does this mean? Is he really into men?||

Freya quickly comforted her, —No, Godmom. Maybe he just hasn’t met the person he likes.||

—I hope so too. || Heidi frowned. —But the last time he got into a relationship was in college. As far as I know, it’s been four to five years since his last relationship. A lot of wonderful and pretty girls have gone after him, but he’s not interested in any of them. He isn’t close with any women either. I’m just worried that he’ll be influenced by other beliefs.||

With that, she glared at Nathan. — It's all your fault. You just had to send him abroad to study when I wanted him to stay here. ||

Nathan was ruffled by her words. — Stop overthinking things. That's impossible. Our son is normal. ||

After some thought, he added, — You can choose a few women with excellent family backgrounds and introduce them to him. ||

Freya was speechless. At the end of the day, the two of them were worried that Ryan was gay.

However, it was true that good-looking men were not fond of women these days.

After breakfast, Freya got ready for work. Suddenly, she received a message on her phone. [Freya, I'm Sarah. I would like to have a talk with you. Can we meet up?]

Talk?

What was there to talk about?

It was not as if Freya was unaware of such a hypocrite's scheme.

If they met up, Sarah would weep coyly halfway through their conversation, as if Freya had bullied her. Then, the male character would come over, misunderstand Freya for bullying the hypocrite, and end up enemies with her. Freya snorted.

She tossed the phone and could not be bothered about Sarah.

However, she started contemplating it after tossing her phone. She was fine with Rodney misunderstanding her.

She did not plan on being with that b*stard anyway.

Perhaps if she beat Sarah up, Rodney would hate her and even divorce her readily.

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Chapter 1984

Hence, Freya replied to Sarah's message, telling her to meet at a high-end coffee house.

After that, she called Catherine. — I've decided to slap Sarah twice when I meet her. Since she has sprained her ankle, I'll break her leg and remove all her clothes.

Hmph! I'm going to show everyone that shameless

woman's— ||

—Alright. You can do whatever you want since you don't care whether Rodney will misunderstand you or not.

Sadly, the preschool is having some parent- child activities, so I won't be able to accompany you. ||

Catherine reminded her, —Be careful. ||

—Of course, I will. I even plan to record our conversation. When Rodney and I get a divorce, I'll expose her true colors to him. ||

Catherine thought about it for a moment before she said,

— Sarah would probably have thought about this trick.

She's very cautious now, and she might not fall for it. ||

Freya grasped her point. However, she still wanted to give it a shot.

After making a trip to the office, Freya headed to the coffee house in the afternoon.

When she arrived, Sarah was already in the private room, and standing at the door was a tall and burly bodyguard.

Freya did not know the bodyguard, but he was probably a Snowden member whom Rodney had assigned to protect Sarah.

Sure enough, the bodyguard blushed as soon as he saw her. —Young Madam... ||

Freya sniggered. —I think you're addressing the wrong person. Your Young Madam should be the one in the private room... ||

—Don't say that, Young Madam. Young Master and Miss Neeson's relationship isn't what you think... || The bodyguard bit the bullet and explained, —Young Master has only arranged for me to protect Miss Neeson for the time being. In fact, Miss Neeson came here today to talk you out of divorcing Young Master Snow... ||

Freya understood what was going on. It was no wonder this bodyguard would tag along with Sarah. — So Rodney doesn't know that the both of you are meeting me today? ||

The bodyguard shook his head.

—Aren't you afraid that Rodney will be unhappy with you allowing her to meet me without his knowledge? || Freya

asked with her brows raised.

—Young Master Snow doesn't want to divorce you either. If everything can be made clear, he'll be happy as well,|| the bodyguard responded calmly.

Freya could somewhat grasp the picture. Sarah must have tricked this bodyguard, but that was not surprising. If Young Master Snow had been tricked terribly, let alone his men.

She laughed out loud. Then, she pushed the door and entered the room without bothering to answer him.

In the room, Sarah was dressed in a Chanel white coat with her long, black hair falling over her shoulders. She gave off an elegant aura.

Freya recognized the Chanel coat as she had previously come across it in a magazine. The coat had just been made available in the local market and was quite costly. It was worth over 100 thousand dollars.

Everything Sarah had now — her meals and her accommodation — were all arranged by Rodney.

It seemed like he was willing to spend so much on her. As she recalled how touched she previously was to receive a gift from Rodney every morning, Freya found herself silly and superficial.

The cheapest thing in the world was money-bought items. —I'm sorry, Freya. My leg is troubling me, so I can't stand up and welcome you personally.|| Sarah pointed at her leg.

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Chapter 1985

Freya sat directly opposite Sarah. After driving a considerable distance, she happened to feel thirsty, so she poured herself a cup of coffee.

Just as Sarah's red lips parted slightly, Freya interrupted her. —If you're planning to fake sympathy and tell me that you're not romantically involved with Rodney, you'd better keep your mouth shut. I'm not in the mood to watch you act.||

Sarah darted a look at Freya for a while before she suddenly smirked and laughed. Then, she approached

Freya and muttered under her breath, — Sure. But do you want to know how Jennifer died?||

Jennifer was Charity's mother.

Although Freya had only met Jennifer a few times, she remembered the latter weeping bitterly after Charity got into jail. Later, Jennifer was somehow found dead in the bathroom.

—Were you the one who killed her?|| Freya tightened the grip on her cup.

—Who did I kill? What are you saying?|| Sarah revealed an innocent look and said in her normal voice, —I came here to tell you that Rodney truly loves you. He told me that he's married, so it is impossible for us to be together. All he wants to do is live a good life with his wife and child.||

Freya glanced at the door and replied in a deep voice, — Sarah Neeson, I want to know the truth.||

Sarah took a sip of coffee. After that, she said elegantly and softly, — I need to be on guard since there's someone at the door. Otherwise, I'll be in trouble if Rodney finds out my true colors. Also... ||

She pointed at Freya's handbag and pocket. —I don't trust you. Who knows if you're recording our conversation.||

Freya secretly sighed. Sure enough, Catherine had anticipated this behavior of Sarah early on.

Although Freya was already getting a divorce, Sarah was still on guard against being recorded.

Hence, Freya openly took out her phone and paused the recording in front of Sarah. —Is this okay now?||

—I'm sorry, but I can't trust you completely. || Sarah went closer to Freya and spoke as softly as a mosquito buzzing. Even so, Freya could catch everything she said.

—Well, I had a row with Jennifer when I went to meet her that day. I told her that a b*tchy mistress like her deserved to have her daughter sent to jail. When she became infuriated, I jumped at the chance to hypnotize her. After I left, she became so muddle-headed that she hit the bathroom cabinet and passed out. Because she was bleeding a lot and

we missed the chance to resuscitate her, she died.||

Sarah's red lips curled into a smirk, her eyes filled with

malice. —I had always hated Jennifer since I was young. If it weren't for her, my family wouldn't have ended up in this state. That was why she had to die. But I mustn't leave any evidence of her death. ||

—B*tch... ||

Freya's eyes seethed with rage, and her whole body was trembling. Although she and Catherine had suspected this outcome, that was just their assumption, and it was never confirmed.

Now that she knew the truth, she had an overwhelming urge to strangle the woman in front of her.

—Besides, I poured Jennifer's ashes into the drain after she died, || Sarah continued softly, —How could I possibly allow her to be buried with my dad? A

woman like her should stay in the nasty drain. ||

Freya glared at Sarah with both her hands trembling.

Aunty Jennifer was such a gentle person, yet she could not even rest in peace.

—Don't stare at me like that. Charity knows this too. ||

Sarah shrugged. —Also, do you know why Thomas messed with you back then? Hah. It was because you were Catherine's good friend. It happened that Thomas was interested in you, so I egged him on to barge into your house. I told him he could do whatever he wanted to you because I would get someone to bail him out. Even if he wanted to destroy you, it did not matter.

Unfortunately... he almost did it. Too bad.

—I was also the one who circulated photos of you in that disheveled clothing to the reporters.

—At that time, I was thinking of destroying you completely. ||

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Chapter 1986

Over the years, Freya had been wondering if Sarah had anything to do with those things Thomas did to her all those years ago.

She had always suspected Sarah's involvement, but she did not have any evidence.

She even felt that Sarah had a hand in the incident that happened during the banquet of Osher's new product

launch, where Thomas secretly joined the event and drugged her.

Now that Sarah had personally confessed to it, Freya could finally confirm that her wonderful youth was destroyed by the Neeson siblings, Sarah and Thomas. —Are you telling me these things to trigger me? I must tell you that you've succeeded.||

Freya immediately rose to her feet. Then, she took the boiling hot coffee from the table and splashed it onto Sarah's face.

Sarah promptly covered her face with her hands. Although the coffee did not hit her face, she cried out due to the burning pain in her hands

Freya could not care less. She stood up, dragged Sarah out of the chair by her hair, and slapped her in the face. Before she could give any more slaps, the bodyguard at the door dashed in as soon as he heard Sarah yelling. Freya was on the brink of losing control. Exasperated, she took the carafe to splash the coffee onto Sarah's face.

All she knew was that she had to destroy Sarah to take revenge on behalf of Charity's family and herself. Why did Charity and Jennifer end up in such a miserable state?

Freya was miserably hurt too.

Meanwhile, Sarah, this instigator, could still sit here and enjoy her life.

—Stop.|| The bodyguard was so shocked that he kicked the carafe and clutched Freya's wrist at the same time.

On the other hand, Sarah hurriedly hid behind the bodyguard. She screamed in shock and pain, —My hands... They hurt so badly.||

The bodyguard turned around, only to catch sight of Sarah's swollen hands, which gave him a fright.

He was doomed. Rodney had told him to take care of Sarah, yet she was hurt. He would surely be punished.

At this point, he deeply regretted taking Sarah out.

However, it was too late.

—Let go of my hand.|| After struggling a few times, Freya still failed to break free from the bodyguard's clutches.

She reckoned that the bodyguard Rodney had assigned to protect Sarah was skillful and might not be her match. She gritted her teeth and bellowed while suppressing her rage, —If you still have respect for me, please let go of my hand. ||

—Young Madam, you’ve already beaten her up so badly. What else do you want to do? || The bodyguard frowned. If he had not stopped her just now, the coffee from the carafe would have splashed onto Sarah’s face and damaged her appearance.

—What else do I want to do? || A furious look washed over Freya’s pretty face. —I want to kill her. ||

— I’m sorry, but you can’t hurt her. || As soon as the bodyguard finished his sentence, he let go of Freya’s hand. He had to send Sarah to the hospital at once. However, the moment he let go of Freya, she grabbed hold of the vase beside her to hurl at Sarah. Given that Sarah’s leg was hurt and that she could not move, she could only shriek in fear as she watched the vase fly toward her.

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The bodyguard did not expect Freya to be so insane, and he swiftly kicked the vase away.

Upon hitting the wall, the vase shattered into pieces. At this moment, Rodney rushed in with his people. The minute Sarah saw him, she fell to the floor tearfully.

—Sarah. || Rodney subconsciously stretched out his hands to hold her right away. When he saw her burned, skinned hands and swollen face, he turned his gaze to Freya in disbelief.

Freya stared hard at Sarah, trembling. She knew that with the presence of these people, she could not teach Sarah a lesson today.

However, she was not satisfied. She wished she could press Sarah on the floor now and punch her.

She wanted to stuff Sarah into the drain and make her suffer a living hell.

Nevertheless, Rodney found Freya’s expression terrifying.

Her eyes were filled with hatred, and her pretty face was contorted in anger.

It baffled him as to how she had turned into such a person.

Judging from Freya's unscathed appearance as well as the carafe and vase in the messy private room, he could guess what was going on before questioning her.

— I'm sorry, Rodney. I shouldn't have come today. || Sarah suddenly lowered her head and burst into tears. — I came to explain to Ms. Lynch in hopes that your relationship wouldn't be affected by me and you guys wouldn't get a divorce. But I didn't know she hated me so much. ||

— Forget it. || Looking at Sarah's injuries, Rodney leaped to his feet in distress and glared at Freya. — You've gone too far today. ||

— Go away, Rodney. || Freya ignored him and walked toward Sarah.

Not only did the bodyguard stop her this time, but even Rodney did the same too.

— You've hurt her so badly. What else do you want to do? || Rodney was so infuriated that she dragged Freya away. Deep down, he felt extremely irritated. Freya's actions made him feel much more guilty toward Sarah than he already was.

— I want to destroy her face. || Freya made her intention clear and said grimly, — Isn't she shameless? In that case, I'll splash coffee onto her face. D*mn it. I should've brought some sulfuric acid today. ||

— You're vicious. || Rodney found her behavior incredulous.

— Yes, this is how vicious I am. || Freya approached him little by little, with insanity filling her eyes. — Rodney Snow, you'd better stay away from me. Who knows if I might carry along a knife and stab your lower part one day? ||

Upon sensing the grimness in her eyes, Rodney subconsciously took two steps back. He felt that the mind of the woman in front of him was twisted. — Freya, when did you become like this? ||

— If it isn't all your woman's doing. || Freya violently pushed Rodney away and made her way to the door. When she

was out the door, she turned back and glanced at Sarah.

—Sarah Neeson, you best not contact me in private anymore. Otherwise, I'll beat you up every time I see you. Perhaps... I'll also pour your ashes into the drain. ||
With that, she left straight away.

Sarah held Rodney as she trembled and wept coyly.

—Rodney, you shouldn't have stopped her just now. Since she dislikes me, you should've let her take it out on me. I don't wish for the two of you to end in a divorce. ||

Rodney was very disturbed. However, seeing Sarah in this state, he could not bring himself to criticize her. Hence, he said, —Sarah, why did you ask her out privately? This is between me and her. I've told you not to look for her. ||

After pausing for a moment, he told the bodyguard off, —You too. How dare you take her here without my knowledge. If the sitter hadn't told me that the two of you were out, I wouldn't have known you came here. ||

The bodyguard regretted his deed. Yet before he could say anything, Sarah spoke first, —Don't blame him. I was the one who begged him to do this. I noticed that you've been distressed recently, and I know you don't want to get a divorce. So, I thought of persuading Freya and explaining to her what happened in the past. But before I could speak further, she splashed the hot coffee at my face... ||

Amid her sobs, she raised her swollen hands.

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Chapter 1988

A hint of sympathy flashed across Rodney's eyes, and he promptly picked Sarah up. —Let me take you to the hospital.

After they arrived at the hospital, the doctor examined Sarah's condition and said, —Your injuries are quite severe. What happened? Judging from your face... were you beaten up? Do I need to call the police? ||

Rodney's throat bobbed, and he heard Sarah reply, — No need. I accidentally injured myself. ||

The doctor had seen all kinds of patients. Nevertheless, he did not ask the patient further since she did not plan

to look into the issue. He only added, —Anyway, your condition has been jotted in the medical record. If you want to look into it, you can always ask me to issue a report to you.||

—Thank you, doctor.|| Sarah expressed her gratitude in a low voice and then looked down without saying anything else.

Those words upset Rodney.

He even felt that he had wronged Sarah again. If it were not for him, she could have held Freya accountable.

At the same time, he could not help but blame Freya. If the hot coffee had splashed onto Sarah's face, her face would have been disfigured.

However, he could not believe that Freya was so vicious. Her words may be harsh, but during his time with her, he realized that her bark was worse than her bite.

After calling the bodyguard out of the ward, the bodyguard said, —When I barged in to save Miss Neeson, I happened to see... Young Madam holding a carafe to splash the coffee at Miss Neeson's face. It was quite... terrifying. When I kicked the carafe with my Martin boot, it burned the outer layer of my boot.||

Rodney lowered his head and looked at the bodyguard's boot. Indeed, there was a burn mark on the bodyguard's Martin boot.

He dared not imagine what would have happened if the coffee landed on Sarah's face.

A chill rose within him in spite of himself. —Did you hear what they said from outside?||

The bodyguard furrowed his brows. —The private room had good soundproofing. From what I could vaguely hear, Miss Neeson seemed to have claimed that she isn't romantically involved with you, and you like Young Madam... Before I could catch what they said later, I heard a commotion.||

The chill in Rodney slowly spread.

Although he knew that Freya would not listen to any explanation, he never thought that she would go as far as destroying a woman's appearance.

What an evil deed it was.

She had always criticized Sarah for being vicious, yet what she did was even more appalling.

He could not even figure out why Freya had become like this.

If the bodyguard had not stopped her in time, her action could have been considered a crime.

Was she under the impression that she could do whatever she wanted just because she had the executive council backing her?

When Sarah was finally done with IV infusion, she said softly, —Rodney, don't stay here with me.

There are a lot of people in the hospital. If news about this spreads and Freya sees it, it'll be difficult for you to mend your relationship with her.||

—I'm sorry, Sarah.|| The more forgiving she appeared, the more apologetic Rodney felt. — It's all my fault.||

—How is it your fault? It's because of my lack of self—knowledge. I shouldn't have looked for Freya.|| Sarah let out a deep sigh before saying sorrowfully, —The misunderstanding between her and I is just too big.

Rodney, I really hope you won't get a divorce. If possible, please send me overseas as soon as you can.||

Looking at her pale face, Rodney nodded with difficulty.

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Chapter 1989

After leaving the ward, Rodney deliberately went to meet the doctor. —Doctor, will it leave scars on her hands?||

—Of course, it will, || the doctor said. —The scars will be quite obvious in the first two years. Having said that, there's a kind of ointment available overseas that she can apply on her hands. As time passes, the scars will become less obvious, but it'll take a few years. Be careful for the next few days, in case she gets a wound infection and develops a fever.||

Rodney nodded. —Please give her the best treatment possible.||

Once he came out, he tried calling Freya a few times. The

calls got through, but she refused to pick them up.

He started to get infuriated.

Freya tossed her phone to one side.

After that, she poured a glass of beer and drank it alone by the bar counter.

Sarah's words echoed in her mind, and it filled Freya with hatred. She hated Sarah, as well as Rodney.

That woman had done so many bad deeds, yet Rodney continued to defend her.

Upon recalling that she was still married to Rodney, she felt sorry for Charity and her old self.

When she tried to attack Sarah today, she did not care about anything at all. She did not mind going to jail or losing her reputation as long as she could kill Sarah.

Unfortunately, that b*tch managed to escape.

—It's still early, and you've already had so much to drink.

What's wrong?||

Eliza put her white purse beside the beer glass before planting herself on the barstool. She was wearing a sweater and a beret along with a pair of huge shades on her nose. If Freya had not taken a closer look at Eliza, she would not have recognized her. However, she looked good in all kinds of clothing; it was impossible to hide that star quality of hers.

—Eliza, what brings you here? I thought you had gone for a shoot.|| Freya may have drunk a lot, but she was not drunk yet. Her mind was still clear. She remembered sending a message in the group chat when she arrived at the bar.

Catherine probably had yet to reply because she was busy with the kids. However, Freya did not expect Eliza to show up.

—There aren't any movies suitable for me, so there are no shoots. I've only been shooting for advertisements recently, and I'm not that busy, || Eliza interrupted her.

—You're already a mother.

Don't drink so much.||

—Yeah, I'm now a mother.|| Freya's eyes reddened. — But do you know this child came to this world only because I was tricked? Dani is wonderful and cute. I love her a lot,

but who wouldn't want their child to be born to two loving parents? Since I came to Canberra, my life has taken a turn for the worse. A lot of things have become out of control.||

Eliza kept quiet for a while before she said in a deep voice, —A lot of things are outside our control.||

—Yeah. At least... compared to some people, I'm probably considered lucky,|| Freya said miserably. — When I first came to Canberra, Catherine and I had a good friend named Charity. She had the worst life. She was accused and sent to jail, and both her parents passed away after. I only got to know from

meeting Sarah today that she was the one who killed Charity's mom. Sarah actually hypnotized Aunty Jennifer and caused her to hit herself on the bathroom cabinet in a trance. In the end, Aunty Jennifer bled to death. What was worse, Sarah poured her ashes into the drain.

—Tell me. How can someone be so vicious and inhumane? I really wanted to kill her today, but Rodney, that b*stard, kept defending her. I'm no match for him.||

The more Freya spoke, the more downhearted she felt.

—I'm really useless. I can't even take revenge for Charity.||

As soon as she finished the sentence, she heard a sudden snap' beside her.

Only then did she realize that Eliza had crushed the beer glass in her hand. Shards of glass pierced into Eliza's palm, and blood began to ooze out.

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