

Let me go, Mr. Hill By Shallow South
Chapter 1990 By
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Freya was startled. "What's wrong... with you? Quick! Get some tissues."

She was a little drunk just now, but at this moment, she was wide awake. She promptly asked the server to get some tissues.

"I'm fine. I'm just angry after hearing what you said."

Eliza responded calmly and then removed the shards of glass from her palm one by one.

Freya gasped at the situation.

If she were in Eliza's shoes, she would have wept bitterly from the pain. That was very brilliant of Eliza.

"Um... Let's go to the hospital." Freya did not dare to stay at the bar. "You're an actress. It'll be troublesome if your palm is scarred."

"It's just a minor injury." After clearing the glass, Eliza used a piece of tissue to wrap around her palm nonchalantly. Then, she asked the server to get her a new beer glass. "Come. I'll drink with you."

Freya really admired her. After some time, she muttered, "There's nothing much to talk about really. Anyhow, I'm quite useless. I planned to kill Sarah, that b*tch today. But after slapping her a few times, the bodyguard that Rodney assigned came in. Later, Rodney came too. I'm no match for them."

"Don't act on impulse, and please don't do anything illegal." Eliza said, "Given your unusual identity, a lot of people are keeping watch on you. If the public finds out about it, Prime Minister Snow might not blatantly defend you. They say all offenders are punishable by law, be they princes or commoners."

"I know that I acted impulsively today, but I'm dissatisfied. Sarah has done so many bad things, yet she doesn't receive the punishment she deserves." The more Freya dwelled on it, the more infuriated she became. She poured herself another glass of beer.

It did not take long before she managed to get herself

drunk in the end.

Eliza drank a lot as well, but she did not dare to get herself drunk.

The pain was agonizing.

Her father may have died because Thomas angered him, but of course, Sarah must have instructed Thomas secretly.

Meanwhile, her mother died because of Sarah, who even destroyed her ashes.

Her own dead body was nowhere to be found as well.

Hah.

What had she done in her life?

She did not deserve to be her parents' child. She wished she could die of getting drunk.

However, she could not die like that. Since Sarah was still alive, she had to drag Sarah to hell even if she was left with her last breath.

Otherwise, she had no right to die.

She tilted her head upward and downed the beer. Her stomach hurt so badly that she felt like crying.

At the entrance of the clubhouse. Chester tossed the car key to the valet.

The manager immediately walked up to him ingratiatingly. "Young Master Jewell, our clubhouse has just imported some great vintage wine. Do you want to take a look?"

"Okay." Chester strode into the clubhouse.

However, as soon as he walked past the bar counter, he halted in his steps.

The manager followed his gaze and coughed lightly. "Do you know her?"

"You can carry on with your work first," Chester instructed the manager indifferently and headed to the bar counter.

When he moved closer, he noticed that besides Eliza, Freya was also there. However, Freya was so drunk that she was laying on the counter in a daze. As for Eliza, he was not sure whether she was drunk since she was wearing a pair of shades. All he saw was her pouring more beer into the glass in her right hand with her

flushed cheeks.

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After topping up the alcohol, Eliza gulped down half the glass.

It seemed like she was taking the alcohol as plain water. Chester glanced at the alcohol bottle and narrowed his gentle eyes.

Whiskey.

This woman sure could load herself with so much whiskey.

He reached out to seize the bottle away.

Eliza turned around to glance at the man, but she could not make out his face. For one, her surroundings were quite dim because she was wearing shades. Another reason was that she was very drunk, but her mind was clear.

She thought that the man had come to flirt with her, so she said directly, "If you're planning to hit on me, get lost. I'm not available."

Chester's handsome face turned extremely grim at once. He had not been pestering her recently because of Charity. Was that why she had become more unscrupulous instead?

"Eliza, have I been showing you too much respect?"

Chester put the bottle aside and dragged her off the stool with a long face.

Perhaps Chester had pulled too hard as she immediately fell forward. In the process, her shades dropped, revealing her red, misty eyes. Although there were no signs of her crying, there were tears in her eyes.

Chester fixed his eyes on her, and they began to darken.

"In a bad mood?"

Eliza did not say a word. Although she could not identify the man's face, she could somewhat recognize from the voice that he was Chester.

How unlucky of her to meet him when she was in a bad mood.

She pushed his hand away and bent over to pick up her

shades.

However, her double vision at that moment made it seem like there was more than one pair of shades on the floor. She tried to pick it up, but she felt around for a while and found nothing. Instead, she touched Chester's leather shoes.

From Eliza's behavior, Chester knew that she was drunk. Nevertheless, he just watched as she scoured the floor for her shades. Once she finally found it, she tottered up and put it on before resuming her cool expression.

Chester stared at her actions, and when she put on her shades, he realized that her palm was stained with blood. Only then did it occur to him that her palm was wrapped with tissue, which fell while she tried searching for her shades. He threw a look at the tissue and found it stained with blood.

"What happened to your hand?" Chester clutched her shoulder again and grabbed hold of her hand. That was when he saw a number of fine scars on her palm and fingers as if something had cut her. Some wounds were deep, while some were minor. It did not matter if it were one or two wounds because a bandage would heal it within a few days. However, having so many wounds required treatment, or they would be inflamed.

"It's nothing big." Eliza firmly withdrew her fingers from his clutch.

She did not want to talk to him. All she wanted to do was sit quietly for a while.

If she were not drunk, she could have left. However, Freya was still here, so she had to ask her assistant to pick them up.

Chester was extremely put out by how this woman dodged him time and time again.

Simmering with anger, he immediately dragged Eliza toward the restroom.

"What are you doing? Let go of me." Eliza staggered as she was dragged to the restroom.

Chester turned on the tap coldly. After that, he ducked Eliza's head under the running faucet. "Eliza, my patience has its limits. Since you don't appreciate my

kindness, I have no choice but to use my own ways. Only then will you be content.”

The icy water splashed onto her face and hair. She even choked on the water a few times.

However, this was not the most terrifying part. What terrified her was when she recalled herself dying in Charity’s body.

She was drowned in the sea. Before she died, her throat filled with water, which was extremely agonizing.

At this point, it felt as if she was reliving her nightmare. She went crazy and kept struggling for her life.

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Eliza swept everything off the basin cabinet and began to tic uncontrollably.

Upon noticing that something was wrong with her, Chester let her go. She anxiously lifted her head and collapsed onto the floor with her face as white as a sheet. Moreover, with her whole face and hair drenched, she was shivering all over. The usually cold look on her face was now replaced with fear. It was as though she had just experienced the most terrifying thing in the world. Chester’s body stiffened.

It was his first time seeing Eliza lose herself.

It was as though she had been shelled and finally exposed her true colors.

He reached out, wanting to hold her.

However, Eliza dodged his hands and struggled to stand up. Then, she tottered and ran outside.

By the time Chester went after her, he realized that she had left with her hair unkempt and without bringing anything along.

She did not take her phone or handbag as well. She even left Freya here.

Chester did not expect things to turn out this way.

All he wanted was to wake her up with water and teach her a lesson.

Did she have to be so terrified?

He took out a cigarette and lit it in annoyance.

The bartender at the counter carefully brought a glass of cocktail over and asked, "Where's Eliza? I went to look for medicine, but I couldn't find any. Her wound needs to be disinfected."

"Why? Is it because you've fallen for her?" Chester shot him a cold glare.

The bartender shuddered and quickly replied, "No, no. Considering her status, people like me definitely don't deserve to be with Miss Robbins. But she crushed a wine glass here just now, so we're responsible for it."

"Crushed?" Chester was dumbfounded. He remembered seeing the wound on Eliza's palm, but it did not hit him that she was injured that way.

Shaun had done such a thing before too, but hardly any woman would do so.

"Yeah. Miss Robbins has great endurance. When the glass pierced her hand, she didn't even cry out," the bartender said.

"Why did she crush the glass?" Chester asked after taking a pull on the cigarette.

"...I'm not sure." The bartender was speechless. Who would know the reason?

After smoking a cigarette, Chester glanced at Freya, wondering who he should inform to pick her up.

Back then, he could ask Rodney to pick her up, but not anymore.

He should just ask Catherine.

Just as he wanted to make a call, Freya's phone on the counter rang. It was a call from Ryan.

Chester immediately answered it. "Freya is drunk in the clubhouse. Come and take her back to The Lodge."

Ryan was stunned. "Chester, why are you with her?"

"I bumped into her." Chester gave him the bar's address.

In less than half an hour, Ryan arrived.

"That's fast." Chester flicked the ashes off his cigarette, and his gaze was obscure.

"I appreciate your help, Chester." Ryan smiled gently

without addressing his question explicitly. He walked up to Freya, only to see her lying still on the table, drunk. He furrowed his brows. As far as he could recall, she had never been this drunk before. "Chester, how much did she drink?"

"I'm not sure," Chester replied while looking toward the bartender.

The bartender promptly said, "Miss Lynch drank four bottles alone." Ryan's mouth twitched, and he took out his phone. "How much is the bill?"

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