

Let me go, Mr. Hill By Shallow South

Chapter 2030

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Where was Freya?

Eliza had too many questions.

She tried to dash out the door barefoot without caring much about anything. She was not even bothered to search for her slippers as she rushed toward the door in her barefoot.

Creak.

Suddenly, the room door opened from outside.

Chester entered the room, dressed in a light gray shirt and a pair of black casual pants. He was tall and graceful, and his face handsome and exquisite.

He was holding a tray with a glass of milk and a sandwich on it.

His movement exuded a sense of elegance and nobility.

“It’s you?” Eliza instantly realized what had happened. “You’re the one who brought me here. Where’s Freya?”

“Have some breakfast.” Chester placed the tray on the television cabinet at the side.

Eliza grabbed hold of him, her eyes filled with agitation. “You made her stay there, didn’t you?”

“She voluntarily stayed there. You have such a good buddy.”

Chester fixed his eyes on the wrinkled part of his shirt that she was holding. His tone was indifferent. “You should thank me. If I hadn’t persuaded her to go over, you probably would’ve lost your life.”

“B*stard, my affairs are none of your business. I had no intention to live from the moment I kidnapped Sarah. You shouldn’t have dragged Freya into the mess.” Hating Chester to the core, Eliza turned around to dash out.

“Where are you going?” Chester gripped onto her arm. “Are you going to look for Rodney? Don’t worry. Freya didn’t get arrested. The Snows are protecting her, so Rodney can’t do anything to her.”

Eliza froze. Only then did she turn around and look at Chester.

“Where is she now? Did Rodney hurt Freya after he saw how badly injured Sarah was?”

“Eliza, you’re actually quite smart and calm. How could you have

thought of doing such a ridiculous thing?” Chester raised his brows. His deep eyes were filled with curiosity.

“ So Rodney actually hurt Freya, didn’t he?” Eliza quickly grasped the hidden meaning behind his words.

Chester’s lower lip twitched before he said nonchalantly, “Rodney kicked her and injured one of her ribs. Ryan has since sent her to the hospital, where she’s currently being treated. Having said that, this is the best outcome...”

“This isn’t the best outcome at all. Why did you drag her into the mess? She’s innocent.” Eliza’s eyes were bloodshot. She was no longer able to stay calm, seemingly like a little beast that was going to explode.

“Chester Jewell, you’re such a busybody.” Chester snickered. He then tightened his grip on her arm.

At one point, he had an overwhelming urge to do away with her.

“Eliza, don’t be ungrateful. Freya is Rodney’s wife, and she has given birth to his child. However, he almost sent her to jail, seeing how badly injured Sarah was. If he had known that you were involved in the matter, he might’ve shot you dead on the spot.”

He exposed the truth mercilessly. “And let me remind you that you’re an artist under my company. You’ve signed a contract for over ten advertisements and two television series. A movie shooting is also about to begin. If something happens to you, you’ll have to bear a compensation of seven to eight hundred million dollars for the breach of contract. It’s fine if you die, but are you trying to drive your mom into a corner?”

Mom...

That was Eliza’s biological mother but not hers.

Nevertheless, it was Mrs. Robbins who gave birth to the body she was currently using.

Eliza was caught in a daze for a moment and admitted that she had acted impulsively in this incident.

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However, Eliza was the sort who would seek vengeance. From the moment she learned of Jennifer’s death, she had lost her composure.

She even felt that her only goal of living was to take revenge.

As she was occupying someone else's body, her life had been meaningless.

Eliza's eyes slowly turned red with pain. She tried to hold back the tears in her eyes.

It was Chester's first time seeing her in such a state. He felt as though a stone was thrown into his heart, creating layers of ripples.

He stretched out his hands, wanting to hug her.

However, Eliza retreated and pushed him away. "Chester, thank you for hiding the issue for me yesterday, but the only feeling I have for you is gratitude. You sacrificed Freya to help me, so it's impossible for me to feel touched."

Chester fixed his cold gaze at her. "Eliza, why must you be so realistic?" "You're the real one."

Eliza stared calmly into his eyes. He was very good-looking and always exuded a brilliant aura, but she would never have feelings for him. She would not feel grateful for him either. "In fact, you could've settled the issue for me last night. Unfortunately, I reckoned you contemplated it and didn't think it was worth risking to help me, so you dragged Freya into the mess. This way, you were able to help me and stay out of it at the same time. You and Rodney will remain good buddies, and you'll get a good name for saving me. How wonderful."

"Eliza, do you know what I like about you?" Her stare made Chester uncomfortable, considering that he was usually the one casting knowing gazes at other women.

Nevertheless, a woman saw through him today, which made him feel exasperated.

Chester reached out to pinch Eliza's chin. "I like how smart and calm you are. However, these are also the qualities I hate about you. You're right. I haven't slept with you, so I don't want you to die. Even so, I won't have a falling-out with Rodney just because of you."

"Thank you for being so frank."

Eliza pushed his hand away and nodded confidently. "That's why I said I'm grateful to you, and that's the only feeling I have for you. Thank you for your help. I'll bring more money to your company in the future. I need to visit Freya in the hospital

today.”

Chester did not stop her. Instead, he followed behind her, and his tone sounded like he was mocking her. “Are you sure you’re going out in this outfit? If the reporters catch a picture of you, you’ll make it to the top searches tomorrow — The Rising Star Came Out of Her Boss’s Apartment in Improper Clothing.”

“Will someone who’s willing to risk her life care about the top searches?”

After Eliza argued serenely, she walked to the door and needed to change her shoes. However, she realized that none of her shoes were there.

She hesitated for a few seconds. Left with no choice, she wore a pair of slippers and prepared to leave straight away.

“ Stop there. You’re wearing my slippers, ” Chester reminded her lazily.

Eliza tossed the slippers aside without hesitation and left barefoot.

Chester tugged her shirt and pointed at it. “Excuse me. I’ve thrown your shirt away earlier because it was too dirty. The pajama shirt you’re wearing now is mine as well.”

No matter how much Eliza hated him, she could not walk out naked.

She stopped and glared at the man in front of her. “ How much did this pajama shirt cost? I’ll pay you ten times the price when I’m home, okay?”

“ I don’t want your money. Money is something I need the least.”

Chester took a cigarette pack from the shoe rack, drew a cigarette, and held it in his mouth. “I didn’t sleep last night because of you. No matter how realistic I am, it’s a fact that I helped you last night. You can’t deny it, right?”

Eliza pulled a long face, waiting for him to continue.

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With a smile, Chester suddenly moved closer to Eliza’s ears and said nastily, “Eliza, you wanted to send a few of your subordinates overseas before this, right? I don’t think I’ve told you that they haven’t been able to leave the country...”

Eliza suddenly lifted her head, her eyes pretty and clear. She glared at him in shock. “What did you do?”

“Nothing much. All I did was refuse their visas. With their names

and identities exposed, they can't go overseas for now. As you know, they might be in danger being in the country too. Having said that, I can easily do something to ensure their safety."

Chester covered the cigarette in his mouth while lighting it. As usual, his remarks were harsh, but he said it with a gentle smile on his handsome face, like an elegant young man.

However, his behavior was far from gentlemanly. Eliza instantly grasped his meaning.

Her right hand was shivering with anger. She had an urge to slap him.

"You want to slap me, huh?" Chester raised his brows. "Sure you can. But do think about the consequences."

Eliza snorted coldly. "I finally understand what it means to care too much about the gains ahead without being aware of the dangers behind. You're brilliant, Young Master Jewell. Freya, Rodney, Sarah, and I probably became your pawns that night, and you're the ultimate winner. People like you who excel at scheming are doomed to be lonely. No one will fall for you because you're too cold-blooded."

"It's alright. I don't need love. All I want is you," Chester mocked in a light-hearted manner.

Eliza scoffed, her eyes filled with endless hatred. "You think too highly of me. I'm no different from the women you've interacted with in the past. They have what I have. Or... are you obsessed with having two good friends to serve you? Sadly, Charity is dead. Otherwise, the two of us could occasionally accompany you at the same time. That must be interesting to you."

His Achilles' heel was exposed once again. A hint of grimness flashed across his eyes.

Nevertheless, he shrugged indifferently after a while. "Don't provoke me. It's no use. From the moment I made up my mind, I've decided to live in such a selfish, casual manner. It doesn't matter even if I go to hell after I die."

He paused for a moment before caressing her smooth face. "Well, you've exposed your weakness through this incident, Eliza. I can see that it's pointless to threaten you since you're not afraid of death. But before the incident, you made some arrangements for your subordinates, which means that you still care about them.

Anyway, it's your choice. If you want to save them, be my woman.

Otherwise, I'll have them captured. Putting aside Sarah's kidnap, your subordinates have probably committed quite a lot of crimes when they worked for you. If they're under investigation, I guess their lives will be at stake."

Eliza raised her head and looked at his handsome face.

At that moment, she wished she could stab him to death.

However, Chester was not Sarah. She was incapable of doing it to him.

She felt that Chester was just like a devil, regardless of whether it was when she lived in her own body or Eliza's body.

What evil deeds had she done in her previous life to cross paths with this man time and time again in this life?

"It's up to you to decide. I'm hungry. Because of you, I haven't had breakfast."

Chester sat down slowly on the chair. The delicate breakfast on the dining table was still warm.

He used a knife and fork to cut the fried egg.

Eliza took a deep breath and closed her eyes. When she opened them again, they were as still as water.

She walked up to him and asked dejectedly, "How long do I have to be your woman?"

"Until I'm sick of you." Chester held her hands and put them on his thighs. He draped his arm around her shoulders and muttered with a masculine voice as if she was his most intimate lover, "Come and eat this egg I fried. It's not bad."

Eliza turned her eyes to the egg white he forked. After staying quiet for two seconds, she lowered her head and forked the egg into her mouth.

As she bent over, Chester stared at the back of her neck, which was as thin and fair as a swan's neck.

He had forgotten how long it had been since he admired a woman so carefully.