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Let me go, Mr. Hill Author: Shallow South Chapter 2739

Chapter 2739

Charity laughed, and her eyes reddened. "At that moment, I hated everything and everyone. I thought if I got out of jail, I must kill everyone, including Sarah, Shaun, Rodney, and you. I wouldn't let go of everyone else who was involved with Sarah. I would grind your bones into ashes and use your blood to worship my parents."

Chester was stunned.

Then, he caught sight of the redness in Charity's eyes.

That was a form of hatred, was it not?

If he were in her shoes, would he be filled with hatred?

Although he was not really bothered about his parents, he would be filled with hatred if both his parents were dead when he was sent to jail.

What was more, Charity's parents had always treated her well.

Charity said, "I wanted to escape, but I didn't have the chance. When I was taken to an island to work, I finally found the chance. However, when I was fleeing, I accidentally fell into the sea. The sea waves were huge that day. Even though I

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could swim, the waves, which were a few meters high, immediately swept me into the seabed.”

She smiled and suddenly asked, “As a doctor, you’ve probably come across many near-death cases in the operating theater. But even so, you might not understand how painful it is before you die. In the bottomless sea, all the water entered my mouth and nose. And when I was swept into the seabed, the water pressure made my

head feel like it was about to explode. At that moment, being alive was so painful.”

When Chester was young, he nearly drowned during his swim, and it was not a nice feeling.

Being in a choppy sea must be a thousand times more painful than that.

A chill ran down Chester’s spine, and he shivered. His heart felt like it was being sliced piece by piece.

Nevertheless, there was nothing he could do.

Charity said, “Do you know what I was thinking in my last moments before death? I was wondering why God was so unfair. I was dissatisfied, and I brought that with me as I woke up in this body. Perhaps you think it’s great that I’m alive. But am I really alive?”

Charity pointed at her heart. “This is not my body, and I can’t even carry on with my life using my name. I still have to hide the truth, or people will see me as an alien. If reincarnation is real, I’m considered reborn into a new life. Charity in the previous life is dead. If you think I’m still alive, you can fish my dead body out from the sea or take it from a fish’s mouth. However, I’m afraid I’ve become the fish’s poop.”

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Two rows of crystal-like tears streamed down her face.

She had kept those words to herself for a very long time.

She had never shared her feelings with Catherine or anyone else. All she hoped was that her friends would see her positive side and feel happy for her instead of worrying about her.

However, with Chester, she wanted to let him know that their personal vendetta was between life and death.

"I got it."

Chester clenched his fists tightly. "Do you mean you can never forgive me because I was the one who contributed to your death? Do you mean you hate me so much that you want me to die?"

Charity gave some thought to it. "Actually, if you hadn't forced me to sleep with you to satisfy your desires, I might not hate you so much."

Stunned, Chester asked curtly, "Why? Didn't you say you wanted to grind my bones into ashes when you were in jail?"

"The real culprit was Sarah. You guys were just deceived by her facade. She was also the one who caused us to turn from lovers to enemies. So, even if I weren't in a relationship with you back then, I would be with another man, and Sarah would never bear to see me happy."

Charity said with distress, "No one understands Sarah better than I do. You might not know how much she had secretly tried to ruin my life since I entered the Neeson family. I didn't want my parents to be put in the middle, so I tolerated her. However, I didn't expect her to get even more wicked. I think she wouldn't have left me alone only if I had married a beggar."

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Chester admitted that he was not a kind person., but he paled into insignificance compared to Sarah.

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Chapter 2740

Chapter 2740

Charity said, "Even without you, Shaun or Rodney would've looked for a lawyer. With the three of you banding together, you could easily have a lawyer send me to jail."

"Or perhaps, you would've gotten another man to send me to jail even without Shaun and Rodney. Maybe Sarah thought you were the person I loved the most. In that case, my misery and disappointment would be a lot more intense."

Charity rose to her feet and walked to the floor-to-ceiling window, where she looked at the bustling scene in Canberra.

"The thing I regret the most in this life is coming to Canberra with my mom. I should've lived with her in the coastal city. Perhaps my dad truly loved us, but little did he know that his ex-wife had given birth to a twisted devil. That was the start of a tragedy."

With her frail and slim back facing him, Chester had the urge to hug her tightly from behind.

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Charity's life had been tormenting and unfortunate.

However, he knew that he did not have the right to hug her.

"Chester, please leave."

Charity did not look back at all. "Even if you apologize to me a hundred times, I won't want to forgive you. You said I was the only person you've ever loved, but I can't respond to that because we'll never ever be together."

The simple words 'never ever' touched a nerve in Chester.

Those words hurt him so much that he almost fainted.

Charity said, "If you really feel guilty toward me, don't expose my identity. Now, please leave and stop disturbing me. You've got the answer you wanted."

Chester had no idea how he walked out of Neeson Corporation.

Dressed in a pair of slippers and pajamas, he walked on the road in the busy morning like an abnormal person.

"Honk, honk!"

"What a psycho. Didn't you look at the traffic lights before you crossed the road?" Someone honked and raged.

Chester turned around and fixed a death stare on the car.

The owner of the car was terrified by his stare. "Do you have a death wish? You can die elsewhere, but don't drag me down with you. I don't want to go to jail."

Chester walked toward the car slowly without saying a word.

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After that, he placed his hands on the hood and curled his finger. "Come and hit me. I want to know how it feels like to die."

The driver was stunned. "What a f*cking psycho."

"Yeah. Now you know I'm a psycho." Chester laughed. "Not only am I a f*cking psycho but also a sc*mbag. Do you know that?" 1

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