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Let me go, Mr. Hill Author: Shallow South Chapter 2779

Chapter 2779

Charity was speechless.

Somehow, seeing Max trying hard to sell himself amused her.

“Why are you looking at me like that?” Her stare made Max a little uneasy.

“Continue cooking.” charity brought a dish out.

As much as she wanted a cute child, she knew it would be unfair to Max.

What was more... She was really averse to that kind of matter.

At 8:00 p.m., after eating to her heart’s content, Freya lay on the couch and touched her belly like a boss. “ No way. I’ve had too much. I’m full.”

Charity was amused. “Whose fault is it that you ate so much?”

“You ate a lot too, didn’t you?” Freya rolled her eyes at Charity. “You even took my ribs from me.”

Charity quietly drank a mouthful of warm water.

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Freya sighed, “since you like his cooking, you should give him a chance, who knows if you might be able to taste his cooking again? His cooking is as good as that of a five-star hotel chef.”

After staying quiet for a while, charity said, “I’m averse to being intimate with someone of the opposite gender. You understand that, right? when other people approach you, you feel disgusted.”

“Is it because you’re not interested in Max?” Freya asked.

“...I don’t think so.” Charity said with mixed feelings, “Ever since I woke up, I’ve been treating all men this way.”

“Why don’t... you see a psychologist?” Freya said, “ You must’ve been deeply hurt because of the issue in the past. Humans act like that subconsciously to protect themselves, but it’s not a good thing if it persists.”

Charity forced a smile. “Actually, I don’t think there’s anything wrong with being like this. Some people are married, whereas some aren’t.”

“Of course, you can choose not to get married. But those who aren’t will get into relationships as well. As time goes by, it can get lonely, and you can’t possibly focus on making money forever, since God has given you another life, you should treasure it. Besides, you should appreciate the body that Eliza granted you even if you don’t think for yourself.”

Every word Freya said hit a nerve in charity.

“Also...” Freya glanced at Max, who was chatting with Ryan in the dining room. “Considering that he treats you so well, you should give him a chance to see whether both of you are a match. Once you recover, you should give him a definite answer.”

Charity was momentarily dazed before she responded with a grin, “That seems to make sense.”

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"After all, I was once deeply hurt by relationships too." Freya gloated. "I know a good psychologist. Do you want me to introduce her to you?"

"Sure."

At 8:30 p.m., Freya stood at the gate and watched Ryan and Freya leave in their car.

"Do you want to take a stroll in the neighborhood?" Max turned around and looked at the woman beside him. As her hair beside her cheek fluttered in the night breeze, he had the urge to tuck the hair behind her ear.

However, when he raised his hand a little, Charity looked back.

Max's hand froze in mid-air for a moment before he touched the back of his head stiffly.

"Aren't you going home?" charity blinked and pretended as if she did not notice that.

"I'll sleep in the guest room tonight. After all, a burglar broke into your house today, what if someone breaks in again late at night?" Max said solemnly, " You must agree with it. Even if you don't, I won't leave."

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