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Let me go, Mr. Hill Author: Shallow South

Chapter 2773

Chapter 2773

"Is there any way to solve this?"

Charity asked.

Steven took a glimpse of the woman behind him through the rear-view mirror. At a time like that, she was still playing PUBG. Even her voice and expression were so calm that it was as though she was talking about the weather.

His lips twitched in spite of himself. "Miss Robbins, aren't you scared?"

"I am." When charity replied, she happened to have defeated an opponent. "Nevertheless, Max has put his trust in you. I'm sure you can solve this."

Steven was speechless. "Thank you for your trust."

"I mean, I trust Max," charity added. a »

Steven felt touched for nothing. "Miss Robbins, please fasten your seat belt. There might be a collision later, but please trust me. Forget it. I should stop explaining since you trust Max anyway."

"I'm ready."

Charity fastened her seat belt.

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Steven squinted. 100 meters ahead, there was a school, and now was the time when school ended. Many kids must be crossing the road, so he had to stop the car.

However, the road had to be on a slope.

Whoever could do such a wicked thing really did have no morals.

Steven turned the steering wheel and headed toward the flower bed on the right. At first, he used friction of the right front end of the car on the edge of the flower bed to reduce speed. After that, he drove straight toward the flower bed and ran over the plants. Once the car had slowed down, it dashed out of the flower bed and slowly moved toward the tree at the roadside.

Following a bang, the airbag deployed. Only then did the car stop moving.

Steven instantly got out of the driver's seat and opened the rear door. "Miss Robbins, are you okay?"

"Yeah." charity nodded. Apart from a few bumps she experienced, she was fine. "Call the police."

"Okay." Stevens immediately contacted the police.

After getting out of the car, Charity took out her phone. The game was still in progress.

Freya typed on the screen to call for help. [Buddies, where are you? Hurry and assist me. I'm besieged.]

Catherine: [I have no bullets. Let me get some bullets to save you. Go and look for charity.]

[Charity, my goddess, please come quickly.]

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[Charity, why are you so quiet?]

[Charity, are you still there? Don't tell me you can't perform at crunch time.]

Charity: [I'm here. I was in an accident just now, but it's been settled.]

Freya was at a loss for words.

Catherine: [...Are you referring to the accident in the game?]

Charity: [In life. Someone tampered with my car brake.]

Freya: [Damn. Are you alright?]

Charity: [I am. It's been settled.]

Catherine: [Wow, yet you didn't panic at all. You should've at least called US for help.]

Freya: [If I were you, I would've prepared my last words regardless of the outcome.]

Charity laughed. [I've experienced death before, so why should I be scared?]

Freya: [Girl, I admire you.]

Catherine: [Girl, you're the only person I admire.]

After that, charity returned home by taxi.

Just as she arrived at her doorstep, she noticed her house was in a mess. A lot of jewelry and watches that she did not keep in a safe had been stolen.

"Ding dong."

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Someone pressed the doorbell outside.

Charity walked over to open the door, only to see Max. He was wearing a pair of Dr. Martens boots, military pants, and a black short-sleeved shirt. He had probably rushed here from the training center.

“Charity, are you okay? I heard from Steven that your car was tampered with.” Max promptly grabbed hold of her shoulders, looking her up and down.

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Chapter 2774

“I’m okay. Didn’t Steven tell you?” Charity glanced at the hands on her shoulders.

Max chuckled and said, “I’m using this opportunity to take advantage of you.”

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Charity rolled her eyes at him. “Get lost.”

“No.” Max looked serious. “Was it the Patterson family’s doing?”

“Probably.” charity knew what was on his mind. “ Since the Patterson family had the courage to do so, they must’ve found a scapegoat. Besides that, someone has barged into my villa and stole some of my things.”

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Max's expression shifted a little. "What's the security guard at the entrance doing?"

"I think the person crawled in through the exterior wall. The security guard can't possibly keep an eye on it all the time." charity was a little annoyed that she had removed the animal trap ever since Chester got injured from it. If she had known earlier, she would have secretly left the animal trap there.

"I'll get the police to come over." Max said with a solemn expression, "Don't worry. I'll make sure to get back everything you lost."

Charity's thin lips twitched, but Max immediately interrupted her, "I know what you're going to say. You have your connections, so you don't need my help. However, we're good friends. If I don't help you, despite knowing what happened, how am I considered your friend?"

Charity did not say a word.

"Let me enter and take a look." Max walked into the villa.

"No need. There are surveillance cameras in the house. I can directly show the police the footage later." Charity asked, "Have you eaten? I'm going to cook now."

"Don't." Max promptly stopped her. "Don't cook. Let me do it."

When he was with Charity in Drildool to do charity earlier, he had tried charity's cooking.

It tasted way too awful.

The taste actually traumatized him.

"...You're a guest. I can't let you cook." Charity was slightly hesitant.

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"Miss, I don't think you know what your cooking tastes like."

Max rolled up his sleeves and entered the kitchen.

When it came to cooking, men and women were different in the sense that men were more decisive.

Charity had no idea how other people cooked, so watching Max's cooking puzzled her.

She was slow and rough whenever she cut potatoes, but Max was able to slice the potatoes within a minute.

The food was flipped in the air and landed steadily in the pan. The man's cinnamon-colored arms were tense, revealing his smooth muscular lines.

Although Charity did not know what other men looked like when they cooked, she found Max quite handsome in the kitchen.

"So are you impressed?" Max saw her leaning against the doorframe and staring at him without blinking. He could not help but wink at her smugly with his left eye. "I'm handsome, aren't I?"

"You did look quite handsome when you were cooking, but now... you're a bit cheesy," Charity said with her brows raised.

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Cheesy?

Stung by her words, Max's smug face froze. "There's nothing wrong with being cheesy, right?"

"True." Charity nodded.

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"Fine. Stop standing there and watching me. Leave me alone." Max waved at her.

"Alright. I was kidding. Men who can cook are really handsome." charity grinned.
"How are you so good at cooking?"

"Ahem, when I started serving in the army, I joined the cooking class and cooked for hundreds of people every day." Max said with a bitter expression, "So, I'm best at holding guns and spatulas."

"That's great." charity nodded.

Max suddenly raised his brows. "If you want to eat anything in the future, you can contact me anytime, and I'll make it for you."

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Chapter 2775

"Cook."

Charity threw a glance at Max before turning around and returning to the living room.

Max sighed and put all his energy into cooking.

Although his charm could not move charity, the tongue was the key to one's heart. Perhaps he would be able to tackle her heart once he tamed her tongue.

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Max made the most of his cooking. He made grilled chicken, barbecue ribs, grilled eggplant, frittata, and some juice.

All the dishes looked appetizing.

Charity was dazed at the sight of the food. "Don't you think you've... made too much food? Can the two of us finish everything?"

"If we can't, that's fine too." Max cut some grilled chicken for her. "Try it."

Charity took a bite of it, which tasted juicy, tender, and flavorful.

At that moment, her phone rang. It was a call from Freya. "Open the door. I'm at your gate. I'm here to visit you."

Soon, Freya and Ryan walked in together.

Dressed in a white shirt and black pants, Ryan was carrying the pretty Dani, who was drinking milk. Dani was now one year old, with her hair tied in two ponytails, she was growing cuter, like an exquisite porcelain doll.

"Dani, greet Auntie Charity," Freya reminded.

"Hi, Auntie charity..." Dani dragged her baby voice, which instantly melted charity's heart even though she had always been a firm person.

"Hello, Dani." Charity reached her hand out, wanting to carry Dani, but Dani immediately snuggled in Ryan's embrace shyly.

Ryan gently patted Dani's back with a smile while glancing at Max playfully. "Not bad. You knew Charity was involved in an accident, and you even came to comfort her. You've finally grown more mature.

These dishes..."

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After pausing for a moment, Ryan darted a surprising look at Charity. "These dishes look as good as the restaurant's."

Charity was speechless.

Freya nodded as well, "charity, I didn't expect your cooking to be so good. I never knew that before."

Max blinked and suppressed his laugh.

Charity sighed weakly. "I didn't make these. My cooking tastes awful." ((»

The air was eerily quiet for two seconds before Ryan swiftly responded, "Max, did you make these?"

Max nodded.

"Wow. I've known you for a long time, yet I've never tasted your cooking. You keep your talent well hidden, huh?" Ryan said with a grin, "It seems like Max can perform well both at home and at work. He's outstanding."

"Yes, he is," Freya quickly added and then cast a flirtatious look at charity.

Charity was speechless. The two of them were probably so enthusiastic about matchmaking because they had nothing to do. "Have you eaten? Join US."

"We haven't eaten. We were planning to after visiting you." Freya said playfully, "But since you've prepared such a sumptuous meal, we wouldn't mind a taste of it."

"I'll add two more dishes." Max promptly rolled up his sleeves and leaped to his feet. "Can I make an egg custard for Dani?"

"Sure. Dani loves egg custards the most." Freya nodded with a grin.

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When Max entered the kitchen, Charity helplessly facepalmed herself. “You’re really good at ordering others around.”

“What’s wrong? Do you take pity on him?” Freya raised her brows.

Charity immediately choked. “You’re overthinking it.”

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