

Let me go, Mr. Hill Author: Shallow South

Chapter 2780

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"I didn't disagree with it either." Charity blinked.

At that, Max's eyes lit up.

Under the street light, his thin lips curled up into a smile in spite of himself.

"I promised Freya that I'll see a psychologist." Charity looked at the street light behind him. "Some mental illnesses need to be treated."

"I think so too." Max could feel that his heart was beginning to race.

If she had her illness treated, did it mean she would not be so averse to romantic relationships anymore?

As far as he recalled, she had promised she would consider him first if she wanted to get in a relationship.

"But even if I recover, I can't be sure I'll fall in love with you." Seeing that he could hardly contain the joy on his face, Charity had to rain on his parade. "In fact, I treat you more like a buddy- "

"Enough. Please don't continue." Max interrupted huffily, "I can be buddies with Eliza, but I don't want to be yours. However, if you still don't have feelings for me after we've tried, we'll be... buddies forever."

"Thankyou." Charity thanked him sincerely for not giving her too much pressure.

“Not at all. As long as you’re willing to get treated and give me a chance, I’m happy.”

Max stuck his hands in the pockets of his pants, his eyes clear as usual. “Don’t give yourself too much pressure. If the treatment makes you feel terrible or uncomfortable, forget about it. Anyway, I’ll keep your company even if you’re not in love with anyone. You will never be lonely.” 1

Charity kept quiet.

Nevertheless, she knew full well that her ice-cold heart relaxed because of his words.

She wanted to get treated. Regardless of whether she could get it treated, she should give Max a chance because he deserved it.

The next day.

After breakfast, charity headed to the office in Max’s car.

As soon as she stepped into the office, the receptionist said, “President Neeson, President Patterson from Janee Group is waiting for you in the reception room.”

“Alright.”

With that, Charity handed the parcel to her secretary and directly headed to the reception room.

She pushed the door open, only to see Monte dressed in a floral shirt from the latest season’s collection. He was sitting on the couch with his legs crossed and a magazine on his knees. Coupled with his good looks, it looked like a scene out of a photo shot for a magazine. 1

Just like how men liked pretty women, women, too, enjoyed looking at handsome men. If that man were gentlemanly, attentive, and considerate, women would definitely be obsessed with him.

Eliza was probably trapped in that illusion back then. "You're finally here. I've waited for you for half an hour."

Monte closed the magazine and tossed it on the coffee table. Then, he raised his head and looked at the woman, who was walking toward him. She was wearing a long-sleeved shirt and a pair of Dr. Martens boots with her hair tied in a bun. Despite her light makeup, she looked very fashionable.

She was no doubt someone who used to be a celebrity. Even after quitting the entertainment industry, many netizens still imitated Charity's fashion style. 1

"What's the matter?" charity sat opposite Monte, and her secretary poured her a cup of coffee.

"You're different now that you're President Neeson. Why can't I come and meet you because I want to?" Monte sneered. "Guess what I was reminded of when I saw you walk in just now? I was reminded of the first time we met. At that time, you were dressed in an old-fashioned way, but it was your pretty face and clear eyes that made my heart skip a beat."

"I'm in no mood for reminiscing the past with you.

Get straight to the point," charity said indifferently. 1