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## Let me go, Mr. Hill Author: Shallow South Chapter 2817

Chapter 2817

Momentarily dazed, Ken said, "Didn't I tell you it was Miss Robbins' mom who made the soup?"

"You... only told me her mom made... the chicken soup," Chester said arduously.

Only then did Ken realize that he had forgotten to tell Chester about it after that.

After Shaun saw Michael and his wife out, he looked at his buddy's face. He could not help but tease Chester, "Does the soup cooked by Eliza's mom taste better?"

Chester pursed his pale lips without saying a word.

In fact, it had been a long time since he last had pumpkin soup.

He used to love pumpkin soup. During the years he was in a relationship with Charity, he had it very frequently, but he had not had it as much as before in the last few years.

It was impossible for Eliza's mother to make him the soup for no reason. It was most probably because Charity reminded her.

He never thought charity would still remember it.

Chester's dark eyes softened in spite of himself.

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Upon noticing Chester's expression, Shaun had difficulty putting his feelings into words. "I don't even think I understand you now, let alone your parents, of course, I must first praise you for saving someone. Having said that, you put yourself in this state, and you won't be able to walk like a normal person anymore. Let's not talk about whether this act is worthwhile, but it was untypical of you to do such a thing."

If the Chester he knew woke up and realized that he ended up in this state for the sake of saving a woman, he was sure to hate that woman to the core.

"Tell me... what did I do?" Chester asked strenuously.

"You're not the kind who'll do anything at all costs for the sake of love. You're a rational person." Shaun sighed. If it were not because of his trust in his wife, he would suspect that Eliza had bewitched Chester.

"I'm very rational." Chester smiled vaguely and added intermittently, "It's just... a leg, isn't it? I...

don't care if I can't walk."

Shaun opened his mouth but could not say a word for a while.

"You don't understand... certain things."

Chester's pale, handsome face was very calm.

He had thought it over when he drove in the opposite direction of traffic on the highway.

He did not care about the consequences, nor did he care about the police car that was after him.

He had had everything in his life – wealth, power, and beauty.

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However, only when Eliza's actual identity was exposed did it hit him that his life had felt empty.

Charity said that from here on out, she and Chester would resemble two parallel lines, where they would live their lives separately and not cross each other's paths. From then on, he started to feel that his life was dull.

If Charity left him again, how would his life turn out to be?

He did not know.

Perhaps he would be a psycho or monster that would become more wicked and selfish.

"I have no idea. Anyway, since you can speak now, I'll let Cathy know about it so that she can inform Eliza to pay you a visit this afternoon." Shaun sized Chester up before saying helplessly, "However, you really do look terrible. I think you might frighten Eliza."

"...No." Chester pursed his lips. "I don't care."

Shaun was speechless.

"Just... help tidy me up," Chester said after some thought.

Shaun pinched his brows. "Are you sure Eliza won't be frightened even after I tidy you up?"

"She won't be... frightened," Chester said softly.

"How do you know?"

"I know." Chester let out a faint smile. "Because I know her well."

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Shaun sighed.

He believed he had gone through many things in relationships, but compared to Chester, he realized he could not comprehend Chester's perspective on relationships.

## Let me go, Mr. Hill Author: Shallow South Chapter 2818

Chapter 2818

However, Shaun informed Catherine about it. "Do you think something has gone wrong with Chester's brain since he got into that accident?"

"What could have gone wrong with his brain?" Catherine rolled her eyes at him. "Although Chester was injured all over, he drove in the opposite direction on the highway to save the person he loves. So, he must have thought it over. He might even have thought of risking his life at that time. Won't you protect me in the same way as Chester protected Eliza?"

"Why wouldn't I?" Shaun quickly denied the claim. "I just think that Chester has never been a great person when it comes to relationships. He's the kind who'll destroy something if he can't get it. What's more, if I ended up in that state for saving you one day, I would be happy you're alive. Having said that, I'd think I don't deserve to be with you. I would have low self-esteem and be depressed. I might not want to see you anymore. I'd hide elsewhere and have negative thoughts."

After some thought, Catherine said, "You're not Chester. Everyone thinks differently."

"Maybe. In that case, you can bring Eliza over this afternoon."

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Shaun opened his mouth. He initially wanted Catherine to advise Eliza so that Eliza would not speak harshly when she met Chester.

Nevertheless, on second thought, he thought it was better not to meddle in other people's relationships.

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In the afternoon, Catherine took charity to the door of Chester's ward.

After having two days of rest, Charity was able to walk normally. Apart from experiencing occasional dizziness, she felt much better in other aspects.

"Go on in. We'll wait out here for you." Catherine deliberately called Shaun and Ken out.

With that, Charity pushed the door and entered the ward.

Over the past two days, she had been hearing Chester's name all the time. However, this was her first time visiting him since the accident.

The VIP bed was 1.8 meters wide.

Chester was lying center of the bed, with many vital signs monitors and tubes attached to his body.

Both his legs were in the air, exposed. One was bandaged, while the other was swathed in more bandages, probably because surgery was performed on it. Nevertheless, many stitches were in the unbandaged areas, and the sight of them looked frightening.

She could not tell that it was a whole leg.

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Charity had mentally braced herself for it, but she still had to take a deep breath. Feeling that something was piercing her eyes, she quickly looked away and raised her head.

Then, she was stunned.

What she saw was not the once handsome face.

A long bandage was wrapped from his brows to cheeks on the right side of his face, while the other side of his face was slightly swollen. He looked pale, and his forehead was bruised. His head was also bandaged.

When Chester noticed her gaze, he said, "The doctor said... when I met with the accident, the glass hit... my face, so I have over 20 stitches."

To have 20 stitches on the face meant that the injury was serious.

Charity gently curled her fingers beside her leg. For a long time, she did not say a word.

"Why are you quiet? Is it because... I look so terrible that it scares you?" Chester scoffed, and there was an unruly look in his dark eyes.

"I have no idea what to say." Charity's voice was cold and hoarse.

"You can say... I did it out of willingness. You didn't force me to save you," Chester said.

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Charity's heart clenched. That was what she had said to Madam Jewell a few days ago, and it had probably reached Chester's ears.

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Charity felt distressed for no reason, she had been feeling that way for the last two days. At the thought of him, she would feel like there was a rock in her heart that left her breathless, making her a little panicky and confused.

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