Let me go, Mr. Hill Author: Shallow South Chapter 2821

Chapter 2821

Chester shut his eyes.

After half a minute, he heard the door of the ward shut.

A while later, Shaun and Ken walked in together.

"What did Charity say?" Shaun asked with a grin, "Considering you risked your life to save her heroically, she must be touched."

"No. She only said she no longer hates me and that we don't owe each other anymore..."

Shaun was stunned. "Is that all? How could it be? Is it because she saw your face _ "

"No. She's not that sort of person." Chester broke in and laughed. "This is good."

Shaun was at a loss for words.

Catherine was strolling around the park while holding Charity's hand.

"Do you feel better coming out for a walk after being in the ward for days?" Catherine asked with a smile. "Having said that, you might have to cut short the walk not only because the reporters may be hiding at the park but also because your body hasn't fully recovered yet."

"Are there many reporters outside?"

"Yes. Now, there might be reporters disguised as patients and hiding somewhere to take photos of US." As Catherine was speaking, she turned her gaze to the rock garden.

A man in a black, short-sleeved shirt promptly kept his phone in an evasive manner.

Charity caught sight of it. "Leave him alone. Anyway, I won't be returning to the entertainment industry, so the reporters can write whatever they want."

"Don't worry. I won't let Cindy damage your reputation. After I spread the news that you were the one who exposed Huxley's video, all the netizens praised you for being courageous and kind."

"Thankyou," Charity said in a low voice.

"What did you talk to Chester about in the ward just now?" Catherine said with a grin, "I'm a woman, and gossiping is my natural trait."

"Thanks to him, we're now even." When Charity uttered that sentence, her gaze looked blank. "I told him to focus on getting his leg treated, but he doesn't seem to care about it."

"Yeah. I heard about it from Shaun. Some people might care about whether they can walk or their face disfigured. Honestly speaking, if I woke up to find that I was crippled and that my face was hurt, I might be very disappointed." 2

Catherine sighed lightly. "Chester is a really tough person and doesn't care about how others look at him. Maybe... all he cares about is you. what's on your mind?"

"I'm mentally ill," Charity said.

"What if you're no longer mentally ill?"

"I... have no idea either." In the past, Charity could tell her psychologist firmly that she was unbothered about that person. However... she was not very certain now. "But we can't possibly be together again." After some thought, Catherine said, "when he sent you to jail back then, he was tricked by someone. It was someone's plot to turn against US, and we were both targeted. Moreover, your parents' death was Sarah and Thomas's doing. This time, it's true that he saved you at all costs and ended up like this because of you. As for his previous threats against you, you've long since taken revenge against him using your own means, so both of you are considered even."

"I thought so too." Charity said, "We're even. If I still love him, I can give him a chance. However... I'll find him disgusting and dirty. Regardless of why he has been with many women, he has slept with them. If Shaun had slept with Sarah back then, would you forgive him?"

After giving it a thought, Catherine was also uncomfortable with the idea. "I won't. Even if I forgive him, I'll still feel upset. I might never let him touch me."

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Chapter 2822

"Same here." charity said, "In fact, I'm different from Chester in certain aspects. I surely can't sleep with someone I'm not interested in, but he can sleep with any woman to satisfy his needs. It has nothing to do with love."

"Chester's not the only one. In fact, many men are the same. They can see love and needs as separate entities, but we can't. Perhaps it's because we can only do it with someone we love."

After some thought, Catherine said, "Since you can't give him hope, it's good you made it clear to him. However, how do you feel about Max?"

"He's nice. I feel relaxed when I'm with him. I'm thankful to him as well, but-"

"But you're now as calm as still water. This might either have to do with your illness or indifference to him," Catherine interrupted her. "In that case, you'd better get your illness treated first. I think you're still young, so there's no need to rush into a relationship. Just take it slow."

After spending some time strolling around, Charity received a call from Larissa, who said that a traffic officer and some security guards had come to interrogate her.

With that, Charity immediately headed upstairs.

The traffic officer who came was a middle-aged man in his 40s, and there were two slightly younger security guards. One of them was a male, whereas the other was a female.

Larissa happened to be speaking nicely to the traffic officer and police officers. "My daughter is a victim as well. I hope you won't blame her. It was a critical situation. If compensation is needed, we're ready to provide full cooperation."

"Mom, please fetch some coffee for the officers. Let me do the explanation."

Charity reminded Larissa gently.

"Oh, yes. I forgot about it." Larissa tapped her head dully.

"I don't need coffee. We came to work." The female police officer took out her license. "I should've come earlier, but your attending physician claimed that you hadn't fully recovered after you met with an accident and that you lost a part of

your memory of the accident. However, when you tried to escape on the highway, you caused a three-car pile-up, so the condition was rather awful."

"I know." Charity said very apologeticaly, "How are the victims now?"

"You didn't hit other cars on purpose. It was the switch of lanes that caused a collision with other cars. Luckily, there was an airbag for protection, so they only suffered fractures and concussions. No one was seriously injured. Having said that, there's no way the victims are fine with it. Over ten of them have been kicking up a fuss at the police station and national security agency," the traffic officer said.

"I'll double the fees for the medical expenses, mental distress, industrial injury, and car repair," charity said.

The police officers and traffic officers were more than satisfied with her cooperation.

"Actually, we've investigated the surveillance footage." The female police officer suddenly said, "When you were hunted down, you could've made use of the congested traffic at that moment to ram into the Land Rover. However, you didn't. I asked the driver, Steven, and the security guard on the passenger seat. They said you didn't want to cause heavy casualties at that point."

"Unfortunately, Huxley is dead." The male police officer said, "But after our analysis, it's a fact that Huxley meant to hit your car into the river on the river bridge and die with you. If you had used other cars to block the Land Rover, he might've gone crazy and crashed into other cars on the highway because he was on drugs."

"He was on drugs at that time?" charity was dumbfounded.

"Yes. When we salvaged his car and did an autopsy on his dead body, we noticed from his lungs that he was on drugs."

"But when Huxley was going after your car, he went a little insane and caused another four-car pile-up. Two victims were heavily injured and are currently under emergency treatment. However, this has nothing to do with your car." 3