

Let Me Go, Mr. Hill *by Shallow South*

CHAPTER 51

Chase comforted the plaintiff with a cup of hot coffee.

“Why are you here?” A look of surprise took over Shaun’s face.

“Come on, I have a case in Courtroom 2 today. Can you pay more attention to me?” Chase grumbled, “By the way, why are you wearing a mask? Are you ill?”

“ ... ”

Shaun declined to comment.

“Eh, it’s good that you’re being considerate and wearing a mask to prevent spreading the virus. Shaun, you’ve become more thoughtful since moving to Melbourne,” Chase complimented.

Ten minutes later, the trial was about to start. Chase almost spat out the coffee in his mouth when Shaun removed his mask and revealed the teeth prints on his cheek.

“What on...”

“I got bitten by a dog.” Shaun’s cold voice reeked of intimidation. He walked into the courtroom with big strides.

Chase burst out in laughter. Did Shaun think he could fool him? That man had evidently been bitten by a woman.

It was not every day he got to see Shaun feeling embarrassed. He must take a photo of that in secret to share it with the group chat.

...

Catherine rested at home for several days, waiting for the teeth prints to disappear before heading out to look for a new job.

However, she only received negative feedback.

“Miss Jones, I’m sorry but we don’t hire copycats.”

“Miss Jones, your scandal has become common news in the industry. No one dares to hire you anymore.”

“Miss Jones, the Jones family has secretly announced to the industry that anyone who dares to hire you will be openly disrespecting them.”

“ ... ”

Catherine had just walked out of yet another interview, feeling lost and furious. She had spent so much time and effort on her education but still could not find a job.

What should she do? Transition into another industry?

Honk, honk.

A car next to her honked several times. She did not realize it until someone called out her name. "Catherine, it's been a while."

She looked over her shoulder absent-mindedly. A handsome face poked from behind the window of a Land Rover.

"Joseph? What are you doing here?" She was overwhelmed by surprise and delight to see her senior from when she was pursuing her studies abroad.

"I have an office in this building. I saw you walking out of it and wondered what you were doing here." Joseph parked his car by the side and gestured to her to come in.

Upon entering the car, Catherine replied awkwardly, "I'm here for an interview, but I didn't make it."

"Even you couldn't make it with your qualifications?" He found this difficult to believe.

The corners of her lips twitched. "I've fallen out with my family and I'm being accused of plagiarism. My reputation in Melbourne is going downhill..."

“I don’t believe that you’ll plagiarize others. It should be the other way round.” A smile spread across Joseph’s face. “Well, I’ve just started a new company in Melbourne and am still lacking manpower. Come and join my team.”

She was shocked and touched at the same time. “Aren’t you even a little skeptical of me?”

“I know you’re a fine person of creditable character and I’m well aware of your talents. I had suggested to you before that we should start a business together in Perth after graduating, but you insisted on helping out the family business and staying close to your boyfriend. Are you married now?” he said.

She lowered her head. “We broke up.”

Joseph appeared surprised but quickly comforted gently. “It’s alright. You’re still young and beautiful. I’m sure you can find someone better.”

“Enough talk about me. You’re doing great, huh? I heard you’ve become the top three designers over in Perth and even published several books.” Catherine teased with a smirk. “And now you’re trying to conquer Melbourne too?”

“Join my company if you think I’m capable. I need talents like you,” Joseph said earnestly, “I can offer you a high salary. You can also become a shareholder when the business hits the market.”

“Alright, I’ll treat you to dinner tonight to celebrate you becoming my boss.”

Catherine certainly did not expect this pleasant surprise. She made a phone call to Shaun. “I’ll not be home for dinner. Sort it out yourself.”

Shaun was easily agitated today because others had been secretly mocking the teeth prints on his cheek.

“What is it this time? Don’t be so stupid that you’ll need me to rescue you again. I don’t have the time.”

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Again?

A feeling of frustration rocked through Catherine. She had been staying home preparing meals in the past few days.

“I’m just going out for dinner with a friend I met while studying abroad.”

Shaun laughed sarcastically. “Oh, so it’s a friend from university this time. Don’t forget how you were abducted to the hotel by your high school friend last time.”

“Whatever. Bye.” She hung up on him impatiently.

A hint of disappointment flashed across Joseph’s eyes upon seeing her angry face. “New boyfriend? Or husband?”

She widened her eyes in shock. “No way. It’s just my... Housemate.”

Although Shaun was her legal husband, the man refused to acknowledge that. Therefore, their relationship was purely just for show.

The corners of Joseph’s lips twitched into a faint smile. “It sounded like you were speaking with a partner.”

“Um... Really?”

Catherine felt her heart skipping a beat. This was how she normally interacted with Shaun. Perhaps it only sounded like that because they were living in the same house.

It had been a long time since she met Joseph. The two of them enjoyed the evening together and the dinner lasted until 9 p.m. He gave her a lift and dropped her off at Jadeite Bay.

“Remember to report to me tomorrow morning. I’ve accepted a villa case in the Green Mountain area. You’ll go over to take the measurements tomorrow.”

“Sure.”

She waved him goodbye. Her eyes trailed the Porsche into the far distance before she turned around to head to the house.

Coincidentally, she discovered Shaun, dressed in casual loungewear, looking down on her coldly from the steps. Fudge was nestled in his

arms, looking like she was about to fall asleep.

“Your friend is a man?”

The deep furrow between his brows could squeeze a fly to death.

He thought about how he had to endure the poorly-made store-bought food when she enjoyed the evening eating and laughing with another man. Anger surged through him like waves.

“Yup, he’s my senior from university...”

Shaun cut her short. “Catherine, let me remind you that you’ve chosen to marry me. You’d better watch your actions even if we’re only in a contract marriage. I don’t want to be betrayed.”

The smile on her face froze. “What are you talking about? I just went out to dinner with a friend. Do you think so poorly of me?”

“Who knows? I’ve only known you for a short time.” The corners of his lips curled into a sarcastic smirk. “Besides, you can’t simply go out for dinner. Don’t forget about your role as Fudge’s sitter. You’re responsible for her as you were the one who made her sick.”

“Fudge is alright now, isn’t she? I think she even gained a few pounds,” she replied through clenched teeth. She would certainly argue with him if he had not saved her life twice.

How silly of her to think that he only looked distant but was actually kind-hearted. This critical tone he spoke in had extinguished the little spark of interest she had for him.

Shaun scoffed. “Exactly, why has she gained weight? You should reflect on yourself. I want you to take care of the cat, not fatten her up.”

“ ...”

Catherine was at a loss for words.

Fudge’s growing appetite had become her fault as well.

She almost flew off the handle. “Fine, I’ll feed the cat less food from now on.”

“That won’t do.” What if the kittens inside her became malnourished?

“Well, what do you want, then? Sorry, but I’m not a professional cat breeder,” she said, irritated.

“Me neither. Research it and be more considerate of Fudge. Take her out on walks when you’re free. Don’t only feed her and then let her sleep all day.”

He walked toward the neighborhood park with Fudge in his arms.

Catherine pulled a face at his receding silhouette. She wanted to share the joy of finding a new job, but she could not be bothered to speak to him for another second more.

Upon returning home, she started heading to the bedroom to get a new change of clothes. A cold voice rang behind her back.

“I’m hungry.”

She looked over her shoulder to see the man sitting on the couch, looking like a hungry pet waiting to be fed.

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Catherine refused, as she was still annoyed from before. "Sorry, I'm the sitter for your cat, not you."

She emphasized the last two words. Shaun appeared nonchalant. The corners of his lips twitched into an enigmatic smile. "This is the love you proclaim you have for me?"

"..."

Sh*t.

'What I love is the position of being Ethan's aunt! Get that clear!'

Frustrated, she opened the fridge to retrieve the baked sweet dumplings she had made last night.

He, who kept his eyes on her silhouette behind the glass sliding door,

was exasperated too.

Nothing apart from the food she prepared piqued his appetite anymore. Perhaps she had drugged the food he had been eating all this while.

...

After breakfast the following morning.

Shaun had just put on the cuff links, ready to head out when he noticed Catherine had changed into a beige windbreaker.

Beneath it was a dark pink shirt and a checkered maxi dress with tights. She looked effortlessly like a capable businesswoman, yet the outfit also highlighted her curves.

Moreover, she had put on a little bit of makeup. Pearl earrings hung below her earlobes. He found it rather difficult to peel his eyes away from the beautiful woman.

However, in the next second, he realized she was heading out. She had not dressed up for him.

“You’re going out dating again?” His voice was low, evidently revealing his displeasure.

“No, I’m going to work. I found a new job yesterday. I’ll be home to prepare dinner and also walk Fudge after that.”

He found no words to argue with that. Despite that, he was not bothered about her job.

“Giving out leaflets again?”

“No way. I’m the head designer this time.” She scoffed before grabbing her purse and leaving the door.

Shaun trailed behind her and entered the elevator together. His throat felt dry as he stole another glance at the young woman’s curvy figure. “Want a lift?”

“No, thanks.” she rejected without hesitation. “I’ll drive. I don’t want to take the subway halfway.”

“ ... ”

He was speechless.

Was she complaining that he only sent her to the subway station?

He had not given any other woman a lift before. This ungrateful thing!

8.30 a.m.

Catherine walked into her new workplace right on time.

It was a surprise to find out that the other employees were all young and passionate. Besides, they were all distinctive graduates who had studied abroad.

Joseph introduced her to the employees before leading her into the office. He handed over a plane blueprint.

“This is President Lyons’ 3,000 square meters villa in Green Mountain. This man used to be stationed overseas for his business franchises

and that's how I met him. We've known each other for quite some time now.

“He plans to settle down back home here in Melbourne. Work hard on this project. There's no cost limit on the renovation, but everything must be perfect. He has a holiday resort project waiting to launch by the end of the year. I hope to build a long-term partnership with him.”

She nodded seriously.

It seemed that President Lyons had a pretty similar background to Shaun. However, the latter who was also a president was staying in a small house about 100 square meters big.

A smile spread across Joseph's face. “Actually, President Lyons' nephew's girlfriend is from a building and interior design background. He doesn't really like their style, but it's difficult to be honest with your relatives. He's renovating his villa in secret without telling anyone else, thus you have to keep this to yourself. Don't make things difficult for President Lyons.”

Catherine was astonished by what she heard.

Not only was President Lyons' recent life experiences similar to

Shaun's, the coincidence even extended to their nephew's girlfriends.

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With a light heart, Catherine left the office and started driving to Green Mountain.

This was the most expensive luxury villa neighborhood in Melbourne. Only the really rich people could afford the property over here.

Her car was stopped by the security guard at the neighborhood entrance, thus she had to walk to the house.

A man who looked about 30 years old was standing by the swimming pool. The tall man had long and gentle eyebrows. The tailor-made black business suit looked especially great on him.

Startled, she asked tentatively, "Mr. Lyons?"

"Yes. Are you the designer from Joseph's company? You're way

younger than I expected." A look of genuine surprise flashed across Wesley's eyes.

This woman in front of him right now was probably the most beautiful woman he had seen since returning to Melbourne. Others might have thought Joseph had sent this woman over to seduce him.

However, the unswerving determination in her eyes revealed that she was a serious professional.

"I was President Talton's junior in university. Mr. Lyons, you're welcome to have me replaced if you're not satisfied after seeing my designs. I'll not take it personally."

Catherine's reply was calm yet confident. "Besides, I don't think age has anything to do with capability. You're pretty young yourself, Mr. Lyons."

Wesley smiled. "I can't argue with that."

She handed him her name card.

He glanced at it. "Catherine Jones. The name rings a bell."

She felt her heart skip a beat. For fear that he might have heard about the rumors, she replied immediately, "It's quite a common name. If you don't mind, Mr. Lyons, you can tell me your ideas as we tour around the villa."

Then, he led the way and showed her around the massive villa.

Besides, he mentioned his wish of having a gym, theater, basketball court, and indoor swimming pool.

Catherine had a general idea of his likes and desires. In less than half an hour, she delivered a beautiful sketch into his hands.

Wesley looked at the sketch, unable to find something to pick fault at.

This design plan was exactly what he had envisioned.

"Miss Jones, you're as good as the top designers I've seen from abroad. Not bad. The concept of this indoor swimming pool is really innovative."

“It’ll look even better after rendering.”

“Sure, you have a week’s time. I’d like to start the renovation as soon as possible.” He gave her the key card. “You’re welcome to look for me in my office when required. This is my name card.”

President of Transmit Corporation. It seemed like another new rich man had entered the Melbourne circle.

After leaving the villa, she planned to check out the design of other villas in the neighborhood.

In a matter of minutes, she saw a white Lexus driving into one of the massive villas. Was that not Shaun’s car?

Had he purchased a villa here too?

“Why are you here?”

A familiar voice rang behind her out of the blue.

She looked over her shoulder to see Ethan getting out of his Lamborghini.

Normally, she would turn around and leave, but she was slightly shocked to bump into him here.

“I should be the one asking. Are you and Rebecca planning to purchase a villa here?”

“No, not yet anyway. I’m here to check out my uncle’s villa. His place needs renovating and I plan to convince him to hand the project over to Rebecca.”

Ethan examined her expression as he said that.

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Catherine claimed she had worked hard to build her career. Ethan planned to boast that he could pamper his other half.

As expected, he smiled smugly as he noticed the colors changing on her face. “What? Regretting your choices now? If you were still like before, perhaps I could provide you some resources too.”

Exasperated by his comment, she almost spat out blood.

She must have been blind in the past to think he was a cultured man. It was the thought of Shaun that made her uncomfortable earlier.

As it turned out, he did have a property in this area. It was his decision to pick any design company, but she would undoubtedly be furious if he handed over the renovation project to Rebecca.

“Alright, your uncle has the final say on who he picks for the renovation, not you. Perhaps he’s easily convinced by his wife. Your words are worth sh*t in comparison.”

Haha, indeed, she had to convince the man later tonight.

Ethan frowned upon hearing that. “Your manners are horrifying. My uncle isn’t even married yet. We have a good relationship, and he

normally agrees to anything I ask for.”

She smiled internally. “Sure, ask him to put you down as heir to his wealth and see if he agrees.”

“You’re out of your mind.” The man’s handsome face was red with rage. “No wonder Uncle Jeffery and Aunt Sally locked you up. You certainly deserve it.”

His words triggered the hatred buried deep within her heart.

“Ethan, do you even hear yourself?”

“Am I wrong? You told the reporters that the Jones family locked you up and tortured you. But you look energetic and healthy to me, like you’ve been living well.

“Your presence is really unfortunate to the Jones family. Do you know that because of your accusations, Summit’s reputation has been destroyed and their stock price has dropped drastically? The company’s market value lost two billion dollars overnight.”

“The real unfortunate fact here is the fact that I previously fell for you.” Catherine felt a strong urge to poke him in the eyes.

To prevent herself from being infuriated to death, she picked up her pace and walked straight ahead.

“Hang on.” He rushed forward to grab her wrist. “I’m getting engaged to Rebecca at the end of this month. You must attend the ceremony. It was you who ruined Summit’s reputation, so you’re responsible to save it.”

“Bullsh*t! Get out of my way. I can’t wait to see Summit going bankrupt. You betrayed our relationship yet you have the cheek to demand me to show up at your engagement party. Have you no shame?!”

She cursed.

Ethan remained unperturbed. “We’re throwing the party on your grandmother’s 80th birthday. She’s loved you dearly since you were little. Her health is deteriorating and who knows how much time she has left? Do you still not want to attend?”

Her entire body tensed up as she glared at him murderously.
“Despicable!”

“You’ve made your bed, now lie on it.” His eyes overflowed with indifference.

“Don’t worry. I’ll be there.”

‘I’ll be there with your Uncle Shaun. I want to destroy you and your mean fiancée completely!

‘I want to train your uncle to be 100% obedient to me. Rebecca won’t be able to join the household as long as I disagree! In your face!’

Catherine stomped off angrily.

Ethan shook his head helplessly at the woman’s receding silhouette. Then, he walked toward Wesley’s villa.

The latter was inspecting the sketch on the lounge chair beneath the tree. He frowned and subtly hid the sketch upon noticing his nephew’s arrival.

“Uncle, are you going to start renovating your villa soon?” Ethan had noticed the sketch before it was put away.

“Did you hear it from your grandma?”

“Yup,” Ethan replied with a smile. “You’re too occupied to deal with this. Let Summit sort it out for you. Rebecca is a designer herself. Give her a chance.”

Wesley massaged his temples as he rose to his feet.

“Ethan, I know a thing or two about the designers in Summit. Their design style is luxurious but too traditional and reserved for my preference. I’ve lived abroad for too long and prefer certain styles.”

“Well, you can communicate your desires to Summit. Their company’s reputation has been greatly affected recently. Uncle, can you please help them out...”

“No.”

Wesley waved his hand dismissively in the air. “I can agree to anything apart from this. I have high standards for my living quarters. I’ve met Rebecca before. Honestly, she doesn’t have the experience and knows nothing about the latest materials and high-tech appliances. She’ll ruin my house.”

Ethan felt slightly embarrassed. It was his fiancée they were discussing, after all.

“But she did pretty well in the Culture and Technology Center project...”

“Don’t forget that she successfully won the bid only because I pulled some strings.” A look of displeasure washed over Wesley’s face as he talked about this. “Besides, you should be grateful that President Sawyer didn’t expose us or we would have been in big trouble.”

Ethan felt his heart sink. “Fine, it’s no big deal if you disagree. Oh right, is that a sketch you’re holding? Which designer are you going for? I’m just asking out of curiosity and nothing else.”

“Joseph Talton, he’s a friend of mine from Perth. He opened a franchise here in Melbourne.” Wesley handed over the sketch to his nephew.

“This is created by one of his designers. She produced a sketch for the entire 3,000 square meters villa in less than half an hour, not to mention getting every detail perfectly down to my preferences. I’m very satisfied.”

“Catherine?”

Ethan froze for a split second when he noticed the initials at the bottom right of the sketch. He recalled bumping into her by the gate earlier. Apparently, she had been here to design his uncle’s villa.

“Yup, that’s her.”

“Uncle, you can’t hire her,” he said awkwardly, “She’s the younger daughter of the Jones family I told you before. She used to be my girlfriend but she has become fairly disreputable. Not only did she plagiarize the work of another, but she also tarnished her own parents’ reputation.”

This took Wesley by surprise. No wonder he thought the name was familiar.

Upon remembering the woman's kind and polite demeanor, he could not help but frown.

"I don't think she needs to plagiarize others, given her talents. I've developed a good judgment from dealing with all sorts of people in the business world. She's a rare talent, and I don't think she's disreputable. Quite the contrary, Ethan, I think you hold prejudice against her..."

"You really don't understand her..."

"Don't you think it's strange? When we spoke over the phone in the past, you couldn't stop complimenting her but now you're disgusted by her. Did she wrong you somehow? It's you who betrayed her first if I remember correctly."

Startled, Ethan had no words to refute the unexpected response.

“Similarly, you keep boasting about Rebecca’s talents, but I just can’t see her capability. If it wasn’t for the fact that she’s the successor to the Jones family, I wouldn’t cast a second glance at a woman like her.”

Wesley took the sketch from his nephew’s hands and headed straight for the door.

The man was already long gone by the time Ethan regained his composure.

...

Catherine was distracted the whole day thinking about Ethan’s engagement party.

Finally, it was time to go. She hurried home right away, but Shaun did not return until it was completely dark outside.

“I think I saw you at Green Mountain today.”

“You were there today?” Shaun raised an eyebrow in surprise.

“Yes. What... What were you doing there?” A smile spread across her face. “Perhaps you’ve bought a house in that area?”

“No.”

He picked up the cutleries from the table.

Chase had pestered him to go for a viewing over there today. He was going to stay in Melbourne for quite some time, after all.

Fudge was about to give birth soon. This house would surely be too small when the triplets arrived.

However, he realized the villas at Green Mountain were enormous. He did not consider it further, thinking that Catherine would be afraid because of her previous traumatic experience.

He did not notice the unnatural smile that flashed across her face at the sound of his reply.

She would have believed him if Ethan had not explicitly mentioned that his uncle had bought a villa in Green Mountain.

ranting to Freya through WhatsApp.

[And you said he might be a little bit interested in me? Sorry, but I can't feel it at all. Every second spent with him makes my blood boil.]

Freya: [Hey, keep trying. Do you want to go out for supper? It's been too long.]

Catherine: [Probably not. He's going to lecture me if I leave the house.]

Freya: [Come on, you're not actually his housekeeper and he doesn't even pay you. You're spoiling him too much.]

Catherine threw a glance at the man who walked away after dinner without putting away the dishes. A surge of frustration rocked through her.

This was too exhausting. She wanted to be his 'wife', not his full-time housekeeper.

Left with no other choice, she sorted the dishes and reappeared later with freshly washed hands. "I'm going out for a little while later..."

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"Where to?" Shaun's gaze was filled with annoyance. "Are you going out drinking or to the Jones family? Or are you going on a date with your senior? Don't forget you still have to walk Fudge to facilitate her digestion."

"..."

Catherine lost the courage to speak the truth.

"I'm going shopping with Freya. The weather is turning chilly and I need new clothes."

He sized her up and down before commenting, “Hmm, you do need some warmer clothes. Stop wearing so few clothes in front of me all day.”

“ ... ”

She was speechless.

Well, she would not be wearing thin loungewear when it was almost winter if not to seduce him. Besides, he was the one benefiting from this anyway.

“Alright, I need some new clothes too, so get me a few as well. Just use the card I gave you last time,” he said lazily.

She was at a loss for words. In actuality, she was planning to enjoy supper with Freya.

Ever since getting married to him, she had not eaten delicious barbeque. Moreover, it was now the season for fresh seafood.

“You can buy your own clothes. I’m not your real wife.” The reluctance was audible in her voice.

He raised an eyebrow as an enigmatic smile spread across his face. “What? Is there a hidden innuendo behind this?”

“ ... ”

Catherine surrendered. She had said that with an innocent intention.

“Alright, alright, I’ll go have a look. What size are you?”

“You don’t even know what size I wear yet still dream of getting closer to me?” A look of displeasure washed over his face. She had the cheek to say she loved him with this half-hearted attitude?

“I’m sorry that I’ve not done enough.” Her face was overtaken by disappointment.

He snorted with disdain before telling her.

“What kind of price range are you looking for?”

“Anything.” Shaun was not sure either. After all, he always had world-class designers tailor-make his clothes in the past.

Ten minutes later, Freya arrived downstairs in her car.

Catherine got into the car, looking like she was in despair. “Let’s go to the mall. Shaun wants me to buy him clothes.”

“But what about the seafood feast? I haven’t even had dinner yet.” Confusion was written all over Freya’s face.

Catherine had no choice but to tell her the truth. Freya looked back at her with disdain. “Where has your dignity gone? What about that domineering attitude you used to have?”

“You don’t understand. He always uses how I made Fudge sick against me,” she replied helplessly. “Besides, he saved my life twice and I want to repay the debt.”

“No one else controls their housekeeper this strictly,” Freya ridiculed.

“Alright, stop it. I know I’m his housekeeper.” Catherine, who was sitting in the passenger seat, looked despondent.

“Oh no, when do you think I can stand in front of that mean couple as his aunty? Their engagement ceremony is approaching.”

Freya cocked her head to consider this.

“Perhaps to Shaun, you’re still a housekeeper that cooks well. You have to change his opinion, and the best way of doing so is to make things irreversible.”

“ ... ”

Catherine remained silent.

“Become his real wife.” Freya threw her a coquettish glance. “You know what I mean.”

Catherine was taken aback. Her face started to burn as she imagined

the scene.

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“He might kick me out of the bed at once.”

“You can make him helpless drunk. Men lose their self-control once they’re drunk. Things will become even better if you’re pregnant with his child. Your position as the queen of the household will be secured without you having to keep fighting. Oh right, you must plan this around the days after your menstruation as you’ll be at your most fertile then.”

Catherine’s mind was tangled with a whole lot of different thoughts. She was already planning to conceive before going into a relationship.

“But he doesn’t love me. A family like that isn’t the best environment for the child...”

“You must’ve prepared yourself for this when you decided to marry him spontaneously,” Freya cut her off, “Besides, you want to seek revenge, don’t you? This is the best way to integrate into the Lowe family and create trouble for them using your position as Shaun Hill’s

wife. Imagine how satisfying that would be! And they can't insult you back because you'll be ranked higher than them in the family hierarchy."

"Good point." Her mind was overtaken by the surge of passion. "But why do you know so much about this? Have you done it with Patrick..."

"Pfft. We've just kissed and that's all."

"How nice." She had not even kissed Shaun just yet. What a failure.

...

Half an hour later, the two of them arrived at one of Melbourne's most luxurious shopping malls.

Catherine did not stop grumbling since the minute she set foot into the store.

“Why did you bring me here? Their clothes are in the high-end range. Shaun is a low-key and frugal man. He drives a Lexus. The clothes he wears normally are of good quality but are from brands I’ve not heard before.”

“But a successful businessman should wear something more decent. Look, what about that style?” Freya dragged her into a luxurious male clothing store and pointed at the suit worn by the mannequin.

Catherine glanced at it quickly. “The suit is nice, but the mannequin’s figure is not toned as Shaun’s.”

“Alright, alright, I know your husband is super fit,” Freya teased.

Super fit?

Catherine thought Shaun deserved this compliment. His body was the nicest of all the men she had seen before, even without clothes on...

“What dirty thoughts are you entertaining in your mind? Your cheeks are red as tomatoes.” Freya smirked.

“Cough, forget it. Let’s go. It’s too expensive here.” Embarrassed, Catherine started dragging her friend toward the door.

The salesperson approached them. “This set is our latest design. There are only two suits like this in the entire country.”

“Hah, you can save your breath. Poor people like her will not be able to afford it.” The mocking comment rang in the air.

Then, Janet and Cindy entered their sight.

“Miss Campbell, Miss Turner...” The salesperson’s eyes sparkled as she immediately rushed forward to greet them.

Janet threw a sideways glance at Catherine. “So you found yourself a new boyfriend? But he’s just a small nobody.”

That man was only a lawyer. No matter how successful he was in his career, he would still be working for rich people like them.

Freya scoffed out of anger. “Seriously? Do you know that her boyfriend...”

Catherine grabbed her friend's wrist and shook her head.

Her marriage to Shaun was a secret. She wondered which man Janet had mistaken to be her boyfriend.

A hint of delight flashed across Cindy's face. She remembered how she used to trail behind them because their family background was more superior. "Cathy, you should probably shop elsewhere. As far as I know, there are only a few thousand dollars in your card now."

"Cindy, don't cross the line." Freya was infuriated. Before they had fallen out, she had told her about Catherine's difficult situation, without expecting the woman would turn around and betray them without hesitation.

As expected, the salesperson showed impatience upon hearing they were poor.

"Please leave if you can't afford this. We're short of staff and we can't service everyone."

"I can certainly afford this." Freya pulled out her credit card.

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Catherine ate the much anticipated spicy crabs with Freya until ten at night. Then, she headed home while feeling scared.

Afraid that she would disturb the man inside the house, she did not dare to switch on the lights.

“You came back early.”

Shaun’s tall and stalwart figure suddenly appeared at the door of the bedroom, and there was a definite edge in his voice.

Catherine got a shock and felt very guilty.

She wondered if he had spent a long time waiting for her to return home in order to ask about the one million dollars.

“When it comes to shopping, women tend to forget the time.”

Shaun switched on the lights in the living room, then glanced at Catherine for two seconds. He walked toward her and extended his hand.

“What do you want?”

Holding her breath, Catherine did not move at all. His body cast a shadow on her under the light, and the situation somehow seemed dull. However, after his burning index finger touched her lips, the atmosphere became romantic instead.

Well, what was the hint?

Shaun’s gaze flashed with sarcasm all of a sudden. He then stretched out his index finger to her.

Catherine gazed at the tip of his finger in a daze. His fingernail looked tidy and nice, but what was he trying to do?

She blinked. Puzzled, she gently bit his finger using her teeth.

Shaun's body froze. He felt as though a strange electric sensation was traveling throughout his body at that instant. He stared at her with dark eyes which conveyed a look of disbelief. "What are you doing?"

"Isn't this what you want?" Catherine let go of his finger and spoke in an innocent tone, "You touched my lips and stretched out your finger after that..."

Shaun was speechless.

It struck him that he had failed to fathom how her mind worked.

"Catherine, you have such a dirty mind." He completely lost to her. "I just wanted to show you the grease on my finger because you hadn't wiped your mouth properly after supper."

"..."

Catherine was so embarrassed that her ears turned red. How she wished she could dig a hole and bury herself in it.

Nevertheless, what was done was done. She had no choice but to say reluctantly, “You can’t blame me for this. You have such a nice finger. I couldn’t contain my emotions when I saw you.”

Shaun withdrew his burning finger. He laughed when she uttered such shameless words with a face as red as a beet. “What are you holding?”

Catherine shuddered, then whispered, “Your suit. Sorry, I accidentally bought you suits worth one million dollars.”

Shaun frowned as he had never worn a cheap suit like this.

Catherine’s heart did a flip. Damn, sure enough, he was unhappy. “If you find this too—”

“Why are these two the same?” Shaun interrupted her words.

“Huh?”

She was stunned. “Because... They’re limited edition. There are only two suits of this kind in the entire country. I didn’t want to see

anyone wearing the same suit as you because it'll be a humiliation.

“In my eyes, you're one of a kind, charming, and handsome. I think this color suits you best. I always see you wearing suits like these and I'm not even tired of it yet. Please forgive me for being a little selfish.”

Once she finished speaking, she observed his expression secretly. She noticed that he was staring at her and curling his lips.

“Great job. Your brown-nosing skills have improved.” Shaun stretched out his hand and pinched her cheeks lightly. “When you quit being a designer in the future, you can be my secretary. Having you brown-nosing me every day will probably lift my spirits.”

“Are you not mad?” Catherine asked while widening her eyes.

“Why would I be mad?”

Let me go, Mr. Hill [by Shallow South] Chapter 61

Catherine ate the much anticipated spicy crabs with Freya until ten at night. Then, she headed home while feeling scared.

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Let me go, Mr. Hill [by Shallow South] Chapter 64

Just as Catherine was distressed regarding how she should deal with the situation, a shadow was cast on her all of a sudden.

She looked up and caught sight of a familiar man’s features. She was so frightened that she took two steps backward and lost her balance in her high heels.

Seeing that she was about to fall, Shaun stretched out his hand to hold her waist and bring her into his arms so that she was able to keep her footing.

If this had happened on any other day, Catherine would have only

been slightly nervous. However, she had been picturing Shaun shirtless just a moment ago. Now that the tip of her nose was right next to his chest, her pretty face suddenly turned as red as a beet.

“Am I that scary?” Shaun raised his eyebrow

“No, I was just spacing out earlier.” She quickly moved backward and kept a distance from him.

“Get into the car.”

Shaun opened the door and sat in the driver’s seat.

Catherine realized that someone was in the passenger seat, so she reluctantly went to the backseat. Cringing with embarrassment, she could not bring herself to face Chase.

“Hi, Sister-in-law. What were you thinking about just now? Why didn’t you hear the long honks?” Chase showed an evil smile. “From your expression, I could guess that you were thinking of Shaun.”

“Yes, I was thinking of him,” Catherine said recklessly with a gentle tone. Then, she swiftly looked down.

Seated at the front, Shaun felt his scalp tingling as he gazed through the rear-view mirror at the woman whose head was lowered. Her two red ears were visible among her dark hair, making her look seductive.

He smirked calmly.

After letting out a ‘wow’, Chase covered his chest and said glumly, “I shouldn’t have asked that question. Seeing how lovey-dovey both of you are, I feel humiliated. Anyway, Shaun doesn’t have a pleasant personality, nor does he have a good temper. He also has a lot of dirty habits. What do you actually like about him?”

Deep down, Catherine wanted to high-five Chase as he was absolutely right.

However, she only whispered, “Now that I’m in love with him, I see all his weaknesses as strengths. Conversely, those gentle and understanding men make me feel insecure. I’m simply fond of his

qualities.”

Shaun’s lips curled even more in spite of himself. Anyway, this woman should not overdo it since someone else was here.

Shaun glanced sideways at Chase.

Chase felt as if he was being frowned upon. “I shouldn’t have come along, right?”

Shaun ignored him. Catherine then said, “No, no. You’re humorous, Young Master Harrison. Your presence makes me feel much more relaxed.”

“Do you mean that you’re not relaxed when you’re with me?” Shaun suddenly turned sullen.

Catherine was quick on her feet. “Isn’t this bound to happen? When you get along with someone you like, you feel as if your heart is always beating wildly and you’re at a loss.”

Shaun knocked on the steering wheel with his finger without saying anything.

Seated beside Shaun, Chase was gripped by jealousy and envy. He had never met any girls who kept confessing her love through her speech.

Catherine quietly played with her phone in the backseat.

Suddenly, Freya sent her two videos.

Freya usually sent joyful videos to her. Catherine thought the same this time, so she clicked on the videos straight away.

Before she could react, a loud sound filled the enclosed space in the car. A spicy scene subsequently popped out on the screen.

She got a shock, then she immediately turned it off.

However, the car had already stopped. The two men looked at her in a strange manner.

At that instant, she felt like fleeing by jumping out of the window.

“Uh... Let me explain. I was reading a pirated book when it just

popped out.”

Chase touched his nose with an embarrassed look. “It’s fine, Sister-in-law. I normally watch it secretly at home. I didn’t know that we share the same hobby.”

Catherine was speechless.

Boo-hoo. He did not seem to have comforted her.

Shaun’s face was overcome with a grim expression. “I’m warning you not to watch dirty things like that anymore.”

Let me go, Mr. Hill [by Shallow South] Chapter 70

Catherine’s neck hurt so badly that tears rolled down her face. She thought that she was face to face with a devil!

She deeply regretted it!

“How wicked of you! I trusted you so much!”

Anger erupted in Shaun's chest. Why would she do such a thing?
What he hated most in his life was being tricked!

He resented her, yet the skin he was touching soon made him lose his senses. Having gone out of control, he flung her down on the bed.

Catherine's clothes were torn because of it. He got up and dashed to the bathroom for a shower again.

Bang!

The slam of the door was heard. It had also slammed against Catherine's heart.

Catherine subconsciously shuddered and stared at the ceiling blankly. She wondered if he resented her so much that he refused to touch her.

That was true. He had not fallen for her since the very start.

She had been wrong!

She had been disastrously wrong. She should not have been persuaded to use this kind of tactic!

Catherine dropped her gaze, feeling an overwhelming sense of guilt.

...

The water in the bathroom splattered for 45 minutes.

Worried that something had happened to Shaun, she summoned her courage to walk to the door and knocked on it. “Are you okay? I’m sorry. Do you need me to—”

“Shut up. I’d rather die than touch a woman like you.”

The bathroom door was opened violently. Soaked from head to toe, Shaun glared at her with red eyes.

Catherine gaped in astonishment.

“How much did you add to the food?” Having nowhere to vent his spleen, Shaun pulled her roughly into the bathroom and drenched her in icy water.

Before the icy water even poured on her head, Catherine started to shiver.

Only when Shaun noticed that she was hardly able to breathe in the water did he let go of her. He cursed with a deep voice and kicked the door forcefully. Then, he put on his clothes and ran out of the house.

Catherine came out of the bathroom in an embarrassed manner. She wanted to go after him, but it was too late.

...

12:00 a.m.

Chase rushed to the hospital and saw Shaun receiving IV infusion on the bed. At that point, he was dumbfounded, not knowing whether to

admire or envy Shaun.

Aw, how unfair. Why were there not any beautiful women like Catherine who threw themselves at him?

“Tsk, tsk. Your face is still flushed at this moment.”

Chase was here to watch the drama. “Why did you come to the hospital to suffer? You should’ve obeyed Catherine straight away. The issue would’ve been settled.”

“Say that again. I dare you.”

Shaun squinted his grim eyes. He was so furious that he almost knocked the drug bottle on his head.

Hadley frowned. “Mind your words, Young Master Harrison. This is the method used by women that Young Master Hill dislikes the most.”

Chase was stunned. It occurred to him that Shaun was different from the rest.

If it had not been for Brennan Lowe who schemed against the golden girl, Lea Hill, in order to get into the Hill family back then, they would not have given birth to Shaun.

Growing up without his mother's affection, Shaun had suffered a great deal.

Shaun believed that it was the scheme that brought him to this world.

Therefore, he resented the use of such a tactic, which explained why he was so triggered by Catherine's act.

"If you don't wish to see her anymore, just get her to move out," Chase suggested after letting out a sigh.

"As if a clingy woman like her would be willing to leave!" Shaun scoffed. "Even if I kick her out, she might not leave. She doesn't have the faintest idea what shame is."

"Why don't you move elsewhere? I'll help you search for a place."

"That's my place. Why should I leave?" Shaun was subconsciously annoyed and indignant. "What's more, if I let her go just like that, it'll

be too easy for her.”

Let me go, Mr. Hill [by Shallow South] Chapter 71

Suddenly, Chase raised his eyebrow and asked with interest, “You’ve stayed with her for a long time now, but do you really not have any feelings for her?”

“Feelings?” Shaun mocked. “What about your feelings for the housekeeper who cooks for your family? I probably would’ve tolerated her presence if it was before, but now... I won’t forgive her.”

Chase rolled his eyes. “What about... plotting against her as well? Lock her in the room and let her experience your pain.”

The corners of Shaun’s mouth froze. He replied sulkily, “She has been eyeing me even from before. If I do that, she’ll surely get mad and might even destroy the door of my house.”

“ ... ”

Chase shuddered at the thought of the scene.

“Shut up. Just leave me alone.” Shaun began to feel thirsty. “Fetch me a glass of water.”

...

At 4:00 a.m., Shaun was done with the IV infusion. He returned home only after the heat in his body subsided.

Once he entered the house, he saw Catherine sleeping soundly on the couch in the living room.

Previously, she had claimed that she was afraid of having bad dreams if she was alone in the room. However, she seemed to be sleeping well at that moment.

It had all been an act.

What gave her the right to make him suffer terrible pain and receive an IV infusion in the hospital while she slept comfortably in the house?

In a fit of fury, he took the water from the table and splashed it directly on her face.

“Wake up.”

Catherine sat up in shock, only to find Shaun sitting on the other end of the couch. He sounded like a devil.

Trembling, she asked, “When did you come back? So... How are you now?”

“Because of you, I had sodium chloride IV infusion in the hospital the entirety of the night.”

Shaun leaped to his feet. When he looked at her, the scene of him suffering last night crossed his mind again. It made him feel deeply

humiliated.

“Catherine, what I regret most in my life is having married you. I shouldn’t have saved you when you were locked in the old manor previously.”

Catherine turned pale. However, his reaction was understandable to her. If she were in his shoes, she would have felt offended as well.

“Sorry... I’m really sorry... I won’t do it next time.”

“Next time?” Shaun pinched her chin violently. “Do you think there’s still a next time? I’m disgusted just looking at you. You wanted to throw yourself at me. Have you no shame? You’re just as filthy as a whore on the streets!”

He sounded icy as if he had been poisoned. Catherine’s vision blurred right away.

All of a sudden, she thought that she was very stupid. What on earth had she done?

“What’s the point of crying? I won’t be soft-hearted just because

you're crying." Shaun was irritated by her weeping. "Listen, I don't want to eat whatever you make anymore. Don't appear in front of me. Also, don't step into my room. Your presence kills my appetite."

He left the house immediately after he finished speaking in a cold manner.

Lying on the floor, Catherine was both downhearted and exhausted.

To her, Shaun was an unbreakable wall.

Not only had she failed to weaken the wall, but he also completely hated her now.

Hah.

Fine. Let it be. She should not force anything that did not belong to her.

It was indeed her fault last night. She should not have done that kind of thing to him.

All he had done since then was to criticize her, which was considered nothing.

She dragged her blanket and returned to the bedroom with shivering legs. At that point, she was dizzy and uncomfortable.

Perhaps it was because of the incident last night that tormented her. Furthermore, she had not covered herself with a blanket when she slept on the couch, which was why she had caught a cold now.

She lay on the bed to rest. She soon became drowsy and fell asleep.

Then, she was woken by a call from Freya. "So how did things go? Was it successful?"

" ... "

"What happened?"

Let me go, Mr. Hill [by Shallow South] Chapter 74

Catherine was momentarily stunned. With a smile, she said, "Madam, I think you're mistaken. My cat's just a little too fat."

"I don't think so. I bumped into your husband earlier and even asked him about it. Your husband admitted that the cat is pregnant."

"My husband?"

Was the lady referring to Shaun?

Indeed, Shaun would walk the cat occasionally. However, Fudge was not pregnant.

"Madam, I'm sure you've mistaken someone else for Shaun."

"That's unlikely. I might be a bit far-sighted, but your husband's appearance is one of a kind. No one else in the neighborhood resembles him. Even those celebrities on TV aren't as good-looking as

him. What's more, my cat is quite familiar with your cat as they've played together several times."

As the lady was speaking, her cat came over. Fudge immediately meowed to greet the cat. They seemed close as if they were old acquaintances.

Catherine was completely disheartened. Was Fudge pregnant?

Hang on, Fudge was actually a female cat?

God, she had always assumed that Fudge was a male cat.

It was because Fudge always pestered Catherine, and moreover, her name sounded masculine.

"Apparently, you have poor vision, young lady. From her huge stomach, you can obviously tell that she's pregnant. Didn't your husband inform you about it?"

“I...” Damn.

“Thank you for reminding me. It’s my first time rearing a cat.”

After Catherine bid the lady goodbye embarrassedly, she swiftly took a taxi to a veterinary hospital.

After the vet performed an ultrasound on the cat, he held his glasses and said, “You’re so relaxed, young lady. Your cat is going to give birth very soon.”

“...”

A series of garbled characters flashed across Catherine’s mind.

Before she fully registered the news that Fudge was pregnant, she was told that Fudge was going to give birth soon.

“There are still ten more days until the due date,” the doctor added, “Keep a watchful eye on her these days. Anyway, her fur looks soft and shiny, so I’m guessing she usually has a nutritious diet and is quite fit. She should be able to give birth naturally.”

“...Well, may I know whether cats vomit during their pregnancy?”

“Some cats do. They might lose their appetite in early pregnancy.”

“ ... ”

Catherine absent-mindedly walked out of the hospital.

At that moment, she was preoccupied with the thought of being cheated by the scummy Shaun.

According to the timeline, Shaun should have found out about Fudge’s pregnancy during the check-up in the hospital when she vomited the other day.

Also, Fudge vomited not because Catherine fed her with chips and beef but simply because she was pregnant.

Therefore, why had she even been feeling guilty about it all this while?

What was the point of her preparing different kinds of great food to

soothe Fudge's stomach?

She had not even done anything wrong. However, Shaun had put a label on her which caused her to feel extremely guilty each time she saw Fudge.

She had been tricked.

That was the only thought that struck her.

If it was not for Shaun who had saved her twice before this, she would really rush over to slap him twice.

What gave him the right to take the moral high ground and use Fudge as a reason to tell her off each time she came home late?

Scummy Shaun!

When Catherine arrived home, Shaun had not returned yet. After taking some medicine, Catherine was so drowsy that she fell asleep in spite of herself.

In the morning, she heard the door of the master room being opened while she was brushing her teeth in the bathroom. With that, she wiped her mouth and dashed out right away.

“What are you doing?”

Shaun pulled a long face. If she was planning to beg for his forgiveness, she could dream on.

“You should already know the matter of Fudge’s pregnancy, right?” Catherine stared intently at his face after she finished speaking. Although there was only a slight change in his expression, she realized that his face had looked stiff for a moment.

“She’s pregnant?” Shaun looked away coldly.

Let me go, Mr. Hill [by Shallow South] Chapter 75

“Stop pretending! You told your neighbor that Fudge is pregnant. When I went to the vet to ask about it, I was told that she’s going to give birth soon. She vomited only because she’s pregnant and not

because of the food I prepared.”

Catherine became even more pissed as she spoke. She then flew into a fit of rage. “Shaun, do you think it’s fun to trick me by treating me as a fool?”

Shaun’s expression turned somber. He was slightly embarrassed.

“Catherine, you’d better get this clear. You were the one who wanted to move in before this, and I just fulfilled your wish by offering you the chance to please me.”

“So am I supposed to thank you for lying to me...” Catherine gnashed her teeth.

“Weren’t you glad to be able to move into this place back then? Moreover, I even saved you twice later. If it hadn’t been for me, do you think you could still be here talking to me in one piece?”

Shaun frowned as this woman did not know her place. When she had no money and nowhere to stay back then, he had been kind enough to

take her in.

What about her?

She actually treated him in such a nasty manner!

How dare she criticize him at this point? Who gave her the right to do so?

“ ... ”

Upset, Catherine was at a loss for words.

Indeed, he was her savior, but did it mean that he could act unscrupulously?

Fine. Catherine was the one who had approached him with ill intentions in the first place.

She deserved being tricked.

With a pale look, she did not utter another word. Upon realizing that, Shaun sounded more confident.

“Catherine, you should really reflect on your attitude. If it isn’t for Fudge who’s pregnant and needing someone’s care, I wouldn’t have tolerated a person like you being here.”

It was unclear how Catherine left later.

She felt dizzy and so mad that she wanted to pick a fight with him.

Ever since she got together with Shaun, she suspected that she had turned into a Ninja Turtle.

Was it too late for her to mend her ways?

If she had known earlier how arduous the journey would be, she surely would not have approached Shaun!

...

No matter how miserable she felt, she could not put off her work.

At 8:30 a.m., Catherine drove to Jadeite Villa.

When she drove past the entrance of the villa where Shaun entered last time, she spotted Rebecca and James heading toward it.

That was Shaun's villa! Was Shaun letting Rebecca renovate the villa?

Catherine absent-mindedly drove to the property management company.

While dealing with the property management process, she asked, "I saw renovation workers entering Block B2. Are they going to renovate the place?"

"Yeah. The renovation deposit has been paid as well," a representative from the property management company said.

"Which renovation company is that?"

“Summit.”

At that instant, Catherine seemed to hear the collapse of the one and only support that held Shaun and herself together.

Although Ethan had mentioned it previously, it had just been his remark. What he said would not count unless Shaun approved it.

Hah. Little did Catherine expect that Shaun would really pass the project to Rebecca.

Shaun was under no illusions that Rebecca had stolen her design and that the Jones family had nearly taken her life.

Catherine was also aware that she did not hold a place in Shaun’s heart. He was even disgusted by her at this point.

Having said that, they had been living together for quite a while. She was the one who had been helping him do the laundry, cook, clean the house, and take care of the cat. Did he actually wipe all these things from his mind?

What was more, unprincipled people like Jeffery and Rebecca did not

deserve to be tolerated nor supported.

Now that Shaun was supporting them, it meant that he was an unprincipled scumbag.

When Catherine walked out of the property management company, her eyes were red and she felt dizzy.

The cold medicine that she took yesterday did not seem to take effect. Now that she was triggered, she could barely keep her footing.

Nevertheless, she must not collapse since no one would sympathize with her.

Let me go, Mr. Hill [by Shallow South] Chapter 76

Catherine insisted on walking back to Wesley's villa to supervise the renovation progress.

She stayed on-site the entire day. Wesley dropped by in the afternoon

to hand out gifts as a token of appreciation for the staff's effort.

She was overwhelmed by the thick envelope placed in her hands.
"President Lyons, this gift is probably more than I deserve."

"It's simply a small token of appreciation." He studied her face briefly.
"You look unwell. Are you ill?"

"Probably just a common cold."

"Take the day off and get some rest. I believe the renovation will progress on schedule. I'm not a mean boss." His voice was soft and gentle.

She nodded. An outsider was more thoughtful than Shaun who lived together with her.

Shaun had not enquired how she was feeling at all.

He probably hated her to the core now, so why would he be

bothered?

A woman could not possibly live happily with an inconsiderate man, right?

“Thanks, President Lyons.”

She nodded again and began to take her leave.

She had only taken a couple of steps before she felt dizzy in the head. Fortunately, Wesley reacted quickly and stepped forward to catch her from falling.

The heat transmitted from her skin surprised him. “You’re running a high fever. Let me send you to the hospital.”

“It’s fine...”

“Young lady, stop trying to be tough. You’re working for me now and I’ll need to take responsibility if anything bad happens,” he replied as

he carried her into the car.

Failing to fight the weakness that spread across her body, Catherine drifted into unconsciousness not long after entering the car.

She vaguely felt someone holding her close during the journey.

Something sharp seemed to be poking her arm. It also felt like somebody was feeding her water.

By the time she regained consciousness, she realized she was lying in the hospital bed with an IV tube inserted in her hand.

Wesley was peeling an apple on a chair next to the bed. “You were running a 102°F high fever. I almost had to compensate you for a work injury.”

“Sorry to have troubled you.” She propped herself up and apologized genuinely. “My getting sick has nothing to do with work. I caught a cold yesterday and thought I’d feel better after taking some pills. I didn’t expect it to get worse.”

“It was definitely my negligence. You shouldn’t have been working

today.” He remained gentle from the beginning without appearing annoyed.

“I’m sorry for starting the renovation with bad luck.”

A smile spread across his face upon hearing her incessant apologies. “Stop it. Anyone could catch a cold anytime.”

Under the illumination of the light, the man’s young face appeared soft and gentle.

Catherine was briefly distracted. She could not help imagining how her relationship with Shaun would turn out if he had Wesley’s personality.

“President Lyons, thanks for today. You don’t have to stay here. I can call my friend.”

“Treat me as your friend and you’ll stop feeling like you’re troubling me.” He handed her the sliced apple.

“President Lyons, you’re pulling my leg. I can’t possibly...”

She became flustered under his stare.

It would not have been unusual for her to befriend Wesley if she was still the rich young lady like before. However, she was only an unknown designer now. Could it be possible that he was interested in her?

Her self-esteem had dropped to a new low after what she went through with Ethan and Shaun.

“Everyone should be treated equally. I’m just like any other human who needs friends.” Wesley felt genuinely sorry for the woman. The Jones couple had been too harsh on her.

She was too ill to think too much into it anyway.

...

Jadeite Bay.

Shaun had been flipping through channels absent-mindedly on the couch. Not one of those 20 programs caught his eyes.

He threw the remote control aside, feeling frustrated. It was about 10 p.m. now.

Well, well, well, he had been waiting for... No, he had not been waiting at all.

Let me go, Mr. Hill [by Shallow South] Chapter 77

It had been one hour since Shaun returned home from work yet there were still no signs of Catherine. She did not even care about Fudge anymore. It appeared she was really pushing the limit.

“Come on, Fudge. Come shopping for fruits with me.”

He carried the cat into his arms.

Fudge meowed a couple of times to object. The pregnant cat refused to go out, but he brought her along anyway.

There were several stores located by the main entrance of the neighborhood. Shaun walked into a fruit store absent-mindedly. He looked and inspected the fruits for some time but was unsure of what to buy.

Why was Catherine not home yet?

The lady boss of the fruit store standing by the door was secretly admiring the exceptionally handsome young man.

What was going on here? He had been circling the store more times than she could count but had not bought anything. She also noticed he kept throwing glances toward the door. Could it be possible that he was interested in her but was shy to ask her out?

A look of embarrassment washed over her face. Finally, she mustered the courage to approach him.

Unexpectedly, a shadow veiled over the man's face as he took big strides toward the door.

She froze in her actions and shifted her gaze in the same direction. It was only then that she discovered the Rolls-Royce parked by the roadside. A beautiful young lady stepped out of the car.

Wow, it turned out that this man was trying to catch his cheating partner.

He had been betrayed despite being blessed with impeccable looks. How terrible!

...

On the other side of the road.

Catherine thanked Wesley sincerely once more. As soon as she turned around, she noticed Shaun walking toward her in big strides with Fudge in his arms.

The faint moonlight cast from above illuminated the sullen expression on his face.

“ ... ”

She was at a loss for words.

He normally only came home around midnight.

Why was she always unlucky to be caught red-handed every time another man gave her a lift home?

If she did not know for certain that he was not romantically interested in her, she might suspect he had been waiting all night by the door for her to come home.

She knew almost by instinct that the man would humiliate her indefinitely.

Therefore, she spoke before he had the chance, “I’m not feeling too well today. Please wait until tomorrow to lecture me.”

Enraged, he lashed out his anger without first processing his thoughts.

“I don’t think so. I bet you must be exhausted from spending all day with that man. Well? You were given a ride home in a Porsche last time and now it has changed to Rolls-Royce, huh?”

“Not bad, Catherine. You’re climbing to the top of the ladder. The thing is, do they know you’re the kind of lowly woman who could do anything just to get into a man’s bed?”

She had just left the hospital after receiving an infusion. Her head had begun to feel better but her temples started hurting again upon hearing his insults.

This was mentally exhausting.

This man rarely spoke in the past but why had he become so talkative all of a sudden?

“I don’t want to argue with you.”

It was tiring to fight every time they met.

Besides, she had lost interest in him completely after learning he had given Rebecca the villa project.

Catherine lowered her head and started walking away.

Her nonchalant attitude infuriated Shaun even more. He grabbed her forcefully by the arm.

“What do you mean? So you’re not talking to me now that you’ve found a richer man? You’ve been out all day and didn’t come home until midnight. Is it wrong for me to criticize you on that?”

His grip was hurting her, but she did not have the strength to peel her hand away.

All she felt was disappointment and exhaustion.

She lifted her eyes to meet his gaze. “How does it affect you if I come home late? I’m staying at your place, but I’ve been cooking and cleaning for you. Besides, you lied about me giving Fudge an upset stomach.

“The cat is doing better than before. I don’t have to be responsible for her pregnancy. It’s not like it was me who got her pregnant.”

“How dare you talk back?” He threw her a cold, hard stare. His face was overcast. The woman had done something wrong but was arguing as if she was in the right. “Don’t forget that you’re...”

Let me go, Mr. Hill [by Shallow South] Chapter 78

“I know that I’m your wife by law, but have you ever treated me like one?” Catherine scoffed. “In your opinion, I’m nothing more than a shameless woman, more inferior to anyone you know.”

Including Ethan and Rebecca.

If that was the case, why did she have to compromise?

Shaun was infuriated by her overbearing behavior. “It’s good that you know that...”

“That’s right. I didn’t know this before and kept thinking I might stand a chance. Just leave me alone from now on! We’re only in a contract marriage anyway. We wouldn’t even have crossed paths if I hadn’t forced myself into living here.”

“At least you remember that you forced your way into this.” His tone was harsh. “I don’t want to have anything to do with you either. I just don’t want to be contaminated by the dirty disease you bring home after contracting it from elsewhere.”

Ha... Dirty.

She felt the blood rushing to the top of her head. Her body was visibly shaking by now.

She had planned to stay until Fudge gave birth to the kittens.

After all, the cat had taken a genuine liking to her. However, she realized she could not stay here for another moment longer.

The corners of her pale lips twitched into a sarcastic smile. “Sure, in order not to contaminate Mr. Hill’s home with my dirty presence, I’ll move out then.”

“Is this another one of your tricks?” A cold smile spread across his

face. He did not believe she would actually do so. She had spent so much effort trying to sleep with him, after all.

Ignoring him, she peeled her hand from his and rushed home. She retrieved her suitcase and began packing her belongings at the speed of lightning.

She did not have many belongings here, hence it was done shortly.

Shaun stared at her by the door. Frustrated, he undid the top buttons of his shirt.

This woman was really good at acting.

She did not reflect on her own mistakes even until now. Would he have scolded her if she had not come home in another man's car?

Catherine zipped up the suitcase and placed the credit card he had previously given her on the table.

“I didn’t spend an extra cent apart from the daily expenses.”

He was displeased at the sound of this. “Nice of you to say that. Wasn’t it me who paid for your daily food expenses and those visits to the hospital?” he said with a cold smile.

She lifted her head to look at the handsome face before her eyes. Why did he have to be so mean?

She had felt slightly touched when he rescued her from Zayn that time.

Had she been blind?

Yes, she must have been!

Why else would she have fallen for Ethan or Shaun?

“Sure, I’ll get an advance payment from work tomorrow to pay you back.” She could not bring herself to linger here for another second longer. She grabbed her suitcase and headed to the door. Before leaving, she noticed Fudge looking at her with sorrow.

Tears welled in her eyes. She lowered down to pat the cat on her head.

'Sorry, I can't look after you anymore.

'Take care of yourself.'

"Fudge, come back here!" Shaun felt annoyed at the sight before him. His face was overcast like the night of a thunderstorm.

He thought the woman was simply being pretentious.

"Catherine, don't regret your decision. Once you leave this door, I'll not take you back even if you get down on your knees to beg me."

"Don't worry because I won't do that!"

She rose to her feet and stepped through the door without looking back.

The noise of something breaking into pieces rang behind her as she closed the door.

However, it did not matter anymore.

Let me go, Mr. Hill [by Shallow South] Chapter 79

Catherine was finally free.

40 minutes later, she appeared at Freya's place.

The latter's hair was disheveled. She yawned sleepily at the unexpected guest. "Got into an argument again? How many days do you plan on staying here this time?"

"It's serious this time. I'm not going back there again." Catherine changed into home slippers before entering.

"You're kidding. You sacrificed your marriage and now you've changed your mind?"

She pursed her pale lips before forcing a bitter smile. "Not every deal guarantees profits. I'll think of it as a failed investment."

Freya's jaw dropped to the ground. "Are you serious?"

"Yup." Catherine plopped herself on the couch. She still looked unwell and exhausted. "I'm tired. Really, really tired."

Freya frowned. "Have you caught a cold?"

"Yup." Catherine fought back the tears that were forming in her eyes. "Everyone noticed it apart from him. I also wish to be cared for and looked after. Even if he's Ethan's uncle, I can't possibly earn Rebecca's respect if he doesn't even like me. I don't want to take this upon myself."

Freya watched her closely and figured she had truly given up. They had been best friends for many years, after all. A sigh escaped her lips.

"Forget it, then. I respect your decision. Why don't you move in with me? I'm living alone anyway."

“It’s not the best idea. You and Patrick still haven’t...”

Embarrassed, Freya glared at her friend. “Stop it now. You don’t have to have sex with your partner once in a relationship.”

“But you’ve been together for a year.” Catherine blinked back blankly. “I don’t think you’re the conservative type. Patrick must be the problematic one, then. Is he capable of that?”

“Of course he is!” Freya placed both hands on her waist. “We did it before alright.”

A cheeky smile spread across Catherine’s face.

“He’s been pretty occupied lately since taking over the company.” Freya appeared helpless. “We only see each other once or twice a week, so you can rest assured. I suggested you look for a place before because Ethan kept coming to look for you here. But he has stopped now.”

The smile on Catherine’s face transformed into a scoff at the mention

of that man. "I bet all he can think of right now is Rebecca."

"He's really a stupid man, then. His engagement ceremony is happening in a few days. Are you sure you want to attend the event?" Freya looked at her worriedly.

"Yup, but I'll leave as soon as I congratulate my grandma on her birthday."

"I'm afraid the Jones will try to trick you again. It's a shame I can't accompany you because I have an exam that day. But Patrick is attending the event as well. I'll make sure he's there to back you up."

Catherine felt unusually calm.

No matter what, the plan to use Shaun as a revenge token would not work anymore.

She had come to peace with that by now. She had been so close to death before and her dignity had been trampled upon as well. Nothing could intimidate her anymore.

Despite that, she had to find a way to pay Shaun back quickly.

...

The following day, Joseph returned from his overseas business trip.

Catherine looked for him at the office. "Is it possible to request advance payment for this month's salary? I owe people money..." she said softly, embarrassed.

"No big deal. How much do you owe? Tell me the amount and I'll transfer the money to you right away. President Lyons keeps complimenting your ability. I can also give you an advance on the villa project." He pulled out his phone. "Is 100,000 dollars enough?"

This caught her by surprise. "No, no, 20,000 dollars is enough."

She still had the red envelope she received from the Harrison family, as well as the one given by Wesley yesterday afternoon. She planned to pay Shaun a little extra just in case he wanted to be calculative.

"Don't look so overwhelmed. President Lyons' villa project costs more than ten million dollars. Your commission on this is easily over 100,000 dollars."

Joseph transferred 100,000 dollars to her account right away. “Keep up the good work,” he said to encourage her.

Catherine was moved. She decided that she should focus on her career.

Let me go, Mr. Hill [by Shallow South] Chapter 81

“Hey, that’s not nice. You’re so different from First Young Lady Jones although both of you are from the same family.”

“Exactly! First Young Lady Jones even brought us coffee and tea earlier. You’ve been brought up by the Jones couple since birth yet your manners pale in comparison.”

Catherine narrowed her eyes.

A handsome young man dressed in a gray suit came to her rescue.

The intimidation was evident in his voice.

“Today’s an important day for the Jones and Lowe families. Many honorable guests will show up to this event, including Cindy Turner. Yet the group of you have ambushed a weak girl to embarrass her. Is she an artist or an online influencer? Since you like to interview her so much, why don’t you all work together to make her the next online sensation?”

The tall man’s outfit naturally exuded an imposing manner.

The reporters dispersed gradually, and a bubble of laughter escaped Catherine’s lips.

“Not bad, President Jackson. You’ve become different after taking over the president position at your company. No wonder my girl Freya is falling head over heels for you.”

This man was Freya’s boyfriend, Patrick Jackson.

“Stop it, you. Freya has been calling me since last night to make sure

I'll have your back. Let's go," he said, smiling.

Catherine was about to nod when an elegant woman wearing a bright yellow low-cut dress stepped forward in high heels to grab his arm.

"Patrick, you're walking too fast and I can't catch up. I almost fell over just now."

Catherine looked at the woman. "This is Linda Shelby from the Shelby family. She's also invited to the engagement ceremony tonight," the man explained.

"Oh," she mumbled, shifting her gaze to the woman's hand around his arm. She laughed half-jokingly. "I was really shocked to see her linking arms with you. I thought you were being unfaithful to Freya."

Startled, Patrick looked at his arm and freed it from the woman. He said grudgingly to Linda, "Linny, I told you many times that we can't behave like when we were younger anymore. Other people might misunderstand."

“I’m used to it. Besides, after coming here, I naturally see you as my companion for the night.” Linda stuck out a tongue playfully before saying to Catherine, “Hey there, I’m friends with Freya too and we hang out all the time. I’ll get upset if you somehow affect their relationship.”

“Alright now, she didn’t even say anything.” Patrick patted her on the head. “Let’s go in together.”

The three of them started walking toward the banquet hall together. Catherine stole a quick glance at Linda out of the corner of her eyes.

For some reason, she found the other woman rather pretentious.

What did Linda mean anyway? That Catherine was the one stirring trouble if Freya began to grow suspicious of Linda and Patrick’s relationship?

This woman definitely had an ulterior motive.

Ever since Rebecca stole Ethan from her, Catherine felt as if she had developed a special instinct that could accurately analyze a woman’s personality. Besides, how could a man be so intimate with another woman apart from his romantic partner or sisters?

This was undoubtedly not a good sign.

Catherine frowned. At the same time, Jeffery and Sally spotted her from afar and gestured her over with a smile.

She did not want to see their faces but walked toward them nonetheless because of Granny Jones.

Unexpectedly, Sally suddenly hugged her close and spoke affectionately.

Let me go, Mr. Hill [by Shallow South] Chapter 83

Catherine turned to look at Rebecca before chuckling again.

“You’re secretly jealous that I’m prettier than you, right? Say it outright instead of trying to throw subtle hints left and right all the time. After all, you only have to say it and someone else will do the dirty work for you, isn’t it? Then you can go off pretending to be weak and innocent again.”

“Catherine, that’s not what I mean. I’m genuinely complimenting you.” Tears of grievance were slowly welling up in Rebecca’s eyes.

Ethan could not watch this any longer. “Catherine, haven’t you had enough? You’re the only one being harsh to Rebecca since the beginning.”

“There, someone is stepping up to protect you now.” The corners of Catherine’s lips twitched into a meaningful smile.

Ethan widened his eyes in rage. Jeffery finally spoke up, “Alright, we still have guests around. Catherine, go to the private room to keep your Grandma company. Come out again when the ceremony starts.”

“I’ll leave after seeing Grandma...”

“You’ll have to feed her later,” Jeffery interrupted impatiently, “Your grandma became paralyzed after she fell not long ago. She can’t even feed herself now.”

This news hit Catherine like a bombshell. She could not believe what she had just heard. It had only been a month since she last visited her grandma. How could this happen?

“Why are you only telling me this now?!”

“What good would it have done? What else can you do apart from infuriating us?”

Catherine walked away coldly toward the private room. A gray-haired old lady was sitting in the wheelchair, staring aimlessly at the window. Another woman next to her was feeding her water.

Tears rolled down her cheeks. “Sorry, Grandma, that I only came to see you now.”

She had not visited recently to avoid making the old woman worry.

Apart from her grandfather who had passed away, her grandmother was the only person left in the Jones family who treated her well since young.

Ever since she was a little girl, Jeffery and Sally had been harsh and distant with her. Her grandmother was the only one who truly loved her without condition.

However, when she left to pursue further education abroad, her grandmother moved back to Plum Garden.

“Granny Jones is partly deaf now, hence she can’t hear very well,” the other woman said.

“And you are...” Catherine did not recognize this woman. Aunty Wendy had always been the carer for her grandmother.

“The Jones hired me to look after Granny Jones. You can call me Aunty Helen.”

“But what about Aunty Wendy...”

“Apparently, she found it troublesome to take care of the paralyzed Granny Jones and resigned.”

This caught Catherine by surprise. Aunty Wendy had looked after her

grandma for more than 30 years and the two of them had built a great relationship. Granny Jones needed her the most right now, so it seemed unlikely that she would leave at this time.

Perhaps Aunty Wendy was getting old herself and this job had worn her out.

She felt terribly sorry to think about her grandma's situation. She knelt down before the old woman and grabbed the latter's hand. "Grandma, I'm Cathy. I'm here to see you."

Granny Jones looked at her in surprise before revealing a familiar smile. "It's you, Sheryl. Have you been out all day again? Quickly get changed into clean clothes. Your dad is taking us out for dinner."

Catherine was stunned briefly upon hearing that. Sheryl was her aunty, but she had passed away more than 20 years ago.

"Grandma, you're missing Aunty again?"

Granny Jones did not seem to understand her and began mumbling to no one in particular.

Catherine sat down next to the old lady, feeling despondent.

Around 12 p.m., Jeffery reappeared in the room. "Bring your grandma out for food."

"I can just feed her in here, given her condition." She felt annoyed looking at that man's face.

"I'm not giving you a choice. You must go out there right now to have a peaceful meal with our family. Otherwise, I'll not allow you to see your grandma ever again," Jeffery instructed.

Catherine did not know how to feel anymore. He had said the words 'our family'. It seemed that he had decided to rule her out entirely from the family.

Let me go, Mr. Hill [by Shallow South] Chapter 88

Besides, Ethan could not bring himself to imagine Catherine being with another man.

“Uncle, I think you’ve gone mad. Some people are not as innocent as they appear on the surface—”

“I’ve had more professional experience than you and I’m also a few years older than you, so you can stop telling me what to do,” Wesley interrupted the man softly.

“Moreover, what kind of a man are you to slander your ex-girlfriend who basically grew up with you?”

Ethan’s face was red with embarrassment. “I’m saying it for your own good. Grandpa and Grandma will never accept her into the family.”

“Is it for my own good or for yours? I’m sure you know the answer better than anyone else.”

Ding. At this moment, the elevator arrived.

Wesley led Catherine into the elevator, shutting out Ethan’s angry face on the other side of the elevator doors.

While in the enclosed space, she was overwhelmed by the emotions that crashed through her.

He glanced at her. Thinking that she must be frightened, he patted her on the head with a smile.

“Weren’t you really daring just now by jumping up on the table in front of everyone?”

Honestly, he had been shocked by her actions too.

This was probably the most memorable event he had participated in. However, she had looked rather attractive when she stood up for herself on top of the table.

Subconsciously, she dodged his touch. Her mind was teeming with a whole tangle of emotions that she could barely sort out.

“President Lyons... You’re Ethan’s uncle?”

“Yup,” Wesley admitted. “I only learned you’re Second Young Lady Jones not long ago. I’m familiar with the relationship between you and Ethan. He used to talk to me about you all the time in the past.

“In other words, I knew it was Ethan who betrayed your love. I’m truly sorry about that. Of course, after working with you on the villa project, I came to realize that you’re a talented woman worth appreciating.”

“Then why did you lie about being his distant relative?”

“I know you hate him, hence I didn’t want you to hold a prejudice against me,” he explained truthfully. “My admiration for you is genuine!”

Catherine inhaled deeply. “Excuse me for asking this, but does Ethan have another uncle from his mother’s side apart from you?”

The question took him by surprise, but he shook his head with a smile nonetheless. “No.”

“ ... ”

She was at a complete loss for words.

She felt like she might pass out any time soon.

What about Shaun Hill being Ethan's uncle?

Where the hell was Freya?

She promised she would not give that woman a quick death! Instead, she would take the time to skin her alive.

Freya had declared with absolute confidence that she got the right person. This was how she pushed Catherine into the dark abyss.

"Um... Are you alright?" Wesley noticed the color draining off her face. She looked as if she was about to faint.

"I'm fine. Perhaps I was exhausted from my battle earlier. I need to take a good rest and calm myself down."

Catherine stepped out of the elevator feeling like the world was crumbling around her.

“Let me give you a ride home.” Wesley offered with concern.

“No, I can drive.” She waved her hand in the air dismissively.

‘Please let me go, Ethan’s uncle.’ She feared she might jump into the river later out of regret.

“Alright then. But please be careful. Send me a text when you arrive home.” He walked her all the way to the car.

She rang Freya immediately as her car drove out of the hotel.

“Where are you?”

“I just finished my exam and was about to find somewhere for a quick lunch. I have another exam in the late afternoon. Oh right, I called Patrick earlier and heard about your awesome acts—”

“I’ll come to you right now. There’s something I need to tell you. Oh right, you should probably suit up with body armor and helmet because I might accidentally end your life,” she said with an eerie voice.

Let me go, Mr. Hill [by Shallow South] Chapter 90

Jennings Solicitors.

Chase, who had just returned from his lunch break, walked into the office leisurely.

As he walked past Shaun's office, he noticed the secretary about to enter with a cup of coffee.

"Did Attorney Hill take his lunch break?" he asked the latter.

"No, he's been looking through the new cases," the secretary whispered. "Attorney Hill is diligently taking on cases lately. Is he facing any financial problems? He used to take on two cases each month at most, but now he's working on four cases simultaneously. He's so busy that he works overtime through every lunch break."

Chase scoffed. Would Shaun ever be faced with financial problems?

The president could run out of money but Shaun? Never in a million years.

The wealth he possessed could last for ten lifetimes. He simply did not want to go back to an empty house yet was too stubborn to admit it.

“Alright, I’ll take care of this.” He took the coffee and stepped into the office.

“Leave it there,” Shaun said without lifting his head.

Chase sighed. “Ah, today’s the engagement ceremony between the Jones and Lowe families. One of my friends who attended the event told me affectionate photos of Catherine and Ethan were displayed on the big screen. Everyone there accused her of setting the whole thing up. The poor girl was bullied.”

Affectionate photos of her and Ethan?

Had she ever taken any with him? Not even one.

Shaun lifted his cold gaze. "How many times do I have to tell you? Stop talking about her in front of me. I don't care even if she's dead."

Chase was rendered speechless. He could have interrupted earlier if he did not intend to hear more. What a pretentious man.

"Sure, if that's what you want. Then I'm going to watch this clip my friend shared with me." He played the clip and saw Catherine jumping up onto the table.

Shaun's brows furrowed. He was about to throw the man out of his office but froze in his actions upon hearing Catherine's voice from the loudspeaker.

That silly girl actually stood up for herself.

Did she really have a past with Ethan?

That was not even the main point. Why was she still keeping the voice recordings sent by Ethan from before?

Did she not care about her husband's feelings at all?

Had she forgotten about her marital status?

How could that stupid Ethan guy compare to him?

Damn it. How far had she gotten with Ethan during their relationship?
Hugging? Kissing? Beyond that?

Chase did not notice the changes that flashed across his friend's face.
He was really absorbed by the ways things unfolded in the clip.

"Hey, look at how mighty and domineering she is. That's so
adorable..."

As soon as he said that, he felt the temperature in the room drop
drastically.

A shudder passed through him without warning as he met Shaun's
cold stare. "I mean it the way one adores an idol."

**“You have very low standards for that then,” Shaun said, mocking him,
“Don’t tell people that you’re my friend. I’ll be ashamed.”**

“ ... ”

‘Would it kill you to admit you’re jealous?’

Finally, Chase coughed drily to turn the topic of conversation.

**“But it’s really a big disgrace for the Jones family this time. I’m sure
Catherine wouldn’t have done something as lowly as this.”**

Let me go, Mr. Hill [by Shallow South] Chapter 90

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"You have very low standards for that then," Shaun said, mocking him, "Don't tell people that you're my friend. I'll be ashamed."

" ... "

'Would it kill you to admit you're jealous?'

Finally, Chase coughed drily to turn the topic of conversation.

“But it’s really a big disgrace for the Jones family this time. I’m sure Catherine wouldn’t have done something as lowly as this.”

Let me go, Mr. Hill [by Shallow South] Chapter 95

“I might stay a few nights here in the future. Naturally, I’m allowed to come visit whenever I want.” Elder Lyons suddenly pointed at the front with his walking stick. “Hey, why is there water flowing out?”

Wesley’s face fell. Sonya gave a shriek of surprise.

“It looks like the house is flooded.”

Wesley noticed it too. He turned to face Catherine with a stern expression. “Why is there water all over the place?”

Builder John stuttered, “We... We have no idea. The tap was left running since last night...”

Sonya covered her mouth as she gasped. “What do you mean you have no idea? You all have been given full responsibility for the renovation process yet now you’re trying to shift the blame? Oh goodness, can you still save the house? I hope the water didn’t seep through the walls.”

Elder Lyons stomped the walking stick on the ground. “What low-quality company have you hired? Hurry up and call the police.”

All color drained off Builder John’s face, and he looked as if he was about to kneel on the ground. Catherine inched forward to hold him up right away.

“Sure, let’s report it to the police. They might as well look into who’s setting up Talton Design while they’re here.”

Sonya shook her head, looking displeased.

“Cathy, are you trying to shift the blame? A project manager should assume the consequences of their mistakes. You guys have the keys to the villa and also the only ones who know the password, right?”

“Wesley, I understand you handed the project to her because you like her. But she still needs to assume the necessary responsibilities.”

“What? You like her?!” Elder Lyons almost fell to the ground. “She’s Ethan’s ex-girlfriend. Aren’t you afraid of getting ridiculed for being with your nephew’s ex?”

Sonya quickly patted her father on the back. “Calm down, Dad. Cathy is young and beautiful. It’s normal that men will fall for her.”

“She can’t seduce Wesley simply because she’s young and beautiful.” Elder Lyons pointed a finger at Catherine and shouted, “Young lady, how have you become so shameless? No wonder Ethan left you. A woman like you doesn’t deserve anyone from our family.”

“Dad.” Wesley’s face was overcast. “Catherine has never seduced me. She’s a good woman. Please don’t humiliate her.”

“I think you’re too obsessed to see the truth. Look what she’s done to your villa!” Elder Lyons shouted furiously, “If you wish to forget about this matter, then I’m telling you right now that it’s impossible! Sonya, call the police right now.”

Catherine suddenly retrieved her phone. A confident smile spread across her face.

“Sure. I’ve installed a security camera in the villa prior to this just in case. The truth will unfold once we have a look.”

A look of surprise flashed across Sonya’s face.

Wesley seemed delighted. He wanted to take Catherine’s side, but he really did not know how to do so in the old man’s presence.

“Alright, I’ll make sure the police investigate this thoroughly.”

“There’s no need to trouble the police. I’ve already looked at it on the way here.” Catherine showed him the footage. “After Builder John left last night, your personal assistant came over. It was him who turned on the tap.”

Wesley’s eyes revealed a flash of dangerous intent as he watched the footage.

A few seconds later, he turned around slowly to glance at Sonya. The

latter froze.

Elder Lyons frowned before saying, “Wesley, what’s the problem with your assistant?”

Catherine’s pink lips curled into a meaningful smile. “That’s right. Why would his assistant do this to set me up? Perhaps he had done so under someone else’s order.”

Then, she flashed a smile at the other woman. “Aunty Sonya, what a coincidence to see all of you here early in the morning.”

Sonya’s lips twitched. She no longer knew what else to say.

Let me go, Mr. Hill [by Shallow South] Chapter 96

Wesley was not a fool. Last night, Sonya had suddenly returned to the Lyons’ residence. Then somehow, Elder Lyons had suddenly proposed to come to his villa to see the progress of the renovation.

“Miss Jones, this matter was caused by my side and has nothing to do with you, so you can go back first. Once the villa is re-examined, I’ll contact you if we decide to continue with the renovation,” Wesley explained in a warm voice.

“Certainly. I believe you, President Lyons. At the same time, I also have deep sympathy for President Lyons.” Catherine nodded and left with John.

In the villa, Elder Lyons was still bewildered until Wesley went over and said, “Dad, I’ll send you home.”

When he got into the car, he turned around and said to Sonya, “Sis, tell Ethan to come to my office.”

Sonya was stunned. How smart was her younger brother? He already knew everything...

Half an hour later.

In the president of Golden Corporation’s office.

Ethan knocked on the door with apprehension. He never thought that Catherine would install CCTVs in a villa that was under renovation. Was she out of her mind?

“Uncle...”

Wesley turned from the floor-to-ceiling window and swung a hard slap on his face.

Ethan’s ears buzzed in pain.

Yesterday, his father had hit him on one cheek, and today, his uncle hit him on the other.

“Why?” Ethan could not believe it.

Wesley doted on him the most. No matter what Ethan did, Wesley was always willing to help him, forgive him, and protect him.

“What do you think?” Wesley grabbed his collar, looking utterly disappointed. “You used my villa as a stepping stone just to get back at a girl. Do you even have any respect for me?”

Ethan was unreconciled, and his eyes grew red. “You’re doing this because of Catherine Jones? You hit me because of her?”

“Shut your mouth.” Wesley was furious. “Even now, you have no remorse. Fine, all the proposed partnerships between my corporation and your Lowe Corporation next year will be halted. I’ll also withdraw my investments from some of the previous projects. You’re on your own now.”

“No!” Ethan immediately panicked.

“Uncle Wesley, you can’t do that. All these years, it was because of the Lyons family’s support that my dad doesn’t dare to neglect my mom. That’s the only reason why I could become Lowe Corporation’s successor. If you withdraw your investments, that illegitimate child will definitely take my place.”

“If you knew that much, then why did you have to cross the line?” Wesley said coldly, “If you can buy off my personal assistant today, won’t you be able to buy off the senior management and directors of my company tomorrow?”

“Uncle Wesley, I won’t do that. I wouldn’t dare. I just wanted to teach Catherine Jones a lesson,” Ethan said petulantly.

It would be fine if he had not mentioned it, but now that he had, Wesley could not stop himself from picking up the file on the desk and throwing it at Ethan.

“You want to ruin her reputation just because she revealed your true colors yesterday? You want to put her in jail?”

“That’s not it,” Ethan refuted with a pale face.

“If it’s not, then why did you deliberately make your mom bring your grandfather over? Isn’t it because you wanted to use his influence as pressure? All your crafty plots and schemes are used for dishonest ways. Get out, I don’t want to see you again. Don’t come to my company in the future.”

Wesley directly called for security to drag Ethan out.

For the first time in his life, Ethan was tossed out of Golden Corporation. He was panicking.

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Let me go, Mr. Hill [by Shallow South] Chapter 98

Ahhhhhhh were the heavens playing a trick on her?

Ethan's uncle liked her, but she had married the wrong person!

She was riddled with scars. How would she be in the mood to move on to another relationship?

"I... I'm sorry, Mr. Lyons. I... I only think of you as a friend."

"I'm glad that you do." Ethan was a little disheartened, but he continued to smile. "It's okay. I didn't confess to you because I wanted you to accept me. I just want you to understand my feelings so I can pursue you."

Catherine felt her head throb. "But I have no intention of dating now. I want to focus on my work."

"I can wait for you. Alright, let's sit down and order first." Wesley gentlemanly pulled out a chair for her.

Catherine was helpless and could only lower her head and order her meal.

...

At the intersection outside the window of the restaurant, a Ferrari was waiting for the red light.

Sitting in the passenger seat was Shaun Hill, whose dark eyes suddenly hardened when he took a glance outside.

"Turn left. We'll eat at that western restaurant by the roadside.

“Oh, that won’t do. We have an appointment with Mr. Jackson to talk about the case.” Chase followed Shaun’s gaze and looked over. He instantly understood why the temperature in the car had suddenly dropped. Shaun was jealous.

“Cancel it,” Shaun’s eyes were cold as ice as he ordered.

Chase could only do as ordered and stop the car after turning in.

When the two appeared at the door of the restaurant, the receptionist froze for a moment.

It was her first time seeing two young and handsome men coming together to eat at the restaurant... Could they be in... that kind of relationship?

The receptionist looked regretful but said politely, “Would you like the couple booth?”

Chase stumbled on his feet.

Sh*t. His pure and innocent reputation was ruined.

“No need.” Shaun expressionlessly walked straight toward where Catherine was sitting.

The closer he got, the clearer he could see that the person she was eating with was another man.

She had never even done that with Shaun before. Damn it. She was laughing so happily too.

Chase was shocked. “Woah, isn’t that Wesley Lyons from Golden Corporation? They wanted to ask you to take on their case before.”

“No wonder he looks familiar.” The coldness on Shaun’s face grew.

It was no wonder she was clamoring for a divorce. She had already set her eyes on another target.

He looked at what she was wearing now. The matcha-green cardigan was wrapped around her exquisite figure, showing off all her curves and leaving the rest to people’s imaginations.

She also sported a new look of curly chestnut hair, making her originally beautiful features look even more delicate and tempting.

Catherine was chatting with Wesley about some matters abroad when she suddenly felt a chilly wave.

Then, a slender white hand was pressed on the back of the empty dining chair beside her. Looking at the hand, she followed the trail until she saw a watch of an unknown brand on the wrist.

Although it was simple and low-key, as the person's wrist was too beautiful, it made the watch seem like a famous branded watch.

She remembered that only Shaun Hill wore a watch like that...

Just as that thought flashed by, Shaun dragged the chair out and sat down.

Wearing a plaid khaki vest suit with a white shirt and a printed tie, his aura dominated the area with his handsome silhouette.

The noble aura that emanated from his body simply overwhelmed Wesley's refined and elegant aura, making him seem dim and dull in

comparison.

She seemed to be able to understand how Freya had mistaken one for the other now.

Indeed, when these two people were together, most would focus on Shaun at a glance.

Let me go, Mr. Hill [by Shallow South] Chapter 99

His good looks were undeniable, but his temper... Forget it, it was off-putting.

However, why was he here? Catherine instantly had the urge to pick up her bag and flee.

“Mr. Hill, Young Master Harrison.” Wesley stood up in surprise and shook hands with the two.

However, when he reached out to shake Shaun’s hand, Shaun simply

looked at him lazily with his long lashes.

A few seconds passed and Wesley started to feel embarrassed. Just as he thought Shaun would not shake his hand, the man extended his hand and shook it. "Sorry, I'm not in a good mood today."

Wesley had dealt with Shaun Hill several times before, especially when he planned to ask Shaun to take on a commercial lawsuit for him. The talks initially went well, but later the law firm said that he was not available.

To be honest, he was feeling a little discontented with Shaun Hill.

However, Shaun was a legendary figure in the lawyer world. Since he had a good reputation, Wesley had to show him some respect. Perhaps there might even be opportunities for them to work together in the future.

Thus, he smiled and asked, "Who has offended Mr. Hill?"

Shaun's slender fingers pulled out a rose from the bouquet on the table and he fiddled with it. "Do all women like these tacky things?"

Catherine suddenly had a very bad feeling about this.

Wesley's elegant face froze. After all, he had just given those flowers to Catherine, but they were now called 'tacky' by someone else. Shaun was not taking into consideration his dignity at all.

"It might be tacky to you, Mr. Hill, but to a woman, flowers are always their favorite."

"No wonder." Shaun's eyes sharpened as his long eyelashes cast a shadow under his eyelids. "Maybe it's because I don't even know this much that my wife is seeing a man outside behind my back."

"Pfft." Catherine, who was sipping on juice nervously, spat out her drink.

Wesley hurriedly handed her a paper towel and she accepted it with a lowered head. "Thank you."

Shaun put on a fake smile and tilted his head at her. "Miss, what are you getting all worked up for?"

Catherine silently gritted her teeth and pushed down the anger in her belly. She smiled cheerfully.

“Sir, I think you’re too extreme. Did you see your wife kissing another man with your own eyes, or did you see her climbing into another man’s bed? If you didn’t, then it’s better to watch your words. Don’t just pin the title of cuckold on your head by yourself. You’ll just embarrass yourself.”

At that moment, Shaun’s exquisite features were extremely dark despite the bright lights.

The atmosphere between Catherine and him immediately became tense.

Wesley coughed softly and said quickly, “Mr. Hill, Cathy isn’t very sensible, so don’t hold it against her. I’ll apologize on her behalf.”

Cathy?

How intimate they were.

His woman was actually making another man apologize to him on her behalf.

Tsk, it was as if he were dead.

Shaun barked out a laugh, and only Chase, who knew him best, knew how much anger was mixed in that little laugh. It was the precursor of a storm.

Chase hurriedly dragged an empty chair over and said with a light-hearted tone, "Rin, what's your relationship with President Lyons? Are you two..."

After a pause, he quickly shot a look at Catherine, telling her to think of a way to explain herself.

Catherine did not want to be accused of cheating while in a marriage and explained, "Our company is working on a project that involves President Lyons' villa, but there have been some problems recently so we're currently discussing them."

Shaun sneered in his heart. Was there a need to laugh and joke together when discussing business? Was there a need to come to a western restaurant to discuss business?

Let me go, Mr. Hill [by Shallow South] Chapter 100

Could he say no? It had not been easy for him to get a reservation here.

Catherine. "..."

Could she refuse? It was too hard to face Shaun's demonic face.

"You two... don't seem too welcoming of that idea. Are we disturbing you?" Shaun looked at them, his voice deep and magnetic.

"No, please join us." Wesley then asked the waiter to bring the menu over.

With four people at the table, the space grew cramped with the bouquet of roses on the table.

Catherine reached out to put the roses by her side, but Shaun was quicker than her and handed the bouquet to the waiter.

“Take this away. I’m allergic to pollen.”

Catherine wondered if she had heard him wrongly. She had never seen him getting allergic reactions when she bought flowers to decorate the vases at home. He must be doing this on purpose.

“I didn’t know you’re allergic to pollen, Mr. Hill.” Wesley was barely able to force a laugh.

“Yes, I’m especially allergic to pink flowers.” Shaun calmly opened the menu and ordered leisurely.

After ordering, Wesley changed the topic. “Actually, I’ve been quite curious as to why Mr. Hill turned down my case last time.”

Chase was afraid that Shaun would speak too harshly and completely offend Wesley, so he quickly said, “He suddenly became too busy.”

Catherine silently ate her cake while listening to them with her head lowered. She never knew what Shaun's profession was, but now she did. It turned out he was a lawyer, and it seemed he was quite a good one.

She really wanted to take an iron plate and hit herself to death with it.

She had seen on the internet that lawyers were one of the top ten professions that one should never marry.

If you married a lawyer, you would not even be able to leave with your underwear as a settlement during the divorce. Even if you reasoned with a lawyer, he would just drill you with legal loopholes.

It was no wonder he dared to say that as long as he did not agree to it, she would not be able to divorce him even in 30 years.

Damn it, what kind of devil had she provoked?!

Wait, what was that devil doing? He was actually rubbing her leg with his foot under the table.

Catherine's face flushed, and she kicked him back.

'Behave yourself! Don't act like a hoodlum!'

However, in the next second, Shaun stared at her expressionlessly.

"Ms. Jones, why did you kick me?"

The rest of the people at the table all set their eyes on her face.

Chase blinked playfully. "Rin, although our Mr. Hill is handsome and charming, don't forget that you came here on a date with President Lyons."

Catherine glared at him angrily. "The table is small, so I accidentally bumped into him. You're the ones who insisted on squeezing at our table."

"So you're blaming us for interrupting your date?" Shaun said in a low voice.

"No, I just don't like you guys joking around like that. After all... Mr. Hill isn't my type." Catherine shrugged with a helpless look.

The smile on Wesley's face brightened up completely. "Young Master Harrison was just joking. I know you didn't do it on purpose."

"Well, I'm going to the ladies." Catherine really did not want to stay. She got up and left her seat.

Before long, Shaun also stood up. "I'm going to make a call."

In the washroom, Catherine deliberately dawdled inside for a while before coming out.

She saw a tall figure standing by the door and smoking when she came out. Her head immediately felt like exploding.

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