

Let me go, Mr. Hill Novel by Shallow South

Chapter 1813 By eBooksCat

Freya felt an atomic bomb going off in her head. What did Rodney mean?

It was as if she was impure and had complex thoughts.

“ I don’ t need your help no matter how badly I’ m suffering.” Freya showed a look of absolute contempt for him.

Rodney pouted and did not bother to argue with her further.

Dani woke up in the wee hours to have some breast milk again. However, a newborn like her had a rather poor appetite.

There were a few times when Freya fell asleep while feeding the baby due to fatigue.

While she was still muddle-headed, she sensed that someone had come and carried Dani away from her. The person then helped tidy her shirt.

As much as she wanted to open her eyes, she was unable to do it.

When she woke up the next day, she felt her face burning as she recalled what had happened in the wee hours.

She glanced around the ward, only to see the caregiver alone. Only then did she heave a sigh of relief. Rodney must have slept like a log last night. He could not have been the one who did those things.

"Aunty Holly, I fell asleep while breastfeeding last night. You were the one who tidied my shirt, right?" Freya was appreciative of the caregiver's help.

The caregiver was stunned for a moment before replying with a smile, "No. Young Master Snow asked me to return early last night. He was the one who was here the entirety of last night. He said he wanted to look after you and the baby on his own."

Freya froze. In that case, was it Rodney who tidied her shirt?

Her face turned crimson in spite of herself.

Aunty Holly laughed and said, "Young Master Snow is quite concerned about you and the baby. I've taken care of many rich pregnant women. Although they seem to have married well, their husbands seldom carry the babies. It's rare to find a man like Young Master Snow who personally accompanies you and looks after the baby. He previously knew nothing, but he quickly got the hang of it in these two days. He has already learned how to change the baby's diapers and clothes. He even brought the baby upstairs for a swim just now."

Freya muttered, "As the baby's father, he's supposed to do all these things."

“You don’t know that many wealthy men will choose to settle everything with money. They certainly won’t do it on their own. They expect the caregivers and sitters to deal with everything.

Admittedly, it’s our responsibility to take care of these things, but babies need parental love as well.” Aunty Holly darted a glance at Freya’s chest. “I see that you’re suffering. Don’t you want to ask Young Master Snow for help?”

The caregiver changed the topic so swiftly that Freya had no idea how to respond to her question at that moment.

She just wanted to be an invisible person right now.

During breakfast, Mr. Lynch, Mrs. Lynch, and Wendy came over. Wendy even brought along a five-star chef from the Snow family to prepare breakfast.

Freya had been eating very well during her confinement period.

When Rodney returned with Dani, who had just finished swimming, Mrs. Lynch observed the way he carried the baby. She realized that he seemed experienced. Based on her experience, she was certain that it was not an act.

The moment Dani cried, Rodney knew that she might want to urinate. He immediately began to skillfully change her diaper.

Mrs. Lynch said to him in an unusually affable manner, "She has only peed in the diaper once. You can leave it."

"No way. I can't let my princess experience any discomfort." Rodney was very patient with his princess. "By the way, Mom, please prepare a bigger bag for me so that I can put some diapers and bottles in it."

"... Not bad. You've improved."

Wendy shot an unusually admiring look at him. "Keep it up. Not only must you be a good father but you must also be a good husband."

After pausing for a moment, Wendy held Mrs. Lynch's hands enthusiastically. "Mrs. Lynch, you can leave everything here to Rodney. Let's go shopping. Coincidentally, Rodney has bought a mall for Freya. We can shop there. Don't worry, if Rodney dares to treat Freya badly, I promise that I'll deal with him."

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Mrs. Lynch, who arrived not long ago, was taken away by Wendy just like that.

Freya felt helpless as she had planned to ask her mother to help her with the breast pump. She was mentally exhausted.

At the sight of her frustrated expression, Rodney's thin lips twitched. However, he held his tongue in the end.

After lunch, Freya lay on the bed and was playing a game on her phone. Suddenly, a hand grabbed her phone.

"The doctor said that you should spend less time on your phone during your confinement period. Too much screen time will harm your eyes. Do you want to go blind?" Rodney tossed her phone onto the couch. "Let me remind you that you've spent long enough on your phone this morning."

Freya was already grumpy having to lie on the bed. She was aware that spending too much time on her phone was bad for her. Even so, she was ruffled by how Rodney was restricting her. "Stop restricting me. Even if I go blind, it'll be your fault. You got me pregnant and made me give birth to the baby."

Rodney snorted. "I'm stopping you from playing with your phone precisely because I'm worried that you'll put the blame on me. When you go blind, you might make me..."

He suddenly paused toward the end of the sentence. Looking a little nervous, he did not continue.

Freya gave a cold laugh. "Make you what? Make you take responsibility for it? Don't worry, I definitely won't make you take responsibility for it."

“Forget it. Since you’ve given birth to my child, I can’t avoid taking responsibility for you.” Rodney scoffed.
“Take a nap and don’t strain your eyes. If you think what I said isn’t right, you can call your parents and ask them whether it makes sense to restrict you.”

“Fine, you win. You even know how to snitch on me now.”

Stung by his words, Freya started becoming glum.

She snorted with rage and lay down with her back facing him. Clearly, she could not be bothered about him.

However, her chest hurt really badly. Amid the pain, she fell asleep. All of a sudden, she felt something unusual. It was as if a weight had been lifted off her chest.

She opened her bleary eyes, only to see Rodney tidying her shirt.

Words failed her for a moment. By the time she regained her senses, she instantly screamed in terror. “Rodney Snow, you pervert— ”

“Stop screaming. ” Rodney promptly covered her mouth. When he looked up, he saw a fiery glint in her eyes.

From Freya’s flushed face, he was not sure whether she was exasperated or embarrassed. There were even angry tears in her pretty eyes.

How she wished everything was just a dream. She wished that it was not true.

Indeed, she had given birth to Rodney's child. Nevertheless, they had only done it once. What was more, she was drunk then, so she only had hazy recollections of it.

Deep down, she still felt that she was a pure young woman.

"It's because you seemed miserable during your sleep. You kept tossing and turning." Rodney felt awkward, and his face was burning.

He already had a child. Furthermore, he had sent Shaun quite a lot of those videos.

Having said that, Rodney hardly had any experience in this area. Although he previously had a crush on Sarah for a long time, he had never even touched her hands.

Calling him a pure young man would not be stretching it.

"Please, you're the one who's miserable." Freya gave him a death stare as her face reddened.

Rodney blinked. "I've recorded a video. Here's the proof."

Once he finished speaking, he took out his phone and tapped open the latest video he had recorded.

The video showed that she was asleep, but her sleeping posture looked very off. She had placed her hands on an inappropriate spot as well.

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Freya was embarrassed.

She could not believe that she was... so open while sleeping.

After Rodney spotted her deeply embarrassed expression, the corners of his mouth curved up. "I really had no choice but to help you out after seeing how miserable you were. You don't have to thank me as this is my duty as a husband. I just want to tell you that I appreciate everything you do, wifey."

Freya was seething with fury. He had won this round.

Putting aside the fact that she had been taken advantage of, she even had to thank him.

Indeed, he was the archetype of a *sshole.

"Do you feel better now?" Rodney looked at her with a grin. "If you're still not well, I'm more than ready to assist you."

"Thanks. I feel much better."

With a face full of shame, Freya immediately covered her face with the blanket.

“Is it because you’re embarrassed? I didn’t know that a shameless person like you would easily...”

Rodney continued to make despicable comments about her. Freya, who was at the end of her rope, shouted beneath the blanket, “Get lost.”

“Fine. I’m going to play with Dani.”

Rodney headed to the other side.

Only after hearing his footsteps did she let out a long sigh. As much as she wanted to deal with Rodney, it was undeniable that she felt much better now.

In fact, she saw no point in going against her own will.

It was just a bite, was it not? However, the spot that was bitten...

While enduring her embarrassment, Freya thought to herself, ‘I should just... pretend to be asleep next time. That way, I won’t feel embarrassed when I wake up. Ahem, of course, I’ll lose my dignity. But it’s probably better than enduring the pain.’

It hit her that she had demeaned herself.

Similarly, Rodney realized that he had demeaned himself too.

Whenever she was asleep, he would relieve her burden by settling most of Dani's food.

After that, Freya would pretend to be unaware of it and not mention it. On the other hand, Rodney would pretend that he had not done anything to her.

Little by little, they started to have a tacit understanding between them.

When Chester came to visit Freya, he glanced at Rodney with an odd look.

"Why are you giving me that look?" Rodney felt awkward.

"You seem to be in a good mood, " Chester said with a mirthless smile, " I thought you would've gone mad since you've been staying in the hospital looking after the baby and your wife every day.

Surprisingly, you look quite content."

"Hehe. My daughter is my everything. You'll understand when you have a child in the future. " Rodney kept a straight face while bluffing.

It was true that he had felt tired at first. Nevertheless, after having a tacit understanding with Freya, he wished he could stay in the ward all the time now.

Child: ...?

Chester muttered under his breath and darted a look at Dani in his arms. He had to admit that the child was rather cute.

His two friends had become fathers before he knew it.

He was not interested in starting a family. Nevertheless, he seemed to be at the perfect age to have a child.

Having said that, who was qualified to give birth to his child?

"By the way, are you still going to marry Cindy?" Rodney asked curiously. "No." Chester looked indifferent. "Freya can be discharged from the hospital tomorrow. Remember to complete the discharge procedure in the morning."

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With that, Chester turned around and walked out of the ward.

He just happened to walk past Freya's ward. He had a lot on his plate recently.

Struck by a thought, Rodney promptly went after him. A blush of shame crept up his handsome face. "Chester, I have something to ask you..."

"Are you trying to ask when you can sleep with Freya?"
Chester broke in.

"Uh... How did you know?" Rodney touched his nose in embarrassment.

"It's so obvious." Chester smirked frivolously. "But I think you're overthinking things at this moment. Are you sure she won't divorce you?"

"We already have a child together. Why would she do that? I won't get a divorce." Rodney bit his tongue and shot a look at Chester. "Answer me."

"Probably two months later."

"That's so long." A look of disappointment washed over Rodney's face.

Chester was at a loss for words. "Is it? I'm guessing you may not even get into bed with her after half a year."

After shattering his hopes, Chester left mercilessly.

Rodney started sulking. He had never thought about such a thing back then, but now that it crossed his mind, he felt a strong tingling sensation.

The next day.

Freya was discharged from the hospital.

To make it easy for her mother to look after her, Freya did not move to the Snow family's residence. Rather, she went to the villa where she stayed with Rodney.

Mrs. Lynch planned to return to Melbourne after Freya's confinement period ended.

When Freya arrived at the villa, she noticed many new items in her room. Beside her bed was a brand new cradle.

She opened the wardrobe to put away her clothes but was dumbstruck to see beautiful haute-couture clothes from the latest season.

She wondered why her wardrobe was filled with so many beautiful clothes. She randomly took out one of them and looked at the tag, only to discover that it cost over tens of thousands of dollars. What was more, not everyone who was rich could buy these clothes. A lot of the pajamas and undergarments were also from the most recent and expensive collections.

Also... they were a bit too sexy. Who picked those?

"Do they look good?" Dressed in a showy pink shirt, Rodney suddenly appeared behind her with seductive eyes.

Freya was stunned for a moment. Then, her heart palpitated. "You bought... these?"

“Duh.” Rodney casually took one of the clothes. “ They’re much more beautiful and expensive than the ones you bought in the mall, aren’t they?”

Moreover, these designs aren’t available in Australia. You’re the only person in the whole of Australia who has these clothes in your wardrobe.”

While talking, his eyes were filled with smugness.

Freya was truly moved. Needless to say, a well— known young lady would love beautiful clothes.

Additionally, these clothes were unique.

Even so... She did not want Rodney to feel smug. “ Hah. I’m okay with any clothes as long as they look good. Do you think that I’m a materialistic woman who pursues luxurious things? What’s more, why did you buy me such large sizes? You’re looking down on me, huh? Do you think I’ll be this fat forever?”

As she spoke, she grew emotional. She planned to just cause him trouble at first, but later, she became convinced of her own words. She began to glower at Rodney furiously.

Rodney was speechless. It finally dawned on him that it was hard to handle women.

Really... She was unreasonable.

Nevertheless, Rodney certainly would not dare to go head-to-head with her during her confinement period.

"You're... not fat, " he said dryly as he retreated, "I think you look quite charismatic and your bosoms appear full..."

"Go to hell." A dirty thought entered her head in spite of herself.

Feeling as though she was boiling, she subconsciously turned around and ran away. She did not wish to stay with him any longer.

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Rodney was sulking.

He had praised Freya's wonderful figure, so she was supposed to be glad about it.

Why was she so mad?

It was just too difficult to grasp a woman's thoughts.

Freya gave him attitude the entire afternoon.

She was barely nice to him anyway. Feeling used to it, Rodney did not take it to heart. It was only after Mrs. Lynch started staying with Freya to look after her and their baby did he gradually understand how Freya and

her mother got along with each other. He could not help but sigh internally.

After dinner, Mrs. Lynch took a bowl of chicken soup upstairs for her daughter.

When Freya finished the bowl of chicken soup, Mrs. Lynch glanced around the bedroom before she sat beside her. "Have you and Rodney been sleeping in separate rooms?"

"Mom, you know why I got married to Rodney in the first place, don't you?" Freya frowned. "Before this, I planned on divorcing him right after giving birth."

"Is this a mutual decision or your own decision?" Mrs. Lynch asked gently as she fixed her eyes on Freya.

"Of course, it's..." Freya suddenly paused. She had said that she wanted to get a divorce, but apparently, Rodney did not.

Mrs. Lynch let out a long sigh and said pensively, "Actually, I always thought that Rodney wasn't good enough before this. He was inconsiderate and irresponsible. He did not know how to take care of his wife. Because of him, the baby was born prematurely and I still can't get past it. Having said that, after observing how both of you are getting along with each other, I think that Rodney isn't the only one at fault for the way things ended. You're responsible for this too."

"Me?" Freya asked in disbelief and felt bitter. " Mom, you can't take him for a good man just because of his good performance these few days. He—"

I didn't judge him based solely on his recent performance. It's easy to put on an act, isn't it? I'm not that stupid, " Mrs. Lynch interrupted her. "After observing how you've been getting along with Rodney, I realize that you're mean to him. You only say harsh things to him. Let's not talk about what has happened recently. Was this also how you both got along with each other before the baby was born?"

Freya froze for a moment. "I don't even like him. How amiably do you expect me to treat him? He even wanted me to abort the baby for the sake of another woman. Also, he has such poor taste that he fell for a woman like Sarah. What a blind man he is?"

"Fine. He's blind. But as if you're not." Mrs. Lynch shook her head. "You liked Patrick before this, but what did he take you for? He even stood us up when we planned to discuss your marriage at that time. You treated him so well that you even gave up a great job for him after graduating, yet he ended up getting together with his childhood sweetheart and dumping you. What was worse, he claimed that you were narrow-minded and not understanding enough. He also beat you up."

"Mom, why do you always have to bring up the same old boring issue?" Freya bit her lip. It was her most shameful past. Even the mere mention of it made her embarrassed.

Mrs. Lynch shook her head. "You think that Rodney is blind, and you look down on him for having loved a woman like Sarah. But what about you? You were blind as well. You wasted your youth because of that sc*mbag. What gives you the right to hold him in contempt when you're the same?"

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"Mom, who on earth is your child? Did Rodney bribe you or something?" Mrs. Lynch's words caused Freya's face to turn ghastly.

"I'm just telling the truth. Don't you think my words make sense?" Mrs. Lynch asked.

"... They do." Freya had no choice but to agree reluctantly.

Mrs. Lynch sighed. "It's common for young people like you to come across scummy people. You might not know some people well even after knowing them for a long time, so there's no need to cling to them. You should stop thinking that you're so smart and you can look down on him."

"Mom, I'm not looking down on him. Given that he's the eldest young master of the Snow family, why would I look down on him? Rather, I'm jealous of him being born under a lucky star."

"If you don't look down on him, why are you always so sarcastic when speaking to him?" Mrs. Lynch's eyes were sharp. "When both of you quarreled on the day of your delivery, it was indeed his fault for not putting up with you during your pregnancy. But come to think of it, it takes two to tango. I reckon it was your harsh words that sparked the conflict."

"Mom, what do you mean?" Freya felt aggrieved. "He made me so angry and caused me to give birth to a premature baby, yet you're speaking up for him."

"I'm just commenting on the way you both get along with each other."

Mrs. Lynch stroked Freya's long hair. "Having been married for over ten years, I understand your situation, Freya. It's excusable that you felt oppressed and lost your temper during your pregnancy and after your delivery, but you can't always be prejudiced against Rodney. Perhaps he was full of shortcomings before this, but it's a fact that he's the child's dad. The child will need his protection in the future. As the child grows, more sacrifices are needed. You can't be doing everything single-handedly as it'll be too hard for you. Even if you were to divorce in the future, he would have to take responsibility for the child. Whether it's in the short run or long run, there's no need for both of you to cut each other's throats. As a woman, you should have a high EQ."

Mrs. Lynch looked at Freya helplessly. "Do you

have a high EQ? If you did, you, as the daughter of the Lynch family, wouldn't have been bullied so terribly by Linda back then. You're my daughter, but why isn't your EQ half as high as mine? Look at all the wealthy families in Melbourne. Is any one of them as warm and peaceful as the Lynches?"

Freya rolled her eyes. "Mom, you were just lucky enough to meet a good man like Dad."

"There's hardly any man in the world who's considerate, gentle, family-centered, responsible, handsome, and good at making money. When your dad was younger, he rarely returned home and was very willful too. Similar to other married couples living together, we gradually changed to complement each other. If I had kept making sarcastic comments like you, I might've gotten divorced countless times."

Freya rarely heard her parents mention things that happened to them when they were younger. She had always been keen on having a marriage like her parents'.

"Freya, perhaps the way you get along with Rodney has been wrong right from the beginning. From the moment you met him, you guys have had a bias against each other. Whether you guys will just be friends or remain a married couple in the future, you should have a peaceful talk with each other. Let's put marriage aside. Smart people will hide their aggression regardless of whether they're at work or social functions. It's not necessary to show it to others all the time."

Mrs. Lynch pointed to Freya's heart. Freya shuddered slightly.

Mrs. Lynch was a smart woman. Freya was under no illusions that her mother was so good at carrying herself during social functions in Melbourne that no one could find fault with her. It was because of her mother's guidance that she became so brilliant.

Now that her mother had stepped into a large circle in Canberra, she could still mingle with people like Wendy and the prime minister's wife superbly.

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All of a sudden, Freya came to realize her flaws.

Indeed, she had an average EQ. She was nowhere near as good as Catherine either.

After Mrs. Lynch left, she had a video call with Catherine amid her distress.

It was still daytime over there. Dressed in a red maxi dress, Catherine was sitting on the grass, enjoying some red wine and breakfast. Behind her was a huge green winery and chateau.

Freya was dumbfounded. "Damn, where is that place? Why do I feel that we're not on the same planet? You

look just like... a rich woman in the Middle Ages. The only thing you lack is a kept man."

"Ahem..." Her words nearly made Catherine choke. "What an exaggeration."

"It's true. " Freya admired her life. She should not have given Catherine a video call because comparing her situation to Catherine's would only drive her to despair.

"I'm at the winery that belongs to Shaun's dad."

Catherine adjusted the angle of her phone camera to focus on Shaun and the two kids playing on the grass. "Suzie and Lucas like this place. They're having lots of fun here."

"It suddenly hit me that it was really wise of you to make peace with Shaun. Not only is he helping you to look after the kids but you can also stay in a chateau that has a winery. What a carefree life you're leading." Freya sighed.

"Mm."

Catherine nodded and smiled sweetly. " I can now enslave Shaun all I want without feeling any sense of burden nor guilt."

"Cathy, I realized that you have a very high EQ. My EQ is low."

Freya told Catherine what her mother had said to her.

What Freya said did not catch Catherine by surprise. In fact, Lynch Corporation was insignificant in Melbourne ten years ago. It was after Freya's father married her mother that the company slowly rose to prominence. Of course, her father's competence was unquestionable, but there must be a successful woman behind every successful man.

"Freya, I think your mom is absolutely right. Now that you and Rodney have a child together, it's illogical to have a sour relationship with him.

What's more, you can't possibly stay home forever without a job. Didn't you say that you want to set up a business in the future? Making connections is very crucial at this point."

With a smile, Catherine continued, "Actually, you and Rodney share a common aspect, which is that both of you speak harshly. It's exactly why both of you always quarrel. Sometimes, the person you get along with is just like the reflection you see in the mirror. The person will treat you in the same way as you treat your reflection."

Freya grasped her point. Sure enough, Catherine was right.

Rodney was basically Freya's reflection, was he not? After hanging up, Freya sank into contemplation.

It suddenly struck her that she did not seem to have learned from her mistakes despite having gone through so much.

Amid her messy thoughts, the door to her room was pushed open out of the blue.

Rodney came in hugging his pillow.

As soon as Freya recalled her mother's reminder, she told herself to be more emotionally intelligent. However, the minute Rodney placed his pillow on her bed, she could not help but ask, "What are you planning to do?"

"Of course, I'm going to sleep here." Rodney placed his pillow beside hers. "I have to look after you and my child at night. Since this is the only bed in the room, I have no choice but to squeeze in with you."

No choice...

Freya took a deep breath.

Rodney, this b*stard, had always behaved this way. As a result, it was inevitable that she ended up in this state.

Nevertheless, she could not behave as she did back then.

She could not get hysterical.

She wanted to be a woman with a high EQ.

After waiting for some time, Rodney thought that Freya would lose her temper and hit him with the pillow. Therefore, he had mentally prepared himself to be hit. Surprisingly, Freya only fixed her eyes on him impassively and spoke coldly, "You don't have to push

yourself so hard. I can have Aunty Marie help me out at night.”

“No way. I have to take care of my child on my own. I can’t miss any moment spent with Dani, ” Rodney responded shamelessly.

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