

Let me go, Mr. Hill by Shallow South

CHAPTER 501

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"It's Freya. She went to the forensic department in the hospital. Do you think she has an illegitimate child or something?"

"The forensic department?" The voice on the other end of the line suddenly raised in pitch. "Freya is in Melbourne?"

"Yeah, I also find it weird that she's suddenly back. She can't be trying to get Patrick back, right? Hmph, I won't let her succeed—"

"Linda, we'll talk next time. Something suddenly came up here."

Rebecca ended the call and suddenly realized that her scalp was still hurting. She had lost a large patch of hair when Catherine yanked her by the hair before.

Her heart thumped, and she immediately dialed a mysterious number. "Catherine's friend Freya suddenly went to the forensic department in a hospital in Melbourne. I think that Catherine took my hair to do a paternity test with Jeffery."

"I'll investigate it."

"If Shaun and the others find out that I'm the fake Shelley Langley, they'll definitely kill me."

"Don't worry. As long as you work for us, I won't let you die."

...

In the hospital.

Freya quickly got the report and saw the large words 'positive match' on it. She immediately cursed Rebecca Jones and all her ancestors.

She dialed Catherine's number, saying, "What the f*ck, you were right! Shelley Langley really is Jeffery Jones' biological daughter. She's Rebecca Jones."

Catherine rubbed her forehead. She really did not want the result to be true.

However, in the face of Shaun's increasingly serious illness and the medicine and milk that Shelley used to give Shaun every day...

Was that even normal medicine?

She suddenly shuddered.

"I'll take pictures and send them to you. Hurry up and tell Shaun."

Catherine received the pictures and immediately went to the study to find Shaun.

Shaun seldom went to the company these days and usually worked in the study.

She pushed the door open and went in.

Shaun's eyes brightened when he saw her. Recently, she had not taken the initiative to look for him. "Miss me?"

“What’s the matter?” He went straight to the point.

Catherine rolled her eyes at him and turned on her phone, showing him the picture.

When Shaun saw the paternity test report of Jeffery Jones and Shelley Langley, his whole face darkened. “What does that mean? They’re biological father and daughter?”

He was a little stunned. Shelley was a member of the Langley family. Why did she suddenly become Catherine’s cousin?

“No, the real Shelley Langley can’t be Jeffery Jones’ daughter. It’s because the current Shelley Langley is a fake. She’s Rebecca Jones after she got plastic surgery.”

Shaun completely froze. After a long time, he looked at Catherine with a complex gaze. “Cathy, you’re overthinking this—”

“I’m not. I thought Shelley was familiar the first time I met her, but I didn’t think too much about it at that time. Then, I went to the spa and saw Shelley there. Charity said that the real Shelley had an accident when she was young that gave her a deep scar below her neck but there’s no trace of it on this Shelley. Furthermore, her personality is completely different from when she was in school back then. That’s why I pulled her hair previously and got it tested with Jeffery Jones’ hair. It turns out that they’re biological father and daughter.”

Catherine looked at Shaun solemnly. “Don’t you remember that Rebecca Jones was taken away by an unlicensed van and her whereabouts are still unknown?”

“But I asked Hadley to check Shelley’s past and there’s nothing suspicious...”

“What you found might only be the surface. Do you even know the real Shelley Langley? Do you know her character?”

Shaun was stunned.

Catherine continued, "Think carefully. Your friends keep saying that your memory is getting worse because I provoked you, but you must have been very sad as well when Sarah Langley died. Did this happen to you back then? From the time Shelley Langley started taking care of you, why have you been forgetting your memories?"

Shaun's face went white.

Sure enough, it was only recently that he had frequent headaches and suffered from poor memory.

"I'm 100% sure that she's Rebecca Jones. What's her purpose in suddenly appearing by your side? Did she add anything into the milk and medications she usually prepared for you? Have you ever thought about that?"

Catherine's eyes were grim. "You got injections and took the medications every day, and you used to be able to get better before. Why have they become useless now?"

Shaun was speechless.

He also began to believe her words.

"You can tell someone to grab Shelley immediately and send her for paternity testing. Aren't her parents still around? I guarantee that she's definitely Rebecca Jones."

Catherine reminded sincerely, "Take the chance now while she doesn't know yet. Also, whoever saved her is the person who arranged for her to be by your side. The person backing her must want to deal with you."

"Yeah."

Shaun immediately called Hadley. "Grab Shelley Langley immediately. I want to get a paternity test report on Shelley and Alex Langley within 24 hours."

Catherine felt slightly disappointed.

In the end, he still did not believe that the report was true, so he had to personally verify it before he could be sure.

However, it did not matter. What she said was true.

At 2:00 a.m.

Shaun suddenly received a phone call from Hadley. "Eldest Young Master Hill, bad news. Shelley Langley is dead."

"What happened?" Shaun suddenly sat up.

"I had her locked up in the house in the suburbs. Around midnight, the guards found someone trying to save Shelley and went after them, but once they returned, they found that the other two had been knocked unconscious and the house was set on fire. Although Shelley was rescued, she has been burned to death."

Hadley said with chagrin, "I think they weren't accomplices trying to save Shelley. They were trying to silence her."

"I'm coming over now."

Shaun hung up the phone and quickly drove to the place where the incident took place.

When he got out of the car, he saw Rodney standing in front of a body bag. His eyes were red, and when he saw Shaun, he rushed over to punch him.

"Calm down." Shaun grabbed his fist.

"How can I be calm? Why did you lock Shelley up? She's dead. You killed her!" Rodney roared at him. "I know she can't be

compared to Catherine Jones, but she's still Sarah's sister. She's an innocent girl."

"She might not be Shelley Langley," Shaun said coldly.

Rodney laughed in anger. "I'm not blind. Only half of her face was burned. I can still recognize her."

"Catherine did a paternity test on her. She's Rebecca Jones, but she underwent plastic surgery to approach me." Shaun frowned. "I detained her to find out who the mastermind is."

"Are you telling the truth?" Rodney was dubious.

"Why would I lie to you?"

Just as Shaun finished speaking, Hadley suddenly came over and hesitated to speak, "Eldest Young Master Hill, the forensic department has come out with the results. The report shows that Shelley and Alex Langley have biological relations."

"Shaun Hill, you b*stard!" Rodney really punched him in the face this time.

Shaun took a few steps back and barely regained his balance. His whole face was gloomy. "Are you sure there's no mistake?"

"It's Young Master Jewell's hospital, so it shouldn't be a mistake. Later, a forensic doctor will take the body for identification. It'll be clarified whether she had undergone plastic surgery or not."

"Alright." Shaun rubbed his temples. "Find out who sent the people here last night."

"What's there to check? It's clearly Catherine Jones. You're still helping her even now!" Rodney yelled gloomily, "That woman is too vicious! Shelley had never thought of seducing you, but Catherine still tried to kill Shelley in every way possible."

"Catherine isn't that kind of person." Shaun denied. "She must've been tricked."

“Even if she was tricked, she must be stupid. It’s because of her narrow-mindedness.”

“Rodney Snow, have you said enough?” Shaun could not stand it anymore.

“No, I haven’t. I’ve tolerated it all this time because she’s your wife, but I don’t want to tolerate it any longer.” Rodney growled.

“Stop fighting!” Chester got out of the car and heard their quarreling voices.

“I don’t care. I won’t let this matter rest just like this. Even if Shaun chooses to protect the mastermind, I’ll never forgive her.” Rodney turned and left after a cold warning.

“What do you think?” Chester walked to Shaun.

“Catherine is indeed jealous of Shelley, but I don’t think she’d be so vicious.” Shaun rubbed his brows. “If Charity Neeson hadn’t said that Shelley was a fake, Catherine wouldn’t have suspected her...”

“Charity Neeson.” Chester frowned. “It’s her again.”

After a pause, he said coldly, “She best be unrelated to this. Otherwise, I’ll make sure she’s doomed.”

...

In the afternoon, the autopsy results were sent to Shaun.

"Eldest Young Master Hill, the burnt corpse at the scene has been determined to be Shelley Langley. Her parents have also done a full genetic comparison and confirmed it."

When Hadley finished speaking, he saw Shaun covering his temples while his body shook in pain.

"Eldest Young Master Hill..."

"How are Shelley's parents?" Shaun endured the pain and asked in a dark voice.

"They were crying non-stop. How could a parent accept sending their child off before them? They kept clamoring for you to give them an explanation." Hadley sighed.

"Make it up to them."

"There's one more thing. The person who tricked the guards last night and the one who set the fire have been caught. They're... related to Charity Neeson," Hadley added, "They're people who've been working for Charity behind the scenes."

"Charity Neeson, so it really was her..."

Shaun struck the table viciously and stood up, his handsome face filled with monstrous anger.

"Young Master Snow has called the police and they've sent officers to the Neeson family to arrest her."

"Tell the police to give that woman a heavier sentence. I don't want her to be released her entire life."

Shaun gritted his teeth and ordered word by word

"Understood."

...

In the Neeson family's residence.

The warm sunlight poured on the grass in the afternoon.

A big table was set up under a large tree in the courtyard. Boris Neeson was leisurely writing calligraphy while his wife, Jennifer Craven, sat quietly brewing tea for him.

Charity, who was carrying her bag out of the manor, happened to see this scene. Her eyes flashed with tenderness.

"Charity, are you going to the company?" Boris saw her and waved.

"Dad." Charity walked over. "I'm going to talk to President Holland—"

"Forget it. Don't put too much pressure on yourself. If the Hill family really wants to suppress us, then we can't help it." Boris looked at her and said calmly, "If the company is finished, then it'll be finished. At most, it'll be sold. It doesn't matter even if we go to a small city in the future to develop again as long as our family of three is complete. Sometimes, when I see a girl like you working so hard that you don't even have time to date, your mom and I feel quite heartbroken."

Jennifer nodded and said with a gentle tone, "Your father and I are old. We don't care about how much money you earn. What's important is that you're safe and happy."

Sarah clenched the wine glass in her hand. "But have you guys ever imagined what would happen to a young, pretty woman after getting kidnapped?"

Shaun, Chester, and Rodney were taken aback.

Shaun's hand trembled as he held the wine glass. He looked up and stared at Sarah in shock.

"I'm not going to share the details. It was painful." Sarah curled her lips and sipped the wine. "I was tortured again and again. After some time, I finally managed to flee, only to find out that... I was considered a dead person. My visa had been revoked, so I couldn't come back. I tried to contact the Neeson family, but they couldn't be bothered about me. They told me outright that they would leave me high and dry."

"They've gone too far. Are they even humans?" Rodney flung the glass and leaped to his feet in fury.

"I did think about contacting Shaun, but I... I don't even deserve to be with him." Sarah blinked, tears streaming down her cheeks. "He's a man with a bright future ahead of him, whereas I have the filthiest body. I hoped he would be able to find a better woman after I left him."

Shaun closed his eyes. His heart was burning with pain.

He could not imagine the torture Sarah had gone through while he was under the impression she was dead.

If she had returned half a year ago, he would have married Sarah without hesitation.

Now that Catherine was pregnant with his children, his feelings for her had changed.

"Alright, drop it." Chester handed a piece of tissue to Sarah.

Rodney felt as if a knife was slicing his heart. "Don't worry, Sarah. No matter how much you've changed, we'll never look down on you. You're always the purest woman in our hearts."

"Thanks." Sarah smiled with tears welling in her eyes. "In fact, I came back this time for another reason."

With that, she handed three business cards to them.

Shaun was stunned at the sight of the business card in his hand. "You're actually the internationally renowned psychologist, Nyasia."

"It's a bit of a stretch to say that I'm internationally renowned. Having said that, I'm quite skilled in treating these kinds of cases." A sweet smile spread across Sarah's face. She extended her hand to him. "Young Master Hill, I'd appreciate your guidance."

With mixed feelings, Shaun shook hands with her.

Rodney said, "Sarah, you're awesome. I remember that you studied psychology for Shaun's sake, and now you finally made it."

"I didn't expect he'd relapse again," Sarah said with a smile.

"It's all because—"

"Drink your wine." Shaun used a glass of wine to stop Rodney's mouth.

Sarah laughed at the sight of the scene. "By the way, I want to visit Charity..."

"Why do you want to visit her? She treated you terribly back then." Chester frowned.

"Exactly. She even prevented you from returning. Is she even human?"

"After all, she's my stepsister. What's more, I don't know how long her sentence is going to be this time. Perhaps I won't get to see her anymore. I just hope she'll learn from her mistakes." Sarah gave a bitter laugh.

....

The next day.

In the detention center.

Charity quietly sat in a corner. There were bruises all over her body and face. Not one part of her body was left uninjured.

A bunch of brutal criminals had been keeping an eye on her. If she had not mastered some basic martial arts skills, she would have already been tortured to death.

“Charity, someone came to visit you.”

A yell sounded from outside.

Charity struggled to rise to her feet. No one had come to visit her during this period, not even her parents. Obviously, someone had pulled some strings. At this time, who would be able to pay her a visit?

Charity walked out. The moment she took a good look at the woman, her eyes widened all of a sudden. “Sarah, you’re still alive?”

“Yeah, I’m alive. I’m back, Charity.” Sarah’s eyes playfully swept over her. “Anyway, I didn’t expect that you’d end up this way. Tsk, you smell bad.”

“Why are you back?” Charity stared at her with resentment. Whenever this woman was around, the people around Charity would always be targeted and hurt.

Charity had been under the impression that God had taken Sarah’s life away. Little did she expect that Sarah had returned.

"I'm here to get back everything that belongs to me," Sarah curled her lips and said with delight, "Considering that your mom destroyed my family, what do you think I should do to torture her?"

"What are you planning to do?" Charity glowered at her. "Sarah, my mom has never mistreated you. She treated you better than me."

"That's because she was trying to flatter my dad. Otherwise, how did you manage to take over Neeson Corporation? You and your mom have been plotting and scheming. Haha, now that Dad is unconscious in the hospital after suffering a heart attack, Jennifer has no one to rely on. I'll slowly pay her back for all the sufferings my mom has endured. I'll make her life a living hell."

"Dad will divorce your mom. She behaves indecently and seduces other men out there..."

"Shut up!" Sarah suddenly interrupted her sentence in a ferocious manner, "How dare you talk back to me under such circumstances?"

"Sarah, if anything happens to my mom, I won't let you off the hook even after I die."

With blood-red eyes, Charity glared at her while gripping the steel bars in front of her.

"Haha, don't worry. I can deal with you even after you die."

Covering her mouth, Sarah laughed disdainfully. "By the way, I heard you're on good terms with Shaun's wife."

A wave of frustration swept over Charity.

"Now that I've returned, it's high time she got lost," Sarah said insistently and curled her lips.

"Dream on. Shaun loves Catherine," Charity said nonchalantly, "They're already married. You can't be compared to her."

"Really? But Shaun has been spending time with me every day. He doesn't even want to go back to his so-called wife. You should know that my relationship with Shaun is unrivaled."

With that, Sarah slowly turned around. "Bye. We might not be able to meet again in the future. After all, you're going to die here."

"..." Charity's eyes revealed a hint of bewilderment.

Upon noticing the look of disbelief on Charity's face, she smiled and said, "You're probably unaware that the attorney representing the Langley family this time is Mr. Shea. Chester Jewell pulled some strings with him and asked him to get you imprisoned forever."

"Chester Jewell?"

Upon hearing the name, Charity felt as if her heart was burning. There was no one crueler than her first love.

"Considering that you're going to die soon, I shall be kind and tell you something. Previously, Chester agreed to be in a relationship with you not because he was in love with you. He had a bet with me, and he had to be with you because he lost the bet. By the way, he said that the fact you slept with him when you were 17 was contemptible. He had never met a woman like you who had no self-respect."

Sarah noticed that Charity's pretty black eyes had become dull all of a sudden. While feeling proud, she walked away in high heels.

Charity's body slowly slid down. She then squatted on the ground.

It took her a long while to pull herself up.

She hated how ignorant she was back then. Why did she fall for a man who seemed gentle on the outside but was, in fact, cruel to the core?

The only way she could protect herself was to stay indifferent and persevere.

Nevertheless, she had let go of everything and stripped herself naked in front of Chester, only to receive the worst humiliation from him.

Large teardrops fell to the floor.

Chester Jewell, Sarah Langley, Rodney Snow, and Shaun Hill.

Charity promised herself that she would not forgive them until the day she died.

...

Over at the manor.

Catherine felt like a caged bird.

She could only walk around the manor and nowhere else.

It had been a week since she last saw Shaun.

She reckoned the man had already forgotten about her pregnancy.

As she was depressed, she lost the desire to eat. This worried Old Master Hill and Old Madam Hill greatly.

“Ring Shaun,” Old Madam Hill instructed the housekeeper at dinnertime. “He can’t ignore his wife and children no matter how busy he is with work. I wanted them to sleep in separate rooms but I didn’t order him to cast his wife aside.”

The housekeeper made the phone call right away. “Eldest Young Master Hill said he’s working overtime.”

“He still needs to rest! What is he thinking?!” Old Master Hill slammed his fist on the table.

“Perhaps he’s really occupied with work.” Immediately, Old Madam Hill threw a glance at the old man and gestured toward Catherine’s direction with her chin.

Old Master Hill was troubled. Shaun made this woman his wife but had now cast her aside. Could it be possible that he had a change of heart?

The old man did not like Catherine too much but could not help feeling sorry for the young lady who now looked frail and tired.

“Grandpa, Grandma, there’s no point ringing him. The two of us got into an argument, thus he probably doesn’t want to see me now.” Catherine lifted her head calmly. “I’m just really bored staying in the manor everyday. Can I go out tomorrow to see my friend?”

“Um, alright then. But you have to be cautious. Aunty Yasmine will go with you,” Old Madam Hill said without hesitation.

However, the following day when Catherine planned to leave the house, Elle tried stopping her. “Young Madam, I’m sorry but Eldest Young Master Hill has given the order that you aren’t allowed to leave the manor.”

“Is he planning to lock me up?” Catherine looked at her bodyguard disappointedly.

How could that man treat her so cruelly?

A helpless expression spread across Elle's face. "I know you want to go to the court for Charity Neeson's trial but this will only provoke Eldest Young Master Hill even more..."

"Am I not allowed to even see my friend for the last time?" Catherine took a few steps toward Elle. "Tell him that if I don't leave this manor today, I'll... I'll give up on the children."

Then, she revealed a fruit knife from her pocket.

Elle was shocked. "Young Madam, please calm down."

"I can't calm down. I'm a pregnant woman but I'm living like a prisoner. What gives him the right to imprison me? I'm a human! I'd rather give up on the children if this is the life I have to put up with forever." Her eyes were welled up with tears, even her hands were trembling by now.

Elle was really scared that she might harm the children, hence she quickly compromised and smiled bitterly. "Sure, please go. I'll make a phone call to Eldest Young Master Hill later."

Immediately, Catherine took big strides toward the main gate.

She was already running late. Perhaps wasting another second would make her miss the trial.

...

In a presidential suite in a five-star hotel.

Sarah was reading the patient's record on the couch. Shaun placed a cup of coffee in front of her.

She took a quick sip before smiling. "You still remember that I like Americano."

“Yup, not a lot of women like their coffee bitter.”

Shaun sat down on the couch opposite Sarah. He was suddenly reminded of the woman at home. Catherine, for one, had a sweet tooth. She always had her coffee with lots of sugar and cream.

Sarah noticed the way he was lost in thoughts. This man was sitting right in front of her but he was distracted. Evidently, he was thinking about another woman.

He would not have done this in the past.

Her heart sank, and before she closed the file, she smiled. “I’m 80% confident that I can treat your condition completely and prevent future relapses.”

A ray of light appeared in his eyes. He parted his lips to say something when Elle called him.

“Eldest Young Master Hill, Young Madam has left the manor to head to the court.”

His face fell instantly. “Didn’t I tell you that she’s not allowed to leave the manor for the time being?”

“I’m sorry, but Young Madam threatened the children’s lives...” she explained helplessly.

“Very well.” Enraged, he almost threw his phone away.

That woman was even using the children’s and her own life to threaten him now. Did she really care so little about the children? Were the twins less important to her than Charity?

He felt both angry and disappointed at the same time.

The man sprung to his feet. "Let's do this another day. I need to be somewhere else now."

"Sure, but it's best not to put it off or the chances of recovery will become slim." Sarah shoved her phone into her purse.

The two of them headed downstairs together. Melanie, who was walking out from the corridor nearby, spotted them and quickly scurried to the corner to take some photos.

"Melanie, why are you hiding here?" Charlie came over to place a hand over her waist.

"Look at this." She showed him the photo. "It's Sarah Neeson! She's not dead!"

He narrowed his eyes. "This is really Sarah, unlike that Shelley woman who only looks like her."

"Tsk, what do you think the couple was doing, walking out of a hotel room together at 9:00 a.m.?" Melanie was delighted at the thought of Catherine. "How do you think Catherine will react to these photos?"

Charlie was startled. "I heard she's staying in Hill Manor due to her pregnancy. I bet she's going to lose the babies if she finds out her husband is messing around with his ex-girlfriend."

"You're right."

She smiled internally. Catherine thought she won because she married Shaun, but it seemed like she was going to be abandoned soon.

...

Canberra Courthouse.

The trial was coming to an end by the time Catherine and Freya rushed to the scene.

Charity was standing at the defendant's seat. It had been a while since they last met. The once elegant and beautiful woman was looking frail and exhausted, her hair dry and messy.

"I didn't do it. I didn't kill anyone." She denied strongly despite all the evidence pointing toward her. "I've been framed."

Mr. Shea said flatly, "You don't have to admit it but it remains a fact that you hired people to murder Shelley Langley in a brutal fire. What's more despicable is that you aren't even remorseful of your actions!"

The judge frowned before declaring the final judgment, "The defendant Charity Neeson is found guilty of murder. Due to her poor behavior and showing no signs of remorse, the defendant is sentenced to life imprisonment deprived of political rights effective immediately."

"No, my daughter didn't kill anyone!" Jennifer sprung to her feet, her face covered in tears. The security tried to stop her from leaving the designated area.

Charity's eyes welled up with tears. Although she had anticipated this to happen, she could not help feeling despondent when the moment finally came.

"Charity..." Catherine looked at her sorrowfully. "I'm sorry..."

Aunty Yasmine teased Catherine after seeing the glow on her face. "It seems like Eldest Young Master Hill is the cure."

Catherine blushed and bit her lip.

She hated that their stupidity had brought harm to Charity and Freya. However, she could not resist yearning for Shaun's affection now that she was pregnant.

Shaun called that night. "I'm working overtime tonight, so I'll not be home for dinner. I also have a social meeting later and I don't know when that'll end. I'll spend the night at the city house."

"Okay."

She suddenly remembered Liam's reminder after the phone call.

Frustrated, she held her head in both her hands. How could she honestly believe Liam's words?

Shelley was dead. Unless, he had met another Sarah lookalike.

8:00 p.m. Her phone's notification rang when she was about to shower. She received a photo sent by an unknown number from Canberra.

She clicked into the photo. Shaun was walking along a hotel corridor with a woman dressed in a long linen dress. The woman was wearing a scarf and her long curls were draped over the sides of her shoulders naturally. The two of them looked perfect as if they had stepped out of an oil painting.

Catherine was shocked by the fact that the woman looked so much like the one in the photo Wesley had once shown her.

She used to think Shelley resembled that woman a lot but her features were less delicate.

However, this woman was even more of a lookalike. No, she looked exactly like Sarah.

Even Shaun was looking at her tenderly.

Catherine checked the date at the bottom of the photo. It was taken at 9:00 a.m. yesterday.

It was when she was rushing to the courthouse.

He was in a hotel with this woman.

Who was she?

A shudder ran down her spine.

She felt even more threatened than when she found out about Shelley.

The latter had not intimidated her this much before.

Suddenly, her phone rang. It was from the same unknown number.

She immediately answered the call. Melanie's joyful laughter sounded through the speaker.

"My darling sister, have you seen the photo? Do you like it?"

"What about it..." Catherine said calmly while trying her best to suppress her emotions.

Melanie chuckled. "Alright, maybe you don't know about this yet but the woman in the photo is Sarah Neeson. She's not dead."

"What nonsense is that?" Catherine frowned. How could that be possible? Sarah had been dead for a long time.

"I'm telling the truth. I've seen Sarah in person before and that's definitely her. Besides, I've looked into it. Sarah didn't actually die abroad back then. She returned home a few days ago. Shaun, Rodney, and Chester are spending time with her every day, treating her like a princess. Oh right, I saw with my own eyes that she was walking out of the hotel room with Shaun yesterday morning. What do you think a young man and a young woman would do in a hotel room?"

"..."

Catherine's hand that was holding the phone began to quiver. Her legs were going weak. The image of him being on the bed with another woman sent a sharp pain to her heart.

"I bet you must be really hurt and afraid now." Melanie laughed gleefully. "I feel really bad for you. Although you're pregnant, your husband is secretly meeting his ex-girlfriend behind your back. I reckon you had no idea about this. I'll give this news to you for free because I'm such a good sister."

She hung up after that.

Catherine sat down on the bed.

Sarah was alive?

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Catherine's hand that was holding the phone began to quiver. Her legs were going weak. The image of him being on the bed with another woman sent a sharp pain to her heart.

"I bet you must be really hurt and afraid now." Melanie laughed gleefully. "I feel really bad for you. Although you're pregnant, your husband is secretly meeting his ex-girlfriend behind your back. I reckon you had no idea about this. I'll give this news to you for free because I'm such a good sister."

She hung up after that.

Catherine sat down on the bed.

Sarah was alive?

Aunty Yasmine teased Catherine after seeing the glow on her face. "It seems like Eldest Young Master Hill is the cure."

Catherine blushed and bit her lip.

She hated that their stupidity had brought harm to Charity and Freya. However, she could not resist yearning for Shaun's affection now that she was pregnant.

Shaun called that night. "I'm working overtime tonight, so I'll not be home for dinner. I also have a social meeting later and I don't know when that'll end. I'll spend the night at the city house."

"Okay."

She suddenly remembered Liam's reminder after the phone call.

Frustrated, she held her head in both her hands. How could she honestly believe Liam's words?

Shelley was dead. Unless, he had met another Sarah lookalike.

8:00 p.m. Her phone's notification rang when she was about to shower. She received a photo sent by an unknown number from Canberra.

She clicked into the photo. Shaun was walking along a hotel corridor with a woman dressed in a long linen dress. The woman was wearing a scarf and her long curls were draped over the sides of her shoulders naturally. The two of them looked perfect as if they had stepped out of an oil painting.

Catherine was shocked by the fact that the woman looked so much like the one in the photo Wesley had once shown her.

She used to think Shelley resembled that woman a lot but her features were less delicate.

However, this woman was even more of a lookalike. No, she looked exactly like Sarah.

Even Shaun was looking at her tenderly.

Catherine checked the date at the bottom of the photo. It was taken at 9:00 a.m. yesterday.

It was when she was rushing to the courthouse.

He was in a hotel with this woman.

Who was she?

A shudder ran down her spine.

She felt even more threatened than when she found out about Shelley.

The latter had not intimidated her this much before.

Suddenly, her phone rang. It was from the same unknown number.

She immediately answered the call. Melanie's joyful laughter sounded through the speaker.

"My darling sister, have you seen the photo? Do you like it?"

"What about it..." Catherine said calmly while trying her best to suppress her emotions.

Melanie chuckled. "Alright, maybe you don't know about this yet but the woman in the photo is Sarah Neeson. She's not dead."

"What nonsense is that?" Catherine frowned. How could that be possible? Sarah had been dead for a long time.

"I'm telling the truth. I've seen Sarah in person before and that's definitely her. Besides, I've looked into it. Sarah didn't actually die abroad back then. She returned home a few days ago. Shaun, Rodney, and Chester are spending time with her every day, treating her like a princess. Oh right, I saw with my own eyes that she was walking out of the hotel room with Shaun yesterday morning. What do you think a young man and a young woman would do in a hotel room?"

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She hung up after that.

Catherine sat down on the bed.

Sarah was alive?

That was the woman Shaun thought about even in his dreams.

Charity had warned her before that Sarah was not an innocent woman. Catherine would not be the latter's opponent if she was still alive.

Oh right, Charity had also said to watch out for 'carer eaton' yesterday.

Carer eaton.

Sarah Neeson?

Catherine trembled.

She was in complete shock.

That was it. Charity was warning her to watch out for Sarah Neeson.

Therefore, she already knew that Sarah was still alive.

What else did she know?

Besides, Liam had also reminded Catherine last night.

Everyone knew about this apart from herself.

Would Shaun get back together with Sarah?

Her heart clenched as she touched her belly subconsciously.

No way! She did not care what he was like in the past, but he was the children's father now. They needed a complete family.

Immediately, she grabbed her phone to call Shaun.

"Sorry, the number you're calling is unavailable."

What was he doing that he could not pick up her call?

Could it be possible that he was with Sarah?

She could not stop her mind from dwelling on that thought and she quickly called Hadley. "Why isn't Shaun answering my calls?"

Hadley, who was working overtime in the office, was taken aback by surprise. "Eldest Young Master Hill... He's going through psychological treatment right now. The doctor says he shouldn't be disturbed."

"Treatment? Do you mean Dr. Nyasia?"

“Yes, the doctor said it’s not good to drag on with the treatment. It’s crucial to start treating him as soon as possible.” Hadley was worried. He hoped Eldest Young Master Hill could recover quickly. It would be a disaster if Young Madam found out that Nyasia was actually Sarah Neeson who had passed away.

Catherine asked after a long silence, “Did he spend the night at New Metropolis Park?”

“Yes.”

Catherine wished she could be waiting for him at the house in New Metropolis Park right now. However, she knew she would not be allowed to leave the villa at this hour.

She was overwhelmed with regret for agreeing to move into the Hill family’s manor in the beginning.

...

8:30 p.m.

Shaun walked into an empty bar that was playing a jazz tune. He noticed Sarah who was sitting by the bar at first glance.

She was wearing a long white dress tonight. She looked like a precious flower that only bloomed at night—pure yet mysterious.

“Didn’t you say we’re treating my illness tonight? Why are we meeting here?” He approached her and sat down next to her.

“Well, would you rather we go to a boring hospital or a suggestive hotel room instead?” She smiled.

He pursed his lips. Indeed, he did not want to meet at either of those places.

“This is the best place. It’s not too loud and also relaxing.”

Coincidentally, the bartender came over with two drinks. She pushed one to Shaun.

“We’re drinking as well?” He frowned.

“Are you planning to be treated in this tense mindset?” Sarah pointed at her heart and then her head. “What does a psychologist do? We treat these two places. Taking pills does nothing to a disease of the heart.”

Shaun took a sip of the alcohol in silence.

Sarah stared at Shaun’s profile. Although he was sitting in a dim area, his exquisite features remained attractive. She felt the need to win his heart. “Shaunny, can you do me a favor? Can you let go of Neeson Corporation?”

“You want to take it over, huh?”

“No. I’m busy enough with work so I don’t have the time to manage the company.” Sarah gave a bitter laugh. “My dad has relapsed while Charity is in jail. What my dad cares about most is his company. I’m afraid he won’t be able to hold on without his company.”

A trace of gentleness flashed across Shaun’s eyes. “You’re still the same. Anyway, don’t forget how he treated you when you were wandering out there over these years.”

“That’s another story. I’m just doing what I should as a daughter. At least I have a clear conscience.” Sarah sighed. “What’s more, my brother is unemployed despite the fact that he’s already an adult. I should assist him in turning over a new leaf so that he won’t behave like before.”

At the mention of Thomas, Shaun revealed a look of disgust. “It’s about time he changed.”

Sarah suddenly laughed at him. "I thought I'd need to put in some effort into persuading you. I didn't expect that you'd readily agree to it."

"I owe it to you," Shaun said.

"No. You don't owe me anything," Sarah replied as she lowered her head and gazed at the wine on the table.

Half an hour later, the two of them walked upstairs together.

Wesley walked out from a dark corner. He smiled at the sight of the photo in his hand.

When he was working in the office that afternoon, he had suddenly received a mysterious message which told him to visit this bar.

"Cathy, it looks like you're in danger."

Wesley sent the photo to Catherine through WhatsApp. [I saw this when I was with my friend at Maison Bar last night. The two of them entered a private room upstairs. I heard you're pregnant. You'd better keep an eye on Shaun. You can always come to me if you need help.]

...

Manor.

The moment Catherine received the photo, her heart turned frosty. It felt as if a hole had been drilled into her heart.

Yesterday, Melanie caught them walking out of a hotel room. Today, they went to the bar together. They met so frequently that even her 'old acquaintances' kept coming across them.

What did he mean by going for treatment?

What did he mean by being occupied with work? These were all lies.

He purely wanted to keep Sarah company.

What about her and the babies in her belly?

Catherine erupted with rage as she could no longer endure it. She had to leave the manor and look for Shaun, but she supposed that no one would agree.

After giving it a thought, she found Liam's phone number and called him.

"It's rare that you're calling me of your own accord," Liam said in astonishment.

"Liam, please get me out of the manor. I have something urgent to attend to." After some consideration, she realized that Liam was the only person in the Hill family whom she could ask for help.

Liam was torn. "It's late at night now. What's so important that you need to deal with? If my grandparents find out about it, they'll surely scold me. Also, Shaun..."

"I'm not doing anything dangerous. I just need to deal with some urgent matters. I'll be sure to take care of myself and my babies." Catherine gnashed her teeth. "Liam, don't forget that you used to hurt me by taking advantage of me. If you're still guilty about it..."

"Fine, fine. You win. I'll drive you out. Come down secretly. Don't let anyone find out."

Liam let out a sigh.

Ten minutes later, Catherine sneaked into his sports car.

The security guard realized that it was Liam's car, so he did not block the car and let it drive out of the manor.

"Where are you going?" Liam glanced at her, only to find that she was still dressed in her pajamas. He wondered how urgent the matter was.

"Maison Bar."

"Why are you heading to a bar at this hour?" Unease came over Liam. He was well aware that the Hill family was very concerned about the babies in Catherine's belly.

"To check if Shaun is in bed with someone else."

"..."

Liam slammed on the brakes.

Catherine added indifferently, "Are you already aware that Sarah is still alive and Shaun has been meeting up with her recently? You even reminded me that men are easily seduced by women when their wives are pregnant. You meant to ask me to keep an eye on Sarah, no?"

Let me go, Mr. Hill [by Shallow South] Chapter 527

Liam rubbed his forehead. Sometimes, women were so sharp that it seemed as if they had antennae. "Actually, I only heard that Shaun, Rodney, and the gang are always dining out with Sarah recently. I'm not sure about the other stuff."

"Instead of distancing himself from his ex, he approaches and hangs out with her instead. Doesn't this mean he's going to cheat on me sooner or later?" Catherine bit her lip, feeling a lump form in her throat. "I don't want my children to grow up without a father."

“Alright.” Liam continued to drive.

40 minutes later, the car was parked in front of Maison Bar.

Catherine pushed open the car door and got out.

“Wait for me.” Worried that something would happen to the babies in her belly, Liam quickly went after her.

Catherine walked up the stairs and pushed open the door of each private room. When she pushed the door of the fourth room, she spotted a man and a woman hugging on the couch. The tall and handsome man was Shaun. Meanwhile, Sarah was gently touching his head, which was leaning on her chest.

When the door was forcefully pushed open, both Shaun and Sarah were taken aback.

Catherine gaped at the scene while rooted to the spot. A surge of emotions overwhelmed her deep down.

She felt like vomiting. She really felt like vomiting.

This was the man she was deeply in love with, yet he was leaning on another woman’s body.

At this sight before her, she admitted that he had never gotten over Sarah. He could choose not to love Catherine, but he should at least take his children into account.

Exploding from anger, she quickened her pace toward them.

Sarah swiftly pushed Shaun away. "Are you Shaun's wife? It's not what it looks like..."

Catherine took a glass of wine from the table and splashed it onto Sarah's face.

"Ah!" Sarah yelled.

Shaun's head was still hurting badly as he leaned on the couch. When he was undergoing the treatment just now, he was suddenly reminded of his miserable childhood memories. Amid his despair and helplessness, he was woken by a yell.

Once his vision became clear, he noticed that Sarah was drenched and in a sorry state while Catherine was furiously holding a wine glass.

"What are you doing?" Shaun leaped to his feet and glowered at Catherine.

Sarah promptly gripped his arm. "Don't be angry, Shaun. She didn't mean to splash it on me. I think she misunderstood us."

Catherine's eyes settled on Sarah's grip on Shaun's arm. At the sight of the unpleasant scene, tears began to well in her eyes.

What a misunderstanding.

Shaun could not believe it at all. "That's impossible. I've seen on the news that the ingredients for barbecue are just casually rinsed."

The boss was speechless.

F*ck. Was this person trying to cause trouble? If it had not been for his sturdy physique and outstanding attire, the boss would have asked him to get lost.

"If you don't believe me, I can't do anything. Perhaps you can choose to eat at another stall," the boss teased him.

"It's fine. I'll personally wash the ingredients that my wife is going to eat." Shaun chose the ingredients that Catherine ordered and cleaned them properly with water.

"Are you planning to wash everything, including what your companion has ordered?" the boss gnashed his teeth and asked with a long face.

"No. You can choose the dirtiest ingredients for him."

The boss was at a loss for words.

How could this person be so mean?

Shaun calmly went back to his seat. "My dear, I've personally washed the ingredients for you. I can guarantee that they're clean."

Speechless, Catherine twitched her mouth. Then, she touched her belly. "How lucky my babies are."

Shaun was at a loss for words.

Liam giggled. "I hope your father won't have illegitimate children after you're born. Anyway, I'll treat you babies with affection."

"Liam, what do you mean? Just zip it," Shaun said in a huff.

"Am I wrong? Instead of receiving treatment at home, you spent the night doing it at the bar with your ex. Haha, I've never heard of anyone getting treated this way. Watch yourself, Brother," Liam replied indifferently.

"Why do you keep dwelling on this matter? Every psychologist has their own way of treating patients." An impatient look crossed Shaun's face.

"Okay. You might be a gentleman, but how certain are you that Sarah has no feelings for you?" Liam shrugged. "If this had happened back then, I wouldn't have been bothered to remind you. Indeed, I'm a scumbag. I'm not a good person either.

"But if I were in your shoes and my wife is pregnant, I'd definitely keep a distance from other women, much less my ex. The reason why I'm saying this is that I don't wish to see my nephews or nieces growing up in an incomplete family. You should be able to understand this kind of pain, right?"

Shaun's expression changed.

Catherine glanced at Liam admiringly.

She admitted that she used to hold a grudge against Liam, but it had vanished at that moment.

Shaun snorted. "My children aren't your nephews and nieces. They have nothing to do with you."

"Pah! You're not the one who decides it. It's my nephews and nieces who have the final say." Liam and Shaun kept bickering with one another.

At the sight of the scene, a gentle smile spread across Catherine's face.

"What are you smiling at?" Liam asked.

"It's rare to see both of you interacting so much," Catherine suddenly said, "Actually, you guys can accept, help, and support each other. As brothers, you don't have to turn against each other."

Liam said, "Ew. Who would want to help him?"

Shaun also said, "I won't help him."

Catherine was speechless. Did they not realize that they shared a lot of similarities? They seemed like biological brothers.

...

After supper, the three of them returned to the manor.

The minute Catherine stepped into the bedroom, Shaun suddenly received a call from Rodney. "Shaun, how could you leave Sarah alone? You should've sent her back at least. When she headed home alone just now, a motorcyclist robbed her and she got injured."

Shaun was stunned, and his brows furrowed. "Didn't she drive?"

"How would she have the time to get a car when she has just returned to Melbourne?" Rodney was at a loss for words. "Also, she was soaked to the skin. When I asked her what happened, she refused to tell me. You've gone too far."

Shaun pursed his lips in annoyance. "Look after her."

After the call ended, Catherine turned her head around and glanced at Shaun. "What's wrong? Did something happen to Sarah?"

"You heard everything?" Shaun's eyes glowed. He had adjusted the volume to the lowest level, so he was surprised that she actually heard it.

She heard nothing, in fact.

It was just that she could somewhat grasp Sarah's tactics.

Sure enough, the woman was not simple.

Catherine snorted. "Not only did I guess correctly that something had happened to her, but I'm also sure that Rodney was the one who made the call. Rodney certainly blamed you for not sending Sarah home and wondered why she was soaked, but Sarah was insistent on keeping silent about the truth."

"..."

Shaun was so stupefied that he almost doubted if she had planted a bug in his phone.

"How do you know?"

Catherine curled her lips. As expected, she had guessed it all right. "Rebecca used such tactics before."

Shaun frowned upon hearing that.

Catherine shrugged. "First of all, you'll be overcome with guilt since something has happened to her. Secondly, she didn't tell Rodney that it was me who splashed the wine on her so you'll see her as an understanding woman. Women usually gain advantages by making concessions like this."

Shaun rubbed his forehead. "Catherine, I know you dislike Sarah, but you don't know her well enough—"

"Fine. I know she's kind. You might've known her for over ten years, whereas tonight was merely the first time I met her. You're bound to be unhappy that I'm slandering your first love whom you haven't been able to get over."

Catherine nodded. "But I'm sorry. In my eyes, she's a woman who could possibly snatch my husband and ruin my children's family."

"Why won't you trust me?" Shaun was boiling with rage. "Am I such an irresponsible man to you?"

"Trust can only be earned. What have you done to earn it? It was Shelley previously and Sarah now."

Catherine could not help but add, "You went to a hotel the day before yesterday, and you visited a bar today. The two of you have been spending so much time together and you always don't come home. How would I feel?"

Shaun was dumbfounded. "How did you find out..."

"A lot of people came across you two. They even sent photos of you guys to my phone. Tell me how I should feel."

Catherine wiped away the tears on her face. "I'm a pregnant woman. Why can't you make me feel more secure? Do you know how frightened I was when I saw those photos? What was worse, I couldn't reach you."

"I was just discussing my condition with her in the hotel that morning. We didn't do anything else."

Shaun stretched out his hands to hug her in a state of panic.

However, Catherine pushed him away. "Don't touch me. I can smell another woman's scent on you. It's disgusting."

"When did I start having another woman's smell?" Shaun lowered his head and sniffed his body. The instant he noticed a faint smell of it, his expression changed slightly. "I'm going to take a bath."

Catherine turned her face away from him, not bothered to look at him again.

It was not her intention to shed tears. Nevertheless, she felt as if she had transformed into a different person ever since she got pregnant. She started worrying about every little thing.

Shaun sighed. He directly took off his clothes in front of her.

“What are you doing?” Catherine was taken aback. Her face was flushed with anger and embarrassment.

Although they were a couple, she could not bear to see him naked under the bright lights.

“You can check my body to see if there are any marks. I’m innocent.” Shaun stretched out his arms and turned around in front of Catherine.

Catherine could not bring herself to look at him. She rose to her feet and pushed him away. Then, she walked to the bathroom. “Get in now, you hoodlum.”

“Stop crying, my dear. I’ll only behave like a hoodlum in front of you.” Shaun seized the opportunity to pull her into his arms and planted a kiss on her face. After that, he said shamelessly, “I just feel like behaving like a hoodlum in front of you.”

“Shaun, I hate this behavior of yours.”

Catherine raised her hands and pounded him. She did not feel better. Instead, she felt increasingly aggrieved and wept more bitterly. “You always criticize me without getting your facts right and begin rewarding me afterward. I disallow from meeting Sarah.”

“That’s not possible, babe.” A bitter smile flashed across Shaun’s face. “I’m afraid only she’s capable of treating my illness. Do you want me to suffer from Alzheimer’s disease at such a young age and forget about you and our children?”

Catherine bit her lip in agony. “I can’t stand you guys spending so much time together all the time. Otherwise... ask her to treat you in the manor, and I’ll watch from outside.”

Shaun pinched her cheeks lightly. “What a domineering wife you are. I didn’t realize that earlier.”

Catherine glared at him. "Shaun, you need to understand that I wouldn't care about you if it weren't for the children."

"What do you mean?" Shaun's eyes narrowed. "So you're staying by my side only because of the children?"

"Think about what you've done. At first, you kept Shelley by your side, and now you have Sarah with you. I feel worn out. I don't know how long my love for you will last," Catherine said bitterly and frankly.

Shaun felt sorry deep down.

He had not expected that Sarah would turn out to be his psychologist either.

Having said that, he really had no intention of getting back together with Sarah. "I'll listen to you, babe."

By the time Shaun came out of the bathroom, Catherine was already lying on the bed. She kept tossing and turning, having difficulty falling asleep.

Shaun snuggled into the bed and wrapped his arms around her. "I'm not going to sleep next door. I want to sleep with you."

Catherine turned her body over and ignored him.

"I suspect that we've always been arguing these days mainly because we're sleeping separately now. As a couple, we need to be intimate in order to improve our relationship."

With that, Shaun kissed her on the face.

Initially, he just planned to give her a kiss. However, he ended up kissing her longer than he planned, probably because he had not been so intimate with her for quite some time.

Catherine was dazed as he kissed her. A part of her rejected him while a part of her went along with him. With that, Shaun became addicted.

Well, they had fought but were kissing and making up now.

The next day, Catherine was finally clear-headed after a good night's sleep.

Sure enough, Sarah had come prepared. When it came to dealing with this kind of woman, Catherine had to be b*tchier than her.

If this had happened earlier, Catherine might have quit such an unstable relationship.

Now that she was pregnant, she had to protect her family.

She had no choice but to bite the bullet.

After contemplating for a while, she turned her body over and said to Shaun, "From today onward, I'll visit your office from time to time. Now that I'm being locked in here every day, I have nowhere to go and I tend to overthink, which depresses me more."

Shaun frowned and was concerned about her. "But—"

"I'm fed up with thinking about you all the time. When you didn't come back those days, I wondered if you had fallen for another woman, disliked me for being pregnant, and disliked me for being skeptical. I hate how I'm behaving this way," Catherine interrupted his sentence. Her tone was filled with distress.

Shaun let out a sigh. After some thought, he realized that they had been having a really bitter row these days. Having to focus on work and his treatment, he often did not have time to care for her. "Alright."

“Also, you must not spend time with Sarah alone except when you go for treatment. I know Rodney and Chester are on friendly terms with her, so they’ll often meet each other. If the four of you meet up next time, you can bring me along.”

Catherine buried her face in Shaun’s chest with an endearing look.

It had been a long while since she behaved meekly in front of him. He became soft-hearted and confused in an instant. “But Rodney and Chester—”

“I know they dislike me, but that’s okay. I can bear with it as long as I get to prevent my husband from being snatched away by another woman.”

Catherine lifted her head and blinked her charming large eyes. “It’s because you’re too handsome. I love you.”

“Babe, I’ll listen to you.” Shaun’s eyes lit up. He lowered his head and kissed her on the lips.

He sighed deep down as he was completely dominated by the woman. In this case, how could anything possibly happen between Sarah and him? Anyway, it did not matter as long as she was happy. If she wanted to come along, so be it.

...

8:40 a.m.

Shaun walked to the dining room with his hand around Catherine’s waist.

Catherine’s mouth was slightly swollen, and her cheeks were scarlet.

Having experienced such things herself, Old Madam Hill was under no illusion about what had happened to them this morning. She was both relieved and concerned. “This is how the two of you should behave as a couple. Having said that, you should watch out. The doctor said that three months prior—”

“We didn’t, Granny. You don’t have to keep reminding me. I’m not a child.” Shaun’s face darkened after he heard those words, while Catherine wished the ground would swallow her up.

Deep down, Liam was expressing his disapproval while having his breakfast. Shaun and Catherine were just having a blazing row yesterday, yet they were on good terms today like two peas in a pod.

Liam wondered if Shaun was an expert at calming women or if Catherine was an expert at dealing with men. Anyhow, this couple were experts.

“By the way, I heard the three of you came back together last night,” Old Master Hill suddenly said.

“Cough, cough.” Liam nearly choked on his sandwich.

Shaun glanced at him nonchalantly. “Cathy missed me, so Liam brought her over to visit me yesterday. We had supper together before returning home.”

With that, Catherine stepped on his foot.

Missed him? Ha! How shameless he was to tell such a lie. In truth, she had gone to check if he was in bed with Sarah.

Shaun glanced at her with an aggrieved look. However, Catherine looked away and ignored him.

Old Master Hill did not see through them and nodded with a sense of relief. “I didn’t expect that you’d go for supper with Liam.”

Liam snorted. “It was Sister-in-law who requested it, or I wouldn’t have had supper with him.”

Old Madam Hill squinted her eyes. She was pleased that Catherine had managed to reconcile the brothers. “That’s great. As

brothers, you guys should unite at this point. Fate has tied you guys by blood, so you should cherish your bond forever.”

Shaun and Liam both pulled long faces. They did not cherish their bond at all.

After breakfast, Catherine said, “Granny, Shaun’s psychologist will be coming to the manor to treat him these days. Where do you think the treatment should be done? By the way, I think you know the psychologist as well. She’s Sarah Langley Neeson.”

Bang.

The spoon in Old Madam Hill’s hand dropped into the bowl. She asked in agitation, “Isn’t she dead?”

“No, she’s back. We were mistaken before this,” Shaun explained impassively.

Old Master Hill furrowed his brows. He had met Sarah before this and disliked her more than Catherine. “Aren’t there any other psychologists in the world? Why must you have her treat your illness? Get someone else.”

Old Madam Hill nodded. “Exactly. How could you ask your ex to treat you? Have you ever thought of your wife’s feelings?”

Catherine let out a sigh of relief. By the looks of it, Old Master Hill and Old Madam Hill were not fond of Sarah.

A bitter smile appeared on Shaun’s face. “Chester said that she’s the most brilliant psychologist in the US. When I asked her to come over previously, I didn’t expect her to be Sarah either.”

Old Master Hill remained silent for a moment before he nodded. “Fine, but you have to be mindful of your behavior. Don’t go astray. I hope you won’t follow in your mom’s footsteps.”

“I definitely won’t, Grandpa.”

Shaun nodded.

On his way to the office, he gave Sarah a call to discuss the location for his treatment.

"I've actually expected this. I'll treat you in the manor, then. But your grandparents took an immediate dislike to me back then. I'm afraid—"

"I'll let them know. They'll understand."

"Alright then." Sarah paused for a moment before she continued, "To be honest, I've come up with a plan to treat your illness. Now that the location has been changed, I have to replan everything. In this case, you might not be able to recover as soon as we had planned. I hope you understand."

Shaun frowned. Of course, he hoped to recover as soon as possible. However, since it bothered Catherine that he was spending time alone with Sarah, he could not do anything about it. "Okay then. By the way, were you alright last night? Why didn't you tell me that you didn't have a car? I would've asked my chauffeur to send you home."

"No big deal. The better you treated me under the circumstances last night, the more your wife would misunderstand us," Sarah said with a low voice, "I don't want to ruin the wonderful relationship you've finally gotten into."

"..."

Shaun pressed on his forehead. "Sarah, you can be happy too. Sadly, we're not fated to be together, but there's someone who's been protecting you by your side..."

"Are you referring to... Rodney?" Sarah opened her mouth and said with mixed feelings.

"Mm. Actually, he has long since fallen for you."

“No. Rodney deserves someone better. Tarnished women like me don’t deserve to be with him. Let’s stop here. You can carry on with your stuff. I’ll meet you in the manor tonight.”

Shaun sighed upon hanging up. He hoped that Sarah would find her other half soon. This way, Catherine could be less concerned about him while he could feel less guilty.

...

Hudson Corporation.

After looking at the company’s performance in the office, Catherine noticed that the company had done a lot better despite her absence these days.

General Manager Wolfe said with a grin, “Eldest Young Master Hill is indeed worthy of being labeled as the wealthiest man in Australia with his remarkable talent in the business industry. Despite spending little time dealing with Hudson’s matters, he generated a huge income for the company just by giving a few orders. The company’s properties are almost sold out.”

A twinge of jealousy appeared on Catherine’s features.

F*ck. Not only was he handsome, but he was also far more talented than others. How unreasonable! It made Catherine, who was the director of the company, feel as if she was not needed.

“By the way, our company has been developing in Canberra for half a year. Besides

as pale as a ghost.

Rodney’s brows furrowed too. He really did not expect Thomas to say those horrible things.

Thomas should not have held on to those grudges even if he really despised Boris. That man was dead now, after all.

Shaun's handsome face gradually became overcast. He looked at Sarah indifferently. He was not bothered about Thomas as that man was an infamous prick, but he definitely did not expect Sarah to lie to cover up for her brother. He had almost misunderstood the situation.

"Shaunic, can I apologize to them on behalf of my brother?" Sarah was flustered but quickly regained her composure, forcing out a smile. "Thomas has always been like this. I've told him many times that nothing's going to happen between us two but he just wouldn't listen. There's nothing much I can do about that. Besides, I didn't participate in the argument from the beginning but I was humiliated in the end."

"Sarah, you don't have to apologize since you weren't the one cursing others. It was all Thomas." Rodney could not resist comforting her. "Moreover, Freya is in the wrong for calling you names too."

Freya laughed sarcastically. "What a great apology, Miss Neeson. If Cathy hadn't recorded the conversation, perhaps the words you said earlier would make others assume that it was Cathy and me who initiated the argument. On the contrary, Thomas would have been cleared of all responsibilities. All these would then lead to Cathy and Eldest Young Master Hill quarreling again."

Shaun's brows furrowed. Sarah lifted her head, looking all innocent. "Sorry, I didn't think about that. I'll be more careful next time."

"No need for next time! Freya Lynch, when will you stop?" Rodney could not hear more of this.

"Enough," Shaun warned before looking at Thomas. "It seems like there's been a huge misunderstanding because I helped you out a few times. I had no idea about the massive project you secured yesterday. Perhaps they thought we were close or something and thus tried to curry favors with me by pleasing you. I'll give the word later to cancel the collaboration."

Shocked, Thomas quickly tried to save the situation. "Eldest Young Master Hill, I'm sorry. It was my fault for saying the wrong things. Please don't cancel the collaboration. I beg you."

Freya scoffed. "Indeed, you've said many wrong things. Last time in the pub, you even said that Eldest Young Master Hill wouldn't do anything to you even if you forcefully slept with Cathy."

Thomas' legs were shaking at this point. He almost fell kneeling to the ground.

"Did he say that to you?" Shaun narrowed his eyes and turned to face Catherine.

She twitched her lips. "Would you believe me if I said yes?"

Shaun glared dangerously at the man. He might not be convinced if he had not heard the disrespectful words Thomas said to Catherine earlier on the recording.

All of a sudden, he could understand why they were always fighting about this man.

As it turned out, his wife had been humiliated by others in this way.

He could feel his blood boiling beneath his skin.

Shaun kicked Thomas in the chest forcefully.

"Thomas!" Sarah appeared flustered. "Quickly apologize to Mrs. Hill and promise that you'll watch your words in the future. I won't keep helping you if you do this again."

"Sorry, Eldest Young Master Hill. I was wrong." Thomas immediately knelt on the ground and bowed to Catherine. "Young Madam, I'll not be rude to you again."

"Shaun, I think that's enough," Rodney said. He was not bothered about Thomas but he felt bad upon seeing the worried look on Sarah's face.

"Remember, I'll cut off your tongue if this happens again. Besides, I'll not meddle in the Neeson family's affairs anymore. I won't budge even if you kill someone or set a place on fire."

After saying that indifferently, Shaun turned around to speak gently to Catherine, "Let's go. The siblings can sort out Boris' funeral. Rodney, the man is Sarah's birth father no matter what, so give them a hand. Oh right, get Jennifer Craven's body and bury them next to each other."

"Yup, I'll do that." Rodney nodded.

Catherine felt relieved upon hearing that and left with Freya.

Although Rodney could be quite dumb at times, he was not a mean or ruthless person. Boris and his wife should be able to be buried together in peace if he was handling the funerals.

Darkness flashed across Sarah's lowered gaze.

In fact, she had not planned on properly burying Jennifer. It was out of her expectation that Shaun would deliberately instruct Rodney to handle this matter. Had he lost trust in her?

More importantly, she was shocked that Catherine actually recorded their conversation in secret. It made her feel as though she had shot herself in the foot.

Stupid Catherine! She was just as despicable as Charity.

...

In the parking lot.

Freya was still grumbling to Catherine in a low voice, "I've just realized Rodney has feelings for Sarah. Anyone who ends up

with that man is surely unfortunate. That brainless man is being manipulated by that scheming woman. Oh sh*t, do you think he's kissed Sarah before? The thought of it makes me sick. Damn it! I once kissed him forcefully. Does that mean that I've indirectly kissed Sarah too?"

"..."

Catherine was evidently astonished. "Since when did you forcefully kiss Rodney? Did you not have any other men to choose from? Kissing a random beggar on the streets is better than kissing him."

"Remember when Patrick came looking for me before? Rodney was nearby by chance so I kissed him to take revenge on Patrick. I regret it so much now I feel like throwing up."

A frustrated look spread across Catherine's face. "Don't you dare be sick in front of me. Sarah's ex-boyfriend is my husband. I bet they've kissed more times than I can count."

"That's right. You've kissed her indirectly so many times. You should probably rinse your mouth properly when you get home."

Shaun, who was walking in front of them, was speechless.

Did the two of them have no idea that the echoes were loud in a parking lot? He could hear every single word they said.

They were criticizing both him and Rodney like they were piles of sh*t. Really?

He stopped in his tracks.

Freya immediately noticed the sulky look on his face. "My car is parked over there. I'll see you later."

"I drove too..." Catherine turned around, intending to leave.

Shaun grabbed her arm instantly. "Let Elle drive your car home. You're coming with me."

"I don't want to be in the same space as you." She was still furious at him.

"Cathy, I'm sorry. But I've punished Thomas and you saw it too." He lowered his head to the ground, looking apologetic. "Boris and Jennifer's funeral will be settled by Rodney. It's going to be alright."

"So what?"

She lifted her head to reveal the disappointment in her eyes. "Would you have believed me if I didn't have the recording? You all would still think that Freya and I bullied the Neeson siblings."

Embarrassment flashed across his face. "I didn't expect—"

"There are so many other things that you didn't expect." She scoffed. "What good does your apology do? The dead won't come back alive anyway. Please, remind yourself what kind of trash the person you're helping actually is."

"You're absolutely right that Thomas is trash. Do we really want to keep arguing about this man?" He said gently, "Why don't I bring you shopping after work today?"

Darkness flashed across Sarah's lowered gaze.

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"You're absolutely right that Thomas is trash. Do we really want to keep arguing about this man?" He said gently, "Why don't I bring you shopping after work today?"

Catherine took a deep breath.

Well, at the very least, Aunty Jennifer and Uncle Boris would be buried next to each other so they would not be alone.

She stepped forward to give her condolences. Sarah, as the family member, joined in to express her gratitude.

Both of them lowered their heads to the ground. Sarah whispered in a voice soft enough just for them both to hear. "Do you really think it's Jennifer's ashes in there? Hah, I've already flushed hers down the toilet. What's inside that urn belongs to a random dog."

Catherine's body was visibly shaking at this point.

She lifted her head, only to see the sad look on Sarah's face. It was as if she had not just said something completely evil.

How could a person be this treacherous?

Catherine knew better than to fall into the trap.

However, she could not help but push the other woman to the ground.

Sarah hit her head on the coffin and tears came rolling down her cheeks. "Young Madam, did I say something wrong to offend you again?"

"Catherine, what are you doing?!" Rodney dashed forward to help Sarah to her feet.

"Catherine, this is too much." Chester also walked over to help Sarah.

Shaun was flustered but knew Catherine was not an unreasonable person. "Cathy, what's the matter?"

"What else? She's gone mad. Shaun, bring her out of here right now or I might actually hit her," Rodney shouted.

"Sarah Neeson, I've never seen a woman as cruel as you. You'll be punished sooner or later." Catherine held her hands into fists and stomped off.

She could not do much today with all these people protecting that sly woman.

However, one day, Sarah would have to pay for all the horrible things she had done.

"Crazy woman! Shaun, don't bring her along next time. I don't want to see that woman again." Rodney was extremely disgusted by Catherine at this point.

"Rodney, don't say that. She didn't do that on purpose," Sarah said, holding on to the man's arm. "Based on my professional experience, she's probably suffering from antenatal depression."

"Depression?" Shaun was taken aback.

"Yeah, a pregnant woman goes through fluctuating hormonal changes. 10% of them would feel anxious, suspicious, have bad tempers, and their relationship with their other half would also become tense."

Rodney exclaimed in surprise, "Wow, I think Catherine has all of these symptoms."

Shaun felt his head hurt. He had yet to recover from his own illness. It would be terrible if Catherine had depression too.

"I'll go after her."

By the time he rushed to the door, Catherine had sped past his eyes in the car.

...

An hour later.

Catherine slowly walked through the prison gate.

Several moments later, Charity, who was dressed in a green prison uniform, showed up with her feet in shackles. Her hair had been cut short. She looked thin and tired.

"Cathy, it's you. I thought it was my parents." Charity smiled upon seeing her.

"..."

Catherine's clenched fists trembled above her knees. She tried so hard to stop herself from tearing up. "Your parents... Freya and I have sent them over to Melbourne. Your dad's health isn't the best right now and your mom needs to look after him. They probably won't come back to visit you often."

"Thank you, Catherine." Charity expressed genuine gratitude. "We've not known each other for a long time, but I didn't think you'd help me so much."

"No, it's my fault for getting you in here. If I hadn't looked into Shelley's identity, she wouldn't be locked up by Shaun and be burned alive by the murderer."

"I don't understand why someone would do this to me." Charity's eyes revealed intense rage.

"Is it Sarah?" Catherine looked at the woman. "I know she's alive."

"I thought about that as well. But she didn't boast about this the last time she came so I don't think so." Charity shook her head as a complicated expression took over her face. "She did say she wanted to steal Shaun from you and the position of Mrs. Hill. You should watch out for her."

Catherine was startled. It appeared that her hunch was right. "Really? She doesn't act that way in front of Shaun and his friends."

"She's always been this two-faced." The corners of Charity's lips twitched. "The three of them spoil her like a princess."

Catherine scoffed. "I know. Oh right, did you know before this that Sarah wasn't dead? She even became the world-famous psychologist, Nyasia. She's the one treating Shaun at the moment."

Charity looked genuinely shocked. "I really thought she was dead. Several years ago, she left to study abroad in Country M. She got kidnapped when she went to the forest with her friends. All of her friends were dead and the women had been... raped. But she survived. Why didn't she contact her family or even Shaun? Instead, she lived in secret to become a famous psychologist. Something's not right about this."

Catherine's brows furrowed upon hearing the story of Sarah's disappearance.

All of a sudden, Charity said, "Catherine, give up if it's exhausting. You're all alone with no help. I'm worried you can't compete with Sarah and will end up losing everything in the end."

Catherine fell deep into thought.

Of course, she had considered giving up as well.

However, her heart felt an intense pain every time she thought about giving up Shaun to someone else, or when she imagined the image of him and Sarah being intimate.

Why should she have to give him up? He was her husband.

The father of her children.

Charity sighed looking at her. "I think you shouldn't let her treat Shaun. It's a long process and he has to spend a lot of time in his ex-girlfriend's company. Sarah will surely create trouble at every chance she gets. You might not be able to handle her especially now that you're pregnant.

Catherine smiled bitterly. That was exactly how things were going.

Before leaving, she turned around and said to Charity seriously, "No matter what happens in the future, I'll always be your friend and you'll never be alone."

Charity was startled and baffled. It was not until Sarah came to see her not long later that she finally understood the truth.

...

Afternoon.

Catherine was surprised to see Shaun when she returned to the villa. He was sitting on the couch in the living room.

She walked straight to the stairs without looking at him.

"Cathy, wait." He rushed over to grab her hand. "I got the kitchen helper to bake a cake. Why don't you have some?"

She eyed the man up and down suspiciously. "You're not angry that I pushed Sarah this morning?"

Shocked, he scratched his nose. "I was about to but on second thought, I know my wife wouldn't push someone without a

reason.”

Right at that moment, a lump formed in her throat and tears welled up in her eyes instantly.

Only God knew how furious she had been earlier today. She had even prepared herself to have another argument with Shaun. Little did she expect that he would choose to believe her this time.

Her exhausted heart suddenly got a boost of confidence to continue this life journey with him.

“Hey, why are you crying again?” He was flustered. “Your tears have fallen like rain since you got pregnant and they come without warning.”

He fumbled around to find her a tissue.

“Shaunny.” Catherine hugged him and buried her face in his chest.

“Yes, I’m here.” Shaun lightly patted Catherine on the back. It had been so long since she called him that endearment. There was a fuzzy feeling in his heart. Perhaps he had not been showing her enough consideration which caused her to be depressed. “But I was a little angry today. You shouldn’t have driven so fast today. What if you and the children got hurt?”

“I’ll not do that again.” She shook her head. After a brief consideration, she lifted her eyes to say, “Actually, I didn’t push her on purpose today. Sarah told me the urn doesn’t hold Aunty Jennifer’s ashes but a dog’s. She flushed Aunty Jennifer’s ashes down the drain. I couldn’t take it...”

“...”

Shock was written over his face.

She was not surprised to see that reaction. "I know you won't believe me and probably even think I'm accusing her. It doesn't matter."

"It is quite hard to believe that," he said honestly while still caressing her back.

It would be horrifying if Sarah had actually done that.

Even if Jennifer was a homewrecker, she was already dead. It would not be right to mess with the dead's ashes like this.

"Hmm, I don't want to believe that either. I hope she's just lying," she replied tiredly.

"Well, stop overthinking it. I'll get Auntie Yasmine to bring the cake over. Eating dessert will cheer you up."

He carried her into the garden.

The sun was shining warmly into the garden. Catherine rested her head against his chest as he fed her the cake. She cheered up after that and somehow fell asleep while nestled in his arms.

After carrying her back into the bedroom, he left the room and called Hadley. "Go investigate if Jennifer's ashes belong to a human."

"What else would it be? A ghost's ashes?"

When did the investigations nowadays become so spooky?

"Do it right away!" he yelled at his assistant.

...

The following day.

Sarah came to the villa to treat Shaun.

Catherine and Shaun were waiting for her in the living room. Catherine had deliberately skipped going into the office today.

Sarah looked pretty in a light pink summer dress with ruffled sleeves. Her eyes still appeared slightly puffy from all the crying, which made her look somewhat pitiable.

However, Catherine had already seen how much cruelty hid behind that beautiful face. This woman was a thousand times more evil than Rebecca.

"Young Madam." A hint of intimidation flashed across Sarah's eyes. After exchanging casual greetings, she turned to Shaun. "Let's start our second treatment session."

Catherine rose to her feet and questioned. "Miss Neeson, can you tell me the exact details of this second session? What kind of treatment method is required?"

"Sadness therapy. In simpler terms, it allows the patient to deliberately control excitement, joy, and forget about their worries in a negative mindset, thereby transforming the feelings into positive energy."

Catherine frowned at the sound of that. "It sounds quite risky."

A smile spread across Sarah's face. "You're right. But Shaun's been sick for 20 years and his condition can't be cured if we don't take risks. Besides, to tell the truth, if he refuses therapy, his condition might worsen into something similar to Alzheimer's in less than a year."

His face fell. "Why didn't you say this before?"

"I didn't want to worry you or make you feel burdened through the therapy sessions." Sarah laughed bitterly. "I have no choice but to tell you now because I sense that Young Madam doesn't like me very much. I have to honestly explain the severity of the situation to her."

"Let's head upstairs for the treatment," Shaun said before heading toward the stairs.

Catherine bit her lip as she saw the two silhouettes disappear up the spiral staircase.

Sarah was undoubtedly a sly woman. With a few words, she made it seem like Catherine did not care about Shaun's condition just because of her jealousy.

Catherine waited in the living room the whole time since the session started.

About 40 minutes later, the sound of objects being smashed and a woman's screaming suddenly came from upstairs.

She rushed to the source of the commotion right away, only to find that the room was locked from the inside.

"Aunty Yasmine, get the keys," she ordered without hesitation.

The housekeeper scrambled down the stairs anxiously to get the key. Just when she was about to unlock the door, it opened from the inside. Shaun, who was only wearing long pants, looked flustered as he rushed out of the room while carrying Sarah in his arms. The woman's head was bleeding and there was a rope burn around her neck.

"What happened?" Catherine asked, shocked.

Shaun was about to explain when Sarah suddenly groaned in pain.

"It's fine. I'll bring you to the hospital now." He gently comforted her. Without even looking at Catherine, he rushed out of the house with Sarah still in his arms.

The massive villa suddenly turned pin-drop silent. Catherine felt a shudder running down her spine.

She looked inside the messy room. The tables and chairs had been kicked over. She had seen him before when he had a relapse. He must be feeling extremely bad after regaining his consciousness only to find he had harmed Sarah.

"Young Madam..." Aunty Yasmine looked at her worriedly.

"I'm fine. Find out which hospital she's being sent to. I'll go visit her," Catherine said.

20 minutes later, she was told that they were at Chester's hospital.

Elle dropped her off right away.

Catherine heard Shaun's tender voice as soon as she approached the door. "Stay still."

"It's fine. It's just a minor scratch."

"A minor scratch? I know how aggressive I can be during a relapse. Why didn't you tell me beforehand that the treatment might be dangerous?"

"It doesn't matter. I don't mind getting slightly hurt if it means curing your condition."

"Sarah..."

"Alright, you don't have to say anything. I don't deserve you but I hope you can have a normal life. Studying medicine is no

fun but you're the motivation that kept me going forward. Please let me cure your illness. I want you to have a happy life."

"I'm sorry... Sarah..."

The man's deep voice was filled with regret and frustration.

Catherine could not hear another word of it. She was about to push the door open when a hand suddenly pulled her away.

She looked over her shoulder to find Rodney's indifferent face staring at her. "Let's chat."

He led her to a quiet corridor and lit up a cigarette before sitting on the steps. The smoke that escaped his lips highlighted the loneliness in his eyes.

"If you're asking me to step down from my position for Sarah, then I'm sorry, but I'll not agree to that," Catherine said coldly.

"You must've heard it earlier. Sarah has not stopped loving Shaun and he still cares about her," Rodney replied, sounding annoyed. "But things turned out this way because of you."

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