

Let me go, Mr. Hill Author: Shallow South Chapter 2473

Chapter 2473

Wedding night...

Forrest, who was holding a wine glass, choked. " Ahem."

"President Lynch, are you okay?"

His business partner turned his eyes to him. In fact, Forrest had not drunk a lot, but why were his ears so red?

"Im okay."

Forrest leaped to his feet and walked outside, where he asked with his teeth gnashed, "Jessica, have you no shame?"

Jessica replied, "Perhaps I'm thick-skinned, so I don't mind having no shame."
"..."

Forrest choked once again.

"Tf you're not coming back, I'll have no choice but to look for you at the Lynch family's villa. If your parents ask, I'll tell them that I'm looking for my husband."

With that, Jessica hung up.

The word 'husband' was like a raindrop falling into the lake, creating ripples.

Forrest began to feel irritated.

He had always disliked drinking when he attended social functions. However, he was filled with such mixed feelings today that he drank quite a lot.

As soon as he came out, he began to have double vision.

Then, his chauffeur helped him to the car and drove to the Lynch family's villa.

When they were almost there, Forrest threw a look at the villas outside and suddenly said, " Send me back to Yancey Residence."

The chauffeur was dumbfounded, not understanding why Forrest wanted to go to Yancey Residence tonight. He recalled that Forrest had not been there for a long time and that the apartment should be quite dusty. However, it could be because Forrest was afraid of letting his father see him drunk.

After some thought, the chauffeur changed his route.

Half an hour later, the chauffeur drove into Yancey Residence. Forrest did not ask the chauffeur to send him inside. Instead, he took an elevator up in a totter.

He unlocked the door to his apartment with his fingerprint, only to see the brightly lit room and the clean, shiny floor. It did not look, at all, like his place had been vacant for a long time.

That was his apartment, where he had previously stayed for several months.

Yet, he had never come back feeling annoyed, conflicted, complicated, and guilty like how he was feeling now.

“You’re back.”

A slim figure suddenly walked out of the study. Jessica was wearing a champagne-colored pajama dress made of ice silk and a nightgown of the same material. The deep V-neck revealed a large part of her fair collarbones. As her dress was not long, her long legs under the lights, coupled with her delicate body under the dress, nearly made Forrest’s head explode.

He had drunk some wine, so his body was hot. At that moment, all the heat seemed to rush up to his head. Even his breathing quickened.

The two of them were standing quite far away from each other. Looking at his blurry eyes, Jessica not only felt an uncontrollable burning sensation in her, but she was also slightly nervous and embarrassed.

She might seem like a wonder woman on the outside, but it was her first time dressing that way in front of a man.

However, at that moment, the man’s mocking voice cut through her heart like an ax.

“Ts this how you’ re dressing on our wedding night?” Forrest’s cold voice was devoid of any warmth. “I can tell that you’re desperate. No wonder you threatened me to come back.”

“...”

Jessica’s beautiful lips stiffened a little.

She had indeed forgotten that she would seem frivolous when she took the initiative.

However, she really wanted tonight to be a memorable one.

"Since you want it so badly, I'll do as you wish." Forrest pulled down his tie and tossed it onto the floor. Then, he strode toward her and picked her up.

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Forrest threw Jessica to the bed roughly, causing her slight pain. She even seemed to have suffered a concussion.

Before she could come to her senses, Forrest had forcefully torn his shirt open and pressed his body against hers.

"Forrest, be more gentle."

However, Forrest was drunk, and having been triggered by the beautiful view right in front of his eyes, he could not hear what she was saying. He, instead, kept asking with an angry tone, "Let me ask you something. Have you ever been with other men, considering that you're so desperate?"

"You've been going all out to threaten me to marry you so that I can have fun with you, right? Now that I'm having fun with you, are you satisfied?"

"I'm warning you. Don't ever dress so provocatively in front of other men. Otherwise, I will never let you off."

"..."

His cruel voice rang in Jessica's ear for a long time. Jessica was sad at first, but she slowly turned numb.

She had no idea how long they were at it that night, but she eventually got so tired that she lost consciousness.

When Forrest woke up the next day, his head and stomach did not feel good.

He sat up, only to find himself sleeping in the bed in the main bedroom, and it was not quite the same as the view he used to wake up to. The bed was rather messy, and the blanket contained a familiar scent of a woman.

However, the clothes and tissue paper all over the floor were gone.

He held his head, puzzled.

It seemed like he would lose control and become unlike himself every time he met Jessica.

With that, he stood up in distress and headed toward the bathroom.

On the bathroom cabinet, there was a pink toothbrush beside his cup and two additional towels — one body towel and one face towel— on the towel rack. There were also some skincare products.

He furrowed his brows. After taking a bath, he walked to the changing room and pulled open the door of the wardrobe. What he saw was not only men's clothes but also some women's clothes hung beside them.

Seeing men's clothes being put together with women's clothes stunned him for a few seconds.

Only then did it strike him that he was already married.

Jessica was now his wife.

He stood in front of the wardrobe for a long time. Once he got changed, he walked out of the bedroom.

The sound of the range hood emanated from the kitchen.

As he walked to the dining room, he spotted Jessica frying something with an apron tied around her waist. Then, as though some oil had splashed on her, the spatula she was holding fell onto the floor.

That scene evoked some memories in Forrest's mind.

When the two of them were studying abroad in the States, she had cooked for him once when he was sick.

However, Jessica was not skilled in that aspect at all, and she was rather clumsy.

As such, he did not allow her to use a spatula anymore,

Yet, after so many years, she was still the same. "How could your ex-husband stand to see you so clumsy?" Forrest walked over and turned off the stove. He glared at her and caught sight of the red spot on her long, fair hand due to the oil splash. Jessica looked down. Her thin lips moved a little, but she remained silent.

Forrest snorted. "I forgot that although your ex- husband got sick all the time, he was very rich. I'm sure he had a housekeeper and didn't need you to cook for him."

Faced with his sarcasm, Jessica felt a sense of helplessness. She knew that he could not get over some things. "Forrest, the Snow family raised me. I can't evade responsibility."

"I'm not asking you to evade responsibility. In fact, I don't recall pestering you shamelessly when you said you wanted to break up with me. But as for you? It's been so long, yet you still forced me to marry you."

Forrest stared at her coldly. "Since you've made up your mind, you shouldn't come back looking for me. From the beginning, you've never cared for or respected me. Are you going to break up with me anytime in the future when you get fed up with me? I don't even have any autonomy in this marriage anyway."