

## Good bye 131

Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 131

On the other side of the phone, Rhys curled his lips and chuckled as he heard what Martha said.

The woman was not that obtuse.

However, when Martha heard his chuckle, she frowned and bit her lip.

She thought there should be nothing between her and him except company business.

But now, she was beholden to him.

Then she said calmly, "Mr. William, anyway, I think I should express my gratitude to you. But for the doctor's help, Hollie would have not been convicted."

"It's not a big deal. But if Ms. Doyle does want to repay me..."

His voice was in a flirtatious tone, pausing intentionally.

Martha frowned slightly. She knew he was acting like that on purpose. But since he gave her a hand just now, she would satisfy his needs to requite his kindness. Then she proposed, "Treat you a dinner?"

He called her for this purpose, didn't he?

No sooner had Martha asked him than he teased her with a laugh.

"Ms. Doyle is far better than than a dinner."

"What do you mean?"

Martha had her lips pressed and her brows knitted harder.

As expected, what Rhys said next was astonishing-

"How about marrying me?"

Martha tightened her grip on her phone and then responded coldly, "Mr. William, it's not funny."

"I'm not joking."

The man said sincerely in a low voice. It seemed that he didn't tease this time.

Martha stared ahead in a trance.

"Martha, I can give you what you need."

She looked down with emotions that were hard to read in her eyes. And then she said in an ironic tone, "I don't even know what on earth I need."

She wanted the Doyle Group and she wanted to have Jimmy's disease cured... And then she wanted to leave this place where she suffered a lot and restart her life with her family.

However, without Stefan's help, she couldn't make it...

What could Rhys offer her?

Martha closed her eyes heavily at the thought of it.

"Rhys, you can't."

Rhys chuckled and said faintly, "Wait and see."

It was too early to draw a conclusion.

Then the man hung up the phone. Again, Martha was lost in thought in the sound of phone ending.

There was a tinge of confusion in her eyes. 'Rhys, who on earth were you?'

Why did he know all about her experience? Even... He told her that he could give her what she needed.

Did he really know what she wanted now?

Martha gave a chuckle. Could Rhys replace Stefan and help her save Jimmy?

If so, she would not have been in such a dilemma.

Pitifully, it wouldn't happen.

...

Jane drove somewhere to have a meal with Jimmy and then returned to her apartment.

No sooner had Jimmy stepped in than his eyes roved around curiously.

"Jane, the style of your home is totally different from my home."

"Due to cultural diversity, the decor of each designer is different."

Jimmy nodded, seeming that he had understood. And then he trotted to Jane and took the cup of water Jane offered him.

"Thank you, Jane."

Jimmy was so polite that Jane smiled at him gently.

"You're welcome. Do you like here?"

"Yes."

The little guy had a sip of the hot water and smiled sweetly,

"Mommy said C country has a long history of more than a thousand years. She has told me about its rich cultural heritage since my childhood."

"Jimmy, if you are curious about it, I can give you some books about the history of C country."

Jane looked at Jimmy with her eyes full of love.

Although he was only at the age of four, he had been a little genius and loved reading.

Besides, he got an excellent learning ability that he could almost remember every book he read.

Such a child would be clearly going to do great things.

However, it was a pity that he had suffered from his illness since he was born. It was hard to tell whether his disease could be cured or not.

The thought made Jane feel distressed for him.

Jimmy sensed the change of Jane's expression. And he took her hand with his little hand.

"Don't worry, Jane. Jimmy will be fine."

"You will."

Jane nodded affirmatively. Such a smart and cute boy would definitely grow up safely.

Suddenly, he tilted his head and asked, "Jane, have you seen my dad?"

Jane was speechless.

Of course she had.

But Ms. Martha Doyle didn't want Jimmy to know that Mr. Harrison was his real father.

In addition, they were about to divorce. As an outsider, Jane couldn't talk about it.

In the respect of the child, she did hope Jimmy could live in a whole family.

However, she knew that it was difficult for Martha to feel relieved for her painful experience.

Thinking of this, Jane smiled and changed the subject, "You mommy will soon be back. Do you miss your mommy?"

As Jimmy didn't hear anything about his dad, there was obvious disappointment in his big eyes.

He nodded and replied quietly, "Yes. It's been a long time since I left my mommy."

Jane noticed his appointment and felt much worse for him.

Just then, the door bell rang.

Jane stroked Jimmy's head and said, "It should be your mommy, Jimmy. Would you like to open the door?"

"Yes."

Jimmy turned and rushed towards the door with his disappointment vanishing.

Jane watched Jimmy all the way and sighed silently.

As the door was opened, Jimmy saw his most familiar person standing outside.  
He jumped on to Martha and gave her a hug.  
“Mommy, I miss you badly!”  
Martha was finally relieved as she felt his hug.  
Jimmy stood in front of her, looking good.  
It was the best thing to see he was fine.  
After she sighed with relief, she pretended to be angry.  
“Who taught you to run away from home? Do you know Rupert and I were worried about you. Jimmy, that’s very disappointing.”  
Jimmy loosened his hug and looked up at Martha appealingly, saying in a pitiable tone, “Mommy, I was wrong.”  
Jimmy’s apology made Martha no longer angry.  
She sighed resignedly and softened her tone of voice.  
“I appreciate that.”  
“Mommy, give me a hug.”  
Jimmy reached out his arms towards Martha. There was a smile on a clingy child’s face instead of grievance.  
Martha chuckled. She stooped to pick up the little boy.  
After she walked in the apartment with Jimmy in her arms, she then asked, “How did you get the money to buy the plane ticket?”  
“I met a beautiful lady in the international airport and she paid it for me.”  
Then he pulled out a slip of paper where there was a phone number.  
“Here you are. After I earn enough money, I’ll repay her.”  
The little boy put his hand on his mother’s shoulder and looked at her lovably.  
After a while, Jimmy leaned his head on Martha’s shoulder and said cutely, “Mommy, I really miss you!”

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Martha cuddled Jimmy close and replied softly, “So do I.”  
However, she still needed to teach him; otherwise Jimmy might turn into a disobedient child.  
“You are not well enough to move around. Sneaking away will no longer be allowed. Do you understand?”  
“I got it, Mommy.”  
Jimmy replied in a quiet voice like a good kid.  
But Martha remained strict and thought he needed to learn how to bear the responsibility for his mistake.  
She put him down and hunkered down in front of him, saying in a significant tone, “Do you take Rupert into consideration? Your leaving the hospital without permission made him feel guilty because he thought he failed his responsibility for looking after you well.”  
Jimmy lowered his head and murmured regretfully, “It was all my fault. I should not have worried Rupert. I will give him a call and apologize to him now.”  
“Good.”  
Martha nodded and rubbed his hair.  
“Good boy.”

Martha handed her phone to Jimmy who soon dialed the number.

“Martha...”

“Uncle Rupert, It’s me, Jimmy. I’m with my mommy now.”

Obviously, Rupert in U country sighed with relief when he heard it.

His voice softened, “I’m so happy that you’re safe.”

Jimmy’s young voice said in the apartment-

“Uncle Rupert, Jimmy was wrong. I shouldn’t have left the hospital alone without your knowledge. I’m sorry to worry you.”

“Well, I accept your apology. But I hope you won’t frighten me in this way again. That will be appreciated.”

There came Rupert’s soft voice. And Jimmy nodded gravely and said, “I promise.”

“Jimmy, is your mother there? I have something to tell her.”

Jimmy said “yes” and handed the phone to Martha.

Martha took the phone and answered in an apologetic tone, “Rupert, I’m sorry to cause your worries.”

“Never mind. Should I fly there and bring Jimmy back?”

Rupert’s soft voice rang in Martha’s ears. She looked back at the little boy.

There was a tinge of confusion in his eyes which made him look upset.

As Martha saw his expression, she couldn’t help but tip the scale in her preference for Jimmy.

She said, “I’m gonna keep him around me for two days. After I settle things about Hollie, I’ll go to U country with him.”

She sensed that Jimmy must have something to do as he spared no effort to come here.

And she knew what he was insisting on.

Jimmy had been seriously ill since his childhood. She didn’t want him to go back with disappointment.

His complexion was really bad. Compared to other children, obviously, he was not that vigorous. Martha felt distressed for him at the thought of it.

Rupert was silent. After a while, he replied gently,

“OK, I agree.”

After Martha hung up the phone, she took Jimmy’s hand and sat down with him on the sofa.

Jane saw that and said, “Ms. Doyle, I gotta prepare the dinner.”

“Well.”

After a long while, Martha looked at Jimmy and asked in a muffled voice, “Jimmy, is a father so important to you?”

Jimmy’s eyes darkened at the words. He didn’t know how to answer this question.

Perhaps, he was curious about what his father looked like. Or he just wanted to meet his long-term wish.

Finally, Jimmy answered sincerely, “I think I should know his name and his face before I go to the Heaven.”

Suddenly, Martha choked with sadness, the rim of her eyes turning red.

She didn’t want Jimmy to think so. However, the disease tortured such a little boy at the age of four. No one knew what he had experienced and no one could take the pain for him.

Why? He was only a child but had to suffer a lot.

Martha wrapped Jimmy in her arms compassionately. She kissed him in the cheek and said in a gravelly voice, “Mommy promise you. You’ll be fine. You won’t go to another world. I will be with you.”

...

This evening, Martha had a dinner with Jimmy in Jane's department.  
Then the little boy took the medicine obediently.  
After a while, he felt sleepy.  
Perhaps because the medicine took effect or maybe Jimmy was really tired today, he fell asleep on the sofa a few minutes later.  
Martha looked at Jimmy who was sleeping with her eyes full of love.  
In the next second, her phone vibrated.  
It was Stefan's call which led to Martha's sullen face.  
It seemed that he had done with Hollie, so...  
But now that it came to an end, why did he give her a phone call?  
Martha sneered and hung it up directly.  
After a few minutes, the phone vibrated again.  
Martha was impatient and found it was still Stefan. Eventually, she switched her phone off and ignored it thoroughly.  
She softly bent down, held Jimmy to the guest room, and put him in the bed. Then she gave his forehead a goodnight kiss and walked out of the room.  
Martha looked at Jane who was standing in the living room and said in a silky voice, "I will be busy in these two days, so I need you to stay with Jimmy at home and take care of him."  
If no one looked after Jimmy, he might run about again.  
Jane was pleased to do so and replied, "Please rest assured, Ms. Doyle. I'll take good care of him."  
...  
At dusk. The Harrison Villa.  
The smell of blood wafted in Stefan's study.  
The tall man stood in front of the French window. There were shards of glass at his feet.  
Under the ceiling light, glares of light refracted off the glass which made the bloodstain specially conspicuous.  
Stefan clenched his fists hardly. The wound caused by the glass was still bleeding.  
It was quiet in the study. However, the drip of blood broke the silence which was uncanny and weird.  
The man seemed not to feel the pain and leaned against the edge of window, looking dispirited.  
It was the first time that Stefan had felt so anguished in his life.  
What he thought and did were all wrong.  
He mistook that it was Hollie who accompanied him to get through the hard period and gave all his love to her.  
Meanwhile, he granted his coldness and misery to Martha who was innocent.  
How frustrating! He could accept the truth in no way, could he?  
Outside the study, there was a knock at the door. The butler heard the sound from the study and worried if something happened, thereby coming here to figure it out.  
However, he waited for a long time outside but no one responded him.  
Did Mr. Harrison get into some trouble?  
After second thought, he finally opened the door gingerly.  
And he saw the shards of glass on the floor and the blood.  
Mr. Harrison who was solemn in usual time had lost his arrogance. The wound on his hand was startling; the blood was dripping from it.  
The butler was frightened and cried out anxiously, "Mr. Harrison, your... your hand is bleeding!"

“Get out!”

Stefan’s demand shocked the butler.

He bit the bullet and asked, “Mr. Harrison, may I bring you the medical kit?”

“Get out of here!”

Stefan’s voice remained cold but it sounded so gruesome that no one could disobey him.

The butler trembled, nodded and hurried out of the room before closing the door.

He knew Stefan had a terrible temper, but he never saw Stefan completely lose control like this.

When the butler ran downstairs in a hurry, he saw Martha who just returned.

He turned to Martha and said hastily, “Mrs. Harrison, I’m glad you are here. Mr. Harrison is hurt. His hand is bleeding. Could you please go and take a look?”

Martha threw a glance at him indifferently and then she looked towards the study, keeping silent with her lips closed.

She didn’t return to watch his performance.

Now that the truth came out in the wash, and Hollie would be punished for her crime, she should draw the line between herself and Stefan instead of being bound up with him.

As Martha didn’t approve it, the butler became more anxious and perspired, “Ma’ma, please show some mercy!”

Martha still looked impassive with her eyelids drooping, but finally she went upstairs to the study.

No sooner had she entered the room than she heard the reproach-

“I told you. Get out!”

Martha raised her eyebrow and turned a deaf ear.

Stefan turned round, his face full of impatience, and looked towards the door.

As he saw the familiar figure, he became less angry, his pupils shrinking suddenly due to surprise.

The woman stepped in the study with calmness on her face. Her eyes swept the blood on the floor and the wound on Stefan’s hand.

The man stared at Martha all the way. He knew she noticed his wound.

He was looking forward to her concern. He longed for her worries.

He gazed at her, and yet he saw nothing but apathy from her eyes.

The woman slightly opened her mouth and said in a thoroughly indifferent voice, “This time, I won’t spare Hollie. If you want to defend her, then we will meet in the court.”

“Is that what you want to tell me?”

Stefan felt a bit unbelievable and hurt. His feeling were showed in his dark eyes.

Martha looked at him and asked rhetorically, “Or what? Whether you’re going to defend her or not, I won’t give in this time.”

Stefan felt really hurt at her words which almost suffocated him.

At this moment, Martha only thought whatever he said or did was to save Hollie.

“I won’t defend her.”

From now on, he would never stand up for Hollie.

Hollie was not the person he sought for. And no one hated her more for what she did than him.

In his eyes, there was only guilt and remorse.

There was a flash of surprise in Martha’s eyes when she heard that.

When they were on the island, he just told her that he owed Hollie a debt of gratitude and he must

repay her, didn't he?

Hollie might have to spend her rest of life in jail. But he just said he wouldn't defend her?

The next instant his hoarse voice interrupted Martha's thoughts-

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"What?"

Martha frowned. She didn't understand what he meant.

Stefan compressed his lips and then slightly opened them, saying in a hoarse voice, "Why didn't you tell me it was you who helped me get through the hard time when I just lost my family."

Martha felt a different feeling. It turned out that he had known it.

But it was too late.

"I didn't know... You mistook me for her."

She used to think that Stefan treated Hollie so well because he liked Hollie very much.

That was what she thought.

However, Martha still showed an indifferent attitude. It seemed that she didn't care about it at all.

Stefan's dark eyes became increasingly dimmed. He felt inexplicably bitter.

There was no denying that he was never suspicious if Hollie was the girl. He just believed in her only because of her one-sided story.

He didn't expect Martha would be that girl.

He appreciated that girl's kindness very much and promised to protect her, and yet he hurt that girl so badly for an impostor.

Suddenly, Stefan's throat tightened and his voice sounded hoarser, "Why didn't you explain when we were on Haltou Island?"

During the time when they were waiting for rescue, he had told everything to her; however, she didn't tell him about the truth. Why?

Why didn't she disprove it?

Why didn't she tell him the truth?

Stefan gazed at Martha with his bright eyes. He wanted to find other emotions on her face.

Rage, hatred or anger. Whatever it was, he would feel better.

However, everything went south on him.

There was only apathy and coldness.

Martha curled her lips into a faint smile, asking rhetorically, "Is that necessary?"

That was history. It was not significant for her to make it clear or not.

Rectifying the misunderstanding could never ease her pain she suffered from.

Time can heal the wounds, but scars will be left there.

Besides, he never believed what she said before, did he?

Stefan opened his mouth but failed to utter a word to refute.

The only truth was he did hurt her. Their relationship was like a broken mirror which was hard to get repaired.

However, he couldn't live with the fact. After all, she used to love him so much.

But now, he couldn't feel her concern anymore.

He had no way to vent his emotions and finally offered an apology in a sincere tone-

"I'm sorry."

Martha stared at the man who just said sorry to her. She had no idea whether she should be surprised about his apology or not.

She never expected that Stefan would say sorry to her one day. In retrospect, it seemed that what he said and did were always right. He was superior, cold and cruel. It was so weird to hear his apology which didn't conform to the stereotype of him. However, an apology could never be the elixir of pain. And she could never forget what she experienced. Martha kept silent with her lips closed. A faint sneer crossed her face. Stefan's fists beside his thighs were clenched. It seemed that he made a decision and wanted to get closer to her, even a step closer. But before he moved, Martha stopped him with her indifferent and estranging voice- "Get away from me. Just keep the distance." The man stiffened at the sound of her words. His lips moved, but he couldn't even utter a word. At this moment, she just stood in front of him. However, he felt she was so far away because of her indifference. Martha was not supposed to be like this. But what was she like before? He had forgotten. In this very second, the frames of the video emerged in Stefan's mind. Martha lied on the operation table helplessly. In front of her there were Hollie who was healthy and an unscrupulous doctors. At that moment, it was so despairing and painful for her, but no one could pull her out of the abyss of hopelessness. Although the culprit was Hollie, Martha should not have suffered if he had not forced her to donate her bone marrow. Stefan felt a constant pain from his heart. It was like retribution for him which let him know how painful she used to be. It was all his fault...

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Martha once loved him heart and soul, but he... Stefan looked down on the ground and clenched his fists with more strength. His hoarse voice said heavily, "I'm so stupid that I mistook Hollie for that girl. You would not have had such a miserable experience but for me." Martha sneered at his words, "I'm not here for your repentance." It was useless for him to say so now. She was not in the mood to listen to it. The only thing she wanted now was to be done with him as soon as possible. Slightly, she turned her head away so as to keep her eyes off his dispirited and remorseful face. "Stefan, you just turn my stomach now." Stefan felt a pain like a sharp knife piercing the deepest part of his heart. She was unwilling to forgive him. She now didn't believe him anymore as he didn't believe her before. Taking a deep breath, Martha regained her sense and said impassively, "If you do feel guilty about me, then show me your good faith."

Stefan's pupils shrank in shock. He knew what she meant.

But he... he didn't want to satisfy her need, he didn't want to divorce her, let alone set her free.

With his thin lips parted and dark eyes, Stefan said, "You want the Doyle Group? I can give it to you."

"No, I don't need your charity. I'll win it back by myself."

Her indifferent decisiveness broke his illusion.

Did she still want to divorce him?

"Stefan, sign the divorce agreement. Let me go. And let yourself go."

She wanted to get rid of the by-gones and began her new happy life.

And the bane of her life was the man in front of her.

Stefan didn't dare to meet her eyes and looked down. His throat constricted at the moment which made his voice extremely hoarse. He asked, "Can we... Can we not get divorced?"

"No."

Without hesitation, Martha spoke it out powerfully.

The man's heart ached at her answer. A shiver ran down his spine.

Blood was still dripping down from his hand. It was especially pungent in such a depressing atmosphere.

He desperately wanted to keep her in his area and in his sight.

But he was afraid. He was afraid she would hate him. He also didn't want her to relapse and lose control of her emotions.

Stefan became more and more depressed. The air seemingly became colder and colder in the study.

But Martha stood at the door quietly as if she didn't feel it, waiting for his answer.

After a while, the man opened his mouth feebly, saying in a sorrowful tone-

"Is that all you want now?"

Martha compressed her lips, her eyes dark.

Of course, what she wanted now was not only the divorcement.

She needed him to save Jimmy. She wanted Jimmy to get recovered.

But before she told him about their child, she had to have him sign on the divorce agreement.

Otherwise... She was worried that the man would keep her around by all means.

Stefan didn't hear Martha's refusal this time. His broken heart seemed to get an elixir, and his hope was back.

He could give her whatever she wanted as long as she didn't divorce him.

As long as she could stay with him peacefully.

Stefan knew he didn't deserve to have Martha stay, but he wished she could give him one more chance.

Now, he clearly felt his heart beat vigorously again.

He held his breath and walked to Martha slowly.

The wound scratched by the glass was still bleeding. It dripped a lot along the way he walked to her, but he didn't feel the pain at all but gazed at the woman who he owed too much to.

Finally, he stopped where there was a step away from Martha and said hoarsely, "Please give me a chance to compensate you. I promise. You will never be hurt."

Martha didn't respond to his words. He was so afraid to hear her refusal again that he said eagerly like a child, "It was all my fault. Please, give me one more chance."

Martha didn't show her being touched at all. She turned sideways and sneered.

Never be hurt? How satirical!

She stared at Stefan, and a taunt came out from her red lips.

"I will never be hurt if you get away from me."

All her sufferings were caused by him.

Perhaps Martha would have a much better life than she imagined if she had never met Stefan.

At that moment, Stefan felt like he was falling into an icy abyss. Her words made him feel heartbroken again. His strength was drained and he could hardly stand.

He choked with sobs and he could hardly say a word to reply to Martha.

In his dark eyes, there was a sense of failure which seemed to never vanish.

Stefan looked frustrated. He felt much more painful by her word than by being pierced by a sword.

“What should I do to keep you around?”

“The rift between us can never be healed completely.”

She only needed a perfect relationship. If not, she would rather give it up.

It was too late for the man to keep her love.

Martha put on a faint, mocking smile. She not only mocked at him but also at the girl she used to be.

Then her eyes were gradually dim. She said in an extremely calm tone, “Stefan, the girl called Martha who loved you before has died on the operating table. And it was you who sent her there.”

The man frowned, his eyes full of regret.

He clenched his fists hard which made his blue vein stand out on his hands and the blood drip down faster.

Drop by drop. The blood soon spread to his feet. But he seemed not to notice it.

At this moment, he looked cadaverous, his eyes dulled.

After Martha spoke out her feeling, she disguised her frustration in her eyes and said tersely, “Now that you don’t want to talk about the divorce, well, I’ll leave then. During this time, I’ll live in my place. After Hollie is convicted, I will meet you in the court for divorcement.”

Martha was about to turn and leave after she finished.

No sooner had she turned than her wrist got grasped by his large hand.

She struggled but failed to get rid of it, and she frowned in displeasure.

Stefan buckled her hands tightly. With his lips moving, he wanted to say something to persuade her to stay.

Before he made it, Martha’s indifferent voice said-

“Let me go.”

Stefan felt wrenched at heart by thinking of his mistakes.

He now had no right to ask her to stay with him, did he?

The curse of Hollie reverberated in his mind again and again-

“Stefan, I can’t get you, nor will I let Martha get you... She will never forgive you because it was you who caused her the misery!”

Would Martha never forgive him?

However, he just realized how much he loved her. How could he give up and let her go?

Stefan showed a grief on his face. And finally, he had to loosen his grip but still stared at her.

After Martha felt that she was free from his control, she left without turning back.

Stefan gazed at her receding figure. He wished deadly that she would glance back at him. But nothing happened.

She, indeed, didn’t love him anymore.

The wound still bled, but his body had been numb.

He was overwhelmed by the heartache. Such pain was much more unbearable than that of losing his parents.

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The next morning, a breaking story was posted on the Internet – the executives were all present at the police station for some undisclosed reason.

The information might have come from some paparazzi or some discerning passer-by.

Clear images of Stefan, Hollie and Martha entering the police station were shown on the news.

Within an hour there was a mighty uproar over this piece of news.

Receiving the news, some reporters rushed to the police station with cameras, seeking the truth, hoping for first-hand information.

Now that the suspect had confessed, the police told the truth about the case: it is the case of Hollie, a vice president of the Doyle Group, suspected of murdering her sister Martha. Human testimony and physical evidence have been found to corroborate it, and the subsequent punishment will be imposed by the court.

Police banned reporters from disturbing public order and told those outside the station to go back.

Before long, the story of Hollie's murder of Martha was all over the Internet.

When the news got out, the whole city knew about it.

Naturally, employees of the Doyle Group, which was directly involved in the matter, blamed Hollie for being so evil after learning this. How could she do that?

The news did not disclose specific information, but it was certainly true.

Many people had signed with emotion that Hollie looked gentle and weak but was actually malicious actually.

According to the news, Hollie plotted to frame Martha years ago and nearly killed her in the operating room. But after four years, Martha returned and exposed Hollie's sin.

No other details were disclosed, and the court's verdict had not been reached.

...

At nine o'clock in the morning, Martha arrived punctually at the Doyle Group.

When she got out of the car, she went around to the other side and opened the door to help her father out.

Seeing this, Bianca smiled and said, "I'll do it."

Saying this, Bianca supported Maxwell out of the car and put him on a wheelchair.

Martha stood looking at the scene with a faint smile.

"Bianca, thank you."

"No biggie, it's my duty."

Bianca answered with a smile, bending over and taking out another blanket from the car to cover Maxwell.

Martha turned back and walked behind the wheelchair, holding the handle, "Dad, we are at the company."

Maxwell closed his eyes. He had not visited the company that he founded in years.

The smile on Bianca's face was still gentle, but there was a little concern in her eyes.

Martha saw her expression and said with a smile, "Bianca, it's OK."

"Well... I'm just worried that shareholders have long rejected Mr. Maxwell as a director."

After all, Maxwell had not been privy to the state of the company during these years, and the senior management and shareholders had probably forgotten him.

The smile on Martha deepened and she said, "No, except for Hollie's fellows, everyone misses you very

much.”

“Dad, it’s all over. The Doyle Group is the achievement of your life. I will take the company back from others and make it better. I will not let you down.”

Maxwell, who was in a wheelchair, twitched his fingers and his eyes grew red.

When Bianca came back to herself, she followed Maxwell.

Then they took the elevator to the top floor.

After stepping out of the elevator, Martha pushed her father toward the conference room.

Along the way, many of the workers saw her, and their eyesight followed her.

There was a little sympathy in their eyes; they pitied Martha for what she had suffered, and they supported her and admired her forbearance.

Martha had shown them what she could do on her first day back in Doyle Group, and her family still had a chance to regain the initiative.

In the conference room, Martha looked slightly sideways at Bianca.

“Don’t be nervous, Bianca.”

Before Bianca’s answer, all eyes were on them in the conference room.

Shareholders and senior staff wore a variety of looks, some of surprise, some of confusion, some of excitement.

Martha pushed Maxwell to the head seat, standing upright.

Glancing coldly around the room, she said firmly, “I believe you all know why you are here today. As you all know, Mr. Doyle attended the meeting in person to officially announce the dismissal of Vice President Hollie.”

She paused, glancing around at several people, and then added, “Considering the long-term development of the company, Mr. Doyle and I have agreed to lay off some senior staff. The head of the planning department, the head of the administration department and other senior officials concerned do not need to come here tomorrow.

At this, those who had been mentioned were surprised, and were on the point of contradicting her, but they understood that it would not be effectual.

The people in the room were, no doubt, intelligent.

They could see that the people Martha had fired were those who had followed Hollie before.

They were all of Hollie’s trusted subordinates.

They all looked at each other and realized their situation. They were silent, looking at Martha, neither daring to speak.

She was so pleased with the arrangement that a slight smile spread over her face.

“Due to the age of Mr. Doyle, he needs to rest. I am taking over the Doyle Group. I have promised to restore the initiative from the Harrison Group as soon as possible, and I expect to do so in the near future.”

At this, senior staff and shareholders exchanged glances.

They knew it when they realized that Hollie was in prison.

The Doyle Group was founded by Maxwell, and it made sense now that his daughter was inheriting his business.

Besides, they all approved of Martha’s abilities, so they were willing to let her lead the group to another spectacular achievement.

Martha, standing beside the head seat, looked calmly at the people present after saying this.

“If you have any objections, please speak up.”

Several people who supported Martha hurriedly echoed, "We believe that Ms. Doyle will lead the company to a higher level."

"Yes, we all appreciate Ms. Doyle."

"The group must be better..."

From the beginning, only a few echoed, but later the crowd did the same.

But Martha just smiled lightly without saying anything.

She would not disappoint those who supported her.

And for the neutral shareholders and executives, she was grateful that they did not follow Hollie on her recent return.

It would not take long for the group to step into a higher level as long as the company's senior personnel were united.

Maxwell was on the point of tears when he saw this.

The Doyle Group was the achievement of his life, and his years of efforts.

At the time, Maxwell was genuinely upset to hear that the Doyle Group was on the brink of bankruptcy and that the Harrison Group had bought it out.

It was lucky now that Martha was back, and the Doyle Group... could be bought back.

At this moment Maxwell was moved, and so was Bianca.

During the years Martha was away, she could not even go back to Doyle Manor, and could only watch the news about the Doyle Group on television.

She even thought that it was about to be utterly destroyed by Hollie.

They had come to the end of their suffering, and there came happiness.

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Bianca clenched her hands, overcome with emotion.

Martha raised her head a little and smiled with confidence.

"Since there is no objection, let's work together from now on."

The crowd nodded and laughed as they left the room.

When the others had gone, Martha crouched down and looked at her father.

"Dad, Bianca will take you home to take a rest."

At this, Maxwell moved his fingers and stared at his daughter, his mouth half open as if to say something.

When Martha saw his look, she knew that he was still thinking about it.

She held her father's hand and said solemnly, "Dad, I will solve the problem. I promise."

Then Maxwell's anxiety slowly subsided, and he nodded slightly.

There was sorrow in his eyes, mingled with infinite emotion.

Bianca, who was standing by, did not know what they were talking about, but she did not ask.

For the rest of her life, she was content to stay with them.

...

At 3 PM, the visiting room in the prison.

Sitting in a chair at ease and being separated by a glass window from the cubicle, Martha was waiting for someone.

Hollie's trial date was set for a week later.

Why she came here today was not to humiliate Hollie, but to tell her something.

It was not long before Hollie was ushered into the visiting room by a female guard. Hollie was dressed in prison garb, with a dark yellow face and heavy eye bags, as if she had not rested for a long time. Though Martha seemed calm, she did not expect that Hollie would be in such a state in only two days. Gaunt and distressed, Hollie was a far cry from her former glamorous self. They were separated only by a glass partition, but they felt that they were far from each other. Martha looked at Hollie sitting on the other side of the glass window and reached for the phone. Hollie, with her dull eyes, listlessly picked up the phone and put it to her ear without speaking. She knew she was going to spend the rest of her life in jail, and now there was nothing she could say. Besides, what could she say to Martha? Hollie was showing her hard face. For Martha, she was not repentant. And Martha was aware of it. She slightly frowned in a subtle mood. Had it not been for her father, she would never have come here at all, much less have thought of seeing her again. If it had not been for Hollie, how could she have lived through all the hardships? She would never forget that Hollie had killed her mother. Martha restrained those negative emotions, sighed and looked at Hollie, and said. "I came here today to tell you something." As she spoke, Hollie interrupted her. "If you're here to brag about what you have done, I don't want to hear it... I never think that I lost." Sweat beaded her palms as she tightened her grip on the phone. She knew how embarrassed she was, but she still would not surrender to Martha. But for this bitch who was lucky to survive, how could she be in jail now? Yet even if she was stuck here for the rest of her life, Hollie still did not feel that she had lost out to Martha. After all, she had once made Martha's life a living hell. Her chin went up a little at the thought, and there was a touch of haughty irony in her eyes. But Martha just felt Hollie look absurd. Did Hollie still not accept the reality? The eyes of the woman in the prison garb narrowed slightly. Even in her own worst state, she could stand on a high ground of her own imagination and ridicule others – "About the operation, Stefan personally signed the consent form. Now even if I have to spend my lifetime in prison, you do not win against me. After all..." Hollie paused for a moment, and then sneered, "He never believed you. You lost to me in this way." At these words, Martha smiled and shook her head. She knew that people like Hollie would never admit their mistake. She said, "Does it matter if you win or lose? I never think I've won anything right now." For she had lost so much in the past. If possible, she was willing to be a loser and sacrifice everything for the rest of her life, as long as she could bring her mother back to life, have her father cured, and make Jimmy be born healthy. But there were no ifs. Hollie's mocking smile froze on her face, and she scowled at Martha. Martha said with a subtle smile, "Since childhood, I have never thought of fighting with you for anything.

It was you who tried to kill me again and again.”

“So what?”

Hollie, staring at Martha, said in a cold voice, “In my life, the most regretful thing is that I could not see your death four years ago.”

Hearing this, Martha slightly frowned, looking at the woman in the cubicle with cold eyes.

She thought that in all her life she had never done anything mean to offend Hollie.

Nor did she understand why Hollie hated her that much.

Suddenly, Hollie laughed and feared nothing at all.

“Martha, you say you never fight with me for anything, but do you know that from the moment you were born, you have taken away everything from me?”

If it had not been for Martha, how could she have borne the abuse of others from her childhood?

If it weren't for Martha, she would have had a happy family instead of being a secret illegitimate daughter.

Hollie's face grew darker as she thought of her childhood, and her scarlet eyes were full of resentment.

“I tell you that, from the first day I was brought back to the Doyle Villa, I hated you. I want you to get out of this world all the time.”

“Why?”

Martha really could not understand why there should be so much resentment against her.

Hollie laughed sarcastically, with undisguised jealousy and unwillingness in her eyes.

“You were born with a silver spoon, but I am just the daughter of an ignoble whore. You have a gentle and virtuous mother, but I have a terrible one.”

“When I was called a bastard, you were the envy of all, the apple of others' eyes. We are both daughters of the Doyle family. Why is this so unfair? Why have I suffered so much since childhood?”

“Martha, everything you have got should have been mine. Therefore, I will destroy you and take back what is mine!”

At last Hollie rose excitedly and stared at Martha, who was so close and yet could not be touched.

Martha listened to Hollie's resentful words, and she never knew that Hollie was thinking in that way.

It turned out that, from the beginning, Hollie was living in the Doyle Manor with resentment.

When Martha was young, her mother told her that Hollie was her sister and that she should treat her well.

Therefore, she treated Hollie sincerely, sharing everything she had with her and not hiding any secret.

But it turned out... Hollie hated her from the beginning.

Martha looked at Hollie, who was gradually out of control, and slowly closed her eyes. After a long time, she said quietly, “No, you did not have the right to hate me... You've been wrong from the start.”

‘I did not have the right to hate her and I had been wrong from the start?’

Hollie gritted her teeth and asked angrily, “What do you mean?”

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Martha slowly opened her eyes and looked coldly at the woman before her, and could only think that she was so pathetic and pitiful.

“You are not the daughter of the Doyle family. You and I have never been sisters.”

For a second there was confusion and shock in Hollie's resentful eyes. With her mouth half open, unable to believe what she had heard, she gazed at Martha.

What had she heard?

Did Martha say she was not a daughter of the Doyle family?

What did that mean? How could it be?

She was furious. "Do you know what you're talking about?"

Martha, with dark eyes, looked at her and said softly, "It was my father who told me."

'No, I don't believe it!'

Hollie immediately shook her head and snapped back.

She grew up in the Doyle Manor. How could she not be a daughter of the Doyle family?

Martha must be lying to her!

Martha had expected that Hollie would not believe it.

Her eyes narrowed slightly as she said, "Before I came here, I went to the hospital and got a paternity test."

Then Martha took the handbag and took out the paternity test report and placed it in front of the glass window so that Hollie could see the words on it.

When Hollie saw the paternity test, she was shocked and her hand tightened on the phone.

She could not believe that it was the truth.

She shook her head desperately to deny it, but the paternity test showed plainly that there was no blood relation between herself, Maxwell, and Martha,

In the end, she shook her head violently and retorted, "It's impossible, impossible!"

How could she not be Maxwell's daughter?

Martha must be deceiving her.

As Hollie could not accept it, Martha's indifferent voice sounded again.

"Think about it. My father loved my mother dearly. For all those years, your birth mother has never been mentioned, and there has never been any scandal about my father. How can you be my father's illegitimate daughter?"

"Then where did I come from? Rich people are all bad guys, and Maxwell is no exception!"

Hollie's pretty face was full of fury, and her voice was full of irrepressible agitation.

The guard standing on the side saw that the prisoner was not calm, and quickly stepped forward and snapped, "Calm down!"

Hollie ignored the guard's warning, just staring at Martha with her scarlet eyes.

"You're lying to me. Why would you lie to me when I am already in prison?"

Why... What was the point of Martha lying to her at this time?

Hollie actually had an answer at the time, but she would not admit it.

If she was not the daughter of the Doyle family, what a ridiculous life she had led in the past.

And what was the point of her revenge on Martha?

Didn't she become a fool living in her own daydreams?

Sorrow was gathering in Hollie's eyes, and her hands were clenched, the nails already dug in the palms.

No, she could not accept it. She couldn't!

Martha looked at the woman out of control with cold eyes and began to tell the truth.

"I don't know what the relationship between my parents and your mother was, but your mother entrusted you to my parents' care before her death, and that's why you were taken back to the Doyle Manor when you were five. My parents kept your identity secret at the time, saying you were adopted. But rumors spread that you were born out of wedlock, and you believed it."

"No... That's just a lie. I'm not adopted. I am Maxwell's daughter, and he does not admit it. How could I

not..."

Hollie nearly broke down and murmured.

Seeing Hollie like this, Martha felt bad, but it did not mean she sympathized with Hollie. She just felt sorry for her parents.

Martha's mother treated Hollie as if she were her own daughter, but Hollie was never grateful to Martha's mother.

Martha's mother adopted an ungrateful bastard who killed her.

Holly bit the hand that fed her, killing Martha's mother at sea.

Then Martha would make Hollie pay for it.

Martha's eyes narrowed slightly as she looked at the disheveled woman in the cubicle.

Hollie shook his head and muttered, "No... You must be lying to me. It's not true. I do not believe it... I do not believe it."

Martha was sneering and said seriously, "Hollie, I never make vicious remarks, but now I want to tell you — from the beginning to the end, you are nobody, and you are in no position to rob me of anything."

And she was even less entitled to hate Martha.

Hollie burst into a bitter laugh. Watching the coldness in Martha's eyes, she felt that it was only ridiculous.

"You're lying to me to deal me a blow, aren't you?"

"Do I have to lie to you now?"

Martha sneered and shattered the last ray of hope in Hollie's heart with an indifferent tone of voice.

She handed the paternity test report to the prison guard standing next to Hollie, then mocked, "It's written in black and white. Don't lie to yourself."

Hollie took the report from the guard, clutched it tightly, and read it carefully, looking for mistakes in it. But in the end, nothing wrong was found.

The report was true.

For an instant the woman felt as if all her strength had been drained from her, and she sank back in her chair, breathing harder.

Martha showed no mercy, and still kept her cool. "I will not forgive you for everything you have done.

Whether it is the life of my mother or the pain I have suffered in the past, I want you to pay the price."

"If you're given a light sentence this time, I will file an appeal again. You may not be sentenced to death, but for the rest of your life, you must stay in prison until you die!"

When she finished speaking, Martha got up and left.

At last she had avenged her mother on Hollie.

"Mom, I hope you're happy in heaven."

In the future, she would protect her family from any harm.

In the cubicle, Hollie watched Martha's departing back, her eyes full of grief. She picked up the paternity test report and tore it to shreds.

At last she smashed them against the glass.

And all the white pieces of paper were scattered.

"Martha you liar, I will not believe you! I am exactly the daughter of the Doyle family. Otherwise, how could I have suffered so much when I was a child?"

"You must be telling such lies to torture me! Come back! I do not believe it! I won't believe you, never and ever!"

Hollie growled wildly, but no one answered her.

By the end her whole face was covered with tears.

...

Martha stepped out of the visiting room and paused to take a deep breath.

Just now, she could not contain herself, and became a little emotional.

Not wishing to make her emotion got the best of her, she stood still, trying to compose herself.

Just then a black car drove slowly toward her and finally pulled up in front of her.

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In the next second, the window was wound down, and a wicked male voice spoke-

“Miss Doyle, you don’t look well. Shall I take you to the hospital?”

A faint smile appeared in Rhys’ face, and Martha frowned with doubts.

‘He’s not here to pick me up, is he?’

It seemed that he knew exactly where she was.

She remembered that when they were at the station before, Rhys not only knew all her past, but also found out the most crucial witness for her.

He had said he could give her what she wanted, and now... did he want to show his cards?

Thinking of this, she scowled and moved toward Rhys’ car, and then sat in the front passenger seat.

She fastened her seat belt and asked impassively, “How did you know I was here?”

Rhys chuckled, his low and mellow voice tinged with a touch of wickedness.

“I know more than that. I know the woman in it... is unrelated to you by blood.”

Hearing this, she changed colored and her eyes gradually became cold as she said, “Did you investigated me?”

The man’s smile widened, his voice flirtatious. “I am not that snaky. I just happen to know that you got a paternity test report from the hospital at noon. That’s all.”

Then she kept silent.

She tilted her head slightly to look at the man who was driving with doubts.

He was the one who called the surgeon to testify for her, otherwise Hollie would not be convicted so easily.

In fact, Rhys helped her.

Whatever his intentions were, she owed him a debt of gratitude.

Then Martha masked her displeasure and speculation, looking ahead, with a calm expression.

Seeing her look, Rhys smiled and said, “It is still early, and I will take you to somewhere.”

Not waiting for her to answer, Rhys started the car and drove towards the destination.

Martha blinked and turned her head to look out of the window without answering.

She wanted to know where they were going, and her intuition told her that Rhys really wanted to tell her something.

Rhys raised a slight smile and felt better as she did not refuse.

For the next half hour, they did not speak.

They finally arrived at the destination, and parked the car outside the Sunny Orphanage.

Martha frowned slightly at the name, and felt a bit surprised.

She thought Rhys might take her to a restaurant, or to the seaside, and do something frivolous.

However, she never expected that the man would take her to the orphanage.

But... What were they going to do here?

Despite her deep confusion, she appeared calm and got out of the car.

Rhys looked at her without speaking, and frowned.

How funny it was, as she tried to keep her cool when she was actually having a lot of doubts in her head.

His eyes darkened, and he held out his long fingers to unbuckle his seat belt.

He got out of the car with a smile on his lips, and went straight into the orphanage without looking at Martha.

Baffled, Martha followed Rhys into the orphanage.

As they entered, they saw a little boy running toward them.

The boy grinned, and there was surprise and delight in his voice.

"It's Uncle Rhys! He came here!"

At the words, a crowd of children ran toward Rhys, crowding around the lanky man.

"Uncle Rhys, you haven't come to see us for a long time!"

"Have you forgotten us?"

"Uncle Rhys, do you still remember me?"

"We all miss you!"

"..."

Rhys was not vexed at them. On the contrary, he was much happier.

He leaned down to pick up the boy beside him, and said, "Daniel, do you behave well? Did you steal Sophia's snack again?"

The little one who was asked the question immediately shook his head, looked at Rhys solemnly, and answered seriously, "I have been behaving very well recently, and I have been listening to the principal."

"You told me last time that a man can't bully a girl, so I never stole Sophia's snack again. I even taught her to wash clothes!"

With these words, the little boy raised his chin slightly, and his face assumed a proud expression.

Looking at the boy who wanted praise, Rhys smiled and stroked his small head. Then he said in a bright voice to the children, "That's right. You look like a little man."

Then the boys around him shouted, "We're all men!"

Rhys smiled and looked at the children with genuine tenderness in his eyes.

Martha, who was standing near, saw this with some surprise.

This was the first time she had seen this side of Rhys.

At this time he did not look like a dandy, but like an ordinary, warm-hearted big brother. He was very patient and answered the children's questions, always with a smile.

It would have been difficult for Martha to have imagined, had she not seen it, such an excellent relationship between him and the children.

After a while, Rhys told the kids to go play somewhere else.

He rose with a faint smile on his lips, and moved gradually toward Martha.

The sun was shining on him and lengthening his shadow, so that he looked very gentle.

Martha was in a trance for a second.

She looked at the approaching man and asked him with a faint smile, "What did Mr. Williams bring me here for?"

"These children are lovely, aren't they?"

Rhys answered with a light smile, but Martha was still doubting.

She remained silent, watching Rhys as he stood in the shade of a tree before her, and wondering what he meant.

The man saw the confusion in her eyes, and said meaningfully, "These are homeless children who were abandoned by their parents."

Martha noticed the man's expression.

Rhys' sorrow on his face was so unconcealed.

Was he talking about the kids, or someone else?

It seemed that he had a deep empathy with these orphans.

Was he... abandoned by his parents, too?

Martha at once denied the idea. The Williams Group was founded a hundred years ago, and Rhys' father had just passed away a few years ago. How could he be like these children?

She tried to pretend to be disinterested, and replied, "The world has always been so unfair."

There were a lot of poor people in this world.

Some didn't even look at the world for a second time before they died.

The world was full of people suffering difficulty and bitterness.

Rhys chuckled at this.

Yes, and such was the caprice of the world.

He raised his eyebrows, peered at the woman's indifferent side face, and said in a husky voice, "If you could understand it, why did you deliver a baby?"

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Martha was stunned by his question and asked alertly, "Who exactly are you?"

She had never thought Rhys a good man, and she was wary of all his actions.

The man smiled and said nothing. That was a good question.

He, too, wondered who he was.

More precisely, he no longer knew himself.

Rhys looked at the children with bright smiles in the distance, and said, "I used to be one of them. I stayed here for a few years."

He was no different from these orphans. They were all abandoned and unwanted.

Martha frowned slightly at this.

Was Rhys an orphan too?

Was he abandoned by his parents and then reclaimed by the Williams family? The vibration of the phone interrupted Martha's thoughts. She pulled out her phone and saw that it was Jane calling her. For an instant she was alarmed, fearing that something had happened to Jimmy.

Out of caution, she took a few steps away from Rhys, who was standing in front of her, before answering the phone.

"Mommy, did you miss me today?"

Jimmy's sweet voice reassured her.

She could hear the coquetry in Jimmy's tone. Smiling, she responded, "Of course, Jimmy. Did you take your medicine today?"

"Yes, I took medicine and drank water. I am a good boy. I listened to Jane."

"That's good, I'll go back at night."

Jimmy hummed. Martha could tell that he seemed to have something else to say.

"Anything else?"

"Well... Mommy, can I go out with Jane to buy snacks?"

At this, Martha burst out laughing. She could tell that Jimmy was bored at home, but he was afraid she would be worried, so he called her to ask for her permission.

"Of course, you can, but you can't stay outside for too long."

"Okay, thank you, Mommy."

Jimmy's cheerful voice came over the phone. Martha's spirits rose a good deal on hearing this.

After a few more words with Jimmy, she hung up the phone.

Martha glanced at the time on her phone and thought she had been out too long. There was a lot of work to be done at the Doyle Group. So she turned and walked toward Rhys.

"Mr. Williams, it's getting late. I shall go back to work. Bye for now."

With that, she turned away, without waiting for Rhys's answer.

She had only taken a few steps when Rhys' voice sounded behind her.

"Martha, Stefan is not the only one in this world who can save your child."

Martha stopped suddenly and turned to him.

What did Rhys mean by that?

A faint smile lifted the corners of the man's mouth. His eyes were cold.

Martha felt a chill on her back. She felt uneasy. She did not want to dig deeper into his words.

The man was too dangerous.

She could not afford to provoke him at all, and she did not want any harm to come to Jimmy.

Martha's face froze, then she pursed her lips and quickly left the orphanage.

Besides her, only Jane and Rupert knew anything about Jimmy. How did Rhys find out about it?

And what did he mean just now?

Martha was distraught. Unconsciously, her pace quickened.

Rhys, who had remained where he was, saw the woman move quickly away, and his smile deepened.

'Martha, you'll beg me. If you don't choose Stefan, I'm your only way out,' he thought.

...

In the afternoon, Jimmy changed his clothes and walked out of the apartment, hand in hand with Jane, happy.

After staying in the apartment for two days, the little guy was bored.

Jane and Jimmy bought some snacks when they were about to go to another store, and her cell phone rang.

It was the head of the design department of the Doyle Group... After the call was connected, she asked, "What's the matter?"

"There is a document requiring Ms. Doyle's signature, but Ms. Doyle is not in the company. Jane, can you come to the company now and sign this document?"

Since it was about work, Jane naturally consented.

"Okay, I'll be there right now."

After hanging up, Jane hailed a taxi and took Jimmy to Doyle Group.

Half an hour later, the taxi stopped outside the Doyle Group's Building.

After Jane took Jimmy out of the car, she looked around.

Jimmy's identity was special and had to be kept secret.

Jane took Jimmy to the garden outside Doyle Group and asked him to sit on a bench. Then she squatted in front of him and said seriously, "Jimmy, I am going to the company to sign a document now. Wait here for me, okay?"

"Okay."

The boy nodded and smiled brightly.

"Jane, don't worry. I'll wait here. I won't go anywhere."

Jane smiled knowingly and stroked his head.

"Jimmy, I'll be right back."

"Okay."

Jane did not want to waste time. She quickly stepped into the company.

A few minutes later, sitting on the bench, Jimmy looked at the company building, and pouted, not knowing how long he had to wait.

In the next second, his eyes lit up.

He saw a familiar black car and a... very familiar man!

Stefan came to Doyle Group for Martha. When he was about to enter the company, he heard a childish voice not far away.

"Sir, long time no see."

He turned his head and saw a boy running toward him.

He recognized at a glance that this was the child who had been lost at the airport.

Why was the boy there?

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At that moment Jimmy ran toward the man with an excited expression.

He recognized the man who had driven him to the police station the day he had lost his way at the airport, or Jane could not have found him.

Well, though Jimmy was not at all happy when he was found by Jane, he was grateful.

Jimmy thought that now that fate had brought the man to him again, he would certainly ask for his number, so that Martha could repay the man.

Yet Jimmy noticed that the man seemed to be in a different mood this time.

He looked haggard and his eyes were bloodshot. His suit jacket was rumpled. On the whole, he had lost the air of arrogance he had at the airport.

Stefan frowned imperceptibly at the boy's happy face.

Jimmy looked up at the man who stood before him. He tugged at the man's sleeve, feeling kind of sorry for the man.

"Sir, are you alright? You don't look very well."

"I am fine."

Stefan's voice had grown unconsciously tender, without even his own consciousness of it.

Finally, he frowned and asked, "Why are you here?"

"I'm waiting for Jane to go home."

Jimmy smiled, not at all afraid of Stefan's indifference.

"Thank you, sir, for sending me to the police station the other day. My mommy brought me home afterward."

"Nice," Stefan replied lightly, not wanting to waste time on Jimmy.

He was there for Martha.

Yet Jimmy followed, his little face beaming with delight. He was overjoyed to meet Stefan again.

"What are you doing here, sir? Are you here for work too?"

Just after the words left Jimmy's mouth, Jane came out of the elevator and met Jimmy and Stefan, and

walked into the company together.

Jane was shocked when she saw Jimmy was following Stefan. Her brain went blank for a moment.

Why were they together?

Did they know each other?

Before she could understand the reason, Jimmy walked toward her happily, held her hand, and said seriously, "Jane, this is the gentleman who helped me at the airport."

Stefan paused at this, raised his eyes in doubt, looked at Jane, who stood before him, and frowned.

When Jimmy mentioned Jane just now, he did not think much about it.

He did not realize that Jimmy was talking about Martha's assistant. What a small world!

Jane panicked at this glance. She lowered his head, trying to hide her uneasiness and nervousness.

She did not know that Jimmy knew Stefan. What should she do now?

She could not tell that Jimmy was Martha's child. But what if Stefan asked?

Stefan noticed Jane's unnatural expression. So he asked, "Do you know this child?"

After Jane had regained her composure, she nodded slightly.

Though she did not know much about what Stefan had done in the past, she knew that Jimmy's identity must be kept from Stefan.

Otherwise, Martha would fire her.

Jane grabbed Jimmy and protected him behind her, then smiled awkwardly.

"He is my friend's child... My friend got something to do today, so I am helping my friend out."

Stefan frowned, and there was some doubt in his eyes.

He looked deep into the eyes of Jimmy, who stood behind Jane, as if to ask Jimmy if Jane was telling the truth.

Jimmy nodded, smiling all the time.

He could see that Stefan was a good man, though he treated him coldly.

Seeing Jimmy nod, Stefan thought no more. He said lightly, "Tell your friend to be more careful. Don't let the boy go out alone."

Saying that, Stefan thought of what happened at the airport and said impatiently, "I can't send him to the police station every time."

At this, Jane was speechless.

If Stefan knew that the friend she was talking about was Martha and Jimmy was his son, she was sure that he would be pissed off.

Who would have thought that Jimmy would come to C Country by himself and was sent to the police station by his father!

That was a bit dramatic. Jane nodded her head as she muttered something in silence.

"Thank you for the reminder, Mr. Harrison. I will tell his mother to be careful."

Stefan compressed his thin lips, glanced sideways at Jimmy again, and entered the company.

Jimmy, who was standing behind Jane, waved his hand at Stefan's back. He did not want Stefan to go.

"See you, Sir."

When Jane heard this, her body stiffened again.

She thought that Jimmy would better never see Stefan again.

How should she explain to Martha if Stefan found out Jimmy was his child?

Thinking of this, Jane unconsciously clenched her hand at her side.

She stared after Stefan and only breathed a sigh of relief when he entered the elevator.

At this moment, Jimmy, who was standing behind her, suddenly remembered that he hadn't asked for

Stefan's number yet.

He tried to chase Stefan but was stopped by Jane in time.

"Where are you going?" Jane asked, gripping Jimmy's arm.

"I haven't thanked him properly yet. I can't let him go just like this." Jane was even more speechless when she heard this.

She blocked Jimmy's way, and patiently explained, "That gentleman has known your gratitude."

Jimmy pursed his lips, and looked hesitatingly at Jane.

"But... I want my mother to know him. She will like him as I do."

Jane was taken aback and utterly speechless.

Jimmy almost got Martha into trouble.

Jane knew that Martha did not want Stefan to know about Jimmy's existence and would not fall for Stefan again.

Jimmy's intentions were good. But things were not as simple as he thought.

She sighed helplessly and said indifferently. "That's what he should do. Your mother doesn't have to repay him."

As a father, Stefan had failed to protect his child.

Sending his child to a police station was nothing to be grateful for.

Jimmy blinked suspiciously and looked at Jane as if he were a grown-up.

"Jane, my mother told me that I should be grateful. You are teaching me the wrong worldview."

Jane was speechless.

She held her forehead and looked at Jimmy, upset.

Jimmy knew nothing.

There was nothing wrong with what she said. People should be grateful to those who once did them a favor. Yet Stefan had made so many mistakes, which was unforgivable to Martha.

Seeing this, Jimmy tugged at the corners of Jane's dress with his little hand, and stared at her gravely.

"Jane, we must return the favor even if it is a small one."

Jane could not help laughing at this.

She rubbed the hair on the little guy's head, and said earnestly, "Jimmy, you are too young to understand everything. Something is not what you think it is."

Jimmy tilted his head with a puzzled expression. "What is it like then?"

Jane glanced at the time, and said, "Ask your mommy tonight."

She was not in a position to tell Jimmy about Stefan.

Jimmy looked adorable as he scratched his head, obedient and confused.

He looked up again and asked, "Does my mommy know that gentleman?"