

Good bye 141

Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 141

“Nope.”

Jane took the little guy by the hand and left the Doyle Group’s Building.

In spite of what she said, Jane was thinking that if Martha had never known Stefan, perhaps she would not have suffered so much.

She knew what Martha had been through, and felt very sorry for her.

Jimmy glanced at Jane, and knew that he ought not to ask more questions.

Soon, he changed the subject.

“Jane, what are we going to eat tonight?”

“What would you like?”

Jane held Jimmy’s hand, and asked in a very doting tone.

Jimmy rolled his eyes. He was a foodie.

“Anything delicious.”

“Okay, but not too much.”

“Okay!”

They discussed what to eat for dinner as they got into the cab.

In the elevator, Stefan looked at himself on the glass wall. At that moment, he looked nothing like a president.

But he did not care.

His eyes grew darker. For some reason, ever since they had parted, the image of the boy had been in his mind.

Stefan rubbed his temples, weary and lost in thought.

That day, he went to the airport in pursuit of Martha. He failed, but he met that boy.

The boy got lost. Not knowing how, but at that moment, he patiently drove the boy to the police station.

He felt that it was his duty to do so, and it was queer.

But speaking of it, this world was really small. He never expected to see that boy again.

At the thought of it, he somehow felt that the boy was familiar.

The elevator door opened on the chosen floor. Stefan came to his senses and went out.

He went straight to Martha’s office. Along the way, many of the employees looked at me with curiosity.

But he did not care.

He knew that he was a sinner in the eyes of these people.

He did not deny it. He, too, hated himself.

Stefan entered the president’s office, where Martha currently worked. But he did not see the familiar figure inside.

There was a hint of uneasiness in his tired eyes. He looked around the entire office, then sat down on the sofa, quietly waiting for Martha.

Half an hour passed quickly...

Martha went back to the company, absent-minded. Rhys’ words kept repeating in her head.

Was Stefan not the only man in the world who could save Jimmy?

Did Rhys have another solution?

Martha heaved a sigh. She should never have trusted Rhys. She should keep the initiative in her own

hands, or she will be used. She did not even know what Rhys wanted.

Martha planned to call Jane after she got back to the office and ask about Jimmy. Yet when she entered, she saw Stefan sitting on the sofa waiting for her.

She hung up the outgoing call and noticed Stefan's tired face. He had some dark circles under his eyes, and a few stubbly whiskers. His eyes were red. It seemed that he had not rested well.

Unlike his usual neat suit, the black one he was wearing was wrinkled.

She knew that Stefan had not had a good rest ever since he knew the truth.

He hurt himself the night before. Had the wound healed so quickly?

It seemed that men healed much more quickly than women.

They got hurt easily, but soon healed.

By comparison, she took a long time to heal. Yet when she finally let go, he reappeared before her.

She did not, however, give a damn whether he was well or not.

She had long ago ceased to care for the man. To what purpose had he thus appeared to her?

Martha turned coldly to the chair before the desk, and sat down indifferently, utterly ignoring the man on the sofa.

Stefan didn't speak. He fixed his deep-set eyes on Martha.

There was a long silence in the office. After a considerable time, Martha broke the silence. She could no longer bear his gaze.

"Mr. Harrison, what brings you here?"

"Where did you go?"

Stefan's lips parted slightly and his voice was hoarse.

With a faint smile, Martha looked up at him. "What does it have to do with you, Mr. Harrison?" Her tone was flat.

She was no longer the one who had to report to him wherever she went.

Now she was free. She was free to go where she pleased.

Stefan pursed his lips at this, but said no more.

After a while, Martha flipped open the documents on the desk. "Mr. Harrison, you may leave if there is nothing."

He was not welcome here.

Stefan stared at the calm woman sitting at the desk with dim eyes, "Do you hate to see me so much?"

He had lived in guilt and remorse ever since he knew the truth.

Now that he had worked out his feelings for Martha, he did not want to let go of her again.

But... She insisted on getting rid of him, and he could find no reason for keeping her.

He had no way to make up for the pain he had caused Martha, yet he still wanted to do his best.

At least he would feel better that way.

Martha glanced at Stefan out of the corner of her eye, but turned a deaf ear to what he said. She took the pen from her desk and started to sign the documents.

While signing, she said, "I'm busy."

It was enough to prove how little she cared to notice him.

Stefan frowned, his eyes full of guilt.

A moment later, his hoarse voice sounded again in the office. "I came to tell you that I am going to withdraw my shares."

Martha paused when she heard this.

"Yes, I am going to withdraw my shares. By then, Doyle Group would be free of Harrison Group. I won't

ask for any equity compensation.”

“Mr. Harrison, I don’t want your charity.”

Martha raised her eyes indifferently, and looked at Stefan with a mocking smile.

What was his purpose in being there? Showing off his wealth, or showing kindness?

“No, I just wanted to...”

Martha interrupted him.

“I said you didn’t have to give it back for nothing. The Doyle Group will take back its initiative and buy your shares.”

Stefan frowned at this. It was heart-wrenching to him to look at the familiar woman, who was now utterly indifferent to him.

He knew that she had changed. She was no longer the same old Martha.

But was it so hard to accept his compensation?

Stefan’s head drooped, his pupils contracted, his voice cracked. “I’m not trying to do charity. I just want to return the Doyle Group to your father.”

Martha looked at Stefan more contemptuously as she heard this.

‘Give it back to my father? Why did he have to do it till today? Had it not been for Stefan, my father would not have become like this.’

Martha said coldly. “My father doesn’t need it.”

“Don’t argue with me. I just want to be nice to you.”

Martha chuckled and shook her head. It sounded absurd to her.

“Stefan, who do you think you are? Who are you to be kind to me?

Who are you to me?”

The man was startled, his hand tightened at his side unconsciously.

Seeing that he made no reply, Martha suddenly laid down the document in her hand, and put one hand to her chin. She put aside her indifference and spoke in a teasing tone.

“If you really want to compensate, sign the divorce agreement then.”

“I...”

“I’ll be grateful to you for it very much.”

Her words choked him. A sharp pang rose in his heart.

She would be grateful to him.

She hated him to the core, and yet she would be grateful to him if he divorced her.

She would do anything to get rid of him, right?

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Stefan’s eyes darkened. He pursed his lips and asked the question deep down inside with difficulty.

“Would you never forgive me?”

Martha looked down at the papers on her desk, pursed her red lips, and made no answer.

What was the point of talking about it now?

She no longer cared about the past.

When there was no response, Stefan got up and approached the desk.

“During the last few years, I was convinced that you were dead. I have often thought of you. I swear I did not know you had blood cancer, or I should not have... I had sent Eden to go abroad for bone marrow. If Hollie hadn’t committed suicide, maybe...”

At this, Martha frowned. He asked Eden to look for new bone marrow for Hollie?

Did he?

Martha looked up at the man who tried to explain, and shouted, "Enough!"

She did not want to hear a word from Stefan. The past ended with the execution of Hollie.

"Stefan, please get out of my office."

"What bothers you is the way I treated Hollie, right?"

Stefan asked. Martha was puzzled when she heard this, and then was stunned for a moment.

Seeing her expression, Stefan thought he got the point. He continued, "I treat her well because I mistook her for you."

With that, he stared gravely at the woman before him.

"I have never slept with Hollie. I didn't marry her all these years, because..."

Martha lost her patience. She raised her eyebrows and said sarcastically, "Mr. Harrison, you are indeed much of a gentleman."

She did not give a damn if he had slept with Hollie.

It would not change the fact that he had caused her great trauma.

The trauma would never be solved.

He made a huge mistake, and for that he must pay.

Martha's face grew cold, and her voice grew more indifferent. "I have no interest in your private life. Now, get out."

"What about the Doyle Group?"

Stefan looked at the woman at the desk, and thought that since he could not make her alter her mind for old feelings' sake, he might as well make her stay with something else.

When he had finished, Martha frowned slightly.

"What do you mean?"

Was he threatening her?

Seeing that she finally cared about his words, Stefan pursed his lips. He had got an idea.

"Divorcing me won't do you any good, nor will it bring the Doyle Group any benefits."

'Do me any good? Benefits?'

'Is he using the carrot-and-stick approach?'

Martha chuckled and looked at Stefan with some disappointment.

Did he said those words because he belittled her or he was trying to threaten her?

She hoped that Stefan would be as indifferent to her as he had been four years before. The current version of him was clingy and annoying.

The contrast between his past indifference and his present remorse made her sigh and fret.

She nodded her agreement with his words.

"Yep, it does me no good. I'll no longer be your wife, losing power and high status. Also, I'll become a divorced woman, being judged by others." Martha sneered as she said this.

She continued, after a pause, with a touch of mockery in her voice.

"But nothing is more important than leaving you."

Her last words were uttered in an easy tone, but they hurt more than anything else.

Stefan's pupils contracted suddenly, swallowed by despair.

She said nothing could be more important than leaving him.

She would give up her position and her fame just to be away from him, though she would be judged.

She gave him no other option.

Did he have to let her go this time?

But how could he let go when he had just realized how much he loved her?

Stefan clenched his hands. He had a lump in his throat and lost his voice.

After a while, for the first time in his life he asked humbly, "Is there no bond between us?"

He ruined their relationship in the first place.

Now that he knew he was wrong, would she not give him a chance to make it up to her?

Martha's hand on the pen tightened unconsciously. She felt her fingers get slightly cold.

Bond?

They did have a bond, and it was Jimmy.

She lowered her eyes and smiled wryly.

There was a bond between them. But it was a child, not love.

Her love for him had dissipated four years ago.

Martha pressed her red lips together, and turned her head away from the man who stood before her.

Her action was an answer. Stefan understood it.

She would not forgive him, though he had thrown away all his pride.

He was not surprised.

He had made so many mistakes. How could she so easily forgive him?

He said with his hoarse voice, breathing hard.

"Would you feel better if I agree to divorce?"

Martha nodded at his words. "Sure."

Stefan was suffocated. He felt as if he had been stabbed in the heart, and even breathing was painful.

In the end, he made a decision, and it was the one he wanted least.

"In three days, I'll ask my lawyer to handle it."

"Why not tomorrow?"

Why should she have to wait three days? What difference would it make?

She was thankful, however, to hear that he had agreed to divorce her.

Since they could not be husband and wife, be strangers.

Martha put on a smile and felt pleased.

Her smile was dazzling to Stefan's eyes, piercing to his very heart. Intense pain shot through him.

His eyes darkened as he said, "Are you in such a hurry?"

"Well, I couldn't wait."

She could only tell him about Jimmy after the divorce.

Only then could Jimmy be saved.

Stefan lost all confidence. He had come there in the hope of keeping her.

He failed, as was expected.

She insisted on getting rid of him.

If that was what she wanted, and he would divorce her in compensation.

He was very upset, holding back his emotions with his clenched fists.

He would live in solitude for the rest of his life.

Stefan's eyes drooped. He turned away slowly, with mixed feelings.

Martha's eyes were no longer bright at the sight of his departure. She suppressed her emotions and put aside scattered thoughts.

Lowering her eyes, she muttered, "He is not worthy of sympathy... It's just his karma."

She had no idea who she was talking to.

Something within her kept telling her that it would all pass.
As time passed by, he would fall in love with some other woman.
A fickle man like him would not love the same woman all the time.
She was already beset with so much misery that she could bear no more.
She was just trying to protect herself. She did not open her heart to anyone, lest she should be hurt again.

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At six o'clock in the evening, Martha left work on time. After she got out of the Doyle Group, she drove to Jane's to pick up Jimmy.

She was thinking that since she and Stefan were getting divorced in three days, it might be time for Jimmy to meet Maxwell and Bianca.

She laughed, and her eyes were filled with softness as she dialed the number.

The phone was quickly picked up. Her son's sweet voice came from the other end, "Mom, are you going to meet me at Jane's house?"

"Yes. I am on my way now. How about Jimmy go and have your clothes changed?"

It seemed that Jimmy had a gift for telepathy. He asked quickly, "Mommy, are you going to introduce me to someone?"

"Yes. To see your grandpa."

The minute Martha's soft voice went down, Jimmy answered excitedly, "Is that true? I'm going to see my grandpa?"

"Sure. Go and change your clothes. I'll be there in a minute."

Half an hour later, the minute she walked into the apartment, she was hugged by Jimmy.

"Mommy, are we going to leave now?"

Before Martha could answer him, Jane interrupted them, "Jimmy. Your mother and I need to talk about something. Can you give us a minute?"

Jimmy seemed a little bit disappointed, but he still nodded.

"Okay. I'm going to finish the dessert on the table."

Then he headed to the dining table.

When he left, Jane looked at Martha seriously.

"Ms. Doyle. I ran into Mr. Harrison today when I went to the Doyle Group to sign a document for you."

Hearing that, Martha frowned immediately. She seemed to think about something and grasped Jane's arm tightly.

"Did he see Jimmy? Did he recognize that Jimmy was ..."

"No, he didn't. It was just... a bit complicated. It turned out that the person who escorted Jimmy to the police station was Mr. Harrison. So, Jimmy always wanted to thank him."

Jane's explanation largely soothed Martha. But as she was feeling a bit relieved, she could not help frowning.

When she had worked it out, she and Jane looked at each other.

So, Jimmy and Stefan had already met each other.

It was just that Jimmy had no idea who his real father was and Stefan thought she had lost her child after the operation.

Martha looked down and started pondering.

When Jimmy met Stefan this afternoon, Stefan could not have figured out who Jimmy was, or he would not have agreed to divorce her.

Now that Jimmy was in the same country as Stefan, if Stefan found out the relationship between her and Jimmy...

Given the current situation, she would not allow a single thing to go wrong.

He said they were going to get divorced in three days. So, Jimmy could not show up before him in these three days.

It meant that she could not bring Jimmy to see her father for now.

Thinking of that, she looked at Jane and said quietly, "I see. Maybe it's better for Jimmy to stay at home recently."

"That's what's on my mind."

Jane nodded and realized how serious it was.

After saying that, she left and went to her room, leaving enough private space for Martha and Jimmy.

When Martha calmed down, she walked towards the dining table with a smile.

Jimmy was still working on that dessert. When he saw his mother coming, his hand that was holding a fork stopped. He smiled, "Mommy, shall we take off now?"

"Not today, sweetie."

She rubbed his head and answered softly.

Jimmy's disappointment was obvious. He looked at his mother, "Why not?"

"Because it's too late today. Grandpa needs to rest."

Hearing that, Jimmy suspected nothing. He believed his mom never lied to him, so he nodded.

Martha felt even more distressed. Jimmy was only four years old, but he always acted like an adult.

His consideration gave her a bittersweet feeling.

"Mom, will you sleep with me tonight?"

"Sure."

Jimmy followed her lead to the bedroom.

When Martha tucked him up, Jimmy seemed to think about something and said suddenly, "Mom, this afternoon, Jane and I ran into the mister who took me to the police station from the airport. I wanted to express my gratitude to him, but Jane said that was what he should do. Do you know why?"

Martha was stunned. There was a strange look on her face.

Why?

'Because he is your father. He was supposed to be there when you were growing up and shoulder the responsibility that every father should.' Martha's inner voice was talking.

She opened her mouth, but eventually only said, "I have no idea."

Jimmy pressed his lips together. He knew it. Jane was only fooling him.

Seeing that Jimmy was a bit disappointed, she fondled his face and said softly, "Jimmy was lucky to have met that kind man. If possible, Jimmy will meet him again."

"Will I?"

Jimmy asked again, his eyes full of expectation.

His look upset Martha.

Was it the bond between father and son? The inseparable bond?

Jimmy had only met Stefan twice, but he liked Stefan so much.

Maybe it was because of the bond between father and son.

She tried to hide the mixed feelings in her eyes and asked softly, "Jimmy, do you like that mister very

much?"

Jimmy smiled and nodded slightly, "I like him. He's nice and warm-hearted. But he has a short temper, he's not a father material."

Martha was rather shocked at this. She wanted to correct him but found nothing to say.

Jimmy's mention of the word "father" had frightened her.

Perhaps it was because he had always wanted a father.

When she collected her thoughts, she followed Jimmy's words and asked, "Why?"

"Because he seemed cold and was not so nice to me. He left me alone in the police station. I mean, he was much too indifferent to an adorable kid like me."

"When I asked him questions in the car, he would not answer me either."

"Mom, that man is neither dad material nor husband material. He doesn't know how to take care of people."

Jimmy was acting like an adult again, deducing from his impression on Stefan that Stefan was neither a good father nor a good husband.

Amused by him, Martha felt quite relaxed.

She patted his arm and smiled, "I think you are right."

"Jimmy is exhausted today, right? Have a nice dream."

He nodded, "Alright, Mommy. You, too."

Martha bent over and kissed his forehead.

She knew that Jimmy had always wanted to see his father. Despite that, his illness couldn't be healed without Stefan.

It wouldn't be long for them to meet each other.

What was to come would come in the end...

Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 144

The next day, at the Harrison Group.

Stefan was sitting all alone in the office, staring at the documents on the table.

He did not want to divorce her, but that was all she wanted.

There were still two days left. After that, there would be no connection between them.

His reason told him to let her have her own way, but he did not want to let her go.

He closed his eyes and rubbed his temples.

Then a knock at the door interrupted his meditations.

He opened his dark, unfathomable eyes and looked toward the door.

"Come in."

The minute he spoke, Eden walked in.

He went straight to the desk in his office and placed the document on it.

"This is the divorce agreement you wanted."

Stefan was dumbfounded at the words.

"Put it there."

His voice was hoarse, and not pleasant to Eden's ears.

Since he knew Stefan ten years ago, it was the first time that he had seen the latter like this.

Several days ago, he went abroad to negotiate on two important projects, which should have been negotiated by Stefan himself, but since Martha came back, Eden went there instead.

It had never occurred to him that it would turn out like this when he got back. Now, Stefan was staring at the divorce agreement with a sullen face. After signing the agreement, he would have no contact with her. Seeing that, Eden sighed and said, "I never thought you would end up like this." He was close to Stefan. Of course, he did not want his pal to live with remorse and guilt for the rest of his life. But he was also aware of what Stefan had done to Martha. He knew deep down that Stefan was only reaping what he had sowed. Stefan, meanwhile, understood what Eden was talking about. He smiled ironically and said, "I deserve that." "Don't be too hard on yourself. You had no idea what was going on before. It's impossible for you to know all the truth." Speaking of that, Eden continued, "Though you did the wrong thing, you love her right now, don't you? Have you really made up your mind to let her go? Even it means you have no right to interfere with who she's going to marry?" Right, she could marry anyone she wanted after divorcing him. Rupert Turner, or Rhys Williams, both of them were better than him, the ex-husband in her heart. He pressed his lips together and said nothing. Certainly, he didn't want her to leave, or see her marry other people... But what could he do to make it up to her now that everything had happened? Hearing no answer, Eden understood that there was no other option except divorce. As an outsider, he had better keep quiet. Before he left, Stefan asked in a lowered voice, "Have you found her?" Eden stopped, knowing that he was asking about Libby. He lifted his brow and answered calmly, "She couldn't run away. She's still here, not in another country." Since Libby ran away that day at the Doyle Manor, the police had been trying to arrest her but they had no clue where she was now. She was still in the city, considering the circumstances. Stefan asked Eden to deal with her. Now that Hollie was in jail, they couldn't let Libby get away with the punishment of law, either. The hours soon slipped away, and night came in a twinkling. The city was crowded, while the ghetto was fairly quiet. A woman appeared in an empty street. She was wearing a hat, scarf and mask. Covering herself from head to toe, she walked carefully in the darkness, checking her back from time to time in case anyone might recognize her. Libby was dressed in rags, a far cry from the old glamorous her. She approached an old telephone booth and sneaked into it when no one was around. She picked up the phone and pressed a string of numbers that she remembered quite well. Her eyes were fixed on her surroundings, and her hand, which held the phone, was involuntarily wet with sweat. When the call was answered, the look of anxiety faded from her face. She asked in a nervous tone, "Finally, what am I supposed to do now?" The person on the other end of the line was rather mysterious. Its number changed every time after

they made a phone call.

She had no idea who that person was, but her instinct told her that he or she was the only one she could depend on now.

For all those years she had been doing things for this mysterious person. Now that Hollie was over, she just wanted to keep herself safe.

That person answered in a cold voice, without any intention of saving her.

“You can’t run away.”

Hearing that, Libby couldn’t help grasping the phone and raising her voice, “That can’t happen. No one has found out where I am.”

The minute she answered, a weird laughter came from the other end of the phone.

When the laughter died away, the cold voice started again, “Stefan’s men are looking for you. You can’t even go abroad.”

“Then what should I do?” Libby asked, growing anxious again.

It took her a lot of effort to escape the police. Was all that wasted?

She could not spend the rest of her life in jail.

“Don’t worry. You won’t get a heavy penalty. After all, Hollie was the main culprit. You are merely an accessory criminal.”

Libby, feeling more nervous, leaned against the glass wall.

It meant that guy was not going to help her.

It made sense. After all, there was little she could do. Considering the mysterious way that guy had been acting, there was little chance that he or she was going to help her.

She was reluctant to accept the result, but deep down she knew that guy was right.

She was only an accomplice. She could be released in a couple of years.

After figuring that out, she inhaled deeply and said, “Okay, I will surrender to the police.”

“Not the police.”

“What do you mean?”

Libby was confused. The guy answered in a commanding tone, “Make Stefan’s men find you and do one last thing for me. If you can do that, I will have my men take care of you when you are in jail.”

“What is it?”

Libby frowned, her eyes were full of confusion.

She was like an underdog now. What more could she do?

What the hell did that guy want her to do?

“I want you to tell Stefan the existence of the child. Make sure he knows that he has a son.”

Not too late and not too early. Make Stefan know everything in these two days...

Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 145

Since Stefan agreed to divorce, Martha hadn’t been to the Doyle Group for two days.

She had been staying at home with her father to avoid seeing Stefan and other unnecessary annoyances.

Maxwell, who was being treated with traditional medicine, was feeling better and could speak a few sentences.

The doctor said Maxwell was recovering well and that he would be able to move around in less than half a year.

Martha knew his quick recovery had a lot to do with Bianca, who took great care of him, giving him daily massages to help restore the function of his limbs.

After sending away the doctor, Martha said to Bianca, "Thank you, Bianca. If it weren't for you, my father wouldn't have recovered so soon."

"I'm happy to help."

She smiled back, beaming.

It was her wish that Maxwell should soon recover.

The smile faded as she thought of Hollie who had caused Maxwell's illness.

"Has the court sentenced Hollie?"

"Not yet. But she's likely to serve a life sentence."

Martha answered calmly and sat beside Maxwell.

Doing nothing these days except accompanying her father made her feel serene again. Everything felt good.

Once tomorrow was over, life would get better slowly as she had expected.

Bianca sighed, "Both of you grew up in the Doyle Manor, but Hollie became so horrifying."

Martha's face darkened, "I always believe people were born to be good. It's just that some people fail to stay kind."

Bianca agreed and nodded, "You are right. But she was one of the Doyles, after all. Why would she try to intrigue against others?"

Martha's eyes were dark. She looked at Maxwell, thought for a minute and said, "I think Hollie's not that smart. I'm afraid Libby told her what to do in most cases."

"Have they caught Libby?"

Martha shook her head resignedly, "Not yet. Even if she's found, I'm afraid it's not that simple."

Somehow Martha felt that those things were not as simple as they seemed.

But she had no clue.

Bianca, who was sitting right beside her, patted her arm.

"Don't overthink it, Martha. It's all over."

"OK."

There was a faint smile on Martha's face. The two of them chatted for some time, and their conversation finally switched to Jimmy.

Bianca asked excitedly, "When can we meet Jimmy? I can't wait."

Bianca and Maxwell exchanged a glance. There was softness in their eyes.

"Tomorrow morning I'm going to sign the divorce agreement with Stefan. I think by the afternoon, I can take him to Doyle Manor."

Bianca nodded with a smile, "Hopefully, everything will go smoothly."

For the past days that Martha spent in the Doyle Villa, she had talked with Bianca on a lot of topics, including the four years she lived in another country.

Bianca was dismayed to hear that Jimmy was born with a strange illness. She was thinking about how to make Jimmy get more nutrition.

In the evening, when Martha came home, she was lying in her bed. She could not help smiling.

Finally, she could completely cut ties with that man tomorrow. It was time to bid farewell to the past.

After their divorce, even if he knew Jimmy's identity, he could only save him as a father, and ask her to do nothing because he was no longer her husband.

She closed her eyes to rest, but a moment later her phone rang.

It was Melissa. Martha smiled lightly. They had not spoken to each other for some time. She missed Melissa.

She picked it up. Before she could say anything, a burst of laughter came from the phone-
“Congrats, Martha. At last, you are divorced from that piece of trash. We must have a celebration.”
“How did you know?”

She had not yet had a chance to speak to her.

“How come I don’t know? For a piece of trash like Stefan Harrison, birds of a feather flock together.”
Hearing the discontent in her voice, Martha was more confused, “What’s wrong?”

“I met Eden in a pub yesterday. He told me about the divorce and... we had a fight.”

Melissa complained. Hearing that, Martha rubbed her temple and asked, “How come you guys had a fight?”

Melissa continued to complain, “It was all his fault. Do you know what he said yesterday? He said solemnly that Stefan knew he was wrong, and that he wanted to make it up to you. I was so pissed off and said apology was not useful at all, but he said that not everyone was perfect and everyone made mistakes.”

“And then he and I quarreled in the bar. I almost got fired, but he, with his stink money, left without getting any punishment.”

Martha was speechless. Somehow, every time Melissa met Eden, a fight couldn’t be avoided. But anyway, she was the reason why Melissa was so angry. Martha comforted her, “Just leave him alone. He has his own stand. And since your job at the bar is not that satisfying, how about quitting your job and working with me in the Doyle Group?”

“Eh... Never mind. I do not think I am that material. I’ll save you the trouble.”

Of course, Martha knew that a white-collar job was not what Melissa wanted. She wanted to be a writer.

Perhaps she should let Melissa be, and trust that if Melissa were gold she would glitter.

After chatting a few more words with her and agreeing to meet each other the day after tomorrow, Martha hung up the phone.

She put the phone beside the bed, but when she turned around, she accidentally knocked over the little night-light beside her phone.

It fell to the ground and shattered into pieces.

Martha frowned. She looked nervous and distressed.

The night light was made by her mother when she was a little girl.

She liked the little night light. Although she rarely used it when she was growing up, she never threw it away and kept it here.

It had never occurred to her that she accidentally broke it here.

As she stooped to pick up the broken pieces, something fell.

She thought it was part of the night light, but as she looked again...

Wait, what was that?

She picked it up. It looked like a badge.

Martha pressed her lips together and checked the badge closely. She had never seen that pattern on it before.

‘Did it belong to my mother?’

‘But why did Mom put it in the night light? Was it a deliberate act or what?’

At night, at the Harrison Villa.

Stefan was sitting alone in his study.

He was both guilty of all the hurt he had done to Martha and reluctant to face the divorce tomorrow. So, he stayed at the study for two days without stepping out and had a lot of alcohol.

The whole study reeked of alcohol.

The man was sitting at the head of the table. With only one light on, half of him was covered with darkness.

He looked a bit tired but was still thinking about something.

After tomorrow, Martha would not be his legal wife and he would not have the right to be her husband.

There was intense bitterness in his face.

At that moment, the vibration of his phone broke the silence.

It was Eden.

He picked up the phone and heard Eden say, "We found Libby."

"Where is she?"

Hearing that, Stefan turned serious. It seemed as if the temperature had dropped below zero all around him.

"It was said that she was found in a small hotel. How do you want to deal with her?"

Stefan answered calmly, "Send her to the police station."

"But she seemed to want to talk to you."

Eden's voice betrayed a slight hesitation. Stefan's brow furrowed. Was she still trying to deny it?

He would not let anyone get away with hurting Martha.

Stefan pressed his lips together and said nothing. Eden added, "She said it was about Martha and that you definitely want to know."

It was about Martha.

He set his mouth in a grim line. His hand, which was holding the phone, involuntarily tightened its grip.

What was it about Martha that he did not know?

After a few seconds of silence, he said, "Bring her here."

"Alright."

Stefan's face turned stern after he hung up. What was Libby going to tell him?

Half an hour later, Eden brought Libby to the Harrison Villa.

Stefan, sitting at the desk, looked at the kneeling woman with cold eyes.

He met Libby several times at the Doyle Group. Each time, she looked gorgeous.

But now she was kneeling before him, looking like a beggar.

She was dressed in rags and her hair was disheveled. There were dark circles under her eyes.

Apparently, she had not slept well for several days.

Stefan narrowed his eyes, and looked her up and down. The coldness that oozed from him almost froze her.

Libby shuddered. She stared fearfully at the ground.

She had always known that Stefan was an intimidating person, but... to relieve some of the sufferings of her imprisonment, she must come tonight.

Libby pondered in her mind for a moment, and when she looked up again, there was misery and sorrow in her eyes.

"Mr. Harrison, I'm not the main culprit and I didn't mean to harm Martha. That's what Hollie wanted. I

was just doing what she wanted.”

“You know, I’m her godmother and I have feelings for her. When she knelt before me, I really couldn’t watch her suffer, that’s why I helped her.”

Stefan pressed his lips together and stared at her coldly, utterly ignorant of what she had said.

Seeing that he was unmoved, Libby feigned some tears, and wept more miserably.

“For my whole life, I have neither son nor daughter. Hollie is the only goddaughter I have. I want her to be happy. That’s why I did all those things. Please, believe me, Mr. Harrison. I...”

Stefan pulled a long face and answered without much patience, “That’s what you want to tell me?”

Libby stiffened suddenly. Her hands that touched the ground were wet with sweat.

She knew this was her chance, but she could not act too deliberately, or Stefan might question what she really wanted.

Thinking of that, she shook her head helplessly.

“Mr. Harrison, you must trust me. I never meant to hurt Martha. We asked Martha to meet us at Doyle Manor only because we wanted to threaten her. But we never thought of hurting her.”

Stefan frowned. He looked at Libby with even less patience.

Libby was aware of this, but was still explaining,

“We found that Martha had a child abroad, so Hollie wanted to threaten Martha to leave... That’s why... Anyway, Mr. Harrison, you must believe me. I never thought of hurting Martha.”

When Stefan heard that Martha had a child, the impatience vanished from his face. Instead, he was shocked.

Child!

He felt his head spin. He could not believe what he had heard.

Martha had a child abroad!

Stefan got up and approached Libby. He grasped her collar and asked coldly, “What did you say?”

“I... I said that we found Martha had given birth to a son abroad. He was four years old, but he was born with an illness and was receiving treatment abroad. We used it to threaten Martha to leave and stop fighting with Hollie for you and the company.”

Hearing that, Stefan almost felt his blood running backward. There was a tingling pain in his heart.

Child, four years old, born with an illness...

What Martha had said began to repeat itself in his mind.

He once asked if the child was still alive, she said the child had been dead.

But Libby was telling him that Martha had a four-year-old child abroad.

The child was four years old. It meant it was his child.

She was lying to him.

She had his child. Why had she lied to him?

Stefan could not help stepping back, his hands clenching into fists.

Libby, on her knees, knew that her mission was accomplished.

She hoped that the mysterious person would keep his promise and take care of her while she was in prison. Though she really wanted to know who that person was and what he wanted after giving her so many commands, she was afraid that she had no chance to do that.

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Hearing that, Eden was so shocked. He turned to check on Stefan. Both could not believe what they had

heard.

They thought Martha hated Stefan, but it never occurred to them that she had given birth to that child. It had been four years. She kept her secret well.

Libby said the child was born ill. Considering Martha's condition, even if Rupert had taken her away at the time, she would probably have been near death. How did she manage to go through that period?

How excruciating was it for her to give birth to that child?

At that moment, Eden felt sorry for Martha. As Melissa had said, an apology from Stefan was far from enough.

After pondering for a moment, Stefan narrowed his eyes and asked in a deep voice, "Is that true?"

"What I said was true. Is it necessary for me to lie when I'm about to go to jail?"

Libby raised her head and stared at Stefan. On her dusty face were honest eyes.

Stefan's hands relaxed at the words.

He should have looked into things about her. He should have looked into what she had experienced abroad when she came back.

Child...

The child she had given birth to, and the child he had never seen.

"Send her to the police station."

"Alright," Eden answered.

Instantly, Stefan added excitedly, "Go and check if what she said is true."

"Got it."

Eden suppressed his emotions and took Libby away.

When they were all gone, the whole study was quiet again.

He stumbled to his seat.

His hands clutched the arms of his chair. His palm was already wet with perspiration.

His child was still alive.

If the child really existed, was there still a chance for him and Martha to get back together?

She risked her own life to give birth to that child. It meant that deep down in her heart she still cared for him, right?

Stefan inhaled deeply, trying to suppress his strong emotions.

He thought they were over, but they still had a child.

That child, who was related to him by blood, was the bond between him and Martha.

He smiled bitterly. The child was four years old, and yet he did not even know what he looked like.

Yet he knew that the child must be adorable.

Stefan did not leave his study all that night.

There were so many thoughts in his mind that he did not sleep at all...

The next morning, at the Harrison Group.

Staring at the tall building in front of her, Martha did not hesitate to enter it, and arrived at the office before their appointed time.

Sitting at the table and looking at the time, she felt that she had come too early. Perhaps it was because she could no longer wait.

She did not want to miss the opportunity. After all, the man eventually agreed to a divorce.

Moreover, Jimmy's illness could not wait.

She even thought that after signing the divorce agreement and after it took effect, she would immediately tell him the existence of Jimmy.

Her expression turned serious as she thought of Jimmy's illness.
Time passed soon. But half an hour later, there was still only herself in the conference room.
Martha looked at the time again and frowned. She was perplexed.
Why did Stefan not come?
He was not the sort of man to be late. What happened?
While she was speculating on what might have happened, the door opened.
She looked in the direction of the door, and when she caught sight of Eden, she pressed her lips together.
She let out a sigh of relief as she noticed the document in Eden's hand.
Perhaps Stefan was reluctant to appear, which was why Eden took his place and brought the divorce agreement here.
It was great in a way, for she was not in the mood to see Stefan.
Martha calmed down instantly and smiled, "Long time no see."
Eden gave her a queer look, and said nothing.
Martha buttoned her lip and looked at him calmly.
After a while, Eden opened his mouth and broke the silence in the meeting room.
"We found Libby last night and have sent her to the police station."
They found her? Martha remained calm and nodded, "That's good news."
It was good that they had found Libby, for she did not want Libby to get away with it. As for the rest of it, she had no desire to pursue it.
It was just... Why was Eden giving her such a queer look?
Martha didn't overthink it. She wanted to divorce Stefan as soon as possible, "It's getting late. I have something else to do. Could you give me that document now?"
Hearing that, Eden was stunned a bit and looked down at the document in his hands.
If Martha thought it was a divorce agreement, he was afraid that she might be disappointed.
She might not be able to get a divorce today.
Eden hesitated no more and handed the document to her with mixed feelings.
Martha received the document with a smile and picked up her pen. The only thing she wanted to do was to sign the document and leave as soon as possible.
When she opened it and saw the contents, the smile faded from her face.
This was not the divorce agreement. It was about her life abroad.
Actually, not only about her, but also about... the child!
Only a glimpse of the document made her tremble.
Why would this information show up here?
Had Stefan known about Jimmy?
But she hid it so well. How come he would know?
She panicked.
At that moment, the door opened again.
Stefan's tall figure showed up.
He approached step by step. His eyes were darker than ever.
Then she heard a low voice, "I'm not going to divorce."
Martha looked into his eyes, and when she saw the determination and coldness in them she knew that she could no longer keep the secret.
She had no intention of keeping it much longer. It was just... why did he know the truth at this critical

moment?

She wished to deny it. But now that this information was presented in front of her, it was apparently impossible for her to deny it.

In a blink of an eye, he had walked to her side. He bent over. His scent filled the air around her. The intense pressure almost suffocated her.

“Martha, you will always be my wife and the mother of my child.”

This time, he would not let her go.

Martha held her breath, recover her composure and stood up while shaking her head, “No. I’m not. You promised me we are going to get divorced today.”

“I break my promise.”

His eyes were dark. His voice was deep and soft, but firm.

He waited anxiously for a long time at night.

It was not until what Libby said was confirmed to be true that he let out a sigh of relief.

Since what they found was not much, he had no idea what the child looked like. But he had sent his men to the hospital where the child had been receiving treatment abroad. Soon, he believed, there would be new information.

And she...

Now that she was before him, he would not let her go.

The child would always act as a bond between them.

“Stefan Harrison, how dare you.”

Martha had made up her mind. Whether he knew it or not did not matter. She wanted a divorce, and she was going to get it.

Stefan answered clearly, “Or what are you going to do to me?”

As long as she stayed with him, he was willing to do anything, even to be a despicable person.

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Having heard those words, Martha had a glint in her eyes.

She had expected that Stefan would refuse to divorce her when he learned of the baby, but she had not expected that he would be so shameless.

She instantly clenched her hands on each side of her body, frowning and glaring at Stefan.

“You suck so hard!”

He had given her his word, but he had changed his mind now. How despicable he was!

As a businessman, Stefan couldn’t keep his promise while threatening her with her child.

Martha had no doubt that Stefan had sent his men abroad in search of Jimmy, her child.

But he did not know that Jimmy had returned to the country.

But it would not be long before he would realize that Jimmy was in fact the child with whom he had spoken at the airport.

Stefan was not disturbed or angry when he heard Martha scold him. Instead, he smiled and looked at her as if he did not care what she said.

“Whatever you said, I won’t divorce you anyway.”

“Stefan, you are shameless!”

He apparently refused to let her go. And Martha really didn’t know how to deal with him since he was so hateful.

Stefan used to be so cold and heartless. She had not expected him to be so different from his old self. He even smiled broadly and said in a deep voice, "I only want my wife and child. I don't care about anything else."

Having heard his remarks, Martha was tongue-tied, not knowing how to refute him.

Her eyes grew dim. The past came into her mind. Miserable memories were vivid in her mind. But he appeared to be so impassive. There was a strange gleam in her eyes as she thought of it.

Her face darkened. She raised her eyes and looked scornfully at Stefan. Then she questioned him, "You are in no position to talk about my child!"

Indeed, Stefan was not in a position to do so.

Yet that was the reason he wanted to make amends.

Martha smiled with sarcasm, and she said in a sarcastic tone, "Have you ever fulfilled your duty as a father since the child was born? Did you ever expect his birth before he was born?"

"Stefan, don't forget that you said that you didn't want the baby even if I was pregnant."

She could never forget what he had said back then.

She could not be so forgetful as he was, and therefore could not be comforted by his apology.

Martha's words, no doubt, made Stefan find it difficult to breathe. His heart was overwhelmed with grief and pain.

Indeed, he could not retract what he had said.

He knew that he had made terrible mistakes before. But Martha could not have gone through so much misery if not for him.

Stefan announced her death four years ago, shortly after her surgery. He could tell that she must have been dying when she left.

He could not tell how she had managed to survive at that time.

It must have been painful to give birth to a child.

He owed her so much that he could not make it up to her for the rest of his life.

Stefan's eyes were dark with an indescribable sense of guilt.

He knew that the only thing Martha now asked for was freedom.

She wanted to get away from him and all the past pain.

But he could not let her go.

For the last four years he had been absent from the lives of Martha and her child. He had never known the child's existence before ... Now, how could he continue to make the same mistakes?

For the rest of his life, he would try his best to be good to his wife and child.

But would she ever trust him again?

When Martha mentioned how he had hurt her in the past, her pent-up anger and hatred in her heart were ignited, making her unable to control herself.

She glared at the man who stood before her, and her anger grew.

"Stefan, you are the last person who deserves to talk about the child!"

At that time, he abandoned Martha and the child.

Stefan felt a lump in his throat. He wanted to say something, but he was unable to utter a word.

After a long time, he closed his eyes, and his deep voice was heard in the conference room. "I just want you to give me one more chance."

Martha acted as if she had heard a terrible joke, and she sneered more.

No one had ever given her any chance of survival in the past.

"In the past four years, my child and I have led a good life without you, and we don't need you in the

future.”

Those remarks simply eliminated him from Martha’s and her child’s world.

“But the child is ill now, and he needs me to cure him. Is that true?”

Stefan said that in a hoarse voice. He thought of the child’s illness on the information. He stepped forward and laid his hands on Martha’s shoulders.

At the sound of his words, Martha froze, and her eyes grew dark.

He was right. Jimmy really needed him to cure the disease.

The most important reason for her return to the country was that Jimmy could not wait much longer for medical treatment.

That was just for Jimmy.

As for Martha, she just wanted to end this absurd marriage.

She could not forgive Stefan for what he had done.

Martha raised her head and looked indifferently at the man before her. At last, she sneered and said, “I didn’t want to keep the secret about the child. I planned to tell you about his illness after signing the divorce settlement, and then you can fulfill your duty as a father.”

“Why do you have to wait until we get divorced?”

Stefan could not understand why she wanted a divorce so much.

At those words, Martha smiled grimly.

She could not understand why he had bothered to ask. What he had done before was enough to be a good reason?

She looked up and slightly curled her red lips. And she said clearly, “That’s because I hate you. Being your wife only made me suffer and my life a living hell.”

It could be worse than death when one’s life was a living hell

And Stefan was the one who had made her suffer mentally.

All of a sudden, Stefan’s eyes dimmed. And suddenly he loosened his hold on Martha’s shoulders.

What she said was like a sharp knife that stabbed into his heart. Stefan was overwhelmed with pain and sorrow.

It turned out that she already hated him so much.

Martha’s eyes grew red. She glared at the man she had loved. Now she hated him. She went on to utter bitter words.

“You forced me to donate bone marrow to Hollie. You also sent me to the operating table when I was pregnant, regardless of my life and that of my baby. You indirectly made my father suffer!”

“All the injuries I have suffered were imposed by you. So you are the person that I hate most in my life!”

What Hollie, Libby and Joann had done was nothing compared to how Stefan had hurt her.

Speaking of that, Martha replaced her hatred with coldness and decisiveness in her eyes.

“You found out that Jimmy was in poor health. But do you know how he got sick? Because of that operation! His life has been in danger since he was born. It’s all your fault.”

Why should her innocent Jimmy have to bear the consequences of a mistake made by such a heartless father?

She knew how unfair it was to her son.

“You have made so many mistakes. Now, what makes you think you can ask for forgiveness and tell me not to divorce?”

Stefan was stunned. He could not find a word to refute what Martha had said.

Guilt and remorse almost suffocated him.
He was the cause of everything. His child had been sick since birth.

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Stefan saw the reluctance in Martha's eyes, and it hurt him.
He knew that she had refused his help, but he wanted nothing more than to make up to her for the rest of his life.
He could not understand her reluctance to give him a second chance.
Martha stepped back and leaned against the cold wall, frowning.
She had no way out.
She shuddered involuntarily and gritted her teeth, saying clearly, "Stefan, if you don't divorce, you will be the reason for my death."
Stefan heard the word "death" when he was walking toward her. He paused, his eyes flashing.
He did not want to push her, but ... he could not afford to lose her again.
This time, no matter what happened, he had a reason to tell himself that he could not let her go.
Stefan's eyes darkened. And he said in a low voice, "As long as you don't divorce, I will give you my life."
"As long as you don't leave me, I will do anything."
"I'm willing to sacrifice myself for you."
Having heard his remarks, Martha chuckled with indifference and mockery.
"What does it mean to me?"
His death meant nothing to her. He needed to save Jimmy. Besides, she did not want him to die. She just wanted to be a free person after her death, and she would no longer be called Mrs. Harrison if she reached Heaven or Hell.
"Stefan, I just want to be free."
She could show him Jimmy, and even get Jimmy to acknowledge his father.
But that was all. Martha and Stefan were just Jimmy's parents, not husband and wife.
She wondered why it was so difficult for him to understand it. The request was not too much for him.
"That's impossible! Unless I die, I will never divorce you."
Standing two paces away from Martha, Stefan replied vigorously.
Now, regardless of her hatred and resentment toward him, Stefan insisted on making her stay with him.
He would not let her go until his death.
After listening to his harsh words, Martha knew that he would not divorce her today, based on her understanding of him.
In that case, there was nothing more to say to him. She would go to court for divorce proceedings.
Martha bit her lip and sneered, "What a shameless guy."
When she had finished speaking, Martha did not want to stay any longer. She picked up her bag and quickly left the conference room.
Having seen her disappear from sight, Eden touched his forehead and said, "You shouldn't do this to her."
"So you also think I should let her go?"
Stefan smiled mockingly, and his eyes were full of bitterness.
Hearing Stefan's question in a hoarse voice, Eden pursed his lips and said nothing.
After a while, Stefan said quietly, "I can't do it." He uttered these words in a flat tone.

He could not let her go.

He could not stand by and do nothing after learning of the child.

Even if Martha hated him, he would not divorce.

Martha got out of the Harrison Group. She looked at the building before her. Her eyes were red.

Despicable, shameless... She thought it was not too much to describe Stefan with such words.

She sat in the car, wiping the tears from her eyes.

Martha had never expected that things would be so complicated. Stefan had learned of the child, and he would not divorce her, no matter what she said. She wondered what she could do afterward.

Her mobile phone rang, which made her tremble slightly.

She scowled and looked at her phone. It was from Rupert Turner.

After she answered the phone, Rupert said, "Someone came to the hospital for an investigation. What happened?"

Rupert went to the hospital this morning, and he learned that someone had asked about Jimmy.

He thought something might have happened to Martha, and he called her at once.

Martha closed her eyes. She knew that Stefan had always been a doer. It was not surprising that his men got to the hospital so quickly.

"It's Stefan. He has learned about the child."

As soon as she finished her remarks, Rupert said in surprise, "How could it be?"

"I don't know."

Martha looked down and said, "It will not be easy to divorce him since he learned that he has a child."

Rupert pursed his lips at her words, and his eyes took on a complex and deep glint.

He was silent for a while, and then he asked, "Did he meet Jimmy before?" Having heard his words, Martha held her mobile phone more tightly, raising a bitter smile.

"Yes, but at that time, he didn't know that Jimmy was his son."

Stefan did not even know that. Otherwise, he would not ask his men to go to hospital abroad.

Rupert sighed at her words.

"We are running out of time. I will now pack my things and return to the country today. I will contact local doctors in advance to get ready for Jimmy's treatment. Martha, the priority now is to let Jimmy receive treatment. The earlier the transplant treatment is, the better it will be for Jimmy. If Stefan's bone marrow does not match, you should try the treatment method of using the cord blood as soon as possible."

It could not be better if Jimmy's illness could be treated with the first method.

But not all parents' bone marrow matched the child's.

Having realized that, Martha bit her lower lip and stared hesitantly at a place outside the window.

She remained silent for a while, and then she nodded and said, "OK, I will take care of it."

Meanwhile, there was a very harmonious atmosphere in Jane's apartment.

Jane found a puzzle game, and Jimmy was happy with that.

Jimmy said to her cheerfully, "Aunt Jane, it's better to have a competition if we play the game."

Jane looked at the child, and her eyes were full of love.

"Do not say it is unfair if you lose."

She was in her twenties, so she believed that it would be a piece of cake to win when she played games with a four-year-old child.

She did not want to see Jimmy's unhappy face if he lost.

But Jimmy smiled more brightly when he heard Jane's remarks.

There was a mischievous gleam in his eyes. He said softly, "No, I won't say that. If only you won't cry when you lose, I will be happy."

"It's impossible for me to lose."

Jane retorted him casually.

She found a difficult puzzle game on the computer, and then clicked it.

Instantly, the adult and the child were immersed in the world of games.

Ten minutes later, Jimmy removed his hand from the mouse happily and looked at Jane proudly.

"Aunt Jane, I won!"

"You... How could it be possible?"

Jane turned around and stared at the happy child with disbelief.

She did not expect to lose to a four-year-old in a puzzle game.

She forgot that this child was not an ordinary one.

For a genius like Jimmy, it was fairly easy to win at the puzzle game.

"Jimmy, you would be the smartest child in a kindergarten if you could go there."

Impressed by Jimmy's cleverness, Jane unconsciously mentioned "kindergarten".

She didn't expect Jimmy's shiny eyes darkened when he heard that word.

He whispered, "Kindergarten..."

Jimmy wanted to go to kindergarten and meet his peers.

But his poor health would not allow him to do so.

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Jane saw the dimness in Jimmy's eyes, and she realized at once that she should not have said that .

She felt embarrassed and apologized, "Jimmy, I'm sorry. I didn't want to make you sad."

"You are right, Aunt Jane. Going to kindergarten will expose me to many things that I don't know."

Jimmy widened his eyes and smiled sweetly.

Jane knew that he was sad. She pitied him and stroked his hair.

"I believe that you will get better soon."

"Really?"

Jimmy's big eyes were full of expectation. He had been in the hospital for four years, and the people he saw most every day were the nurses.

He wondered if he would ever have a chance to go to school with other children.

Could he be as healthy and lively as other kids?

Jane felt upset, but she looked at Jimmy, pretending to be relaxed. "Of course, you can. You need to have confidence in yourself."

She wondered if Martha could find a way to cure Jimmy. If Mr. Harrison's bone marrow didn't match Jimmy's.

Jane dared not think of it further. Having spent so many years with Jimmy, she really liked this child.

After a while, a melodious mobile phone ring tone was heard in the room, breaking the silence at that moment.

Jane looked at her phone and saw that it was from Martha.

As she answered the phone, a slightly husky voice on the other side came in before she could speak.

"You can take Jimmy to the Doyle Manor."

"Now?"

Jane asked, holding her phone tighter. Martha answered, "Yes."
"OK."

After hanging up, Jane smiled.

Martha asked her to do this, which meant that Martha and Mr. Harrison were divorced.

Finally, Martha was free, and Jane was happy for her.

"Jimmy, you can go to see your grandpa now. Are you happy with that?"

Jane took Jimmy to the bedroom and changed clothes for the little boy.

Jimmy was overjoyed at her words, and his dimmed eyes lit up at once.

"Yes! I shall see Grandpa for the first time. I'll show my best side."

Jane changed Jimmy's clothes and went out.

Half an hour later, Martha arrived at the Doyle Manor first.

She waited outside for a short time before she saw Jane's car stop at the gate.

The three people walked in together. Martha smiled and took Jimmie's hand.

Jimmy looked at his mother happily and asked, "Mom, is it okay for me to dress like this?"

"Of course, whatever you wear, Grandpa will love you."

Martha laughed and soothed Jimmy when he was nervous, holding his hand tightly.

As soon as they entered the house, Bianca pushed Maxwell out of the room.

Maxwell's eyes lit up as he saw the child following Martha.

He smiled kindly as he realized who the child was.

Bianca said excitedly, "This must be Jimmy."

Martha nodded. The boy behind her leaned out and tilted his head.

Bianca calmed down. She smiled at Jimmy and praised him, "Jimmy is so cute!"

Jimmy blinked his eyes, and then he smiled brightly and said in a sweet voice, "Nice to meet you, Grandpa and Granny Bianca."

Maxwell nodded contentedly. Though he could not respond, he expressed his love in his eyes.

Martha smiled and said, "Come to your grandpa and let him take a good look at you."

Immediately on hearing his mother's words, Jimmy went up to his grandfather and took his wrinkled old hands.

Maxwell spoke slowly, but Jimmy was very patient.

Martha had told Jimmy that his grandfather was also sick and might not be able to touch him or hug him, but he was also the one who loved Jimmy the most in the world.

Bianca smiled at Martha and said, "I'm going to prepare lunch."

Then, Bianca walked towards the kitchen with a smile on her face.

Martha saw her father's smile. Her head drooped, and her face grew dark.

Jane noticed that Martha looked sulky, and she grew nervous.

She wondered why Martha looked so upset.

At lunchtime, the family sat at the table.

Bianca helped Maxwell to eat. Jimmy licked his lips, feeling that Bianca's food was delicious. He gulped like a starving tiger. Jane wiped his mouth occasionally.

Martha did not want to break the air of happiness.

The others did not know that Stefan had refused a divorce. They thought that Martha had nothing to do with him anymore.

Martha tried not to think of Stefan. She said slowly, "Jimmy may be admitted to the hospital for treatment in the next two days."

Maxwell and Bianca were startled at her words, and the smiles faded from their faces. Indeed, they were all reluctant to talk about Jimmy's illness, but they still had to face the problems in reality.

Jimmy turned to his mother nervously and asked, "Mom, are we going back to U Country?"

He was unwilling to do that.

He came here with great difficulty. Now, he wondered whether he had to go back so soon.

He hadn't found his father yet... Alas, his father was hard to find, like looking for a needle in a haystack.

Martha saw the disappointment in his eyes. She smiled resignedly and touched the back of his head.

"No, you will be treated in the hospital here."

Jimmie was stunned and looked at her in bewilderment.

He could not understand why he had to be treated at the local hospital.

Martha then said in a soft voice, "You want to see your father, don't you?"

Jimmy became excited at these words, and his eyes were full of expectation as he looked at Martha.

"You will see him in two days."

After Rupert talked with the local doctors about Jimmy's illness, she would ask Stefan to meet his child.

Of course, Martha did not want Jimmy to call Stefan "father". Instead, she just needed that man to cure her child. That was all.

Jane pursed her lips when she learned that Martha had told Stefan about Jimmy.

She thought Stefan was supposed to offer a hand since Jimmy was his son.

Maxwell and Bianca looked worried. Obviously, they didn't want Jimmy to meet Stefan. After all, Stefan had hurt Martha so much. As members of her family, they could not forgive him.

But currently, the most important thing was to treat Jimmy's illness.

Jimmy was the only one who looked cheerful. His eyes glistened with delight.

He was about to see his father. It would be great, since it was done with his mother's permission.

But he wondered whether his father would like him or not.

Jimmy was full of expectation, but his eyes unconsciously betrayed some anxiety.

Martha could understand Jimmy's feelings.

However, she recalled Jimmy's eloquent analysis of "the kind gentleman" last time. He said that the gentleman was neither dad material nor husband material... At present, she pursed her lips helplessly.

She said softly, "I hope you won't be disappointed."

Jimmy was stunned. He could not understand what Martha meant.

He wondered if his father looked ugly, or if he was ill-tempered.

But still, Jimmy was immersed in joy at the moment.

At the same time, something happened in the president's office.

Stefan held his mobile phone tightly and said in a deep voice, "Speak."

The response came from the other side, "Mr. Harrison, we didn't find the child. But the doctor, Rupert Turner, whom you asked us to investigate, has booked a flight back to C Country."

Stefan's eyes darkened, giving off a cold vibe.

Rupert Turner was coming back.

He would cause trouble again!

From Martha's standpoint, Rhys and Rupert were much better than Stefan.

Stefan felt a sense of crisis as he had never felt before.