

Good bye 181

Chapter 181 Both Close And Distant

“Take it easy. It’s just that Jimmy wants to see you.”

Martha’s faint voice made Stefan stiffen.

He hesitated, unable to believe what he had heard.

He gripped the phone tightly.

Did Jimmy want to see him?

He was afraid that he heard it wrong.

Before he could speak again, Martha hung up the phone.

It took Stefan a long time to come to himself, and it was the first time that his heart had been palpitating with disbelief.

Eden could tell from Stefan’s expression that he was surprised but joyful.

He teased with a chuckle, “Congratulations, this day finally comes.”

...

At the Doyle Group.

After Martha hung up the phone, she lowered her head, and her eyes were somewhat puzzled.

She couldn’t understand why Jimmy suddenly wanted to see Stefan...

She was curious about what Jimmy felt when he said he wanted to see Stefan.

But since that was what he wanted, she wouldn’t say no.

She respected Jimmy’s decision.

Martha hid her emotions. In the afternoon, after a few words with Jane, she left the company.

...

In the evening, Martha came to Jimmy’s ward.

When she arrived, Stefan hadn’t come yet. Jimmy was alone in the room sitting on the hospital bed, fiddling with the toys.

Martha’s heart ached when she saw that.

In those years abroad, to get herself back on track as soon as possible, she worked hard. Jimmy stayed in the hospital alone for most of the time.

At that time, he spent his time playing with himself, just like what he was doing now.

But a four-year-old child should be jolly and active.

Martha pursed her lips and called softly, "Jimmy."

When Jimmy heard her voice, his eyes lit up. He turned to look at her, "Mommy, you're here."

Martha walked over with a smile and rubbed the bangs on Jimmy's forehead.

She wanted to ask why he suddenly called her and said that he wanted to see Stefan.

But before she could speak, someone knocked on the door.

Stefan arrived.

His husky voice with a hint of excitement came from outside the door...

"May I come in?"

Martha turned to look at Jimmy, letting him decide.

Jimmy nodded.

Martha smiled faintly, walked over, and opened the door.

Looking at the man standing outside the door, she nodded slightly. "Come in."

The moment Stefan opened the door, his gaze was fixed on the child sitting on the hospital bed.

It was the first time his heart had beaten so fast.

He no longer saw any sign of dislike on Jimmy's face.

It seemed that Jimmy was really willing to see him.

Seeing that Stefan stood rooted to the spot, Martha urged, "Come in, or I'll close the door."

Stefan came back to his senses upon hearing this sentence.

He walked into the ward with the toys he bought.

Only then did Martha notice that he even bought toys.

But Jimmy had those toys already.

Stefan looked at Jimmy's innocent big eyes and didn't know what to say for a moment.

He could only hand the toys to Jimmy, hoping that he would like them.

His voice trembled slightly, "I bought those for you, I wonder if you like them."

Jimmy's eyes lit up. Martha saw a smile flit across his face.

But a moment later, Jimmy hid his emotions again. He nodded obediently and said politely, "Thank you."
"

Jimmy's short answer made Stefan's mind full of thoughts in an instant.

Before coming here, he had thought a lot about what to say or do when meeting the child.

But he never thought Jimmy's opening line would be that simple.

It showed that Jimmy tried to get close to him yet in a polite manner.

But it didn't matter, as long as he can see Jimmy so close...

Sweat broke out on Stefan's palms. After a long time, he asked hoarsely and undertone, "Jimmy, are you willing to forgive me?"

Jimmy looked up at Stefan, shook his head, and answered directly, "No."

He simply wanted to...

He simply wanted to see Stefan. That didn't mean he had forgiven Stefan.

After Jimmy said this, he lowered his head and opened the toy bag. He had no intention of calling Stefan "daddy".

Chapter 182 Sacrifice our Marriage

For Stefan, it was quite satisfying that Jimmy was willing to see him.

Martha, who was watching their interactions silently, had complicated feelings.

She thought Jimmy would care little about the toys that he already had, but...

He was still happy to receive them.

At that moment, it struck her that what was important was not whether he had the toys or not, rather, it was who bought him the toys.

She could never give him the paternal love he needed.

The next minute, Jimmy's voice brought her back to reality.

"How about telling me a story?"

He said to Stefan, who was stunned. He didn't expect such a question.

Telling a story... was not easy for him.

After all, he had never done it before and had no idea how to do it.

Jimmy blinked in confusion.

Was it so difficult for him to tell a story?

Those disappointed eyes grasped Stefan's heart and he agreed without hesitation.

It was the first time that Martha had seen Stefan being so embarrassed. The corner of her mouth curved up unwittingly.

Just like that, Mr. Harrison turned on his mode of telling a fairy tale in fits and starts.

He had never told a story before, but he was willing to try it for his kid.

After all, it was his responsibility.

Martha noticed the faint smile on Jimmy's face.

It had been his dream to hear his father telling him stories.

Now, it finally came true, though the story sounded rather weird.

She looked down at the time and left the ward, leaving private time for them to get familiar with each other.

After all, the fact that they were father and son would never be altered.

It was almost dark. Martha was standing in the end of the hallway, watching the night cover the city.

Now that she gave it a thought, it was the fourth time Jimmy had met Stefan.

Jimmy made great effort to return home, and yet his father neglected him several times. Even adults would be vexed in this situation, let alone a four-year-old child.

But tomorrow...

Thinking of Rhys, Martha had complicated feelings.

Half an hour later, Stefan got out of the ward.

When he saw Martha at the end of the corridor, his eyes were filled with softness and satisfaction.

Though the time he spent with Jimmy was not much, he felt their relationship much closer.

Jimmy was still reluctant to call him "daddy", but at least Jimmy was willing to see him, which warmed his heart.

With a smile on his face, Stefan slowly approached Martha, "He's asleep."

Martha nodded. It was getting late. Now that Jimmy had fallen asleep, it was time for her to go home.

Realizing that she was about to leave, Stefan opened his mouth, "Let me drive you home."

Martha stopped, but she only pressed her lips together and did not turn him down.

But Stefan knew, the more indifferent she was towards him, the more distance there were between them.

It was like they were two strangers, with invisible distance in between.

Without speaking a word, the two of them went to the garage of the hospital and left.

On their way back to the Doyle Manor, Stefan could not help peeking at Martha from time to time. She was staring at the outside with her red lips slightly pressed.

It was extremely quiet in the car.

About ten minutes later, Martha opened her mouth and broke the silence.

“Don’t come to the hospital tomorrow.”

Stefan got frustrated about her bluntness.

He pressed his lips together and said nothing. He was only driving his car, as if he had heard nothing.

He knew what Martha meant.

She didn’t want him to quarrel with Rhys.

But she was his wife. How could he let her...

He knew that Rhys wanted to marry her with a purpose. How could he live it down if he failed to protect her?

His eyes that were fixed on the road got colder and colder. A cold aura radiated from him.

Certainly, Martha felt it. She looked down and pondered.

In the end, she said something, which made the atmosphere in the car extremely tense.

“Let me make my own decision this time.”

Decision.

As his pupils shrank slightly, Stefan hit the brake and pulled over.

He turned to Martha, trying to suppress his anger.

“Does your decision mean to sacrifice our marriage without thinking twice?”

‘Sacrifice, marriage...’

Why did it sound so hilarious?

Martha could not help huffing out a laugh.

She had never sacrificed their marriage.

She looked at him and answered calmly. It was hard to tell what she was feeling. But the more detached she looked like, the more hurtful her words were.

“Aren’t you the one who sacrificed our marriage in the first place, Stefan?”

Chapter 183 Questioning His Love

Why was he questioning her?

She was just trying to save her own child. Did she do anything wrong?

Stefan was so shocked that he could not even utter one word.

He wanted to say something, but there seemed to be a lump in his throat that choked him.

Though he hated to admit it, what Martha said was true. He could never argue with that.

Dead silence reigned over the car.

Even their breathing was clear to the ears.

After a long while, Martha added calmly, "Even if Rhys wasn't involved, even if the deal never existed, we would get divorced either way."

Their divorce had nothing to do with other people.

Stefan could not help clenching the steering wheel. He asked in a hoarse voice, "Why? Why can't you give me..."

Before he could finish the sentence, Martha interrupted him drily.

She knew what he was going to say.

Why couldn't she give him another chance?

"I don't love you anymore, Stefan."

It was not the first time she had said this to Stefan, but he seemed to refuse to accept it.

Maybe he was trying to fool himself. Maybe he really didn't believe it.

But Martha still felt it necessary to tell him.

"I don't love you anymore. Don't you get it?"

If she didn't love him anymore, how could they spend the rest of their lives together?

Stefan seemed quite disappointed.

He thought he still had a chance of getting her back as long as their marriage lasted.

But the heartless way in which she treated him cut him to the quick.

He stared into her eyes, hoping to find a trace of emotion in them. Even a trace of hate would be counted as a comfort for him.

But... there was only honesty and indifference. The brightness that once was in them was long gone.

With haste, Stefan answered, "But I love you."

Love?

Martha slightly shook her head and smiled without saying anything.

If he had told her so four years ago, maybe they wouldn't have ended up like this.

Did it still matter whether he loved her or not?

Faced with the irony in her eyes, Stefan seemed to recall a time when he was all she could see. He could always see the deep affection in her eyes back then.

He couldn't help reaching out his hands and fondled her face. This time, she didn't avoid his touch.

His eyes grew darker.

He leaned to her and asked softly in her ear, "What should I do to make you love me again?"

The warm breath fell on Martha's ear, but there was not a single change on her face.

She remained detached. Not a trace of joy or anger could be observed.

Love him again? How?

Her love for him had been exhausted since four years ago. There was no way she could love him again.

Martha slightly shook her head and asked with a faint smile, "Are you sure what you mean is love?"

Hearing that, Stefan could hardly breathe.

Was she questioning his love?

It felt like his heart was being stabbed by a sharp knife.

Martha seemed to know it all, "Maybe the feeling that you have for me is just guilt, just like what you had for Hollie. It means protection, promise, but not love."

The most basic love means no harm.

Stefan looked into her eyes and said seriously, "No, I know what my heart wants. I love you."

Martha was not moved, while Stefan stared at her with his loving eyes and continued, "I have no idea since when, I began to think about you all the time, want to see you all the time... I think, you are the one I love in the beginning."

In the beginning... These three words were rather surprising for Martha.

She almost forgot what she and he were like in the beginning.

She smiled, "Do you remember when we first met?"

Stefan nodded.

Of course, he remembered.

The first time they met, she was wearing a dress and was walking down the staircase like a little princess.

She walked toward him with apparent happiness and smiled, "Big brother, you are so good-looking!"

Had she forgotten it?

Chapter 184 I Loved You with All My Heart

"We had a nice beginning. Why can't we have a happy ending?"

Martha came back from memory and looked at the man in front of her.

What a beautiful memory, but... she only felt more ironic at this moment when she looked back at it.

She shook her head and answered coldly, "There's no way to go back, Stefan."

Hearing that, he hurried to grasp her hands and refuted, "No. We can go back. We can start over," as long as he didn't give up and she was willing to give him another chance.

The expression on Martha's face was complicated. She opened her mouth and answered quietly but resolutely, "I'm not the old innocent Martha anymore and you are not the young Stefan either."

Now that both of us had changed, how was it possible for us to go back?

The beautiful old days were long gone as time passed by.

Stefan was stunned. A sense of powerlessness flooded over him.

He wanted to make her stay, but why was he feeling so helpless?

It was until then that he realized maybe it was out of his ability to make her stay.

Stefan's eyes darkened. He had always been proud, but at that moment, he pleaded, "Don't leave me, Martha, please."

He had never begged anyone.

But the love for her urged him to beg her.

Martha felt a prickling pain in her heart, not for Stefan, but for herself.

She begged him once, too.

But he ignored her.

She once loved him so much that she gave him everything, though he hurt her again and again, and in the end, she could only give up on him in despair.

Now, his confession of love meant nothing to her.

A relieved smile appeared on Martha's face.

"I loved you with all my heart, Stefan."

She had loved him with her heart and soul.

It was exactly because she had loved him deeply that she understood how excruciating the pain he inflicted on her was.

Martha had sworn that she would never make the same mistake.

Men, love, they meant nothing to her.

She let out a relieved smile, unfastened the seat belt and got off the car.

Stefan closed his eyes. The pain in his heart was unbearable.

He got off the car as well and hurried to grasp her wrist.

“Don’t leave.”

Martha stopped but didn’t move. She didn’t even look back at him.

Stefan felt a lump in his throat, and it was after a long while that he could speak.

“Don’t leave me, please?”

Martha’s eyelashes fluttered, but she pursed her lips and said nothing.

She had made her point.

She knew Stefan had figured it out but was unwilling to admit it.

There was no point in asking her to stay.

As Stefan heard no answer, he knew what her silence represented.

He could no longer make her stay.

As the pain spread all over, Stefan let her go after all.

His warmth on Martha’s wrist was gradually fading away. She covered the disappointment in her eyes and left without even looking back.

As he was watching her stepping away, Stefan felt a sense of bitterness and could not utter a word.

She was right. Four years ago, she loved him so much that she almost lost her life.

He was her Waterloo.

This time, she didn’t win, either.

But he had lost everything.

Eventually, he completely lost the sight of her back.

At night, the city was covered with hazy darkness.

When Eden arrived at the bar, the table was occupied with wine bottles.

And besides Stefan, there was a woman.

Eden frowned at the stinking smell of alcohol.

He had never seen Stefan, who had always been proud, act like this.

And the reason for his change was merely because of a woman called Martha.

“Get out.”

He shouted gruffly, shoving the woman who was trying to hit on him.

The woman lowered her head and stood up, intimidated. But her unwillingness in her eyes was hard to cover.

Eden approached, gave her a glance, and said in a low voice, "Don't mess with him."

But how could she let the chance slip away?

Mr. Harrison was the most distinguished man in this city. If she could hook up with him, she wouldn't have to worry about the rest of her life.

Thinking of that, she smiled flatteringly and wrapped her hands around his neck.

"It's been a long while, Mr. Harrison."

Chapter 185 Paranoia

Seeing that the woman did not follow his suggestion, Eden said nothing more and sat beside Stefan to drink with him.

As he had expected, the next moment, Stefan warned coldly, "You want to go to hell or what?"

His look scared the woman who thought she had seen Death itself. She shuddered while taking her hands off. Then she hurried to leave the room.

Eden could see that the woman was apparently trembling.

He sneered and silently sipped the alcohol.

That was the consequence of ignoring a nice suggestion.

The glass was soon emptied as Stefan was determined to get himself drunk.

Eden narrowed his eyes and dissuaded, "Don't drink like that. It's not good for your health."

With his head tilted back, Stefan finished the last of his drink and said in a low voice, "Ease. It won't kill me."

Certainly, Eden knew what he meant.

It was not lethal; thus, he didn't have to worry.

But how could he not worry about Stefan seeing him behave like that?

Eden pressed his lips together, "Martha still wants a divorce?"

Stefan's eyes darkened. Apparently, he didn't want to hear that name.

Eden had no intention of hurting him. He changed the subject instantly, "Have you seen the child?"

"Yes, I stayed a while with him. Though he's reluctant to admit that I'm his father, I know he needs me."

"I didn't take the parental responsibility."

Eden sighed and comforted him softly, "It was because you were unaware of his existence."

But it didn't comfort him at all. He was still frustrated and said in a hoarse voice, "I should have recognized him."

If he couldn't recognize his own son, how could he expect the child to admit him as a father?

Speaking of that, he felt a pang in his stomach.

His face turned pale, and his brow furrowed as he was leaning against the couch.

Eden noticed that he looked odd and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing."

He shook his head and raised the glass again.

Eden frowned and took his glass away.

"Stop. You need to go to the hospital."

Stefan refuted with his hoarse voice, "I'm alright. I don't have to go the hospital."

He was leaning against the couch and poured himself another glass of wine while bearing the pain from the stomach.

"Only alcohol can make me forget those things temporarily. Otherwise, there's too much pain here."

He pointed at his heart.

Martha's words kept resounding in his brain.

They were like sharp knives that stabbed exactly in his heart.

Meanwhile, there was nothing he could do to alleviate the pain.

"It's in the past. You need to let it go."

"Let it go?"

Stefan murmured and repeated it, "It took me so long to realize that I love her. I thought I could win her back and now you are telling me that I should let it go?"

Hearing those words and looking at the miserable Stefan was too much for Eden. He stood up, took his glass of wine, and smashed it to the ground.

"If I were you, I would go for her."

Stefan seemed to think about something but said nothing in return.

Eden glared at him as if he was angry about Stefan's inaction, "If I couldn't live without a woman, I would go to her and hand her a knife."

'Whether you can win her back depends on whether what you do can touch her heart.' Eden thought.

"If I loved her, I would tell her to kill me or love me."

If he truly couldn't let her go, he might as well go to the extreme and compensate her with his own life.

Chapter 186 Maybe There's Still a Chance for Negotiation

The next morning when the sun just rose, Martha drove to the hospital.

She didn't look good, for she spent the whole night thinking about the result that was going to come out the next day.

She hoped that Jimmy could continue his life, but meanwhile, she was worried that Rhys was lying to her.

With nervous feelings, she arrived at the hospital.

From afar, she noticed Rupert was standing at the doorway seriously.

Martha frowned slightly and headed towards his direction.

"What's the result?"

"Here."

He handed the result to Martha.

She nervously turned to the last page, and when she saw the result, she let out a relieved sigh.

It said the donor, [The donor is an 8/8 HLA match for the patient. A bone marrow transplant is feasible.]

Though it was within her expectation, she was still thrilled.

Rhys didn't lie to her.

If he didn't lie, should she agree to the condition he made?

Rupert, who was standing right in front of her, saw the hesitation on her face and asked, "It turns out he's a match for Jimmy. Are you going to marry him?"

He had tried to protect her years before, but still, he watched her marry Stefan like a moth to a flame. And in the end, she almost lost her life.

How could he let her go to hell once again?

Rupert clenched his hands unwittingly while looking calm.

Martha looked down. Something was flickering in her eyes, "Do I have other choices?"

That was the only opportunity to save Jimmy she had had for all those years. As a mother, she was willing to exchange her happiness for the life of her child.

Hearing that, Rupert pressed his lips together. There was evident concern and distress in his eyes.

After a long pause, he asked, "Is there any chance he would agree without you marrying him?"

He had no idea what sort of man Rhys was, but his instinct told him that the man was not an ordinary man.

If his love for Martha was not genuine, was it possible for him to make other conditions?

Martha's eyelashes fluttered, her mind jumbled.

She had a surmise in her mind, which she needed to prove in person.

If it was true, maybe...

Thinking of that, she looked up and answered dubiously, "Maybe there's still a chance for negotiation."

Rupert frowned, confused.

"What do you mean?"

Martha shook her head and didn't continue the subject. She smiled, "I'm going to ask Rhys."

"I'll go with you."

Rupert looked worried.

Martha was somewhat touched and smiled tenderly.

"It's alright. I can do it myself."

She finished her sentence and left the hospital.

Now that the results had come out, her meeting with Rhys was inevitable.

But this time, she was going to take the initiative.

After leaving the hospital, she texted Rhys, [Meet me at the orphanage. Three o'clock in the afternoon.]

Meanwhile, in the Harrison Villa.

In the bedroom, as the black curtains blocked the light from the outside, it was still utterly dark on the inside.

Feeling an intense headache, Stefan rubbed his temples and opened his eyes.

He was totally drunk last night. He supposed it was Eden who got him back.

Meanwhile, his mind was still befuddled from the headache of last night's hangover.

A few seconds later, it seemed something struck him suddenly. He looked up at the clock.

It was almost the middle of the day. The results probably had come out.

Was Martha on her way to see Rhys right now?

Stefan clenched his fists, his eyes darkening.

He must stop it.

Eden was right. He'd rather die than see Martha marry another guy.

After changing his clothes, Stefan walked out of his room and was about to go to the hospital. But there were two women waiting in the hall downstairs.

Chapter 187 The Illegitimate Son

One of the women was about forty years old, while the other was twenty years old or so. They were mother and daughter.

The older one was Stefan's aunt, Giana Harrison.

She had been living abroad since she was a child. Later, she married a wealthy man and lived well. She had a daughter called Amanda Booker, probably the one standing beside her.

Stefan frowned slightly. Why were they back at this moment?

Hearing the sound from upstairs, Giana looked up. When she saw who was walking down, she smiled.

"It's been a long while, Stefan. You didn't go to work today?"

"Right."

Stefan answered blandly.

He was not that close to them. Giana only went back once to mourn his father when he passed away.

Other than that, they had not much communication.

Their sudden appearance was quite suspicious for Stefan.

But Giana seemed to behave quite naturally. She smiled while holding her daughter's hands and introduced her daughter to Stefan, "Stefan, this is Amanda Booker, my daughter, your cousin."

Stefan's face didn't change. He looked drily at the girl behind her.

After only one glance, he looked away.

Giana slightly turned her head to see her daughter, who was looking down silently.

Giana pinched her daughter's hand and signaled her to send her regards.

Amanda stepped forward shyly and said with a blushing face, "Good afternoon, Stefan."

Hearing that, Stefan frowned slightly.

He didn't like this cousin. But since they were related by blood, he didn't say anything.

He looked at Giana with his dark eyes and asked coldly, "What brought you here, aunt Giana?"

Giana called the servants and had them bring her luggage to the room.

Then she turned to Stefan and explained a bit resignedly, "I had a divorce. So, I plan to stay here for a while."

Stefan pursed his lips and said nothing.

The divorce probably suggested that she was going to stay a long while here.

Seeing that Stefan kept silent and didn't express his attitude, Giana frowned in displeasure. The smile on her face froze.

“What? Am I not welcomed?”

“No.”

There was some unfathomable emotions in his detached voice.

It seemed that he was displeased.

Giana certainly felt it. With a sullen look, she said, “I am one of the Harrisons. This is my home as well.”

Stefan frowned with impatience.

He was going to the hospital to check the result and had no time to waste on her.

He checked the time and was about to leave.

But before he could leave, his wrist was caught by Amanda.

A trace of gloominess flashed through his eyes. He turned around and saw Amanda’s piteous eyes.

She asked with grief, “Do you dislike us, Stefan?”

“No. You can stay here as long as you want.”

Stefan got rid of her and answered in an indifferent voice.

When she heard that, Giana’s expression was softened.

No matter who was the owner of Harrison Group, she could get the family property as long as her last name remained unchanged.

Now that she was back, she was not going to leave easily.

Stefan gave them a glance and said nothing more. But Giana stopped him, “Wait.”

Stefan stopped in his tracks and heard she say, “Honestly, I came back for someone.”

He was getting impatient.

So what? It had nothing to do with him.

The cold aura around him indicated his impatience.

A cold look flashed into Giana’s eyes. Since her nephew was being so impolite, she would not show him any mercy.

“I came back for your father.”

Father?

Hearing that, Stefan frowned. Meanwhile, Giana continued, “No. Technically, I came back for another son of your father.”

The minute she finished her sentence, Stefan was stunned.

Another son?

Who was he?

Chapter 188 Two Years Younger than Him

Stefan's eyes grew dark. After a brief period of shock, he recovered his composure.

He narrowed his eyes and asked with an even colder voice, "What do you mean, Giana?"

Giana huffed out a laugh and replied, "You didn't hear me wrong. Your father has another son."

Since her nephew didn't welcome her that much, she wouldn't mind finding that illegitimate son back.

By then, she could watch them from afar when they were competing with each other, and reap the spoils when both were exhausted.

Stefan asked, "What was going on?"

His parents had only one child and that was him. How come...? He had little connection with Giana. So, naturally, he suspected that she was lying.

Seeing the doubt in his eyes, Giana smiled and then acted as if she was in a dilemma, "Actually, your father had an illegitimate son, which he didn't tell you."

An illegitimate son!

Hearing that, Stefan turned serious. He could not believe that.

In his memory, his father loved his mother deeply. whenever his mother was not in a good mood, his father would try to cheer her up.

How was it possible for a man like his father to betray his family?

The atmosphere was tense.

"Tell me."

Giana pretended to not know where to start, when she eyed him furtively from time to time.

After a long while, she sighed and said, "When your father was still alive, he told me about the child and asked me to bring him home. After all, he's one of the Harrisons."

"Why didn't you say it earlier?"

Stefan clenched his fists. It was hard to tell what emotions he was trying to repress.

Giana shook her head sadly.

"I had been living abroad for the past years and had my own business to deal with. Though I had someone investigate the situation of the child, my men never found out where he was."

"Until a few days ago, I knew where he was. So, I came back."

Stefan's face looked worse as Giana finished her sentence. He pressed lips into a grim line.

Terrified by Stefan, Amanda shuddered and hid behind her mother, grasping the hem of her clothes.

She thought since Stefan looked nice, he would treat her well.

But this man turned out to be very moody, which really scared her.

Meanwhile, Stefan was still lost in his thoughts and could not believe what Giana said.

The car accident happened years ago had inscribed in his mind deeply.

His parents held each other's hand so tightly that even death didn't separate them. He thought it was because of the courage of dying with their loved ones.

But today, someone tried to shatter that belief.

How was he supposed to believe her?

He looked at Giana coldly and answered snappishly, "My father's not that kind of people. I'm the only son in the Harrison family."

Giana shook her head as if she felt sorry for Stefan and added with a resigned tone, "Is it necessary for me to lie to you, Stefan?"

He stiffened. And there was a nuance of change on his face, which was not obvious.

A weird silence occupied the hall. Amanda dared not to make a single bit of noise.

After a long while, Giana said meaningfully, "I didn't lie to you, Stefan. As for your mother, she didn't tell you because she had no idea of that, either."

The coldness on Stefan's face was rather scary.

Giana had been living abroad for a long time and the first thing she came back with her daughter was to find the illegitimate son.

Her purpose was so evident that Stefan couldn't help guessing if she had other purposes.

His eyes got even more unfathomable as he was staring at Giana.

Feeling the pressure, Giana trembled on the inside.

Despite that, she continued, "I know it's hard for you to accept it immediately, Stefan. But I was telling the truth. Though it's disgraceful to mention the illegitimate son, he was your father's son, after all." After saying that, she sighed.

Her sigh sounded abrupt in the dead silence and annoyed Stefan.

He looked at her with sullen eyes.

It was impossible for him to believe that his father, who had always loved his mother, would do something like that.

Stefan opened his mouth and said, "My father had loved my mother since he was a child. And my mother gave birth to me after they'd been married for less than a year. If you dare to slander him my father, I won't let you off."

Giana was stunned. Her brow were knitted in displeasure.

She answered him slightly ironically, "Believe it or not. He's two years younger than you, speaking of which, he's your younger brother."

Two years younger than him, his brother...

Chapter 189 Who's He?

Stefan was shocked again. She implied was that his father had an illegitimate son after he was married, which meant his father betrayed his mother.

Before he could say anything, Giana continued, "The reason why I came back this time is that I know where he is now. I will bring him back..."

Before Giana could finish her sentence, Stefan rebuked her in rage, "Get the hell out of here. You slander the dead. You don't deserve to live here!"

"How could you ask me to leave? I'm one of the Harrisons."

Giana answered him in anger.

Then, she smiled coldly while watching Stefan, "There's no way I dare to lie to you. After all, you are the eldest son. But whether you believe it or not, that child is related to your father by blood."

His fists clenched. Giana rotated her ring as the irony in her eyes got more obvious.

"Your father died from an accident. It happened so suddenly that no one expected that. But one thing I'm sure is that his last wish was to see the child."

"He wanted that child to return to the Harrison family as soon as possible."

"Enough."

Stefan shouted in anger, feeling an intense headache.

Giana was his aunt. Therefore, he could not ask her to leave. But he didn't want to stay there and listen to her nonsense.

Stefan turned around and was about to leave. He intended to ignore her.

Seeing that, Giana stepped forward and said to him, "He's of high status now. I heard that he was going against you."

Going against him?

Stefan stopped with a sullen face.

How could an illegitimate son be of high status?

Noticing his reaction, Giana realized that Stefan started to believe her, and continued, "It never occurred to me that he would become the son of a wealthy family. I also heard he was messing around with your wife. I..."

Stefan was not in the mood to hear the rest.

When Martha was involved, he could never keep calm.

He turned around suddenly and asked icily, "Who is he?"

Meanwhile, Martha headed to the orphanage after she left the hospital.

It was almost the appointed time for their meeting. She waited for a long while outside the orphanage and yet Rhys didn't show up.

It was weird. Though he had ulterior motives, he always arrived on time or even earlier. It was rare that he was late.

The corner of her mouth curved up slightly.

Maybe it was because he didn't expect she would ask him to meet here.

Maybe he was reluctant to come.

Her face darkened as she became more and more convinced of her guess.

So, that must be it.

After a short while, a black car pulled over in front of the orphanage.

A tall man got off the car with the same casual look and approached her.

"Did you miss me?" He asked flirtatiously but was interrupted by Martha, "The result has come out. You're a match for Jimmy, which means a bone marrow transplant is feasible."

Hearing that, he smiled wide.

He looked at Martha with a flirty look and answered, "A gentleman like me would never lie to a beauty."

He was brazen enough to call himself a gentleman.

Martha gave him a glance and said in a businesslike tone, "It would be safer to check it by myself."

He shrugged resignedly and said with a bit of innocence, "Well. I don't know what evil thing I had done that made you distrust me."

Chapter 190 He Didn't Coerce Her

Martha's lips were pressed. She was pondering how to negotiate with Rhys.

Rhys saw that she was silent, but he didn't care and asked smiling, "Since we're here, how about we go inside to visit the children?"

"No, let's talk here."

It was no need to make everything so clear.

He knew why she asked him to meet here.

An emotion flashed in Rhys' eyes. He asked in an intentionally light-minded tone,

"Are you going to get divorced? Oh, if so, I'd like to go with you."

"Rhys, we have another choice."

Martha stared at him impassively while her hands were sweating a little due to nervousness.

She was not sure if Rhys would agree with that, but she made a desperate attempt.

There was no doubt that she would save Jimmy no matter what price she needed to pay, but-

It didn't mean that she had to marry Rhys.

Rhys smiled evilly and indecorously.

"Miss Doyle, do you mean I'm not worthy of you?"

"No."

Martha replied in an indifferent tone. It was not about whether he deserved her.

After Rhys heard her answer, he squinted slightly at her and asked chuckling,

"So what do you mean?"

"I know you don't love me. Since you want to make a deal with me, you can make some other conditions."

There were many kinds of deals. She could give him anything except marriage.

Rhys clearly saw the worries in Martha's eyes. He smiled, got closer to her, and said in a low voice, "Like what?"

"Cooperation. Or company projects. Whatever you want." In fact, she knew it was not enough for Rhys.

After all, he didn't care about these at all.

What about his true identity? Could she threaten him if she used his true identity as a bargaining chip?

It was the last thing she would like to do.

After all, she was turning to him for help.

She looked up at the man standing next to her with her firm gaze.

"Except marrying you, we can talk about whatever you want..."

"Really? Whatever?"

Rhys rubbed his chin, a bigger smile unconsciously lifting the corner of his mouth.

This woman was funny. She knew why he wanted to marry her, but she still struggled to negotiate with him.

What if he changed his mind of donating his marrow suddenly? Was she not afraid of it?

“Yes, whatever else.”

The eyes of Rhys became cold while his smile became more presumptuous.

“But unfortunately, I only want you to marry me.”

Martha lowered her eyes with her lips pressed, saying nothing.

Rhys raised his eyebrows slightly. He stepped forward and whispered in her ear.

“I have no choice. At present, you’re the person Stefan cares about most.”

His warm breath touched Martha’s ear which made her quiver and move a step backward.

“It’s between you. It’s none of my business.”

Rhys laughed insolently at her words.

“It’s up to you whether to save Jimmy.”

He didn’t coerce her.

Martha felt like being in a icy cave. It seemed that they would not meet in the middle.

Then she tried to make a deal with him in his way. She turned around and looked at the orphanage in front of her, saying in a soft voice with her red lips opened.

“Rhys, do you know why I asked you to meet here?”

Rhys became a bit sterner as he heard he question, but he soon recovered his smile.

“One of the most difficult things is to see through what a woman is thinking about. It’s like seeking for a needle in the ocean.”

“I thought you could make it every time.”

Martha said in a especially calm and cold tone, looking at him.

Each time, he took control of the games between them. Why did he become a fool this time?

The reason why Martha chose this place for their meeting was for one thing-

She wanted to know whether the relationship between Rhys and Stefan was as the same as she expected.