

Read Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 22 online free

The next day.

Martha had her assistant arrange the press conference.

To make this press conference famous, she specially asked her assistant to invite several well-known reporters.

At nine o'clock in the morning, the press conference.

When Martha stepped onto the venue of the press conference, she found all the seats were taken. Every reporter was looking at her with anticipation, their eyes glistening.

When the reporters in the audience saw the protagonist, they all got up and walked toward her, eagerly asking questions.

"Miss Sunnay, may I ask why you suddenly held a press conference today?"

"Miss Sunnay, are you going to announce something important today?"

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Martha calmly raised her hand, signaling to the reporters to be patient.

After they quieted down, she parted her red lips lightly, and answered with her gentle voice, "I invited everyone here today, mainly to tell you one thing."

"I, Sunnay, am Martha Doyle, the oldest daughter of the Doyle family."

Her words stirred up an uproar. The reporters looked at Martha with a hint of understanding after being shocked.

No wonder the painter Sunnay looked exactly like Martha Doyle. It turned out that they were the same person.

After the venue turned quiet, Martha looked at the audience with a smile.

"A few years ago, I went abroad for further study. But when I came back, I found out that I was announced dead. I wonder what caused the misunderstanding."

As soon as she finished speaking, a reporter crowded in front, and couldn't wait to ask, "Miss Doyle, so, you've been studying abroad in the past few years since you disappeared?"

"Yes!"

With a smile, Martha nodded calmly.

In the next second, another reporter asked immediately. "Did you never come back during the past few years?"

"I had an intense schedule during my study. I had no time to come back."

Martha's eyes drooped, and her tone became a little sad, "Now I am back, but everything has changed."

Speaking of this, tears welled up in her eyes, although she forced a smile.

"I really wanted to see my father, but I was stopped at the door. None of my

family remembers me. Even my sister refused to let me see my father.” Martha looked at the reporters in front of her helplessly, her eyes blurred with tears, “I don’t know what I did wrong, I just want to return to my home and meet my father, am I wrong?”

Silence prevailed in the originally noisy venue. A faint sadness surged in the air.

Soon, Martha’s lonely and desolate voice sounded again in the quiet venue. “Hollie, I never wanted to take anything from you. You are the acting president of the Doyle Group now, and I only want to be a painter. There is no conflict of interest between us at all. Why are you doing this to me? ”

Hearing her words, the reporters standing in the audience couldn’t help wondering whether it was Hollie, the younger daughter of the Doyle Manor, who refused to let Martha go home.

Martha’s next sentence pushed the atmosphere of the whole venue to a climax.

“Hollie, I didn’t even mind that you are an illegitimate daughter. Why do you treat me like this?”

The reporters were stunned for a moment, looking at each other in blank dismay.

It was well known that Hollie was an illegitimate daughter, but she was so cruel that she rejected her sister.

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At this time, the Doyle Group.

In the office, Hollie’s face was distorted as she stared viciously at the TV not far away.

She wished she could kill Martha, but in the company, she couldn’t make a big move.

Libby, who was standing aside, narrowed her eyes unconsciously, “It looks like that your sister has become more cunning since she came back.”

“She’s just using my old tricks.”

Hollie snorted, looking at the TV screen with disdainful eyes.

Thinking of the title of an illegitimate daughter, she felt a surge of rage that could not be vented.

Hollie picked up the cup in front of her and threw it forward. Looking at the screen, her eyes turned fierce, as if full of poison.

“Does she think I don’t know what she’s thinking? If she was allowed to meet Maxwell, she would definitely take away the position of Acting President! ”

After saying this, Hollie suddenly realized something. She grabbed Libby’s clothes in a panic.

“Libby, what should we do now? We can’t let Martha meet Maxwell. We can’t let her take away everything we have now! ”

Libby's eyes darkened, and she patted the back of Hollie's hand reassuringly, "Chillax. Let's see what she will say next."

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On the other side, at the press conference.

After several rounds of questions, a reporter finally asked the question that everyone wanted to ask but was afraid to.

"Miss Doyle, may I ask what is your current relationship with Mr. Harrison?"

Martha looked at the reporter deliberately arranged by her assistant.

Understanding flashed in her eyes, but she pretended to be sad, pursing her lips in silence.

When the reporter saw this, their questions became more and more aggressive.

"Lady Hollie has had a close relationship with Mr. Harrison over the years. If you are still his wife, is Lady Hollie his mistress?"

Martha froze for a moment, tears rolling down from the corners of her eyes.

"No, don't call Hollie like that. In fact, Stefan and I had signed divorced papers a few years ago."

When the reporters heard about their divorce, they instantly felt that they had found big news, and their eyes on Martha became more and more covetous.

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Meanwhile, in an office of the Harrison Group.

Sitting next to Stefan, Eden, who was watching the press conference, felt the air beside him become much colder when he heard about the divorce.

He seemed to be smiling as he looked at the TV.

'This woman dared to say anything,' he thought.

In the next second, Martha's weak voice came from the video again.

"Actually, Hollie was Mr. Harrison's first love. They truly love each other. So, I sincerely wish their happiness."

Stefan was enraged almost instantly.

With a sullen face, he turned off the computer.

Damn woman!

Seeing him like this, Eden, sitting next to him, couldn't help chuckling.

"Your ex-wife is really broad-minded. She wished you and your girlfriend happiness. How wonderful it would be if I had such a generous girlfriend!"

Stefan clenched his hands into fists by his side. The veins on his fists were bulging. He walked out with a gloomy face.

After he just took a few steps, Eden's leisurely voice sounded from behind him, "It's a battle between these two women. Who are you going to stand with? Who are you going to help?"

Who was he going to help?

Stefan paused slightly and didn't answer his question. Then she stepped out of the office quickly, leaving Eden only an indifferent back.