

Good bye 241

Chapter 241 The Evidence Is Destroyed

Seeing this, Giana went to stop them...

“Do you have any evidence that my daughter did it?”

Stefan’s pupils shrank, and his eyes darkened.

After he left last night, the evidence must have been destroyed by them.

In the next second, Giana’s displeased voice sounded in the living room. “Lucy, go to the study and bring the tea he drank last night.”

“It had been poured away,” Lucy answered respectfully.

Stefan’s expression was gloomy. He was not surprised to hear that.

The evidence had been destroyed, so he had no evidence now. As Giana was a senior of the Harrison family, he could do nothing about them.

Seeing that the man pursed his thin lips lightly, Giana heaved a sigh of relief.

Although their plan failed last night, fortunately, the evidence was destroyed.

Even if Stefan hated them, he had no reason to drive them away.

There were rules in the Harrison family.

If he drove them away, Giana’s name would become headlines the next day. She was good at playing the victim and being dramatic in public.

Giana looked at Lucy, feigning surprise, then she turned to the man standing not far away and said confidently, “You can’t accuse my daughter without evidence... Yes, although I didn’t give birth to her, I have treated her like my own daughter over the years. I promised she wouldn’t do that type of thing to you.”

Stefan looked at Giana coldly, frowning, his eyes darker, and the temperature around him seemed to drop a few degrees.

He stared at Amanda on the ground and said in a cold voice...

“You’d better behave yourself, or I won’t let you off.”

Giana could hear the warning in the man’s voice, but at least he couldn’t do anything about them now.

She would take any chance to make her daughter Mrs. Harrison.

Hearing this, Amanda couldn’t help sobbing in a low voice. She looked at Stefan pitifully, and defended herself, “Why don’t you believe me?”

“If it happens again, you will get out of here!”

After saying this, he left.

Giana heard the message in his words, and her face instantly darkened.

This was also her home. Why should she get out?

After Stefan left, only Amanda's sobbing could be heard in the living room.

Giana became angry when she heard the crying. She glared at her daughter in displeasure, "Stop crying if you don't want to be a loser."

Amanda trembled, winced in fear, and silently wiped her tears.

Seeing her like this, Giana felt even more agitated.

She had paved the road for Giana. Yet Giana lost the chance. She even let Stefan leave for another woman.

Amanda was pissed off!

At the hospital.

Martha entered Jimmy's ward with some homemade sweets.

After the surgery, Jimmy was getting better each day.

The doctor said that in a few days, he could go home.

On this day, she stayed with Jimmy all day in the hospital and had to leave in the early evening.

She must attend the auction tonight and try her best to get cooperation.

When leaving the hospital, Martha ran into Mrs. Williams head-on.

Mrs. Williams stood in front of her, not letting her leave.

Martha realized that Mrs. Williams came here specially for her.

"Martha, right?"

Martha frowned slightly and looked at Mrs. Williams with some scrutiny.

Mrs. Williams was wearing the latest clothing of the season, looking elegant and noble. She had good skin and her face was almost free from wrinkles.

But...

Mrs. Williams looked unfriendly and annoyed.

Martha nodded and replied lightly, "I'm Martha. Who are you?"

"I'm Rhys' mother."

Mrs. Williams raised her head slightly, her tone indifferent.

Hearing this, Martha immediately understood why Mrs. Williams was hostile toward her.

She must have known that Rhys was hospitalized.

Every mother would be angry knowing their children were hospitalized.

Especially when it was to save other people's children.

Rhys rescued Jimmy for nothing. Mrs. Williams had a reason to feel sorry for her son.

Martha nodded lightly, "Mrs. Williams, nice to meet you."

"I'm not nice."

Mrs. Williams looked at the woman in front of her, and couldn't deny that Martha looked beautiful and well-educated.

She was different from the women Rhys messed with.

But that wasn't enough to be the daughter-in-law of the Williams family.

Martha pursed her lips, smiling, "Mrs. Williams, I know how you feel now... but I really appreciate Rhys, if it weren't for him, I'm afraid my son..."

Before she could finish speaking, Mrs. Williams turned sideways and refused to listen.

"Save your thanks. If it weren't for you, my son wouldn't lie on the hospital bed."

Martha was silent. Since it was true, she couldn't argue.

Seeing that Martha remained silent, Mrs. Williams thought she was guilty.

She was not a bad person. She just hated to see her son being used.

Especially since Martha was married and had a child.

"I stopped you just to tell you that although my son helped you this time, you'd better not think too much. I won't accept a woman who had married to be my daughter-in-law."

Chapter 242 Louis Caesar

Hearing this, Martha finally understood why Mrs. Williams was so hostile toward her.

She smiled resignedly and replied politely. "Mrs. Williams, don't worry. I have no such intention."

"Rhys doesn't help others for nothing. You'd better know who you are. I believe you don't want this thing to end up a scandal either."

Martha was a bit upset. Indeed, Rhys was not a kind person, at least not kind for no reason.

He saved Jimmy because...

Now in retrospect, Rhys asked her to marry him at the beginning.

Then he gave up this condition. Was it because he didn't want to see his family die?

After all, Jimmy and Rhys were somehow related by blood.

But it seemed that was not the whole story.

The next second, Mrs. Williams spoke again and interrupted Martha's thoughts.

"He's my son. I understand very well how he feels for you. Miss Doyle, no... I should call you Mrs. Harrison. The Williams family won't accept you."

Martha smiled slightly. She looked helplessly at Mrs. Williams, whose eyes were full of warnings.

Mrs. Williams must have thought that Rhys really liked her.

But Martha knew that Rhys approached her just to get revenge on Stefan.

And he was one of the Harrisons. He must have saved Jimmy for that reason.

She couldn't tell Mrs. Williams those facts.

She was just an outsider.

After Martha came back to her senses, she nodded slightly.

"Mrs. Williams, I promise you that Mr. Williams and I are just friends. At most, we are business partners."

Martha's calmness made Mrs. Williams waver.

Had she misunderstood?

The hostility in her eyes dissipated a little. She looked at Martha with suspicion.

"Are you sure you don't want anything else from him?"

"We are just business partners. I am sure."

Martha replied lightly, then put on a polite smile, and said, "Mrs. Williams, if there is nothing else, I gotta go. There are things to handle at the company."

Mrs. Williams was stunned, looking at Martha with some scrutiny.

Martha ignored it. She nodded politely, and then left the hospital.

Mrs. Williams looked at Martha's receding figure. Just now...

It seemed that Martha was not interested in her son at all. Was it really just Rhys' wishful thinking?

Or was Martha acting?

...

After Martha left the hospital, she didn't think more about Mrs. Williams.

She was just a random person in Martha's eyes.

She went to choose the evening dress with Jane and then set out for the auction.

An hour later, the car stopped outside a five-star hotel.

The auction was held in a luxurious place, the decoration of which was classy and modern at the same time, which was refreshing.

The people invited were all prominent in the city. Martha noticed several big shots with just one glance.

She became even more interested in the rich man Jane mentioned.

This person must have a strong background. Otherwise, there wouldn't be so many big shots.

If the Doyle Group could be his partner, maybe, as Jane said... it could get rid of the Harrison Group and become independent again.

Besides... even if she failed to take the project, maybe she would get to know some big shots, which could be helpful to the Doyle Group as well.

After a while, the auction started...

People sat down in their seats.

The auction was more like a place to showcase the strength of the enterprise.

The organizer must secretly compare the strength of the guests.

Bidding was the most direct way.

After everyone was seated, the lights were set dimmer.

In the next second, a beam of light fell on the conference stage.

Just then, a tall man walked out.

Standing in the light, he was wearing a handmade suit with a priceless cufflink on his sleeve.

His appearance stunned the people present.

Martha's eyes flickered slightly. The man was mixed race. He had a chiseled face and blue eyes.

And he was handsome.

His eyes were deep-set, making others swoon.

He was tall and muscular with a perfect build.

Jane, who was sitting next to Martha, looked slightly stunned when she saw the man.

He was dazzling no matter where he was. But he could never see her.

He started to speak, and his deep voice was pleasant to the ears.

"Ladies and gentlemen, thanks for coming, I am Louis Caesar."

Chapter 243 My Muse

His voice was deep and pleasant, like the sound of a cello.

Louis Caesar glanced around at the guests present. In the end, his eyes fell on Martha, who was in an off-the-shoulder evening dress.

He smiled.

A sentence was enough to introduce himself.

Then the auction officially started...

Miss Manners brought the first item on the stage. The host announced, "The first lot is a piece of inkstone that Louis obtained accidentally abroad. The starting price is 500, 000. "

Many people instantly bade.

"600, 000."

"800, 000."

"1, 100, 000."

...

In the end, the inkstone was bought by a real estate owner at 2, 000, 000 dollars.

"The second is very precious. This bracelet is the last work of the late Master Mona. The starting price is 1, 000, 000."

As soon as the host finished speaking, those people sitting under raised their bidding paddles and call out their ideal price.

"1, 500, 000."

"1, 800, 000."

...

People were bidding.

Martha looked at the lots on the auction stage with little interest... She was not interested in any of them. She came here tonight just to get acquainted with Louis and see if there was a chance of cooperation.

Just when she was bored, she raised her eyes inadvertently to meet an affectionate gaze.

Martha noticed that Louis, who was sitting not far away, seemed to be staring at her.

The man's eyelashes were very long, and his blue eyes were very beautiful. He looked at her as if she was a treasure.

Martha's heart skipped a beat. The man's facial features seemed to be carved by God himself. He had no flaws. She couldn't help admiring his perfection in her heart.

Suddenly, he smiled at her gently. Her eyelashes fluttered slightly, and she felt that the world became brighter.

She was amazed by his beauty.

She smiled politely at him.

It would be a good thing for her if she could leave a good impression on Mr. Louis.

Later, she focused on the auction again.

There were only ten lots. The competition was fierce for each one. They were all auctioned for a much higher price than their value.

Two hours later, the auction came to an end. The host was introducing the last lot.

“The next one is the last lot today. It’s Blue Ocean Necklace.”

“A foreign couple made it for their daughter in the last century. Later, their daughter died in the war, and this necklace was lost until it was bought by Louis many years ago.”

“This necklace also has another name, Special Love. The starting price is five million.”

As soon as the host spoke, someone raised the paddle, and before that person could speak, another person bade.

“6 million.”

...

After half an hour of competition, the price had already reached 10 million, but people were still increasing their bids.

Everyone present was rich.

Someone slowly walked onto the stage, breaking the hustle of the moment.

Mr. Louis’ magnetic voice came faintly...

“Sorry, I don’t plan to auction the last lot today. I’ve found its owner, my muse.”

People were silent for a while and then started whispering.

Everyone looked at each other in dismay, wondering who was the lucky one to be the muse of Mr. Louis.

Louis picked up the necklace, walked down the stage step by step, and walked towards the seats.

Others saw him walk towards Martha step by step.

“My muse, would you accept this gift?”

The reporters at the auction immediately caught this scene.

The lights flickered. Martha was caught off guard.

Martha stood up from her seat in astonishment, looking at the man in front of her, unable to breathe for a while.

She couldn't believe it.

"Mr. Louis, me? Are you sure?"

The man chuckled and said with certainty, "Yes, I am sure. You are my muse."

Martha was even more shocked. She never thought that Louis would say that.

There were so many people watching...

She unconsciously clenched her hands, hesitant.

She didn't know whether she should accept such an expensive gift.

It would be rude of her to reject Louis in front of so many people.

But if she accepted it, what gift would she return?

Besides, she didn't do anything. So she didn't understand what was the gift for.

Just when Martha was in a dilemma, a cold voice came from not far away, breaking the deadlock...

"Sorry, she's already married."

Everyone looked over, only to see Stefan show up.

He was walking towards Martha step by step, his cold eyes narrowed. The air pressure around his body was so low that people couldn't breathe...

Chapter 244 The Right to Pursue Her

When Louis saw him, displeasure flashed across his eyes.

He asked with a chuckle. "You are?"

"Stefan Harrison."

Stefan stood in front of Martha, his voice was cold, and his tone indifferent.

He came primarily to check who was the mixed-race guy. Yet unexpectedly, this guy tried to flirt with his wife.

Martha was his wife, not anyone else's muse.

Stefan threatened Louis with his eyes.

Louis didn't take it seriously. In face of Stefan's hostility, he smiled in gentlemanly manners.

"I'm Louis Caesar, nice to meet you."

As soon as he finished speaking, Stefan said coldly, "This is my wife, Martha Doyle."

Martha frowned in displeasure when she heard this. She was thinking about whether to deny it.

His wife? They had...

However, in those don't-knows' eyes, she was indeed Stefan's wife. At least they hadn't yet legally divorced.

Louis looked at Martha politely yet firmly, and asked like a gentleman, "My muse, are you really this gentleman's wife?"

Martha was speechless.

"She is my lawful wife. Our marriage is protected by law."

Stefan narrowed his eyes slightly, staring at Louis with a cold face, warning him with his eyes.

But Louis did not retreat. He said clearly, "Sorry, sir, I am not asking you, but my muse."

Because of Louis' words, tensions prevailed and no one dared not speak.

It was a silent battle between Louis and Stefan.

Martha clenched her hands suddenly, her eyes drooped and she remained silent.

Although she was indeed Stefan's wife, their marriage had failed. Was it necessary to admit it?

Louis smiled seeing that Martha remained silent.

"You don't want to admit it, do you?"

Martha pursed her lips and met Louis' blue eyes.

This person was really... strange, but she appreciates his courage to confront Stefan.

Having said so, Louis looked at Stefan, who was standing beside the woman and smiled provocatively.

"Mr. Harrison, since my muse doesn't think she is your wife, then I have the right to pursue her."

Hearing that, Stefan frowned and stared at Martha in displeasure.

He knew that she wanted to divorce him. But did she think she could get rid of him in that way?

Stefan's eyes were dark with unfathomable emotions.

And Martha was shocked when she heard Louis wanted to pursue her.

They had never met before.

Why would he pursue her?

Yet Louis soon spoke again...

"My dear Muse, I hope you accept this gift."

Martha frowned. Suddenly, she looked at Jane.

A weird look flashed across Jane's eyes. After she met Martha's gaze, she nodded slightly, suggesting she should accept the gift.

If Martha wanted to cooperate with Louis, she should not reject him in public...

Martha was clearly aware of that. But she was afraid that if she accepted the gift, others would think that she accepted Louis' pursuit.

She didn't want to mess with any guy again, It would only bring her trouble.

When Martha was hesitating, Stefan lost all his patience. His face was terribly gloomy.

He stared at her with dark eyes, as if warning her not to accept Louis' gift, otherwise...

He would kill her.

Martha understood the threat and instantly made up her mind.

She pursed her lips and smiled mockingly.

It seemed to be saying that they had long cut off all ties.

She decided to accept the gift in front of everyone.

Stefan's pupils shrank slightly. The tense atmosphere made everyone hold their breath and wait for Martha's answer.

Louis' smile gradually disappeared.

He shook his head, pretending to be disappointed. His voice was still gentle and pleasant...

"Don't you like this gift?"

Chapter 245 Duplicitous Woman

The threat in Stefan's eyes enraged Martha. After hearing Louis' words, she smiled gracefully and answered without hesitation, "Not really. I like this gift very much. Thank you, Louis."

"It's my pleasure, my Muse."

Louis put the necklace in her palm. Bending his head, he pecked the back of her hand to show his respect.

Martha was slightly taken aback. Beaming at him, she accepted the gift and said, "Thank you for such a priceless gift, Louis."

Watching them, Stefan clenched his fists tightly with a sullen face.

The next second, he strode towards them, grabbed the necklace from Martha's hand, and tossed it to the floor in others' presence.

Blue Ocean Necklace cracked with a crisp sound. All the gems were scattered, and emanated azure lights. The onlookers were amazed by its beauty and value.

There was a mighty uproar in the auction hall.

Blue Ocean Necklace had just been sold at 10 million dollars, but Stefan crushed it in anger.

Martha stared at the broken Blue Ocean Necklace in a daze. Before returning to her senses, Stefan dragged her into his arms and pressed a kiss on her red lips.

He manly pressed her against his chest while kissing her deeply, seemingly showing their relationship to the public in this way.

After realizing what was happening, all the reporters raised their cameras and shot photos of the big news at the auction. Some smart ones even figured out the eye-catching title of the headlines.

However, Stefan didn't care what was happening in the hall, but publicly showed others Martha belonged to him.

Feeling the warmth on her lips, Martha slightly trembled. Then she glared at Stefan in anger.

She struggled hard to break free from his arms and wanted to slap him. However, Stefan gripped her waist so tightly that she failed.

"Let go of me!" she snapped, staring daggers at him.

If there hadn't been so many onlookers, she would have fought back.

Stefan seemed not to hear her at all. He pulled away, glanced at Louis, and said in determination, "She's my wife all her life. You should call her Mrs. Harrison."

He implied no one could change this fact.

Biting her lip, Martha realized her tolerance for him made him cross the line even more.

She was unwilling to be his wife. Since she left the city four years ago, she had wanted to stop their marriage.

Stefan could read the rejection in her eyes, his pupils constricting.

Suddenly, Louis approached and gripped Martha's wrist to pull her behind him protectively.

"Can't you tell she's unwilling?"

He didn't expect every man to be a gentleman, but he should have basic manners and morality.

Evidently, Stefan failed to do it.

Louis defended Martha and was against Stefan, but Martha felt weird. She didn't know him, but he seemed to be significantly protective of her.

She couldn't help wondering if they had met before.

Frowning slightly, Martha looked at Louis up and down in confusion.

Stefan was also suspicious, gazing at Louis sullenly. He wondered who Louis was.

Louis seemed to appear from nowhere but was too protective of Martha.

Stefan suspected that there had been something between the two that he didn't know.

Gazing at Louis with a murderous look, Stefan declared again in a warning, "She's my wife. Stop putting your nose in the matters between my wife and me."

"My Muse has never admitted she's your wife, Mr. Harrison. Can you stop flattering yourself?"

Louis looked into his eyes without compromising.

The atmosphere between them made the room temperature drop abruptly.

The onlookers could tell Louis, as a rich man from abroad, was a hard nut to crack.

He even had the guts to be against the president of the Harrison Group.

Thus, they wished to cooperate with Louis more.

Meanwhile, they also wondered how the auction tonight would end. Their expressions varied.

Stefan sneered. "She has never denied it, either. Louis, this is your first time being in C Country, so you don't know the typical women from C country. For instance, they always speak what they don't mean."

Louis narrowed his eyes, pretending to ponder what he meant with a confused look.

Behind him, Martha retorted unhappily, "No, I speak what I mean. I don't want to have anything to do with you for real, Mr. Harrison."

Inwardly, she mocked Stefan for thinking too highly of himself.

Stefan's pupils constricted. He felt the heartache in his chest as if she had stabbed a dagger, but he didn't hate her for it.

Under such a circumstance, he wouldn't give any men any chance to pursue her.

Curling his lips into a faint smile, he said in a hidden complaint, "Martha, our marriage is protected by the law."

Martha frowned deeply, clenching her hands into fists. She sneered. When he had done bad things to her, the law had never protected her.

Stefan strode towards her and wrapped his arm around her waist. "I will never divorce you. You'll be Mrs. Harrison for the rest of your life," he whispered.

Before Martha responded, he gripped her hand and dragged her towards the door.

From the corner of his eyes, Stefan saw the broken Blue Ocean Necklace, feeling the shiny fragments an eyesore. He stopped and glanced at Louis.

"I'll compensate you double the price for the necklace."

With those words, he took Martha away from the auction hall.

Jane watched the scene nearby, something weird flashing through her eyes. Then she turned away secretly.

Louis stared at Martha's receding figure, his eyes with mixed feelings.

Chapter 246 Always Self-righteous

Martha shook Stefan's hand off outside the auction hall as soon as she walked out.

"I gotta go."

Then she turned around and walked towards the auction hall, lost in thought.

She wondered if Louis would still be willing to cooperate with the Doyle Group after the matter earlier.

However, Stefan strode to catch up with her and seized her arm. Martha had to stop in her tracks.

“You can’t go back.”

Frowning unhappily, Martha didn’t turn around but retorted coldly, “Who do you think you are to restrain me?”

“I’m your husband,” Stefan replied angrily. He was riled up whenever he recalled what just happened in the auction hall.

A mocking smile touched Martha’s lips. “Mr. Harrison, I won’t be your wife if you’re willing to divorce me,” she said ironically.

“Dream on! I’ll never divorce you. Never!” Stefan growled, staring at her with stern eyes.

Martha overlooked his anger and shook his hand off forcibly. “Even though we haven’t divorced, you cannot restrict my freedom.”

She walked towards the auction hall again.

After the conversation, she became more determined to cooperate with Louis.

She would not be so passive when confronting Stefan only when the Doyle Group became independent from the Harrison Group.

Seeing her quicken her steps, Stefan exuded a cold aura, and his pupils shrank.

Frowning sullenly, he could hardly repress his fury again.

The next second, his cold voice sounded, stopping Martha from walking forward.

“Don’t forget the Doyle Group belongs to me now.”

Stefan gazed at her sternly.

Before Martha retorted, he added, “I have the final say in my company. I don’t allow you to return.”

His words sent Martha into a rage. She clenched her fists tightly, her eyes full of flames of fury.

She knew Stefan was always self-righteous and never changed.

Martha turned around, gazing at him determinedly. “I’ve never forgotten about it. Also, as I said, I’ll take the Doyle Group back sooner or later,” she replied indifferently and calmly.

Stefan’s eyes darkened. He also clenched his fists tightly.

A while later, he said hoarsely, “If you want, I can directly transfer the Doyle Group in your name.”

“Unnecessary.”

Martha stared at him coldly, and Stefan couldn’t see other emotions on her face.

With the refusal, she turned away.

She was determined to win cooperate with Louis no matter what.

Standing rooted to the spot, Stefan stared after her and didn't move for long. H

e realized Martha had no longer his obedient, gentle wife as before.

The more he wanted to stop her from doing something, the more eagerly she would do it.

His eyes darkened and his face was sullen.

...

At 10 PM, Martha returned to the Doyle Manor after the banquet.

When she entered the living room, she saw Bianca talking to Maxwell on the sofa.

Maxwell could speak normally in the previous half month after the treatment. Occasionally, he could move around.

Martha felt lucky.

"You are back, Martha," Bianca said to her gently. Martha smiled at her in response.

"Why are you still up?" she asked.

"We're waiting for you."

Maxwell noticed the tiredness on Martha's face, feeling sorry but helpless.

His daughter wouldn't have been burned out if he hadn't been too sick to work in the company.

Bianca asked, "Are you hungry? I'll make you a late supper."

"No, thanks, Bianca. I'm not hungry."

Martha walked to Bianca, satisfied with the harmony in her home. She returned home late at night, but her family was waiting for her, which made her happy and sweet.

Bianca seemed to think of something and said, "By the way, I prepared a kid's room for Jimmy. I hope he'll like it."

Jimmy could be discharged from the hospital in a few days. Then he could stay in the Doyle Manor.

Therefore, Bianca prepared everything and looked forward to his arrival.

"His room is in the corner of the second floor, opposite yours, Martha. There's a toy room next to his bedroom. Will he like it?"

"Of course, Bianca. That's perfect. Thank you," Martha said cutely, pressing her head against Bianca's shoulder.

Her answer made Bianca's smile more widely. She looked up at Maxwell and said, "Martha, can you keep your father company for a while? I'll cook you some pasta."

“Thank you so much, Bianca.”

Maxwell and Martha were left in the living room. Martha could tell her father looked relaxed and joyful.

After the treatment, Maxwell had become much better and could speak like a common person.

Martha believed he would ultimately recover soon.

Looking at her, Maxwell asked gently, “How’s everything in the Doyle Group? Are you all right with the work?”

Martha nodded slightly, staring at him with a solemn look.

“Everything is fine, Dad. I... I have some thoughts about the company’s future, so I want to talk to you.”

“What are they?”

Maxwell sat upright, staring at her thoughtfully.

It was the first time they’d talked company business face-to-face. Although Maxwell had stopped working in the company, he always cared about its development.

He knew Martha had good ideas and wouldn’t let him down.

“I met a rich businessman from abroad, and he has recently settled down in town. I plan to cooperate with him. If our cooperation project succeeds, the Doyle Group will probably be independent from the Harrison Group and become a listed company.”

“A rich businessman?”

“Yes.”

Speaking of which, Martha asked, “Dad, have you ever heard of Louis Caesar before?”

The name made Maxwell frown slightly, a glint flitting across his eyes.

Chapter 247 Visit Her Mother’s Grave

Martha nodded and added, “I don’t know much about rich businessmen abroad, so I wonder if you’ve heard of the Caesar family. May I cooperate with them?”

Bowing his head, Maxwell was lost in thought while staring at Martha in a daze.

He rang the bell as he had heard of Louis before but couldn’t remember where or when exactly.

A while later, Martha didn’t get his response. She asked in confusion, “Dad, you know Louis Caesar, right?”

Frowning, Maxwell shook his head slightly.

“I’ve heard of this name before but don’t know him.”

“Do you know anyone else from his family?”

Martha gaped at him in shock.

Maxwell shook his head to deny it. "I don't remember."

Feeling disappointed, Martha sighed. Then she asked him with concern, "Dad, how are you feeling now?"

"Pretty well. I can tell I'm recovering."

Maxwell waved his arms with a smile, seemingly happy with his status.

After chitchatting with Martha for a few minutes, he suddenly recalled something, and his face changed slightly.

"Martha, tomorrow is your mother's death anniversary. Still remember?" he asked hoarsely.

"Of course, Dad. Will you also visit her grave tomorrow?"

Maxwell nodded solemnly, staring at her in sorrow.

Time flies. His wife had left him for almost 20 years. They used to be a happy couple.

Martha could see that her father had been lost in thought, realizing he had missed her mother again.

Ariya was the only woman Maxwell had loved all his life, while Bianca was a life companion he did not love.

...

After returning to her bedroom, Martha leaned against the bed and took out her photo albums from the nightstand drawer. There were her group photos with her mother when she was little.

When she was young, she was naughty and didn't like having meals. Ariya patiently persuaded her and told her she could only grow taller after eating.

Yet little Martha was still unwilling to eat, always starving herself.

In the end, Ariya learned cooking skills from a chef. She made bread rolls and rice balls into the shapes of different animals for Martha.

Martha still remembered her mother liked smiling and was pretty gentle. However, to save Hollie's life, Ariya died in the sea.

Martha wondered if her mother would have saved Hollie if she had known it was schemed by Hollie.

Casting down her eyes, Martha smiled bitterly. She knew the answer would be positive as her mother was kind-hearted.

She collected her thoughts and continued to browse the photo album. Suddenly, something dropped and fell to her feet.

It was a small badge. Martha picked it up and studied it carefully.

Last time, when she broke the lamp by accident, the badge fell out. Then she casually put it into the photo album.

The lamp was from her mother, so Martha believed the badge must have something to do with her mother. She wondered why her mother had hidden it in a lamp.

Curiously, Martha photographed the badge and searched for its information online.

Unfortunately, she didn't find anything.

...

The following morning, Martha took Jimmy to Jane's apartment and asked her to babysit him.

When she arrived at the Doyle Manor, Maxwell and Bianca were packing in the living room.

Hearing the sound, Bianca turned around and asked tensely, "Martha, what else do we need?"

Martha took her arm dearly and answered, "Bianca, you've always prepared the offerings to my mother. I don't think we need anything else."

Bianca became relaxed, breathing a sigh of relief.

Her eyes reddened slightly. "When your mother was gone, you were still a little girl. Time really flies, Martha," she sobbed.

Martha gave her an embrace and patted her shoulders gently. "Bianca, thank you for being with us for so many years," she said.

Maxwell sighed when listening to their conversation. A bitter smile appeared on his face.

Martha gently let go of Bianca and said, "It's almost time. Shall we set off?"

Maxwell and Bianca nodded slightly. Martha picked up the offerings. Bianca pushed Maxwell's wheelchair out of the Doyle Manor.

At the gate, they encountered an unexpected guest—Stefan.

Chapter 248 We Are Family

Martha became sullen, frowned at him and wondered why he was there.

Stefan said, "Mr. Doyle, Bianca, I'll go to visit Mrs. Doyle's grave with you.

He had always known Ariya had passed away because of saving Hollie's life. Yet he had never cared about it in the past.

After marrying Martha, he had never visited Mrs. Doyle's grave or took responsibilities as a son-in-law.

Stefan knew he was wrong, so he decided to visit his mother-in-law's grave from now on and do things that a son-in-law should do.

Martha frowned more deeply and answered in a cold tone, "Unnecessary."

If he hadn't broken Blue Ocean Necklace the previous night, she could have negotiated with Louis about their cooperation.

The thought sent Martha into a rage. She glared at him.

Stefan's pupils shrank. He lowered his eyes and muttered, "In the past, I've never taken responsibility as a son-in-law. This time, please allow me to go with you to worship Mrs. Doyle."

Maxwell pressed his lips together in silence.

Bianca saw the determination in Stefan's eyes and realized he would go to visit Ariya's grave even if they all refused him.

Bianca detested him for what he had done to Martha and the Doyle family before.

Yet he changed a lot after realizing his mistakes. Bianca could tell he liked Martha truly. Therefore, she didn't have the heart to say harsh words to him.

Seeing his bloodshot eyes, Bianca suddenly asked, "Are you feeling unwell, Mr. Harrison? You look pale."

Martha turned to check on Stefan, her eyes filled with the care that she hadn't realized herself. Suddenly, the scene where Stefan stabbed himself to restrain the love potion's effect appeared in her mind.

She stared at Stefan with a stern face.

He was injured not long ago. The previous night, he went to the auction. She wondered if his wound had worsened.

Pressing her lips together, Martha remained silent, turned around, and sat in the passenger's seat.

Stefan could tell she tacitly approved him to follow them to the cemetery.

His dim eyes lit up. Smiling at Bianca, he answered, "I'm OK. Thank you."

Bianca nodded in response, pushing Maxwell into the car.

After all of them sat in, Stefan sat in the driver's seat. They headed for the ceremony.

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An hour later, they pulled out to the cemetery gate.

Stefan got off and opened the door for Maxwell and Bianca. Then he carried the offerings while following them to the graveyard.

However, Martha took over the offerings from him after getting out of the car.

"Wait here," she said.

Frowning, Stefan asked in confusion, "Don't you want me to visit Mrs. Doyle's grave?"

"We're not family. You don't need to," Martha answered coldly, staring at him as if he were a stranger.

Stefan's eyes dimmed in disappointment. He retorted anxiously, "We haven't divorced yet. I'm still your husband. We are family."

"Why didn't you realize it before?" Martha snorted with an ironic smile.

Her harsh retort made him lower his eyes in silence. He knew he had been wrong before but wanted to correct his mistakes.

From the corner of his eyes, he glanced at Martha, only to find she had no sign of changing her mind. He became more anxious.

Suddenly, he saw Maxwell nearby and figured out a way out.

He strode towards Maxwell and nodded at Bianca. "Please allow me to do it."

Martha watched him wordlessly.

Suddenly, Bianca tugged her sleeve and whispered, "We're here to worship your mother today. Don't get mad at him. I don't think Mrs. Doyle is willing to see this in heaven."

With a frown, Martha said nothing.

Seeing her calm down, Bianca hurriedly took her hand and walked towards Ariya's grave.

Soon, the four stood before a tomb.

Martha sobbed, her eyes red. "Mom, we're here to see you."

Sitting in the wheelchair, Maxwell wiped tears from his eyes and smiled. "Long time no see, Ariya."

Bianca shed tears. She tried to keep calm and put the offerings in front of the tombstone.

Martha gradually got closer, stroking the woman's smiling face in the portrait just like touching her mother's face when she was little.

"Please rest in peace, Mom. Bianca is taking good care of me. Dad and I are both well."

"By the way, you've become a grandmother. I have a son. His name is Jimmy Doyle. He's almost five. Yet he's still in the hospital now. After he gets better, I'll take him to see you."

Stefan stood behind her, listening to her while she told her mother what had happened in the past few years.

Feeling self-blamed, he stared at Ariya's face in the portrait with mixed feelings.

Martha wouldn't have suffered so much if it weren't for him.

Within himself, he promised Ariya he would treat Martha well and never hurt her again.

Chapter 249 Are You Crazy for Real?

In the prison, as usual, Libby was doing a handicraft while sitting on her bed. A prison guard entered to break the silence.

"You've adjusted to the environment well."

Libby stared up at her in shock, wondering who she was. Frowning for a long time, she asked in uncertainty, "Who are you?"

"You don't need to know. Someone sent me to find you."

The prison guard stared at Libby with a smile.

Libby stiffened, gaping at the man in disbelief. 'Someone? Would it be...'

Earlier, the mysterious guy she worked with asked her to stay in jail and wait to be set free. She wondered why he sent someone to her.

Libby gazed at the prison guard in confusion, and her handicraft dropped to the ground.

The prison guard looked around and lowered his voice. "I was sent here because we still needed you to do something."

Libby frowned as she didn't expect to be assigned to another task.

Returning to her senses, she walked towards the prison guard behind the fence and muttered, "What's the new task?"

The prison guard nodded in satisfaction, approaching and lowering his voice.

"Find a chance to meet Hollie."

Libby was surprised. "What for?" she looked more shocked.

Earlier, she had seen Hollie from afar several times. Hollie had become a madwoman and been sentenced to death. The death penalty would be executed in a year.

Libby wondered why she was still requested to meet Hollie. She was too confused to repress it and blurted out, "Isn't Hollie nuts? Why do I need to see her?"

The prison guard glanced at her impatiently. Then he bent over to whisper to Libby.

After hearing the details of the new task, Libby stared at the prison guard in a panic, and her face changed.

"Her death penalty will be executed in a year. Is it necessary to do so?"

"It's not up to you."

The prison guard frowned at her unhappily.

After considering for a while, Libby asked in disbelief, "He asked me to do so?"

"Yep." The prison guard nodded and promised solemnly, "If you can do it well, you will be set free earlier than sentenced. After all, you were an accessory criminal."

His words stunned Libby. "Do... Do you mean I can leave here earlier?"

"It depends on if you do a good job."

The prison guard stared at Libby, a trace of disdain flashing through his eyes.

Libby went wild with joy.

"Tell him. I'll do the job well. Please rest assured."

After receiving a satisfying response, the prison guard left.

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At lunchtime, the jailbirds worked together after having lunch.

Taking the chance, Libby found Hollie.

Right then, Hollie no longer looked as energetic as before.

Sitting on a wooden bench in a daze, she did the handicraft numbly, her eyes blank.

A dark light flashed through Libby's eyes. Sitting opposite Hollie, Libby asked tentatively, "Hollie? Hollie, do you still remember me?"

Hollie looked up dully to glance at her. Her eyes were blank, as if she even couldn't remember her name.

Libby was startled, staring at Hollie in confusion and hesitation.

Hollie seemed to be a simpleton now. Libby wondered why that man had still sent her to find Hollie.

While she was lost in thought, a prison guard snapped, "You! Why did you stop?"

Libby trembled. Lowering her head, she immediately continued with the handicraft.

The prison guard didn't give her a hard time and patrolled away.

After finishing a piece, Libby whispered to Hollie, "Do you still remember Martha Doyle?"

Hollie seemed not to hear her voice, still doing the handicraft in silence.

Libby didn't think Hollie could understand her words. Yet the fake prison guard's words echoed in her ear—"If you can do it well, you will be set free earlier than sentenced."

Libby didn't want to stay in jail for the rest of her life. Thinking of that, she gritted her teeth and leaned forward slightly.

"I heard Martha's son was safe and sound. He was severely ill but was saved. He became like a normal child."

"Also, Martha has become the president of the Doyle Group, managing everything in the company just like you did before. If we hadn't lost, you would have been the company president and respected by others."

"Also, Maxwell's stroke has been cured."

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Libby whispered in Hollie's ear for a long time, but the latter didn't respond.

Feeling disappointed, Libby said, "Are you crazy for real?"

The next second, Hollie suddenly jumped to her feet.

When Libby thought Hollie would respond to her, Hollie went to the accessories area, picked up a pair of accessories, and repeated doing the handicraft.

With a lingering shock, Libby watched her. Finally, she ran out of patience, grabbed the pieces from Hollie, and growled, "Haven't you heard me?"

Hollie slowly looked up, smiling dully at her like a retard. Reaching out, she insisted on grabbing the pieces back.

Finally, Libby believed Hollie had been mentally ill for real.

Chapter 250 Not Your Fault

At a golf course.

Wearing casual outfits, Martha followed Jane to the appointed venue with Louis. She was surprised to receive his invitation.

Martha thought the Doyle Group would have no chance to cooperate with Louis after the incident at the auction. Much to her surprise, the following day, Jane told her Louis had invited her to a golf course.

Martha was shocked by the news as she didn't expect Louis to invite her. However, to make the Doyle Group independent from the Harrison Group, she accepted it.

When the two women arrived at the reserved area, Louis stood up and pulled a chair for Martha in gentlemanly manners.

"My Muse, thanks for accepting my invitation."

"I'm sorry for what happened last time, Louis. I'm here to apologize to you face-to-face."

Martha looked at him, feeling sorry.

The auction was the first occasion for Louis to establish his presence after arriving in this country. Unfortunately, the auctioned necklace was broken by Stefan all because of her.

Louis was embarrassed in public, but Martha couldn't do anything else besides apologizing.

Louis paused. Pretending to be surprised, he glanced at the woman beside Martha.

"Who is this lady?"

"She's my assistant, Jane," Martha made a brief introduction. Smiling, she looked at Louis in guilt.

Jane responded, "Nice to meet you, Louis. I'm Jane."

"Nice to meet you, too, Jane."

Louis looked at Jane with a faint smile, his eyes intense.

After the greetings, Martha stared at Louis sincerely and said solemnly, "Louis, I'll compensate all your loss. I hope you can forgive me for the incident at the auction."

"Ms. Doyle, are you serious?" Louis asked meaningfully with a faint smile.

Martha nodded. "If it weren't for me, Blue Ocean Necklace wouldn't have been broken. Of course, I must reap the consequences."

"The necklace is costly. Ms. Doyle, I don't think you can afford it now."

Louis' smile became brighter. He stared at Martha in admiration.

However, Martha didn't react excitedly. In determination, she gazed at him and replied, "No matter what, I will compensate you, Louis."

"It was not your fault, Ms. Doyle," Louis said indifferently.

Martha chuckled calmly, "It happened because of me. I should be responsible."

Frowning, Louis drawled in a hoarse tone, "But that's not the solution I expected."

His words confused Martha, who looked at him in silence.

Since Louis invited her to the golf course, she could tell the incident at the auction had a limited impact on him.

Now, he refused her compensation. She couldn't help wondering why he had invited her today.

Louis saw the confusion in her eyes.

"We're on a golf course, so we should play golf. If you win, I won't hold you accountable for the incident at the auction."

Martha was slightly taken aback, looking at him in surprise. A while later, she chuckled, "What if I lost?"

"I won't let you lose." Louis smiled at her with a hint of affection that others couldn't notice.

Martha stiffened, frowning slightly. She could tell his words had a hidden message.

Louis waved his hand at a golf course employee nearby, asking him to bring them the golf clubs.

Soon, two golf clubs were delivered. Louis passed one to Martha.

"Lady first."

Martha threw up her hands. "I might disappoint you, Louis."

"My bad. I should have let you see my golf skills first, My Muse," Louis smiled at her, looking regretful.

Martha offered him a smile and answered, "Gentleman first."

Louis nodded in agreement, walking to the golf ball with his golf club. Soon, he swung the club, and the ball fell into a pin perfectly.

Martha clapped, looking at him in admiration. "Louis, you are indeed professional. I'm not good at playing golf, unfortunately."

While she spoke, she gracefully walked to the golf ball with her club. Targeting the pin in front, she was about to swing the club. Suddenly, Louis approached her and held her from the back.

“Let me teach you.”

His big hands covered hers, gently guiding her to swing the golf club.

Martha froze and subconsciously wanted to push him away.

Yet Louis didn't take advantage of her. Instead, standing behind her, he guided her arms to hit the golf ball.

Martha repressed her repulsion, her eyes glimmering in embarrassment.

The next second, Louis whispered huskily in her ear, “Be concentrated.”