

Read Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 27 online free

The following morning, Martha arrived at the Doyle Manor early. When she was about to enter but was stopped by two security guards that looked unfamiliar to her.

“Who are you? You can’t enter. Please leave.”

“I live here.”

Martha scowled at them.

The two security guards only obeyed Hollie’s orders and snapped, “We don’t know you.”

“I’m Martha Doyle, Maxwell Doyle’s daughter.”

Martha clenched her hands tightly to suppress the anger surging in her chest. The security guards were taken aback as they had never known Mr. Doyle had another daughter. Then they exchanged a glance.

Before they figured out what happened, the servant supervisor walked out of the house.

Frowning at Martha, he asked arrogantly, “Miss, what are you doing here?”

Lifting an eyebrow, Martha was not willing to show any kindness to Hollie’s lacquey.

She answered bluntly, “I’m Martha Doyle. I want to see my father.”

The servant supervisor stiffened and replied aggressively, “I’m sorry, but I can’t let you in without Miss Doyle’s permission.”

“I am Miss Doyle. I want to see my father. Why do I need another person’s permission?”

Seeing the servant supervisor stand still, Martha added coldly and strictly, “Tell Hollie. If I can’t see my father today, I’ll call the reporters and show them how you’re treating me.”

The servant supervisor dared not let Martha in, nor did he dare to stop her too aggressively. Standing at the door, he tried to persuade Martha to leave. While they were in the stalemate, Martha heard a car’s engine sound behind her.

She looked back, only to find Hollie and Stefan getting down from the car. Martha narrowed her eyes at them.

Seeing the familiar figure at the door, Hollie slightly froze as she hadn’t expected Martha to be there at this moment.

She stopped in her tracks in a panic.

Stefan could tell Martha had been stopped from entering the house, shock flashing through his eyes.

A faint smile lifted the corners of Martha’s lips and faded immediately.

She walked towards Hollie and asked in an injured tone of voice, her voice loud enough for Stefan to hear, "Hollie, can I enter my home to see my father now?"

Subconsciously, Hollie turned to look at Stefan.

Seeing his stern face become slightly confused, Hollie got nervous.

Therefore, she forced a smile and answered, "What are you talking about, Martha? You are the oldest daughter of the Doyle family. Of course, you can enter."

Martha beamed at and thanked her.

Clenching her fists, Hollie pretended to be nice. "Martha, who stopped you from entering? Tell me. I'll teach that person a lesson."

With an ironic smile, Martha looked at the servant supervisor as if implying something.

Under her gaze, the latter lowered his head, pretending he didn't understand what they were talking about.

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Soon, the three entered the Doyle Manor together.

After entering the living room, Hollie immediately asked the servant supervisor to wheel Maxwell's out.

Martha watched it in silence, secretly looking around the servants and maids in the house.

After scanning, she failed to see Bianca and felt disappointed.

Then she noticed all the servants and maids looked at Hollie respectfully, so she realized all of them were hired by Hollie.

Ten minutes later, the servant supervisor pushed Maxwell out.

The figure overlapped with the one in Martha's memory, but it was quite different. Martha was startled.

Maxwell was leaning against the back of the wheelchair. With gray hair, he looked fragile. He had become a dying old man.

Martha had never expected her father to be like a different man after four years.

He wasn't the proud, dominating, and competent president of the Doyle Group anymore.

His limbs were disabled, and he even couldn't talk. Only his lips slightly trembled.

After returning to her senses, Martha couldn't repress her emotions anymore and rushed up to call loudly, "Dad!"

Maxwell slowly turned to her, his eyes focusing on her.

A long time later, he looked into Martha's eyes. Instantly, tears welled up in his eyes. Maxwell wanted to call her but could only utter a few broken syllables.

Martha's heart tightened.

She could no longer hold back her tears, which streamed down her cheeks.

She had never expected Hollie to be THAT ruthless to torture their father.

Stefan watched them in silence, his eyes dark with unfathomable emotions.

He had seen Maxwell in this status four years ago, and nothing had changed.

A sneer appeared on Hollie's lips, but soon it vanished.

Martha knelt in the wheelchair on a knee while holding Maxwell's hand tightly.

A sharp pang struck through her.

"Dad, talk to me. I'm Martha."

Maxwell's eyes kept rolling, his lips trembling slightly. However, he couldn't

utter a sound to respond to Martha. Tears kept trickling down from his eyes.

Her inner voice was roaring. He wanted to ask Martha where she had been

and how she had been in the past four years. However, he couldn't let out a

word.

Martha tightened her grip on the wheelchair.

Standing up, she stared daggers at Hollie and snapped, "What on earth have

you done to Dad?"

"What are you talking about, Martha?"

Hollie looked at her innocently in confusion. "Dad became like this all because of you. He thought you were dead, so he had a stroke."

She could feel the coldness of Stefan, so she immediately pretended to be angry and distracted his attention to Martha.

"Martha, you are still alive. Why didn't you come back to see Dad earlier?

Don't you know he's become like this all because of you?"

Hollie broke off and shed tears pitifully.

Martha knew she was lying but had no evidence, glaring at her in hatred.

Hollie immediately took Stefan's arm for help.

"Stefan, Dad became like this four years ago. You saw it, right?"

Stefan looked at Martha. When his gaze met hers, his eyes darkened.

Nodding, he said, "After Mr. Doyle knew what had happened to you, he got a stroke in half a month. Hollie didn't lie."

Martha narrowed her eyes slightly and asked, "How did he get a stroke? Did you see it personally?"

Pressing his thin lips together, Stefan didn't answer her.

Clenching her hands into fists, Martha knew that she couldn't do anything to Hollie without evidence.

Noticing her anger, Stefan continued, "You've misunderstood Hollie."

Martha glared at him, knowing he never believed her, feeling irritable.

Gazing at Hollie icily, she snorted, "So what? Now, I'm back. I'll have the final say in this house and the company from now on."

She strode towards Hollie, gazing at her sharply.

“Hollie, as far as I know, an illegitimate daughter of a family has no right to inherit the company. You can play your tricks on men, but none works on me.”