

Good bye 301

Chapter 301 You Ask for It

That night, Martha went to read the novel written by Melissa.

Soon, she found out that Melissa had written exactly her story.

The content of the novel was that the male lead believed the lies of the evil supporting female role, and then hurt the female lead again and again.

In the end, the female lead faked her own death with the help of a doctor friend and left the city where she had lived for more than ten years.

When the female lead returned again, she brought a four-year-old child with her.

The female lead became a well-known person, and the male lead met her and recognized her.

Yet the female lead did not want to have any more entanglement with the male lead, and the purpose of her return this time was to make the vicious supporting female role pay the price.

After a lot of things happened, the vicious supporting female role was sentenced to death, and the male lead knew he made a huge mistake and regretted it ...

Now, the female lead was surrounded by three good suitors, was is a doctor, one was a big president, and another was a mixed-race rich businessman.

The novel Melissa wrote stopped here, and the novel was still being serialized.

When Martha saw this, she couldn't help but feel helpless.

She didn't think Melissa would actually write a novel.

When she wanted to quit, she inadvertently clicked on the novel's comment section, which had messages from various readers.

-The scum ex-husband still has hope, please hurry to chase his wife.

-The doctor is the female lead's true love. I hope the female lead can accept the doctor.

-I think the president is a better choice. He always offers help at the right time.

-I think the mixed rich businessman is better. Clearly, he has a very strong background.

-Does anyone like that doctor? He always protects the female lead without asking for anything.

-If the author dares to write a happy ending for the hero and heroine, I will definitely send razor blades to the author!

Martha was reading the readers' comments, her eyes full of helplessness.

...

At this time, the Harrison Villa.

Stefan was lying on the bed with a tired face, his narrow eyes slightly closed; he was hiding the irritation.

In the middle of the night, the door to his room was suddenly opened quietly.

And then, someone quietly lifted the covers on Stefan's body and slowly approached him.

When she reached out to rub the man's waist, her hand was gripped, and she fell to the floor.

Stefan frowned and reached out to press the switch.

In a flash, the dark room was suddenly bright. A woman was lying on the carpet beside the bed in a terrible state.

The man's eyes were dark, and he looked askance at the woman on the floor with displeasure.

"Why are you here?"

If he hadn't subconsciously pushed her away just now, Amanda would have wrapped her arms around him.

Stefan couldn't help but feel a little annoyed at the thought of this.

Amanda looked up at Stefan with pity and cried out, "Stefan, my knee hurts."

"It's all your own fault."

The air around the man dropped to a freezing point, and his eyes became more and more unkind as he looked at the woman on the ground.

His eyes narrowed slightly as he glared at Amanda in annoyance.

"What are you doing in my room in the middle of the night?"

"I ... I just wanted to keep you company, that's why ..."

Amanda couldn't help but cry when she said this.

As she cried, she began to tell sadly, "You used to sleep with me in your arms, but since you lost your memory, you are very reluctant to come near me, and I can't help it, so that's why ..."

"That's enough!"

Before Amanda could finish her words, she was interrupted by Stefan's stern voice.

He frowned, and his voice grew colder and colder.

"Maybe I used to like you very much, but now when I see you, I feel repulsed, especially by your behavior tonight."

Stefan only felt disgusted when he thought of Amanda's actions just now.

At this moment, he suddenly wondered why his former self would like such a woman.

Hearing these words, Amanda stiffened and her face turned white as she looked at the man standing in front of her.

“Stefan, do you know what you are saying?”

“Get out.”

His eyes sank, and his long, narrow eyes were filled with a cold look.

Amanda lowered her eyes, bit her lower lip reluctantly, and stood up with difficulty.

Then she pretended to get hurt in the feet and fell towards Stefan.

But Stefan directly dodged.

Amanda fell to the ground again and sucked in a breath of cold air in pain.

The next second, the man’s cold and heartless words rang out in the room.

“Get out!”

“Why are you kicking me out? Can’t you just hug me?”

Amanda looked at the man in front of her reluctantly, her face filled with sadness.

She thought that this look of hers would evoke Stefan’s pity, but when the latter saw her like this, he only felt more disgusted.

His brows were furrowed, and his cold, heartless words came out of his lips.

“If you are short of men, I don’t mind sending you a bunch of men.”

Amanda heard these words, her pretty face turned white all of a sudden, and she could say no more with trembling lips.

Then, without waiting for her to speak again, Stefan’s cold, stern voice rang out again.

“Get out now!”

Amanda felt the cold air in the room, her body trembled, and she rolled away from the room.

A maid passing by heard the commotion and stood at the stairway to take a look, only to see Amanda got out of Stefan’s room with dishevelled hair.

Chapter 302 Stopping Him Outside

After Martha returned home, although she was busy, she never gave up painting, and she had a lot of paintings for an exhibition.

After three days, Rhys called again –

Martha had just picked up the phone when Rhys’ evil voice reached her ear.

“Did you miss me? I missed you a lot.”

The woman’s eyes sank, and she said jokingly, “Mr. Williams, you have so many beautiful women around you. Why would you ever miss me?”

“Miss Doyle, you’re so beautiful, I have already fallen in love with you, but it’s a pity you have no idea about it.” Rhys’ flirtatious voice sounded.

Martha smiled widely and responded indifferently, “In that case, thanks.”

Rhys raised his eyebrows slightly.

His long and slender fingers tapped on the desktop, and only after a long time did he say the purpose of this call in a husky voice.

“The old exhibition hall is almost repaired, now it mainly depends on when you intend to hold the exhibition.”

“So soon?”

Martha couldn’t help but be a little shocked by Rhys’ speed.

That exhibition hall had been treated as an abandoned place because of that previous fire, but it only took Rhys three days to repair it.

In the next second, the man’s dark voice came from the phone –

“You’re underestimating me.”

Martha came back to her senses, her large eyes still carrying the shock.

“That fire incinerated everything. I didn’t think it would be possible to hold a painting exhibition there one day.”

When Rhys on the other side of the phone heard this, his eyes darkened, and he spoke with a light smile, “That’s precisely why it’s a special place.”

“That’s right.”

Martha smiled and agreed, and then she spoke directly, “Then we can hold the exhibition the day after tomorrow. I’m all set.”

“You’re fast too.”

Martha smiled and replied lightly.

“For what you really like, no matter how difficult it is, you can’t let go of it.”

This was true of painting or the beloved ones.

...

In the next two days, Martha contacted with Rhys’ men and soon had all her paintings placed in the Doyle Manor transferred to the old exhibition hall.

It soon came to the day when the exhibition was held.

After the preparation of the exhibition was completed, Martha printed some invitations and sent them to some people she knew.

She invited not only her current partner Louis, but also Eden and Melissa, who were now working in the Doyle Group, and some close friends.

On the day of the exhibition, almost all of Martha's family, friends, and partners were present.

Of course, Stefan was not among them.

Maybe it was because the rich businessman was invited to the exhibition held by Martha, maybe it was because Martha was working with the president of the Williams Group, maybe it was because Martha herself was a queen of the topic, so the event was soon in the news.

On the day of the show, the top three searches in the news were all about Martha's show.

...

Harrison Group, President's Office.

Stefan sat in front of his desk, looking at the hot news on the computer in front of him, his pupils shrank slightly, and the temperature around him dropped to the freezing point.

His large hand on the desk clenched into a fist, and his cold and merciless voice rang out in the office.

"Damn woman, how dare you not tell me!"

The man's eyes sank. He got up and grabbed his jacket, then drove to the painting exhibition.

Ten minutes later.

Stefan walked towards the exhibition hall with a grim face, but was stopped in his tracks by a serious voice.

"Sir, please show your invitation."

Stefan's body stiffened, and he looked at the security guard who stopped him expressionlessly.

After a long time, his thin lips lightly parted as he said unhappily, "I don't have an invitation."

After he said this, he lifted his feet to walk forward, but the security guard stopped in front of him and did not let him in.

The security guard looked at the man in front of him with sweat.

Of course he knew who the man he stopped was, it was the city's most famous man.

But today, his task was to stand guard at the door and let people with invitations in.

Now, Stefan just did not have an invitation, so he could not let this man enter.

The security guard thought this, his back straightened up as he looked at the man who was stopped by him at the door with a serious face.

"Mr. Harrison, you can't go in without an invitation, please go back."

Stefan's eyes narrowed slightly, looking coldly at this security guard.

Damn, this man dared to stop him.

What was even more damnable was that that woman didn't even send him an invitation.

At this time, Stefan had completely forgotten the fact that they were already divorced.

His eyes sank and he looked coldly at the security guards who were stopping him.

"Get out of the way."

The guard's body trembled slightly and he unconsciously swallowed, but his hand still firmly blocked Stefan.

"I'm sorry."

Stefan's face was gloomy, and the look he gave the security guard was sinister.

After a long time, his thin lips lightly parted, and his gloomy voice came out from his thin lips.

"You go and get Martha over here."

"Sorry, it's not in my scope of work. You don't have an invitation, so you'd better leave here as soon as possible."

The guard's other hand at his side clenched into a fist as he said stiffly.

At this moment, another security guard standing on the other side finally came back to his senses and kept winking at the security guard who was in front of Stefan.

But that security guard just didn't step away, and said in a serious manner, "Mr. Rhys Williams tells us, anyone who does not show the invitation is not allowed to enter it."

When Stefan heard this, his eyes were narrowed slightly, and his eyes sank.

In the next second, his voice was as cold and harsh as if it came from hell...

"Rhys Williams?"

Chapter 303 So you've found your future husband

'What is the relationship between Rhys and Martha?'

Since he had woken up, he had naturally recognized Rhys after learning about the company.

The Williams Group and Harrison Group were considered rival companies. Since they both got engaged in some businesses, they had to plunder resources from each other.

Stefan thought of this, his eyes narrowed slightly, looking at the security guard in front of him, his eyes became more and more severe.

"And what does he have to do with this painting exhibition?"

The security guard met Stefan's eyes, his body trembled, and his voice trembled when he answered.

"The exhibition is co-organized by Mr. Williams and Ms. Doyle. Don't you know it?"

This security guard had some understanding of entertainment news, so he knew Stefan had divorced Martha.

Yet he still had some doubts about the truth of their divorce after he heard Stefan's question.

Stefan's hand at his side clenched fiercely. His thin lip parted as he coldly stared at the security guard in front of him.

"Get out of my way."

The security guard trembled, but still firmly stopped in front of Stefan.

He looked at the grim-faced man with a sweaty face and said in a trembling voice, "Mr. Harrison, you really can't go in without an invitation."

"Get out!"

Stefan looked at the security guard standing in front of him with annoyance, his narrow eyes full of impatience.

The guard's body trembled slightly, and he lowered his head, not daring to speak again.

Just at this time, the security guard standing on the other side saw it and immediately turned around and went into the exhibition hall to find the person in charge of the exhibition hall.

By the time the person in charge rushed out, only Stefan's grumpy voice could be heard at the entrance of the exhibition hall.

"I'll buy the whole exhibition hall, see who dares to stop me!"

Stefan's face was very gloomy, and he was determined to buy the place when he returned.

When the person in charge heard this, his body trembled and he turned around and walked towards the office.

The security guard saw the situation and hurriedly pulled the person in charge and said in a panic, "You left, what about Mr. Harrison? Should we let him in?"

"You guys hold off for a while longer. I'll go in and ask Mr. Williams what he wants."

After the person in charge said this, he trotted towards the office.

This place was reserved by Mr. Williams, and now someone wanted to enter without an invitation, so he must have to ask Rhys for his opinion.

Soon the person in charge knocked on the door of the office with an apprehensive face.

Martha, Rhys, and Louis were talking in the office when they suddenly heard a knock on the door, and the three of them were silent.

Rhys frowned slightly, and a look of confusion flashed across his eyes.

And then he raised his eyes and said in a clear and cold voice, "Come in."

The person in charge heard these words, and then opened the office door with trembling hands.

As soon as he walked in, the eyes of the three people in the office instantly fell on him, making him even more nervous.

Rhys saw that it was the person in charge of the exhibition hall, the suspicion in his eyes deepened.

He frowned unnoticeably and asked lightly, "What is it?"

"Mr. Williams, the security guard stopped a person outside, that person didn't have an invitation and wanted to come in."

The person in charge lowered his head and said with a trembling voice.

Rhys cast a displeased glance at him, raised his hand and waved, his impatient voice sounded in the office.

"Just kick out those without invitations."

'If one can come in without an invitation, what's the use of Martha sending invitations?'

Rhys thought that after he said that, the person in charge would leave the place.

But to his surprise, the person in charge did not move. He opened his mouth to say something, but did not know how to say.

Just at this time, Martha's soft questioning voice rang.

"What's the matter? Is that person refusing to leave?"

The person in charge immediately nodded, looked hard at Ms. Doyle in front of him, and replied in a small voice, "That is the president of Harrison Group, and we ... we can only block him from coming in."

He was after all just a staff member. If he offended Harrison Group's president, his future days might be very difficult.

When Rhys and Louis heard this, they looked at each other with terrible faces.

They didn't expect that Stefan would come to the exhibition, not to mention that the latter would be so shameless.

Both of them were happy about Martha's divorce from Stefan. Yet they didn't quite understand what Stefan was doing here now.

Rhys frowned and was about to speak up to stop Stefan when Martha's voice sounded before him.

"Let him in."

Louis and Rhys heard the voice and looked sideways at Martha in unison.

They saw that the woman had a very indifferent look on her face, as if she was agreeing to something that had nothing to do with her.

When the person in charge heard this, he bowed his head and respectfully answered, "Yes."

Then he turned around and walked out of the office, and before he left, he closed the office door.

Martha took a sideways glance and saw these two men's face change slightly. She smiled and asked lightly, "What's wrong?"

After the two men looked at each other for a moment, it was Louis who asked a question first.

"Do you still have feelings for Mr. Harrison?"

Martha looked at them blandly, shrugged, and replied with a smile, "He and I are over."

Louis and Rhys looked at each other, both of them pursing their lips without speaking.

They both knew that Martha could not let go of Stefan so quickly and easily, so there was no point in talking about such things now.

Soon, the office door was pushed open by Stefan.

"Why didn't you send me an invitation?"

The three people in the office looked at Stefan who suddenly came in, all pursed their lips and did not say anything.

On the contrary, seeing Louis and Rhys in the office, Stefan was fuming with anger.

He glared at Martha and said mockingly, "No wonder you want a divorce so quickly, so you've found your next husband."

"What's Mr. Harrison doing here?"

Martha coldly looked at Stefan, who was full of anger, and faintly asked a question.

When Stefan heard this, his irritation increased and he looked at Martha with a more and more unfriendly gaze.

"Why didn't you send me an invitation, was it because you were afraid that I would see how sought-after you are now?"

The other three people exchanged glances, and the atmosphere in the office dropped to freezing point.

Louis looked at Stefan, his cold and sarcastic saying, "When you guys weren't divorced, wasn't I pursuing her too?"

Stefan's brows were knitted, the hand at his side clenched into a fist.

He remembered this man was Louis, a wealthy businessman who had just returned home.

It was the same man he had seen on the news the day he first came to his senses, the one who had acted intimately with Martha.

Stefan's eyes were slightly narrowed, his eyes were gloomy as he looked at the man in front of him, and the tone of his voice was incomparably cold, "We're divorced, so you're even more reckless?"

Chapter 304 Image

Louis' eyebrows were knitted, and the air around him dropped steeply to the freezing point.

"None of this has anything to do with Mr. Harrison, right? After all, you have nothing to do with Miss Doyle now."

The anger in Stefan's heart increased, and his sideways glance at Louis was as cold as ice.

Martha looked coldly at Stefan, who had suddenly arrived here, and a trace of puzzlement flashed in her eyes.

So, what was the reason for Stefan to come here today?

She thought, but asked in confusion, "So, Mr. Harrison, you're not here to see my exhibition today?"

Stefan looked back at Martha, his narrow eyes narrowed slightly.

"Of course, but I'm more curious which one of the three Miss Doyle will choose from."

At this time the office door was wide open, a reporter inadvertently passed by and heard these words.

The reporter immediately sensed that this would be a breaking story and walked to the office door with his camera.

When Martha saw the reporter at the door, her eyes were slightly downcast and her thoughts were complicated.

The next second, she looked up at Stefan with a smile and replied graciously and decently, "Mr. Harrison, we are divorced, this is my personal matter, it is not improper to talk to you about it."

Stefan suddenly froze in place not knowing what to say.

Indeed, he was no longer in any position to accuse Martha, but he was still unwilling to seem her flirt with other men.

The man pursed his lips, looked at Martha with a gloomy face, and stopped talking.

The reporter saw this scene, hurriedly sat down, turned around and quietly left the office door.

With a few photos and a few articles, his news would definitely cause a mighty uproar.

Martha saw Stefan being silent and did not care, turned her head and looked at Rhys and Louis sitting across the table with a light smile.

"You two might want to come with me to see my paintings, or you can give me some reminders."

"It's my honor."

Louis replied with a smile, making a very gentlemanly gesture.

Seeing this, Rhys also smiled and said, "That said, after being busy for so long, I have not properly appreciated your paintings, so let's go now."

Martha smiled and answered "yes", and took the lead to walk out of the office.

Stefan frowned unhappily at the direction the three left, and followed them.

Soon, the four came to a portrait of a sunrise.

Rhys' voice was admiring when he saw the scene of water and sky meeting.

"Miss Doyle, your painting skills are really superb, how can she paint the sunrise so vividly, as if she was in the scene."

No sooner had his words fallen than Louis' voice followed –

"Yes, the view of this painting is also a rare sight. In a thick foggy day, such a sunrise of colors is a spectacle."

Martha smiled and lightly explained.

"I painted this picture when I was working with Mr. Williams on the island. If it weren't for the fact that the island is bordered by the sea on all sides, I wouldn't have been inspired to paint it."

"I feel the painting a bit familiar, so it turns out it's the scene on the island."

The doubt in Rhys' eyes dispersed and he spoke with a smile.

Just at this time, Stefan's cool voice came into the ears of the three people.

"Why is the water on this painting so dark and black, it's not real at all."

"The water is naturally dark when the sky is not yet bright."

Martha frowned and opened her mouth indifferently to explain.

But after her explanation, Stefan continued to criticize the painting.

"It's okay that the water is dark, but the clouds are strange. The color scheme is so dark. It looks so depressing?"

Rhys' eyes sunk. He was about to go forward to argue with Stefan when Louis lightly asked a question.

"Or what color scheme does Mr. Harrison think is good for painting?"

"Bright. It's realistic."

Stefan raised his eyebrows at Martha and replied lightly.

When Martha heard this, she naturally understood that Stefan was saying that her painting was unrealistic.

Just because he hadn't seen it, could he say that her paintings were unrealistic?

She looked at Stefan with cold eyes, and her voice was full of indifference.

"Why does Mr. Harrison think my paintings are unrealistic?"

"Well, your imagination ran too wild when drawing pictures."

Stefan raised his eyebrows, and his cold voice rang out in the corridor.

The corner of Louis's lips curled slightly, and he asked out of the blue, "What does Mr. Harrison think is the greatest significance of the painting?"

"To sell it for a good price."

Stefan frowned and pondered for a while, and gave a pertinent answer.

In his opinion, the painter painted to sell the painting, and since it was to sell the painting, it must be measured by the price.

Therefore, the higher the price, the more it could prove the significance of the painting.

Just as his voice fell, Louis smiled and opened his mouth to retort.

"It's true that vulgar people only have eyes on money. Mr. Harrison, I overestimated you. I thought that you knew how to appreciate the beauty of art."

Stefan frowned slightly and unhappily glared at Louis.

He wanted to retort, but did not know how to retort.

At this moment, Martha, naturally, understood Louis' meaning.

Her eyes sank, looking at Stefan's eyes more and more indifferently, "I respect all the visitors. But if you're here to pick a fight, please leave, you are not welcome in my exhibition."

When Stefan heard this, the feeling of irritation in his heart increased, and his eyes grew dark when he looked at Martha.

Martha, on the other hand, ignored him and turned to Rhys and Louis to say a few polite words before going off to talk to other business people.

Rhys and Louis smiled at each other and went to admire the other paintings together.

Stefan watched Martha leave, his hand clenched into a fist at his side.

This damned woman, so ungrateful!

He was kind enough to tell her the shortcomings of her painting, but she made fun of him together with outsiders for not knowing anything.

Stefan glared at Martha's back as she left, and turned to leave the exhibition hall, but he stiffened in place when he saw burn marks on some of the furnishings in the exhibition hall ...

Some broken images flashed through his mind, that image had Martha, and the fire.

The paintings were burning in the fire, and then the image that he broke into the fire came to him.

Stefan thought of this and felt a splitting headache, and his chest became stuffy...

He pressed his temples hard, trying to suppress the pain coming from his head, and stumbled out of the exhibition hall.

Martha, who was standing not far away, talking with other business partners. Seeing Stefan's back as he left, her eyes sank.

After a moment, she returned to her senses and continued to chat with the partner in front of her.

As if everything that just happened was just a farce ...

Chapter 305 No, I don't know him

Three days later, the Doyle Group.

At this time, Martha was dealing with the planning of Headow Complex, but suddenly her thoughts were interrupted by an ear-splitting ring.

She took a look at her phone and saw clearly that it was a call from the prison.

When she thought of Hollie's escaping from prison, her eyes sank and she picked up the phone in her hand.

"Hello, this is Martha."

Martha's voice just fell, the police officer's strict voice came from the other side of the phone.

"Miss Doyle, I am Tommy working in the prison. We've worked out the investigation results of Hollie's case."

The woman in the office frowned slightly, her hand holding the phone unconsciously tightened, and she asked suspiciously, "What is the result?"

"Someone feigned a prison guard, and Hollie was released by that person."

As soon as the officer finished speaking, Martha asked impatiently, "What about Libby? Who killed her?"

"The same fake prison guard did it. Our forensic examiner has concluded Libby is killed by a kind of poison that is not available in the prison."

The officer's serious voice rang in Martha's ears, causing the latter.

The next second, her red lips lightly opened and she asked in a deep voice, "Who is that prison guard?"

"We checked the prison's records, and that watchman's information is false. Right now, there's no way to trace it."

The officer's voice had just fallen when Martha's cold voice came out of her red lips.

"No other information?"

"There's no news about that person yet."

The officer's serious voice came from the phone, causing Martha's face to darken.

Her eyebrows were knitted together and her mind was racing with thoughts.

Who would be able to enter and leave the prison so freely without leaving a single piece of information?

Somebody killed Libby to silence her, so how powerful could the person behind it be?

Soon, the officer's voice came again and interrupted Martha's thoughts.

"Miss Doyle, we will contact you again when we have relevant information."

The woman in the office's grip on the phone tightened again and asked in a deep voice.

"And do you have a picture of the prison guard?"

"Yes."

The police officer's answer this time did not disappoint Martha, who, upon hearing this, immediately said, "Can you send me a photo of that him, I want to be careful to watch out for it."

The police officer on the other side of the phone felt that Martha was right to think so, so he agreed to the latter's request.

Not long after hanging up the phone, Martha received some photos from the police officer.

The person in the photos was a man in his forties, and she was sure she hadn't seen this man before.

The man had a visible scar on his face, and she would have recognized this man if he was still in the city and she met him.

Only, would this man still be in this city?

And, who the hell was this man and why was he doing all this ...

Martha's eyes sank, and after putting down her phone, she stared blankly at the picture of the mysterious man on her phone.

Somehow, she always felt that this man was not yet the mastermind.

Why on earth would the person behind him want to do this, was he trying to put her to death?

She thought of her mother's death when she was a child and just felt that she was caught in a huge whirlwind.

...

It was late afternoon, outside the kindergarten.

It was time for school to end and the teacher stood at the entrance of the kindergarten with a group of children, waiting for the parents of the children to pick them up and take them home.

The teacher smiled and talked to Jimmy as she delivered the children to their parents.

Because Jimmy was smarter than the average child and was cute, the teachers loved this little guy.

Just after the teacher watched four or five more little girls being taken away by their parents, the little girls turned back to Jimmy and waved their hands.

"Bye, Jimmy."

“Jimmy, tomorrow I will bring my mom’s special dish, you must try it then!”

“Bye, Jimmy, I’m going home first.”

...

Jimmy smiled and said goodbye to them, and then turned his head to look at the teacher.

“Miss, tomorrow I will bring something that Granny Bianca made and share it with you.”

“Jimmy is so good.”

The teacher smiled and stroked Jimmy’s head, and couldn’t help but praise.

She really liked this little guy. He was cute, sweet-tongued, and smart.

After Jimmy heard this, he showed a big smile to the teacher.

At this time, the other side, in a black car that was parked not far away, a man sat in the driver’s seat and watched this scene.

He looked at Jimmy, who was standing not far away, and his eyes were dark.

He did not know why he came here. Somehow, he wanted to see this child

Stefan sat for a while, and then drove the car towards the kindergarten entrance.

Although Jimmy was chatting with the teacher, his eyes kept looking ahead, hoping to see the appearance of his mommy.

But he unexpectedly saw his daddy walking towards him step by step.

He looked back at the teacher and continued, “Don’t worry. I will finish his homework today.”

After the teacher smiled and praised Jimmy, she caught a glimpse of the man slowly walking towards him.

“Jimmy, is that your daddy?”

“No, I don’t know him.”

Jimmy turned his head and replied indifferently.

Stefan, who just walked in front of Jimmy, heard these words, and he frowned slightly, looking at Jimmy’s eyes with a little displeasure.

The first thing you need to do is to get a good idea of what you are doing.

The teacher standing on one side smiled and touched Jimmy’s head, understanding that this father and son must be in conflict.

She smiled, curled her lips, and said to Stefan, who was standing not far away.

“You two look so much alike, you must be Jimmy’s daddy, right?”

The man stiffened slightly and pursed his lips without speaking.

When he woke up, he disowned this child, and now ... how was he going to answer?

Although Jimmy didn't look at Stefan, he looked forward to hearing Stefan's answer when he heard the teacher's question.

To his disappointment, Stefan only looked at him and did not admit the relationship between them.

The little guy took a look at his daddy with a somewhat injured look, and the next second turned his head to show that he didn't care at all.

This man was so mean before; he did not care about this big bad man at all.

The teacher saw these two people being silent, feeling helpless.

The father and son were really like each other; even their temperament was so similar.

The teacher thought so, but said with a smile on her face, "There shall be no grudge between father and son. I advise you to find a place to talk."

Chapter 306 How dare this woman hit him

A few minutes later, in the park near the kindergarten.

Jimmy was sitting on a bench in the park, eating the ice cream in his hand with a smile on his face, enjoying himself.

Stefan, who was sitting next to him, looked at the child's appearance, and his eyes grew dark.

He had to admit that this child really looked a bit like him.

But, was this child really his own?

Stefan still did not want to believe this fact until now.

He hesitated for a long time before he finally couldn't help but ask a question.

"What's your name?"

Jimmy's hand holding the ice cream was tightened, and he didn't say anything as he looked down at the ice cream in his hand.

Suddenly, he pretended not to hear anything and continued to eat the ice cream in his hand.

Stefan did not hear the little guy's answer. Surprisingly he was not angry, but warmly asked another question.

"How old are you?"

Jimmy rolled his eyes helplessly and looked at his daddy as if he was looking at an idiot.

His daddy must have investigated him, so what was the point of asking him?

Did his daddy want so much to talk to him?

Jimmy thought of this and retorted.

“You have not investigated me? If you have, why do you ask questions knowingly?”

Stefan heard these words, his body stiffened, and he was speechless.

He was a little shocked at the little guy’s intelligence, but at the same time he felt a hint of pride that he did not notice.

Stefan had been watching Jimmy eat ice cream and did not say anything.

In a short while, Jimmy had finished all the ice cream in his hand.

He clapped his hands, jumped out of his chair and turned to look at the man still sitting on the bench.

“I’m done eating. Now I’m going home. I’ll leave first.”

Stefan looked helplessly at the little guy standing not far away, and even he hadn’t noticed that the irritation he felt during this time had long since disappeared without a trace.

This little guy was quite heartless, running away after eating his ice cream.

However, how could he just let Jimmy leave like that?

The man looked at the child with a deep gaze, his thin lips lightly opened as he coldly asked a question.

“Are you really my son?”

Jimmy rolled his eyes and, after humming, he replied in no good humor, “No.”

‘I don’t have a daddy as retarded as you, who forgets everything after a memory loss.’

When Stefan heard this, his eyes glared and he felt like beating the little guy up.

Jimmy was not polite to him at all.

Jimmy, as if not seeing his daddy’s displeasure, raised his eyebrows slightly and asked indifferently, “Is there anything else?”

Stefan’s thin lips were tightly pursed, and after a long period of silence, he asked another question.

“Who’s coming to take you home?”

Jimmy gave him a look and replied indifferently, “My mommy is coming to pick me up. She should be almost there.”

“I ...”

Stefan opened his mouth to say something else, but was interrupted by Jimmy.

“You should go home early too.”

After saying this, Jimmy turned around and slowly walked away alone carrying his small school bag.

On the other hand, in front of the kindergarten.

When Martha came, she didn't see Jimmy beside the teacher.

She frowned and asked with some urgency, "Miss, where is Jimmy? Why isn't he here?"

The teacher looked at her suspiciously, with a distinctly inquisitive look in her eyes.

Hadn't the child's father told the mother before picking up the child?

When Martha saw the teacher frozen, she was anxious and hurriedly raised her voice again to ask a question.

"Miss, where did Jimmy go?"

"Jimmy was picked up by the child's father."

The teacher came back to her senses and replied with a smile.

Martha's pupils shrank slightly, and the hand at her side tightened, a thin layer of sweat seeping out of her palm.

Stefan?

Was he the one who picked up Jimmy?

She anxiously grabbed the teacher's wrist and asked in a panic, "Where did they go?"

Hearing this, the teacher reached out and pointed to a park not far away.

"They seem to have gone together to that park over there."

Martha nodded and turned in the direction the teacher pointed, her eyes full of doubts.

Was the teacher talking about Stefan?

It seemed to her that Jimmy had been nonchalant about that man ever since Stefan had woken up in the hospital.

Now if that man came to pick up Jimmy, would Jimmy leave with him ...

Martha walked into the park with her doubts, and just as she walked in, she saw Jimmy standing not far from Stefan.

Her face sank and she walked quickly over to Jimmy, stopping in front of him and looking coldly at Stefan.

"You took my child without my permission, and I can sue you."

"He's my son, do I need your permission?"

Stefan looked at the woman in front of him coldly and sternly, his eyes filled with an icy glow.

Jimmy saw him doing this to his mommy and rushed forward, shielding her behind him.

"Who is your son? I'm not your son."

When the man heard this, He frowned and looked at Martha's eyes more and more coldly.

"That's how you taught your child!"

"It's my own business."

Martha reached out to take Jimmy's hand and replied coldly.

Stefan's hand on his side unconsciously tightened, and the tone of his voice became colder and colder.

"Your relationship with those men is so messy that the child is obviously not learning well from you."

The woman sneered at him and retorted coldly, "This is my business, not yours."

Stefan choked, and the air around him plummeted to freezing.

"I want custody of the child back, before you teach him badly."

Martha heard this and looked at Stefan with a look that changed from coldness to anger.

She glared at the man standing in front of her and retorted in a cold voice, "You are not qualified to be his father."

"If I'm not qualified, then other men are qualified to be his father?"

Stefan looked at the angry woman mockingly.

Martha was so angry that her body trembled, and she stepped forward in annoyance and raised her hand to give Stefan a slap.

The man felt a hot pain on his cheek, his body stiffened, and his long, narrow eyes were filled with shock.

This woman dared to hit him!

Not waiting for him to react, he saw Martha reach out and hold Jimmy tightly, looking at him with a determined face.

"If you dare to take away my child, I don't mind fighting with you to the death."

With those words, Martha took Jimmy and turned away from the spot.

When Stefan came back to his senses, the mother and son were long gone.

The man was stunned and reached out to touch his cheek that had been slapped, and his deep-set eyes carried a bit of helplessness.

It was strange. He was beaten by Martha and yet he actually felt sorry for her ...

Chapter 307 Don't want to bother with the amnesiac psycho

Martha got into the car with the child, her face was very pale, and Jimmy naturally knew that his mother was angry.

His small mouth was pursed, and he was even more annoyed with Stefan after his memory loss.

'Bad Daddy, just know to make Mommy angry!'

"Mommy, I am sorry ..."

Hearing the soft apology from the child, Martha then returned to her senses and turned her head to look at her son who was sitting in the passenger seat in a well-behaved manner.

She realized something, covered the emotion in her eyes, reached out and stroked the child's hair.

"I'm not mad at you, Jimmy."

Her child was so nice, how could she be angry with him?

Jimmy nodded, "I know, you're angry with that guy. But for me, you wouldn't have had an argument."

Martha laughed. She was indeed angry because of what Stefan had just said.

After all, every time that man said something, it hurt so much.

But none of that had anything to do with the child.

"Don't think too much about it ... but next time Jimmy, after school, make sure you wait with the teacher at the school gate for me to pick you up, don't follow ..."

Martha was just about to say, "don't follow strangers", but once she thought about Stefan's relationship with Jimmy...

She instantly changed the subject.

"You just ate ice cream, so you have to go back and take your medication properly tonight."

Jimmy was taking medication for his current health condition, so he was not allowed to eat ice cream.

Jimmy heard this and immediately nodded his head in a good manner.

...

This night, Stefan did not go back, but stayed in the office for the night.

Touching his face that was sore from being hit, he cursed in his heart.

'The damned woman is so cruel!'

He flipped through the papers in his hand, but he couldn't read them, all he could think of was Martha's face.

She was smiling at another man while looking at him in displeasure.

It was obvious she was angry when she slapped him in the face.

The way she treated him just proved that she betrayed him, right?

The more Stefan thought about it, the angrier he became, but by the time he reacted to the fact that he was thinking about Martha again, an hour had passed.

“Damn it, why do I keep thinking about her!”

He despised himself at the moment. He was the one who proposed the divorce, and she was the one who was forced to accept it.

But now, the one thinking about her was him, and she ...

She did not care about him at all.

A voice deep in his heart told him that he would not allow himself to be ignored by Martha like this!

Stefan picked up his car keys and left the office at a fast pace.

At night, the Doyle Manor.

Martha came out of the shower and looked at the invitations on the table.

In a trance, she went back to the two years when she first became a painter, and in the same way, she conquered the public by her painting, and became the successful one in the art world, with invitations from all over the world, and was the center of attention everywhere she went.

She was still Sunnay, the famous painter who won back her glory through a painting exhibition.

Martha enjoyed being in the spotlight on her own merits.

Looking at her mother’s portrait, she whispered, “Mom, I did it.”

Having succeeded and fulfilled the high expectations given by her mother, she was now a successful business person in the city and a famous painter in the world.

It seemed that there was nothing that was not perfect anymore.

Except for ...

At the thought of that person, Martha smiled in self-mockery.

“Without love, without marriage, my life would be fine, right? Mom?”

Love and marriage were only a small part of her life. Her mother could sacrifice everything for her father. Yet for Martha, she no longer had the courage to give everything for her beloved ones.

On the table, the phone buzzed, and Martha looked back at the screen, then frowned and grimaced the next second.

She hung up, without hesitation.

She didn’t want to have any entanglement with an amnesiac psychopath.

Chapter 308 Why are you so resistant to me?

But the psychopath had to tangle with her, and the phone kept vibrating. It seemed that if she didn’t answer, he would call her all night long.

Martha picked up the phone and was about to turn it off when the man sent another message...

[I'm outside your house, come out and meet me.]

His commanding tone, no doubt, sounded still so self-righteous and overbearing.

But ...

Martha looked at the time, it was late, and wondered what Stefan was up to again.

Not wanting to disturb her father and Jimmy's sleep, Martha could only put on her coat and leave the room with her phone.

When she left the villa, she saw a black car parked under a shady tree on the side of the road.

Martha stood outside the house with a cold look on her face, unmoved.

The man in the car saw her reluctance to come over, his thin lips pursed and he got out of the car and walked towards the woman.

"Why didn't you answer my calls?"

Stefan walked over and stopped a step away from Martha.

He just looked at her, and she turned her head sideways, oblivious to the man blocking her view in front of her.

"Martha, I'm asking you a question."

The man's tone grew impatient, while Martha gave him a wan look, ignoring the question that was boring to her and asking him back, "What do you want to do?"

He was the one who was determined to get a divorce. She thought he would not pester her like he did before after he had a memory loss.

Yet she underestimated this man's cheekiness.

He even tried to steal the child's custody from her. How ridiculous!

Stefan was momentarily speechless by this question. What was he doing here?

He was suddenly enlightened and snorted, "I'm here to inform you, although we are divorced, I don't allow you to date or marry any other men in a period of time, considering the healthy growth of the child."

Hearing this unreasonable request, Martha sneered. 'Who does he think he is?'

"If you just want to talk nonsense, then I don't have the time for you."

She said, turning around to go back.

Stefan subconsciously reached out and grabbed Martha's arm, leaning forward the next second and tugging her into his arms.

Martha stumbled and almost fell, and the moment she got into his arms, she frowned, wanting to break free.

But apparently, it wasn't that easy.

Stefan grabbed her wrist with one hand and held her waist with the other. They were close to each other, his breath spraying on her neck. Martha's eyes shrank. She was annoyed at his approach...

"Let go!"

If she had said these two words before, he would still have had a reason to argue with her.

But now that they were divorced, she could sue him for sexual assault if he did that.

Stefan's eyes were cold. He refused to let go. The fragrance of the woman's body after bathing was so familiar that he unconsciously wanted to get closer to her...

"Martha, why are you so resistant to me?"

If, according to Giana and Amanda, she should have coveted his money and power, she should have begged for it when he came near her, instead of resisting him as she did now.

"Isn't it right to resist my ex-husband's sexual harassment?"

She deliberately highlighted "ex-husband", which angered him.

"Then who do you want to be intimate with? Louis, or Rhys?"

Chapter 309 Don't go

Martha bit her lip. Again!

'Does this man have to dwell on this kind of thing?'

"Stefan, stop it!"

Martha broke away from the man's arms, and if it weren't not for the fact that she didn't want to cause a commotion in the middle of the night, she would have slapped him again.

"I don't see the point of you saying and doing this now. You should go back and read the marriage law, after both parties are divorced, my freedom of life should not be controlled by you! Again, who you like is your business, but you have no right to forbid me to have contact with others!"

Not to mention that she didn't have that kind of feelings for Louis or Rhys, and if she did, what did it have to do with Stefan?

Stefan was furious and grunted, "I don't allow you to be with other men!"

Martha found that after the amnesia, Stefan became more disgusting.

He thought that everyone had to do things that pleased him.

"You don't allow it? Then give me a reason."

"I ..." Stefan opened his mouth, but the following words stuck in his throat.

He didn't know the reason either.

'Is it because she is his ex-wife?'

'Or is it his pride that doesn't allow his ex-wife to date other men?'

'Or ...'

Suddenly, he frowned as dizziness and pain hit him.

"Hiss—"

Because of the pain, Stefan took two steps backward, held his head with both hands, clenched his teeth, and almost fell to his knees in pain.

Martha did not expect it, looking at the man's painful appearance, her eyes showed sympathy, but only for a moment, she hid the emotion in her eyes, and turned to leave.

Her inner voice told her: Martha, don't look back, his matters are none of your business.

But—

"Don't go ..."

The man's murmured painful and persistent voice came.

She looked back at Stefan who was in pain but couldn't release her, Martha chilled down and said, "You should go to the hospital now."

To see a doctor, not to tangle with her here again.

Stefan was holding back the pain, shaking his head insistently, and his deep-est eyes betrayed coldness.

He looked at the face in front of him, and all that came to mind was her.

"Don't go."

Stefan refused to let go. For some reason, he felt that when she turned around, they would never see each other again.

Martha had never seen this man look so pained yet stoic. She just couldn't understand, if she didn't leave, wouldn't he be in pain?

Finally, she darkened her complexion and said after two seconds of silence, "I'll have the driver take you to the hospital."

She guessed he was in bad conditions.

"Martha, tell me, what was our past like?"

He just wanted to know it from her now.

He just wanted to hear her say it.

With a splitting headache, he braced himself. Stefan's actions seemed inscrutable to Martha.

What was the point of his question at this time?

Besides ...

The past was a joke to us.

The best way to end this was for Martha to wish that Stefan would forget it.

She raised her eyes and met Stefan's deep, bottomless eyes. The next moment, she pulled her hand away with force and told him in an extremely cold, clear voice.

"In the past, you hated me, and I never loved you."

The truth no longer mattered.

'Stefan, since you've forgotten, then don't remember it again...'

Chapter 310 Can't help but feel sad

After that night, Stefan didn't bother Martha anymore.

Martha thought it was because that night, what she said had been very straightforward, that was why Stefan didn't bother her now.

It was good that he didn't come back, because at least she wouldn't be afraid of losing custody of Jimmy to him.

And Jimmy hasn't seen Stefan since that day.

The little guy sometimes thought about the day Stefan came to him, but he never waited for him to come again.

He thought he didn't care too much after Stefan left.

But now he felt a great sense of loss.

He thought that since Stefan didn't come to them, Stefan really abandoned him and Mommy.

Jimmy thought about this and kept trying to make himself not care, but he still couldn't help but feel sad.

Bianca was the first one to notice Jimmy's depression.

She made dessert and took Jimmy out for a walk, but it didn't make Jimmy feel better.

She wanted to talk to Martha, but the latter was busy with work these days. She heard that the Doyle Group and Louis' partnership would soon come to an end, and that they would wait for the Meadow Complex to be sold to see if the sales would be satisfactory.

She heard from Maxwell that if the sales results were good, then Louis should have another cooperation with the Doyle Group.

The Doyle Group had become a listed company with this partnership, and if there was another cooperation project, the Doyle Group would become no worse than Harrison Group and the Williams Group.

Bianca knew she should let Martha get busy with her work first, but Jimmy's business was more important than work.

She watched the child's mood for two days, and finally could not resist waiting for Martha to come home that night to talk to the latter.

When Martha came back, it was already more than ten o'clock.

As soon as she came back, she put down her bag and turned around to check on the child, but she was stopped by Bianca.

Bianca looked at her with a tired face and said in a warm voice, "He is already asleep."

"Bianca, thanks."

Martha saw Bianca in front of her with a tired face and couldn't help but feel some heartache.

Bianca shook her head slightly and pulled her to the dining table to sit down, then spoke.

"Wait for me here, I have prepared soup for you, now I'll bring it to you."

After Bianca said this, she turned around and left.

Not long after, she returned with a bowl of chicken soup and placed it in front of Martha.

Martha smiled as she took the spoon and began to drink the soup. After she put the spoon down, she looked at Bianca standing in front of her with a thankful face.

"Thanks, Bianca."

Bianca showed a smile and looked at Martha sitting in front of her.

"You are getting busier and busier lately."

"After this period of time, if the Headow Complex cooperation case is well received, I'm afraid I will be even busier."

Martha looked at Bianca helplessly and replied, looking at the soup in her hand and praising it.

"Your soup is good, I've been working so hard lately, yet I've gained a lot of weight."

"You haven't gained weight! You're too thin, you should eat more."

Bianca said, carrying the bowl that Martha had just emptied, and walked towards the kitchen, ready to give the latter another bowl of chicken soup.

Martha saw this scene and hastily reached out to pull Bianca back.

"I can't eat anymore."

"This is the soup I made especially for you, drink some more."

After she said this gently, she smiled and walked towards the kitchen.

It didn't take long for her to carry the chicken soup and place it in front of Martha, and she once again sat across from Martha.

"Drink it while it's hot."

"Bianca, I really can't drink it anymore."

Martha looked helplessly at the woman sitting across from her and said in a petulant manner.

Bianca smiled and said coaxingly, "Then drink slowly, I still have something to tell you."

"What is it?"

Martha asked, puzzled. Her hand paused.

The next second, the smile on the corners of Bianca's mouth disappeared.

"Jimmy does not seem to be in a good mood lately. He's been spiritless."

Martha heard this and nodded.

In fact, she could feel Jimmy's recent low mood.

After all, Jimmy was her own child, so how could she not know why Jimmy's mood was low.

But, she didn't know how to persuade the child.

She thought about it and said with a bitter smile, "Jimmy is just a child after all, I don't know how to persuade him."

She couldn't just tell the kid a bunch of reasons why she couldn't be with Stefan and then force him to accept the reality, right?

Bianca nodded, looked down and pondered for a while before speaking her thoughts in a deep voice.

"Kids love to play, why don't you take him out for a walk?"

Martha nodded and could not help but frown.

"Will that be okay?"

"Staying at home all the time is not good, you take him out to play, maybe his mood will get better."

Bianca persuaded in a gentle voice, suddenly thought of something and her voice was lowered.

Now that the Doyle Group's partnership with Louis had reached the most critical stage, would it affect the progress of the partnership to let Martha take Jimmy out for fun?

She thought about this and couldn't help but ask.

"Is it not appropriate for you to take Jimmy out at this critical moment?"

Martha smiled and immediately understood what Bianca meant.

She relaxed her brow and said with a smile, "Father can not leave you, Bianca."

When Bianca heard this, her eyes dropped slightly and her ears reddened, "What nonsense are you talking about?"

"I'm serious. My father still needs you to take care of, so only I can take Jimmy out."

Martha smiled as she picked up a spoon and began to drink the soup in the bowl, her large eyes still carrying a faint sadness.

In the end, she still hoped that Jimmy could slowly move past his feelings for Stefan.

Otherwise, she was afraid that Jimmy would be even more disappointed with Stefan in the future.

Bianca slowly nodded, and asked worriedly, "But the Doyle Group's cooperation with Louis is still ongoing, and can you make time?"

Martha's hand paused, bowed her head and answered.

"It should be possible, the cooperation case is all ready now, just waiting for the opening, Louis should agree to it."

Bianca breathed a sigh of relief and talked to Martha about something else, and they went to their respective rooms.

Martha returned to her room, thought for a moment, and then called Louis.

The phone was quickly answered, and a deep male voice rang out in the room.

"Miss Doyle?"

Martha frowned slightly and asked in a businesslike manner, "It's me, Louis. I called you so late to ask you about the opening ceremony of Headow Complex. Can it be postponed for a few days?"