

## Good bye 31

### chapter 31 online free

At two o'clock that afternoon, Martha gathered several shareholders and senior executives who had stayed in the Doyle Group for a long time in her father's name.

She told them about her return and informed them to attend a shareholders' general meeting at three in a conference room.

At 3 PM, when Martha arrived at the conference room, she saw Hollie and some other senior executives waiting for her.

Only a few shareholders and senior executives in the room had worked for Maxwell. The rest were new. Martha narrowed her gaze slightly as she had known Hollie would arrive without invitation.

However, it was not that bad. It saved her from the trouble of coming to Hollie personally.

While she was thinking, Hollie said, "Martha, you want to hold a shareholder's meeting. Why didn't you inform me ahead? I could have helped you arrange it. Your short notice really caught me off guard."

Martha studied Hollie's meaningful smile, her eyes dark.

After withdrawing her gaze, she bypassed Hollie and stood next to the host's chair.

Except for a few shareholders on her left-hand side, she didn't know the rest people.

Martha could tell the Doyle Group's board of directors had changed greatly in the past five years.

She glanced around the room, her gaze falling on the old shareholders.

"I'm the oldest daughter of the Doyle family, so I also own this company."

As soon as her words left her mouth, the shareholders obedient to Hollie objected.

"Mr. Doyle has signed the transfer to our current acting president. Think you have the final say?"

Martha looked in that direction after glancing at Hollie.

"I was said to be dead back then, so Hollie became the acting president. Now that I've returned, Hollie, an illegitimate daughter, cannot be the acting president of the Doyle Group."

The shareholders exchanged glances unhappily.

The new shareholders were obedient to Hollie. The old ones thought Martha was so rude to say that since Hollie had helped the Doyle Group passed its crisis back then.

For a moment, the conference room was silent.

An old shareholder heaved a sigh to break the silence in the end.

"Miss Martha, after your father had a stroke, Miss Hollie asked Mr. Harrison to save our company. Or our company would have gone bankrupt and owed a lot of debts."

Others also echoed him.

"Exactly. If Miss Hollie hadn't asked for help, the Doyle Group wouldn't have existed."

"Miss Hollie has helped our Doyle Group survive and develop."

"Miss Martha, after you return, you want to kick down the ladder and deny what Miss Hollie has contributed to our company?"

...

Martha listened to the shareholders' words, realizing they were here to put on a show.

However, she couldn't deny the words from the old shareholders.

Hollie had played a big part in making the Doyle Group what it was today.

Martha clenched her fists while glancing at all the shareholders.

"Are you willing to make the Doyle Group be run by another company? It used to be an independent

company, but now it has to rely on another company.”

“I believe you all are competent. Why are you willing to accept your fate and submit to another company?”

Martha could tell her words made the shareholder begin to hesitate.

Taking the chance, she raised her voice and added, “The Harrison Group invests in us and assists us in our operations. If one day, they took back their funds, what would you do? Do you want to let others decide your destiny?”

For a moment, all the shareholders kept silent.

With an annoyed look, Hollie looked up at Martha.

“What do you mean? You are smearing the Harrison Group.”

Martha calmly smiled at her. “I’m telling you the fact. We can let the Harrison Group remove their funds and buy back our shares in their hands. Then our Doyle Group will become independent. Don’t you want it?”

The shareholders wanted to object earlier. Upon hearing her words, they calmed down, looking shocked.

They had never expected Martha to say something so bold.

If the Doyle Group could become independent, their dividends would also increase.

Thinking of that, they stared at Martha in excitement and expectation. However, because of Hollie’s presence, they didn’t know how to respond.

Hollie snorted at Martha, “Remove their funds? Do you have so much money to buy the shares back? Besides, you don’t know anything about our company’s current status and operation at all.”

After a pause, Hollie continued to speak in a mocking voice, “Without the Harrison Group’s protection, we can never...”

Before she finished her words, Martha interrupted her icily, “Hollie, the Doyle Group can’t make it because you’re the acting president.”

Her words embarrassed Hollie, who was too tongue-tied to retort.

Slightly raising her head, Martha looked at the shareholders and continued, “If I can make our company independent, whoever has the most shares will be the new acting president.”

She ended the meeting with those words.

As long as she bought back the Doyle Group’s shares from Stefan, she would have the right to operate the company.

By then, Hollie wouldn’t have any right to stay in the Doyle Group.

...

When Martha left the Doyle Group’s building, Jane called her.

She said anxiously, “Miss Doyle, none of the lawyers in this city dares to take your divorce case. What shall we do now?”

Martha lowered her eyes, her eyelashes fluttering slightly.

She knew no one could afford to provoke Stefan, so she had expected this to happen.

She replied sullenly, “Let’s stop looking for a lawyer. Send the divorce agreement to the Harrison Group.”

...

5 PM.

Stefan’s office.

Stefan gazed at the received divorce agreement sullenly. Suddenly, he picked it up and tore it into

pieces.

'Damned woman! How dare she!'

The broken pieces of paper fell to the ground. Suddenly, the office telephone rang.

Stefan took several deep breaths before answering it.

His assistant briefed him on what Martha had said at the Doyle Group today.

Stefan hung up the phone with a gloomy face, exuding a cold vibe.

Martha wanted to gain back the shares, but he wouldn't make it easy for her.

He wouldn't make it easy for Martha to get what she wanted, at least not now.

## **chapter 32 online free**

One day before the art exhibition.

Martha's hotel room.

Jane worriedly looked at Martha on the sofa and asked in confusion, "We've sent the invitation to all the influential families and famous businessmen and businesswomen in the upper class except the Harrison Group's president. Would it be too inappropriate?"

After all, no one in this city could afford to provoke the Harrison Group. If Martha offended them, she would be stuck into much trouble in the future.

Martha didn't care about it at all and waved her hand at Jane nonchalantly.

She was about to tell Jane she didn't want to see someone she was unwilling to meet, but suddenly, she recalled the sponsor was Rhys.

She couldn't cause a grudge between Rhys and Stefan just because she was unwilling to invite Stefan to her art exhibition.

Realizing it, Martha knocked on the table and said, "Send an invitation to the Harrison Group."

...

At 9 AM. The following morning. The art exhibition center.

Seeing more people gathering at the door, Martha nodded in satisfaction.

She would seek opportunities and establish connections through her art exhibition, so it must go smoothly.

After glancing at the people present, she slightly breathed a sigh of relief.

The opening ceremony would start soon, but none from the Harrison Group had shown up. She didn't think Stefan would have the time to come over.

She also didn't see Hollie. It was understandable. Hollie would only make a fool of herself in public if she appeared.

9:30 AM.

The host started the ceremony on time.

The exhibition hall was huge, covered by a red carpet.

Outside the entrance, lined flower baskets were placed along the aisle with colorful balloons.

The host's crisp voice sounded, "This is the first time Sunnay, the famous artist, holds an art exhibition in our city. Let's welcome Sunnay and Mr. Williams, the sponsor, to the stage."

Martha and Rhys went onto the stage together, walking towards the platform where there was a red ribbon.

Martha wore a black dress, waving at the reports in front of the stage.

Rhys walked beside her, naturally wrapping his arm around her waist.

Feeling his approach, Martha furrowed her eyebrows slightly and wanted to dodge, but Rhys held her too tightly for her to break free.

Since the reporters were watching and taking photos of them, Martha had to suppress her unhappiness and walk forward cooperatively.

Soon, they stopped behind the red ribbon and accomplished the ribbon-cutting ceremony.

After that, the host led all the influential people to the art gallery.

All went into the gallery.

The art gallery was also carefully decorated. With the artwork on the wall, the whole place looked high-end with elegance.

When browsing the paintings, all the guests praised Sunnay's painting and drawing skills.

...

Meanwhile, Joann walked towards the exhibition entrance in a dark blue evening gown with delicate makeup.

When she was about to enter it, the security guards stopped her.

"Excuse me, Miss. Please show your invitation."

Joann stiffened. She looked at the security guard suspiciously and asked, "I'm Joann Lowe. Don't you know me?"

"Sorry, but I don't know you," one security guard answered.

Then he said professionally, "This exhibition center has been reserved for the art exhibition. People without an invitation cannot enter. If you are a reporter, please wait in that area. If you are here for the exhibition, please show us your invitation."

Feeling embarrassed, Joan clenched her hands at her side into fists.

It was just an art exhibition, but she didn't expect there would be so many requirements.

Meanwhile, two actresses who had just entered the exhibition center looked in Joann's direction.

One asked in confusion, "Isn't that Joann Lowe?"

"I didn't expect her to be so cheeky. She came over without an invitation. She thought she could do anything as the exhibition was sponsored by Mr. Williams, huh?" the other echoed in mockery, looking at Joann.

When she saw the confusion on her companion's face, she added ironically, "Don't you know Mr. Williams has dumped her? She couldn't get any goodacting jobs in the past four years, let alone being invited to this art exhibition."

Joann heard their mockery, frowning at them in anger.

The actress was annoyed by her glare. Pulling her companion towards Joann, she stared at Joann in sarcasm.

"You are just a C-list star blocked by the security guards. We were invited. Think you can be comparable to us?"

Joann stomped in anger and turned away.

After taking a few steps, she looked back at the exhibition center in hatred and fury.

'It's all your fault, Martha. If you weren't against me back then, I wouldn't have ended up so miserably.'

Lowering her head, Joann clenched her fists tightly.

'Your art exhibition? I'll make you vanish from this city tomorrow, Martha!'

...

Many people entered the art exhibition, speaking highly about the artwork and the artist.

Martha had been used to the praise for the past few years, so she kept calm.

Rhys, however, felt surprised.

"I heard Sunnay's name in the art field for a long time. After seeing your artwork, I'm indeed impressed," Rhys praised Martha with a smile, standing in front of her landscape picture.

"Thank you, Mr. Williams," Martha answered modestly.

Curling his lips into a playful smile, Rhys walked closer to her and whispered, "Why isn't your ex-husband here?"

His questions made Martha slightly blink with a weird look in her eyes.

The next second, she concealed it and answered, "I don't care if he's here or not."

"Don't you feel disappointed about his absence?"

Rhys gazed at her without blinking, testing her reaction.

Martha frowned and answered coldly and aloofly, "Mr. Williams, if you kept bantering me like this, I would think you were too vapid."

Rhys chuckled.

"I was kidding. Don't always put on a sullen look. You should smile more."

As soon as his joking words left his mouth, a reporter next to them suddenly yelled, "Mr. Harrison arrives!"

Then the cameras focusing on Rhys and Martha were shifted to the man standing nearby.

Rhys then shifted his gaze towards the man not far away.

Martha stiffened. After a short moment, she looked back in Stefan's direction.

Meeting her gaze, Stefan walked towards her.

The reporters noticed their reactions and gossiped in low voices.

"Isn't it said Mr. Harrison has divorced Miss Doyle?"

"Who knows? They might still be in love."

"But... Isn't it said Miss Hollie Doyle is in love with Mr. Harrison?"

### **chapter 33 online free**

Pressing his thin lips, Stefan darted at the reporters who were discussing and then at Martha.

Rhys watched the fun with a faint smile on his lips.

Upon hearing the reporters' discussions, Martha glanced at Stefan and then looked at the reporters.

"Thank you for coming to my art exhibition. I'm sure you are here because you like my artwork."

Martha broke off purposely, glancing around. Then she continued, "Therefore, I hope you all can pay attention to my paintings instead of someone unimportant."

The onlookers thought her words made sense, and they walked away immediately.

They all carefully studied her pictures and read the attached stories in the description.

Martha breathed a sigh of relief.

After glancing at Stefan, she walked to a guest, who was staring at a picture in admiration, and gave him an introduction. "I painted this picture when I was in the prairie. At that time..."

Stefan watched her nearby, his eyes intense.

He realized Martha had become a mature woman, unlike the one unable to live without him.

He had to admit that he had underestimated Martha's competence.

...

At 4:30 PM, guests in the exhibition hall gradually dissipated.

Only a few important staff members stayed.

Stefan gazed at Martha, striding towards her.

Then he stood in front of her and said, "Come with me, Martha."

Martha heard the familiar voice. She stiffened and stood still.

Before she figured out what to answer, Rhys, standing next to her, invited her, "Miss Sunnay, our opening ceremony is successful today. May I have the pleasure to invite you for dinner tonight?"

Martha was in a dilemma, pressing her red lips together.

Stefan scowled at Rhys and then stared at Martha. "Don't you want to discuss the divorce? Come with me. Or I won't give you any chance again," he uttered indifferently.

When Rhys heard the word "divorce", the smile on his lips froze instantly.

Martha had to nod her agreement, following Stefan out of the exhibition center.

Rhys stood motionlessly while gazing at their receding figures. Soon, he cast down his eyes to cover the emotions in them.

...

On the other side, after leaving the exhibition center, Martha and Stefan sat in his car.

After Martha closed the door, Stefan started the engine.

Martha immediately stopped him, "Talk in the car. We're not going anywhere."

With these words, Martha turned her head, looked straight at him, and asked coolly, "Do you agree to sign the divorce agreement?"

"I've torn it into pieces," Stefan withdrew his hands and answered icily.

Martha glared at him unhappily. "What do you mean by doing so?"

"That's my line. What do you mean?"

Stefan looked into her eyes intensely.

Martha was taken aback. An ironic smile touched her lips. "I mean to make your wish come true. You wanted to divorce me four years ago. Are you unwilling now?"

With a stern look, Stefan looked away.

His reaction sent Martha into helplessness and anger.

Clenching her fists, she mocked, "We should have divorced long ago."

Stefan replied, his tone going colder, "I won't divorce you."

Frowning, Martha gazed at him in mockery, "We hadn't seen each other for four years. Did you fall in love with me after seeing me again?"

Her words made Stefan's heart skip a beat. Looking annoyed, he pressed his thin lips without speaking.

"I don't care why you refuse to divorce me. We've parted for four years, which has formed the condition for us to divorce," Martha looked away and said expressionlessly.

However, she didn't receive any answer she wanted after a long time, feeling annoyed.

"If you're unwilling to sign the divorce agreement, I'll see you in court. I'll file the lawsuit even if I cannot find a lawyer. I must divorce you."

With those words, Martha opened the door without waiting for Stefan's response, got down, and strode towards the art exhibition center.

The door was slammed shut. Stefan smashed his fists on the steering wheel fiercely.

He gazed at her receding figure, his face full of anger.

...

Shortly after, Martha returned to the exhibition hall.

Rhys had left.

She dragged her exhausted body into the art studio, sitting on the bench in silence.

Feeling the burning pain in her heels caused by the high heels, Martha felt she had been burnt out. Shortly after, Martha, who was resting, suddenly heard some light footsteps outside the art studio. She thought Jane was in the corridor, so she stood up and walked out.

However, she didn't see Jane but two men who sneaked in.

They wore black clothes and shoes while holding gas and lighters, standing outside the art gallery.

Martha hurriedly strode towards them and snapped, "Who are you? What do you want?"

The two men were caught red-handed, looking back at her in a panic.

They didn't expect to see someone in the exhibition hall so late in the evening.

Sniffing, Martha realized the air was full of the gas smell. Immediately, she figured out what they wanted to do.

"If you don't want to go to jail, put down the gas and get out of here."

The two men stopped in their tracks. The next second, they rushed into the art gallery.

Seeing their reactions, Martha stepped forward to grab the gas cans they were holding to stop them from doing anything.

However, one man pushed her away. Her head hit the door frame, and she felt dizzy.

Trying hard to keep her eyes open, Martha couldn't do anything but faint gradually.

Before losing consciousness, she heard a man's voice. "She's fainted."

...

Half an hour later, the art gallery was full of smoke. Fire sparkled.

All the artworks were on paper, so the fire spread quickly. Shortly after, more than half of the artworks had been destroyed.

Meanwhile, Martha was still unconscious in the thick smoke.

### **chapter 34 online free**

On the other side, Stefan was on the way to the Harrison Villa.

All the landscapes outside the window flashed, and quiet darkness was awaiting ahead.

Stefan became more irritable.

He didn't understand why Marsha could not sense his kindness but fought against him stubbornly.

The next second, an idea popped up in his mind and he pressed the brake pedal immediately.

He pulled out his phone and dialed Martha's number.

Meanwhile, lying on the art gallery's floor, Martha was surrounded by smoke.

The vibration on her phone woke her up gradually.

Feeling the sharp pain in the back of her head, Martha opened her eyes dizzily and saw the gray smoke around her. She coughed fiercely.

She pressed her hands against the door to stand up, but the next second, she hurriedly withdrew them due to the heat.

The fire burned fiercely around her, and more and more smoke gathered. All this made Martha's heart sink.

Dizzily, she picked up her phone to answer the call that might help her.

As soon as she swiped to answer, Stefan's cold voice sounded, "You want the Doyle Group's shares, don't you? As long as you..."

Before he finished speaking, Martha coughed fiercely.

She tried hard to repress it and used all her strength to interrupt him hoarsely, "Help, Stefan..."

Before finishing her words, she lacked the strength to hold the phone. It dropped to the floor nearby. Staring at it, she wished to move over and pick it up to tell Stefan where she was.

However, she suffocated after inhaling too much smoke. Covering her chest, she couldn't stop coughing at all.

On the other end of the line, Stefan didn't hear Martha finish her words and became tense.

She coughed fiercely but didn't speak for a long time. Stefan immediately started the engine and made a U-turn to return.

Within the following 20 minutes, Stefan ran several red lights before pulling up to the exhibition center. As soon as he hopped off the car, he saw the fire in the exhibition center, above which was thick smoke. Stefan panicked.

According to Martha's voice earlier, he realized she must have been trapped inside.

Stefan hurriedly ran into the exhibition hall.

Unfortunately, the exhibition center was too large. He failed to find Martha after searching for 15 minutes.

As the smoke became thicker, he felt more uneasy gradually.

Suddenly, he thought of the art studio.

Stefan immediately turned around and ran towards it. His heart tightened as if it was squeezed by a big hand.

When he passed by the exhibition hall, the paintings on the wall almost smashed on him, but he only ran forward.

On the way, some burning pictures piled on the floor. Stefan dodged them and bypassed each corner.

Five minutes later, he finally reached the art studio and saw the familiar figure lying nearby.

Martha was on the floor, and on the wall above were the burning and falling picture frames.

"Martha!" Stefan called her.

Upon hearing the familiar voice, Martha slightly opened her eyes and stared at the tall, sturdy figure in front.

'Stefan?'

Was it her illusion?

"Bang!"

Something heavy smashed on the ground.

At that moment, she was lifted with a man's suit jacket on her shoulders.

Martha was taken aback.

In Stefan's arms, she looked at his face dizzily in confusion, wondering if it was her illusion before death.

Stefan lowered his head to check on Martha, only to notice her losing consciousness gradually. Panic flashed into his eyes. He encouraged her, "Hang on, Martha!"

"Is that really you, Stefan? Or just my illusion before death?"

Martha stared at him in a daze and wanted to touch his cheek. However, after raising her hand, she lost her strength and her hand dropped feebly.

Stefan's pupils constricted. "I'm here. You won't die."

Four years ago, Martha died once. Now, he wouldn't let the tragedy happen again.

The thought made him quicken his pace. He ran towards the entrance as fast as he could.

...

Onlookers had gathered around the exhibition center.

The firefighters tried to put out the fire. However, it was too fierce and spreading.



The exhibition center's staff watched the scene while discussing it.

"There shouldn't be anyone in the center, right?"

"How horrible! Why is the center suddenly on fire?"

...

Upon hearing their discussions, Joann curled her lips into a sneer, which became broader and broader.

Even if the fire was put out later, nothing should be left in the gallery.

'Martha, you must suffer while watching this. You deserved it! How dare you show off! It's your karma.'

With a delightful smile, Joann turned around and was about to leave the exhibition center.

Suddenly, her phone vibrated in her pocket.

Seeing the caller ID, Joann answered it joyfully.

"Ms. Lowe, we've done the thing you asked us to, but..."

Joann's face changed. She asked anxiously, "But what?"

The man stammered, "When we set the fire, a woman was in the art studio. She came out after hearing our footsteps and saw our faces. We couldn't do anything but knocked her out."

Joann's face changed dramatically. She tightened her grip on the phone.

'A woman? Is it Martha?'

Her hands trembled, and she asked in a panic, "Where is she now?"

"We left her there, set the fire and left. She should still be in the art studio."

Joann widened her eyes in shock. Martha was still inside. Was she burned to death?

She only wanted to destroy the pictures to teach Martha a lesson but never wanted to kill Martha.

Joann looked over at the exhibition center in a daze, panic filling her eyes.

The fire had spread and become too fierce for her to enter.

'Martha, if you died, don't blame me! I've never wanted to kill you.'

After hesitating for a long time, Joann decided to pretend nothing had happened and fled.

...

In the exhibition center, Martha could tell her energy was fading. She tried to focus on the man carrying her.

Stefan coughed in the smoke and stopped in his tracks.

Upon hearing his cough, Martha had mixed feelings. She muttered, "Stefan, I didn't expect you to come to my rescue."

### **chapter 35 online free**

"I won't allow anything to happen to you again."

Stefan tightened his arms around her body and quickened his pace.

Martha stared at him with misty eyes. Suddenly, she saw a picture frame falling down right above her and exclaimed.

Stefan sensed something wrong and looked up.

A burned picture frame suddenly fell. Stefan subconsciously dodged to avoid it hitting Martha in his arms.

The picture frame smashed at his arm. He let out a groan in pain and slightly tripped over.

After he finally carried Martha out of the exhibition hall, she lost consciousness due to the lack of oxygen.

...

After the long, dark night, the dawn broke the day.

Martha woke up at nine in the morning, feeling dizzy when she opened her eyes.

She closed her eyes to get used to it.

Bianca asked worriedly, "How are you feeling, Martha?"

Frowning, Martha slowly opened her eyes and saw Bianca next to the bed. "Bianca... Why are you here?"

Seeing her wake up, Bianca breathed a sigh of relief.

"Your assistant called me. Thanks to her, or I wouldn't have known about this matter."

"I'm well. Don't worry."

Martha forced a smile at Jane in another corner, trying to make the two rest assured.

However, as soon as Jane spoke, Martha's smile froze.

"Miss Doyle, someone set the fire on purpose in the exhibition center last night."

The two men in black appeared in Martha's mind. She looked sullen.

"I heard some footsteps and went out of the art studio to check. I saw the arsonists and wanted to stop them, but they knocked me out."

"The police are filtering the suspects now. Don't worry, Miss Doyle. They'll catch the arsonists definitely."

Martha nodded after hearing her words. Then she thought of something and asked in confusion, "How did I get out of the fire?"

Jane replied softly, "Mr. Harrison saved you."

The ward fell into silence.

Martha and Bianca exchanged a glance without speaking.

'It was him for real.'

Martha never thought that the image she saw before she passed out yesterday would be true.

If Stefan hadn't appeared, she would have died in the fire.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door.

"Please come in," Martha answered.

The next second, Stefan walked into the ward.

Martha noticed his arm was bandaged. A weird look flashed into her eyes and vanished immediately.

After entering the ward, Stefan glanced at the three women before his gaze fell on Martha.

"I want to talk to you."

Bianca and Jane exchanged a glance, stood up, and left the ward. Before leaving, Bianca reminded Martha to call her if she needed anything.

After Martha nodded, the two walked out.

Stefan stared at Martha, his eyes dark.

"How are you feeling now? Are you all right?"

Furrowing her brows slightly, Martha nodded her head.

Stefan exhaled in relief, still staring at her intensely.

"Someone set up the fire in the exhibition center on purpose. Have you seen the arsonists?"

Instead of answering his question, Martha shifted the subject. "Mr. Harrison, you called me and mentioned giving me the shares. Did you really mean it?"

Her words made Stefan frown.

He cared about her safety, but she immediately talked about the shares.

Stefan didn't think it was the proper time to discuss such a matter, so he asked icily, "Do you understand

the current situation?"

Martha lowered her eyes slightly and replied indifferently, "Mr. Harrison, thank you for saving me. The police will find the arsonists. I only want to know what you wanted to speak when calling me on the phone yesterday."

Stefan frowned, his face dark and sullen.

However, Martha ignored it and continued, "Do you agree to sell the shares to me for real? What else do you want other than money?"

Stefan pressed his thin lips together. "Do you only care about the Doyle Group's shares now?" his icy voice rang in the ward.

Martha looked into his eyes, her eyes dark.

"Or what? I don't think there's anything else to talk about with you."

After a few seconds of silence, she added, "Right. We can also talk about the divorce."

Stefan failed to hide the fury on his face. "Don't you want the shares?"

He broke off before adding, "Move back to my house. Continue to be my wife. Those are my conditions."

Martha was taken aback as she hadn't expected him to give her such shameless conditions.

"No way, Stefan. I must divorce you and get back the Doyle Group's shares."

"That's not an option," Stefan refused icily, gazing at her without blinking.

Martha's pupils constricted. Clenching her hands under the quilt, she glared at him in anger, "I don't understand. Since I came back, you've been pestering me. Why?"

Stefan kept silent, but his eyes became as deep as pools.

Before he replied, Martha sneered while staring at him ironically.

"Don't tell me you've fallen in love with me. I don't buy it."

'Fall in love with her? How could it be possible?'

"You think too much," he said icily, with anger in his eyes and an aura of power around him.

"I've made an offer. Think about it."

Before Martha responded, Stefan turned away from the ward.

Glaring in the direction where he left, Martha bit her lip tightly.

'You've become so despicable in the four years. You save me from the fire, but so what? You owed me a life once, and now you're just repaying me.'

### **chapter 36 online free**

When Joann watched the news of the arson in the exhibition center, her face paled immediately.

She dialed a familiar number with her trembling hands.

As soon as the call was connected, she immediately said, "What should I do now, Hollie? I didn't expect this to get so big. I also didn't expect Stefan to save Martha."

"Why are you so nervous? It's not like you set the fire," Hollie replied coldly.

However, Joanna felt more uneasy and said hesitantly, "It... It was me."

Her words sent Hollie into silence. A long time later, she snapped, "What a fool you are, Joann!"

Frowning, Joann retorted in anger, "Didn't you want me to do so by sending me to the art exhibition?"

Much to her surprise, Hollie said something to disassociate herself from her, which made her break out in a cold sweat.

"I didn't mean it. You did it because you were too persistent and stubborn. I sent you to see Martha's art

exhibition to let you meet her.”

Joann tightened her grip on the phone and asked in a panic, “What should I do now? What if the police found me...”

She knew Hollie had used her. However, she couldn’t fall out with Hollie because Hollie was the only person she could rely on.

“Calm down. The suspects haven’t been caught yet. Remember what I say next. I promise you will be fine this time.”

Joann bit her lip tightly. Upon hearing Hollie’s advice, she decided to try it as she had no other way out.

...

The hospital.

Staring at the sunlight outside the window, Martha felt helpless.

In fact, she had almost recovered, but Bianca insisted on letting her stay a few more days in the hospital for the observation.

During that period, the police took her statement and told her they would find the arsonists as soon as possible.

However, the fire destroyed the surveillance system of the exhibition center, so it would take them more time to find the suspects.

While Martha was lost in thought, footsteps sounded outside the door of her ward. Suddenly, a figure in a bright outfit rushed in.

Melissa’s loud voice resonated throughout the ward.

“Martha! Fortunately, you are fine. I was so scared when watching the news.”

When Melissa watched the news in the morning, she was horrified, her heart thumping. She was afraid Martha had been injured unluckily.

However, seeing her safe and sound on the bed, Melissa finally felt relieved.

Melissa’s dramatic reaction brought a smile to Martha’s face.

“I’m all right,” Martha said. Then she sighed, “I feel sorry for my paintings.”

Nodding, Melissa echoed, “I agree. They should be worth several hundred million dollars.”

‘Several hundred million dollars?’

Martha was amused by her remark, sorrow fading off her chest.

“You are so exaggerating. I painted them in different places. Now, they were burned down by a fire. I feel quite sorry.”

So that was it.

Nodding, Melissa patted the back of Martha’s hand and consoled her, “As long as you are safe and sound... We can paint them again in the future.”

“Yea.”

However, Martha didn’t think it was easy to be inspired to paint so many pictures.

Melissa tried to find another topic. Suddenly, something occurred to her, and she looked up at Martha with an inquisitive look on her face.

“I heard Stefan had saved you from the fire. Is it for real?”

In her opinion, Stefan was a scumbag, so she didn’t expect him to save Martha, wondering if the news was wrong.

Martha nodded her confirmation expressionlessly.

“Yes, he did. He happened to call me at that time and heard me call for help.”

Furrowing her eyebrows, Melissa hesitated before asking, “What... How do you plan to deal with your

relationship with him... Jimmy..."

"I must divorce him. No delay," Martha answered determinedly to interrupt her.

If there was any delay again, she was afraid something would happen to break her plan.

After all, she found it more and more difficult to understand what was in his mind.

Seeing the determination in her eyes, Melissa could read her mind because they had been best friends for years.

However, she thought about Jimmy's needs and asked, "If you divorced, you would be further away from your goal. How will you get him to..."

She broke off. Martha lowered her dark eyes, her eyelashes fluttering.

She knew what Melissa meant.

"I'll find out a way."

However, it didn't sound like a solution for Melissa.

She felt sorry to see Martha in a dilemma.

"Why don't you tell Stefan you guys have a son? Your son is in the face of life and death."

Melissa took a deep breath and continued, "I don't think he will stand idly by if he knows Jimmy's condition."

'He won't stand idly by?'

Martha snorted, looking at Melissa with a self-mocking smile.

"When he pushed me into the operating room back then, he didn't care if I could survive or not. How would I expect him to care about Jimmy?"

Back then, she asked Stefan if she still needed to donate her bone marrow to Hollie if she had been pregnant.

She would never forget his answer.

"No way! You won't be pregnant. Even if you are, I won't keep the baby."

The words were like a sharp blade that stabbed into her chest and she would never forget them for the rest of her life.

Therefore, Martha dared not to expect Stefan would care about Jimmy.

If he knew about Jimmy, based on her knowledge of him, Martha believed he would snatch the only pillar that supported her to live on and send her into pain and despair again.

### **chapter 37 online free**

The ward.

Immersed in the sorrow, Martha kept silent. The ward quieted down.

Suddenly, steady footsteps sounded outside the door. Soon, there were some unhurried knocks.

Martha looked over at the door and her pale lips parted, "Please come in."

The next second, Rhys, in a black suit, walked in while holding a red rose bouquet.

The two women who stayed in the ward looked surprised.

Melissa's gaze swept between the man and Martha, and she thought the man seemed to pursue her best friend, but she couldn't see any excitement in Martha's aloof face.

Melissa could tell Martha wasn't interested in the man.

"How are you feeling now, Miss Doyle?"

Rhys put the bouquet on the nightstand and sat in the chair next to the bed.

Martha nodded slightly and replied indifferently, "I'm well."

Looking up at him, she asked, "Has the police found the suspects?"

"The two arsonists have confessed their crime."

Rhys let out a snort of laughter, his eyes glimmering with a threatening light, "How bold they are! How dare they ruin my reserved place!"

Melissa asked in confusion, "Why did they do it?"

"They said they wanted to steal the artworks and make some money but didn't want to leave any traces. After Martha found them, they set up a fire to kill her."

Rhys' eyes darkened. His aura of power seemed to have made the air colder.

Then he sensed his reaction was too much and slightly calmed down. A wicked smile lifted the corners of his mouth once again.

"Fortunately, you are all right, Miss Doyle. Or my heart would be broken."

Martha didn't react after hearing his words. With her eyes lowered, she seemed to be lost in thought. Suddenly, Melissa remarked angrily, "Martha had to check into the hospital because of the fire. They should stay in jail long."

Frowning, Rhys answered, "Miss Doyle didn't get severely injured, so they were sentenced to ten years imprisonment."

Martha kept silent for a long time, but right then, she remarked, "My hunch told me this matter wasn't that simple. They should be manipulated by someone to do that."

Obviously, she could tell those arsonists hadn't expected her to appear. At that time, they didn't look as if they were stealing the paintings.

Besides, they held the lighters, so she was sure they wanted to set up a fire initially.

Martha wondered who wished to burn down all her pictures.

Rhys nodded his agreement and said coldly, "The two arsonists turned themselves in quickly. I also doubted it. Unfortunately, we lacked other evidence to prove they were manipulated."

As soon as he broke off, Melissa asked, "What about their bank accounts? Has the police checked them?"

Rhys nodded, his eyes gloomy.

"I did. They didn't have any records of entering and exiting the country. Probably, their families were kept hostage to threaten them."

"How despicable!" Melissa blurted out in anger and slapped the bed edge.

Suddenly, she thought of something and looked expectantly at Rhys. "Can you find the manipulator behind the arsonists?"

Before Rhys replied, Martha answered, "Forget it. Don't bother. I know who has done so."

Earlier, Joann appeared at the exhibition center, so Martha believed she must have something to do with this matter.

However, Joann wouldn't have been so smart to make such a fuss.

Therefore, Martha guessed Joann was just a pawn, and the manipulator should be Hollie.

After all, Hollie was the only one with the motive to do so in this city.

Seeing Martha was confident, Melissa asked curiously, "Who is it?"

"Who's my foe in this city?" Martha asked while calmly smiling at her best friend.

Frowning, Melissa was still considering, but subconsciously, she answered, "You mean Hollie, right?"

Rhys was slightly taken aback. A glint of understanding flashed across his eyes.

He knew a lot about the Doyle family, and naturally knew that the two daughters of the Doyle family had been at odds.

Nodding, Martha pressed her lips together without speaking. However, Melissa seemed to have taken the tumble and remarked, "So, Hollie is the real manipulator this time. She wants to ruin your exhibition..." Before finishing her words, she cursed, "What a vicious bitch! She did evil things to you four years ago. Now, after you return, she wants to kill you. What a heartless..." "Melissa, let the by-gones be by-gones," Martha interrupted her as Rhys was still in the ward. Melissa buttoned her lip immediately. However, Rhys looked as if he had heard nothing and still looked calm. A while later, Martha looked at him and broke the silence in the ward. "Mr. Williams, the fire was set because of me. I'll compensate you for all your loss." Rhys shrugged, staring at her. "Please don't bother. I want to sign an agreement with you. I'll open an art studio for you. What do you think, Miss Doyle?" Without hesitation, Martha rejected his suggestion. "I draw and paint not for making money. I need to do something more important." After seeing her father, Martha had only one goal — to snatch back the Doyle Group, kick Hollie out of it, and make her pay for what she had done. With a smile, Rhys reminded her in a mellow voice, "You have nothing right now. How will you compete for the Doyle Group's shares?" Martha's eyes darkened, a hint of surprise flashing through them. She didn't expect Rhys to know everything about her that well. However, she had to admit Rhys' words made sense. She still lacked enough power and money to get back the Doyle Group's shares in this city. Martha was silent for a moment. Watching her, Rhys wore a faint smile and added, "Miss Doyle, please think twice about my suggestion." The Doyle Group had become an affiliate of the Harrison Group. Stefan had more than half of its shares. The Williams Group was the only company that could compete with the Harrison Group in this city. Therefore, Martha had no choice but to work with him.

### **chapter 38 online free**

8 PM. The study of the Harrison Villa. Stefan received Solomon's call on time to hear his summary of Martha's day. When he heard Rhys had visited her, he became sullen and ended the call. 'What does Rhys want again? Be against me?' Suddenly, Stefan's phone vibrated in his hand. He tapped to read the messages from Hollie "I saw the news about the fire at the art exhibition center. Are you OK?" "Has Martha also got injured?" Stefan narrowed his gaze and put his phone away, ignoring her messages, still thinking about Rhys. 'What's that man's purpose to approach Martha?' Suddenly, his phone in his hand vibrated again, interrupting his thoughts. He swiped to answer, "What's the matter?" "I sent you a few messages just now. Did you read them?" Hollie asked anxiously.

Stefan frowned.

"I was busy."

"Sorry for interrupting you... I want to check if you are all right." Hollie softened her tone.

Stefan subconsciously checked on the bandage on his arm and answered in a deep voice, "I'm fine."

His steely, aloof response made Hollie press her lips together.

She could tell Stefan didn't treat her as well as before. Most of the time, he ignored her.

Hollie wondered if he was attracted to Martha after she came back.

Frowning, she pinched her phone tightly, her eyes glittering with jealousy and hatred.

However, she added extremely gently, "Stefan, JOIN will hold a concert tonight. You promised to go with me."

However, she didn't receive the answer she expected but two-minute silence.

Hollie's eyes darkened. She parted her red lips and broke the silence.

"I know you are too busy."

After a pause, she lowered her voice, looking a bit aggrieved, and said, "Stefan, do you still remember your promise to me back then?"

"Yes, I do," he answered in a mellow voice, making Hollie curl her lips into a smile.

"Good. OK. I won't hold you up too long."

...

Meanwhile, in the study of the Harrison Villa, Stefan stared at his phone. His promise to Hollie appeared in his mind.

"Hollie, don't worry. I'll marry you for sure."

These words were the promise he made to Hollie, who was lying next to him shyly, on that early morning many years ago.

However, he failed to keep his word.

Closing his eyes, Stefan leaned against the chair and rubbed his temples in tiredness.

Five years ago, when Martha was said to be dead, he could have married Hollie.

Her death had meant there was no longer any obstacle between him and Hollie.

However, somehow, he felt an emptiness in his heart, which could never be filled.

...

Doyle Villa.

Hollie hung up the phone with satisfaction and a smug smile on her lips.

As long as Stefan hadn't forgotten the matter in the past, she would be the only woman he would marry.

It was said Martha was still in the hospital after the fire, so Hollie decided to check on her the following day.

Soon, she heard footsteps at the door. Libby swung into her bedroom.

"How's Stefan treating you now?" Libby asked.

"Same as usual."

Hollie picked up her cup and sipped coffee.

She added steely, "If I hadn't reminded him about his promise back then, he probably wouldn't even want to talk to me."

"Men are born to be like that. We should be sensible without annoying them," Libby consoled her to calm her down.

She had experienced many love relationships, so she thought she knew men well.



However, Hollie couldn't understand it. Frowning, she said in irritation, "If I don't cling to him or remind him often, Martha will steal him away sooner or later."

"Martha couldn't win against you four years ago. Think she can make it four years later?"

Libby patted her hand and added in disdain, "As long as Stefan cares about you, she won't win his heart. Or we can get rid of her by using the same method back then."

Her words sent Hollie into relief, ruthlessness flashing through her eyes.

Libby's words made sense. As long as Stefan didn't love Martha, Hollie didn't mind sending her to Hell again.

Four years ago, Martha didn't die when donating her bone marrow.

Now, Hollie wouldn't give her any chance to turn the table. She would make Martha disappear from Stefan's world utterly.

...

The night passed fast. Soon, the new day came.

Martha couldn't bear staying in the hospital after a few days, so she insisted on asking Jane to help her check out.

Solomon watched Jane walk from the ward to the checkout counter.

He flinched into a corner. While watching Jane, he called Stefan.

"Mr. Harrison, Miss Doyle asked her assistant to check her out. She will leave the hospital soon. Shall I stop her?"

"No. I'll be there."

Solomon breathed a sigh of relief.

If Stefan asked him to stop them, he wouldn't know how.

After all, Mr. Harrison seemed not to be as heartless to Miss Doyle as four years ago.

...

Outside Martha's ward door, Hollie stood while holding some tonics.

'Martha, you couldn't defeat me four years ago, nor can you now. I won't give you any chance to bounce back.'

With a triumphant smile, she pushed the ward door open.

Martha was sitting on the bed with her back to the door, straightening up her clothes.

"Doing up the discharge papers so quickly, Jane? You are efficient," Martha praised as she thought it was Jane.

However, she didn't hear the response and looked back, only to see Hollie.

Her smile faded off gradually. Gazing at Hollie, she asked with unconcealed unhappiness, "Why are you here?"

chapter 39

Unsurprisingly, Hollie found Martha staring at her with disgust and caution, but she just shrugged carelessly, kept smiling and stepped forward to put down the tonics which she had brought with her, and said, "Martha, I hear you're in hospital. So, I drop by to check out on you."

Hollie looked like she was pondering something and parted her red lips lightly, "It was a big fire in the exhibition gallery. You were so lucky to survive."

"I've always been lucky. Otherwise, I'd have died on the operation table four years ago." Martha narrowed her eyes slightly and said in a clear and clod voice.

Hollie straightened her hair a little and said with a light smile, "Martha, do you know how those bad people suddenly turned up in the exhibition center and burnt out all of your famous paintings? Fortunately, the Doyle Group wasn't the organizer of the art exhibition. Otherwise, I gotta pay a great sum of money!"

After her mocking words left her lips, she saw Martha's face change color as expected.

Hollie raised her eyebrows with satisfaction and added, "But, luckily, Rhys happened to be the organizer of the art exhibition, and he doesn't care about money at all."

Hearing it, Martha frowned more tightly.

"I'm afraid you know better than anyone else whether the fire in the exhibition center was just an accident or it was planned," Martha said and stared at Hollie, trying to catch any slightest change of Hollie's facial expressions.

However, Hollie simply looked so innocent as if she really didn't know anything about it, and said with confusion, "Martha, I didn't get what you meant. Wasn't the fire caused by the theft?"

Martha narrowed her eyes lightly and taunted, "Come on. Stop pretending, Hollie. It's only you and me here. Can't you just drop the act and cut yourself some slack?"

"I'm used to it."

Hollie shrugged and answered indifferently.

After it, she walked over to Martha's bed, bent down to come closer and whispered at her ear, "Martha, are you disappointed that you didn't find any evidences this time?"

Martha knitted her beautiful eyebrows slightly, kept away from her and answered, "You've got the scapegoats to cover for you this time. That's why I couldn't find any evidences. But it doesn't mean you guys are so lucky every time."

"Oh, us?" Hollie asked confusedly.

Martha asked her firmly, "You and Joann. Right?"

The smile froze on her face. But Hollie remained calm and asked Martha the next second, "Have you found any evidence to prove we've done it?"

Martha looked at her gloomily, pursed her lips hard and remained silent. Then she turned around to pack her stuff.

Hollie stared at her back ferociously.

"Stefan will definitely marry me. He's promised me."

"So what?" Martha went on packing and said indifferently.

Hollie wasn't mad to hear that. Instead, she simply put on a meaningful smile, and said, "Martha, don't you want to know when he's promised to marry me?"

"It was long time ago. He's promised me even before you two got married, or it's been longer..."

Martha, with her back to Hollie, was stunned to hear it and her fingers trembled slightly. But soon, she restored calm.

Hollie wasn't pissed. With a smile, she went up to Martha and whispered at her ear, "In fact, I should thank you for fixing us up. If you haven't escaped back to the Doyle Manor that night, Stefan and I wouldn't have..."

Martha's face turned instantly pale when she heard this, "That night?"

Did she mean...

Hollie looked at her pale face, and burst out laughing wildly, "Yeah, exactly that night. What else do you think?"

At the moment, Stefan was striding towards the ward from the hallway. He ran into Jane when he just

turned.

“Sorry!” Stefan apologized in a clear and cold voice. Then, he stepped aside and went on heading for the ward.

Jane, who was standing still with the hospital discharge papers in her arms, watched him leave hastily, and got very confused. Was that Mr. Harrison? What was he doing here?

On the contrary, Stefan had made it to the door of Martha’s room.

He held the doorknob, tried to open it but heard a familiar voice from inside.

“Stefan was drunk on his eighteenth birthday party. You slept with him that night, but you left in the middle of the night.”

Stefan heard it, held the doorknob tightly and narrowed his eyes, wondering what Hollie meant by saying that.

At the time, the two people in the ward didn’t know someone was at the door.

Martha looked at Hollie’s complacent face and asked eagerly, “What are you talking about? You know what happened that night?”

“Of course I do. I saw you coming out from the hotel room with my own eyes.”

Saying it, Hollie looked malicious and said with a very sharp voice, “Martha, shame on you! He’s announced that I’m his girlfriend that night. But you still slept with him.”

“But so what? He sobered up later and told me that he’d be responsible for me and promised to marry me. Whatever you’ve done was just doing me a favor.”

Hollie stepped backwards, crossed her arms and looked disdainfully at Martha, who was totally shocked, and couldn’t help but taunt. “A darling daughter of the rich and influential family is nothing more than this! You’re a fickle woman and slept around before marriage. It seems that Maxwell, the CEO of Doyle Group, didn’t teach you good moralities.”

Martha clenched her fists unconsciously, and glared at Hollie, “So, that night you’ve made him believe it was you who had sex with him?”

Hollie raised her eyebrows proudly, watched Martha freaking out and laughed more widely, and said, “Stefan loves me. Anyhow, he would still marry me even without what happened that night. And, you’re nothing but a free prostitute.”

Till now, Martha couldn’t hold back her anger and hate any more. She lifted her hand and tried to slap Hollie in the face!

Right at the moment, the door was slammed open.

The next second, Stefan showed up at the door with a gloomy face.

#### **chapter 40 online free**

Martha was stunned and restored to reason gradually when she saw Stefan.

She blinked her eyes slightly and put down her hand slowly.

At this time, she didn’t need to slap Hollie, but wondered how much Stefan had heard Hollie’s words.

Hollie looked at Stefan incredulously. Her face looked very pale, and she couldn’t stop trembling all over, as if she was in the ice pool.

Stefan went straight into the room and stopped beside them. He stared at Hollie coldly with his long and narrow eyes, which gave her chills.

Hollie couldn’t help shaking with fear and stepped backward unconsciously. She hadn’t imagined Stefan would show up here at this time. Did he hear whatever she’d said just now? Or...

Before she could come up with any conclusion, Stefan parted his thin lips and said coldly, "Say it again." Hollie was sweating like hell in a flash.

She put her hands down on both sides and clenched them tightly. She tried to explain but was too nervous to say a word.

Martha looked at Hollie, who seldom looked so scared, and put on a light smile on her face, then snorted, "Do you think she'll say that again since you're here?"

That was who Hollie was! She'd always acted to be pure, perfect and weak in front of Stefan.

Otherwise, she couldn't have been safe and sound in the past years.

However, Stefan looked worse when hearing Martha's words.

Seeing it, Hollie tried hard to stop trembling and finally found her voice, "Stefan, please don't get me wrong. I was just kidding with Martha!"

In tears, she went up to Stefan pathetically and tried to hold his arm. Surprisingly, he knocked her hand off angrily as soon as she touched him.

Hollie screamed out of fear and leaned back abruptly. She managed to stand firm, rubbed her wrist, looked at his gloomy face and said delicately, "Stefan, you've got me wrong. Really..." She said it as if it was illusion only.

But Stefan just narrowed his eyes, gazed at Hollie, whom he had known for more than ten years, and got furious. "Was it you or not that night?"

Hollie couldn't pretend any more. She turned around to look at Martha, then looked at Stefan's gloomy face again. In the end, she pursed her lips and said nothing else.

As far as she knew him, he'd definitely find out the truth of that night. The more she said, the more mistakes she'd make.

When Hollie didn't respond but kept silent, Stefan had realized what the truth was.

He was heartbroken with his thin lips pursed.

It turned out that it was Martha who had slept with him that night.

However, he'd been getting her wrong over these years, and he thought she had an affair with Rupert.

He looked colder. What had happened many years before crossed his mind.

Back then, Rupert told him that Martha and he were just friends.

Stefan didn't believe it. He had never believed it. But it looked like...

Because of Hollie, he'd even insulted Martha on their wedding night and flung out hard words on her.

It turned out that he was utterly wrong.

Tears blurred his eyes. Stefan closed his eyes hard, then opened them again. When he could see clearly again, he happened to look at Martha in the eyes.

Martha's eyes were filled with self-mockery and sorrow. She just looked at him quietly but coldly.

Out of her expectation, this was the truth. She thought Stefan just wanted to insult her by sleeping with her but marrying her sister Hollie.

However, the fact was he made a mistake and thought he'd slept with Hollie that night.

But so what even though they knew the truth?

Slowly, Martha squeezed out a sarcastic smile and her eyes were swelled with tears.

So, did she have to be insulted and hurt in their marriage only because Stefan had made a mistake?

At the bottom, he didn't trust her, not a little bit.

Anyway, Hollie had helped clear her name when she was about to leave hospital.

Martha pursed her lips, picked up the suitcase and turned around to get out of the room.

But she felt someone grabbing her arm when she just left.

Martha turned aside slightly and found Stefan looking at her with complicated feelings.

"Please don't go."

"Let go of me, Mr. Harrison."

Martha was impatient and said in a cold voice. After it, she lowered her eyes, shook his hand off indifferently and tried to go past him.

But Stefan moved a little and stood in her way again.

"Martha, please."

Seeing it, Hollie, who'd been ignored, looked kinda resentful.

Martha frowned, looked up to Stefan and said with a fake smile, "Excuse me, Mr. Harrison. You're standing in my way."

Hearing her cold voice, Stefan frowned.

He could also see the impatience and disgust in her eyes. He felt uncomfortable with it but he didn't intend to move.

He just parted his lips but didn't know what to say.

As far as he could remember, he'd always been mean to Martha before or after they got married.

At the moment, he could still clearly remember how badly he had insulted and despised her.

Stefan was still standing in her way, and Martha had ran out of patience.

She just raised her hand to push him away and got out with the suitcase.

She didn't care how they felt in there. She just knew those terrible days were gone for good, and she was gonna live a better life.

Not a sound could be heard in the quiet hallway except the suitcase rolling on the floor. Martha's eyes were swelled with tears but she didn't weep. And, she kept smiling all the way.

The ward was silent again after Martha left.

Later, Hollie said with sobs, "Stefan, I did that only because I'm afraid of losing you. Martha loved you since she was little. She planned it that night and you two..."

"Enough!"

Stefan put on a straight face and interrupted her.

He should also take the blame for that. If he had trusted Martha a little more, she wouldn't have...

Stefan looked gloomy and said after a while, "I hate liars. Don't ever do that again."

And, his voice wasn't as tender as before.

Hollie had kept him company when he faced tough times, and he was grateful and would spare her this time.

But, he would never trust her again.

Saying it, Stefan turned around and left without hesitation.

Hollie watched him leave and slumped down on the floor.

He was still thankful for her companion back then. But, she was well aware that it wasn't her, after all.

A moment later, Hollie laughed quietly. There were resent and sorrow in her eyes. That secret was the last bargaining chip she had, and she must keep it!

...

Stefan found Martha's car was still there when he arrived in the hospital parking lot. Jane and the driver were busy putting the suitcase into the trunk. Seeing it, Stefan rushed over and abruptly leaned against the door.

Jane and Martha were stunned, and asked, "Mr. Harrison, what are you doing?"

Stefan pursed his lips and said nothing in reply. Instead, he reached out to pull Martha out of the car,

carried her in his arms and walked towards his car.

“Let go of me, Stefan! Let go!” Martha freaked out and pushed him, but Stefan kept holding her so tightly that she couldn’t move at all.

Very soon, Stefan threw her into the passenger’s seat and he sat down on the driver’s seat. Then he locked the doors quickly and neatly.

When Martha realized it, she found the doors locked.

“Stefan, let me get off!”

But Stefan just ignored her protest. Instead, he started the car and headed for the highway.