

Good bye 41

chapter 41

Was he out of his mind? Martha glared at him but Stefan didn't intend to stop the car. Then she might just as well stop talking and turn around to look out the window. Out of sight, out of mind.

Half an hour later, the car arrived at the gate of the Harrison Villa.

Martha saw this familiar villa and felt like crying.

It had been four years, but it looked exactly the same, as if she had never left. But she never belonged here.

Stefan opened the door before Martha could give it a second thought.

Right after that, he bent down to carry her up in his arms and walked up to the villa.

"Damn it! Stefan, you're going too far!"

Martha punched his chest angrily and no longer felt sentimental. But Stefan just held her more tightly and couldn't help walking faster.

The servants were all glued to the spot after they saw the woman in his arms, and exchanged confused glances.

Was that Miss Martha Doyle? Miss Doyle was still alive? The point was why Mr. Harrison suddenly carried Miss Doyle back home?

Martha kept struggling but Stefan just told her in a deep and hoarse voice, "Be good."

Martha pretended she hadn't heard it and struggled harder and harder.

"What the hell are you doing?"

Right after she finished speaking, Stefan carried her to the door of the room where she used to live.

Martha was stunned with her eyes wide open. Surprisingly, he still kept it.

Stefan put Martha down. Martha looked around the room and couldn't help shedding tears.

She had a failed marriage here.

She had been insulted by the man she loved here.

But all was gone.

She clenched her hands unconsciously and tried hard to look calm and cool.

"Mr. Harrison, please behave yourself."

Saying it, she turned around instantly and walked towards the door.

But the next second, she was carried up again and thrown onto the bed before she could realize it.

Martha felt a little dizzy and panic, and heard Stefan's cold and bossy voice again, "No running. Stay here till you fully recover."

Martha was shocked, then put on an ironic smile, "You must be kidding me, Mr. Harrison. I don't live here. I'm Martha Doyle. I should go back to my home, the Doyle Manor." Martha snorted and stared at him coldly.

Stefan narrowed his eyes and said lightly, "This is your home."

They hadn't got a divorce yet. So, she was still part of the Harrison family.

Thinking of it, Stefan took a few steps forward and stood by the bed.

Martha pulled a long face and said toughly, "What the hell do you want?"

Stefan said nothing in response. The room was in dead silence.

He lowered his eyes to hide his feelings. A while later, Stefan said in a low voice, "Martha, I've misunderstood you. I..."

“Mr. Harrison, are you out of your mind?”

Martha sat up with her hands, interrupted him and said with a cold smile, “Oh, I can’t believe my ears! The very proud and superior Mr. Harrison is apologizing to a slut, who slept around?”

He insulted her with those mean words. And at this time, she would give them back to him!

Hearing it, Stefan was frozen.

“Martha, it was...” Stefan began talking bitterly, sounding like there was a lump in the throat. He’d got a lot to tell her but he just couldn’t speak it out.

“You don’t have to be guilty. I’ve been used to it.” Martha snorted and added, “How could you be wrong, Mr. Harrison? It was all my fault.”

Stefan looked really bad.

“You...”

He took Martha’s hand and tried saying something, but Martha cut in coldly again. “Just sign the divorce paper if you really think you’ve been a jerk. Maybe I’ll thank you for that.”

Stefan trembled a little, loosened his hand slightly and said nothing with his lips pursed.

Martha frowned and took her hand back decisively.

She disdained to have the man, who didn’t feel guilt and regret until she was extremely disappointed with him.

Martha understood that she couldn’t negotiate with him right now. So, she just tidied up her clothes and jumped off the bed.

“I don’t see the point of staying here again now that we can’t negotiate it.”

“You’re not going anywhere. You must stay here during this period of time.”

Stefan stared intensely at the woman in front of him.

Martha saw his face and couldn’t help smiling lightly and indifferently.

“Why?”

Stefan hadn’t come up with any excuses, but Martha taunted him first, “Mr. Harrison, I gotta go if there’s nothing else.”

Saying it, she turned and went towards the door.

Stefan saw her insisting leaving, took a deep breath and said deeply, “Three months.”

Martha paused her steps and looked back at the man confusedly.

“Stay here for three months.”

Martha frowned and turned back, looking him into his dark and deep eyes and wondering why he wanted her to stay there for three months.

But, she didn’t want to live under the same roof with him, not at all.

Martha paused and said with a smile, “What’s that supposed to mean? Is that a give-and-take condition? You’ll be ready to sign the divorce paper in three months?”

Stefan got more and more upset.

How come she cared about the stupid divorce paper only?

“That’s all I want. Or, nothing.” Martha said coldly.

Indeed, she’d seen the terrible look on his face, but she didn’t give a damn.

She looked around and frowned tightly. She didn’t want to stay here for one more second, not to mention three months.

Stefan could tell she was impatient, and pursed his lips hard.

Quite a moment later, he said with a heavy voice, “Didn’t you want the shares of the Doyle Group?”

Hearing this, Martha paused her steps.

The shares of the Doyle Group? Why did he suddenly mention the shares of the Doyle Group?? She had no idea why he suddenly compromised to talk about the shares of the Doyle Group, but without doubt, she had to make a deal with him if she wanted to get the shares back. It was a now-or-never chance, and she knew she couldn't blow it. Martha thought it over again and again, but she just spoke like she was doing business with him. "OK, Mr. Harrison. At what price are you gonna sell me the shares of the Doyle Group?" "I'm not selling it. I'm giving it to you." Stefan stared at her with his gloomy and deep eyes. Martha was stunned and said, "Mr. Harrison, we should keep it professional." Martha narrowed her eyes a little and began guessing what Stefan was gonna say. By no means would she believe Stefan had suddenly become so kind-hearted as to give her stock rights of the Doyle Group for free. Thus, she preferred to buy them in case something went wrong. After all, she could afford it since she was well-known and rich as Sunnay. Martha narrowed her eyes slightly, turned around indifferently and tried to calm herself. The next second, she said in a distant and cold voice as usual, "Mr. Harrison, at what price do you want to sell the shares of the Doyle Group? Just name the price." Hearing it, Stefan felt his heart breaking into pieces, which hurt a lot. He looked at her cold and ruthless eyes. There was only hate in her eyes, and her affection for him had long dissipated. This realization really broke his heart.

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Martha insisted drawing the line with him, so Stefan lowered his voice and said, "At the present market price." Martha narrowed her eyes slightly and began calculating how much she needed if she wanted to buy the shares of the Doyle Group. Stefan had bought 70% of the Doyle Group's shares with twenty million dollars. The Doyle Group had been back on track gradually since it was purchased by the Harrison Group, and it was even on the rise. So, if Stefan was gonna sell the stocks at the current market price, the stocks he owned would have been at least increased fivefold, which meant, she had to pay Stefan one hundred million dollars to take back the shares of the Doyle Group. Martha frowned and looked kind of disappointed. All her paintings had been burnt out in the fire and she didn't have any other way to make big money. Her total savings was around sixty million dollars so far, including the money she'd saved earlier, which was far away from being enough. Martha pursed her lips hard and fell into long silence. "Any problem?" Stefan didn't hear Martha's response and asked first. He'd estimated Martha's total assets. She could afford to buy the shares if her painting hadn't been burnt out. But at this moment, he was sure that Martha didn't have that much money. As expected, Martha knitted her eyebrows and said, "All the paintings in the exhibition center have been burnt out. I don't have that much money now." She didn't have enough money at this hour, but it didn't mean she couldn't have it forever.

"I might change my mind over time." Stefan lowered his eyes to hide his complicated feelings. In fact, he'd got plenty of time to wait for her to give in.

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In the Doyle Manor, Bianca received the call from Martha, who talked with her on the phone for a short while and then hung up.

She turned around to look at Maxwell, and said softly, "Lady Martha said she might not live in the Doyle Manor recently." Saying it, Bianca stepped forward and tucked him in.

"She said she'd live in the Harrison Villa for three months, and Stefan would divorce her by then."

Hearing it, Maxwell, who was lying in bed, looked very worried and knocked his fingers lightly.

Bianca got what he meant. Then she patted him on the shoulder and comforted him softly.

"Lady Martha has her plan. We should take good care of ourselves, and that's the best we can do to help and encourage her."

After that, she took over the soaked cotton and applied it on his lips gently.

Through this period's rehabilitation, Maxwell was able to move his fingers slowly. She believed he would fully recover after some time!

On the other side, Jane looked at Martha and bit back the words after she brought her the daily necessities.

She'd like to ask about her relationship with Stefan, but just didn't know how to start. After all, she was her assistant only.

Jane thought about it and decided to tell her something else, "Miss Doyle, the suspects have been sentenced. You have the right to request them to pay for your paintings."

"They don't have that much money."

Martha put on a gloomy face, heaved a sigh quietly and said in a low voice, "Forget it. They'll live like hell in prison. Enough!"

"OK. I see."

Jane nodded and turned around to leave the Harrison Villa.

After Jane left, Martha took over the suitcase and was about to go upstairs.

Right at the moment, the servant standing besides her said respectfully, "Let me do it, Mrs. Harrison."

"No need, thanks. I got it." Martha smiled and said to the servant whom she hadn't seen for four years.

The servants were nearly the same as four years before. But things had changed over time.

She went over to the staircase with the suitcase.

Suddenly she turned around and said in a deep voice, "Don't call me 'Mrs. Harrison' again. Call me 'Miss Doyle'."

Stefan, who was standing on the stairs, heard it. His face darkened and his lips were pressed together.

The servant, who was standing opposite Martha, had also seen him.

She raised her head to look at Stefan, then turned around to look at Martha, and didn't know what to say.

Martha felt something was off and followed the servant's gaze.

When she saw Stefan, she frowned unconsciously and then turned back to look at the servant.

"Don't mind him!"

With that said, Martha picked up the suitcase and carried it back to the guestroom before the servant could say anything.

At 11 PM, Martha lay on the bed in the guestroom sleeplessly. From time to time, she looked towards the door which she had locked.

She felt everything was weird when she returned to the Harrison Villa.

As the saying goes, never relax vigilance against evildoers.

Thus, she'd asked the servant for the spare key of this guestroom before she went to bed, so that she could protect herself well.

She turned over again and again, and finally sat up on bed annoyingly.

She felt her throat was dry and thirsty and also remembered she hadn't taken the medicine yet. Then she opened the door and was about to go downstairs.

When she arrived at the staircase, she heard a young servant saying, "I think Mrs. Harrison has changed a lot. She's not as nice as before."

An old servant added right after the young servant finished speaking, "It's fortunate that Mrs. Harrison has escaped with bare life. We haven't gone through something like that and can't know how much it hurts! So, we should do what she wants us to."

The next second, the young servant said with hesitation, "But now Mr. Harrison seems to care much about Mrs. Harrison... Oh, no. She told us to call her 'Miss Doyle'."

"Right! I've never seen Mr. Harrison with that look. He looked extremely nervous when he carried Miss Doyle back."

Martha heard the servant's voice, and couldn't help but sneer.

He looked extremely nervous? Huh! It was nothing. He just put on a show. How could they say he loved and cared about her?

She narrowed her eyes slightly, pretended to clear her throat and coughed. Then she went to the staircase slowly.

The three servants saw her and zipped it immediately. Martha went downstairs slowly and glimpsed at the three servants.

The old servant saw her, lowered her head and said respectfully, "Miss Doyle, it's late at night. Do you need anything?"

"I want a glass of water."

The old servant turned around to get the water for her immediately. Soon, she returned with a glass of water.

Martha took over the water glass with a smile and said politely, "Thanks."

Then she turned around to walk up to the staircase.

Suddenly, she stopped and asked carelessly, "Has Hollie stayed overnight here in the past years?"

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The servants heard it and were frozen, not knowing what exactly she meant by saying that. In the end, the old servant came back to earth and answered in a low voice, "No. Lady Hollie comes for Mr. Harrison in the daytime only."

Then she added instantly in case Martha misunderstood Stefan, "Don't worry, Miss Doyle. Mr. Harrison has never let her stay overnight."

"Oh, I see." Martha smiled lightly.

In fact, she didn't care if Hollie had stayed overnight or not. She just wanna hear some gossips.

But the old servant had misunderstood it, and explained hastily, "Miss Doyle, when you had the accident four years ago, Mr. Harrison has locked himself up in the room for three days. In fact, Mr. Harrison cares much about you. "

“Oh? He didn’t starve to death after three days without food or water?”

The old servant heard it and was stunned, wondering why Martha had been so sharp-tongued. Martha saw the stunned look on her face, but she just ignored it and returned to the guestroom.

...

Meanwhile, in Hollie’s villa, Hollie was sitting on the sofa with her legs crossed, and saying in a clear and cold voice, “It’s settled. The two suspects have acknowledged their guilt.”

Joann, who was sitting on the sofa across from her, heard it and sighed with relief.

“Shit! Martha is so damn lucky! She has survived the first time! She has survived the second time! We even couldn’t kill her in the big fire!” Joann looked at Hollie and complained.

Hearing it, Hollie said nothing in reply, but glanced at Joann with disdain, wondering if she could be more stupid.

This stupid trick couldn’t kill Martha, but on the contrary, it could only improve the relationship between Stefan and Martha.

Joann had no idea how much Hollie disdained her. Instead, she asked, as if Hollie would be there to back her up, “What will we do?”

“What else can we do now? We can only spy on Martha secretly.”

Hollie leaned on the sofa wearily and couldn’t help recalling what had happened in the hospital.

She didn’t want Stefan to hate her more. So, now the best way was to sit back and do nothing.

Joann clenched her fists and said, “It really upset me that Martha had a narrow escape in the fire. But fortunately, we’ve burnt out all those paintings.”

Those paintings, which Martha had devoted much time and energy to, were all burnt out in the fire. Somehow, Joann had vented out her anger to some extent.

It was in the middle of the night. In one hospital of U country, the man, standing at the door of the operating room, had a very handsome and angular face.

He was staring at the door without a blink and standing still like a statue.

He even couldn’t count how many times the poor boy had barely escaped his life.

Jimmy had another attack. But he didn’t call Martha to tell her about it, in case she got freaked out.

Three hours later, the operation was finished. The boy in the operating room had made it through again.

Very soon, the surgeon came out from the operating room and told Rupert that Jimmy was stable for the time, but he couldn’t wait any longer.

They must find the way of transplant as soon as possible, otherwise, he wouldn’t survive.

Rupert heard the surgeon out, returned to the ward in heavy steps, and sat down by the bed with a weary face.

He looked at the little boy in bed, whose lips were dry and chapped, and couldn’t help but feel sympathy for him.

Jimmy wasn’t his son, but he’d treated him as his real son over these years.

And Jimmy was really sweet and thoughtful. He was only four but he acted more mature than the boys of his age.

He was sick since he was born. So far, he’d suffered a lot.

Two hours had passed quickly.

Jimmy blinked and opened his eyes softly.

His face was dead pale but he still said with a bright smile, “Rupert, did I travel to the outer space again?”

Every time he suffered an asphyxia from the severe pain, Rupert would tell him he was gonna travel to

the outer space, and he could see the sun and his mommy again if he made it through the trip. Thinking of it, Jimmy looked at Rupert proudly.

Rupert saw Jimmy asking for praise and reached out to touch his head with love, "Jimmy, you did it again! That's really amazing!"

"But I miss Mommy."

Rupert saw his bright eyes BEING filled with expectation, and lowered his head to check the time on the watch with a smile.

Considering the time zones, it was early morning in Martha's place and she should be up.

He raised his head to look at Jimmy and put on a smile, "OK. Let's call your mommy."

At 8 AM, in the Harrison Villa.

Martha got a call from Rupert when she went out of the room and stood on the staircase.

Her heart pounded.

It was late at night in U Country. Why did he call her at this hour? Or did Jimmy have another attack?

Martha felt her heart in the throat and picked up the phone instantly, "What's wrong, Rupert? Did Jimmy have another attack?"

"Mommy, it's me!"

Martha heard Jimmy's excited voice from the other end. And the anxiety on her face was gone in a second. She looked very soft and tender, and her voice sounded sweet and nice.

"How are you feeling now, sweetie?"

"Mommy, I miss you very much."

Hearing it, Martha couldn't help smiling more brightly.

Stefan was sitting at the dining table. He looked up and saw Martha standing on the stairs and talking on the phone.

The smile on her face was as bright as the morning sun, but he found it unpleasant to look at.

He narrowed his eyes, and wondered whom she was talking to on the phone and who had made her smile so brightly.

At the moment, Martha sensed that Stefan was looking at her, then they looked at each other in the eyes.

She was nervous, grabbed the phone and said, "Jimmy, I'm busy with something. I'll call you later."

Jimmy agreed, then she hung up the phone abruptly.

In a panic, Martha looked at Stefan in his deep eyes again after she hung up and turned around.

She took a deep breath, pretended nothing had happened and went to the dining room with a poker face.

She sat down on the chair.

Stefan glanced at her coldly and said, "Who was it on the phone?"

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Martha was stunned, and she lowered her eyes to cover her complicated feelings.

Maybe he hadn't heard what she said on the phone. But what could he do even if he had overheard it?

She remained calm and said indifferently, "None of your business."

With that said, she lowered her head to check the time and stood up, "I'm running late. I must go to the office now."

Stefan offered to sell her the shares of Doyle Group last night, but she couldn't afford them for the time

being.

Then he told her that she could work in the Doyle Group as Hollie did, and he promised to appoint her as the executive director.

She gave him a quick yes, because the Doyle Group belonged to her father, and she was supposed to be there in the first place.

The next second, Stefan said gloomily and interrupted her, "No rush! Come and have breakfast."

Martha paused her steps, pursed her lips and didn't move.

Stefan said lightly, "Have breakfast first, or the deal is canceled."

Martha put on a straight face and clenched her hands unconsciously.

Stefan was the biggest shareholder of the Doyle Group, and he had the final say in the company.

Anyway, it was just eating breakfast. It wasn't a big deal.

She unclenched her fists, returned to the dining table coldly and sat down on the chair.

Soon enough, the housekeeper brought her the breakfast she used to eat a lot, and he'd specially given her a glass of hot milk as she used to like it.

Martha turned around and said to the housekeeper politely, "Sorry. I want coffee."

Stefan frowned and said lightly, "Morning coffee is bad for your stomach."

Martha glanced at him out of the corner of her eyes, and found the words sounded quite familiar.

She used to tell him the exact words when she cooked breakfast for him.

But he simply ignored her. To her surprise, he told her the same words.

Martha blinked her eyes slightly, pretended she didn't hear it and began eating.

Stefan picked up the tissue paper to wipe his hands and said casually, "Later I'll go to the Doyle Group with you. I'll hold a shareholders' meeting and introduce you to all the shareholders."

Martha took a sip of the coffee and turned him down, "No need. I can handle it."

But Stefan didn't listen, "Don't act the hero. Without me on your side, in no ways would those new shareholders acknowledge your position."

Martha frowned. In fact, she'd met the new shareholders once, and they all sucked up to Hollie.

It would be more convincing if Stefan was gonna appoint her with the position and notify them. So,

So, she agreed with it since it was good for her.

Martha lowered her head and went on eating her breakfast without saying another word.

At 9 AM, a luxury car stopped steadily at the gate of the Doyle Group.

Stefan and Martha got off.

Stefan was handsome and tall, while Martha was in the business wear, looking capable and reliable.

Stefan was going up to the Doyle Group with a poker face, while Martha was wearing a light smile on her face.

"Good morning, Mr. Harrison." The assistants came to receive him the moment he went in the office building.

They seldom saw Stefan in the Doyle Group since it was purchased by the Harrison Group.

And each time they saw him, he came with Hollie, the current acting president.

But the woman standing beside him today wasn't Hollie. She was a new face.

Everyone looked at Martha and began whispering.

Ten minutes later, the news that Stefan had brought another woman to the Doyle Group, had spread over the office.

At the door of the meeting room, Hollie was standing there and adjusting her hair with a smile.

She'd got the text message from Stefan's assistant a few minutes before the meeting, telling her that

Stefan would come to Doyle Group and hold a shareholders' meeting today. She happily thought he finally wanted to see her again. She could patch things up with him once they met. Thus, she had specially dressed up for it.

However, when she went in the meeting room, she saw Martha sitting next to Stefan. Hollie was upset. She lowered her eyes and shook with anger. A touch of resentment flashed into her eyes.

She recalled what had happened in the hospital, and swallowed the anger. Then she went into the meeting room with a smile and took a seat.

Stefan was sitting on the master position of the meeting room and looking at the shareholders with a straight face.

Martha sat down next to him. She had red lips and had her hair tied up. She wore a smile and looked pretty cool.

All the new shareholders were unhappy to see Martha again, and they even despised her. She'd made bold statements not long ago, but she was here in the Doyle Group with Stefan, the CEO of the Harrison Group, which they thought was really ironic.

And the old shareholders just looked at each other and couldn't feel more embarrassed.

Stefan glanced around the people in the meeting room and said coldly, "Martha Doyle is from the Doyle family, so she's also the heir of the company."

"Now I officially appoint her as the executive director of the Doyle Group."

Hearing it, everyone present looked at each other but dared not say a word.

Hollie was stunned, and glanced at Martha unbelievably.

And the shareholders yielded to Stefan's majesty and dared not object to it.

Hollie was kinda worried but she didn't want Stefan to loath her more. So, she put on a smile and broke the silence first, "Martha, it's great! I'm glad you join the Doyle Group."

Martha glanced at her indifferently and said nothing in response.

The next second, she stood up, glanced around the shareholders and said, "Since you all have no objection to my appointment, I hereby would like to declare the first thing I'll do after I take office."

In a second, all people in the meeting room fixed their eyes on her.

Martha didn't panic. She just raised her head slightly to look back at them and went on speaking, "There's a project of land development in Zoozone land. I'm gonna to work with the Williams Group and buy the land, which will be built as the new development zone for environment protection."

The shareholders heard it and were taken aback. They looked at her in shock.

In fact, they had heard about the land, which was a huge cooperative project. If they won the project, they could make lots of money.

But meanwhile, they'd have to invest big money in it, too. How was it possible that the Williams Group was going to work with the Doyle Group?

One younger shareholder couldn't help it and asked in a low voice, "Are you serious?"

Martha turned to look at him and said with a smile, "I've signed the contract with Mr. Williams. You'll see."

Stefan's eyes looked indifferent, and no one could tell his feelings.

'Rhys and Martha had made such a big development and reached such an agreement without his knowledge? Seriously? It seemed that Rhys really brought her lots of benefits.'

At those thoughts, Stefan narrowed his eyes slightly and put on a straight face.

"You can't work with the Williams Group," Stefan said coldly.

Everyone present at the meeting heard it, held their breath and dared not say one more word. After all, Stefan was the biggest shareholder and he had the final say in the Doyle Group. Martha frowned slightly and glanced at Stefan, "Why? For the record, only the Williams Group is big and rich enough to work with us on the project of Zoozone land. Gentlemen, we're gonna make a fortune. And I don't believe any of you will let the golden chance slip away."

"So, Mr. Harrison, I didn't get your point."

Stefan pursed his lips. His eyes were deep and sullen but he said nothing else. Martha stared at him indifferently, then turned to look around the shareholders, and said, "I've promised that I'd lead the Doyle Group to a fresh start. This is my first step. So much for today. If you don't have any objections, dismiss."

Saying it, Martha simply stood up and left the meeting room, and didn't care what everyone else thought of it. She called Rhys as soon as she went out of the meeting room.

"What's up? Miss me?" Rhys flirted as soon as he answered the phone.

"You said you would open the studio for me. And I say yes. We can sign the contract now."

Martha stood in the hallway, appreciating the pot culture and smiling lightly. It was the first step in her plan to sign the contract with the Williams Group. And she believed it wouldn't take long for her to keep a footing in the Doyle Group.

Rhys laughed lightly on the other end and said, "Then?"

"One condition. You must work with me on the project of Zoozone land."

Rhys heard it, raised his eyebrows in surprise and smiled, "Aren't you afraid that I'll say no and make you eat your words in front of the shareholders of the Doyle Group?"

"Will you?" Martha slipped her fingers through the leaves and asked him with a smile.

"Nope."

"I knew it."

Martha smiled happily and added sincerely, "Mr. Williams, I hope we can work well together."

Stefan saw Martha leave when he got out of the meeting room, and his eyes darkened.

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Martha went back to her office, which hadn't been cleaned up, and looked at the mess inside. She wasn't annoyed.

Anyway, it was the first step to success that she'd rejoined the Doyle Group.

On her way back to the office, the department staff kept glancing at her in a weird way but she didn't take it to heart.

She just wanted to take back everything that belonged to her!

If the plan went well, the Doyle Group would regain its former greatness and glory very soon.

Thinking of it, Martha pulled the chair calmly and sat down.

A moment later, someone knocked at the door. The visitor opened the door and came in before Martha gave her the permission.

It was Hollie. She came in the office with a smile. They were in the office, and she didn't want anyone else to know the falling-out between them.

Hollie closed the door and pulled a long face. "Do you think you can win once you join the Doyle Group?" Hollie frowned and glared at Martha, who was going through the documents casually.

In fact, Martha had imagined that Hollie would come over and be harsh on her, but indeed, Hollie

showed up sooner than expected.

Martha raised her eyebrows with a nice smile and looked at Hollie indifferently, "Whatever I'm doing now, I learn from you."

"Learn from me? Who the hell do you think you're to compete with me?" Hollie frowned and couldn't help raising her voice.

Martha wasn't mad, but still wearing a smile, as if she wouldn't let it get into her, "There's plenty of time for us. Don't think little of your competitors."

"So you think you can get back everything once you are here?"

Hollie clenched her fists unconsciously and added sarcastically, "Martha, you're a pathetic loser! You'll never beat me!"

"But, I'm in charge of the project now," Martha smiled brightly and said.

Hollie stared at her and taunted, "It's been years. I'm afraid you don't know everyone out there is on my side."

Martha closed the documents carelessly and asked her, "Oh, really? But judging from what I've seen in the meeting room, I don't think so."

Hollie heard the sarcasm in her words and looked worse. Moreover, the office had glass walls. So, the employees out there kept glimpsing at them from time to time, hoping to see something.

Hollie took a deep breath and stared at Martha furiously. She couldn't make herself the laughing stock of the staff. She didn't want Stefan to hate her more because of what happened between Martha and her. She just couldn't let it happen.

She calmed herself and added, "You must listen and do as I say because I'm in charge of Doyle Group now. You can't do anything without my permission. Or, you'll be accused of overstepping your authority."

"Martha, I believe you know the cons of that, right?"

Martha glanced at Hollie indifferently.

What was the point of rejoining the Doyle Group if she was afraid of being accused of overstepping her authority?

She swore she must take back everything that Hollie had taken away from her.

Martha took a sip of the coffee, moved her eyelids and said nothing else to Hollie who was angry.

Seeing that, Hollie got more pissed.

"Miss Hollie, you can leave now if there's nothing else. I shall get back to work. I'm not that free as you are."

"You!"

In the end, Hollie could do nothing with her but just leave the office in anger.

Martha stared at the glass door and looked more serious. It wasn't Hollie if she would give up so easily.

As expected, someone else knocked at the door again.

"Come in."

The glass door was opened. Two female employees came in and said, "Miss Doyle, the vice president, the vice president sent us over to work as your assistants."

These two employees' voices sounded very unfriendly. It seemed that they were here to make things difficult for her.

Martha frowned and said coldly, "I don't need any assistants. Just leave."

"Miss Doyle, you're new in the company. We can help," One of the employees raised her head to look at her and said proudly.

Martha put on a gloomy face and said in a more indifferent voice, "I'm the executive director of the company. I said, leave."

"Miss Doyle, the vice president has given us the job."

The other employee frowned impatiently, looking like she was reluctant to come work for her.

Martha knocked on the chair lightly and thought quickly in mind. Clearly, Hollie sent them over to make it hard for her. Someone else would come take their places even if she kicked them out. As the saying goes, better the devil you know. So, it would be easier to fight the enemies face to face.

Thinking of it, Martha raised her eyes to look at them and said unwillingly, "Well, since you insist staying and working for me, clean the room first."

The room was a mess. More or less, it had bothered her.

Hollie had sent the two free cleaners over just in time.

As soon as her words left her mouth, she saw they were frozen.

Martha raised her eyebrows and went on speaking, "I think one of you can do the cleaning. And the other one of you can make me some coffee. I want hot black coffee. But not too hot."

"Make another one if the temperature isn't right. Don't stop until I'm pleased."

A moment later, the two employees realized it and looked at Martha unwillingly.

Seeing it, Martha's face darkened and she said harshly, "Didn't you say the vice president sent you to work as my assistants? I'll doubt whether you're capable of the job if you even can't do things like these!"

Martha blew the top and one of the employees shook with fear.

"I..."

The other employee wanted to sass back, but then she thought, Martha was from the the Doyle Family, and they were just small potatoes, they might be fired and lose this well-paid job if they offended Martha.

In a second, they chickened out.

At first, they thought they could give Martha a hard time under the wings of Hollie, but it turned out that Martha was a real piece of work.

They thought about it. Then one of them picked up the cleaning cloth, and the other one picked up the coffee cup.

Martha saw them doing their jobs, and smiled lightly, feeling much better.

chapter 46

After Martha became the executive director, she adapted to her work shortly after.

A week later, she sent back the two puppets arranged by Hollie.

One day, after ending the work, she sorted the files on her desk. Then she left her office after asking Jane to deal with the rest matters.

Once she left the Doyle Group's building, she saw a black vehicle nearby.

It was Stefan's car. She still recognized it after five years.

However, she didn't have the mood to see him, although she was staying in the same house with him.

Martha looked away, striding in another direction.

"Beep—"

The car honked. Martha furrowed her brows.

When she turned around, she saw the car's rear window down. Stefan's straight nose bridge and his

face's sharp outline were exposed.

The next second, she met his gaze, almost drowning in his peaceful but deep pools of eyes.

"Get in, Martha," he called coldly.

Martha stopped in her tracks.

Before she responded, Solomon sensibly got off the car, blocked Martha's way, and opened the rear door for her.

Martha withdrew her gaze but stood motionlessly. "What do you mean, Mr. Harrison? I don't want others to misunderstand our relationship."

Stefan frowned slightly, his face full of unhappiness.

'Misunderstand their relationship?'

'Was she so unwilling to have a relationship with him?'

Scowling at her, he parted his thin lips and blurted out, "We're a couple. What can they misunderstand?"

'A couple?'

Martha was amazed by his remark.

Coldness flashed through her eyes.

She retorted frigidly, "That's only what you think. In others' eyes, we're strangers with no relationship."

"Get in. I'll attend a cocktail party organized by a client tonight. Be my date," Stefan interrupted her icily.

He gazed at her unhappily, his eyes dark.

However, Martha didn't care how impatient he was.

Her tone became colder. "Mr. Harrison, I believe Hollie is more willing to be your date. Please excuse me."

With those words, she turned around and was about to leave.

Solomon subconsciously wanted to block her way, but Martha cast him a cold glance, and he froze.

'Being a CEO assistant is a real challenging task nowadays. Alas...'

"Stop!" Stefan snapped.

Martha walked forward, pretending not to hear him.

The next second, her wrist was seized. Martha staggered, feeling a warm palm on her waist.

"Enough!" Martha was angry and patted his hand off, glaring at Stefan.

However, he ignored her. Before she spoke again, she felt her feet in the air—Stefan scooped her up.

"What are you doing? Put me down!"

Martha could tell Stefan didn't detest her as much as five years ago, and he seemed to care about her.

However, she had never expected him to do it so boldly during the time when all the employees of the Doyle Group got off work.

They had attracted a lot of attention at the company entrance. Due to Stefan's social status, they dared not to watch the two but couldn't help checking on them from time to time.

Frowning, Martha wanted to struggle, but Stefan warned him coldly, "If you don't want to be watched longer, you'd better stay still."

Martha stiffened and subconsciously stopped struggling.

Feeling her reaction, Stefan curled his lips into a smile and carried her into the car.

Right then, a petite figure appeared in the lobby of the Doyle Group.

Hollie had just finished her work. When she saw Stefan carry Martha into the car, her face darkened.

She had seen Stefan's car in the office earlier and thought he was waiting for her. Hence, she joyfully went downstairs.

She had never expected to see such a scene.

Her hand at her side tightly. Before she wanted to ask them, Stefan and Martha had sat in the car. The car roared away.

Pressing her lips, Hollie wanted to blow up. However, she noticed many coworkers were watching. She was always a gentle, graceful woman in public, so she tried hard to suppress her fury.

Her fingernails dug into her palms. The onlookers stared at her in inquiry and even sarcasm. Angry flames surged more in her chest.

In the past five years after Martha's "death", everyone thought she would become Stefan's wife sooner or later, but Stefan didn't even propose to her.

Now, Martha was back and stealing her thunder.

Hollie sat in her car sullenly, swearing to herself that she must make Martha, that bitch, disappear for good!

...

On the other side, a car was speeding down the road.

"Stop the car, Solomon!" Martha snapped at Solomon while pulling away from Stefan.

"Solomon," Stefan called icily.

With a jolt of panic, Solomon pressed down the division plate to separate the backseat from the front. He didn't want to get involved in the business between Stefan and Martha.

Or he might lose his job.

Gazing at the division plate, Martha burst into anger. She glared at Stefan furiously.

"I don't want to be your date. I'm exhausted. I want to go home."

Stefan lifted an eyebrow, his gaze glancing at Martha's rosy cheeks. "You want to make money and buy my stake as soon as possible, don't you?" he drawled.

Martha frowned in confusion, trying to figure out what he implied.

Stefan added, "You'll be benefited after attending the party. All the attendees are investors and business owners. Unless you want the Doyle Group to be an affiliate of the Harrison Group. It's all up to you."

Martha frowned, pressing her lips in silence.

'Is Stefan trying to help me create opportunities to meet investors?'

'Would he be so kind?'

Staring at her angry face, Stefan narrowed his gaze.

Her current image overlapped her image five years ago.

Martha was boiled up by the faint smile on his lips.

'What's wrong with him?'

'Is it so much fun forcing me and watching me get angry?'

In the weird atmosphere, Solomon drove towards their destination—a woman's dress store.

Martha got off the car, staring at the store's name in a daze.

Before she returned to her senses, Stefan naturally wrapped his arm around her waist, striding towards the store.

"Welcome, Mr. Harrison," a saleswoman immediately greeted them with a smile.

Seeing Stefan from afar, the store manager trotted towards them and said respectfully, "Good evening, Mr. Harrison. The dresses you ordered for this season have arrived."

"Well. Take them all here," Stefan answered without releasing Martha.

Martha tried her best to struggle secretly and finally broke free from his arm. She glared at him.

Soon, the new arrivals were taken out by several saleswomen. All the dresses were magnificent, some fitting the formal occasions and some looking pure. All were stunning. However, Martha didn't have the mood to choose a dress at all. She pointed at one randomly. The manager immediately waved his hand at a saleswoman, who carried the dress to Martha. The manager smiled at Martha. "Miss, this is the newest dress from LS. It's..." "She's my wife," Stefan darted at him and interrupted with a cold voice.

chapter 47

The manager was taken aback. However, he was professional and immediately mediated, "This dress fits you well, Mrs. Harrison. Your skin is fair, so you'll look gorgeous in this color." Martha curled her lips and thought, 'This store manager is trying to brown nose.' 'What's wrong with Stefan?' 'Why does he tell others I am his wife?' 'He never admitted I was his wife back then. What does he mean now?' Before she figured it out, the saleswoman holding the dress gently pushed her towards the fitting room. The saleswoman left after hanging the dress on the wall for her and closed the door. Martha couldn't do anything but get changed. After putting on the dress, she failed to reach its zipper on the back after trying several times. Helplessly, she said to the door, "Can you please come in to help me?" Soon, the door was pushed open. Footsteps sounded behind her. Martha thought it was the saleswoman, so she turned her back towards the person, grabbed her hair to pull forward, and exposed her smooth back. "Can you please help me zip it up? I can't reach it. Thanks." The person didn't speak. The next second, an icy fingertip touched Martha's back. "Hiss!" Martha trembled, looking back subconsciously. However, her face changed dramatically after she saw the person behind her. "Why did you enter?" Martha hurriedly flinched, gazing at Stefan on alert. "Please leave. Call the saleswoman in." Seeing her reaction, Stefan frowned and took a step forward. "Please leave!" Martha raised her voice in a panic. She grabbed her clothes to cover her exposed skin under the dress. She didn't pay attention to the dress earlier. After putting it on, she found the hollow design on her waist. There was a scar on her belly left after the cesarean birth, so she couldn't let Stefan see it. Stefan frowned, subconsciously trailing his gaze along her body after seeing her panicked reaction. Faintly, he saw a scar on her waist. His eyes darkened. "You were injured? What happened?" Martha froze, realizing he had seen the scar. She stepped back until she was leaning against the wall, the cold surface of which instantly calmed her down. Martha looked away indifferently with an ironic smile.

“None of your business.”

Stefan narrowed his gaze at her, his eyes full of irritation.

Martha repeatedly disassociate herself from him, which annoyed him a lot.

They were in a stalemate.

A while later, Stefan dragged Martha and forcibly zipped up her dress before storming out of the fitting room.

Martha finally breathed a sigh of relief, leaning against the wall.

He was so close to knowing the secret that she had been hiding.

The cocktail party.

The decoration of the banquet hall was luxurious. Champagne, liquors, and desserts were provided.

As soon as Stefan and Martha got off the car, reporters surrounded them.

They were dumbfounded when they saw him standing beside Martha, who had vanished for five years, instead of Hollie.

“Mrs. Harrison said they had divorced in the press conference not long ago. Why do they come to the party together?”

“Does Mr. Harrison wants both old and new sweethearts?”

“Probably, they have reconciled.”

...

When Martha heard them guess they’d reconciled, an ironic sneer touched her lips.

Stefan frowned unhappily. Gripping her hand, he put it on his arm.

He slightly tilted his head and whispered, “Don’t forget our agreement, Mrs. Harrison.”

Thinking of their agreement, Martha gritted her teeth to hold back the irritation in her chest.

The banquet hall.

The cocktail party was organized by a businessman who was the Harrison Group’s client. Therefore, the attendees were celebrities.

Stefan introduced Martha to all his company’s clients. Then he let go of her and let her socialize.

Holding a champagne flute, he sat by the window, watching Martha all the time.

Shortly after, he realized Martha had changed completely.

She was very sociable now. No matter whom she was engaged with, she could talk with them very gracefully.

Stefan slightly lowered his eyes, thinking she had really changed to be independent, and also, she stopped focusing on him.

The thought made his eyes darken.

On the other side, Martha enjoyed her conversation with the investors.

When she subconsciously looked away, she saw Joann standing a short distance away, and beside Joann stood a man in his forties.

The man looked familiar. Martha recalled that the middle-aged man had just divorced his wife some time ago, the news of which was on Twitter trends not long ago.

Martha could tell Joann’s role in the farce but wasn’t interested.

Joann seemed to feel Martha’s gaze and looked in her direction. When her gaze met Martha’s in mid-air, her pupils constricted. She subconsciously pinched her goblet tightly.

If it weren’t for Martha, she wouldn’t have been in this situation.

Joann felt it a pity that Martha hadn’t died in the fire last time.

Martha furrowed her eyebrows slightly as she noticed Joann’s vicious gaze, fierceness flashing through

her eyes and vanishing quickly.

After bidding farewell to the investors, Martha picked up a glass of champagne.

Suddenly, she heard high heels click-clack behind her.

Joann's surprised voice sounded, "Mrs. Harrison, right? You've been gone for five years. I didn't expect you to be still alive."

Martha sipped the champagne, ignoring her.

However, Martha's coldness made Joann want to provoke her more.

"I heard you'd become an artist, Mrs. Harrison."

While she spoke, she shook her champagne flute and stared at Martha sarcastically.

"However, it's a pity your artwork has been burned. Look at you now. You still have to rely on a man to attend this cocktail party."

Martha sneered, gazing at her expressionlessly. "Who do you think you are to talk to me?"

Her words froze the smile on Joann's face.

Raising her chin slightly, Martha darted at Joann.

"I'm Stefan's wife. Who are you? A has-been C-list model? Or a man's mistress?"

Joann blushed in anger, scowling at Martha.

Martha didn't fear but wore a faint smile.

"No matter who you are, you don't deserve to talk to me."

Joann bit her lip, pinching the flute tightly.

Before she retorted, Martha suddenly walked up and chuckled at her, "I feel bored here. Luckily, you fell on my lap."

Before Joann reacted, Martha grabbed her flute and splashed it onto her face.

Feeling the icy fluid on her face, Joann exclaimed, "Argh!"

Instantly, everyone's attention was attracted.

They all gaped at Joann in confusion.

chapter 48

A moment later, people around them gradually returned to their senses. They stared at Joann, who was messy, as if they were expecting a good show to start.

Joann was taken aback. A moment later, she screamed, "Are you out of your mind, Martha?"

Martha curled up her lips into a faint smile and slightly loosened her fingers.

The flute dropped to the floor, letting out a crisp sound.

Upon hearing the sounds, Stefan stood up and strode towards Martha.

After the flute was broken, Martha glanced at the celebrities around them, noticing some famous reporters were in the crowd.

The next second, Stefan stood next to Martha protectively.

Looking down at Joann, he asked coldly, "What happened?"

The man in his forties, Joann's date, also rushed over, staring at Joann in confusion.

Seeing her backer, Joann immediately threw herself into his arms and sobbed, "Joshua, I'm so aggrieved. I don't know why Mrs. Harrison splashed the champagne on my face suddenly."

When Joshua heard "Mrs. Harrison", his face darkened.

Watching Joann's coquetry, Martha couldn't help but think, 'Joann is just a model. No wonder her acting skills suck so much. Watching her acting really disgusts me.'

Martha withdrew her gaze, taking Stefan's arm and looking up at him.

"She insulted me first."

Then she glanced at the two female celebrities nearby, raised her chin, and added, "The two ladies must have heard what happened earlier. Joann Lowe slandered me first, so I taught her a lesson."

Following her gaze, Stefan looked at the two women.

The two celebrities were at a loss. They were only standing by Martha and Joann and didn't know what had happened exactly.

However, Mrs. Harrison declared they were the witnesses, so they had to respond.

Martha was Stefan's wife, and they could tell Stefan cared about her. Joann was just an unknown woman. Therefore, they knew which side to take immediately.

After a pause, the celebrities answered in unison, "Exactly! We overheard their conversation earlier. That woman provoked Mrs. Harrison first."

Joann's face turned livid. She retorted, "How could you be like this? Stop talking nonsense!"

Stefan narrowed his gaze and interrupted her icily, "Ms. Lowe, you smeared my wife first. I don't mind going through the legal process to defend my wife's reputation."

Joann stiffened, tugging Joshua's hand uneasily.

Joshua couldn't afford to offend Stefan and didn't want to be disgraced in so many people's presence. He tried to break the stalemate. "Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, my date is so insensible. Please don't bother yourself about her. I'll ask her to apologize to Mrs. Harrison. Then we shall let go of it. What do you think?"

Stefan tilted his head to glance at Martha expressionlessly and replied, "It's useless to ask me for my opinion. It only depends on my wife's mood."

The onlookers were slightly shocked.

They felt Stefan loved his wife, who returned after disappearing for five years.

The onlookers couldn't help wondering if they had received fake news earlier.

Martha could also tell Stefan created a chance for her to get everyone's approval and establish a foothold in business circles.

Joann's eyes were full of hatred, but she dared not to blow up in public.

With an elegant smile, Martha said, "I don't want to make a fuss here. Well, Joann, apologize to me. Then that's it."

"After all, I'm not petty. Nor do I want to sink to a petty person's level."

Joshua immediately pushed Joann, hinting at her to apologize to Martha.

Biting her lip, Joann had to say sorry to Martha.

Clenching her fists, she looked miserable as all her wet hair clung to her cheeks.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Harrison." She had to bow her head.

Martha darted at her and waved her hand indifferently, meaning she would let go of this matter.

At this moment, Martha was a proud woman with high social status. Joann behaved exceptionally humbly. The strong contrast between the two women made the onlookers stare at Martha with inquisitive eyes.

Joann could feel them gazing at her in irony. Looking annoyed, she hated Martha to the core.

...

An hour later, the cocktail party ended.

Martha held Stefan's arm and bid others farewell with a sweet smile.

Once they left the banquet hall, she put away her smile.

In the banquet hall, she had to use Stefan to embarrass Joann. Since they had left the party, she didn't need to continue pretending.

Martha let go of Stefan's arm and thanked him.

Stefan frowned at her indifferent look.

He preferred to see her smile, even though she faked it just now.

After sitting in the car, neither talked.

An hour later, the black car was pulled up to the villa gate.

Martha took the initiative to push the door open and got off. After entering the house, she went upstairs and walked into her room.

On the way, the scenes about tonight's party appeared in her mind.

She couldn't figure out what Stefan wanted, why he introduced her to the Harrison Group's clients, and why he helped her set up her social status in public.

Watching her receding figure, Stefan looked stern, his eyes dark.

Only the cherry of his cigarette flickered in the car parked in the silent parking lot.

Stefan didn't go into the house until almost 20 minutes later.

He looked around the empty living room, his eyes intense.

'She doesn't want to spend time with me so badly?'

The thought irritated him again, although he had calmed down after smoking a cigarette. After a pause, he went upstairs.

Stefan stopped at Martha's door and knocked on it gently.

A long time later, Martha opened the door in confusion.

When her eyes met his, she was startled.

The next second, she returned to her senses and subconsciously wanted to shut the door.

However, Stefan reacted quickly, reached out, and stopped her from doing so.

"What do you want?" Martha frowned and pushed the door hard, but it didn't work.

Stefan approached her, noticing her face was full of tiredness.

"Get out! Or I'll... Hmm..."

Before Martha reacted, Stefan reached to cup her chin, lowered his head, and kissed her.

chapter 49

Martha stiffened, taken aback.

When she realized what he was doing, she immediately pushed him.

Stefan was annoyed. He grabbed her wrists and raised them above her head to stop her from moving.

Leaning forward slightly, he deepened the kiss.

Martha realized she couldn't break free, so she gave it up, glaring at him coldly.

Soon, Stefan felt her cold response. Lust faded from his eyes.

He let go of her, looking down at her in irritation.

Martha's eyes were full of coldness and disgust, which upset him so much.

"You are even unwilling to pretend to pander to me," Stefan remarked huskily.

Gazing at her, Martha sneered in sarcasm.

"Why should I? After divorcing in three months, we'll have nothing to do with each other. Don't you think we shouldn't have a sexual relationship during this period?"

"Sexual relationship?" Stefan repeated, his pupils constricting.

“Or what?” Martha asked icily.

“You are a man, so I understand you have a sex drive. If you want a woman, go out to find one. I believe many women want to sleep with you. I’m not one of them.”

Stefan’s face darkened and he stared coldly at Martha. ‘Did she know what she was talking about?’

However, Martha looked as if she didn’t see his anger and asked with concern, “Do you need me to find you a woman, Mr. Harrison?”

Stefan stared daggers at her immediately. Narrowing his gaze, he approached Martha and snapped, “Seriously? Martha!”

With that said, he turned and left Martha’s room.

Martha sighed in relief after he was gone, leaning against the wall weakly.

For a moment just now, she thought Stefan would kill her.

Besides, when he kissed her, she wasn’t as calm as she looked.

Martha knew she still felt something for Stefan, and yet she could not give him any mercy in the current situation.

A bitter smile touched Martha’s lips.

‘You were too cheap before, Martha. You cannot repeat the same mistake,’ she reminded herself inwardly.

After adjusting her mood quickly, she returned to normal.

...

The night passed fast.

The following day, Martha got up early. Before Stefan went to the dining room, she quickly finished breakfast and went to the address sent by Rhys.

The car ran fast. Two hours later, she arrived at a building downtown.

According to the address, she took an elevator and went to the seventh floor.

As soon as Martha entered the studio, she was stunned.

She had expected Rhys to find some expensive place as her workplace, but much to her surprise, it was located downtown with a high cost of the land. Moreover, he rented the whole floor.

Martha entered the lobby.

The studio had been remodeled. Two tall plants were placed at the door. Once entering, she saw a cafe and a lounge besides the working areas.

While Martha was shocked, a chuckle sounded to bring her back to the present, “What a surprise! You can’t wait to see me, right, lovely Miss Doyle?”

Martha looked back and slightly nodded at Rhys in greetings.

“It’s just a studio. You don’t need to open it in such a place,” she remarked.

“There’s convenient transportation to this building. If I want to see you, I can come over anytime.”

With a faint smile, Rhys stared at her as if implying something.

Martha furrowed her eyebrows slightly and strengthened her tone, “Mr. Williams, please!”

“Miss Doyle, your office is specially designed. Let me show you,” Rhys interrupted her with a smile and changed the topic.

Then he took the lead to walk in.

Martha couldn’t do anything but follow him.

After entering her office, Rhys sat down on the couch with his legs folded in a relaxed manner.

“Miss Doyle, how do you like this room?” he beamed at Martha.

“You’ve been too generous, Mr. Williams. It’s an office. You could have just put a desk and a chair here

simply.”

Martha looked around and could tell the ornaments on the shelves were expensive. However, she also knew Rhys never changed once he'd made up his mind.

Arching an eyebrow, Rhys chuckled, “Miss Doyle, you are a beautiful lady, so your office should be a perfect one.”

Martha kept silent.

Martha parted her lips a moment later and told him about her purpose.

“Mr. Williams, I'm here today to discuss the project with you.”

“Let's put it aside first, Miss Doyle. When do you have time to go drink with me?”

With a wicked smile, Rhys looked at the woman sitting across from him, his eyes were dark and deep.

Frowning, Martha kept calm and emphasized her purpose again.

“Mr. Williams, I wonder what the Williams Group thinks about the cooperative project with the Doyle Group.”

“We can talk about the project anytime. But it's a rare chance to spend time with a lovely lady like you.”

Pressing her lips together, Martha stopped speaking, looking at him indifferently.

She hesitated if she should go straight to the point.

Judging from Rhys' words, he seemed to have no intention of discussing the project with her.

Rhys didn't feel awkward, leaning against the back of the sofa while staring at her.

“Miss Doyle, you must be super busy recently. I'd love to invite you to dinner tonight. Would you accept my invitation?”

“No, thanks, Mr. Williams. I cannot read your mind, but I can tell you don't have a crush on me. At least you don't treat me seriously.”

Martha glanced at him and went straight to the point.

Rhys was surprised. Lifting his eyebrow, he curled his lips into a smile.

Martha knew he wanted to use her to achieve his goals, but she was not sure if his target was Harrison Group or Stefan.

Her intuition kept warning her to be careful with this man.

Sitting opposite her, Rhys slightly narrowed his gaze at her. The smile on his face became broader.

He replied mellowly, “Miss Doyle, you've underestimated me.”

He curled his lips into a wicked smile. Without hiding his ambition, he added, “I want whatever Stefan cares about, no matter the Harrison Group or you, Miss Doyle.”

Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 50

Martha froze. Instantly, she thought about another possibility.

“Do you have a grudge against Stefan?”

Rhys only curled his lips, showing a meaningful smile to Martha.

‘A grudge?’

Rhys didn't want to answer her question but was more intrigued by her.

Martha roughly figured out the answer.

‘If Rhys has a grudge against Stefan, I am just a good pawn for him.’

‘What a cunning businessman Rhys is!’

Looking at him coldly, she said, “Mr. Williams, if you use me as a pawn to deal with Stefan, I'm afraid you'll be disappointed in the end.”

Rhys knocked the desk with his knuckles, arching his eyebrows.

"Who said you were a pawn?"

Martha frowned, looking into his eyes without replying.

"Probably, I'll truly fall in love with you in the future."

He leaned forward and replied in a mellow voice.

He still didn't forget to flirt with her.

Martha leaned backward to distance herself from him.

"Mr. Williams, please stop kidding me. Since you spoke it out, it meant you were kidding only.

However..."

Martha broke off purposely.

Meeting Rhys' curious gaze, she added, "If you want to steal Stefan's woman, you should pay attention to Hollie."

After all, Hollie was the woman Stefan loved most, while she was just nothing for Stefan.

Rhys felt her mood change, a smile lifting the corners of his lips. Shaking his head in disagreement, he said, "Miss Doyle, it seems you are unaware of your current position."

Martha's eyes twinkled. Pressing her lips together, she kept silent.

She knew what Rhys implied, but she'd rather believe that Stefan was heartless than that he was now in love with her.

After all, she could never forget the lessons learned before.

If it weren't for Jimmy, she wouldn't have approached Stefan again.

"Mr. Williams, about that land project..."

Martha straightened up, returned to professional, and discussed the project with Rhys.

...

When Martha returned to the Harrison Villa, it was already evening.

Once she entered the living room, she saw Stefan sitting at the dining table.

'He hasn't had dinner yet. Is he waiting for me?'

'No way!'

She looked away, ignored him, and was about to go to her bedroom upstairs.

No sooner had she taken a step than Stefan's cool voice rang out, "Stop!"

"What can I do for you, Mr. Harrison?" Martha asked frigidly, clenching her hands together.

"Eat."

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

Her refusal made Stefan sullen.

"You were not in the Doyle Group today," he added.

Martha was amused, wondering if he cared about her whereabouts.

She turned to look at him.

"Mr. Harrison, I'm sure you've found where I was already."

"Martha!" he called her impatiently in a warning tone.

Martha could tell he was annoyed.

Unwilling to argue with him, she didn't leave but raised her chin and said calmly, "I went to meet a client. We discussed the project."

'Did she meet Rhys?'

Stefan frowned, angry flames burning in his chest.

"Discuss the project?"

Before Martha left, Stefan stood up and approached her with a stern face. He seized her right wrist and asked, a cold aura surrounding him, "Did you discuss the project or do something else?"