

Good bye 561

Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 561

After finishing their wedding photoshoot, the sky had turned dark.

Jimmy was exhausted and slept soundly in Stefan's arms, occasionally murmuring in his sleep.

"Boohoo... I'm sorry..."

Upon hearing his unconscious murmurs, Martha furrowed her brows slightly and looked at Stefan, observing his expression.

"I... I think I scared Jimmy today."

Stefan turned to look at her and lowered his voice so as not to wake up Jimmy.

"It's in the past. I know you're worried about him, but he'll be fine once you get home and make him something delicious to eat to distract him."

"Mm."

There was a paper bag in the car containing the damaged red wedding dress that Stefan had bought. Martha's gaze fell on the bag and a hint of sadness flashed through her eyes.

It was still regrettable that she couldn't wear the red wedding dress for photoshoots.

But she didn't want to wear this damaged one either.

"Stefan..."

She moved closer towards him and leaned her head against his shoulder.

"What's wrong?"

Stefan freed one hand to gently stroke her hair while asking softly, "Are you tired? Take a nap; we still have plenty of time before we get home."

Martha shook her head.

"No, I can't sleep nor do I want to. Stefan, actually... I'm very scared."

Her body trembled slightly as she spoke those words out loud.

He tightly held onto her hand while comforting, "No matter what happens, when you're by my side, there is no need for fear."

"No, Stefan, do you know what? The happiness of being with you now feels like an impossible dream come true. Everything seems calm right now as if it were all just an illusion; I'm afraid that one day suddenly waking up will reveal that you are gone..."

"That won't happen."

Stefan put Jimmy who was sleeping back onto the seat, then pulled Martha into his arms, while telling her clearly, "I'll always be by your side, never leave your side ever again."

"I remember what you said."

Martha raised up towards him with a smile, then kissed his chin again and again.

A wave of heat surged through Stefan.

He blocked Martha's face coming closer with one hand, while speaking hoarsely, "Don't tease me like this..."

Martha ignored him and continued to playfully kiss his chin, teasingly saying, "Do you want to lower yourself a bit? Looking up like that must be tiring."

"Martha, stop it," he warned as he kissed her forehead. "If you keep this up, I can't guarantee what will happen."

His warning lacked any real threat and sounded more like an intimate suggestion between lovers.

Martha's heart raced as she closed her eyes.

"Okay then, you can do whatever you want," she said.

Stefan looked surprised for a moment before coughing lightly and looking away.

"You... rest for a while. I'll wake you up when we arrive," he said.

"Okay..."

Boring.

Martha rolled her eyes at his serious expression and chuckled inwardly.

No man could resist the temptation of the woman they loved – not even Stefan.

The car drove straight back to Stefan's villa since it was getting late.

Stefan carried Jimmy out of the car who woke up instantly upon seeing the building in front of him.

"This is Daddy's villa!" he exclaimed happily; thrilled to be home with his parents again.

Martha got out of the car but her expression changed slightly when she saw the villa in front of them.

"What's wrong?" Stefan asked.

When he noticed her strange look, he explained. "It's just that... this place is closer from there."

Without a word, she hugged him tightly instead.

"Stefan, I'm so happy!"

This was their home now – their home!

Stefan was momentarily stunned before a faint smile appeared on his lips.

His wife always seemed so easily satisfied.

As they walked into the house together though, it felt empty without any signs of life inside except for some warm yellow lights that gave off a cozy feeling in contrast to its cold emptiness.

"After you left last time, I dismissed all the servants here, so only I lived here," Stefan explained nonchalantly as if it were nothing important at all.

Martha widened her eyes slightly before hugging him again

"Sorry, I shouldn't have escaped and left you alone. You must be feeling very tired during that period."

"It's all in the past now. With you and Jimmy, I already feel lucky," Stefan said.

It was nice to have no one else disturbing their cozy family of three, but tonight's dinner became a problem.

"Daddy, Mommy, Jimmy is so hungry!"

The little guy had searched through every nook and cranny of the house but found nothing. He pouted and complained, "Why doesn't Daddy have any snacks? Grandpa has so many."

Was he being criticized by his own son?

Stefan squinted at both of them and said, "I'll go out and buy some fast food."

"Or maybe I should cook instead. Do we have any vegetables?"

She opened the fridge to find it empty.

Martha turned to him with what seemed like reproach but was actually concern.

"What did you eat when I wasn't here?" she asked.

Stefan coughed uneasily; his expression looked exactly like Jimmy's when caught doing something wrong.

"Just... normal meals."

"Really?"

Facing her skeptical gaze, he sighed softly. "Okay fine. Sometimes I'm too busy that I don't eat anything."

"You're not allowed to do that anymore! From now on, I'll supervise you," Martha declared firmly.

“And what about Jimmy?” Jimmy appeared between them with a smile on his face. Half an hour later, fresh vegetables were delivered to the villa. Martha went into the kitchen while Stefan stayed in the living room watching cartoons with Jimmy. The cabinets were too high for her reach; she couldn’t get hold of a dish plate. So, she stood on tiptoes, which caused her to lose balance and almost fall over. “Ah!” She couldn’t help exclaiming in surprise but felt relieved when warm arms wrapped around her before she hit the ground. She opened her eyes, only to meet Stefan’s worried gaze. “Are you okay?” Martha breathed out a sigh of relief. “Phew... that was close.” “What do you need me to get for you?” he asked kindly. Since she couldn’t reach it anyway, she might as well ask him for help. “Get me three plates and bowls please! And if it isn’t too much trouble, can you wash them clean after?” “Sure,” Stefan replied, unbuttoning his shirt cuffs and then rolling up his sleeves. “Oh wait, there’s one more thing,” Martha picked up a pink apron, waving it teasingly in front of him. His face changed slightly as he coughed awkwardly “Can we skip this part?” “Nope!” She smirked and wiggled her finger, “Please turn around, Mr. Harrison.” Stefan was reluctant but had no choice but to reluctantly turn around. Martha put an apron on him and tied a beautiful butterfly knot behind him. “Not bad!”

Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 562

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Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 563

The following day.

When Martha woke up, she found herself nestled in Stefan's arms, while Jimmy's head was resting on Stefan's stomach.

This sleeping position...

She moved slightly, afraid of waking Stefan up.

But before she could get up, Stefan suddenly opened his eyes.

"Did I wake you up?"

"No."

He pulled her back to his side, encircling her waist. His voice was still a bit lazy and hoarse from just waking up.

"Stay with me and sleep a little longer."

"It's time to wake up, today is not a weekend."

However, she still let Stefan hold her and lay with her for a while.

Lying face to face with him like this, even his eyelashes are clearly visible.

Martha involuntarily extended her index finger and lightly traced his prominent nose bridge, handsome eyebrows and eyes, and thin lips...

This man was perfect in all senses.

"What are you doing?"

Feeling his face itchy, Stefan held Martha's hand and suddenly opened his eyes to stare at her.

"Stefan... When are we going to have the wedding?"

Upon hearing this, the man first appeared slightly stunned, but then broke into a smile.

"Does my bride seem impatient?"

Martha let out a soft hum, "Coming back this time, everything feels like a dream. I'm really scared..."

"Don't worry, everything will be fine. The wedding preparations are already underway, and I will definitely give you a grand wedding."

The atmosphere was just right as Stefan slowly approached and Martha gently closed her eyes.

However, at that moment...

"Umm..."

Jimmy's little head moved and he rubbed his sleepy eyes, murmuring in a daze, "Mommy and Daddy... why are you both here?"

Martha quickly broke away from Stefan's embrace and got up from bed.

"It's getting late, hurry up and get ready for bed. I'll go make breakfast."

Sure enough, it was hard to make intimate gestures in front of children!

Ten minutes later, breakfast was ready.

Three heart-shaped fried eggs, three glasses of milk, and three slices of whole wheat bread.

While having breakfast, Stefan received a phone call from Eden.

Eden began joking around, "How is your happy life?"

Stefan furrowed his brow and spoke in a deep voice, "If you called me early in the morning just to gossip, then bye."

"Hey hey hey! I have something serious to tell you!"

Eden cleared her throat and continued, "Giana has been found."

At this news, Stefan's eyes darkened as he said, "Thanks. Send me the address."

He hung up the phone with a somber expression.

Martha noticed his change and couldn't help but ask curiously, "Is something wrong? You look upset." Stefan looked up at her and relaxed his expression slightly. "It's nothing. Just work stuff."

Shortly after receiving Giana's address from Eden via text message along with a warning: [Giana is currently destitute and I'm worried she may seek revenge against you. Be careful. Also don't believe everything she says.]

Stefan knew exactly what kind of person Giana was.

However, now he believed that she no longer had the energy to play tricks on him anymore.

"I'll have the driver send you and Jimmy back; there's something I need to take care of," he said.

Although Martha wanted Stefan to spend more time with her, she obediently nodded her head.

In an impoverished slum on the border between A City and B City lied where Giana was located according to the address sent earlier by Eden.

The car couldn't go any further, so Stefan had no choice but to get out on foot.

The road was muddy beyond belief; dilapidated houses surrounded him that seemed like they would collapse if blown by even just a gust of wind; all sorts of vulgar advertisements swung back-and-forth above him; mixed into all this was an odor of decay.

When he saw Giana, she was outside burning water over an open flame near one of these rundown shacks – hunched over coughing every once in awhile – looking like someone who had experienced many hardships.

She was completely different from how arrogant she used to be before.

"Giana."

Hearing his voice, Giana froze for a moment before trying to run away, yet Stefan easily caught her.

"Stefan, can't you let me go? Please? I know I shouldn't have secretly returned back here, but please let me go. I'll leave right now, never come back again!"

"Shut up."

Stefan warned in a low voice, annoyed by her constant chatter.

"I only have a few questions for you. Answer them honestly, and I'll give you some money."

Giana couldn't believe it.

"Are you serious?"

Money was what Giana needed most right now. With money, she wouldn't have to live like this anymore!

"I always keep my word. But if you try to deceive me even a little bit, I'll make your life even more miserable."

"I won't! I won't..."

The two of them returned to the dilapidated house with no place suitable for sitting down. Stefan decided to stand instead.

"Tell me about my background."

Upon hearing this question, Giana's eyes widened in panic.

"No..."

Stefan placed the prepared card on the table and said sternly, "Tell me the truth, and the money in it is yours."

After thinking for a moment, Giana ultimately chose money over anything else.

"In fact, your mother gave birth to stillborn baby back then. There was never any love between your parents; their marriage was purely based on interests as it usually was with wealthy families. Your mother found an abandoned baby that could replace her dead child, just when your father was on a

business trip out of town.”

Although he had mentally prepared himself for the truth beforehand, upon hearing it, an indescribable feeling still struck him.

“What about that money...”

Stefan handed over the card and left without another word.

Watching his departing figure, Giana held onto that card as if it were something precious and kissed it repeatedly near her lips

“God really favors me!”

After leaving Giana’s place, Stefan went straight to Rhys’ residence .

“What are you doing here?”

Rhys glared at him in displeasure but still stepped aside, so Stefan could enter.

“You can sit wherever you want; don’t expect any hospitality from me though .”

Stefan’s expression grew increasingly unpleasant.

If not because of their family backgrounds, he would never tolerate Rhys’ attitude towards him .

“You really know how to get under someone’s skin.”

“Well, then don’t come here; I never submit myself before anyone .”

Despite his words, Rhys threw Stefan a bottle of purified water from inside his fridge anyway .

“If there’s anything, spit it out quickly; don’t waste my precious time.”

Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 564

Rhys sat across from Stefan, impatiently waiting for him to speak.

But he remained silent, just staring at Rhys.

“What are you looking at? Do I have something on my face?”

Stefan took a deep breath and spoke slowly. “These past few years haven’t been easy for you.”

Rhys was taken aback by his words and snorted. “What do you mean? Are you trying to mock me or pity me? Let me tell you, I don’t need either!”

He didn’t want to think about the past anymore, but those experiences would occasionally resurface in his mind, making it hard for him to let go.

He had conflicting feelings towards Stefan.

They were related by blood but also happened to be the Harrisons that he despised the most.

“It’s not that. There’s something I should tell you,” Stefan said calmly and clearly. “I’m not a Harrison.”

“What did you say?!” Rhys stood up suddenly with furrowed brows. “Not a Harrison? What do you mean... explain yourself!”

“I mean exactly what I said,” Stefan replied calmly as he motioned for Rhys to sit down again. “I’m not a Harrison, but you’re the only child with Harrison family bloodline.”

“That’s impossible!” Rhys sneered as he refused to believe anything Stefan said.

“Stay calm,” Stefan tried calming him down while gesturing him back into his seat.

But how could Rhys calm down after hearing such news? He walked up close and grabbed onto Stefan’s collar tightly.

“You better wake up! Tell me now if this is some kind of joke?”

“If I say yes, then I will be lying,” replied Stefans firmly.

“You’re talking nonsense! You came out of your mother’s womb; how can’t you be part of the Harrisons?”

Stefan's eyes darkened when Rhys mentioned his mother.

To protect her position, her lies had hurt many people.

As the only true heir of the Harrison family, Rhys deserved to know the truth even though it was cruel for both of them.

"I've confirmed it with Giana; she told me that my mother gave birth to a stillborn baby and then switched it with an abandoned baby as her own child."

Stefan paused before continuing, "That abandoned baby is me."

As soon as the words left his mouth, Rhys punched Stefan in the face.

"Say it again! Are you the Harrisons?!"

Stefan didn't dodge this punch, and it made him stumble slightly.

He steadied himself and looked at Rhys with a complicated expression before finally saying, "I'm sorry."

He was apologizing on behalf of his mother.

Rhys gave another punch and shouted, "You're not the Harrisons! Why?"

Why could Stefan own everything even if he was not the Harrison? He was the Harrison family's bloodline yet was never acknowledged.

His father in name never acknowledged him for the sake of someone who wasn't related by blood.

He had suffered a lot of hardships since young.

He watched his mother die at home. No one came to take care of her corpse until it started to rot.

Later, he went to an orphanage. If he hadn't met the original young master of Williams family who gave him a pendant after passing away, Stefan would have no chance of living like this now.

It was ridiculous... too ridiculous!

"Everything about the Harrison family is actually..."

"Shut up!" Rhys interrupted Stefan before he could finish speaking. He already knew what Stefan wanted to say and rudely cut him off.

"I'm from the Williams family; I have nothing to do with the Harrison family. I don't give a damn about anything that belongs to the Harrison family! All I want is for you to repent for what you did wrong against my mother!"

As Rhys spoke excitedly about his mother's plight again, he raised his fist once more but stopped just inches away from hitting Stefan this time around.

His clenched fist gradually loosened as he chuckled while muttering softly, "What's the point when my mom is dead... those sinful people are gone too."

Rhys let go of Stefan's collar, then stood up straight, dusting his own clothes and taking deep breaths before saying,

"That's enough; You can leave now. These things happened when you were just a little kid, so they have nothing to do with you."

"The two punches earlier were your way of paying me back on behalf of your mom," Rhys continued speaking sarcastically adding, "Just be 'Stefan Harrison' as always. I won't send you off, bye."

Rhys opened the door, clearly indicating that their conversation had ended.

Stefan hesitated, unsure of what to say.

"Why don't you leave?"

"You... take care of yourself," Stefan replied before leaving.

Exhausted, Stefan returned home, only to find Martha there. He was momentarily stunned.

"Why didn't you go to work?" Martha approached him and hugged him tightly, resting her head on his chest. "I was worried about you, so I was waiting for you. I don't know what happened, but I'm sure it

wasn't as easy as you made it sound."

Stefan remained silent.

"I'm not trying to pry. If you don't want to talk about it, just keep it," she continued, "I just want you to know that no matter what happens, I'm here for you."

Martha led him over to the couch where she noticed the bruise on his lip and grew concerned.

"How did this happen? Who hit you?" She gently touched his lip with her fingertips so as not to hurt him.

Stefan still said nothing but suddenly pulled her into his arms silently.

"It's okay now. It's okay."

"Martha, you won't leave me again, will you?" His voice trembled slightly.

Martha patted his back reassuringly and answered, "I'm right here by your side; I won't go anywhere else. Touch my face. It's real, isn't it?"

She took hold of his hand and guided it up towards her face so he could feel its warmth against his skin.

"Stefan, we'll never be apart."

For a moment, confusion flickered in Stefan's eyes, but soon disappeared when Martha leaned forward for a kiss, which ignited an even stronger passion between them.

She kissed the bridge of his nose softly before moving down towards those alluring lips.

They were cool yet soft, causing Martha unable resist closing her eyes while they kissed each other deeply.

He held onto the back of her head, deepening their kiss.

To Stefan, Martha represented the last bit of warmth left in this world; he wanted nothing more than being one with her forever without ever having any separation between them again.

Emotions ran high between them both during their passionate exchange.

Just then, Martha's phone rang.

Stefan regained a bit of his senses and let go of Martha.

Their first time after rekindling their relationship shouldn't have been so hasty.

Martha glanced at her phone and saw the caller ID. Her eyes darkened but she still answered it.

"Martha, are you and Jimmy coming back tonight?"

She looked at Stefan and tried to suppress her displeasure before responding, "I'll bring him home after school."

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"Then come back early, Bianca and I will be waiting for you at home."

"Hmm."

Martha replied softly before hanging up the phone.

After the call ended, she turned around to find Stefan had resumed his cold and noble demeanor.

She reached out to gently touch his neck, wanting to continue their intimate interaction.

But he stopped her by lightly holding onto her waist.

"Be good, let's go pick up Jimmy now."

Martha's hand tightened slightly but she didn't have any other reaction. She simply responded with a soft "okay".

The straightened their clothes before heading out together to pick up Jimmy at the Doyle Manor.

...

The Doyle Manor

When the three of them arrived at Doyle Manor, Bianca had cooked a table full of dishes.

Maxwell looked at his daughter with a smile on his face. "Today I asked Bianca to cook your favorite grilled sea bass with orange juice. You should eat more later."

"Thank you, Dad," Martha said as she grabbed onto Maxwell's hand, smiling happily from ear-to-ear.

Maxwell's smile grew wider upon hearing this. He felt that life was good now that his daughter was back and everything seemed peaceful and beautiful again.

Meanwhile, Jimmy stood off to the side with furrowed brows before walking over towards the kitchen where Bianca was standing,

"Granny Bianca, did you make any dishes today that Jimmy likes?"

Bianca lowered her head and looked down at little Jimmy who was over one meter tall. She reached out and patted him on the head,

"Today Granny Bianca made lemon honey pork ribs for Jimmy. You must eat more today, okay?"

"No problem!"

Jimmy nodded vigorously with excitement written all over his face.

Lunchtime passed in harmony as they chatted about various topics while enjoying their meal together.

Before they knew it, it was Martha and Stefan's wedding day.

Early in the morning, Bianca woke Martha up so that hair stylists could do her hair while makeup artists worked on perfecting her look.

The wedding dress had been chosen long ago; after putting it on herself in front of the mirror, she couldn't help but smile when seeing how stunningly beautiful she looked.

Soon enough, Martha got ready, and got into car headed towards their wedding venue.

The driver was Eden just like last time, and Melissa, the maid-of-honor who happened to be Martha's best friend accompanied Martha in the car .

Melissa glanced at Martha, reaching out to gently hold her hand.

"Martha, you deserve to be happy."

"I will be," Martha replied with a bright smile before teasingly asking, "So when are you two getting married?"

“We... we’re not ready yet,” Melissa answered, blushing.

Martha chuckled as she looked at her. “You’re not getting any younger. It’s time.”

“Okay, okay. Today is your big day. Let’s focus on that,” Melissa said as she squeezed Martha’s hand tightly while still blushing.

Half an hour later, the wedding car arrived at the venue for the wedding ceremony.

The venue was grand and decorated with white cloth everywhere like walking into heaven.

Yellow roses were placed around the wedding stage in various sizes and heart shapes while nine arches made of roses were also present adorned with white cloth that made them even more beautiful.

Over a hundred tables were set up for guests along with countless chairs.

When Martha saw this scene unfold before her eyes, she couldn’t help but feel amazed.

She never imagined that weddings could be so extravagant.

Melissa let out a sigh of admiration next to her, “It’s so beautiful! Blue sky and white clouds mixed with grassy meadows filled with roses; this is my dream wedding!”

Martha smiled wider upon hearing Melissa’s words, feeling even more proud of herself.

As they made their way to where the bride rested, all those guests offered their blessings.

“Happy marriage!”

“Wishing you both eternal love until old age!”

“Wishing you both everlasting happiness forevermore!”

Martha kept searching for Stefan’s figure but unfortunately didn’t see him until she was almost at rest area.

At this point, Jimmy had pulled his dad into rest area.

Although he had confirmed that that was his mommy, Jimmy still felt like something was off with her lately.

After hesitating for a while, he finally spoke up to his daddy, “Daddy, Mommy has been acting a little mean lately. She doesn’t seem like Jimmy’s mommy anymore.

Jimmy didn’t know how to express himself and just looked at his daddy in confusion.

He was afraid that if his mommy found out about what he was thinking, she would be upset.

Stefan paused for a moment before gently patting Jimmy’s head and explaining to him in a soothing tone, “Jimmy, my boy, your mommy is just worried about you too much. That’s why she has been acting impatient these days. Can we give her some more time?”

Looking up at his father standing in front of him, it took Jimmy a while before nodding slightly. Maybe it was because Mommy had been working too hard on her business trip outside and came back exhausted that her attitude towards him to change.

Feeling relieved after hearing Stefan's explanation, Jimmy slowly let go of the worries inside of him.

Meanwhile Martha happened to be standing by the door when she heard their conversation. She clenched her teeth before loosening them again.

Eden had gone ahead with Melissa, so Martha decided to come over alone but ended up overhearing their conversation instead.

It seemed like she needed to be more careful from now on...

As Stefan stood in the rest area lost in thought with his phone buzzing suddenly from within his pocket; he answered it, calmly asking, "What is it?"

"Can you come over here and rehearse the process again?" Eden asked through the phone, making Stefan even more excited than before.

He replied softly, then hung up.

Martha walked into the room, smiling lightly at Stefan, who noticed her immediately upon entering.

"You're here," said Stefan happily

"Hmm," replied Martha softly, looking down shyly

Stefan gazed deeply into Martha's eyes, then smiled warmly as he spoke again, "Eden wants me to rehearse our process one last time, so please rest here for awhile."

Martha nodded gently, then walked into the rest area where only herself and little Jimmy were left behind...

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Martha walked towards the little guy in a wedding dress, squatting down gently with a smile on her face.

"Jimmy, I've been too anxious lately because I'm getting married soon, or maybe it's because I was too tired from the business trip earlier and that's why I was harsh to you."

"I reflected on myself last night and realized that I need to apologize to you."

"Jimmy, I was wrong. Can you forgive me this time?"

Martha looked apologetically at the little guy standing in front of her with eyes as gentle as a real mother.

Upon hearing this, the little guy nodded without hesitation.

"Well, it's good that you can admit your mistake. You're still a good mom," said Jimmy.

Martha smiled and patted his head before embracing him in her arms.

"I promise you, Jimmy. No matter how busy I am, I won't neglect you again."

"I love Mommy the most," replied Jimmy burying his head into Martha's shoulder with affectionate eyes.

Because of Martha's words just now, Jimmy reached out to hug his mother gently.

Martha patted his back gently and asked softly, "Today Mommy is marrying your daddy. Is there anything you want to say?"

Jimmy left Martha's embrace and adjusted his small suit seriously before looking at his mother earnestly, "Mommy looks really pretty today."

"You look handsome too," replied Martha with a bright smile on her lips upon hearing this compliment from her son.

Receiving such praise from Mommy, he puffed up like he owned the world while he continued speaking solemnly, "Mommy and Daddy are my favorite people in the world. Originally it was only me who protected Mommy but now I have Daddy, so I'm very happy about that."

"Jimmy hopes that Mommy will always be happy together with Daddy."

Martha nodded slightly, then turned towards him, saying, "Let's go outside together then, shall we?"

"Okay," said Jimmy, nodding vigorously while holding onto Martha's hand tightly as they walked towards the door step by step.

Outside the room, Maxwell was already dressed in formal wear and standing at the door.

As Martha walked out of the room, she reached out and took Maxwell's arm, taking step by step towards the red carpet.

Jimmy, who had been holding Martha's hand, quickly let go after receiving a signal from Melissa and headed towards a flower basket that had already been prepared on one side.

He hadn't forgotten what he should do.

Maxwell led his daughter to the altar step by step and handed Martha over to Stefan.

"You must treat her well."

"Dad, don't worry. I won't let her suffer."

Stefan looked solemnly at Maxwell and made his promise.

Then he glanced affectionately at Martha beside him before walking with her towards the altar.

Standing behind them, Maxwell watched as his daughter was led away by another man.

His eyes turned red as tears welled up in them.

His daughter would be protected by someone else from now on.

Maxwell felt a little blurry-eyed but wiped away his tears gently with his hand.

After Stefan walked with Martha to stand next to the emcee, he excitedly announced, "Next is an important part – vows!"

After saying this excitedly, turning around to Stefan again while raising his voice an octave higher, "Do you want to take Martha Doyle as your wife to become her husband for riches or poor, in good health and in sickness till death do you part?"

Stefan looked deeply into Martha's eyes before solemnly replying, "Yes."

The emcee then turned toward Martha standing next to Stefan,

"Do you want to take Harrison Stefan as your husband to become his wife for riches or poor, in good health and in sickness till death do you part?"

Martha's eyes deepened as she smiled brightly, "I do."

Upon hearing these words from Martha's lips, Stefan's heart trembled even more than before as he gazed lovingly into her eyes once again.

The emcee saw all of this happening between them, so he smiled warmly while announcing loudly, "You may now kiss your bride!"

As soon as those words left their mouths, Stefan stepped forward firmly, grasping onto Martha's waist tightly before kissing her passionately!

The wedding over here was in full swing, while Martha's situation on the other side appeared increasingly bad.

Z Country, the Lucas family's secret room.

In the dark room, Martha was gasping for breath on her last legs.

Her limbs were tied up by iron chains, with holes all over her body, blood stains in different shades covering her clothes.

The Lucas family's secret room was pitch black and chilly. When Martha first arrived, she couldn't stop shivering from the cold.

Now she had gotten used to it.

Since she was imprisoned here by the old Mrs. Lucas, the latter would draw blood from her for research.

Not only that, she was tortured, pricked by needles and whipped.

Once, when Martha felt like she couldn't hold on any longer, the old Mrs. Lucas called for a doctor and had medicine prescribed to save her life.

When her condition grew better, the old Mrs. Lucas started to torture her and pricked her with needles.

For so long, the reason she had persisted was because of her beloved man and Jimmy.

And today, the old Mrs. Lucas had taken her blood.

However, after the old Mrs. Lucas finished drawing her blood, she didn't leave as usual. Instead, she stayed in place and looked at Martha with a mocking expression on her face.

"Do you know what day it is today?"

Martha frowned slightly, her dry lips parted and she could still feel the burning pain in her throat.

The old Mrs. Lucas didn't hear Martha's voice, nor did she care. Instead, she chuckled evilly a few times.

The cold and eerie laughter echoed in the dark room, making the gloomy atmosphere even more sinister and terrifying.

Soon, the old Mrs. Lucas sneered and said, "Today is Martha and Stefan's wedding. Just now, your beloved man got married."

"That fake Martha replaced you and married the man you loved the most."

Martha's pupils shrank, feeling a dull pain in her chest.

Stefan had married that woman.

Didn't he realize that that woman wasn't her?

It made sense.

That woman looked exactly the same as her. Even their habits were the same.

That was the clone created by the old Mrs. Lucas using her genes, and it was impossible to tell whether she was real or fake.

The pain spread throughout Martha's body, making even breathing difficult.

She wanted to argue back, but unfortunately, she had no strength left in her body.

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After the two of them kissed and exchanged rings at the wedding, the atmosphere at the ceremony reached its peak as the emcee announced that they were officially husband and wife.

The ceremony ended at about nine o'clock in the evening.

Stefan drove Martha and Jimmy back to their newly renovated seaside villa. All three of them looked exhausted.

Martha glanced over at Jimmy standing next to her and said in a gentle voice, "Jimmy, let me get you up

to your room, then you go to sleep, okay?"

Jimmy forced a smile when he heard this. "Mommy can go rest with Daddy. Jimmy will go back to his room."

Stefan affectionately rubbed Jimmy's head. "Jimmy is such a good boy!"

The little guy blushed shyly before turning around and walking towards his own room.

He knew that tonight was Momm and Daddy's wedding night, so he wanted to give them some alone time together.

Although he felt like this mommy was a bit strange...

Maybe it was just his imagination.

Jimmy sighed silently before turning around and walking into his room.

After seeing Jimmy enter the room, Martha smiled sweetly as she took Stefan's arm. "Stefan..."

As soon as Stefan saw how alluring Martha looked by his side, he swallowed hard before bending down to pick her up. He then carried her towards their bedroom with big strides.

Their villa had been renovated and cleaned up in order for them to move right in when they returned home from their wedding ceremony today.

He carried Martha into their bedroom where he gently placed her on the bed before leaning down to kiss her forehead tenderly. "Martha..."

Martha giggled softly while reaching out one hand around Stefan's waist, "Hmm?"

Getting an answer from Martha, he leaned down while slowly kissing her cheek, his eyes filled with deep affection .

After going through so much together, they finally got together .

Just then, the ringtone from Stefan's pocket suddenly rang which interrupted their intimate moment between each other .

Martha stiffened momentarily but quickly regained composure afterwards.

She coquettishly said, "Don't mind him."

Stefan furrowed brows slightly but still replied quietly, "Okay."

Unfortunately, the ringing in Stefan's pocket continued incessantly, and he eventually answered the phone.

It was Eden calling with a thick nasal voice.

"Stefan, we're buddies for life!"

Stefan could tell from his voice that Eden had been drinking, but he didn't mind the interruption on his wedding night.

After all, he had treated Eden poorly when he lost his memory before.

Before Stefan could say anything, Melissa's apologetic voice came through the phone.

"I'm sorry, sorry. Eden got drunk and accidentally called you guys. I'll take care of him; you guys continue."

The call ended with a busy tone.

Stefan smiled and put down his phone. He had found his life partner, so it was good to see that Eden also found one.

Martha, lying on the bed, watched Stefan's phone and her displeased voice echoed in the room, "Who called you so late?"

"Eden got drunk and accidentally called," Stefan replied as he muted his phone and walked towards the bed with a smile.

Just as he walked up to continue what they were doing earlier, Martha snorted.

“Humph! I bet it was intentional.”

Everyone knew tonight was their wedding night; why didn't anyone else call?

Stefan furrowed his brows slightly as soon as he saw Martha's unhappy expression, but then she suddenly wrapped her arms around his neck and softly said, “Stefan.”

He stiffened slightly, feeling that today Martha was different from how she used to be.

But before figuring out what exactly was different about her, she raised her head, kissing him deeply on lips.

The softness of her lips made Stefan stunned for a moment, but he quickly regained consciousness, pulling away.

“You've been tired all day today because of our wedding ceremony; get some rest early.”

Martha instinctively retorted, “But tonight is our wedding night!”

Stefan's eyes grew dark while reaching out to pat her head gently.

“We have plenty of time ahead of us; there's no need to rush things tonight – just rest well.”

As soon as those words left his mouth, he lay down and gently held onto Martha.

At this moment, although he had a faint feeling that Martha was different, he just thought that she was too tired these past few days.

Soon, Martha's hand reached out to him. His heart tightened and his breathing became rapid.

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door.

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The sound was not loud, but it was enough to calm Stefan down.

He reached out and pulled Martha's hand away, his voice tinged with hoarseness as he asked, “Who?”

As soon as he spoke, a soft voice sounded outside the door.

“Daddy, it's me.”

The door was pushed ajar and Jimmy's head poked through the crack in the bedroom.

Martha lowered her eyes and asked with concern and tenderness, “What happened to you, Jimmy?”

Jimmy stood at the door looking wronged. His big eyes were filled with glistening tears as he heard her question.

“I had a nightmare and I want Daddy to help me sleep.”

After considering for a while, Martha quickly got up from bed.

“Your daddy must be tired now. Let him rest. Mommy will help you sleep.”

Jimmy shook his head gently and said softly, “Mommy, you're tired too. You should rest first.”

Saying that, he walked into the bedroom and grabbed Stefan's hand, “Daddy, can you help me sleep?”

Stefan looked indulgently at his son before nodding his head slightly.

As soon as he nodded his head, Jimmy dragged him out of the bedroom immediately.

Soon after the bedroom door closed again, the room fell silent.

Martha looked towards the door, clenching her hands into fists.

Damn! Why did this brat have to show up now? Didn't he know today was supposed to be her wedding night?

But even if she felt unhappy about it, there wasn't anything she could do now, since Stefan had left with Jimmy...

In Jimmy's room.

After being dragged into Jimmy's room, Stefan patted Jimmy's head dotingly, and soothed him gently,

“Don’t be afraid, Jimmy, Daddy and Mommy are both here.”

Jimmy kept quiet, his lips pursed together without saying anything.

Stefan lifted up Jimmy’s blanket, “Would you like to lie down first?”

“Yes.”

Jimmy answered softly before quickly lying down on bed, acting like a good boy.

Just when Stefan was thinking about how to coax Jimmy into sleeping, Jimmy suddenly said something shocking, “Daddy, I feel like Mommy isn’t really Mommy.”

Even though this mommy looked exactly like his real mommy, he didn’t feel that she was his real mother somehow...

Moreover, his mommy had never scolded him before, but after she came back, she did...

Many times, he felt that this mommy was deliberately controlling her emotions and pretending to be gentle, but he had no evidence.

Thinking of this, Jimmy unconsciously clutched the blanket tightly with his small hands and looked nervously at Daddy.

He was afraid that if he said such things, Daddy would scold him. But he really felt that something was wrong with Mommy now.

Stefan furrowed his brows slightly and looked at Jimmy in confusion after a while.

“Why do you say that?”

“Jimmy’s mommy is not like this. She... is gentler than this mommy.”

Jimmy couldn’t continue speaking and just scratched his head irritably.

He didn’t know how to express it properly, but he just felt like this mommy wasn’t his real one.

Seeing Jimmy struggling, Stefan thought of his suspicion in the bedroom.

He couldn’t help but start to doubt as well. But now he couldn’t say it or let Jimmy worry about it.

He smiled and patted Jimmy’s head gently while comforting him, “Jimmy is overthinking it. Your mommy is the real one. How could she not be?”

“But...”

Jimmy opened his mouth, wanting to say something but didn’t know what exactly to say

Maybe he was thinking too much?

As soon as Jimmy thought so, he suddenly realized that if Mommy wasn’t the real one, then Daddy would have noticed it too.

But since Daddy noticed nothing wrong yet, it was possible that he was wrong

With these thoughts in mind, Jimmy suddenly felt he must have thought too much.

Stefan chuckled while patting Jimmy’s shoulder before coaxing him back into bed.

“Don’t worry about it. Mommy loves you just as much as Daddy does. You will always be our little baby.”

Shyly responding, Jimmy hid under the covers.

After chatting with the little guy for a while longer, Stefan left when Jimmy gradually fell asleep.

Leaning against the wall outside of Jimmy’s room quietly afterwards, his eyelids drooped heavily.

The words spoken by Jimmy were like a stone thrown into still water, causing ripples throughout in Stefan’s mind.

At this moment, he could no longer ignore what happened earlier on in their bedroom...

If it were before, Martha would never speak or act that way.

But that was clearly Martha. How could it be someone else?

Stefan denied the possibility but deep down he couldn’t shake off the feeling that something was off about her.

He didn't dwell on it too much.

Perhaps Martha had changed a bit after going through all those things in Z Country.

After all, no one could bear the fact that their uncles repeatedly hurt their mother.

He sighed helplessly and turned to walk towards the master bedroom but stopped at the doorway.

After a moment of hesitation, he turned around and went back to Jimmy's room instead, deciding to sleep with Jimmy for one night.

Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 569

The next day, the sun rose from the east and Martha looked at the sunlight outside the window with a cold expression.

She hadn't slept all night and her face was a bit haggard, but after taking some medication, her skin was refreshed.

Looking at herself in the mirror, Martha looked coldly at herself in the mirror.

Stefan didn't come back to their bedroom last night and he didn't touch her.

Does he notice something? That's impossible. She is a perfect copy of Martha, from appearance to even details.

Martha changed clothes and put on her usual gentle smile before leaving the room.

She glanced at Jimmy's room with a flash of coldness in her eyes before walking downstairs to the kitchen.

Meanwhile, Stefan woke up with Jimmy lying in his arms and blinking his big innocent eyes.

He lightly tapped his son's nose, asking, "What are you thinking about?"

Jimmy leaned closer into his father's arms, then looked towards the door, before whispering softly into Stefan's ear, "Daddy, Jimmy had a dream last night."

"Hmm?" Stefan raised an eyebrow.

"Jimmy dreamed that Mommy was trapped in a dark place." Jimmy said while frowning tightly as if he could still clearly remember last night's nightmare.

"Mommy seemed to be calling for help..." The poor mother in his dream couldn't be seen by him but he could hear her weak cries for help.

With one hand covering his little heart, Jimmy stuttered, "Daddy, Jimmy feels really bad."

Stefan watched as tears started forming around Jimmy's red-rimmed eyes; it wasn't due to sickness though.

His gaze darkened slightly, realizing it must have been another nightmare that scared him so much he hasn't fully recovered yet.

"Jimmy, that was just a dream. Your mommy is here with us now; I think she is preparing breakfast for you right now."

As soon as those words left Stefan's mouth, he kissed Jimmy's forehead again, then picked up his son out of bed, heading towards bathroom.

When washing up, Jimmy was still absent-minded with a frown, wondering if the dream last night was true.

After he washed up and walked downstairs with Stefan, Martha had served breakfast.

Sandwich and the heated milk, the usual breakfast.

"Good morning, Jimmy!" Martha walked over and kissed her son's cheek with a warm smile.

Jimmy looked at his mother who was so close to him and felt like he was overthinking it.

Maybe... she really was his mother?

Jimmy responded with a big smile before jumping into Martha's arms.

Stefan saw this and smiled faintly without saying anything.

It seemed like their son was getting better at competing for attention with him.

During breakfast, Martha brought Stefan freshly brewed coffee that she made herself.

"You should sleep in a little longer in the morning, let the servants prepare these things," Stefan said as he took the coffee from her hand.

Noticing dark circles under her eyes, he guessed she didn't sleep well last night.

Martha shook her head with a smile, "As your wife and Jimmy's mother, I naturally want to do it myself. No one knows your tastes better than me."

Stefan took a sip of coffee; it was true that no one knew him better than Martha did.

Meanwhile, Jimmy drank some milk, then picked up his sandwich while licking his lips; he could taste sandwich made by Mommy again.

He opened his mouth wide like a little tiger before taking a bite out of it!

The deliciousness spread throughout his mouth but...

Jimmy blinked as he tasted something strange on his tongue – this flavor...

He lowered his head to look at the remaining sandwich – carrots!

For some reason, he couldn't swallow what was left in his mouth anymore.

He stole a glance at Martha who smiled back at him; however, Jimmy avoided eye contact and continued chewing slowly until finally swallowing it down painfully.

Stefan noticed something wrong with Jimmy out of the corner of his eye.

Then he suddenly caught sight of carrots inside Jimmy's sandwich.

Carrots were vegetables that Jimmy never liked eating.

Martha should know about this too...

Did she hope that their child would gradually get used to this taste instead?

Stefan glanced over at Martha in the kitchen, where she was still busy with something.

He slowly looked away and picked up the sandwich, picking out all the carrots inside.

Then he handed it to Jimmy, indicating that he could eat now.

But Jimmy pouted and shook his head, losing his appetite.

Mommy had been out for a while, and even forgotten that he never ate carrots.

Was it because Mommy didn't care about Jimmy anymore?

Jimmy didn't dwell on this question, but picked up the hot milk and drank it.

Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 570

After Jimmy finished breakfast, Stefan spoke, "Jimmy, do you want Daddy to take you to kindergarten today?"

"Okay."

Jimmy nodded lightly and turned around to pack his backpack.

Just then, Martha smiled and turned her head towards Stefan with a look of concern on her face.

"You deal with company matters every day. It's already hard enough. Let me take Jimmy to school."

Stefan saw Jimmy walking towards them with his backpack and shook his head in frustration.

After hearing that Martha was going to take him to school, Jimmy didn't seem happy at all.

Instead he looked at Stefan expectantly, hoping that Daddy would refuse Mommy's request.

Although Daddy had told him yesterday that Mommy was the real one.

But he... didn't like this mommy now.

Stefan's eyes darkened as he reached out and wrapped his arm around Martha's shoulder meaningfully.

"You've been busy all morning. Take a break now. I'll send you off first before taking our child to school."

Martha was stunned for a moment before nodding gently in agreement.

Standing nearby, Jimmy heard Stefan's words, looked down and pressed his lips together.

If something really wasn't right with Mommy, then Daddy could tell it.

But Daddy acted as usual. Did it indicate that his mommy was the real one?

Trying hard to adjust his mood, Jimmy couldn't help but feel depressed about it.

Martha got into the car first and sat in the passenger seat while Stefan walked towards their son who still seemed dazed, grabbed his backpack on his shoulders, and rubbed affectionately Jimmy's hair.

"Let's go, son. I will take you to school."

"Hmm."

Jimmy responded softly before sitting sullenly in the backseat of the car.

Stefan felt how unhappy their son was; he wanted to comfort Jimmy by saying that carrot sandwich made by Martha wasn't intentional, but he swallowed these words.

In his opinion, Martha should know Jimmy's eating habits very well, since she'd been living together with Jimmy for so many years.

He realized that Martha seemed different from how she used to be, but couldn't tell his doubts to Jimmy.

Frowning slightly, Stefan sighed deeply before walking towards the car.

He sat in the driver's seat, started the car and drove away from the villa.

The air in the car was always stuffy.

After enduring it for a moment, Martha couldn't resist anymore and leaned in to kiss Stefan when the car stopped at a red light.

But before her red lips could touch his lips, he slightly leaned back and avoided her.

Martha failed to get what she wanted, pouting with an aggrieved expression as she looked at the man who was avoiding her.

Stefan looked helpless after realizing it. "I'm driving," he said.

He didn't know why he had dodged Martha's kiss, as if subconsciously wanting to stay away from her.

But... they were clearly husband and wife.

Before Stefan could think deeply about it, there came an ear-piercing honk from behind them.

He quickly snapped out of it and drove away.

Sitting in the driver's seat, Martha felt even more unhappy because of Stefan's dodge.

Last night was supposed to be their wedding night but he left her alone instead.

Now all she wanted was some flirting during this stoplight moment but he avoided it!

She thought about all of Stefan's strange behaviors lately and couldn't help but wonder if this man knew something...

However, upon careful consideration of everything since coming to this country, there seemed to be no flaws on her part whatsoever...

Suppressing any displeasure inside herself, Martha turned to Stefan with a gentle voice full of expectation, "Stefan, let's have another child."

"What?" Stefan tightened his big hand on the steering wheel while looking shocked with raised eyebrows.

Martha repeated softly, "I said let's have another child so Jimmy can have someone else around."

Jimmy was sitting quietly in the back seat, stunned by what his mother just said.

The next second, Martha turned around, smilingly asking Jimmy who sat behind them, "Jimmy, do you want a little sister?"

Jimmy hesitated for a moment and nodded lightly.

Previously, he did hope Mommy would give him another sister so that they could play together; also, he would take good care of his sister.

But now, he wasn't sure if he still wanted one...

Jimmy lowered his head while unconsciously clenching his hand tightly.

And after getting a satisfactory answer from Jimmy, Martha smiled at Stefan who was driving.

"Stefan, Jimmy really wants a little sister, so let's have another child," Martha said.

Stefan's eyes darkened and he fell silent for a moment before reluctantly responding, "But you haven't fully recovered yet. I'm afraid..."

"I'm fine now," Martha interrupted him with a wider smile on her lips.

She knew this man still loved her.

"Having another child isn't just for Jimmy's sake, but also for our family," she continued.

After speaking those words, she lowered her head shyly.