

Read Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 17 online free

At the Doyle Group.

Libby stood in front of Hollie's office, raised her hand with a smile, and knocked on the office door.

"Come in!"

A delicate voice came from the office, with a hint of fatigue.

Libby opened the door with a worried face, and walked in quickly, "Ms. Doyle." This address made Hollie, who was mentally exhausted, refreshed.

Not long after Martha's death, Maxwell also fell ill. The Doyle Group was in crisis again.

At this critical moment, Stefan made a move.

He bought the Doyle Group outright and made her the acting president.

After she took office, she began to insert her men into this company. Libby naturally became the executive director, whose duty was arranging Hollie's daily schedule in the company.

Standing in front of Hollie, Libby felt worried when she noticed Hollie's absentmindedness. So, she called out softly, "Ms. Doyle?"

"Yes?"

Hollie's eyelids drooped. Clearly, she was absent-minded.

"Ms. Doyle, the auction scheduled for tomorrow is ready. We have invited the famous painter Sunnay. A lot of media will attend it this time. How do you..."

Before Libby finished speaking, Hollie waved her hand impatiently to interrupt Libby.

"Well, I see."

The bone marrow transplant four years ago killed Martha. Yet Stefan had become more and more indifferent towards Hollie over the past few years.

Although he made her take charge of the Doyle Group, he no longer spoiled her and loved her like before.

Hollie's eyes were dark with resentment.

Aware that Hollie didn't take the auction seriously, she suggested with a smile, "Hollie, you can ask Mr. Harrison to go to this auction with you. After all, the Doyle Group is affiliated to the Harrison Group now."

So as long as Hollie, the acting president of the Doyle Group, invited Stefan, Libby believed Stefan would not say no, and Hollie could also take this chance to fix her relationship with Stefan.

"Thank you, Libby."

The auction would be held at the most luxurious hotel in A City.

The main color of the entire hotel was golden. There were decorations airlifted

from all over the world, plus carefully decorated corridor, all of which showed the importance of this auction.

To show the solid financial strength of the company, the Doyle Group, as the organizer of the auction, specially invited the painter Sunnay, who had suddenly become popular in the past two years.

Sunnay was not well-known before, but a year ago, one of her famous paintings was bought by a rich man from B Country for 10 million dollars, which shocked the art industry.

Since then, Sunnay started to hold art exhibitions all over the world.

This time the Doyle Group invited Sunnay to auction her paintings to raise charity funds for greening.

After some hesitation, Hollie adopted Libby's suggestion and invited Stefan to the auction.

As expected, Stefan didn't say no.

In the evening, she and Stefan arrived at the hotel where the auction was held.

With delicate makeup on her face, Hollie was wearing a white knee-length dress, and carrying a chic bag in her hand.

She gracefully got out of the car, smiling and reaching out to link her arm with Stefan's.

She turned her head slightly, showed a gentle smile, and turned to look at Stefan beside her.

Stefan, in a black handmade suit, looked tall and stern.

After four years, he hadn't changed much, except that he looked more indifferent now.

Hollie's eyelids drooped slightly, and the smile on her lips became wider unconsciously.

She felt that at this moment, she was the only one worthy to stand by his side.

Receiving the respectful greetings of many people, the two walked into the hotel.

Not long after they disappeared, a black car stopped at the entrance of the hotel.

Soon, the back door of the car opened, and a pair of slender legs stepped out. Martha stood in front of the hotel wearing a long black dress, black high heels, and light makeup.

The long black dress was in a simple style. Yet it looked rather luxurious on her.

Standing at the entrance, the four security guards when they saw the woman's delicate facial features.

They felt that the woman in front of them was very familiar.

They seemed to have seen her somewhere, but they couldn't remember

where and when.

With a decent smile, Martha walked gracefully into the hotel.

The auction tonight was sure to be an unforgettable one.

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Martha entered the auction and found her seat.

She sat upright on the seat, quietly waiting for the auction to start.

Fifteen minutes passed in the blink of an eye. All the lights on the ceiling were instantly turned off, leaving only the bright white light on the auction stage.

In the next second, a host in a red dress stepped onto the stage.

“Good evening, ladies and gentlemen! Welcome to the auction held by the Doyle Group!”

After saying that, the host bowed slightly, and then went on speaking.

“Three paintings by the famous painter Sunnay will be auctioned at this auction tonight. The money raised will be donated to environmental protection organizations by the Doyle Group!”

“Now, let’s welcome Miss Sunnay to come on stage and tell us about the ideas of how she created these paintings.”

Then, the host moved to the side, looking expectantly at the staircase of the stage.

Sunnay had gained much fame for the past two years, but she kept a low profile, so few people had seen her face.

Martha’s eyes narrowed slightly, and with an elegant smile, she slowly got up and walked toward the stage.

She ran her fingers through her long hair and stood gracefully in the middle of the stage.

The light shone on her, making her look like an angel who had fallen into the mortal world.

Stefan, sitting in the first row, was about to turn to Hollie to talk with her. But when he raised his head, he saw the person he had been dreaming of not far away.

The expression on his handsome face suddenly froze. His heart raced uncontrollably.

Why was she here?

Wasn’t she dead?

Standing on the stage, Martha seemed to feel Stefan’s passionate gaze. She tilted her head and happened to look into Stefan’s eyes.