

Read Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 23 online free

Two hours later, the press conference was finally over.

Martha walked out from the venue tiredly, ready to go back and have a good rest.

As soon as she walked to the door, the assistant caught up with her nervously.

“Sunnay, there are some properties in several villa areas for sale now. Where do you prefer?”

Martha stopped in her tracks, smiled, and waved her hand.

“I am not going to buy a villa. I am Martha, the oldest daughter of the Doyle family. So, I’m going to move back to the Doyle Manor.”

Hearing this, the assistant froze in place for a moment.

For some reason, she felt that Martha was very different at this moment. She was nothing like she was before.

At this moment, a silver car stopped in front of the two of them.

The sunshine cast a glow on the car.

The car window fell slowly. The handsome profile of the man in the driver’s seat appeared.

Martha subconsciously turned to look.

Seeing Martha look at him, the man put on a wicked smile. “Sunnay, do I have the honor to give you a ride?”

Her assistant looked at the man in the car and was stunned.

Who was this man?

He was so hot!

Martha frowned slightly. A while later, she remembered it was Rhys.

Although she didn’t have a deep impression of him, he helped her after all.

So, a ride wasn’t too much to accept.

Martha’s eyelids fluttered slightly, and she looked at her assistant with a slight smile, telling her to go back to the hotel first, then bent down and got into Rhys’ car.

As soon as their car drove through the gate, Stefan’s car stopped where Rhys had parked.

Looking at the silver sports car in front of him, Stefan pursed his thin lips tightly.

That car belonged to Rhys, and he didn’t expect Martha to get in his car.

Stefan’s eyes darkened, and there was a bit of coldness on his face.

In the next second, he stepped on the accelerator, and the car sped out, following Rhys’ car.

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The other side.

Martha had been looking out of the car window silently since she got into Rhys' car.

While driving, Rhys looked sideways at the woman in the passenger seat.

"Mrs. Harrison."

After a long time, he broke the silence. "No, I should call you... Miss Doyle..."

The corner of Rhys' mouth curled up. He was watching Martha's reaction from the corner of his eye.

Martha turned her head and smiled slightly. "Mr. Williams, I didn't expect a big shot like you to remember me."

Rhys slightly loosened his hand holding the steering wheel, raised his eyebrows, and looked at the woman beside him, "Miss Doyle, I will never forget a beauty like you."

Martha knew he was teasing. She smiled and pursed her lips.

Rhys didn't feel embarrassed. He opened his thin lips lightly, telling the purpose of this trip.

"I heard that you want to hold an art exhibition here, Miss Doyle, why don't you give me a chance to organize it?"

Martha frowned, and tilted her head, looking at him suspiciously, not understanding what Rhys was planning.

Rhys sensed her doubts and shrugged innocently.

"Miss Doyle, don't look at me like that."

"As we all know, Sunnay, you are famous all around the world. It'll be a great honor for the Williams Group to organize your art exhibition."

Martha froze for a moment, her eyelids drooping slightly.

Rhys did help her once back then, and she promised him that she would repay him in the future.

Now he asked to be the organizer of her art exhibition, why wouldn't she agree?

It was just an art exhibition. It wouldn't matter who organized it, as long as it was not Hollie.

Martha nodded slightly when she thought of this. Just when she was about to agree to him, her phone in her pocket rang, interrupting her thoughts.

She took it out and checked it.

Even if she didn't try to identify this number, she knew it was Stefan. This number had been etched into her mind many years ago.

Martha hesitated. Just when she was about to decline the phone call, she heard the deep voice of the man beside her.

"Why don't you just answer it?"

Martha paused, finally reached out and pressed the answer button.

Before she could speak, Stefan's cold voice came from the phone, "Get out of the car immediately."

Hearing the command, Martha couldn't help frowning.

She turned her head slightly and inadvertently saw the familiar car in the rear-view mirror. She instantly understood what Stefan meant.

She could even imagine Stefan's gloomy face but at the same time, she couldn't help feeling a little puzzled.

Why was he here?

Rhys saw Martha's movement, glanced at the car in the rear-view mirror, and smirked.

"Sit tight."

After that, Rhys stepped on the accelerator slightly and sped up.

Stefan, who was following behind, felt that the distance between the cars was getting bigger. A cold look flashed into his eyes. He sped up too.

Martha clutched her seat-belt and leaned back slightly.

Five minutes later, Stefan was still following.

Martha couldn't help feeling a little annoyed when she saw the man chasing after her.

Just when she was about to hang up the phone, the cold voice came from the phone again, "I said, get out of the car."

Martha looked at the moving car in the rear-view mirror with displeasure, and said bluntly, "You're in no position to order me."

After saying this, Martha hung up without hesitation.

On the other side, Stefan was even angrier when he heard the busy tone from the phone.

He gritted his teeth, stared sullenly at the car in front of him, and stepped on the accelerator hard.

The speed of the car increased suddenly, hitting directly on Rhys' car, causing sparks and a violent sound.

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Rhys' car was forced to stop by the violent impact, making a screeching sound on the ground.

In the car, Martha leaned forward and fell into the airbag.

It took a long time before Martha sat up. She pressed her temples, feeling a little bit dizzy.

"Your ex-husband is really crazy."

Rhys rubbed the part between his brows and turned to look at Martha, with a half-smile.

As soon as he finished his words, the car door next to Martha was opened violently.

Immediately afterward, Stefan bent down and carried Martha out of the car.

Martha felt a little overwhelmed when she was suddenly lifted.
After she regained her composure, she couldn't help but start to struggle,
"Stefan, you lunatic! What are you doing? Let me go!"
"Shut up!"
Stefan's face was gloomy as he stared daggers at the woman in his arms.
The warning look in his eyes was obvious.
Rhys got out of the car and saw this. He raised his eyebrows and said, "Mr.
Harrison, be gentle with women. Can't you see that she doesn't want to go
with you?"