

Read Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 28 online free

Before Hollie reacted, Martha strode back to Maxwell and raised her voice. "From now on, I'll be in charge of the Doyle family."

Then she glanced at all the servants and maids in the house. "All of you. Pack your belongings and leave!"

The servants and maids exchanged glances and then looked over at Hollie. Hollie stiffened.

Noticing their confused and distrustful gazes, she glared at the servant supervisor.

Watching them, Martha added bluntly, "This is not a charity house. You all are fired."

The next second, she dialed Jane's number.

When the call was connected, Martha ordered coldly, "Hire some reliable maids and servants and send them to the Doyle Manor."

Then she lowered her voice and added, "One more thing. Help me check a former maid in the Doyle Manor named Bianca. I want to know where she is."

Hearing the word "Bianca", Maxwell got excited, his fingers trembling slightly. When Hollie heard Martha's words, her heart trembled.

Pressing her lips tightly, she tugged Stefan's sleeve and called to him with an aggrieved look, "Stefan, say something!"

Stefan lowered his eyes, lost in thought.

Martha hung up the phone and showed a sarcastic smile.

"Mr. Harrison, do you have so much time to mind the private matter of the Doyle family?"

Frowning, Stefan looked at her and replied, "You are Maxwell's daughter."

He implied that he had no intention to interfere in this private matter.

Ensuring he wouldn't meddle, Martha smiled faintly.

"All right. Mr. Harrison, you can leave now."

With those words, Martha pushed Maxwell's wheelchair and was about to go upstairs.

Watching their receding figures, Hollie clenched her fists tightly. After a while, she turned to look at Stefan, acting adorable.

"Stefan, you've met my father. When shall we engage? The reporters always ask us about it."

While she spoke, she looked over at Martha from the corner of her eyes.

She thought Martha would burst into anger, but she received no response from Martha. Martha didn't even stop or look back, but simply tried her best to push Maxwell upstairs.

Gazing at her apathetic movements, Stefan became sullen.

'She doesn't care at all?'

Pressing his lips, he pushed Hollie's hand out of his arm.

"It's not the proper time to discuss this. It's your home. You've stayed out in the past years. Now you can move in," he said.

Hollie furrowed her eyebrows slightly, staring at him in silence. She couldn't utter a word to answer.

The next second, Martha suddenly stopped in her tracks, looking back at Hollie.

Her eyes were indifferent, but her words were cruel. "Without my permission, she can never enter this house."

Although she stared at Hollie, her words were for Stefan.

Since Martha returned, she wanted to give Hollie a dose of her own medicine.

Over the years, Hollie had stopped her from entering the Doyle Manor and humiliated her. Martha would repay her and give her a taste of her own medicine.

Looking sullen, Stefan warned her coldly, "You'd better stop being against Hollie."

"So what?"

Martha raised her eyebrows and gazed at the two downstairs harshly.

"Let me make it clear. If Hollie has the guts to enter this house, I won't mind kicking her out violently."

Hollie stiffened, gazing at her in hatred.

She hadn't expected Martha to become THAT tough and straightforward after four years. It made it much harder for her to deal with Martha.

Although that was what was on her mind, she pretended to be aggrieved.

Frowning deeply, Stefan felt puzzled.

He couldn't imagine what Martha had been through to made her change from being kind-hearted to being so heartless.

Martha looked down at them, a smile touching her lips. She snorted.

She didn't hide her disgust when facing Hollie. Anyway, in Stefan's mind, she had always been a mean woman who picked on Hollie.

Therefore, she didn't care Stefan would think worse of her.

Anyway, Martha would rather do those things for real than take all the blame for being falsely accused.,

With a faint smile, she turned around and continued to push Maxwell upstairs, her paces getting firmer and firmer.

...

After helping her father lie on the bed, Martha saw the tears in his eyes, feeling the piercing pain in her heart.

After she sent away the servants, she couldn't resist kneeling in front of

Maxwell's bed.

Lowering her head in self-blame, she growled while sobbing, "I'm sorry, Dad. It's all my fault."

If it weren't for her, Maxwell wouldn't have been tortured by Hollie.

Her tears dripped onto Maxwell's arm.

Lying on the bed, her father watched her and felt sorry. His lips parted, but he couldn't speak. His breath became heavier, tears dripping from the corner of his eyes.

He was glad his daughter was still alive. He wanted to reach out to touch her but couldn't do anything.

He tried hard to reach out, but his fingers trembled feebly, unable to express his feelings at all.

Martha understood what he wanted, gripping his trembling hands immediately. "I'm sorry, Dad. I've been too unfilial."

Her face clung to Maxwell's hands. She wanted him to touch her to feel she was really alive.

However, the moment her cheeks touched his palms, she saw the faint marks on his arms.

A bad hunch rose in her. In a panic, Martha reached out her trembling hands to roll up his sleeves.

Her eye pupils constricted.

She saw many bruises on Maxwell's arms, some fresh and some faded.

Obviously, someone deliberately hit or pinched him.

Martha gritted her teeth. Hatred appeared in her eyes and a more bitter pang surged through her.

'Hollie, I'm gonna make you pay the price!'

Although she thought so, Martha could no longer control her emotion. Tears trickled down her cheeks. Maxwell wanted to wipe tears off her face, but his fingers could only tremble and he slurred, "Don't..."

Martha could tell her father suffered more while watching her being like this.

Holding back her tears, she forced a smile and wiped her tears from her eyes.

"I'm back, safe and sound. Dad, you can rest assured. Also, I have good news for you."

She broke off and gripped his hand tightly. "You have a grandson, Dad. His name is Jimmy Doyle. He's four and a half, staying in U Country now."