

Read Good bye You Never Love Me novel chapter 1

'Blood cancer!'

Martha gaped at the health check report in her hands, her face losing colour.

The symptoms made her think she was finally pregnant with Stefan Harrison's baby. Unfortunately, she was diagnosed with blood cancer.

Standing in the hospital corridor, Martha felt a great sense of helplessness and her mind was blank. She pulled out her phone with trembling hands and dialed a familiar number.

Soon, the call was got through. Tears trickled down her cheeks. "Stefan—" she sobbed, her voice full of sorrow.

"I'm busy," Stefan's icy voice rang out. The next second, the call ended.

'He's busy. Then what should I do?'

With a chill down her spine, she leaned weakly against the wall.

But the next second, her beloved man gave her a hard blow—

Not far away, Stefan was walking while holding a woman intimately in his arms, his eyes full of unconcealed love and care.

Martha watched him getting closer and her mind stopped thinking.

"Pak!"

The phone in her hand dropped to the ground, making a sound. Her eyes were filled with panic.

The woman in Stefan's arms was Hollie Doyle, her half-sister from a different mother.

'Hollie has been missing for three years. Why did she suddenly appear here?'

Leaning in Stefan's arms, Hollie looked fragile and pitiful, as if she were a withered flower that evoked pity.

At that moment, Martha felt a sharp pang in her heart.

Her husband, whom she had not seen for half a month, was hugging another woman and it was caught by her. How ironic it was!

"Is this what you're busy with?"

Martha clenched her hands into fists so tightly that her fingernails dug into her flesh.

As soon as Stefan saw her, his eyes darkened, his face stern.

"You're in no position to mind my business."

Stefan hated his wife. Martha, in his opinion, wouldn't have become his wife had she not forced Hollie away by despicable means.

Hollie couldn't help trembling when she saw Martha.

"Martha... Ahem. Ahem..." Before Hollie could finish her words, she began coughing.

As she coughed, her eyes filled with fear.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have come back. It's all my fault."

Seeing the fear in Hollie's eyes, Stefan narrowed his eyes and turned to Martha.

"Hollie is severely sick. It's all your fault, you wicked woman! If Hollie died, I'd make your life hell."

'Died... Make my life hell...' Martha was confused, her eyelashes fluttering.

'What had happened to Hollie? She disappeared for three years and suddenly showed up, but Stefan blamed me for her illness. Why?'

'What the hell is going on? I did nothing to hurt her!'

“Martha, I have cancer. I won’t live long. Please... Please don’t drive me away again... I’ve suffered a lot in the past three years. I don’t want to be homeless and wandering around anymore. Please...”

‘Cancer?’

Martha took a step back and couldn’t believe Hollie also had cancer.

She could tell Stefan felt sorry for Hollie. He could only see how pitiful Hollie was, but ignored her pain.

Without sparing a glance at Martha, Stefan said icily, “The doctor said Hollie could still survive. She needs a bone marrow transplant. Martha, your bone marrow matches hers.”

‘Match? Does that mean I have to donate my bone marrow to Hollie?’

Martha parted her lips, painfully looking at the heartless man in front of her. “Stefan, do you know...”

‘I have blood cancer and will die!’

Unfortunately, he didn’t give her a chance to say that.

When her hand just reached Stefan’s arm, he shook it off.

“Argh!”

Martha staggered backward and fell to the floor. Her face hit the bench in the corridor. Instantly, she felt severe pain in her nose. Drops of dark red blood fell down, and the smell of blood wafted through the air.

Hollie watched Martha suffer in embarrassment, a sneer flickering across her face.

Pretending to be fragile, she murmured, “Martha is bleeding, Stefan...”

Stefan looked down at Martha, without any compassion in his eyes.

‘Martha, you’re better at acting now. You’ve even learned playing the victim,’ thought Stefan.

“You deserved it,” he remarked. Then he turned to Hollie.

“Ignore her. Let’s go.”

Such hurtful words really broke Martha’s heart. Watching Stefan and Hollie leaving, she blacked out and slumped to the ground, with the blood spilling out of her nose.

...

When Martha woke up, she was lying in a hospital bed, staring at the white ceiling in silence.

The person at her side was Rupert Turner.

He was her senior in college, a young surgeon with a promising future at this hospital.

“Does he know about your illness?”

Rupert pinched her health check report, feeling terribly sorry for her.

His inner voice asked, ‘Why does Martha have to suffer this way? She’s so young. She shouldn’t be put through this pain.’

Lowering her eyes, Martha didn’t answer.

She didn’t think Stefan would care even if he knew it.

His only concern was poor Hollie.

Staring at her, Rupert failed to suppress the anger that he had held back for many years.

He turned away and wanted to ask Stefan for an explanation.

However, Martha reached out her hand weakly and grabbed Rupert’s wrist. “Don’t let him know,” she requested.

“Why not? You’ve done so many things for him over the years, but he...”

Rupert broke off after seeing the tears in her eyes.

Martha shook her head with a bitter smile. She had loved Stefan to bits for so many years, but only accepted the reality at this moment.

Wiping her tears off the corners of her eyes, she held her breath and said in a deep voice, "I will divorce him."

At night, Martha returned to the Harrison Villa.

The last ray of hope vanished from her eyes as she looked around the empty house.

Stefan didn't come back.

Over the three years, he hardly returned to this house.

The news kept coming that Stefan flirted with different women. Sometimes, as Stefan's assistant, she even had to prepare his clean clothes and send them to a hotel, seeing with her own eyes how gently he treated those women.

Martha had tolerated this and wished he could realize how kind and loving she was to him.

However, things happening today had shattered her hopes.

Hollie's return made Martha realize that her pipe dream would never come true. She had been silly for many years, and it was time to end her ridiculous marriage.

Martha wearily packed up her things, and when she was done, she headed downstairs with her suitcase.

Much to her surprise, when she reached the stairway, she saw the familiar figure in the living room.

When their eyes met, different expressions appeared on their faces.

Martha didn't expect Stefan to come home. As his eyes ranged over the suitcase, a trace of disdain flashed through his eyes.

Stefan thought Martha was trying to threaten him with leaving.

Before Stefan made an ironic remark, Martha said, "I'll have my lawyer send you the divorce papers tomorrow. I gotta go."

Her words surprised him.

Stefan wondered what trick she was playing again.

After a second of being startled, he snorted.

Then he strode upstairs, seized Martha's wrist, and dragged her into the room.

"Stop it! What do you want?"

Martha was exasperated and confused.

She was going to give up, but why did Stefan drag her back?

"You can't go," he answered coldly. The next second, Martha was pushed to bed.

She gaped at him, hope rising in her heart, even though she knew he loved Hollie.

Stefan said she couldn't go, so she wondered if he meant to let her stay.

But what Stefan said next threw her into despair.

"You used all kinds of means to drive Hollie away and marry me, but now, it's up to me to decide when to end the marriage!"

Martha lowered her eyes and muttered, "After we divorce, you can marry her."

"Humph, that's what I'll do after our divorce, but now you are still useful to me."

Martha was confused.

Martha suddenly recalled the bone marrow transplant he mentioned in the hospital.

In anger, she tried to push him away.

"I'd rather die than donate my bone marrow to Hollie."

A sarcastic smile touched Stefan's lips. "If you reject, I'll make Rupert Turner lose everything."

'Rupert?'

Martha stared at him in confusion, wondering why Rupert was involved.

"Didn't you go to the hospital to see your old lover?"

Stefan's eyes darkened. He knew Rupert had liked Martha for many years and they must have slept.

Martha shuddered visibly, feeling a sharp pang in her heart.

Her reaction angered Stefan even more, as he could tell she felt very bad after hearing him mention Rupert.

He ripped off her collar. In fear, Martha flinched.

"What do you want?"

"What do you think?" he answered, his voice reminding her of the demon from Hell.

The next second, he forced himself on top of her. Although Martha tried hard to struggle, she couldn't break free.

After they got married, they had only slept twice.

The first time happened on their wedding night. The second was a month ago when he got drunk. He had her while calling Hollie's name.

Why!

Why did the marriage she was expecting, the love she was waiting for, turn out to be like this?

Despair wrenched her heart. She could no longer restrain from shedding tears. She bit her lower lip tightly to keep herself from crying out.

Her crystal tears reflected under the light, making Stefan's eyes more steely.

"It's not Rupert sleeping with you, so you are disappointed, huh?"

Stefan snorted and continued in mockery, "It is said that a woman will never forget the man who sleeps with her for the first time, and that's true."

Martha almost stopped breathing. She bit her lip in agony.

Her first-time, obviously, was with him five years ago. But on their wedding night, he cursed, mocked, and humiliated her for being a bad woman.

Martha wanted to explain, but the pain in her body made her unable to make a sound.

The pain was caused by her sickness as well as Stefan's cruelty.

Martha thought she was going to die that night. She struggled at first, had to endure it gradually, and eventually became exhausted.

When the torture was finally over, Stefan clasped her neck and said coldly, "Martha, you have no right to make a choice."

He had millions of ways to make her compromise.

Read Good bye You Never Love Me novel chapter 2

When Martha woke up, it was the next morning. No one else was in the room.

Staring at the bruises on her arms in a daze, Martha couldn't help sobbing.

She didn't know if he had made the marks or if they were symptoms of blood cancer. But she knew she was in pain, both physically and mentally.

'Stefan, you don't love me. Why don't you just let me go?'

Suddenly, the ringing tone of her phone brought her back to reality.

Though exhausted, Martha braced herself, reached for the phone, and pressed the answer button.

Bianca, a maid who had served the Doyle family for many years, said anxiously, "Lady Martha, something has happened. Hurry! Come back, please."

[The Doyle Manor]

When she arrived, Martha saw a doctor walking out of her father's room.

She strode to him, grabbed his arm tightly, and asked, "How's my father, Doc?"

"Mr. Doyle had a mild stroke. He can't take emotional blows anymore."

Then he updated Martha on Maxwell Doyle's detailed condition. For the time being, Maxwell was not allowed to get off the bed and had to be watched 24 hours a day.

After walking the doctor out, Martha stood outside the room and saw Bianca taking care of Maxwell at his bedside.

Bianca worked for over twenty years at Doyle Manor, and everyone in the house respected her. After Martha's mother passed away, Bianca treated Martha as her own daughter, loving and caring for her.

Martha had also considered Bianca one of her family. They were close.

"What happened on earth, Bianca?" Martha asked.

"Mr. Doyle has had failures in his investment recently, and the company suffered big losses. In the morning, he received news that several financing shareholders had withdrawn their investments. Mr. Doyle was so angry that he fainted."

Bianca looked up at Martha while telling her what happened. Seeing Martha had lost a lot of weight, she felt sorry.

Martha walked to the bed, seeing her father gradually wake up. She felt guilty.

When Maxwell saw her, he suddenly gripped her arms with trembling hands.

"Martha, you must... help me keep the company. It's my whole life's work."

He looked at Martha with imploring eyes.

Martha had never seen him like this before. It seemed that this crisis was really serious, but how could she help?

Maxwell tightened his grip on her hand. "Martha, go beg Stefan. If he's willing to invest in the Doyle Group, our company's crisis will soon be resolved."

Maxwell wouldn't have asked his daughter to do so if he had had other options.

The Doyle and the Harrison families were close for many years. They worked together all the time for their family businesses. However, after Martha married Stefan three years ago, Harrison Group cancelled all cooperation projects with Doyle Group.

For the past three years, the Harrisons and the Doyles were connected through business marriage. The Harrison Group repeatedly suppressed the Doyle Group in secret. Stefan was decisive and heartless in putting Doyle Group in crisis over and over again.

Martha knew Stefan wouldn't help her. However, seeing the imploring look in her father's eyes and recalling the doctor's reminder, she cast down her eyes slightly and nodded in agreement. "I'll do my best, Dad."

Hearing this, Maxwell breathed a sigh of relief.

After giving him more reminders, Martha left the house.

...

Martha left Doyle Manor, looking troubled and pale. She clenched her fists tightly, her fingernails digging into the flesh of her palms.

She wondered if Stefan would agree if she begged him for help.

Anyway, she decided to give it a try.

On her way to the Harrison Group, Martha received a call from Hollie.

Martha wasn't surprised.

"Let's meet, Martha. Now," Hollie said arrogantly.

Martha was used to his arrogant tone, so she said very calmly, "Dad is sick. You should pay him a visit."

Hollie was the daughter of the Doyle family. Even if she disowned her family and her father, she was related to her family by blood.

But that sounded like a joke to Hollie, who snickered and asked, “Why should I care if that old jerk is alive or dead?”

Martha closed her eyes tightly. Sure enough, Hollie hadn’t changed, just like the stubborn, heartless woman before.

After knowing his attitude, Martha did not want to waste her words and was about to hang up the phone when Hollie’s voice came once again. “I’ll wait for you at the cafe in the City East. If you don’t come, I’ll kill myself.”

Like before, whenever something happened to Hollie, Martha was always the one that received the punishment.

Martha bit her lip tightly as she hated it the most when Hollie threatened her.

However, the Doyle Group faced a severe crisis. She was afraid Stefan would never offer her a helping hand if she angered Hollie.

...

At the cafe.

Martha saw the woman sitting by the window as soon as she arrived.

Hollie was wearing perfect makeup and a black V-neck blouse, looking enchanted, unlike the fragile pale look she faked in the hospital that day. In other words, she was unlike a patient who had terminal cancer.

A disdainful smile touched her lips when she saw Martha.

“Martha, you look so bad. You ask for it, as you steal my man.”

‘Steal her man?’

Ignoring her mockery, Martha sat opposite and said coldly, “Stop beating around the bush, I don’t have time to waste on you.”

“Martha, I want you to donate bone marrow to me.”

After going straight to the point, Hollie picked up her coffee on the table and took a sip, with an unconcealed mocking sneer at the corner of her mouth.

Staring at the woman across from her without blinking, Martha could tell Hollie did not have terminal cancer.

“You are not sick, are you?”

Martha didn't believe in such coincidences.

The smile on Hollie's lips grew wider. She didn't answer, looking calm.

Hollie's reaction made Martha confirm her guess.

“You always play such a dirty trick. You've done it before, and now you are doing it again.”

Things like this had happened a lot before.

When Hollie was six, Maxwell brought her back to the Doyle family. At that time, Martha's mother was still alive. She loved Maxwell so deeply that she accepted Hollie, her husband's illegitimate daughter.

For the following decade, Hollie always pretended to be weak, innocent, and pitiful. Martha was sincerely nice to her, but what did she get in return?

Thinking of the past, Martha felt it ridiculous.

Hollie paused, staring at Martha's daggers.

“Whether I'm sick or not, you owe me.”

“I owe you? You disappeared three years ago.”

Her words made Hollie's indifferent face become indignant. “If it weren't for that old bastard who preferred you over me, I would have become Stefan's wife,” she exclaimed emotionally.

Martha didn't want to listen to her anymore. She stood up and was about to leave.

As she took a step forward, Hollie's voice rang out, “Martha, Stefan loves me. It's not my fault. You should blame yourself for being unable to win his heart.”

Her mockery caused a sharp pang in Martha's heart.

Ability was not related to a love relationship.

Martha and Stefan have known each other since childhood. The Harrison and the Doyle families had a long friendship. When Martha was young, she took Stefan for an elder brother and had a crush on him. At that time, he treated her well.

After Hollie came, Stefan gradually cared more about Hollie and ignored Martha. He even tried to distance himself from her.

Martha didn't know why things had gone this way. However, she must admit that Hollie defeated her in gaining Stefan's heart.

However, she had never owed Hollie anything.

Seeing Martha fail to keep calm any longer, Hollie became smugger.

Pretending to be shy, she lowered her head and said softly, "Since I came back to town, Stefan has been gentle to me every night, afraid of hurting me..."

Martha's eyes became harsh. She couldn't contain her anger any longer, so she turned around, picked up the coffee cup on the table, and threw it at Hollie's face.

Hollie was off guard, the coffee dripping down her hair and face.

Looking down at Hollie, Martha said firmly, "As long as I'm still his wife, you are only his mistress."

Stefan had a lot of mistresses over the years. Hollie was just one of them.

...

After leaving the cafe, Martha slightly loosened her fists. Her fingernails had dug into her flesh, but the pain couldn't be comparable to her heartache.

Earlier, she planned to see Stefan and beg him to help her father. However, she changed her mind. She didn't want to see him at all.

Martha sucked in her breath, hailed a taxi, and headed for a bar.

Her only good friend, Melissa Gray, was selling alcohol in the bar. After talking to Melissa about what had just happened, Martha looked more frustrated.

Melissa clapped. "Good job, Martha! I'm with you!"

A bitter smile appeared on Martha's lips, her eyes dim. She said quietly, "Stefan and I will divorce sooner or later."

"Why will you divorce to give that woman a chance? If I were you, I would never divorce them. They'd be so pissed."

Melissa was furious, feeling sorry for her best friend.

Martha hid the sorrow in her eyes, shook her head, and chuckled before saying hoarsely, "But I don't have time to do so..."

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Her desperate whisper shocked Melissa. "What are you talking about, Martha? You..."

Martha interrupted her determinedly, "Nothing. My love for Stefan has run out. I don't want to love or cling to him anymore."

She didn't want Melissa to know she had blood cancer, or she would be worried.

Melissa shrugged resignedly. No one could help Martha with her love and marriage. Therefore, Melissa shifted the conversation in a different direction and focused on the vicious, shameless mistress.

"Hollie is a slut. Your mother passed away to save her life. But what did she do in return? She bit the hand that fed her. What an ungrateful woman!"

Melissa unintentionally mentioned Martha's late mother. With her eyes drooping, she suddenly felt a tight chest and memories of the past came flooding back.

The whole Doyle family went on holiday to a coastal town the third year after Hollie had been taken in.

While swimming in the sea, Hollie almost drowned as her swimming ring broke. Martha's mother swam to save Hollie's life but lost her own.

Martha used to blame Hollie for it, but she knew deep down that it was not Hollie's fault. But she really felt sorry for her mother.

It had been many years. Whenever Martha recalled it, her heart contracted with pain.

...

Martha returned to the Harrison Villa at night.

Seeing the light in the study, she knew Stefan had returned home.

She took a deep breath, walked to the door, and knocked on it.

"Come in," his cold voice sounded.

Martha's peaceful heart fluctuated.

She pushed the door open and stepped inside.

Stefan raised his head to look at her before continuing to read the document in his hands. "What's the matter?" he asked indifferently.

"The Doyle Group... the Doyle Group is in crisis. Can... can you support it financially?"

Martha stared at her slippers, and could clearly feel the sweat seeping out of her hand.

A moment later, he answered coldly, "Sure, I can. As long as you donate your bone marrow to Hollie, I will."

'Hollie again.'

The ray of hope in Martha's heart vanished immediately. Her heart was broken into pieces.

Recalling what had happened in the afternoon, she bit her lip. With hatred and anger in her eyes, she raised her head to look directly at the man in front of her.

"Impossible! You dream on."

“Impossible?”

Stefan’s lips curled up slightly as he looked askance at Martha. “Then you have no use for me.”

‘Use?’

Did he only care about her usefulness to him?

“Stefan, even if you loathe me and hate me, you shouldn’t turn your back on the Doyle Group. Uncle Frank and my dad used to be close friends. If he was still alive, he would...”

Before Martha finished her words, Stefan scowled at her, thinking she was threatening him with his father.

The next second, he lifted his hand. The papers in his hand scattered and flew up. Martha was standing in front of the desk. When the papers were thrown at her, she didn’t dodge. The edge of a piece of paper grazed her cheek.

Frowning, Martha covered her skin in pain. She didn’t think Stefan did it on purpose, but there was a wound on her skin.

Seeing the scattered papers, Martha gritted her teeth to keep calm.

Seeing the wound on her cheek, Stefan was slightly taken aback.

The next second, the familiar indifference returned to his eyes.

Seeing him stop talking to her, Martha turned away with a smile of self-deprecation.

...

She went back to her room and locked the door inside. Leaning against the door, she squatted down, a dull pain growing in her heart.

“Open the door!”

His steely voice rang at the door, and her slender body trembled.

He was unwilling to divorce or help her, so she could also say no to his request.

Stefan got no response and found the door had been locked inside, and the air around Stefan grew colder and colder.

'Martha, you're getting bolder. Now you even dare to lock me out!'

Scowling, when he was about to ask a servant to kick the door open, his phone rang.

His face softened slightly when he saw the caller ID.

"What's wrong, Hollie?"

Martha heard him talking to Hollie on the phone, holding her breath.

"OK. Stay there. I'll be there soon."

Then his eager footsteps sounded and soon faded away.

Martha opened the door with a hint of expectation, but didn't see anyone in the corridor.

Staring blankly at the stairs, she mumbled to herself in self-mockery, "I'm still no match for her."

When Stefan arrived at Hollie's villa, it was half an hour later.

Hollie wore a black slip dress, lay on the sofa, and pretended to be weak while staring at the man who walked in.

"Stefan, I... I felt weak just now and thought I would die. I thought I would never see you again."

As she spoke, tears streamed down her cheeks, making her look more pitiful.

"You'll be fine."

With his brows knitted, Stefan sat on the edge of the sofa, holding her in his arms.

He picked up the glass of water on the table, fetched her cancer medicine, and gently fed her.

Hollie cooperatively opened her mouth with a painful look as if the pill was too bitter.

But in fact, she knew better than anyone that it was a vitamin pill.

“Don’t think too much, Hollie. You should rest more.”

Stefan gently stroked her hair, scooped her up, and carried her to bed.

Hollie gently pulled his wrist and asked in a weak tone, “Can you...stay here tonight?”

Watching her like this, Stefan was stunned for a moment.

He recalled Martha looked pale while talking to him in the study. The paper cut her cheek. He wondered if she had applied some ointment and if there would be a scar left.

When Stefan realized he was thinking of Martha, his pupils constricted.

Whether there would be a scar on her cheek should have nothing to do with him!

Frowning slightly, he looked irritable and impatient.

Seeing his expression, Hollie dared not to make any wild guesses, but but could only pretend to look at him apprehensively and ask carefully, “Stefan, have you fallen in love with Martha?”

“No,” Stefan denied, a weird look flashing into his eyes.

Hollie breathed a sigh of relief, pulling him to the edge of the bed.

She leaned into his arms, and her weak voice rang out again, “When I was young, Martha always abused me, but for so many years, she’s loved you deeply. If... If I really die, I hope you and she...”

She broke off and coughed fiercely. “Ahem. Ahem.”

Stefan pressed his thin lips together, his disgust for Martha surging in his chest again.

Suppressing his irritation, he looked gently at Hollie.

“Don’t worry, Hollie. I’ll have someone cure you for sure. You are the only one that matters to me.”

Stefan met Martha first. Back then, he was young and naive, so he thought Martha was quiet and kind-hearted.

However, after seeing Hollie and learning that her injuries were from Martha's beatings, he stopped having a soft spot for Martha and began to detest her more.

Tenderness filled his eyes. He had always been grateful to Hollie.

"Hollie, when I was in the most painful times of my life, you accompanied me and cheered me up from the loss of my family."

Stefan would never forget her love and care during that time.

His words made Hollie have mixed feelings of guilt and fear.

If Stefan knew the truth one day...

The next second, she decided to keep him staying, thinking tonight was the best opportunity.

Hollie raised her head and offered to kiss his thin lips.

Stefan lowered his head and kissed her back.

Hollie was turned on and wanted more. When she tried to unbutton his shirt, Stefan clasped her wrist.

"Don't you want me?"

"Hollie, you are sick now."

Hollie's face was dark, thinking it was his excuse. Reluctant to accept the reality, she kissed him again, but Stefan pressed her back on the bed.

"Go to sleep. I'll watch you."

Seeing the determination in his eyes, Hollie burst into anger but dared not to force him.

She had to hide the reluctance in her eyes and stop taking a move.

...

On the other side, Martha huddled in the corner of the soft bed, listening to the drizzling outside the window.

Soon, it became a downpour, reminding her of the night 10 years ago.

That year, she was 14, and Stefan was 18. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison passed away after a car accident. He knelt in the cemetery for a whole night and got sick.

At that time, he didn't want to see anyone but locked himself in the room, indulging himself in frustration.

Martha couldn't do anything but wear a mask, consoling and taking care of him every day. She didn't stop doing it until he was cheered up.

Thinking of that, Martha thought she was too fool.

After Stefan pulled himself together, he went to the Doyle Manor, hugged Hollie, and confessed his feelings to her.

It was a scene that Martha could never forget.