

Read Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 10 online free

Before Rupert had finished speaking, Stefan struck him back. Rupert fell to the ground.

Martha was his wife. Stefan did not think Rupert had a right to question him. Suppressing his rage, Stefan gazed sharply at Rupert on the floor.

Rupert also glared sullenly at Stefan. He wiped the blood from the corners of his mouth and, without a moment's hesitation, raised his fist and struck Stefan again.

"Stop making noises in the hospital!"

Other hospital staff rushed to stop them after noticing what was happening. Seeing Rupert, they were shocked. "Dr. Turner?"

Frowning deeply, Rupert was about to speak. Suddenly, the red light above the operating room door went off. The attending doctor came out.

Stefan's heart tightened. He bypassed Rupert and asked the doctor, "How's she doing?"

"She had a hemorrhagic shock. The blood has stopped. She woke up. Yet she was too fragile and had some abnormal symptoms. You are suggested to take her for an overall checkup," the doctor said solemnly.

Then he hurried away.

A nurse pushed the patient's trolley out. Martha lay on the bed peacefully with her eyes closed. Her face was so pale that Stefan could dimly see the blue veins beneath her skin.

Pressing his thin lips, he could tell that she had lost a good deal of weight.

Rupert was relieved to see Martha out at last, and he gradually calmed down.

Without speaking to Stefan again, he watched Martha with concern, and followed the nurse to a general ward.

Rupert's concerned look and behavior were really an eyesore to Stefan.

He was upset. When he was about to follow them, he stopped in his tracks.

'It's good Martha's not dead,' Stefan thought to himself.

Suppressing the fury in his chest, he lit a cigarette and left the hospital.

...

Meanwhile, Hollie almost blew up after reading Joanna's message.

"Idiot! Do you think such a plan could frame Martha? Can you use your brain?"

After replying to Joann, she tossed the phone away and rubbed her temples. She did not expect that Joann would fail to settle such a trifle. Her high expectations of Joann were vain.

Hollie wondered if this incident would affect the relationship between Martha

and Stefan.

If Stefan's attitude towards Martha changed, all her previous efforts would be in vain.

Hollie grew irritable at the thought of the possibility.

After a moment's hesitation, she pulled out her phone and dialed Stefan's number.

When the call was answered, Hollie asked gently, "Stefan, I prepared dinner tonight. Let's have it together."

Stefan replied indifferently, "I'm in the hospital."

"Are you sick? Which hospital? Is it severe?"

"I'm OK. Martha fainted."

Hollie immediately realized Stefan was looking after Martha in the hospital. She clenched her fists. "Did Martha faint? Then, can you come over tonight?" She deliberately softened her voice to make herself sound extremely disappointed and pitiful.

Stefan answered softly, "Hmm. Rest early, Hollie. I've been looking for a new bone marrow for you. You'll certainly recover."

Hollie tightened her grip on the phone and looked shocked.

'Why is he looking for another donor for me? He agreed to let Martha donate it to me, didn't he? Has he begun to take a fancy to Martha?'

A thousand possibilities flashed through Hollie's mind.

She was angry and wanted to smash the phone, but she could not, since she must keep a tender image in Stefan's mind.

"That's great! I'm afraid... Anyway, thank you for taking care of Martha."

"Alright."

After ending the call, Hollie turned a sullen face and smashed her phone.

"Martha, you despicable woman! How dare you play such a trick to change Stefan's impression of you," she muttered to herself.

She took a deep breath to keep her cool.

In her opinion, Martha wouldn't miss the chance to hit on Stefan after being sent to the hospital.

If Stefan pitied her...

Hollie cursed and decided to stop it from happening.

There was a trace of scheming in her eyes.

She would not let Stefan find another bone marrow donor. She had to let Martha die on the operating table.

The hospital entrance.

In the driver's seat, Stefan was smoking a cigarette, with several cigarette butts on the ground.

He ended the call, gazing intently at the hospital.

He then flicked the butt of his cigarette between his fingers, exited the car,

and entered the hospital.

When he pushed open the ward door, he saw Martha lying on the bed, staring motionlessly at the ceiling, her face pale.

Stefan only had a feeling that she looked as if she were dying.

Frowning, he blamed her, "How do you look after yourself? You blacked out because of a nosebleed."

Martha was stunned. Pressing her lips together, she turned to peep out of the window.

Stefan looked awkward as he still remembered he had wronged her earlier.

After a pause, he added, "Go have an overall checkup tomorrow."

"I don't want it," Martha refused hoarsely, her eyelashes fluttering.

Her refusal annoyed Stefan and made his compassion for her fade away.

"It's for your own good. Anyway, it's all up to you. It's your own health."

Stefan turned around impatiently.

"Ahem. Ahem. Ahem..." Martha coughed behind him.

Stefan was about to open the door but paused. "Stay here. You don't need to go to work in the following days," he said indifferently.

With those words, he left and closed the door.

Silence returned to the ward. Martha closed her eyes with a bitter smile, thinking that he said it because he hoped she would soon recover and donate her bone marrow to Hollie.

Bitterness and pain rose in her heart. Martha covered her breast.

The night fell.

Melissa and Rupert came to see Martha together.

Martha forced a smile at the sight of them. "Here you came."

"Martha, are you OK? You look pale."

Melissa tossed her handbag away, pouncing at the bed while crying.

Seeing her eyes redden, Martha realized Rupert must have told Melissa about her blood cancer.

"Stop crying! You look ugly. I'm fine," Martha bantered Melissa while holding her hand.

Melissa cried more loudly.

While crying, she complained, "Martha, you are so silly. Why did you not tell me about it? Do you know how upset I am now?"

"Stefan is such a jerk. You are so seriously ill, and he is not here with you. He doesn't deserve to be your husband!"

Martha managed a bitter smile and whispered, "He hasn't known it. I hid it from him."

Stefan refused to divorce her. It was clear that he wanted her to donate her bone marrow to Hollie.

But she did not want to die on the operating table. She wanted to leave this

place as far as possible!

Blinking hard, Martha fought back tears. Then she looked at Rupert, who was sitting aside silently.

“Rupert, I want to leave here.”

Rupert was slightly taken aback. Understanding what she meant, he smiled lovingly at her. “OK. I’ll take you away.”

The next second, Melissa echoed, “I’m willing to help you, too. Tell me what to do. I’ll be cooperative.”

...

Martha did not see Stefan again for the next two days.

She ate the meals which were regularly brought to her by the servants. It was quite a relaxing and peaceful time.

Yet her quiet life soon ended.

One day, Rupert went to see her in the ward after finding an apartment.

Much to his surprise, he didn’t see Martha on the bed after entering but heard the retching sound from the bathroom.

Rupert hurriedly strode over, knocked on the door, and asked worriedly, “Are you OK, Martha?”

“I’m fine. My stomach is turning.”

Martha shook her head, dragged her weak body, and walked out.

At the door, she saw Rupert gazing at her worriedly, so she smiled at him. “No worries. I’m OK.”

“Did you retch just now?”

Rupert’s gaze rested on her pale face. Frowning, he carefully helped her to lie back on the bed.

Martha nodded and answered after lying on the bed, “Right. I have been feeling dizzy for the last few days. When I woke up in the morning, I retched.”

Rupert looked stern and his heart sank.

Martha could tell by his expression that something was wrong. Tilting her head, she stared at him and asked, “What are you thinking? Tell me bluntly.”

Rupert uttered with difficulty, “Martha, you might be... pregnant. I suggest you have a checkup.”

With a solemn look, he said in a deeper tone than usual, “If it’s real, you cannot have a baby in your current health condition. You must get rid of it ASAP.”

Martha was taken aback.

Lowering her head in a daze, she stroked her lower abdomen and muttered, “Am I pregnant?”

She could not believe it.

She had been married to Stephan for three years. For the last three years, she had been longing for a baby. But when she no longer wished so, she

seemed to get pregnant.

If she was really pregnant, she wondered if she would have the heart to get rid of it.