

## Read Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 11 online free

The president's office, the Harrison Group.

Eden knocked on the door before entering the office.

Stefan raised his head and glanced at him, frowning slightly. "Why are you here?"

"I heard you changed the spokeswoman. Did you avenge your wife?"

Eden smiled at him. Although he asked a question, his tone was affirmative. Stefan closed the file in his hand without any change in his expression. "The previous one doesn't have a good character. She'll tarnish the Harrison Group's reputation and image."

"You are double-faced. I won't buy it."

Eden sat on the sofa, raising her eyebrows and watching Stefan with a teasing smile. "You care about her, but always pretend not."

When he received the call that day, Stefan was chairing a meeting.

Upon hearing about the incident, Eden decided to take care of it after the meeting. Yet Stefan dismissed them sullenly and went to the filming set personally.

Although Stefan never admitted it, all the signs showed that he cared about Martha.

As soon as his remark was made, Stefan cast him a harsh glance. "You think too much."

How could he possibly care about Martha?

That damned woman was clearly incapable of taking charge of the shooting, but she still took the job, so she deserved that lesson!

Suddenly, Stefan's phone vibrated on the desk.

He checked the caller ID and answered, "Yes?"

A maid said in a panic, "Mr. Harrison, Miss Doyle committed suicide. I went to clean her room and found her cutting her wrist."

"Send her to the hospital. Hurry!" Stefan snapped.

The maid shivered. "Yes... Yes, we did."

"Which one? I'll be right there."

Stefan picked up his suit jacket and left his office, looking tense.

Eden sat on the sofa watching him leave, frowning slightly with a thoughtful look.

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Ten minutes later, Stefan arrived at the emergency room.

Frowning at the maid, he asked, "Tell me what happened exactly."

Feeling the strong aura from Stefan, the maid lowered her head and

answered gingerly, "Last night, Miss Doyle waited for you to have dinner, but you didn't go back. Then she skipped it. This morning, she was unwilling to go downstairs. She said..."

The maid broke off.

"What did she say?"

"Miss Doyle said she couldn't recover and didn't want to be a burden..."

Her words made Stefan press his lips together and lower his eyes, in which there was a look of guilt.

He blamed himself for being too busy to accompany Hollie.

The light above the emergency room door was out.

A doctor stepped out and strode toward Stefan. "Excuse me, mister. Are you the patient's family?"

"Yes. How's she doing now?"

Stefan frowned at the doctor.

"She has stopped bleeding, but her condition is too poor. She has no desire to live. It's bad for her treatment and recovery."

The doctor broke off with a sigh. "Her sickness has become severe. I am afraid she needs a bone marrow transplant right now. Or she may not make it through tonight."

Stefan's body shook violently. Clenching his fingers, he looked stern.

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On the other side, Martha hesitated for a long time after hearing Rupert's suggestions. In the end, she was so curious about the truth that she went to the gynecology and obstetrics department for a checkup.

The result was out pretty soon. Holding it with trembling fingers, Martha had an unreal feeling.

The report showed she had been pregnant for a month.

Martha smiled bitterly, leaning against the wall next to the examination department.

She was really pregnant.

Martha recalled that torturing night. Although Stefan asked her to take the birth control pills the next day, she was still pregnant.

Martha pinched the report, her knuckles white.

'Will Stefan believe the baby is his?'

Martha folded the report and put it into her pocket, feeling frustrated.

She did not think he would believe it. He firmly believed she had slept with Rhys that night, so he would think Rhys was the baby's father.

Martha's eyes drooped. Thinking about her current health condition, she felt a sharp pang in her heart.

She could not keep the baby in such a situation. Or, she and her baby would die together easily.

The baby, however, was all she had left.

What should she do?

She turned around in depression, dragging her exhausted body back to her ward.

From the glass window on the door, she saw Stefan, surprisingly.

He sat on the couch with his head down, typing a message on his phone.

Martha could not read his expression.

She wondered if he was there to see her.

Her eyes glimmered with joy, thinking maybe he would accept the baby.

Martha looked up and pushed the door open expectantly.

She met his cold eyes before telling him she was pregnant.

“Hollie is in the operating room now. Her position was urgent. She cannot wait for another bone marrow. Come with me to the operating room.”

Martha paused in her tracks, the ray of hope fading from her eyes.

The corners of her mouth curled into a bitter smile. She had expected this to happen someday, but never thought it would come so soon.

It happened right after she learned she was pregnant.

Martha took a deep breath to calm her trembling voice. “I don’t want to donate my bone marrow to her.”

“Tell me whatever you want,” Stefan softened the tone of his voice.

Hollie was in an emergency, so she couldn’t wait for the bone marrow to be found abroad. Only Martha could save her life.

He asked the attending doctor. As long as the donor was healthy, there would be no problem.

“I don’t want to.”

Martha stared at him firmly. She was already pregnant, so she could not donate her bone marrow to Hollie.

Stefan scowled at her and seized her wrist. “Donating the bone marrow won’t affect you. I promise to give you whatever you want. You want a divorce, do you? I agree.”

His words brought pain to Martha’s heart.

She was pregnant, but he wanted to divorce her.

The bitter smile faded from Martha’s lips. She broke free from him and asked in a low voice, “What if I tell you I’m pregnant? Will you...”

“Impossible! I make you take the pill every time. Even if you were pregnant, I wouldn’t want it.”

Stefan did not believe she was pregnant.

They didn’t have sex often. Each time he slept with Martha, he had birth control measures. Hence, he did not think Martha would be pregnant.

Considering the doctor’s reminder, Stefan suppressed his anxiety and promised Martha again, “Martha, as long as you can save Hollie, I can agree

on all your conditions.”

His words were too cruel for her.

The sharp pang in Martha’s heart was so great that she closed her eyes desperately.

Even though she had been pregnant, his mind would not change. It turned out she and her baby couldn’t be comparable to Hollie.

Clenching her fists tightly, Martha answered, “I want nothing. Please leave my ward. I won’t donate my bone marrow to Hollie.”

Stefan gazed at her with a stern face. Then he turned to the door and ordered icily, “You all. Come in.”

The ward door was forced open.

Four nursing workers strode toward Martha fiercely with solemn faces.

“What are you doing?”

Martha sensed something wrong, flinching backward in a panic.

The nursing workers didn’t answer. Two pressed her arms, and the other grabbed her legs.

“Stop it! Let go of me!”

Martha tried hard to wave her arms and kick desperately.

The nursing worker standing aside ignored her and injected a medical tranquilizer into her body.

Martha failed to break free, glaring at Stefan in a fury.

He stood aside while watching her coldly. Martha felt her strength was gone gradually, her eyes full of despair.

‘He can even sacrifice me for Hollie!’

The despair in Martha’s eyes startled Stefan slightly.

The next second, he returned to being as indifferent as usual.

After injecting the medical tranquilizer, the nursing workers let go of Martha.

Martha had no strength at all. She tried to get up, but could not move. She could not utter a single word.

The nursing workers carried her onto a patient’s trolley, pushing her out of the ward.

Martha’s heart kept sinking.

All the warmth in her body and her hope vanished bit by bit.

As soon as the ward door was closed, Martha glared at Stefan in hatred and rage.

But in the end, Martha was wheeled into surgery.

Then she tried hard to turn her head, only to find another bed beside her, on which lay Hollie with a pale look.

Hollie’s wrist was wrapped in gauze, which was faintly blurred by oozing blood. She looked fragile.

“Bang!”

The door of the operating room was suddenly shut. The operating light was turned on so abruptly that Martha's eyes narrowed subconsciously.

Soon, the doctors put on their masks, walking towards her. Nurses started getting prepared for the operation.

Martha couldn't move but could hear them speak.

She watched them get busy, looking more desperate.

When she closed her eyes and was about to accept her destiny, a doctor suddenly said, "You all, please go out first."

"OK," other doctors and nurses answered, heading out.

Martha's heart skipped a beat.

'Is there any turning back?' Martha thought, with a glimmer of hope.

She pinched her palms to keep her eyes open. As expected, all the doctors and nurses were gone except the surgeon.

Was the operation terminated because Stefan found she was pregnant?

Before she figured it out, the doctor's voice shattered all her expectations.

"Miss Doyle, the plan goes smoothly."

Martha watched the doctor take off his mask and nod at Hollie.

Martha stiffened, wondering why the doctor said so.

'Plan? What did he mean by the plan?'

Martha tried hard to raise her hand to make some noises. Hollie looked over at her.

"Oops, you are still awake?"

Hollie curled her lips into an ironic smile.

"Martha, you are willing to donate your bone marrow to me. I'm really touched."

Martha tried to speak, but could not utter a word.

Gazing at Hollie fiercely, she pinched her palms hard.

Watching her like this, Hollie smiled in satisfaction.

"Happy about my arrangement, Martha? You were right. I've never been sick."