

## Read Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 12 online free

Hollie raised her hand to stroke Martha's cheek with a wicked smile. "From now on, Stefan will think you've cured me. I will not let him feel guilty for you. Thus, you must die on the operating table today."

Martha did not expect Hollie to aim to kill her.

Glaring at Hollie, she made a desperate effort to escape, her face crimson.

Hollie withdrew her hand. Seemingly remembering something, she asked, "Martha, have you always thought that I am an ungrateful bastard?"

Her question puzzled Martha.

Hollie gazed at her coldly. "Do you think I should appreciate your mother and you, for she saved my life back then?"

Seeing her expression grow more sinister, Martha frowned.

Back then, when Hollie was almost drowned, Martha's mother saved Hollie's life, but Martha's mother was swept away by another wave. Martha witnessed the whole accident.

The scene of her mother's disappearance into the sea became a nightmare for her for years afterward.

Every time Martha recalled it, she felt the grief tug at her heart. She blamed herself for not learning to swim when she was young. If so, she could have helped her mother. She also blamed herself for not checking the swimming ring in advance.

They should never have gone to the coastal city for that vacation.

If they had not been there, nothing would have happened.

The memory made Martha gasp, and her eyes reddened.

Hollie could read the regret in her eyes. She bent over with a snort and drawled in Martha's ear, "Martha, you know what? It wasn't an accident."

Instantly, Martha's brain hummed.

'Not an accident? Is there more to it than that?'

She stared intently at Hollie, trying to capture all the expressions on Hollie's face.

Hollie stood up, raised her eyebrows, and added, "I broke your swimming ring back then. You should have been the one who died then, but I mistook your swimming ring for mine. Fortunately, that woman rescued me. Humph! Your mother died for you. Understand?"

Martha stiffened, her eyes full of shock.

'Hollie broke my swimming ring? My mother was murdered by her!'

Martha was startled. That year, Hollie was only 10, but she was already scheming.

Martha gasped for breath and tasted blood in her throat. She tried to raise her hand to hit Hollie, but she could not move a finger because of the tranquilizer. So she could only glare at Hollie in hatred and anger.

Martha hated herself. The murderer who had killed her mother was right before her, but she could not even slap Hollie on her mother's behalf.

The smile on Hollie's face gradually broadened. Soon, she giggled and laughed harshly.

"It feels so wonderful to tell everything. I've planned this for so many years, Martha. Now you can go to find your mother in peace."

'How dare she mention my mother again!'

'If it had not been for saving Hollie, my mother would not have died.'

'If I die today, I shall haunt Hollie like a ghost!'

Soon, the surgeon next to Martha inserted a needle into her iliac bone and skilfully drew the hematopoietic stem cells from her bone marrow.

The needle caused a sharp pain. Martha bit her lip tightly, and the sweat oozed from her forehead and trickled into her hair.

Holding her phone, Hollie stood by and recorded the scene where Martha's bone marrow was withdrawn. She felt strangely excited and triumphant.

Martha's fingernails dug into her palms, and the blood oozed.

She struggled for a long time, but could do nothing, feeling the marrow gradually being drawn from her body.

Martha realized that she had ended up like this only because she had been so foolish.

She had thought that she could gain Stefan's heart by persistent waiting and silent giving. She had thought Hollie could be made good as long as she treated Hollie well.

Martha glared at Hollie with reluctance, thinking she deserved the ordeal.

If she had had another chance, she would never have married Stefan and would have made Hollie pay.

Tears trickled down her cheeks. Gradually, her eyes lost their focus.

Outside the operating room, Stefan waited solemnly.

He did not think the bone marrow donation would impair Martha's health. He would make it up to her when she got out.

Yet Martha's look of despair before she was wheeled into the emergency room recurred to him.

'Why is she so averse to the donation?'

'Hollie grew up together with her as her younger sister. Did Martha have the heart to watch Hollie die of cancer without helping her?'

Stefan pressed his lips together to control his mingled emotions, reminding himself not to think of Martha's gaze earlier.

Three hours passed quickly.

However, they seemed like a year to Stefan.

The red light above the operating room door turned green. The door was open.

Stefan checked on Hollie, who closed her eyes with a pale face. Blood still oozed from the bandage on her wrist.

Her oxygen mask was slightly foggy. Every sign told Stefan how much her life had been in danger during the last three hours.

Stefan stared at her with a frown, and felt sorry for her.

Hollie was weak and vulnerable. After the surgery, he wondered how long it would take her to recover.

Later, Dr. Dudley walked out of the operating room with a weary look.

Stefan went up and gazed at him with a deep frown. "How was the operation, Doc?"

Dr. Dudley rubbed his temples feebly to relieve his weariness. "It was successful. But whether she'll wake up depends on her willpower and health condition."

"What do you mean?"

Stefan stared worriedly at Hollie.

"We must observe her in the ICU for three days. If she doesn't wake up in three days, she'll become a vegetable," said the doctor solemnly.

Then he told Stefan he needed to write the operation report and left quickly.

'Why is it so severe?'

Stefan followed the nurses to the ICU and completely forgot Martha was still in the operating room.

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The operating room.

Martha lay on the operating table, gradually losing consciousness.

The piercing pain spread through her body from her spine, stimulating her brain and keeping her vaguely conscious.

Gradually she ceased to feel the pain but grew chilly. The chill built up and crept into her bones.

She felt as if she were floating in the air.

In a trance, she saw her mother waving at her.

'Mom, it hurts... It hurts so much... Please take me with you. I miss you, Mom...'

Martha held out her hand to her mother.

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Rupert, when he had finished his work, was about to examine Martha in her ward, to see if she had got better today.

As he walked around the nurse's station, he overheard some nurses talking about the bone marrow transplant.

Rupert quickened his steps, rushing to Martha's ward. However, he saw nobody there. Her heart hammered. His bad hunch made him run crazily toward the registration counter. Standing in front of the counter, he panted as he quickly scanned patient records from a nurse. He saw Hollie's name, and her operation started three hours ago. Rupert realized the operation was done. His pupils constricted. He then immediately ran toward the operating room. The door was still open. Rupert pushed the door open. The operating room was deadly silent. Only the sounds of the surgical device and the fans were heard. After going through the sterilizing room, Rupert saw a surgeon injecting something into the patient on the operating table. "What are you doing?" he asked coldly, and the surgeon was shocked. He hurriedly put away the syringe and looked away to avoid Rupert's gaze. "Hi, Dr. Turner," he greeted Rupert respectfully, as Rupert was the director of the surgeon department. Rupert frowned at Martha, and saw that her face was as white as a sheet. His heart tightened. "Get out!" Dr. Dudley felt guilty, so he had no guts to argue back. He turned around, escaping the operating room. "Martha? Martha? Can you hear me?" Rupert approached Martha and called her by name. Although Martha's eyes were open, he did not see the focus in them, as if her soul had been extracted. The heart monitor beeped irregularly, irritating Rupert. He called Martha's name repeatedly, but she did not respond. "Beep— Beep—" Suddenly, the heart monitor alarmed. Rupert hurriedly checks the device, only to find that Martha's heart rate had dropped to almost zero. Martha's eyes gradually dimmed. Panic overwhelmed Rupert. He grabbed Martha's hands and growled anxiously, "Martha! Martha! Hang on there!" Unfortunately, Martha could hear nothing at that moment. Rupert staggered to fetch a cardiac pacemaker and gave her CPR. It didn't work. Moments later, the heart monitor suddenly beeped, reminding him that Martha's life was over. Rupert stared at her in dismay and stiffened.

Standing in a daze, he held Martha's hand and wondered why it was so cold. Part of his world collapsed at that moment.