

## Read Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 13 online free

The ICU ward.

Stefan, dressed in a protective suit, was watching Hollie.

Hollie had not yet awakened. He watched her for a long time as he sat by her bedside.

A nurse went in to check on Hollie and look at all her data. Reading the data change, Stefan felt worried.

When it was dusk, his assistant brought him some files to deal with.

Stefan stayed up all night at work. When his assistant came for the files the following morning, he took a break and thought of Martha.

'She must have been sent back to the ward to recuperate after the bone marrow donation, eh?'

Thinking of that, Stefan sent his assistant to check on her in her ward.

"Sorry, Mr. Harrison, but Ms. Doyle wasn't in her ward."

The assistant said solemnly, "The nurse on duty last night told me she hadn't been in the ward last night."

'How could she not be in her ward?'

Stefan's eyebrows were deeply furrowed. "Is she mad? She just had an operation. She should rest now!"

With a stern look, he suppressed the irritation in his heart, stood up, and walked out of the ward.

He thought Martha had stayed out overnight right after the operation.

Yet, as soon as he left the ICU ward, a nurse on the ward round trotted towards him with a joyful smile. "Mr. Harrison, the patient is awake."

Stefan stopped in his tracks, flicking his hand at his assistant. "Go find her again."

"Yes, Mr. Harrison."

After the assistant was gone, Stefan put on the protective suit and returned to the ICU.

Hollie, still wearing an oxygen mask, looked pale. She looked delighted when her gaze fell on Stefan.

She raised her hand feebly. However, it fell back on the bed. "Am I still alive?" Her tone showed how vulnerable she was, and evoked pity.

"You are awake. Now you'll be fine."

Stefan breathed a sigh of relief, walked to the bed, and held her hand.

Tears welled in her eyes and she looked emotional. "I thought I would never see you again," Hollie said excitedly.

"I'm always with you. Nothing will happen to you. Don't worry."

Stefan stroked her hair, watching her dotingly.  
There was a hint of concern in his eyes.  
He could not help wondering how Martha was doing now.  
Hollie noticed his concern sensitively. Clutching his hand, she forced a smile to distract him. "Stefan, luckily, you're always there for me."  
"Hmm. The doctor said the transplant was a success. Rest well. Then you'll recover soon."  
After giving her a few reminders while sitting on the edge of her bed, Stefan left the ICU.  
Then he made his way to Martha's ward.  
He wondered why his assistant had not yet reported to him.  
While he pondered, he decided to teach Martha a lesson after finding her.  
When he had almost reached her ward, however, he met Rupert in the corridor.  
Their gazes met.  
Rupert was dressed in a doctor's white gown which was slightly ruffled. He looked haggard.  
Stefan frowned and felt a surge of anger at the thought that Martha was having an affair with Rupert.  
He looked coldly away and walked toward Rupert.  
Stefan had just brushed past Rupert when the latter stopped him. "She's waiting for you."  
Stefan paused, narrowing his gaze on Rupert while tilting his head.  
He confirmed that Rupert had taken her away. 'They indeed share weal and woe, don't they?'  
Stefan laughed at himself for worrying about Martha just now.  
'She never lacks men's care, right?'  
He let out a snort of laughter. Ignoring Rupert, he strode forward.  
Watching his impassive response, Rupert burst into anger.  
Such a jerk like Stefan did not deserve Martha at all.  
If he had not been in a white coat, he would have beaten Stefan violently.  
Clenching his fists, he tried hard to suppress his anger and added, "If her family doesn't show, according to the hospital's rules, the dead can be sent to the cremation directly."  
'The dead? The cremation?'  
Stefan immediately stopped in his tracks.  
He was puzzled by the words, and wondered if anything had happened to Martha.  
His eagle-like eyes rested on Rupert. "What do you mean?"  
Rupert glared at Stefan coldly. Stefan, who had done all he could to hurt Martha, asked him with an air of innocence. Pressing his thin lips together, he

did not respond to Stefan.

Seeing that he was silent, Stefan got riled up and wondered what Rupert meant.

A few moments later, Stefan followed him into the hospital morgue.

After pushing open the door, Rupert walked toward a bed covered with a white cloth, his eyes full of grief.

Stefan pressed his lips together and looked at him incredulously.

After sucking in his breath, Rupert lifted the white cloth.

Martha was lying on the bed, her face bloodless. She did not even breathe.

Stefan clenched his fists tightly, his eyes glimmering.

It turned out that Martha was here.

He refused to believe it.

He almost stopped breathing. Gazing at her, he strode toward the bed.

He stiffened when he got closer and confirmed it was Martha on the bed.

It was Martha, for real.

The day before, however, she had been quite well. She talked to him and was enraged by him. Stefan could not believe that she was dead.

Pressing his lips together, he raised his hand to stroke her cheek, to verify that she was lying to him.

However, he only felt the coldness from his fingertips, which was not the temperature of a living man.

His pupils suddenly dilated. He only felt the chill that ran through his body.

He almost shuddered in the chill. Probably the morgue was too cold, or probably his heart had frozen.

'How could it be possible? She's gone?'

During their five-year marriage, he detested her but had never expected to touch her cold dead body. Mixed feelings surged in Stefan's heart, but he failed to find an outlet for them.

He took two steps backwards and looked at Rupert in disbelief. "How could this be possible? It was a minor operation. How could she be like this?"

Rupert could see the incredulity and confusion in Stefan's eyes. The rage which he had been repressing all day rose in him.

He could not understand how Stefan could remain so calm at such a moment.

Dragging Stefan's tie fiercely, he snapped, "How dare you ask why! It's all your fault. You pressed her to death!"

In the end, he growled angrily.

His eyes reddened, and he looked like a furious lion.

"Let go of me. Make it clear."

Stefan stepped back, pulling Rupert's hand away with a frown.

He turned and gazed at Martha, his eyes dark.

He only wanted her to donate her bone marrow to Hollie, but never expected

Martha to be that fragile.

He had thought of it as a minor operation.

Rupert saw the confusion in his eyes again. Driven by anger, he strode up and punched him in the face.

“Don’t you know Martha has blood cancer? You asked her to donate her bone marrow. You killed her.”

Stefan turned suddenly and gazed at Rupert. “Blood cancer? What are you talking about?”