

## Good bye 151

Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 151

The sky darkened very soon, which made the Doyle family upset.

After chatting with Bianca for a while, Jimmy walked anxiously toward Martha.

“Mom, when are we going to leave?”

Martha was stunned. She knew that Jimmy did not want to go.

He would be hospitalized in two days, and he cherished the time spent with his family.

Martha smiled and rubbed her son’s head. She said softly, “Let’s stay here tonight. Let Grandpa and Bianca be with you.”

“Okay, I like this place.”

Jimmy looked up at his mother. His big eyes sparkled with happiness.

He jumped back to his grandfather and said, “Grandpa, Granny Bianca, I’ll stay here tonight with you.”

“Wonderful! I will make dessert for you later.”

Bianca smiled fondly at the lively boy.

Sitting in a wheelchair, Maxwell also smiled and slowly said word by word, “Jimmy is... a ... good ... boy.”

After listening patiently to Grandpa, Jimmy licked his lips and smiled from ear to ear.

The two elders were in a good humor because of Jimmy. But Martha and Jane looked grave as they discussed matters on the other side.

“In the next few days, I need to arrange to get Jimmy hospitalized. So I cannot go to the Doyle Group. You can handle business on my behalf.”

“OK, I understand.”

Jane nodded. She turned to look at Jimmy’s smiling face. Then she asked, “Does Mr. Harrison know about Jimmy’s status?”

Martha’s eyes darkened. She did not know how much Stefan had figured out. What he could get from the information was not as vivid as what he saw in person.

People could not tell how painful it was until they suffered from a disease.

She took a deep breath and said slowly, “Now I just hope that Stefan’s bone marrow can match Jimmy’s.”

Then everything would be much easier.

But she was afraid that it would not work. Then she could only choose the second method, and that was not the one she wanted.

Thinking of this, Martha managed to stifle her irritation and avoid dwelling on the possibility.

Jane noticed Martha’s sullen look. That was how Martha looked during lunch.

“I just noticed that you are in a bad mood. What happened?”

Jane wondered if Martha had had another dispute with Mr. Harrison about the divorce.

Martha looked down. She lowered her voice without hiding it from Jane. “Stefan and I didn’t get divorced.”

As soon as she finished her words, Jane said in surprise, “What? He promised you... How could it be?”

That was exactly what Martha was trying to figure out.

How could Stefan know everything at such a time?

Martha rubbed her temples wearily. She shook her head and said, “Libby got caught. Stefan, on the other hand, had learned of Jimmy earlier than I expected. Libby probably told him about it.”

Stefan refused to get a divorce, knowing that he had a son.

Martha had thought of this before. However long she had kept it a secret, it had all been in vain.

Jane was stunned. She looked down, and at the same time there was a strange gleam in her eyes. Then she asked tentatively in a low voice, "Libby was under arrest?"

Martha nodded wearily. When she looked up and saw that Jane seemed absent-minded, she thought that Jane was worried about her. Martha smiled faintly and said, "Don't worry, I can handle these things."

It had been so many days since Hollie had been imprisoned. But the police could not find Libby at all. Then she was caught by Eden the night before Martha and Stefan could get divorced.

The coincidence made Martha suspicious.

Libby had to show up at this juncture as if she had been manipulated by someone.

Jane realized what had happened. She looked up at Martha while hiding a slightly strange look on her face. Then she held Martha's arm and said, "What matters most now is Jimmy."

Martha nodded and did not think much of it.

Jimmy was the only spiritual pillar in her life. She could not afford to lose him.

Whatever happened to Stefan and her, she had to cure Jimmy with all the methods she could use.

At two o'clock that night, Rupert returned to C Country.

He did not call Martha when he arrived. Instead, he found a hotel and rested for the night.

The next morning, Rupert changed his clothes in haste after sunrise and went to the City Central Hospital.

Jimmy must be treated as soon as possible. He had to figure out whether Stefan's bone marrow would match Jimmy's. Then he can move on to the next step.

Having arrived at the hospital, he called Martha after he finished Jimmy's admission procedures.

He said, "I have completed the hospitalization procedures for Jimmy."

Then Martha's voice was heard from the other side of the phone, "So soon?"

"Yes, I'm in the City Central Hospital now. Later on, I'll talk with Jimmy's attending doctor."

Rupert looked at the thick stack of documents he had brought with him, the clinical history of Jimmy's treatment abroad in recent years.

"Okay. I'll take Jimmy to the hospital now, and then... I'll ask Stefan to go to the hospital."

"Be careful when you are on the way."

After hanging up the phone, Martha dressed up quickly, and then she woke Jimmy up.

Jimmy looked at Martha excitedly after he was neatly dressed.

"Can I see my father later?"

"Yes."

Martha answered softly, looking at her son's eyes which were full of expectation.

Jimmy's eyes lit up after he got Martha's promise.

Finally, he could see his father.

He wondered what his father looked like, and whether he looked exactly like his father.

Jimmy smiled and took his mother's hand.

"Mom, does Dad want to see me?"

Martha could not help thinking of what Stefan had said yesterday.

Her eyes glinted. "Yes, of course," she said.

Whatever Stefan's attitude toward Jimmy, it was very likely that he wanted to see Jimmy.

She could not tell what the father and son would think if they found out that they had met before.

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In the hospital.

Rupert contacted the attending doctor and went to his office with the documents in a pack.

“Hello, Dr. Davidson.”

“Rupert, it’s been a long time.”

Rupert nodded, smiling. They had not seen each other in all those years.

Previously, they had worked in the same section and got along well. However, Rupert quit the job four years ago and went abroad, which made Dr. Davidson feel it was really a pity. And after that, they were out of touch.

“Jimmy has been treated abroad these years. Here are the documents. Take a look.”

Dr. Davidson took the documents and read them through.

When he had finished, he looked up at Rupert with a grave look.

“It must be cured as soon as possible. If we can’t find an appropriate marrow donor for Jimmy in time, I’m afraid that...”

“You’re right. We’ve tried many times in U Country but failed each time. Today... We come here for another try.”

Rupert did hope that Stefan’s bone marrow would be a match, though the probability was really small.

Rupert then consulted Dr. Davidson about Jimmy’s treatment. After half an hour, Martha and Jimmy arrived at the City Central Hospital.

As Jimmy saw Rupert who stood not far away from them, he ran towards him excitedly with a big smile on his small face.

“Uncle Rupert! Long time no see.”

“Jimmy! Naught boy. Ran away without my knowledge.”

Rupert took Jimmy gently in his arms as he spoke. He failed to say anything harsh to Jimmy.

Jimmy blushed and scratched his head in embarrassment.

“I’m sorry. I should not have let you feel worried.”

Rupert said softly, “I forgive you this time. But never do that again. It worries me so much.”

Jimmy nodded heavily, “I promise. I won’t run away from home again.”

Actually, it was “not running away from hospital again.”

Jimmy did it because he wanted to find his father.

And now, he was about to meet him. He would not run away again.

At the thought, Jimmy tilted his head and looked at Rupert.

“Mommy told me I will see my dad today.”

“Yeah.”

Rupert’s eyes gleamed with a different emotion. He then said, “After you are hospitalized, you should be patient for the treatment.”

“OK, I will.”

Martha, standing aside, smiled and said, “Jimmy, let’s go to your ward.”

The little boy nodded, and, getting down from Rupert, went to Martha and took her hand after he had balanced himself.

After they arrived at the ward, Jimmy lay in bed quietly. Martha talked with him for a while, and then left the ward with Rupert. Then they walked out of the hospital.

Before they came to the hospital, Martha messaged Stefan that they would meet at 10 o’clock. And he

should be almost here.

Martha and Rupert stood in front of the gate of the hospital. He knew well how awkward and confused she was now. Honestly, Rupert did hope that she could never keep in touch with Stefan.

However, Jimmy was their child, which could never be changed. Besides, whether Jimmy's disease could be cured had a lot to do with Stefan.

"If.. I mean.. If Stefan's bone marrow fails to match Jimmy's, will you..."

Before he had finished, Martha knew what he wanted to ask.

"Jimmy comes out first in my life. If I have to save him by having another child, I will."

It was only for her child, not for love.

Rupert hid the sorrow in his eyes. Although she was right, and he knew that she would only give birth to a test tube baby with Stefan instead of becoming pregnant naturally...

He wished she and Stefan could be over as soon as possible.

The wind had made Martha's neat hair kind of dishevelled.

Subconsciously, Rupert stepped forward and tucked a wisp of her loosened hair behind her ear.

"It's windy. Beware of chills."

Martha smiled without speaking. Over the years, she had grown accustomed to being looked after by Rupert. They were bosom friends who helped each other. And she treated Rupert as her elder brother. Unexpectedly, Stefan, who had just got out of his car, saw it.

From afar, they looked like a couple. Stefan narrowed his eyes in anger. There was an air of pressure around him.

Stefan tried hard to hold back his sulk and walked to Martha sullenly.

He looked at Rupert aggressively, while Rupert ignored his anger and kept calm.

Anyway, he was not afraid of Stefan. Even though Stefan was powerful and wealthy, Rupert would never be frightened because he had nothing to lose.

Impassively, Rupert looked at the man who looked gloomy and said, "It's been so long."

Stefan compressed his lips. His eyes grew dark.

He wished Rupert could vanish in front of him.

Then he ignored Rupert and turned to look at Martha, saying in a low voice, "Where is my child?"

He sent his men in search of Jimmy, but in vain.

This morning, however, he received a message from Martha, telling him that Jimmy was with her, and asking him to come and have his bone marrow tested.

And Stefan immediately set off without hesitation.

Martha compressed her lips and remained silent.

Stefan sensed her indifference, and he tried to approach her. Before he touched her, Martha stepped back, deliberately keeping him at a distance. She avoided all physical contact with him.

She shot a cold glance at the man. There was obvious hate in her eyes.

Stefan frowned, and his heart ached, as he realized that she still hated him that much.

Martha opened her mouth and said in an apathetic tone, "Have a blood test to see if you're a match for Jimmy. Or I won't allow you to meet him."

Stefan looked sullen, and stiffened suddenly at her words.

It seemed that she treated his meeting with Jimmy as a bargaining chip.

But actually, the main reason he came here today was to see if his bone marrow matched Jimmy's.

At that moment, he felt a sense of bitterness. If Jimmy had never had the disease, she might not have told him they had a child.

Martha received no answer from him, and thought he was hesitating. Her lips were compressed into a thin line.

Just then, Stefan spoke, enunciating every word, "I want to see my child first."

It had been four years but he had never saw his child.

No sooner had he finished than he heard Martha's firm voice, "Have a blood test first."

She did not trust him. What if he was unwilling to have a bone marrow match and took Jimmy away from her forcibly after he met Jimmy? She would lose everything then, wouldn't she?

Stefan knew that she could not trust him now. However, Jimmy was his child. It was impossible for him to give up his child.

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A moment later, Stefan's eyes showed that he seemed to have made up his mind. Finally, he gave in.

He knew that if he continued to argue with Martha now, she would mistake him even more.

And he also knew that Martha asked him to have a bone marrow match first because she was afraid that he was unwilling to save their child.

But would he say no to saving his child? Definitely not. He would do anything to save Jimmy, even if it took his life.

It was a pity that Martha no longer trusted him.

When he thought of it, his eyes became more determined. Then he said, "Okay."

He would grant her request if his blood test would relieve her.

Martha was surprised at his consent.

Stefan, once haughty, was now willing to make concessions. Was he still the arrogant and obnoxious man he used to be?

Perhaps, he just wanted to offset his guilt and make himself feel better.

Since Stefan agreed to take the blood test, things went smoothly as expected. The three went together to a phlebotomy room.

Soon, a doctor drew Stefan's blood and spoke to him, "Take a good rest. The result will come in a week."

Stefan frowned slightly and asked, "Can it be faster?"

The doctor looked at him and replied rigorously, "At least three days."

As Martha heard that, her eyelids drooped; her face changed slightly.

That meant they had to know it in three days. Martha wished it would be a good outcome this time.

Martha concealed her concern in her eyes and slightly clenched her fists.

Rupert, standing beside her, sensed her concern. He patted her on the shoulder and said softly, "Don't worry. Three days soon pass."

Stefan noticed Rupert's movement, and looked at him with a cold look in his eyes. However, Rupert ignored him, as if Stefan was not there.

Martha did not give him a glance all the way; she only looked at Rupert and nodded.

"Well."

Martha responded softly and turned to leave the room first.

Jimmy was left alone in the ward, and she was so worried about him that she wanted to get back to him.

After Martha left, Rupert nodded to the doctor and said, "I will come to get the result then."

"Great."

Rupert got the reply and left.

Stefan looked sullen. His eyes were full of obscure emotion.  
He followed Rupert and left the drawing blood room.  
Looking at Rupert's back, Stefan suddenly called out to him-  
"Rupert."

Rupert stopped at the sound and remained put.

He did not think he needed to speak to Stefan, but, perhaps, Stefan wanted to learn something, especially about Jimmy.

He had taken care of Jimmy for four years in U Country. Nobody would know Jimmy better than Rupert did.

If Stefan wanted to have a talk with him about Jimmy, he would like to tell Stefan about it. After all, Stefan was Jimmy's real father, let alone he was the last person who could save Jimmy.

Rupert, who had not heard from Stefan for some time, could not help frowning.

"What's up?"

Stefan looked more sullen. He clenched his fists tightly and asked in a low voice, "How did you bring Martha away?"

It was not hard to hear the faint anger in his tone.

Stefan did feel angry, for he would not have been absent from Martha's life so long had it not been for Rupert's taking her away.

He did not even know anything about their baby.

Rupert was slightly taken aback by his words; He did not seem to expect such a question.

Still, Stefan had no right to be angry, did he?

Soon, Rupert gave his answer-

"At that time, when I arrived at the operation room, the doctor who was bribed by Hollie was about to inject a lethal dose of medication to Martha. Fortunately, I stopped him in time. However, Martha has been at the last gasp."

"How did you know she might die there?"

Stefan's heart ached at that. He walked in front of Rupert and stared at him decisively. He must know all about Martha that he did not know before.

Hollie's plan was so perfect. How could Rupert know that Martha was in danger?

And four years ago, he saw Martha's dead body with his own eyes... She was cold, not breathing.

It was impossible that Rupert could bring her back to life.

Stefan was sure that there must be something that he did not know.

Rupert sneered at the man who stood before him with an anxious expression.

"Because Martha had anticipated it when she was hospitalized. She asked me to get her discharged early, but it was too late. Before I took her away, she had been sent to the operating table by you... At that time, I had her sedated without hesitation."

"It would stabilize her blood pressure and heart rate in extremis. When her body gets weak to some extent, it will be put into a state of suspended animation... Thus, I made a play-dead game."

Play dead... Stefan had a moment of enlightenment.

The truth came out.

So, Martha was not dead at the time. She was still alive but without vital signs.

"After you saw her 'dead body', I went to the hospital and took her away. In fact, I transferred her to a prearranged hospital and made her survive."

As Rupert finished, the scenes of four years ago emerged in Stefan's mind.

In retrospect, since leaving the hospital, he had met Rupert again at Martha's gravestone. He had never doubted if Martha's body had been cremated, and had never thought that there was something wrong.

If Rupert had not taken Martha away, he would not have missed her for so many years, and they would not have been in such a bad relationship, right?

Stefan grew angrier at the thought of it. He strode forward and seized Rupert by the collar. His questioning sounded in the corridor-

"Why did you do that? You know what? Because of you, Martha and I missed each other for four years!"

Rupert's lips curled in a sneer, as if he had just heard an ungodly joke.

"If I hadn't, she would have been killed by you!"

"You didn't trust her at all four years ago. She stood no chance to survive."

"Even if she fortunately escaped the doom in the operation room, what was the next? Hollie would continue scheme to put Martha to death, wouldn't she?"

Stefan's pupils constricted. At that moment, he lost all his strength.

He loosened his grip, and failed to utter a word.

Rupert was right. If Martha hadn't been taken away, she would have died four years ago...

Now, he had no right to reproach Rupert.

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Stefan's expression made Rupert smile more ironically.

He looked at Stefan coldly, who was dispirited, and questioned rhetorically, "When she was dying in the operating room, where were you?"

Stefan's eyes were clouded with gloom; a tumult of feelings fought for supremacy on his face.

At that time, he only cared about Hollie and never thought of Martha on the operating table.

What was more, he just thought Martha would be fine after the operation, but it turned out that she was dying then.

Martha, who loved him with her soul and heart, must have been desperate at that moment.

Stefan's pupils contracted suddenly again. The contents of the video came back to him – her screech, her desperate eyes.

He caused her trauma while Rupert saved her life.

He was in no place to be angry with Rupert.

At that moment, guilt and remorse filled Stefan's eyes.

But Rupert only felt Stefan's guilt absurd.

"When she was diagnosed with blood cancer and pregnancy, what did you say to hurt her?"

Stefan clenched his fists at the question.

At that time, he told Martha that she could not and was not worthy to have his baby.

But...

He assumed that she simply did not want to donate her bone marrow to Hollie and made an excuse.

Unexpectedly, the person who had been lying to him all the way was Hollie!

Next, Rupert questioned him again in a louder voice-

"You thought she was so heartless to not save her younger sister. But have you considered if she could withstand the suffering?"

"To give birth to the child, she refused chemotherapy and bore the pain. In front of her, there was the

unfathomable abyss of death. She clawed her way to save the child. Now, Stefan, do you still reckon that you're qualified to regain her love?"

"I know you've always mistaken our relationship. I admit that I love her. But we never have an affair."

"Only a sordid man treats his wife as dirt."

Stefan stepped back suddenly; His lips turned pale.

He couldn't contradict Rupert at all, because he knew that he had never trusted Martha and made clear who he really loved.

In his memory, Martha was a cruel and malicious woman who abused her younger sister.

Stefan looked down at the ground with a mixture of emotions in his eyes. His impassive but handsome face betrayed a pallor.

Rupert did not think it was painful enough for Stefan. He moved a step nearer to Stefan, and gave him a critical blow-

"Stefan Harrison, do you love Martha genuinely?"

Stefan could not speak; he felt a lump in his throat.

Did he love her?

If so, why did he hurt her then?

If not, why did he feel hurt at present?

He moved his lips and was about to speak. Rupert, however, burst out laughing.

He looked at Stefan with a touch of bitterness.

"I love Martha, so I protect her and I'm willing to do everything for her."

"But you, only show her your selfishness and coldness. You only hurt her."

Stefan remained silent and frozen.

He looked at Rupert with his deep-set eyes. He felt a real pang.

Rupert was so right that he could make no retort.

Four years ago, he had never treated Martha tenderly.

Now it was contemptible of him to keep her around him in the name of "love".

No matter what, an unscrupulous man like him didn't want to lose her.

The rims of Stefan's eyes were slightly red. He didn't say anything with his lips pressed into a grim line.

After a long while, he opened his mouth and said in a hoarse voice, "I will spend the rest of my life making it up to her. I will never give up, even though she hates me forever."

Rupert looked at him decisively, "I won't let her go this time."

"She used to love you, so I just protected her silently and didn't go beyond her will. Now that she no longer loves you, I can pursue her."

At his words, Stefan looked sullen and stared daggers at Rupert all of a sudden.

He squinted at Rupert with his cold eyes and said in an extremely sullen tone, "Say again?"

"You almost got divorced. As a man, I have the right to pursue the woman I love, don't I?"

Rupert was not frightened at all. He looked at Stefan calmly and posed a rhetorical question.

Stefan's pupils contracted. His expression became more and more horrible.

"I won't divorce her."

Rupert frowned slightly. He knew Stefan would say so.

However, it depended on Martha.

What she suffered would never be obliterated by any compensation.

Stefan wanted to make it up. Would Martha allow him to do so?

Rupert sneered and went past Stefan to walk to Jimmy's ward.

A few moments later, Stefan turned and trotted after him.  
They arrived at the ward door one after another.  
Rupert looked askance at Stefan and said, "The child is right in here."  
Then he turned away.  
Gazing at Rupert's receding figure, Stefan felt a mixture of feelings.  
Before he came to the hospital, he desired to see his child.  
But now, he suddenly lost his courage to open the door.  
He did want to see the child he had never met, but he was afraid that...  
He was afraid that the child would ask him "who are you" when they met for the first time.  
How should he answer the question then?  
He had been absent from his child's life for four years and had him suffer a lot from his childhood.  
It was the first time that Stefan had been so cowardly.  
He was neither a good husband nor a good father.  
After a moment's hesitation, he grasped the handle and repeatedly loosened his hold...  
In the ward, it was totally different.  
Jimmy was waiting for so long that he felt a bit sleepy, yawning from time to time.  
He looked at his mother with half-closed eyes and touched his little tie.  
"Where is he?"  
Martha didn't know what to say. She looked at Jimmy with mixed feelings.  
She had hurried here because she was worried about Jimmy. She wondered if Stefan and Rupert would quarrel.  
Her eyelids drooped with a touch of sadness.  
Just then, there was a sound outside the door.  
It was slow and quiet, while Jimmy grew excited.  
The little boy propped himself up and stared at the door. Her large eyes were full of animation.  
Was it his father?  
It must be he!  
The door was opened slowly in Jimmy's expectation...  
Stefan opened the door in a nervous mood and stepped into the ward.  
He was stunned when he saw the child in bed.  
Only astonishment remained in his eyes as he saw Jimmy's face clearly.  
As well, the boy looked at him with his large eyes wide in shock.  
Soon, it called up Stefan's memories.  
It was the boy!

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Stefan had seen him twice. Once they met at the airport; Another time in front of the Doyle Group's Building.  
He remembered... At the airport, the child got in his way. At that moment, he felt a sense of familiarity.  
It turned out that Jimmy was his child.  
At present, Stefan was filled with a myriad of thoughts and ideas.  
Jimmy, however, was bewildered.  
The kindhearted gentleman?

Why was he here?

Did he know of Jimmy's illness and come to see him?

Jimmy looked up at Martha. When he was about to ask her something, the clever kid understood suddenly.

It should be his father to come here...

Was the kind-hearted gentleman his father?

Martha noticed his bewilderment, nodded at him, and smiled resignedly.

When Jimmy got the answer, the expectation faded from his eyes.

He pursed his lips sullenly, and turned to bury his face in her bosom with his hand on her sleeve. It was as if he did not want to see Stefan.

The gleam of expectation in Stefan's eyes had faded, too.

He thought that the child might be familiar with him since they had met twice.

However, the little boy was even unwilling to give him a glance.

Stefan felt deeply hurt and stopped, losing his courage to step forward.

Now, Jimmy remained silent and didn't look up.

Martha sensed his depression and guessed Jimmy might be disappointed. Or. Perhaps he was frustrated that his father was someone he had seen before, and thus his pleasant surprise turned to fear.

But it was a fact. Whether Jimmy felt disappointed about it or not, Stefan was his real father.

She patted Jimmy gently on the back and allowed him to adjust his mood.

Stefan, who had stiffened, saw Martha comforting their child and realized that he should not stand by.

The boy was his child whom he felt extremely guilty for...

But Stefan had scarcely taken a step forward when Martha gave him a cold glance, which evidently meant a warning not to come nearer.

Jimmy was unwilling to accept it now, and she wanted him to calm down.

The courage regained by Stefan collapsed.

He was about to say something but failed to utter even a word.

His child... was not willing to see him.

Finally, he chose to keep a distance from Jimmy and obeyed Martha and left the ward.

When the door was closed, Stefan leaned feebly against a wall; His face betrayed his dismay.

He had seen Jimmy twice, but did not recognize his child.

He... He ignored him each time, even leaving him alone in the police station. How ridiculous!

He left his son, a four-year-old boy, alone. He thought he was really the scum!

Stefan closed his eyes heavily. His son must hate him very much.

In the ward —

Martha patted Jimmy's back and whispered, "Hey, Jimmy. He's left. Will you still act like an ostrich?"

Jimmy stayed put for a while, and soon disengaged himself from his mother's embrace.

Martha couldn't help but chuckle when she saw there were tears standing in Jimmy's eyes.

It was as if he had just suffered a great grievance.

"What's wrong? You are longing to see him, aren't you?"

Jimmy shook his head repeatedly, pursed his lips, and said no more.

Jimmy tried hard not to cry, which made Martha feel a bit heartache for him; At the same time, she found it a bit funny.

Oh, her little boy.

She stroked Jimmy's hair and asked softly, "Jimmy... are you disappointed?"

Jimmy shook his head at Martha's inquiry. Biting his lip, he looked at her anxiously, without tears.

Before he saw his father, he always longed to see him.

He imagined what his father would be like, and how he would treat him.

As Jimmy mentioned the warm-hearted gentleman to his mother, he just told her that Stefan was a man of decency with a clear and logical speech.

But it turned out that he was his father.

No wonder his mother had told him he might be upset about seeing his real father.

Jimmy clenched his teeth. Tears stood on the rim of his eyes.

Martha perceived his emotion and stroked his head, feeling distressed for him.

"Are you disappointed about the fact that he is your father?"

"Not disappointed. I'm just sad."

Jimmy hung his head low and murmured.

With that, he winked. A tear fell down and became a little circle on the quilt.

Martha stiffened, for she could not understand why he was sad.

She knew Jimmy was trying to be mature, but he was still vulnerable.

Martha held him in her arms and asked in a soft voice, "Jimmy, can you tell me what you are sad about?"

Jimmy stayed in her cuddle and shook his head lightly.

He moved his lips to answer, but could not.

He told himself that a man should not be so vulnerable.

Still, he was not feeling well.

When Jimmy met his father for the first time, his father just left him alone in the police station; his father didn't even talk to him.

Why was his father so stupid as not to recognize him?

Martha had not got an answer for a long time. She didn't want to push him but patted on his back gently.

"Jimmy, if you don't want to tell me, it's OK. We'll stop there."

The little boy, nestling in her arms, shook his head instantly, and then muttered-

"He left me alone in the police station last time."

Listening to it, Martha stopped patting, at a loss for what to say.

Thus, this little boy was sad that Stefan didn't recognize him the first time they met?

At the thought of it, Martha just pulled a wry face.

The thoughts of children were always innocent and pure.

Jimmy felt that bad only because Stefan didn't know that he was his son and let him alone in the police station.

But how could Stefan know it as he had never met Jimmy before?

After all... He never expected that she would have a son for him.

Martha looked down at her son in her arms, who was watching her.

"He didn't mean it. He had not met Jimmy before, so he just treated you as a stranger."

Jimmy clasped his hands, pursed his lips, and said no word.

But Martha knew well about his thoughts and ideas and asked him patiently, "So... I will ask him to apologize to you. OK?"

Jimmy shook his head stubbornly. After a while, he held his head up and looked at Martha with a suspicion look in his eyes, asking seriously, "Is he my dad? Really?"

Martha nodded resignedly and answered solemnly, "Yes, honey. I didn't lie to you."

Again, Jimmy pursed his lips and closed his mouth.

He could not accept the fact that this good man was his father.

After Martha comforted Jimmy for a long time, she left the ward and left him alone to calm down.

As she walked out, she saw Stefan standing at the end of the corridor.

He was in a gloomy and lonely ambience, having his back to others.

An emotion flashed into Martha's eyes, but it soon disappeared. She moved toward him.

"Jimmy needs time to accept it."

Stefan turned to look at her, his eyes dark with unfathomable emotions.

Finally, he nodded and kept his eyes on her.

He wanted to explain, but he did not know how.

After a long while, his hoarse voice came out from his thin lips, "I didn't know Jimmy was..."

Before he finished, Martha seemed to understand his meaning and interrupted him-

"I know it."

She knew what he wanted to clarify.

However, it was not important. Even if Stefan recognized Jimmy was his son at the very beginning, the child would still be upset.

Stefan felt a bit sad and heartache due to Martha's indifference.

Jimmy was his son, but he didn't recognize him.

He even left a four-year-old boy alone in a police station. Jimmy must have been frightened at that time, wasn't he?

Frankly, he felt familiar with Jimmy at the time. Why... Why couldn't he be more patient with his child?

If he had not left Jimmy alone so soon, would Jimmy...

Would Jimmy forgive him right now and call him "dad"?

After a silence, Stefan spoke faintly, "When will he be willing to see me?"

Martha quietly observed the change in his expression. She knew that he was guilty and remorseful.

But, it was not the time.

Jimmy felt really disappointed in him. It seemed as if it would take him days to recover.

Her son had suffered much since childhood. If he didn't want to accept it, she would not force him.

But anyway, she had never planned to let Jimmy reunite with Stefan.

All she wanted was for Jimmy to be happy. After Martha kept silent for a while, she said calmly, "You can leave now. Come back here after three days."

Jimmy should have eased the tension then.

Stefan looked regretful. For the past years, he didn't know about his son and never took responsibility for being a father.

Now his son was there, separated from him only by a wall.

"I will be here. I won't leave my son anymore."

Martha looked up at him impassively.

Then she turned away.

It was none of her business, whatever Stefan wanted to do, only if he wouldn't hurt Jimmy.

...

In the Doyle Group.

When Jane was sorting through the papers, her phone rang.  
It was so harsh that she stiffened for a while and knew who called her.  
Because the ringtone was set specially for that person.  
She stopped working and answered it.  
Soon, there was a cold robot sound.  
Her grip on the phone tightened suddenly. There was a strange glint in her eyes.  
“The result of the bone marrow match will come in three days.”  
The person on the other end of the phone said something.  
Jane replied respectfully, “Well, I will update Martha’s movement to you.”  
Then the call was hung up.  
After that, Jane leaned against the desk and looked down with her eyes dimmed. Nobody was able to read her thoughts...

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After a long while, Jane came back to life gradually and continued to finish her work.  
It was not until late in the evening that she was ready to leave her work and return home.  
As she walked out of the company, she thought of the call and then changed her destination immediately.  
She decided to take a look at Jimmy and confirm his condition.  
And incidentally, she was going to spy on Martha and see what she would do next.  
Also, she wanted to know if the relationship between Martha and Stefan would develop further.  
She drove to the hospital. All the way, she was absent-minded.  
She had worked with Martha for those years, thus she gradually had feelings for Martha and Jimmy because they both treated her well and liked her...  
Yet she could not forget which side she was on, and what she ought to do.  
After half an hour, she reached the hospital.  
Scarcely had Jane reached the floor where Jimmy’s ward was, when she saw Stefan standing alone at the end of the corridor, his back betraying an air of melancholy.  
She disguised her surprise in her eyes, frowning slightly, and guessed that Mr. Harrison didn’t succeed in the reunion between him and Jimmy.  
Jane walked to the ward and knocked at the door. With permission, she opened it and stepped inside.  
Holding Jimmy in Martha’s arms, Jimmy patted him on his shoulder and said, “It’s Jane.”  
Jimmy loosened his grip slightly and turned to give Jane a sweet smile.  
“Hi, Jane.”  
“Jimmy, how do you feel today?”  
Jane smiled back and stroked his head. Then she looked significantly at Martha.  
Martha knew what she was about to say.  
Stefan must stay outside and wait for them. She looked down at Jimmy, who was a bit sleepy. After all, he was only a child. He must be tired since he had experienced a lot today.  
Martha smiled resignedly and said in a very soft voice, “Jimmy, if you’re tired, then lie down and sleep. I will read you a story. OK?”  
Jimmy nodded and lay down obediently.  
After Martha tucked Jimmy in, she began to tell the story-

“Later, the little soldier stole the king’s key...”

Some ten minutes passed rapidly. Before Martha finished the story, the little boy in the bed had fallen asleep.

Martha patted Jimmy’s arm and looked up at Jane.

“I gotta go out for a while.”

Jane nodded.

Martha rubbed her neck, taking a deep breath, and then got out of the ward.

...

In the corridor, Stefan was still there. The difference from the morning was that there was a telltale smell of cigarettes around him.

Martha frowned and subconsciously turned away to look at the clock on the wall.

It was eight o’clock.

He had been there for a whole day.

Unexpectedly, Stefan would be as stubborn as a mule.

Martha walked towards the man and stopped a few steps away from him. She said feebly, “Jimmy has slept. You can leave.”

Stefan turned around to gaze at her. He looked depressed; there was no light in his eyes.

Martha glanced at the place nearby his feet where there were a lot of butts. But she soon looked away and said casually, “I just received a notification from the court that Hollie will stand trial tomorrow afternoon.”

The man pressed his lips together without response.

At that moment, he had forgotten Hollie. Instead, what Martha did for him when she still loved him occupied his mind.

She disliked his smoking and told him it was bad for his health.

But now, even though she smelt the heavy smell of cigarettes and saw a mass of butts around him, she didn’t care about it anymore.

He was choked but forced a hoarse voice asking her, “Do you still love me?”

Martha ignored his expression and looked into the distance in a daze.

“Such a question is meaningless.”

She loved him once.

But it had been bygone.

She had long forgotten what it meant to love.

She would not get hurt if she didn’t fall for anyone.

A faint smile lifted the corners of her red lips. She shook her head and asked, “What is the thing called love? At that time, I was waiting for you to return to me. Is that called love?”

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Stefan’s pupils contracted. He opened his mouth and wanted to answer but did not know what to say. Was it called love?

Maybe, but he had ruined it himself.

And he, who had never truly loved someone else, had no right to talk of love.

“Stefan, I just think the old me stupid.”

The old her was deeply hurt by him, but unwilling to go away.

Her love was not returned with love.

Fortunately, in the end, the baby was born safely, otherwise... She might have killed herself back then. After her words, Stefan said, "What if... What if I insist on waiting for you to come back to me?" There was guilt, regret, remorse in Stefan's eyes, but Martha never looked at him again.

Martha smiled, and gently shook her head, "Life is about moving forward. There is no turning back for us."

They could never go back.

Late at night, in the Harrison Villa.

Stefan, lying in bed, was constantly replaying in his mind what Martha had said in the hospital.

She said that there was no turning back for them.

But he had finally gotten her back. How could he let her go?

For four years without her, he didn't even know how he get through.

He could not afford to lose her again.

In the middle of the night, his stomach began to ache and the pain made him sweat.

But he refused to take any medication, preferring to see the pain as punishment.

He kept thinking of all that had happened in the past...

Previously, he had often suffered from stomach pains.

Every time he drank, or when his diet was occasionally irregular because of work, he also had stomach pains. The pain was the same fitful.

It was Martha who took care of him.

But now, even if he died in pain, she would not even care.

Stefan's clenched hands were suddenly loosened. A bitter smile appeared on his lips.

He closed his eyes to feel the raw pain.

Memory flooded his mind... He recalled the first time he met Martha. She was only seven years old.

At that time, Hollie had not been taken back to the Doyle family. He and Martha met for the first time and made a good first impression on each other.

The reason they met was that he went to visit the Doyles with his father, who was still alive back then.

On their way, his father told him that the daughter of the Doyle family was a few years younger than him and that he should take care of her.

He nodded.

Then he met her.

Martha, the seven-year-old girl, dressed in a white floral dress, walked slowly down the stairs.

She wore her hair in a high ponytail and looked lovely. There seemed to be stars in her bright eyes.

She smiled and went up to him. Her first words to him were, "Big brother, you are so good-looking!"

Stefan was struck by her beauty the first time he saw her.

"Hi, Martha. I'm Stefan."

As soon as he said hello, Martha's lovely voice came, "Hi, Stefan."

That day, after the greeting, Martha took him by the hand and led him out into the garden. "

In the garden, she sat on a swing.

He stood behind her, swaying the swing.

She laughed heartily, and her laughter could be heard all over the garden.

He smiled as he looked at her, and was glad, too.

When she smiled, her white teeth would be showed, looking very cute.

Occasionally, he pushed the swing too lightly, and Martha would pout and say with dissatisfaction,

“Stefan, higher!”

They had a great time as childhood playmates.

But everything changed after Hollie was taken in by the Doyle family.

Hollie used to cry and complain to him, which made him think that Martha was an arrogant, pampered girl.

“Stefan, Martha bullied me again. Maybe I shouldn’t have been here!”

“I feel like a redundant person. Martha always scolds me and beat me...”

“No one really likes me here...”

As a boy, he hated to see girls cry.

So every time he saw Hollie cry, he felt sorry for her.

So he was always gentle with her when she was crying.

But it did not occur to him that his own life would be changed by it.

Then... He lost his real self.

Stefan, who liked Martha, vanished.

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The next day was the day of Hollie’s case coming to trial.

Martha, dressed in casual clothes, brought her father and Bianca to the court.

Hollie had done so many wrong things and this day finally came. She must see Hollie convicted.

After the three had sat down, shortly afterwards, Stefan and Eden arrived.

The two sat on the other side of the court. Martha could feel Stefan stare at her for some time, but she did not look back at him.

Whether he came or not had nothing to do with her.

When the time came, the judge gravely rose from his chair and read the opening remarks.

“We are here on trial for Hollie Doyle’s case. The plaintiff, Martha Doyle, sues Hollie Doyle for committing crimes.”

“According to the civil litigation law, the party concerned has the right to apply for withdrawal. Does the plaintiff want to apply for withdrawal?”

Martha raised her eyes to look into the judge’s eyes, shook her head seriously, and answered loudly, “No, your honor.”

With that, she looked over at Hollie.

She saw Hollie standing in the defendant’s place, with an indifferent giggle on her lips, and no focus in her eyes.

Martha frowned, and her instinct told her that Hollie was not in the right frame of mind.

But who knew if she was faking it?

After all, she was a fake. Martha looked at the judge, and waited patiently for her next words.

The judge had identified the materials. Though they were complete, there should be the judicial proceedings.

She looked at the plaintiff solemnly and asked loudly, “The plaintiff, will you state the facts and present the evidence?”

Martha rose and answered quietly.

“I am accusing Hollie Doyle of intentional injury and intentional homicide. She killed my mother, who drowned in the ocean. Besides, four years ago, she bribed a doctor and forged medical records, which

almost got me killed on the operating table.”

The judge struck the hammer, and her solemn voice rang through the court.

“Does the plaintiff have any evidence?”

“Yes, I have a video here, which was taken when Hollie tried to kill me.”

An officer handed over the evidence. The judge and the jury were grave after seeing it.

They knew it was a major criminal case, but they did not expect the perpetrator to be so brutal.

After the judge finished watching it, she asked, “I have seen the evidence. Does the plaintiff have eye witnesses?”

“Yes, the chief surgeon.”

Martha said calmly.

The judge heard it and turned to look at the witness stand.

“Can you prove that Hollie Doyle is the main culprit?”

The surgeon said, “Yes, your honor. Hollie Doyle bought me off and told me to kill Martha on the operating table.”

The judge nodded and solemnly declared, “The evidence is solid. Do you have anything to say about it, Hollie Doyle?”

Everyone here looked over at Hollie.

But Hollie made no answer. She kept looking into space, and every now and then she giggled.

Hollie had become mentally ill since she found that she was not really the daughter of the Doyle family.

But since she looked fine, it was not certain whether she had become mental. On the day before the trial, a doctor went to check on her and there were no symptoms of schizophrenia.

Martha frowned and pursed her lips.

The judge waited for some time, but still heard nothing from Hollie. She took her silence as a confession.

She looked solemnly at the accomplice, Libby, “Hollie Doyle has confessed to the facts of her crimes.

What do you have to say?”

When Libby heard this, she immediately argued, “Hollie did everything alone and I didn’t participate in any of them... When she tried to kill Martha, although I knew what she was going to do, I didn’t participate in it!”

“And I had nothing to do with Martha’s mother’s death. I really didn’t know how her mother died, your honor!”

The judge took a look at her and asked, “Is there something else you want to say?”

Libby heard this, pretending to recall something, her eyes lit up and she added, “Yes, there is one thing I didn’t confess.”

When the jurors heard this, they were curious. Was there something more that they did not know?

“Not long ago, Hollie was working on a project of island development, during which she tried to murder Martha several times, but repeatedly failed. She mistakenly killed her companion, Joann. She told me after she came back. I promise it’s all true.”

Libby said, looking earnestly at the judge, hoping for a reduced sentence.

By now, there was no hope for Hollie. Libby thought if she wanted to live and walk out of prison earlier, she had to put all the blame on Hollie so that Hollie could face the death penalty.

Sitting there, Stefan frowned when he heard this.

In fact, he had guessed this before, but he found it hard to believe that Hollie would kill someone.

At that time, he told Martha she should not be hostile toward Hollie.

Now when he thought about it, he felt himself stupid and ridiculous!

## Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 160

When Martha heard this, she looked coldly into Libby's eyes.

She could sense that Libby wanted to put Hollie to death more than anyone else. If not, Libby would not have disclosed the fact that Hollie killed Joann.

Joann's death was labeled as suicide since there was no evidence of homicide back then.

Now that Libby disclosed it, Hollie would face one more count.

It was a homicide.

This left Hollie utterly no hope.

Martha stared at Libby and sighed.

She had thought of Lilly and Hollie as a real family, and now it seemed that humans were selfish by nature.

Maxwell and Bianca, who were sitting there, heard this and were both in a state of shock at Libby's words.

They did not expect Hollie to actually kill someone.

Silence reigned, and everyone here was lost in different thoughts.

Again Libby's voice broke the silence.

She looked at Martha, guilt written all over her face, and bowed slightly as she said it.

"Martha, I'm sorry. I should have stopped Hollie from trying to hurt you. I am guilty. Please forgive me."

Martha did not sense any sincerity in her words.

She remained impassive, looking at Libby, who was apologizing, as if she simply took her words for a joke.

Then the judge's voice rang out.

"Hollie, do you confess to your crime of killing Joann Lowe?"

Standing at the defendant's table, Hollie looked at the judge with bemused eyes, then giggled without saying a word.

Her giggle was particularly abrupt in the hushed courtroom.

After waiting for a while without hearing any response, the judge had to say, "After verification, the crimes committed by the defendant have been confirmed, the evidence is conclusive, and the result will be announced after the agreement reached by the jury."

After that, the judge sat down and discussed with the jury.

Everyone else sat there, waiting and thinking.

Stefan looked grave, and unconsciously thought of Rupert's words. 'You never trust Martha.'

Rupert was right.

Whether she told him she was sick or pregnant, he didn't trust her at all.

Even after he knew his feelings for her, he still didn't trust her when Martha told him that Hollie had something to do with Joann's death.

Why did he become so ridiculous? Stefan looked down, his eyes full of remorse.

Eden, sitting beside him, sensed Stefan's mood.

Until now, he could not say anything to relieve Stefan from the guilt.

No one could have imagined that Hollie, who seemed weak, could be so vicious as to do so much mischief.

Maxwell, of course, was the most disappointed.

His eyes were sad as he looked at the situation now.

Even though Hollie had done so much wrong, after all, she was the daughter he had raised for so many years.

He failed to get her back on the right track, and perhaps he should never have adopted her in the first place.

Bianca could feel his sadness. She gently patted him on the shoulder and comforted him in a gentle voice.

Moments later, the judge struck the hammer and everyone stood up.

“After unanimous discussion by the jury, I will now make the final verdict.”

Martha’s eyes welled with tears, and her hands unconsciously clenched at her sides.

She had been waiting a long time for this moment.

May God not disappoint her. Then came the solemn voice of the judge.

“I formally sentence that the defendant, Hollie Doyle, accused of intentional injury and two intentional homicides, will receive lenient treatment for being underaged during one of the homicides.”

Martha frowned.

Did it mean that Hollie would be sentenced to life imprisonment?

When she was wondering, the judge’s voice sounded again, “The defendant, Hollie Doyle, will be sentenced to death with a one-year reprieve.”

Martha’s eyelashes fluttered. The result of the trial was unsurprising.

Death penalty.

Had Libby not told the judge about Hollie killing Joann, Hollie would have been imprisoned for life.

But now, anyway, she had revenged her mother.

Hollie deserved it.

Martha drew a long breath, composed herself, and looked at Hollie, who had not spoken a word all the time.