

## Good bye 161

Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 161

After the sentence, Hollie still looked in a trance. She didn't seem to care about facing the death penalty.

Libby's sentence was then announced.

She would be held in prison for five years.

Lilly was relieved from her anxiety the moment she heard it.

Five years wasn't long.

That mysterious guy had promised to make her lead an easy life in prison.

She would just take it as a long vacation.

Standing there, Martha noticed Libby's relieved expression, and her eyes narrowed slightly.

In her opinion, Hollie did so many evil things because Libby had been helping her.

Libby was a good friend of Hollie's mother, and there must have been other reasons for her to turn Hollie in, more than just to reduce her own sentence.

What more did she not know?

Martha looked down, lost in thought,

Walking out of the court, Martha watched as Maxwell and Bianca got into the car. Maxwell must be tired today. Fortunately, Bianca was there and she didn't need to worry much about him.

She looked at the time, and was about to return to the company.

When Stefan and Eden came out, they saw Martha waiting for the car.

Eden glanced at the man standing beside him, who had been staring at Martha and looking slightly lonely.

Hollie was sentenced to death, and she deserved it.

Stefan felt sad because he had once hurt Martha so deeply but didn't know it.

Eden could not help but ask when he saw Stefan do nothing, "Don't you want to offer her a ride?"

Stefan pursed his lips and made no reply.

A while later, he said, "She will not accept any kindness from me now."

Eden heard his hoarse voice filled with remorse.

Yes, it was true that Martha would not accept Stefan's kindness now.

But as an outsider, there was nothing he could say about this.

Eventually, he shook his head.

As she stood there, Martha noticed the two men who were watching her.

Her eyes did not linger on them. For her, they were just strangers.

If Jimmy had not needed Stefan's help, Stefan and she would never have had anything to do with each other.

Soon, a taxi pulled up in front of Martha.

Stefan watched as she got into the car that soon drove away, his eyes dark.

She did not even spare a glance at him.

Eden saw this, patted Stefan on the shoulder and asked, changing the subject, "How's Jimmy?"

"Still doesn't want to see me."

Stefan's voice was low. He had been waiting outside the hospital room for two days and didn't get to see Jimmy again.

Stefan smiled self-mockingly. He was the cause of his broken family.

Half an hour later, Martha arrived at the company.

She had just sat down in the office when she saw Jane bring in a document which needed her to browse through.

“This was sent by the Williams Group in the morning. It seems to be a new cooperation project.”

With that, Jane laid the document on the table, and Martha, with a nod, looked through the document on the table.

The previous cooperation project of the island development was good, but it had to be suspended because of Joann’s death.

In fact, the main reason for her to work with Rhys on this project was to give Hollie a blow and get the support of some shareholders of the company.

Now that Hollie was out of the picture and the company returned to her, the internal strife was over. But it was just a start.

She had to keep working with Rhys. Because what she needed to do now was to take back the real power over the company.

To fight against Stefan, she could only choose the equally powerful Williams Group as her ally.

And in the subsequent cooperation, she had to take the biggest projects.

The new collaborative project on the document was both lucrative and promising.

Martha smiled. Rhys surely knew what she wanted the most.

“I like this cooperation project. Make an appointment to sign a contract with Mr. Williams.”

Jane nodded, knowing that Martha was determined to get it.

“Yes, Ms. Doyle.”

She turned around and was about to go back to her desk.

At this moment, Martha thought of something and called to stop Jane.

“By the way, I need you to investigate Libby. I want to know about her past.”

Libby? Jane was stunned when she heard this name and a strange look flashed across her eyes, and she asked, “Didn’t she plead guilty already?”

Martha answered, “Yes, she was sentenced to five years.”

“Why investigate her then?”

Jane looked back at Martha, and saw her frowning slightly and shaking her head.

Her finger tapped on the table as she said thoughtfully, “Somehow, I got a feeling that there’s more to her.”

Jane’s hands were unconsciously clenched at her sides.

“Why?”

“She wanted Hollie to die more than I do.”

Jane pursed her lips and asked no more questions. She was silent for a moment, then nodded, turned and left the office.

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That night, Martha went back to the Doyle Manor to have dinner with Maxwell and Bianca, and then went to the hospital to keep Jimmy company.

There were still two days before the result of the match came out. She was growing uneasy, but she forced herself not to think too much.

They were biological father and son. Since her bone marrow wasn't a match, there was a great chance Stefan was.

After all, he and Jimmy were related by blood. After tucking Jimmy in, Martha wiped the tears from the corners of her eyes.

Jimmy was such a good boy. He would be fine.

The next morning, Martha went to work on time.

While she was in the office, she received a text message from Rupert.

[The test result came out a day earlier.]

Half an hour later, Martha arrived at the hospital.

By the time she reached the exam room, Stefan was already there.

Seeing the stern look on Stefan's and Rupert's faces and sensing the tension in the exam room, Martha had a bad feeling and she asked, "What is the result?"

She looked into Rupert's eyes hopefully, and tried to restrain herself from thinking the worst.

Rupert looked at her with a heavy heart, and handed her the report which he held in his hand.

"This is the report."

Martha took it, and turned it over eagerly.

Soon, she saw the result on the last page.

[The donor was is a match for the patient and the transplant cannot be performed. If the patient is forced to have a transplant operation, it will lead to the rejection of the patient's body and a life-threatening situation.]

Martha's eyes widened, her body trembled, and she almost fell to the ground.

"How can this be... They are father and son. How can they not match each other?"

No one wanted to see this.

Rupert looked at Martha, feeling sorry, "Even if they share blood, their bone marrow might not necessarily match."

Martha felt her feet weak and almost fell to the ground when she heard this.

The next second, someone helped her stand firm with strong arms.

The familiar smell of cologne filled her nose, and suddenly the anger and despair in her heart rose.

As she pushed Stefan away, her eyes were full of hatred.

"Why can't you save Jimmy? You are his father!"

Stefan's body trembled, his eyes darkening.

Yes, he was Jimmy's father, but he could not save him.

If he could, he would trade his life for Jimmy's. But he couldn't.

"You can't save him... Not even you..."

Martha's voice was broken, her eyes were red, and tears were streaming down her face.

She looked so desperate.

Four years ago, Stefan wanted to kill Jimmy.

Four years later, he couldn't save him.

Her Jimmy... How could she save him?

If Stefan could not save Jimmy, was there anyone in the world who could?

Martha looked at Stefan with endless despair. At that moment, she felt exhausted.

Fate had played a trick on again. Rupert felt really sorry when he saw her like this.

He walked over, put his arm around her shoulder and comforted her, "There must be a way... Anyone with the same blood type as Jimmy might be a potential match. We are not helpless."

Martha seemed to see hope from his words and grasped Rupert's hand.

"I would do anything if I could save him."

Rupert's eyes darkened. Jimmy didn't have time to wait for the umbilical cord blood from Martha's new child. They had to keep looking for a match.

"Maybe there is someone's bone marrow that can match Jimmy's."

"Who is it?"

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Martha was stunned.

Rupert looked even sadder. He said to her gently as he looked at her, "The DNA sequence of everyone's bone marrow varies. Maybe a stranger's bone marrow can also be a match for Jimmy."

However, the likelihood was low.

He did not say it, but Martha knew how low the odds were.

She shook her head with a wry smile, and her eyes grew misty with tears.

"You lied to me. We are Jimmy's biological parents. Yet neither of us is a match... Could a stranger be a match? It's a one in ten million chance."

"Even if I can afford to wait for a match, Jimmy doesn't have time."

At last, Martha leaned against the wall with red eyes.

There were so many people in the world. Where could that match be?

At this moment, Martha felt her world collapse and her life full of endless despair.

Rupert felt really bad to see her like that.

She looked exactly the same as she did when she failed to be Jimmy's match.

Stefan had been her last ray of hope for several years.

Now, even that last ray of hope was gone.

No one could take such a blow, let alone Martha, who had gone through the same thing once.

Rupert gently took her into his arms, "Martha, don't be so pessimistic. We can't give up."

"I... could not save my son."

Martha closed her eyes, and as she murmured, the tears rolled down her face.

She looked in despair somewhere in the hospital corridor, her eyes losing focus.

Stefan was heartbroken to see her in such despair.

It seemed a silent reproach.

She reproached him for his being unable to help.

Ever since he knew that Jimmy was his son, he had wanted to make it up to them for the rest of his life.

But he could not even do that.

He hated himself for what he had done to Martha, for the hurt he had done to her, and for making Jimmy sick.

For four years he had not assumed the duties of a father, and now he could only watch as his son's life faded away.

It was a long time before his hoarse voice was heard in the exam room.

"I'm sorry."

The woman in Rupert's arms turned a deaf ear, her dry lips parted, and her low voice came.

"Rupert, do you remember when Jimmy first spoke?"

"He happily called me 'Mommy'. He was only three months old then."

"I always thought that he was a gift to me from God, the only hope of my life... But why did God take him away now? Did I do something wrong?"

Rupert shook his head, his hand on Martha's shoulder, and he looked into her eyes.

"It's not your fault. Do not overthink it. We can't give up on him until the last minute."

Martha looked even sadder. Was this not the last minute already?

The room fell silent for a moment. Stefan looked down, remembered something, and opened his mouth to break the silence.

"There is another way."

Bone marrow transplant was only one way. Umbilical cord blood treatment was another way to save Jimmy's life.

He did not want to miss any opportunity to save Jimmy.

Even if it was slim, he wanted to have a try.

"We can have another child, and the umbilical cord blood of the newborn baby can save Jimmy's life."

Stefan looked grave, and he knew that Martha hated him and wanted nothing to do with him.

But they had no other option.

He did not mean to use this as a way to get her back. He just wanted to save Jimmy.

Martha looked at Stefan with a wry smile and made no reply.

Seeing this, Stefan frowned and thought she was unwilling. He was about to speak again when Rupert interrupted him.

"Jimmy doesn't have that much time..."

It was the sad truth.

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Stefan got a lump down his throat when he heard this and asked, "Hasn't he received treatment already? Why..."

Why didn't he have time?

How could it be possible?

Stefan's hands were unconsciously clenched at his sides. He was looking at Rupert with his deep, penetrating eyes.

Martha said with a bitter smile, "Jimmy is born with this illness."

"Then why didn't you bring him to me earlier?"

Stefan's eyes widened, and he questioned Martha in a hoarse voice.

Martha stared at the man, who was in no position to blame her, and said ironically, "Would you believe me if I brought him to you?"

Hearing this, Stefan stiffened and pursed his lips without a word.

Would he believe her?

Although he refused to admit it, he knew the answer.

If Martha had come to him with Jimmy earlier, he would not believe her.

But now... What should he do about Jimmy?

Stefan clenched his fists, with sadness in his eyes.

He had just met his son, and now he had to see his son's life fading.

For a moment, there was silence in the exam room.

In the meantime, in the ward.

Jane was sitting in a chair, looking at the sleeping boy on the bed, with some regret in her eyes. The boy's long eyelashes quivered, and his chubby little face was somewhat pale, but he looked lovely all the same.

She reached out her hand and pulled up the covers for him. Thinking that his time was running out, she had red eyes.

Jimmy was only four years old. She watched him grow up.

Was there really no way to save him?

When she thought of this, her hands froze.

Jane got up, went to the window, took out her cell phone and called someone.

Soon the call was answered, and a processed voice came over the line.

"What's up?"

Jane held the phone tightly in her hand and sweated unconsciously.

"Jimmy is not doing well and Stefan is not a match."

The person on the other side of the phone said nothing for a long time.

Then, his cold voice came again, "Got it."

As the man was about to hang up, Jane finally made up her mind and said, "He might only have a few months now. Aren't you coming to see him?"

After she had said this, she waited a long time without hearing any response.

She frowned slightly and said urgently, "No matter what, Jimmy is your..."

Before she finished, she heard the busy tone on the phone.

Her unfinished words stuck in her throat.

Jane looked down, her eyes written with sorrow and disappointment.

She sat back in her chair again and looked at Jimmy.

But at that moment her eyes were both sad and remorseful.

Soon after, there was a noise outside the door, and it was pushed open.

It was Stefan.

Jane looked at him, nodded, and left the ward.

She knew that Stefan would only dare to come in when Jimmy was asleep.

Although Jimmy... She knew that he really missed his father.

There was not much time for the two of them to get along.

In the ward, Stefan looked at the sleeping boy and frowned, his eyes dark with guilt and remorse.

Jimmy did not want to call him "dad". He deserved it for what he had done.

Now, all he wanted was to look at him.

Stefan gently took Jimmy's little hand in his palm.

He was afraid of awakening Jimmy, and he did not want to see Jimmy resist his touch, nor did he want to let go.

This was his son, who was only four years old. He should have enjoyed a wonderful childhood, but now he was suffering.

He held Jimmy's little hand, and said in a low voice, "Actually, when I first saw you, I felt you familiar to me, but I had never understood why I felt this way."

### **Chapter 165 The Donor Is Rhys**

"You know? I've never been so patient with any child before. You're the first one."

"But never had I imagined you were my son. I thought that I'd been kind enough by sending you to the

police station, since we were only strangers.”

“If I had known you were my son, I wouldn’t have left you there.”

Stefan’s eyes dimmed as he said this, and he wore a wry smile.

When he did not notice it, Jimmy’s eyelashes fluttered.

In fact, Jimmy had woken up and knew who was here.

Although he felt bad feigning sleep, when he heard the kind-hearted man, more precisely, his father whom he was reluctant to accept, he was somewhat moved.

At this moment, Jimmy could feel his father’s love for him.

Outside the ward, in the corridor, Martha sat listlessly on a bench, staring into space with no hope in her heart.

She was lost in thought.

She suddenly regretted having given birth to Jimmy and letting him suffer.

If she hadn’t given birth to him, he wouldn’t have gone through all those.

Martha closed her eyes, and the tears fell from them.

She thought of how Jimmy had soothed her before the chemo. He stroked her cheek and said considerately, “Mommy, it’s okay. I don’t feel pain at all.”

Tears kept falling from her eyes. She wanted to be tough, but she could not when her son was facing death.

Just then, Rupert’s voice came close from afar and broke the silence.

“Martha, come with me!”

Rupert ran up, panting.

Martha heard it, looked up, and said nothing.

Rupert panted and said anxiously, “Jimmy will be saved!”

Suddenly, Martha was stunned and looked at him in a trance.

What did he mean by that? Would Jimmy be saved?

She came to herself and grabbed his arm, “What did you say?”

“I just got news that a potential match was found!”

Rupert looked at her with a bright smile, and the sad look in his eyes had long faded.

As long as they could find a match, Jimmy was likely to be saved.

Martha was both surprised and shocked.

“Are you sure?”

Just now, the look in Rupert’s eyes seemed to have declared there was no hope for Jimmy.

And now, things were turning around in just an hour!

Rupert explained, “I got this report and it’s highly possible that this donor might be a match!”

Then, with a brighter smile, he handed the report to Martha.

Martha was stunned, then took it and read it.

It stated a test result.

[The donor is an 8/8 HLA match for the patient.]

Martha’s eyes turned red when she saw this and she grabbed the test result tightly.

It meant the donor could donate his or her bone marrow to Jimmy.

Her son would be saved!

Martha could not believe it. She had been in despair, and now there was hope!

Rupert nodded, also excited.

After the thrill, Martha could not help wondering who the donor was.

She flipped to the last page and was stunned when she saw the donor's name.  
"Rhys Williams."

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Martha was stunned and her face suddenly turned pale.

How could it be he!

She frowned as she thought of what had happened at the orphanage the other day.

So, Rhys had not lied to her.

He could actually save Jimmy!

At the same time, at the racino.

A man was sitting on a sofa, looking at the racecourse, arching his eyebrows and smiling scornfully.

He won again.

It seemed to be his lucky day today.

The next second, the quietness was interrupted.

Rhys looked at the phone screen and saw Martha's name. He smiled faintly.

Everything was under his control, like the game and Martha.

He answered the phone and said in a flirtatious tone, "What? You miss me?"

"Did you send the report?"

Martha's anxious voice came and Rhys' eyes looked intense.

He fiddled with the goblet in his hand and answered, "Yes."

"I want to see you now!"

Rhys knew how she felt now.

Her only son might have the chance to survive. As a mother, of course, she would be anxious.

That was what he wanted.

"I know what you're going to say. But my help is conditional."

As soon as he said this, Martha asked, "What do you want?"

Rhys raised his eyebrows and said, "There's a horse race in half an hour. We can talk if you can be here before the race starts."

If not, he would have to disappoint her.

Rhys chuckled and hung up.

He knew Martha could make it here. Or it would not be a fun game.

In the corridor of the hospital.

After Rhys ended the call, Martha looked at the time and then at Rupert standing next to her.

"He sent the report. I'm going to see him now."

"I'm going with you."

As he said, he was about to leave with Martha.

When she heard this, she shook her head, "Rupert, it's better if you stay here."

"But..."

Before Rupert could finish, Martha interrupted him.

"Rhys is not a bad guy by nature. I'm sure he won't hurt me."

Rupert frowned. He didn't know Rhys, but it seemed Martha was close to him, judging from her attitude now.

Jimmy needed him here, sure enough.



He had been Jimmy's attending doctor for the past four years and knew his condition the best.  
If he left and Jimmy's condition deteriorated...

When he thought of this, he nodded.

"Okay, I'll stay. Be careful."

Martha nodded and strode out.

This was the best chance to save Jimmy in four years. She had to get it.

Although she didn't know whether the report was real or not, she was keeping hope.

If Rhys was a real 8/8 HLA match for Jimmy and willing to donate his bone marrow, Jimmy would be saved.

Rupert stood in place, watching Martha rush out with mixed feelings.

He hoped it wouldn't be another disappointment.

He sighed and walked toward Jimmy's ward.

When he reached the door, he ran into Stefan, who had just come out.

Stefan looked at the empty corridor, frowned and asked in a hoarse voice, "Where's Martha?"

"She's gone to see Rhys."

Rupert said truthfully in an alienated tone.

Stefan frowned when he heard it.

"Why is she going to him?"

Rhys looked at him and did not want to answer, but Stefan was Jimmy's father and he had a right to know.

"Rhys sent a test report. It showed that he might be a match."

A match?

Stefan's eyes widened in shock, and he looked keenly at Rupert.

What did it have to do with Rhys?

Soon, he noticed the document in Rupert's hands.

Stefan took it and leafed through it.

Then he saw the donor's name: Rhys Williams.

His face turned gloomy and his dark eyes were filled with shock when he saw the result.

What was this?

Why would Rhys be a match for Jimmy?

Not even he, Jimmy's father, was a match. How could this be?

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Half an hour later, Martha rushed to the racino.

There were stormy and lengthy cheers.

She slightly frowned, raised her hand and a waiter came over, "Take me to Rhys' chamber."

The attendant looked her up and down, nodded, and led her to the chamber which Rhys had reserved.

Rhys was leaning back on the sofa, looking in the direction of the race course with a wicked smile, when Martha entered.

Martha walked over, stood in front of him, and cut to the chase.

"Is that test report real?"

Rhys gave her a meaningful look with a smile, "Miss Doyle, you are right on time."

Martha frowned slightly. She knew that she made it on time and he would talk to her.

At that moment, the final round of horse racing began. The cheers from the outfield got more intense after the starting gun was fired.

Rhys got up and walked toward her, then put his hands around her waist just as Martha was about to add something.

She subconsciously reached out and tried to break free from him, but then she found she could barely move.

Then she followed Rhys to the glass-made window of the chamber with her eyes straight on the race course.

In a short moment, horses with number tags on them stormed into the course at a gunshot.

The audience at the outfield were all excited, cheering on the horses they had chosen.

Rhys looked at the race course casually, and asked Martha in his arms, "Guess who's gonna win?"

She bit her lips in displeasure. Then she stared at him in an anxious way who was in front of her with a frown on her face.

She was not here to talk about this with him.

Her hands, hanging at her sides, clenched. She bit her red lips without answering.

She was sure that he did that intentionally to hold her up.

She knew clearly that he would not get down to business with her if she annoyed him.

She forced herself to regain composure and to keep an eye on what was going on the course.

Number two was the fastest one and was a lot faster than the second one, number four.

If nothing else happened, number two would be the winner.

Martha answered impatiently in a businesslike tone, "Number two."

Hearing this expected answer, Rhys laughed even more wildly.

"Why?"

Martha took a deep breath, and said, "Number two is a lot faster now. And there are only thirty seconds left. There's no way others horses could outrun it. So, number two will be the winner."

Hearing what Martha just said, Rhys shook his head with a smile and said in a low and husky voice, "Let's make a bet. I say number four."

Martha didn't say anything.

She was not in the mood for this. But then she thought about that test report. If that was real, then Jimmy got a chance to live.

So she would agree to anything Rhys asked now as long as he didn't cross the line.

But things on the race course didn't go as Martha had expected in the following ten seconds.

In the last few seconds, number two, which was way ahead of the rest, got left behind while number four turned the tide and became the winner.

People were cheering with increasing excitement as the last round finished.

Number four was the final winner. Some people were happy and satisfied, but some were not. After all, people who had bet on number two lost all their money.

Rhys turned around and looked deep into her eyes.

He then said with a faint smile on his thin lips, "Sometimes you don't get to win even if you get off to a good start."

Martha's face darkened when she heard this.

She got his point. He was comparing himself to Stefan just like number four and number two.

"You mean Stefan is the number two and you are the number four."

"Smart girl! You get exactly what I'm about to say."

Rhys looked at her a bit aggressively with an even bigger smile on his face.

The look in Martha's eyes changed as she got a bad feeling.

But, she still had some doubts.

"When did you do the matching test with Jimmy?"

Could it be possible that the test report was fake?

She had doubts, but she would prefer that report to be real.

Seeing the doubtful look on her face, Rhys lighted a cigar casually with a chuckle.

"I'm not gonna lie to you. And as I said, I can save your kid."

He did say that, but at that point, Martha didn't realize that he meant that he could be the donor...

"I don't have to lie to you."

Rhys' assuring words got into her head and her eyelashes fluttered slightly.

It was true that there was no need for him to lie to her.

In that case, they didn't have to beat around the bush. Now she only wanted Rhys to say what he wanted as soon as possible.

"What shall I do to get you to save my kid?"

### **Chapter 168 Steal My Wife In My Face**

"I just said you were smart, but how come you have no idea now?"

Rhys smiled with contempt while looking at her in a more flippant way.

Martha's face froze as she disliked such a smile.

After a short moment of silence, she said, "I don't quite understand the grudge between you and him. Also, it has nothing to do with me."

If Rhys made things difficult for her because of Stefan, she could only say to him that Stefan's business had nothing to do with her, and he should get his revenge on Stefan directly, instead of picking on her here.

She was just standing here right now as a mother.

Hearing what Martha had just said, Rhys smiled but didn't answer, with a colder look in his long and narrow eyes.

Martha raised her eyes at Rhys and said, word by word, "What do you want? Just say it!"

It had been years since she met Rhys for the first time. Years ago, she knew he approached her with ulterior motives, and now it should be a time for him to come clean.

And it should be the time for Martha to know what his ultimate goal was.

Rhys leaned forward to approach her with a cold smile, lifted her chin with his long slender fingers, and then said articulately, "I want you to marry me."

Her eyes widened in shock when she heard this.

What did he say? Marrying him?

Rhys' husky voice was heard again before Martha could think straight.

“I don’t mind dying with you being my wife. So, it’s up to you whether to marry me or not.”

Martha froze. Her lips moved as she wanted to retort something but she didn’t know what to say.

Rhys ignored her shock and then turned and walked towards the sofa with a smile.

He poured himself a glass of wine and said frivolously with his slender hand holding the glass, “Miss Doyle, you are a businesswoman now. I think you know what good it is to be my wife.”

“If you marry me, I’ll save your kid and I can help you take the Doyle Group back.”

Rhys took a sip of wine and said huskily with a bit of temptation, “Just think about it. You get to have an alive and healthy kid, and you get to be rich, which by the way, draws jealousy, and the CEO. I don’t see a reason why you don’t want to marry me.”

Martha held her breath while looking at Rhys with a lot going on in her mind.

She was pretty sure that he was not joking about what he had just said.

But marrying Rhys...

She had never thought about that and she even found it ridiculous now.

She knew that Rhys asked her to marry him not out of love but to be against Stefan.

Martha had complicated feelings. She had been fully prepared to give everything to Rhys for Jimmy’s sake, but what Rhys had just asked still took her by surprise.

His evil voice was heard again-

“Jimmy may not hold on for too long. You need to make your decision as soon as possible.”

When she heard this, Martha’s eyes narrowed in shock and her heart ached.

That was right. She had no time to waste. And Rhys was the only one who could save Jimmy.

She forced herself to make the decision, but she just couldn’t say that out loud.

She bit her red lip with her head down, which left Rhys unaware of what she was thinking.

Rhys had waited for her for a long time patiently without getting angry.

“There are so many you can get after marrying me. I don’t know what you are hesitating about?”

What was she hesitating about?

Martha also wanted to ask herself.

The chamber’s door was suddenly pushed open when she was in a quandary.

Stefan was standing outside with rage all over him.

He was in a black suit with fatigue on his face, but still, the aura of power radiated from him.

Rhys looked at Stefan calmly. His lips curled into a sneer.

The show was about to begin and Stefan was right on time.

Martha was a bit surprised to see Stefan here.

And she thought, 'Why did he come here?'

'He must've heard what we just talked about.'

Stefan walked towards her in strides with infinite eyes. He then put his hands around her waist the next second before she knew it and pulled her back to him.

After that, he sneered while looking at Rhys who was sitting on the sofa.

"Mr. Williams, What do you mean? You wanna steal my wife in my face?"

### **Chapter 169 There Was Nothing He Could Do About It**

"That's right! Who says I couldn't? Well?"

Rhys retorted with a short laugh while wickedly looking at Stefan.

This show was more interesting than he had thought.

Stefan warned him with a sullen face, "Martha is my wife. I can't believe Mr. Williams would be such a brass and tried to flirt with a married woman."

Rhys shrugged like he didn't care and said casually, "You'll get divorced eventually."

Stefan knew that was a provocation but his hands hanging at his sides were still clenched when he heard it.

Martha did want to divorce him but Rhys was definitely not the one to talk.

Besides, he wouldn't let her go this time.

He would never divorce her!

"Don't even think about it."

"Well, it's not up to you."

Rhys said it still with calmness but those words really pushed Stefan's buttons.

Stefan's eyes got watery as he thought Rhys was right about that and Martha was the one to call the shots now.

But...

Staring at her standing right next to him, Stefan just couldn't hold his anger at the thought that she was here for Rhys.

"You are gonna marry him?"

Martha took a peaceful glance at Stefan and didn't answer with her lips pressed.

Did she have another choice except for accepting Rhys' help?

But, marrying him... she just couldn't do it.

She hated this situation right now as she felt that she was a plaything being fought over by two men.

Martha didn't answer, so Stefan took her silence as a yes.

He then held his breath and tried so hard to swallow his anger while grabbing her wrist.

"Martha, I'm not gonna let you marry him. Leave with me, now!"

Then he turned and stormed out while dragging her.

Martha heavily got rid of him just after a few steps.

She gazed in the direction where Rhys was with confusion and hesitation in her eyes.

She had no idea if she should agree to marry Rhys but the only thing she knew was... she couldn't lose Jimmy.

Rhys was an 8/8 HLA match for Jimmy and a done marrow transplant operation could be performed right away.

She wanted his son Jimmy to live longer.

Stefan turned around stiffly as he knew that she had made up her mind from the moment she broke free.

His face darkened. And he then said hoarsely and sadly, "That test report could be a fake one."

Stefan was Jimmy's father and even he wasn't a match.

How could Rhys, a person unrelated to Jimmy, be a match? How could that be possible?

At this time, Rhys' gentle yet potent voice rang out, "Why would I lie?"

He could do another matching test if they didn't trust him.

Well, he didn't mind.

Stefan frowned more deeply as Rhys' condescending look did provoke him.

The aura around Stefan got surprisingly intimidating. He stared at Martha with mixed feelings in his brown eyes.

He wanted Martha to leave with him and stop listening to Rhys' nonsense.

Stefan opened his mouth and tried to persuade Martha-

"We... we could try to have another baby."

"Umbilical cord blood treatment is better than a bone marrow transplant. I'll have my men keep looking for another donor while we're trying to have another baby."

Martha sneered when Stefan was in mid-sentence.

She turned around and looked at him, with disappointment and sarcasm in her eyes.

Rupert had said that Jimmy's status didn't allow him to wait for the umbilical cord blood of another baby.

She and Stefan both knew it by heart. But now... she couldn't believe he would say that just to stop her from marrying Rhys.

Looking for another donor...

The perfect donor was here!

Why wouldn't Stefan want Rhys to be the donor for Jimmy?

It was because of his stupid pride, wasn't it?

Martha was completely disappointed in Stefan with perceivable aloofness on her face.

Stefan was hurt by the look she gave him. And he knew she must have misunderstood him.

But...

How could he explain himself?

He just couldn't watch her marry another man!

At that moment, Stefan felt the excruciating pain that Martha used to suffer.

It was as if he had been put through a living hell, and there was nothing he could do about it.

### **Chapter 170 He Was Going to Win This Time**

Rhys' mocking voice was heard a moment later to break this tension-

"Mr. Harrison, it looks like you would rather have a dead child than accept my help."

Stefan had been trying to hold back his anger, but now he burst out because of Rhys' words.

He strode forward in vexation and seized Rhys by the collar.

"Rhys, I've been tolerating you long enough."

Stefan then raised his hand and punched Rhys in the face.

He hit him with all his strength so that Rhys was hit right down in the booth.

Rhys slumped down on the booth and felt the pain in her face but without anger.

He raised his hand elegantly to wipe the blood from the corner of his mouth, sneering.

"Well, you got vexed?"

Stefan's face darkened when he heard it. How dare Rhys pick up a fight again?

Stefan took steps forward to grab the collar of Rhys' shirt and was about to punch him again.

Meanwhile, Martha snapped-

"Stop it!"

Stefan suddenly paused and his fist hung in mid air.

Martha came up to Stefan and slapped his face before he could think straight, and asked angrily, "Stefan, what do you think you are doing?"

She slapped him with all her strength to make him realize what he was doing.

Stefan then regained composure and looked at her with a stunned look. And his eyes dimmed when he came to his senses.

Right, what was he doing?

He just...

He just didn't want to lose her and didn't want her to marry Rhys. That was it.

Stefan looked up deep into Martha's eyes.

He tried to find the proof in her eyes that she was unwilling to marry Rhys.

But there was nothing in there except her determination.

"Are you really gonna marry him?"

"You don't care about our kid, but I do."

Her eyes became red rimmed after she growled.

How could she give up the only chance to save Jimmy?

Stefan's thin lips moved when he heard it, since he wanted to tell her that he cared about Jimmy more than anyone.

But... why was that the only choice?

"We gotta have another way. It's not like..."

Stefan hadn't finished his words but Martha didn't want to hear him anymore. She interrupted him angrily while holding back her bitter feeling, "We don't! You can wait, but Jimmy can't!"

Stefan pressed his lips together as he could make no retort.

Martha shut her eyes because she didn't want to see him anymore.

She added, "Stefan, just go! I don't wanna see you anymore."

Stefan's pupils contracted and his heart ached so much.

Martha just said she didn't want to see him anymore.



That was hurtful.

But she wouldn't have said that if it weren't for the fake report Rhys had made to force her.

Stefan had no idea what Rhys had been up to. It had been years and it was still hard to understand Rhys' motive.

But Stefan knew one thing-

Martha was his wife and he would never let her marry another guy.

"I wouldn't agree to the divorce. Don't you even think about it!"

"Stefan, you..."

Stefan carried her onto his shoulder before she could finish her words.

Rhys, who was on the sofa, saw this and then squinted with a wicked smile on his lips.

Stefan turned and left while carrying her.

Martha was struggling in vexation, "Put me down, Stefan!"

A few seconds later, Rhys was the only one in the chamber.

He gently shook the glass, thinking that it wouldn't make a difference even if Stefan took Martha away now. Since Martha wanted to save her son, she would take his offer into serious consideration.

So, he was confident in winning this time.