

Good bye 171

Chapter 171 You Need to Calm Down, Stop the Car

Stefan carried Martha into the car without her permission and leaned in to fasten the seat belt for her.

Martha frowned and tried to push him away.

“Stefan, what do you think you are doing?”

“I’m not gonna let you marry him!”

Stefan said hoarsely in the car and turned to close the car door.

He then sat on the driving seat, started the car, and locked the door.

It was too late when Martha unfastened the seat belt and tried to get out.

She turned around and glared at him with discontentment.

“Open the door. I wanna get out!”

Stefan pressed his lips tightly with an intimidating aura around him.

He looked straight ahead and stepped on the pedal with anger in his eyes. And then the car rushed out.

Martha suddenly leaned backward due to the inertia, so she held onto the seat with both her hands, subconsciously.

She said angrily when she could think straight, “Stefan! Stop it! Let me out!”

He then hit the pedal to the metal with narrowed eyes.

Martha was frightened seeing that he drove faster.

“You need to calm down! Stop the car!”

She said in a shaky and hoarse voice but Stefan didn’t slow down at all.

His lips were pressed into a grim line and the veins on his hands holding the wheel popped out.

He could hear the fear in her voice but he just didn’t want to stop.

He got so jealous at the thought that she would possibly agree to marry Rhys.

He would never allow it!

Martha held on to the seat belt tightly for fear that she would be flung off because of the fast speed and inertia.

“Stefan, just stop the car. We can talk about it!”

They were just about to crash into the back of the car in front of them when she finished her words. She was so scared that she closed her eyes.

Stefan stomped on the brakes just before the crash was about to happen. And he finally recovered some composure.

They didn't crash as Martha had been feared. She opened her eyes with a start, and at the same time gasped, her face pale, her heart beating erratically.

He turned to look at her, who looked pale in the passenger seat, with remorse and guilt in his eyes.

What was he doing?

After having come to his senses, Stefan pulled over and turned to stare at her. He opened his mouth to say something but got choked for a minute.

"Martha... I'm sorry."

He had hurt her again just now.

Martha looked down to hide her fear and said impassively after pressing her red lips, "Take me back. I have something to say to Rhys."

She had been on the verge of death once, so she didn't care if she were dead or alive.

But things were different for Jimmy. He yearned to live...

But being able to live was too hard for him.

Stefan was heartbroken when he heard this.

He knew that Martha didn't like Rhys but she had to marry Rhys for Jimmy's sake.

But...

He just couldn't repress his anger at the thought of her being with Rhys.

She was his wife. How could she...

Stefan tried to suppress his rage, turned to put his hand on the back of her head and bent to kiss her on the lips.

Martha frowned, her eyelashes fluttering slightly. She put her hands on his chest, trying to push him away. But then he grabbed her hands and put them in his arms.

Seeing that he wouldn't let go, she had no choice but to bite his lip in frustration.

The blood smell wafted through the air but Stefan still didn't release her as if he wanted to keep her to himself only.

Martha struggled for a while but it didn't work. So she just quit.

Like a lifeless doll, she slowly closed her eyes, waiting for him to get this done and gather his wits.

A long while later, Stefan let go of her as he couldn't feel her response anymore.

Martha opened her eyes which were icy.

Stefan paused in his breathing as he was hurt by her icy gaze.

His thin lips moved and he said hoarsely, "That's what Rhys wants. You can't marry him!"

Chapter 172 You Have Three Days

Martha's face darkened. She had certainly known that before Stefan said it.

At this moment, she didn't want to enrage him or he might do something crazy again.

She replied gently with her eyelashes fluttering, "I know he has ulterior motives."

Stefan froze and then asked in confusion, "Then why were you there to see him?"

"What else do you expect me to do?"

Martha looked at the man beside her, smiled self-mockingly, and asked rhetorically.

"He's the only one who could save my child now."

Stefan pressed his lips hard and then what he wanted to say stuck in his throat.

A while later, he struggled to say in a deep voice, "It's not like he can save Jimmy for sure. Why do you have to..."

Why did she have to give so much of herself?

Martha surely got his point.

She stared at him with determination and her hands clenched.

"I won't quit even if there was even the slightest chance."

Stefan were dark with mixed feelings. Was she implying that he wasn't willing to save Jimmy?

But that was not the truth.

It was not that he didn't want Martha to save Jimmy. But Rhys was really suspicious, as he sent her the test report showing that he was a match when Jimmy was in critical condition.

He slightly frowned and said deeply, "Rhys is not even related to Jimmy. How could he be a match?"

Martha pressed her lips together and remained silent.

Of course, she doubted the test report Rhys had given her, so she kept asking him about it the minute she was in that chamber.

But Rhys answered her frankly and even agreed to do another matching test.

As for whether Rhys was related to Jimmy, they had to resort to medical tests.

Seeing that Martha didn't reply possibly with hesitation and consideration, Stefan added, "This can't be a coincidence. Maybe he planned all this."

Though he had no idea why Rhys was doing it, or what he was doing it for.

Stefan had his men investigate Rhys before and there wasn't much information. But the one thing that was pretty weird was that there was literally nothing about his life in Sunny Orphanage until he turned 15.

Stefan didn't believe that anyone could conceal his past so perfectly. There must be some dark secret behind this.

Martha thought for a while and then raised her eyes at Stefan.

"If Rupert does a test between Rhys and Jimmy again, and the result turns out to be the same, what do you have to say then?"

Stefan was rendered speechless as he didn't expect she would say that.

In that case...

Then he still wouldn't let her marry Rhys!

"Even in that case, I don't allow you to trade your marriage for that."

Martha couldn't help but sneer because she had expected he would say this.

It was so typical of Stefan, domineering and shameless.

"Stefan, I'll file a divorce even if Rhys didn't ask me to marry him."

This choice was not about Jimmy or anyone else.

This was only for her sake.

"As I said, it's not gonna happen!"

Martha stared at him aloofly with a mocking smile on her face.

"Getting a divorce is something we can't avoid to this point. You may keep putting this off but I'll insist."

She would never quit even if he tried to do this the hard way.

Stefan was stunned by her decisiveness. And it was weirdly quiet all at once.

A few minutes later, Martha's phone screen lit up.

She got a message from Rhys and it was short-

"You have three days. And that's it."

Three days...

Chapter 173 The Son Who Got Separated From Them Ten Years Ago

She held the phone tighter with a gloomy expression on her face.

It seemed like Rhys wouldn't quit this time.

...

Rhys returned to the Williams Mansion at night.

Mrs. Williams, who looked gracefully glorious, was waiting for him on the sofa when he got back.

His face darkened with a hint of impatience in his eyes.

He knew his mother was waiting here to tell him something.

But he didn't want to listen to her at all.

Rhys took over the Williams family after Zach Williams died years ago.

Mrs. Williams loved this only son so much that she always looked out for him.

She had been trying to match make him and rich ladies these years.

At first, he would meet those rich ladies.

But those spoiled ladies weren't his type.

And then he got tired of pleasing Mrs. Williams and just stopped meeting them.

Just then, Mrs. Williams asked with displeasure, "Where did you go? What took you so long?"

"The race course."

Rhys replied casually and then sat on the couch.

Mrs. Williams slightly frowned and said peacefully, "I set you up with the girl from the Duncan family tomorrow."

"I'm not going."

Rhys rubbed his forehead to show his fatigue while saying that calmly.

Mrs. Williams obviously got upset. She said in a cold voice after she heard that.

"I know whom you've been with lately. I'm telling you, you can't date a married woman!"

A married woman... Rhys squinted as he could tell that his mother knew quite a lot about him.

He gently talked back with a short laugh, "She will divorce very soon."

Mrs. Williams was more upset when she heard it.

She thought Rhys just flirted with Stefan's wife for fun.

But all fun aside, Martha was married and his husband was the CEO of the Harrison Group.

Mrs. Williams glared at Rhys for he didn't meet her expectations.

"You can't date her. And I would never allow you to marry her even if she got a divorce. Over my dead body! I mean it!"

Rhys didn't take his mother's words personally.

Seeing him like that, Mrs. Williams was distraught and then heaved a heavy sigh, "I don't know what you have been through then. But you've completely changed since we took you back here from that Sunny Orphanage."

She took him to a playground for fun when he was five.

Then, out of curiosity, he ran away without her knowing while she was buying marshmallows.

He never returned.

At that time, Mrs. Williams and her husband looked for him in that playground and places nearby but in vain.

And they expanded the searching area to the country in the following ten years.

In the end, they found the son who got separated from them ten years ago at Sunny Orphanage.

After all, it had been ten years. Rhys was a fifteen-year-old, tall, and skinny boy with aloofness when they finally met.

Mrs. Williams couldn't explain why, but she felt that her son had changed a lot.

She thought it was natural after so many bad things he had been through those years.

Then Rhys' chuckle interrupted Mrs. Williams's thoughts-

"People are naturally good when they were little."

Then he looked down with a complicated look on his face.

Seeing him like this, Mrs. Williams signed resignedly and then added, feeling distressed for Rhys, "Sorry that I put you in misery."

"It's nothing. Let bygones be bygones."

Rhys replied calmly, and his tone betrayed no emotions.

Hearing this, Mrs. Williams felt more guilty.

And then she thought arguing with his son over a woman was not worth it.

So she had to make a compromise at last.

"Fine. If you don't wanna get settled now, then so be it. But, just one thing, I don't want my daughter-in-law to be a divorced woman."

Mrs. Williams then turned and went upstairs back to her room without waiting for Rhys' reply.

Rhys watched her walk away with infinite eyes.

The living room went eerily quiet again and the clock was making loud ticking noises.

In the end, he sneered with a distant memory coming to his mind.

Actually, he knew the real Rhys of the Williams family...

Chapter 174 Rhys Died Long Ago

The real Rhys met him at the age of seven. Frail and sickly, he died of illness less than a year after he came to the orphanage.

At the orphanage, they were each other's only friends.

When the real Rhys was dying, he stood by the hospital bed, alone.

He looked at the dying Rhys...

"It's okay. You will be fine."

Rhys smiled, his face pale. "Don't be sad, we will always be friends."

"I don't want you to die."

He didn't shed a tear, but he meant it.

At that time, even if they were displaced, they were just seven years old or so and playmates to each other.

Rhys smiled and comforted him, "I won't feel hurt anymore in heaven. I'm sick of the pain."

"But if you go to heaven, I can't see you anymore."

Clenching his hands tightly, he answered in a muffled voice.

Rhys smiled and asked, "Will you forget me?"

He answered without hesitation, "No."

Rhys, on the bed, kept smiling when he heard this.

"We will always be friends."

Standing beside the bed, he gritted his teeth when he heard this.

He thought Rhys would live longer if he didn't talk, but...

He failed to keep his only friend.

Before dying, Rhys looked at him sadly, his big eyes were full of disappointment.

"I guess I'll never see my parents."

"You will, as long as you live."

Rhys chuckled, pulled off the family badge necklace that he had been wearing all the time, and handed it to his friend with difficulty.

He knew what Rhys wanted to do. "No, I don't want it. It's yours. Keep it."

He took a step back, but Rhys grabbed his hand.

"It's from my parents. Please keep it safe for me."

“No...”

Before he could finish his refusal, Rhys smiled and said goodbye, slowly closing his eyes.

He immediately froze in place, and after a long time, he took the necklace with trembling hands.

Rhys never opened his eyes again.

Later, he, as well as the dean and several teachers buried Rhys in the hill behind the orphanage.

Rhys’ family badge necklace had been around his neck ever since.

About seven or eight years later, a couple came to the orphanage for their long-lost son.

He was called to the reception room by the dean.

The woman hugged him when she saw the necklace around his neck.

“Son, my son! I finally found you!”

It was Mrs. Williams, Rhys’ mother. Mr. Williams stood beside them, his eyes were also red rimmed.

They recognized their son by the unique necklace. They would never have thought that Rhys was long dead.

The dean had seen this necklace when Rhys first went to the orphanage.

But that was long ago. The dean was too old to remember things from before in detail.

Rhys’ parents took him out of the orphanage. He never explained that he was not Rhys.

At that time, he was fifteen years old.

He knew how difficult it would be for a person to start from scratch on his own. With Rhys’ identity and the power of the Williams family... he could do what he wanted to do.

Hatred was still deeply rooted in his heart. He wanted to be strong and get his revenge.

After returning to the Williams family, Mr. and Mrs. Williams never doubted him even though he seemed to be cold and distant.

They thought the ten years of suffering had shaped their son.

They didn’t know that the real Rhys was already dead.

And his real name...

Real name?

He didn’t have one. He wasn’t supposed to be in this world.

Chapter 175 Will You Choose Me?

After separating from Stefan, Martha went to the hotel where Rupert stayed.

Whether Rhys was a real match for Jimmy had to be confirmed by Rupert.

She didn't trust any other doctors out there.

Rupert had just returned from the hospital when she arrived.

Seeing the tiredness on Rupert's face and his bloodshot eyes, Martha knew that it was all because of Jimmy.

She pursed her lips and said softly, "You should take more rest."

The man responded softly, and then asked with concern, "You went to Rhys. How did it go?"

Martha lowered her eyes. There seemed to be complicated emotions in her tone...

"Rhys won't donate his bone marrow unless I marry him."

She hoped that Rhys' bone marrow matched Jimmy's, but she didn't want to marry him.

Hearing her answer, Rupert pondered for a moment. Then, a suspicious voice sounded in the room, "The whole thing is weird."

It was not easy to find a bone marrow match. In theory, a relative was most likely to be a match.

As for strangers...

The likelihood was almost zero.

Rhys suddenly appeared with a test report, as if he had known about the child's situation earlier.

No doubt, he was suspicious.

Martha nodded. "I know."

She knew better than anyone that things were complicated.

In the end, she solemnly looked at the man in front of her.

"Rupert, you are the only person I trust now."

Martha's trust erased Rupert's fatigue from the past few days.

He said lightly, "Do you want to redo the bone marrow matching?"

She nodded with a serious expression.

"Yes, I want you to do a test for Rhys and Jimmy tomorrow."

"Okay, I will."

Rupert responded with a lot of thoughts in his mind.

He watched Jimmy grow up and wished Jimmy to be alright.

But...

If Rhys' bone marrow really matched Jimmy's, Martha would have to marry him.

He didn't want to see Martha marry someone else, but he didn't want to see Jimmy die either.

Rupert finally couldn't help asking tentatively, "If Rhys were really a match for Jimmy, would you agree to marry him?"

Martha picked up the water glass on the table. Her eyelashes trembled slightly, and she took a sip of the cold water in the glass.

In just a moment, a chill came over her. Slowly, she gathered her wits, but her mind was still a mess.

She shook her head and pursed her lips.

She couldn't answer Rupert's question.

Before it was confirmed that Rhys was a match, she didn't know what the answer would be.

Rupert could see that Martha's mind was mixed up, so he didn't ask any further.

However, sometimes once a decision was made, there was no turning back.

"I hope you can think about this matter carefully. And no matter what decision you make in the end, I will support you."

Martha looked very moved. As she stared at this man who has always supported her, warmth flooded her heart.

"Rupert, thank you for supporting and taking care of me for so many years."

The man's eyes dimmed, and he said frankly, "You know, what I want is never thanks."

Hearing this, Martha unconsciously bit her lower lip, showing a helpless smile.

Of course, she knew Rupert didn't want thanks, but what he wanted... she couldn't afford it.

Rupert hid the disappointment in his eyes, smiled gently, and comforted her, "You don't have to feel burdened. Everything I did was my choice."

Looking at his sincere eyes, Martha felt even more guilty.

When she was abroad, Rupert confessed his love many times, but she always avoided it.

This time, she still didn't know what to do.

"I... I suddenly remembered that I have an apportionment with Jane. I got to go now."

Then she got up and walked out.

Rupert grabbed her wrist.

He walked in front of her and looked her straight in the eyes.

He saw an evasive and helpless look in her eyes.

In the past, he had not forced her, but this time, he didn't want to wait any longer.

Feeling a lump in his throat, he asked the question that had been kept deep in his heart for many years...

“Martha, if Stefan hadn’t shown up, would you have chosen me?”

Chapter 176 Pretend to Agree

Martha pursed her lips and looked at Rupert with a little confusion in her eyes.

She had never thought about this question.

She didn’t know if she would have chosen Rupert without Stefan.

But now, she knew one thing...

Other than Jimmy, she couldn’t love anyone.

Martha’s silence pierced Rupert’s heart like a sharp knife.

But he still smiled gently at her, “I’ve been waiting for you.”

Martha lowered her dark eyes.

She knew that Rupert was waiting for her, but she... didn’t know how to face it.

...

After Martha came out of the hotel, her mind was a mess and she had no one to talk to. After thinking about it, she went to Melissa.

Melissa quit her job at the bar after the incident and concentrated on writing novels at home.

Being a writer was Melissa’s favorite career. She had been writing stories since high school.

The small apartment that Melissa lived in reminded Martha of the days when they were still students.

Entering the room, Martha casually sat on the sofa.

Melissa brought two bottles of red wine and said with a smile, “We haven’t had a drink together for a long time.”

After two or three glasses of wine, Martha told Melissa about her recent troubles.

Melissa sighed resignedly, analyzing the situation, slightly tipsy.

“In my opinion, you should forget about Stefan. He’s a scumbag. But Rhys... It’s obvious that he wants to marry you for a reason. You got to think carefully about it.”

“As for Rupert... although he is nice and I am also his friend. I have to say that he can’t help save Jimmy.”

Martha looked frustrated, pursed her lips, and said nothing.

She understood what Melissa said.

All she wanted was Jimmy’s health, but marrying Rhys was the only means to save Jimmy.

The next second, Melissa thought of something and interrupted Martha’s thoughts...

“Why don’t you pretend to agree to Rhys and then withdraw from the marriage after Jimmy’s surgery is over.”

After finishing speaking, she looked triumphant, thinking that she had made a good suggestion.

Martha smiled helplessly, “Rhys is not a fool. How could he allow that?”

Melissa fell silent and looked sad again, “So what do you think of this? ”

“He knew that Stefan would not let go. Now he deliberately made such a request. In my opinion, his target is not me, but Stefan.”

After Martha said this, she pinched the space between her brows wearily.

She didn’t care about Rhys or Stefan.

However, she became the subject of a battle between the two.

This feeling was annoying, but she could do nothing.

Melissa was also annoyed. But she couldn’t figure out why Rhys would act against Stefan.

Was there something they didn’t know?

“Rhys... and Stefan were not enemies, were they?”

Enemies?

Martha frowned slightly, looking at Melissa suspiciously.

As her good friend, Melissa could naturally understand the doubt in her eyes.

So Melissa listed out all the dramatic things she had seen...

“Two CEOs are having a fight. If it’s not for conflict of interest, the reason could be a private feud. It’s a common storyline in novels and TV dramas. Maybe there is a family feud between them, or...”

“Or what?”

Melissa laughed suddenly, and said half-jokingly, “Maybe they are half-brothers. Anyway, it’s definitely not as simple as it seems on the surface.”

When Martha heard this, her eyes darkened and her expression gradually became serious.

Family feud? There seemed to be little connection between the Harrison family and the Williams family.

As for...

Could Stefan and Rhys be half-brothers or something?

Martha didn’t speak for a long time. Melissa shrank her neck, and asked in a low voice, “What’s wrong? Why do you keep staring at me? ”

Why do you suspect that they are half-brothers?”

Martha frowned. Stefan was the only son of the Harrison family, while Rhys was the only son of the Williams family. How could they possibly be brothers?

Melissa didn't know what Martha was thinking. She waved her hands leisurely and answered with a smile.

"It's a common storyline in novels. I've been writing this kind of stuff recently."

Hearing this, Martha looked down slightly.

Some clues came to her mind, but they did not meet either of the points Melissa had made.

But...

Her pupils constricted. She thought of something and immediately put down the wine glass in her hand, took out her phone, and Googled Rhys' information.

She had checked it before, but the information was something general.

It was only said that Rhys was the only son of the Williams family. He was accidentally lost when he was five years old and was found by the Williams family after ten years.

Mr. Williams and Mrs. Williams returned with their son and loved him very much.

There was no report or news about the ten years when Rhys was missing.

Her intuition told her that there must be something about Rhys that she didn't know, and that was the key.

Melissa watched Martha's knitted brows, and couldn't help looking at her phone.

"Rhys had been lost for ten years? Wow! So after ten years, they found their son. So dramatic... Do you think something happened during the ten years?"

A novelist never lacked imagination.

The unrecorded decade was enough for Melissa to write a million-word novel.

Martha pursed her lips, her eyes darkened, but she said nothing.

Who knew what happened during the time? She needed more detailed information about Rhys.

She remembered...

The orphanage Rhys took her to last time.

Could that be the place where he was taken in?

Chapter 177 Do You Remember Him?

Early the next morning, Martha drove to the orphanage where Rhys took her last time.

Rhys was most likely to be in this orphanage during the ten years.

Therefore, to know Rhys' unknown past, she could only come here for clues.

On the way, her phone rang.

She parked the car on the roadside to check the text message.

The message was from Rupert...

[When do you want a matching test between Rhys and Jimmy to be conducted? Tell me the time and I'll arrange it.]

Martha pursed her lips slightly. The sooner, the better.

But she was unsure if Rhys would cooperate.

With that in mind, she sent a message to Rhys...

[Can you go to the hospital for bone marrow matching in the afternoon?]

Soon, Rhys replied, [Alright.]

The short answer made Martha have mixed feelings.

Rhys agreed so readily. Does it mean that the test report was true?

She suppressed her emotions and gave Rupert a clear reply, [Two o'clock in the afternoon. He will come over.]

After sending the message, she put her phone aside and continued driving toward the orphanage.

...

The orphanage had not changed much since she had last been there.

As soon as she walked in, a little boy hugged her. She recognized that this was the kid who spoke to Rhys the last time.

Before she could ask, the boy raised his face and looked at her with expectancy.

"Miss, didn't Mr. Williams come with you?"

At the boy's words, Martha raised her eyes slightly, only to notice that several children standing in front of her all looked at her expectantly.

It seemed that the children missed Rhys.

She didn't expect these children's feelings for Rhys to be so deep.

The next second, another girl grabbed her dress and shook it gently.

After Martha came back to her senses, she smiled gently, and her voice softened.

"He is busy. When he finishes his work, he will come to visit you."

As she spoke, she couldn't help but reach out and touch the kids' heads, but suddenly felt a pain in her heart.

She wanted Jimmy to be healthy just like them...

The kids were naive. They believed Martha.

"When you go back, remember to tell Mr. Williams that we all miss him!"

"Okay."

...

After that Martha left the children to their own devices. She went to the dean's office alone.

After knocking on the office door, she walked in and met the dean.

The dean looked in his forties. Martha thought he should know what happened ten years ago.

She asked politely, "Excuse me, can I ask you something?"

"Sure."

The dean put aside his work and turned to look gently at Martha who came in.

Martha smiled back, and then asked, "Was this orphanage been established more than ten years ago?"

"Yes."

As soon as the dean answered, Martha asked again.

"Then do you still remember Rhys was taken in ten years ago?"

The dean shook his head and looked at her apologetically.

"Mr. Williams? He has donated a lot to this orphanage in the past few years, but I am not sure if he has ever been taken in... I just took over the orphanage for four or five years. I don't know what happened ten years ago. You can ask older teachers here."

Martha nodded and went to the other teachers.

The teachers were almost all newcomers. They knew nothing about it.

Later, she found an old teacher who had worked here for 20 years.

"I heard that Rhys stayed here back then. Do you have an impression of him?"

Chapter 178 Remember to Divorce in Three days

"I'm getting old and I can't remember many things clearly."

The old teacher recalled for a moment, and said, "I vaguely remember that... Rhys' parents were very excited when they found their son."

Martha's eyes darkened. Parents were naturally excited to find their long-lost son.

But...

"How did Mr. and Mrs. Williams recognize their son?"

After thinking for a while, the teacher replied, "I remember they recognized him by a family badge necklace. I don't know other details."

A family badge necklace...

Just because of a necklace?

It seemed that was all the old teacher knew.

Martha nodded, thanked the teacher, and looked at the time. It was getting late. She should go back to the hospital.

Just when she turned to leave, the old teacher thought of something and called out to her...

"Wait."

"Yes?"

Martha turned around in doubt and looked at the teacher with puzzlement.

The teacher slowly remembered something and said, "I remember that Mr. Williams wasn't called Rhys by then. He had another name. It should be Hector... Yes, the kids all called him Hector. But I don't know his last name."

Martha frowned, Hector?

"Ok, thank you."

Knowing a little was better than knowing nothing.

The name could be the key information.

After thanking the teacher, Martha said goodbye and left the orphanage.

Sitting in the car, she thought about the name and muttered, "Hector?"

Wasn't Rhys Williams his name? Why did the kids call him Hector?

Was it a nickname?

The more Martha thought about it, the more weird she felt. But she couldn't name the strange part.

In the end, she could only go to the hospital full of doubts.

...

An hour later, she went to Jimmy's hospital room.

She had lunch with Jimmy, put him to sleep, and then left.

At two o'clock, Martha and Rupert were waiting outside the examination room, when a tall figure appeared in the hospital corridor on time.

"Miss Doyle, I'm not late."

Martha's eyes darkened, and the hand hanging by her side clenched.

Rhys dared to come. Then the previous report was probably...

Yet to be more certain, they had to wait for the new result.

Martha smiled stiffly, and said in a businesslike manner, "Thank you for your cooperation, Mr. Williams."

Rhys raised his eyebrows, "Don't worry. I always keep my word."

As he spoke, he gave Martha a meaningful look.

Martha understood. He was just reminding her not to forget his condition.

She glanced at Rhys indifferently and then left the examination room.

Rupert would handle the rest.

Half an hour later, Rhys finished the test. Rupert had been watching, so there was no chance for Rhys to fake anything.

Coming out of the examination room, Martha kept staring at Rhys' expression, wanting to see changes in his facial expression, but...

He looked the same as usual.

When Rhys saw that she was looking at him, he was not annoyed. Instead, he chuckled, and then held her in his arms, saying in a soft voice, "In three days, remember to divorce."

In three days, the result should come out, and she should make a choice.

He gave her time. But his patience was limited.

Mixed emotions appeared in Martha's eyes. She looked down, not looking at Rhys. But the hand around her waist made her very uncomfortable. She didn't like it...

Chapter 179 Rhys' Blood Type

Martha frowned but said nothing.

She wanted to disengage herself from his arms, but Rhys used so much strength that she failed.

At this moment, Rupert strode forward, pulled Martha away from the man's arms, and pulled Martha behind him.

Rhys was amused by this act.

He chuckled and joked, "Dr. Turner, are you trying to be the hero?"

Disgust flashed across Martha's eyes upon hearing this.

She hated Rhys' frivolous look. He obviously had a scheme, but he pretended to be carefree.

Rupert hated it even more.

How could he stand seeing Martha, the woman he had protected for so long, be taken advantage of by another man?

Especially this man, who didn't look like a good guy.

He looked at Rhys with indifferent eyes, and replied quietly, "It has nothing to do with you, Mr. Williams."

Rhys raised his eyebrows, and joked with a smile, "It will in three days. And I won't allow you to protect my wife by then, Dr. Turner."

When Martha heard this, her expression turned cold. She ignored that nonsense and looked at Rhys coldly.

"We'll be waiting for the results. I hope you didn't lie to me, Mr. Williams."

"Of course not. After all, I see you as the person I will spend the rest of my life with."

'So I have no reason to lie to you.'

Rhys' smile grew wider, an aggressive look flashing into his eyes.

He put on his sunglasses with a chuckle, and said meaningfully, "I'm waiting for your reply. I hope it's good news."

After that, he left the hospital.

Watching Rhys leave, Martha clenched her hand, her nails digging into her palm. Her head tilted as she looked at Rupert and asked, "How is it?"

Rupert nodded slightly, and replied in a low voice, "His blood type is the same as Jimmy's."

The blood type was the same, as for the result...

Martha's eyelids drooped and her eyes dimmed. It was hard to tell her emotions.

"When will we get the results?"

"At least tomorrow."

Rupert looked at Martha with complicated feelings in his eyes, his mind jumbled.

Having the same blood type was a necessary condition of being a bone marrow match.

The final result depended on the bone marrow suitability.

He hoped that the matching would be successful so that Jimmy could live, but he didn't want Martha to marry Rhys for that.

But... She must take her pick between the two.

While Rupert was in a daze, Martha had other ideas.

She felt that she had ignored something. Key information flashed into her mind.

Jimmy was a blood type B, Stefan was the same, and Rhys...

She remembered the information she found yesterday. According to it, Rhys was a blood type A.

But no one knew if it was accurate.

If that was true, how could his blood type match Jimmy's?

But the test results were right in front of her. Rhys was indeed a blood type A.

Martha thought of what the old teacher in the orphanage said. Rhys used to be called "Hector".

'Could Hector and Stefan be brothers?'

Martha froze, startled by the sudden thought.

Rupert, who was standing beside her, noticed her expression. He frowned and asked, "What's wrong? Are you feeling unwell?"

Martha shook her head and hesitated to speak, her eyes looking dazed.

She didn't understand why she thought so. Just because they had the same blood type?

The possibility of that situation was so low that she couldn't believe it...

"If a father's bone marrow cannot match his child's, how about the father's brothers?"

Chapter 180 He Refused to Answer Her Call

The father's brothers?

Rupert frowned, not understanding why Martha asked that suddenly.

He nodded. "Naturally, the probability of a relative being a match is higher than that of an unrelated person."

Martha's eyes were dark with unfathomable emotions. She pursed her lips and said nothing...

...

At the president's office of the Harrison Group.

Stefan stood alone in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows. His cold aura made others fear him.

He looked in the distance, lost in thought.

He had a lot of doubts about Rhys.

So he asked Eden to investigate him.

He was desperate to confirm that Rhys' test report was a forgery.

If that was the case, Martha wouldn't have to marry Rhys for Jimmy's sake.

But Jimmy would lose the chance to be saved.

He had been absent from Jimmy's life for the past four years. Now, he couldn't stand parting with Jimmy.

At this moment, Eden entered the office and interrupted his thoughts...

"We got something."

Stefan turned around and looked at Eden, his eyes dark.

"Rhys did stay in an orphanage before. However, at that time, his name was not Rhys, but Hector."

The information was far from enough.

Stefan narrowed his eyes and asked coldly, "What's his last name?"

Eden was silent, and then shook his head, "There is no record of his last name."

After hearing this, Stefan curled his lips into a cold smile.

When Rhys was in the orphanage, he was only four or five years old with only limited knowledge.

Stefan sneered, "I don't think he would suddenly change his name when he was a child."

Eden frowned, looking at Stefan confusedly, not understanding what he meant.

Stefan's lips were pressed into a line, and his fingers tapped the floor-to-ceiling window glass, his cold voice saying, "I guess he isn't the real son of Mr. and Mrs. Williams."

Eden was stunned, and then suddenly realized that something smelt fishy.

"Makes sense. I've found the whole thing weird too."

But...

Eden thought of something, and shrugged, "Even if it proves that Rhys is not the Williams' biological son, what can we change? This fact will not affect the offer he made."

Unless the test results showed that he wasn't a match.

Otherwise, nothing could be changed.

Stefan's eyes grew dimmer when he heard that.

He had to admit that Eden was right.

Things seemed to have been driven to a dead end.

If he could, he wanted Rhys to disappear from this world immediately. The vibration of the phone on the table broke the silence in the office.

When he saw Martha's name on the screen, his pupils shrank slightly, and his hand holding the phone unconsciously tightened.

He didn't want to answer her call right now.

Because he was afraid that Martha called him for a divorce.

He didn't want to face it. Eden stood aside. When he saw the caller ID on the phone screen, he knew what was going on instantly.

He didn't expect Stefan, who was always calm and aloof, to have fear too.

After a while, Stefan eventually answered the call.

As soon as it got through, he heard Martha's mild voice...

"After you knock off, come to the hospital."

Stefan's eyes darkened, and when he heard the word "hospital", sweat broke out in his palms. He asked in a husky and anxious voice, "Have you got the results? Or did something happen to Jimmy?"