

## Read Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 21 online free

Hearing the word “child”, Martha paused, her long eyelashes trembling slightly.

Owe him a child?

Did he say that? How could he be so shameless?

Martha was silent.

Seeing that, Stefan was softened a little bit. He explained, “Four years ago, I didn’t know you had cancer, nor did I know you were pregnant.”

“So what?”

Martha asked in a low voice, turning to look at the man in front of her, her eyes getting colder. “Do you expect me to take it like nothing happened just because you didn’t know?”

Stefan got tongue-tied. Looking at the woman in front of him, he subconsciously explained, “I didn’t mean that, I...”

Before he could finish, Martha interrupted him coldly, “I don’t care what you meant. I just don’t want to have anything to do with you now.”

She had known that things wouldn’t work out between them since four years ago.

Martha pushed the hand away in front of her angrily and walked quickly to the hotel.

Stefan stood there, pursing his lips. Finally, he couldn’t help but ask what had been baffling him.

‘How is the child?

Is it still alive?

Four years have passed. If she was fine, was that child too?

If so, where was it?’

It wasn’t until this moment that Stefan really realized that he cared about Martha and her child.

Hearing this, Martha, who was standing not far away, stopped in her tracks. Did he hope that the child was still alive?

Even if the child was still alive. It had nothing to do with him.

She turned her face slightly but didn’t turn around. “He’s dead.” She sounded cold.

“Thanks to you.”

Martha bit her lower lip, turned her head, and walked towards the hotel.

She knew what Stefan meant. But the past was the past. There was no return to it.

Martha walked faster and faster.

She quickly walked back to the room and closed the door with a loud bang. The emotions that she had been suppressed for a day surged up. Martha pressed her chest, unable to hold back her feelings anymore. With trembling hands, she opened the drawer in the room. She gripped the edge of the drawer tightly with her left hand, her fingertips turned red due to the squeeze. She quickly took out the pill in the bottle with her right hand, put it into her mouth and swallowed it.

After a long time, Martha leaned weakly against the table, slowly slipped to the ground, and sat there panting heavily.

Outside the window, the night sky had fallen.

The neon lights in the distance were flickering, lighting up the entire city.

She stared out of the window in a daze, crystal tears overflowing unconsciously from the corners of her eyes.

She thought she had let him go before tonight.

Now she realized that she had never let go of everything in the past.

The cold cell phone rang suddenly, breaking the silence in the room.

Martha's lifeless eyes slowly focused. She reached for the phone from aside and pressed the answer button, "Rupert?"

"You have to come back sooner. I'm afraid he won't be able to hold on for long."

Rupert's gentle voice rang in her ears. Martha felt a sharp pang in her head and a buzzing in her ears.

She didn't know how she hung up the phone, but the thin and sharp tingling pain in her heart reminded her of the seriousness of the situation all the time.

Martha's lips parted. She breathed with difficulty. Her eyes were full of pain.

Why?

...

On the other side, Stefan had stayed in the study since returning to the Harrison Villa.

The room without the lights turned on was dark and too quiet, which actually made him feel a little relaxed.

The moonlight outside the window shone into the room sporadically, adding a sense of loneliness to the room at this moment.

Stefan stared intently at the silvery moonlight falling on the ground. Martha's slender figure popped up into his mind again.

He thought he didn't care about Martha at all, but when he saw her dead body, he was shocked, and the pain in his heart was unbearable to him.

When he learned that they had a child but it was dead, he felt that even breathing became very difficult.

Now, she was back, safe and sound. But the child...

Martha's indifferent and sad face appeared again in Stefan's mind. His

breathing slowed unconsciously.

He made her this way.

She changed a lot, no longer what she used to be.

...

Early the next morning, news of the auction caused an uproar in A City.

The news headlines were all about what happened at the auction last night, most of which were praises for Sunnay and the breaking news that Sunnay was about to hold an art exhibition in this city.

But there were also a large number of people who began to dig deeper into the gossip about the painter Sunnay.

From the news of Sunnay's reluctance to cooperate with the Doyle Group, the media thought of Stefan's ex-wife and began to hype that this was the reason for their quarrel.

Some even compared Sunnay's photos with Martha, pointing out their unbelievable similarity.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, in the office of the Williams Group.

A man was lying on the armchair, watching the news on the TV screen with his eyes narrowed.

Astonishment flashed through his eyes and then disappeared without a trace.

The next second, the corners of his eyes raised slightly, and a wicked smile appeared on the corner of his mouth.

Sunnay and the dead Martha were the same person.

Rhys put down the phone in his hand, reached for the coffee on the table, and took a sip.

Martha owed him a favor. When the news came that she was dead, he thought that was it.

Now she was back, as a famous painter.

It should be the time for her to repay this favor.

...

On the other side, Martha, who was still awake, opened the door with sleepy eyes after being awakened by the doorbell.

As soon as the door was opened, the beautiful figure standing at the door quickly stepped in and hugged Martha, "Martha, you are finally back!"

"Melissa, hi."

With tears in her eyes, Martha smiled lightly.

Melissa let go of the woman in her arms and asked with concern. "How have you been abroad all these years?"

Martha pursed her lips and nodded slightly. She had been fine.

Immediately afterward, she held Melissa's hand and led her to the sofa in the room.

They sat down on the sofa and briefly chatted about what had happened to

them over the past four years.

In the end, Martha couldn't help but ask anxiously, "In the past four years, how is my father? Is he okay?"

Melissa's eyes darkened. She looked at Martha with a more serious look. She knew that Martha came back this time for Maxwell. But he had to remind Martha of Maxwell's current situation.

"Your father has had a hard time these years."

"I see."

Martha responded in a low voice, hiding the sadness in her eyes, "I'll visit him at the Doyle Manor sometime."

Four years ago, her father, who loved her the most thought she was dead and was heartbroken.

Now that she was back, strong. She would protect him from any harm.

Melissa angrily told the news to Martha, her best friend, who was sitting in front of her.

"In the first few years after you left, I tried to go to the Doyle Manor to visit your father, but there were people guarding the door every time. I couldn't get in."

"What about the servants of the Doyle Manor? Didn't they let you in either?"

Martha clenched her hands unconsciously and asked nervously.

Hearing this, Melissa looked even angrier. She cursed angrily. "Hollie is literally the worst of humankind. After you left, she replaced all the old servants, and no outsiders are allowed to step into the Doyle Manor!"

Immediately afterward, Melissa saw Martha lower her head slightly with her eyes full of worry.

She knew what Martha was worried about. She couldn't do anything but pat her hand in distress.

"Martha, I'm sorry. I've tried many ways, but the Doyle Manor is tightly locked. I don't even know the situation of your father."

Martha took a deep breath, and smiled with difficulty, "It's not your fault. I didn't think about it by then."

She should have known earlier that after she was gone, Hollie wouldn't let her father go.

So, to see her father again, she would have to use some tricks.

Martha's eyes became cold, and her tone of voice was determined and firm, "Melissa, I know how to see my father."