

Read Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 29 online free

At three in the afternoon, the doctor that Martha asked Jane to contact arrived at the Doyle Manor on time.

After briefly introducing herself, Martha hurriedly took the doctor to Maxwell's room.

"Dr. Anthony, that's my father on the bed."

The doctor nodded. Then he walked up to the bed and gave Maxwell an overall check.

Martha watched aside in a panic, cold sweat oozing on her palms.

After an hour, the doctor put away his equipment with a solemn look. Martha could no longer resist asking, "Dr. Anthony, how is my father?"

"Miss Doyle, your father got a stroke because of a certain kind of drug. He should be like this for several years," the doctor answered sternly.

Martha's eyelids drooped slightly. "Yeah. My father got a stroke four years ago."

Nodding, the doctor added, "The poison has been accumulated in his body for four years. It's challenging for him to return to as well as before. However, I can help him to speak first, but it also needs time."

Then they exchanged a few words about Maxwell's current status.

After the diagnosis, the doctor left the room with his medical box.

Silence blanketed the room again. After listening to the doctor's suggestions, Martha gradually calmed down, as she realized her father had to recover in a gradual progress.

Feeling sorry, she looked back at him on the bed and met his gaze in mid-air.

Forcing a bright smile, Martha said gently, "Dad, don't think too much. Let's take the treatment slowly. You'll get better."

Tears welled up in Maxwell's eyes. His hands slightly trembled.

The longer Martha watched her father, the more upset she became. The hands on her side clenched into fists.

Hollie was the acting president of the Doyle Group. Martha wanted to get ownership of the Doyle Group, but it needed her father's signature or verbal admission.

However, Maxwell had become like this. How could he give his permission to her?

Lowering her head, Martha thought about convincing the members of the board of directors. However, she realized the members had been replaced by those who were obedient to Hollie.

In anger, she clenched her fists again.

So far, Martha had yet to figure out where to start..

Suddenly, there were knocks on the door.

Jane asked, "May I enter, Miss Doyle?"

Martha was brought back to her senses. After putting away the sadness on her face, she answered with a faint smile, "Please come in."

Jane strode into the room and darted at the man on the bed.

Hiding the shock in her eyes, she cleared her throat and said, "Miss Doyle, I've hired the servants and maids and arranged them for work."

"OK. Thank you, Jane," Martha replied in a tired tone, rubbing her temples. Frowning slightly, Jane asked with concern, "Miss Doyle, have you taken medicine today?"

"I will take it later," Martha answered nonchalantly, sitting beside the bed.

If she hadn't taken medicine for the past four years, her status would have been worse.

Feeling Martha was upset, Jane updated her about Bianca's news. "I've found the woman you asked for."

'The woman? Bianca!'

Martha turned to Jane and asked hurriedly, "Where is she now?"

"She's been staying in a retirement home over the years."

Jane stared at Martha, wishing she could calm down.

After Martha heard the news, her eyes were full of concern.

'Did Bianca leave the Doyle Manor and move to the retirement house because she had no one else to rely on?'

Heaving a sigh, Martha looked at her father and asked, "Dad, I'll pick up Bianca and take her in. OK?'

Tears welled up in Maxwell's eyes again. His fingers trembled.

Martha understood he also hoped Bianca to return home.

With a smile, she walked out of the room, looking more joyful than when she entered earlier.

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Five o'clock. A retirement home.

When Martha entered, she saw the figure on the bench. Her eyes reddened.

Bianca didn't have a family and had devoted all her life to the Doyle family.

Therefore, Martha could imagine how terrible her life was after Hollie had kicked her out.

Bianca had to stay in such a small retirement house because she had nowhere to go.

Having a lump in her throat, Martha strode towards Bianca and called her while sobbing, "Bianca!"

Hearing the familiar voice, Bianca stiffened, and she looked back in shock.

When her gaze fell on Martha, tears welled up in her eyes. Immediately, she

jumped to her feet and walked towards Martha while trembling hard.

“You are back, Martha.”

Martha strode towards her and embraced her weak body. “I miss you so much, Bianca.”

“I’m so glad you’re alive, Martha. Good... Good...”

Bianca patted Martha’s back continuously. Her palms were bony. Tears rolled down, dripping on Martha’s shoulders.

Bianca had thought she would lead a lonely life until she died. Much to her surprise, Martha was still alive.

After working in the Doyle family for decades, she had taken Martha as her biological daughter.

Since Martha was still alive, her life was filled with hope again.

A while later, the two women finally calmed down.

Martha let go of her gradually and smiled. “Bianca, go home with me.”

“OK. Go home. Let’s go home!”

Bianca wiped her tears off her face, gripping Martha’s hand tightly.

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Half an hour later, Martha took Bianca to Maxwell’s room.

Seeing Maxwell on the bed, Bianca sobbed, her eyes red, “Mr. Doyle, I’m back.”

Maxwell’s eyes rolled, and he let out some broken syllables.

Understanding his meaning, Bianca strode to the bed and sat down. “Don’t worry, Mr. Doyle. I’ve been well in the past four years.”

Maxwell’s lips curled into a smile. His lips parted, but he couldn’t utter a word.

Watching the scene, Martha smiled at them. “Bianca, I hope you can take care of my father from now on.”

“Uh...” Bianca looked at her hesitantly, her cheeks rosy.

The smile on Martha’s face became broader. Nodding slightly, she added, “Bianca, I believe that’s what my mother has wished to see.”

Bianca’s gaze swept between Martha and Maxwell. Both looked at her expectantly. Her cheeks turned even redder.

Lowering her eyes, she nodded her agreement.

She had a crush on Maxwell for many years. However, since she was a maid, she dared not to confess it.

Now, Martha was supportive of them being together. Bianca couldn’t find any reason to say no.