

Read Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 3 online free

Her desperate whisper shocked Melissa. "What are you talking about, Martha? You..."

Martha interrupted her determinedly, "Nothing. My love for Stefan has run out. I don't want to love or cling to him anymore."

She didn't want Melissa to know she had blood cancer, or she would be worried.

Melissa shrugged resignedly. No one could help Martha with her love and marriage. Therefore, Melissa shifted the conversation in a different direction and focused on the vicious, shameless mistress.

"Hollie is a slut. Your mother passed away to save her life. But what did she do in return? She bit the hand that fed her. What an ungrateful woman!"

Melissa unintentionally mentioned Martha's late mother. With her eyes drooping, she suddenly felt a tight chest and memories of the past came flooding back.

The whole Doyle family went on holiday to a coastal town the third year after Hollie had been taken in.

While swimming in the sea, Hollie almost drowned as her swimming ring broke. Martha's mother swam to save Hollie's life but lost her own.

Martha used to blame Hollie for it, but she knew deep down that it was not Hollie's fault. But she really felt sorry for her mother.

It had been many years. Whenever Martha recalled it, her heart contracted with pain.

...

Martha returned to the Harrison Villa at night.

Seeing the light in the study, she knew Stefan had returned home.

She took a deep breath, walked to the door, and knocked on it.

"Come in," his cold voice sounded.

Martha's peaceful heart fluctuated.

She pushed the door open and stepped inside.

Stefan raised his head to look at her before continuing to read the document in his hands. "What's the matter?" he asked indifferently.

"The Doyle Group... the Doyle Group is in crisis. Can... can you support it financially?"

Martha stared at her slippers, and could clearly feel the sweat seeping out of her hand.

A moment later, he answered coldly, "Sure, I can. As long as you donate your bone marrow to Hollie, I will."

'Hollie again.'

The ray of hope in Martha's heart vanished immediately. Her heart was broken into pieces.

Recalling what had happened in the afternoon, she bit her lip. With hatred and anger in her eyes, she raised her head to look directly at the man in front of her.

"Impossible! You dream on."

"Impossible?"

Stefan's lips curled up slightly as he looked askance at Martha. "Then you have no use for me."

'Use?'

Did he only care about her usefulness to him?

"Stefan, even if you loathe me and hate me, you shouldn't turn your back on the Doyle Group. Uncle Frank and my dad used to be close friends. If he was still alive, he would..."

Before Martha finished her words, Stefan scowled at her, thinking she was threatening him with his father.

The next second, he lifted his hand. The papers in his hand scattered and flew up. Martha was standing in front of the desk. When the papers were thrown at her, she didn't dodge. The edge of a piece of paper grazed her cheek.

Frowning, Martha covered her skin in pain. She didn't think Stefan did it on purpose, but there was a wound on her skin.

Seeing the scattered papers, Martha gritted her teeth to keep calm.

Seeing the wound on her cheek, Stefan was slightly taken aback.

The next second, the familiar indifference returned to his eyes.

Seeing him stop talking to her, Martha turned away with a smile of self-deprecation.

...

She went back to her room and locked the door inside. Leaning against the door, she squatted down, a dull pain growing in her heart.

"Open the door!"

His steely voice rang at the door, and her slender body trembled.

He was unwilling to divorce or help her, so she could also say no to his request.

Stefan got no response and found the door had been locked inside, and the air around Stefan grew colder and colder.

'Martha, you're getting bolder. Now you even dare to lock me out!'

Scowling, when he was about to ask a servant to kick the door open, his phone rang.

His face softened slightly when he saw the caller ID.

"What's wrong, Hollie?"

Martha heard him talking to Hollie on the phone, holding her breath.

“OK. Stay there. I’ll be there soon.”

Then his eager footsteps sounded and soon faded away.

Martha opened the door with a hint of expectation, but didn’t see anyone in the corridor.

Staring blankly at the stairs, she mumbled to herself in self-mockery, “I’m still no match for her.”

When Stefan arrived at Hollie’s villa, it was half an hour later.

Hollie wore a black slip dress, lay on the sofa, and pretended to be weak while staring at the man who walked in.

“Stefan, I... I felt weak just now and thought I would die. I thought I would never see you again.”

As she spoke, tears streamed down her cheeks, making her look more pitiful.

“You’ll be fine.”

With his brows knitted, Stefan on the edge of the sofa, holding her in his arms.

He picked up the glass of water on the table, fetched her cancer medicine, and gently fed her.

Hollie cooperatively opened her mouth with a painful look as if the pill was too bitter.

But in fact, she knew better than anyone that it was a vitamin pill.

“Don’t think too much, Hollie. You should rest more.”

Stefan gently stroked her hair, scooped her up, and carried her to bed.

Hollie gently pulled his wrist and asked in a weak tone, “Can you... stay here tonight?”

Watching her like this, Stefan was stunned for a moment.

He recalled Martha looked pale while talking to him in the study. The paper cut her cheek. He wondered if she had applied some ointment and if there would be a scar left.

When Stefan realized he was thinking of Martha, his pupils constricted.

Whether there would be a scar on her cheek should have nothing to do with him!

Frowning slightly, he looked irritable and impatient.

Seeing his expression, Hollie dared not to make any wild guesses, but but could only pretend to look at him apprehensively and ask carefully, “Stefan, have you fallen in love with Martha?”

“No,” Stefan denied, a weird look flashing into his eyes.

Hollie breathed a sigh of relief, pulling him to the edge of the bed.

She leaned into his arms, and her weak voice rang out again, “When I was young, Martha always abused me, but for so many years, she’s loved you deeply. If... If I really die, I hope you and she...”

She broke off and coughed fiercely. “Ahem. Ahem.”

Stefan pressed his thin lips together, his disgust for Martha surging in his

chest again.

Suppressing his irritation, he looked gently at Hollie.

“Don’t worry, Hollie. I’ll have someone cure you for sure. You are the only one that matters to me.”

Stefan met Martha first. Back then, he was young and naive, so he thought Martha was quiet and kind-hearted.

However, after seeing Hollie and learning that her injuries were from Martha’s beatings, he stopped having a soft spot for Martha and began to detest her more.

Tenderness filled his eyes. He had always been grateful to Hollie.

“Hollie, when I was in the most painful times of my life, you accompanied me and cheered me up from the loss of my family.”

Stefan would never forget her love and care during that time.

His words made Hollie have mixed feelings of guilt and fear.

If Stefan knew the truth one day...

The next second, she decided to keep him staying, thinking tonight was the best opportunity.

Hollie raised her head and offered to kiss his thin lips.

Stefan lowered his head and kissed her back.

Hollie was turned on and wanted more. When she tried to unbutton his shirt, Stefan clasped her wrist.

“Don’t you want me?”

“Hollie, you are sick now.”

Hollie’s face was dark, thinking it was his excuse. Reluctant to accept the reality, she kissed him again, but Stefan pressed her back on the bed.

“Go to sleep. I’ll watch you.”

Seeing the determination in his eyes, Hollie burst into anger but dared not to force him.

She had to hide the reluctance in her eyes and stop taking a move.

...

On the other side, Martha huddled in the corner of the soft bed, listening to the drizzling outside the window.

Soon, it became a downpour, reminding her of the night 10 years ago.

That year, she was 14, and Stefan was 18. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison passed away after a car accident. He knelt in the cemetery for a whole night and got sick.

At that time, he didn’t want to see anyone but locked himself in the room, indulging himself in frustration.

Martha couldn’t do anything but wear a mask, consoling and taking care of him every day. She didn’t stop doing it until he was cheered up.

Thinking of that, Martha thought she was too fool.

After Stefan pulled himself together, he went to the Doyle Manor, hugged Hollie, and confessed his feelings to her.
It was a scene that Martha could never forget.