

Read Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 4 online free

[The following day, the Harrison Group]

Looking at the pile of files on his desk, Stefan couldn't help but recall what happened in his study the previous night.

He sent a message to Martha, asking her to deliver the files in the study to the office.

Over the years, Martha was not only his wife but also his assistant.

The purpose of asking her to be his assistant was to humiliate her. Every time he fooled around with some other women, he always called Martha to clean up the mess to upset her.

Martha changed into her suit and took the files to the company.

Suppressing her emotions, she raised her hand and knocked on the door of the president's office and walked in. After putting down the files on the desk, she didn't spare a glance at Stefan, turning around to leave.

Stefan noticed the minor wound on her fair skin.

She was always gentle, but he could tell she was cold to him today.

Suppressing his grumpiness, Stefan gazed at the woman who was leaving.

"Did I allow you to leave?"

Martha stiffened. As his subordinate, she could only stand obediently in place, but with her back to him.

The next second, Stefan's icy voice sounded from behind her, "I can help you with the matter you mentioned last night."

Martha narrowed her eyes and said with sarcasm, "I know. You want my bone marrow."

Stefan pressed his thin lips, annoyed by her attitude.

Repressing his displeasure, he stared coldly at her back.

"Hollie is too weak to have surgery now."

'So that's how it is.'

"Shall I thank you for keeping me alive for now?"

Her mockery made Stefan look impatient and snort. "You used to do that kind of thing to hurt her. Now she only wants your bone marrow, not your life!"

'Just want my bone marrow, not my life?'

His words were really hurtful.

Martha took a deep breath but failed to hold back her anger. She turned around and gazed at him firmly. "You always said I used to do that kind of thing. I really want to know what I once did to make you hate me so much?" she asked.

Stefan sneered, "You should know what you've done."

His words had convicted her. No matter what she said, he wouldn't believe it.

Stefan didn't want to continue talking about the past with her as he would feel disgusted to watch her deny her wrongdoing.

"You want to help your father's company. I have a request."

'Donate my bone arrow again?'

Although Martha thought so, she could not resist asking, "What is it?"

"Go to see a client with me tonight. If you can get the client to sign the agreement, I'll finance your father's company."

Martha was taken aback as she didn't expect him to suddenly relent.

Although she didn't know if what he said was true or not, she had to give it a try for her father's sake.

"No problem."

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After leaving the office, Martha returned to her seat feeling weak in her legs.

She made up her mind to nail the partnership tonight.

Shortly after she sat down in her chair, a pile of files smashed onto her desk.

Stefan's secretary, Constance, appeared in front of Martha in a tight dress and said arrogantly, "Sort out the files and give them to me in 30 minutes."

Martha furrowed her brows and said, "That's too much. It'll take me at least two hours."

"That's your business. If I can't see the classified files in 30 minutes, you'll be held accountable for delaying Mr. Harrison's cooperation."

Constance looked at her with a straight face and a mocking look in her eyes.

Martha looked at the secretary in front of her who had had an affair with Stefan and dug her nails into her palm.

In the past three years, even though all the employees knew Martha was Stefan's wife and assistant, they all made things difficult for her because they knew Stefan didn't love her.

Martha had been fed up with receiving unfair treatment and didn't want to continue to tolerate them.

She stood up, picked up the files, and threw them onto the floor in Constance's presence.

"It's not my job. You don't have the right to order me."

Without checking Constance's shocked look, she turned away.

[The ladies' room]

Martha splashed the cold water onto her face, trying to keep sober.

Staring at the pale woman in the mirror, she could see the loneliness and helplessness on her face.

She didn't know how long she could still hang on.

When the night was out, Stefan went to a nightclub with Martha.

The golden door was decorated with colorful gems, from which the light was reflected colorfully on the white marble floor.

After entering the nightclub, Martha realized she was a misfit. A faint smile lifted the corners of her mouth.

She told herself she came here to establish a partnership with a client. That was all.

Not far from her, Rhys Williams was flirting with two celebrities. Seeing the woman next to Stefan, he narrowed his gaze.

Although Martha wore a plain business suit, her pretty face was eye-catching. Rhys strode towards them and greeted Stefan, "Mr. Harrison, it's been a long time."

"Indeed. How's everything, Mr. Williams?"

Wearing a professional smile, Martha looked up at the man in front of her. Dressed in a red shirt and black suit pants, he looked very Bohemian but elegant in his every gesture.

Noticing Rhys' gaze on Martha, Stefan showed a smile of triumph. "Mr. Williams, as to the City West land co-operation project, do you have time to discuss it now?"

"Mr. Harrison, I look forward to working with you, indeed. Unfortunately, someone else has offered me better terms," replied Rhys with a smile, raising an eyebrow.

As a businessman, he had no reason to reject high profits.

Stefan kept calm with a faint smile. "I didn't expect that. OK. Please excuse me."

He was about to turn away, and Martha hurriedly followed him. However, Stefan whispered to her without turning to her, "Sign the agreement with him for my company. Then I'll agree to your request."

Martha looked up subconsciously at him and saw the determination in his eyes.

Her heart trembled. Then she turned to check on Rhys.

He looked at her with a meaningful smile, as if he was a hunter with eyes on prey.

Martha panicked and grabbed Stefan's arm.

"If you fail, I won't help your father," Stefan added icily.

Ignoring her imploring gaze, he pushed her hand away and left the nightclub without looking back.

Martha watched his decisive back. The sharp pang rose in her heart and her eyes darkened.

It was a trade. Did Stefan want her to trade her body for the partnership?

Arching a brow, Rhys walked up and looked at her with interest.

"Miss, may I know your name, please?"

Martha looked at the flirty man in a daze. Pressing her lips, she didn't answer. Seeing her reluctance, Rhys lifted his eyebrow again. It was the first time he

had seen a woman who ignored him. The smile was still on his lips as he said, "Since you are here, why not relax and have fun?"

As he spoke, he wrapped his arm around her waist and forced her closer to him.

Sensing his true intent, Martha reached out to push him away, but Rhys remained unmoved.

The next second, she felt him tightening his grip on her waist.

Thinking of her father, Martha gritted her teeth to bear it.

She looked around at the pickup joint without struggling again. She didn't want to upset this man or ruin the chance to talk about cooperation.

Half an hour later.

Stefan returned to the Harrison Villa. Watching the clock on the wall, he became increasingly impatient.

'Tonight, will she come back?'

He tugged at his tie in annoyance. He took her there. Whether she would come back or not was none of his business, and he did not care.

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It was late at night.

Martha patiently stayed with Rhys until the dinner was over.

Standing at the door of the nightclub in a daze, she wondered what to do next.

Rhys seemed to read her mind. With a wicked smile, he asked, "You haven't finished your job yet. Want to go home?"

"Will you..."

"Come back to my room. Let's talk."

She could tell his smile was unfriendly. Without waiting for her response, Rhys forced his arms around Martha and headed for the room that had been checked in long ago.

After entering the room, Martha felt more uneasy, staring at Rhys alertly.

Rhys stopped mid-step. When he looked back, he saw her huddle in the corner with a tense look while pinching the hemline of her skirt.

Seeing her as frightened as a bird, Rhys' smile widened. "Do I look like a beast?"

"No... You don't."

Martha shook her head as she forced a smile. However, her stiff expression showed how uneasy she felt.

Rhys could tell the rejection in her eyes but didn't want to let go of the prey that had fallen on his lap.

He strode towards her, reached out, and cornered her against the wall.

"It's a wonderful night. Wouldn't it be a pity not to do something?"