

Good bye 51

Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 51

“What do you mean, Mr. Harrison?”

Raising her chin slightly, Martha put on an enchanting smile.

“We’re grownups. Couldn’t I do something else besides discussing the project?”

The next second, Stefan’s face changed.

With a smile, Martha looked into his eyes calmly.

She didn’t have any relationship with him, so she didn’t fear him.

‘Damned woman!’

Seething with rage, Stefan tightened his grip on her wrist.

“Hiss!”

Martha frowned in pain. Her features twitched slightly when she was just about to speak.

Martha took a deep breath, trying to breathe more smoothly, but only felt a pang of dizziness in her head.

She was having a seizure!

The suffocating feeling in her chest made her panic.

Martha started struggling.

However, Stefan still increased his strength to grip her because of her resistance.

Gradually, Martha lost consciousness. She opened her mouth to gasp for breath.

She could faint anytime.

“Ste...”

The next second, Martha found her eyes dulled and staggered.

Only then did Stefan notice her pale lips.

His heart tightened. The anger vanished from his eyes.

“What’s wrong, Martha?” He grabbed her arm to help her up.

“I’m fine.”

Martha broke free from his arms and flinched.

Clenching her hands tightly, she tried to keep sober while staggering towards the sofa nearby.

Stefan worriedly wanted to help her but was pushed away.

In the end, Martha collapsed on the sofa.

Rubbing her temples fiercely, she tried to keep awake.

Martha knew she should take the pills but was unwilling to let Stefan help her.

After being pushed away again, Stefan scowled at her but still stayed.

“What the heck is wrong with you?”

As he spoke, he bent over and covered her forehead with a hand.

Feeling the warmth from his palm, Martha stiffened.

“Don’t touch me!”

She panted while snapping at him. Then she took deep breaths to ease the suffocating feelings.

Stefan could tell how much she detested him. He slowly withdrew his hand, clenching his fists.

The living room fell into pin-drop silence with stress in the air.

Finally, a maid in the kitchen sensed something wrong and rushed over to break the awkwardness.

“Mrs. Harrison, are you all right?”

The maid worriedly checked on Martha while standing next to the sofa.
“My pills...” Martha parted her dried lips and uttered in a weak tone.
She wanted to tell the maid where the medicine was but couldn’t utter a word.
The maid was not close to her, so she repeated, “What did you say, Mrs. Harrison? Can you repeat?”
“She said ‘pills’. Hurry! Go to her bedroom to get her medicine,” Stefan snapped sternly.
“OK, Mr. Harrison. I’ll go right now.”
The maid nodded and rushed upstairs in a hurry.
While striding, she thought to herself, ‘It’s been four years. I haven’t seen Mr. Harrison care about another woman so much. Sure enough, he still loves Mrs. Harrison.’
While thinking, the maid entered Martha’s bedroom and looked for the medicine.

...

In the living room, Stefan saw Martha’s face pale, becoming increasingly worried.
‘What takes her so long? Just looking for the medicine!’ he thought anxiously.
Shortly after, he felt Martha’s breath become weaker.
Stefan’s heart hammered, his mind blank.

Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 52

He had lost her once, so he couldn’t let it happen again.
His heart tightened. He bent over and was about to carry Martha in his arms.
However, once his hands touched her arms, Martha asked icily in a weak tone, “What do you want?”
“I’ll take you to the hospital,” Stefan replied icily and scooped her up.
“Put me down! I don’t want to go,” Martha refused in difficulty, pushing him hard.
Yet she was too weak, so it looked as if she were tickling him.
Feeling sorry for her, Stefan bowed his head and consoled her, “Don’t reject me. I’ll take you to see a doctor.”
His tone softened while coaxing her. Martha was slightly taken aback.
She longed for his care four years ago but failed to get it.
Unfortunately, she no longer wanted it now and even disliked his touch.
When Stefan was off-guard, she tried her best to push him away and fell back to the sofa.
Enduring the pain in her body, she panted in difficulty.
“Leave me alone!”
“Stop messing around.”
Concern filled Stefan’s eyes, guilt flashing through them. He blamed himself for failing to carry her tightly.
“I’m not going to the hospital!”
Due to her struggle earlier, Martha was too weak to speak.
However, she puffed and panted, which sounded oppressive in the quiet living room.
“It seems severe. Why don’t you want to go to the hospital? Do you want to die?”
Stefan frowned while draping a jacket on her shoulder.
The maid trotted downstairs while holding a medicine bottle when Stefan was about to carry Martha in his arms again.
“Mrs. Harrison, this bottle, right?” she asked while panting.
Martha turned around, nodding in difficulty.

Then she pushed Stefan.

The latter could only heave a sigh and put her back on the sofa.

“Get her a glass of water,” he ordered the maid.

Martha avoided Stefan and swallowed the pills after taking the water. Lying on the sofa, she grasped for breath in silence.

She had been carrying the medicine with her for four years.

This was the only time she had left it home, but she had a seizure.

She realized it was because she had failed to control her emotions.

Martha lowered her eyes so Stefan didn't know if she was still awake.

...

The maid left the living room quietly and the living room fell silent once again

Looking at Martha, Stefan gave off a cold aura that lowered the room temperature.

He felt annoyed as Martha would rather accept the kindness of a maid than let him approach her.

Pressing his thin lips together, he gazed at her intensely.

He did not know why she had become like this, but he could vividly remember the feeling of panic just now.

He didn't want to lose her again.

He also could not afford to lose her again.

After thinking for a moment, he in a deep voice, “You must go to the hospital for a checkup.”

However, as soon as his hand touched her arm, she shook it off.

“I'm OK now.”

Stefan's pupils constricted.

He snarled while suppressing his anger, “It's not time for you to be stubborn.”

“Mr. Harrison, I know my condition very well. Besides, it's my own business. It has nothing to do with you,” Martha frowned and her voice was full of indifference as she refused.

“That's what I've been through all these years. I hate hospitals. Going there will just kill me.”

Her words stiffened Stefan, who looked embarrassed.

He blamed himself for the incident four years ago but didn't know how to express it.

After a long silence, he lowered his voice and said, “Martha, about what happened back then, I...”

“Stop it.”

Martha tried hard to stand up, bypassed him, and went upstairs. “What you've done cannot be undone. I don't want to talk about it,” she remarked icily.

In the past, she wished she could have a home with him and have his understanding.

Now, it didn't matter if he understood or not.

From now on, she would not love him anymore.

Martha walked on the stairs with difficulty. Whenever thinking of Jimmy, she seemed to have endless strength.

Jimmy was the only hope she had to live on.

Standing rooted to the spot, Stefan watched the slim, fragile figure walking away, feeling a sense of bitterness.

He lost the woman who used to love him the most forever.

Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 53

Soon, she led the project team of the Doyle Group to negotiate with the Williams Group and signed the cooperation agreement successfully.

When the good news was announced in the Doyle Group, everyone admired Martha for her competence, including the shareholders who didn't have confidence in Martha.

Much to their surprise, Martha had obtained the cooperation.

All the shareholders expected high profits. Therefore, they stopped objecting to Martha for being an executive director in the Doyle Group.

One day, when Hollie entered the lounge, she overheard a few secretaries and assistants gossip.

"Ms. Martha Doyle is pretty and competent. She could even reach cooperation with the Williams Group. Compared to her, Ms. Hollie Doyle is too lame."

"If she wasn't close to Mr. Harrison, how could she have become the deputy president? How could the shareholders have approved of her?"

"I agree. She obtained the position relying on her relationship with Mr. Harrison. So it makes sense that she's less capable."

...

Listening to their discussions, Hollie stood motionlessly in the lounge, her bad mood worsening.

She hadn't expected Martha to win the partnership with the Williams Group for real.

However, Hollie didn't think it would mean anything.

Four years ago, she had kicked Martha away, and so could she do it now.

Hollie straightened her hairstyle, raised her chin, and made some coffee. However, the secretaries and assistants continued the juicy gossip.

"Which one will Mr. Harrison choose between the Doyle sisters?"

"One is his ex-wife, and the other is his current girlfriend. He must find it difficult to make a decision."

"I support Ms. Hollie Doyle. After all, she has been with Mr. Harrison for the past four years."

"I take Ms. Martha Doyle's side. They married before. For old feelings' sake, Mr. Harrison might be in love with her again."

Hollie heard this and finally could not restrain herself any longer.

She glared at the lounge door and smashed her cup onto the table. "The lunch break is over. You still have time to chitchat here? Do you want me to deduct your salaries?"

The lounge became pin-drop silent.

The next second, sounds of pulling chairs and tables were heard. The door was opened, and several women walked out with awkward looks.

"Good afternoon, Ms. Doyle."

After greeting her, they picked up their cups and fled out of the lounge.

When they left, Martha happened to fetch some coffee.

Seeing them rushing out of the lounge hurriedly, she was confused, wondering why they all looked panicked, as if they had seen a ghost.

Without overthinking it, Martha entered the lounge.

Then she saw Hollie standing next to the water dispenser with a stern face.

Ignoring her, Martha walked towards the coffee machine.

From the corner of her eyes, Hollie noticed her. Her repressed anger surged again.

With an ironic smile, she mocked loudly, "Martha, you've gained the cooperation. You must feel complacent now, huh?"

Martha calmly put down her cup and turned on the coffee machine, answering in a businesslike tone. "I just did what I should do as a director. Why would I be complacent?"

When Hollie heard this, she felt nothing but anger.

From Hollie's standpoint, Martha seemed to be implying, "It's not that I'm too strong. It's that you are too incapable."

Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 54

Hollie subconsciously clenched her fists. However, she knew that now was not the time to get angry, so she had been holding back her anger.

The next second, something came to her mind, and a disdainful smile touched her lips.

"Martha, Mr. Williams sponsored your art exhibition not long ago. You two were already close at that time, right?"

Martha understood her implications and darted at her indifferently. "Whatever you think."

Then she picked up her cup and left the lounge elegantly.

Hollie gazed at her back scornfully.

Although Martha didn't answer, she knew she was right.

Martha must have an affair with Rhys. That was the reason she reach cooperation with the Williams Group so easily.

If Martha didn't have an affair with Rhys, the Doyle Group would stand no chance to win the partnership with the Williams Group, since the development project on the land was coveted by countless business owners.

After all, the Williams Group was ten times more famous than the Doyle Group.

Hollie stared at the water dispenser in a daze, her eyes glinting with shrewdness.

She had to admit Martha had become more cunning and tricky after four years.

Firstly, Martha came back through the art exhibition sponsored by Rhys. Now, she gained a foothold in Williams Group through her cooperation with the Williams Group.

'Martha, think you can kick me out because you've become cleverer? Dream on! You could not defeat me four years ago, and you still can't now!'

...

That afternoon, rumors spread throughout the Doyle Group that Martha and Rhys might have an affair.

The employees discussed it secretly.

Some said they were in love, and some said Martha was using Rhys and spoke highly about her shrewdness.

Some also remarked that she could gain anything as she was good-looking.

...

Martha's office.

When it was almost time to get off work, Jane reported the rumors and mockeries to Martha.

After that, she remarked angrily, "These people don't even know what's going on, but they just set tongues wagging about you."

"If you weren't good at painting, how could you hold an art exhibition? You get where you are because you are capable. I think they are just jealous of you."

Listening to her grumble, Martha shook her head and chuckled, "Life is boring. Of course, they need something to entertain."

Jane looked at her in shock and confusion, "Aren't you mad?"

Martha shook her head, opening the business plan calmly.

"A clean hand wants no washing. Why would I be mad?"

Rumors would vanish one day, so she had never paid attention to such scandals.

After all, such a thing was made by a clown, and Hollie was the one.

When it was time to get off, Martha picked up her handbag and left the company without working overtime.

She hadn't been back to the Doyle Villa for several days, so she needed to go back to visit her father tonight.

On the way, she bought some fresh fruits, feeling delighted.

She had returned, and she believed everything would be better this time.

...

The Doyle Manor.

"Good evening, Lady Martha," the servants and maids greeted her politely.

They were all carefully selected by Martha to serve Maxwell, so she trusted them.

Martha nodded at them in response. After putting down the shopping bag, she saw the two figures having a walk in the yard through the floor-to-ceiling window.

"Dad! Bianca!"

When Bianca pushed Maxwell's wheelchair to have a walk, she heard Martha's voice. With a smile, she turned around. "Lady Martha, you are home."

"Thank you for your hard work, Bianca."

Martha beamed at her, feeling warmth filling her heart.

Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 55

Maxwell's hair was combed carefully, his clothes neat. He looked more spirited than before.

Although he still couldn't talk or move, Martha could tell her father's physical condition had improved with Bianca's care.

Before she arrived, Bianca might have said something, as Martha saw smiles in her father's eyes.

Thinking about their affection for each other, Martha beamed at them warmly.

She approached Bianca with a smile and affectionately reached out to take her arm.

"Dad, Bianca, how have you been recently?"

"We both have been well."

Bianca stared at her dotingly.

She knew how much Martha worried about Maxwell, so she added without waiting for Martha to ask, "The doctor has been giving your father the treatment recently. He said your father was getting much better."

Martha tilted her head and saw the excitement in Maxwell's eyes and behaviors. The smile became broader on her face.

She let go of Bianca, squatted down, and held Maxwell's hands.

His hands were warm and rough, but Martha felt secure.

"Dad, I contacted an expert not long ago and made an appointment with him. He'll come to check on you later."

The next second, she felt the slight response from Maxwell's fingers.

She knew it meant he was excited.

Bianca also asked with concern, "When will the doctor come?"

"Next week. I plan to let him stay in the house for a while so he can give Dad therapy," Martha answered.

Bianca nodded, staring at her with concern.

"I'll take care of your father. How about you? You must have a hard time now."

With a faint smile, Martha shook her head.

"I'm OK, Bianca. Rest assured."

Bianca heaved a sigh helplessly without remarking more, but Martha could tell Bianca felt sorry for her.

Feeling touched, Martha took her hand and let her sit on a bench.

Then she shifted their conversation in another direction.

"Bianca, after Dad recovers and I finish dealing with all matters, let's move abroad. Let's find a place with beautiful landscapes and settle down. What do you think?"

Bianca watched her describe her dream life, tears welling up in her eyes.

Bianca realized Lady Martha really treated her as her family, and couldn't help looking forward to it.

"Bianca, we can keep a pet dog. You and Dad can walk the dog every day, so you won't feel lonely."

"Why shall we move abroad?" Bianca dreamed of that kind of life, too, but she was confused.

"I want to leave everything here behind."

Also, someone she loved and cared about was waiting for her abroad.

Martha cast down her eyes to cover the mixed feelings in them.

She couldn't tell Bianca about Jimmy so far. Or Bianca would be worried about him.

...

The following morning, Martha stretched dizzily after waking up.

Her fair arms reached out from the quilt. In comfort, she slowly opened her eyes and sat up.

When she saw the man on the couch, she froze, and her eyes widened.

'When did he come in?'

Martha's mind was blank.

Not far from her bed, Stefan sat on the couch with his legs folded while reading a book. Martha didn't know how long he had been sitting there.

Upon hearing the sound from the bed, he put down the book and looked at Martha, his eyes dark.

Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 56

Martha was wearing a slip dress. Because of her movements during sleep, the straps had slid below her shoulders. Her messy hair and dazed expression made her extremely attractive.

Feeling Stefan's burning eyes, Martha subconsciously looked down.

Then she was startled and pulled up the quilt to cover herself.

"How could you come into my room without permission?" Martha was angry after returning to her senses.

"I knocked on the door before I came in," Stefan replied mellowly, withdrawing his gaze in reluctance.

Martha was rendered tongue-tied.

Before she spoke again, Stefan added, "Get changed. We'll go out today."

Only then did she realize he had put on a dark suit.

"No. I don't want. It's the weekend. I need to rest," Martha refused without hesitation.

Stefan entered her room in the early morning and asked her to go out with him, making her feel like she were a pet. Therefore, she was unwilling to obey him.

Stefan darted at her and explained, "It's my parents' death anniversary, Martha."

Martha was taken aback.

Thinking of what date it was, she realized Stefan didn't lie.

A hint of hesitation flashed into her eyes.

During those years of marriage, she always remembered it.

On this date, she would visit the grave of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison to pay her respects.

It was because they were really good to her and treated her as if she were their own daughter before they passed away.

However, she always went to the cemetery alone back then, as Stefan had never wanted to go with her.

Martha's eyes darkened as she thought about it.

"We've divorced. We shouldn't go there together."

Stefan's parents treated her well, so she would find another time to visit their grave.

Frowning, Stefan reminded her icily, "We haven't divorced yet."

His retort brought an ironic smile to Martha's lips.

She answered indifferently, "We haven't received the divorce decree, but what difference does it make whether we divorce or not?"

Stefan scowled at her, pressing his thin lips together.

'Does she want to divorce me that badly? Is she so desperate to cut ties with me?'

In irritation, he gazed at Martha without blinking and requested, "The last time before our divorce."

Martha was surprised that he didn't get angry but repeatedly requested, sounding like he was entreating her.

She guessed it might be because it was his parents' death anniversary that he had to compromise.

Without thinking too much, Martha looked away and refused again, "Mr. Harrison, we've never been there together before. It's unnecessary to do so today."

"OK, if you don't come with me, I'll be here to watch you for 24 hours."

With those words, Stefan held his arms across his chest while leaning against the back of the sofa. His tone was indifferent, though, as if he were talking about a trifle.

Frowning, Martha realized he was persistent in letting her go with him.

...

An hour later, they sat in the car and left the villa.

It took them two hours to arrive at the cemetery. On the way, neither spoke.

Martha couldn't help recalling the scene in the villa earlier, thinking Stefan had become vapid and more childish than before.

However, she had to admit his tactic worked effectively.

At least, she had to agree and follow him to the cemetery.

...

Martha held a bouquet of yellow roses prepared by Stefan, which was his mother's favorite flower.

The air after the rain was refreshed, relaxing Martha.

After arriving at the cemetery, Martha ignored Stefan and got off the car. In silence, they walked towards the graveyard one after another.

The road became slippery because of the rain, and there was too much moss on the steps. Once Martha

walked on, she lost her balance.
Then she fell backward.

Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 57

Off-guard, Martha waved her arms but failed to grab things to keep her balance. Therefore, she had to protect the bouquet with her hands and close her eyes, ready for the pain.

Stefan reacted quickly as soon as seeing her fall.

Reaching out, he wrapped his arm around her waist before she fell to the ground.

Closing her eyes, Martha didn't feel the pain, but she bumped into a firm chest the next second.

Stefan let out a groan, and then she heard his heartbeats.

Martha stiffened and hurriedly steadied herself.

Then she pushed him away.

"Be careful. Watch your steps," Stefan let go of her and reminded her, frowning.

Pressing her lips, Martha blamed herself for being too careless. But she simply kept silent.

...

Stefan's parents loved each other deeply when they were alive, so they were buried in the same graveyard after they passed away.

Martha envied their love and remembered that they held each other's hand tightly until the end of their lives after the accident.

Not many relationships could pass the test of life and death.

Before arriving at the graveyard, she saw a familiar figure from afar.

A woman wearing a white dress while holding a yellow rose bouquet, which looked exactly the same as the one in Martha's arms.

Frowning, Martha recognized it was Hollie, feeling ridiculous.

Hollie had been waiting for several hours, her legs numb. Finally, hearing the footsteps behind her, she slowly turned around.

After seeing Stefan and Martha, she took off the sunglasses.

Her eyes were reddened and swollen. Obviously, she had cried.

"Stefan," she gently called Stefan, approaching him.

After Stefan learned Martha was the woman who had sex with him that particular night, he kept ignoring her.

Now, he and Martha stayed in the same house. Hollie was afraid he would fall in love with Martha.

If Stefan checked and found Martha was also the one who accompanied him after his parents passed away, she would be doomed.

After considering it for a long time, she finally thought about this day.

She knew Stefan paid respect to his parents in the cemetery every year, so she wanted to take the chance to change his impression of her.

Much to her surprise, he came over with Martha together.

Staring at her expressionlessly, Stefan asked, "Why are you here?"

Hollie cast down her eyes to cover the panic in them.

She wouldn't give Martha any chance to talk about the things that happened after Stefan's parents had passed away.

Otherwise, if Stefan knew the truth, she would be completely finished.

Hollie thought about it and decided to do something.

Sobbing softly, she tugged his sleeve and replied gently, "Every year when it's Mr. and Mrs. Harrison's death anniversary, I come visit their grave. I still remember how much you suffered at that time, Stefan."

Martha felt disgusted hearing Hollie's words.

As soon as she recognized Hollie, she felt like a third wheel. Sure enough, she should not have agreed to come here with Stefan earlier.

'Stefan has asked Hollie to come over. Why did he also ask me?'

'Do they have to act like they're really in love in front of me?'

'Hollie looks up at Stefan pitifully, and the latter stares at her. Well, is Stefan going to hold Hollie in his arms?'

'What a loving couple. Did Stefan call me here to witness their love?'

Martha's mouth curled into a mocking smile as she thought about it.

Whatever Hollie thought, Martha really wasn't interested in witnessing their love.

She took a step back and returned the bouquet to Stefan. "I gotta go," she said indifferently.

With those words, she turned away.

However, after she had taken one step only, Stefan seized her wrist.

Stefan frowned slightly, his handsome, cold showing no compassion for Hollie.

Tightening his grip on Martha's wrist, he asked unhappily, "Did I allow you to go?"

Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 58

Stefan didn't want Martha to leave before she paid her respects to his parents.

Upon hearing his words, Hollie walked up immediately to tug his sleeve.

"Stefan, let Martha go. She doesn't love or care about Mr. and Mrs. Harrison. If you insist on letting her stay, she'll feel awkward," Hollie explained on Martha's behalf.

However, in an angle that Stefan didn't see, Martha captured the triumphant smile on Hollie's face.

By instinct, Stefan frowned at Martha.

Wearing a faint smile, Martha didn't speak while pressing her lips together.

Seeing that, Hollie added, "Martha, you must be super busy recently. You can leave. Stefan and I can stay here to pay our respects to Mr. and Mrs. Harrison."

Martha snorted, "I want to go because it's too crowded for three to stand here. If you really want to pay your respects, you can come here any day instead of today. Your coming here today is too intentional."

"Well, please go on. I won't disturb you."

With those words, Martha turned away.

Stefan watched her leave with a frown. When he was about to follow her, Hollie pulled his arm.

"Don't go, Stefan. I want to talk to you."

"What do you want to talk about?" Stefan asked icily, scowling at her.

Hollie could tell Martha had gone far from the corner of her eyes.

Staring up at Stefan pitifully, she said, "Stefan, you should remember I was by your side for a long time after Mr. and Mrs. Harrison passed away, right?"

Stefan's gaze softened as he heard this.

He would never forget her kindness.

That was why he always treated Hollie well. After all, that was the warmth from his childhood, and he

would never forget it.

Only then he noticed Hollie's pale face and red, swollen eyes.

Stefan replied quietly, "I remember it. Without you, I wouldn't moved past it so quickly."

"For this matter's sake, can you forgive my lie earlier?"

Hollie stared at her gingerly, her eyes full of timidity.

Stefan realized she was talking about the truth she had disclosed in the hospital the other day.

Pressing his thin lips together, he didn't answer.

Hollie tugged his arm in grievance and said in an entreating voice, "Stefan, I did it because I loved you so much."

"Since childhood, I've dreamed of marrying you. You met Martha and me at the same time. Martha was so outstanding. I was afraid you would ignore me but only loved Martha, so I... I lied to you."

"Can you forgive me for that? I promise I'll never lie to you again."

Hollie looked at him while begging. Her voice trailed off, her face full of guilt.

Stefan watched her in silence.

Lowering her eyes, Hollie added in a sad tone, "I know I cannot be comparable to Martha... If you feel sorry for her, why don't you chase her?"

Thinking Martha turned away without hesitation, Stefan frowned.

He calmly pulled away from Hollie and reminded her frigidly, "Don't lie again in the future."

Hollie nodded hard and answered with a smile, "Of course. I won't lie to you again."

She kept studying Stefan's expression.

She was relieved to see that the man was not angry with her again.

However, the next second, Stefan asked unfathomably, "Have you kept anything else from me?"

Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 59

Hollie froze, feeling panicked.

She couldn't help wondering why Stefan suddenly asked and if he had found something.

The next second, she denied her guess.

Soon, she cracked a gentle smile.

"Stefan, I've felt too guilty after lying to you once. How would I do that?"

"If I found it, I wouldn't let go of you easily," Stefan warned her in a deep tone.

Hollie shuddered in fear. Pressing her lips, she didn't answer but nodded in a panic.

On the other side, Martha sat in the car after leaving the cemetery.

She ordered the driver indifferently, "Go back."

The driver shivered and wanted to remind her Stefan hadn't returned yet. However, he didn't think he should speak under such a circumstance, so he sat in the driver's seat stiffly.

Seeing the driver ignore her, Martha frowned impatiently.

Hollie was in the cemetery, so Martha didn't think Stefan would leave soon.

Thinking Stefan had called Hollie over to disgust her, Martha felt irritable.

Tiredness appeared on her face.

She hadn't slept well the previous night and was woken up in the early morning. Instead of sleeping in, she was brought to the cemetery to watch a couple showing affection for each other.

Leaning against the back of the seat, Martha closed her eyes.

Her eyelashes fluttered slightly. The memories four years ago appeared in her mind.

She had just married Stefan at that time, eagerly expecting him to return home every night. However, she was the only one in the master bedroom. In the first year, she never turned off the night lamp on her nightstand, but Stefan had never entered the bedroom. Later, she didn't want to wait for him. However, turning on the night lamp had become her habit. Most of the time, he stayed out. She knew Stefan had other places to stay besides the villa, and he had never thought the villa was his home. During the few years of her marriage, she could tell Stefan had never loved her. Whether attending banquets or having dinner with clients, he took different models or superstars. He had never asked her to be his date. Gradually, her expectation vanished, and she started to get used to the loneliness. Sometimes, Stefan returned to the villa. However, every time he came back, it was late at night and he was unconscious. Martha always walked up and helped him clean up, no matter how late it was. If she smelt the strong alcohol smell from him, she prepared sober-up pills and made hydromel to avoid him having a headache the following day. Unfortunately, he had never been grateful for what she did and always refused the hydromel. One night, Stefan came back drunk at 2 AM. . Hearing the sounds downstairs, Martha hurriedly put on a nightgown and left her bedroom. Once she went downstairs, she smelt the strong alcohol smell from him. Stefan was busy working, so he didn't have meals on time and suffered severe gastric problems. Martha recalled the family doctor's reminder last time—Stefan should stop drinking. Therefore, she guessed he must suffer a lot. In a hurry, she went to the kitchen and made him hydromel. Then she endured the heat from the bowl and sent it to Stefan. She gingerly put the bowl on the table and checked on him worriedly. "Stefan, you have a weak stomach. You should stop drinking..." Before she finished her words, he snapped at her, "Get lost!" He gazed at her gloomily. Then he raised his hand and smashed the bowl of hydromel to the floor. The bowl cracked with a crisp sound, and the boiled hydromel was splashed to the ground. Some dripped on Martha's arms, the skin of which immediately reddened.

Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 60

However, Martha seemed not to feel the pain but gazed at him in shock, not understanding why he was suddenly furious.

The maids on duty standing aside felt worried for Martha. However, they were afraid of Stefan, so they dared not to utter a word.

Martha looked into his eyes and saw the unconcealed disgust in them, feeling a sharp pang in her heart. She knew he was riled up because of Hollie, but she hadn't done anything.

With resentment in her heart, Martha retorted, "Hollie left not because of me. Why are you taking it all out on me?"

"You don't deserve to mention her name. Get out!"

His words were like a sharp dagger stabbing into Martha's heart.

Ultimately, she gritted her teeth with reddened eyes, stormed into her room, and slammed the door shut.

How much she was worried about him earlier, how much she felt upset now.

Looking at the scalds on her arms, Martha closed her eyes slowly, feeling the tears. Later, she heard the door of the next room close and a bitter, mocking smile appeared at the corner of her mouth.

That night, she didn't sleep at all.

The following day, she got up early to make him breakfast, thinking that he might feel guilty for her because of what happened last night.

However, after Stefan got up, he behaved as if nothing had happened the previous night, treating her like a stranger.

He didn't have breakfast. When leaving the house, he brushed past her without apologizing for what he had done.

Recalling the past, Martha felt it absurd.

She couldn't help laughing at her foolishness and feeling sorry as she had lost many things for loving him.

The rustling of clothes brought Martha back to the present from her scattered thoughts.

She slowly opened her eyes, looking aloof, without sorrow at all.

Then she saw Stefan sitting in the car. His side face had a sharp outline. Under the morning sun reflected in the rearview mirror, he looked like Apollo.

Suddenly, Martha withdrew her gaze and looked ahead.

Stefan glanced at her and said to the driver, "Drive."

Martha was surprised that Hollie didn't get in the car.

'He called Hollie over, but he didn't leave with her?'

After the engine started, Martha looked back slightly, only to find Hollie pitifully standing behind the car.

The way she acted disgusted Martha.

Years ago, she pretended to be like this to deceive her and Stefan.

Martha collected her thoughts and peeked out the window leisurely. "If I had known you asked her to come over, I wouldn't have come here with you. The awkwardness could have been avoided. Why did you do so?" she remarked leisurely.

"Are you jealous?"

Martha's frigid tone annoyed Stefan.

'She thought he called Hollie over?'

'But she didn't sound jealous at all. Then why...'

Frowning, Stefan gazed at her intensely and explained, "I didn't call Hollie over. I also didn't expect..."

"You don't need to explain it to me. There's no need for that," Martha interrupted his words frigidly, watching the flashing landscapes outside the window.

No matter why Hollie had appeared in the cemetery, Martha didn't care.

Anyway, she and Stefan would become strangers shortly after, so why bother?

Thinking of this, she moved closer to the car window, creating more space between them.

Stefan's gaze turned cold. He felt a pang in his heart as if something had stabbed into his chest.

He wondered if Martha no longer cared about him now.