

## Read Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 7 online free

“What do you want?”

Frowning, Martha fixated on the man who was close at hand.

A wicked smile touched his lips as he said flirtatiously, “I haven’t slept with a married woman before. I wonder...”

Before he finished his words, Martha had a bad hunch. In a hurry, she pushed him away and got off the car.

After she took a few steps, Rhys chuckled triumphantly behind her, “Why are you running so fast? I won’t swallow you whole.”

Martha realized he had tricked her again, glaring at him.

She thought he must be a psycho. That night, he made her run across the half city, and now, he made a fool of her.

But now he had some use for her. For instance, if he could convince Joann to sign the endorsement contract, the issue that had been troubling her would be solved.

Suppressing the anger in her chest, Martha stood still, and asked, “What on earth do you want?”

“I haven’t figured it out yet. Well, let’s say that you owe me a favor.”

Rhys stared at her in jest. “I’m busy. Gotta go.”

Before Martha responded, he drove forward.

Watching the car leave, Martha was shocked and doubtful, wondering if he would really help her.

She didn’t think much more about it, looked at the time, and found it was getting late.

Martha hailed a taxi. On the way, she suddenly received a call from a police station.

“Miss Doyle, your friend, Melissa Gray, was suspected of selling illegal goods and was arrested. Please come to our police station now,” a policeman’s frigid voice sounded.

Martha trembled. ‘Melissa?’

“OK. May I know the address, please? I’ll be there soon.”

She ended the call, frowning deeply.

‘Selling illegal goods? The condoms, right?’

Melissa had previously told Martha that she had a batch of condoms that she had to sell in the next few days or they would expire.

Martha heaved a sigh. The most important thing now was was to hurry to the police station to see if she could bail Melissa out.

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Half an hour later, Martha got off the taxi at the police station entrance. Then

she hurriedly walked in.

“Excuse me, officer. Where is Melissa Gray? I’m here to bail her out.”

Martha looked at a policeman, her face full of nervousness and worry.

“Follow me.”

The policeman led her inside, showing her to the room where Melissa was detained.

Seeing the familiar figure, Martha immediately strode towards her. However, they were separated by a glass wall, so she couldn’t touch Melissa.

“Are you all right, Melissa?”

Melissa pounced at the glass wall as soon as she saw Martha.

“Finally, you came, Martha. I’m OK.”

“What on earth happened?”

“They said it was illegal to sell those condoms, and that something happened to a male customer who had used the condoms I was selling.”

Melissa panicked when she spoke.

She wondered why it had happened as she never expected the condoms to be harmful.

“Martha, you must trust me. I truly didn’t know the products had quality issues. I...”

She broke off as nervousness and worry tied her tongue.

“Don’t be scared, Melissa. I trust you,” Martha consoled her.

After Melissa calmed down, she asked, “How’s that man doing now?”

“He’s in the hospital. The police said... his private part might be cut off.”

Melissa lowered her head and bit her lip tightly, trembling all over.

Her words frightened Martha.

If the customer needed such surgery, she might be unable to bail out Melissa. Instead, Melissa would be held criminally responsible.

“What should I do now, Martha?”

Feeling helpless, Martha was at a loss for what to say.

Suddenly, the phone rang and it was Stefan calling.

When she just answered it, he asked gloomily, “It’s so late. Why are you still out?”

Martha tightened her grip on the phone, hesitating.

Should she tell Stefan about Melissa?

It seemed Stefan was the only one who could help them.

Thinking of this, Martha bit her lip hard. For her friend’s sake, she had to ask Stefan for help. “I’m at the police station. I’m in trouble. Can you come over?”

As soon as her words left her mouth, the call ended.

The cold beeps on the phone made Martha’s heart sink.

‘Does this mean Stefan refuses to help?’

“Forget about it, Martha. Don’t beg him.”

Melissa knew how bad Stefan was. She would rather go to jail for the worst-case scenario than let Martha humbly beg that scumbag.

Much to their surprise, Stefan appeared at the police station in half an hour. Both women gaped at him. Neither had they thought he was willing to help. Stefan darted at Martha coldly for a second. Then he glanced at his assistant, hinting at him to deal with the matter as soon as possible.

Martha slightly bowed her head, not bothering to look at the man's deep gaze. Stefan's assistant walked towards a policeman. "The patient wants to talk to you."

After the policeman took over the phone and heard the patient's family was willing to solve the problem privately, he let Martha pay the fine and set Melissa free.

Before they left the police station, the policeman stared at Melissa solemnly and reminded her, "Pay more attention next time."

Melissa nodded hard and promised, "I'll never do it again."

Then she gingerly held Martha's arm. Lowering their heads, the two women followed Stefan out of the police station.

On the roadside, Stefan ordered his assistant, "Send her back home. Then go negotiate with that patient."

"Got it, Mr. Harrison."

The assistant respectfully answered and looked at Melissa, who got the hint and followed him to the car.

After sitting in the car, Melissa looked back at Martha worriedly.

Martha read her mind, forcing a smile to relieve her.

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On the way back to the Harrison Villa, Stefan drove with a stern look, giving off a cold vibe.

Sitting in the passenger's seat, Martha peeked out the window and had no intention of speaking.

With an ironic sneer, Stefan remarked, "What friends are you making? Break off relations with that type of woman now. Don't disgrace the Harrison family."

'Break off relations with that type of woman? Disgrace?'

His words upset Martha more than an outright humiliation against her.

"Melissa is my friend. My only friend," Martha retorted softly, but with a firm tone.

Stefan's eyes became icy. Suddenly, he stepped on the brake and parked the car under a sycamore tree.

'Damn, why has she been so against me lately?'

He covered the angry flames in his eyes, tightening his grip on the steering wheel.

Seemingly unwilling to continue the topic with her, he asked, "Eden has high

expectations of you to sign the endorsement contract. Can you do it?" His tone sounded sarcastic. Martha could tell he didn't think she could make it.

But she really felt "flattered" as he asked her about her job.

"I can take care of my own business."

Martha looked away to avoid his gaze and thought about what Rhys had promised her today. If Rhys kept his word, the contract would be signed. A disdainful look flashed into Stefan's eyes. Pressing his lips together, he stopped talking.

'Still talking tough now, Martha? You'll come begging me. Wait and see.'

Half an hour later, they came back to the Harrison Villa.

Martha returned to the bedroom. Seeing Stefan had no intention of leaving, she looked surprised.

When he also entered the room, sweat oozed from her palms.

Now, she didn't want to stay in the same room with him.

Without thinking much about it, she opened the closet, picked up her pajamas, and turned around to leave the room.

Stefan reached out to stop her, gazing at her with inquisitive eyes. "Where are you going?"

"You disagree to divorce me. I'll sleep in the guestroom," Martha answered.

She bypassed his arm to leave.

Stefan dragged off his necktie in annoyance.

"You are still my wife. It is your duty to sleep with me in this room."

Martha stopped in her tracks. Though furious, she retorted with a smile, "I don't want to sleep with you. You think I am filthy. I think you, too!"

Over the years, he had countless mistresses. Right now, he kept Hollie in his villa. Martha didn't think he needed her at all.