

## Good bye 71

Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 71

Rhys arched his eyebrows, “We will start working tomorrow. Ms. Doyle, I wonder if you’re willing to go with me for a walk down the coast at night?”

“Mr. Williams, if it is not about work, just forget it.”

Martha looked a little bit tired, her voice distant and cold.

Rhys stared at her and asked with a light smile, “Why? You won’t go with me just because it’s not about work?”

“Sorry, I’m too tired today. I don’t want to go out.”

Martha made her attitude clear again, and then decisively closed the door.

Her instinct told her she should not get close to Rhys except for necessary contact with him at work.

Otherwise, she must be the one who suffered.

He said he was asking her out for a walk, but she knew he just wanted to make Stefan jealous.

She wasn’t interested in helping him achieve this goal. Nor did she want Stefan to do anything dramatic again.

Outside the door, Rhys looked at the closed door with a self-mocking smile.

She was wary of him, and avoided getting into contact with him as much as possible unless necessary.

Did she think of him as a bad guy?

Moments later, Rhys turned around and was about to go downstairs, only to see Stefan at the end of the corridor.

Stefan’s tall figure half hidden in the darkness put Rhys on alert.

Rhys’ eyes narrowed slightly, as he looked into Stefan’s deep, sullen eyes.

Stefan stood at the end of the corridor. Of course, he saw Rhys being rejected just now.

At this moment, he felt less upset.

Although Martha wasn’t nice to him, she didn’t give Rhys a chance to get close to her as well.

That meant they were the same to her.

Rhys walked slowly toward the man at the end of the corridor.

While they were looking at each other, silence blanketed the whole floor. The game had just begun.

And it was not certain who would be the winner in the end.

In the afternoon, after a short rest, Martha opened the curtains in great spirits.

From her room, she could see the sea around the island. At the moment, the sun shone on the sea water, glittering. She felt as if she was in a beautiful picture, immersed in the beautiful scenery.

It was a pity not to record such a beautiful scenery.

She took out the paintbrush and drawing board in the suitcase, and wanted to draw the beautiful scenery of the moment.

She spent the whole afternoon concentrating on her creation.

In the evening, Martha, who had finished the painting, rubbed her eyes, took her phone, sent a message to Jane and asked her to go to the restaurant for dinner.

When she arrived at the restaurant, she met Jane and noticed a red mark on Jane’s face. She frowned, “What’s wrong with your face?”

“I.. I just accidentally hit the table.”

Jane stammered, not wanting to make a big deal of what had just happened.

Martha frowned more tightly after hearing Jane's answer.

"It's clearly a palm mark."

"I..." Jane avoided meeting Martha's gaze, opened her mouth, wondering whether to explain.

Martha knew Jane's character and said seriously.

"Tell me the truth. What happened? Who hit you?"

Jane lowered her head.

'Ms. Doyle has known that I must have been slapped by someone.'

'There's no need to hide this matter anymore. After all, I did nothing wrong.'

Jane thought of this and explained.

"It was Joann. She asked me to bring her water, and I said to her, 'I am Ms. Doyle's assistant, not your maid', and then she..."

Jane broke off, but Martha knew exactly what happened next.

Martha didn't expect Joann still dared to look for trouble. It seemed that Joann hadn't learned her lessons yet.

Martha frowned, "Why didn't you fight back?"

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"I... I am inferior to them, and I dared not."

Right after Jane's words left her mouth, Hollie and Joann appeared not far away.

They were surprised to see Martha and her assistant when they came to the restaurant for dinner.

As the two approached, Hollie glanced at Jane and smiled at Martha.

"Martha, you must be here for dinner. Why don't we sit together?"

As soon as she said this, Joann, standing next to her, put on an unhappy and angry face, "I don't want to eat with them together. Since we cannot get their respect, why should we even eat with them?"

When Jane heard this, her head was down and her face turned pale.

Knowing that Hollie and Joann were playing "good cop, bad cop", Martha, who was sitting across from Jane, changed color.

Then, she heard Hollie's gentle voice again.

"Joann, forget it. She's just an ignorant assistant. Besides... you have hit her and I'm sure she has learned her lesson, right?"

Jane heard this and didn't want to get into more trouble. She had to answer, "Of course."

Joann smiled triumphantly at Jane.

Martha looked at them with a cold look in her eyes.

"Lesson? What lesson?"

To be led by the nose by others?

Joann smiled, looked at Martha and said, "Mrs. Harrison, you don't know how ignorant your assistant is.

I kindly asked her to give me a glass of water, but she said that she was your assistant and she didn't follow others' instructions. Mrs. Harrison, your assistant is really arrogant, isn't she?"

"I indulge her. You have a problem?" Martha glanced at Joann who was bossy and said frigidly.

When Joann heard this, she was stunned and could not think of anything to refute her.

Standing aside and watching Joann's speechless look, Hollie thought Joann was too useless.

But in this case, they couldn't fall out with Martha.

She could only act as a peacemaker, smiled and said, "Forget it. We are all friends and this is just a small

episode. Let the past be the past.”

Friends?

Martha heard this and there was slyness in her eyes,

Since Hollie, the angelic bitch, had said this, she should take advantage of it.

She arched her eyebrows and nodded, indicating her approval of Hollie’s words. “You are right, since we are friends... I’m thirsty now, go give me a cup of coffee, will you?”

When Jane heard Martha, she immediately got up to pour coffee.

However, Martha said, “I was asking her, not you.”

Martha swept a cold glance at Joann. The implication was obvious.

Hollie and Jane followed Martha’s gaze and saw Joann’s livid face.

Her hands at her both sides were clenched into fists and she was obviously very angry.

It was a public place, and Martha humiliated her like this in public?

But she could do nothing about this. After all, she could come to this island with Hollie’s help, and she dared not to fall out with Martha for now.

Joann suppressed her unhappiness.

“Mrs. Harrison, this is a restaurant. If you want coffee, you can ask a waiter.”

“I want you to get me one, can’t I?”

Martha gently smiled, looking at Joann with indifference.

‘Jane is my assistant. Who gave Joann the gall to bully my assistant?’

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Since Joann had done it. She must let Joann remember that neither she nor her assistant was pushovers. Joann frowned and looked displeased. The smile on her face disappeared.

“Mrs. Harrison, I’m not a waitress here.”

“My assistant is not your nanny, either.”

Martha smiled faintly, looking at Joann with a clear warning.

She said in a colder voice, “Ms. Lowe, you aren’t willing to get me coffee. Does that mean I can slap you in the face to teach you a lesson?”

When Joann heard this, her pretty face suddenly turned pale.

Her hands hanging at her sides had been clenched tightly when she turned to look at Hollie for help.

But Hollie kept a decent smile on her face, with no intention to stand out for her.

Joann felt a sense of powerlessness.

Martha turned a blind eye to the look on Joann’s face. She looked down indifferently, reading the menu.

When the three thought that things were over, Martha suddenly said, “Jane, slap her back.”

Jane was stunned and looked at her.

Slap Joann back in this situation?

Jane was a little nervous. Was it really okay?

Joann heard it and was even angrier.

‘Damn Martha, how could she humiliate me in this way!’

‘Did she have to make such a fuss because of an assistant?’

Her eyes were wide with anger, staring ferociously at Jane.

Jane shuddered when she saw Joann’s horrifying look.

“Ms. Doyle, it’s all in the past. Just forget it.”

Martha's eyes turned colder as she looked at the menu.

"Slap her back." Her tone was unchanged, but somehow, it was intimidating.

Jane had been working for Martha for many years, and she knew Martha's personality.

She knew that if she did not fight back now, Martha would no longer need her as she was too weak.

Thinking of it, Jane bit her lower lip, stood up in fear, ready to slap back.

Martha saw the resentment in Joann's eyes out of the corner of her eyes. She did not care and ignored it.

Hollie, who had been silent, kept a smile and didn't intend to do anything.

Joann, on the other hand, was not as calm as Hollie.

She stared straight at Jane. She did not believe an assistant would dare to hit her!

Jane was frightened by her fierce eyes, and her hand trembled slightly.

But if she did not fight back, she may be fired by Martha, which was even more unacceptable for her.

Finally, Jane clenched her left hand and her teeth, raised her right hand and slapped Joann in the face.

The crisp sound made the whole dining room fall into a tense air.

Meanwhile, Rhys had just arrived at the restaurant when he heard the sound of the slap.

He curled his lips into a wicked smile.

It seemed that he arrived late and missed a good show.

Joann felt the burning pain on her face and was stunned for a moment.

She did not expect this assistant dared to slap her in public!

She looked at Jane with an even more appalling look in her eyes. She couldn't wait to fight back and avenge herself.

When Jane saw Joann like this, she timidly turned her head and pretended not to see it. Although she seemed calm, she thought to herself excitedly, 'I slapped Joann really hard. My hand still hurts.'

However, when she thought of the injustice she had suffered because of Joann, the pain in her hand transformed into the pleasure of getting her revenge on Joann.

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Joann had a resentful face, but when she saw Rhys' tall figure out of the corner of her eyes, she suppressed her resentment, raised her hand to cover her cheek, squeezed out a few drops of tears and looked pitifully at Rhys walking by.

"Mr. Williams, I shouldn't 't have come here... I would' t have suffered so much if I weren't here."

Joann choked with sobs as she tried to lean against Rhys.

Rhys did not intend to talk to her but tilted his body to avoid her.

Joann failed to throw herself into Rhys' arms and almost fell.

Her body stiffened for a moment and she stood there, looking pitiful. She cried more sadly.

Rhys, without a pause, walked to Martha and sat down next to her.

Then he said, "That was a good slap."

Joann widened her eyes and blushed in shame.

How could he... She tried but failed to hold back her anger. She angrily stamped her foot and then angrily turned around, leaving the restaurant.

As soon as Joann left, it was much quieter here.

However, it became much more awkward because of Rhys' arrival.

Hollie saw this, sat down slowly and looked at Martha. She smiled and said, "Martha, Mr. Williams, I'm

really sorry. I shouldn't have brought her here."

It was a polite saying to ease the tension, but Rhys didn't appreciate it, "It's good you know it."

Hollie frowned, pursed her lips and said nothing more.

See this, Martha was obviously in a much better mood.

Seeing that she finally smiled, Rhys was delighted, and then snapped his fingers to call the waiter.

The waiter came with a gentle smile on his face.

"Sir, ladies, would you like to order something?"

"Yes."

Rhys gave a response and took the tablet computer from the waiter.

When he finished ordering, he looked at the woman sitting beside him and asked, "What do you want to have, Ms. Doyle?"

"I..." As soon as Hollie was about to answer, she was interrupted by Rhys.

"Don't get me wrong. I was talking to Ms. Martha Doyle here."

When Hollie heard this, the smile on her face froze.

Martha was not interested in Hollie being embarrassed, and she didn't want to appear close with Rhys.

"I can order it myself."

Being rejected, Rhys resignedly pursed his lips and handed the tablet to her.

Soon, the four ordered their meals.

After the waiter left, Rhys picked up the glass in front of him and drank his red wine, "Ms. Doyle, everything's ready at the gallery studio."

Martha nodded gently, "Okay, I will go check it when I go back."

When Hollie heard this, an idea popped up in her mind and a smile appeared on her face again.

"Mr. Williams, you seem close with Martha. I didn't believe it when I heard the rumors about you and Martha before..."

Everyone here understood Hollie's meaning beyond the words.

Martha's eyes darkened and she looked at Hollie with indifference.

'Hollie just tries to say that I am close with another man when I have yet to divorce Stefan.'

'She seems to indicate I am very charming, but in fact, she's accusing me of being a slut.'

'But now, I am no longer the weak woman four years ago.'

At the thought of this, Martha sneered and asked, "What rumors?"

"Rumors said you and Mr. Williams were less like business partners, but..."

Hollie explained with a smile, but she broke off deliberately to make listeners think randomly.

Although she smiled at Martha, but there was a cunning look in her eyes.

At this moment, Rhys chuckled and said what Hollie hadn't finished saying

"But more like a couple in love, a match made in heaven."

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Rhys' tone was very flirtatious, and with his current appearance, he looked exactly like a playboy..

Martha pursed her red lips, leered sideways at him and said nothing.

Rhys nodded, still looking at her with his attractive eyes. Acting like a henpecked husband, he said, "I understand. I promise not to talk nonsense again."

Martha was speechless.

"Martha, if you and Mr. Williams are really in love, then you should divorce Stefan now so that you can

live happily with Mr. Williams.”

Hollie echoed Rhys, looking as if she was genuinely concerned about Martha.

When Martha heard this, She didn't feel angry, but chuckled.

She did not expect that Hollie would be so silly as to think she was the one who didn't want to get a divorce.

The reality was just the opposite. She wished she could divorce Stefan, but Stefan had never agreed.

Thinking of this, she spread her hands, “I want to divorce him. Why don't you go persuade Stefan and have him sign on the divorce paper?”

The smile on Hollie's face froze.

She looked down and the smile faded from her face. She felt depressed and didn't say anything more.

Soon, the food was served.

At this moment, Hollie elegantly stood up, ready to leave.

“I have lost my appetite. You may enjoy yourselves, Mr. Williams, Martha.”

Jane, who had been sitting there quietly and ready to have dinner, frowned and complained inside.

‘This woman went too far. Why did she say such misleading words? Obviously, Mr. Williams is not staying alone with Ms. Doyle. I am also here. But she just tried to make the fake rumors be real!’

Rhys watched Hollie leaving, narrowed his eyes, and said to Martha, “It seems that your sister is really scheming.”

“Well, I have seen how scheming she could be,” Martha responded indifferently.

She did not stop eating, as if she were talking about someone insignificant.

The smile at the corner of Rhys' mouth deepened, and his next words seemed to be pregnant with meaning.

“Like pretending to be sick, tying you to the operating table and removing your bone marrow?”

Hearing him talk about her miserable past in a light, casual tone, Martha paused

She couldn't help recalling how she lay on the operating table. The painful memories flashed in her mind.

She would never forget the pain she had experienced four years ago.

Rhys, however, seemed to know everything about her better than anyone else did.

When Jane heard his words, she was stunned and involuntarily held her breath.

At this moment, the atmosphere became tense, as if the two were in a silent confrontation.

The elegant restaurant became a depressing place and Jane really wished that she was not here at this moment. She dared not say or do anything.

After a long time, Martha hid her emotions and turned to look at the man who had a frivolous smile.

“Mr. Williams, you enjoy mentioning others' grief. What's your problem?”

Rhys picked up the glass in front of him and took a sip of the wine.

A moment later, his Adam's apple moved up and down and his voice was hoarse and low, “I'm sorry. I was afraid you would forget about it and just wanted to remind you.”

Remind her of the pain and the hatred.

Remind her not to get into the predicament again.

Martha's eyes darkened and she looked calm and indifferent.

She said in a frigid, slightly unhappy tone, “Mr. Williams, Thank you for your reminder. But this is my business and it has nothing to do with you.”

After that, she put down the knife and fork in her hands, elegantly wipe the corners of her mouth with a napkin.

She methodically put the napkin back on the table, saying with a professional smile, "Mr. Williams, enjoy your meal."

She got up and left the restaurant.

After Martha left, Jane froze in place for a few seconds, and hurried to keep up with her.

Soon, Rhys was left alone.

The smile faded from the corners of Rhys' mouth as he looked in the direction Martha had left.

Seemingly lost in thought, he shook the red wine glass gently, his eyes dark.

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The next morning, they gathered outside the villa.

Rhys and Stefan came out. When Martha came, Hollie had just walked out of the other villa. There were just the four of them.

"Let's go."

The manager looked at them and could not help but ask, "Mr. Williams, Mr. Harrison, it seems that one lady has not come. Should we wait for her?"

"Joann? She is not feeling well and is resting in her room."

Hollie said, with a calculating glint in her eye.

Joann didn't come because she had to get Joann to do something while everyone was gone.

"It doesn't matter whether she's here or not."

Rhys said lightly and looked languish.

In his opinion, there were too many third wheels coming on this trip.

Especially Stefan.

He looked sideways at Stefan and happened to meet his gaze.

The two looked at each other coldly and seemed to be in a silent battle again.

Standing in the middle of the two, Martha felt tensions growing between them, but she did not care.

She totally ignored them.

She looked at the manager and said, "It's getting late. Let's go to the development zone."

"But..."

The manager hesitated, and turned to look at the two men. Since they didn't give any orders, he didn't know what to do.

Rhys seemed to make things difficult for him on purpose and said sullenly, "I am not in the mood to work today."

Martha couldn't help frowning.

What did he want to do?

"Mr. Williams, Since you are not in the mood to work today, how about I show you around the nearby scenic spot?"

The manager said this and didn't get any reply from Rhys, but he did not feel embarrassed at all and said, "There are local residents on the island and there is a scenic spot right next to the residential area. Should I show you around it, Mr. Williams?"

"Of course. Only by being familiar with the place can we develop it."

Rhys arched his eyebrow and seemed satisfied with today's arrangement.

He then winked at Martha, who grimaced in displeasure.

Rhys just made an excuse so that they could hang out together.

And he had found an excuse that she could not refuse.

Stefan and Hollie were still here, and yet Rhys was trying to make them think she have an affair with him, and to make them believe she was here just to hang out with him?

The manager heard this and instantly laughed.

“Mr. Williams, you are right. Only with a comprehensive understanding can we better work on the project.”

Rhys cracked a smile, looked at Stefan, and asked, “Mr. Harrison, if you are not interested in it, you can go back and Ms. Doyle and I can go alone.”

Hearing this, Hollie started to think.

‘Although Rhys doesn’t show any respect to me and always embarrasses me, he seems to have a crush on Martha.’

‘It’s an advantage for me to make use of.’

Thinking of this, Hollie smiled and grabbed Stefan’s arm.

“In that case, Stefan, let’s go back.”

Stefan frowned, got ride of her hand and said in a cold voice, “It seems fun. We should go together.”

He sounded really unhappy.

“But...” Hollie opened her mouth and had wanted to say something more when she was interrupted by him, “If you are tired, go back to rest.”

“No. Not at all,” Hollie answered at once, obviously feeling unhappy.

She could see that Stefan cared about Martha, and he came here for Martha.

Why? Why had he changed so much in only four years?

He used to love her with all his heart.

But now... he only cared about Martha.

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When the manager saw that the four had all agreed, he said and smiled respectfully, “Please wait for a moment, here. The sightseeing bus will arrive soon.”

After a while, the sightseeing bus around the island came.

Rhys looked at Martha, “Ms. Doyle, ladies first.”

“Thanks.”

Martha didn’t refuse, got into the bus and found a seat.

Rhys smiled and was just about to sit next to Martha when Stefan did it first.

Martha smelled a familiar male scent that belonged to Stefan and her eyes darkened.

She did not show her emotions on her face, but pretended not to care, and looked out of the window.

Stefan tilted his head and arched his eyebrow at Rhys, who was always one step behind him.

Rhys looked at him and was amused.

How childish!

After that, he got into the bus casually.

Hollie felt displeased upon seeing this, but had to follow them into the bus.

She sat next to Rhys, her eyes fixed on Martha and Stefan sitting in front of them with jealousy.

Rhys saw her expression and squinted. What a bummer.

Soon after they left the villa, Joann, who stayed, began her mission.

Joann, walking out of the room, looked around and made sure there was no one else here before she

hurried out of the small villa.

Downstairs, Jane was pouring water in the pantry. When she turned around, she saw Joann sneaking out of the house.

She frowned. Didn't Joann go with Ms. Doyle?

Where was she going now?

Jane was curious, put down the cup and followed Joann out.

She followed Joann to the next building and went up to the second floor.

Jane was Martha's assistant and she naturally knew that Martha's room was on the second floor.

What was Joann doing here?

Could she get into Martha's room?

Jane thought of this and was more confused.

When she followed Joann to the second floor, she saw Joann walk to the door of Martha's room. Jane immediately hid behind the pillar in the corridor.

Joann looked around and saw no one here. She took out the room card from her pocket, immediately swiped to open the door, and snuck into Martha's room.

Jane, hiding behind the pillar, saw this with her mouth slightly open and frowned.

How could Joann have Martha's room card? Where did she get it?

Suddenly, she thought of what happened in the restaurant yesterday and her intuition told her that Joann snuck into Martha's room for no good.

On the other side.

While traveling around the island, the manager, sitting beside the driver, occasionally introduced the scenic spots.

The island was surrounded by sea, so there were many beaches and docks.

There was golden sand, coupled with the seagulls, making this place great for sightseeing.

"Now we are getting close to the Golden Coast, which is the most famous beach on the island. I wonder if you want to get off and go for a walk?"

Rhys glanced at the manager, turned his head and glanced at the beach.

The scenery was really good, but it was too boring to walk on it alone.

"Can I invite you for a walk, Ms. Doyle?"

"Mr. Williams, sorry I have to disappoint you." Martha lazily looked at the seagulls in the sky. She sounded indifferent and showed no interest in his proposal.

Rhys didn't take it personally. Anyway, Martha hadn't paid much attention to him all the way here.

Seeing that Rhys was so active, Hollie thought she couldn't be left behind.

She looked at the approaching beach and said excitedly, "Stefan, this beach is so beautiful. Let's have a walk!"

Stefan still looked stern and coldly rejected.

"Go yourself."

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Hearing this, Hollie hid the disappointment in her eyes and then said, "Maybe next time."

Time passed quickly, and since the sightseeing bus didn't stop all the way, it only took them half a day to finish all the sightseeing.

Later, while they were approaching the racing area, the manager suddenly became very excited.

“Mr. Williams, we are about to arrive at the racing area on the island. This place is very famous. Many racers come here to compete. I don’t know if you...”

He didn’t finish his sentence, but he had seen interest in Mr. Williams’ eyes.

Sure enough, men love racing games.

“Show us around.”

“Okay!”

The manager was excited, turned to the driver and said, “Stop in the racing area.”

After the bus stopped, Rhys got off first.

He moved his muscles in front of the sightseeing bus and said, “I’ve been bored for half a day and there’s finally something interesting.”

He looked slightly sideways at Stefan.

“Mr. Harrison, do you want to have a game?”

At this moment, Martha and Hollie were still on the sightseeing bus, and Martha, who was leaning her head against the window, heard this and immediately understood that Rhys was asking for a game on purpose.

But whatever. It had nothing to do with her.

Stefan glanced at Rhys and said, “Sure.”

He finished, expressionlessly taking off his black suit jacket.

The manager heard their conversation and walked over ingratiatingly.

“If you want to compete in racing, then let me take you to the race area.”

Hollie got off the car and saw them walking away, with some resentment in her heart.

She knew that there was only one reason for them to compete with each other, and that was Martha, her nominal sister.

Thinking of this, Hollie looked at Martha with malice.

Martha was just sitting in the car, looking indifferent, as if their battle had nothing to do with her.

When Hollie was feeling jealous, Rhys and Stefan had come to the starting point of the track.

The entire runway was circular, with many sharp turns in the middle.

Ordinary people would be intimidated simply by watching a livestreaming car race.

But this was not even the most thrilling track.

They each changed into racing suits.

While choosing the racing car, Rhys specially chose a stylish red racing car with a curved tail.

Red was so conspicuous that it was hard not to notice it.

He arched his eyebrows and said with a light smile, “Mr. Harrison, do you think Ms. Doyle can notice me at a glance if I sit in this red car?”

Stefan didn’t change color. He looked at the car in front of him not caring about Rhys’ words.

He casually pointed to a blue racing car and said, “I will take this.”

When Rhys got into the car, she turned to look at the man sitting in the blue race car.

“Do you often race?”

Stefan did not look at him but calmly looked at the front and didn’t answer.

Rhys smiled and said, “I hope there’s not any accident during the game, or you might feel embarrassed in front of Ms. Doyle.”

“Mr. Williams, I heard this is not even the most thrilling track here. I wonder if you want to...”

Before the manager finished, he was interrupted by Stefan.

“Yes.”

He said without any hesitation.

Rhys smiled and said, "Did you hear it? Mr. Harrison said yes."

The manager nodded, "I will go arrange it now."

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After Stefan and Rhys arrived at the racing track, an enthusiastic staff member came over and took Martha and Hollie to the audience.

The whole auditorium was above the race track, and they could see the whole race.

The two sat down in the audience without saying anything.

Hollie, looking at the racing track in front of her, felt jealous.

She looked at the Martha sitting beside her and sneered, "You are so lucky, Martha, two men fighting for you. Don't you want to watch the game?"

Martha heard her words but was still looking down at her phone without giving any response.

Her eyes were cold and the message on her phone was from Jane

[Ms. Doyle, Joann just snuck into your room, what should I do now?]

Martha saw this message, turned her head to glance at Hollie and raised a light smile.

'No wonder Joann didn't come.'

'It was such a good opportunity to impress these two men, but she just pretended to be sick.'

'It turned out she had some other plan to carry out.'

'It seems Joann has yet to learn her lessons.'

Martha looked down and typed on her phone to reply to Jane's message.

[Stay still. Don't make her notice you.]

Soon after, Jane sent her a message back.

Martha read the reply and frowned.

A moment later, she replied, [After she left, go to my room to see if there is anything missing or if there's anything wrong in the room.]

Shortly after her text message was sent, she received a reply from Jane.

[Got it!]

At the same time, the racing began.

With a whistle, the two cars sped forward at once.

At first, Rhys' car was ahead of Stefan's, because his car had better performance.

The engine in his car was the best, so the car naturally ran fast.

But within two seconds, Stefan's car accelerated and slowly closing the distance between them.

The red and blue cars were competing on the race track at almost the same speed.

When they approached the first fatal turn, Hollie who was in the audience got nervous.

The track they raced on was the most dangerous and thrilling one here and there were several sharp turns at which only one car could pass at a time.

Whoever could turn the corner first would be at an advantage.

As Rhys' car was around the corner, Stefan, who was slightly behind him, sped up, leaving a conspicuous mark on the track.

Near the corner, Stefan stepped on the gas to the bottom and overtook Rhys.

He passed the first fatal turn, while Rhys almost crashed into the guardrail.

He sneered and squinted his eyes.

Since Stefan took the first turn ahead, his car was naturally a distance ahead.

At the second turn, Rhys overtook him and hit Stefan's car.

Stefan's car was hit and leaned towards the guardrail, but Stefan responded fast enough and soon got back on the track.

After that, Stefan made use of inertia to chase after Rhys, and finally overtook him before the finish line. But when it was at the end of the race, Stefan slammed the steering wheel and turned the car 180 degrees.

The race was supposed to end when someone reached the finish line first, but Stefan suddenly changed the flow of the race.

At the moment, the fronts of their cars were facing each other.

Stefan stopped the car.

When Rhys saw his action, he slammed on the brakes, and the tires blew a dazzling spark.

There were only two or three hundred meters apart between the two race cars.

The two in the cars looked at each other at the same time. When their eyes met, Stefan squinted, making it hard to tell what he was thinking.

Rhys had a playful smile, casually looking at him.

At this point, Hollie, who was in the audience, saw this and her face turned pale.

Her eyes were full of shock. "What's going on? Isn't the race about who reaches the finish line first? What are they going to do?"

Martha heard the anxiety in Hollie's words and only then did she slowly look over at the racing track.

Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 80

Martha saw that on the track, the two cars were facing each other in a confrontation.

She couldn't help but frown. Her hand holding the phone clenched. She stood up from the seat and walked to the guardrail.

Martha could vaguely see that the two men in the car started the engines at the same time and drove towards each other.

They were separated by a sharp turn which was so narrow that only one car could pass at a time.

If the cars collided, one of them would undoubtedly be shattered into pieces, let alone the driver in the car.

When the manager saw the scene, he was scared and looked flustered, "They're risking their life! If there is an accident here, we cannot afford to take this responsibility. Miss, please say something! This is really dangerous!"

Hollie heard this and her eyes were full of panic.

She looked in the direction of the race track and called out in a panic, "Stefan, what are you doing? Stop messing around!"

But the man in the car turned a deaf ear to it.

They two men looked at each other quietly. Stefan's eyes were deep while Rhys had a playful smile on his lips, the emotions in his eyes hard to read.

Martha looked at the two who had no intention of stopping and felt a bit nervous.

This was not a normal game, and based on what she knew about Rhys, this guy could really risk his life.

But she didn't expect Stefan to go insane as well.

The next second, the cars sped toward each other.

The distance between them kept shortening and it seemed they would crash into each other soon. Hollie covered her eyes and screamed.

“No!”

Martha’s eyes widened and she seemed panicked.

Her hands clutched the guardrail, and in the nick of time, she shouted, “Stop!”

At this moment, her heart was in her throat.

When the cars were less than dozens of meters away, the two men turned the steering wheel at the same time.

The two cars sped past each other, creating sparks on the turn.

At the U-turn, the red car’s doors were scratched, while the blue car was half-damaged.

Finally, the two stopped at about 100 meters away from each other because of inertia. Hollie, sitting in the audience, still covered her eyes. She dared not watch the situation at the moment.

Her sight was blurred. Martha was relieved when she saw the cars stop. Her palms were sweating.

She closed her eyes, breathed a long sigh of relief, and then roared angrily, “Lunatics! Two lunatics!”

Hearing this, Hollie put down her hands slowly.

When she saw that Stefan was fine, she wiped the tears from her eyes, got up and ran toward the racing track.

As soon as Stefan got off the car, Hollie ran to him and hugged him.

“Stefan, what were you just doing? Do you wanna die?”

“Don’t you know that I am very worried about you? You never did this before!”

Martha walked over. Seeing Hollie crying in Stefan’s arms, she didn’t seem to care.

Martha turned to look at Rhys.

At that moment, he was leaning against the door of his broken car, looking at her with a wicked smile.

She walked over with a slightly angry face. “Fed up with living? Looking for excitement?”

Rhys shrugged his shoulders, laughed and said, “Yes, a plain life is very boring.”

Life was fun only with excitement, right?

Martha frowned in displeasure and didn’t want to talk to him anymore.

He was not like ordinary men at all. He was a dangerous man, and she should stay alert.

Seeing Martha walking towards Rhys, Stefan frowned and pushed Hollie away.

“I’m fine,” he said coldly.

He stared at Martha with dark eyes.

‘She walked up to Rhys first. At the critical juncture, the person she cared about was not me.’