

Read Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 8 online free

She thought he was filthy, too?

Stefan narrowed his eyes slightly, looking sullen.

He rudely grabbed the pajamas from her hands, tossed them to the floor, and grabbed her neck, pinning her against the wall and making her unable to move.

“Who do you think you are to say that?”

He shot a frosty look at her and snapped, “When you were at college, you often stayed out with men. When I married you, you were not a virgin. You know what? You are a whore.”

‘You are a whore...’

His harsh words echoed in Martha’s ears, almost suffocating her.

Martha had been used to Stefan’s humiliation.

However, when he called her a whore, she felt she was falling into an abyss.

Martha couldn’t understand why Stefan always thought she was filthy.

He should have known who had taken her virginity.

On the night five years ago, she had her first-time sex with him in the hotel room.

However, on the wedding night, he insisted she cheated on him with her college senior.

Martha closed her eyes hard, feeling exhausted.

She didn’t want to dwell on the past anymore. Leaving the Harrison family and Stefan was her best choice currently.

Parting her dry lips, Martha asked with a bitter smile, “You think I’m a whore. Why don’t you divorce me?”

Hearing her mention the divorce again, Stefan was so furious that his eyes reddened.

He wished to strangle her.

He couldn’t understand why she was so eager to divorce him.

Suppressing his rage, he loosened his hand and strode out of the bedroom.

“Bang!” He slammed the door shut.

Martha slumped along the wall, collapsing on the floor.

Tears streamed down her cheeks, her lips quivering. As she closed her eyes, the memories in the past came flooding back.

On Stefan’s 23-year-old birthday five years ago, Martha was deceived by Hollie and thought Stefan was expecting to see her. Thus, she prepared a gift for him and entered the nightclub Stefan had reserved for his birthday party.

Unfortunately, she saw Stefan holding Hollie in his arms intimately after she arrived.

“Mr. Harrison, is she your girlfriend?” someone asked him about Hollie. Some watched them in envy.

Martha stood aside like an onlooker.

She wished Stefan could give that person a negative answer, but he didn't.

With a faint smile, Stefan tacitly approved.

At that moment, Martha thought she shouldn't have been there.

She forgot how she managed to stay till the end, only feeling as if she had been dumped by the whole world.

In the end, Stefan got drunk. After the party, Hollie was gone. Eden helped Stefan keep balance and called Martha, “Miss Doyle, can you help me, please?”

Martha was taken aback. Pinching the gift box tightly, she nodded at Eden and helped him take Stefan upstairs.

After sending Stefan into the room, Eden received a call and told her he must leave.

Martha also wanted to leave.

“Water...” Stefan suddenly requested.

His throat dried out, and he looked thirsty.

Martha poured a glass of water and wanted to wake him up, but the next second, his big hand seized her wrist.

“Argh!”

Off guard, she was pulled down to the bed, and the water was splashed on the floor. The next second, Stefan forced himself on top of her.

Martha was scared by instinct and struggled hard. However, she couldn't break free at all.

Staring at Stefan's face from a short distance, she gradually stopped struggling as she had loved him for many years.

It was said a girl's first time hurt. Yet Martha would not feel aggrieved since it was with Stefan.

They had been having sex for hours.

In the early morning, Martha woke up and stared at the man sleeping soundly beside her.

She was too shy. Besides, she didn't want Stefan to misunderstand her for being an easy girl. She believed Stefan would be responsible and go to the Doyle Manor to propose to her for marriage later that morning.

Therefore, Martha tolerated the pain, put on her clothes, and returned home. Yet she waited for a whole day.

The following day, Stefan arrived at the Doyle Manor. In her bedroom, Martha overheard his voice and her face lit up with joy. She trotted out of the room and stood on the stairs to look down expectantly.

Stefan wore a black suit, standing upright. His handsome, angular face with

perfect features shone under the morning sun.

His lips parted. In a deep, pleasant voice, he said, “Mr. Doyle, I want to marry your daughter, Hollie Doyle.”

Instantly, Martha understood the feelings of falling from Heaven to Hell...

Closing her eyes weakly, Martha didn't sleep well that night.

The following morning, she arrived at the Harrison Group on time at 9 AM.

After waiting for three hours, Martha watched the desk covered with documents with a solemn look.

She had yet to receive any positive answer from Joann for the endorsement. It seemed that the contract wouldn't be signed successfully.

Clenching her fists tightly, Martha stood up and walked towards Eden's office.

Standing at the door, she thought about the wording to explain and knocked.

“Come in, please.”

After hearing his permission, Martha sucked in her breath, pushed the door open, and entered his office.

“Mr. Stone, may I...”

Before she finished her words, Eden interrupted her with a smile, “Ms. Doyle, you've done a good job. You must have put much effort into convincing Joann to sign the contract.”

Martha was taken aback. It turned out Rhys had kept his word.

Before she replied, Eden added joyfully, “You got the spokeswoman to sign with us earlier, so I'll assign you to be in charge of the commercial filming. The first shooting tomorrow is in the outdoor swimming pool. Don't be late.”

“OK. I'll be there on time, Mr. Stone.”

After nodding at Eden, Martha left.

On the other side, Joann was messaging Hollie in reluctance.

[I wonder when Martha has hooked up with Mr. Williams. He asked me to sign the endorsement contract with the Harrison Group. The person in charge of the filming is still Martha.]

Shortly after she sent the message, Hollie replied, [I see. Why not teach her a lesson?]

Reading the line, Joann smiled wickedly.

‘I won't let go of you, Martha!’

...

For the filming the next day, Martha arrived on the scene pretty early to watch the staff members get prepared.

She couldn't help but be shocked when she saw Rhys show up. “Mr. Williams? What has brought you down here?”

“I'm here to see you.”

Raising his eyebrows, Rhys stared at her with a flirtatious smile.

Martha knew he was a playboy, so she wasn't bothered. “Please suit yourself,

then. I need to work.”

Then she checked the equipment and facilities to make sure there was nothing wrong.

Watching her leave, Rhys narrowed his gaze.

When it was almost time for filming, Joann finally showed up.

She saw Rhys with the first glimpse, thinking he had dropped by to see her.

She hurriedly walked up. “Morning, Mr. Williams. A beautiful day, isn’t it?”

“Hmm,” Rhys replied nonchalantly, his eyes on a pretty figure not far away.

In confusion, Joann followed his gaze. Realizing he was watching Martha, she stiffened.

‘Damned Martha!’ she inwardly cursed.

Joann clenched her fists tightly, more determined to give Martha a hard time.

“Miss Lowe, please come over to try the jewelry.”

A staff member’s voice brought her back from scattered thoughts. Joann

immediately wore a gentle smile and agreed, “Please show me the way.”

“This way, please.”

Joann followed him to get the necklace for her endorsement.

She opened the box and rubbed the pearls on the necklace with her fingertips, slightly curling her lips.

The next second, she confusedly exclaimed, “The necklace is broken.”

Her voice attracted everyone’s attention. All looked at her.

“Ms. Doyle, why do you give me a broken necklace?” Joann questioned Martha, pretending to be angry.

Martha was taken aback and muttered, “The necklace was fine...”

She had checked it earlier, and it wasn’t broken.

Before she figured out what had happened, Rhys’ voice sounded behind her, “I’ll pay for this broken necklace.”

Martha looked back at him in confusion. Joann pressed her lips together and clenched her fists, her eyes full of displeasure.

‘What is Mr. Williams doing? Defending that woman?’

Rhys’ words sent everyone else into silence.

When Martha was about to refuse his kindness, an icy voice sounded, “Please don’t bother, Mr. Williams. The Harrison Group can afford it.”

Stefan came in with a stern look.

Rhys darted at Martha not far away and looked into Stefan’s eyes with a flirty smile.

The atmosphere became more awkward.

Martha had a slight headache while watching the two men.

They were at daggers drawn.