

Read Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 14 online free

Stefan furrowed his brows, his eyes bloodshot.

“Did you say she had blood cancer?”

Glaring at him coldly, Rupert growled in a hoarse voice, “Half a month ago, she was diagnosed with blood cancer.”

‘Half a month ago?’

Stefan was taken aback, recalling he shook off Martha’s hand and made her fall to the ground at the hospital entrance, which happened after Hollie returned to town.

At that time, Stefan thought Martha pretended to nosebleed, but it turned out to be caused by her blood cancer.

Stefan almost stopped breathing. Then he suddenly realized her recent status.

He had thought she looked fragile because of a mild sickness. Unfortunately, it was because of blood cancer.

Stefan had no idea about it at all.

‘Why didn’t she tell me about it?’

“She never told me about it,” Stefan said in irritation.

“She had lost so much weight. Haven’t you noticed it?”

Rupert snorted and said with sarcasm, “Oh, right. You love and care about another woman wholeheartedly. How could you notice her change?”

Stefan pressed his lips together but didn’t retort.

Rupert sneered.

“Yesterday, Martha went to have a pregnancy check. The result showed she was pregnant.”

The news startled Stefan. Without seeing a remorseful look on Stefan’s face, Rupert could no longer hold back his rage and threw a punch at Stefan’s face.

“She’s carrying your baby. Now, they are both dead. You ruthless bastard!”

Stefan didn’t dodge. Rupert used much strength, so his face became bruised immediately.

‘Is Martha pregnant for real?’

Blood oozed from the corner of his mouth. Martha’s words reechoed in his ear, his eyes losing focus.

“What if I tell you I’m pregnant? Will you...”

She asked him in the ward before the surgery the previous day.

But he replied to her coldly — he wouldn’t want the baby even if she was pregnant.

He then had her brought to the operating room.

He even didn't study her expression at that time.

'She must be very desperate after hearing my hurtful words.'

He looked at the lifeless woman on the bed, his heart contracting.

Rupert seemed to use up his strength by hitting Stefan. Squatting down and covering his face, he added hoarsely, "It's all your fault. You misunderstood our friendship. We don't have an affair."

"You were right. I do like Martha, but she only loves you wholeheartedly and ignores me... Silly woman."

He choked with sobs in the end.

At his words, Stefan trembled. 'They never have an affair?'

Leaning against the wall weakly, Stefan looked haggard and lonely.

He and Martha had married for three years.

In the past three years, he had hardly returned home. To take revenge on her, he kept many mistresses and called her to clean up the mess after after having sex.

Martha had obediently been there on countless nights.

Whenever she saw him interact intimately with other women, she looked painful. Her jealousy and pain delighted him.

Thus, Stefan never thought he cared about Martha.

However, when he stared at her, who lay in bed motionlessly, the sharp pang in his heart made him feel as if it was torn piece by piece. He almost failed to catch up his breath.

Stefan exhaled heavily, daring not to look at her.

When they first met, Martha wore a white dress, hopping up and down while walking towards him. She timidly looked at him and said softly, "You are so handsome, Stefan."

Stefan wished she could still stand before him and talk to him.

However, she looked lifeless and stopped breathing, lying there peacefully.

After meeting her 10 years ago, he used to like and detest her. No matter what, he had never expected her to die.

When Rupert raised his head, he saw Stefan's haggard face. He knew Stefan regretted it.

Martha wouldn't have suffered that much if it weren't for him.

Rupert tried hard to stand up. "Stefan, you don't deserve to marry her!" he snorted.

With those words, he staggered out of the morgue.

However, his growls reechoed repeatedly in Stefan's ears.

Stefan lifted his foot, walking towards the bed. He stood next to Martha, his eyes full of mixed feelings.

The smell of disinfectant overwhelmed him, reminding him he was in a morgue. The dead silence in the room also made him realize Martha had

been gone.

Stefan wanted to stroke her cheek but was afraid of touching the coldness that would cause a tearing pain in his heart.

His lips parted. After a long time, he said in a husky, imploring voice, "Martha... Stop messing around. Open your eyes and look at me."

However, only the silence responded to him.

Stefan stared at her in pain, gripping her hands tightly.

He muffled to coax her, "Martha, as long as you wake up, I'll make all your wishes come true. You'll still be my wife. We can also have many babies."

...

The Doyle Manor.

Maxwell was taken aback when he received Martha's bad news. His phone dropped to the floor, but he didn't know.

In an instant, Maxwell's loving eyes reddened. "How dare Stefan do it! Bianca bolted from the blue and sobbed for a long time before returning to her senses.

Maxwell and Bianca rushed into the hospital in half an hour.

On the way, Maxwell was absentminded, looking aged in an instant.

Bianca kept shedding her tears and muttering to herself. She found it hard to believe Martha would die so suddenly.

After getting out of the car, the two helped each other while walking towards the morgue. In the corridor, they encountered Stefan, Melissa, and Rupert.

As Maxwell looked into Stefan's eyes, he failed to repress his anger and sorrow and waved his walking stick at Stefan. "Give my daughter back to me!" Maxwell roared furiously.

He tossed out the walking stick and staggered, almost falling.

Bianca immediately helped him keep his balance. Gazing at Stefan, she didn't speak Stefan's eyes dimmed. Pressing his thin lips together, he cast down his eyes full of pain and regrets.

'How could this have happened? It's all my fault.'

Stefan's indifferent reaction added fuel to the fire. Maxwell boiled up with rage. Pointing at Stefan, Maxwell scolded him angrily, "If I had known you were such a bastard, I wouldn't have let Martha marry you."

His words made Stefan's pupils constrict. The pang in his heart became sharper.

"I'm sorry..."

Maxwell was so enraged that his face twisted ferociously.

"You made my daughter die, Stefan. I must let you pay the price! I swear!"

Melissa looked up at him and could tell how heartbroken he was.

She felt sorry and wanted to talk to him, but Rupert immediately pulled her back, slightly shaking his head.

Melissa repressed her urge, her eyes dropping to her lap.

She didn't know if it was appropriate to do so.

They helped Martha leave, but everyone who loved and cared about her was hurt. Melissa wondered if it was right or wrong.

...

The ICU ward.

A woman in her forties, wearing an orange dress and white high heels, swung into Hollie's ward and stood next to her bed.

Seeing the comer, Hollie beamed at her.

The woman was Libby, the best friend of Hollie's mother. Like Hollie's mother, Libby always hung out in bars and pubs. She was in her forties but looked in her thirties, attractive to men.

Libby told Hollie what was happening in the corridor.

Hollie was taken aback for a short moment.

She hadn't expected Martha to be pregnant and have blood cancer, for real.

If she didn't make a move, Martha would die soon, wouldn't she?

Thinking of that, Hollie frowned and asked worriedly, "Libby, would we be exposed?"

Libby gripped her hand tightly with a smile and patted it gently.

"I've arranged those people well. They are trustworthy. Don't you trust me?"

Libby's guarantee relieved Hollie.

Libby had been staying in this city for decades, so she had known some influential men.

Uneasiness faded off Hollie's heart gradually.

After calming down, Hollie gripped Libby's hand back lovingly and said in a sweet tone, "Libby, what are you talking about? How could I not trust you?"

"Rest here. Relax. Nothing's gonna happen," Libby replied, staring at Hollie in love and tenderness.

Hollie chitchatted and laughed with her for a moment. Suddenly, she remembered something and blurted out anxiously, "Martha's death must have given Stefan a hard blow. Besides, she died with his baby. Libby, I'm afraid..." She broke off. After Martha had been gone, Stefan never went to her ward again.

Libby darted at her and answered in disdain, "That's for sure, but so what? She's dead now."

Patting Hollie's hand, she added, "You are alive. What are you afraid of? You have plenty of time."

...

After Stefan returned to the Harrison Group, he sent his assistant to watch Martha's dead body to avoid anyone getting closer.

Then he locked himself up in the office and didn't leave for the following three

days.

Maxwell came to ask him for Martha's corpse for cremation and funeral, but Stefan refused to meet him.

He was unwilling to believe an alive person suddenly died. He couldn't watch Martha be sent to the cremation and buried in the cold, lonely cemetery.

The curtains of the office had been pulled down.

"Creak—"

A light entered the office from the door. Suddenly, the glass breaking sound was heard, and a slender figure squeezed into the office through the door crack.

Frowning deeply, Eden glanced at the curtains.

It was a sunny day. However, after the curtains had been pulled down, the room was as dark as night, reigned over by dead silence.

Eden noticed the broken glass under his feet, his eyes dark.

The glass pieces were scattered on the messy floor. Eden also noticed the bloodstains on the glass, some solidified and some not.

Leaning against the sofa, Stefan hung his head low, his hair messy.

"Are you sitting here hurting yourself?" Eden asked, looking annoyed.

Stefan didn't speak, his eyes glittering slightly.

Looking around the dim room, Eden furrowed his eyebrows in irritation.

"Don't you know there's chaos outside? How can you hide here? I'm here to ask how you want to deal with her dead body?"

The words "dead body" caused a trace of pain in Stefan's eyes.

Watching him, Eden heaved a sigh resignedly.

He added, softening his tone, "She's already dead and can't return to life.

When she was alive, you had tortured her so much. Now, she's gone. Can you bury her and let her rest in peace?"

Stefan tightly clenched his hands, which were covered by the blood.

Staring at the scattered glass pieces, he replied hoarsely, "I won't let her rest in peace all my life."

Eden signed again.

When Martha was still alive, Stefan had never cherished her. He regretted it now, but what was the point of it?

"You kept her corpse in the morgue and didn't allow the Doyles to take her away. You also didn't want her to be sent to cremation or the cemetery. Do you want to keep her from going to heaven?"

Stefan pressed his lips together, his eyes deep and dark.

'Will she not go to Heaven?'

In that case, she would come to him and be with him. Stefan preferred this idea.

Suddenly, a phone vibrated.

Eden picked it up. After listening for a while, he answered solemnly, "OK. I see."

After ending the call, he looked at his dispirited friend on the floor and wanted to tell him something.

After hesitation, Eden parted his lips and said, "Martha's dead body was taken away."

Meanwhile, he slightly breathed a sigh of relief. It wasn't a bad thing for Martha. Much better than lying in the cold morgue all the time.

However, Stefan jumped to his feet. Looking anxious, he bypassed Eden and strode towards the door.

Watching his figure fading away, Eden shook his head.

'He ought to have found out his love for Martha earlier. Now what's the use of regretting it?'