

# Read Stop It She's Remarrying by Stellar Strands

## Chapter 1

### Chapter 1

Fia Lawson giddily pranced out when she heard the honk coming from outside the mansion.

“Honey, you’re home!”

Through the windshield, Conrad Maxwell looked at his wife waiting to greet him in front of the car.

During their three years of marriage, she would always see him off when he went to work and greet him when he came home. She had never missed a single day.

However, when the thought that he would never be able to enjoy her greeting and sending him off again after this came to mind, he fell into a little melancholic mood.

“Welcome home, honey! Let me help you with your bag.”

He had just gotten out of the car when Fia walked over and took his laptop bag from his hand.

After they got back to their mansion, Conrad pulled her toward him as they sat on the sofa.

“Fia, there’s something I want to tell you.”

“Sure, I’m listening.”

She was mellow and sincere.

He was just about to say something when their housekeeper, Mrs. Taylor, approached them with a bowl of medicinal concoction that had the color of black ink.

“Madam, it’s time for your medicine.”

“Okay!”

When her mother-in-law saw that she was still childless two years ago, she took her to the hospital for a medical checkup.

That was when they discovered that she was infertile. Her mother-in-law was so enraged at the news that she wanted Conrad to divorce her.

He didn't.

Instead, he consoled her. He treated her even better after that day.

She was overjoyed. Especially because he hadn't married her willingly.

After their marriage, he provided her with everything that a husband should.

Two years passed by quickly and she would drink that bitter, nasty concoction every day.

As she drank it, she got used to it.

As she drank it, she began to become hopeful.

Mrs. Taylor left with an empty bowl.

Conrad's eyebrows furrowed as he looked at her and he took out a piece of candy as usual.

"Thank you!"

Fia unwrapped the candy and slipped it into her mouth, and the smile on her face slowly widened.

The edge of his lips gradually curled up as he asked, "Is it sweet enough?"

"It is!"

She was like a child that was easily pleased as she looked at him with a happy glow in her eyes.

"What did you want to tell me just now?"

Conrad gulped as he considered how he was going to break the news to her.

Fia looked at him calmly, but she was growing expectant.

Tomorrow was going to be their third wedding anniversary. Was he going to buy her gifts? Or was he going to take her somewhere for a vacation?

As long as she could spend time with Conrad, she would be satisfied even if they had to go to the countryside and start a farm.

“Fia, both of us were forced to marry each other three years ago because of the pressure from our elders.

“I remember that you told me that, if possible, you want to fall in love and marry the man you love. To live a full life.”

Fia blinked. “Yes, I did. And?”

She knew him from when she was little. Since the moment she fell in love with him... It had been decades.

She had always hoped that he could fall in love with her too. That he would court her and marry her. However, the person that he loved was never her.

If it wasn't because her cousin had suddenly gone overseas and there was no one left available to solidify the alliance between their families through marriage, he would never have taken notice of someone like her. He only noticed her when she was chosen to be the sacrificial lamb.

“I'll set you free. Go and find the person that you love. Fall in love and get married. When you do, I will see you off as part of your maternal family.”

“What... What are you saying?”

The smile on Fia's face vanished as she looked at him with widened eyes.

Conrad looked away as he took out a cigarette from its package and placed it in his mouth. He glanced at her.

He remembered that she didn't like him smoking, so he pulled it out and simply held it in between his fingers without lighting it up.

He then whispered, “Esme is back.”

Fia sulked, trying her best to calm herself down while she bit the tip of her tongue.

“My cousin is back.”

“Yes.”

“So? You want a divorce?”

“Our union was a mistake in the first place. You know that Esme and I grew up together. I want everything to return to how it was supposed to be.”

“Then...”

‘What about me?’

Fia could not finish her sentence as she held her tongue. Three years ago, he told her that their marriage was a mistake. She was the only fool on the stage, absorbed in her role.

But he had been the perfect husband for three whole years!

Was there nothing worth staying for at all?

“Fia, I hope that you can allow us to become whole.”

Conrad stared deep into her eyes.

Fia opened her mouth but all she could feel was the dryness in her throat and the tears threatening to come out. Her emotions were going to burst out of her chest soon.

“I’m having a stomachache. I need to go to the bathroom first.”

“Alright. We can continue when you’re done.”

Fia darted off the sofa and stumbled into the bathroom.

She closed the door and let the tap water run. Her tears began to fall.

She was very happy in the marriage for the past three years.

They had been in bed together as the sun rose and set each day.

They were like a normal, married couple. They ate their meals together. They read together.

And when the tension was high, he would caress her tightly as they both became one.

But why? Why must it be so short?

How... could he say he wanted a divorce so easily?

There was no love.

He could only do it so calmly if there was no love.

But if he had no love, how could he have enjoyed it so much when they were making love?

If it was her, she could never do it with someone that she didn't love.

So, did he love her? Or did he not?

Perhaps... He did like her. Even if only for a little bit.

Once she had regained her composure, Fia returned to the living room with a smile on her face.

This time, she didn't sit by his side. Instead, she sat alone.

Conrad flicked off the cigarette in his hand into the bin and said, "Fia, I told you this three years ago. Once we've divorced, we won't need to interfere with each other's affairs anymore."

"Yes, you did."

However, from the moment she became his wife, she had thrown his warnings out of her mind. She loved him despite everything. She made him the only reason she was still alive.

In the past, she would treat her love for him as her own little secret, not even considering it while she watched him and Esme mingling with each other.

She told no one about it. She did not even dare to look at him when there were people around, for fear that her secret would be discovered.

She was just a girl from the countryside. She could not compare to someone like Esme Manning, a person of blue blood from a grand household.

Not only was she well-learned, but she was also a well-known socialite in their city of Gryphon as well as an accomplished pianist. Only she was worthy of him.

As he said, they should let everything return to how it was supposed to be.

Just like when she had a secret crush on him. She only needed him to be happy.

She would go back to hiding the secret of her love, just like how it was supposed to be.

It was already a gift from God that they had been married once.

“About the divorce...”

Before Conrad could even finish, Fia quickly said, “I agree to it.”

She lowered her head and looked away, as a chill slowly overcame her.

They were married for three years. She had taken the medicine for two whole years. It... It was lucky that she was infertile and didn't have his child. Otherwise... How was this going to end for her?

Conrad could see that her eyes were slightly red. “Are you feeling unwell?”

“Yes. It's just a stomachache. I'm going to be fine after taking some medicine.”

“Let's go.”

He grabbed her wrist as he stood up.

Fia quickly asked, “Where to?”

“To the doctor's.”

“There's no need for that. It's just something minor...”

“A lot of illnesses became serious because they weren't treated earlier when they were minor ones. We can't delay!”

When they were on their way to the hospital, Fia turned and looked at the scenery passing by outside the window. She dared not see the man in the driver's seat next to her.

She was afraid that if she looked at him, she would not be able to give him up.

That she would beg him not to leave her.