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Stop It, She's Remarrying! By Stellar Strands Chapter 151

"Oh? Since when did Fia get so sensible?" Hank looked at Fia with a fake smile. He felt bad for his daughter Esme.

He wondered what she had done to make Conrad submit to her.

He had even blocked Esme and Beth's numbers.

If it wasn't because he had asked for help to get Silas's number, he probably couldn't even invite them

over.

"Stop joking, Uncle Hank," Fia said in a forceful manner. "I've always been sensible. You've simply never

seen it.

"The only reason that you're praising me as such is because you're bothered by his status."

Hank was speechless.

Since when did she get so sharp-tongued?!

"Conrad!"

A joyful voice rang. Esme was wearing a bohemian skirt as she ran out. Her hair flowed in the wind as she wore a floral wreath, making her look like a fairy.

She pretended to not see Fia at all as she went up to Conrad, her eyes filled with longing.

"I've finally seen you. I haven't seen you for a week.

"We haven't been separated for such a long time since I've returned. Did you miss me?"

Esme looked at Conrad, blushing when she asked the last question.

Fia's eyes turned cold, and she didn't even flinch when she muttered, "Disgusting."

"Fia, why are you so harsh toward me now?"

"There's more where that came from. Do you want to give me a try?" Fia grinned. She was no longer as subservient as before.

Conrad looked at her from the side, feeling like she was Mona Lisa.

A mist veiled around her, making her mysterious but all of their attention was deeply drawn to her.

"You three should chat while I go greet the other guests. Esme, take good care of Conrad."

"I understand, dad."

After Hank left, the three of them looked at each other.

Esme said pitifully, "Conrad, why is Fia treating me like this now?"

Conrad moved his eyes away from Fia impatiently and he looked at Esme coldly.

"How she is treating you is a problem between you two. You shouldn't be asking me. You should repent."

Esme looked at him with eyes filled with tears. She wanted to pull Conrad's arm.

"Scram, you whore!" Fia pushed Esme away, refusing to even allow her to touch Conrad.

Conrad looked at Fia in shock.

Fia's eyes stared at him with an eyebrow raised. "Did I do something wrong, Conrad? I'm your wife, so

don't let other women touch you when you're in front of me! I'll feel disgusted!"

“No. I’m simply shocked.” Conrad felt a strange feeling inside of him.

In the past, she would never stop Esme from touching him.

Could it be that Fia’s feelings toward him were changing?

She was getting possessive of him?

Did that mean she was beginning to love him?

“Fia?”

A gentle voice came from behind.

Fia quickly turned around. “Evans!”

Conrad’s face paled. She called out that name so happily.

Jason looked at Esme and Conrad, and then smiled at Fia.

“I never thought that I’d see you here.”

“Me too,” Fia said with a natural smile. “You’re here for Uncle Hank’s birthday party too?”

“Yes.” Jason showed the invitation in his hand. “I’m here on behalf of my parents.”

Fia nodded and said, “Then let’s go in. Don’t just stand there. We’ll find a place to sit.”

“Sure.”

Jason walked over to Conrad and said, “Let’s go in, Mr. Maxwell.”

“You don’t have to tell me twice!” Conrad said, hanging over Fia as he was on the verge of exploding.

“Don’t forget who your husband is, Fia!”

Fia rolled her eyes at him. “I’m warning you. Keep your dirty thoughts to yourself.”

No data found.
No data found.

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"He probably doesn't want a child!" Fia instinctively said.

"How do you know?" Sapphire asked in shock.

Fia gave her an awkward smile. "My husband is the same. I guess all his cousins think the same way?" "Conrad doesn't want a child? But I heard from my aunt that you're infertile."

"He doesn't want one." Fia bit her lips. She was growing resentful when she remembered the child that Eileen had to abort.

"Sapphire, you're pretty and have a good personality. If you can let go of Victor and look at other good men, maybe you'll be able to find happiness!"

Sapphire frowned. "Why are you telling me this, Fia?"

Fia said. "I simply feel that if a man tells a woman to wait and not marry, that means that he doesn't love that woman enough. There's really no point in wasting your time."

"Really?" Sapphire was taken aback. "Your cousin, Esme, told me the same thing."

Fia frowned. She never expected Esme to tell Sapphire the same thing.

"But your cousin didn't say it so directly. She asked me to find a chance to take him down," Sapphire said as her voice trailed off and her face blushed.

Fia was shocked. She asked in a whisper, "You two haven't..."

"Yes, we haven't. He said that he wanted to save it for our wedding night."

Fia could no longer stay put there. She made up an excuse and left. She then gave Eileen a video call as she made her way to her home in a cab.

"What?!"

Eileen, who had just removed all her makeup, became pale. "He hasn't slept with his fiancée?"

"That's what Sapphire said. If Victor was the one that said that, there'd be a possibility that it's a lie."

Fia then continued as she saw Eileen brush her bangs that were blocking her eye. "Eileen... Is it possible that Victor does love you? Even just a little?"

"Impossible!" Eileen's hand shook, almost breaking the phone in her hand.

Fia could only look at her quietly.

She looked like a girl that had become flustered because of love.

"He can't love me. If he does, he won't treat me like this!" Eileen said as she covered her eyes with one

hand.

"Fia, do you know that on the day that I had the abortion, he didn't even want to accompany me when I

asked him about it.

"If he loved me, he would never treat me so heartlessly."

Fia gulped. "But you love him. If he doesn't love you, how are you planning to continue this?"

"I'll live day by day." Eileen chuckled. "Maybe Sapphire was lying and said that intentionally so that all of you would think that she's a virgin!"

Conrad had been searching around but couldn't find Fia, and his call wouldn't go through as well. He angrily approached Sapphire and asked, "Where did you hide Fia?"

"What's wrong with you, Conrad? Why would I hide her from you? I'm not Esme," Sapphire said with disdain. "You can't even find your wife... I think you're the one having problems!"

"Well, Sapphire is right about that." Victor patted Sapphire's head. "Come on, forget about him."

Conrad was just about to leave the Manning household when Esme ran over.

“Are you looking for Fia? She’s upstairs.”

Conrad asked, “What is she doing upstairs?”

“She said she was not feeling well and wanted to rest for a bit. I took her to my room. I’ll take you to her.”

“Thanks.” Conrad went up and intentionally walked behind her. He didn’t want Fia to mistake them for anything else.

The bedroom door opened. It was all dark inside, and there was a strange fragrance.

Conrad asked, “Why is it so dark?”

“Fia is resting. I was worried that the light would hurt her eyes.”

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Conrad asked again, “Where is she?”

Esme whispered, “She’s resting on the bed. You should be able to see her if you come inside.”

Conrad followed, and the fragrance became even stronger.

He sensed something was wrong and turned around.

Esme cried out his name and pounced on him. She then held him tightly and said, “Conrad... Conrad! Please don’t give up on me!”

“Esme, please have some self-respect!”

“Aren’t you worried about me at all? I was almost destroyed by your cousin’s people! And even now I

would recall what happened to me that night as soon as I close my eyes! I’m scared! I’m afraid to even step out and see other people! I’m afraid that others will attack me!

“Conrad, when I went to the hospital and checked, the doctor said that I’m mentally unhealthy. I don’t want to go crazy! Please help me.”

Conrad remembered Fia. Jason said that she has mild depression.

Compared to Esme, she’s in a much better condition.

“If you’re sick, Esme. Tell your family to bring you to the hospital for treatment.”

“I did. The doctor said I’m too insecure. I need someone who can make me safe to accompany me! Conrad, you’re that person! You can’t just leave me!”

Conrad held Esme’s shoulders and wanted to push her away.

Suddenly, a group of people rushed in and there was a stream of clicking sounds.

“Seriously? Mr. Maxwell and Ms. Manning?!”

All the reporters were shocked.

Esme was so shocked that she held onto Conrad even tighter.

“Don’t blame Conrad! It’s all me! I seduced him! This has nothing to do with Conrad!”

“What are you talking about, Esme?”

Conrad could feel his body becoming hotter.

That scent was working.

Meanwhile, Fia and Eileen were sitting on the floor as they slurped a bowl of instant ramen each.

Eileen smiled and said, “You’re pregnant. You can’t eat too much of this junk food.”

Fia showed her one finger and said with a smile, “Just this one time.”

Eileen grabbed the television controller and switched the television on.

“I went to an award ceremony a few days ago. They’re going to show it today. I’ll switch the channel.”

“Sure,” Fia said as she slurped more noodles, her eyes fixed on the television.

Eileen was switching channels when it stopped at the local entertainment channel. There was a large group of people and they saw Conrad among them.

“Fia? Why is your husband on the news?”

Fia frowned.

The reporter on the television continued with the report. “We never thought that we’d manage to get something this huge during Mr. Manning’s birthday party today. The youngest and most talented businessman in Gryphon, Mr. Maxwell, and the daughter of Mr. Manning are lovers.”

The grip on the spoon that Fia was holding tightened. She knew the background in one look.

“That’s my cousin’s room.”

Eileen cursed. “That can’t be, right? How can the two of them do it so openly?”

“They went straight to the bedroom as soon as I left the Manning household, huh?”

Fia smiled forlornly. “Before I left, I remember seeing those reporters. They said they were invited there by my uncle to report on his birthday party to build up some reputation for the Manning household.”

Eileen asked, “Why did they take pictures of your husband and her instead?!”

“I don’t know. Knocked on the wrong door? Maybe... This is a trap by the Mannings?”

“Fia...” Eileen held Fia’s hand. “You said it yourself. This is a trap. Don’t imagine things, okay?”

Fia smiled.

“A trap... Requires the target to act as they planned.”

“Fia, didn’t you say that you and Conrad were doing quite well lately?”

Fia lowered her head and pushed away Eileen’s hand, continuing to eat another mouthful of noodles.

She then said, “He’s fine when he’s not meeting her. But the moment he sees her, he can’t stop it anymore.”

“To think that I actually believed that he was innocent. That nothing happened between them.”

“Fia... From the looks of it, it’s like they haven’t met for a long time. They have only been separated for a week and they don’t even care about where they are anymore. Despite knowing that there are going to be a lot of people today, they still do it anyway.”

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She shook her head with a bitter smile.

The last week had been like a dream.

And she had now woken up from her slumber.

What was she supposed to do next?

“Fia, let’s wait for his explanation, alright?” Eileen looked at Fia’s belly. “For the baby.”

“Let’s eat. It won’t be delicious anymore if it’s cold.”

What happened between Conrad and Esme had a deep effect. Since it was revealed on local media, it was not something that could be removed by just using money or through the work of a PR team.

Evening. Eileen sent Fia home.

There was a throng of reporters outside Conrad’s mansion.

The driver stopped. “There are too many reporters. We can’t get in.”

“Let me down here then,” Fia said calmly.

Eileen held her hand and said, “No. With so many reporters here, they will chase after you and ask you about them. What if they hurt the baby in your womb?”

Fia frowned and said nothing.

Eileen held her hand even tighter. “We’re best friends. Don’t be a stranger.”

With that, she said to the driver, “Drive the car in.”

“Sure.”

The driver kept on honking but the reporters didn’t budge and simply watched.

The driver was getting angry and he rolled down the window.

“Can you please move? Do all of you have a death wish or something?!”

With that, he stepped on the gas, and that managed to scare a few of the reporters that were in front of his car away.

Suddenly, one of them with good eyes shouted, “It’s Eileen Reid!”

“Eileen Reid? What’s going on? Why is she here at Mr. Maxwell’s place?”

“Don’t tell me that Mr. Maxwell has plenty of lovers outside despite having a wife at home?”

“First, it’s Hugh Manning’s daughter. Then, it’s the current hottest celebrity. Mr. Maxwell is really enjoying his life!”

“Quick! That van belongs to Eileen! Hurry up and take a picture!”

Eileen frowned. “I’m so sorry, Fia. Those people are crazy!”

“You don’t need to apologize to me.”

Fia rolled down the window and told the driver to slow down.

Then, she said to those reporters. “It’s a mistake. Eileen’s my best friend and she’s sending me home.”

“Whoa, it was just a mistake!”

“Oh, it really is just a mistake. Another story is gone.”

When comparing cheating and love between two friends, it was obvious that the paparazzi were not interested in the latter. They didn't even want to waste time taking pictures.

As the car drove into the mansion, some reporters wanted to use this chance to barge into the mansion. However, Mrs. Taylor and Silas were already prepared, and this stopped them from getting any closer.

Some of them treated their lives with so little value that they wanted to simply push their way in. They were almost crushed between the gates.

Silas glared at them and said, “Whoever enters without permission will be sued for unlawful entry!” The group of reporters could only interview them through the gates.

“What's the relationship between Ms. Manning and Mr. Maxwell?”

“Does he really like Ms. Manning or is he just toying with her?”

Silas didn't even want to answer them and simply called the bodyguards.

A group of men in black came and drove them away.

“Madam, Master Maxwell is upstairs,” Mrs. Taylor said uneasily. “He told me to ask you to see him upstairs as soon as you're back.”

Fia nodded and looked at Eileen.

“Maybe you should go home first.”

Eileen refused out of worry for her. “Go up and hear what he has to say. I'll wait for you downstairs.”

Fia was moved. “Alright. Wait for me.”

After telling Mrs. Taylor to take good care of Eileen, she went upstairs with an uneasy heart.

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The bedroom door wasn't completely closed.

Fia knocked on the door. "Are you in there?"

"Come in," Conrad said, his tone low.

Fia took a deep breath and went in.

The curtains were all drawn and the lights were switched off. The room was drowned in darkness.

She frowned and wanted to switch on the lights.

From the darkness, a hand pulled her.

She let out a cry and he quickly mounted her.

"What are you doing?!"

"Fi... I missed you..."

The man's voice was deep and there was a hint of impulsion within it.

Fia pushed him away. "Can you please not disgust me like this? They've just taken pictures of you with her and now you're saying you miss me."

"Fi... I'm not feeling well."

Fia asked instinctively as she blushed. "How can a CEO like you fall for her paltry tricks? Is it because you love her too

much?"

"Can we not talk about that, Fi?"

She dodged his kissing as she mocked him. "You don't want to talk about it? Or are you too ashamed to talk about it?"

"I didn't touch Esme. I've been holding it back since I reached home. I thought you were home."

He gasped as he softly nibbled on her shoulders.

“Why weren’t you home, Fi? Why are you so naughty? Where did you go?”

“I went to look for Eileen.”

The man’s desperation made her less comfortable.

If it were in the past, he would have no time to do this with her if he was put on television after doing that with Esme.

Back on the first floor, Eileen rubbed her hands as she looked at Mrs. Taylor anxiously.

“Mrs. Taylor, why hasn’t she come down yet? I hope nothing happened.”

Mrs. Taylor replied with a red face, “You must be joking, Ms. Reid. This is the madam’s home. No one will hurt her here.”

“Your employer will! He’s like a rabid dog!” Eileen said irritably.

“Ms. Reid, you can’t say that. Master Maxwell has always treated Madam Fia quite well.”

“No, I better go take a look!”

Mrs. Taylor spread out her arms to stop Eileen and said awkwardly, “Master Maxwell was drugged. He needs the madam...”

She stopped. Eileen had seen plenty of things in the entertainment industry and she immediately knew what had happened.

“That plastic whore did it?”

“At the Mannings,” Mrs. Taylor said, her anger becoming evident in her tone. “She’s properly born and raised to be a lady! How can she plot such a despicable thing!”

“Yes, quite despicable. Only your master thinks that she’s someone kind and innocent!” Eileen said as she clenched

her teeth. “He didn’t let her get her way?”

Mrs. Taylor’s face became even redder.

“Mrs. Reid, if Master Maxwell did sleep with her, does he need to wait for the madam to return?”

Eileen sighed. “What kind of relationship is this? All he does is torture Fia in the end.”

She looked at the time and said, “Fine. I’ll visit Fia another time. I’m going home first.”

“Don’t worry, Ms. Reid. I’ll take good care of her.”

“Do that. You do need to take good care of her and make more tasty food for her more frequently.”

Fia still managed to keep her cool despite Conrad’s actions.

“Wait here. Eileen is still waiting.”

“Yell to her from the door... I can’t wait anymore!” Conrad’s tone was filled with impatience. “I’ve waited long enough

Fia knew that he was losing his senses and she didn’t want to start another fight with him, for the sake of her child.

Her heart skipped a beat. She pushed him away and mounted him instead.

She looked at him sternly, his eyes burning with passionate flame.

“Conrad... Don’t do anything rash... Otherwise, you’ll get burned!”

Conrad blushed as he nodded. “Okay.”

After a long while, Fia went to wash up in the bathroom

while Conrad looked at her from the door.

After she was done, he asked, "Have you eaten?"

Fia nodded. "I have."

Conrad said, "I haven't eaten yet. Come with me."

Fia didn't want to go but he simply grabbed her and carried her down with him.

Mrs. Taylor said with a smile, "I made supper. Come and eat to replenish your energy."

Fia's face turned red. She didn't have to imply it so heavily

Conrad held up a giant crab pincer and asked, "Do you want to eat this?"

Fia glanced at it. She wanted to.

But she remembered what Doctor Evans said. She can't eat crabs.

"No."

Conrad asked, "I thought you liked to eat crabs in the past?"

Fia said, "The past is in the past. Can't I change?"

She even rolled her eyes at him. "You liked my cousin in the past and even wanted to marry her!"

Conrad almost choked at that and put down the crab. He

wasn't sure how to continue the conversation.

Fia moved a plate of prawns in front of her and was going to start peeling the shells off and start eating.

"Let me do it."

Conrad took the plate.

Fia didn't hesitate to eat the prawns that he deshelled. "Why are you so gentle? You're feeling ashamed of something?"

Conrad said, "I went to Esme's room to look for you. I didn't realize that would happen."

"Sure." Fia remembered that she didn't tell him she was leaving and he fell right into their trap.

Despite the guilt she felt, she kept on saying, "What a good chance. Not only were you drugged, but you might as well have just gone all the way."

Conrad saw how uncaring she was and copied her tone." True. She was halfway begging me on her knees."

"Meanwhile, all I was thinking about back then was you, you heartless woman!"

After he said that, he was stunned.

Why was he thinking of her?

Logically speaking, Esme was his childhood love.

He should be thinking of her at the time.

"Why were you thinking of me?" Fia was also quite perplexed.

She saw the confusion on Conrad's face.

"Because I'm your wife?"

"If you're still single and don't have me as your wife, would you still reject her when she throws herself at you?"

Conrad frowned even deeper as the questions got to him.

He didn't like to think about things that weren't possible.

And didn't want to answer too.

However, Fia misunderstood him and said, "You're quite the man, Mr. Maxwell! You still remember your wife when the woman you love is in front of you! No wonder you can build up your business empire!"

"Can you please don't talk like that?" Conrad suddenly remembered the secret that Victor told him.

He then looked at Fia suspiciously.

"Are you hiding something from me?"

"What?" Fia tried her best to calm down when she remembered her child. "How can I answer you if you don't specify your question."

"Are you hiding a lot of things from me?" Conrad's expression darkened.

"If you think so, then yes." Fia put down her fork. "I don't have any appetite anymore."

"Fia, I'll ask you some questions and you will answer me honestly," Conrad said in a harsh tone.

Fia stopped and turned around, fixing her gaze at him.

"What do you want to know?"

Conrad then asked, "Do you have dirt on my mother? Is the reason she's obedient because you threatened her?"

Fia's hands turned into fists as her sharp eyes softened. It was a pity.

"You know everything?" She laughed. "If you know everything, why are you still asking me that question? Why don't you ask your mother?!"

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Conrad looked at Fia's eyes which were filled with pity. He instantly became similar to a cat that had its tail stepped on.

"Scram!"

"Where to?" Fia smiled bitterly as she raised an eyebrow. "My grandma's dead and the Lawsons no longer welcome me. My mom's dead too, and her apartment is empty... And I see her shadows everywhere."

At that moment, Conrad decided to give in.

"Sorry, it's my fault."

"I don't have an appetite anymore," Fia mumbled and went up.

Conrad stayed in the dining room for a very long time.

He suddenly realized that, no matter how Fia pretended that things were alright, she was different from how she used to be.

The words from her tongue would cut into him so deeply, and the way she acted had become so strange.

Fia went back to the bedroom and began combing her hair in front of the dressing table.

She mumbled to herself, "Look at you. How great you've become.

"You don't have to stick close to him.

"You can ignore him.

"You can provoke him.

"You're no longer that stupid girl that gave up everything for him."

Yes. She would become even better.

If no one would protect her, then let her become a porcupine. When others hurt her, she hurt them back!

It was at this time that her phone rang.

“Hello? Eileen?” She picked up the call and said in a soft tone. No one could hear any sadness from it.

Eileen was silent for two seconds.

“Did Conrad bully you?”

Fia smiled. “Which kind of bully?”

“Fia... The baby in your womb isn’t even three months old yet. Be careful,” Eileen said worryingly.

Fia could feel a stab in her heart as her tone became sorrowful.

“Eileen, did you want to keep the baby back then?”

“...Yes.” Eileen sighed from the other side. “I even asked the doctor what I would have to worry about. The doctor told me to be careful when we make love for the first three months. We have to be as soft as possible and we can’t get too intimate.

“At the time, I was blushing. The doctor even asked me if I

remembered everything. That doctor was so thick-skinned... Anything could come from her mouth.”

Fia smiled and said, “She’s a good doctor.”

“She’s quite good. Maybe she could see how terrible my fate is too.” Eileen sighed. “I was so stupid back then. I thought he would take care of me once I had his child.”

“After so many years, he still hasn’t married Sapphire. He still has some feelings for you.” Fia didn’t know how to advise Eileen.

“Yeah, right! All the feelings he has for me are when we’re in bed!

Whatever! Let’s not talk about us. There’s nothing left to be said. If you’re not happy, call me. If you can’t, call Doctor Evans.”

Fia frowned.

Eileen continued, "I can see that he likes you. If you see things clearly one day, maybe give him a chance?"

"What are you talking about, Eileen? You know that I only have feelings for one person after so many years."

"I'm advising you as someone with prior experience that you'll end up happier with a man that loves you rather than with a man that you love!"

After the call ended, Fia looked at herself in the mirror numbly.

Her face was white and her lips were pale. The long, black hair she had, made her look like the vengeful spirit Sadako.

What was nice about her that made Doctor Evans fall for her?

She couldn't sleep.

Conrad turned around and looked at Fia.

"Stop acting. You're not asleep."

"Let's talk about how to deal with the incident where I got photographed with Esme."

Fia asked with her eyes closed. "How do you want to deal with this?"

"Come to the company with me. There are going to be reporters stopping us there."

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Before he could even finish, she spoke.

"You want me to show how loving we are as a couple to the audience?"

"Yes."

Conrad put a hand on Fia's shoulder.

"We won't divorce, so we can't let this continue."

“Is the reason really because we’re not divorcing, or is it because you’re worried this might affect the corporation?” Fia opened her eyes and turned around, looking at Conrad.

As the night lamp shone, she could see his amber eyes very clearly.

If she didn’t know who he really loved, she would suspect that he really did love her. Otherwise, he wouldn’t look at her like he would at the stars above.

Conrad stared at Fia for two seconds and said, “Both, I guess.”

Fia laughed mockingly. “You’re willing to sacrifice yourself to sugarcoat things.”

Conrad then said, “I don’t feel like I’m sacrificing anything. I only wish that we can go back to how things were like before.”

Fia raised her eyebrow. “Before?”

Conrad continued, “Before Esme came back.”

“You’re dreaming!” Fia countered without pause.

“Alright, go to bed.” Conrad tapped her shoulders and closed his eyes

first.

He had a bad temper. If he let her continue, they were going to have a fight again.

Fia looked at Conrad with resentment and hit his hand away. Then, she turned her back to him.

The next day, after breakfast, Fia went to the company with Conrad.

It was her first time going to his company.

He led her down the car. Before he could even get into the building, a horde of reporters surrounded them.

“Mr. Maxwell, can you explain the relationship between you and Ms. Manning?”

“Mrs. Maxwell, do you know what happened yesterday? Ms. Manning is your cousin. What is your opinion on the relationship between your husband and cousin?”

“Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell, there are rumors saying that you have already signed the divorce papers. Is that real?”

Dozens of questions were thrown at them, and all of them were about their relationship.

Fia was getting a headache from all of it.

Conrad held her hand and gave her a look, telling her to say something.

She remembered the script that he gave her before leaving.

“I’m sorry, everyone. But my husband and I have a very good relationship. Yes, very good.” She smiled brightly and held Conrad’s arm.

“See? After I married him, I didn’t need to work and I had servants to wash our clothes and make our meals. All I need to do every day is listen to music or read books. Maybe some gardening too. Then at night, we can spend some time together doing some naughty things. What a happy life that is.”

Conrad was wearing his normal expression when Fia gave the first part of her speech. However, when she reached the second part, he frowned slightly.

“Thank you for your concern. As you can see, our relationship is still as strong as usual. We won’t divorce as I didn’t cheat on her.”

A reporter asked, “Then, how was the picture of you and Ms. Manning taken yesterday in the Manning residence?”

Conrad glanced at Fia next to him.

There was something that he didn’t want to say, but he had to.

He raised his head and looked the reporter straight in the eyes. “It was an accident. Ms. Manning is my wife’s cousin. She went through, some things lately and her mental stability has deteriorated.”

It was normal for someone whose mental stability had deteriorated to get the wrong person or act out of character.

Conrad stopped and simply let the reporters come to their own conclusions about Esme.

Silas then came over to get rid of the reporters.

Conrad held Fia’s hand and walked into the company.

The receptionist smiled brightly. “Good morning, Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell.”

Conrad nodded and pulled Fia into their private elevator.

Once the door of the elevator closed, he asked, “Why did you say that in front of the reporters?”

“Which one? About the naughty time we have at night?” Fia giggled. “I didn’t lie, did I?”

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Conrad looked at Fia in disbelief.

“How can you say what we do in the bedroom out in public?”

“Why not? You’re my husband. We’re legally allowed to do what we did in the bedroom. We’re not cheating.” Fia grinned. “Or perhaps I’ve overdone it and you’re worried that your childhood love is hurt?”

“You’re not like this in the past, Fia!”

“In the past?” Fia suddenly threw Conrad’s hand away.

“I have had enough of the past! I was too soft and weak! That’s why I let all of you hurt everyone that I cared about!”

Fia’s breathing became heavy due to her rage. She was affected by all the reporter’s questions. Even now she was still feeling somewhat ill

from it.

“Don’t talk to me about the past. It will only make me feel disgusted about myself, about all of you! And…”

She couldn’t even finish her sentence when she suddenly blacked out and collapsed.

“Fia!” Conrad grabbed her, preventing her head from hitting on the elevator door.

He tapped her face and cried out, “Fia, are you alright?”

At the hospital.

Jason had just finished visiting all his patients when he saw Conrad walking out of the hospital elevator with Fia in his arms.

“What happened?”

“We were in the elevator and she suddenly fainted,” Conrad said nervously.

Jason passed the patients’ folders to his assistant who was behind him and said, “Go check my patients.”

With that, Jason led Conrad to a nearby examination room.

Before he went into the examination room, Jason stopped Conrad.

“Wait outside.”

“I’m her husband!”

“Don’t interrupt us from saving the patient!”

The two of them stared at each other before Conrad decided to back down. He knew that Fia's safety was much more important.

"It's your friend again, Jason."

"Yeah."

The female doctor put away the medical scope and asked curiously, "That's her husband out there?"

Jason looked at the doctor, Sally Hall, and nodded. "Yeah."

"Her husband doesn't know about her pregnancy?" Sally whispered.

"Yeah, please keep it a secret."

"Sure," Sally mumbled. "To be honest, this is my first time seeing a husband not knowing his wife's pregnant."

"How's she doing?"

"Mild anemia. She fainted because she got too emotional, causing insufficient oxygen in the brain," Sally said. When she saw how serious he was, she consoled him. "It's nothing. With some food and proper rest, she'll wake up in no time."

"Thanks, Sally."

"Oh, look at you. Don't worry about it. We're all colleagues here. Your friend is my friend too."

Jason forced a smile and said, "Thanks."

Sally stood up and then asked, "Let's have her lie down here for a bit, yeah?"

"Sure." Jason nodded as he looked at Fia. He wasn't sure how to feel.

"I'll get her some medicine."

"She's pr-" Before Jason could even finish, Sally was already nodding.

"I know. I'll make sure that I only use medicine that won't affect the baby."

She said it in a whisper, worried that the person outside could hear it.

Jason nodded at her and gave her a thankful smile.

After she fed Fia some medicine, Sally approached Jason with her hands behind her back.

She then whispered her question in an excited tone, "Jason, do you like her?"

"No," Jason instinctively answered.

He had already repeated this answer in his mind a lot of times... To persuade himself and others.

Sally looked at Jason thoroughly. "She is so pretty, and so gentle too. In this society where men outnumber women, plenty of men will still fall for her even if she's already married."

Jason raised his eyes and stared at Sally.

"Isn't that immoral?"

"Of course not. There's nothing wrong with liking a person. As long as you don't destroy the other person's marriage," Sally smiled tenderly.

Jason finally felt the heavy weight in his heart lifted. "Thanks, Sally."

Sally tiptoed as she patted his shoulders.

"Jason, you're a good doctor and a good friend."