

## Read Stop It She's Remarrying by Stellar Strands

### Chapter 3

“So you feel that you haven’t done anything wrong? Do you know why I hated you ever since we were kids? That’s because I knew that you liked Conrad for a long time! He’s mine! You have no right to steal him from me!” Esme said.

Fia’s face paled. She didn’t realize that Esme knew about it all along.

If she knew about it, why didn’t she say anything about it? Instead, she would always call her along when she had a date with Conrad.

Why would Esme do that?

Did she intentionally want to show how loving they could be so she could inflict pain on her?!

Even if she did have a crush on Conrad at the time, even if Esme was Conrad’s girlfriend at the time, she didn’t do anything to her!

She had to say something! She could not simply let her walk all over her!

“If you really love him, why did you leave three years ago?”

“Do you think that I’m someone like you? That all I care about is love and romance? I was at my career’s peak three years ago! I couldn’t simply marry myself off and have kids!”

As Esme continued, her tone got more and more agitated. “You’re so despicable for marrying Conrad when I was away, Fia! You used him to increase your status when you’re just a mere country girl! Everything from where you live to what you eat... They’re all supposed to be mine! Not only are you not grateful to me, but you also think you’re much better than me! It’s alright. Conrad will leave you. The person that he loves is still me!”

Fia was speechless. For the past three years, she did enjoy a life of luxury.

Conrad would buy her expensive clothes, handbags, and jewelry. Even when she refused, he would convince her using the excuse that she was Mrs. Maxwell already, and she couldn’t shame him by dressing shabbily.

She also had to always remind herself that she was Mrs. Maxwell. Wife of Conrad Maxwell. That was why she would dress up whenever she had to be in public... Because she didn't want to bring him any shame.

She did her best to be a wife worthy of him, but in the end, it simply became something that Esme could use to attack her.

"You're as useless as your sorry excuse of a mother, Fia Lawson! No wonder her man left her, and you ended up with no father!"

"Shut up! Don't bring my mother into this!" Fia could feel her blood boil.

"I'm simply telling the truth that your mother had brought shame to the Lawson family name! All our uncles are getting headaches by just mentioning the names of you and your mother. Not only are you still with the household, you two even want to fight for the family inheritance! I wonder what Grandmother is thinking... And why didn't she get rid of you two!"

"Shut up! My mother and I weren't fighting for anything!"

Fia lost control after being accused once again and pushed Esme away.

"If your mother isn't fighting for the family inheritance, why did Grandmother give the house that was part of her bride token to your mother?! My mother and yours are both her daughters, so why did she show favoritism to yours?!"

"I..."

Fia could not say anything. She didn't know anything about what happened between the members of the previous generation.

However, Esme was right. Her grandfather passed away a long time ago and her grandmother did show favoritism toward her mom.

"Luckily, God is fair. He didn't give your mother a healthy body since she's being so shameless and she has to survive on medicine. She has to be almost dead by now, right?"

"Don't you dare curse my mom!"

Fia had a very close relationship with her mother as she grew up solely in her care.

Esme's curses made Fia completely lose her cool and she pushed her with all her might.

"Ah!"

Esme fell down in a pretentious manner and struck her head on a metal bench in the corridor. Instantly, a bump formed on her forehead. Her right wrist landed on the bench too and was showing some swelling.

"Ah, it hurts!"

She cried out in agony.

If someone was truly in love with another person, that someone could identify even that person's footsteps. Fia heard the firm and anxious footsteps of a man running toward them. She looked at the source of the sound and saw Conrad running over with a dark face, a lady's bag in his hand.

"What are you doing, Fia?!" He yelled with a stern voice as he glared at her. He then helped Esme up by holding her waist.

"Are you alright, Esme?"

"I'm fine. I'm just feeling a little bit of pain on my forehead and right hand."

Conrad looked at the swelling on Esme's forehead and wrist and then said, "I'll take you to the doctor."

Before he left, Conrad glared at Fia.

Fia trembled as she chased Conrad and pulled the bottom of his shirt.

She shook her head and then explained, "It's her... She cursed my mother first."

"And what did she say?" He asked her in a cold tone.

"She said that my mother had a premarital affair, and..."

"Isn't that the truth?!" he replied loudly.

Fia couldn't believe what she heard and simply let go of his shirt.

During their three years of marriage, he treated her mother very well to the point that her mother thought that he was already completely in love with her.

Her mother was glad that they were married.

But now he said that everything Esme said was the truth. The coldness and sneering in his voice... All the softness and understanding in the past were gone.

“Conrad... You’ve always looked down on my mother and me?”

Conrad could see that something had shattered in the woman’s eyes. He wanted to say something but Esme’s painful moans cut him off.

“Conrad, I’m fainting. My wrist is in a lot of pain too. I don’t think I can play anymore either.” Esme began to sob in his arms.

As Conrad held her and patted her back soothingly, he glared at Fia in a cold demeanor.

“Do you know that Esme’s right hand had just gone through surgery? She’s a pianist! If her hand is injured, it’s a death sentence to her!”

Fia was in shock as she looked at Esme’s limp right hand. “I... didn’t know that.”

“Alright. Enough. I have to take her to the doctor. You can go back on your own!”

Fia laughed at herself as she looked at Conrad leaving together with his childhood friend. After a few steps, he even swept Esme off her feet and carried her in his arms.

“Look. That’s your so-called happiness. All of it was just your own wishful thinking.”

She left the hospital dispirited, only to meet up with Conrad’s personal assistant, Silas Whitley, at the entrance of the hospital as he rushed over.

“Madam, I’m here to take you home.”

“Alright.”

Silas could see how sad she was, but he couldn't ask too much about it because of his role as Conrad's personal assistant. He was simply doing what he should.

"Silas, I don't want to go home."

"Where do you want to go?"

"I want to visit my mother."

Silas put on his Bluetooth speaker and then said, "Let me call Mr. Maxwell."

"No need. He doesn't have time to care where I go."

Silas was silent for a moment before calling Conrad anyway.

"Alright. Understood."

He hung up and then said, "Mr. Maxwell said that if you're in a bad mood, you can stay with your mom for a few days."

Fia had on a lonesome smile. In the past, he would never let her stay overnight at her mom's place.

But now... His childhood friend was back. His old flame had returned. Everything had changed.

It didn't matter if she went back anymore.

Echo Lawson opened the apartment door and forced out a smile on her pale face. She then welcomed Fia into her home.

"Why did you come all of a sudden without even a call? Hm? Why is Conrad not here today?"

"He's busy in the office and doesn't have the time."

"That's rare. Every time you come to visit me, he always comes along."

"He's really just too busy."

"That's fine then. We can have some girl talk."

Fia didn't want her mother to see her sorrow and so, she faked a smile on her face.

She went over to the kitchen to wash the grapes and cherries she just bought, put them in a bowl, and then walked over to where her mother was sitting and sat next to her.

Meanwhile, Echo took out a red file from a box next to her.