

## **Read Stop It She's Remarrying by Stellar Strands Chapter 91-98**

Stop It, She's Remarrying! By Stellar Strands Chapter 91

Conrad shook his heavy head and stared at his older cousin Victor.

While he hadn't gathered what had happened, he could still feel the insult that was hurled his way.

He freed himself from Victor's lackeys and pounced on him.

"Oh?" Victor let out an amused laugh as he looked at his cousin staggering toward him and the punch he threw at him.

He yawned and couldn't be bothered to say another word. All he wanted to do was go back to sleep.

He then said to his men, "Send Mr. Maxwell home. If there's even a single bruise on him, you know what will happen to you."

"Understood. What about the woman in the car?"

Victor gave her a glance and said, "That shrieking bird's not part of the family, so stop being such a busybody."

"I got him and am sending him back." Victor gave Eileen a call. "When will you come over to accompany me?"

Eileen looked at Fia as she held her phone in her hand. Fia was simply sitting in the living room staring into the air.

"Not today, boss."

"Eileen, now that he's back home, if you don't send his wife back, what if another woman sleeps with him later?"

Despite Victor's teasing, there was a hint of iciness in his tone.

Eileen remembered the complicated relationship they were in and his motto—the end justifies the means. "Fine. I'll head over to your place."

“I’ll go to your place now. Send my cousin’s wife back home before I get there.”

Eileen couldn’t say anything.

After hanging up, she walked over to Fia with a sense of guilt.

“About that... My friend is coming.”

“Conrad’s cousin?” Fia asked.

Yeah.”

Fia furrowed her brows. “I’ll go home then.”

“I’ll arrange a driver to send you home.”

“Thank you, Eileen.”

Before she left, Fia pulled Eileen’s hand.

“I don’t know what’s up between you and his cousin, but he has a fiancée. They’ve been engaged for 5 years.

Eileen didn’t say a word with her head lowered.

Fia said it gently and didn’t want to aggravate her. “If you want to stay by his side, ask him what he wants from this. If this is going to be long-term.”

“Fia... The relationship between the two of us... It’s not like what you think.”

Eileen paused. “He’s my boss.”

She loved him back then and so signed her freedom away. She could only work for his company until the day she died.

“But you love him,” Fia said as she held Eileen’s hand. “If you don’t love him, you wouldn’t have stayed with him after what happened.”

Eileen could feel her heart slowly freeze. “I don’t care anymore whether there’s love in this. I’m simply hoping that he would get tired of my body one day and let me go.”

“Eileen...”

“Ha, don’t make this sound that bad. Actually, I’m doing quite well. Meanwhile, I’m very worried about you.”

Eileen carefully touched Fia’s belly. “And your baby.”

“I’ll protect my child!” Fia said resolutely.

On her way back, Eileen’s driver said nothing as Fia simply looked at the night sky outside the window.

When she was almost home, she suddenly asked the driver. “Is she happy?”

The driver and her personal assistant, Lyn, followed Eileen to work every day.

He treated Eileen as his own younger sister and couldn’t help but say a word or two.

“Despite looking bright and happy on the outside, Eileen’s feeling very empty on the inside. She’s quite tough, so she doesn’t want to say anything.”

Fia muttered a word of acknowledgment. Despite the pain she was feeling for her, she didn’t know how to help her.

She couldn’t even handle her own matters.

“Don’t worry, Ms. Lawson. Eileen doesn’t have much difficulty in her everyday life. You taking care of yourself and not making her worry is helping her already,” the driver said to her earnestly.

“Thanks. I know.”

Fia had just put in the security number and entered the door when Mrs. Taylor came out, hearing the

sound.

No data found.

No data found.

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She was staring at the ceiling. He wasn't sure what she was thinking.

His possessiveness took over as he pulled her into his arms.

"You were very beautiful and obedient just now, Fi."

Fia's body tensed up as she covered herself using the blanket.

She was supposed to be angry, but she was very embarrassed instead.

Love... It really could make someone so cheap.

She lost all her bottom lines.

When Conrad saw how she was acting, he let out a cheeky chuckle.

"Get out!" She raised her knuckle and whacked him twice although she was still under the blanket.

That was the first time he was like that after being married for three years. She was blushing like there was no tomorrow.

It felt... Very strange.

The more she thought about it, the more she yearned for it.

"Fi, be honest with me. Are you old acquaintances with Doctor Evans?" Conrad's ire had been doused as he asked her that with her in his arms.

Fia closed her eyes and said, "I only got to know Doctor Evans recently. Nothing you said had ever happened!"

"Alright, I believe you."

However, the peace didn't even last until daybreak as the two of them were woken up by the phone.

It wasn't from a call. It was from a ringtone set for Messenger.

The ringtone was from a very popular song that was all the craze recently. It was about an old man's deep love for his dead wife.

Her favorite part of the lyrics was this: The shining stars above in the night sky are like your eyes, lighting up my passion and giving me life.

Conrad grabbed the phone and frowned when he saw who was making the video call. He turned and looked at Fia next to him.

Fia looked at him with a pair of innocent eyes, but she knew from the way he looked what was happening. "My cousin, isn't it? This ringtone is quite nice!"

Conrad gulped and explained, "I don't know what's with the ringtone."

"Ha." She turned around feeling how laughable that explanation was.

It was his phone. It was his ringtone. He didn't know about it? Did a ghost do it then?

Remembering what they just did, she felt like she wanted to give herself a few slaps!

Conrad refused the call, but the person on the other end called again.

He then remembered how he was dragged down from a car. He also didn't know how he ended up in her car in the first place. So, he answered.

"Hello?"

"Conrad, I don't want to live anymore! Let me die! How could they treat me like this?! How am I supposed to see you ever again..."

Conrad could feel his head thumping. And then he remembered how brutal and scheming Victor was.

He instantly asked, "What happened?"

"They... They crashed my car and harassed me. I... I have never done anything bad in my life... Why... Why would they do that to me?"

"They?"

Conrad remembered the men that served Victor and he could feel chills down his spine.

He couldn't even hang up when his eyes coldly looked at Fia, who had her back to him.

"What did you do?"

Fia couldn't even react when he forcefully turned her around.

"Did you ask Victor to do something to Esme?!"

Fia looked into Conrad's anxious eyes and heard the sobbing from the phone. Her brain froze.

"I... Didn't tell him to do anything," she mumbled.

Conrad had just wanted to say something when he heard Esme's parents' screams coming from the phone.

He didn't even think twice before leaving Fia behind, grabbing his clothing and running outside.

Fia looked at how anxiously he left without even caring about how he looked. And he was someone that

cared about his image.

Esme Manning... She could take him from her with just one call.

But she was his wife!

"Oh, Fia Lawson... How cheap can you be?" She sobbed silently as she got into a fetal position, hugging the child in her womb.

She kept on crying quietly and refused to wail out loud, worried that it would affect the baby.

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It was four in the morning. After Conrad left, Fia did not shut her eyes.

It was only when Mrs. Taylor came to wake her did she mechanically rise from bed to wash up.

"Why are your eyes so puffy, madam?" Mrs. Taylor asked worryingly.

Fia replied calmly, "Allergy."

"Did you fight with Master Maxwell last night? I noticed that the car he usually drives isn't here. When did he leave?"

"He went to look for love," Fia answered before heading to the dining room.

She ate alone, Slept alone.

She would sometimes look at where he would usually be.

However, he would slowly change.

There would be a day.

When all her love for him finally was consumed.

Perhaps, she would be free when the time came?

Fia's thoughts were all over the place. She didn't have much appetite when she looked at the food that she used to like to eat.

Ever since she got pregnant, her taste had changed.

She got up and went to the kitchen after taking a few bites.

She opened the fridge and saw big mangoes inside.

It was Conrad's favorite food.

Mrs. Taylor and she would always buy some for him.

There must be something special about it if he loves eating it so much, right?

In a moment of clouded judgment, she peeled a mango and gave it a bite.

"This is... So tasty...!" She began munching on it as tears rolled down.

It had such a unique taste... It was so soft and tasted so sweet and fragrant. She could even smell the sweet aroma.

No wonder he loved this fruit so much! It was so delicious!

“What are you doing, madam?!” Mrs. Taylor was shocked the moment she went into the kitchen and grabbed the remaining mango from Fia’s hand.

She then said angrily, “Madam, you’re allergic to mangoes!”

Fia cried and laughed as she licked the mango juice in her hand.

“He loves this fruit so much. I can’t eat it, but I’m so curious about its taste. The last time I ate it, I was still very little. I can’t remember what it tastes like anymore.”

After she ate the mango that time, she was sent to the hospital because of her allergy. Her mother was so scared and had cried while blaming herself.

After that, her mother never bought her anything with mangoes.

The second day after she got married to Conrad, her mother even came to tell Conrad and Mrs. Taylor about her mango allergy.

Mrs. Taylor had sighed and said, “Ah, that’s Master Maxwell’s favorite fruit.”

How terrible it was when two were not destined to be together.

They couldn’t even eat the same food.

“Madam, are you alright?”

Mrs. Taylor tossed away the mango in her hand and held Fia, who was slowly swaying.

“I’m fine.” Fia pushed away Mrs. Taylor’s hand. “I’m just a bit tired.”

Mrs. Taylor looked and saw red dots starting to appear on her neck. She quickly said, “It’s your allergy! You know that you’re allergic to mangoes! Why did you still eat it?!”

Mrs. Taylor continued to complain.

“I never use the mangoes to make desserts. The mangoes in the fridge are for Master Maxwell, not for you!”

Fia sobbed. “All I wanted to know is what it tastes like... The taste that he likes...”



“Why are you so stupid?!” Mrs. Taylor helped Fia to the living room before calling Conrad.

It rang for a few seconds before someone picked it up.

“What is it, Mrs. Taylor?”

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“The madam ate some mangoes and she’s having an allergic reaction. Please, come home quickly.”

“Doesn’t she know that she’s allergic to mangoes?” Conrad asked with a calm voice. “She ate it intentionally?”

Mrs. Taylor was taken aback. “Please just come back, Master Maxwell! Did you two fight last night? She hasn’t even eaten breakfast.”

“She started this, she can see this through!” With that, the call was hung up.

Mrs. Taylor looked at Fia and didn’t know what to say.

However, her phone was of an older model and was quite loud. Fia could hear everything.

She shut her puffy eyes to stop herself from crying.

She tried her best and said, “Don’t worry, Mrs. Taylor. I only ate a little, so I’m going to be fine.”

When Mrs. Taylor saw the red dots already appearing on her neck, she mumbled, “I’ll give Silas a call. I’ll have him take you to the hospital!”

When Silas picked up, he was waiting outside a ward. He peeked at Conrad who was sitting by the bed inside.

He gritted his teeth and said, “Don’t be so nervous, Mrs. Taylor. From the sound of it, her allergic reaction isn’t that bad. I’ll grab some medicine and send it back.”

“Al-Alright. Quickly!”

Silas wanted to turn around and tell Conrad about it but was worried that he wouldn't allow it, so he left immediately.

He met a doctor in the corridor and quickly asked, "Excuse me, but what kind of medicine should I get for treating allergies?"

Jason looked at Silas for a while and asked, "You're Mr. Maxwell's personal assistant?"

"That's right! Our madam has an allergic reaction from eating mangoes."

Jason's expression froze. "What happened? Does she not know that she can't eat mangoes?"

"She does! But somehow, she ended up eating some. It might be by mistake." Silas couldn't help but continue, "My boss likes to eat mangoes despite the madam's allergy. My guess is that the maid made some food with mangoes in it and forgot to tell her."

Jason couldn't help but curl his hands into fists as he pitied the woman even more.

She knew that she couldn't eat mangoes. Why would she marry someone that liked the fruit?!

She would inadvertently harm herself since she was still so young.

Not to mention that she was carrying a baby in her!

"Take me there. I'll prepare an ambulance," Jason said.

"An ambulance? It's not that serious, right?" Silas was stunned. He had never seen someone with an extreme allergic reaction and didn't know how dangerous it could get.

Jason quickly said before running off, "Just in case!"

"Madam! What's... What's wrong with you... You only ate half a mango! Why would there be so many red spots on your face? Silas... Where is he? Why isn't he here yet?!"

Mrs. Taylor mumbled nervously.

Fia had just wanted to console her when she suddenly felt her heart miss a beat and she couldn't breathe properly. She was starting to choke on her words.

"Madam! Your face is turning blue... Please no....."

Mrs. Taylor urgently gave Conrad another call.

Conrad took out his phone. When Esme was crying and hugging him, she accidentally knocked it from his hand.

"I'm so scared, Conrad! Why did they do something like that to me? I didn't do anything... Why..."

Conrad held her back hesitantly and patted her back.

"It's alright. You'll forget in a few more days."

"No! I can't sleep! I will remember them pulling me... dragging me... I begged them, but they..."

Conrad's amber eyes burned.

"Don't worry. I'll help you. I'll force them to apologize to you."

"Thank you, Conrad. You're the best. Please don't leave me... I can't live without you. I really can't!"

The woman's sobbing and screaming drilled deep into his heart.

He looked at the phone that was now on the ground. He wanted to bend down to take it, but Esme was worried that he would push her away, and hugged him even tighter.

"Esme, just let go for now and let me pick up the call."

"No, please don't leave me alone... I'm scared..."

Conrad took in a deep breath and while holding her arm, he picked up the call.

"What is it, Mrs. Taylor?"

“Master Maxwell, the madam’s situation is very bad. She’s having difficulty breathing and her face is turning blue...” Mrs. Taylor cried.

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Conrad frowned but he knew that Mrs. Taylor wouldn’t lie.

“Why is it that serious?”

Mrs. Taylor said, “I don’t know...”

“I don’t want to drive alone again! Please don’t leave me alone...”

Mrs. Taylor froze. She was not deaf. She could clearly hear everything that Esme had said.

Even through the phone she could already imagine how her master was holding Esme.

She then looked at Fia, who was sitting on the sofa as she gasped for air. Even someone like her who was

not involved in their affairs could feel her heart turning into stone.

“Mrs. Taylor?” Conrad looked at the phone. She didn’t even finish before hanging up the call.

“Madam, I’ll take you to the hospital.” Mrs. Taylor helped Fia up as she cried.

Why would fate treat someone as gentle as her madam like this?

The ambulance siren could be heard once she was outside and she saw Silas get out of the ambulance with Jason.

“How is the madam doing, Mrs. Taylor?”

“She can’t breathe... Can’t speak...”

Jason looked at her with a darkened expression. “She’s suffering an anaphylactic shock.”

He carried Fia into the ambulance and put her on a stretcher, then began giving her first aid with his colleague’s assistance.

The woman in the hospital bed opened her eyes and all she saw was white.

She looked with numbed eyes. Was this all a dream?

“You’re awake?” The man next to her bed held her hand tightly.

“You scared me.” Fia blinked and her vision began to focus as she looked at the man that was so close to her.

So handsome. Well-dressed.

So unlike him when he was in his youth. It kept reminding her of how he looked in the past.

“Fia?”

Conrad bent forward slightly and waved his hand in front of her.

Fia stared at him, listening to his soft words. She sobbed and her tears rolled down uncontrollably.

“Are you feeling uncomfortable?”

His tone became even gentler, worried that it would surprise her. He quickly helped to wipe away her

tears.

Fia gulped trying to ease the pain from her throat and asked like a helpless child, “Why?”

She wanted to ask why he was so gentle. To make her sink deeper?

Conrad was stunned and he held her hand tightly.

“Why did you eat that mango? Don’t you know how dangerous it is? You suffered an anaphylactic shock.”

She stared at him. “When did you know about this?”

She remembered clearly what he said when Mrs. Taylor called him. “She started it, let her see it through.”

His dispassionate tone was like a hand pushing and holding her under the water, stopping her from breathing.

He couldn't help but say it in a severe tone, "When I knew about it, they were already saving you."

He could still remember his heart tightening at that time.

He thought that everything was going to be alright, not expecting that something like this was happening.

"You can't eat mangoes. Why did you eat one?" He was obsessed with this.

She gently asked him, "Did I interrupt you from accompanying her?"

He frowned.

"So... You tried to call me back, even willingly using your life as a wager?"

Fia let out a weak smile. "I did, didn't I?"

Conrad let

go

of Fia's hand as his expression changed. "You're at fault this time. Apologize to Esme with

me next time."

Fia was outraged as she asked him, "So, I have to apologize to her because I got admitted to the hospital and interrupted you from spending time together?"

"That's not what I meant!" Conrad cut her off.

"Do you even know who Victor is? Why did you ask him to have his people antagonize Esme!"

There was confusion in Fia's eyes, but she wouldn't give him the satisfaction.

She was deliberately going against him.

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“I don’t think I did anything. I won’t apologize to her.”

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

When Conrad remembered how Esme wouldn’t eat or sleep and only kept on crying after the shock, he felt agitated.

“This is between us and should have stayed between us. You shouldn’t have asked Victor to interfere!” “Go.” Fia turned her head away.

If Victor hadn’t found him, would he have gone back?

When Conrad saw that she had somewhat recovered, he said, “Rest well. I’ll come back later.”

After he left, Fia got herself up and pressed the bell.

A nurse quickly came by. “Can I help you?”

“Is my baby alright?”

The nurse looked at her strangely and looked at her records.

“You’re not pregnant. You were admitted to the hospital because of anaphylactic shock. Doctor Evans took you in.”

Fia was stunned. “Can you help me get Doctor Evans, then?”

“Sure.”

The nurse had just left when she saw Jason walking in her direction in haste.

“Doctor, your friend...”

“I know. I’ll go take a look.”

As soon as Jason entered the ward, he closed the door and looked at her from the front of the bed.

“Are you feeling unwell?”

“No, just a bit tired.” Fia looked at Jason gratefully. “You helped me hide the fact that I’m pregnant, right?”

“Yeah. None of the other doctors and nurses here know about it. I know that you want to keep it a secret so I hid it from you.”

Jason paused before continuing. “Don’t worry, the baby’s alright.”

The worry in Fia’s heart was finally dispelled as she carefully massaged her belly and apologized in her heart. I’m sorry, my baby. I was being stupid. I won’t do it again next time.”

Jason looked at her quietly and something emerged in his heart.

“Fia... If you’re not happy, get a divorce.”

Fia trembled. After Eileen, Jason was the second person to tell her that divorce was a much better option.

“What would happen to my baby? What about the father?”

“If you don’t mind...”

Before Jason could even finish speaking, the door opened and he turned around.

He looked right into Conrad’s burning eyes as he helped a woman in.

“I’m here to visit you, Fia.”

Esme’s face was pale, with her eyes appearing darker. It was obvious that she hadn’t gotten any rest lately.

When Fia saw the two of them appear together, her mood instantly fell into the abyss.

“Get out!”

She grabbed her blanket tightly. “I don’t want to see you two ever again!”

“Fia, I’m just worried about you. I heard that you got into an anaphylactic shock and almost didn’t make it.” Esme quickly approached the bed with Conrad helping her.

Fia immediately grabbed the water bottle on the nightstand and threw it at Esme. “Get out!”



“Ah!” Esme screamed as the water bottle hit her foot. She turned around and grabbed Conrad’s neck. “It hurts... Conrad, it hurts...”

Conrad scanned Fia coldly and put Esme on a chair so that she could see Fia next to her.

“Stop making a scene!”

Fia was so angry that her body was shaking, her eyes burning red.

“Me? Making a scene?” Her head tilted to the side.

It hurt so much.

How many wives in this world were as cheap and useless as her?

Not only did a homewrecker dare to taunt her, but even her husband was scolding her.

She was already in the hospital, and yet he took her here to disgust her.

“Conrad Maxwell! Why don’t you ask yourself? Ask yourself what I have done to deserve this from you?!”

Why are you walking all over me like this?!” Fia roared uncontrollably like a madwoman.

No data found.

No data found.