

Read Stop It She's Remarrying by Stellar Strands

Chapter 1141-1150

Chapter 1141

Receiving the necklace from Irene, Jason smiled at the girl before facing Fia again. "Your account number?"

Fia took out her phone and logged onto her bank app, then showed Jason the receipt she had received earlier. It was then Jason finally knew the name of this woman-Sia*.

Well, only half of the name. Her surname was censored so he could only see her first name.

"What's your last name?" he asked instinctively.

"Stewart," Fia answered coldly. She could not afford to blow her cover, not yet. Especially not in front of Jason.

Hearing her surname, Jason nodded with a heavy heart and returned her the three million, which meant he even forfeited the profit.

"What about the profit you earned from the auction?"

"It's fine. I could put this necklace up for auction again." Jason said after a short moment of silence, "I hope we won't face another buyer like you again, Ms. Stewart."

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"It's true. This necklace isn't worth three million. At best, this thing is only worth a few hundred thousand."

After saying that, Jason turned and left. Seeing him leave, Fia let out a sigh of relief. The man had changed after all. In the past, Jason was a warmer person. Now, he had lost that friendly temperament of his, making him seem so cold and unfriendly.

"Mommy, do you know that man?" Irene asked curiously.

Fia squatted down and hugged her children.

“No, I don’t.”

She did not want her children to know too much. It was her burden to bear, and hers alone. She had decided to start over with a clean slate. So, there was no point getting reconnected with her past.

“But Mommy... If you don’t know him, why are you feeling sad?” Adrian asked.

“No, Mommy’s not sad. I’m just a little tired. That’s all. You see, I didn’t sleep well last night.” Fia kissed her children’s faces and said, “Let’s go home and have a nap, shall we?”

“Okay!” the twins answered excitedly.

Meanwhile, two women were looking at Fia and her children through their car window nearby. After observing for a while, Eileen asked, “Lyn, do you think that woman looks like Fia?”

Lyn shook her head and said, “No, they’re not the same person. She was so rude to Mr. Evans just now. If she were Ms. Fia, she

would never talk to him like that.”

“Yeah, I suppose so.” Eileen said in disappointment, “When I went to see her that day, she didn’t exactly welcome me with open arms either.”

“Eileen, Ms. Fia had passed on. She is probably resting in peace in the heavens by now. Who knows, she might have reincarnated and is living a better life. You can’t keep living in the past like this anymore!”

Eileen put a hand on her forehead and said, “Yeah, yeah. I know. Let’s go.”

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When the car drove away, Fia turned and glanced at it. She had noticed it from the moment it parked there. Even though the car was brand new, the car plate’s number was still the same.

Eileen was always like this, clinging onto the past. Even if she had bought a new phone for work, she would still keep the

number that she had been using since high school. Fia had wanted to call that number in the past few years when she was feeling lonely in the night. Yet, she could never work up the courage to do it.

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“Mommy, what’s wrong?” Irene asked.

“Oh, it’s nothing.” Fia sighed.

Still, Fia had memorized the car’s plate number.

When they arrived home, Fia quickly helped her children to wash their faces before bringing them to bed. They all had their own bedrooms. Adrian and Irene would always sleep in their own rooms at night. Right now, however, the twins refuse to go back to their rooms. They wanted to be with their mommy.

Sandwiched by her children on her bed, Fia could not help but think about Conrad as she stared at the ceiling. When she recalled how he limped around with his walking cane, Fia felt a pang of pain in her heart.

Everyone had changed in the past five years.

Chapter 1142

Fia was still staring at the ceiling even after Adrian and Irene had fallen asleep. Her mind drifted away as she reminisced about the past...

Two hours later, she couldn’t take it anymore. She snuck out the bedroom and went to the kitchen. She had kept several bottles of branded cocktails in her fridge. She took out a brandy flavored cocktail and finished it in one go.

The weather was rather cold at the time. After gulping down the ice-cold cocktail from the fridge, Fia’s body felt even colder.

“Mommy!”

Adrian, who just got up from bed, walked into the kitchen barefooted.

“Hey, Adrian! Why aren’t you wearing your slippers?” Fia hurried out the kitchen to get him his slippers.

Following his mother, Adrian said, "I didn't see you when I woke up. I was afraid that you might have gone out on a mission without saying goodbye again."

Saddened by her son's words, Fia held Adrian in her arms to help him wear his slippers and said, "I'm here. Mommy isn't going anywhere."

"I also thought about Daddy. Daddy isn't here. What would happen to me and Irene if you'd gone out on a mission?" Adrian said dejectedly.

Holding Adrian in her arms, Fia sighed. "I won't leave without saying goodbye anymore. Back then, I had to do it because I didn't have a choice."

After pacifying Adrian, Fia brought him back to the bedroom. When she opened the door, she saw that Irene was still fast asleep. Lying on her stomach, the girl smiled sweetly as she slept soundly.

"Irene sleeps like a little piglet," Adrian whispered.

"What about your sister's present? Have you prepared it yet?" Fia asked with a smile.

"Oh, I forgot." Adrian said after a brief moment of realization, "I'll buy her a present when we go out to play in the afternoon later, okay?"

Fia squatted down and held Adrian's hand. "If you have decided, then you should act on it. If you don't, you'll be breaking your promise."

She continued on with her lecture, "Think carefully about what you want to give her first. Then, research on the internet to see if you can find it in the area. When you're done, we'll head out to purchase it when your sister is awake, okay?"

"Okay! We'll buy it when we go out later!" Adrian hurried to the living room to get his tablet to research on the place he could get his sister a gift.

Seeing this, Fia smiled gently. Her son was a delicate, sensitive boy. So, she would need to spend more time to guide him. She was glad that her son was a good listener too. This meant that it was very unlikely that he would grow up to be someone like Conrad.

"Mommy..." Irene sat up on her bed drowsily.

Seeing this, Fia stepped into the room and sat on the edge of the bed. “Did you have a good nap?”

Irene nodded and said, “I did. It’s just that... I feel a little tired. I don’t want to get dressed on my own.”

“It’s okay. Mommy will help you.”

Irene gave a cute, pretty smile at her mother and said, “Thank you, Mommy! You’re the best!”

“Irene,” Fia asked as she helped her daughter wearing her clothes, “What’d you like for lunch?”

“Hmm... Can I have cake?”

“No. That’s for tea time. Choose a proper meal.”

Hearing this, Irene replied dejectedly, “Must we have bread and veggies?”

Fia gave her a head pat and combed her hair with her hand. “Yes.”

“But we could eat just about any delicious food when we’re with Daddy.”

Fia was stunned hearing this. Indeed, that sounded just like what Lucifer would do. He would do anything for the twins. Especially when they wanted sweets. They developed a sweet tooth because he had spoiled them rotten with sweets and desserts. Whenever Adrian and Irene wanted to eat anything sweet, he would always make it for them, be it cakes, cookies, pies or puddings.

Because of how he pampered her children, Fia sometimes would forget just what a stubborn, cruel, perverted man he was. Who could blame her though? What kind of cruel man would show so much patience and love to children like him?

Meanwhile, at the Maxwell Old Residence.

Beryl was smiling contentedly as she tended to her nails in the living room. Suddenly, her phone rang. It was from an unknown number.

Chapter 1143

She quickly entered her room to receive the call in private. "Hello?"

"How are you lately?"

A cold, modulated voice could be heard from the other end of the call. The voice that was clearly a result of a voice changer was still always as cold and uncomfortable to hear. Still, Beryl had gotten used to it by now.

Every time she received his call, she would feel a rush of excitement. Even though she had not met this man behind that voice changer before, he had given her a great sense of security.

After all, her son had become so submissive and docile to her in the last five years. And it was all thanks to him!

"Thank you, master. Your drug is really effective. My son has not recovered his memories since."

"It's my honor to be able to assist you," the man said with a grin.

"When will you be giving me the next dose? I've increased his dose so I'm running out soon."

"Sure, I can give you the next dose soon. But it depends on what you can do for me."

Beryl hung up the phone, satisfied, before transferring a few assets and some funds she had acquired from her son over to the

man

She had done this numerous times in the past five years and she had gotten used to it. So long as she could control Conrad, Beryl did not mind giving up anything under her name to the man. After all, she could always earn anything of monetary value from her son.

"Sir, I need to tell you something."

After having lunch at Maxwell Corporation's canteen, Silas brought his boss's lunch over to the CEO's office and spoke to Conrad warily.

"Yes?" Conrad responded in a daze. His mind had been absent all morning from thinking about that bad-tempered woman.

"It's the old Mrs. Maxwell. Your mother, sir." Silas said as he looked at his boss cautiously, careful to not provoke him, "I need to talk about her."

"What is it?" Conrad asked coldly, "Are you asking me to doubt her?"

Then, he pinched his brows and said, "Silas, you're too paranoid. She and I have been getting along fine in the past five years. She's a good mother."

Due to Beryl's threat, Silas could not spill the beans about the whole truth to Conrad. Still, he had to say something. "No matter how great a mother she is, you still need to be wary, sir. You need to be wary of everyone, and this includes us and her."

"1 Conrad was getting impatient. Still, thinking about that woman, he did not interrupt Silas this time.

"Are you always this tired once a month?" Silas asked warily.

"Yes." Conrad answered coldly, "What? You want me to go for another checkup?"

Silas felt so frustrated. His boss had become so cautious and untrusting toward the people around him in the past five years. Instead, Beryl became the one he trusted most.

"I told you I'm fine. Yet, you still want to force me to go for a checkup! Don't you know I have a lot of work to do?!" Conrad finally lost his temper.

Silas shook his head and said, "No, I'm just worried for your health, sir. It never hurts to be careful."

"Careful this, careful that! Silas Whitley! What you are doing right now is suspecting my mother is poisoning me! If she

wanted to, she could have killed me so many times in the past five years!"

"Sir, but this could just mean that she hasn't taken enough from you!" Silas raised his voice in frustration. "You have given up so much for her in the past five years..."

"She's my mother! Is it so wrong to take care of her?!" Conrad tossed a folder at Silas furiously.

Silas felt so wronged and frustrated. He was doing this for his boss's own good! Yet, without his memories, Conrad would not listen to a word.

"If it weren't for you being such an excellent employee and that you haven't screwed up anything, I would have fired you for suspecting my mother like this!"

Silas lowered his head and said, "Alright, I won't do this again. But I still hope that you'll go for a checkup after work."

"I'm not going to!" Conrad tossed another folder at him.

Silas stood there and said, "Then I'll contact Ms. Parker and ask her to bring you to a hospital for a checkup."

"Are you threatening me again, Silas?! If you go to her, my mother will definitely learn of this!"

Conrad was pissed that he had thought about killing this nosy assistant of his! How could he keep nagging him to go get a checkup every single month?!

"Please, sir. I'm just worried for you," Silas said as he kneeled at his boss sincerely.

Conrad glared at Silas impatiently. This again! This Silas would always kneel in front of him whenever he refused to listen to him! He would always do this to guilt trip him so he could bring him for a checkup!

Chapter 1144

Fine, so be it! Conrad decided to give in because Silas was genuinely concerned about his well-being.

During this checkup, Silas had contacted the hospital to bring over a medical team in secret. When the hospital director brought his crew over, they had to wear long coats, sunglasses and face masks, fearing that people would recognize them.

Seeing these people that Silas brought over, Conrad smirked and said sarcastically, "Why the secrecy? It's just a checkup. A bunch of paranoid psychos!"

Silas and the hospital director were used to being chastised by him by now. However, this time, Sally was forced to come over because the original assigned doctor was on medical leave. And Sally was not going to tolerate Conrad's childishly bad temper

at all.

"Mr. Maxwell, you're merely getting a medical checkup. And yet, you asked us to dress like this. Just who the heck is the paranoid psycho?" Sally glared at Conrad coldly before opening her med kit.

The director stepped forward and whispered to her, "You're a doctor. You should be more patient with a patient who has amnesia."

"Heh! Amnesia, right!" Sally was so pissed and saddened when she was reminded of this.

She took out a needle and mixed in a drug that could amplify a human brain's recovery. It was something that she had acquired from her brother.

"Here! Take my blood!"

Conrad rolled up his sleeve and extended his arm impatiently. Sally bent down and inserted the needle through his skin.

Two seconds later...

"Don't you know how to draw blood?!"

Just what the heck this woman was doing?! She drew a little of his blood and then pushed it back into his vein!

"Oh, I'm sorry. I'm just too nervous. My bad."

She pulled out the needle and pretended to press a cotton ball on the needle wound nervously.

"Don't touch me!" Conrad shoved her away and pressed the cotton ball on the needle wound himself.

Silas and the director, on the other hand, just stood there and watched anxiously.

The director threw Sally a glare and said, "Doctor Sally, just what were you doing? How could you make such a simple mistake!"

"Doctor Sally, Mr. Maxwell really doesn't remember anything at all. Could you please treat him just like any one of your patients?"

Ignoring them, Sally examined the needle. When she was sure that there was no blood on it-which indicated that the drug was now in his bloodstream-she let out a sigh of relief.

"Let's do this with
your other arm."

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"Get lost!" Conrad barked at her furiously. What? This woman wanted to puncture his other arm? What kind of fool did she think he was?!

"Then, Director! You go!" Silas pushed the director forward.

The hospital director was scared shitless but he had no other choice.

Shoved aside, Sally glared at Conrad coldly. It had been five years and yet this jerk did not remember a thing! Who gave him the right to live on free of worry and guilt after what he had done?! Yet, Jason had to live on tormented by guilt and grief!

This was why she decided to steal her brother's drug. Indeed, the drug was still under experimentation and not safe to use yet. But who cares?! Even if Conrad's body could not handle the effects of the drug, she must make him remember everything!

This demon had hurt and wronged that poor wife of his so terribly! He did not deserve to live on forgetting everything, free of a guilty conscience!

In the evening, Sally was summoned by her brother to his study as soon as she got home.

"What do you want, Pete?"

Peter looked at her intently and said, "My vault. It's missing a dose of a drug."

“Oh, I see,” Sally answered indifferently.

“Oh, you see?” Peter smiled. “I’ve been wondering why you kept coming here for chit chat. So, you’re trying to probe me about my drugs so you could steal them?!”

“If there’s a drug that could restore his memory, why didn’t you give it to me earlier?” Sally did not think she had done anything wrong. “I’ve asked you so many times. Yet, you told me you could not do anything about it!”

“That drug has severe side effects! It’s not just a drug to restore memories. It’s a drug one used to interrogate a person! Who’d take responsibility if anything happens to that normal, healthy person you’d administered that dose to?!” Peter barked at her furiously.

“Hahaha!” Sally burst into laughter, “Normal? Healthy? Is Conrad Maxwell normal? Are you normal? Both of you had caused so much pain to Fia! How could you two live on free of a guilty conscience when she died such a painful, sorrowful death?!”

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Peter furrowed his brows hearing that. His sister was right and he had no good comeback to retort.

Sally smirked as she stepped forward and poked on his chest.

“You should thank God that He made us siblings so I can’t find it in me to hurt you.”

“Sally, it’s not what you think. Fia is…”

Peter shut his mouth at the last second. He had wanted to blurt out the truth that Fia was still alive. However, he did not dare to. To be frank, there was no need to tell her that too.

Chapter 1145

“Don’t say her name! You don’t have the right to say her name!” Sally chastised him before storming out the study.

“Wow! Can I really have this, Adrian?”

Irene yelled out in surprise when she saw the gift box in Adrian's hands. She kept staring at it, curious about what was inside.

Adrian giggled and said, "Yes! This is a present for my dear sister!"

Adrian handed the gift box over and cautioned, "Be careful. It's a little heavy. If you drop it, it might get hurt."

"Okay!" Irene eagerly carried the box in her arms and turned to Fia. "Mommy! Adrian gave me this present! Can I open it?"

"Of course!" Fia squatted down and helped her daughter to bring the box to the table nearby. Irene climbed on a chair and excitedly opened the box.

"Bark bark!"

"Oh my! It's a little puppy! A white puppy! He's so cute! Oh, look! Its ears are pink! They look so pretty!"

Irene keenly petted the puppy's head and smiled from ear to ear when she saw the Pomeranian puppy inside the box.

The Pomeranian puppy licked her fingers in response, showing its affection to her.

"I like this puppy! I like him so much!" Irene was so happy that her ears teared up.

Fia wiped Irene's tears off with tissue. Adrian, on the other hand, asked puzzledly, "Why are you crying, Irene?"

"Because I'm so happy! I'm so so happy!"

Irene felt that she could finally forgive her brother for throwing away those small animals back then. This puppy looked so much cuter than those animals!

"Adrian, what's his name?"

Adrian said, "The shop owner said it's called a Pomeranian."

Seeing this, Fia explained patiently to her children, “No, it’s a breed. This puppy is a Pomeranian. Just like that other black puppy is of another breed. That one’s a Toy Poodle.”

“Toy? Is Toy a breed too?”

Fia gave her daughter a gentle smile and said, “Why, yes. It’s a Toy Poodle.”

“Then...” Adrian scratched his head and said, “Irene, perhaps you can give the puppy a name. It’s your puppy. So, you should name him!”

“Okay!” Irene looked at the little Pomeranian intently as it kept on licking her fingers.

‘Let’s call him ‘Mi

Myler? That’s a peculiar name.

Adrian nodded in agreement. “Sure! His name is Myler!”

Irene realized they did not hear her right and corrected them, “It’s Milo! Milo! Not Myler!”

“Oh, Milo.” Fia finally got it this time. She patted Irene’s head and nodded. “Okay, Milo it is then.”

Adrian clapped his hands and said, “Yay! Milo! My little sister is so good with names!”

Irene carefully carried the puppy in her arms and said, “Mommy... Adrian... Let’s bring Milo downstairs for a walk, shall we?”

“Sure!” Adrian agreed almost immediately.

Checking the clock, Fia said, “It’s already 7PM. Are you sure you want to go out?”

“Let’s go, Mommy!” The twins begged with their puppy eyes.

Seeing this, Fia conceded with a sigh. “Alright, alright. But we must come home by eight. Then, you two have to take a bath and go to sleep. Got it?”

“Okay, Mommy!”

Conrad felt bored after returning home. So, he summoned Charles Leonard, his driver, and ordered him to bring him to Aurora Residences.

“Sir, why do you want to go there?” Charles asked.

Charles was the driver who hit Conrad with his car five years ago. He was so scared that he had wanted to commit suicide. Luckily, Silas was able to stop him in time after learning, via a quick background check, that he was just another innocent civilian who happened to get caught up in that whole ordeal back then. So, they took him in.

After all, Tiger was not around. So, Silas needed another person to help take care of their boss. Charles lived an honest life all his life and had earnestly wanted to repent for his crime for hitting their boss with a car. So, they hired him as Conrad’s driver.

Chapter 1146

For the past five years, Charles had been serving Conrad loyally, fulfilling every task that was

asked of him. Conrad felt that Charles was not as naggy as Silas; so, he would always ask him. to bring him out in secret.

“Just looking around.” Conrad peered out the car window as he thought of that woman and her children.

Her children... The twins looked so cute and adorable. Their eyes were sparkingly beautiful. They had her eyes. Still, no matter how beautiful her eyes were, that woman always acted so cold around him. What a waste...

Her eyes were the most beautiful eyes he had seen since he woke up from that car crash. Yet, she was so difficult to get along with.

Charles said, “Sir, we can’t park the car here for too long.”

“Drive into the area!”

Hearing this, Charles complied and drove the car into Aurora Residences. Yet, when they reached the gate, there was a sign that clearly stated that no outsiders were allowed in.

“Sir, what now?” Charles was speechless when he saw this.

Conrad, too, did not know what to do now.

“Sir, how about this? I’ll go and talk to the security here. I’ll tell them that we’re here to visit a friend. Let’s see if they’ll allow us in.”

“Sure.”

Hence, Charles went down to approach the security while Conrad waited in the car. A few minutes later, Charles came back and said, “Sir, they said we have to make a call to our friend to bring us in Or else, they aren’t authorized to let us in.”

Charles fidgeted as he spoke to Conrad. He felt like such a useless underling. He could not do anything right!

“It’s fine.” Conrad got down from the car.

“Sir, perhaps you could make a call to that friend of yours?”

“You head back first. I’ll get a taxi home later.”

Conrad suddenly had an urge to enter the gated residential area. So, he was not going to let anything stop him.

“Sir, perhaps I should accompany you. Your leg…”

“Don’t treat me like a disabled man!” Conrad barked at Charles impatiently. His leg was not completely broken yet. He did not need sympathy from anyone!

“I’m sorry, sir. Please don’t get angry. I’ll head back. Please do call me if there’s anything else you need.”

“Yeah, yeah! I know. I’m not a three-year-old!” Conrad walked into the residential area, with his cane supporting him all the way.

“Oh, Milo is so timid!”

Irene walked ahead of Milo with his leash in her hand. Yet, the puppy seemed to not be willing to walk with her. He seemed to be more timid than he was in the gift box. Perhaps the puppy was afraid of leaving home!

Letting out a sigh, Adrian squatted down and carried Milo in his arms.

“I’ll carry him.”

“Thank you, Adrian! You’re such a great brother!”

Irene unhooked the leash from Milo’s collar and patted his head. Seeing that he was not forced to walk anymore, Milo became energetic again and began licking Irene’s fingers. “Tsk tsk! Look, Adrian! Milo’s not scared anymore after you carry him!”

Letting out another sigh, Adrian said, “Milo’s your pet. Why am I the one carrying him...?”

“Because you dote on me. That’s why. Because I’m your dearest little sister! Am I right, Mommy?”

Fia, however, did not respond to her daughter’s question. She was staring at something somewhere nearby. The twins looked toward the direction their mother was staring at, and they saw him—a man who was walking with a cane.

“Oh, does that man live here too?”

“But he seems to be fighting with the security guards.”

“Why are they fighting?”

“I don’t know. Perhaps we should go check it out?”

“Okay!” Adrian led his sister over, with the puppy still in his arms.

By the time Fia snapped back from her daze, her children had already hurried over to Conrad. She wanted to lose her temper so bad when she saw this!

“Hey, Mister!”

The twins approached Conrad and called out to him.

Conrad was stunned when he saw them. He felt warmth running in his heart as he gazed at them.

Chapter 1147

Conrad was pretending, of course. He wanted to give them the impression that he did not know they lived here.

“We live here!” the twins said to him in unison.

Seeing Conrad talking to the children, the security guard asked them, “Do you two know him?”

“We do, Uncle Security!” Irene gave a cute smile at the guard.

Seeing this, the security guard calmed down from his heated argument with Conrad. “Then, you go in. I thought you’re a scammer since you insisted on not calling them over.”

“This mister is no scammer!” Adrian could not help defending Conrad. To him, this poor man had already lost a leg. Why did everyone keep bullying him wherever he went?

“Okay, okay. Now I know he’s not a scammer. You two can bring him in now. Geez, this man has such a bad temper. He keeps on yelling at us and refuses to listen to reason.”

The security guard was speechless. He was not trying to give Conrad a hard time. This man had suddenly come here and began causing a ruckus, so they had to stop him from entering.

Seeing that the matter was resolved, the security guard stepped back into his office with his colleagues.

Irene lightly pulled on Conrad’s coat and asked, “Mister, do you have a friend living here?”

Conrad felt a kind of fuzzy warmth as he lowered his head and stared at the girl’s tiny hand.

“Yes, I do. Thank you for your help, little ones. If not, I fear that I might not be able to come in.”

Adrian approached Conrad and presented Milo to him. “Here. You can pet Milo.”

Looking at the white Pomeranian puppy in the boy’s arms, Conrad felt that he should take up the boy’s offer. So, he reached out to touch it even though he never really liked pets.

“Bark!”

Suddenly, Milo barked out loudly before leaping out of Adrian's arms, fleeing.

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Conrad and Adrian were stunned seeing this.

Worried that the children would misunderstand that he hurt their puppy, Conrad explained, "I only touched it for a while."

Irene looked at Conrad sympathetically, "...Poor mister. Even a puppy doesn't like you."

"Can you not make this any worse?" Adrian pouted at Irene before chasing after Milo.

Looking at their interaction nearby, Fia felt that blood ties were really a magical thing. Adrian and Irene were not children that would open up to just anyone. Yet, when they saw Conrad, they could not help approaching him.

"Mommy! Mommy! Help me catch Milo!" Adrian ran as he called out to his mother.

Hearing this, Fia immediately hurried over and grabbed Milo by his collar. She was deep in her thoughts earlier so she instinctively reacted rather harshly, like how she did when she was on

a mission.

Then, she tossed the puppy mid-air. Milo yelped out in fright and pain before falling straight into her arms.

"Mommy!"

Irene cried out to her mother, fearing that she might accidentally kill her puppy.

Adrian was scared seeing what his mother did. After receiving Milo from Fia, he quickly examined him for a while before stepping back to Conrad and Irene.

Conrad was speechless watching what this woman did to the puppy. How could she be so crude and careless when dealing with the puppy? Was she trying to make her children's pet fall to its death in front of them?

Raising an eyebrow, Fia patted on her son's shoulder before walking to Irene, ignoring Conrad. completely.

"Don't worry, Irene. Don't you trust Mommy? Milo will be fine."

Irene pouted as she took Milo in her arms. "You should be more gentle with him."

Adrian agreed too, "Mommy, you are so beautiful but you are as crude as a bear sometimes."

LL !!

Crude? Who? She?! No way!

She glared at Conrad, who was watching the good show, and retorted, "But what about this cripple over here?!"

"Mommy!" Irene pouted even more, "How can you be so rude?!"

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Adrian sighed. "Irene, don't be like this. Mommy must have her reasons to treat him like this." Hearing this, Irene recalled their mother telling them that she and this crippled mister had a history-and it was a bad one too. So, in order to not have him recognize her, they had to keep her real name a secret.

She and Adrian both thought their mother and this mister probably a couple back then.

wern Although he had a bad leg, this mister was tall and handsome!

...Poor mister. Their mommy was already together with their daddy. This poor mister did not have a chance with their mommy and was going to be alone!

Chapter 1148

Irene directed a sympathetic gaze at Conrad and said, "Mister, you have a bad leg. You should take care of yourself more."

“Thank you,” Conrad replied warmly.

Irene widened her pretty eyes and pulled his sleeve.

“Mister, your eyes look so warm. They’re like the sun!”

Adrian widened his eyes as well. “Oh, they have the same colors as mine! Look, my eyes are amber too!”

Hearing this, Fia became apprehensive and lightly kicked on Adrian’s leg.

“Whoah, what are you doing?!” Adrian quickly hopped away, “It hurts, Mommy.”

Fia glared at him and said, “Have you forgotten what I told you?”

Irene gave Adrian a silent stare. Her brother had broken the promise they made with their mother.

“What’s wrong?”

Conrad did not understand as he raised his head to look at Fia. He then noticed that her were as black as obsidian.

eyes

So, maybe she was envious that he and her son’s eyes shared the same color? She was mad at her son just because of that?

“Come. Let’s go home.”

Fia did not want to let her children interact with Conrad anymore, pulling them back through the gate of the residential area.

“Wait!” Conrad worked up his courage to stop her. “Why do you despise me so much?”

Fia turned to Conrad and smirked coldly.

“Why can’t I despise you? Why must everyone like you? What are you? Jesus?”

“Conrad felt an urge to get closer to her. “I... I can pay you.”

In an instant, Fia frowned and grimaced at him. "What do you mean by that?"

"If you could be a little happier when we meet, I can pay you," Conrad said.

"Hmph! Pay me,

huh?"

Fia felt a surge of anger hearing that. She stepped forward and kicked his cane. The cane was kicked out of his hand, making him lose balance. Before he fell to the ground, Fia whirled another kick on his right leg.

11

Adrian and Irene covered their eyes as they could not bear to see the poor man get bullied by their mother.

Conrad's right leg was not completely healed yet. It still hurt during rainy days.

So, he lost his balance and kneeled down without uttering a word. When his knee met the ground, he felt an intense pain burning through his leg. Yet, he did not make a sound.

H 11

Staring at the man kneeling before her in pain, Fia was completely stunned.

It was winter so, naturally, it was freezing cold. Yet, he was not wearing much. He was wearing a black, thin, cotton jacket, which was not enough to keep him warm.

She could see cold sweat droplets begin rolling down his face. This meant that his leg was still not completely healed. It had not healed after five whopping years. This injury of his was no joke.

If he was any other person who had no bad blood with her, Fia might try to fix his leg with the medical knowledge that she had learned from Lucifer.

However, this man was Conrad Maxwell. The Conrad Maxwell who had hurt her countless times in the past. He was the man who made her give up her life, going as far as faking her death.

She had changed her name and started anew. There was no turning back now.

“Mommy.” Irene lowered her hands and stood next to her mother. “Can you please stop?”

Adrian, too, began to plead. “His leg still hurts. You might make it worse.”

”

Fia squatted down and picked up Milo, who Adrian had dropped when he covered his eyes, and put him into her son’s arms. “Hold Milo tight.’

11

Then, she held her children’s hands and led them back home.

Kneeling on the ground, Conrad breathed heavily, trying to suppress the pain.

A moment later, a security guard stepped out of the security office and teased him. “Hey, man. Are you trying to woo the kids’ mom?”

“Bullsh*t!” Conrad picked up his cane and stood up.

The security guard frowned. “Hmph! What a douche! That woman is really beautiful. She had attracted many men since day one when they moved in here. But she is no pushover. So, no one dares to approach her.”

Conrad furrowed his brows and did not utter a word.

Chapter 1149

The security guard then said, “For a cripple, you’re quite brave but unfortunate at the same time. That woman gave you a kick despite you already being injured on one leg. She’s quite rough, isn’t she?”

“What does that have to do with you?!” Conrad was annoyed. Despite making the first move, she still gave him the cold shoulder.

He then took out his phone and gave Silas a call. “Get me a place in Aurora Residences.”

Silas had no words. He was making his aim so obvious.

“Silas?” When Conrad didn’t get a response, his mood got even worse.

“I hear you,” Silas responded. He then took a deep breath and asked with a smile, “Do you want one that’s closer to or further from Ms. Sia?”

Conrad knew he asked him deliberately!

Conrad gritted his teeth. “Do I need you to do it if it’s further away?”

“Understood,” Silas said and quickly hung up, worried that his boss would continue to berate

him.

Silas wasn’t planning to refuse his boss’s request, however. That was because once his boss moved to Aurora Residences, he could get away from Beryl. Silas was going to feel relieved that way as well.

Silas then asked someone to approach the Parker Group and got a large apartment without alerting anyone through the night. It was just on the floor above Fia’s.

The next day. It was cold. But when the sun showed itself, there was some warmth in the winter cold.

Fia was taking her twins outside to go shopping when she realized there was someone already inside the elevator.

“Uncle!” Irene and Adrian called out happily.

Conrad gave them a gentle smile. But when he saw Fia’s cold expression, his grip on his cane tightened.

Fia pulled her children further away from him and didn’t ask why he was here.

With his ability, she knew that getting a place in the capital was as easy as going to the supermarket. Perhaps, there was someone that he wanted to see in this block.

When Fia realized the latter, she frowned.

Fia remembered what Eileen said when she came to her. Esme had been sentenced to death while Conrad lost his memories, and he had fallen for Felicity?

She tried to recall what Felicity looked like but couldn't.

"Uncle, why are you here?" Irene happily asked.

Adrian also stared at Conrad, feeling happy for some reason.

The two children didn't know why their mood would brighten up whenever they saw him. Perhaps because of the limping caused by the injury on his right leg?

Or were the children compassionate toward him?

"I'm staying upstairs," Conrad told them eagerly.

Fia frowned. "The Aurora Residences are developed by the Parker Group."

Conrad looked at her. Her voice seemed to awaken something deep inside of him that he had never felt before.

"Yes."

"Ha!" Fia let out a frigid laugh and couldn't be bothered to look at him again.

Conrad could feel her emotions getting even colder, so he drew closer and asked, "You're not happy staying here?"

Fia remained silent. She had only stayed here for a few days, and she wasn't feeling particularly unhappy.

Irene whispered, "Mommy's angry. You better stay away."

Adrian also whispered, "Careful or she'll ask you to kneel again."

Conrad quietly moved away. It was quite bad when she kicked him to his knees.

Irene and Adrian chuckled as they covered their mouths.

Conrad then awkwardly asked, "Where's that pup of yours?"

“Milo is eating his dog food at home!” Irene let out a wide smile. “He just woke up and he needs to eat a lot!”

Adrian then said, “The more he eats, the more he poops. Mommy’s worried that it might poop on you!”

“Hey! Don’t say bad things about Milo!” Irene patted Adrian’s hand.

Adrian then joked and said, “When we were home yesterday, you kept on holding Milo. Did it poop on you?”

“Quiet, Adrian!” Irene wanted to cover Adrian’s mouth. But she wasn’t as tall as Adrian and she could only reach his chin.

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Conrad looked at the twins as they carried on with their conversation, and warmth filled his heart.

Fia gave him a cold stare. When the elevator door opened, she quickly walked out with her children.

“Ms. Sia,” Conrad called out and chased after her. While he knew that he would limp if he were to speed up, he didn’t care that much.

He wanted to become friends with this woman. It was an impulse that he never had with Felicity!

It wasn’t just a mere impulse!

There were plenty of strange emotions being stimulated inside of him. He wanted to get closer to her, wanting to know more about her.

“Mommy, he’s calling you,” Irene tried to tell Fia.

Fia took a deep breath and then said to Irene, “We don’t know him, so don’t get close to him, understand?”

“But Mommy, you kicked him so many times already! I think...”

“It’s alright, Irene!” When Adrian saw his mother’s expression becoming darker, he quickly cut her off.

Irene pouted and turned around to look at Conrad walking with a cane and thought to herself, "He's so pitiful."

"Don't look back!" Fia pulled her hand. "Focus in front."

"Okay." Irene turned around and walked ahead with her head hung low.

She was really unhappy.

At the amusement park half an hour later.

Fia looked at Adrian and Irene riding on the merry-go-round as she gave an agent a call.

"That's right. I want to sell that apartment. The faster, the better!"

The agent then said, "Miss, I've just looked at the value of your property. Its value can still increase a lot in the future. I hope you don't mind me telling you this, but I'm simply clarifying this to you. What I'm trying to say is, don't sell it now. You'll be able to sell it at a higher price later."

"I want to sell it now, even if at a loss!" Fia said as she gritted her teeth.

The agent was disappointed for a few seconds before saying, "That's fine too. The property is under whose name?"

Fia said, "My children."

The agent nodded. "That's fine. I'll need your children's agreement to sell the property."

Fia then continued, "I'm their mother. I can make the decision for them!"

The agent asked the next question, "Are they at least eighteen?"

Fia shook her head. "No."

The agent sighed. "I can understand how you feel, Miss. But before your children reach eighteen years of age, they cannot give consent. They cannot sell the properties under their name!"

Fia blinked. "What? But I bought that apartment for them!"

“Even if you paid for it,” the agent said in a cold tone.

She wanted to sell the properties she bought for her children? Maybe she wanted to take the money after she had an extramarital affair.

After the agent hung up the call, Fia mumbled, “What does he mean he could understand how I feel? How does he know why I want to sell the property?”

If it wasn't because of her temperament, she really wanted to call him back just to yell at him.

He must have thought that she was not a good mother!

And selling the children's house!

She covered her face speechlessly. “Whatever. I don't even know him. There's nothing more to say about this.”

“Are you thirsty?” A low, gentle voice suddenly rang next to her. However, it scared Fia so much that she shot a glare over.

When she saw the face of the person, her temper instantly flared up.

“What are you doing?! Are you crazy? Don't you know that people might get a heart attack like that?!”

Fia looked away angrily. She really didn't want to see him!

“Can we talk properly, Ms. Sia?”

“I'm not interested!” Fia was already quite annoyed that she couldn't sell her apartment and

move.

Lucifer paid her very well for the past few years, but she was quite frugal since she was young. If she were to buy another apartment, she would need to pay management fees for both. What a waste!

“Ms. Sia, I really don't...”

Conrad was suddenly at a loss for words.

Fia looked at him with a scoff. "Keep going."