

Read Stop It She's Remarrying by Stellar Strands Chapter 1221-1230

Stop It She's Remarrying by Stellar Strands Chapter 1221

Chapter 1221

"Conrad!" Annie cried as she got up, grabbing onto Conrad's arm, holding onto the swollen half of her face.

Conrad frowned as he looked at Fia deeply, then at Annie who had a swollen face.

"Why are you here?" In between words, he pulled away his arm, not letting her touch him.

Annie felt wronged and said, "I came here on behalf of Aunt Beryl. Ms. Sia, you went too far, actually laying hands on her."

Conrad's gaze turned even more terrifying. "Are you here to apologize on behalf of my mom?"

Annie raised her head in surprise. "What did you just say?"

He said without any mercy, "Does it hurt to hit yourself?"

Annie shook, unable to say a single word to explain herself.

His gaze was as sharp as a knife.

"Conrad, I..."

"Don't lie to me, Annie."

Annie's eyes reddened. "We've known each other for five years. Don't you know what kind of a person am?"

Conrad spoke coolly. "I would not suspect your character when it comes to work."

Annie was speechless.

“But it’s only limited to work.”

Fia yawned. “Why don’t you all chat somewhere else? Don’t stand in front of my doorway. It affects me quite badly.”

“Ms. Sia!” Conrad spoke immediately. “My relationship with Annie is not like what you think.”

“Ha ha.” Fia gave a cool laugh. “I really don’t care what kind of a relationship you have with her.”

She glanced at Annie who was looking at him sorrowfully. “But Miss Parker seems to have deep feelings for you.”

Conrad was really annoyed for the first time.

He had never cared about how others perceived him for the past five years.

But now, facing Sia Stewart, he wished Annie were a stranger to him, with no connection whatsoever.

“Conrad, even an outsider knows about my feelings for you. Why...”

“Shut up!” Conrad interrupted Annie harshly, his face full of rejection and disgust.

“Annie Parker, can’t you understand? I don’t care about your feelings at all!”

That was just how he was. If someone rubbed him the wrong way, he would show no mercy.

Fia stood there like a spectator, thinking about her own unrequited love from before, feeling fortunate that she had never confessed.

Otherwise, she might be even more miserable than Annie right now.

“Ms. Sia, Conrad wasn’t like this toward me before!” Annie turned her anger toward Fia. “Your appearance is what took him away! You’re a third party!”

“He he.” Fia couldn’t be bothered to explain, so she stepped back into the house and closed the door.

Conrad stared harshly at Annie. “Are you satisfied now?”

He walked away, leaning on his cane.

Annie glared at Fia's door and caught up with Conrad.

"I really came to seek justice for Aunt Beryl."

"It was my mother's mistake!" Conrad said.

"Even if she was wrong, she's an elder. How could Ms. Sia lay hands on her?" Annie protested.

The elevator doors were just a step away. Conrad stopped and looked at Annie with an indifferent expression.

"You seem to care a lot about my mother."

"Yes, because she's your mother," Annie said somewhat uneasily.

"In these five years, I've actually felt that you treat my mother better than your own." Conrad sarcastically remarked. "Too bad my mother isn't a man."

Annie's face instantly turned ugly. "What do you mean?"

Chapter 1222

"You're so smart. You know what I mean!" Conrad pressed for the elevator and walked in.

Annie followed and explained, "I treat her well because of you. If she isn't your mother, I wouldn't even be bothered with her!"

Conrad's expression was dark, not wanting to talk about any more nonsense to her.

Annie's tone was gentle. "Conrad, we don't know where Ms. Sia is from. What if she has hidden intentions? Currently, it's a period of growth for the company, so we need to be cautious and careful in all aspects."

"She doesn't have any intentions," Conrad said. He did not suspect Sia at all.

If she wanted to harm her, he would not extend any help.

He only wanted to recover his memories and figure out the feelings in his heart.

Why would he have such strange feelings toward a stranger?

“How could she not have any intentions? If she didn’t have any, how would you have known her?” Annie was unwilling to give up trying to ruin Sia’s name.

Conrad found her to be more and more repulsive. He rang Silas. “Bring me to the company!”

“Conrad, aren’t you sick? Didn’t you want to rest at home? With Silas at the office, you don’t have to worry. He has been by your side for many years!”

“Shut up!” Conrad was extremely angered. Annie didn’t know how to give or take, and was acting like a madman lately!

Even his mom was the same!

None of them were normal!

Annie followed him upstairs, but was locked out.

When Silas rushed over, Annie had still yet to leave.

“Mr. Silas, I want to talk to you about Conrad. Ms. Sia downstairs is too suspicious.”

Silas looked at her silently, thinking that Beryl and Annie were more suspicious and they should be the ones to maintain a distance from Conrad.

“Mr. Silas, are you listening to me?” Annie was dissatisfied that he did not respond.

Silas replied, “I am. However, I have never had the right to say anything about Mr Maxwell’s private affairs. I hope Miss Parker will not make things too difficult for me.”

“Why don’t you have any right? There are a lot of things in the company where he’ll get your opinion!”

“Don’t you understand the clear boundaries between work and life? Have you been under too much pressure lately and lost your ability to think?!” Silas pitied her that one bit. Over the past five years, she had not been able to bring the relationship to the next step, and simply wasted five years on Conrad in vain.

“Miss Parker, you are a smart woman. You also know Mr. Maxwell quite a bit. Since things have gotten to this stage, I recommend that you don’t simply stir up trouble and leech onto him. You, will cause the last bit of positive feelings Mr. Maxwell has toward you to be gone.”

“Don’t you think that Sia Stewart’s appearance is very odd?” Annie was so angry that she turned pale.

Why do you have the time to be suspicious of Aunt Beryl and I, yet don’t know...”

“Miss Parker, I am Mr. Maxwell’s personal secretary. You don’t have the right to educate me!” Silas pressed the doorbell and waited for Conrad to open the door.

Conrad opened the door and seeing Annie, he said in annoyance, “Why haven’t you left!”

“Conrad, I’m very worried about you.”

2/2

“If you still refuse to leave, I am going to call security.” Conrad was very cold toward her.

Annie found it funny. “Aurora Residences is the territory of Parker Group.”

“Ha, you’re using this to suppress me?” Conrad pulled Silas in and then slammed the door.

Silas spoke softly. “Sir, don’t get angry. Miss Parker is just concerned about you.”

“Do I need her to be so?” Conrad said ruthlessly. “Didn’t they keep me in the dark over these five years?”

“...Sir, what do you mean?” Silas asked carefully.

Conrad looked at Silas gloomily. “Just Sia Stewart alone managed to make them a mess. Just how long more do you want to hide it from me?”

Silas kept mum as he clenched his fist in guilt.

“Did my mom threaten you?” Conrad asked.

Silas swallowed. “Sir, you will understand some matters and some people when you recover your memory.”

“Then let’s get it recovered quick!” Conrad walked inside the house with the aid of his cane. “Where is Tiger? Find him!”

Silas replied, “Sir, Tiger has not left any news these five years. Unless you recover your memory, we won’t be able to find him.”

“How am I supposed to find him?” Conrad was at a loss and furious at the same time

Chapter 1223

“We are all your subordinates. You have a system that controls all of us. As long as you recover your memory and think of how to log in to the system, we will be able to contact Tiger.”

Silas gave very detailed information honestly.

Conrad couldn’t wish more than to strangle him to death. “F*ck it! If I could recall, would I even need to contact him?!”

Silas nodded awkwardly. “That is true.”

“Did I tell you how to log into the system before I lost my memory?”

“No.”

Conrad was so angry that he hit the sofa with his cane, feeling extremely frustrated. “In the past, did I keep a diary to record my passwords?”

“No. Sir, your memory has always been good. There was no need for a diary.” Silas spoke even more softly.

Conrad asked fiercely, "So, now I can't regain my memories if I can't find Tiger?"

Yeah." Silas himself found it embarrassing.

"Find where the female doctor got that medicine from. Conrad's expression turned deep. "Bring the person who developed the drug and ask him to help me research it."

Silas replied, "Sir, that drug is harmful to you."

"It's just painful. I won't die."

A cunning smile hung on his lips. "If anything really happens, Ms. Sia can solve it."

Silas was speechless.

Conrad was really willing to suffer for the sake of getting close to Ms. Sia!

"Buy more food or toys children like. Also, some dog food."

"Dog food?" Silas' expression was extremely complicated.

"Those two children have a Pomeranian. Take a look at what kind of dog food would be suitable for a Pomeranian, and also canned dog food."

Conrad left detailed instructions.

Silas quietly noted it down, thinking, 'For the sake of approaching Ms. Sia, you would not even forsake building a relationship with a dog!'

"Buy more. Buy expensive stuff. Expensive stuff is of good quality."

"Alright, Sir." Silas secretly sighed. He didn't know whether Conrad removing his positivity toward Miss Parker and fancying a woman with children more was a good thing or a bad thing.

Would things become harder and harder to control?

More and more messy?

Conrad didn't have even one-tenth of such thoughts about Miss Parker!

It was all Miss Parker's own initiative.

Eileen drove around in the city center for a while, thinking about what Sally had said. In the end, she made a decision.

If she could help Sally, she wouldn't mind looking for that guy.

She drove to Destiny Entertainment, got out of the car, and asked the parking attendant to help her park her car. She walked into the building confidently.

The receptionist was about to ask if she had an appointment when she saw Eileen's famous face and immediately froze.

Another receptionist reacted quickly. "Miss Reid, do you have an appointment?"

"No, but I have a private arrangement with your CEO, Mr. Maxwell. We have some business to discuss."

Given Eileen's identity, the receptionist didn't dare to be dismissive.

"Miss Reid, please wait for a moment. I'll call the CEO to confirm."

"Sure, go ahead. I'll wait," Eileen replied casually, leaning on the reception desk and looking around lazily. Destiny Entertainment, which had relocated to the capital city, was decorated much more luxuriously when compared to when it was in Gryphon.

She asked the receptionist who was idly chatting, "Which company did your company contract for the interior decoration?"

"It was designed by our own CEO."

"Oh?" Eileen smiled wryly. "Not bad."

The receptionist asked eagerly, "Do you really like our CEO's design?"

"It's not bad."

"We currently have interior design projects in our company. If you have any needs, you can contact us," the receptionist said politely and gently.

Eileen looked at her and joked. “Your boss is getting better at hiring people. You’re more generous, beautiful, and gentle than the receptionist back in Gryphon.”

The receptionist blushed and said modestly. “Miss Reid, you’re too kind.”

“With such good conditions, it’s a pity to work as a receptionist. How about I take you into the

Chapter 1224

The other party immediately shook her head. “No, no, no. I’m not suited for the entertainment industry.”

“Are you afraid of the unspoken rules?” Eileen leaned in halfway. “Then, aren’t you afraid of your boss’ unspoken rules?”

The receptionist was dumbfounded.

How could this current A-list celebrity who was noble and elegant on screen be like this in private?

“Scared you, didn’t I? It was just a joke.”

Eileen noticed the receptionist calling Victor’s secretary.

Victor came out of the elevator, and his secretary hung up the phone, saying, “Miss Reid is at the reception, wanting to see you.”

“Okay.” Victor showed no emotion on his face, but his pace involuntarily quickened.

Eileen yawned lazily, propping her chin up with one hand, and turned her head when she heard approaching footsteps.

He was coming toward her from a distance, not too close.

She straightened up, and her lazy expression turned cold.

“Mr. Maxwell, long time no see.”

“Miss Reid, long time no see.” Victor’s gaze was deep, his expression cold.

Eileen looked at his distant and aloof demeanor, thinking of how he used to be ambitious without care of consequences five years ago, and couldn't help but smile.

She mocked him. "Mr. Maxwell, you were my former boss, after all. Why are you treating me so indifferently?"

Victor instinctively glanced at his secretary standing behind him.

The secretary had a keen eye and cleared the area of onlookers.

"I'm going to have lunch. Would you like to join me, Miss Reid?" Victor restrained his emotions, trying to sound distant and indifferent.

"Sure!" Eileen smirked, her gaze icy.

Victor was momentarily stunned. He didn't expect her to agree.

"Let's go. Where do you want to eat, Mr. Maxwell?" Eileen took a couple of steps and turned to ask.

Victor regained his senses, his expression even colder now.

"There's a decent restaurant near the company."

"Alright, I'm not picky." Eileen slid her hands into her coat pockets, slowed her pace to match Victor's, and maintained a level distance.

Victor tilted his head slightly, noticing her increasingly slender neck.

"You've lost weight."

Eileen chuckled and adjusted her collar. "Can't afford not to stay in shape."

2/2

"You have a high status now. You can actually take a break." Victor suggested.

"Hehe, who would complain about having too much money? Taking a break means not earning money," Eileen replied.

Both of them spoke in a calm tone, with subdued expressions. From a distance, they looked like long-lost classmates who hadn't seen each other in years.

But more than anything, there was a sense of unfamiliarity.

At the restaurant, Victor handed the menu to Eileen.

"What would you like to eat?"

Eileen didn't take the menu and said to the waiter, "A yogurt salad, please."

"Of course, Miss Reid. Anything else?" The waiter maintained a polite smile.

"I don't need anything else. You can ask him." Eileen nodded at Victor who was across from her.

Victor furrowed his brow and ordered foie gras, steak, and mushroom soup, all in portions for two.

Eileen quickly added. "I just want the salad."

"Having a meal alone isn't enjoyable," Victor said indifferently.

This was something he used to say frequently when they were still together five years ago. She would eat a little more just to spend more time with him, forgetting about her diet.

Victor remarked. "You're not actually fat. You're too thin."

Eileen lowered her head, stirring her black coffee with a spoon. "As an artiste, one must always pay attention to their appearance."

"Are you happy?" Victor suddenly changed the topic.

The waiter felt awkward for a moment and quickly left with the menu.

Eileen smiled and looked elsewhere. "I am. I have fame, money, and lots of young admirers chasing after me-puppy-eyed ones, young men, mature men, you name it."

Chapter 1225

Eileen suddenly looked at Victor and smiled, saying, "Except for that ruthless man."

Victor was speechless.

He knew she was referring to him.

The private room door was closed, and no one would know what she came to talk to him about.

Eileen bit her lip quietly and gathered the courage to speak. "Victor, what you owe me can never be repaid.

"Yeah, I know," he replied.

He took a sip of coffee and looked at her, asking, "What do you want?"

Eileen blinked and found it difficult to speak for a moment.

"I owe you, and as long as it's something I can do, I'll help you with it."

Their eyes met, and she suddenly wanted to ask if he was the one who had been following her all these years.

But even if she asked, what difference would it make?

He was a married man and the one who had hurt her.

Wasn't Fia's tragedy enough to wake her up?

"There is something. I think it shouldn't be too difficult she continued.

"Tell me," Victor said, sipping his coffee with a detached attitude.

Eileen took a breath and said, "I want your cousin to regain his memory as soon as possible. Sally injected him with a substance that hasn't been stimulating his brain enough. I need you to help me get that drug."

Victor was silent for a few seconds before asking, "Sally can't get it?"

"She got it from her brother, and he's on guard now that he knows," Eileen replied.

Victor lowered his head and asked. "Does it do any harm to Conrad's body?"

"It's possible," Eileen replied sarcastically. "His mother has been controlling him with drugs all along, did you know that? It's his mother who prevented him from regaining his memory."

"Actually, I think it's a good thing if he doesn't remember," Victor said, thinking back to the devastated Conrad he had seen in the hospital. "The impact of Fia's death five years ago was immense. He couldn't even live with himself."

"Didn't realize you suddenly had such deep feelings for him," Eileen remarked. "You didn't treat him like a cousin before!"

The waiter knocked on the door and came in to serve the dishes. Both of them fell silent.

After the dishes were served and the waiter left, Victor broke the silence.

"I used to dislike how he was so secretive and had no vulnerabilities. I opposed him many times, but because I'm a part of the Maxwells, he let me go. Plus, he was so pitiful five years ago, I softened."

Victor said with self-mockery, "Five years ago, I was planning to divorce Sapphire."

"Is that so?" Eileen elegantly cut into the foie gras with her knife and fork. "It's been five years, why haven't you divorced yet?"

"My aunt threatened me with Conrad," Victor said casually.

Eileen's hand paused. "She's really despicable, using any means necessary to achieve her goals."

Victor spoke with a smile. "I thought no matter what, he's still her son and she wouldn't harm her own son."

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"Feeding him drugs for five years to prevent him from remembering anything, is that not harming him? Regardless of the drug, long-term use is not good for the body."

"Yes." Victor finished his coffee and started cutting into the steak.

Eileen looked at him now and couldn't help but comment, "You seem much more refined now."

"Life has become dull, and I can't muster up the temper anymore," Victor said, recalling how he used to get angry easily because of her. "I've been the most uncontrollable with you in all my life."

"Is that so? Mr. Maxwell, was I your punching bag?"

Eileen thought about those days when he would come and go as he pleased, sleep with her when he wanted, and wouldn't care about whether she was happy or willing.

She had tolerated it repeatedly because she loved him too much.

She would never return to the useless person she used to be.

"I'm sorry."

Eileen looked at him in surprise.

He looked her in the eye. "I'm sorry, Eileen."

"You..." Eileen could barely hold her fork and knife well. "Why did you suddenly apologize?"

"I just wanted to." He lowered his head to eat.

Quietly muttering in his heart: 'Apologize for all the harm he caused her in the past.'

Now, it was just a helpless apology.

Their identities made it so that they were two parallel lines that could never cross.

Eileen raised her head and laughed aloud. "Mr. Maxwell, you've really changed."

"I will seek Peter out regarding the drug," Victor suddenly said.

Chapter 1226

“Okay.” Eileen didn’t ask him how he was going to do it. As long as he could get the drug, it was fine.

After the meal was finished, the two walked out of the restaurant and went their separate ways, neither of them looking back.

But they were still photographed when they were parting ways.

When Victor returned home, the lights were not turned on.

He fumbled to turn on the light and was startled by the person in front of him.

“What are you doing!”

Sapphire’s face was sallow, and she stared at Victor with the dark circles under her eyes.

“Where have you been?”

Victor took off his tie irritably. “Company.”

“Who went to the company to meet you?” Her tone became gloomy.

Victor suddenly turned his head and looked over. “Did you get someone to keep an eye on me?”

“Is there a need?” Sapphire said sarcastically. “Miss Reid is much more popular than she was five years ago. So many people are watching her every move!”

Victor frowned

and took out his phone, and immediately saw the hot searches.

Both he and Eileen were on trending searches.

The boss of Destiny Entertainment was dating a popular actress.

The love-hate relationship between a popular actress and her former boss.

Eileen Reid and Victor Maxwell.

A single artist and a married ex-boss.

Several terms were on the hot search list.

With Eileen's popularity, and coupled with his identity as a married ex-boss, it was enough to make the server explode.

"It's been five years. I thought you had no contact with her. I didn't expect you to still not be able to help yourself."

Sapphire made a dig at him. "Victor, you told me that you would never have anything to do with her again.

"It's just a normal meal." Victor dialed his secretary's number. "Remove the hot search!"

The secretary replied, "It's already being withdrawn, but Miss Reid is too popular now and can't be withdrawn!"

"Block any terms related to her!" Victor was in a bad mood. He didn't want to cause trouble for Eileen.

"Would you like me to step in?" Sapphire's smile was somewhat complex.

Victor hung up and looked at Sapphire coldly. "How do you want to step in? Tell those reporters that I had dinner with you?"

"Sure, as long as you promise..."

"Sapphire Starling, I won't agree to anything anymore," Victor cut her off ruthlessly.

"If you don't want my help, are you going to watch Eileen get harassed by the public?" Sapphire thought

she could threaten him.

Victor didn't say anything, put on his coat, and walked into the night.

"Victor!" Sapphire gave chase and almost stumbled.

Victor turned his head back to look at her. "Sapphire, take care of yourself."

Eileen wanted to help Conrad recover his memory, and he would grant her that wish.

He would also grant himself a wish.

He and Sapphire should have ended things long ago.

If Conrad could regain his memory, everything would go back to how it used to be.

Peter came out of the laboratory, and a figure emerged from the darkness and blocked his way.

"Mr. Maxwell?"

Victor pointed to the coffee shop across the street. "Shall we have a chat?"

"I don't think we have anything to talk about," Peter said coldly.

Victor put a hand on Peter's shoulder. "I heard you have a drug that can help Conrad regain his memory."

Peter paused for a moment and said, "It has side effects."

"You can research it and find a solution for the side effects, right?"

"Mr. Maxwell, he has side effects in his body. Long-term use of memory-suppressing drugs, combined with my medication, will cause problems."

Victor held Peter's shoulder more tightly. "I believe you can solve it."

"I..." Peter frowned and looked at the black bodyguards emerging from the darkness. He stopped himself from saying what was on his mind.

Victor patted his shoulder gently. "If this matter is resolved, how about letting bygones be bygones for our past grudges?"

Peter replied, "I don't seem to have any grudges with you, do I?"

"You don't have any with me, but you do with my cousin." Victor sighed.

“When he regains his memory and knows everything, it would be inevitable that he would take action against you, right?”

“By helping him regain his memory, you’ll earn some merits, and he’s the kind of person who repays kindness. When the time comes, the merits and demerits will balance out.”

For a moment, Peter fell silent.

Victor held his shoulder even tighter. “So, how about it? Isn’t this a good business opportunity?”

Peter looked at the bodyguards in black surrounding him. Alone, he couldn’t do anything, and he certainly couldn’t fight them.

The bodyguards stared at him sternly, as if he would get beaten up in the next moment if he didn’t speak

“Mr. Hall, I’m also considering your well-being,” Victor continued. “You saw the outcome with Esme, right? She followed a devious, despicable master. What kind of consequences do you think you’ll face if you follow someone like that?”

“And your childhood sweetheart, Britney. Now, she looks fine, but you should be clearer than anyone on what she has experienced.

“Or are you not a filial child and do not love your own sister?”

“And you want them to experience things that normal people are unable to experience during the next half of their lives?”

Peter had nothing to say. All this while, he had always looked down on Victor.

It should be said that everyone looked down on Victor, thinking that he was not as smart and amazing as Conrad. With Conrad in comparison, Victor appeared to be a useless trash.

However, he never thought that he knew everything.

“Why are you looking at me like that?” Victor’s smile was quite cold.

It had been five years. He had not spoken to anyone so much for a very long time.

For Eileen, he was willing to do anything now.

“I really wonder how you suddenly developed brotherly feelings for Conrad Maxwell.”

Peter said sarcastically, “Isn’t your relationship usually terrible?”

“No matter how bad it is, I’m his cousin, which is better than being an outsider like you.” Victor’s expression became somewhat unpleasant. He really disliked constantly hearing about this.

Peter continued, “Or maybe you’ve run into some trouble recently, and you need his help.”

Victor was speechless.

“The amnesiac CEO Maxwell is cold and distant toward everyone except his mother. He won’t help you, will he?” Now Peter was starting to smile maliciously.

Victor’s mouth twitched, and he released his hold on Peter’s shoulder, glancing at the people below him.

Peter suddenly found himself surrounded by the bodyguards in black who were eager and ready, like wolves ready to pounce on their prey.

Peter sneered. “Have you always been this uncouth?”

“Hah.” Victor let out a cold laugh. “You don’t need to provoke me. It won’t work. I’ve always been a ruthless person since I was a child.”

Peter retorted, “Aren’t you shameless?”

“What’s the point of shame in this situation? Didn’t you say I wanted to help Conrad recover his memories so that he could help me? As long as the issue is resolved, who cares about shame? Can you eat shame for a meal?”

He chuckled lightly and continued, “Mr. Hall, if you want to forfeit a toast to drink the wine of punishment, by all means. No need to be polite.”

Peter’s expression darkened. “Wait a minute! That drug will worsen his physical condition. Do you still want him to take it?”

Victor frowned and thought of Eileen. "Give me the drug."

"If you want me to give you the drug, it's not impossible. But I don't trust you. I want to see Conrad Maxwell personally!"

"Fine."

"What are you here for?"

Hearing the doorbell ring at night, Conrad thought that it was the person who lived downstairs, and never expected it to be Victor.

Over these five years, with his mother's nagging, he did not have any positive feelings toward Victor.

He didn't love his wife, had lots of ideas, didn't return home late at night, had terrible morals, and was irresponsible.

"Didn't you want to recover your memory?" Victor grabbed Peter who was hiding by the wall. "The drug Sally gave you was made by him. He is her brother."

Conrad immediately squinted and stared at Peter. "Do you still have the drug with you?"

No data found.

Chapter 1228

"Mr. Maxwell, your body still contains memory suppressing drugs. The two of them will clash. Your body won't be able to take it." Peter thought about the pitiful Fia and reminded him out of kindness.

It was also a prior clarification, to avoid him seeking trouble with him after.

"As long as I am able to regain my memories, I am able to endure any kind of suffering."

Conrad did not hesitate.

He had already become a lame man and now he had more and more questions. He was suspicious of the cause of his initial car crash.

He was a grown man. How could he get hit by a car just by crossing the road? It wasn't like he was blind.

"Can we go inside?" Victor asked impatiently.

Regardless of whether he had lost his memory or not, this guy was always so impolite.

He didn't even know how to invite his cousin inside when he saw him!

"Please come in." Conrad stepped aside and showed them the way, his attitude slightly improved since Victor had brought along the pharmacist.

Once inside, Victor frowned as he noticed the half-empty bottle of alcohol on the coffee table.

"Drinking alone at home in the middle of the night?"

"What's it to you?" Conrad retorted.

Victor was irritated. "Don't be so useless. If you die, everything under your name will go to your mother!"

"She gave birth to me and raised me. It's only right," Conrad replied indifferently.

"Ha, hahaha!" Victor sneered, too lazy to explain. "Hopefully when you regain your memories you can still say the same."

Peter didn't want to listen to them bicker, and said, "Your body is not suitable for consuming alcohol. You have toxins in your system, and drinking will only worsen your condition."

Conrad pushed the glass of wine away from his lips. "Will the toxins in my body be fatal?"

"Not for the time being," Peter replied. He took a seat and extended his hand toward Conrad.

"What do you want?" he asked casually.

Peter replied, "Your pulse."

Victor couldn't help but chuckle. "Look at you, acting like a nouveau riche. Every time someone reaches out to you, do you immediately think they're asking for something? Is it a habit you've developed over these past five years because your mother kept asking you for things?"

Conrad held out his hand to let Peter check his pulse.

"Don't speak!" Peter snapped as he focused on taking Conrad's pulse.

Victor got up and picked up a glass and drank alone.

A few minutes later, Peter fixed his gaze on Conrad.

"Your emotions have been fluctuating greatly recently."

"Is there a problem?" Conrad asked calmly. Indeed, his emotions had been quite unstable recently, mainly because of Ms. Sia.

"Have you had any fragments of memories resurface recently?" Peter inquired.

"Yes, every time I have a splitting headache, I see a girl, but I can't remember her." Conrad lowered his gaze. "I've been dreaming about her for the past couple of days."

Peter and Victor both knew that the girl he was referring to was Fia, but neither of them brought it up.

"Victor, we've known each other for so long. You should remember if I had any emotional entanglement with a girl before I lost my memory."

Conrad turned his gaze towards Victor.

"It's been five years, and you still haven't remembered, which means she wasn't important to you. Besides, your dear mother often mentioned that you and Annie were childhood sweethearts, didn't she?"

Conrad asked, "Are you mocking me?"

Victor waved his hand. "Of course not. I wouldn't dare."

"When you recover your memories, you'll understand," Peter said calmly and removed his finger which was on Conrad's wrist.

“I can give you more of the drug. Inject five milliliters every day, and the pain you’ll endure will become increasingly intense until you remember everything.”

Peter paused before continuing. “Mr. Maxwell, I recommend that while you are taking the drug, you put down all your work and don’t simply move about either”

Conrad said, “Why?”

Peter replied, “You could faint anytime. And there is also a possibility that situations that catch you off- guard might arise.”

“What kind of situations?” Conrad and Victor asked simultaneously.

Chapter 1229

Peter couldn’t help smiling faintly.

Victor did not hate Conrad as much as rumored.

Even the master’s messages had their moments of failure.

“Such as suddenly not being able to hear people talking, or suddenly everything going dark and you can’t see, or maybe even not being able to speak.” Peter calmly described. All of these were possibilities.

His gaze fell on Conrad’s injured leg. “Also, your leg might be in more pain.”

Victor’s face darkened. “Are you trying to mess with me?”

“Didn’t you bring me here for this?” Peter ridiculed. “If you don’t trust me, why did you bring me here?”

Victor asked, “Is there no way to help him recover his memories without any discomfort?”

Peter replied, “If it was just beginning, I would have. But after five years, with other drugs still present in his body, I can’t guarantee that.”

“Alright, give me the drug,” Conrad demanded, giving Victor a hostile look. “Stop talking so much.”

Victor chuckled and took a sip of his drink. "I hope that when you remember everything, you'll still be as cocky as you are now."

After all, five years ago, he was a person without his wife and without the ability to survive!

He wondered what his feelings would be like when he remembered everything.

Peter said, "I didn't bring the drug with me. Contact my sister when you get back and have her pick it up"

"Okay." Conrad stood up. "You can leave now."

Peter and Victor exchanged glances and instinctively got up.

Conrad said, "I can't walk well, so you two can help me shut the door after yourselves."

He glanced at the glass in Victor's hand subconsciously. "You've been drinking, and it's not convenient to drive. Let Mr. Hall here give you a ride."

"Why should I give him a ride?" Peter was not pleased.

"Because I'm paying you," Conrad said coldly. "I'll give you a sum of money when I recover my memory.- and make you a promise."

Peter's eyes lit up. Victor was right!

"Can you promise me anything?"

Conrad replied, "Yes."

"Let's go then. T'-drop you off, Mr. Maxwell!" Peter's mood was much better.

He longed for his freedom.

When Conrad regained his memory, he would definitely be at odds with his master.

This time, he was betting on Conrad.

Master never showed his face. He was ruthless, and following him meant a lifetime of abnormal days! He also had to be worried all the time.

Peter sent Victor home, and on the way back, he deliberately pretended to slip and hit the roadside guardrail.

He took out another phone from the glove compartment and made a call.

After the call was answered, he sounded anxious. "Master, Conrad is starting to suspect his mother. I don't know how he found out that I was developing the drug, and he brought me over.

"After losing his memory, he's even more ruthless toward outsiders. I'm worried he might threaten my family.

"Master, should I give him a fake medicine?"

"Do you want to poison him to death?" Laughter came from the other end.

"You've lived too peacefully these five years. You've lost all your courage."

Peter replied, "Master, what do you mean?"

"If he wants to recover his memory, help him. It'll make the game more interesting when he does." Lucifer chuckled softly, as if he had thought of something good.

Peter asked carefully, "Then, where is Fia now?"

"You don't have to worry about this. Properly research the drug and let him take it." After he finished speaking, Lucifer hung up.

The phone hung up and Peter's expression became stiff. He started driving again numbly.

"Peter?" Sally heard a horn and thought that her brother was back later than usual, so she came running

out to take a look.

The moment she saw him, she was shocked.

Chapter 1230

“What happened to your car! Where did you hit it? Are you injured?”

Peter got out of the car with a gentle smile. “I was a little exhausted tonight and accidentally hit a roadside guardrail. I’m fine.”

Sally pulled him over and after a check, and ensuring that he was fine, she finally let out a sigh of relief.

“In the future, be more careful and drive slower. If you ever feel too tired, just give me a call, and I’ll come

pick you up.”

“Let you pick me up? You’re always working late.” Peter teased.

Sally sighed. “I have been quite busy these days, but I’ll try to take it easy from now on.”

“Your workload doesn’t depend on your schedule. The hospital will contact you as the director for any emergencies,” Peter said as he ruffled Sally’s hair. Then he looked toward the front door and asked, “Are Mom and Dad asleep?”

“They’re asleep.” Sally noticed his complicated expression and asked quietly, “Is there something you

want to talk to me about?”

“Let’s go to my study.”

The siblings went to the study, and Peter told her about Conrad approaching him.

“Pete, the medicine could harm his body.” Sally, as a doctor, couldn’t help but worry. “Given Conrad’s current condition, I’m not sure if he can handle it.”

“He asked for it himself. Whether he can handle it or not is up to him.” Peter slowly smiled at his sister. Don’t worry so much. If he’s in trouble, it’s of his own making.’

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“He’s not intentionally seeking trouble, is he?” Sally couldn’t quite judge Conrad.

“I’ve been thinking about him and Fia these past few years. He must have loved Fia.”

Peter poured a glass of water for Sally as he spoke. “Sally, don’t overthink other people’s affairs. You’re not young anymore. You should think about your own life.”

“What am I supposed to think about? I’m doing fine now.”

Sally finished her glass of water. “I’m really doing fine.”

“Jason is not worth your time,” Peter said seriously. “Let go of him. You have plenty of choices.”

“If I just settle for marriage, it’s probably going to be an unhappy one. I’d rather stay single.” Sally sighed. “Plus, I’m so busy with work right now. I don’t have the energy to focus on my personal life.”

Peter was momentarily at a loss.

It seemed like he and his sister were in similar situations.

“Pete, from now on, I won’t advise you about Britney, and you shouldn’t advise me either.”

Peter went silent for a couple of seconds. “What about Mom and Dad?”

“Well, let’s just be honest with them instead of constantly deceiving them.”

“Okay.”

The siblings exchanged smiles. “It’s getting late. Let’s go to sleep.”

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After the children had gone to bed, and Fia had finished preparing to sleep herself, she received a call

from Eileen.

Eileen told Fia what Sally had just informed her over the phone.

Finally, she said with particular emphasis, “Ms. Sia, if he regains his memory, he won’t bother you anymore.

“Are you sure you don’t want to be a bit nicer to him while he’s still without his memory, so that when he regains it, he will realize he likes you?”

“I’m telling you, this guy is very wealthy. If he takes you as his favorite, he will treat you and your children very well!”

Fia massaged her slightly throbbing temples and replied in a cold tone, “Miss Reid, I’ve told you many times before, I have a family, and I’m not interested in him.”.

“Ms. Sia, you’re so beautiful. Don’t you want to make the most of your beauty...’

Fia interrupted her sharply. “If you continue with this nonsense, I will block your number!”

Eileen immediately spoke more softly. “I heard that his body cannot tolerate medication, but he’s persisting. Sally said that his condition might worsen soon.”

Fia responded, “How is that related to me?”

“He’s not fit to go outside. They say he could faint at any moment, and he might also have problems with his five senses,” Eileen said weakly.

Actually, Fia had known the consequences for a long time. She had learned a lot from Lucifer over the past five years.

Medicine could be just as poisonous as it was therapeutic, especially when his mother had been feeding him it for five years.

The clash between two different drugs can exert significant stress on the body.