

## **Read Stop It She's Remarrying by Stellar Strands Chapter 141-150**

Stop It, She's Remarrying! By Stellar Strands Chapter 141

"Ms. Lawson, is there something in your life that can't be solved easily?" the doctor asked, seeing that she was Jason's friend.

Fia shook her head. "I'm doing alright. Suicide is the easy way out... Living is the tough option. I won't do something so stupid." With that, she gave the doctor a smile.

Her reaction was so abnormal that the doctor's hand trembled.

"I'll give you a doctor's note for an ultrasound. Remember to bring the results back to me, okay?"

"Thank you, doctor."

Fia did an ultrasound. After she received the results, she checked it and analyzed it using the internet.

Once she was sure that everything was normal with the baby, she didn't bring the results back to the doctor and instead left the hospital.

In the afternoon, when Jason couldn't reach Fia through her phone, he went over to his colleague's office. "How's her results?"

"Pretty good. But your friend is quite strange. I told her to come to me after she got the results but she didn't. Since she's your friend, I searched her file to give it a look. The baby's doing okay."

"Thanks."

Jason smiled gently and the doctor was charmed.

When he wanted to leave, she tugged his sleeve. "Doctor, your friend just lost her closest family members so emotionally she's not doing so well. The results show that she has mild depression."

Jason frowned and said, "Alright. Thanks."

Fia had just stepped out of a taxi and wanted to go into the apartment complex.

Silas stood in front of her and said, “Madam, the boss asked me to take you to the station.”

“I’m not going.”

“Please don’t make it difficult for me. I’m just an employee. The boss is getting a headache from dealing with his mother and ordered me to take you to her no matter what.”

Fia remembered all those women that were forced to their deaths by their mothers-in-law. “Sure. I’ll go.” The door opened. When Beryl saw Fia walking in, she was stunned.

“Why are you here?!”

Fia sat opposite her and smiled gently as before.

“Conrad asked me to see you.”

Beryl frowned. “You’re going to let me go, right?”

“No. I’m here to give you a chance,” Fia said as she leaned back in the chair.

Her face was so pale. Combined with her long, black hair and her black outfit, she looked like a ghost from the old movies.

Beryl felt her heart skip a beat. “You’ve changed.”

“Everyone changes. There’s nothing strange about that.”

“Why did you come here?”

“Well, I told you. I’ll give you a chance. It’s up to you to grab it or not.”

Beryl looked down as her mind quickly made the calculations.

She couldn’t stand the environment here. She didn’t want to stay here any longer.

A minute later, she raised her head and said, "Tell me then. What do I have to do to free myself?"

"First, I want you to place a memorial in Maxwell's private cemetery in my mom's name and apologize to her."

The Maxwells owned a huge cemetery where their ancestors were buried.

"You can forget about it!" Beryl screeched. "How can you think of something so vicious?!"

"Vicious? Compared to you who wants to kill your own grandchild, how is this vicious?" Fia cracked a smile.

Beryl stared at her with wide eyes. "Esme was telling the truth? You're pregnant?!"

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"As I thought. She was the one who told you that." Fia massaged her temple. "Just what did she promise you? Let me guess.

"Secretly abort my child, remove me from the Maxwell household, take her into the family, she'll give your son a child, and once she has control over your son's financial, she'll share half with you?"

Beryl felt a chill down her spine. Because everything Fia said was right.

"The reason you don't like me is not because I'm not my cousin. It's not because I'm not your son's childhood friend and lover. It's because I honor my husband above all else and won't ally myself with you. Isn't that right?"

Fia smiled after she was finished.

Beryl pulled back and said, "You're spouting lies and trying to destroy our relationship! I have such a great son! I'm going to live a good life until the day I'm dead!"

"True. You're so lucky compared to a lot of mothers in this world... But you wanted more," Fia said with a sneer. "Once Conrad realizes who you really are and knows what you're planning, will he still treat you as well as he does now?"

“Shut up!” Beryl yelled angrily. “Stop speculating!”

“Speculating, huh?” Fia pointed at her own ears. “Last year, during your birthday, I personally heard it when I went back to the family residence. You should feel lucky that I went back alone and not with Conrad

because he was busy.”

Beryl’s expression changed. “What did you hear?”

“I heard everything that you said when you chatted with Victor’s mother. Oh, right. I recorded it all,” Fia said with a gentle, calm smile.

Beryl’s teeth chattered. She could no longer yell at her.

Once Fia left the police station, she switched on her phone and made a call.

“I spoke with your mother. As long as she does everything she needs to, I won’t pursue the lawsuit.”

Before Conrad could say anything, she decisively hung up.

She had lied to Beryl.

She had heard of Beryl’s ambitions, but she hadn’t recorded it.

Maxwell Corporation, CEO office.

Pale, Conrad looked at his phone that had locked automatically.

He looked at the document that had been patched and his grandpa’s diary.

Silas whispered, “What should we do now?”

He did as he was asked and had found the document from the tomb. After some restoration work, all the missing content could be read.

The content of the document proved that the project that Thea and Old Maxwell worked on together belonged to Thea.

“Leave me and let me think.”

Conrad locked himself up in the office the entire afternoon.

The diary recorded what happened between his grandpa and Thea when they were in their youth.

The two of them loved each other, but his grandpa gave up on Thea because of an alliance pact that required him to marry someone from another household.

About that project, Old Maxwell and another overseas company had both wanted it, and the latter had given her a much better deal.

However, Thea had thought of their past and chose to work with his grandpa to help the Maxwells, who were in trouble back then, giving up on the better deal.

And he... destroyed his grandpa's relationship with Thea.

If he had known, he would have been saddened... He would hate him.

And Fia... If she knew about all of this, she would be so disappointed in him.

"She can't find out about this!" Conrad quickly packed the document and diary and locked them up in a

safe.

He didn't know why he cared so much about what she thought about him. He felt very remorseful and all he wanted now was to see her. "Where are you?"

"At home," Fia answered coldly.

"Wait for me. I'll be there soon!" Conrad said urgently.

Fia was shocked. It was an hour and a half before he finished work. Why would he come home right now? Just to fight with her again?

## Chapter 143

Fia took out her jewelry box. Everything that Conrad gave her for the past three years was inside.

She rarely wore them. She snapped pictures of her pieces of jewelry and posted several sets on an online second-hand marketplace.

She wanted to sell them. She needed to make the necessary preparations for her child and fight alone. Even though Conrad didn't block her card, she didn't want to place her hopes on it.

Conrad came back and immediately ran toward the master bedroom.

Fia sat in front of the dressing table and stared at her own reflection with the dark eyebags in the mirror.

Conrad said, "Fia, let's talk."

She looked at him in the mirror and said nothing.

Conrad walked toward her and stood behind her, putting his hand on her shoulder.

She frowned and hit his hand away.

"If you have something to say, say it. Don't touch me." Her tone was cold and filled with anger.

Conrad felt very remorseful.

He pretended to not notice her attitude and spoke to her as gently as before. "I don't want a divorce anymore. This is my current stance."

Fia was slightly stunned, but she said nothing.

She grabbed a lipstick and began drawing on a cotton ball.

She kept on thinking about why he was doing that.

"I've already talked with your mother. There's no need for you to say something that is against your own will for her anymore."

"I really don't want a divorce! I don't have any other motives," Conrad quickly said.

Fia snapped the lipstick in her hand.

She then threw the lipstick on the dressing table and glared coldly at the man in the mirror.

“What about my cousin, then?”

Conrad frowned.

“You said that you can’t be together anymore as you did in the past, but can you guarantee that you won’t see her every time that she comes looking for you?”

Fia gripped her hands that were on the dressing table even tighter. She was... looking forward to his

answer.

if he answered that he wouldn’t respond to her anymore, she would be touched, she believed.

Once a woman loved a man, no matter how cheap it would make her, she would keep on giving up on her dignity again and again.

For example... In this society filled with wickedness.

Some married men would say that they were single and tempt women into their trap.

Once the truth was out, the women would end up being homewreckers.

But for love, they would choose to forgive the men.

There were too many pieces of news like this.

“I can guarantee that if it’s not something important, I’ll ignore her,” Conrad answered after he gave it some thought.

The Mannings only had one daughter. Something might happen to her.

He believed that he couldn’t simply stand by and do nothing.

And he was also partly responsible for the fact that she was almost raped by Victor’s men!

If he hadn’t gotten drunk and had kept a clear mind, he would have sent her home.

He then said with difficulty, "Please understand me, Fia."

"Understand why you would lie to your wife so that you can stay together with your lover?"

She sneered. "So... you want both of us."

Conrad couldn't help but scratch his head, angered by her words.

He tried his best to maintain his calm and said, "That's not what I meant."

"What do you mean, then?"

"I'll treat Esme as a friend, as your cousin. We won't have any other relationship."

Fia couldn't say anything at all at that moment.

He didn't think twice before giving that answer. It didn't seem like he was lying.

A small voice in her mind reminded her not to get hurt again.

She then said, "Do you know what kind of deal your mom and I made?"

"Regardless, since you're willing to deal with this in private, it means that you still care about our marriage. That you still have a gentle soul."

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"I want her to get a memorial for my mom, apologize to her, and place it in the Maxwells' cemetery."

Fia saw Conrad's expression from the mirror. She could see his deep frown. He must be angry and unable to accept it.

Since this was humiliation to his mother and the Maxwell household!

"Can you still say that you want to live with me in peace?" She spoke in a tone that sounded as if she was making a joke.

Conrad looked down and stayed silent for a bit.

However, Fia was not willing to wait anymore. She grabbed her luggage from the corner and looked at Conrad. "If your mom can't do it, I'll just let the law handle her."

"..." Conrad looked at her, still thinking about Thea.

"Even if I can only lock her up for a short time, my mom would still be happy if she knew, right?" She tried to smile, but there were only tears in her eyes.

Conrad walked over and embraced her. "You're leaving?"

Fia said, "Do you think that we can still continue living like this?"

"Fia, everything I told you came from the bottom of my heart. I want things to go back to how they were before. I want to work on this marriage."

"Then, do you love me?" Fia suddenly asked.

And the question made Conrad freeze.

"Marriage is the grave of love. And a marriage without love is an execution." Fia sighed. "I'm tired. Really."

She pushed him away. "Please free me."

Conrad grabbed her tightly and didn't let go.

When he saw the luggage, he felt something shattering in him.

He didn't have the time to understand what it was, but he would never let her go.

Nothing tied her down anymore and she could go wherever she wanted.

And that doctor... He just knew that he wanted something out of Fia.

If he let her go, it would be difficult to get her back!

"Fia, do you remember when you were little? Every time you were bullied, you would cry and that made me very agitated. I would run over and help you.

I never told you but, I never really disliked you for being a coward. The people that agitated me were those people that bullied you.

“I think I care about you. I like you!”

He said it in a rush, trying his best to show her his heart so that he could make her stay.

Fia blinked, trying her best not to feel touched.

The hand that was carrying the luggage gripped on to it so tightly to the point that her fingers were turning white and becoming painful.

“I want to live alone for a while. We’ll talk about the divorce after your mother has apologized.”

Conrad took the luggage from her hand and stared at her.

“You know what my mom is like? We’ll watch her at the family residence!”

Half an hour later, Fia sat in the car helplessly.

Conrad wanted to drive her to the family residence.

He used the memorial to persuade her. Saying that he would stay with her at the family residence until his mom apologized.

It was already nighttime when they reached the family residence. Beryl had been locked up for two days and had already fallen asleep out of exhaustion.

Conrad told the servants to clean up a room while he led Fia to the door of his mother’s room, giving it a knock.

“Who is it?” Beryl’s normally screeching voice had lowered a lot through the door.

Fia smiled mockingly when she remembered their conversation back at the detention cell.

She wondered how her cousin would feel once she knew that Beryl sold her out for herself.

“Mom, Fia and I will stay here for a few days.”

Beryl sat up. When she remembered how Fia acted back at the station, she could still feel the fear in her heart.

She thought that Fia was stupid. She never thought she was smarter than all of them.

Barking dogs seldom bit, and this one bit deep!

Conrad then said coldly, "Mom, I want you to arrange for the memorial as soon as possible."

Beryl wiped the sweat from her forehead and said, "I... I understand. You should go to sleep. I'm going back to bed now so I won't greet you anymore."

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The servants had prepared a bed with red bed sheets and a blanket. They had even prepared flowers inside the bedroom.

The moment Fia entered, Grandpa Maxwell came to mind.

She remembered what happened when she first came to the Maxwell's family residence.

He had said to the servants, "Even when I'm no longer here, you must treat Fia well. When she's back with Conrad, you must clean up the bedroom. Oh, prepare a vase of flowers for her. Girls like flowers, yes? That'll brighten her mood."

Conrad followed Fia's eyes and looked at the vase of roses.

"When we came back the first time, the servants prepared a vase of roses too."

"Yes. Grandpa told them to." Fia's eyes turned red.

The two of them took a shower and lay on the bed. Fia slept at the side.

Conrad quietly moved over to her. He had just wanted to grab her waist when his phone rang.

"Ha." She smiled mockingly. "The ringtone you set for her is so lovely."

Conrad couldn't say a word.

He quickly grabbed his phone, refused Esme's video call, and changed her ringtone to a normal one.

He didn't forget to explain. "I didn't set the ringtone."

"No need to explain it to me. The more you explain the worse it becomes!"

Conrad realized something. "She did it behind my back."

"Could she have gotten her hands on your phone if you didn't let her?" Fia sneered. "You gave her

permission!"

Conrad then apologized. "That's my oversight. I'm sorry."

Fia closed her eyes and turned away.

His sudden apology shut her up.

The next day, the two of them got off their bed and went down together.

The servants had prepared their breakfast.

Conrad looked in the direction of his mother's room.

"Where's my mom?"

"She's not up yet," the servant answered.

Conrad then said to Fia, "Go and have breakfast first. I'll get my mom."

Fia went directly to the dining room. She didn't want to wait for them before having breakfast like last time anymore.

Beryl looked at the door anxiously when someone knocked.

"Who is it?"

"It's me, mom."

"Alone?"

“Fia has gone to have her breakfast first. I’m here to ask you to join us.”

“I’m not hungry. Go eat.” Beryl held her hands together as she could hear her heart thumping.

Conrad tried to twist the door knob, but it was locked from the inside. It couldn’t be opened.

“Mom, I just want to talk to you.”

Beryl eventually opened the door and looked behind Conrad. When she was sure that Fia wasn’t around, she pulled him into her room.

“Why did you bring her back to the family residence?”

“Mom, you promised to raise a memorial for Fia’s mom,” Conrad said to his mom sternly. He felt that something was off with her.

Beryl started to get angry again. She worried that Fia could hear her, so she whispered, “Why are you siding with her now? I’m your mom. I raised you.”

Conrad said, “You promised her. You have to do it.”

Beryl was stunned. “Do you know what that means? She’s trying to humiliate the entire Maxwell family by building a memorial in our family’s cemetery!”

“You’re in the wrong, mom. It’s justifiable that she wants something like this.”

“Aren’t you afraid that your grandpa won’t rest in peace if he knows about this?” Beryl tried to pressure him using the dead.

Conrad looked at Beryl in disappointment. “Grandpa is someone who can tell right from wrong. He’ll never side with you on this!”

“But I…”

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“Mom, Conrad, aren’t you going to have breakfast soon?” Fia held a small bowl of breakfast oats with hot milk. She blew a spoonful to cool it down before eating it.

Whenever Beryl saw her from then onward, she would feel uncomfortable.

“Mom, let’s go have some breakfast. It won’t be nice anymore if the milk cooled down.”

“I’m not hungry,” Beryl said as she turned around.

Meanwhile, Fia used a lazy tone as if she was talking about the weather and said “Mom, are you trying to delay things and go back on your words? Then Conrad and I will…”

“Who said I’ll go back on my words?! I won’t. I’ll make an appointment with an expert to talk about the memorial.”

“Alright. To be honest, I was hoping you’d forget it,” Fia said with a smile and looked at Conrad. “Then, we can let the law do its job.”

“You…” Beryl turned around and glared at Fia, but swallowed the curses that threatened to leave her lips.

The woman had evidence against her, so she couldn’t simply make any move.

At the dinner table, the three of them made plans.

Fia finished first and stared at Beryl.

Beryl began to shudder from the staring. “Don’t stare at me like that. I can’t escape when you’ve already dragged Conrad here now, can I? He’s not siding with me at all right now.”

“Luckily, he still has a conscience and isn’t on your side.” Fia smiled mysteriously, hinting at something to Beryl.

Beryl quickly lowered her head and mumbled, “Don’t worry. I’ll do it.”

Conrad looked at the two of them suspiciously. In the past, his mother would always be the one that spoke haughtily, but she was so cowardly today.

Something must have happened between them.

He knew that from how his mother treated her, she would not be able to accept the matter of the memorial easily.

“I’m full,” Beryl said as she stood up.

Fia smiled and said, "Then let's proceed as we've said. Please call my cousin over."

Beryl stared at her for a few seconds and looked at Conrad. "Do you want Esme to come over, Conrad?"

Conrad didn't want to get himself involved in this conversation as he didn't know what Fia was planning.

"Do as you see fit."

"You and Esme did fall in love once. Now that you've settled with her, how tough would it be for Esme..."

"Haha! Oh, my dear mother-in-la..." Fia said with a grin. "You love her so much. Maybe you can end our deal. Just force your son to divorce me and have him marry her so that she can show her dedication to you."

She purposely stressed the word "dedication."

Beryl was reminded of her own ambition and knew her son very well. She knew that her ambition would only grow stronger.

"Fine. I'll invite Esme over."

"Remember. Not only do you have to invite her, but you also need to reveal everything to her."

Half an hour later, Esme appeared in the family residence in an outfit that made her look soft and gentle. When she saw Fia sitting next to Conrad, she looked at Beryl in confusion.

"Why did you ask me over, Auntie Beryl?"

"Have a seat," Beryl said as she nervously rubbed her hands.

When Esme saw how nervous she was, her heart skipped a beat.

She quickly walked over to Beryl, sat by her side, and held her arm.

"Did something happen?"

Fia laughed and looked at Conrad as if she was waiting to see a good show.

Wondering if he would be touched by how Esme acted.

However, she noticed that Conrad simply looked at the coffee table with a frown. He didn't even glance at her.

Could it be that he didn't have much feelings for her anymore?

A change of heart?

Because of her?

She snuffed out the thought in her mind. She knew her place. She could never have that heart of his.

"Oh, Esme..." Beryl looked at Fia who was sitting diagonally opposite her. "I want to apologize. Despite knowing my son has already married, I keep on promising you something that's impossible."

"What do you mean?" Esme's face slowly became white as a ghost.

"Just pretend I didn't say anything. Conrad won't divorce Fia," Beryl said as she quickly glanced at Fia and lowered her head.

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"Auntie Beryl, I..."

Esme's mind was thrown into chaos. She couldn't accept what Beryl had said so suddenly.

"Also... The family heirloom... The bracelet that I gave you before. Give it back to me." Beryl forced herself to say it. She hated Fia for forcing her to do this, but if she didn't do as she was told, Fia would tell her son about what she had said.

She wanted to live an affluent life as part of the Maxwell household. She couldn't allow her plan to fall into ruins.

"What?!" Conrad said with a dark expression on his face. "You gave the bracelet to Esme? Grandpa told you to give Fia. Why didn't you do as he asked?!"

“Well... I thought you and Esme would be able to get married, so I gave it to Esme first. Afterward, I couldn't get it back.” Beryl looked at Conrad woefully, hoping that her son would pity her.

However, Fia burst out in laughter.

“Stop joking. You gave that bracelet to my cousin not too long ago.”

Beryl had just glanced up at Fia and wanted to argue with her when Fia said, “Age must be getting to you that you're being so forgetful. There's a witness when you gave her the bracelet.”

“Who is it?” Beryl asked.

Esme's expression turned even paler. She knew who it was.

Victor's mother.

Before she left, she even said something to Beryl with an upset tone.

“Victor's mother. Oh, his fiancée was there too,” Fia said with a smile. Eileen was the one that told her all

of that.

Conrad then said, “Is what she said true, mom?”

“Looks... Looks like I'm really misremembering things. She's right,” Beryl said as a thin layer of sweat appeared on her back. “I... I thought that she's going to divorce you and that Esme's going to become your fiancée, so I gave her the bracelet.”

“Mom, when Grandpa asked you for the bracelet, why didn't you give it to Fia? You even lied to him and said that you had shattered it!”

Conrad spoke angrily.

“Don't blame her, Conrad. She was simply hoping that you'd be happy.” Esme sniveled tragically with tears filling up her eyes.

“Are you saying that he wouldn't be happy marrying me?” Fia looked at Esme with cold eyes. “Did I abuse him?”

Esme frowned and said, "Cousin, since when have you become so mean-spirited?"

"Me? Mean-spirited? Do I look like that, mom?" Fia turned and looked at Beryl.

Beryl finally realized how terrifying Fia could be. She must have secretly gathered a lot of evidence against her.

She was worried that if this took long, Fia would drag her through the mud.

She immediately said to Esme, "Just give it back to me. Conrad's grandma gave it to me a long time ago. It's supposed to be passed down to my daughter-in-law."

"How can you take back something you've already given to me?" Esme was almost in tears as she looked at Conrad. "Conrad, maybe you can buy a new one for Fia?"

"Ha!" Fia laughed out in anger. She used to be so prideful. And now? She was so despicable and

shameless.

"Mom, you lied to Grandpa. He may have passed away and isn't able to deal with you anymore, but I want to remind you that the bracelet has been passed down within the family for generations. It's extremely rare and not something that can be replaced by any bracelet! And she wants Conrad to buy some random bracelet to replace it? Ridiculous!"

"Enough, Fia!" Esme was so angry that she wanted to hit her. Since when did she have such a sharp tongue?!

"Don't tell me you want to be a robber now? I can always sue as the daughter-in-law!" Fia said in a stern

voice.

Conrad massaged his temple and extended his hand toward Esme. "Return the bracelet."

Esme shook her head. “Conrad, can you please not treat me so heartlessly? I lost the chance of becoming your wife three years ago. Can’t you let me keep a bracelet as a token?”

“Give it back!” Conrad said in an irritated tone. “If you want a bracelet, I can get Silas to buy you a few new ones. But you have to return the bracelet!”

Esme gritted her teeth. She never thought that Conrad could be so brutal toward her.

“Auntie Beryl...”

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“You can stop calling me that now. Give it back.” Beryl grabbed Esme’s wrist and removed it herself.

She then walked over to Fia and gave it to her in a servile manner.

“The bracelet is yours now, Fia.”

Fia laughed and didn’t move.

Conrad looked at his mother. His mother would never try to curry favor with Fia in the past.

“I mistreated you in the past, Fia. So forgive me, alright?” Beryl wanted to help Fia wear the bracelet.

“No thanks. It’s dirty.” Fia moved her hand away.

Beryl froze

Fia smiled as her gaze went from Beryl to Esme.

“Someone wore it already. It’s dirty... And I find it disgusting.”

Conrad stood up and took the bracelet away from Beryl’s hand. “I’ll wash it.”

When Esme heard his words, her tears began to roll down as she shook.

Fia was humiliating her. Not only did Conrad not help her, he even humiliated her along with Fia.

That was no longer the young man she knew!

But she would not give up!

They were already divorcing, but even then Fia managed to take him back by her side. She must have used some underhanded tactics!

She needed to find a chance to sleep with Conrad, to make him in love with only her!

Beryl quickly sat next to Fia and whispered, "Fia, I already did everything you told me. So, please show some mercy to this old woman and don't destroy my relationship with Conrad?"

Fia smiled gently. "Don't worry, mom. As long as you treat me well, I'll treat you well too."

"That's good." Beryl sighed out in relief.

Esme looked at the two of them in confusion. "Is Fia threatening you with something?"

Beryl quickly shook her hands. "No! Nothing of the sort! I just realized that Fia is much more suitable to be part of our household than you."

"You never said that in the past."

"The past is in the past. The present is much more important. Now leave!" Beryl walked over and pulled Esme up. "Go back to your home. Don't come again."

Beryl called the servants to drag the crying Esme out of the family residence.

"Now you know, Fia. I've always been true to you." Beryl walked back to Fia's side.

Fia smirked and said, "You're a realist, mom. Is there anyone that truly captivated your heart?"

"Well, that's not exactly right. I'm just easily confused."

“If you don’t want me to tel! your son about your real character, don’t cause any trouble!” Fia said before heading upstairs. She didn’t want to talk to Beryl again.

She felt very disgusted..

After Conrad had washed the bracelet and come back, he didn’t see Fia and simply saw Beryl sitting in the living room numbly.

He went over and asked, “What happened between you and Fia?”

Beryl regained her composure and simply shook her head.

“Conrad, I know what I did is wrong now. I won’t ask you to divorce her again. I won’t hurt her anymore.

either.”

Conrad frowned and said, “That’s for the best. As long as you keep to yourself, she won’t do anything to you.”

Beryl nodded. She was still unwilling to accept what had happened, but she didn’t dare to say anything

else.

## Chapter 149

Conrad went back up to the master bedroom. Fia was sitting in front of the dressing table with a hand over her belly.

Her expression was dark... And somewhat sorrowful.

He walked in and squatted down, and helped her put the bracelet on.

“What are you doing?!” Fia flung his hand away in shock.

“I washed the bracelet. It belongs to you from now on,” Conrad said in a gentle tone.

Fia frowned. “Why didn’t you go console her?”

She thought that he wouldn’t be back for a while.

He would always first console Esme and then send her home.

“I’m a man of my words. I won’t see her again if nothing important is happening.”

“Oh, really? Let’s see how long you can fake this.”

Fia wanted to stand up and leave. She didn’t want to speak with Conrad.

He grabbed her wrist and didn’t want to let her go.

He growled and asked, “You were putting your hand on your tummy just now. Are you feeling upset?” “Upset about what?” Fia looked at him in confusion.

“That you’re infertile.”

“You want a child?” Conrad asked carefully, worried that he would hurt her.

Fia suddenly asked, “If I do, what do you plan to do?”

“We can go for artificial insemination,” he whispered.

Fia looked away. “I heard that getting sperm artificially can get very painful.”

“I’m not scared.”

Fia could feel something stabbing in her heart. “Even if you’re not afraid, I am. I heard it gets very painful. They’ll use a very large needle.”

Conrad grabbed her hand and held it tightly, breathing into it.

“Then let’s get a child from an orphanage. If you think one is not enough, we can get a few more.”

“Are you crazy?!” Fia pulled her hand away and stared at Conrad furiously.

“You, the CEO of Maxwell Corporation, the heir to the household, adopting a child from an orphanage ?! You’ll be a living joke!”

“What else can I do?” Conrad said helplessly. “You want a child, right?”

“I didn’t say anything of the sort! You simply assumed it!” Fia looked away and didn’t want to see him.

“Since the wedding, you’ve told me about wanting a child a few times. You ate all types of medicine and went through all types of therapies all because you wanted a child.”

Fia bit her lips.

She was saddened.

She thought that he never knew about her wanting a child.

He knew everything!

Yet, he kept on being so pretentious. What was the point of telling her this now?

“I’m so sorry. I have only begun to learn how to look at things from your perspective.”

He stood up, pulled her into his arms, and held her tightly.

“Fia, give us one more chance. I’ll prove to you that I’m not joking.”

“One more chance, huh?” Fia thought about the child in her womb.

She really wanted to give him one more chance.

Not for him. For the child.

Once the child had a father, the child would have a complete family.

The child would be able to grow up healthily in a whole family. The child would be able to live cheerfully.

“I won’t disappoint you.”

Conrad felt regretful and wanted to compensate her somehow.

“Fine. I’ll give you another chance.” Fia heaved a sigh of relief. If he was able to perform well, she would tell him about the pregnancy.

She would let go of her resentment and build a life with him.

Since... She didn’t want to love anyone anymore if she had to leave him.

For her child, she was willing to let it all go.

The next day, a master craftsman delivered the memorial. A tablet.

Stop It, She's Remarrying! By Stellar Strands Chapter 150

Conrad personally drove Fia and his mother to the Maxwell's cemetery.

Once the servants had placed the tablet in its proper place, Beryl was forced to apologize in front of the tablet and go through with the ceremony.

Conrad announced his intentions to his ancestors as he lit the candles. Meanwhile, Fia simply watched. She didn't want to pray to them.

Fia stood there as the wind blew, feeling how ridiculous humanity was.

Her mother-in-law, who was once so terrifying, was unbelievably subservient.

If she had known this would work, she would have done it earlier.

However, she shook her head.

If she hadn't gone through everything, she wouldn't have dared to go against Beryl because of her love for Conrad.

"Now you believe me, right? That I didn't try to fool you?" Beryl walked over weakly.

"Ha..." Fia let out a laugh. She didn't want to waste her breath and simply walked out.

Conrad quickly chased after her.

"We're done with the memorial. Do you want to stay in the family residence or go home?"

"I don't want to stay in the family residence," Fia said. She didn't want to see Beryl every day.

She would be fine as long as Beryl would stop provoking her. There was no need to keep an eye on her every day and disgust herself.

"Let's go home then?"

Fia looked at him numbly.

When she remembered that mansion, she would remember how her mother died in that place.

Conrad quickly held her hand.

“Let’s sell that mansion then? We’ll buy a new one.”

“No.” Fia cracked a smile at Conrad. “We have to keep it. We’ll invite your mom for dinner during festivities so that she can remember all the things she did.”

Conrad couldn’t say a word.

After that, Conrad’s schedule returned to how it was before the marriage. He would leave early for work and come home to accompany Fia in the evening.

He stopped going to parties as well.

One week had passed.

Fie was being suspicious of him. As if Esme would call him away with just a call.

However, that didn’t happen.

She noticed that he would never pick up the calls from any outsiders at home unless it was Silas’s call about work

It was as if Esme had disappeared from their lives.

“Fia, can I talk to you about something?” Conrad asked her as he hugged her.

Fia used her elbow to rub his chest and said, “Let me go first.”

“I’m worried that you’ll get angry, so let me hold you first.”

Conrad knew that her attitude toward him had changed in the past week.

He was worried that the next thing might provoke her.

“Hank called Silas’s number, asking us to come to his birthday party the day after.”

Fia frowned. “Did Uncle Hank or Esme call you?”

“Your uncle. I’ve blocked Esme’s number.”

Conrad held her even tighter. “I’m not lying to you.”

Fia took his phone and found Esme’s number on the block list.

She then checked his Facebook and didn’t find Esme on his friends list.

Conrad saw everything and said, “I removed her from my friends list.”

She would be lying if she said that it didn’t touch her at all. She did say that she’d give him a chance a week ago. She didn’t have much hope for it though.

“I’ve also blocked Beth’s number. That’s why Hank had to call Silas.”

“Hm…” Fia put his phone back before saying “Let’s go, then.”

She wanted to see if he could still be so heartless in front of Esme.

“Conrad! I knew you’d come!” Hank greeted Conrad and pretended not to see Fia, who was next to him.

Conrad, who was holding Fia’s hand, immediately wrapped his arm around Fia’s shoulders.

“Hank, I initially didn’t have the time, but Fia missed you so she made me give up on two meetings to accompany her here.”