

Read Stop It She's Remarrying by Stellar Strands

Chapter 541-550

Chapter 541

"No need." Conrad insisted on personally bringing Fia to the restroom.

Britney quietly followed behind the both of them, staring at him holding Fia's wrist and quietly pinched the palm of her hand.

When they reached the ladies, Fia pushed Conrad lightly.

"Wait outside."

"Alright, if there's anything, call me."

Britney immediately went forward. "Fia, let me help you in."

After dealing with their business, and Fia came out, Britney helped her to the sink to wash her hands.

"Thank you, Britney." Thinking of Conrad's attitude, she apologized." Don't take it to heart. He is a person with deep thoughts, so it is hard for him to accept other people's kind intentions."

"It's fine. As long as you know that I'm sincere, that's enough. How he sees it does not matter." Britney's tone was light and friendly.

After Fia washed her hands, she led her to the hand dryer to dry her hands.

After that, she took out her own hand moisturizer and helped her to apply it.

Fia smelled the peach blossom fragrance and she was a little stunned.

In her memory, there was a person who also liked the peach blossom fragrance moisturizer.

"Fia, we're done. Let's go out."

Fia subconsciously held Britney's hand, touching her finger without

leaving a trace..

In her memory, she had played the piano since young and had slender fingers.

However, on her right index finger, there was a scar from when she was peeling fruits.

Britney lowered her gaze, staring at Fia touching her own hand, and her lips curved into a mocking smile.

Peter had spent a lot on her changes and all her moles on her body were removed, what more the scar on her finger.

Not feeling the scar on her finger, Fia's heart was finally at ease.

"Thank you, Britney."

"All these are small matters, so there is no need for thanks. If you want to talk about gratitude, I still have to thank Mr. Maxwell for not being calculative and allowing me to be my sister's assistant."

Fia smiled sweetly. "I'm sorry. I've been busy listening to lectures lately and have not even gone to the Foreign Affairs Department to

see you."

"Fia, it's not convenient for you with your eyes. Just obediently stay in Mr. Maxwell's office and don't simply run about. Furthermore, my sister and I are busy working, so we won't have time to entertain you, either. We'll just gather during the weekends when we are free."

"Sure." Fia felt that these people were all quite good company for a meal. All of them were sincere people.

Eileen had left the country and she frequently missed her, but she wanted to listen to Eileen and interact with other people more.

It was also rare that there was no objection from Conrad, so she wanted to go out with him more in the future.

So she said, "Next time, ask Madam Barbara to come along too."

A hint of gloom flashed in Britney's eyes. "Sure thing. It's just that my sister is a little colder and I'm afraid that she won't come."

"Just take it slow. After some time, she'll get used to it. My husband is an example."

Britney thought about how Conrad was guarding on the outside and suppressed her wicked thoughts, and supported Fia out of the restroom.

"Mr. Maxwell, I'll return Fia to you."

She still retained the attitude of being a little cowardly, like she was afraid of Conrad.

Conrad did not look at her and took Fia's hand. He smoothly picked her up and strode away.

Britney frowned, looking at the man's big and tall back, her heart full of hatred and envy!

Why were they all able to forget her existence and act so lovingly!

Why!

Conrad carried Fia and as he passed by the dining table, he said, "Everyone, we'll be making a move first."

"What?" Sally immediately got up. "I have already made an appointment with Fia to go to a karaoke center to sing. Aren't you going?"

"No!" Conrad coldly rejected her.

Fia muttered unhappily in his arms. "You're so overbearing."

Conrad swept a glance at Jason who was sitting by the side and said softly into her ear, "If you wish to sing, you can sing for me alone at home."

Fia was left speechless.

Sally went after them. “Fia, do you want to go?”

“N... No, I don’t think so.” It was a rare occasion for Conrad to agree to come out today, so she should not push him too hard.

Chapter 542

Sally was a little disappointed. “Alright then. We’ll gather again another day.”

“Alright.” Thinking of the peach blossom fragrance hand moisturizer, she said, “Sally, can you send us off?”

Sally was not a fool either. She could feel that Fia had something to ask her, so she went back to her brother, Jason, and Britney to inform them and then accompanied Fia and her husband out of the

restaurant.

At the parking lot, Fia pushed Conrad lightly.

“I want to drink milk tea. Take a look around and see if there are any milk tea shops nearby and help me get one.”

Conrad took a look around and saw that there were two milk tea shops on the opposite side.

“Okay. Wait for me here.”

He looked at Sally. “Please stay with her.”

“I will, Mr. Maxwell.”

Hearing his footsteps growing distant, Fia bit her lip and asked. “Sally,” I would like to ask you about Britney.”

“What about her?” Sally was a little lost. “Did she say something to you in the restroom?”

Fia hesitated for a moment. “She’s quite nice. We went to the restroom together and after washing our hands, she helped me put on a peach blossom fragrance hand moisturizer. It was quite fragrant.”

“If you like, I can ask her which brand she uses and buy you one later on!”

“Sally, has she always liked the fragrance of peach blossom?”

Sally had originally thought it was a big deal and immediately felt relief and smiled, saying, “She has always liked peach blossoms since young, so all her skincare products and perfumes have always had a peach blossom scent.”

Fia thought about that person. It was not that she liked peach blossoms. It was just that she liked using a certain brand of peach blossom hand moisturizer that was from overseas, and she had been using it since high school.

The peach blossom hand moisturizer Britney used earlier was from the exact same brand as the one that person used.

“Why? Fia? Don’t you like peach blossoms?”

Fia shook her hand. “It just made me think about someone.”

“Who?”

“Esme Manning.”

Sally frowned, thinking that Fia’s emotions were getting affected again.

She immediately grabbed her hand and gently patted it.

“Don’t dwell on it. She’s dead. She won’t hurt you anymore.”

“Alright.”

Sally thought about it and said, “If you don’t like the fragrance of peach blossom, next time I will just drop Britney a hint.”

“Don’t. She’ll think that I am a Karen.”

Hearing quick footsteps approaching from the distance, Fia followed the sound and looked over.

Did you manage to get the milk tea?”

“I got it.” Conrad held her hand and pushed the milk tea into it.

He nodded at Sally. “Thank you.”

Sally looked at Fia worriedly. This girl was very sensitive now that even the fragrance of a hand moisturizer was enough to trigger her suspicions.

“Mr. Maxwell, don’t spend too much time on work. Spend a little more effort on Fia.”

Conrad looked at Sally, knowing that her words carried a deeper meaning. He guessed that Fia had said something to Sally while he was gone.

Since she did not wish for him to know, he was naturally suspicious, but he did not ask Sally directly in front of her.

Later on, there will be plenty of time to ask.

“Alright, I got it.”

Before Sally returned to the restaurant, she looked at her brother, Peter, carefully talking to Britney.

Then she looked at Jason who was sitting there in a daze and asked the waiter for the bill.

The waiter smiled formally. “Mr. Maxwell has already paid.”

“Alright.” Sally thought about Fia’s sensitivity to the peach blossom fragrance and took the initiative to chat up Britney.

“Britney, you have just returned to the country and I haven’t even given you anything. I bought a set of skincare products not too long ago. Shall I give it to you?”

“Sally, but I only like the peach blossom fragrance.” Britney smiled playfully.

Sally could only let things be. Forcefully asking other people to change their preferences was not right.

A gaze with hidden meaning flashed in Britney’s eyes, and she changed the topic to talk about research matters with Peter.

She was absolutely delighted that the despicable person was sensitive and had started to associate everything with her.

This was good. She would slowly send some messages to her.

The more sensitive the despicable person was, the more suspicious, the more frightened, the more nervous she was, the more she would be happy!

Chapter 543

“I want to wash my hands.”

The moment they arrived home, Fia spoke up coldly.

Sitting in the car, she smelled the peach blossom fragrance on her hands and felt inexplicably nauseous.

Conrad held her hand and took a look. “What’s wrong with your hands?”

“I want to wash my hands!” Her voice was a little shrill as she pushed his hand aside and started moving forward.

Conrad frowned, taking a step forward and holding her up by the waist.

“Alright, let me support you.”

In the washroom, Fia did not just wash her hands. She even took a

bath.

She soaked herself in the bathtub and made Conrad add a lot of sea salt scent to her bubble bath.

She wanted to cover up the peach blossom fragrance lingering in her nostrils.

“Fia, you should get out now.”

Conrad returned to the bathroom from the study. An hour had already passed and she still did not plan to get out.

“Do you smell it?” Fia spoke faintly.

Conrad subconsciously sniffed about. “What?”

“Peach blossom fragrance.” Her smile was a little tired. “Do you smell it?”

“No.”

“Then do you know? My cousin really liked a particular peach blossom fragrance hand moisturizer a lot. She used that brand for many years.”

Conrad frowned and did not speak.

Fia was caught up in her memories and said, “Her bathroom essentials, her skincare products, her fragrances and mists were all of other fragrance. Only her hand moisturizer had a peach blossom scent.”

“Fia, she’s dead.”

He did not wish to think of anything that had something to do with that person.

He even wanted it less for it to come from her mouth.

The moment she spoke, it was as if he had never changed, and that he was still hurting her because of that woman.

To him, it was a kind of torture.

“Yes, indeed. She’s dead.” Fia stirred up the water in the bathtub. ” Why is it that a dead person still appears in my mind from time to time?

“Why is it that whenever my heart is calm and without worries, she would suddenly pop up?”

Conrad gritted his teeth, picked up the towel, and went to pick Fia up.

Her body was wet and it made his shirt wet as well.

He did not mind. Picking her up and putting her onto a chair by the side, he used the towel to gently help her wipe off the water on her body and helped her put on pajamas.

Seeing the faint sorrow on her face, he felt a little heartache.

“Did Sally say something to you?”

Fia shook her head. She felt that he was not s*upid but was pretending.

Before she returned, her hands were covered in the scent of the peach blossom hand moisturizer.

He had picked her up and both her hands were on his neck and had touched his face. How could he not have smelt it?

Furthermore, he had dated Esme and even bought her a peach blossom scent perfume. How could he not tell?

Didn’t he feel revolted?

Or was he not only not revolted but actually liked the peach blossom scent?

Was it the scent of peach blossoms that he liked, or was it the person who liked the peach blossom scent that he liked, or was it nostalgia?

“Conrad, do you know that I don’t like anything to do with peach blossoms because of this?”

In her design drafts, there were no peach blossoms.

Everything she used would never have the peach blossom scent.

Her clothes, her bags, her shoes, none of them would have the peach blossom design.

Conrad’s temple was throbbing. He really did not know why this peach blossom thing was any different to Fia or Esme.

He had never noticed this thing.

However, he could feel that because of this peach blossom thing,

Fia’s mood was not good.

“Fia, I don’t even know what peach blossom smells like.”

Why was she suddenly angry at him?

Chapter 544

“You don’t know?” Fia laughed lightly. “When she came of age, you gave her a set of peach blossom scented skin care products, and on the packaging were huge pink peach blossoms.

“You say you don’t know?”

This lie was not the least bit perfect.

Conrad was slightly stunned and then at a loss.

“I didn’t.”

Fia was instantly angered and pushed away his hand, wanting to get off the chair.

She lost her balance and just as she was about to fall, Conrad scooped her back into his arms.

“Let me help you dry your hair.”

His voice was gentle, instantly suppressing Fia’s anger.

She was like a puppet as she let him dry her hair.

After drying her hair, he picked her up and walked over to the bedroom’s big bed and said, “You should have your afternoon nap now.”

After a sleep, her mood should be a little better.

The moment Fia hit the bed, she turned around and lay on her tummy.

Conrad stared at the back of her head, feeling that she was in a very bad mood.

After hesitating, he sat down on the bedside, not daring to touch her hand.

Now when she got angry, he could not touch her.

The more he touched, the more she was like a porcupine.

“Did Sally say something to you?”

Fia did not speak, a surge of anger leaping about in her chest, expending, wanting the life of her emotions!

Since young, he had always been her belief. She worshiped him, adored him.

So, why was she constantly disappointed now?

Even when he lied, he did not hesitate.

“I’m going to make a call.”

Conrad knew that he could not get an answer from her, so he walked out of the room to call Sally.

Sally was arranging for her brother to drive Britney back and as she waved to her brother, she picked up the call.

“Hello, Mr. Maxwell, thank you for treating everyone today.”

“What did you say to Fia? Since she came back, something hasn’t been right.”

Sally frowned and told Conrad the truth about what she had said to Fia.

Hearing Britney’s name being strung together with the peach blossom scent, Conrad once again thought about Esme and his face darkened.

“Doctor Hall, is this friend of yours, Britney, trustworthy?”

“Yes. She is an honest lady. Didn’t you all see? Her eyes were mostly on my brother. She likes my brother a lot. She doesn’t even fancy a good man like Jason!”

Sally spoke seriously and righteously, not wanting the peach blossom scented hand moisturizer to create a bad image of Britney on Conrad and Fia.

Conrad hung up frustrated and returned to the bedroom.

He stared at Fia who had not moved at all.

“Fia.”

He squatted down by the bed. “Going back to the topic earlier, I really did not give her any peach blossom scented gift.”

“Did you forget? It was a coming-of-age gift!” Fia glared at him. fiercely.

He gave a helpless smile. “It’s not like I have amnesia.”

Fia suddenly felt her heart ache and her eyes started to water as she choked. “How could you not remember? She even purposely showed it to me.”

Showed off in front of her.

Conrad frowned and thought about it. “Have you forgotten that on the day of her coming of age, I did not even attend it?”

Fia was stunned. Oh, right, he didn’t attend.

But Esme had indeed received his gift of peach blossom fragrance.

“Grandpa had just thrown me into training and I was not even in Gryphon for quite a few months.”

Silence.

Right, he wasn't even in Gryphon for quite a few months.

Only Esme kept saying that he would call and message her every day.

However, she had never received his calls, nor did she see any of those so-called messages. Could it be?

Fia frowned. Could it be that Esme had lied to her?

“Then on the day of her coming of age, did you call or message her?” “No,” Conrad replied without even having to think.

Chapter 545

“Why didn't you call her? She was already your girlfriend then.”

Conrad himself was a little silly and suddenly understood that his first love experience wasn't quite as passionate.

It was not like how things were with Fia now. Just half a day without her message and he would feel uncomfortable all over.

And after he had confirmed his relationship with Esme, he never seemed to have taken the initiative to contact her.

“Perhaps... to me, I never saw her as my girlfriend?”

He looked at Fia and asked in a seemingly lost manner.

Fia frowned so hard that her forehead was about to be knitted up.

How could there be such a ridiculous matter?

Conrad pressed on her frown. “About the matter of her gift during her coming of age, I'll get Silas to check it out.”

“Check what?” Fia was a little stunned.

"I didn't give it to her. She lied. I also did not know that she liked peach blossoms."

He frowned and tried very hard to explain, "Fia, I find it very hard to differentiate the scent of the different types of flowers."

This was a very sad situation.

Fia found it ridiculous. How could there be a person who is unable to differentiate between flower fragrances?

"During the Hellish Training Camp, it was found that I have a weakness in this area. I have investigative information you can look at."

Conrad immediately ran out of the bedroom into the study and searched for the information he had investigated previously.

After that, Fia held the information and muttered, "I cannot see."

The last time she went to the ophthalmologist, she originally wanted to ask if she could put on glasses to help with her high myopia.

In the end, it was totally useless.

The doctor said that it was because of her brain nervous system and not because of her cornea or any eye disease.

"Why don't we do it like this. I'll get Mrs. Whitley up and you can get her to read for you."

"Mrs. Whitley is your employee."

Conrad was speechless for quite a few seconds before she looked out of the window.

It was already past September and it was already fall and the sun was not bright.

"Then hold on to the information, I'll bring you out for a walk, and then when you meet a stranger, you can get him to read for you?"

Fia felt it was quite s*upid like this. She said she would wait for when Eileen was free and get Eileen to help her check the information.

Before she managed to open her mouth, she was picked up by the man and he strode out.

“Yo, what a coincidence!”

A red Maserati stopped outside the gate and Victor greeted them through the iron gate.

Conrad flew across the courtyard, opened the gate, and walked out.

“Go away!”

Victor was baffled. “I just passed by your place on the way home and greeted you. You can’t possibly expect me, your cousin, to give you a gift, right?”

Fia thought about it and felt that Victor and Conrad never got along.

So she took out the information in her hands and stretched forward.” Cousin, please help.”

Victor looked at the woman in his cousin’s arms and felt she was pitiful because she was still unable to see.

If Eileen was around, she would love to dote on this best friend of hers.

He missed Eileen a little.

So he could not turn down this cousin-in-law of his.

“What’s the matter?”

He got out of the car, took the document in Fia’s hands with a cold face.

“Don’t think that just because you stepped back from the

competition for the piece of land in the northern suburbs I would sign

a nonsensical contract.”

“It’s not a contract. Can I trouble you to read it out for me?”

Hearing this, Victor was curious about the information he had in his hands.

Fia got off Conrad’s arms and stared at Victor blurrily with her big eyes.

“I’ll have to trouble you.”

After Victor finished reading, he swallowed and looked at Conrad and said to Fia, “You let me see your husband’s weakness?”

“What weakness?” Fia asked.

“Ha! If people found out that the high and mighty CEO Maxwell was a piece of trash that cannot even differentiate between flower

fragrances, how much of a joke would he be!”

Conrad was mocked and teased.

Fia’s expression turned cold. “Is it very funny?!”

“Yo, isn’t this something you yourself gave to me? How could I not laugh?”

“Crazy!” Fia scolded. “Return it to me.”

Chapter 546

“They’re just some s*upid papers. Why bother?” Victor tore the document to pieces.

Conrad stared at Victor’s face intensely, trying to find a hint of anxiety on the man’s face.

He had a hunch.

“Were you the one who impersonated me and sent Esme a gift during her coming-of-age ceremony?”

Victor shrugged. "What? That's like years ago. What's there to talk about? Besides, that woman's gone now."

Fia was speechless upon hearing that. This man must have done a lot of unspeakable things behind everyone's backs.

Conrad did not want to waste any more time with his despicable cousin. He put a hand on Fia's shoulder, pulling her close to him.

"Do you believe me now?"

Fia was stunned and did not know how to respond to that, feeling embarrassed all a sudden.

"Let's go take a nap." Conrad kneeled down and carefully carried her with his strong arms.

Victor, seeing the couple walking back in, asked impatiently, "How's Eileen?"

"None of your business," Fia responded coldly as she hugged Conrad's neck tightly.

Victor forced up a smile. "I can't contact her. I am worried."

Conrad took a glance at the man. "She is under intense training at the moment. Phones are not allowed."

This was his revenge against Victor for impersonating him and causing all that fake-gift-to-Esme's ruckus.

"Are you serious?" Victor asked curiously.

It was quite weird for Conrad to aid Eileen, a woman who had no prior dealings with him at all, with so much resources.

"Eileen is Fia's closest friend. Of course, I'd give her more aid."

Upon hearing that, Victor, for a moment, felt glad and relieved.

Although he had only just registered and started a new entertainment company, Conrad had a lot of connections.

Eileen would have a better future with this new company than Victor's Destiny Entertainment.

Now that the northern suburbs project was almost in his bag, Victor needed to focus on getting his plan ready for that land's

development. This was his first step into real estate properties. If he did everything well, there would be more projects going his way!

Eyeing Conrad, Victor suddenly raised his voice. "Cuz! I owe you one! If there's anything you two need, I..."

"No. There's no need!" Conrad responded coldly.

Fia, curled up in Conrad's embrace and whispered softly in his ear, "Is your cousin preparing to turn good now?"

"No matter how good he becomes, it doesn't change what he has done before."

Conrad could not understand why Victor would impersonate him and send Esme a coming-of-age gift like that. There must be a reason for Victor to do something like this.

Perhaps it was best for him to order Silas to investigate this matter further.

After a comfortable nap, Fia woke up and saw that it was already half past two in the afternoon.

She rubbed her eyes and tried to look around.

Everything in sight was still foggy as usual. However, she could vaguely see a humanoid silhouette at the edge of the bed.

It was wearing a gray sweater. It must be Conrad.

"Fia, did you sleep well?" Conrad climbed toward her and patted her head.

Fia could sense some joy in his voice.

She tugged his arm and asked, "So, the results are out?"

“Yes.” Conrad kissed her, from her eyebrows all the way to her ear before continuing on, “My Fia is wonderful. You’re always able to surprise me.”

Upon hearing that, Fia could not help but feel excited. “So, how’s the results?”

“Your results in the subject of culture are the best compared to the last three batches. And your results in the professional exam were perfect.”

He took in a breath before continuing, “Your designs were great too. The chancellor and the Ministry of Education offered some companies that they had collaborated with in the past to have a look at them. Now, everyone is doing their best to purchase your designs.”

Fia blinked a few times, completely stunned as she heard that.

This was great news! Yet, why when Conrad was telling her all that, he did not seem glad at all.

“Fia, I had to use every trick in the book to convince them to give me all of your designs and make sure that they were not leaked out.”

Conrad’s voice was enticing as he went on. “Now, let me ask you. Do you want to use these designs in your Grandma’s project, or do you want to sell them to me?”

“If you sell them to Maxwell Corporation, we’ll give you the highest royalty in the market. And we’ll also give you a bonus every year. How does that sound?”

Fia pinched his hand. “If you’re going to talk, then stop touching me.”

“Fia.” Conrad sounded hurt. “You look as quiet as a lamb. Yet, there’s so much you hid from me. You are so mysterious and could always attract me at every turn of an hour.”

On Conrad’s birthday, Fia had been as blind as a bat. Despite her best efforts...

Chapter 547

...All she could do was draw a sketch of a design for him.

Yet, the designs that came out of this examination were beyond fantastic.

Conrad felt fortunate to have uncovered her talent early. If not, there would be so many men fighting viciously just to get her.

Fia, feeling itchy from all his sweet nothings, lightly pushed him away. "Then, what about my certificate? I have graduated, haven't I?"

"It's right here." Conrad took a laminated document from the bedside table and handed it to her. "Have a look."

Fia sat up as she held her graduation certificate in her hands. She put it near her face, almost as if she wanted to glue it onto her face.

Even though she could only see a tiny bit of it, she was already beyond satisfied and happy.

After so many years of regret, she was now finally a graduate! A graduate from a college!

Conrad looked at his wife ogling at her certificate. He thought it was because she could not see so she had to stick it to her face to feel it.

Seeing this, he felt really bad for her as he patted her head gently.

"Fia, if you want, after I'm done with work in a few days, let's go overseas to seek treatment for your eyes."

"Then, let's go to Mapleland!" Fia sounded overjoyed. "I want to visit Eileen!"

"Sure."

"Thank you, Conrad!"

She wanted to bring this certificate along with her, to share her joy with Eileen.

She would not fall behind. She wanted to improve herself alongside her best friend!

Conrad continued patting her head gently. "Let's head downstairs, shall we?"

"Sure!"

Fia carefully put her certificate away and allowed Conrad to carry her

downstairs.

Then, suddenly, she heard a familiar voice calling out to her. “Dear Madam!”

“It’s Mrs. Taylor!”

Fia was overjoyed as she looked toward Mrs. Taylor.

Although the old lady’s leg had not completely recovered, Mrs. Taylor was already allowed out of the hospital, provided that she used a crutch for walking.

Standing in the living room with her crutch, Mrs. Taylor looked at the couple with tears in her eyes.

“I’m alright now. From now on, I will take care of you both with Mrs. Whitley.”

Fia understood that Mrs. Taylor could not bear to take a day off. So, it might be best for her to come back.

Fia beamed. “Welcome back, Mrs. Taylor! However, you must not overwork yourself. You still need to take care of your leg. Only after it’s all healed up will you be able to take care of us properly.”

Mrs. Whitley responded warmly, “Don’t you worry, Mr. and Madam Maxwell. I’ll keep a close eye on her. Not even a heap of sand would

trip her, I can promise you that!”

The house, thus, became much livelier after Mrs. Taylor’s return.

At first, Fia was worried that Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Whitley might not get along. However, after a while, she was glad to be wrong.

For the next few days, Fia decided to stay at home to see if things would go well. And she would hear the two old ladies happily chatting away about what their dear Mr. and Madam Maxwell’s favourite food were, or about how they’d take turns to look after the children the

couple would have in the future. They even talked about the details about how they’d bathe the children and cuddle them to sleep in their baby beds.

Other than that, the old ladies also talked about the stories in their youth.

There was never a dull day for them, having each other as company.

After seeing off a client, Conrad walked back into the company, and he saw two people hand-in-hand, walking toward him.

“Good day, Mr. Maxwell.”

These two seemed polite enough.

Conrad responded with a cold nod before walking away.

Annie felt dissatisfied as she let go of Britney’s hand and chased after him.

“Mr. Maxwell, we need to talk.”

Conrad glared at Annie coldly.

“What do you need to talk about?”

“About Fia’s dad.”

Meanwhile, Britney was standing idly nearby, smirking as she looked at Annie.

This little vixen, Annie, looked as sly as that little Lola back then. How pathetic!

“Mr. Maxwell, I’ll just need a few minutes. Just a few minutes!”

Annie spoke enthusiastically.

Conrad looked at his watch and nodded, not even bothering to move away to a new location that was more suitable for a conversation.” Speak

Chapter 548

Annie tried her best to suppress the uneasiness that was boiling in her heart. This man was so cold and cruel.

When she thought about how gentle and warm he was when he looked after Fia, and compared that to how he treated her, Annie

could not help but to feel an intense dread.

As she tried to calm down, Annie said, “I am here to apologize on behalf of my uncle.”

She put on a hurt look.

“My uncle has been troubling Maxwell Corporation because Fia does not want to come home. It was unfair of him to do that to you. But, Mr. Maxwell! If you could convince Fia to come home, to call my uncle her dad, he would not cause any trouble any more.”

Conrad looked at Annie as though he was looking at a clown. “So, you think I’m a man who would sell off his wife for profit?”

“No, no!” Annie waved her hand nervously. “I just don’t want you to endure so many unnecessary problems that could be easily avoided.

“If... If Fia knew, she would also not want to cause you this much trouble.”

Conrad smirked. “Go back and tell that old geezer. Tell him if he wants to play, I’m all game. Just give it his all.”

He was not one who would run away from a challenge!

Fia had finally calmed down and recovered. If there was anything that was going to threaten her physical and m*ntal health, he would take them on and drive them all out of her life!

“Mr. Maxwell...”

Not giving Annié a chance to say more, Conrad walked into his personal elevator and rode back up to his office.

Britney raised an eyebrow and walked toward Annie, who looked very hurt and disappointed.

“Annie, don’t fret over it. You know, Fia’s a good girl. I’m sure she’ll understand if we tell her.”

“Yeah! Let’s find her and talk to her!”

Then, Annie lowered her shoulders, letting out a defeated sigh. “But the Maxwell residence is brimming with security right now. There is no way for us outsiders to get to her.”

“Don’t you have her phone number?”

“No.”

“Well, I do.” Britney took out her phone. “Here, I’ll send it to you.”

Chapter 549

After a few rings, the call was answered but there was no sound from the other side. Annie looked at Britney worriedly.

Britney mouthed “Good luck” and gave her a thumb’s up.

“Fia... I know you don’t have any feelings toward us, the Parkers. But Mr. Maxwell is innocent. Uncle’s Parker Group is a very huge and resourceful goliath in the business world. If my uncle keeps on bothering Maxwell Corporation like this...”

“Fine.” Fia interrupted Annie halfway. She did not think this little witch. was talking out of kindness.

Well, sure, perhaps she was. But that kindness was for her husband, not for her. And that kindness came with a price, with her taking her place as his wife.

After hanging up, Fia hesitated. She could not decide if she should go and face Conall Parker.

She had no intention of calling that man her father. Yet, there was no way she could allow him to attack her husband like that.

After lunch, Fia said to Mrs. Whitley, who was cleaning up the table, Mrs. Whitley, could you help me find a number that I’ve blacklisted in my phone? Find it and dial it up for me.”

It did not take much time for Mrs. Whitley to find it in Fia’s phone. “It’s

a number from Lumenpolis?”

“Yes.”

Without asking further, Mrs. Whitley dialled the number and put the phone in Fia’s hand before bringing the dishes into the kitchen.

After a few rings, an excited voice could be heard from the phone.

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“Fia! My Fia! Is that really you?” Conall sounded excited.

In contrast, Fia’s voice was as cold as ice. “You’re attacking Maxwell Corporation, aren’t you?”

“Fia, don’t you worry! I’ll make sure he pays back tenfold for whatever he’s done to you! He’ll know just how terrible a nightmare your father is! So that he’ll never mistreat you ever again!”

Conall was eager to show that he was a capable father to his little girl.

“Mr. Parker,” Fia said coldly, “All you’re doing is bringing nothing but disruption to me and my husband’s life.”

“I’m doing this for you, Fia! I heard that you’ve suffered so much...”

“What you’re doing is making me miserable right now!” Fia couldn’t help but raise her voice. Then, she took in a few breaths, reminding herself that it was not worth getting angry at this horrible man.

“Fia, I know I was never in your life. And I’m nothing but a stranger to you. And for that, I truly am sorry. But I really want to make it up to you. I know you love that Maxwell kid. So, I’m giving him pressure in his career so that he’d...”

“Enough. Let’s talk, in person.” Fia felt a tingle of headache as she talked through the phone.

“Oh, okay! I’ll come get you right away!”

“No, just tell me a place and I’ll meet you there.”

Conall booked a cafe not far away from where she lived. Fia then

travelled to it, with Mrs. Whitley as company.

As she walked into the cafe, Conall rose from his seat and approached her excitedly.

“Fia, I’ll bring you to your seat.”

“No, no need.” Fia held Mrs. Whitley’s arm tightly as she stuck her hand to her back, not wanting Conall to take her hand.

Seeing this, Conall let out a sigh as he pulled a chair for her.

After Fia sat down, she told Mrs. Whitley, “Find a seat nearby and wait for me there, Mrs. Whitley.”

“As you wish.” Mrs. Whitley sat at a seat a bit farther but kept an eye on them, worried that these two would fight.

“Fia, I didn’t think you’d be willing to see me again.” Tears welled up in Conall’s eyes as he carefully asked, “What would you like to drink? Coffee? Or…”

“I’m not here for tea time.” Fia responded coldly, “I don’t know who’s been talking to you and actually convinced you to attack Maxwell Corporation like that.

“But I’ll tell you frankly right now. My husband and I are completely fine and there’s no conflict between us. There is no room for an outsider like you to worry about us!”

Conall stared at her cold face, feeling a tingle of regret in his heart, My child… you look so much like your mother…”

Fia was stunned before shouting at him, “Don’t you dare mention her! You don’t have the right to!”

“I’ve been visiting Mount Reditus these days, visiting your mother.” Conall kept on talking, “I know no matter what I do right now, it would look pretentious to you. But I swear, I really want to make it up to you. All I want is to make it up to my dear daughter.

“If your mother knew about this, she’d want us to make up and be together as a family too.”

“No, she will not!” Fia rejected fiercely. “She never told me about you, not even when she was dying. There’s no chance she would want us

to be family!...

Chapter 550

“My child, that’s because you don’t know her completely. She’s just worried that you wouldn’t accept me if she had just dropped the truth. about your birth on you all of a sudden.”

Conall looked at Fia earnestly and continued on, “When she was dying, she made a phone call to your uncles. She asked them to tell you about me after she’s gone.”.

“Liar!” A c*ack seemed to have appeared on Fia’s cold and stern face.

Conall said sadly, “I know it’s difficult to believe this. Much has happened since then. Here’s a letter from your mother. She left it with your Uncle Wallace before she died.”

Conall took out a letter from his jacket. “Your Uncle Wallace did not give it to you the first chance he got because he wanted you to spend

some time to process your mother’s passing. Now that I’ve come to find you, Wallace decided to hand it to me instead.”

“Liar!” Fia repeated her rejection again. This time, however, her resolute determination to reject this man was slowly wavering.

Before her mom passed, she did carefully ask her if she wanted to

know who her father was. The few times Fia saw her uncles after her

mom passed, they also did try to enquire if she wanted to find out her father’s identity.

Conall looked into Fia’s eyes. “Sorry... You can’t see. Perhaps, I will read it for you?”

“Don’t you try to trick me! I will never call you my father!” Fia responded sternly, “I am here to tell you off. To tell you, loud and clear, that I want no dealings with you! And if you keep causing trouble to Conrad, I’ll hate you forever!”

Hate. Upon hearing this word, Conall felt a pinch of hurt in his heart.

“Fia, I mean you no harm.”

“If you really do mean that, then don’t disrupt our lives!”

Fia stood up and extended her hand to the man. “And give me that letter!”

Even though her mother’s letter might contain information that she did not wish to know, it was still supposed to be hers. It should not fall into the hands of a man who had disappointed her mother her whole life!

Conall gently put the letter into her hand. “I’ll see you home.”

“No need!”

By the time Fia stood up, Mrs. Whitley had already rushed toward her and carefully grabbed her arm and shoulder.

As he followed his daughter out of the cafe, Conall said, “Fia, I will always wait for you. I’ll wait for you to come home. If there’s anything you need, please give me a call and... Watch out!”

As Fia was impatiently listening to Conall’s warm and gentle words, his loud, worried words jerked wildly in her heart. In the next instance, she felt a push knocking her away.

“Mrs. Maxwell!” Mrs. Whitley also fell down due to Conall’s push.

Fia fell down and felt great pain on the back of her head. The pain took her out for a few seconds; her head ached as if it was going to explode.

Mrs. Whitley, who only cared about Fia, quickly rushed forward to help her up. Then, she looked around. Plenty of people had already started to crowd around them.

“It’s so frightening!”

“If it weren’t for that man, these ladies would have been knocked over!”

“That biker is such a jerk! He did not even bother to brake!”

“And he fled as quickly as a rabbit too! What a piece of sh*t!”

Mrs. Whitley quickly looked around, and she saw him, Conall, lying on the ground ten meters away from them.

“Mr. Parker!”

Fia faintly recalled a loud vroom from a motorbike and a loud thud on the ground. She instinctively asked, “What about him?”

Mrs. Whitley finally understood just how fatally dangerous of a situation they were in earlier.

Conall pushed them away from the motorbike’s way. However, this also put him right in its tracks.

“He...” Mrs. Whitley could not bring herself to tell the poor woman what happened. So, she quickly dialled Conrad’s number.

Joy wept loudly in front of the surgery room as Annie did her best to soothe her.

“Dreadful! How dreadful!”

After wailing a few times like a banshee, Joy fiercely locked her eyes onto Fia and tottered toward her.

“Just how much more do you want to ruin our family? Why wasn’t it you who was knocked by that bike!!”

Fia bit her mouth as she clenched her fists. She did not know what to feel at this moment.

Mrs. Whitley shielded Fia behind her, “She did not want this to happen to anyone either...”

It was then, loud, anxious footsteps could be heard nearby. Fia recognized them.

She faced toward where they came from, with this overwhelming gloom clouding over her mind.

“Conrad...”

Conrad rushed forward and took her from Mrs. Whitley’s hands. He carefully examined her up and down. “Are you alright?”

Fia shook her head as she entered his embrace. “I am fine... He... I did not... I would never need him to do that for me... Why... Why now....?”