

Read Stop It She's Remarrying by Stellar Strands

Chapter 681-690

Chapter 681

Conrad squeezed the package that was less than twenty centimeters in his hand and contemplated throwing it directly into the trash can. However, he knew that doing so would raise even more suspicion from Fia.

So, he found a small knife and opened the package before her to reveal its contents. It was wrapped in a white plastic bag.

Fia approached him and snatched it away to open it herself.

Inside were some photos and labeled papers.

The photos were of Esme, and the labeled papers were in her handwriting. The words on the labels appeared somewhat old, and the pictures were of Esme in her teenage years.

Fia's hands shook, causing a few of the photos to fall to the ground. She held onto the labeled papers and began reading them out loud, "The weather was clear today. I invited Conrad to the riverside, but he refused. When I was deeply upset by his rejection, he called me half an hour later to say he wanted to take me and Fia to see the Flowerhorn cichlid."

Fia read several notes in one breath, all documenting Esme's attempts to invite Conrad actively but being continuously rejected before being followed shortly by suggestions of outing for both Esme and Fia.

Each time, Conrad would take them to activities that were interesting: observing Flowerhorn cichlid, crocodiles, dinosaur replicas, and the famous people's pavilion throughout the city.

As Conrad listened to Fia recite the contents, memories began to resurface. Since the start, when he planned on making up for Esme's invites, he always intended to bring along her timid sister.

They never had a truly romantic date like a couple would.

"Who sent this?" Fia's heart turned cold as she held the photos and labeled papers.

Conrad gave her a blank look. "I don't know."

"The contents here accuse me of not understanding boundaries and asking if I needed to accompany you and her every time you guys had a date!" Fia's voice was sharp as she struggled to contain her emotions.

Conrad frowned and said seriously, "Back then, I simply assumed the two of you had a good sisterly relationship. Since you were timid and had no friends, I didn't think it was right to leave you alone."

Fia took a deep breath, trying to regain her composure. However, she failed and threw the photos and labeled papers at Conrad.

"But isn't he dead? Why does this make me feel like she's still alive and watching us from the shadows?!"

Conrad pulled her into his arms and said forcefully. "Fia, please calm down, okay? We've had too many problems between us and have wasted too much time. We can't allow ourselves to be swayed or doubt each other because of someone else's schemes!"

Fia smelled the cold, woody scent coming from him and took a deep breath, finally calming down.

"Fine. I want to know who sent this before the night ends."

Then, she broke away from his embrace and sat at the desk, holding a pen and staring at a blank piece of paper, but her mind was in disarray. She couldn't simply calm down when something unpleasant happened and used drawing to turn her mood around.

Being in the line of creative work, it was easy to be influenced by emotions. Carelessness could lead to a creative block.

At this moment, Fia was unsure if she should mock or praise herself. Despite feeling upset and frustrated, she could think calmly about her next steps beyond drawing. Perhaps she should pursue another profession that she enjoyed!

That way, even if she couldn't produce designs in the future, she could still rely on another stable occupation.

Conrad stormed out of the office with a dark look on his face and called for Silas to investigate the delivery. Tiger stood by and approached him once Silas left to do his bidding.

“Sir, could it be possible that the woman isn’t dead?” Tiger asked.

Conrad suddenly turned to Tiger and said, “If so, why was the DNA test we conducted before correct?”

Tiger lowered his eyes and pondered for a moment. “If someone on the inside switched the samples beforehand, it would be possible.”

“Who would’ve done that? That person must be a scapegoat!” Britney’s face flashed in Conrad’s mind just as he finished speaking.

Chapter 682

Tiger found his own thoughts somewhat laughable after hearing Conrad’s words.

“Yeah, that’s true. Who would be so foolish as to be someone else’s scapegoat?”

However, Conrad didn’t think so! People may not be foolish, but that didn’t mean they could stop the existence of cunning and heartless individuals behind the scenes!

“Within three days, get me all of Miss Thomas and Esme’s medical records, from childhood to present!” Conrad ordered.

Tiger was taken aback, but he quickly nodded in agreement. Just as Tiger left, Silas rushed back.

He leaned in closer to Conrad and whispered, “We’ve identified the sender.”

“Who was it?”

“Miss Thomas.

A glint of viciousness flashed in Conrad’s eyes.

Silas was confused. “Why didn’t she put in more effort to conceal her identity before getting exposed?”

“Because she’s sitting on her high horse.”

“Huh?” Conrad’s answer only confused Silas even more, as he was unaware of what happened last night when Conrad and Fia had encountered Britney during dinner.

Conrad didn’t have time to explain it to him as his phone started to ring. He glanced at the office before walking further away and answering the call with a cold tone, “What’s the meaning of this?”

On the other end, a woman’s pitiful voice answered, “Mr. Maxwell, I didn’t mean to send you Esme’s photos and labeled papers. I just wanted to know that the only person she truly loved was you. She carried those papers with her when she went abroad and kept them under her pillow. I stayed at her place a few times, and she would take them out daily to reflect upon them.

Conrad’s lips curled into a smirk, and he retorted, “You’re lying!”

“Mr. Maxwell, I don’t have any ulterior motives. I just want you to understand her situation when she was abroad. No matter where she was, her heart had always belonged to-”

“Are you her?” Conrad interrupted. “Even if you are her, I won’t believe a word you say, and your words won’t influence me to produce your desired effect!”

“Con-”

Conrad hung up the phone and returned to the office with a grim expression. Silas glanced at the door, and, seeing that Conrad hadn’t given him any further instruction, left first.

“Who sent it?” Fia asked as she looked up, pen still gripped tightly in her hand.

Conrad frowned and said, “Britney Thomas.”

Fia gripped the pen tighter and broke it in half.

“Why did she send those to you?”

Conrad remained silent for a moment before replying, “As Esme’s friend, she sat on her high horse and wanted to teach me a lesson.”

Fia stared at Conrad without blinking and asked, "Do you believe that?"

Their eyes met, and Conrad couldn't bring himself to lie to her, even if it was to comfort her.

"No. I don't."

"Then, what are your suspicions?" Fia asked as she stood from the table. Her hand grabbed the handle of the drawer as she tried to maintain her calm.

A wave of helplessness and even exhaustion washed over Conrad. In the past few days, neither of them had wanted to mention Esme, but she always seemed to be involved, and now, even Britney was.

Fia smiled bitterly at Conrad's prolonged silence and said, "Doesn't she remind you of Esme?"

Conrad frowned deeper.

"I had the same feeling. Back then, I even thought she deliberately wanted us to think she was Esme herself. But today, I'm wondering if she really is her?"

Fia's tone was gentle, but her eyes were numb and cold. She was the only one who could understand the emotions in her heart. It was a mix of fear of knowing the truth and an anxious desire to uncover the mystery.

Conrad quickly walked to her and moved the chair away, intending to embrace her.

"Don't touch me!" Fia quickly exclaimed. "I need some time to calm down!"

Conrad withdrew his hand and said, "Fia, we've come so far. Please don't let a dead person affect us like this."

Fia suddenly looked at him. "Is she really dead? Can you be absolutely certain that she's dead now?" Conrad was silent.

Chapter 683

"Did you think I wouldn't know that you instructed Silas and Tiger to investigate Britney behind my back? You even find ways to avoid me when answering your phone!"

Conrad reached out his hand again, attempting to embrace her, but she evaded him.

He hesitated for a moment, then forcefully grabbed her and pulled her into his arms.

“Let go of me!” Fla exclaimed. She was extremely shaken and started to pound his chest frantically.

“Fia! Fia, calm down!” Conrad couldn’t help but shout.

Fia stiffened, then she lowered her gaze, no longer struggling.

Conrad gritted his teeth and said, “I didn’t hide it from you, avoid you, or do anything behind your back! I was worried about your mental state if you knew. I did it for your own good!”

“For my own good? Do you know what’s good for me?” Fia asked, looking up. “Do you?”

Conrad furrowed his brows. “I didn’t know before, but I’m trying to change now. I’m making an effort to see things from your perspective!”

Fia looked into his burning eyes, then smirked and said coldly, “Yes. I can feel that you’re changing.”

With that, she shoved his hand away from her waist, turned around, and walked away.

Conrad stood rooted in the spot, feeling uncomfortable with their inexplicable misunderstanding. He hadn’t thought how Britney resembled Esme and didn’t intend to hide anything from Fia.

Although Fia didn’t explain things clearly, even outsiders could tell that she was angry.

“Madam, where are you going?” Silas asked when Fia bumped into him in the hallway.

Fia wasn’t in the mood to talk and simply left with a cold look on her face.

Silas was dumbfounded for a few seconds before he hurriedly rushed into the office.

“Sir, Madam looked upset when she left! Aren’t you going to go after her?”

Conrad sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. “No.”

“But...”

“Have Tiger follow her. We have a lunch appointment with Conall Parker at noon. She’ll be there.”

Silas was surprised at his words. “Is Madam... going to reconcile with them?”

Conrad wasn’t in the mood to explain and said coldly, “Book the restaurant across the street from here.”

“Uh... Understood.”

Conrad returned to his desk and waved at Silas, who was standing there still looking puzzled, and he couldn’t help but roar, “Bring me the documents!”

“Y-yes, sir!” Silas almost tripped over his own legs in his rush to get to the table. He placed the documents neatly on it as his heart pounded wildly in his chest.

After leaving the office, he quickly called Tiger to relay the instructions.

On the other end, Tiger watched Fia exit the company and quietly followed behind her. He whispered, “I’m already following her.”

Silas paused for a moment at Tiger’s efficiency and said doubtfully, “You’re not harboring any ulterior motives toward Madam, are you?”

Tiger was indignant. He didn’t dare to be too loud and hissed through clenched teeth, “Though I have the guts to go against you, I don’t have the guts to go against Sir!”

Silas chuckled. The scare he had gotten from Conrad had now left him from this conversation, and he felt much better.

“Alright. Keep a close eye on Madam. I’ll handle things here for Sir.”

“I got it already. Gah, what a nag!” Tiger growled, then hung up the phone and cautiously continued following Fia.

Fia walked along the road for a while and arrived at a platform, staring blankly at the passing vehicles. Tiger watched anxiously, fearing that she might suddenly jump into the busy traffic.

Suddenly, Fia turned and looked at Tiger, smiling like a carefree child.

“I wouldn’t die like that. It would be so ugly to be run over by a car.”

Tiger swallowed nervously and strode forward. “Madam, it might be best to talk to Sir and not let anger get the best of you.”

Similar to Silas, he always remembered that Fia’s emotions could easily spiral out of control, and he hoped he was able to comfort and assure her.

Fia lowered her head and smiled, hiding her emotions. She got onto the platform, sat down, and pulled out her phone. She scrolled through her contacts and said, “I want to call Eileen and ask her how things are over there.”

Chapter 684

Tiger struggled for a few seconds at Fia’s request and said, “Do you really have to contact Ms. Reid?”

Fia looked at Tiger. “Can you help me get in touch with her or not?”

“I can’t directly contact her.”

Fia remained silent and stared intently at Tiger.

After a few seconds of internal struggle again, Tiger replied, “But I can get in touch with someone from the company that she is currently signed with.”

Fia’s dull eyes lit up instantly, and she stood, approaching Tiger.

“Then, help me get in touch with that person. I want to talk to Eileen.”

Tiger was somewhat confused. “Ms. Reid is in another country, and she can’t help you with anything. Wouldn’t it be better to discuss the matter with Sir?”

The light in Fia’s eyes faded, and she smiled bitterly. “I can’t expect you men to understand women.”

Tiger was speechless.

“Never mind. Just help me get in touch with the person, okay?”

Fia returned to the platform and sat down.

Tiger struggled inwardly again and eventually took out his phone. Just as he did that, a black Bentley came to a stop at the side of the road. The window rolled down, revealing a handsome and gentle face..

“Fia!”

Fia turned to the voice and hesitated for a few seconds. Considering the fact that Jason couldn't park his car at the side here for too long, she walked over.

“Evans, did you need something?”

Jason looked into her dull eyes and asked, ‘Is something on your mind? Did you fight with Conrad?’

Fia hesitated and shook her head. “I miss Eileen, but I can't reach her.”

Jason frowned. “Get in the car. I'll help you contact her.”

Upon hearing that, Fia turned to Tiger and said, “You don't need to follow me anymore. I'll be back before noon.”

Tiger stood rooted to the spot, feeling confused. He didn't have a car, so he couldn't follow her even if he wanted to. He also didn't dare return to the company to tell Conrad. He would definitely get an earful if he did.

Knowing how Fia and Jason were, Tiger knew nothing would happen between them, So, he decided to keep it from Conrad to avoid any jealousy or arguments between the couple.

In the car, Fia felt somewhat uncomfortable as she gripped the seat belt strapped across her chest.

She glanced at Jason and asked, “Can you really contact Eileen?”

“It's not convenient to talk in the car. Let's find a cafe up ahead,” Jason replied.

“Sure,” Fia said, then remained silent.

Jason didn't look at her as he focused on driving until they reached a cafe. When the car pulled to a stop, Jason quickly got out and walked around to the passenger side to open the door for her.

“Thank you,” Fia said as she got out and tried avoiding any physical contact with Jason.

“Head inside and wait for me. I'll park the car,” Jason said.

“Alright.”

Fia seemed a little absent-minded throughout the entire process.

Jason parked the car in record time and caught up to her. Fia was still slowly making her way toward the cafe entrance when he reached her and was about to walk into the glass door.

“Watch out!” Jason called out as he grabbed her wrist and pulled her to his side, his other hand coming up to shield her face in case she hit anything.

Fia snapped out of her faze and finally saw the glass door before her. She looked chagrined and said, Sorry, I was lost in thought.”

“Did you fight with Conrad?”

“No,” Fia said as she pulled her wrist back and looked somewhat uneasy.

Jason shoved his hand in his pocket, clenching his fist. He pushed open the door with his other hand and spoke with a concerned brotherly tone, ‘Don't get lost in thought while walking, okay? It's easy to bump into things if you're not careful.’”

“Okay,” Fia agreed easily as she walked into the cafe.

She found a seat by the window that provided a nice view and that helped lift her mood a little.

A waiter walked over, and Jason asked Fia, “What would you like to drink?”

“Bitter coffee,” Fia replied calmly.

Jason furrowed his brow and said to the waiter, "A glass of warm water and a cup of coffee with cream and sugar."

"No! Don't add cream or sugar!" Fia hastily interjected.

Chapter 685

The waiter glanced at Jason, who nodded in response. After the waiter left, Jason looked at Fia and said, "It's going to be very bitter."

"I'm used to drinking bitter coffee. Adding anything else to it changes the taste," Fia casually replied, then jokingly said, "And you? Why are you only drinking a glass of warm water? It's my treat, so don't worry."

about the cost Jason chuckled and shook his head "It's not about the money. My stomach hasn't been feeling well lately, so I can only drink plain water." Upon hearing this, Fia thought of Conrad, who also had stomach issues. Out of friendly concern, she asked, "Is it because you took over your father's company and have to entertain your clients while drinking?"

"Yes," Jason replied.

As the waiter approached with the water and coffee, Jason stood, thanked the waiter, then placed the coffee and water in front of Fia and himself, respectively.

The waiter smiled slightly at Jason, thanked him, and left.

Fia stirred her coffee slowly with a spoon and teased, "You're such a gentleman that no matter where you go, there will always be girls looking at you with admiration. Why not just pick one and try dating?"

Jason picked up his glass and took a sip as he calmly replied, "I'm too busy. I don't have time for that."

Fia smiled and didn't tease him any further.

After he finished half his glass of water, Jason pulled out his phone and tapped on it for a while. Pulling up a specific contact, he said, "I have the number of Ms. Reid's assistant. You can use my phone to call her."

"Eileen's assistant? Lyn?"

“Yeah.”

Fia took Jason’s phone and muttered when she saw the number, “An international number?”

“Yes,” Jason replied, then furrowed his brow, realizing that he had revealed something.

Fia asked curiously, “Why didn’t Eileen give me Lyn’s contact information, but she gave it to you?”

Jason averted his gaze and said, “Ms. Reid wanted to ask me about her injuries, so her assistant contacted me.”

Fia was a little unhappy at his reply.

“Why did she get Lyn to contact you but not me?”

Fia hadn’t been able to reach Eileen because of that.

Jason didn’t know what else to say, so he replied, “Ms. Reid knows that you and Conrad are going through a happy life right now, so she was probably afraid to disturb you.”

“It’s not like that!” Fia grew more agitated. “It must be Conrad who told her not to contact me! He’s unreasonable when it comes to his jealousy, and it doesn’t differentiate between genders!”

Jason silently drank his water.

Fia dialed Lyn’s number. After a few seconds, Lyn’s sleepy voice came through, “Hello, Mr. Evans”

“It’s Fia.”

“Huh?” Lyn was alert immediately, and the sleep was gone from her voice. “Fia? How did you get this number?”

“Is Eileen with you?”

“She’s asleep in the next room,” Lyn replied nervously. “How are things with Mr. Evans, Fia?”

Even through the phone, Fia could hear Lyn's nervousness.

"Is there a problem, Lyn?"

"No. No problem at all! Please wait a bit. I'll get Eileen.

Lyn quickly got out of bed and opened the door. She made her way to the adjacent room and knocked. Eileen's injuries were almost healed, but she still had to walk slowly.

After a few minutes, Fia heard the door opening on the other end of the phone, accompanied by Eileen's puzzled voice, "Lyn? What's wrong? Why are you here?"

"Fia called you. She's using Mr. Evan's phone, Lyn explained and handed the phone to Eileen before helping her back into the room.

"Hello, Fia?" Eileen said cautiously.

Fia frowned, then looked at Jason, who was on his second glass of water.

"I'll go to the restroom for a bit, Evans."

"Go ahead."

"Can I borrow your phone?"

Jason nodded without hesitation. "Sure."

He understood she wanted to talk to Eileen without his presence.

Eileen overheard Fia and Jason's conversation through the phone, and her heart skipped a beat.

Had Fia discovered that Eileen had sold Fia's designs to Jason?

Was Fia... angry with her?!

Chapter 686

"Fia, why are you with Jason today?" Eileen spoke with a laugh. "It couldn't be that you suddenly felt your own Mr. Maxwell isn't good enough, could it? Thinking of changing to a different husband?"

“I haven’t even asked you anything!” Fia questioned angrily. “Why did you contact him but not me?”

“I didn’t. I didn’t contact Jason.”

“How can you say that you didn’t contact him? Evidence shows that you have! If you had the time, why didn’t you contact me? You didn’t even tell me Lyn’s overseas number! Conrad said that you were training. in seclusion and I always thought that it was true and didn’t have the heart to disrupt you!”

Eileen could hear Fia’s tone that was sounding more and more like something was wrong and she asked carefully. “Did you fight?”

“No!”

“You must have, though, right? I can even hear it in your voice.”

Fia held herself up by placing a hand on the sink in the washroom, and raised her head to look at the ceiling, holding back her tears.

“It’s just that I really missed you and wanted to talk to you. I wanted to contact you earlier, but Conrad said that you were very busy and could not be in touch with people. Just now, when I asked Tiger for your contact information, he refused to give it to me.

“Then I sat by the roadside and met Evans. He said he had a way to contact you. I was really upset. You have been in touch with him, but why did you not contact me?”

“Be good.” Eileen coaxed her, feeling heartache. “I did not contact him. I have only contacted him once since I came overseas and it was for work! That’s why I had no choice but to pass Lyn’s number to him.”

“Then did you miss me?” Fia said hoarsely.

“Of course! Every day! So every day I worked really hard learning. There are many things for me to learn and I even learn while injured!” Eileen said excitedly.

Fia wiped the tear away from the corner of her eye. “What are you learning every day?”

“Learning to make up, learning to act, and skills about my lines, and a lot of other things I’ve never learned before! After I came here, I found out that I was really just an artist with looks, no matter how famous I got, that was as good as I could be! However, after coming here, I have a hunch that when I return and kill my way into the entertainment circle, I will definitely be red hot! Hahaha!”

Eileen told her about her ambitions and after she had shared everything, she mellowed down and said gently, “Fia, you must remember what you said, that when I become a superstar in the future, be the best designer in the world and my clothes will all be designed by you!”

you would “Yeah, I remember.” Fia was a little sad. “However, I’m afraid that when you become a superstar, I’d still be a nobody and will not be qualified to make clothes for you.”

“Bullsh*t! Our Fia is amazing. You haven’t made it big not because you don’t have the ability, but because fate just hasn’t quite reached you! When I return to the country, I will definitely be able to make you prosper! I will work hard to become the most dazzling female superstar and when the time comes, I’ll definitely wear your clothes and show the world!”

Hearing Eileen’s words, Fia’s tears could not be held back and started falling like pearls falling off a broken string.

“Fia? Why aren’t you speaking? Are you secretly crying?” Eileen asked in heartache.

Fia forcefully smiled and said, “I’m not. I’m just listening to you.”

Eileen let out a sigh of relief, knowing that Fia had yet to find out that she had sold her design to Jason.

Fia thought about something and asked, “Oh right, Eileen, there’s something I want to ask you about. You should have the contact information of the person you sold my design to, right?”

Eileen was speechless. Why was it that what you were afraid of would come?

“Eileen? Are you still on the line?” Fia thought that there was a problem with the line.

“I’m here, Fia. That company is a newly established company. It’s not as big as Maxwell Corporation. Now that your relationship with Mr. Maxwell is quite good, I think it’s a good idea for you to sell your designs to him.”

“The company you helped me to sell the draft to pays better and they even give me dividends every month. I have a few plain and simple design drafts. It’s not quite suitable for Maxwell Corporation. So I was thinking of sending more drafts to them as a token of appreciation for their high salary.”

Eileen was a little distressed. It was easy for Jason to send dividends to Fia, but it was not possible for Fia to directly send drafts to Jason.

“Fia, I’m a little busy. I can’t help you to ask.”

Fia was a little depressed. “I won’t trouble you. Just give me the contact details and I will submit the drafts on my own. Previously I had to trouble you as I couldn’t see. If these drafts are accepted, I will pay you!”

“What nonsense are you talking about? I didn’t put in much effort. It was your draft that was good.” Eileen touched her forehead. “Fia, actually, it’s like this...”

Chapter 687

“Fia?”

A gentle shout came from outside the washroom. Fia responded and wanted to continue speaking to Eileen, but Eileen immediately found an excuse to hang up.

Fia was speechless. ‘What the h*ll?*

Why did she feel like Eileen was hiding something from her?

Fia smiled till she felt her face was hurting when she walked out of the washroom and had to face Jason’s concern.

“Evans, I’m fine.”

Jason stared at her bloodshot eyes. “Don’t act tough in front of me. You clearly cried.”

Fia was speechless.

“Did Conrad bully you?”

Fia subconsciously shook her head. She did not intend to tell Jason about Britney being like Esme.

Her own matters had never had anything to do with Jason.

He had already helped her enough.

So she lied. “I had a little disagreement with him in terms of work. It’s quite normal.”

“He wasn’t satisfied with your designs?” Jason quickly asked.

Fia nodded. “Yeah.”

Since she had already lied, she might as well go with it.

Jason considered for a couple of seconds. “I have a classmate who established a new company and needs some design drafts. If you have any suitable, you can give them to me. I’ll help pitch them to him.”

Fia was slightly stunned. “I’m sorry, I don’t have any drafts to pitch at the moment.”

She had some plain and simple ones, and they were prepared to be pitched to the company Eileen had helped her pitch to the last time.

But she hadn’t found a way to contact them yet.

As for the dividends the company was paying her every month, it was just sending money and no one had tried to contact her.

Till now, she didn’t even know what the company was called and if the person who accepted her drafts. was male or female.

Jason felt relieved. “It’s fine. For you to say so shows that Conrad still appreciates your drafts and I don’t have to worry either.”

Fia nodded. “It’s normal to have disagreements at work. After all, everyone’s mind is different. However, he has never looked down on my drafts.”

“Very well.” Jason suppressed the words in his heart of wanting to tell her that he liked her drafts very much and if she was willing to give him all her design drafts, he would appreciate every piece of work and make every piece of work into a dazzling product.

“I’ll return the phone to you.” Fia handed the phone back to him. “Later on, send me Lyn’s overseas. number.”

“Sure.”

The two of them returned to the table. Fia’s coffee had turned cold. Jason was about to call for someone to get her a new cup, but she immediately said. “There’s no need to change. Drinking it cold is not too bad either.”

Jason watched her drink it in one sitting and dug out a few milk candies from his suit pocket. “This is for you.”

Chapter 688

Fia shook her head. “It’s for kids.”

“No one said that only kids can eat it. As a girl, there are times you will feel uncomfortable. Carrying some candy with you would be better.” Jason insisted and put it in front of her.

Seeing the time, he said apologetically, “I have a client to meet, so I have to make a move first.”

“Sure.”

Jason hesitated momentarily. “If he doesn’t treat you well, don’t keep it to yourself. Even if you don’t want to trouble me, you still have the Parkers.”

Fia was slightly stunned and did not speak.

Jason did not dare to say too much about the Parkers, afraid that he would provoke her displeasure and left after saying goodbye.

Fia sat alone at her original spot, ordered another cup of black coffee, and drank it leisurely.

Seeing the milk candy that Jason placed on the table, it would be a lie to say that she was not touched.

However, being touched did not equal liking or love.

She could only hope that Jason could meet the person he was meant for a little sooner.

Her phone rang, and seeing the caller, she hesitated for a couple of seconds before picking up.

That voice was obedient and aggrieved, with a hint of carefulness-

“Sis Fia, did I cause you and Mr. Maxwell to fight because I sent Esme’s things to him?”

Fia gritted her teeth. “Miss Thomas, haven’t I told you to quit calling me elder sister. You look older than I do. I can’t accept you addressing me as such!”

Especially after seeing the shadow of Esme in Britney, she could not directly face Britney calling her that!

“I’m sorry. I’m not saying that you are old. I’m just trying to be respectful. I know that you don’t like me too much but I’m worried that you would fight with Mr. Maxwell because of the package I sent. I...”

“Did you call me because you thought that I did not know it was you who sent the package?” Fia coldly interrupted Britney’s fake actions.

Esme instantly frowned and continued to speak in “Britney’s” tone. “You’ve misunderstood. I did not intentionally incite you both. I am really concerned about you.”

“Concerned about me?” Fia rubbed the back of her neck, a wildness appearing in her eyes as she reported the café she was at and said coldly, “Come over and properly show your concern!”

After she finished speaking, she hung up.

Esme looked at her phone and smiled scornfully, and looked at Peter who was dressed in a sterile suit and busying away in the lab.

She picked up one of the internal lines to call the person inside.

The Internal phone rang on the other side. Peter turned to look at Esme who was on the outside and picked up the receiver, placing it by his ear.

“What’s the matter?”

“Fia just called me and invited me to meet her. Should I go?”

Peter’s tone was indifferent. “Isn’t this the ending that you want?”

“Mr. Hall, can you not see through me so fast?” Esme sent Peter a flying kiss through the glass wall and was about to hang up.

“Wait a minute.” Peter called her back. “I reckon she won’t talk to you properly since she called you over.”

Esme lowered her head with a smile and a hint of cunningness flitted through her eyes. “So?”

Peter replied. “There is a vault in the cabinet outside. The passcode is your birthday. Open it and bring the small green bottle with you.”

“What is it?”

“An anesthetic,” Peter said coldly. “If she dares to attack you, spray it at her and protect yourself.”

Esme said a word of thanks, hung up, and quickly went to the cabinet.

Opening the vault inside, besides the small green bottle, there were a few red, yellow and black small bottles. There were quite a few bottles of each color.

If it was the real Britney, she would naturally know what they were.

Esme, who was pretending to be Britney, did not know. However, she had seen Britney’s work notebook and besides the small black bottles that were not recorded, she knew what the green bottles, red bottles, and yellow bottles contained.

She did not just take a small green bottle of anesthetics. She also took a small red bottle and a small yellow bottle.

These were all very useful to her!

Chapter 689

Not long after Esme left, Peter completed an experiment. He took off his sterile suit and walked out of the lab.

He came to the cupboard and opened the vault and stared at the four coloured little bottles, quietly counting.

Besides the black one, she took one of each color.

“Esme.” He muttered her name gloomily, his gaze staring at the small yellow bottle. “You better not do anything that will make me hate you!”

The small yellow bottle was an aphrodisiac.

Fia stared at the door of the cafe. From the time “Britney” got off the car, closed the car door, all the way to when she entered the cafe, she saw it all.

That walking posture. Her gestures all vaguely carried the airs of Esme, but at a closer look, it was not entirely so either.

“I’m here, Sis Fia” Esme sat opposite Fia, took off her large sunglasses, and hung them on her collar.

Fia stared at her, wishing she could open up the face of “Britney” and see whose face was hiding underneath!

“Sis Fia?” Esme acted as Britney, slowly waving at Fia, acting as if she cared about Fia.

“What’s wrong? It can’t be that the things I sent to Mr. Maxwell caused the two of you to fight, right? Then,

then, I have caused problems Ah Esme suddenly shrieked Fia placed the empty coffee cup on the table, looking at Esme’s face that was drenched in coffee.

“I’ve said it before Stop calling me Sis “You’re crazy!” Esme was wearing a white gentle looking suit Her face, which was drenched in coffee, was already looking bad, and the coffee dirtied her suit, which immediately cracked her facade.

She got up and used the napkin to vigorously wipe her face and suit, her gaze like daggers stabbing onto Fia’s face “Fia Lawson, mind my words. Don’t get proud too easily!”

She ruthlessly threw out a sentence. And after the waiter came running over, she gently said to the waiter, "It's fine My sister and I are just kidding about"

The waiter did not wish to participate in such a matter and seeing that the person who had been thrown. coffee at was saying so, he simply brought over a clean handkerchief before lowering his head and cleaning the coffee table.

Separated by a table and a waiter, neither of them spoke a word.

Esme slowly wiped her face. Fia's gaze was held sharply at her.

After the waiter left, Esme's gaze landed on Fia's face a little coolly "Can't keep your cool? Do you want to throw acid on me?"

Fia smiled sarcastically. "Is it me who can't keep my cool or is it you?"

Esme used the handkerchief to hold half of her face as she smiled daintily. "What are you talking about?"

"Stop acting. It is absolutely impossible for you to be Britney!" Fia said each word distinctly, pausing after each word.

Esme froze for two seconds before throwing the handkerchief onto the table.

The makeup on her face had been largely ruined by the coffee and she looked like a clown.

"If I'm not Britney, could it be that you are?" Esme raised her brow and snorted. "If you want to be Britney. I could help you."

Fia gritted her teeth, a voice shouting madly by her ear. 'See! She admitted to it. She admitted to it! She's not Britney, then who is she? Is she Esme?!

'Oh my god! She's Esme. How is she not dead! Conrad has been throwing a tantrum because of her lately! Hahaha, if she's not dead, then is Conrad the accomplice?!'

The internal, mad screams by her ears were becoming louder, like a crazy clown!

Fia's face alternated between white and red as she held her palm tightly.

She could not show weakness or collapse in front of the person before her!

Absolutely not!

If she was not Britney, and instead was Esme, that meant that she wasn't dead!

Then, she needed everyone to know that she was Esme!

She wanted her to be bound under law!

How could she still escape the law after doing so many harmful things?!

Chapter 690

Fia put up her mental defenses and released her tightly clenched hands as she smiled with a wicked sarcastic smile.

Esme's expression froze slightly. She had never seen her timid, weak cousin like this before.

"I can conclude that you are not Britney."

"What evidence do you have!" Esme felt an instant of panic. Fia's actions were too calm, as if she had a handle on her.

"The evidence is you." Fia used a single finger to point at her chin and smiled indicatively. "Don't believe me? Why don't we wait and watch?"

"I don't understand what you are saying." Esme thought of what Peter had always told her.

Peter said that Fia did not appear to be as simple as she looked and that she was a girl that had schemes and boldness.

She always refuted Peter.

Because since young, she had looked down on Fia, this despicable person!

Without a father, her mother had gotten pregnant out of wedlock. The two of them were just shameless, shaming the Lawsons!

However, there was only the mother-daughter duo in her grandmother's eyes! No matter how hard she and her mother worked, they could not compare to the duo!

It was clearly herself and her mother who had brought glory to the Lawsons, but they were suppressed by Fia and her mother!

All this time, she had never treated Fia as a competitor! Until she left the country and this despicable person married Conrad!

What was even more hateful was that Conrad agreed to the marriage!

Why!

Since young, she had been more outstanding than this despicable person!

“Since you are not Britney, there will definitely be flaws!” Fia got up, paid the bill, and left the cafe.

Esme chased after her, grabbed Fia’s hand, and dragged her into the alley.

“Is it because I sent Esme’s photos and papers to Mr. Maxwell and that awakened his love for her? That’s why you fought and you started to think of nonsense!”

Fia smiled. “How long are you going to keep pretending?”

“What do you mean pretending?” Esme steeled her heart not to admit it. Without evidence, she was Britney!

“Sis Fia, I know that Mr. Maxwell is very outstanding. It’s not wrong to treat another girl as an imaginary rival! However, on account that both of us are women, I’ll give you a method.”

Esme took out the yellow bottle from her bag.

Fia frowned, staring at the yellow bottle in her hands.

“What is it?”

“It can test if Mr. Maxwell is really sincere toward you.” Esme’s eyes glowed gloomily, wanting to stuff it into her hands.

Fia shook her hand away, her face full of disgust. “Are you treating me as an idiot? I have to use it just because you want to give it to me? If it’s poison, who’s to be blamed then!”

Esme tilted her head and appeared to not understand for a moment.

“Do you not wish to know if Mr. Maxwell is true to you?”

The disgust on Fia’s face intensified. “It’s absolutely impossible for you to be Britney! That stupid face of yours and your actions are exactly like my cousin’s!”

She turned around to leave after she was done speaking.

Esme gritted her teeth and put back the yellow bottle into her bag. She then took out the green bottle.

The green bottle was an anesthetic. As long as she pretended to chase after her in a friendly manner, she could spray it on Fia’s face and knock her out!

“Madam!”

A car stopped by the roadside. Tiger rolled down the window and shouted.

Esme, who was just ready to take action, quickly stuffed the green bottle back into her bag and changed. into “Britney” and smiled.

“Tiger? Why are you here?” Fia walked over.

Tiger got out of the car and quickly opened the door to the backseat, his gaze looking deeply at Esme who was nearby.