

Read Stop It She's Remarrying by Stellar Strands

Chapter 811-820

Chapter 811

If she had not been so immature back then... If she had not chosen to leave him and go overseas....! Then, she would have become a pianist and a renowned jewellery designer!

The more she thought about it, the more hatred she felt in her heart!

Esme calmed down as she noticed the hostility focused on her.

"I am your customer, am I not? And customers are always right," she said coldly. "I just don't like this necklace, no matter how good it is. What? Can't I just pick another one?"

She twisted her words to make it seem like it was the fault of this worker rather than hers.

"How could a reputable organization like Maxwell Corporation hire a worker like you?! Let me guess, you don't want me to choose another necklace because this one is priced at a higher price than the others, am I right?"

"You..." The staff was dumbfounded by this woman! She never expected a woman who looked so sweet and innocent to actually be a vile and unreasonable witch!

Esme raised her chin arrogantly. "Now show me the other ones."

The staff mustered all the energy in her body to calm herself down. Her supervisor and manager had always stressed on the importance of maintaining their cool when treating customers in every meeting. They said that it was better to concede than to argue with a Karen to avoid trouble.

She took a deep breath and said, "Certainly, miss."

The staff then took other necklaces from other production lines and series. This time she brought over the ones that were designed by renowned designers.

Still, she could not help but to feel unreconciled with what Esme said earlier. She had seen plenty of jewelry working here and she felt that Fia's designs were much classier and more stylish than these so-called renowned designers' works!

That new design was their flagship product of the year—every single detail of the jewelry was intricately and elegantly designed to the finest quality!

Nonetheless, since this customer here wanted to look at other ones, she decided to just oblige and get it over with.

She said to Esme as she presented her the necklaces on the display table, "Have a look at these, miss. These are the works of the most reputable designers in the company. What do you think?" The staff maintained her professionalism but this time the way she looked at her was much colder than before.

Having looked at these necklaces, Esme frowned. "These are old designs, aren't they?"

"??"

The staff was dumbfounded yet again. What the hell was wrong with this woman? Was she trying to cause a scene or what?

It was then, a calm, sweet voice came from behind.

"Miss Thomas, I believe you're mistaken. Do have a look at the tags on the necklaces' display box. They are indeed the newest collections on the market."

Rage and hatred boiled in Esme's heart when she heard this—it was Fia's voice. However, within a second, Esme loosened her frown and gave Fia a sweet innocent smile.

"Fia, how nice to see you."

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Fia responded with a smile too. "Indeed. How very nice to meet you too."

Then, she asked the staff to bring over the necklace that she designed and said to Sophia, Help me to put this on."

“Sure!” Sophia wiped the necklace with a sanitizing wipe and said, “It was worn by someone else just now. So it’s best to sanitize it, or you might catch some weird disease, madam.” Esme’s face turned sullen upon hearing that. She wanted to slap this Sophia b*tch right that instant!

Fia gave a surprised look and asked, “What kind of disease, Sophia?”

“Oh, there are plenty of them, madam. Like the rabies,” Sophia gave Esme a side-eye and said. Fia asked, “What kind of disease is that?”

“It’s a horrible disease, madam. It makes a person mad that they bite people everywhere they go! It’s bad enough that they’d die from the disease but they’d also want to bite and infect other people so they’d die with these rabid patients!” Sophie took another glance at Esme. “Oh, how mortifying.” Fia patted her chest and said, “This would turn people into zombies, would it not?”

“You are correct, madam!” Sophia then put the necklace around Fia’s neck and loosened a few strands of Fia’s hair that got tangled with the necklace, fearing that it would hurt her. “And that’s why, dear Madam, we’ve got to eliminate rabid dogs as soon as possible. If we don’t kill it from the source, we’ll have hordes of zombies roaming in the city!”

Chapter 812

The staff could not help but chip in, “Not just in the city, miss. The whole planet!”

A scowl appeared on Esme’s face upon hearing that. “What do you mean by that?! Are you mocking me?!”

“No, we’re talking about zombies.” Sophia leaned on the display table and flicked her hair alluringly as she sized Esme up in disdain.

“Or perhaps... Miss Thomas, do you harbour ill intent all day long? If you don’t, you wouldn’t think others are badmouthing you when you overhear their conversations.”

Sophia had a sharp tongue. Her words miffed Esme to the point of losing her words.

“Okay, come on now, Sophia. Let’s not get too teasy.” Fia tapped on Sophia’s hand and took a good look at her necklace via the mirror.

It was indeed her design. And it was selling really well too! Although Conrad had gifted her a set of jewelry that were designed by her, they were not branded with Maxwell Corporation's trademark. So it was quite a fun experience buying her own work that had the company's trademark in a store.

"I'd like to purchase this. Thank you," Fia said to the staff.

"Certainly. Would you like me to wrap it in a box for you?" the staff asked politely.

Fia caressed the necklace before looking at the one that Sophia took down from her neck earlier.

"Would you kindly wrap the one that I wore earlier?"

"My pleasure, miss." The staff then took the necklace and began wrapping.

"I was the one who saw it first." Esme looked at Fia dejectedly. "You shouldn't cut the queue like that, Fia."

The staff was speechless when she heard that. Did she not just say that she did not like that necklace? So why would she want to fight over it with someone who actually liked it?

"Oh, you like it?" Fia smiled and said, "But I like it too."

She then turned to the staff and asked, "Is there another one?"

"My apologies, miss. These flagship luxurious necklaces are a premium collection and thus they are limited in numbers. This necklace is the last of our stock. And due to it being a limited, premium collection, we will not be restocking it," the staff replied.

"Pity." Fia smiled at Esme, "Although you saw it first, you gave up on purchasing it earlier. And I happened to lay my eyes on it after you decided that you didn't want it. So I'm afraid it's mine now."

"But I wanted to try it on just now too." Esme raised her voice pitifully, trying to attract a crowd that would take her side.

Sophia said scornfully, "There are surveillance cameras in the premises, you know. We can replay what you said about it just now too, if you want. You said you don't like the necklace

and even insulted its designer! Yet you changed your mind right after someone else picked it up! What's the matter with you? How moody and indecisive! Are you on menopause or something?"

Esme's heart almost stopped when she learned about the surveillance cameras. Fia was Conrad's wife and this store was Maxwell Corporation's property. It was quite likely that Fial could get her hands on the surveillance footage via her husband's connections.

"Sigh. It's fine. If you like it so much, you can have it, Fia," Esme said, pretending to be generous.

Sophia wanted to retaliate further but Fia pulled her hand lightly and stopped her.

Fia said, "Then perhaps you could check the other collections available in the store. Although Maxwell Corporation's jewelry isn't as luxurious as the brands from overseas, our merchandise is still very high in quality. If it were not for us not trying to penetrate the overseas market, our brand would be more popular than it is today."

The staff nodded as she packed the necklace. "You're absolutely correct about our company, miss. It's not that we don't intend to pursue the market abroad. Mr. Maxwell is a patriotic man and he did not want to damage our nation's good name by presenting unsatisfactory products to the world. We will only begin to tackle the overseas markets when we've fully learned about our rivals. Then, every jewelry that's under the Maxwell brand will turn into high-end, luxury products that collectors would fight tooth-and-nail over. When that happens, these jewelry will increase in price and value by the folds!"

Esme felt her heart pounding as she heard that. "If that's the case, I'd like to purchase a set of earrings, necklace, and bracelet."

After handling Fia's purchase, the staff picked several sets of jewelry for Esme. "Have a look, miss."

After having a few good looks at the jewelry presented to her, Esme could not help but glance at the necklace on Fia's neck. She regretted not buying it earlier.

Conrad had released her designs with fierce, steamrolling marketing. When Maxwell Corporation touched the foreign market in the future, these designs

would be worth a great deal! If she could hoard a lot of these now, she could sell them at a higher price later. It was easy money!

Fia noticed Esme's glance and touched her necklace.

Chapter 813

"Sorry, Miss Thomas. I've bought this necklace."

Esme continued browsing and found two more sets that she liked.

"How much are these two sets?"

When the staff presented her the price tags, Esme's eyes widened after she did the math. "300,000 dollars?"

"You are correct, miss."

"

"But her necklace doesn't even cost 50 thousand! Why are these ones so expensive?!" Esme felt that the staff could be in cahoots with Fia to mess with her!

The staff frowned. "Miss, you are looking to purchase a set of jewelry. This lady here only bought a necklace."

"But isn't hers a premium, limited collection? Then it should be the most pricey one!" Esme argued.

The staff shook her head and said, "No, you got it all wrong, miss. Fia, the designer of this necklace, is not famous yet. Although her designs are labelled as premium, their prices are not as expensive as the existing popular designers' works."

Seeing Esme staring at her in disbelief, the staff sighed and said, "If you don't believe me, you can check it on our official webpage for more information."

Esme immediately took out her phone to check the prices of the Z collection of the Maxwell brand. And the staff was right-Fia's designs were not the most expensive ones. In fact, it was priced at the medium level.

“Miss, I’ll be putting them away then if you don’t want them,” the staff said coldly.

Esme then stared at the jewelry set with an unreconciled, conflicted face. Seeing this, Sophia said, “Are you short on cash? If you don’t have enough money, you could go home to fetch the money, Miss Thomas. If you find it too much trouble, I could lend you some. I’ll need an IOU from you though.”

Fia sighed at Sophia’s amusingly wounding mockery.

“It’s alright. I have the money.” Esme decided to make the payment so she could save face. She took out a debit card and gave it to the staff. “I’ll take these two sets. The card’s pin is six zeroes.”

The staff then took the card and handled her purchase before packing up the jewelry for her. Esme clenched her teeth, feeling anguish from the splurge when she received her purchased goods.

It was then the store manager ran in.

“Wait!” The manager grabbed the box from the staff and said to Esme, “I’m sorry, miss.

These jewelry are to be transferred to another branch. So I’m afraid we aren’t allowed to sell these to you.”

Fia, Sophia, and Esme were speechless upon hearing that.

The staff was dumbfounded too. She walked out of her counter and asked the manager, “Sir, what’s this all about? I’ve not received news or notice to transfer these.” Besides, it would be much more satisfying to see this shameless woman suffer a huge hit on her purse!

“Process her refund at once,” the manager said to the staff coldly.

The staff responded, “But sir.. I don’t have the authorization to do refunds.”

“The store is going through a major overhaul You go get your colleagues to send our guests away. I’ll handle the refund,” the manager said.

Then, he turned to Fia “Mrs Maxwell, please pardon us for a moment. We’ll see you off after we’ve dealt with the matters at hand ”

Esme scowled “Are you all doing this to me on purpose?!”

The manager gave a professional smile “Of course not, miss. There are also other branches. that needed to transfer their stock too today So we’re doing as we’re told”

The staff approached the other customers to explain and comfort them before seeing them off. Fia pulled Sophia aside to have a seat. She wanted to see what was going on.

Chapter 814

After the other customers were sent off, only Fia, Sophia, and Esme were left as customers within the store. Seeing this, Esme became anxious and wanted to leave.

As she was prepared to leave, the manager called out to her loudly as he was typing on the keyboard, “Miss, please wait for just a short while! I’m still processing your refund!”

Esme stopped in her tracks -300,000 dollars was no small amount to her at the moment. It was Peter’s money. This man was quite eccentrically abusive so she did not want to upset him. So she decided to wait for the refund while being watched by Fia and Sophia.

A few minutes passed and the refund was not successfully processed yet. Esme asked, “Is it done yet? I’m in a hurry!”

“Soon! Very soon, miss! Don’t you worry. It’ll be just a few minutes. I lack the full authorization so I have to talk to the higher-ups for access,” the

access,” the manager said.

Esme took a few tissue papers from her handbag to wipe off the sweat that was rolling off her face. A few minutes later, she saw a glimmer on the manager’s phone screen. He took a look at his phone and then raised his head. “And that...should be it. Please check if the refund was successful.”

“Okay.” Esme sent a message to Peter and asked if he was refunded 300,000 dollars.

Meanwhile, Peter was stopped by Silas when he was leaving the washroom.

Silas smiled at him and said, “Mr. Hall, do you have a minute? Mr. Maxwell would like to have a word with you.”

Peter responded with a smile, “Certainly.”

“Please follow me. I’ll find you a seat. Mr. Maxwell will be with you shortly.”

“Okay.” Peter followed Silas into an elevator and went to a few levels above. He was then led into a cafe and seated at a table next to a window.

From the table, Peter had a clear view of the jewelry store that Esme had entered. Seeing what happened in the store, Peter felt something was off so he took out his phone to contact Esme. It was then her message came in asking about the refund.

When he was messaging her to order her to leave the store immediately, he saw that there was no signal on his phone anymore.

Peter raised his head to Silas and asked, “What is the meaning of this?”

Silas served Peter tea, “What are you talking about, Mr. Hall.”

“There’s no signal on my phone.”

“Oh, really? Perhaps it’s malfunctioning?” Silas smiled.

Peter’s body shivered as he was overwhelmed by rage. He clenched his fists and said, “No funny business. I’m warning you.”

“What are you on about, Mr. Hall? Mr. Maxwell merely wants to talk to you. There’s no funny business to worry about.” Silas maintained his smile as he spoke to Peter.

Chapter 815

Sophia’s playful demeanor reminded Fia of her best friend, Eileen.

“Sure, I’m down with it. But wouldn’t it be... sexual assault if you strip her butt naked?”

“Nah, it’s fine. As an excuse, I can claim that I was merely trying to compare to see whose butts are thicker and prettier. Leave it to me!” Sophia patted her

own chest and walked to Esme. She was not someone who liked to waste time.

“Hey, Miss Thomas. Do you want to go to the washroom?” Sophia asked Esme with an earnest

tone.

Esme did not really want to go to the washroom. However, there was no news from Peter about the 300,000 dollar refund. So she thought going to the washroom was a good idea too because she could give him a call in a toilet cubicle.

Ignoring Sophia, Esme asked the staff, “Is there a washroom nearby?”

The staff said, “We have a staff washroom in this store. Usually we don’t allow customers to use it but we could allow you in as an exception today,”

“Show me the way.” Esme did not bother to thank her.

Sophia followed Esme and the staff from behind, being extra careful so as not to be noticed by them.

Fia was worried for Sophia and wanted to go with her too. When she stood up from her seat, a manly silhouette walked into the store.

“Fia.” Conrad gave Fia a gentle smile and held her hand to sit down.

Fia’s mouth twitched when she saw it was her husband. “Aren’t you busy at work?”

“I caught wind that you’re shopping here. So I came.” Conrad hugged her shoulders and said, “Most staff here don’t know who you are. I hope they haven’t offended you.”

“No.” Fia shook her head. She turned and looked at the staff in the store, and it was then she saw the store’s crew and manager coming over to greet them.

Conrad waved his hand at them. “Don’t stand around, and resume your work.” If they stood around them, it would make it difficult for him to flirt with his wife.

“Understood, sir. If you need something, do call for us.”

Then, the manager led his staff away. Their hearts were beating so fast, as though they were going to explode from the anxiety! Oh God! So, Miss Fia Lawson was Mrs. Maxwell! Thank goodness they did well in serving her earlier! Thank goodness!! Especially the staff member who was serving Fia and Esme earlier... She clenched her little fist on her chest, trying to calm down her racing heart.

At the staff washroom, Esme hurried into a toilet cubicle. Before she was able to close the door, Sophia had already followed her into the same cubicle and shut the door.

“What are you doing?!”

“Using the toilet, what else?” Sophia smiled and pointed her chin at her pants. “Go on, don’t

be shy. We’re both girls so it’s fine.”

Esme glared at Sophia. “Are you crazy?!”

“No, I’m not. Come on, let’s take turns. You go first. I’ll go next.”

“There are so many other cubicles. Can’t you go to the other ones?!” Esme felt a sting of headache when she talked to Sophia.

Sophia smirked. “My bad, my bad! But I like this cubicle so here I am.”

“Then I’ll go out and let you use this one!”

When Esme put her hand on the door knob, Sophia shoved her aside. Esme shrieked frightfully. “What the hell are you doing?!”

“Aw man, don’t you know how to use the toilet? Ugh. Fine...! I’ll help you.”

Esme wanted to resist but Sophia had already grabbed her pants and pulled it down. The latter

was much stronger than her so there was no way she could fight back.

A few seconds later, Sophia helped Esme put her pants back on and walked out of the

washroom. She even washed her hands before walking out the door.

Returning to the store, Sophia said to Conrad and Fia in dismay, "There's a mole."

Fia immediately looked at Conrad to see how he was feeling.

Conrad, however, did not show much emotion. He called out to Tiger who was standing near the entrance, "Bring it in!"

"Affirmative!" Tiger, with the help of several other bodyguards, brought in a piano.

Conrad rubbed on Fia's fingers and said, "Fia, would you and Sophia mind stepping away for a while? I need to check something."

Fia knew what he was planning to do as soon as she saw the piano. So she obliged and walked out of the store with Sophia.

Sophia asked worriedly, "Why are we leaving our boss with that home-wrecking b*tch? Aren't you worried?"

"There's nothing to worry about. There are other staff working in the store, right?" Even though she maintained a smile on her face when comforting Sophia, Fia still could not help but feel worried about it.

Conrad and Esme were romantically involved before. That was a fact. If he had confirmed that this "Britney" was indeed Esme... how would he react? How would he treat her?

Could they still have feelings for each other...? Would he go easy on her? Would he... return to her side?

Fia bit the tip of her tongue to force her mind to stop thinking about it.

Chapter 816

When she came back from the washroom, Esme was surprised to find a piano placed in the middle of the store with Conrad sitting nearby. She turned and looked at Conrad. "What are you doing here?"

Conrad glanced at her coldly before sipping a cup of tea that was served to him by the store's staff. "I've heard you are quite free lately. Were you learning piano?"

Esme swallowed her saliva and scanned her surroundings with caution. Fia and Sophia were not in the vicinity. She was afraid that her secret would be uncovered if there was no mole on her bottom. So she asked Peter to manually plant one for her this morning.

Sophia probably saw the mole when she pulled her pants down earlier. So her secret was still safe.

Still, she did not understand why Conrad brought the piano over.

"I had a friend who loves playing the piano. So I knew one thing or two about the piano... and I don't want to do research anymore after coming back to Fortuna. So I tried learning to play instruments on my own."

"I see." Conrad crossed his legs and said coldly, putting the tea cup onto the table. He raised his head and gazed at her with a nonchalant attitude.

Esme's heart began to race as she saw this. Conrad would always gaze at her like this a long time ago. She stepped forward and asked, "You like the piano too? What song do you like?" Conrad asked calmly, "Was that friend Esme Manning?"

Esme gave a saddened face. "Yes."

"Then I believe you know about this piano?" Conrad asked again.

A dreamy hope rose in Esme's heart when she looked at the piano again. Of course she knew this piano. It was her first piano, the one that had always been placed in her bedroom at home. So... Conrad brought this piano out of her sealed home, after the Mannings had filed for bankruptcy, because it reminded him of her...?

"This looks like an old piano but it does look pricey." Esme said, "Where did you get it from?"

Ignoring her question for a few minutes, Conrad said coldly, "It's Esme's piano."

Esme crossed her fingers, trying her darndest to stay calm. “Why have you brought it here?”

“You and Esme are friends. And you’ve started learning to play piano lately. So I thought this would be a good gift for you,” Conrad said. His tone was flat and cold but to Esme it had a whole different meaning. She was sure now that Conrad still harboured feelings for Esme Manning!

“Then, what song would you like to listen to? I can try playing it for you even though I might not be as good as Esme. I’ll still do my best though.”

Tiger glared at Esme coldly. If it were not for his boss saying that he wanted to play pretend, he would have rushed forward and slapped her into oblivion!

Conrad thought about it for a few moments and realized that he did not really listen to music

all that much. And he could not remember what song Esme liked. Every time Esme played a song for him, he would simply sit there while doing work on his phone.

“Mr. Maxwell?” Esme asked with a gentle tone, “What song would you like to listen to?”

“Up to you,” Conrad said.

“Then I’ll play any song that I know.” Esme sat at the piano that had accompanied her for years. After some sound tests, she began to play a song.

As the introduction of the song was played, notes that were soft and leisurely, like the flow of a stream, could be felt in the air. The song went on and on, all the way to the outro, delivering a mixed sentiment of hopeful bliss and regretful sorrow. It was as though this song narrated Esme’s own thoughts and regrets.

The song was beautiful and masterfully played. Everyone in the store could not help but be enchanted by it.

Conrad sent some messages with some parts of the song recorded attached to Fia. When Fia listened to the song, her face turned sullen.

Sophia asked, “Who’s playing the song? That homewrecker?”

“Do you like it?” Fia asked.

Sophia answered earnestly, “I don’t understand music at all. But it does have a good ring to it. What’s the song called?”

Fia gave a sarcastic smirk. “It’s Mariage d’amour, by Richard Clayderman.”

Chapter 817

“Hang on... This song is called ‘Mariage d’amour’? Marriage?!” Sophia was pissed when she learned that. “What a shameless wh*re! What’s she doing, playing this song for our boss?!”

She stood up from her seat, preparing to rush back to the store. “I can’t just sit by and let him be charmed by this b*tch! I’m going to beat her up!”

Fia pulled her back to her seat and said, “They’re not facing each other alone. There are other staff members of the store there. Tiger’s over there too.”

“Indeed. Tiger is a really good and disciplined man. He would definitely not allow Sir to succumb to her seduction,” Sophia answered.

Fia nodded. She did not want to go back there either. If she was there, she would definitely feel dejected and disgusted. She hugged Sophia’s arm and asked, “Have you ever fallen for anyone before, Sophia?”

Sophia shook her head, “No. I focus on my work all the time. I don’t have time for romance.” “Well, from the way you are, I believe you won’t allow yourself to be hurt from a

relationship,” Fia said.

Sophia thought about it for a moment and said, “Yeah! If a man I love hurts me, I’d rather leave him!”

Fia smiled. “Good for you.”

She envied this free-spirited girl. She had the will to do something that she could not. Fia had tried to leave and let go of this relationship but she could never really bring herself to do it.

Right now... at this moment... she had never felt so helpless and lost before. She could not foresee if her future would be bright and happy, and she could not see through her husband's thoughts and feelings.

A message came in. It was from Conrad.

Fia pouted and replied.

Conrad:

Fia:

Although she called him a liar, a smile appeared on her face.

"Mr. Maxwell, do you like this song?" Finishing the outro, Esme raised her head and gazed at Conrad with her innocent, puppy eyes, hoping that Conrad would praise her.

Looking away from her, Conrad said emotionlessly, "Not bad."

Esme was afraid that she would be outed if she played too well. So she tried to downplay her piano skills. On top of that, her hands got hurt before so they were not as dexterous compared to when she was younger.

"Perhaps I'll play another song for you?" Esme said anxiously.

Conrad raised his head and glared at her coldly. "Tiger, what do you think? Did she play well?"

Tiger responded in disgust, "She's quite good. Doesn't sound like a beginner."

Esme's heart raced when she heard their exchange. She did not know what Conrad meant by this.

Conrad turned and asked the staff members in the store, "What do you think?"

The staff who were low-ranked dared not to say a thing. Seeing this, the manager stepped forward, trying to cover for his subordinates. Although he did not understand what the CEO wanted, the manager answered honestly, "It's... It's really good."

The manager stuttered as he looked at Esme and Tiger, "I... I don't understand music. But... But I think it sounded lovely."

“I see. So...” Conrad stood up and walked to the piano. He pressed a key and glared into Esme’s eyes. “This means that Miss Thomas is not a beginner. Not only that, you had played piano for quite some time, right?”

Esme stared at him speechlessly. The man was still handsome as ever-his sculpted face, vigorously robust amber irises, tall nose, and cold, sexy lips. Everything about him seemed so magically entrancing to her, eating away her ability to think straight.

“If you like it, I can play for you every day,” she gazed at Conrad and said.

Conrad hated this woman from the deepest part of his heart. He smiled, “Then, would you kindly play at Maxwell Corporation’s first-floor lobby?”

Chapter 818

Esme was stunned upon hearing that. Maxwell Corporation is a place to do work and business, not for playing music. What did he mean by that?

Was he really that fond of her piano skills? Or was he mocking her? She really could not tell. He and Britney Thomas were not enemies. He never liked to socialize with people but also never liked to cause trouble to others.

“Mr. Maxwell, I don’t quite understand what you meant,” she said cautiously.

Conrad took a glance at the manager and gave him an order, “From henceforth, our stores will not let Britney Thomas through the door and do business with her.”

“Understood, sir.” The manager obliged immediately.

Esme was glad to hear it. Did this mean that Conrad was frustrated when he saw her being indecisive to play piano at his company earlier? So his frustration burst into anger, which led to him banning her from shopping in his stores!

Without giving it much thought, Esme said, “If you want me to play in your company, of course I will do it.”

Conrad nodded coldly. “Good. Then come at noon during the break and play for an hour. If you have other plans that clash with it, you can tell Tiger about it and he’ll rearrange it for you.”

After finishing his words, Conrad turned and left.

Esme could not help but fantasize about being with him again.

It was not easy to see through Conrad's thoughts.

But she had a few guesses... Perhaps it was due to Fia being pregnant that she could not satisfy his carnal desires... Or perhaps he had bedded Fia so much that he got tired of her...!

And Conrad was not really here for Fia. He visited this store to meet her! If not, why would he bring this piano over? Yes! That had to be it! That night when she got injured for him, Conrad had begun to develop feelings for her. And he was not someone who would show his emotions easily, which made him act so slowly.

Indeed... This had to be it...! Things were finally looking up for her!

Seeing Conrad off, Esme thought about the baby in her womb. She must avoid getting married to Peter by all means! She had to find a way to abort this baby. Not only that, she also needed to do it and make Peter feel bad for her!

"Alright, Mr. Hall. You can go to your girlfriend now." Silas smiled as he ordered the

bodyguards to stand down.

Peter hurried downstairs and grabbed Esme's hand, bringing her away.

Esme whispered, "Don't be like this. What if others see us?"

"Oh, now you're afraid of others seeing?" Peter glared at her with his eyes full of rage

Esme saw the escalator nearby and had an idea. She forcefully pulled her hand away from his and said, "Peter, stop! You're hurting me!"

This angered Peter even more. So he grabbed her hand again.

"Don't play games with me!" Peter said to her coldly, "What were you doing with Conrad Maxwell just now?"

“You got it all wrong. We didn’t do anything. There were other people in the store too.”

“He purposely distracted Fia so you two could meet alone in there. It’s impossible for you to have done nothing!” Peter was so pissed and frustrated that he forcefully pulled on Esme’s hand as they walked.

Pretending to feel hurt, Esme begged, “Can you please stop acting like this? You’re scaring me!” Then she pulled her hand out of Peter’s grasp again.

A gleam of hate flickered in Peter’s eyes as he stepped toward her, preparing to pull her back to him again. This woman...! He was going to punish her dearly later on!

However, Esme slipped and fell backward to the escalator behind.

“Aaahh!” Esme shrieked in horror, trying to grab Peter’s hand.

Overwrought by panic, Peter rushed forward to grab her hand. Yet he was not able to grab her in time and could only helplessly watch her tumbling down the escalator. Half a second later, he regained his thoughts and pressed the escalator’s emergency stop button, halting the escalator.

However, Esme had already fallen all the way to the floor below.

Her head was injured and bleeding from the fall. The fall was intended though. Esme had used all her energy she could muster to keep her body tumbling all the way down the escalator. She needed to do this so Peter would feel sorry for her!

“Holy moly! That girl had quite a fall!”

“Hey, I think that man over there pushed her down.”

“No, it can’t be. Look at his face. He seems genuinely worried for her.”

Chapter 819

“Maybe he accidentally did it out of anger because they were in a fight...”

Peter didn’t have the time to explain to the onlookers around them as he quickly ran down the escalator and picked Esme up.

“Mr. Hall...” Esme cried out to him in fear as she lay in his arms. She grabbed his hands tightly as she said, “My belly... It hurts...”

Peter’s body tightened as he ran out with her in his arms, a grim expression plastered on his face. He mumbled, “Don’t worry. I’ll take you to the hospital right now.”

“If... If I died... You’ll be free...” Esme mumbled with broken words as she extended her hand and held Peter’s face. Tears also began to fall as she continued, “But... I feel so sorry... for our child...”

The memories of when he first met Esme appeared in his mind as he could no longer keep his

cool.

All his recent suspicion and anger toward her had disappeared.

He simply wanted her to be alive.

“Mr. Hall... I... I do love you. But after experiencing so many things... I have too much hate in me... I didn’t lie to you... I want to marry you... Have our baby... It’s nice to live... just like that for the rest of my life...”

“Stop talking.” Peter grabbed her tightly and stopped a taxi by the road. “To the hospital!”

In the shopping mall, Fia stood where Esme fell as she held the escalator’s handrail. As she listened to the discussion around her, she sneered.

People would only believe what they saw with their own eyes.

Conrad left the washroom and saw her standing right in front of the escalator. He anxiously ran toward her.

“What happened?”

“What do you think?” Fia looked at him icily.

Conrad glanced at Sophia coldly before asking, “What happened?”

“A wh*re fell. Seems like she suffered a bit of an injury too.”

Conrad frowned, not understanding why it would cause such a commotion.

But his frown struck Fia's sensitive nerve.

"You went to the washroom and didn't see it with your own eyes. If you saw it, you probably would be very anxious for her, right?" While Fia looked like she was quite calm on the outside, it was completely different from what she was experiencing on the inside.

"No," Conrad quickly answered as he held Fia's hand.

Fia moved away and said, "Did you enjoy listening to her playing Mariage D'amour?"

Conrad realized that her emotions were running wild again.

Even Sophia couldn't help but ask, "Sir, I don't understand why you must cause such a scene to hear her play the piano. Don't you think that this is unfair to Madam?"

Tiger and Silas gave Sophia the eye, signaling to her not to make it even worse.

Fia let out a laugh and went down as she held the escalator's handrail.

Conrad swiftly followed and tried to explain, "I just want to end all of this soon."

"So, do you have to use your wiles?" Fia sneered.

Conrad frowned even more. "I didn't do anything to betray you. The staff from the shop were all watching."

"Enough. This is getting annoying." Fia waved her hand at him as she got off the escalator and quickly walked outside.

After walking a few steps, she began to run.

Conrad was surprised by her sudden action and chased after her.

"Fia! Stop running! You're going to trip!"

Fia ran into the crowd. Meanwhile, because Conrad was quite tall, he couldn't make his way through the crowd as she did, and she quickly made a lot of distance between them.

Very quickly, she ran into an alley thanks to the crowd.

Conrad stood on the streets as he looked around, but he couldn't see Fia at all.

He could feel his heart skip a beat and quickly told Tiger, Silas, and Sophia to find her.

Chapter 820

Tiger and Silas quickly got back to work. Meanwhile, Sophia was showing her displeasure at

her boss's actions.

"You shouldn't have been alone with that wh*re."

Conrad frowned and glared at Sophia. "You said you saw her mole. What color is it?"

"What color could a mole be? Of course, it's black!" Sophia grumbled.

"The mole that's on Britney isn't black, it's red!" Conrad said.

"What?" Sophia was slightly stunned. "Who told you that?"

Conrad didn't want to continue the topic. "Locate Fia using her phone."

"...Sir." Sophia quietly showed him Fia's purse. "She doesn't have her phone."

Meanwhile, after entering the alley and reaching another street, Fia took a taxi to Gryphonheart Hospital.

Gryphonheart Hospital.

Peter had just witnessed Esme getting sent into the surgery room. He waited outside, worried. With no one else to talk to, he gave his sister a call.

"Sally, something happened to her."

Sally originally wanted to ignore her brother, but when she heard the worry and guilt in his words, she couldn't help asking, "What happened?"

"I couldn't control myself and started a fight with her, and she fell down the escalator..."

Sally could imagine what had happened, but she said nothing.

"Sally, before she fainted, she was still worried about our child. Do you think we'll lose our child?" Peter walked over to a bench and sat down, feeling his entire body getting colder.

Despite his courteous self in front of people, he would sometimes lose himself when facing Esme.

That was due to the mental anguish that was inflicted on him when he worked part-time when he was still studying. That warped his mental state.

No matter how well he disguised himself outside, there was a darker shade of black inside of him that he couldn't dispel no matter what.

Esme couldn't let go of Conrad. That made him feel that she was filthy and shameless! He wished he could kill her! But after he calmed down, he was angry at himself for not being able to act like a normal human being.

If he couldn't love her and treat her well magnanimously, then at least he should let her go.

"Sally, did I make a mistake?" When Peter remembered how Esme was crying in his arms worrying about their child, he felt terrible.

Sally quickly asked for a break and sat on the steps outside the clinic.

"Pete... Love should be something that's free and willing from both sides. I feel like she doesn't love you at all. There's no need for you to..."

"No! She loves me! You didn't see how she was crying in my arms just now. She was already in a lot of pain, but she was still worried about our child... I've never seen her cry like that!" Then, Peter said to Sally viciously, "You disappoint me, Sally! You've been deceived by them!"

"Pete..." Sally could feel fatigue washing over her. "If that's the case, there's no point in continuing this conversation. Goodbye."

Once she knew that her brother was alright, she was fine. As for the fake Britney... She didn't care what happened to her!

Peter angrily flung his phone at the wall, and then turned and saw Fia who was standing not that far away.

Malice devoured him as he swiftly walked toward her.

Fia looked at the security camera on the ceiling. She let out a smile and turned around to the staircase. She knew that the security camera couldn't catch them there.

If she couldn't put herself in danger, she would not be able to make Peter be less alert and tell her what he really thought about things.

She needed to know why he was so malicious toward her.

Peter followed her to the staircase, away from the line of view of the security camera. "What are you doing here? Are you trying to hurt her?!"