

Read Stop It She's Remarrying by Stellar Strands

Chapter 821-830

Chapter 821

Fia let out a smirk. "Sally wasn't deceived by anyone. You're the one that's been deceived."

Peter extended his hands and held Fia by her shoulders, squeezing hard. "If you know what's good for you, you better shut up!"

Fia could feel her bones almost cracking under the stress, but she continued to smile and calmly said, "You have known her for so long, and you still don't understand her? She always faked things to get her way. She can act so well that she can win the Oscars."

"Don't smear her name!" Peter said with a cold demeanor. "She has our child. There's no need to risk her and her child's life!"

Fia chuckled as she lowered her head and then looked at him pitifully.

"To be honest, I don't like you. If it isn't because of Sally, I don't even want to waste my time telling you this."

"Shut up!" Peter wished he could choke Fia to death. What right did the daughter of his enemy have to talk to him in such a high-and-mighty attitude?!

"Why don't we make a bet," Fia whispered to him.

"Do you think you're in a position to make a bet with me? You're Conall's daughter... Your heart is just as tainted as his!" Peter said with resentment in his voice.

Fia's

eyes opened wide. "So you have beef with him?"

"You're just the same as your father! You don't care about others as long as you can get your hands on what you want!" Peter said with red eyes.

"We're different," Fia said nonchalantly.

“Conall could ignore everyone else for his own profit! And you’re willing to hurt your own cousin because you loved the man she liked!” Peter stared at Fia with red eyes. He suddenly let go of her shoulders and grabbed her neck instead.

Fia maintained her pure smile and said, “You’re so smart. Don’t tell me you can’t see who’s at fault here?”

She didn’t even want to waste her breath telling Peter how Esme hurt her.

Peter knew everything about what happened. He only treated Esme as the victim out of guilt!

“Peter, if she loved Conrad that much, she wouldn’t have listened to you and gone overseas. If she really did love you, she wouldn’t have returned here using every trick in the book.

“To her, men are just stepping stones in her journey to get to the top. She will throw that child inside of her away, and then use your guilt to force you to do even more inconceivable sins.”

“Shut up! Esme isn’t someone like that! She has feelings for me!” Peter tightened his hands around Fia’s neck, veins popping on his forehead, his neck, and even the back of his hands.

It was getting difficult for Fia to breathe but she forced the words out of her mouth. “When she no longer... needs you... she will... show no mercy.... when she takes... your... life...!”

“Shut up!” Peter roared, his confused mind seemed to be affected by Fia’s words.

Some blurry images in his mind had suddenly become so clear.

He couldn’t face it, and he let go and pushed Fia away.

Just then, a slim figure rushed out from below and managed to catch Fia in time.

The figure stopped Fia from slamming into anything and getting any bruises from falling onto the ground.

Sophia managed to grab Fia, and her nervous heart calmed down a bit.

It had taken a lot of her to not run up, worried that Peter would kill Fia right there and then.

But Fia's hand in the back kept on signaling her not to rush out, so she forced herself to be patient.

"You b*stard! How dare you lay your hands on her!" Sophia yelled at Peter furiously.

Peter looked at Sophia icily. "I see! You're trying to get information out of me!"

"That's right!" Sophia patted Fia's back, trying to make her feel better from all her coughing.

She then said to Peter, "The only thing that you didn't say is that the Britney you love is Esme Manning!"

Chapter 822

Peter scoffed. "Did I say that my current girlfriend is Esme and not Britney?"

Sophia frowned and gave it a thought. He really didn't say that.

She then whispered to Fia, "What should we do?" That was a waste of opportunity... They didn't get anything conclusive from him.

"It's fine." Fia stroked her neck and gave Peter a grin. "Remember our bet. She has no love for you. You're just a tool for her."

"Stop creating a rift between us!" Peter said in a dark tone.

Fia raised an eyebrow. "You're a smart man. It's easy for you to find out about everything. The only problem here is your own mental clarity. That you refuse to see the truth."

Peter didn't want to continue to speak to her anymore and said, "You'll eventually pay for all the sins that the Parkers have committed!"

Fia couldn't help but frown as Conall appeared in her mind.

She didn't know much about Conall, so she didn't know what he did to Peter.

"I have nothing to do with him."

“The sins of the father are to be laid upon the sons, and since he has no sons, you’ll pay for all the sins he committed!” Peter remembered that Fia was mentally ill, and so he said, “Have you ever thought that the reason you lost your children again and again is because of his sins?!”

Fia’s expression instantly turned dark, even the lights in her eyes had dimmed.

Even without her suffering, could the reason her mother died so early be because of all the unspeakable things that he had done?

When Peter saw what happened, he said with a cold smile, “No one can escape from karma! You have no one else to blame except yourself for being his daughter!”

“Darn you!” Sophia couldn’t continue listening to it anymore. “You’re just trying to deceive her! If karma is in play, then you and your wh*re would have already been reduced to ashes! Can you even call yourself human?!”

Sophia didn’t know much about Peter and Esme initially, but after she listened to Silas’s analysis, she wished that she could pass judgment on the two of them and slice them into half whenever she thought about how Peter had killed the girl that loved him all this while and helped Esme change her identity despite all the evils she committed!

The door to the staircase was kicked open, and Conrad walked in with an angry expression on his face.

He looked at Fia and noticed that there were handprints on her neck. It was obvious that she had been choked.

“Peter!” He cried out violently and threw a punch at him.

Both Sophia and Fia were shocked as they didn’t expect Conrad to find them so quickly.

Peter tried to fight back, but he simply wasn’t good enough to fight against Conrad. He was forced to the wall and punched repeatedly.

When Fia saw Peter’s face getting more and more bruised with blood all over his face, she quickly got up and held Conrad back, worrying that he would kill him. She cried out, “Stop! Enough!”

Conrad pushed Peter away as he panted.

Peter lied on the floor, barely conscious.

“Let’s go home, okay? Home,” Fia said as she held Conrad’s arm, her heart beating nervously.

Only after seeing this did she realize that Conrad had been holding himself back against Jason all this while.

Tiger and Silas stood by the side and didn’t dare to make any sudden moves.

The two of them looked at Sophia, worried for her.

Their boss was no doubt going to get very angry for having Fia put at risk without his knowledge.

“Fia Lawson!” Conrad glared at Fia coldly. It was his first time yelling her name in such a frigid tone as he grabbed her wrist. “I’m on the verge of splitting your head open so I can see what’s inside your head!”

How could she act so callously?

How could she risk her and the life of their child like that?!”

“I... I have insurance,” Fia carefully explained. “I already told Sophia about it. She’ll protect me.”

“Protect you?” Conrad said with a grim expression and looked at her neck. “Is that how she’s supposed to protect you?”

“...I’m the one who told her not to make any sudden moves. Otherwise, we won’t be able to...”

“Get a confession? How childish can you be?!” Conrad said angrily. “Even if Peter said that she’s Esme, what can you do? Where’s the proof? Do you understand how worthless it is without any evidence?!”

Chapter 823

If this was such an easy thing to solve, it wouldn’t take him so long to finish it.

He had sent his men to investigate this both on the surface and in the shadows, but he was stopped. Even the Hellish Training Camp had been dragged into this. It was no longer something that simple!

Peter suddenly laughed as he lay on the floor. “Hahaha! I have to hand it to you, to be able to see it all so clearly!”

Conrad glared at him, wanting to really kick Peter to death.

Fia held his waist, and gave Tiger and Silas a look.

The two of them exchanged a glance and walked over to pick Peter up.

They were just leaving when Conrad coldly said, “Break his hands!”

Tiger and Silas were stunned.

Conrad continued, “Tell the doctor that there’s no need for anesthetic during the surgery!”

Breaking Peter’s hand and then going through surgery without any anesthesia...

They could feel the chills in their bones just thinking about it.

After Peter was carried away, Conrad turned to look at Sophia coldly.

Sophia took a step back. “Sir, listen to me... I was just trying to help the madam...”

“I told you to protect her, but you brought her into danger instead!” Conrad looked at her coldly. “Go to Tiger for your punishment!”

“Understood.” Sophia lowered her head without making any complaints.

Fia quickly said, “I’m the one that told her to do it. If you want to punish someone, punish me!”

“Double the punishment!” Conrad said coldly.

Fia wanted to say something else and Conrad continued, “If you plead for her again, I’ll increase her punishment by another fold!”

Fia pushed him away furiously and walked down the stairs.

Conrad took a step forward and immediately picked her up by the waist and carried her by his shoulder barbarically.

Fia kicked as he carried her on his shoulder. "Let me go! Let me down!"

Conrad was silent as he took her to the gynecology department.

They finally finished her test after one hour.

Fia had no more strength to fight back against his arms.

Conrad waited for the results with her sitting in his arms, a gloomy atmosphere surrounding him.

Slowly, she fell asleep in his arms.

When he heard her shallow breathing, he knew that she had fallen asleep. He then carefully held her horizontally in his arms like a parent carrying a baby.

Seeing her frown, one of his hands carefully stroked her brows. There was sadness in his amber eyes.

"Why can't you keep yourself out of trouble?" he mumbled.

After a while, a doctor came over with the results.

He raised his head and warned her, "Gentler. Don't wake her up."

The doctor nodded and she didn't even dare to speak. She simply took a pen and wrote the results on the reports.

After she finished, she gave Conrad the reports and waited by the side.

Conrad's eyes narrowed.

His hand trembled as he continued reading.

"What do you mean?" Conrad asked the doctor gloomily. "What kind of complications?"

The doctor wiped the sweat off her forehead. "As identical twins share the same placenta, they will need more nutrients. They will usually fight for nutrients, so one of the children will be weaker."

Conrad immediately remembered Tyler's twins. William had always been weak. He wondered if they were twins with some kind of chromosomal defect.

Chapter 824

When the doctor saw Conrad's dissatisfied expression, she quickly said, "Don't worry, Mr.

Maxwell. We are living in a much better time. As long as your wife eats well and doesn't get too tired, as well as go for checkups on time, your twins will be healthy!"

Conrad folded the results and put them in his pocket, and prepared to carry Fia home.

It was at this time that Silas and Tiger ran in.

"Sir, Miss Thomas is threatening to jump off the building," the two of them said with worried expressions.

"Clean it up quickly after she's dead!" Conrad responded in a wintry tone. Whether she was Britney Thomas or Esme Manning, her death had nothing to do with him.

Silas then carefully said, "Someone released a video of her trying to buy jewelry at the store earlier. Now, everyone on the internet is saying that you and the madam are being too vicious. That you're harassing her, making her fall down the escalator by making her mentally unstable."

Tiger continued, "At this juncture, this will harm your and the madam's reputation."

Conrad's amber eyes became even colder. "She's always good at this kind of trick!"

Fia had already woken up when the doctor was explaining about the complications. She opened her eyes and pushed his hands away. "Put me down."

Conrad lowered his head and looked at her. "Don't worry about it. I'll take you home. Leave her to Silas."

"I just want to take a look at her," Fia said. "Also, did she keep her baby?"

Silas shook his head. "She lost the baby."

"Then she must be in a terrible state. I simply want to go and see if she still has any conscience left in her. That baby is her own flesh and blood... Even so, she's willing to use the baby like a tool."

Fia then squeezed Conrad's arm. "Let me down."

Conrad couldn't stop her, so he let her down and held her hand once she was standing properly. "I'll go with you."

"1

Fia didn't even bat an eye. "Do as you like."

Silas then led the way with Tiger at the back, just in case.

At the ward.

Esme had been sent to the ward after the surgery. After she woke up, she climbed to the window.

She shocked the nurse when she came in. Since the nurse couldn't get her down, all she could do was call the doctor.

Esme's legs were outside the window, and she looked at those people who were consoling her with sad eyes.

"Don't come near me! I'll jump if you come any closer!"

A video of her at the shop buying jewelry had appeared. Through video-editing, it made her look like the victim.

She liked a necklace that Maxwell Corporation had made but Fia robbed it from her, and even the staff humiliated her together with their boss's wife.

Then, Conrad moved a piano over. She wasn't allowed to leave unless she played a song for him.

The entire internet was cursing Conrad, Fia, and Maxwell Corporation.

They even quickly formed an anti-Maxwell Corporation online group.

Someone also posted the picture of Esme sitting by the window to the internet, and theories of her being harassed and injured to the point of being sent to the hospital, and then wanting to commit suicide out of mortification, began to surface on the internet.

A number of reporters came, wanting an interview, and there were also a lot of people outside the ward.

The hospital's security staff were trying to dismiss the crowd when Conrad and Fia walked over, and everyone pointed their fingers at them.

Fia frowned, realizing how bad the public consensus was against them.

On their way there, Conrad had already read the news using his phone.

His expression was extremely dark!

How shameless could she be?! She lost the child because she fell, yet she pinned the blame on them!

Silas was keeping an eye on the company's stock value and quickly walked over to Conrad's side. "Sir, it's affecting the company's share prices."

Conrad looked at the graph from his phone. "You will go back to the company first."

"Of course!" Silas left in a rush.

Tiger told the bodyguards to open up a path and get rid of the onlookers. He also told the hospital to move Peter into the ward from the surgical theater.

Peter's right hand remained in a strange position as he was covered in sweat due to the pain.

Chapter 825

The doctors didn't give Peter any anesthetic. On his way there, he couldn't help but bite his tongue and moan.

The bodyguards had asked the doctors and nurses to leave as Conrad and Fia went in. Meanwhile, they dumped Peter on the floor together with the stretcher.

Conrad looked Esme in the eyes. "I'll give you the choices. Jump, or the prison!"

Esme's tears began to fall. While most of it was out of sadness, there was also envy and

"Why are you treating me like this, Mr. Maxwell?!"

"I don't have the time to waste with you. Either jump or prison! Just based on you hiring someone to edit the security camera footage and defaming us as well as affecting Maxwell Corporation's finances, that's already enough to send you to prison for three years!"

Esme's heart began to tremble in fear the moment she heard of prison.

Forget about prison, just staying in the interrogation room was already bad enough!

She would rather die than go to prison!

She couldn't bear to go to prison after basking in the limelight her entire life!
rage.

She wept. "I don't know what you're talking about! I've never hired anyone to hurt you... I'm just sad and I don't want to live anymore."

Conrad let go of Fia's hand and walked over, stepping on Peter's hand.

Peter let out a terrible screech and Fia frowned upon hearing it. However, when she

remembered Sally's request, and the fake Britney that was sitting on the window... She decided

not to.

She took two steps forward. "He saved you, after all. Is it really okay for him to die in front of you?"

Esme looked at Fia with mixed feelings. She wanted to yell, “Kill him!”

She didn’t want to have anything to do with Peter!

But she knew that with Fia there, Conrad would never kill Peter in front of her.

They were just trying to force a reaction out of her!

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” She began to weep sorrowfully.
“Peter and I had nothing to do with you all... Why are you hurting him like that...?”

She then turned her head and looked down, as if she was unwilling to look at them anymore.

There were a lot of people down there. There were also reporters!

The firemen were also already on the scene!

She had no choice but to jump now that everything had reached this point!

“I’m sorry, Peter! It’s all my fault! If I’m no longer alive, they’ll no longer target you...” Erne said sorrowfully and jumped!

“No!” Peter roared in despair as if it was his final scream.

He climbed up and ran to the window, but Tiger managed to grab him by the back of his collar and threw him back to the floor.

Pain and sorrow overwhelmed him, and he fainted because he couldn’t take it all.

When Fia saw Esme jump off the building, her legs lost all strength and she almost fell. Conrad was the one that helped her stay on her feet.

Fia held his arms. “She jumped...”

Why did she jump?

Could it be that she was not Esme Manning? Could it be that she was wrong all along?

If she really was not Esme and she forced her to commit suicide, it would be all her fault.

What had she done?

“Conrad, why did she jump?” Her tears started streaming down her face.

“Who is she?!”

Conrad held her tightly and consoled her. “It’s alright. Everything’s going to be alright.”

“She jumped!” Fia screeched. “I haven’t even found out if she’s Esme! How could she jump?!”

Conrad whispered in her ears, “Don’t be so nervous, Fia. She jumped off the building herself.”

Fia shook her head as tears rolled down her cheeks.

“What if I was wrong? What if she really wasn’t Esme? I... I...” She raised her hands. Her clean hands seemed to have been tainted with blood.

“What was the difference between me and Esme?!” she said, her tone full of hate.

Chapter 826

“This is all part of her ploy. Even if she’s really dead, it has nothing to do with you. She deserves it,” Conrad consoled Fia and muttered into her ears. Meanwhile, Tiger gave Peter, who had fainted, a kick before walking over to the window and looking down.

“She’s still alive, sir. They set up a life net down below.”

Fia was suddenly stunned.

Conrad stroked her face. She was already sweating in that short moment.

He kissed her face and gently said, “She’s fine. Even if something happened to her, it’s her own doing.”

T'II

go

take a look,” Fia said dryly.

Conrad then held her to the window side, and she looked down as she trembled.

Esme was lying on the life net. The doctors and firemen surrounded her.

“She’s not dead...” she mumbled. “Just who exactly is she?”

Conrad then said, “Don’t think about this anymore, alright?”

Even Tiger, who had been watching how things unfold, began to get worried. “Sir, should you take her to the psychologist?”

Conrad nodded and took her to the director, requesting him to call the best psychologist the hospital had to help her.

“Mr. Maxwell, I know a psychologist that’s pretty good! He has treated a lot of patients overseas!” the director said with a frown. “However, he has a strange temper... I’ve invited him to join the hospital plenty of times, but he refused me. It would be a loss for someone as talented as him to not join the hospital, but he said he only treats patients that he’s interested in.”

The director sighed after he finished his words.

Conrad looked at Fia who had lost all life in her eyes and asked, “Do you have his home address?”

“Sure! I can give it to you now!” the director said excitedly. He may not be able to ask him to join the hospital, but maybe Conrad could.

After he got the address, Conrad took Fia there. Fia was already sleeping soundly when they reached the psychologist’s place.

Tiger asked his men to investigate the talented man’s background before reaching his place. He said to Conrad, “It’s just as the director had said. He’s quite talented in psychology... He’s been staying in Avalon all this while and has treated a number of patients with serious mental conditions. One of them was a count that’s related to the royal family. In order to thank him, the royalty even offered him a royal mansion, but he refused it.’

Conrad nodded. "What's his name?"

"Marcus White," Tiger answered.

"His last name is White?"

"Correct."

Conrad looked at the two-story high mansion that was built by the mountains. The gateway arch in front of the mansion's gate was built in a Western style.

There were poppy flowers carved all over the reddish door.

As Conrad carefully laid Fia down inside the car, Tiger went over to ring the doorbell.

About a minute later, a man wearing a black, long robe walked out. His hair reached his shoulders, tied only by a hairband behind his head.

Tiger whispered, "That's him."

Conrad carefully observed Marcus, who had pearl-white skin. Yes... It was so white that he looked sickly and without life.

"What is it?" Marcus looked at them, expressionless.

"Mr. White? My wife easily loses emotional control. I'm hoping that you can help. I'll make sure that you're well compensated," Conrad said as he tried his best to not be overbearing, worried that Marcus would think that he was not being sincere enough and refuse.

Marcus looked at Conrad and said, "I know you. CEO of Maxwell Corporation."

Conrad nodded. "Yeah, that's me."

"Where's

your wife?"

"In my car. If you're willing, I can—"

"My apologies, but I'm not free right now," Marcus cut Conrad off.

Conrad was stunned. If he wasn't interested or didn't want to be disturbed, why would he ask where his wife was?

Tiger quickly said, "When are you free then, Mr. White? We'll come next time."

Marcus closed his eyes. "I've just returned not long ago and want to have some rest. I don't intend to take in any patients right now."

Fia woke up and opened the door. After the short nap, she was feeling much better.

She got out of the car and walked toward Conrad. When she was next to him, she wrapped her arm around his.

"Conrad."

Chapter 827

"What are we doing here?"

Conrad introduced Marcus to her. "This is Mr. White, a psychologist."

There was displeasure in Fia's eyes. "I'm not sick."

She tugged Conrad's arm. "I'm not sick. I don't need to see a psychologist. Let's go home!"

Marcus looked at her and said, "You're quite seriously ill."

Conrad glared at him in annoyance.

Fia didn't look at Marcus. For some reason, the man was putting her under immense pressure. As if he could see through her secrets at any time.

Marcus ignored her and said, "While your eyes look innocent and pure, they lack the vigor of a healthy person. It means that your heart is exhausted."

"I don't know what you're talking about! I'm completely fine!" Fia didn't want to look at Marcus, and simply pulled Conrad, wanting to leave.

Marcus was a proud man. His work in psychology made him an important and welcomed guest even to the royalty of another country!

And the woman in front of him riled him up.

“Come in.”

With that, he turned around and retreated into the mansion.

Conrad tried to coax Fia and said, “Let’s just treat this as another medical checkup for the sake of our child, alright?”

“He said that I’m very ill! He’s completely wrong! Sally said that I’ll be fine as long as I pay attention to my emotions.”

“Fia, your emotions might go erratic now that you’re pregnant. We have to be prepared.”

Tiger became nervous, “Madam, I’ve checked. Marcus White is very good at his job. He even managed to treat patients with serious mental illness. I…”

“I’m not mentally ill!” Fia suddenly became furious. “I’m just in a bad mood!”

Conrad felt a headache coming. He picked her up and marched right into Marcus’s home.

Fia kept on struggling all the way to the point of kicking her shoes off.

Tiger followed behind them and picked up the shoes.

There were several cream-colored sofas in the Mediterranean-style living room. Marcus was sitting there playing with his teapot.

When he saw his three guests come in, he poured three cups of tea.

“Have a seat. Have a drink.” His tone was calm and collected.

Tiger picked up a cup and used a small instrument to check. Only when he was sure it was fine did he drink the tea

Conrad glanced at him and then sat opposite Marcus with Fia in his arms. “Thank you, Mr. White.”

Marcus picked up his teacup and gave it a blow before taking a sip.

“A lot of people sought me out to treat them or their family, but I usually refuse them. To me, it depends if you’ve caught my eye,” he said.

Conrad nodded. “My wife isn’t sick. She’s just in a bad mood.” He was worried that Fia would feel upset, so he said that first.

Marcus looked at him, and then at the woman he was holding in his arms. He nodded, meaning he understood.

“I’ve used the wrong terminology.”

Fia controlled her mood so that she wouldn’t look like a madwoman in front of an outsider.

She got out of Conrad’s arms and sat next to him.

Marcus gave him a glance and said, “Have a drink, Mrs. Maxwell.”

Fia picked up the teacup and could smell the fragrant scent of tea. She couldn’t help drinking it. “How’s the taste?” Marcus asked.

Chapter 828

“It’s quite delicious,” Fia answered coolly.

She was worried that he would give her some sort of diagnosis just by drinking tea, and so she added, “I don’t understand much about tea, though.”

“I’m just purely inviting you to have some tea.” Marcus held up his teacup and took a deep breath. As the sweet scent of the tea entered his nostrils and into his lungs, his mind became clearer too.

He was still suffering from jetlag and woke up not long ago. Now that he had regained his composure, he looked much better, and his temper also somewhat improved.

“What do you like to do on your usual days, madam?”

Fia answered out of politeness. “Draw designs.”

“You’re a designer?” Marcus asked.

“Yes.” Fia finished her drink and put the teacup back onto the saucer.

Marcus asked, "Can I see your designs?"

Fia frowned and looked at Conrad. "Is it okay?"

"I'm fine with that." Conrad nodded and got his phone out. He had a few of her designs in it..

Marcus put down the teacup and took his time to look at her designs,

Several minutes passed and he raised his eyes to look at them. He then stood up and switched

on the projector. He projected the images in Conrad's phone with it.

He chose one of the designs and said, "This is one of your earlier designs, right?"

Fia raised an eyebrow and said, "Yes."

However, she thought that it was just a lucky guess.

Marcus caught the emotions in her eyes and chose about a dozen more.

"These are all your earlier designs."

It was a statement.

This time, Fia frowned. The surprise on her face was apparent.

Even Conrad was caught by surprise.

That was because some of the designs in his phone hadn't been put into production yet. No outsiders could have known about them.

Not to mention that some of the designs were from the days when Fia was still studying.

Fia turned around and asked Conrad, "Where did you get my designs when I was still in university?"

"Your university, of course," Conrad answered honestly.

Fia was getting a headache and she looked at Marcus earnestly.

“How did you know that these are my earlier designs?” They were of different styles. It was not something that someone from outside the industry could have easily guessed.

Marcus didn't answer her, and he simply put on some more images.

“These are your recent designs.” It was a statement again.

Even Fia's expression had turned serious. The designs that he had shown were indeed her recent work. Many of them were still kept safe inside her drawers.

No one knew about them other than her and Conrad.

She couldn't say that he studied her beforehand just to make him look like a very skilled psychologist, could she?

“Mr. White, is there any relationship between your profession and my designs?” She tried to argue with him.

“One's expression, choice of words, lifestyle, profession... All of these can show if there's something abnormal with one's mental state.”

Marcus stared at Fia and said, “And you have had issues since you were little.”

“Ridiculous!” Fia argued back almost instinctively.

Marcus then zoomed in on one of her earliest designs. Something she drew at university.

“Let's take this design as an example. This flower of yours... Only the stamen is present.”

Fia's expression froze but she still tried to calmly explain, “You won't understand. It's a type of artistic expression.”

“Perhaps. But from what I see, it tells me that the environment you grew up in was incomplete. One of your parents is missing. Did your parents have an unhappy marriage? Or maybe, one of your parents is sexist?” Marcus closed his eyes. “Or you grew up in a single-parent environment, perchance?”

He tried to make it less antagonistic, worried that he would trigger something in her.

Chapter 829

Conrad held Fia's trembling hand and said, "Fia, Mr. White means you no harm."

Fia's eyes slowly turned red, and she felt like exposing everything after her secret had been revealed.

"My mom had me out of wedlock. I have no father!"

Marcus frowned as he was held back for a moment.

He had encountered a lot of patients, but none of them would reveal things to him like Fia did despite being so resistant to it in the first place.

"I have no father. So what if there are some flaws in my designs?' Fia asked. "Is it against the law?"

Marcus realized that Fia's situation was worse than she herself had thought.

The environment she grew up in and her own background had caused her a lot of harm. However, she suppressed it by always advancing forward.

While she looked strong that way, she had never released all the pent-up pressure inside of her.

If she were to encounter something that would affect her after she grew up, she could easily break apart one day.

"Can I talk to you alone?" Marcus asked.

Conrad nodded, letting Fia wait for him while he followed Marcus up the stairs.

Fia's tense muscles finally relaxed. She poured herself a cup of lukewarm tea and finished it all in one go.

Inside his study, Marcus took out a file and gave it to Conrad.

"Here are the profiles of some of the patients I've treated. You can give it a read."

“Thanks.” Conrad took it and wanted to study it.

Marcus then said, “Don’t worry about it. You can read it once you’re home. The reason I asked you up here is because I want to know about your wife’s history.”

Conrad didn’t hide what Fia experienced when she was little, from her environment to her family, as well as her best friend, Eileen.

“What about her romantic relationships?” Marcus asked him when Conrad stopped after reaching the part about her going to university.

Conrad looked down. “I don’t know anything about that from her university days. But there are some clues that she should have had a failed romance during her university years. It failed, but it affected her very deeply.”

“A secret love?” Marcus asked.

“Maybe,” Conrad answered without confidence.

“And that person isn’t you?” Marcus stared at Conrad, confused. “If not you, who else?”

Conrad smiled bitterly. “I wished it was me.”

“You asked her? And she said that person isn’t you?” Marcus asked again.

“Yes, it isn’t me.” When Conrad thought of Jason, his expression was not as bright as before.

Marcus was very confused and asked directly, “How can it not be you?”

From the previous cases that he had dealt with, someone with Fia’s personality would never marry a man she didn’t love.

He thought that the two of them married out of love.

Conrad shook his head. “I knew her a long time ago, yes. But we didn’t talk much, and I treated her very badly. I used to call her a coward. And... I dated her cousin in the past.”

He didn’t want to talk about Esme, but if it would help Fia recover, he was willing to explain everything to him.

Marcus believed that there was a need to unravel everything about Fia's romantic relationships. He then asked, "Can you have him come and see me?"

"Who?" Conrad asked.

Marcus scratched his nose and said, "The man that your wife can't forget."

Conrad was speechless.

Marcus then explained, "Don't worry. I'm doing this for the sake of helping her."

Conrad hesitated for a second before giving him Jason's contact information.

Marcus remembered something and quickly said, "There is something I need to tell you. If your wife doesn't love you, once she's recovered, she'll most probably pursue what she wants."

He was trying to explain to him in a more indirect way that his wife was not a woman that would simply make do when it came to her love life.

Conrad would have to be prepared to lose her once she fully recovered.

Chapter 830

Conrad was stunned. There was a moment when he selfishly thought to himself to forget about the treatment. He only wanted her to stay by his side.

He would give her everything that she needed. He would protect her.

Once their children were born, they would watch their children grow up together.

They would never be separated ever again.

"Mr. Maxwell?" Marcus realized that something was wrong with Conrad.

"Treat her!" Conrad dispelled the evil thoughts in his mind. "No matter what happens, her health is much more important."

Marcus nodded. "The treatment of mental illnesses requires the support of the patient's

closest friends and family. If you won't support her, not only would it be bad for her condition, but it would worsen it too. If there are any problems between you two, accommodate her. Don't start a fight with her."

Conrad nodded. "Sure."

"Well, this is where we should end for now. Once I've understood everything there is to know, I'll think of treatment." Marcus sat into his chair lazily.

Once Conrad left his study, Marcus called Jason's number.

Once the call went through, he explained everything in the simplest way possible. "I'm the psychologist that Conrad Maxwell has hired. My name is Marcus White."

Jason was stunned for a moment. "Excuse me?"

"As the person that Mrs. Maxwell can't forget, I would like your cooperation. If you're free, could you come to my place for a session?" A smile appeared on Marcus's pale face. He was much warmer when speaking with Conrad and Fia.

"Sure. When are you free?"

"Before bedtime, preferably. I'm free before then. If it's convenient for you, maybe you can treat me to a meal too?"

"Sure," Jason said. "I'll send you an address once I've made the booking."

After he hung up, Jason decided to not join an important meeting that he was supposed to attend. He then left the company.

Half an hour later, he saw Marcus who was sitting in the private room he booked. He appeared to have arrived just a few minutes earlier.

"Mr. Evans?"

"That's right." Jason extended his hand.

Marcus waved instead. "Forget about the pleasantries. It's too much for a person like me. Let's order something."

"Sure." Jason rang the bell to call for the waiter. After asking Marcus for his preferences, he

ordered several dishes to their liking.

It was a very balanced meal, with meat and vegetables.

"Mr. White, you..."

"We can talk about it after the meal." Marcus was starving.

Jason frowned. The meal wasn't even ready yet. What was there to talk about?

Marcus took out a hamburger from his pocket and ate in front of him.

Jason was speechless. Was he really reliable?

Once Marcus finished his hamburger, the first dish was served.

He started digging in without giving even a signal.

"Please continue, Mr. White. I need to make a call."

"Sure." Marcus didn't even give Jason a glance and simply continued to eat.

Jason walked out of the room and gave the director a call and asked about Marcus.

He found out from the director that he was indeed reliable and was a renowned psychologist.

He then gave Kent a call, hoping Kent would help him find out more about the man.

At this point, Kent had already been awake for almost twenty hours as he kept on searching for information on Peter.

When he received his call, he yelled out angrily, "Jason Evans! What did I tell you? Don't interfere with Fia's affairs! She has a husband!"

“Conrad’s the one that asked the psychologist to call me. I have a duty to find out if he’s reliable or not,” Jason said irritatingly. “What’s with all the yelling? Why are you so angry?”

“I’m almost dying from overworking because of all of you!” Kent said as he drank a glass of water. “It’s just a psychologist, right? It should be quite quick. I’ll call you back in half an hour.”

He had spent almost twenty hours just investigating Peter and couldn’t find anything useful at all.

He felt so irritated!

He supposed he could treat investigating the psychologist as a little distraction to release all his stress.

By the time that Jason got back to the private room, Marcus had already finished two dishes that they were meant to share. There were two more and a soup that hadn’t been served yet.