

## **Read Stop It She's Remarrying by Stellar Strands**

### **Chapter 871-880**

#### Chapter 871

At the study, Fia quietly opened the door and saw Conrad busy handling the problem at his desk. She was hesitating over entering the study.

She feared that they might fight again as soon as she went in. Even if no fight was ignited, their different views would ruin their day.

Waiting at his desk for several seconds, Conrad realized that the girl was not going to enter the room. Not able to hold it in anymore, he closed his laptop, marched to the entrance of the study, and opened the door widely.

“Fia, why aren't you entering?”

Fia raised her head and looked at him. “Did you order your men to take Peter away from the hospital?”

“Yes.”

A cold glint flashed in Conrad's eyes as soon as he thought about Peter.

“I promised Sally to let him go. Besides, the reason her brother would harm me is not just because of the conflict between the Halls and Parkers but also because of manipulation from Britney's imposter. The true culprit is that fake Britney, not Peter.”

Fia lowered her voice and made her tone as gentle as possible, trying to persuade Conrad to let Peter go.

Conrad stared at Fia silently. He did not want to talk about it.

Fia continued, trying to persuade him. “I want to get close to him, to get on his good side. By doing that, he might side with us to uncover her real identity when he realizes that she was just using him.”

“Fia, you should know that Peter Hall is much more dangerous than Esme Manning,” Conrad said in a sullen voice.

Fia glared at Conrad and asked, "So you're quite sure that she is Esme, aren't you?"

"Did she confess to you?" Fia asked as she tried to restrain her anger, making it as though she did not care much about it.

Holding her hand, Conrad frowned and asked, "Why's your hand so cold? Are you not feeling well?"

"No." Pulling her hand out of his grasp, Fia answered sarcastically, "My heart died and turned cold. That's all."

Conrad said as he clenched his teeth, "I told you. Nothing happened between us."

"But I saw it with my own eyes. She kept hugging and kissing you," Fia said as she gave a bitter smile, "You're tainted and filthy now."

"

Conrad felt so lost, not knowing how to explain himself to his wife.

"Esme is the main culprit of everything. She murdered my baby and ruined my name. Before their deaths, Mom and Grandma were tormented by her. She's the worst woman to have ever existed. Yet, you only focus on catching Peter instead of her. Why?!"

Due to her suspicions, Fia was overwhelmed with anger.

"You still have feelings for her. You still care about her! That is why you want to let her go! The reason why you put so much effort into catching Peter is so that everyone would be distracted from her! Am I right:

"Fia!"

Suddenly, Conrad pulled her into his embrace, frustrated. The fiercer she struggled to get away from him, the tighter he embraced her. Still, he arched his torso so that his waist would not press against her stomach.

"How many more times should I tell you until you believe me? I do not love Esme Manning! I've never loved her! Not in the past, not now, not in the future!"

Fia shouted back at him angrily, "Liar! You're just trying to help her escape!"

Conrad ground his teeth, feeling so frustrated at his inability to make his wife believe him.

Fia kept on pushing him. "Let me go! You're hurting me!"

"Fia, if you continue like this... our marriage will be ruined even if there's no one to ruin it." Letting her go, Conrad looked into her eyes and said with a heavy heart, "Could you please not suspect me? Try to suppress these suspicions and not let them get over your head, please?"

Fia stared at Conrad helplessly and speechlessly for a while before asking, "Then what?"

"When I've resolved everything, I'll compensate you. I'll give you the greatest wedding of the century. I'll announce to the world that I, Conrad Maxwell, have had only one woman in my heart all my life, and that is you!" Conrad poured his heart out to Fia.

Fia's eyelids trembled upon hearing this. "All your life? Are you sure you can handle that?"

"I know what I want. There's only one woman that lives in my heart. And that person is you. It's always been you."

Conrad held Fia's trembling hands and said, "I am serious. I've met countless temptations in my life and yet I have always been able to reject them. You're the only one who can make me lose my cool."

Chapter 872

Feeling her heart in pain, Fia stared at Conrad blankly and asked, "Then let me ask you ever lied to me?"

you. Have

Conrad was stunned upon hearing this. He had lied to her plenty of times. The worst lie was about Thea Lawson's project that he robbed from her.

"Fia, sometimes... a lie could be a white lie."

“But a lie is a lie. A lie with good intentions? The so-called ‘good intention’ is just the liar’s selfish presumption!” Fia began to get agitated again, “You think you lied to me with good intentions but to me the fact you’re lying just means that you had ill intentions! The fact you hid Britney’s imposter in that apartment made me very uncomfortable!”

Conrad stared at Fia’s anguished eyes as he tried to come up with words to explain to her. It was then he realized something.

Fia had been calling that woman “Britney’s imposter” or “fake Britney”. She had been avoiding to use her real name-“Esme Manning”.

Marcus had told him. Esme was a knot that troubled Fia the most. Thus, she unconsciously refused to mention her name.

“Fia, I promise you. I’ll definitely solve the matters involving her.” Conrad softened his voice and held her shoulders tightly. “Trust me. Okay?”

“For how long?” Fia snivelled, full of tears, “Tell me how much time you intend to spend to solve this. Things have gotten gradually complicated over time and the lies that you’ve been telling me just keep piling up. It’s not that I don’t want to trust you but things keep happening one after another! I’m already at my limit!”

Conrad stared at her speechlessly. He did not know just how much time he needed to resolve this. Right now, their enemies were not just Esme and Peter. There was a mastermind behind it all and they were lurking in the dark.

“A week? A month?” Fia asked again tearfully, “Can you at least tell me a time?”

Conrad frowned as he said to her cautiously, “I’ll resolve this the soonest I can. But, Fia, you mustn’t get involved. Like today, you shouldn’t have conspired with Sally to let Peter go. Can you promise me not to get involved like that anymore?”

After pondering for some time, Fia nodded, “Sure. So long as you resolve everything quickly.”

As long as this mess was resolved quickly and he did not leave her in the dark, she would accept how things turned out, even if the resolution was not something she had expected to see.

“Are you hungry?” Conrad sighed in relief and said, “What’d you like to eat? I’ll ask Mrs. Taylor to make it for you.”

“I’m not hungry. I’m heading back to the bedroom to get some sleep”

Fia pushed him away and walked out the door, not giving him a chance to say anything more.

Staring at her, Conrad made up his mind. He would resolve this matter even if he had to take drastic measures.

The next morning, Fia was woken up by her phone.

Rubbing her eyes, Fia picked up her phone to check who it was. When she saw that it was from Sally, she immediately answered.

“What did Conrad do?!”

Fia was completely woken up after hearing her furious voice. She took a look around. Conrad was not in the room. She had gone to bed quite early last night so she did not know when he went to bed or when he woke up.

“What’s wrong, Sally?”

“What’s wrong?!” Sally yelled into her phone, “My brother was left on our home’s doorstep this morning. He’s badly wounded! Not only that, he refuses to go to the hospital for treatment. He’s locked himself in his room all day, smashing everything in sight!”

Sally broke down in tears and said, “My brother has always been kind and gentle. He’s never like this! Mom and Dad are so scared stiff!”

Sitting up on the bed, Fia’s newly awakened brain was finally able to pick up on something.

“Sally, don’t worry. If he can smash stuff, this means he’s not injured that badly.”

Peter’s body was fine. The only thing that was wrong was his soul. Fia did not dare tell Sally that.

“Fia, he’s got a concussion and yet he refuses to go to the hospital. This is nothing to joke about!” Sally said with a heavy heart, “He’s not your brother so

of course you don't mind it! I was hoping that you'd talk to Conrad so he'd calm down and... Sigh. Forget it."

Fia furrowed her brows and did not say a word.

"Forget we had this phone call. I shouldn't have asked for your help yesterday." Sally's voice calmed down as she said this.

While Fia was trying to come up with an explanation, Sally had hung up the phone.

Fia sat on the bed silently, thinking about the things that happened since she and Sally became friends.

### Chapter 873

To Fia, Sally was not just her doctor. She was like her sister, someone who cared for her and was there for her when she was down. Yet now, she could feel that Sally's heart had turned cold after the incident.

It was probably true that no friendship could last forever. Still, Fia could not help but feel saddened by this. The more sadness she felt, the more frustrated she became.

"Conrad!" Feeling hurt, Fia called out to his name. Receiving no reply, she got down from the bed and walked barefooted to the window.

It was still early in the morning and the sun had not completely risen yet. She opened the window to get some fresh air. She gazed out the window and stared at the greenery outside.

Then, she extended her hand, feeling an urge to touch the trees and mountains that were viewable yet far away...

Meanwhile...

"Sir, these are the words that Peter Hall said after we broke him for confessions. Things aren't looking good for Ms. Manning."

Tiger handed Conrad a flash drive that contained Peter's confession.

Receiving the device, Conrad said, "Good work last night. Go home and get some rest."

Before leaving, Tiger could not help adding, "Peter was emotionally and physically wounded. from last night. Doctor Sally might blame Madam for this. It might be best for you to console Madam."

"Alright, I get it."

Conrad put the flash drive in his pocket and walked upstairs. Thinking that Fia might still be sleeping, he opened the door quietly, making as little noise as possible. She had slept a lot. more after she got pregnant so she usually did not wake up until 9am.

However, after opening the door, he saw that no one was in the room.

Feeling anxious, Conrad hurried into the bedroom to find her. As soon as he entered the room, Conrad saw a slender woman sitting at a window near the door.

"Fia!"

Surprised, Conrad instinctively called her name nervously. Despite that, he still tried to lower his voice so as to not scare the girl.

Fia glanced at him and smiled faintly, as though she was a young, innocent girl.

"The scenery outside the window is so beautiful. I want to touch it but it's too far for me to touch. Maybe it's because my arm is too short."

She seemed disappointed with herself. Then, she turned back to the window and tried reaching her hand out again. This time she reached out the window even more eagerly that her upper body was outside the window. Conrad was shocked to see this. He hurried to her side. and hugged her, trying to hold her steady so she would not fall out the window.

"Fia."

Hugging her, Conrad called her name, afraid.

"Why are you pulling me back?" Fia sounded hurt and sad. "I just wanted to touch the scenery."

"I'll bring you downstairs. You'll get a clearer view there."

Conrad did not dare to raise his voice at her. He could vaguely feel that something had gone wrong with Fia's psyche.

"Okay! Bring me there."

Fia hooked Conrad's neck with her arms and gave him a pretty, innocent smile.

Conrad quickly carried her downstairs and brought her to their backyard. He pointed at a chrysanthemum and asked, "Do you know what flower this is?"

"Aww, Conrad. I'm no idiot. That's a chrysanthemum," Fia answered sweetly, as though all those heartaches and tragedies that she had been through had never happened.

Letting out a sigh of relief, Conrad said, "Yes, it's a chrysanthemum. Do you still remember that I can't differentiate the scent of flowers?"

"Really?" Still in his embrace, Fia turned her face at Conrad to have a good look at him. "You don't have a sense of smell?"

Conrad's heart sank upon hearing this. Something had to have happened to Fia but he had not idea what was wrong with her.

Fia knew this about him. This was why she had helped him to differentiate the scents of flowers with him back then. Yet she seemed to have completely forgotten about it.

"Fia, promise me something."

Seeing his saddened face, Fia hurriedly nodded. "Sure. What do you want me to promise?" Conrad looked at her and said somberly, "Promise me that you'll never forget me."

Chapter 874

Fia was surprised to hear him saying that. "Forget you? How could I forget you? You've been in my heart for years."

Conrad thought she meant that they had known each other for a long time. He did not know. that she had feelings for him for years before they got married.

"Please promise me. Promise me you'll not forget me all your life."



Fia nodded. "Okay. I promise you."

Seeing that her emotions were stable, Conrad felt that this was a golden opportunity to suggest something.

"I'm not feeling well lately. So I need to go see a doctor. Would you kindly accompany me to

see him?"

"Sure." Fia held Conrad's arm worriedly, "How are you feeling now? Is it your stomach? It has to be your stomach! You always skip meals so it's always in bad shape. You should drink less alcohol from now on, okay?"

Conrad nodded and promised to avoid alcohol henceforth. He did not have the heart to remind her that he had been drinking less because of her.

On their way to see Marcus, Fia sat in the backseat as she hugged Conrad's arm and kept asking him if he needed help or a paper bag.

While driving, Silas could not help but feel responsible for what happened to Fia. She was doing well yesterday. Yet, suddenly, she lost her memory this morning. From the way she acted, it seemed as though she had reverted to when she and Conrad were newly married.

As the car parked at Marcus' home, Fia asked, puzzled, "Aren't we seeing a doctor? This isn't a hospital."

Conrad held her hands and patiently comforted her. "This doctor is a professional and is really good at his job. He's on a vacation so that's why he's at home right now."

Fia nodded. "I see. So that's why you've come here and see him. But wouldn't he be upset that you're disturbing him when he's on vacation? What if he doesn't treat you properly?"

"No, it's fine. He's a really kind doctor."

Conrad held Fia's hand and led her out of the car. Before entering the house, he ordered Silas to guard the entrance.

Marcus had just gotten out of bed and looked very drowsy. When he opened the door to greet them, Marcus could see that something was wrong the moment he made eye contact with Fia.

“Come in.” Marcus frowned before nodding his head, inviting them in. As they walked through the door, he kept his eyes on Fia, observing her.

This girl had gotten a lot worse since the last time they met. From the way she acted and behaved, things did not look good.

“Why is he staring at me?”

Fia hugged Conrad’s arm and tiptoed so she could whisper in his ear.

“He’s jealous that I have a wife who’s so young and beautiful,” Conrad said to her gently.

“Really?”

Fia felt glad hearing that. Although he had been treating her well after they got married, Conrad had never said something so sweet to her.

“Really.” Conrad gazed at her with his gentle, amber eyes.

It was then that Marcus brought a set of buckwheat tea to the living room.

“Here’s something to drink. Help yourself.”

Marcus took another glance at Fia before saying to Conrad, “I’m heading to the bathroom to wash my face. You wait for me in my study.”

“Sure.” Conrad served Fia a cup of tea before saying, “Fia, I’ll have him diagnose me. You have some tea and wait for me here.”

Nodding her head, Fia asked curiously, “Can’t I follow you? I’m your wife so I should be by your side when you’re not feeling well.”

“No. You can’t. It’s not... proper.”

“But why...?” Fia asked in a meek, timid tone. She was always like this. She was always so bubbly yet mousey in front of him.

Conrad could not help giving an even gentler gaze to comfort her. "You see. I don't want to ruin the image you have of me. I'm afraid that you might get disappointed when you see the frail and weak side of me."

Fia gave it some thought and nodded. Her husband was a prideful man so she should respect his decision the best she could.

"Okay. I'll wait for you here."

Patting her head, Conrad said, "If you feel tired, you can take a nap on the sofa."

## Chapter 875

"It's okay. You go see the doctor. Don't worry about me. I'm not a kid anymore," Fia said with a blush. It felt so sudden and uncomfortable for her to see Conrad treating her so gently and lovingly.

A short while after Conrad entered the study, Marcus brought in some milk and nuts as snacks. After drinking his milk, he lazed on the chair next to Conrad's, pulling a long face. He asked Conrad with a stern, serious glance, "So what happened?"

"Something happened last night. It had made her quite agitated, greatly affecting her emotions." After a pause, Conrad said, "I've done something behind her back. This morning, a friend she's very close with gave her a call. I think they had a fight."

Marcus nodded and asked, "And?"

"When I went back to the bedroom, she was sitting by the window, looking at the scenery outside. She seemed to have become overly innocent and naive, seemingly clueless about the ugly, bad things in the world. Not only that, her behavior and attitude had reverted to how it was when we just got married..."

Upon hearing this, Marcus' face turned sullen.

"Your wife's condition has worsened to a point beyond my estimation. She is not only seeing hallucinations but her memory is also being repressed at the moment."

"Why did this happen, doctor? She'd gotten better after your treatment."

Conrad could not handle the news Marcus had relayed to him. It was really weird too. Although her memory was repressed and inhibited, she was treating him very well. She seemed very joyful and healthy too.

Nonetheless, Conrad knew the risk of leaving her untreated. When it came to Fia's life and well-being, he could not afford to take any risk. It had frightened him when he saw her reach out of the window to "touch the scenery".

"Mr. Maxwell, mental disorder is not something we can easily treat in a day or two. The patient may look fine and healthy now but it's because she's repressing her demons. When the emotional trauma and stress become too unbearable, her psyche would undergo a massive breakdown, resulting in various adverse effects as a coping mechanism. Like Mrs. Maxwell's repressed memory. If left unmonitored and untreated, she will also be troubled by mood swings and severe hallucinations. In one instance, she will seem fine and happy but in the next she would become overly wary of people around her, thinking that everyone wants to harm her. If things get dire, she might even resort to committing suicide or murder."

After giving Conrad a lengthy, somber explanation, Marcus took a breather before continuing, "I suggest we admit her into a psychiatric hospital so she can receive full treatment."

Conrad glowered at Marcus and said, "She's not crazy! You have the ability to treat her. There's no need to send her to a mental asylum! I will not allow her to go through more torment!"

"You can pick any psychiatric hospital that you are comfortable with. I'll then work under their employment to treat her one-on-one."

Hearing this, Conrad furrowed his brows and gave it some thought before speaking.

"I still don't agree with this idea. I'm not sending her to a mental asylum. However, I can get a villa for you in our neighborhood so you can live nearby and treat her."

With a bitter smile, Marcus said, "Mrs. Maxwell's condition is quite unstable right now. She can lose control of herself at any time. She needs to be monitored twenty-four hours a day, round the clock."

Conrad frowned upon hearing that. He was not comfortable with letting an outsider live with them under the same roof.

Still, Marcus was a doctor. So he was willing to concede if he could make Fia better.

“Mr. White, if you don’t mind living in our unimpressive home, you could stay with us until Fia gets better.”

“Oh, you jest, Mr. Maxwell. How could the home of the great Conrad Maxwell be ‘unimpressive ‘?’” Marcus gave a sarcastic smile before saying, “You go downstairs and provide your wife some company. I need time to pack up my stuff.”

Returning to the living room, Conrad saw Fia sitting on the sofa and staring blankly at the space in front of her. He approached her and asked cautiously, “What’s wrong?”

“Oh, nothing.” Fia regained her clarity in an instant and beamed at him adorably. “It’s just I feel bored when you’re not around.”

Conrad cursed at himself for being so careless. He should have asked Sophia to come along so she would have some company.

“So what did the doctor say?” Fia meekly held Conrad’s hand and asked in concern. Her timid behavior was just like how she was when they got married three years ago.

Seeing her like this, Conrad felt bad for her. He now knew just how difficult it had been for her to handle and adjust to her new life back then. She was chosen as a replacement to marry a man who she did not love. The hurt and dejection she felt must have been so hard on her. No one knew how difficult she had it and she had no one to confide in. Not only that, she had to also bear with and entertain his temper, pacifying him every single day.

“It’s just a little difficult to treat. That’s all.” He held her hand as he knelt in front of her. “Fia, the doctor said that I have to undergo a long-term treatment. And we’ll need you, my wife, to cooperate with us too.”

Looking at his glittering, amber eyes, Fia nodded without hesitation. “I’ll give him my full cooperation.”

“To monitor my condition, the doctor will have to stay with us for some time. Are you okay with that?”

“He’ll live under the same roof as us?”

Fia did not understand why the doctor needed to stay with them. There were, after all, plenty of other villas in the neighborhood. Could he not stay in those villas and commute daily?

## Chapter 876

Seeing Fia being suspicious, Conrad patiently explained, “My condition requires twenty-four-hour monitoring by a licensed physician. So it’s much easier for him to treat me if he stays with us.

Learning the reason for needing a live-in doctor, Fia’s eyes shone and she said, “I see. Okay, I’m fine with that. It’s for my husband’s health after all.”

Still, Marcus was not someone who knew courtesy and manners. When they reached their villa, Conrad asked Silas to prepare the guest room for the doctor but Marcus took interest in the cottages behind the villa. He pointed at one of the cottages and said, “I’ll live in that one.

Fia stared at Marcus in surprise and disbelief. Not wanting to keep the doctor in the dark, Silas smiled at Marcus politely, “Mr. White, that’s the accommodation for the housekeepers and bodyguards.”

However, Marcus responded with a bright smile, “Oh, don’t you worry about me. I only need a place to stay.”

Despite not understanding, Marcus’ decision, Conrad conceded and ordered Silas, “Silas, go tidy up a cottage with Mrs. Whitley for the doctor.”

“Yes, sir.”

Having received his orders, Silas took the luggage off Marcus’ hands and hurried to find his mother. However, a brief moment later, he came rushing back and said awkwardly, “My mom told me that there’s no vacant cottages left. Well... there were two vacant ones but they’re now used as storehouses. Mr. White, perhaps you might find staying in the guest room in the villa more to your liking.”

“Naw, it’s fine. I’ll take one of the storehouses then.”

Silas cautiously turned and looked at Conrad, waiting for his decision.

Conrad nodded and said, “Just provide Mr. White the place he wants.”

Seeing this, Fia added, “Get more people to help move out the stuff in the storehouse and clean up the place. Make sure Mr. White’s accommodation is clean and comfortable.”

“Yes, sir! Yes, madam!”

Silas hurried back into the villa to get help. A moment later, Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Whitley came to help clean the storehouse. The bodyguards were ordered to help move the stuff inside.

Glancing at the bodyguards, Marcus joked cynically, “Mr. Maxwell has a really tight home security. Quite impressive.”

Looking at the bodyguards, Fia pulled Conrad’s sleeve and whispered, “I’ve been meaning to ask... Why do we have so many security guards in the house all a sudden?”

Conrad felt a pang of hurt in his chest upon hearing that. Back then, there were no security guards in their home. Fia had only Mrs. Taylor as her company in the whole house. It must have been very lonely for her.

“And... this villa isn’t the one we lived in, is it?” Fia frowned and pointed at a villa nearby. That one. It should be that one. That one’s our home.”

Conrad hugged her and smiled. “It’s okay. They’re all the same. Besides, we can afford to live anywhere we like.”

Despite still being uncomfortable with all the sudden changes, Fia was overjoyed to see

Conrad hugging her with such care and love. So she allowed him to escort her into the villa, still in his embrace.

At lunch time, Marcus was not willing to have his meal at the same table as Conrad and Fia. He did not want the treatment of a guest. Instead, he went to the backyard to have lunch with Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Whitley, and the bodyguards.

Due to him not behaving haughtily and snobbishly around them, the housekeepers and bodyguards got along with Marcus rather quickly at lunch. Nonetheless, they were still shocked by his enormous appetite for food. His hunger was not satiated until he ate three people's worth of meals.

After lunch, Conrad escorted Fia to the master bedroom for some rest. Silas stood by at the door. When he saw his boss coming over, he hurried to him, "Sir, I've done what you asked."

Conrad nodded and asked, "So, found anything peculiar?"

Silas shook his head and said, "No, sir. I've rummaged through his luggage thoroughly. There's nothing dangerous there. He only brought a few sets of clothes and some books about psychology. Oh, he has a wooden box that contains some perfume and incense. There's also a chain-like equipment that could be used for hypnosis."

Conrad recalled Marcus' suggestion when he heard the word "hypnosis". He wondered if Fiat could still go through hypnotic treatment now.

"Silas, has Peter confessed anything about Esme?"

Silas made a conflicted face and said, "Peter Hall is still mentally wounded and in a provoked state. He locks himself in his room and smashes things everywhere in the house. I've had Tiger infiltrate the Hall's home to force a confession out of him but we've had no luck. He refuses to say anything about Esine Manning."

Conrad smirked. "Heh, so he loves her so much? To the point of such loyalty? But is it worth it though?"

—

"Silas had nothing to say about it.

Overwhelmed by frustration, Conrad asked again, "Has Director Parker uncovered anything yet?"

Chapter 877

"Miss Thomas keeps saying you kidnapped her because you saw her sex appeal and thus intended to keep her as..."



Silas did not dare to complete the sentence. This woman was so shameless.

“You go meet her and tell her to tell the truth to the public if she wants her freedom again!” Conrad was more worried about Fia’s mental health at the moment. He had no time to play games with unimportant people in his life.

After hesitating for two seconds, Silas said cautiously, “Miss Thomas said she could help with clearing your name by telling the truth to the public. But...”

“But what?!”

“She wants you to treat her to a meal and have it together. A date, if you will.” Silas’ voice was as soft as a mosquito, feeling perturbed at his boss’s upcoming temper.

And as expected, Conrad was angry upon hearing it. “What a shameless sl’t!”

“Sir, do you believe that she’s actually Esme Manning now?”

“I was not sure at first. Yet, I’m now convinced that she is indeed Esme after she set me up at the apartment!” Conrad’s words were cold and he sounded livid.

Silas could not help being curious so he asked, “Sir, if you don’t mind me asking... do really not have feelings for Ms. Manning anymore?”

you

Conrad glared at Silas. “Then do you mind me asking if you still have your brain in your skull?”

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His brain was still there so Silas could see that his boss indeed had no feelings for Esme at the moment. Still, Silas could not figure out just what the deal was between him and Esme.

If he really did not love her at all, then why would he insist on divorcing Fia right after Esme came back from overseas? Let’s say he did really love her in the past... Why did he heartlessly. send her to prison?

This whole thing was so convoluted that Silas felt dizzy just from thinking about it.

“Why are you still standing here? Go!” Conrad was cross with Silas. Just what was wrong with this man? He had been working by his side for so many years and yet he did not seem to understand him at all.

Silas, shuddering from being roared at by his boss, asked anxiously, “So what should we do with Britney Thomas?”

“I will never treat her to a date! If she wants to be confined there all her life then so be it! We’ll see who has the last laugh!”

“Yes, sir...” Afraid of triggering his boss’s anger again, Silas quickly turned and fled. Yet, when he reached the corner nearby, he was shocked to see Fia standing there. “Madam, you...”

Seemingly at a loss, Fia stared at him. “What were you talking about?”

“No...! Nothing...!” Silas answered, sweating profusely. He did not know just how much she

had heard.

2/2

“Who is this Britney Thomas?”

Fia did not dare to touch on the topic about Conrad’s feelings for Esme. Deep inside, she felt that it was quite normal for Conrad to still have feelings for Esme because of their sudden separation when she went overseas. So she did not think she had the right to ask or talk about

However, “Britney Thomas” was someone outside of their circle and personal history. So, as Conrad Maxwell’s wife, Fia had the right to probe about this woman.

She did not personally know Britney Thomas. It was quite likely that Conrad became acquainted with this woman after their marriage.

Silas knew that Fia had been suffering from repressed memories since this morning. Yet, he was not prepared for this at all. What should he say to her? What should he not say to her? Silas did not have a clue at all!

“You go handle your task. Go!”

Conrad marched to them and ordered Silas to resume his task before holding Fia's hand. Having trouble sleeping?"

Staring at Conrad, Fia could not help feeling something was obviously off. After getting married, Conrad had always been kind and courteous to her. However, he was never this gentle and loving.

Something was not right. It had to be! Could it be that this had something to do with Britney. Thomas?

"Fia?" Conrad caressed her hand and asked, "Why the silence? Don't tell me you're in a trance just from standing here."

"No, I'm not in a trance. I'm just thinking about something."

"What's on your mind?" Conrad looked anxious, worried that she had regained her memory but was too heartbroken to tell him.

Marcus had told him that extra care was needed to make sure that Fia did not experience unnecessary stress so her condition would not worsen.

"Nothing."

After staring at Conrad for a few seconds, Fia shook her head. However, it was clear she was troubled by something but reluctant to tell him.

Conrad tightened his grip when he felt that she was trying to pull her hand away. "We are husband and wife. If there's something troubling you, please do tell me."

Encouraged by his words, Fia mustered up her courage and asked, "Who is Britney Thomas?"

"

—

"

Conrad furrowed his brows upon hearing this question. He did not know how to relay the answer to her. After all, she was experiencing a memory disorder at the moment so he was not sure if it was a wise thing to tell her everything.

## Chapter 878

Fia thought Conrad's frown was a sign that he did not want her to probe into this matter.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have asked." She lowered her head and tried to pull her hand out of his grasp.

Gripping his empty fist, Conrad said to Fia with a heavy heart, "Fia, what you're feeling now isn't right."

"Then what is right?" Fia raised her head and looked at him with a glint of hope in her

eyes.

Not wanting her to feel insecure, Conrad patted her head gently and said, "You're feeling tired recently. So you've forgotten something."

Furrowing her brows, Fia lightly shoved his hand away and pouted. "Do I look like an idiot to you?"

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Conrad looked at her bitterly and said, "See? You wouldn't believe a word I said."

Fia was stunned hearing that. She had a weird feeling that she had heard him say this before. Still... Although they were newly married and he had been treating her courteously, there was no need for him to speak to her so humbly.

Conrad stepped toward her, pressing his body against hers. This surprised Fia and made her take a few steps backward, distancing herself from him.

Seeing this, Conrad circled his arm around her waist and pulled her closer, not letting her

escape.

"Fia, don't move around too much. You're bearing our twin babies."

Widening her eyes, Fia yelled in surprise, "No, it's not possible!"

“I can bring you to the hospital to have a checkup if you want.”

“No, I’m not going!”

Fia glared at him and said, “Conrad, this joke isn’t funny, you know?”

She pushed him aside and said in a tired tone, “I’ll head to the bedroom to take a nap.”

Conrad stood there and watched her stepping away, feeling utterly doleful and dejected. He did not know what to do with her... Still, there was a hint as to how she became like this. It had something to do with Sally. So he decided to visit the Halls.

After asking Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Whitley to keep an eye on Fia on the first floor, Conrad ordered Sophia to stand guard at the entrance on the ground floor too for safety measures. He even told her to accompany Fia if she wanted to leave the villa.

After making sure everything was in order at home, Conrad drove to the Halls’ home. Sally was coming downstairs when her mother told her someone was looking for her at the door. Mrs. Hall pulled her aside and asked cautiously, “You know the CEO of Maxwell Corporation?”

“Mom, his wife is my patient.”

Nodding her head, Mrs Hall said hesitantly, “Sally, it’s not that I don’t believe you. It’s just that this man doesn’t look like a good man Promise me you won’t pursue him, no matter how perfect a man he seems, okay

Sally shook her head and smiled bitterly before patting her mother’s arm.

“Mom, don’t worry I’m your daughter, remember? I will never do anything immoral!”

“Good” Mrs Hall felt relieved hearing this. Seeing that her daughter was not going to get herself into trouble, she brought Sally to meet Conrad.

As soon as he saw Sally walk out the door, Conrad hurried forward and said, “Doctor Sally, I need your help. Something happened to Fla.”

Sally frowned as she felt a pang of pain in her heart.

“What did you do to my brother?”

“Doctor Sally, what your brother did has nothing to do with you,” Conrad said to her coldly.

“But he’s my brother” Sally replied sadly, “I know he’s in the wrong for hurting Fia and you’ve got the right to seek revenge against him. But I also have the right to stand by my family’s side”

Conrad frowned and asked, “So you mean to say that you’re not going to help Fia?”

Deepening her frown, Sally looked away and said, “Mr. Maxwell, I’m no saint. My brother has been in bad shape in the past few days He doesn’t eat and drink, locking himself in his room all day Everyone in the family is worried for him. You can’t possibly ask me to help your wife after all you’ve done to my brother!”

She then looked at him with a stern face “She’s not just Fia. She’s your wife, Mr. Maxwell.”

Staying silent for a few seconds, Conrad decided to not waste time and briefed her about Fia’s condition and left, not intending to force her to help.

As Conrad’s words echoed in her mind, Sally stood at the gate dumbfounded. Now all she could think about was the frail, fragile Fla... who wanted to jump off a window and now had repressed memories.

The more she thought about her, the more Sally felt bad for her. She really liked that poor girl. Poor Fla... She genuinely wanted her to live a good life, free from all the untoward things that came her way.

Why...? Why did she have to go through this? How did it come to this?!

Chapter 879

“Where are you going, madam?” When Sophia saw Fia walking downstairs, she quickly walked over and asked her.

Fia looked at Sophia, confused. “Who are you?”

Although Sophia had heard from Silas about her losing her memories, when she suddenly had to face it herself, she still found it hard to accept.

"I'm Sophia Bennett. Sir asked me to watch over you."

Fia looked at Sophia for a moment before shaking her head. She then placed her hand on her chest. "I'm not feeling well."

"Where?" Sophia asked nervously and scanned her. "The chest?"

"Yes, a little. It feels like I'm being pricked by needles," Fia said.

Sophia anxiously called Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Whitley over and told them about it. The two of them exchanged a glance and then said in unison, "Give Doctor Sally a call."

"Who's Doctor Sally?" Fia became even more confused.

Why was she surrounded by people that she didn't know at all? She only knew Mrs. Taylor"

"Mrs. Taylor, Conrad told me that I've forgotten some things. Is that true?" Fia grabbed Mrs. Taylor's hand as helplessness and anxiety filled her eyes.

Mrs. Taylor grabbed her hands with agony in her eyes. "Don't you worry, madam. Master Maxwell's feelings toward you are genuine. He won't let you get hurt."

Fia was speechless as she looked at her in surprise. Her memories stopped at their wedding. What Mrs. Taylor said made her feel like the world had been turned upside down.

In her memories, the person Conrad loved was Esme. Esme went overseas, caring little about their relationship. Grandpa Maxwell and her grandma were enraged, which led to Conrad and her marriage.

While she married him with expectation and anticipation, she was careful. She didn't dare to hope for him to fall for her immediately.

She hoped that he could really fall for her in time.

"It's all true, madam," Mrs. Taylor said as she held her hands tightly. "The reason that felt chest pain is because you have a nodule there. It's also because you're pregnant.

Fia shook her head, feeling that the entire world had gone crazy.

She pulled her hand back and anxiously covered her eyes.

“Am I dreaming? Or am I hallucinating?”

She took a step back. “Or maybe I’ve gone mad?”

“Why does everything you just said sound so unusual?!”

you

Her emotions burst forth, making her feel like everyone around her were liars!  
All their faces

became twisted and terrifying.

“Don’t come near me!” she yelled at Sophia.

Sophia stopped, raising her hands. “Madam, I won’t hurt you.”

“Don’t come near me!” Fia roared like a wounded lioness, her eyes filled with terror.

Marcus ran over from the backyard and said with a serious expression on his face, “Make some space. Don’t make her feel pressured. Go!”

The people around her spread out, giving her as much space as possible.

Fia then looked at Marcus. “You’re his doctor?”

Marcus nodded. “Yes. Where do you feel unwell? You can tell me.”

Fia shook her head, feeling embarrassed. She was feeling pain in her chest area... How could she show it to a man?

“Mrs. Maxwell,” Marcus said as he licked his lips. “I have some wood fragrance that can calm you down. Do you want to give it a try?”

He then took out a small box of fragrance from his wide sleeve.

When the box was opened, they could see that all of the fragrances inside had different colors. and patterns.



Fia was instantly attracted to it, her eyes staring at the fragrance sticks in his hand numbly. She then weakly asked, "Can you give them all to me?"

Marcus's expression softened. "Of course."

Fia instantly felt comfortable with the long-haired man that looked like he was from another

era.

"Can you tell me about Conrad's sickness?"

"Of course," Marcus said gently. "I'm quite free right now. Let's take a seat and have some tea. I can tell you all about it."

Chapter 880

"Mrs. Taylor!" Fia felt like she had found succor at the final moment. "Prepare some tea."

"Of course!" Mrs. Taylor let out a sigh of relief and dragged Mrs. Whitley along to prepare the

tea

Marcus pointed at the sofa. "Shall we chat while we sit over there?"

Fia nodded. She thought to herself that, as Conrad's wife and the mistress of this home, she needed to have the grace of one.

She then led the way. "Have a seat, doctor."

She waited for Marcus to take his seat first before she did, as a form of courtesy.

Marcus looked at her, his heart grim.

For a young woman like this to live like an old woman... He wondered how much pressure she was under and how much pain she had taken before becoming, someone like this.

"You can begin, doctor," Fia said to Marcus with a smile, but her eyes were filled with anxiety.

Marcus said with a smile, "You must have been quite the peculiar girl in the past, aren't you?"

Fia was slightly taken back. "What does that have to do with Conrad's illness?"

"Mr. Maxwell is someone very firm and detached now." Marcus didn't know what kind of a person Conrad was, so he could only describe the now.

Fia nodded. "What does this have to do with his illness?"

"The reason that Mr. Maxwell's stomach is ill is linked to his feelings. When he doesn't feel happy, it makes his stomach feel pain. That was how he got his illness," Marcus said earnestly, and Fia was listening to him attentively.

The atmosphere became serious for a few seconds before Marcus gave Fia the sign that she could ask questions. "Are you saying that if I'm happy, I can make him happy too? Then, could his stomach get better?"

"That's what I meant," Marcus said.

Fia lowered her eyes and asked, "Why do you think that I was a peculiar girl in the past?"

"Your eyes are filled with innocence. Someone like this is usually quite quirky when they're little. However, they're then forced to hide their true personality because of their experiences later on," Marcus said slowly.

Fia said with a smile, "Is that so?"

Marcus sighed. When he saw Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Whitley coming with the tea, he stopped her from pouring any for him. Instead, he picked up the teapot and poured a cup for himself.

He gave the steaming tea a blow and then took two sips before saying, "Your emotions are important, Mrs. Maxwell. You cannot be too restless or have a breakdown. It won't be good for him and you."

Fia thought about how she almost broke down just now and then asked Marcus, "Have I really

forgotten something?"

“To be honest, it doesn’t matter whether you’ve forgotten anything. What’s most important right now is your attitude toward life,” Marcus said and then paused. “Sometimes, you forget things because they make you feel uncomfortable. You choose to run not because you want to desert, but because you are protecting yourself.”

Fia stared at Marcus, feeling that what he said was extremely offensive.

No one had ever said something like that to her, not even her mom and grandma.

“Mrs. Taylor!” she cried out anxiously.

Mrs. Taylor walked over and asked, “What do you need, madam?”

“Go and get my phone upstairs. I want to give my mom a call. I want to invite her and Grandma over. It has been a long while since I met them, and I miss them a lot.”

Everyone could only watch, not sure how to react.

Marcus knew from what Conrad told him earlier that Fia’s mother and grandmother had both passed away.

“What is it?” Fia noticed that things were becoming quite strange. “Did something happen?” “No. It’s nothing.” It was heart wrenching for Mrs. Taylor. She had served Fia closely ever since she married into the household.

Fia had never shown a hint of arrogance. She was both warm and compassionate. How could someone like her end up like this?

“You’re all lying!” Fia was getting emotional again and she quickly ran upstairs. She took her phone and called her mother’s number. However, what came was a cold voice. “I’m sorry. The number you dialed is not in service.”

She was becoming extremely anxious. Even her grandmother’s number was not in service. She had no choice but to call her Uncle Wallace’s number.

“Hello? Fia?”

When she heard her uncle’s voice, Fia immediately broke down. She cried, “Uncle Wallace!”

Wallace was shocked. “What happened, Fia?”

“Where’s my mom? Where’s Grandma? Why are their numbers not in service?!” Fia cried, like a child being abandoned by her parents.