

Read Stop It She's Remarrying by Stellar Strands

Chapter 931-940

Chapter 931

"She's in her room upstairs."

The maid did not stop him from going upstairs. She did not suspect anything since it was known that Mr. and Mrs. Hall approved of Peter and Britney's union in marriage. They were even discussing the exact date for their wedding! So, to the maid, Peter's anxiousness was actually his eagerness to meet his fiancée.

Peter hurried upstairs and knocked on Britney's door. When the door opened, Esme asked in a daze, seemingly surprised to see him here, "Oh, Peter? Why're you here?"

"Heh!" Peter smirked before pushing her back into the room, choking her with a hand.

Shocked and dejected, Esme tried to fight back and break free. However, Peter was too strong. In less than a minute, he had pushed her into the bathroom and pressed her head onto the sink.

"You b*tch! Why did you send those to my sister?!"

"What... What do you mean?" Esme asked as she struggled to break free from Peter's grasp.

Peter turned the tap and began drenching her head. "I didn't tell you all my secrets for you to betray me! Have you forgotten who you really are? Do you think you can risk getting yourself exposed?!"

"I don't know what you're talking about! I did not do anything!" Esme gave a pathetic look, trying to plead to Peter.

"You can stop your act right now! Hmph! Always acting innocent, again and again! Don't think your trick will work on me this time!" Peter glared at her hatefully as he dunked her

head into the water.

Esme tried her darndest to push him away yet she was too weak to do so. Instead, she was dunked into the water even more harshly. Even though his left arm was injured, Peter could still physically overpower her!

“I shouldn’t have saved you! Shouldn’t have given you a chance at all!” Peter kept dunking her head into the sink in anger. Esme’s struggling got weaker, appearing to be on the verge of drowning.

“Miss Britney, Miss Barbara is home!”

Suddenly, the maid ran upstairs, calling out to Britney happily. When she opened the door, she screeched in horror, “Mr. Hall, what are you doing?!”

Barbara entered the room as well. She frowned the moment she saw what was happening in the bathroom.

Without hesitation, Barbara rushed forward and grabbed Peter’s left hand.

“Calm down!”

Feeling a piercing pain in his left arm, Peter let go of Esme, who fell to the floor gasping for

air.

Looking at these two, Barbara felt very conflicted. The maid crept over, still frightened by

what she saw earlier, and stood next to Barbara. She was very impressed with Barbara’s wit and courage. Had she not been quick on her feet, Britney would have drowned.

Worried that Barbara would blame her for not helping Britney, the maid scolded Peter. “Mr. Hall! How could you do something like this? If there’s any misunderstanding, you should talk it out like adults. You shouldn’t resort to violence!”

“Hehe!” Peter let out a smirk, ready with a comeback. However, he was stunned when he saw the person stepping through the door.

She was wearing a long, black dress with a black, gold-trimmed coat. Under a jet black cap, her long, silky black hair waved against the breeze as she

stepped closer. She had a black face mask. on so he could not see her face under the cap.

From head to toe, the woman was clad in a black outfit, making her look like a blurry shadow.

Despite not being able to see her face, she reminded him of her that innocent, bubbly girl.... Could she be her? But that girl had always hated black... Besides, not many women loved wearing a completely black outfit nowadays.

Noticing Peter's stare, Barbara turned and saw the girl in black. Her frown dissipated into a loving yet sympathetic smile as she walked to her.

"Are you tired? Let's find a place for you to rest, alright?"

The girl in black took a glance into the bathroom before pressing down her cap. Under her cap and face mask, it was clear as day her face had turned pale when she saw the wench in the bathroom.

Without saying a word, she turned to leave the room.

Chapter 932

Hurt, Peter rushed to the girl and asked, "Who are you?!"

She stopped, still not facing or talking to him. Suppressing her anger, Barbara glared at Peter. What do you want now? After almost choking my sister to death, you're going to hurt my friend too?!"

"Who is she?" Peter asked again as he stared at the girl. He wanted to take off her mask so badly. He had an urge to see her face.

cap and Barbara shielded the girl behind her, intending to protect her from Peter. She had made up her mind. If this jerk dared to come closer, she would break his left arm right there and then!

"My friend has no obligation to entertain you, Peter Hall!" Barbara said as she clenched her teeth. Her hatred for this man was so intense that she could hardly hold it in.

Suddenly, the girl tapped on Barbara's hand before taking off her cap. Peter's irises shrunk and he took a few steps back.

“Didn’t you want to see how I look, mister?” the girl said.

A deep, long scar could be seen on the girl’s face, sliced across one of her eyes. It was clear that the eye was hurt to the point of deforming the eyelid. Yet, it was unclear if the eye was blind from the injury.

“Do you want a clearer view?”

Upon saying that, the girl took off her mask, showing her face to everyone in the room. She even flicked her hair.

The maid was so shocked that she had to cover her mouth to stop herself from screaming. Barbara’s friend had such an ugly face!

Peter widened his eyes as though he was trying to find something from the girl’s face. Yet, there was nothing for him to uncover.

The girl’s nose and mouth were deformed from an injury. There was a horrible burn from the chin to neck, making her already disfigured face even harder to look at.

“Did I scare you, mister?” The girl smiled, yet it made her face look even uglier.

“I met with some misfortune a while back. Someone sliced my face with a blade and poured acid.”

Peter’s eyes began welling with tears as he stared at her. Seeing this, the girl shoved Barbara’s hand away and walked to him.

“Why did you chase after me, mister? What do you want to do to me?”

Still staring at her, Peter was speechless. Her voice sounded hoarse and strained as she maintained her scary smile. “I have a habit of hiding my face when I go outdoors. Some people think I’m a beautiful babe so they flirt with me. When I showed them my face, they were so frightened that they fled right away!”

Peter continued staring at her silently with his red, teary eyes.

“I suppose you’ve seen enough.” She flicked her hair to the back, revealing even more burned skin below the neck.

Unable to let this go on, Barbara hugged the girl. "Please stop. This is all temporary. We will definitely find a way to recover your looks."

Peter gulped and asked, "Is there anything I could help you with?"

"Hahaha!" The girl burst into laughter. Her voice was so hoarse that it was hard on the ears. It was clear that the acid also damaged her vocal cords aside from burning her skin.

Yet, this man asked if he could help her? What a joke.

"Forget I said anything." Peter had not experienced such humiliation in a long time. This time, he was not just humiliated. He felt helpless too. He immediately left.

Still hugging the girl, Barbara said, "You must be tired from the long journey. I'll show you to a room where you can get some rest."

"Sure." The girl put her mask back on while Barbara helped her put the black cap before combing her hair back to the front to veil her neck.

back on "Barbara!" Esme stumbled out of the bathroom and said anxiously, "Peter has gone mad! He almost killed me just now!"

Glaring at the wench who wore her sister's face, Barbara said coldly, "Then you should thank me for coming back home just in time to save you!"

Esme stared at Barbara in a daze, not understanding what she did to upset her.

The girl in black tapped on Barbara's hand, silently signaling her to not lose her cool.

Chapter 933

Taking a deep breath, Barbara said, "I mean, you know very well he never loved you. Yet, why do you insist on marrying him? Did you use some underhanded means to force him to marry you?"

"No... I didn't..." Esme stuttered as she tried to explain.

Barbara continued scolding her sternly, "You shouldn't have gotten near him! Although he seems like a nice guy, Peter survived and recovered from that

incident that happened to the Halls. He's more than he lets on! If forced to a corner, he would get mad and resort to extreme measures to get what he wants!"

Esme stared at Barbara speechlessly. Barbara loved her sister a great deal, did she not? Then why did she not seem bothered when she saw that she was almost choked to death? She even scolded her. Why?

"Sigh. Forget it. You're blinded by love so you won't listen anyway." Barbara suppressed her anger and hatred for Peter and Esme, and said to the maid, "Send Britney to the hospital for a checkup."

"Yes, Miss Barbara." The maid obliged with the order.

Staring at the girl in black, Esme asked, "Barbara, who is this girl?"

"She's a friend of mine. Misfortune befell her a while ago so I brought her along on my vacation to find a doctor to help her."

"I see."

The girl in black noticed that Esme was staring at her. So, she flicked her hair to the back and revealed her burned skin.

A hint of disgust flashed in Esme's eyes when she saw it. She thought, 'How could Barbara befriend someone this ugly? I thought she had good taste from her rich life experience! Why did she befriend this monster? Is she trying to be a saint or something?'

The next morning, Fia lied on the bed and stared at the ceiling after breakfast while Conrad resumed his work next to her.

A knock came. When the door opened, it was revealed to be Sally, who pushed a cart of tools into the private ward.

"Remain on the bed, Fia. I'm here to change your bandages."

Fia stared at Sally as she lied on the bed. When their eyes met, Sally gave her a bitter smile and asked, "Why are you staring at me?"

"Are you alright?" Fia asked. She had trouble sleeping last night.

Opening up her bandages, Sally said to her while observing her wound, "Still doing fine."

Letting out a sigh of relief, Fia lightly pulled on her clothes and whispered, "I'm sorry, Sally." Sally shook her head and replied, "Don't say that."

Conrad put his document aside and took a good look at them.

Lightly pressing on the wound, Sally asked, "Does it hurt?"

"It does."

"Does it hurt as much as yesterday?"

"Not as much."

"Good." Sally finished bandaging Fia's wound before looking at Conrad.

"Mr. Maxwell, would you kindly purchase a medicine for me? The name of the medicine is..."

"Sure."

Conrad nodded without hesitation.

After sending Conrad away, Sally looked at Fia and frowned. "Did you send those documents to me behind his back?"

"Yes, I did."

Fia admitted right away, not wanting to hide anything from her.

Sally continued, "Are you trying to get back at the fake Britney behind Conrad's back?" "Not really."

Fia seemed conflicted when answering that question.

"Is your husband that untrustworthy to you?" Sally was worried that Fia would do something rash. "Although my brother had indeed done a lot of heinous things in the past, I believe there's still some good in him. Without his sacrifice, me and my parents wouldn't be living as comfortably as we do today."

Furrowing her brows, Fia recalled just how evil and cruel Peter was to her.

“I suppose there’s always two sides to a person.”

“Fia, I know Conrad cares a lot about you. You can always talk to him if you need something done.”

Fia kept silent as she lowered her gaze.

Sally continued, “If the fake Britney really is Esme Manning, then she’s not a foe to be taken lightly. She’s able to even play my brother like a toy. This shows just how cunning and resourceful she is.”

Chapter 934

After Sally left the room, Fia silently laughed as she lay on her bed.

Every scheme that Esme plotted was all directed at her and her alone. She had enough of all this! But she could not rely on Conrad to deal with her. He had a tendency of being fickle and indecisive when it came to dealing with Esme. So it would be better if she handled this all on her own.

When Sally was near her office, Conrad appeared and stopped her in her path. He presented her the medicine that he purchased and asked, “What did you and Fia talk about earlier?”

..” Sally was still deciding if she should tell Conrad.

“Was it about your brother?” Conrad asked.

Looking at the medicine in his hand, Sally said, “The medicine will help facilitate the healing of Fia’s wound. After we remove the bandages tomorrow, all that’s left is to spray the medicine on her wound.”

As he put the medicine into his pocket, Conrad continued probing, “What were you and Fia planning?”

“Nothing.” Sally decided to respect Fia’s decision and not tell him.

Furrowing his brows, Conrad asked, “How’s Peter and Britney lately?”

"I don't have any information about my brother's recent activities." Sally still held a grudge against Conrad for breaking her brother's arm and not allowing any use of anesthetic during his surgery.

"Doctor Sally." Conrad said, "If it weren't for the friendship between you and Fia, if Peter Hall weren't your brother, I would do more than just break one of his arms."

Sally raised her gaze and met Conrad's cold, menacing glare. A chill ran down her spine when she saw anger steaming out from his seemingly cold and indifferent eyes.

"Do take care, Doctor Sally." Conrad turned and left after finishing his words.

Sally was livid seeing just how proud and snobbish the man was. Could he not at least learn to act a bit friendlier to others?

"Sally!"

Suddenly, she heard a familiar voice call out to her. Sally turned and saw Barbara with a girl in black approaching her.

That girl wore a cap and mask. Despite that, she could see the girl's sickly, pale complexion. "Barbara! When did you come back?"

"Yesterday." Barbara brought the girl in black to her and asked, "Are you busy?"

"A little but I can manage." Sally looked at the girl curiously, "And who is this?"

"A friend. She got into... an accident recently so I brought her to see a doctor," Barbara said.

"Oh, which specialist? I can introduce you."

A conflicted look crept on Barbara's face. "Can we talk? In your office, privately."

"Sure." Sally led them into her office warmly. After making sure they had their seats, she served them her favorite tea.

"Have some tea first. I'll be right back after I finish examining some documents."

“Okay.”

After handling a few documents at her desk, Sally asked Barbara, worried that they might have lost patience from waiting, “So which specialist do you want to see, Barbara?”

Biting her lips, Barbara determined that Sally could be trusted since, unlike her wicked brother, she was as kind as an angel.

“My friend’s identity is a peculiar subject to some. So I hope that news about her getting treatment remains a secret.

Hearing this, Sally put the documents away and switched off her computer’s monitor before. Staring at Barbara, puzzled “Shouldn’t we call the police?”

Barbara was surprised to hear this.

Fearing her friend would misunderstand, Sally added, “I understand that there’s never an easy solution when it comes to a couple’s squabble. But the man had resorted to violence, hadn’t he? So it’s only fair for us to help her seek protection from the justice system.”

A bitter smile crept onto Barbara’s face. Poor Sally... If she knew the truth, she would not have suggested calling the police so easily.

“Barbara, I want to have a chat with Doctor Sally privately.” Suddenly a hoarse voice interrupted them. It belonged to the girl in black.

Knowing that Sally would not harm the girl, Barbara nodded and walked out the door.

Sally quickly sat next to the girl, intending to lend her an ear. She felt bad for her. She must have gone through many episodes of domestic violence. This was probably why she had to cover herself fully in black clothes to not show her injury.

“Don’t worry.

I know a few really good psychiatrists. If you need therapy, I can introduce you.”

Chapter 935

“Nothing’s wrong with me mentally,” the girl said coldly.

eye.

Staring at the girl, Sally could only see part of her clear, starry iris due to the injury on her

“You’re a strong girl. I know another girl who’s as strong as you. In fact, you two are about the same age. She...”

“Doctor Sally, I’m not interested in making new friends.”

The girl interrupted her with her hoarse voice.

Sally was stunned momentarily before continuing on awkwardly, “So which specialist are you looking for? I know a few doctors who are really good at what they do. I can introduce you.”

The girl flicked her hair to the back, revealing her burned skin.

“I need a doctor who can help me recover my looks.”

Sally sympathized with her when she saw her burned skin.

“You’ll need a skin transplant.”

She tried to not show too much sympathy when saying it, worried that it would trigger the girl.

“Yes. I need a skin transplant.”

“Do you intend to transplant the skin from some parts of your body or from a volunteer?”

The girl smiled. “From a volunteer, of course.”

The girl then said, “Even if I transplant the skin from other parts of my body, it would still leave a huge scar. If that’s the case, I’d rather not go through with it.”

Sally was at a loss for words hearing that.

“Doctor Sally, could you help me find a volunteer?” the girl asked.

After pondering for a moment, Sally said, "It'll be quite difficult to find one. Usually, it's easier to get a relative to volunteer. Still, we must check and see if it's a match."

"What if I pay?" The girl asked again, "If I have the money, I could buy someone's skin, right?"

Sally was tongue-tied yet again.

"You're a doctor so you definitely know a lot of people. Would you kindly put out the word for me? As long as they volunteer to transplant their skin, they can name the price."

Sally gulped as she stared at the girl with a heavy heart. Indeed, trades like this were not unheard of. However, she was not comfortable with it.

"I heard from Barbara that you've got a brother. He's really good at science and medicine. He even invented some peculiarly effective medicines. Perhaps he could help me too."

Staring at the girl, Sally could sense a faint, weird familiarity in her.

"It's okay. If it's a bother, just forget what I said." The girl stood up after saying this.

Raising her gaze, Sally's eyes met with the girl's. One of her eyes was gray and blurred due to a

scar across it.

"You..."

Sensing Sally's gaze, the girl pressed down her cap to hide her eyes. However, it was too late. Memories of a certain girl flashed in Sally's mind when she saw her eye.

In an instant, Sally stood up and grasped her hand. "Who are you?"

The girl responded with a heavy tone, "Me? I'm just a person who lost her home."

Sally was alarmed when she heard this.

“How did you lose your home?”

“I fell for the wrong man. He hurt me... pushed me into despair.”

“Are you two married?” Sally asked, trying her best to not think about thoughts that should never cross her mind.

If the girl said she was married, then she could rule out that she was “that” girl.

“In a way, yes,” the girl said.

Letting out a sigh of relief, Sally said, “Don’t be afraid. If your husband had hurt you, you have every right to call the cops on him. I’m sure every attorney in the country would be on your side.”

“Perhaps.” The girl pulled away from Sally’s hand and walked out the door.

Sally could only silently stare at the girl stepping away. This girl... She looked so weak and frail that the tiniest breeze could probably knock her out.

Chapter 936

Sally frowned as she saw the girl leave her office. Somehow, she reminded her of Britney in her youth.

“Done talking?” Barbara was waiting in front of Sally’s office. When she saw the girl walk out the door, she went up to her and held her hand.

“Yes.”

“So, how was it?”

“Sally isn’t the way out we need.”

Hearing this, Barbara frowned, frustrated. “Then what should we do? We can’t take on that wretched pair by ourselves!”

“It’s okay. There’s bound to be other ways.”

It was then that Barbara recalled that Fia was hospitalized here as well. So, she led the girl all the way to Fia’s private ward. When they were at the door, Barbara said to the girl, “I’m here to see a friend.”

The girl raised her head and stared at the door, thinking about the recent events and the people involved. A flicker of hope flashed in her eyes, "Okay. I'll wait for you out here."

Glancing at her, Barbara said, "You could come with me and visit her together. They're good people. Besides..."

"No, it's okay." The girl abruptly interrupted her before sitting on a chair nearby.

Seeing her like this, Barbara sighed before knocking on Fia's door.

Fia opened her eyes and glanced at Conrad, who was sitting next to her bed.

"Someone's knocking. Why aren't you opening the door?"

"If it's Doctor Sally, she would come in right away. Our visitor here only knocks and does not announce who they are. I'd say they are here with ulterior motives."

Fia could not refute that. Conrad was quite right too because Esme loved to do that. If the visitor was Esme, Fia would not want to meet her. After all, no one liked to see people they hated and ruined their day.

"Is no one in there?" Barbara mumbled to herself before calling Conrad.

Conrad got his phone out as soon as it rang. When he saw who it was, he immediately hung up.

Seeing this, Fia jested sarcastically, "What? You dare not receive her call in front of me?"

Conrad frowned. "It's not her. It's Barbara."

"Ah, I see. If you're not going to answer, I'll do it for you." Fia held out her hand to Conrad.

After Conrad handed his phone over obediently, Fia immediately answered the call, "Hello."

Hearing Fia's voice, Barbara hurriedly said, "Hello, Mrs. Maxwell. I asked for your ward's

number from the front desk and came over. But no one's answering the door. Are you and Mr. Maxwell still in the hospital?"

Fia was surprised to hear that Barbara had come to visit her. She glared at Conrad and pouted. Open the door. Now!"

Hanging up the phone, Fia explained, "Madam Barbara's the one who knocked."

Frankly, Conrad was not in the mood to receive Barbara as a guest. Still, since it was his wife's request, he obliged and opened the door.

"Oh, you're in." Barbara smiled. "I thought you've been released from the hospital since no one's answering the door."

Leaning against the door, Conrad looked at her coldly. "So, you're finally back from your vacation?"

Barbara smiled bitterly at him. "Are you upset because of me, Mr. Maxwell?"

Conrad replied with a stern, low-pitch voice, "You and Fia aren't close friends. At least, not close enough for you to visit her."

Hearing this, the girl in black turned and looked at the door. Sensing someone was looking at them, Conrad looked over Barbara's shoulder and saw the girl too.

What a weird woman... She was clad in clothes from top to bottom. Not only that, her clothes were all black. Her face was covered behind a mask, making it difficult to have a good look at her face.

Seeing this, Conrad asked Barbara cautiously, "Who's that?"

"A friend."

"Ah, a new friend you met during your vacation?" Conrad looked at Barbara straight in the eye, sensing something awry.

"Not really. We go way back." Barbara stood straight and blocked his view. "I'm here to visit Mrs. Maxwell. I believe you aren't so petty as to not even allow me to do that, right?"

Conrad opened the door wider and said, "You can tell your friend to come in too."

Barbara turned to the girl and asked, "Wanna come in?"

The girl did not want to enter Fia's private ward. Yet, she could sense that this man had a weird and bad temper. So she stood up and entered the ward with Barbara. She did not want to ruin Barbara's plan.

When they walked through the door, Conrad's eyes were glued onto the girl in black. It was quite obvious he was suspicious of her.

Chapter 937

"Conrad glared at Fia speechlessly.

"Look, you can't stay here. Can't you see we're about to have some girl talk?" Fia softened her tone and pleaded gently to him. She knew he would not be able to resist her plea.

"Fine. Call me if you need anything." Conrad immediately obliged and walked out the door.

Sitting up on her bed, Fia chatted with Barbara for a while before looking at the girl in black. "So, Madam Barbara, she's your friend, right?"

"Yes, a really good friend. In fact, she's like a sister to me," Barbara replied, with a hidden meaning behind her words.

"Sister?" Fia smiled. "Sally said you and Britney are really close. Would Britney be angry if you suddenly have a new sister?"

Barbara's smile almost cracked when she heard this.

Looking at her, Fia said calmly, "Or have you lost interest in Britney?"

"Mrs. Maxwell, please don't stir up conflict between the sisters. Every family has its own problems, you know."

Suddenly, the girl in black opened her mouth and interrupted them. Fia turned and took a good look at her. Although Barbara was already in her thirties, she was still very hot-headed and stubborn, as if she never learned how to get

along with others throughout her career. Thus, it was not easy for Barbara to befriend anyone.

Yet now, she had a new friend—a rather young one, in fact. This looked really suspicious in Fia’s eyes.

“What happened to your voice?” Fia asked.

The girl lowered her head and covered her face with her cap and mask.

“I had an accident. My vocal cords were ruined because of that.”

“Is it treatable?”

“I haven’t a clue.”

Remaining silent for a few seconds, Fia asked cautiously, “It’s not just the vocal cords, am I right? Is your face injured too?”

A cold glint flickered in the girl’s eyes underneath her cap as she clenched her fists in silence.

Sensing that she had probably triggered the girl’s trauma, Fia hurriedly comforted her. “Doctor Sally is a good doctor. You could seek help from her.”

“I did.” The girl said, “But she doesn’t seem all that willing to help.”

Fia looked at Barbara and asked, “Have you talked to Sally about this?”

Barbara smiled bitterly. “She was the one who asked Sally.”

Sitting up straight, Fia asked, “How did you ask her?”

The girl said slowly with her hoarse voice, “I asked her to find someone who’d volunteer to donate their skin to me.”

Fia was stunned hearing this.

“She said I can use my own skin for the transplant. But if I want to recover my looks, it’d be foolish to cut off my own skin and leave a huge scar on some other parts of my body, right? So I asked her if she could find me volunteers. I told her I could pay them.”

The girl paused momentarily before scoffing. "Then, I mentioned her brother. I heard he's really good at medicine so I was hoping that he'd also help. However, she refused my request to ask for her brother's help."

Fia gulped as she stared at the girl. She had a hunch that she knew who she was but she did not dare to ask.

The girl beamed at her. "Funny, right? Perhaps she doesn't like me because I'm ugly. Maybe that's why she doesn't want to help me."

"No, I don't think so." Fia said with a heavy heart, "Perhaps she has her own problems too so she can't help you."

"Is her problem as painful as mine? I fell for the wrong man. He not only broke my heart, but his actions even led to the disfigurement of my face and loss of my home." The girl smiled. It was so frightening that if one looked at her smiling at night, they might think they had seen a ghost.

Fia, however, did not think her smile was terrifying. She only felt really bad and sad for the girl. She was quite certain that this girl was the real Britney Thomas!

The poor girl must have lost heart after being hurt by the man she loved with all she had. Now, she was living in pain while her enemies were living comfortably. How could she bear it?

"Mrs. Maxwell." Seeing that the timing was right, Barbara said, "I'd like a favor from you."

"What do you need?" Fia replied in earnest, "If it's anything that I could do, I'll see to it the best I can."

Barbara said in a chilly tone as hatred flickered in her eyes, "I want to join forces with you and Mr. Maxwell."

Fia stared at Barbara in surprise.

Barbara gave her a bitter smirk and said, "I know I am a prideful woman. I've always thought I am strong and independent. That I don't need help from anyone. Yet now, I'm at my wit's end. I don't know what I should do to defeat this cunning and shameless foe!"

Hearing Barbara's words, Fia finally understood why she was here to see her.

If Barbara came here alone, Fia would probably not believe her. In fact, she would suspect her even more and think that she must have been tricked by Esme.

However, with the real Britney by her side, Fia believed her right away.

"Tell me." Fia asked, "Is she your sister?"

Barbara glanced at Britney before mustering up her courage to say, "Yes. She is my real sister!"

Chapter 938

Lowering her gaze, Fia paused for a moment before saying, "Then we have the same enemy." Barbara nodded. "Yes. This is also why I'm here to see you."

"You're here to ask me for help, my husband's help."

"Yes, I am."

Fia smirked mockingly. "Don't you know what kind of relationship my husband has with my cousin?"

Barbara and Britney were surprised to hear this. They did not know how to respond to her question.

"They were each other's first crush. They will never forget each other. If me and Esme clash, I can't even be sure if my husband would choose to side with me. Why'd you think he'd help you?" Fia replied with a self-loathing smile.

Barbara looked at Britney before saying to Fia apologetically, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to upset you. It's just... I'm out of options now."

Fia smiled at her. The Thomas sisters could not convince her to help.

Britney, who was quiet all this while, suddenly said, "You're carrying Conrad Maxwell's child." Fia frowned and looked at Britney warily. "What do you mean?"

“He had married you, slept with you, and allowed you to carry his baby. This means that, at the very least, he has some feelings for you. Don’t you want to wager on that?” Britney said gloomily.

Fia stared at Britney as she recalled Sally describing how innocent and bubbly she was in her youth. After surviving a huge betrayal from her crush, she was now physically and mentally scarred.

Her soul had to have gone through a huge, grim change from this experience.

This reminded Fia of Peter. He was a good person once. He was a good son and brother in the Hall family. Yet, he had morphed into a soulless demon.

Even though the exact experience between these two vary, Peter and Britney were probably mentally scarred beyond repair.

“Britney.” Fia called out to her, referring to her with her real name. “Is your soul still fine?”

Britney’s body trembled upon hearing this.

After escaping from that abyss of endless torment, she finally met her sister. Both of them talked a lot on their journey back home. Yet, she had never asked her about the wellness of her soul.

Clenching her fists, Britney raised her voice. “Miss Fia! Are you going to help us or not?!”

Fia looked at her calmly, not saying a word. Losing her patience, Britney got up from her seat and glared at her. “If you’re just going to let them push you around like this, no one’s going to sympathize with you when sh*t hits the fan!”

Fia blinked and stared at the girl before her. “I don’t need anyone’s sympathy.”

“You...!” Britney clenched her teeth and retorted in anger, “You’re so weak, fragile, and helpless! Do you think you can protect your baby like this? Aren’t you afraid that Esme Manning is trying to kill you and your baby?!”

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“It’s not like she hasn’t done it before! I think you know just how cruel and heartless Esme is! As long as she’s alive, she’ll always come up with

something to ruin everyone's lives! You've lost two babies because of her! If you don't..."

"Britney!"

Barbara interrupted her sister anxiously, worried that her words would trigger Fia's trauma.

However, Fia only responded with a smirk, appearing unaffected. "I see you've done your homework."

Barbara felt so remorseful that things turned out like this. She apologized earnestly. "I'm really sorry. We didn't mean to hurt you. We didn't bring this up to mock you..."

"Get out!" Fia interrupted Barbara coldly.

She was no fool. The Thomas sisters had done their homework and knew her deepest scar. They knew about it yet they still brought it up.

This meant that they did not have any respect for her at all.

If they had no respect for her, what was the point in joining forces?

Besides, she loved Conrad. She had loved him for so many years. She had gone through so much yet she did not intend to leave him at all.

This was why she could not trust Britney. Although she felt bad for her, there was no way she could trust her. If they worked together to take on Peter and Esme, it was quite likely for Britney to forgive Peter if he were to appeal to and manipulate her feelings.

When that happened, the tables would be turned and Fia would be completely surrounded by enemies!

Barbara said anxiously, "Fia, please don't be angry. My sister's been through a lot so, she's emotionally unstable. She said those because she's getting anxious."

like you,

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Fia smiled and said frankly, "I'm not angry. I simply feel sorry for her. I'm not her There's no need for her to say something like that to me with an ulterior motive."

enemy.

Britney, who was enraged, felt like her anger had suddenly been extinguished. She didn't even have the strength to argue with Fia anymore.

"If you actually have the time to blame me for anything, you should spend more time thinking of a way to kick Esme out of your family."

With that, Fia laid back down and pulled the blanket. She didn't want to say another word.

Barbara walked over to hold her sister's hand and said, "Let's go."

Britney looked at Fia laying on the bed and suddenly said, "I hope that you don't end up like me in the end."

Fia shut her eyes and didn't say a word. Once the sisters left, she carefully stroked her belly and consoled herself in silence.

Barbara walked out of the ward with Britney. When she saw Conrad standing at the end of the walkway, she walked over with her sister.

"Mr. Maxwell."

Conrad turned around and nodded calmly. "You're done."

"Yes," Barbara said with some hesitation. When she saw that Conrad was leaving, she quickly asked, "How's everything at the Foreign Affairs Department?"

Conrad looked at her for a second and said, "After you left, everyone's been quite busy. But they've got the hang of it now."

Barbara bit her lips. "That's great."

Conrad then asked, "What are your plans from now on?"

"I haven't thought about working for anyone yet," Barbara said as she held her sister's hand tightly.

As she had worked a long time for the company, he said, "If you want to return to Maxwell Corporation, my door is always open for you."

When Barbara heard that, hope began to rise in her heart again.

"Mr. Maxwell, I have some private matters that I need your help with."

Britney didn't believe Conrad, so she pulled Barbara's hand.

"I want to go to the washroom. We'll visit Mrs. Maxwell again next time."

"Sure." Barbara could tell what she was trying to say and gave up.

Conrad looked at the two of them before making a call. "Investigate the woman that Barbara brought back with her after she returned from her vacation. Find out who she is."

Once he was back in the ward, Conrad saw Fia had closed her eyes as she lay there. He carefully walked to the balcony for some fresh air.

Fia opened her eyes and looked at him, remembering what Britney said.

She eliminated that possibility from happening in her mind.

While Conrad was a cold person, he was not someone like Peter.

They couldn't be compared with each other.

Several minutes later, Conrad picked up his phone.

It was Tiger. "Madam Barbara booked the entire plane, and the woman with her never exposed who she was."

Conrad said, "Get someone to find out who that woman is."

Fia raised her eyebrow when she heard Conrad's words.

Once he came back from the balcony, she opened her eyes and asked, "Who are you investigating?"

Conrad didn't want to lie, but he didn't want her to think too much about it.

Fia asked, "The girl with Barbara just now?"

Conrad nodded. "Yeah,"

Fia remembered the scars Britney had on her neck. Judging from that, her face might have plenty of scars too. Fia's pity toward her grew even more.

"She's just a pitiful girl. She's in hiding so she can escape from her abusive man. There's no need to investigate her."

Conrad frowned as he looked at her. "Fia, there's no need to be pitiful toward those that you know nothing about. You're just giving them a chance to hurt you!"

"There's no need to investigate her." Fia's voice turned colder. "You might as well spend more time investigating that fake Britney."

"I never gave up investigating her. Once I have the evidence, I'll ask the police to arrest her as soon as possible," Conrad said sternly.

Fia simply smiled. "Really, now? Between Esme and Peter, it's obvious that you're putting more effort into Peter."

The light in Conrad's eyes diminished a little. "Why don't you trust me?"

"Then why do you have Peter's information? She gave them to you, didn't she?"

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Conrad was shocked. "How did you know? Silas let you read the file behind my back?"

Fia simply sneered at him. "You don't even trust your own people?"

"Then how do you know?" Conrad said before making a guess. "She contacted you without me knowing? And told you about it?"

"That's right," Fia said as hatred flared inside of her. She didn't want to lie to Conrad.

But if he didn't want to deal with Esme because of their previous relationship, she would have to be the one that made the change.

When Conrad remembered Esme's disgusting behavior, he quickly explained, "I didn't work with her to get to Peter. I'll have Silas hide the folder first."

"Then what are you planning to do?" Fia asked as she looked at him blankly. "If you don't use the information to make a move against Peter, and you're not making a move against her, then what's the reason for not making a move at all?"

Conrad felt helpless, unsure how to explain it to her.

Fia asked, "Is it because you yourself are having doubts?"

"No!" Conrad argued impatiently, but to Fia, it was evidence of his hesitation.

She took a deep breath and closed her eyes. "Whatever. As long as you're not trying to harm the children in my womb for her."

"Fia, I..."

"Enough. The more you talk about this the more my mood worsens. I don't want to lose control of my emotions again," Fia said without much energy.

Conrad swallowed the words that he wanted to say. Action spoke louder than words.

"I'll have Sophia accompany you in the afternoon. I'm going to the company."

"Sure." Fia pulled the blanket over her shoulder, wanting to wrap herself tighter.

The weather was slowly getting colder. She was not afraid, however. She could always wrap herself tighter in the blanket and wear more clothes.

If she wasn't looking forward to a man's change, then she wouldn't feel disappointed.

In the afternoon, Sophia brought over lunch that Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Whitley had Conrad was not in the mood for lunch so he left early.

prepared.

Sophia was worried that Fia would be saddened, so she whispered to her, "There's plenty of work to be done at the company lately. The boss is going to be very busy."

"It's fine," Fia said as she picked up a fork and began having her lunch with a calm expression, showing no sign of joy or sorrow.

Sophia looked at her from the side and felt her heart break. After the hypnotism, Fia would always wear the same calm expression after she woke up. While she looked as if she wasn't worrying about something, she was lacking vigor and acting lifeless. "Madam, don't hide everything inside. You can always talk to me."

Fia bit the fork and gave Sophia a faint smile.

"I'm worried that if I tell you, you won't know how to react."

Sophia smiled awkwardly and paused momentarily before saying, "Well, it's true that I don't have much social experience."

"It's fine. You have plenty of time to experience it," Fia said as she had a few more bites before putting the fork down.

Sophia washed the utensils.

Fia took out her phone and opened the Family Locator app that she downloaded last night. The "family member" who was with her just a while ago was on the move ten minutes ago. However, the direction he was heading was not toward the company.

She looked at the pointer on the map and made some guesses in her head.

Conrad drove his car into a basement car park of a huge shopping mall. He then took the elevator to where Unus et Solus Jewelry was at.

"Hello, sir. How can I help you today?"

The young saleswoman stood up straight and gave him a professional smile.

"You can only make one Solus Ring in your entire lifetime. You have a girlfriend?"

"I'm married."

The saleswoman's smile became even brighter. "Then, your wife will be very happy to receive a ring from us."

Conrad nodded. It was a very well-known brand across the globe.

When a purchase was made, the purchasers had to provide some form of identification from both sides. They would only provide service for the person once in their lifetime. That was why he would choose to make a purchase from this company.

If other people could afford such a fantasy, then Fia deserved it too.

His attention was drawn to a butterfly diamond ring.