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Stop It, She's Remarrying! By Stellar Strands Chapter 41

"What?" Fia felt her heart thumping when she saw his deep set eyes.

Did he notice the medicine that she hid in her bag?

Did he search for her bag when he went up to the room to search for things?

That shouldn't be it. He respected her privacy and would never search her belongings.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Tell you what?"

Fia could feel her heartbeat speed up. Did he really see the medicine in her bag?

"My mother might have forced you to eat medicine in the past two years, but that's for your own well-being. Even after we're separated, after you're cured, you and your future husband can still..."

Conrad paused. He felt agitated when he thought of her being with another man.

"Mrs. Taylor told me that not only did my mother yell at you constantly, she even forced you to go for some needle therapy. I heard it was very painful."

"Huh?" Fia couldn't react just yet.

"Why didn't you tell me? Don't you feel sad about it?"

Fia frowned and said, "Would you fight with your mom if I had told you?"

"No, but I would have complained to her."

"She's your mom. You know her. If I had told you anything, it would get even worse the next time."

Conrad sighed. “You still didn’t know how to fight back, just like when you were still in school.”

“Fight back? I did, and she fell into the pond because of her own actions. Then, you assumed I wanted to kill her.” The way Fia looked at him was filled with scorn, apathy, and disappointment.

Conrad didn’t want to continue with this topic and suddenly placed his hand on her chest.

“What are you doing?!” Fia could feel her heart almost jump out of her chest when he suddenly did that.

Conrad then asked, “Why are you so anxious?”

She gulped softly. “I’m not.”

“Fia...” Conrad got closer to her deliberately and whispered in Fia’s ears. “It’s been three years. Why are you still so skittish? Three years... You never wanted me keenly.”

Fia was speechless. Was he mad? Why did he bring those things up so frequently in the past few days?

“You need to be aware that we’re still husband and wife.”

Just as Fia was getting overwhelmed and was thinking of faking retching to get out of the current situation, her savior appeared.

“Mr. Maxwell...” Silas ran over with a folder of documents, but he immediately turned around when he saw the two.

“What is it?” Conrad pinched at Fia’s chin as he supported himself, pushing against the wall behind her.

Fia tried to crouch down and wanted to leave by walking under his arm, but he simply blocked her by

moving his arm down.

“What is it, Silas?”

“Mr. Maxwell, the divorce papers are ready. I’m delivering them to you.

Conrad looked at the person in front of him. He suddenly felt that it was very ironic.

What was he trying to do when they were going to get divorced soon?

“Can you let me go, Mr. Maxwell?” Fia raised her head and smiled at him mockingly.

Conrad gulped and lowered his arm to his side.

Fia quickly walked away.

“Wait,” Conrad said as he stopped Fia. “Silas, let her read the papers.”

“Madam.” Silas gave her the document with both hands.

Fia clenched her fists before accepting the document and giving it a read.

Conrad looked at her and then said to her when she was almost finished, “If you have anything to say, you can say it now so that I can have Silas change it.”

Fia then said coldly, “Grandma said that she’s not selling the project.”

“We can discuss the price,” Conrad said.

Fia smiled coldly and didn’t even care that Silas was present when she retorted, “Not bad, Mr. Maxwell. One moment ago, you wanted to bed me. And now, you want to discuss the terms of our divorce so you can buy it for the woman you love.”

“Madam, the price that Mr. Maxwell offered is quite good...”

“No!” Fia cut Silas off before turning to look at Conrad. “You can forget about it!”

Conrad glanced at Silas.

Silas then said, “I’ll take my leave first. Mr. Maxwell, Madam, please discuss this.”

Conrad then grabbed the divorce papers from Fia’s hand before dragging her to the living room where he forced her to sit.

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"Alright. Other than the project, is there anything else that you're not happy with?"

Fia bit the inside of her mouth again and said, "I want you to remain unmarried for the next three years. Can you do that?"

Conrad was taken aback. "What?"

"The three years that I married to you is also time that I spent. Why should you be free to find your own happiness?"

"That's not right," Conrad said instinctively.

"Then forget about it."

Conrad frowned and said. "Your grandma taught you that?"

Fia moved her eyes away. "No one taught me that."

"Fia... I can begin a divorce through legal means."

"Ha!" She let out a stiff smile.

"We have to be separated for half a year, at least, or one of us has to do something that breaks the marriage.

She then continued with a sneer. "With that yearning of yours, can you even keep your hands to yourself for half a year?"

Conrad felt like he had just been given a slap across the face.

"Oh, right. You can go look for my cousin..." Fia looked at him with force. "But you better be careful. If I manage to gather evidence that you're cheating and I sue you over that, you'll have to give me a lot of what you own."

"You weren't like this in the past," Conrad said.

"The same goes for you. Even if it's a loveless marriage, you would give me some respect at least. But for the past few days..."

Fia couldn't continue, so all she gave him was her smile.

Conrad then said, "Nothing happened between Esme and I."

"Is that so?"

"If there's anything between us, do you think I can still face you like this?"

Fia was silent.

"Fia, I'm no animal," Conrad said. However, when he realized that the reason she didn't trust him anymore was because she thought he had slept with Esme, he got stubborn again.

"Is the reason you didn't let me touch you because you think I'm dirty?"

Fia could feel her head thumping. The reason that she felt disgusted was because he still wanted to do it with her when he was talking about the divorce. It had nothing to do with him being "dirty" or not.

His words made her want to slap herself.

Was what he did not dirty?

But she didn't want a divorce anymore.

The reason that she didn't want to divorce was because of something her grandma told her. But after she knew she had a child, she wanted to delay it.

"Esme and I didn't do what you think we did!" Conrad said again, worried that she wouldn't believe him. Mrs. Taylor walked in with a sour face at this moment.

"Master Maxwell, someone's here for you."

"Tell them to leave!"

He didn't want to see anyone.

Mrs. Taylor turned around and took a few steps before stopping and turning around again. "It's Ms. Manning."

She didn't want her employer to meet with Esme, but she was worried that Fia would get dragged into trouble again if she didn't make it clear.

"Who?" Conrad turned and asked.

"Ms. Esme Manning."

"Ha!" Fia blurted out a burst of laughter. "Just in time."

Conrad frowned and stood up.

Fia then exclaimed. "Look after yourself. Remember that I'm your wife!"

Conrad remained silent as he glanced at her. He then left, the divorce papers on the table.

Outside the mansion, Esme was sitting in a wheelchair and the Manning family's driver was behind her, pushing the wheelchair.

When she saw Conrad, she appeared like a scared kitten opening its arms when it saw its master.

"Conrad, I missed you! I didn't sleep well last night, so I came over to see you."

Conrad walked over and patted her head.

"You could have called me."

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"Are you angry at me because I came over to look for you?" She scanned her surroundings worriedly. "I thought I could come to see you with our relationship."

"I'm not angry at you. Don't think too much."

"Okay." Esme let out a smile before grabbing Conrad's arm. "Conrad, I haven't eaten breakfast yet and I'm hungry. Can you ask Mrs. Taylor to prepare something for me? I remember that Mrs. Taylor can cook very well, and I miss her cooking so much."

Conrad hesitated for a moment.

Esme then said, "It's fine if you don't want to. I think I can hold my hunger for a bit more. Let's go find a cafe and have something there."

Conrad recalled how Fia was vomiting early in the morning. She was much better after having her breakfast

Back in the living room.

"Madam, I told Master Maxwell about his mother harassing you. Did he say anything to you about it?" Mrs. Taylor asked curiously.

Fia smiled at her and said, "There's nothing to be said. That's his mother. He wouldn't start a fight with her over me. Not to mention that we're divorcing."

Mrs. Taylor's face paled when she saw the divorce papers on the coffee table.

"Your relationship has been quite steady for the past three years. Why are you two divorcing so suddenly?" "That's just for show."

"Madam, is your vomiting because of an illness, or are you..." Before she could even finish, a gentle voice

came.

"Long time no see, Mrs. Taylor."

Mrs. Taylor frowned instinctively and tried her best to look at the approaching couple with calmness.

When she saw Conrad was the one pushing her in, she quickly walked over and said, "Let me do it, Master Maxwell."

"It's fine, Mrs. Taylor. I'm here hoping that you can prepare breakfast for me," Esme said with a gentle voice and a big smile on her face.

Mrs. Taylor looked at the two and thought of how improper it was.

His wife was still here. How could Conrad take another woman in openly like that?

"Ah, have you forgotten about me, Mrs. Taylor? It's me, Esme. I used to go to the family residence to get some free lunch with Conrad in the past."

Mrs. Taylor nodded awkwardly. "Of course, I remember you."

How could she not remember? She abandoned her employer three years ago!

"I remember you too. You missed your cooking when I was overseas. You cook better than my mom."

"You're speaking too highly of me, Ms. Manning. Mrs. Manning should never be compared with someone like me." Mrs. Taylor faked a smile. "Master Maxwell, I'm not feeling well. I don't believe that I can cook."

Since the madam had already eaten, she could simply make up an excuse to not cook anything for her. "Oh, is that so? How unfortunate. But I'm starving. What should I do, Conrad? Do you have other servants at home?"

Mrs. Taylor quickly answered, "I'm the only servant around because only the master and madam are at home usually."

"I remember now!" Esme suddenly shouted out in glee when she saw Fia sitting there without a word. "Fia, I remember you can make very good Bolognese spaghetti! I like it a lot. Can you make it for me?" Fia looked at Esme in disbelief.

Meanwhile, Esme merely smiled at her with a seemingly innocent look on her face.

"Fia, don't tell me you won't even make some spaghetti for me? I'm your cousin. You ate a lot of good food together with me and Conrad."

Esme looked at Fia gloatingly since Conrad was standing right behind her.

Fia glared at Conrad and said, "What do you say?"

"It's just spaghetti. It's nothing that difficult."

"Are you telling me to make spaghetti for her?" Fia felt very humiliated.

"It's just spaghetti. I had it a few times and you make some good spaghetti." Conrad's tone was filled with impatience.

"I'll do it!" Mrs. Taylor quickly said. She knew that nothing good would come out of this Esme Manning!

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"Aren't you not feeling well, Mrs. Taylor? I wouldn't dream of asking you to do it. Fia could do it." Esme didn't let go of the opportunity, an innocent smile plastered on her face. "Let's see... If you make me the spaghetti, I'll pay you the same price that a Michelin-grade restaurant charges."

Esme pressed on knowing that she had the advantage and didn't even let Fia have a breather.

"I'll do it," Mrs. Taylor said.

"You're going to be on leave for the rest of the day." Conrad said in a stern voice.

"This is not suitable, Master Maxwell." Mrs. Taylor was filled with regret. If she had known that this would happen, she would not have made up an excuse.

"There's no such thing. Esme's her cousin and her guest. She has a duty to take care of her needs."

Fia was so angry that she was shaking, and she was controlling how hard she was tightening her fists. "It's okay, Mrs. Taylor. Have a pleasant holiday."

"Madam..."

"It's fine. I'm the host and she's the guest. I should take care of her."

"But..."

"Mrs. Taylor, you're getting old. I think it's time for me to allow you to retire," Conrad said icily.

"Master, I'm still tough enough. I still wish to serve you."

"Then rest for today!"

Mrs. Taylor looked at Fia worryingly before being forced to leave.

"Thank you,

Fia." Esme clasped her hands together and nodded at Fia. "I'm starving right now."

“Fine. Spaghetti, was it?” Fia directly went into the kitchen. She put some cold water into the pot and threw the noodles in. She then lit it up.

Before the water was even boiling and the noodles softened, she simply threw all the seasonings into the

water.

A few minutes later, Conrad went into the kitchen. Fia was taking the noodles out and was adding some

seasoning.

He looked at her suspiciously. She was filled with unwillingness earlier, but she was doing it skillfully now.

“Do you need help?” He asked.

“No. I made some for you as well. You’ll be thrilled later when you eat together.”

Conrad did not respond.

Two plates filled with spaghetti that looked delicious ended up in Conrad’s hands. Fia smiled and said, “Enjoy.”

She then grabbed the pork chop in barbecue sauce Conrad made last night, heated it up, and took it to the living room.

Esme hadn’t even started eating. She simply said with a smile, “The noodles you make look so delicious.”

“Don’t praise me just yet. I haven’t cooked in a long time, after becoming Madam Maxwell. I might have

made some mistakes.”

“What’s that in your hand?” When Esme saw the pork chop that was badly cooked, her heart skipped a beat.

“This is something nice, cousin!” Fia glanced at Conrad.

Meanwhile, Conrad’s expression changed as he stared at Fia.

“What kind of a nice thing is this?”

Esme frowned. Fia must be getting senile... To make things difficult for her in front of Conrad.

“Conrad, Fia...”

“This really is something nice. Conrad, who has never cooked, cooked this for me last night.”

“What?!” Esme couldn’t help but raise her voice. “He can’t cook! How is it...”

“That’s right. This is something that he made for me although he can’t cook. You remember that I like pork chop in barbecue sauce, right?”

Esme’s expression darkened as she secretly tightened her fists. She couldn’t believe this!

Conrad had never cooked for her! He would never cook for her!

“Oh, right. Initially, he made some spaghetti for me too, I didn’t like it, so he made me pork chop to

comfort me.

Fia then placed the pork chop in front of Esme. “Quick, have a bite. I just reheated it. Since Conrad made this, you will absolutely love it.”

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Esme’s face became pale as she stared dead at the pork chop in front of her.

No matter how bad her lover’s cooking was, she had to eat it. She had to make it look delicious, too.

“This is your first time making pork chop, right?”

“Yes,” Conrad said gloomily as he glared at Fia. He was very unhappy with what she did.

Even if what he made for her was not delicious, she shouldn’t have given it to someone else!

Where was the respect?!

“Thank you for your generosity, Fia!” Esme pulled the dish toward her as if worried that someone would steal it from her. She picked up a piece with her fork and ate it.

The joy on her face froze. She wanted to spit it out, but she stopped when she saw Conrad looking at her.

She didn’t know how she could swallow the charred, salty, hard, and weird-tasting meat. She immediately slurped some noodles.

That mouthful of noodles almost sent her to her maker.

“Augh!”

Esme had never eaten something so disgusting, especially the Bolognese spaghetti, which taste she couldn’t even describe.

Conrad frowned as she looked at Esme vomiting on the coffee table. He ate one noodle from his plate. But just one strand was enough to make his stomach feel uncomfortable.

“What’s the meaning of this, Fia?!”

“Ha!” She let out an icy laughter. “I told you I haven’t cooked in a long time, so I might have made mistakes, but your childhood lover forced me to make it for her. Now it’s my fault? Even if it doesn’t taste nice, I still made it. You should at least consider that, Mr. Maxwell!”

Fia glared at the pork chop coldly. “Since my spaghetti is bad, you can at least eat the pork chop your lover cooked, my dear cousin!”

Esme couldn’t say a word.

She didn’t want to eat anything. She only wanted to wash her mouth. That was so disgusting.

“What? You can’t eat things that your lover made? Do you really love him?” Fia then grabbed Conrad’s fork, picked up a piece of pork chop, and ate it. She munched with her mouth full. After swallowing the meat, she even licked her lips.

“You don’t like it, but I feel like it’s okay. You can’t eat it because you don’t love him enough?”

Fia narrowed her eyes and ate another piece and then mumbled, “Take your time. I’m going to visit my mom and grandma at the hospital.”

She left a figure painted with solitude and pride.

Her grandma told her that even if she couldn’t change the ending, she shouldn’t allow those who harass her to live a good, comfortable life!

Conrad must have believed that her cousin loved her a lot.... Then she would drive a wedge between them! “Conrad, I... My stomach isn’t feeling that well. That’s why I couldn’t eat it.”

Conrad looked at the pork chop that he cooked. He grabbed Fia’s fork and ate one.

He frowned deeply. What in God’s name was that? How could she eat it without a change in her expression?

She loved him?

How was that possible?

If she really loved him, how could she have agreed to his request for a divorce in the beginning?

“Conrad, I love you. More than anyone else. But my stomach really isn’t feeling well and I couldn’t eat anything.”

Conrad then had his eyes fixed on Esme. “Didn’t you say you were starving just now?”

“Since you’re hungry, eat more.”

He then put all the remaining pork chop on top of the spaghetti. “Take it slow. No one will steal them from you.”

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Esme struggled for a few more seconds before picking up another piece with a fork and then putting it into her mouth. At the next second, she could not help but grab at her chest in pain.

She spat out the pork chop and said, "I'm... I'm really not feeling that comfortable. I really can't eat any more of this."

"Fine. Don't come to me for the time being." Conrad stood up and walked out of the door. He didn't care how Esme was pleading with him. He simply called the Manning household's driver over and had him take her away.

"Conrad! I couldn't sleep the entire night because I was thinking of you! Why are you so cruel to me?!" Esme grabbed Conrad's arm when the driver pushed the wheelchair by him on the way out.

Conrad suddenly remembered how Fia had been looking at him lately. The looks she gave him were filled with disdain. He looked at the crying woman before he felt himself gasping for air. He pulled his arm away and roared at the driver. "Take her back!"

Esme instantly became quiet. She knew he was being stubborn again and she didn't dare to badger him about it anymore.

It was the same back when they were still in school. Once he got angry and she continued to dog him about the same thing over and over, the two of them would get into a fight. Every time, she would be the one that lowered her pride first.

To be honest, the one thing that she hated about him the most was his pride. However, everything he had made her desire him, and that was why she was willing to forgo her pride instead.

"I'm sorry, Conrad. For making you upset. I won't bother you for the time being."

Conrad glanced at her and said nothing.

When the driver left with Esme, Conrad drove to the hospital.

In the ward.

Echo looked even more haggard and worn. She had requested to stay in the same ward as her mother.

Fia sat in between the two beds and listened to her grandma's explanation.

"So, remember what I told you, Fia. If you don't have to, don't divorce. If he wants a divorce, you have to take that project from him!"

"I want nothing to do with the project, Grandma. Let's just give it to my uncles."

"It's not suitable for them. Only you're suitable to hold the project!" Thea said in a non-negotiable tone. I've already spoken with your three uncles and they all agreed to give you that project. If the boy doesn't want to, they'll employ lawyers on your behalf."

"Lawyers, huh?" Fia lowered her head. She didn't want to reach that stage with Conrad.

"Fia, listen to your grandma." Echo coughed. "There's nothing I can do in my life, and I'm getting less and less capable as the days pass. Your grandma will arrange everything for you."

Fia quickly stood up and walked over before rubbing her mother's chest.

"Don't think too much, Mom. Medical science nowadays is very advanced. We'll find a way."

Thea turned around and looked away as her tears flowed down her cheeks uncontrollably.

She had almost passed away last night, and it was thanks to the specialist that her sons invited that stabilized her condition. She immediately asked the specialist to look at her daughter. However, there was nothing he could do. All he could do was to lessen her pain every day.

Fia walked out of the ward and saw Conrad, who had his back against the wall in the corridor. She looked at him warily.

"What are you doing?" Conrad wanted to laugh. "Treating me like some common thief?"

"What's the difference between you and a robber?"

“My attitude toward the project remains the same. My grandfather partnered up with your grandmother and made the project a success. The Maxwell household owns half of it.”

Fia’s eyes became even colder. “Have you ever thought about the reason? Why would your grandfather give the project to my grandma in his will?”

“Why do you think so?” Conrad had his suspicions, but he wanted to hear her answer.

“That’s because he didn’t believe that he owned the project anymore.”

Conrad let out a chuckle. “Because it belongs to your grandmother? You’re part of the Lawson household, so of course you would speak from their perspective.”

Fia felt a sharp pain in her chest. Ever since she married him, she treated herself as his wife. His family. Everything she did, she did for the Maxwells.

One sentence was all it took to bleed her heart.

“You’re part of the Lawson household, huh?”

“Is there any meaning for my love for him?”

“He didn’t know about it and he doesn’t care about it, right?”

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“What is it?” Conrad could see the tears from Fia’s eyes and he walked toward her.

She looked down with a soft chuckle. “It’s the dust.”

With that, she rubbed her eyes, wiping the tears away.

“Since you’re going to be so heartless, I suppose we’ll take this to court then,” Fia said calmly.

Conrad frowned. “Are you sure you want to take this to court?”

The Maxwell Corporation’s lawyers were all well-known elites across Fortuna. No one dared to take his company to court.

“I’m sure.”

“Fia, you have never worked, so you don’t know how much this will cost you. Let’s discuss this. I won’t owe you a cent.”

“We won’t know the result until the end. I simply hope that you’re willing to abide by the court’s rulings,” Fia said. She trusted her grandma had connections and that they could hire some capable lawyers.

“Fine, let’s do it.” Conrad shrugged and wanted to go into the ward.

Fia reacted quickly and stood in front of the room’s door, blocking his path.

“Thanks, but no thanks. You don’t have to visit my mom and grandma.”

She was worried that their condition would worsen if he were to visit them a few more times.

Conrad narrowed his eyes. “Do you know how annoying you are right now?”

He wanted to put his hands on her throat and wring it so that she would be as obedient as before!

“That’s nothing. From the beginning till the end, there’s nothing that I have that could make you love me,” Fia said as she blocked the entrance. She refused to let Conrad in.

“I want to talk with your grandmother about the lawsuit.”

“There’s no need for that. Our thoughts are the same.”

“Fine!” Conrad took a deep breath to suppress his terrible feelings. “Don’t cry to me about this afterward. I won’t back down even if you do.”

“You better think about how to console my cousin. From what I know about her character, she will definitely cry when she finds out you can’t give her the project immediately.”

“She’s not that kind of person,” Conrad refuted her out of instinct.

“Is that so? Then maybe the cousin that I know and the Esme that you know aren’t quite the same.” Fia snickered. “Forget about everything I said. Don’t worry about it.”

She then opened the door and entered the ward. She also quickly closed the door, blocking Conrad from seeing anything inside.

As Conrad couldn't get anything out of Fia, he looked for the director to ask about Thea and Echo's conditions. He then asked him to give them the best treatment available.

Once he was out of the hospital, he then gave Esme a call.

"Where are you right now?"

"I'll pick you up for a meal."

"Ah! You finally remember! Today's my birthday!"

After hanging up, Conrad stood still for a few seconds, thinking.

He had forgotten her birthday. Impossible.

Usually, he would not forget about it.

He searched through his contacts and called Silas.

"Prepare a birthday gift for Ms. Manning."

"Of course, Mr. Maxwell."

"Have you prepared the wedding anniversary gift a few days ago?"

"...I did. But since you and the madam are talking about divorcing, I didn't send it out."

When Conrad thought about the distance between him and Fia lately, he couldn't help but think if it had something to do with not receiving the wedding anniversary gift.

He would send her a gift every year during their anniversary.

"Send me a picture of the gift."

"Alright. Give me a minute."

When he received the picture from Silas, he couldn't wait to send it to Fia.

When Fia received the picture and opened it, another of Conrad's messages came through as well.

Fia's icy heart warmed up slightly, but it had already been a few days. Her heart grew even colder after that thought passed through her mind.

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When Fia saw those words, she felt somewhat comforted.

After accompanying her mom and grandma for the whole day, Fia grabbed a cab and went home around five in the evening.

"Mrs. Taylor, is he back?"

"Master Maxwell isn't back yet. He must be busy at work."

"Right."

When Mrs. Taylor saw the expectation on Fia's face dissipated, she quickly said, "If there's anything urgent, you can call him directly. He'll pick it up."

"No need." Fia lowered her eyes and remembered the baby in her womb.

During lunch in the hospital, she lost her appetite thanks to the scent of sanitizers. She was starving now.

"Mrs. Taylor, I'm hungry."

"I've already finished cooking. It's your favorite."

Fia happily followed Mrs. Taylor into the dining room.

Mrs. Taylor removed the cover and said, "I've prepared your favorite braised fish. The sauce is....."

"Gah!"

The moment Mrs. Taylor removed the cover, all Fia could smell was an overwhelming fishy smell. She couldn't help but retch.

Mrs. Taylor looked at her suspiciously. "Madam, the fish's smell is mostly gone. Why are you reacting to it so strongly?"

“I... Augh!” Fia covered her mouth as she rushed to the washroom.

Mrs. Taylor looked at the braised fish before picking up a fork to taste it.

It tasted as usual. There was no difference at all. In the past, she would always finish the fish happily.

What was going on today?

“Could she really be pregnant?”

After throwing up, she stood at the entrance to the dining room. She didn’t dare to enter.

“You don’t want to have any fish today, Madam?”

Fia nodded weakly. “Yes.”

“Then I’ll take this dish away. I’ll keep it for Master Maxwell?”

“Yes!” She nodded even harder.

Mrs. Taylor realized the madam wasn’t feeling unwell. She was pregnant.

However, perhaps it was because it was her first time being pregnant. She had mistaken morning sickness for common vomiting.

She took away the braised fish and poured her a glass of warm milk.

“Madam, have some milk.”

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“Thank you, Mrs. Taylor.” Fia picked the glass up, but when she smelled the scent from the milk, she quietly put it down.

“Why aren’t you drinking it, Madam?”

“I want to eat something, but no milk.”

The joy in Mrs. Taylor’s eyes couldn’t even be hidden. “Madam, it’s obvious that you’re pregnant! You can’t treat this as nothing! You can’t just take any

medicine because you think it's a stomachache. It will not be good for the child."

Fia didn't dare to look Mrs. Taylor in the eyes, so she grabbed the glass of milk and finished it in one gulp.

"See, I'm not pregnant."

Mrs. Taylor gawked in silence. She didn't know what to say.

Fia then sat down and had her meal. She was much faster than usual. She only wanted to go to her room after she was finished.

She realized that Mrs. Taylor was getting suspicious of her.

Before she got up the stairs, Mrs. Taylor couldn't help but ask, "Madam, are you worried that once Mrs. Maxwell and Master Maxwell find out about your pregnancy, they'd want to abort it?"

Fia grabbed the railing tightly and didn't dare to look at Mrs. Taylor.

She didn't want to show her fragility to others. All she could do then was cry or complain. She didn't want it to end that way.

Mrs. Taylor was still an employee under the Maxwells. No matter how well she treated her, she had to have her guard up.

"Don't worry, Madam. She had been asking you to take the medicine and to go for treatment, so she would naturally want you to have a child. And the master... He was never a heartless man. He would never

kill his own child."

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Fia hesitated for a few seconds before saying with insistence, "You're reading too much into it, Mrs. Taylor. I'm not pregnant."

"Understood, Madam. Since you're not feeling well, please return to the bedroom and have some rest."

"Sure."

At ten at night, Conrad finally reached home. The moment he entered through the door, he was greeted by Mrs. Taylor's worried eyes.

"Master Maxwell, please speak with the madam when you have the time."

"What happened?"

"I believe that she's pregnant. However, she probably doesn't know it herself or doesn't want you to know." Conrad frowned and looked at Mrs. Taylor with a strange look. "She's infertile. Not to mention that being pregnant isn't something to be ashamed of. If she really is pregnant, why wouldn't she tell me?"

Mrs. Taylor had no answers to his questions.

That was true. If she really was pregnant, the madam would be overjoyed.

She had to endure so much pain during the therapy and even with her mother-in-law. The reason that she did all that was so she could bear a child for Master Maxwell, right?

"Have I really over-thought things?"

"If you're too bored, you can exercise in the park together with some friends."

"You must be joking, Master Maxwell."

"I'm not. I can even ask Silas to drive you."

Conrad walked up the stairs and Mrs. Taylor quickly asked, "Have you eaten?"

"I already did."

Mrs. Taylor felt it wasn't right on her madam's behalf. Ever since her cousin came back, Master Maxwell never came back as scheduled anymore.

After Conrad went into the bedroom, he took out a beautifully packaged box from his briefcase.

He walked over to the side where Fia was lying down and put the box in front of her.

“Thank you,” Fia said. She hadn’t gone to bed all this while, thinking about the present in the picture he sent her that morning.

It was a bracelet made of tourmaline crystals. She fell in love with it a month ago when she saw it at the Maxwell Corporation’s launch event.

She didn’t expect him to have paid attention to it and give it to her as a wedding anniversary gift.

Conrad looked at the woman getting up and then removed the wrapping with her head low.

He bit the inside of his mouth and said, “Something happened.”

“What happened while you’re on your way home? I told you to drive slowly, but you never listened,” Fia said a few more words because of her good mood.

Conrad swallowed what was going to come out of his mouth. He wanted to see the joy in her for a few more seconds.

She removed the ribbons and the wrappings. But when she opened the box, the joy in her expression froze.

“You don’t like it?” Conrad quickly asked.

The corner of Fia’s lips was raised as she closed the box and put it on the bedside table.

“Thank you.”

Conrad became irritated and stared at her as he sat down on the bed. “I know that it’s not the tourmaline bracelet that you wanted, but this ruby bracelet is also something the company has newly launched. It’s even more expensive than the bracelet.”

Fia didn’t even want to entertain him with a glance.

The reason that she liked the bracelet wasn’t because of the price. It was because it matched her taste.

He had gifted her plenty of jewelry. Many of them were very expensive or were limited editions. However, he had never given her something made of tourmaline crystals.

She really liked jewelry made from tourmaline, in all honesty.

Yet, she had never asked him to give her anything. She never told him about it either.

However, on the day of the product launch, she did say that she loved the bracelet the most.

When she saw the picture he sent to her earlier, she thought he had kept her words in his mind.

“Why won’t you ask what happened?” Since he didn’t get an answer out of her, he asked her a question again.

Fia closed her eyes and said, “It’s getting late. I’m very sleepy.”

Faced with her coldness, a smoldering wickedness arose in his heart. He then said in a cruel tone. “The tourmaline bracelet that you wanted... Esme wanted it.”

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Fia could no longer maintain her cool and opened her eyes, glaring at Conrad.

“Why?”

“It belongs to me. I can give it to whomever I want!” Conrad said with cold eyes. Fia suddenly remembered something. “It’s her birthday today.”

When he saw the misgivings in her eyes calm, Conrad felt like he was a jester.

“You’re right. It’s yours. You can give it to whoever you want, even the entire company.”

Fia turned around and looked at the other side. She didn’t want to see him again.

Conrad felt his anger reach its tipping point as he pulled her up.

“Why are you doing this?!”

Fia frowned. She could feel the pain in her arm as he pulled her.

She raised her head and said, “Can you please stop? It’s the middle of the night.”

“And who’s the one that started this?!”

He grabbed her by the neck. He didn’t put any strength into it, but it was firm enough to make her immobile.

Fia looked at him, shocked. This was the first time she was seeing him being this violent.

“I gave you the wedding anniversary gift. Can’t you accept it happily?! What’s with the cold shoulder?! I told

you that this is more expensive than that bracelet! Isn’t that enough to show how earnest I am?!”

“Earnest?” Fia felt like it was all a joke. Despite him not putting any strength into his hands, she felt as if a knife was pointed at her throat.

She scratched his neck, just as he was doing it to her!

“Every time you bought me gifts, you asked Silas to choose them, didn’t you? You call that being earnest?!”

“I paid for them. There’s no difference even if I asked Silas to choose it!”

“Then what about Esme’s gift?” Fia grabbed Conrad’s wrist as his hands were still around her neck. “You’ll give her whatever she likes, right?”

“Conrad Maxwell... Don’t treat me like a fool, alright?”

Conrad could feel the pain from his wrists. He let go of her neck and looked at the scars on his wrists.

He then asked, “How would I know that she would suddenly not want the ruby necklace?”

Fia was even more infuriated. She immediately grabbed the box on the bedside table and dumped it on Conrad.

“What are you doing?!” Conrad darted off the bed and kicked away the ruby necklace on the ground.

Fia roared at him angrily, “You gave her the bracelet without even asking me! You already sent me the picture this morning! It’s supposed to be mine already! You didn’t even bother asking me before giving it to her!”

“It’s just a bracelet! It’s not even that expensive!” Conrad didn’t understand it all. When they were

discussing the divorce, she even asked him to give her jewelry away. It was just a bracelet... But it was enough to rile her up that much?

Looking at how nonchalant he was about it and even thinking she was overreacting, Fia could feel all her fury leaving her.

No matter how angry, how unfair, and how sad she felt, she didn’t want to let it out anymore.

She simply laid back down on the bed and covered herself in her blanket and even pulled it over her head. She didn’t want to entertain him anymore.

Conrad stared for a few seconds before pulling the blanket and revealing her head.

She immediately pulled it back up.

The two of them repeated a few times until Conrad said in an irritated tone, “If you want to die, just die. But don’t die in my bed!”

At the next second, the woman on the bed got up and walked out barefooted.

“If you walk out tonight, don’t come back!”

“I won’t come back even if you beg me!” Fia slammed the door once she walked out of the bedroom. Conrad was so angry that he gave the door a few kicks, making Fia’s heart tremble with every step she took.

At this moment, she remembered the youth in his senior high years.

She was still in elementary school back then. Conrad, Esme, and she all came from the same institution. It was a private school in Gryphon that included elementary, junior high, and senior high divisions.

The entire school knew him as the devil reincarnated.

Despite his excellent results, he would run away from school, smoke, and even start fights. He was a student that the teachers loved and hated at the same time.