

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

### Chapter 7

“What was that supposed to mean? Are you trying to argue with me too?!” Beryl got up from her seat and stared at Mrs. Taylor.

Fia quickly stood up as well and said, “Don’t get mad. I’ll discuss this with Conrad and go get it done.”

With that, she turned around and took the bowl of medicine in Mrs. Taylor’s hand and drank it all in one go.

When Beryl saw that she was being obedient, she calmed down a bit.

“Don’t just drink medicine alone. If your body isn’t strong enough, you won’t be able to even protect your baby! I’ve also arranged for acupuncture. I’ll send the address over to you. Have Mrs. Taylor accompany you for the session.”

“Alright.” Fia acknowledged her words and didn’t dare talk back to her.

After Beryl left, Mrs. Taylor unwrapped a piece of candy and gave it to Fia.

“Madam, you should really tell Mr. Conrad about your situation.”

“She’s only doing this for our own good. She doesn’t have any bad intentions... She only wants us to have a baby soon.”

Mrs. Taylor frowned and then asked, “Then, the session in the afternoon?”

“Let’s go. If we don’t, she’s going to get cranky again. It’s not good for her to be so irate all the time.”

At a private clinic, Fia was in so much pain that she couldn’t help but tremble when the silver needle was poked into her flesh.

The doctor adjusted how deep the silver needle’s penetration was. He had seen plenty of women like her.

He then said in a cool tone, “Be patient. A lot of women went through the same thing. Everything will be fine once you have a child and your body is healed.”

“Okay,” Fia said as she gritted her teeth and sweat rolled down her forehead.

She was still trying to convince herself that she wasn’t doing this for the Maxwells, but for herself. She had to cure herself of infertility anyway.

Once she divorced Conrad, she would marry someone else. Eventually, she wanted to have a child too.

Mrs. Taylor looked on from beside her and helped wipe her sweat off with concern.

“If you don’t think about it, it won’t hurt so much. Think about what you want to eat tonight, madam. I’ll make them for you.”

Fia tried to find some fun in the pain and said, “I want braised pork loin and fried chicken in sweet & sour sauce.”

“Sure, I’ll make them all for you.”

Fia could feel her tears coming out. It was so, so painful.

She heard that the artificial insemination process was going to hurt even more with larger needles.

But she was not afraid. If Conrad was willing to have a child with her, she was willing to face any pain.

She smiled bitterly. But there were no more “ifs”. He was going to leave her eventually.

After the session was done, Mrs. Taylor helped Fia out of the clinic while Fia had one hand over her belly.

“Let me call Mr. Maxwell to come to pick you up.”

“No need. He’s busy, so it’s best not to disturb him.”

“Are you still going to the hospital to accompany your mother then, madam?”

Fia cheered herself on and said, "Of course. When I visited her this morning I did say to her that I'll visit her again in the afternoon."

"Then let me send you over." Mrs. Taylor couldn't say much about the situation as she was just an employee. She had only found out that Echo had cancer when she accompanied Fia to see her mother at the hospital earlier.

"No need. The hospital my mom's at is just in front. It'll take just a few minutes. You should go back first, Mrs. Taylor."

Mrs. Taylor could see that Fia wanted to have some time alone. She didn't force the matter and left.

When Fia reached Gryphonheart Hospital, she didn't walk directly into the hospital building. Instead, she wandered into the hospital's park and sat down in a corner.

Today was the third wedding anniversary between Conrad and her, but it seemed like he had forgotten.

Her expectations had been shredded into pieces.

"Fia!"

When Fia heard the voice coming from behind, she frowned. She didn't want to see her. She didn't want to speak with her.

"Why are you trying to run?!" Esme hurried after Fia and stopped her.

"Is it because you are too ashamed to see me? It's good that you know what you did was wrong. Now, give Conrad back to me and I'll be graceful enough to give you some extra money when he divorces you."

Fia looked at Esme with her back straight and head high.

"This marriage is between me and him. How can you point your finger at us? It's natural that he's spending on me since we're married!"

The fake smile on Esme's face quickly disappeared. "I knew it. You didn't want the divorce in the first place!"

Fia didn't want herself to feel belittled. Her lips curled as she raised her chin and said, "Did he tell you that he won't divorce me temporarily?"

“You don’t have the right to do that!” Esme stepped forward and threw her hand at Fia.

Fia grabbed her wrist and sneered, “Your hand is for playing the piano, not for hitting others.”

“Ah!” Esme suddenly cried out in pain as she bent over. “Why did you do that to me, Fia? I already lost the ability to play the piano now that my hand’s ruined. Isn’t that bad enough for me?”

After Fia let go of her hand, she immediately pinched her wrist.

Familiar footsteps rang in Fia’s ears again, with them running toward her urgently.

He ran toward her like the wind and held Esme in his arms.

Fia blinked and saw him looking at Esme, concerned. All he could see was her.

“How’s your hand?”

“Ah... My hand... It’s so painful... Fia, she...”

Esme put on an expression of wanting to say something but couldn’t out of the kindness of her heart.

Conrad carefully held Esme’s right hand and then looked at Fia furiously.

“Didn’t you know that Esme hurt her hand? You just hurt her yesterday, but you did this again today! What do you want?”

“What do I want?” At this time, Fia’s heart sank.

She thought that he was very busy working back in the office.

Instead, he was accompanying Esme.

While she was lying there during the acupuncture therapy session with the needles piercing through her flesh until she was in so much pain that she could only tremble, where was he?

“Conrad, do you remember what day it is today?”

Today was their third wedding anniversary.

“You forgot, didn’t you?” Fia broke into a smile. She could still feel the pain coursing through her body where the needles poked her. She couldn’t even breathe freely.

“I didn’t forget. I was just a little busy,” Conrad said with a complicated feeling.

“You forgot,” Fia said as she looked up, trying to control the tears forming in her eyes. “Even if you did remember, you consciously chose to forget it.”

“I...”

“Conrad, if you want to marry her that much, then don’t drag this on.”

Conrad held Esme’s arm tightly as he felt upset with the situation.

He was being sympathetic toward her because of her mother’s illness. He wanted to delay the divorce because of her and that even made Esme cry.

And she didn’t care about the concessions he made at all?

“Then let’s do it. We can go get it done right now,” Fia said.

Conrad asked, “Aren’t you worried that your mother can’t take it?”

“There’s no need to worry about it, Mr. Maxwell. I’ll explain to her. She’s a very understanding individual and knows that our marriage was a mistake in the first place. She still wants me to marry someone that I like. If she knew that we’re in so much pain together, she’d want us to divorce soon too.”

With that, Fia then turned and walked toward the hospital building.

Conrad glanced at Esme and then said, “Go get a doctor to see your hand.”

“Conrad!” Esme extended her hand but he avoided it and chased after Fia.

“What are you doing?” Fia gave him a look as she sped up.

“If we’re going to tell her, we should do this together.”

With that, Conrad pulled Fia’s hand and led her to Echo’s ward.

“Oh, you two are here together,” Echo said with a happy smile when she saw them.