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Stop It, She's Remarrying! By Stellar Strands Chapter 181

"You didn't even ask me before sending my designs to your company's designers?! How cheap are you?!" Normally, she would have chosen to just tolerate it. But this hurt her pride too much.

When she was younger, she was an art student. After that, as luck would have it, she fell in love with designing. She chose that as her major in university.

If she hadn't married him three years ago, she would have entered that profession!

"I didn't steal it!"

"How dare you?! If you never asked for it, you stole it!"

Conrad hung up the phone, and his appetite was gone despite all the food in front of him.

"I trusted you so much, yet you... What's this? Who transferred money to me?"

Conrad's face appeared in Fia's mind and she quickly looked at the message about her remaining balance. About half an hour ago, someone had transferred 750 thousand dollars to her account.

She was numb.

He really didn't steal it.

There were only about a dozen designs in that folder. Even if she were to sell all of them online, she would only get around seventy-five thousand dollars based on her previous gig.

Conrad went back to the bedroom and coldly looked at Fia, who was sitting in front of the dressing table. The box in front of her was

He couldn't be bothered to explain to her, and lied down on the bed.

Fia had been thinking about it for about ten minutes, but she still couldn't understand why.

She looked at Conrad who was laying on the bed and asked, "Why?"

His face was buried in the pillow and he felt even more emotionally stuffed.

He took her designs and manufactured them out of kindness. He even gave her a high price for them, but she yelled at him for stealing instead!

He slammed his fist at the bed and turned to look at the woman -sitting in front of the dressing table. He angrily said, "If you think

that's too little, you can tell me. If I feel that it's suitable, I'll top up the difference!"

Fia gulped. "They aren't worth 750 thousand."

Conrad frowned. Her unconfident look made him feel a stab in his heart.

She was his wife. The subject of envy of all the women in Gryphon. Why was she belittling herself so much?

"If you're pitying me, there's no need for that. I have no reputation in the circle at all. My designs aren't worth that much money."

believe they do!" Conrad got up in anxiety and sat down with his _legs crossed, as he gazed at Fia.

"If I made you uncomfortable by not discussing this with you beforehand, you can sue me for copyright infringement. I'm willing to pay the compensation no matter how much that is, since I'm just a thief and a heartless capitalist in your eyes. Go on, sue me! A capitalist can solve all problems with money!"

Fia tightened her fists. She knew many designers dreamed of going into Maxwell Corporation. She was one of them too.

But after she married into the household, her mother-in-law warned her not to show herself to the public too much to disgrace the family, and so she gave up on her dream.

She only started selling her designs recently, about a year ago. She had no fame, and her designs were worthless.

But that was her work. Even when they were finished products, she could still see the changes made to them. They were much more exquisite than the original.

He spent 750 thousand to buy them and even asked someone to touch up the designs, but she accused him of stealing without any evidence...

"I'm sorry. I didn't see the message about the transfer before I called. you."

"No need to explain!" Conrad's tone was depressed and his expression haughty.

Fia smiled and touched her work within the box. She put the cover on and then put it into the wardrobe.

Her bad mood had lightened up because he had secretly done this for her. She walked over and knelt down by the bed, and she couldn't help extending her arms and caressing him.

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Smelling the sweet scent on Conrad, Fia put her face near his neck.

"Thank you, Conrad. And... I'm sorry for my attitude just now."

She knew how prideful he was. Had she accused him of being a thief on a normal day in the past, he would have already exploded with that temper of his.

She didn't want to think about what stopped him from exploding. At this moment, just let her follow her heart for once. Let her caress him out of her own feelings.

Conrad's body became stiff. All his anger slowly extinguished because of her embrace.

In that moment, he suddenly felt that she had a kind of love in her.

A love that could embrace all that he was. A love that could calm his anxious heart.

Maybe he should open his heart to her too, so she could have much more freedom.

Conrad embraced her back as her head lay on his chest. He

mumbled, "Why did you do that?"

"After your mom passed away, you're very unhappy. I wanted to do something for you, so I took your folder away. The designs are fitting with the theme that my company is going for lately."

He lied. While her designs were quite unique, they were still

incomplete. They were not perfect. Several directors and seniors from the design department opposed his decision.

He personally fixed them despite the pressure he was facing. He made them into his company's theme despite their objection.

"Why didn't you tell me earlier?"

"Do you want to hear the truth?"

The two of them looked at each other.

Conrad raised his hand and pinched her cheek as he said with a

gentle voice, "Because you're very upset lately and I didn't dare tell you about it earlier. I was afraid that you'd reject me. And... I want to give you a surprise."

"Surprise, huh?" Fia smirked. "It almost became a scare."

"Are you happy now?"

Fia then said awkwardly, "Somewhat, I guess."

They were in such a big fight just now, but she became happy all because of his surprise. She was so... useless.

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When Conrad remembered why the two fought just now, he knew that if he didn't clear this then and there, she would grow doubtful of him.

He then said in a stern voice, "Fia, I'll investigate your claim about Esme wanting to kidnap you."

He was thinking about it downstairs too. No matter if she was telling the truth, since Lola was the one that told her, maybe Fia had been lied to as well. He should investigate it so that he could convince Fia instead of fighting with her.

Fia's eyes turned red. She wasn't expecting him to take the initiative to investigate the matter. She was even more touched and she sobbed. She wanted to cry.

"I'm sorry. I'm the one who's failed as a husband." Conrad pulled her into his embrace and held her tightly. "From now on, I'll think from your perspective when I act."

When Fia heard his heart throbbing, she felt conflicted.

She didn't know if she could still believe him.

Maybe all it took was a weeping Esme for him to change again.

"Fia, did you put on some weight?" Conrad placed a hand on her belly. "Your stomach is a little bigger?"

"You're fat!" Fia pushed his hand away anxiously. "I simply ate too much at the seafood restaurant earlier. I'm so full that I haven't fully digested the food yet."

"Then I'll give you a massage."

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"No thanks. The more I massage it the more uncomfortable I become." Fia turned away from him nervously, worried that he would notice that she was pregnant.

Conrad didn't think too much about it and simply hugged her from behind.

Fia's heart thumped nervously as she held her belly with her hands, worried he would touch it again..

"Let's sleep, Fi." Conrad tapped her arm.

"Yeah... I'm sleepy, so don't wake me up."

"Fine." He smiled. "I didn't get enough sleep lately too, so I won't eat you tonight."

Quietly, the two of them fell asleep. There was only peace in the bedroom.

The next morning, Conrad woke up and saw that Fia was still in her sweet dreams. He got up quietly.

"Morning." Fia smiled at the man as she opened her sleepy eyes.

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Conrad smiled helplessly. "Did I wake you?"

"I knew you were awake when you started moving." Fia yawned. "But I didn't get a good sleep.",

"Then, get some more sleep." Conrad patted her arm as he bent

down. "I have an early meeting today, so I won't be eating breakfast with you."

"Oh, sure." Fia opened her eyes. She really hadn't slept well. She was getting sleepier and sleepier lately. She checked on the internet and it was said that pregnant ladies get lethargic easily.

"Sleep a little more and go to breakfast later. Don't get yourself sick just because you want to sleep."

"I know." Fia turned over, trying to find a good position to continue sleeping.

Conrad ate something and went to the office. He was going to have a press conference for Fia's designs. He then remembered what he had promised her last night.

He would investigate it. It didn't matter if it was real or not. Since he had promised her, it was time to investigate it.

He then drove to the seafood restaurant.

"Hello, madam."

The owner raised her head and saw the young and handsome Conrad across her counter. There was shock on her face.

"Who... Who are you looking for?"

"Your daughter."

Conrad's eyes were invasive. He didn't allow anyone to lie to him.

The owner pointed toward the floor above. "Lola was manning the night shift last night and she's still asleep."

"Is it okay if I look for her upstairs?"

The owner remembered how Lola wanted to seduce him. If Fia knew about this, how humiliated she would feel.

But she didn't dare to refuse the man in front of her. He was a famous and powerful man in Gryphon... He was too much for her to handle.

"I'll take you up then."

Listening to the creaking of the floors, the owner could also hear her own heart thumping anxiously. She didn't know why he was here looking for Lola.

Was Lola's dream a reality?

"This is Lola's room."

“Leave now.” Conrad gave the owner a cold glare and he knocked on the door.

The owner then said nervously as she clasped her hands, “Please be gentle. We might have spoiled our daughter a little too much. If she did anything that offended you, please forgive her.”

“Even as her mother, you knew what she did was offensive?” Conrad looked at the owner with a scoff, his eyes filled with contempt. “That means you know what thoughts your shameless excuse of a

daughter has. If you have known about it, you should have reined her in!”

“1...”

“Don’t worry. I don’t want her life.” Conrad turned his attention away

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and continued knocking at the door.

“Who is it?!” The door opened. When Lola saw the man in front of her, her sleepiness was instantly gone.

“Mr. Maxwell!”

“Lola, you... Be courteous. He’s probably here to ask you about something.”

“Go, mom. Don’t worry. I know what to do.” With that, Lola grabbed Conrad’s arm and pulled him in.

The owner could only speechlessly look at her daughter closing the door.

“Let go!” Conrad threw Lola’s arm away with an icy look.

“Have a seat.” Lola raised her hand awkwardly. She didn’t dare to

touch him again and pulled open the curtains so that her room could have more light.

Conrad looked at all the pink decorations in the room that demonstrated the youthful heart its owner had.

He remembered that pink was the main theme of Fia's room too when she was about fifteen. Back then, she was still staying with the Lawsons. He had enjoyed going to the Lawsons' residence as a guest with Esme. Esme would drag him to her room to enjoy themselves.

Compared to Lola's room, which was filled with all kinds of dolls and stuffed toys, Fia's room was much more barren. She only had a bed, a table, and two chairs. She didn't even have a dressing table.

After they were married, he asked her what she wanted to buy the next day. She said she wanted a dressing table.

He asked why, and she embarrassingly said, "Every girl wants to have their own dressing table."

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The night after he bought her the dressing table, she had greeted him home and happily had her hands around his neck and even kissed

him a few times.

The girl's passion and sincerity... He felt something different stirring inside of him when he recalled those memories.

In the past, he rarely thought of her that way, but recently things were different.

Just what kind of feelings did he have for her?

Was it because she was his wife and he wanted to respect her? Or was it because he wanted to atone for what happened to her grandmother?

No, that was not all of it. Perhaps, he had all kinds of feelings for her.

Even the type between man and woman. Otherwise, he would not have lusted for her body even after their marriage of three years, and he never got tired of it either.

"Is there a reason why you want to see me, Mr. Maxwell?" Lola tightened her grip excitedly.

Conrad's eyes glared at her coldly and asked directly, "You told Fia that Esme employed someone to kidnap her. Do you have proof?"

"Huh? You're here because of that?" Lola was very disappointed. She thought her youth and beauty had finally captivated him.

"You should provide proof when you accuse someone. Otherwise, I can sue you for defamation!"

"Defamation? Ms. Manning?" Lola was feeling quite upset inside. She was just a homewrecker. Why was he helping the homewrecker? Was he not afraid of Fia's safety at all?

"Looks like I wasted my time coming here." Conrad turned around and wanted to leave. He didn't want to waste any time.

"Wait, don't go. I'll show you the evidence! I have the transfer receipt on my phone!"

Conrad took Lola's phone and looked at the record before staring at her.

"This is an anonymous transfer."

"Anonymous transfer? Ms. Manning was the one who transferred the money to me. I still have the messages that she sent to me!" Lola grabbed her phone back, opened her Messenger, and she was stunned.

"Where did the messages go?"

"You can blame whoever you want with an anonymous transfer!" Conrad said heartlessly, like a judge reading his sentence to a criminal. "Just with this alone, I can send you to the station. But seeing that you're friends with Fia, I will overlook it this time. If there's a next time, I'll pursue this through legal means!"

“Impossible! No one touched my phone and I didn’t delete anything!” Lola searched for Esme’s name in Messenger but couldn’t find her.

She tapped and opened the transfer receipt. It was indeed an anonymous transfer. Esme’s name wasn’t on it.

“Impossible! I saw Esme’s name on the receipt a few days ago!”

Was it because her phone had a virus?

No. Everything was fine, but when Conrad touched it, all the problems started.

She glared at Conrad in disbelief. “Mr. Maxwell, why did you delete all the evidence after you touched my phone? Sis Fia is your wife... You don’t care about her life and death at all?!”

“Ridiculous!” Conrad didn’t want to waste any more time and left.

Fia sat in the courtyard for a while before going back to the bedroom and answering Lola’s call.

Lola was both angry and upset. “Fia, Mr. Maxwell is too much! I don’t know what he did, but all the evidence in my phone has disappeared! Even Ms. Manning’s messages are gone.”

“He deleted them.” Fia could feel the chill in her heart, but she wasn’t surprised.

”

She should have known that Conrad would side with Esme when she came into the picture.

He said that he would investigate it, but that was how he ran the investigation? Delete the evidence in Lola’s phone?

“What should we do next, Fia?”

“Send the information on those gangsters that she bribed.”

“What do you want to do with that?”

“Just give them to me.”

“It’s not that I don’t trust you, Fia. But if I do that, I’m placing myself in your hands. I introduced them to Esme Manning... What if she said that I was the one who planned it all later on?”

“Don’t worry. You saved me yesterday. If she pins the blame on you, I’ll be your witness.”

“Then, can you promise me one thing?”

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“Say it.”

“I want to go to your house?”

Fia suppressed her impulse of wanting to mock her and asked, “You want me to create a chance for you?”

“Once I have Mr. Maxwell under my thumb, I’ll remember what you did for me. I won’t steal your place as his wife. I know my limits since I’m just from a normal family... I can’t be the madam of a household as large as the Maxwells.

“But I can’t stand it anymore! Mr. Maxwell has been completely charmed by Ms. Manning. He didn’t care about your life and death anymore. If I don’t help you take his heart back, you will be removed at any time!”

Fia lowered her eyes. How pathetic.

Esme Manning... Lola... They were all the same.

Even she would become someone different after this.

No... She would become even more vile than them... It would be all their fault!

“Fine. This evening then. Come have dinner at our place.”

“Sure!”

“Remember. Don’t completely destroy your relationship with Esme Manning. Maintain your connection and serve her.”

“But Mr. Maxwell knew everything just now. Would he tell Ms. Manning about all of this?”

“Don’t worry. Seeing how precious she is to him, he won’t say anything about this to her. Just listen to me.”

“How should I tell Ms. Manning then?”

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“Just say that there’s an accident with the people you hired. You’ll do it next time.”

“I’ll do as you ask. See you later in the evening.”

After receiving Lola’s contacts, Fia’s eyes turned cold.

Why did everyone like to treat her as a fool?

She would continue with the plot... And let Esme have a taste of it all one day!

Once Esme received Lola’s call about the failure of her plan, she was so angry that she hurled the cup on the bedside table.

At that moment, the door suddenly opened. She started to shake and she looked at who it was.

She hurriedly got out of the bed and said, “You’re finally here, Conrad. I miss you so much... I can’t calm down without you. I’m so afraid and agitated... I feel like I’m going crazy.

Conrad pushed away Esme’s hand. “Let me ask you something.”

“What is it?” Esme was quite afraid inside. Had what she did been exposed?

Esme steeled herself. There was no way she was exposed. She had already cleaned up her traces.

When she was befriendng Lola, she did something to her phone when she wasn't paying attention.

So, Lola's transfer receipts had all become anonymous. All her messages and even her contacts had been deleted from her

Messenger. There was no way he could find out she was behind all of it.

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Not to mention that since her plan had failed, there was nothing to investigate.

"Why are you staring at me like that? I'm scared." Esme pulled back, trying to look as weak and helpless as possible.

Conrad loosened his necktie and asked, "Victor's men never touched you, did they?"

"

"

Esme couldn't react in time. She wasn't expecting him to ask that.

"Stop lying, Esme." Conrad massaged his forehead, tired. He had been deceived by her repeatedly, and he had been feeling sorry for her repeatedly, and he hurt Fia for her repeatedly.

"Conrad, did someone say something? I..

Conrad cut Esme off who was looking at him pitifully. "I heard the recording on Fia's phone. You personally admitted to it and even begged her not to tell me."

Esme shook her head, and her resentment for Fia ballooned. How could she have gone back on her word?!

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"Is it true?" Conrad took one step toward her, unleashing an intimidating aura.

Esme took one step back from him out of fear, and began muttering, "I ... I... At the time, your cousin pulled you out of the car, and his people smashed my window. I was scared, I suddenly realized that I couldn't let you leave me. Only you can make me safe. Only you can protect me. All I want is for you to care for me a bit more, so... I..."

"So you lied?" Conrad let out a cold smile. "Don't you feel you're dirty?"

Esme looked at Conrad in terror. "I never said I was r*ped, only that I almost lost my innocence."

"But, you still lied. Your heart... is no longer pure."

Conrad shook his head in disappointment and put his hand on

Esme's shoulder.

"Esme, it's becoming harder and harder for me to understand you..."

Esme used this chance to grab his hand. "But I simply love you too

much! You and Fia are husband and wife. I don't know how to make

you stay, so all I can do is make myself look as pitiful as possible so that all of you will pity me."

"Another thing." Conrad's voice was hard and cold as he stared at her. "Fia said that you wanted to kidnap her."

"I didn't!" Esme quickly refuted it. She had gotten rid of all her traces

and Conrad would never believe that Lola!

"Fia's my little sister! You know how much I loved her when she was little. You also know that I helped her when the other students back in school bullied her. Have you forgotten?"

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“I haven’t.” Conrad’s eyes slightly widened as he didn’t want to miss the slightest change in her expression. “But on my way here, I realized you’ve changed. The question now is... How much?”

“I swear!” With that, Esme knelt in front of Conrad.

“I swear to you, Conrad! If I ever want to hurt Fia, I’ll die a terrible death! My family will die a terrible death!”

Conrad frowned and didn’t help her up.

He cast his gaze down on her and said, “You’ve sworn, so remember to mind your words and actions lest you be punished.”

“I won’t hurt Fia. She lost her mom and is already very pitiful. I won’t hurt her.”

While Esme was professing her loyalty to Conrad, she was quietly trying to take back her vow. ‘Gods above, I’m just kidding. It’s a joke! All of you didn’t hear anything.’

“Stand up,” Conrad said as he turned.

Esme sobbed. “How can Fia think of me like that? I couldn’t possibly get someone to kidnap her... We carry the same blood!”

“Since you’re fine, live your life properly after you’ve been discharged.” Conrad’s words were cold, the gentleness from days past was gone. “There are a lot of good young men in Gryphon. I’ll keep a lookout for you.”

Esme was stunned. Did he want to introduce boyfriends to her?

It seemed like she was getting less and less important in his heart. It must be because of Fia!

She couldn’t show any more mercy! She must think of a way to eliminate her!

Conrad remembered something and said, "You lied to me more than once. You touched my phone and changed the ringtone for your call when I wasn't paying attention. You even installed a tracking app on my phone, didn't you?"

Esme had no words.

"Esme... I'm very disappointed in you." With that, Conrad headed out.

"You promised to have one last meal with me! You haven't granted it yet!" Esme cried out urgently.

"Not in the mood!"

"I'll wait for you! Until the day that you are in the mood!"

Esme chased after him out of the ward. But all she could see was Conrad leaving without even slight hesitation. Her hatred toward Fia became even stronger.

After she was discharged, she went to the seafood restaurant to look for Lola.

"Why does Fia know about the kidnapping? Did you tell her?"

Lola quickly said in a hurt tone, "Why would I tell Fia? We're partners! If I had told her, I would be in trouble myself! Do I look that stupid?" "True," Esme said with a frown. "How did she find out?"

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"Maybe she didn't know about it and simply made a guess, wanting to destroy your relationship with Mr. Maxwell."

"How so?"

Lola approached Esme and whispered, "I'm working at Gryphonheart Hospital, right? So, I found out by chance from a colleague that Doctor Evans is recruiting skilled psychiatrists for a female friend. That doctor is known to keep his distance from women. The only woman he's close with for now is Fia. I suspect that she's mentally disturbed."

Esme then remembered how often Fia had been admitted to the

hospital. The last time, she had secretly asked a nurse. The nurse didn't know the facts, but she did know that the doctor had administered sedatives to her.

"Lola, what kind of sickness needs sedatives?"

"For patients who could lose control of their emotions, such as depression and psychopathy."

Esme was stunned. "Is she really going mental? But she looks quite normal."

"Maybe because it's in the beginning stages and the symptoms aren't too obvious yet."

Esme nodded. "True, her personality is a bit different from before. Can she go crazy, Lola?"

When Lola saw the madness behind Esme's eyes, she felt somewhat fearful.

"It can be treated with the proper treatment."

"How can I make her go crazy?" The light in Esme's eyes became even brighter... So bright that it was terrifying.

Lola gulped. "Just keep on provoking her."

Esme smiled sinisterly. "I understand."

"Achoo!" Fia held her arms, feeling a little cold. She increased the temperature from 75 degrees to 79 and took a blanket to cover her stomach as she continued with her design at the dressing table.

After the surprise that Conrad gave her yesterday, her creativity burst forth. She wanted to use this chance to create as many designs as she could. In the past, she didn't want to use Conrad to increase her fame, but she had changed her mind. She needed to earn a lot more

to raise her kid!

Evening.

When Conrad arrived home from the company, she saw a pink figure come out of her room.

The edge of his lips curled upward as he opened the door. When he saw who it was, his smile disappeared.

“Why are you at my home?!”

“Fia asked me over for dinner, Mr. Maxwell.”

“Where is she?!”

Conrad walked into his home with Lola behind and said, “Fia said she wasn’t feeling well, so she’s napping upstairs.”

Conrad stopped, anger brewing inside of him.

“What is the meaning of this? Is she trying to create a chance for you to have dinner with me?”

“No... it’s not like that. Fia was just with me.”

“Get out of my house!”

Lola stopped. When she saw Conrad going upstairs, she bit her lips and didn’t leave.

She was willing to endure all sorts of humiliation. She only had one chance to do this. She had to persevere!

“What’s the meaning of this, Fia?!” Conrad kicked open his bedroom door.

Fia was all prepared. She stood up and gave him a smile.

“Why are you so angry? Did you have a fight with Esme?”

Her mocking was unnerving.

Conrad frowned and could feel the stuffiness in his chest.

“You did that intentionally?”

“Did what?” Fia maintained her smile with cold eyes.

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Fia suddenly realized that he was so fascinating! Not only did he delete the evidence in Lola’s phone when he said he would “go over to investigate“, but he also didn’t feel any sort of guilt when facing the victim.

Even when nothing had happened, she could already see how he would act after it happened.

For his childhood love, he could completely ignore his wife’s life.

“I went and investigated. Your friend’s so-called evidence is all fake. She doesn’t even have Esme on Messenger!”

“You deleted it, didn’t you?”

Conrad was dumbfounded. “You’re willing to believe an outsider instead of me?”

“I want to believe you, but there’s no need for it anymore.”

Fia got out of bed and pulled open one of the drawers from the dressing table.

“Do you want to come and take a look?”

Conrad went over and gave it a curious look. When he saw the design. on the piece of paper, his expression darkened.

It was a design for a necklace. However, the feeling the design gave was one of death and darkness.

It was a cross close to being shattered, and Christ’s eyes were blindfolded while his heart was missing. Faith was lost.

“To be honest, this was not my design this morning,” she said calmly. “I wanted to design a necklace that represents love. Christ was smiling and a small angel would stand on the cross. Doesn’t that

sound lovely?”

Fia chuckled and placed the draft on the dressing table.

“But this is fine. This suits reality more. It’s time to wake up and stop having these daydreams.”

Conrad frowned. He could imagine what her original draft was like from her description. It was divine, pure, and full of hope.

But the design he saw was completely different. It was full of despair, decadence, and mournfulness.

However, the design was still very unique. The youths nowadays liked themes like this. Once he was able to produce it, it would definitely be a hit.

“Draw your original idea too and I’ll buy both with a high price.”

Fia frowned. “I can’t draw it out anymore. As a freebie for buying my draft with a high price, you can tell another designer of my idea. If he can come up with another design, it’s his.”

“Alright, I’ll transfer the money to you.” Conrad transferred the funds eagerly, hoping that he could use this to at least make peace for the time being.

When Fia received the message, she felt that he had gone crazy.

“You pay me even more?”

“I’m the boss. I can decide how much to pay you.”

Last time, it was 750 thousand dollars for about a dozen designs. This time, he paid her 300 thousand dollars for just one design.

It was so easy to earn his money.

Conrad then explained shortly, “I’ll find someone to finish your other idea, and I included the payment for that in one go.”

“Oh.” It was payment for two designs, but it was still much higher than the ones last time.

“Don’t worry. You’ll still be credited and it won’t be credited as someone else’s work.”

Fia could see that he no longer wanted to discuss the matter about Esme wanting to kidnap her, so she figured that there was no point in continuing this anymore.

She gave him the design and stood up. “I invited Lola for dinner. You did say that she’s my friend, so let’s go down and have dinner together.”

Conrad asked, “You’re not angry anymore?”

“Do I have the right to be angry?” Fia turned around and left the bedroom.

Conrad put away the design and sent Silas a message before chasing after Fia and grabbing her hand.

She looked at him in confusion and he said, “Don’t let your friend believe that we don’t look like we’re married.”

Fia felt awkward but still made herself smile.

She didn’t want Lola to think that she had no place in this household at all.

“Come on, Lola. Let’s go to the dining room to have dinner together.”

“Sure, Fia.” Lola secretly glanced at Conrad, who was standing next to Fia. She was very afraid that he would get rid of her.

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Once they were in the dining room, Conrad helped Fia to her seat and then sat next to her before deshellings prawns for her.

Lola could see everything that was happening. She was very jealous and very confused as well.

Mr. Maxwell loved Esme, but why would he treat Fia so well at home?

Were all men like this? They could treat the wife at home equally well despite having multiple partners outside.

“Eat more, Lola. Don’t be shy,” Fia said with a smile.

Lola nodded with a smile but she wasn’t feeling that great inside. She was upset that Fia was still acting like she was the mistress of the household. There was no point to act like that in front of her when

she couldn’t even handle a homewrecker!

Conrad pretended that Lola didn’t exist, but she became bold, getting a chicken wing and placing it on his plate.

“Don’t disgust me!” he spouted.

Lola was embarrassed to the point of blushing as she began to tear up.

“Oh, don’t cry, Lola! That’s how Conrad is. He’s very slow to warm up to someone.” Fia took a few pieces of tissue paper and handed them to Lola. “Everything will be better once he’s more familiar with you.”

“Thank you, Fia.” Lola wiped her tears dry and didn’t dare to provoke Conrad again. She knew that only by being allowed to be here would she have a chance to get close to him. She wouldn’t allow this to stop halfway.

“I’m full. Take your time, Lola.” Fia stood up and left the dinner table

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after she put down her fork.

Conrad had been deshellng the prawns for quite some time and he was getting hungry too. However, he didn’t want to stay with Lola at all so he ate quickly.

Lola bit at the fork and glanced at him every once in a while. She didn’t dare to say anything, worried that he would chase her out.

Fia was just going back upstairs when she heard footsteps from the

main door. She turned and looked.

“Madam, I have a contract for you.” Silas quickly took a step forward and handed her a document from his briefcase.

“What’s this?”

“Mr. Maxwell used your designs, so this is the contract.”

“Sure.” Fia took the document and pen and immediately signed her name on it.

Silas then said, “Your pseudonym as well.”

“What pseudonym?”

“Mr. Maxwell used your nickname as your pseudonym privately. It’s ‘Fi.’”

Fia’s heart skipped a beat. She then sincerely read the contract, and she felt complicated feelings after finishing it.

Because based on the contract, other than the designer’s fee, she would also get a 50% split from the profit of the sales.

A treatment like this had never been heard of for a beginner designer.

“Madam... Mr. Maxwell cares about you a lot. Your designs aren’t perfect, and a lot of seniors objected to using them, but Mr. Maxwell forced your designs through. He even perfected your designs for you. And so... He does care about you. He’s always someone stern when it

comes to his work and never played favoritism. However, he did it for you.” Silas wanted to let her know just how much his boss loved her.

After feeling touched for a moment, she realized that he probably did this out of guilt because of Esme.

“Mr. Whitley, if your boss really loves me, then he should have returned me my grandma’s project!” Fia signed the document before going up.

Silas looked at her figure and felt bad for his boss.

However, it was not because his boss didn't want to return the project, but because he couldn't face the truth. The court case with Thea Lawson had become something of a ghost haunting him.

Now, Mr. Maxwell wished that the project never existed. In the past, he paid a lot of attention to it. But now, he was slowing down that project's development.

No one knew why, but he knew best what Mr. Maxwell was thinking.

"Silas, did she sign the contract?"

"She did." Silas immediately gave Conrad a sincere smile when he heard his voice coming from behind.

"What did she say?"

"Er... She didn't say anything."

Conrad frowned and glared at him. "Be honest with me!"

"Well, she... She said that if you're really treating her well, you should -return Madam Thea Lawson's project to her." Silas lowered her head. He could feel the brewing storm in Conrad's heart and he didn't even dare to gasp for air.

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"She really wants that project that much?" Conrad got a headache whenever he thought of it. He was thinking of completely erasing every single trace of that project.

He was willing to make a new project for her.

"Sir, you didn't know about it either. You can't blame yourself for what happened to Madam Thea." Silas consoled him.

He heard footsteps from behind him. Conrad turned and saw Lola. He looked at her with a cold expression.

"Silas, send her home!"

He didn't want to see her in his home. He didn't know what Fia was thinking and why she would befriend someone like that.

Lola knew that there was no chance for her to get any closer to Conrad today. In order to not make him detest her more than he already did, she left without any complaints.

Only a nightlight was kept on in the bedroom when Conrad walked in. He saw Fia already in bed.

Normally, she wouldn't go to bed that early. She would speak to him about the happy things that happened during the day and would then help him prepare for his shower and get his clothes for him.

He couldn't get used to how cold she had become.

"Fia, there's something I want to talk to you about." He sat down by the bed and looked at her lying on the bed.

Fia quietly opened her eyes. There wasn't much emotion in those eyes of hers.

"Speak."

"Your grandmother's project is deteriorating. The company has decided to cancel the project. I'm planning to start a new project for you... To replace your grandma's project."

Fia suddenly sat up. "What do you mean? My grandma's project helped the Maxwell Corporation to get through its hardest time! You can't cancel it just because you want to! It belongs to my grandma and it's not yours! You can't cancel it!"

"I'm doing this for the company. Not all projects can maintain their excellence throughout the ages. Time marches on... So do the projects."

"Bullshit!" Fia was so angry that she couldn't help but curse out loud. "Fine. Since that project isn't earning anything anymore, you can pass it on to me. You can't cancel it! You don't have the right to cancel it!"

"Fia, calm down!"

!

Fia tightened her fist and slammed at her chest as she screamed her heart out. "I can't calm down! Can you calm down if it was you? Can you think from my perspective?!"

She finally understood her grandma's passion for that project when she discovered her own passion for design.

But now, the man that she had loved for more than ten years wanted to destroy it. How could she calm down?

Conrad remained silent. He did think about it in her shoes, and that was why he wanted to start a project for her.

That was why he used her designs despite the objection he faced in the company, and even gave her such high payment that someone with her experience and reputation would never get!

"Do we have to end up like this?" His tone was filled with tiredness. "I'm doing this for you."

"If you're really doing this for me, you wouldn't have provoked us when my mom was seriously ill! You wouldn't have gone to court with my grandma! You wouldn't have let your mother humiliate my mom on her deathbed! Conrad Maxwell, I don't want us to end like this too! But all of this... You did all of this!" Fia roared out as her tears finally rolled down her cheeks.

She was in so much heartache. What did she do in her past lives to meet him in this life?!

"Fine, it's my fault, alright?"

"Is that the attitude of someone apologizing?!"

"Then what do you want?!" Conrad's eyes turned dark. "You're

becoming so inexplicable right now! Is the reason you asked Lola to come here for dinner to disgust me?"

"Are you even worth the effort? It's you and Esme who are making me disgusted!" Fia said as she gritted her teeth. "In one moment, you two are together. In the next moment, you say you want to maintain your distance from her! Are you schizophrenic?!"

Conrad frowned deeply. Fia's words were like a slap on his face. It made him furious and embarrassed.

"I think I shouldn't have cared about you at all!"

He turned around and left the bedroom after he said that, and slammed the door behind him.

Fia was trembling. The coldness in her heart instantly consumed her as she buried herself under the blanket, curling herself up in bed.