

## **Read Stop It She's Remarrying by Stellar Strands Chapter 131**

Stop It, She's Remarrying! By Stellar Strands Chapter 131

Conrad frowned and looked at Fia as if she was someone unreasonable.

"Are you joking? They aren't even remotely comparable."

"Feeling reluctant?" Fia was smiling as her tears rolled down.

He had slapped her before.

That was the difference between her and Esme

One was the true love that he cared about more than anything in the whole world. The other was just a wife in name only!

"You aren't like this, Fia."

Conrad could feel a sting in his heart. For the past three years, she had always been well-behaved. She would never say anything that might harm others. She was even respectful toward Mrs. Taylor.

Why did she become like this?

"Don't waste your breath on me!" Fia was further provoked by his disappointing stare.

He was a husband that cared about another woman at all times. What right did he have to ask her to be a dutiful wife?!

"If you want to continue playing your role of a dutiful son and want me to let go of your mom, slap Esme in front of me! Otherwise, you can forget about it!"

All she was asking for was a slap. She wasn't even asking him to abuse her physically.

She could already see how much affection he had for Esme from that alone.

"I won't!" Conrad refused. "If you want someone to take it out on, take it out on me. You can hit and yell at me as much as you like."

“Then you can forget about it.” Fia looked at him coldly before walking to Jason’s car.

Jason grabbed a blazer and put it over her shoulders. He then closed the car door once she was inside. He looked at Conrad who was standing below the platform and said, “Even I feel disgusted at you, Mr. Maxwell. And I’m a man.”

Conrad glared at him and was about to rush over but Esme grabbed his arm.

“That’s enough for now, Conrad. Let’s figure out how to get your mom out of the station first.”

All he could do was watch Jason leaving with Fia in his car.

Conrad kicked on the platform and pushed Esme away.

“Call your own driver to pick you up. I have something else to do.”

He didn’t give Esme a glance as she lay on the ground miserably.

“Conrad!” Esme looked at Conrad driving away, her face pale.

Resentment filled her eyes and even the expression on her face was somewhat warped.

She should have pushed Fia down the mountain just now when she was not paying any attention! It would be even better if she lost her child because of it!

She simply wasn’t vicious enough!

Jason could see Conrad’s car tailing them through the rear mirror. He glanced at Fia, who was sitting in the passenger’s seat.

“Fia, Mr. Maxwell is tailing us.”

Fia looked at the back and then said, “Evans, lose him.”

“You don’t want to go home?”

“I don’t want to see him. I don’t want to go to his mansion either.”

All she could think about was that she had simply asked him to do a simple favor to take care of her mom while she took a shower. But Beryl had managed to sneak in and hit her mother. She simply couldn't accept this.

"Hold on." Jason stepped on the gas and overtook a few cars. He then went into another street and went to another highway.

After Conrad lost Jason's car, all he could do was slam on his steering wheel out of frustration.

"Darn you!"

When Jason saw that he had lost Conrad, he slowed down his car.

He couldn't help but tighten his grip over the steering wheel and ask, "What are your plans after this?"

"After this?" Fia's eyes were red as she leaned on the car window.

"In the past, I wished that I could have a child. When it's not so busy on the weekend, I would take the child back to visit my mom and grandma, and maybe have a walk together with them outside.

"But... I don't know what else to do right now."

Jason suppressed his feelings and said to her gently, "Live well. For those that have passed away."

"Yeah," Fia responded coldly, her heart full of bitterness.

Grandma and her mom had advised her not to divorce.

But she was very, very tired.

Even if she did manage to stop Conrad and Esme from marrying each other, she would also lose herself in her revenge.

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Was there really a need for this marriage to continue?

When Jason saw how sorrowful her face was, he tried to console her. "Think about your child. No matter how tough it is, you have to go on."

Fia slowly touched her belly. One month. She couldn't even feel anything from it.

She remembered that as her baby grew, her belly would become bigger. She realized that she had to consider a lot of things for the child now.

First, she needed money. Otherwise, she wouldn't be able to survive on her own in the future.

"Please let me off in front, Evans."

Once she was in the city center, it wouldn't be far from her mother's apartment. She wanted to go home and take a look.

"Will you be alright alone?"

"My mom's apartment complex is just in front."

Jason gave it a thought and asked, "Koi Gardens?"

"Yes."

Jason said nothing and focused on his driving.

Fia was reminiscing about all sorts of things. When she finally came back to her senses, she realized that they were already driving into Koi Gardens.

She knew that the apartment complex was very stringent with its rules and would not allow an outsider's car to drive in.

"You stay here too, Evans?"

"Yes. I have an apartment here."

The two of them got into the elevator together. Jason pressed his apartment's level first before looking at Fia. "Which floor?"

Fia was stunned and she had some complicated feelings over it.

"Same floor as you."

Jason was surprised too. "What a coincidence."

The elevator door opened and two of them walked out. Fia noticed that Jason's apartment was just opposite hers.

She remembered the time when her mother fainted. "You really stay here?"

"You think I'm lying to you?" Jason then punched the code into the keypad and the door to the apartment opened in front of Fia.

Fia was feeling a bit awkward. "I remembered the time when my mom fainted here and called the ambulance..."

Jason realized what she was asking. "it was an emergency and I didn't notice it. Not to mention that I usually don't stay here."

"Where do you stay then?"

Fia kept on feeling that something weird was happening.

Jason held the apartment door with one hand and said with a smile, "I used to live with my parents. Lately, I want some freedom so I moved here."

"Oh, no wonder."

Fia realized that when Jason moved here, her mother had been admitted and she herself hadn't come over. It was normal that they had never met there.

She quietly apologized to him for suspecting him.

"Fia, this is fate arranged by the gods," Jason couldn't help but mutter.

Fia smiled awkwardly. She couldn't give him a response when he was saying it so openly.

Fate... It should not be used to describe the relationship between man and woman so easily. Jason was very smart and immediately added, "We're fated to be friends."

"Yeah!" Fra nodded after she sighed in relief.

"I'm going in now. I did two extra surgeries last night and I didn't have enough rest."

Fia quickly said, "Thanks for everything for today. You should go in now."

Jason went into his apartment, closed the door, and leaned on the door for a long time... Unmoving.

Fia looked at his apartment door before quietly opening the door to her mother's apartment and going in.

After he heard the door opposite his apartment close, Jason muttered to himself, "Clearly the gods are playing tricks on me."

He had an apartment right opposite her mother's, yet he only met her after so much time had passed. If he had met her before her marriage, he...

"Whatever." He closed his eyes.

'Let it be.'

Meanwhile, Fia stood in the middle of the living room as she scanned everything around her.

Everything was still the same.

She could smell the wooden scent that her mother loved to use.

Only her mother was missing.

She could no longer hold back her tears as her eyes warmed and she began to choke. "Mom..."

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Fia fell on her knees as she looked at her surroundings, her vision blurred by tears. She was like a child that had been left all alone at the crossroads. She didn't know where to go from there.

She held her mom's shawl tightly as she began to cry like a wounded puppy.

"Mom..."

She felt all the sorrow that she kept inside of her slowly corroding her as she lost herself to her pain.

She didn't know how much time had passed. Just as she could feel the pain in her head coming from all her sobbing, the doorbell rang.

She sobbed as she looked at the door in shock.

Someone knocked on the door. "Fia?"

It was Jason's voice.

Fia wiped her tears and simply yelled at the door as she tried to cope with the pain in her heart. "What is it?"

Jason frowned outside the door.

Her voice was very hoarse. She must have cried for a very long time.

"I slept for a while and I was awakened by my hunger. I wanted to cook a meal for myself, but I realized

my electric rice cooker doesn't work anymore!" He yelled out loudly, worried that she might not hear him.

Fia sat on the floor and blinked twice before quickly standing up and opening the door.

"I have a rice cooker. I'll grab it for you."

Jason pretended not to see her red eyes and unkempt hair.

"My electric cooker isn't working too."

"Huh?" Fia looked a bit confused. She had cried too much just now and still hadn't fully recovered.

"Can I borrow your kitchen?" Jason asked carefully.

Fia simply nodded.

He smiled gently and said, "I'll go whip something up. You haven't eaten too, right? Let's eat together."

"Sure."

Fia then looked at Jason as he removed his shoes and headed to the kitchen. She quickly opened the

shoe cabinet.

There was a pair of male slippers inside. It was Conrad's.

She hesitated for two seconds, grabbed the slippers, and then chased after him.

"Evans, the floors can be a bit cold. Wear these."

"Okay. Thanks."

Fia then asked, "How do you know where the kitchen is?"

"It has the same layout as my apartment."

"Oh."

Jason turned and glanced at her. "If you're not busy, can you give me a hand?"

"Sure."

He looked at her, "Maybe you can wash up first?"

Fia saw how unkempt she looked from the mirror and said, "Give me a second."

"Sure."

After she left the kitchen, Jason opened the fridge. The fruits and the vegetables in the fresh food compartment had begun to show signs of decay.

He found a bag and quickly cleaned it up before throwing it into the bin in the corridor.

He then ordered through his phone some vegetables and fruits to be delivered.

Once Fia was back after freshening up, Jason had already plugged in the rice cooker and defrosted a slab of beef.

He said, "There are no vegetables in the fridge so I'll do something with the beef."



“Sure,” she said numbly. She still hadn’t freed herself from her grief and it looked like part of her soul was missing.

He then asked, “Can you eat spicy food? I found a bag of dried chili in your cabinet. If you can eat spicy food, I’ll try and make something out of it and the beef.”

“Yes, I can.”

“Great.”

When Fia looked at how he was busy preparing the meal, she awkwardly played with her fingers.

“Can I help you with something?”

“I can’t find the cornstarch. Can you help me find it?”

“Sure.”

Fia opened her cabinet and realized the dried chili and cornstarch were in the same place.

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She turned and looked at Jason who was busy chopping up the beef. She suddenly realized something.

She was touched. She tried her best to get her spirits up so that she wouldn’t worry him anymore.

The doorbell rang and Fia looked at the door in distress.

Jason saw that and he quickly said, “I ordered some vegetables for the beef through the app. I think it’s the delivery man.”

“Oh.”

The door opened, and Jason’s eyes met with Conrad’s angry stare.

Before Conrad could shout in anger, Jason quickly closed the door and dragged Conrad a few meters

away.

“What are you doing?!” Conrad hurled a fist at him.

Jason frowned after he took the hit. He didn't fuss about it and quickly whispered to him, “Fia had been crying for a very long time at home, so I came over to see how things were. I noticed that something is wrong with her. She gets terrified at the sound of the doorbell and she's being somewhat slow.

“From my experience looking after patients all this while, I believe she might be going through post- traumatic stress disorder.”

Conrad had his eyebrows locked together. “What is post-traumatic stress disorder?”

“After a patient goes through a hurtful experience either physically or mentally, they develop symptoms that include severe anxiety and fearfulness. If her living environment is not supportive of her and it worsens the symptoms, she might even develop depression and start hallucinating.”

“How is that possible?”

“Have you never thought about it at all? You're not single anymore. As her husband, not only did you not put her first, you didn't even protect her when she was going through so much pain. Instead, you antagonize her by always appearing in front of her with another woman!”

Jason continued to berate him with wrathful eyes. “If you don't cherish her, please let her go, and don't appear in front of her anymore!”

“Bullshit!” Conrad threw another punch at Jason and angrily said, “Stop pretending to be some hero of justice! These are all lies so that you can have her!”

Jason scoffed. “You unrepentant trash!”

Just when the two of them were about to fight, Fia opened the door.

“Evans, why is it...”

She then saw Conrad who was in the corridor. She instinctively frowned and said with a cold expression on her face, “Why are you here?”

Conrad put down his arm that was about to hit Jason. He then remembered what Jason had said.

He softened his tone. "My calls won't go through to you, so I came over to try my luck."

"What is it?" Fia said icily. "If this is for your mom, forget it!"

Conrad frowned and took a few steps forward.

"Uncle Wallace gave me a call. He said that he's worried that you'll be sad alone, so he asked me to take you home together with me."

"No thanks." Fia turned around. She didn't want to see him anymore. "I don't want to go back with you. Leave."

She returned to the apartment and slammed the door behind her.

Jason and Conrad stared at each other.

"Why are you wearing my slippers? Remove them!" Conrad's eyes fell on Jason's feet.

Even Jason, who was usually quite calm, was enraged. With two kicks, the slippers flew and whacked Conrad's face.

"What the fu—"

"What do you want?!" Fia opened the door again and glared at him. "Are you crazy? Why do you like putting the blame on someone else? If you want to do that, do it somewhere else, not in front of my door!" Conrad, "..."

See! Which part of her looked like she was anxious or terrified?!

"Sorry, Evans. You should go back!" Fia said to Jason. She then noticed the bruise on his face and her anger toward Conrad became even more intense."

"Fia, I'm worried..."

"Leave!"

Jason hadn't even finished his sentence and Conrad had already yelled at him.

Fia was so angry that she walked back in, took out a broom, and started to hit Conrad with it.

“Leave!”

“Fia! Stop!” Conrad’s neck became red from his anger and all the dust he was eating.

“Fia, I told you...” He hadn’t even finished speaking and he was almost given a face full of dust. He had no choice but to take a step back.

When Jason saw how lively Fia had become, he returned to his apartment.

Conrad wiped his face and realized that Jason was staying right opposite of her. His eyes turned red.

He pointed at the opposite and said, “What’s going on here, Fia?!”

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Fia immediately swiped the broom at him.

Conrad took a step back as she raised the broom again.

She stared at Conrad and said, “Leave!

“If you don’t leave, take this!”

In a moment of weakness, the man grabbed her broom and threw it away.

He then pushed her back into the apartment.

He slammed the door shut and pushed her against it.

Both of them looked at each other angrily as their breaths touched each other’s faces,

One glared at the other from top to bottom while the other met back his gaze from below.

“Good.” Conrad bit her shoulders out of anger.

“Ouch! Are you a rabid dog?!”

“You called me a dog. Now, you don’t let me bite you?” He shouted back. However, as he smelled her scent, he let go and didn’t want to bite her anymore.

Fia had just wanted to curse when she felt her shoulder dampen. Her feet almost lost their strength.

He licked her shoulder and growled, “I won’t go mad and just bite someone on the streets. They might lock me up like a madman.”

“But... I can harass my wife.” With that, he pinched her waist.

“Where’s your dignity, Conrad?!” She shouted with a trembling voice.

She didn’t know why. Every time he did something like this to her, she would easily lose her strength.

“You don’t like it?” Conrad put his face close to hers. “Three years of marriage... Did I not treat you well?”

Fia could feel her blood boiling inside of her.

He would always speak about those things now to change the topic.

“So... Are you trying to cheat on me?”

Suddenly, his words twisted and he became as cold as a snake.

Fia shuddered and pushed him away.

She didn’t even manage to take a few steps before he dragged her back into the room.

“What are you doing?!” Fia cried out.

“Isn’t this how husbands and wives make peace? We must have done it too rarely lately to the point that you have thoughts of betraying me!”

Conrad grabbed Fia and pressed her to the bed despite her struggles.

When she remembered how he and Esme were together, the fearfulness in her eyes turned cold.

She didn't want to explain anything. She learned from him and copied his tone to mock him. To make him

disgusted.

"Did my cousin not entertain you well enough that you have started to have thoughts of having two women serving you at the same time?"

Conrad frowned and the carnal desire in his eyes completely disappeared. He looked at her, his arms holding hers on top of her.

"There's nothing between us."

"Ha! Nothing?" What a joke. "Do you think I'll believe you? There's nothing between me and Doctor Evans but remember what you called us?"

"You gave him a tie, a shirt, and even helped him tie his necktie in the office in the open! Do you think this is what normal friends do?" Conrad said emotionally as he held her hands even tighter.

Fia snickered. "I don't have time for you, so let's not disgust each other further. Leave."

"So you can go to the opposite apartment and sleep with him?!"

Fia stared at him icily and didn't want to speak to him anymore..

"Did you call him over? Fia, this is where your mother lived! Aren't you worried she'll complain you're staining her home?"

Fia could feel a pain stabbed into her heart. Conrad's words had successfully enraged her.

As he held her hands and she couldn't hit him, she rammed her head into his face.

"Fia!" Conrad cried out angrily and left the bed as he held his nose.

Fluid flowed out from his nose. He let go and looked at his hand. It was blood.

He glared at Fia furiously as he ran to the bathroom to get some tissue paper.

Fia blinked as she lay on the bed. She smelled the faint fragrance of beef.

She then remembered that Jason's spicy beef stew was still cooking. She climbed down from the bed

and went to the kitchen.

Conrad managed to stop the bleeding and left the toilet. He saw Fia sitting at the table and eating a bowl of spicy beef stew.

He walked over and sat there as well.

"Give me a bowl and spoon."

Fia raised her eyebrow and said, "You want to eat?"

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"I haven't eaten yet."

"Sure. Ask Evans to come over."

"Why?!"

"He made this and he hasn't even taken a bite yet!"

Fia couldn't be bothered to look at Conrad's embarrassment and simply grabbed her phone and sent a message to Jason.

Jason was on his sofa scrolling Facebook while he munched on a piece of bread.

When he received her message, he was stunned for a moment.

Fia frowned, locked her phone, and put it aside.

She then said to Conrad, "If you want to eat, take your own bowl and spoon. I'm not going to serve you!"

"Fine." Conrad stood up and grabbed a bowl and spoon from the kitchen.

Fia stared at his figure for a few seconds. Something was brewing in her heart and she immediately snapped a picture of his figure from behind and posted it on Facebook.

She only put a red heart emoji as the caption.

Conrad walked back to the table and ate a piece of beef.

Fia asked, "How is it?"

"Not bad," he replied.

"Then you have to thank Evans. He can cook very well."

Conrad almost choked.

Fia smiled coldly and said, "What? Can't swallow it? Then spit it out!"

Conrad was speechless. He had already swallowed it whole. How was he going to spit it out?

He gave up and began feasting as Fia looked at him icily.

Fia looked at Conrad. He didn't even stop even when it got so spicy that his lips began to swell. He even wanted to drink the sauce.

"I remember you don't like spicy food," she said.

Conrad put down the bowl and spoon. He felt as if his stomach and mouth were burning. And so, he went to grab a glass of water.

After two glasses of water, it felt like the spiciness intensified instead.

"Why is it so spicy?!"

He was almost burning.

Fia munched on another piece of beef. "I don't think it's spicy. You're the one that can't eat any spicy food.

As she said that, she hid the fruit juice under the table,

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As she said that, she hid the fruit juice under the table.

Fruit juice and milk can help to lessen the burn from spicy food. Water alone was useless.

Half an hour later, Conrad was sitting on the sofa as if he had lost a lot of strength. He would breathe out from his mouth every once in a while.

He would even massage his stomach, his amber eyes red with tears.

After Fia was full, she took out her bottle of fruit juice and drank.

Conrad looked at her and asked, "Why don't you feel that it's spicy at all?"

"Because I can drink some sweet fruit juice!"

She paraded the bottle of fruit juice in her hand. She loved spicy food so of course she didn't feel the spice. At most, she felt a little peppery taste at the end.

She drank the fruit juice to help ease her stomach.

"Give me a drink!"

He tried to grab the fruit juice from her hand.

She moved her hand. She would rather spill the entire bottle of juice over him than let him drink anything!

Conrad couldn't say a word when he saw the sticky fruit juice all over his shirt. It even went through the fabric and continued running down from his chest.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't do it on purpose. I was simply not holding it properly. You won't blame it on me, right?"

"Do you think I believe you?" Conrad's words were cold. No one had ever dared to do something like that

to him!

"I apologized already. Whether you believe it or not... Well, that's your problem!" Fia said with an eyebrow raised. The way she looked at him was particularly provoking.

Conrad felt that the words somehow cut into him.

"Are you implying something?"

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"Oh. You're quite smart and react so quickly."

Fia tossed her long hair and let out a burp.

"You've already finished what you're here for and have even eaten a meal. Can you scram now?"

Conrad scowled. "Why do you speak like that right now?"

"I'm not gentle. You can go find someone that's gentle."

"I thought you didn't want me to find Esme?"

"Would you listen even if I told you not to?" Fia massaged her forehead. "Who was the one that took her along to find me? When it was raining, you carried her down the mountain."

Conrad didn't say a word, his expression darkening.

“I got it right, didn’t I?” Fia said with a cold voice.

“If we’re talking about this, what about you and that Doctor Evans?”

“Conrad, you started this. Don’t keep on throwing the question back to me.”

Fia took a deep breath. She had been in a bad mood the whole day. She didn’t want it to affect her baby.

“Fine. There’s no point in having this conversation with you. You want me to admit I’m cheating? Sure. But you have to understand that you started it first.”

“I haven’t confirmed you cheated.” Conrad lowered his eyes. “I do admit that the moment that I heard you tied a necktie for him, I got very angry. I also got very angry when I saw the two of you getting so close... I want to hit him so badly.

“But when I calmed down, I knew that you’re not that kind of person.”

Fia’s eyes moved, but she said nothing.

Conrad gritted his teeth. “I don’t understand why we end up like this.

“Yes. I was the one who asked for a divorce and that was very disrespectful toward you. It was my fault for not thinking things through from your perspective.”

He took in a deep breath and made a decision. “But... I don’t want that divorce that much anymore.”

Fia looked at him in shock. “Are you drunk?”

“You don’t even give me any fruit juice anymore,” he said as he stared at her.

Fia looked away. “Or is this a plan to coax me to give the project to my cousin willingly?”

“Why would I coax you like that? What does this have to do with the project?” Conrad asked with a frown. He got inserted into the equation afterall.

“Fia, there’s something that I want to talk to you about. I’m still not sure if I...”

Before he could finish, the ringtone from his phone cut him off.

Seeing who was calling, he felt agitated.

Fia bent over and glanced “Looks like your childhood friend and first love is giving you a call. Take it.”

“Wait. I’ll talk to you after I’m done with her,” Conrad said as he stood up and walked over to the balcony.

He didn’t even greet her. Didn’t even call her name. “What is it?”

Esne was stunned. She felt the sting of his cold words.

“Are you with Fia right now, Conrad?”

“She’s my wife. Is there a problem?”

The balcony was half open and his words could reach Fia’s ears.

Fia was slowly drifting away in her thoughts.

From her understanding of him, she knew that he wasn’t someone pretentious.

If she didn’t hear it herself, she wouldn’t believe that he spoke to Esme like that.

“Conrad... Do you hate me now? What did I do wrong?” Esme started to cry again.

Conrad pressed the spot in between his eyebrows and said in a tiring tone, “I think... We belong in the past.”

With that, he hung up the call and walked back to Fia, sitting in front of her.

“I want to continue what I didn’t finish,” he said as he stared at her.

Fia somehow felt nervous. “I’ll go wash a bowl.”

Conrad extended her hand to stop her. “I’ll wash it after I’m done.” She was shocked again.

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Mr. Maxwell, who had never done any housework, had never washed dishes before.

Conrad held her arm tightly. "We should stop fighting. I want to tell you right now. I don't want a divorce anymore. I don't want to be with Esme like we were in the past anymore."

Fia looked at him numbly, her mind blank.

"I don't know how things could turn out like this. But I can feel that I no longer have the same feelings I had for her. Instead, I would keep on thinking of you when I'm together with her.

"Ever since I asked for the divorce, our peaceful life has been destroyed. I hate this. So... I want to take it back. Can we go back to how we were?"

Fia asked numbly. "Back to how we were? How? How were things like in the past?"

"Let's not divorce. Let's just live a good life. Just the two of us and no one else." Conrad's words also became much more assertive. "I will break up with Esme. You can't see that doctor again either."

"We're not like that." Fia instinctively argued back.

"Can you guarantee that he has no other intentions for befriending you?!" Conrad could feel the fire burning inside of him again.

"Here we go again." Fia pulled her arm away. Even that little bit of temptation was all gone.

She hated how he yelled at her but would always speak gently to Esme!

And the source of this difference in treatment... All because he didn't love her!

He simply couldn't get back the feelings that he had for Esme in the past. It didn't prove that he didn't love her anymore. Perhaps, he was just confused.

Perhaps...

She chose to say it out loud. "You simply don't like me being out of your control. It's not about

maintaining our marriage.”

Conrad remained silent for two seconds as he considered the question.

“I did think of that before.”

Fia didn’t want to be so stupid as to fall into his trap again.

And so, she continued, “The only reason you’re saying you don’t want the divorce is so that I’ll show mercy to your mom so that she can leave the station!”

Conrad’s eyebrows almost locked together.

“Can you please not ask so many questions and simply believe me as you did in the past?”

Fia felt how ridiculous it was.

She was touched because of a few words from him just now.

“If you were me, can you still believe me in full faith?”

Conrad was becoming agitated again and he aggressively kicked at the table.

The table shook and the plates and bowls on the table shook. Some of them even dropped to the ground and shattered.

She began to gasp, wanting to suppress the worsening emotions inside of her.

She controlled herself and screamed, “Scram! Right now! You make me feel disgusted the moment I see you!”

Her voice was very sharp. So sharp that listening to her scream caused pain.

Conrad’s temper was quickly rising.

“You’ve fallen for Jason Evans, haven’t you?!”

He grabbed her shoulders.

She covered her ears as her eyes began to lose focus and she couldn't hear anything.

"You've fallen for him and don't want to stay with me anymore, do you?!"

Conrad shook her, wanting to hear her refusal.

"Yes! Yes! Are you happy now?!" Fia was shaking as she covered her ears, hoping to not hear his angry voice.

She was feeling so uncomfortable. She felt dizzy and wanted to throw up.

"Just leave!" She wanted to get rid of him.

That phony man with an ulterior motive!

The two bangs from the opening and closing of the door scared her so much that she crouched down. and covered her ears.

After a long time had passed, the apartment was now all dark and it was completely quiet.

She slowly put down her arms and switched on the lights like a robot as she cleaned up the messy living

room.

Stop It, She's Remarrying! By Stellar Strands Chapter 139

The next day. The doorbell rang.

Fia stared at the door with terror. Her hands were raised, but she didn't open the door.

Jason suddenly realized something and shouted from the outside, "It's me, Fia!"

When Fia heard the voice, the terror in her eyes quickly disappeared and she went to open the door.

She opened it with a gentle smile on her face.

"Morning, Evans."



Jason was momentarily stunned and pretended not to see the eyebags under her eyes getting worse.

He raised the bag in his hand.

“The vegetables that I ordered yesterday.”

Fia nodded. “Looks like they’re quite fresh.”

“My electric pot still isn’t working, so I’m here to borrow your kitchen.”

“Sure. Come in.”

She moved away and let him in.

Jason immediately walked into the kitchen and began cooking. When he saw that Fia didn’t come into the kitchen, he worriedly went to the living room.

Fia was like a lost girl. She stood in the living room, staring at a spot numbly.

“Fia?”

He called out to her, but she didn’t react to him at all.

He then purposely moved a chair to let out a screeching sound as it scraped against the floor.

Fia returned to her senses and looked at Jason blankly.

“What is it?”

“What do you want to eat?”

Fia was taken aback. “You can make food for yourself. I’m not hungry.”

Jason looked at his watch. “It’s already ten. Have you eaten breakfast?”

She shook her head. She was not interested in anything.

He remained silent for a bit before he said, “Fia, you’re not alone.”

Fia blinked and didn’t say anything.

Jason continued. "You still have the baby in your womb."

"I know." She smiled and walked to the kitchen.

She opened the fridge and saw that it was filled with all the fruits and vegetables that Jason had bought for her. There was also milk.

She grabbed a box of milk and quietly drank it.

When Jason walked into the kitchen, she said, "I want to have some tomato omelet."

"I'll make some for you."

"Thanks."

Detention cell.

Beryl grabbed her son's hand and said, "Conrad, you can't just leave me here. It wasn't intentional!"

Conrad had been thinking about it the whole night. From Fia's perspective.

"Mom. You must admit your own wrongdoings."

"Conrad! I'm your mother! Please give some people a call and do something! It's just a call."

Conrad was silent for a while before saying, "Mom, you'll need to talk to Fia to settle this. I'll find a way to get her here. You need to apologize to her properly.

"She's not a heartless person. If you apologize to her wholeheartedly, she'll accept a deal."

Beryl looked at him in disbelief. "You want me to beg her?"

Conrad frowned. "You owe her that much at least."

"You want me to beg her? Why don't you just give me a rope and be done with it!" Beryl pushed Conrad's hand away furiously.

“Everyone said that their sons would always be on their side. As for you? You abandon me for that wife of yours!”

Conrad stood up and looked at Beryl disappointingly.

“If you don’t have any remorse over this, then accept the law’s judgment!”

“I didn’t kill anyone!” Beryl cried out again.

Conrad took in a deep breath. “You didn’t cooperate with the police that day and scratched his face.”

Beryl was intimidated. “Didn’t you compensate him and it’s all over?”

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