

Read Stop It She's Remarrying by Stellar Strands

Chapter 331

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“What is it, Sally?”

“Jason Evans.” It was quite rare for her to call him by his full name as she stared right into those beautiful eyes of his.

“Don’t make it harder for yourself. Let it go.”

The flesh on Jason’s face trembled very slightly as he said, “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

He quickly pulled away from Sally’s hands and walked away.

All Sally could do was to simply stare at his tall figure as her eyes turned red.

“Why do I even bother?”

Conrad didn’t put the bags in the trunk in a hurry. Instead, he first opened the door to the passenger’s seat.

“Fia, into the car.”

Originally, Fia was thinking of sitting in the back seeing that they were going to divorce soon. But, she saw him opening the car door for her with bags still in his hand.

Her heart was warmed up and she accepted it, now sitting in the passenger’s seat.

“Wait for me in the car. I’ll put the bags in the trunk first.”

“Sure.”

Conrad maintained a cruising speed as the two stayed in the car in silence.

In the past, Conrad never felt that anything was wrong. But today, he felt everything was wrong.

He would glance at her every now and then. Only when he realized minutes later that Fia didn't want to speak did he break the silence.

"Doctor Evans has a break in between his surgeries. If you wanted to say goodbye, we could have waited."

Fia looked at Conrad in surprise. "What did you say?"

How could someone with such a bad temper say something like that?

She even suspected that she was hearing things.

"I said..." Conrad repeated again patiently.

Fia looked at him as if she had just heard something impossible. "I was simply worried that you'll start yelling at him again when you see him and affect his surgery, so I chose not to thank him in person.

"Am I someone that unreasonable?"

"Aren't you? Think about it for a second."

Conrad's expression was becoming somewhat unnatural as he tried to find some excuses. "That's because of his identity. That's why I don't like him."

"Do you think that he had a choice in that?" Fia paused, and she realized that she needed to make things even clearer.

"Not to mention that the reason your parents have such a bad relationship is not only because of your father alone!"

Conrad gritted his teeth. If it was someone else that said this, or if it was the Fia from the past, he would have argued in anger.

Even though he knew that his mother wasn't blameless.

But that was not the excuse that he could use to abandon him!

"I know that it's difficult for you if we keep on talking about this and I'm not saying that it's right for him to abandon you when you're little, but the point is that we can't use our own thoughts to look at the entire picture."

Conrad gripped the steering wheel even tighter. "Can we not talk about this?"

His tone was ice-cold. He was really enraged.

Fia knew that she had gotten on his nerves, and he was already controlling himself from stopping the car and yelling at her. So, she quickly shut her mouth.

A few minutes passed and she cried out, “Hey, why didn’t you stop there? We’ve already passed the Koi Gardens!”

“I need to go. Drop me off somewhere ahead!”

“Please don’t, Fia. At least until you’re recovered.” There was anxiety in his tone. “You’ve only managed to recover somewhat. You can’t let all of it go to waste.”

Fia went silent.

“Come to my place. Mrs. Taylor will take care of you. It’s safer that way.”

Fia was touched, so she didn’t refuse.

When the car drove into one of the lavish mansion districts under the management of Maxwell Corporation, he didn’t stop in front of their mansion. Instead, he drove past it and stopped at another.

“Did you go to the wrong mansion?” Fia looked at Conrad curiously. Could it be that he had been taking care of her too much and he was too tired? And that led to him forgetting his own mansion?

“No, this is the one.” Conrad unbuckled the safety belt, got out of the car, and walked around to the passenger’s side before opening the door. “Let’s go.”

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Fia frowned. She was just about to remind him about it when she heard Mrs. Taylor’s voice.

“Wait, Master Maxwell! The sun is searing today. Don’t let her stay under the sun for too long!” Mrs. Taylor ran over with an umbrella and then waited outside the car as she opened the umbrella. “You can come down now, madam. You can’t get too much time right now.”

Fia felt touched and wanted to cry.

Mrs. Taylor reminded her of her grandma and mom.

“Madam?” Mrs. Taylor was worried that she was still mad at Conrad and didn’t want to get down the car, and didn’t want to continue her marriage with Conrad.

She pushed at Conrad, who was waiting by the door. “Master, carry the madam off the car.”

“Oh, sure.” Conrad nodded and bent down, with half his body inside the car as he unbuckled her seatbelt and carried her out.

“No... No thanks...”

Fia felt herself blushing as she couldn’t refuse the strongly built man.

Mrs. Taylor cracked a smile as she raised the umbrella high, and followed behind Conrad as she continued saying, “Madam, Master Maxwell switched to another mansion for your sake.”

Fia looked at Mrs. Taylor, confused.

“He’s worried that you’ll be saddened. That won’t be good for you.”

Fia instantly knew why. Her mom had passed away in that mansion.

Conrad was worried that she would be saddened if she were to keep looking at where she lost her mom. She didn’t say anything, but she did feel upset. Especially when she approached the guest room on the first floor. She would be reminded of how her mom was dragged to the floor and beaten by Beryl.

“I’m sorry,” Conrad whispered into her ears and hugged her even tighter.

When they went into the living room, he carefully put her down on the sofa and said, “I’ll take a shower first. I’ll accompany you later.”

He then turned to Mrs. Taylor and said, “Please make something sweet for her. Make sure it’s hot. The doctor said she can’t have anything cold.”

“I know. I’ll take good care of her!” Mrs. Taylor quickly went to the kitchen and took out the sweet

pumpkin soup that she had already prepared. It was not too hot, not too cold.

“Have a drink, madam. I’m sure you’ll like it.”

“Thank you.” Fia accepted and then had a spoonful as Mrs. Taylor watched.

“Does it need anything? Let me know and I’ll change it next time.”

“Everything you make is perfect for me, Mrs. Taylor.”

“I probably can’t do much at this age, but I can cook. If I can’t take good care of you, It will surely disappoint Master Maxwell.”

Mrs. Taylor looked at Fia with a sweet smile as she consumed the pumpkin soup. “Master Maxwell really

does care about you now. Have you noticed that all the renovations done to this mansion are to your liking?”

Fia paused. “Not really.” Then, she continued to eat the soup.

She was lying to herself. From the moment that Conrad carried her in, she already knew that it was done to her liking.

The mansion earlier was renovated to Conrad’s style, cold and dispassionate. Only the bedroom was changed to her taste.

But this mansion... It was renovated to how she liked it. Simple but elegant.

From the furniture to the carpets, from the curtains to the sofa. All of them.

“Are you still preparing the chicken soup, Mrs. Taylor?”

Conrad came down wearing gray casual wear, drying his hair with a towel.

“Of course, master. I’ve put it on low heat. I’ve also prepared soup made of pork and another of fish. Master, get some water for the madam to wash up as I prepare the table. Lunch will be prepared soon!”

Fia didn’t even have the chance to say anything when Conrad put the towel on his shoulder and walked

away.

Very quickly, he returned with a basin of warm water and knelt down in front of her.

“Come, give me your hands.”

Fia looked at him quietly and didn't move at all.

He raised his head and said, “What is it?”

“I can do it.”

Conrad smiled helplessly and pulled her arm and washed her hands.

“You don't have to feel embarrassed. I've been doing this in the hospital. I have even washed your hair and helped you bathe.”

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Fia felt the hand that he grabbed begin to warm up and she quickly said, “It's done. You're going to scrape my skin off!”

She very quickly pulled her hand back, grabbed the towel from his hands, and dried her own hands before walking to the dining room.

Conrad followed after her with the basin. He grabbed her wrist when she was going to walk into a room.

“That's the storage.”

“Huh?” Fia looked inside the room and saw that the wine cabinets lining up on the walls were filled with numerous wine bottles. There was also a large fridge inside, and she guessed that they were filled with wine bottles as well.

“All wine?”

“Yeah.”

When she heard how thoughtless his answer was, she stared at him somewhat upsettingly.

“You bought so many bottles of wine right after you moved into another mansion. Don't you know that your stomach can't keep up with all your drinking? Are you trying to kill yourself?!”

“Fia, you’ve misunderstood me.”

“You think I’m blind?” Fia pulled her hand out with an angry face.

At this time, Mrs. Taylor quickly ran over and led Fia into another room at the opposite side.

“This is the dining room. Originally, this mansion had the same layout as the old one. Master Maxwell was worried that it’ll sadden you if the layout was the same, so he had it changed.”

Fia looked away sadly.

When Mrs. Taylor saw the anger on her face disappear, she quickly said, “And he didn’t buy the wine in the cellar. He kept on receiving wine from other people, so he’s been storing them like this for a few years.”

She then led Fia to the dining table and seated her. “You took it the wrong way, madam.”

Fia realized that her tone was quite hostile, and she turned to look at the door.

She then said awkwardly, “Aren’t you eating?”

“I’ll throw the water away. I’ll be here soon.”

Fia held up her fork and looked at all the dishes laid out on the table. It could keep her fed for one week.

“Come eat with us, Mrs. Taylor.”

“That won’t do! I’m just a housekeeper!” Mrs. Taylor quickly left, worried that Fia would force her to join them for dinner, which would be very bad manners.

Fia gave up and put down her fork, waiting for Conrad to come back.

“Why aren’t you eating yet?” Conrad asked as he walked in.

“Waiting for you.”

“If you’re hungry, you can eat first. Don’t wait for me like you did in the past. When I’m busy, I can’t always make it back home to eat dinner.”

Fia knew that very well.

That had resulted in her getting starved quite a few times during her three years of marriage while waiting

for his return.

Sometimes, he would even eat with clients outside.

Sometimes, he was too busy, and he would only come home and eat around nine in the evening.

“Eat. Mrs. Taylor prepared all your favorite food,” Conrad said as he glanced at the dishes. While all of them were her favorite, none of them were spicy. “She’ll add chili later once you’ve fully recovered.”

Fia felt even guiltier the more he acted like that.

“I’m sorry for just now.”

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“I’m not angry. Instead, I’m very happy.”

Fia looked at him speechlessly. “Happy?”

He really was a changed man. No matter how she yelled and roared at him, he was happy.

“How can I not be happy? You care about me.”

Fia choked as she looked at Conrad awkwardly.

“How can you be so smooth nowadays?”

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"Don't speak while you eat," Fia said as she ate even quicker.

Conrad waited for her to finish. When she wanted to leave the table, he grabbed her by the wrist.

"What are you doing?!" Fia stared at him with wide eyes.

Conrad grabbed a paper towel and helped her wipe the edges of her lips.

"Look at how you're eating. You're eating like a child."

Fia quickly moved his hand away and pulled a paper towel herself.

"I can do it myself."

When Conrad saw her hurry out of the dining room, he said, "Have some good rest in the afternoon. Let Mrs. Taylor know if you need anything. I need to go to work."

"Whatever!" Fia left and then ran into Mrs. Taylor.

"You've finished, madam?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll take you to the second floor. There are a few changes between the bedrooms in this mansion as well."

Fia frowned and looked back at the dining room.

She then whispered, "Mrs. Taylor, I'll sleep in the guest room."

"Why?" Mrs. Taylor led Fia up the stairs. "We can talk as we go."

But she didn't really want to talk.

She knew that Mrs. Taylor was just trying to persuade her as they talked.

"Madam, did Master Maxwell treat you badly in the hospital?"

"...No."

"Then, why do you want to sleep separately? That's so damaging to your relationship."

Fia swallowed and said, "Mrs. Taylor, there's no need to pretend that you don't know."

Mrs. Taylor sighed as she led Fia into the bedroom and held her hands tightly.

"Madam, I know that you've suffered a lot. You've endured so many things for Master Maxwell's love, aren't I right?"

Fia looked away as she felt melancholy fill her heart, but she felt so helpless as if she was drowning in it.

"Mrs. Taylor, you're a woman too. You know what we're afraid of the most."

Mrs. Taylor remained quiet to let her finish.

"We women... We're afraid of burning out. That no matter how much we love someone, our sacrifice will burn our love away. Once it's all gone, we just can't be that enthusiastic anymore."

Mrs. Taylor looked at Fia, stunned. She couldn't find anything to argue with her.

"If I can't get passionate about it anymore, what's the point of us staying together? What's the point of continuing this marriage? We might as well cut ourselves off from each other as quickly as possible and

find our own paths so that we can find what we're missing."

"Madam, I really don't want to see the two of you...."

“Please don’t make it difficult for me, alright? There’s no need to keep reminding me of that love I once had. It would only make me dislike you more.”

Mrs. Taylor couldn’t say anything else and went to prepare the guest room.

Fia looked in the bedroom. The decor was all done to her liking.

But they were going to divorce soon. There was no need for her to move in.

She walked to the guest room with no hesitation.

“You’re still recovering, so sleep. I’ll wake you up again in the evening once dinner is ready.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Taylor.”

“You’re very welcome.”

Mrs. Taylor walked out of the guest room and closed the door lightly. She didn’t shut it completely.

How could Fia fall asleep? She looked in the closet, at all the clothing. She chose a long-sleeved pajama top and a pair of long pants before taking a shower.

It was so hot and she would usually want to wear something shorter so that she could feel cooler. However, she was worried that she might catch a cold, so she wanted to pick something long to keep herself covered during her recovery.

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The air conditioner was switched on and she adjusted the temperature to 82 degrees Fahrenheit. She climbed up the bed and gave Eileen a call.

Eileen picked up very quickly. “You’re back in Koi Gardens? I’ll visit you tonight after I’m done with work!”

“I’m back with Conrad now.”

“Huh? Didn’t you say you want to move to your mother’s apartment after you’re discharged?”

“He doesn’t allow me to.”

Eileen sighed. “He doesn’t allow you, yes. But you can’t bear to separate from him too, right?”

“He said that I should stay here so Mrs. Taylor can take care of me.”

“True. I’ve delayed my work earlier so I have to catch up. I can’t take care of you.”

“Focus on your work. Don’t think too much,” Fia said. Originally, she wanted to ask her if she knew that Victor’s marriage was on the twentieth of next month. But she was also worried that it might harm her, so she didn’t want to ask her about it.

Eileen gave her surroundings a glance. It was still not her turn, so she went back to the dressing room and chatted with Fia.

“Fia, is there something you want to talk to me about by calling me?”

“Well, yeah. He’s been treating me especially well lately. I feel very strange and I can’t get used to it.

“Tell me how well he is treating you.”

Fia then told her how he was acting when they were together in the hospital. All Eileen could do was stand there with wide eyes.

“That’s not just at a level of being peculiar. He’s almost becoming a simp!” Eileen said in shock. “Fia, is that person still Conrad Maxwell? He needs to give the cup of hot water a blow because it might burn you?”

“Yes. I’m sure it’s him.”

“Well, crap. I can’t even begin to imagine him being like that!” Eileen suddenly remembered Victor. “I never thought that he could be different from my boss.”

“How different?”

“Victor will never do that. Even when taking care of someone he cares about, he would always put on an arrogant face. Let’s not talk about him. Just thinking about it makes me feel annoyed!”

“Sure, let’s not.”

“Fia, my answer is still the same. You and Conrad still have a chance. Why not give it a try?”

Fia hesitated for a second before saying, “You’re my best friend so I don’t want to hide it from you. I’m quite touched lately. Especially that day when he protected me from that pedicab that lost control. He even hurt his back.

“But when I’m alone with my thoughts at night, I’ll remember our baby. I can’t live with him after that.”

“Fia, I know how you feel. If you can’t have closure, you’ll be reminded of your child from time to time when you see him.”

Eileen continued, “It’s the same to me too. During the first two years after I aborted my child, I would think about him from time to time. I would wonder, if I didn’t abort the baby, would the baby be a boy or a girl? Would he or she look like me or him? But I can’t, Fia! The more I think about it, the emptier I become! The more drained I would become!”

The two of them chatted for an hour.

After that, both of them avoided talking about their love life. Instead, they talked about their plans for the

future.

Eileen said that she would be attending an award ceremony during the Harvest Festival and wanted Fia to

make a dress for her.

Fia, who was feeling somewhat confused, instantly became spirited. After she ended the call, she took out a pen and paper and began drawing.

She wanted to make a dress for Eileen that would make her steal the spotlight!

So that when she went to the award ceremony, she would be very pretty!

Conrad had been standing outside for a long time, and he eavesdropped on Fia's call.

She kept on telling Eileen that she was tired, and wanted a divorce.

He didn't dare to walk inside, worried that she would tell him to speed up the divorce process.

"What are you doing?!" Fia opened the door and was shocked to see the man outside the door.

There was a sense of awkwardness in his tone as he said, "I just came back. Mrs. Taylor said that you're staying in the guest room so I came over to see."

"I see," Fia said as she eyed him suspiciously. "Is everything alright at the company? You haven't gone back for so long but you came back so soon?"

"Silas can deal with a lot of my usual work. Those that he can't, would be sent to my email."

"I remembered that you wanted to take the Maxwell Company to the next level and expand to the capital. Can you succeed if you stay here?"

"I've stopped the plan."

Fia looked at Conrad shocked, and saw her own reflections in his amber eyes.

She heard what he said, but couldn't understand what he meant.

Chapter 336

Their eyes met.

The firmness in his eyes became even stronger.

Fia couldn't understand. She was confused.

Why would someone who put so much emphasis on his career want to stop his plan of expanding to the capital city?

"Fia, to me, my family is more important than my career right now."

Conrad turned and stepped forward toward Fia. “Do you understand what I’m trying to say, Fia?”

Fia took a step back uncontrollably. The burning sensation came again.

“Conrad, do you even know what you’re saying?”

“I know.”

“You...” Fia shook her head hastily. “You don’t understand anything. The reason that you’re saying all of this is because of your own guilt. Or maybe because you’re used to me waiting for you at home.” Conrad knit his brows. “I admit. Those might be some of the reasons, but that’s not the whole story.

“How tainted,” Fia said as she felt her heart sink. The reason that she married him was because of love. But the reason he married her or the reason that he wanted to continue this marriage wasn’t because of love.

“What’s tainted?” Conrad couldn’t understand what it was that Fia couldn’t let go of.

He was feeling somewhat anxious and quickly walked over and held her shoulders as his voice became louder. “You think that all I did lately is an act? Can’t you feel that I’m changing? Can’t you see that I’m changing for you?”

Fia shook her head, getting misty-eyed as she repeated the same word. “Tainted.”

She refused to accept his guilt, his attempts to make amends, or his accustomedness to this. She wished for his rationale to match hers.

Love.

Nothing less than love could make her stay.

“What do you mean by tainted? What do you want!” Conrad’s emotion was starting to get the better of him.

Fia could feel the pain from her shoulders as he grabbed her, but she didn’t even frown. She simply said, “You’re stopping your plans, right? That means you won’t be busy lately. Let’s complete the divorce paperwork tomorrow.”

She tried to make it sound as easy as possible.

She didn't get any love from him in this marriage, so there was no need to reveal anything anymore before she had to leave.

Let him believe that this was all a mistake. That they were forced to marry by their elders.

Before she left, she wanted what was left of her dignity to be intact.

"What are you thinking again?!" Conrad pushed Fia, and when he saw that she swayed because he pushed

her, he quickly helped her up again.

"Don't touch me!" Fia pushed his hand away. "I have had enough of you treating me so erratically!"

"Aren't

you the one forcing me each time? Every time I wanted to talk with you, you would say something like this! You never gave me a chance!"

"You..." Fia gritted her teeth. She couldn't say anything anymore. Not her complaints. Not her hatred. Not. even how he and Esme hurt her in the past.

He got used to being the center of the world. If he would become like this every time he got angry, it was pointless no matter what she said.

At the end of the day, he didn't love her. That was why he couldn't think from her perspective.

Perhaps.... He couldn't love others more than he loved himself.

"Tomorrow at nine. Let's go to the city hall." Fia ended the conversation there. She immediately turned around and walked back into the guest room. She didn't want to see him again. She would rather die of thirst than go down to have a drink.

Five in the evening. Mrs. Taylor knocked at the guest room door.

"Are you asleep, madam?"

Fia opened her eyes. She couldn't sleep, of course. She was only resting her eyes.

“No.”

“Dinner is ready. Come down and have dinner.”

Fia wanted to say that she wasn't hungry and didn't want to eat. But when she remembered how her body was, she got up and opened the door.

“Where is he?”

“He went out. He said that there's no need to wait for him for dinner.” Mrs. Taylor paused and asked, “Did you two fight again?”

“No. We just had a chat.”

Mrs. Taylor wanted to say something else. But when she saw how cold Fia was being, she had no choice but to give up.

At a certain bar.

A man wearing shades sitting in the middle of the bar was drinking. The women around him were stirred. by his looks, but every time a woman wanted to get close to him, his bodyguards would stop them.

After a few times, no woman dared to approach him anymore.

Suddenly, there was a bang. Someone kicked a chair and it hit the table.

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The bodyguards and the staff glared at the person before noticing who it was. They were speechless as they looked at their boss.

Conrad used his foot to straighten up the chair that he had kicked and then took a seat. He then knocked on the bar table saying, “Whiskey on the rocks.”

The bartender glanced at the man sitting next to Conrad, poured some whiskey into a glass with ice, and pushed the glass toward him.

Conrad raised the glass, raised his head, and finished it in one gulp.

“Another one!”

After four glasses, the man sitting next to Conrad couldn't bear it anymore.

“Don’t try to get yourself killed in my bar!”

Conrad stared at Victor and said, “You might be operating a business here but you’re not the boss of me.

Victor pulled off his sunglasses and mockingly stared at him. “What? Your wife just got discharged and you end up here? What did she do to you?”

“Shut up!” Conrad slammed the glass on the bar table and glared at the bartender. “Another!”

The bartender looked at Victor.

Victor scoffed and said, “If he wants to drink, let him drink.

“Who cares if he wants to die here!”

Midnight. Fia was tossing and turning and couldn’t get into a deep sleep.

She didn’t know what was happening, but she kept on thinking about that man. Ever since dinner, she had been on high alert trying to listen to any cars returning from outside.

However, she couldn’t hear anything.

She grabbed her phone and looked at the time. She couldn’t help but mumble, “It’s already twelve... Has he eaten?”

Other than business gatherings or when he met with important clients, he had never eaten with anyone.

She had given Silas a call at eight at night just now to try to find out if he was meeting anyone tonight.

She even sent him a message, reminding him to come home earlier to rest so that they could go to the city hall earlier.

As he didn’t come back, she was becoming nervous. She didn’t know if it was because he didn’t come home or because he didn’t return her messages.

Maybe it was something else, or maybe it was nothing.

She kept on feeling something stirring inside of her.

When she remembered what she said to him in the evening, he was obviously angry.

Was he angry at her? And that was why he didn't come home to eat dinner? Why hadn't he come home when it's already so late?

After giving it some thought, she was still hesitating on whether to call Silas again when a call came in.

It was an unknown number.

"Hello?"

"Is this Mr. Maxwell's wife?"

Fia blinked and asked in full alert. "Who is this?"

"Mr. Maxwell is drunk in our bar. Can you please come here to pick him up?"

Fia looked at the window that was half covered by the curtains. It was so dark outside. The reason that he didn't come back was because he got drunk outside!

"Can you send me your location? Thanks!" She hung up angrily first.

"What did she say?"

The bartender shrugged and then said to his own boss, "Told me to send her our location. She sounded

quite upset.

Victor raised his eyebrow and said, "Well, that's normal. His wife just had a miscarriage but he came out to get drunk instead and she needs to pick him up. Why wouldn't she be upset?"

When he looked at how his cousin's wife was getting upset at him, he felt much better.

He sneered at Conrad who was completely drunk as he lay on the bar table with his face red.

He patted his shoulder and said, "I never thought you'd have a day like this too.

"Why am I so happy when I look at how confused and disappointed you are?"

"Go away!" Conrad may be drunk, but he could still hear. He got angry just listening to Victor's voice as he yapped like some bird!

"Ho! You have quite the temper!"

'Let's see if you can maintain that temper when your wife's here,' Victor thought to himself.

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Reaching half an hour later, Fia had driven one of Conrad's cars and parked it at the parking lot before going over to the bar.

Even though it was in the middle of summer, the wind was still a bit chilly.

She wore something with long sleeves that didn't show her neck and ankles. She had her hair down, and she was pretty enough with just her natural beauty.

The moment she got out of her car she had already attracted the attention of the opposite gender.

A beauty with a luxurious car, especially a woman who was beautiful even without any makeup, would tempt any man.

Three men came out of the bar, their hands around each other. They were unable to walk in a straight line because they drank too much.

Fia was walking toward their direction when she took a step back to make way for them. However, a man caught her wrist.

"What are you doing?!" She said in shock as she tried to pull her hand out.

"Let me go!"

"Wow! This girl is quite feisty!"

"Let go!"

“Come have fun with me. I’ll treat you to some high–quality wine... Ah! Who kicked me!”

The man screamed, and then his companions were all screaming as well as their buttocks had just been kicked.

Fia used the chance to pull her arm away and ran to the side, only to see Victor with mixed feelings.

“Here for my cuz?” Originally, there was anger on his face. However, as his attention shifted from the three men to Fia, he gave her a deep smile.

When Fia saw that smile of hers, the alarm bell inside of her started ringing. She swallowed the “thanks” that she had just wanted to mutter and simply nodded.

“Get in. He can’t wait anymore,” Victor said as he whistled and then put his hands into his pockets, looking at Fia going into the bar with a strange smile..

When she went in, Victor’s expression turned cold and he told his guards saying, “Keep your eyes on her. Don’t let anyone touch my cousin’s wife again.”

“Of course, boss.”

Fia walked into the bar, trying to spot Conrad’s figure under the flashing lights of red and green.

At first, she looked at the bar table. When she saw a group of women wearing skimpy outfits socializing there, she instinctively thought that Conrad wouldn’t be at the bar table and so she didn’t give it another

look.

However, after scanning the whole bar and still not being able to find Conrad, she once again looked at the bar.

She then saw someone wearing a familiar pair of pants being surrounded by the women.

Her heart tightened as she ran toward the bar.

“Conrad!”

Only when she got closer did she realize that Conrad had completely collapsed on the bar table while those women took advantage of him.

Some of them were pulling his collar, some of them were pulling his shirt, and some of them were even playing with his belts.

If it wasn't because he was lying on the bar table, she felt that those wouldn't be the only things they would be doing.

“Get away from him!”

She was so angry that she pushed the woman who was closest to Conrad away.

“Who are you?!” The woman was covered by a heavy, perfumed scent. Her obviously artificial double- eyelids were huge.

“I'm his wife!” Fia said.

“What? You're his wife just because you said so? Did you bring your marriage certificate?”

“That's right. Show us the marriage certificate!”

The women instantly began to form a temporary partnership against Fia. They were all looking at her with chuckles and snickers.

Fia had been in plenty of confrontations when she was back in school.

However, it was her first time being questioned by women wearing such heavy makeup and perfume.

She was really not used to this and she felt that she wanted to curse all of them!

“Marriage certificate, huh?”

No one brought their marriage certificate with them everywhere. However, she did save a copy of her electronic marriage certificate on her phone.

She opened the file and showed it to them. “Here, see that?”

All of them came closer and took a look. They looked at Fia's face and then looked at Conrad's face, which they could only look at from the side as he lay on the bar table.

The pictures were clear, but they couldn't help but laugh.

"Come on now, girl. You think he's very handsome, just like the rest of us do, right?"

"We'll be generous and introduce you to all the handsome men here, but you can't be selfish and keep him to yourself!"

Fia was puffy and embarrassed. She pushed one of the women away. She picked up a wine bottle and then broke it by smashing it on the bar table. She then pointed at the women with the broken bottle with

angry eyes.

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"I'm going to say this only once! If you don't get away from him, I'm not going to show you any mercy!"

"Ha! You're lying!"

"It's just a broken bottle, do you think you...." The woman to Fia's right couldn't even finish her sentence when she felt a sharp pain in her neck.

The jagged edges of the broken bottle were already placed by her neck.

"What... What are you doing?!" That woman was so scared that her face turned pale.

Fia looked at her like a mad person and said, "What do you think I want to do?"

She pressed the bottle at the woman's neck, and the other women were so scared that they quickly walked away.

All of them looked at her nervously.

"Don't be rash..."

“It’s just a man.... We won’t touch him, alright...”

“That’s right... Put the bottle in your hand...”

“Don’t do anything rash, okay...?”

The woman that was being kept as a hostage began crying.

Fia frowned. “What are you crying about? I haven’t stabbed you yet.”

“It still hurts...” That woman mumbled. She didn’t even dare to breathe too hard, worried that the bottle might cut her neck.

Fia gave them all a look before putting her arm down.

That woman quickly touched her neck and she noticed a little bleeding. But when she looked into Fia’s eyes, she quickly ran away as if she had seen a ghost.

The other women met Fia’s dangerous eyes as well. The other handsome man just now had paid them, and they had accomplished their tasks.

They didn’t want to get hurt by this beautiful but crazed woman!

And so, all of them ran away.

Fia had no words. They ran faster than a rabbit being chased.

Compared to Esme, they were so half-hearted.

She then turned to look at Conrad, who was fast asleep on the bar table. She stopped herself from stabbing him with the bottle when she smelled the scent of alcohol on him.

“Conrad Maxwell!”

He didn’t move..

Fia turned to look at the bartender and asked, “How much did he drink?”

The bartender showed him five fingers.”

“Five glasses?”

“Are you kidding? Who could end up like this after drinking only five glasses?”

“Five bottles, then?” Fia could feel her expression crack. “Whiskey? Five bottles?”

While she was not a drinker, she knew what kind of alcohol he drank after being around him long enough.

“Well... Not only five bottles of whiskey, but he also drank two bottles of brandy!”

Fia really wanted to slap Conrad right now.

Both types of liquor were quite strong. Even if he didn't drink any water that day, he didn't need to drink so much, did he?

“Get up!” She threw the bottle away, worried that she might really just stab him with it.

She was very mad and she might just kill someone!

“Conrad, wake up!” She pulled his hand, but he didn't react at all.

Fia gritted her teeth and slapped his face. She put a lot of strength into it.

Slap!

It was so loud that the bartender trembled, and the bouncers who were standing around were all shocked.

Slowly, Conrad opened his eyes and saw Fia staring at him angrily. He got even more confused.

“Fia... What happened to you?”

“Stand up!” Fia grabbed his collar. “Do you know how embarrassing you are?!”

Conrad then realized that he was laying on the bar table.

He had been drinking just now... How did he end up on the bar table like that?

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“Feeling confused? Why didn’t you just die from all the drinking?!” Fia said in a sneer.

“How could I die from that?” Conrad was feeling somewhat sad as he tried to get up from the bar, but he began to sway as he lost his footing.

Fia quickly went over and supported him, saying, “Why don’t you look at yourself right now?”

As their eyes met, a glint of light appeared in Conrad’s eyes.

He wanted to ask her not to divorce using his drunkenness as an excuse. “Fia, can we not...”

“Can you please not talk?!” Fia said as she held his hand, and then held his wrist. There were too many people in the bar, and it was quite noisy too.

She instantly felt agitated like water being boiled in a kettle on an open fire.

She was getting a headache just looking at him like that!

She wanted to just kill him on the spot after smelling all the perfume on him.

“Come home with me right now!”

When Conrad heard the words “come home,” his eyes brightened up.

He grabbed her and said, “Sure, Fia.”

“Stand properly. Don’t hug me!” She pushed him in disdain but couldn’t. She took a deep breath and then said, “Do you know how smelly you are right now?”

“I already showered in the afternoon. How smelly can I get?” Conrad said with a half-drunken smile. He then lowered his head and smelled himself, and he frowned deeply.

“Fia, what kind of perfume did you use? Why is the smell so strong? And there are a few different smells?” With that, he tried to take a deep sniff at her neck.

“Get off me.” Fia slapped his face again. “It’s from you!”

“Impossible. I don’t use any perfume.”

“You’re so annoying!” Fia suddenly pushed him away angrily.

As Conrad’s back hit the bar table, he could feel the pain coming from his back. He also woke up a little.

He then looked at Fia standing not far from him. She was filled with anger, sadness, and disappointment.

In that instant, he felt something wasn’t right.

He instantly turned to look at the bartender who was “watching” the show.

“What’s going on?”

The bartender then shrugged and explained everything to him, as was instructed by his boss.

Conrad’s face immediately turned dark as he imagined that scene in his mind. Him lying on the bar table when a group of women surrounded him, and then Fia, his wife, appeared.

“Listen to me, Fia! I didn’t know that would happen!” He turned around to explain.

Fia’s eyes were cold. “Of course, you wouldn’t know! You’re drunk! Do you know how much you drank?”

Conrad gulped. The bartender had served him drinks on the rocks, so he could somewhat guess despite

not knowing the actual amount.

“Why don’t you just die from it so I’ll just pick up your corpse?!” Fia sneered at him coldly when he didn’t say anything.

“I’m sorry. I was not feeling well so I drank too much.”

Fia felt that she was just a joke and she turned around and walked away.

Conrad quickly chased after her despite his headache. However, he felt like he was walking on cotton and he fell down after chasing a few steps.

“Mr. Maxwell!” The bartender quickly got out from behind the bar table and helped him up. When he saw that he only had a bump on his forehead, he sighed in relief.

If someone bled in the bar, it would be bad for business.

When Fia heard the fall, she quickly turned around and saw the lump on Conrad’s forehead. The anger in her slightly dissipated as she went over to help him up despite her annoyance and pulled him out of the bar in big strides.

“Fia, I...”

“Another word from you and I’ll let you die here!”

The man instantly shut up. His mind was murky, and his head was throbbing in pain, but he was slowly regaining his mental clarity.

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Chapter 336

Their eyes met.

The firmness in his eyes became even stronger.

Fia couldn’t understand. She was confused.

Why would someone who put so much emphasis on his career want to stop his plan of expanding to the capital city?

“Fia, to me, my family is more important than my career right now.”

Conrad turned and stepped forward toward Fia. “Do you understand what I’m trying to say, Fia?”

Fia took a step back uncontrollably. The burning sensation came again.

“Conrad, do you even know what you’re saying?”

“I know.”

“You...” Fia shook her head hastily. “You don’t understand anything. The reason that you’re saying all of this is because of your own guilt. Or maybe because you’re used to me waiting for you at home.” Conrad knit his brows. “I admit. Those might be some of the reasons, but that’s not the whole story.

“How tainted,” Fia said as she felt her heart sink. The reason that she married him was because of love. But the reason he married her or the reason that he wanted to continue this marriage wasn’t because of love.

“What’s tainted?” Conrad couldn’t understand what it was that Fia couldn’t let go of.

He was feeling somewhat anxious and quickly walked over and held her shoulders as his voice became louder. “You think that all I did lately is an act? Can’t you feel that I’m changing? Can’t you see that I’m changing for you?”

Fia shook her head, getting misty-eyed as she repeated the same word. “Tainted.”

She refused to accept his guilt, his attempts to make amends, or his accustomedness to this. She wished for his rationale to match hers.

Love.

Nothing less than love could make her stay.

“What do you mean by tainted? What do you want!” Conrad’s emotion was starting to get the better of him.

Fia could feel the pain from her shoulders as he grabbed her, but she didn’t even frown. She simply said, “You’re stopping your plans, right? That means you won’t be busy lately. Let’s complete the divorce paperwork tomorrow.”

She tried to make it sound as easy as possible.

She didn’t get any love from him in this marriage, so there was no need to reveal anything anymore before she had to leave.

Let him believe that this was all a mistake. That they were forced to marry by their elders.

Before she left, she wanted what was left of her dignity to be intact.

“What are you thinking again?!” Conrad pushed Fia, and when he saw that she swayed because he pushed

her, he quickly helped her up again.

“Don’t touch me!” Fia pushed his hand away. “I have had enough of you treating me so erratically!”

“Aren’t

you the one forcing me each time? Every time I wanted to talk with you, you would say something like this! You never gave me a chance!”

“You...” Fia gritted her teeth. She couldn’t say anything anymore. Not her complaints. Not her hatred. Not. even how he and Esme hurt her in the past.

He got used to being the center of the world. If he would become like this every time he got angry, it was pointless no matter what she said.

At the end of the day, he didn’t love her. That was why he couldn’t think from her perspective.

Perhaps.... He couldn’t love others more than he loved himself.

“Tomorrow at nine. Let’s go to the city hall.” Fia ended the conversation there. She immediately turned around and walked back into the guest room. She didn’t want to see him again. She would rather die of thirst than go down to have a drink.

Five in the evening. Mrs. Taylor knocked at the guest room door.

“Are you asleep, madam?”

Fia opened her eyes. She couldn’t sleep, of course. She was only resting her eyes.

“No.”

“Dinner is ready. Come down and have dinner.”

Fia wanted to say that she wasn’t hungry and didn’t want to eat. But when she remembered how her body was, she got up and opened the door.

“Where is he?”

“He went out. He said that there’s no need to wait for him for dinner.” Mrs. Taylor paused and asked, “Did you two fight again?”

“No. We just had a chat.”

Mrs. Taylor wanted to say something else. But when she saw how cold Fia was being, she had no choice but to give up.

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A man wearing shades sitting in the middle of the bar was drinking. The women around him were stirred. by his looks, but every time a woman wanted to get close to him, his bodyguards would stop them.

After a few times, no woman dared to approach him anymore.

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After four glasses, the man sitting next to Conrad couldn’t bear it anymore.

“Don’t try to get yourself killed in my bar!”

Conrad stared at Victor and said, “You might be operating a business here but you’re not the boss of me.”

Victor pulled off his sunglasses and mockingly stared at him. “What? Your wife just got discharged and you end up here? What did she do to you?”

“Shut up!” Conrad slammed the glass on the bar table and glared at the bartender. “Another!”

The bartender looked at Victor.

Victor scoffed and said, “If he wants to drink, let him drink.

“Who cares if he wants to die here!”

Midnight. Fia was tossing and turning and couldn't get into a deep sleep.

She didn't know what was happening, but she kept on thinking about that man. Ever since dinner, she had been on high alert trying to listen to any cars returning from outside.

However, she couldn't hear anything.

She grabbed her phone and looked at the time. She couldn't help but mumble, “It's already twelve... Has

he eaten?”

Other than business gatherings or when he met with important clients, he had never eaten with anyone.

She had given Silas a call at eight at night just now to try to find out if he was meeting anyone tonight.

She even sent him a message, reminding him to come home earlier to rest so that they could go to the city hall earlier.

As he didn't come back, she was becoming nervous. She didn't know if it was because he didn't come home or because he didn't return her messages.

Maybe it was something else, or maybe it was nothing.

She kept on feeling something stirring inside of her.

When she remembered what she said to him in the evening, he was obviously angry.

Was he angry at her? And that was why he didn't come home to eat dinner? Why hadn't he come home when it's already so late?

After giving it some thought, she was still hesitating on whether to call Silas again when a call came in.

It was an unknown number.

"Hello?"

"Is this Mr. Maxwell's wife?"

Fia blinked and asked in full alert. "Who is this?"

"Mr. Maxwell is drunk in our bar. Can you please come here to pick him up?"

Fia looked at the window that was half covered by the curtains. It was so dark outside. The reason that he didn't come back was because he got drunk outside!

"Can you send me your location? Thanks!" She hung up angrily first.

"What did she say?"

The bartender shrugged and then said to his own boss, "Told me to send her our location. She sounded

quite upset.

Victor raised his eyebrow and said, "Well, that's normal. His wife just had a miscarriage but he came out to get drunk instead and she needs to pick him up. Why wouldn't she be upset?"

When he looked at how his cousin's wife was getting upset at him, he felt much better.

He sneered at Conrad who was completely drunk as he lay on the bar table with his face red.

He patted his shoulder and said, "I never thought you'd have a day like this too.

"Why am I so happy when I look at how confused and disappointed you are?"

“Go away!” Conrad may be drunk, but he could still hear. He got angry just listening to Victor’s voice as he yapped like some bird!

“Ho! You have quite the temper!”

‘Let’s see if you can maintain that temper when your wife’s here,’ Victor thought to himself.

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Reaching half an hour later, Fia had driven one of Conrad’s cars and parked it at the parking lot before going over to the bar.

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“What are you doing?!” She said in shock as she tried to pull her hand out.

“Let me go!”

“Wow! This girl is quite feisty!”

“Let go!”

“Come have fun with me. I’ll treat you to some high–quality wine... Ah! Who kicked me!”

The man screamed, and then his companions were all screaming as well as their buttocks had just been kicked.

Fia used the chance to pull her arm away and ran to the side, only to see Victor with mixed feelings.

“Here for my cuz?” Originally, there was anger on his face. However, as his attention shifted from the three men to Fia, he gave her a deep smile.

When Fia saw that smile of hers, the alarm bell inside of her started ringing. She swallowed the “thanks” that she had just wanted to mutter and simply nodded.

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When she went in, Victor’s expression turned cold and he told his guards saying, “Keep your eyes on her. Don’t let anyone touch my cousin’s wife again.”

“Of course, boss.”

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At first, she looked at the bar table. When she saw a group of women wearing skimpy outfits socializing there, she instinctively thought that Conrad wouldn’t be at the bar table and so she didn’t give it another

look.

However, after scanning the whole bar and still not being able to find Conrad, she once again looked at the bar.

She then saw someone wearing a familiar pair of pants being surrounded by the women.

Her heart tightened as she ran toward the bar.

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When Conrad heard the words “come home,” his eyes brightened up.

He grabbed her and said, “Sure, Fia.”

“Stand properly. Don’t hug me!” She pushed him in disdain but couldn’t. She took a deep breath and then said, “Do you know how smelly you are right now?”

“I already showered in the afternoon. How smelly can I get?” Conrad said with a half-drunken smile. He then lowered his head and smelled himself, and he frowned deeply.

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"Listen to me, Fia! I didn't know that would happen!" He turned around to explain.

Fia's eyes were cold. "Of course, you wouldn't know! You're drunk! Do you know how much you drank?"

Conrad gulped. The bartender had served him drinks on the rocks, so he could somewhat guess despite

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"Why don't you just die from it so I'll just pick up your corpse?!" Fia sneered at him coldly when he didn't say anything.

"I'm sorry. I was not feeling well so I drank too much."

Fia felt that she was just a joke and she turned around and walked away.

Conrad quickly chased after her despite his headache. However, he felt like he was walking on cotton and he fell down after chasing a few steps.

"Mr. Maxwell!" The bartender quickly got out from behind the bar table and helped him up. When he saw that he only had a bump on his forehead, he sighed in relief.

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"Another word from you and I'll let you die here!"

The man instantly shut up. His mind was murky, and his head was throbbing in pain, but he was slowly regaining his mental clarity.

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The bodyguards and the staff glared at the person before noticing who it was. They were speechless as they looked at their boss.

Conrad used his foot to straighten up the chair that he had kicked and then took a seat. He then knocked on the bar table saying, "Whiskey on the rocks."

The bartender glanced at the man sitting next to Conrad, poured some whiskey into a glass with ice, and pushed the glass toward him.

Conrad raised the glass, raised his head, and finished it in one gulp.

"Another one!"

After four glasses, the man sitting next to Conrad couldn't bear it anymore.

"Don't try to get yourself killed in my bar!"

Conrad stared at Victor and said, "You might be operating a business here but you're not the boss of me."

Victor pulled off his sunglasses and mockingly stared at him. "What? Your wife just got discharged and you end up here? What did she do to you?"

“Shut up!” Conrad slammed the glass on the bar table and glared at the bartender. “Another!”

The bartender looked at Victor.

Victor scoffed and said, “If he wants to drink, let him drink.

“Who cares if he wants to die here!”

Midnight. Fia was tossing and turning and couldn't get into a deep sleep.

She didn't know what was happening, but she kept on thinking about that man. Ever since dinner, she had been on high alert trying to listen to any cars returning from outside.

However, she couldn't hear anything.

She grabbed her phone and looked at the time. She couldn't help but mumble, “It's already twelve... Has

he eaten?”

Other than business gatherings or when he met with important clients, he had never eaten with anyone.

She had given Silas a call at eight at night just now to try to find out if he was meeting anyone tonight.

She even sent him a message, reminding him to come home earlier to rest so that they could go to the city hall earlier.

As he didn't come back, she was becoming nervous. She didn't know if it was because he didn't come home or because he didn't return her messages.

Maybe it was something else, or maybe it was nothing.

She kept on feeling something stirring inside of her.

When she remembered what she said to him in the evening, he was obviously angry.

Was he angry at her? And that was why he didn't come home to eat dinner? Why hadn't he come home when it's already so late?

After giving it some thought, she was still hesitating on whether to call Silas again when a call came in.

It was an unknown number.

“Hello?”

“Is this Mr. Maxwell’s wife?”

Fia blinked and asked in full alert. “Who is this?”

“Mr. Maxwell is drunk in our bar. Can you please come here to pick him up?”

Fia looked at the window that was half covered by the curtains. It was so dark outside. The reason that he didn’t come back was because he got drunk outside!

“Can you send me your location? Thanks!” She hung up angrily first.

“What did she say?”

The bartender shrugged and then said to his own boss, “Told me to send her our location. She sounded

quite upset.

Victor raised his eyebrow and said, “Well, that’s normal. His wife just had a miscarriage but he came out to get drunk instead and she needs to pick him up. Why wouldn’t she be upset?”

When he looked at how his cousin’s wife was getting upset at him, he felt much better.

He sneered at Conrad who was completely drunk as he lay on the bar table with his face red.

He patted his shoulder and said, “I never thought you’d have a day like this too.

“Why am I so happy when I look at how confused and disappointed you are?”

“Go away!” Conrad may be drunk, but he could still hear. He got angry just listening to Victor’s voice as he yapped like some bird!

“Ho! You have quite the temper!”

‘Let’s see if you can maintain that temper when your wife’s here,’ Victor thought to himself.

Chapter 338

Reaching half an hour later, Fia had driven one of Conrad’s cars and parked it at the parking lot before going over to the bar.

Even though it was in the middle of summer, the wind was still a bit chilly.

She wore something with long sleeves that didn’t show her neck and ankles. She had her hair down, and she was pretty enough with just her natural beauty.

The moment she got out of her car she had already attracted the attention of the opposite gender.

A beauty with a luxurious car, especially a woman who was beautiful even without any makeup, would tempt any man.

Three men came out of the bar, their hands around each other. They were unable to walk in a straight line because they drank too much.

Fia was walking toward their direction when she took a step back to make way for them. However, a man caught her wrist.

“What are you doing?!” She said in shock as she tried to pull her hand out.
“Let me go!”

“Wow! This girl is quite feisty!”

“Let go!”

“Come have fun with me. I’ll treat you to some high-quality wine... Ah! Who kicked me!”

The man screamed, and then his companions were all screaming as well as their buttocks had just been kicked.

Fia used the chance to pull her arm away and ran to the side, only to see Victor with mixed feelings.

“Here for my cuz?” Originally, there was anger on his face. However, as his attention shifted from the three men to Fia, he gave her a deep smile.

When Fia saw that smile of hers, the alarm bell inside of her started ringing. She swallowed the “thanks” that she had just wanted to mutter and simply nodded.

“Get in. He can’t wait anymore,” Victor said as he whistled and then put his hands into his pockets, looking at Fia going into the bar with a strange smile..

When she went in, Victor’s expression turned cold and he told his guards saying, “Keep your eyes on her. Don’t let anyone touch my cousin’s wife again.”

“Of course, boss.”

Fia walked into the bar, trying to spot Conrad’s figure under the flashing lights of red and green.

At first, she looked at the bar table. When she saw a group of women wearing skimpy outfits socializing there, she instinctively thought that Conrad wouldn’t be at the bar table and so she didn’t give it another look.

However, after scanning the whole bar and still not being able to find Conrad, she once again looked at the bar.

She then saw someone wearing a familiar pair of pants being surrounded by the women.

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“Get up!” She threw the bottle away, worried that she might really just stab him with it.

She was very mad and she might just kill someone!

“Conrad, wake up!” She pulled his hand, but he didn't react at all.

Fia gritted her teeth and slapped his face. She put a lot of strength into it.

Slap!

It was so loud that the bartender trembled, and the bouncers who were standing around were all shocked.

Slowly, Conrad opened his eyes and saw Fia staring at him angrily. He got even more confused.

“Fia... What happened to you?”

“Stand up!” Fia grabbed his collar. “Do you know how embarrassing you are?!”

Conrad then realized that he was laying on the bar table.

He had been drinking just now... How did he end up on the bar table like that?

Chapter 340

“Feeling confused? Why didn’t you just die from all the drinking?!” Fia said in a sneer.

“How could I die from that?” Conrad was feeling somewhat sad as he tried to get up from the bar, but he began to sway as he lost his footing.

Fia quickly went over and supported him, saying, “Why don’t you look at yourself right now?”

As their eyes met, a glint of light appeared in Conrad’s eyes.

He wanted to ask her not to divorce using his drunkenness as an excuse. “Fia, can we not...”

“Can you please not talk?!” Fia said as she held his hand, and then held his wrist. There were too many people in the bar, and it was quite noisy too.

She instantly felt agitated like water being boiled in a kettle on an open fire.

She was getting a headache just looking at him like that!

She wanted to just kill him on the spot after smelling all the perfume on him.

“Come home with me right now!”

When Conrad heard the words “come home,” his eyes brightened up.

He grabbed her and said, “Sure, Fia.”

“Stand properly. Don’t hug me!” She pushed him in disdain but couldn’t. She took a deep breath and then said, “Do you know how smelly you are right now?”

“I already showered in the afternoon. How smelly can I get?” Conrad said with a half-drunken smile. He then lowered his head and smelled himself, and he frowned deeply.

“Fia, what kind of perfume did you use? Why is the smell so strong? And there are a few different smells?” With that, he tried to take a deep sniff at her neck.

“Get off me.” Fia slapped his face again. “It’s from you!”

“Impossible. I don’t use any perfume.”

“You’re so annoying!” Fia suddenly pushed him away angrily.

As Conrad’s back hit the bar table, he could feel the pain coming from his back. He also woke up a little.

He then looked at Fia standing not far from him. She was filled with anger, sadness, and disappointment.

In that instant, he felt something wasn’t right.

He instantly turned to look at the bartender who was “watching” the show.

“What’s going on?”

The bartender then shrugged and explained everything to him, as was instructed by his boss.

Conrad’s face immediately turned dark as he imagined that scene in his mind. Him lying on the bar table when a group of women surrounded him, and then Fia, his wife, appeared.

“Listen to me, Fia! I didn’t know that would happen!” He turned around to explain.

Fia’s eyes were cold. “Of course, you wouldn’t know! You’re drunk! Do you know how much you drank?”

Conrad gulped. The bartender had served him drinks on the rocks, so he could somewhat guess despite

not knowing the actual amount.

“Why don’t you just die from it so I’ll just pick up your corpse?!” Fia sneered at him coldly when he didn’t say anything.

“I’m sorry. I was not feeling well so I drank too much.”

Fia felt that she was just a joke and she turned around and walked away.

Conrad quickly chased after her despite his headache. However, he felt like he was walking on cotton and he fell down after chasing a few steps.

“Mr. Maxwell!” The bartender quickly got out from behind the bar table and helped him up. When he saw that he only had a bump on his forehead, he sighed in relief.

If someone bled in the bar, it would be bad for business.

When Fia heard the fall, she quickly turned around and saw the lump on Conrad’s forehead. The anger in her slightly dissipated as she went over to help him up despite her annoyance and pulled him out of the bar in big strides.

“Fia, I...”

“Another word from you and I’ll let you die here!”

The man instantly shut up. His mind was murky, and his head was throbbing in pain, but he was slowly regaining his mental clarity.

Read Stop It She’s Remarrying by Stellar Strands

Chapter 339

Chapter 339

“I’m going to say this only once! If you don’t get away from him, I’m not going to show you any mercy!”

“Ha! You’re lying!”

“It’s just a broken bottle, do you think you....” The woman to Fia’s right couldn’t even finish her sentence when she felt a sharp pain in her neck.

The jagged edges of the broken bottle were already placed by her neck.

“What... What are you doing?!” That woman was so scared that her face turned pale.

Fia looked at her like a mad person and said, “What do you think I want to do?”

She pressed the bottle at the woman’s neck, and the other women were so scared that they quickly walked away.

All of them looked at her nervously.

“Don’t be rash...”

“It’s just a man.... We won’t touch him, alright...”

“That’s right... Put the bottle in your hand...”

“Don’t do anything rash, okay...?”

The woman that was being kept as a hostage began crying.

Fia frowned. “What are you crying about? I haven’t stabbed you yet.”

“It still hurts...” That woman mumbled. She didn’t even dare to breathe too hard, worried that the bottle might cut her neck.

Fia gave them all a look before putting her arm down.

That woman quickly touched her neck and she noticed a little bleeding. But when she looked into Fia’s eyes, she quickly ran away as if she had seen a ghost.

The other women met Fia’s dangerous eyes as well. The other handsome man just now had paid them, and they had accomplished their tasks.

They didn’t want to get hurt by this beautiful but crazed woman!

And so, all of them ran away.

Fia had no words. They ran faster than a rabbit being chased.

Compared to Esme, they were so half-hearted.

She then turned to look at Conrad, who was fast asleep on the bar table. She stopped herself from stabbing him with the bottle when she smelled the scent of alcohol on him.

“Conrad Maxwell!”

He didn’t move..

Fia turned to look at the bartender and asked, “How much did he drink?”

The bartender showed him five fingers.”

“Five glasses?”

“Are you kidding? Who could end up like this after drinking only five glasses?”

“Five bottles, then?” Fia could feel her expression crack. “Whiskey? Five bottles?”

While she was not a drinker, she knew what kind of alcohol he drank after being around him long enough.

“Well... Not only five bottles of whiskey, but he also drank two bottles of brandy!”

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