

Read Stop It She's Remarrying by Stellar Strands Chapter 431

Chapter 431

What? Name Conrad's company Fileen?

Fia repeated the name a few times, letting it roll on her tongue, and it didn't feel too right either.

"Then... How about Conrad Entertainment?"

Conrad smiled exasperatedly and brushed a lock of loose hair behind her ears.

"It's fine. Let's stick to Fileen, hmm?"

Fia grinned at his agreement, then threw her arms around Conrad's neck before leaning in to

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whisper, "So... Should we ask Eileen to invest in this company?"

The warmth in Conrad's eyes faded a little. "Fia, don't overdo it."

"Okay. Just forget what I said," Fia replied, loosening her hold on his neck.

As Fia retracted her arms, Conrad felt his heart turn empty. To combat the ache, he smoothly transferred Fia to his lap.

"We'll discuss it. You'll work as my secretary first. Then I'll consider the matter of getting Eileen Technology to invest."

Fia panicked a little at his words. "W-wait... You want a blind woman to be your secretary. Are you crazy?"

"You're very talented in design. When your eyes get better, you'll be able to stay by my side and continue that."

"You want me to pretend to be your secretary while I'm blind? So you can... take care of me all the time?"

Fia couldn't help but laugh self-depreciatingly. What Conrad was asking her to do was harder than her trying to convince him to let Eileen Technology invest in his company!

When she was in high school, she once had such a thought. Even if she could only enter Maxwell Corporation as a small-time employee, it was great enough if she could see Conrad from afar.

It would be enough to work in the same company as him.

But after she married him and had been warned by his mother not to embarrass the family, such thoughts had long since been tossed aside.

She never dared to think about it again.

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"Fia, your eyes will get better sooner or later. Didn't you want your grandma's project to flourish? I can give you a chance to develop it if you stay in Maxwell Corporation!"

Fia was flustered. Even if she couldn't see, she lowered her head so that Conrad wouldn't see the expression on her face.

She felt inferior.

It was bad enough she felt inferior, but now she was also blind, and he was asking her to be his

secretary? And later, a designer for the company?!

She didn't even dare imagine it!

Conrad assumed her silence meant she was concerned about the arrangements and said

sincerely, "Whether it's your grandma's project or your own... I can give you full authority to handle

No one can interfere with you as long as you don't want them to!"

Fia's heart pounded wildly in her chest, and she stammered, "I-I didn't even finish my college diploma..."

“I’ve already arranged your studies for you. You’ve been so focused on your studies lately. I’m sure you can take the examination straight.”

“If I’m busy studying, how will I be your secretary?”

Conrad slipped a finger under her chin and pushed her face up. Her face looked so adorable that he couldn’t resist pressing a kiss to her lips.

“You silly girl. I’m asking you to be my secretary because I want you by my side. I won’t get distracted if I can see you all day, so that’ll be a credit to you.”

Fia’s head was spinning with the information going through her mind.

Was this considered a personal benefit to him? Was this how it felt when a husband pampered his wife?

Did Conrad really love her? Was she the only one for him?

“Fia, what do you think? Would you like to come with me to the office today?”

Fia bit her lips and hesitantly said, “Isn’t it a little too fast?”

“Too fast? That’s true. Well, I guess Silas can handle the work a little longer. I’ll continue staying home with you for now.”

“What? No!” Fia exclaimed, feeling pity for Silas when she thought about how his own workload was already heavy enough without the additional one of covering for Conrad.

“Then, let’s have breakfast and go to work.”

“Sure!”

Fia heard the joy in Conrad’s tone, and she couldn’t help but smile.

Conrad seemed to really care about her. She had never heard him sound so cheerful. It felt like he was simply a big child right now.

Conrad pressed a quick peck to her lips and said, “Don’t worry, and just come with me, okay? Leave the rest to me.”

Chapter 432

After Fia and Conrad finished breakfast, he carried her into the car

Fia sat in the passenger seat, nervously wringing her hands together. When she heard Conrad get into the driver's seat, she asked worriedly, "Why don't I wait till I get my college diploma before following you to

the office?"

She was worried that his employees would see her and think that she was a disgrace, since she was not only blind, but she also didn't have any qualifications!

Conrad took her hand and said in a calm and forceful voice, "A person's talent in more than just a diploma. The two designs that my company bought from you led to a new wave of business No one will look down on you when I tell them that you were the designer responsible for that'

"But how do I explain that I don't have my diploma right now...?"

"You've been smart since you were a child. I'm sure it won't take long before you have it in hand.

Fia's mind was still in a mess, so it was good that Conrad had arranged everything for her. She had thought about her academic qualification a long time ago and wanted to complete it one day. But she had thought she would only do it once she was divorced and had her freedom.

Now that Conrad had arranged everything for her, it both touched and worried her

She was afraid that she would disappoint and disgrace him if she were to fail.

"Aren't you afraid that I'll embarrass you?"

"Hmm?" Conrad tilted his head to the side, clearly confused.

"Your mother said that as your wife, I shouldn't embarrass you. I need to be mindful of every word I say. and action I take."

Conrad felt the guilt in his heart intensify as he recalled what Mrs. Taylor had said about what his mother had done to Fia.

His grip on her hand tightened.

“Remember this, Fia. You’re my wife. You’re not a slave or a puppet. You’re free to have things that you like to do. If you want to do it, just go for it. Don’t think about anything else.”

Fia could feel the intensity behind his words, and she hastily nodded. “I’ll try my best.

On the way to Maxwell Corporation, Silas went through the applications for the translator position in the company. The human resource department had picked out five from several hundred resumes.

After the interviews for the first four applicants, the last applicant walked in with a duffel bag on her back.

Silas looked up and froze.

The girl was wearing a plain floral dress. She had long, silky hair that draped across her shoulders, and her skin was fair. Her face was quite bare, and the only makeup she had was to darken her eyebrows and lipstick.

She had pretty features, and the reason Silas froze was because he was reminded of Fia’s face when he looked at the girl before him.

“Hello, everyone. My name is Annie Parker. I graduated from Cambridge University and am proficient in eight languages...”

After a quiet and sweet self-introduction, Annie looked nervously at Silas and the other candidates who had applied for the job.

“You know so many different languages?” Silas said with slight incredulousness

He glanced down at her resume, noting that she was not even twenty-one years old, yet she was already a Ph.D. student. She had jumped five grades in elementary school and finished her university course when she was a junior in high school before heading straight to a foreign country.

In other words, this girl sounded absolutely amazing!

This part made Silas think of Fia. He recalled that she had also skipped a grade in elementary school but hadn’t been as aggressive as Annie.

Annie immediately put down her duffel bag and pulled out a stack of language tests and textbooks.

“Here, take a look. I’m not lying.”

Silas accepted the stack and looked through it. When he was done, he looked up to study Annie.

She was young, but she sounded a little too capable. That many languages took a lot of time to learn, after all.

Silas called the human resource department to have them bring a document and handed it to Annie.

“Please translate this document into the eight different foreign languages you said you were proficient in.”

Silas wasn’t very well versed in many foreign languages, but everyone present in the room could speak a few. If Annie was lying and trying to deceive him, it would soon be exposed as soon as she started speaking.

In less than half an hour, Annie did as instructed and translated the document into the eight languages in a smooth manner. The longer she spoke, the wider the eyes around her got.

“Mr. Whitney, her language skills are indeed exceptional!”

“With a talent like hers, she can be Mr. Maxwell’s personal translator!”

Silas took another look at Annie’s resume. She had experience working as a secretary when she was abroad. Since Conrad had to accompany his wife, try to get a foothold in the capital city’s business circle, and sign some deals with foreign corporations all at the same time, the man would indeed require such a talent by his side!

And so, a unanimous vote was passed.

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Silas nodded and said, “Alright. You’re hired. Report to work tomorrow at eight.”

“Thank you!” Annie said as she bowed deeply, excitement shining brightly on her face, which made her look more favorable in this situation.

She was young, beautiful, polite, and capable. Maxwell Corporation needed such people!

Annie walked out of the company with delight in her heart and was filled with hope for the future!

A dark gray Maybach pulled up in front of Maxwell Corporation, and Conrad exited the car before going around it to the passenger side to help Fia out.

The security guard hurried over and said, “Mr. Maxwell, let me help you park the car.”

“Alright.”

Not a moment later, a figure came running toward them.

“Mr. Maxwell, do you remember me?” the girl asked as she smiled brightly, her eyes sparkling joyfully.

Conrad spared her a glance, and his grip on Fia’s wrist tightened.

Fia was at a loss and could only use her imagination to guess what the girl before them looked like. She also wondered what kind of relationship the girl had with Conrad.

“What do you want?” Conrad asked, his voice and expression smooth and indifferent. He was obviously not happy about the girl rushing up to them.

“I... I’m Annie Parker, the girl you almost hit with your car, remember?”

Annie was a little disappointed, and her gaze shifted to Fia, who Conrad was holding onto. She noted Fia’s dull eyes and wondered who she was, and also thought that there seemed to be something wrong with her eyes.

Conrad maintained his indifference, though his eyes turned cold.

“If you’re seeking compensation, you can contact my assistant, Silas, directly.”

“N-no! That’s not what I want! I just wanted to share some happy news with you. I was successful in my job application, and I’ll be joining Maxwell Corporation! I look forward to working with you in the future!”

After saying that, Annie eagerly looked at Conrad as she blushed and held out a hand for a shake. Her eyes were fixed on Conrad’s face, hoping to see some appreciation. The best would be to get a compliment from him, of course...

But there was nothing.

Instead, he turned to the woman beside him and asked, “What do you want to eat? I’ll get Silas to get it.”

Fia shook her head, feeling flustered. She wished she could see what the girl who stopped them looked like.

“Conrad, who is she?” Fia asked, trying to keep her tone relaxed and seemingly casual.

“No one important,” Conrad replied without hesitation.

Then, he swept Fia into his arms and walked toward the office.

Annie felt like someone had poured a bucket of ice cold water over her as chill washed over her. She stood there dumbfounded and turned to watch Conrad walk away with Fia in his arms.

There was envy and jealousy in her eyes.

That woman was pretty and looked about the same age as her but was blind. Why was Conrad treating her so well?!

Annie was willing to die if it meant that Conrad would treat her that well!

Thinking back to her strict upbringing, her heart warned her not to get in over her head. No matter how wonderful a man was, she couldn’t lower herself to be a homewrecker and try to seduce a taken man.

But when she thought about how outstanding Conrad was, she really didn’t want to listen to her

conscience.

Shaking her head, Annie decided not to think about it for now. She should focus on working since she had got the job.

Perhaps that blind woman was simply Conrad's momentarily desire for novelty, and they would break up. later.

"Good day, Mr. Maxwell."

"Hello, Mr. Maxwell."

As they walked into the office, every employee that Conrad walked past greeted him and gave cautious and curious looks at the woman he was holding in his arms.

Conrad didn't falter nor waste time glancing around and simply nodded back at the greetings as he held Fia tightly in his arms.

Once they reached the inside of the director's exclusive elevator, Conrad set her down and placed a hand gently on her face to turn her toward him,

"A penny for your thoughts?"

Fia smiled. "Nothing."

"I don't know who that girl was just now," Conrad explained anyway.

Esme was dead, and he didn't want anyone else popping up to cause trouble for them.

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Fix brow twitched. "Hmm. Are you sure? She seemed overly enthusiastic when she saw you. Conrad frowned but then briefly told her of the incident when he had driven too fast and almost hit Annie. Fia listened, then gave him a helpless smile and said, "Oh, so that's what happened..."

But even though she couldn't see, she could hear the adoration and eagerness in the girl's tone just now.

Should she say anything about it? But it was obvious that Conrad didn't care about the girl at all. It would seem petty of her if she were to bring it up

For now, she would put it aside. She and Conrad had started over, and getting here had been a difficult journey. She didn't want to make a big deal out of nothing.

After entering his office, Conrad had to attend the morning meeting. He placed Fia on the couch and made sure she was comfortable before leaving the room.

Before entering the conference room, Conrad looked at the senior executives in the room and stopped. "What's wrong, Mr. Maxwell?" Silas asked in confusion.

"Was there an Annie Parker who applied for a job today?"

"Yes, sir. Is there something wrong with that?" Silas replied cautiously.

"Did she pass?"

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"Yes, sir. Winnie may be excellent, but she has gone on maternity leave. I'm afraid she might not be able to put her full attention on the job after this. Though Miss Parker is young, she's capable and professional. She's also very intelligent.."

Silas explained what he had seen in her resume and about how she had skipped grades in elementary school, had gone abroad to Cambridge, and also had foreign work experience.

"Is there a problem you have in hiring her, Mr. Maxwell?" Silas asked carefully. He wondered why Conrad had a flat expression on his face.

Conrad considered it carefully. Back then, he had driven too fast, and it had indeed been his fault for frightening the girl.

He didn't need to be angry with her just because she had some resemblance to Fia.

"Even if she's good, she needs to pass the probationary period before anything else can be said."

“Yes, sir. I got it,” Silas replied with a hasty nod. The weight in his heart vanished. He was afraid that he had made a mistake in hiring and had angered his boss, but thankfully, it didn’t seem to be the case.

After listening to the Director of Design’s words, Conrad’s expression darkened, and it was obvious to everyone in the room.

Others weren’t aware, but as Conrad’s personal assistant, Silas knew who was behind Argonauts Corp very well.

“Mr. Maxwell, the new product under Argonauts Corp’s line, Gentle Stream, has sold more than ours. Should we also follow their trend and produce some plain-style products?” Someone gave a suggestion.

“No need!” Conrad said with his usual attitude. “Are the dozen over designers in our department useless? Get them working time to submit a satisfactory design in three days!”

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“Silas,” Conrad said sarcastically after being silent for a moment.

“Yes? Silas replied, looking up in confusion.

“Check if Fia has been in contact with him lately.”

Silas seemed to piece together the pieces as he thought back to the pictures he had printed.

“Do you mean that this designer is Madam...?”

Fia sat rigidly on the couch in Conrad’s office. She was tense as she was afraid that someone would walk into Conrad’s office at any time.

About half an hour later, the door opened, and she turned her head in that direction.

Conrad walked in and met her dull eyes with a somewhat cold expression.

He hadn’t needed Silas to look into it. He was sure it must have been Fia’s work just by looking at the picture.

No matter how unpleasant things had become between them before because of Esme, they were still husband and wife, weren't they? Why didn't she tell him before she helped Jason?

"Is that you, Conrad?" Fia asked, straining her ears. She felt uneasy as she had only heard the door open and no footsteps.

Conrad clenched his fist and shoved down the irritation in his heart. He walked toward her and said, "The meeting just adjourned. Have you been waiting long?"

"No. It's fine."

This was the first time Fia was in his office. She was eager to see the decor of his office and the place where he worked. Unfortunately, she couldn't see anything in her condition.

Conrad noted the disappointment on her face, and his displeasure was instantly mostly replaced by pity. He sat beside her and took her small hands that were clenched tightly into his.

He patiently uncurled each finger and patted her palm..

"There's no need to be so nervous. Even if I'm not here, no one apart from Silas is allowed to enter the office."

"Oh..." Fia nodded, then asked, "So... even if they had something urgent to speak with you, they still can't

come in?"

"They would have to go to Silas first before coming to see me."

"Oh..."

Fia was suddenly less nervous, and she smiled sweetly. "So if I stay in your office all day, no one would see me?"

"Well, except for Silas."

"I'm fine with Silas. I know him well enough," she replied easily, excitement now bleeding slightly into her voice. "You should get to work, then."

Fia pulled her hands away, then fumbled for her earbuds on the coffee table and lifted them up for him to

see.

“You work, and I’ll listen to my classes. I’ll try to get my diploma as soon as possible.”

When Conrad heard her words, he couldn’t help but think about the plain-style designs she had given. Jason without his knowledge, which helped stabilize Argonauts Corp’s position in the industry.

He couldn’t help but ask, “Which style of designing do you prefer?”

“Why the sudden question?” Fia asked back, puzzled.

“Is it hard to answer?”

“Well, not really,” Fia said naively. She turned serious and said, “I actually prefer plain styles and those that incorporate our local customs. But these two elements aren’t really popular, so I’m fine with other styles.

too!”

“You have a talent for extravagant styles and others too,” Conrad reminded her. “The two designs you gave me earlier broke Maxwell Corporation’s all-time high sales.”

Fia flushed at the praise. “Ah... is that so? Then... I’m pretty good, I guess?”

“Hmm...” Conrad hummed as he caressed her smooth face. “Could you specialize in those styles for me?”

Fia frowned. “A designer has a soul, you know? You’re depriving me of it by asking me to give up something I love! Why did you have the company reject plain-style designs when there’s a huge market for it?”

The light in Conrad’s eyes vanished instantly, and his gentle expression turned hard and cold as he tried to understand what was in Fia’s heart.

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Did Fia simply like plain-style designs, or was it because Jason was a factor in it?

Everyone knew that Argonauts Corp's line, Gentle Stream, was a reflection of their chairman, Garrett's love for his beloved Clarice!

And as Jason was Argonauts Corp's successor, Fia must be aware that Garrett's love for Clarice was a bitter irony and hurt to Conrad!

Yet, she still helped Jason?!

"What's wrong?" Fia asked, sensing that there was something off about Conrad, and reached out to touch

his arm.

Conrad swatted her hand away instinctively, and the atmosphere between them froze momentarily.

Like a bucket of cold water had been thrown on her, Fia bit her lip and panicked.

"Are you angry because I don't want to specialize in extravagant and alternative designs?"

Conrad looked at her but said nothing.

She grasped her earbud tighter. "When my eyes get better, I'll still draw those kinds of designs. You can always talk to me and give me suggestions if there are any in mind."

After a pause, she sincerely said, "But if you ask me to follow Maxwell Corporation's style and completely give up my own, I can't do that. I'm not a money-making machine. This is my lifelong love of my profession. I want to study all the areas that I can..."

She trailed off, then looked up at him. "Can you understand that?"

He couldn't see his expression, but she could tell he was angry based on his harsh breathing.

Conrad looked at the panic on her face and in a moment of weakness, leaned over to hug her.

I was out of line. I'm sorry."

Conrad froze in his arms. She could hear the melancholy and depression in his voice.

Confused, she asked, "What's wrong with you?"

Conrad released her and held her shoulders before asking, "Are you hiding anything from me?"

Like what?" Fia replied with a frown. "How will I know if you don't tell me what this is about?"

Conrad looked into her dull eyes and suddenly realized that even though Fia had been the one to produce Gentle Stream, that had happened before she lost her eyesight.

At that time, the gap between them was so wide, and it was understandable if she had sided with outsiders.

"From now on, don't hide anything from me, okay, Fia?"

Fia's heart raced from the implication of his words. "Just what has happened? Why are you like this after our meeting?"

"It's not important. Focus on your studies. I'm going to work."

Conrad pressed a kiss to her forehead, then helped her put on her earbuds to listen to her lecture. After lacing a cushion behind her and ensuring she was comfortable, he returned to his desk.

Fia had been so flustered and distracted by Conrad that she didn't hear anything at the start. It took her half an hour to calm down and study.

The day flew by like that, and when Conrad clocked off at four-thirty in the evening, he looked to see Fia still on the couch, listening to her lecture.

He turned off his computer, got up, then walked over to her and scooped her into his arms.

"Ahh!" Fia was startled by his sudden actions. When she realized what had happened, she slapped him on

the shoulder.

“What’s with this nonsense!”

Conrad took off her earbuds, effectively putting her lecture on hold.

“Let’s go home. You can continue later tonight.”

“What time is it?”

“It’s already four thirty.”

“Are you getting off work?”

“Yeah.”

“Okay. Let’s go home then,” Fia said with a smile and negotiated, “But you have to help me clean up the papers on the desk.”

Conrad glanced at the table. Despite her not being able to see, her handwriting was surprisingly still quite

nice.

The writings on the papers were about the content of the lecture. It was simple but had all the key points. It was easy to tell that she was a smart and effective student!

In the evening, Conrad received a call from Silas and walked into his study to receive it.

Fia leaned against the headboard in their bedroom alone, fumbling with her phone and turning on voice activation before saying, “What’s the date today?”

“It is July sixteenth. The weather is sunny and a suitable day for traveling.”

Fia muttered, “Traveling, seriously? It’s already nighttime.”

Chapter 437

Fia’s phone couldn’t register her mutterings, so it went into standby after a few minutes of being idle.

Fia counted on her fingers and said to herself, “There are still two days and a few more hours till Conrad’s birthday.”

Thinking that Conrad would be in his study for at least half an hour, she spoke to her phone and had it call

Eileen.

Eileen was currently lying in her hospital room, staring at the ceiling with a blank expression. When her phone rang, she turned to check the caller ID before hurriedly answering it.

“Hey, Fia! What’s up? Tell me all about your day, hmm?”

Fia briefly told her about going to work with Conrad, and Eileen suddenly thought of the message from Jason this morning.

She hesitated for a few moments before saying. “The design I pitched for you before this has earned quite a sum for the company that bought it. The boss wanted to ask you out for dinner. Do you have time for that?”

“I don’t think it’s convenient for me to go out in my condition.”

“Well, that’s true,” Eileen said, feeling some pity for Jason but also grateful that he had taken Fia’s design and pushed for it to be produced in his company.

During the day, Eileen had dug a little to find that Fia’s simple and elegant design had become the main product of Gentle Stream. Fia would be earning a neat sum come end of the month from the dividends.

If Conrad hadn’t come into Fia’s life first, Eileen really thought that Jason would have been the man for

Fia.

“Eileen, Conrad’s birthday is in two days. I want to buy him a present. Do you have any suggestions?”

“He doesn’t lack anything, so you shouldn’t bother wasting money on it.”

Fia frowned, obviously torn. “But I can’t just do nothing, right? Wouldn’t that make me look heartless?”

“Oh, you... Really? Have you forgotten all those ruthless things he did to you in the past?”

“Eileen... He’s treating me very well now.”

“How well?”

“He’s taking care of me as if I’m in a vegetative state and can’t do anything on my own. He’s meticulous in his care.”

Eileen laughed and said, “That’s good. When you get old, and your legs don’t work anymore, he’ll know how to take care of you.”

“Stop teasing me,” Fia protested with a slightly red face. “Help me think of something to give him, okay?”

Conrad heard Fia talking on the phone outside the bedroom and deliberately crept forward to listen. Hearing that she remembered his birthday and was worried about what to give him made him feel warm, and the bad mood he had been suppressing the whole day vanished.

As long as he was the only person in her mind from now on, that was enough.

Whatever it was that she had with Jason once, that was all in the past.

If he was going to be petty, how would he ever repay her for the wounds she had suffered in his place?

Hearing Conrad’s gentle voice, Fia panicked for a moment and hurriedly said her goodbye. She hung up the phone and tossed it aside.

On the other end, Eileen was speechless as she pulled the phone away from her ear to stare at it.

Conrad pretended not to have heard her conversation and asked curiously, “Who was that?”

“It was Eileen.”

“What were you two talking about?”

“Nothing much. Just random things.”

Conrad looked at her flushed face and was looking forward to what she would get him for his birthday.

He wasn't lacking anything, but he would be happy even if she got him something cheap.

He gently touched her face and asked, “Aren't you sleepy?”

Fia yawned nervously. “Just a little.”

“Let's sleep, hmm?”

“Okay.”

Conrad brought over a basin of warm water to wipe her face and hands.

Fia enjoyed the attention, but she couldn't help but mutter, “I already took a bath.”

“I know. I helped you, remember?”

“Then you should remember that you've already wiped my face and hands.”

Fia felt a little bad. Conrad was a dignified and proud director of a huge company and a young master of a wealthy family. He was already tired from a long day of work, but he was still meticulous in caring for her when they were home.

“What's this? Does our Fia not like being clean?”

“That's not it. You can keep doing it if you don't find it troublesome...” Fia said as she lay back on the bed, feeling a little drowsy. She thought about how life would be wonderful in the future if the two of them could always get along well like this.

At this moment, she even felt it was good to be blind. She could be a happy doll for him, lying down, doing and worrying about nothing while leaving him to care for her.

Chapter 438

The following day, Conrad and Fia had breakfast and went to the office as usual.

Conrad still had his morning meeting to attend, and Fia waited for him to leave before calling Eileen to continue their topic about what to get for Conrad's birthday.

Eileen whined from the other end of the line, "Fia, this is such a difficult question! You might as well ask a duf for suggestions!"

"Who would I ask?"

"You could ask Mr. Whitley."

"No way. Mr. Whitley is tacky. He'll probably suggest things like limited branded goods. That's so gaudy it wouldn't have much meaning!"

Eileen hesitated, then said, "Then... Do you want to ask Doctor Evans?"

Fia was stunned. She hadn't spoken to Jason in a long while.

"Well? Have you been in touch with Doctor Evans lately?"

"No. It would be best if I didn't ask him about this. It's weird."

"Well you're right. You owe him a favor, after all. Asking him about a gift for your husband is like stabbing him in the heart too."

"If you already know that, why would you suggest him?" Fia muttered, her mood plunging downward "Is it because you've had too much free time lately? Even your suggestions are becoming weird."

"Oh my god, yes! I'm so bored! I really want someone to love me and stay by my side too, you know? I really envy you, Fia," Eileen said in a sickeningly sweet voice. "If only you weren't married, I'm sure we

would have worked out!"

"Forget it. I don't swing that way."

"Tch! What happened to friendship over love, huh?"

The two continued chatting for a while before they hung up in a happy mood.

Fia was still worried about what to get for Conrad's birthday. Asking Eileen had been a waste of time, and she didn't dare to ask Silas. So, with no other options left, she decided to turn to her phone's voice

assistant.

"Who are you giving a birthday present to?"

Fia held her breath for a few moments before whispering, "My husband."

"You should give yourself to him! He will be very happy!"

What the hell?

Fia was speechless. Did her phone get possessed or something?!

Even though those were her first thoughts, she couldn't help but keep the suggestion in her heart.

"My name is Annie Parker. I'll be working with everyone here from today on. I hope you'll advise me if there are any shortcomings. Thank you!"

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“I don’t think it’s convenient for me to go out in my condition.”

“Well, that’s true,” Eileen said, feeling some pity for Jason but also grateful that he had taken Fia’s design and pushed for it to be produced in his company.

During the day, Eileen had dug a little to find that Fia’s simple and elegant design had become the main product of Gentle Stream. Fia would be earning a neat sum come end of the month from the dividends.

If Conrad hadn’t come into Fia’s life first, Eileen really thought that Jason would have been the man for

Fia.

“Eileen, Conrad’s birthday is in two days. I want to buy him a present. Do you have any suggestions?”

“He doesn’t lack anything, so you shouldn’t bother wasting money on it.”

Fia frowned, obviously torn. “But I can’t just do nothing, right? Wouldn’t that make me look heartless?”

“Oh, you... Really? Have you forgotten all those ruthless things he did to you in the past?”

“Eileen... He’s treating me very well now.”

“How well?”

“He’s taking care of me as if I’m in a vegetative state and can’t do anything on my own. He’s meticulous in his care.”

Eileen laughed and said, “That’s good. When you get old, and your legs don’t work anymore, he’ll know how to take care of you.”

“Stop teasing me,” Fia protested with a slightly red face. “Help me think of something to give him, okay?”

Conrad heard Fia talking on the phone outside the bedroom and deliberately crept forward to listen. Hearing that she remembered his birthday and was worried about what to give him made him feel warm, and the bad mood he had been suppressing the whole day vanished.

As long as he was the only person in her mind from now on, that was enough.

Whatever it was that she had with Jason once, that was all in the past.

If he was going to be petty, how would he ever repay her for the wounds she had suffered in his place?

Chap:

“Fia.”

Hearing Conrad’s gentle voice, Fia panicked for a moment and hurriedly said her goodbye. She hung up the phone and tossed it aside.

On the other end, Eileen was speechless as she pulled the phone away from her ear to stare at it.

Conrad pretended not to have heard her conversation and asked curiously, “Who was that?”

“It was Eileen.”

“What were you two talking about?”

“Nothing much. Just random things.”

Conrad looked at her flushed face and was looking forward to what she would get him for his birthday.

He wasn’t lacking anything, but he would be happy even if she got him something cheap.

He gently touched her face and asked, “Aren’t you sleepy?”

Fia yawned nervously. “Just a little.”

“Let’s sleep, hmm?”

“Okay.”

Conrad brought over a basin of warm water to wipe her face and hands.

Fia enjoyed the attention, but she couldn't help but mutter, “I already took a bath.”

“I know. I helped you, remember?”

“Then you should remember that you've already wiped my face and hands.”

Fia felt a little bad. Conrad was a dignified and proud director of a huge company and a young master of

a wealthy family. He was already tired from a long day of work, but he was still meticulous in caring for her when they were home.

“What's this? Does our Fia not like being clean?”

“That's not it. You can keep doing it if you don't find it troublesome...” Fia said as she lay back on the bed, feeling a little drowsy. She thought about how life would be wonderful in the future if the two of them could always get along well like this.

At this moment, she even felt it was good to be blind. She could be a happy doll for him, lying down, doing and worrying about nothing while leaving him to care for her.

Chapter 439

The following day, Conrad and Fia had breakfast and went to the office as usual.

Conrad still had his morning meeting to attend, and Fia waited for him to leave before calling Eileen to continue their topic about what to get for Conrad's birthday.

Eileen whined from the other end of the line, “Fia, this is such a difficult question! You might as well ask a guy for suggestions!”

“Who would I ask?”

“You could ask Mr. Whitley.”

“No way. Mr. Whitley is tacky. He’ll probably suggest things like limited branded goods. That’s so gaudy! It wouldn’t have much meaning!”

Eileen hesitated, then said, “Then... Do you want to ask Doctor Evans?”

Fia was stunned. She hadn’t spoken to Jason in a long while.

“Well? Have you been in touch with Doctor Evans lately?”

“No. It would be best if I didn’t ask him about this. It’s weird.”

“Well... you’re right. You owe him a favor, after all. Asking him about a gift for your husband is like stabbing him in the heart too.”

“If you already know that, why would you suggest him?” Fia muttered, her mood plunging downward. “Is it because you’ve had too much free time lately? Even your suggestions are becoming weird.”

“Oh my god, yes! I’m so bored! I really want someone to love me and stay by my side too, you know? I really envy you, Fia,” Eileen said in a sickeningly sweet voice. “If only you weren’t married, I’m sure we

would have worked out!”

“Forget it. I don’t swing that way.”

“Tch! What happened to friendship over love, huh?”

The two continued chatting for a while before they hung up in a happy mood.

Fia was still worried about what to get for Conrad’s birthday. Asking Eileen had been a waste of time, and she didn’t dare to ask Silas. So, with no other options left, she decided to turn to her phone’s voice

assistant.

“Who are you giving a birthday present to?”

Fia held her breath for a few moments before whispering, “My husband.”

“You should give yourself to him! He will be very happy!”

What the hell?

Fia was speechless. Did her phone get possessed or something?!

Even though those were her first thoughts, she couldn't help but keep the suggestion in her heart.

"My name is Annie Parker. I'll be working with everyone here from today on. I hope you'll advise me if there are any shortcomings. Thank you!"

"

After saying that, Annie bowed deeply to everyone in the Foreign Affairs department.

Some of them saw how young and pretty she was and started to be doubtful.

Someone said, "She's not even twenty-two, and she's already so accomplished. Why did she come to Maxwell Corporation?"

"Yeah! With the things she can do, she could have gotten into the Ministry of Foreign Affairs!"

Annie smiled warmly and didn't argue with anyone. She simply walked to her cubicle and tapped her table.

"I bought Starbucks for everyone to drink as a small gift for meeting everyone for the first time."

A few people glanced at her table and saw several paper bags with drinks in them.

"Seriously? She's that generous?"

"Is she from a wealthy family?"

The cheapest cost of a Starbucks drink was still around five dollars, and there were at least forty people in the department.

Annie smiled again and said, "I bought a variety of flavors, so you can pick whichever suits your taste."

Then, she picked up one of the bags and handed it to the woman in the next cubicle.

“Here, miss. Pick a flavor you like.”

The woman thanked Annie, took a cup, and then distributed the remaining ones to the others.

Soon, people started coming forward to pick their own drinks. Each person held a drink in their hand, and their hostile gazes before had now vanished.

Annie had bought extra, so she took them and handed them to other employees who passed by the department.

In less than half a day, she had gained quite a lot of “goodwill” by distributing the drinks.

“Annie, we didn’t mean anything by what we said just now. We were simply discussing and expressing our concerns as your seniors.”

“Yeah. You’re very talented. I’m sure you would have done great if you had applied to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.”

The employees who had been doubtful before this now looked like they had been concerned about Annie

instead.

Annie continued smiling and nodded humbly to show that she accepted their words.

“Thank you, everyone. But Maxwell Corporation is a big company, and I’m still young and would like something challenging. If you have too much on your hand, please leave it to me. I’ll try my best to help and do a good job!”

Employees were salaried people and not bosses, so it was natural that most wanted to muddle through if they could.

Those who wanted to take it easy hurriedly rushed forward to Annie’s side, intending to hand over some

of their work to her.

Annie didn’t lose her temper at the amount of work her colleagues shoved into her hands. She simply accepted them and buried her head in work

At noon, Silas went to the Foreign Affairs department for an inspection and asked a few people for their opinion about Annie, and they were only full of praise for her.

“Don’t worry about her, Mr. Whitley! Annie is brilliant. All of us like her!”

“She’s quick in her work and has plenty of ideas!”

Silas listened patiently to their words, then approached Annie with a document in hand that he had translated before

He rapped his knuckle on the table and said, “Annie.”

“Mr Whitley Annie’s eyes lit up, and she jumped to her feet. “Do you have some work for me?”

Silas nodded. “Translate this document and hand it to me when you’re done.”

“Okay!” Annie said, accepting it with both hands as she tried to contain her excitement.

Since it was Silas giving her work, it meant that the translated documents would definitely be given to

Conrad.

Just thinking about that made her happy!

The time to prove her worth had come.

“Make sure you translate it properly with no mistakes.”

“You can count on me, Mr. Whitley!”

Two hours later, Silas knocked on the door of Conrad’s office.

“Mr. Maxwell.”

Conrad heard the call and looked toward the break room where Fia was taking her lunch break. He got up and closed the door before letting Silas in.

“Here are the translated documents for tomorrow.”

“Alright,” Conrad said as he took it.

“I’ve already checked it once, so you can look at it again.”

“Sure.”

Scanning through it quickly, Conrad was done reading in less than two minutes. Then, his eyes fell on the last page where the signatures were.

“Was this done by Annie Parker?”

“Yes. I wanted to see how well her work was.”

Conrad thought about how Annie’s brows resembled Fia’s, then said, “There’s no problem with the document.”

“Okay. I’ll give her more of Winnie’s work after this.”

Conrad neither agreed nor disagreed with Silas’ words. The latter sensed something was not quite right, and he asked cautiously, “Is there... something wrong?”

“Get Tiger to check on her background.”

Silas was confused. “She’s only a translator. There’s no need for that, right?”

Maxwell Corporation didn’t have very strict policies when it came to their translators unless they were promoted and had access to confidential company documents. That was the time they would do a background check.

“Just do as I say.”

Conrad thought of the resemblance between Annie and Fia, then thought about Finn.

He was afraid that Fia’s biological father was somehow related to Annie, since they had the same

surname.

“Something’s fishy about her, and it can’t be left unchecked.”

Silas quietly retreated after that.

Conrad picked up the document Annie had translated from where he had dropped it on his table. Giving it a last glance, he threw it into the dustbin.

Without figuring everything out, he wouldn't use her work.

"Conrad!" Fia's voice rang out from the breakroom, and Conrad rushed toward her.

"What's wrong, Fia?"

Fia was sweating profusely as she reached out to clutch Conrad's hand. Her eyes were filled with panic. as she stammered, "I... I dreamt of her...!"

"Who?"

Fia looked up and breathed sharply. After a few moments, she finally said in a muffled voice, "... My cousin.

In her dream, Fia didn't have any memories of growing up, and she innocently grabbed Esme's clothes as they tumbled in the water by the river as children.

Suddenly, she was pushed into the river, and the water turned violent as it rushed around her. Esme floated into the air like a ghost and shot her a sinister smile.

Then, she said menacingly, "Fia... Even if I go to hell, I curse you! I curse you to die a miserable death and

never have love!"

The dream felt so real, and it felt like forever before she could come out, especially since she had lost her

sight.

The fear and horror were deeply etched into her bones.

Chapter 440

"Conrad, do you think... Do you think she could still be alive?" Fia whispered, clutching Conrad's hand as if holding onto a lifeline.

Conrad frowned, bringing up his hand to pet her head gently.

“She’s dead.”

He pressed a finger to smoothen the furrow between her brows and continued, “She’ll never hurt you again.”

Fia shook her head, her body trembling as she felt like her nerves were fried from the terror of her dream.

“It felt so real...!”

Conrad felt his heart ache at her state, and he carefully pulled her into his arms.

“Fia, it’s all over now. It was just a dream.”

A suffocating feeling overwhelmed Fia when she thought about the dream again, and she pushed Conrad

away.

“I can’t breathe. Don’t hold me too tightly.”

Conrad was stunned. He hadn’t been holding her too tightly, but he released his grip on her when he heard

her words.

She fumbled around the bed frantically and said, “Where’s my phone? Where is it? I want to listen to my lecture.”

Listening to her lectures would keep her mind off her dream so she wouldn’t panic so much.

Conrad picked up her phone from the floor and handed it to her. Fia gripped her phone tightly once she felt it, then tried to straighten out her earbud cords.

Conrad gently helped her, then plugged it into the phone and her ears.

Hearing the voice filter into her ears, Fia visibly untensed and gradually calmed down.

Conrad carried her over to the couch, then pulled back the curtains to let the sunlight shine in.

Not long after, Fia fell asleep again.

He stayed with her for a few minutes before walking out of the break room, leaving the door open in case she woke up from a nightmare again. He was afraid he wouldn't get to her in time if the door was closed.

After an hour, Fia woke up from her nap feeling better and refreshed.

She removed her earbuds and listened to the keyboard typing sounds coming from outside, which grounded her.

"Conrad."

Conrad hurriedly turned toward the break room to see Fia standing at the doorway, holding the door frame for support.

He was momentarily startled, but he quickly gathered himself and walked over to her.

"When did you wake up? Why didn't you call me? What if you fell?"

"It's fine. The door from the bed isn't that far, and it was okay to walk the distance."

Conrad took her hand in his, and she gripped it tightly. "Help me get to the couch?"

"Of course."

Fia had just sat down when a knock came on the office door.

Conrad turned and called out, "Come in."

Silas walked in, but he hesitated when he saw Fia sitting on the couch. When Conrad saw this, he was inexplicably angry.

"What is it? Hurry up and say it. Stop stalling,"

Conrad had long since forgotten that he had instructed Silas to look into Annie's background.

Faced with such a fierce tone, Silas reflexively said, "You asked me to look into Annie's background, and I have the results."

Conrad frowned, and somehow he wished he could kill Silas with just his glare.

Silas shrank inward and said, "Why don't we talk outside, Mr. Maxwell? Let's not disturb Madam..."

"It's not a bother," Fia said with only one earbud in her ear. She pulled it out when she heard Silas' words, then turned in his direction and asked, "Why did you look into the girl's background? Has she done something?"

Silas looked silently at Conrad but didn't say anything.

Conrad thought about Fia's recent nightmare and thought it wouldn't hurt to let her know about this matter as it might help to distract her.

"There's something fishy about the girl, Annie Parker. I suspect she might be related to Finn, so I got Silas

to look into it."

Fia tilted her head to the side. When she heard the surname, a suspicion hatched in her mind.

"So what's their relation? Are they... father and daughter?"

Fia recalled that Finn had once mentioned he had a daughter.

Conrad turned to Silas with an expectant look.

Silas slowly said, "We're not entirely sure they're father and daughter. However, we discovered that Miss Parker had recently returned to the country and came to Gryphon immediately after. She has also been meeting Director Parker almost daily. Tiger is still checking, and he'll let me know once he knows more

Fia was stunned. "They both have the same surname, and she came straight to Gryphon after returning to the country. It's more or less certain they're father and daughter, right?"