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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 1-“Happy third anniversary, get home earlier, I’ve prepared a surprise for you, you would like it.” After sending that message, Stella Radomil put down her phone and entered the kitchen once again. She turned down the flame of the stove and went to cut the vegetables, enjoying getting busy, as if the reply for the message that she would never get did not affect her mood at all.

The housemaid interrupted her and said, “Let me help you, missus.”

“It’s alright, go mind your own thing. I want to make dinner for him tonight on my own.” The housemaid looked envious and said. “You and Mr. Conrad really love each other.” Stella let out a smile and did not reply. Did she and Clarence Conrad really love each other? Or should she say, they were just acting?

Clarence reached home at 7pm and the housemaid was sensible enough to leave. As soon as Stella just finished arranging the bowls and chopsticks, she could sense the man’s warm breaths from behind. Her chin was clamped and she was forcibly kissed on the lips. Feeling startled, she pushed him away.

Clarence put his hand around her waist and pinched her chin. He narrowed his dark eyes and said indifferently, “Didn’t you want this by deliberately asking me to come back?” Stella explained softly, “No. Today’s our third wedding anniversary. I really do have gifts to give you.”

Clarence released her and tidied his slightly wrinkled shirt, saying blandly, “You don’t have to give me any gifts. Your surprise never gives me joy but shock.” The corner of Stella’s lips twitched. She did not retort but turned around and entered the kitchen. The last dish was placed on the table shortly.

Stella sat opposite Clarence and poured red wine into his glass. She then poured for herself too. She took the glass and said, “To our third wedding anniversary, cheers.” Clarence’s facial features looked fabulous and mature under the light. He had mesmerizing jawline and straight nose. His slightly pursed thin lips implied that he was not satisfied of the wedding anniversary dinner which took place only between them.

Stella smiled. She did not expect him to reply her and she raised the wine glass, gulping down the red wine. After finished, she poured the second glass, one glass after the next. At last, she was slightly drunk. She lied on the table and looked at the man opposite her who had not shown any change in expression throughout. She drawled, "Clarence, just for today, can't you at least show me some smile?"

"What do you want me to do? Acting crazy with you or celebrate this freaking boring anniversary with you?"

"How could it be boring? How many anniversaries would you have throughout your life? It could be no more anniversaries after this one."

As if she was telling a joke, Clarence sneered. "Would you make it happen?" Stella shook the wine left in the glass and there were some tears in her eyes after being shined by the gentle light. "Maybe...not." Clarence no longer wanted to waste time on her. He stood up and went upstairs.

He took off his necktie and blazer with annoyance. As he was going to unbutton his shirt, a pair of soft hands surrounded his waist from his back and the smell of alcohol flooded him. Stella said, "Relax, I've not given you my gift yet..." Clarence turned around and put his hands in the pockets. He looked at her without uttering a word.

Stella was blushing and she was staring at him with limpid, innocent eyes. It was hard to move his eyes away from her. Clarence's Adam's apple rolled. Although he refused to admit, the woman before him was indeed gorgeous, and she was capable to move a man's heart. If not, he would not get tricked by her in the first place.

He moved his eyes downward and there were her lips drenched by red wine. They were red and alluring. When she was moving her hands into his shirt, he almost immediately raised her chin and kissed her lips hard without hesitance. Stella moaned due to the pain.

Her eyes had already gone misty when they were on the bed. She put her arms around his neck. Clarence placed his hands at her sides and raised his eyebrow, as if he was teasing her silently. "I thought you don't want it?"

"I'm sure you know when a woman says no, it means yes."

Clarence sneered. He once again stooped and kissed her. Stella was exceptionally enthusiastic tonight. She bit his lips and the rusty smell of the blood spread between their mouths. That kiss seemed to be a battle. The winner would have the authority to control the other.

As he was going to extend his hand to take something out of the bedside cabinet, Stella spoke abruptly, "Clarence, let's divorce." He who was hovering above her stopped. "What did you say?" Although Stella knew he had heard that clearly, she still repeated clearly, "Let's divorce."

Clarence instantly lost his excitement. He got up slowly and asked coldly, "How much money do you want this time?" She had always been like that, going great lengths for the money. Her tricks had kept on evolving. "I don't want a single penny." Stella took out a divorce agreement from under the pillow and said. "Have a look. You can sign on it if there's no problem."

Clarence pulled down his face and said, "Enough is enough, I have no time to play such a ridiculous game with you."

"Didn't I say I want to give you a surprise tonight? Look, isn't this the greatest news ever?"

Clarence looked at her with an expressionless face. He inexplicably thought that her smile was slightly an eyesore. Stella smiled and said, "Clarence, happy divorce." Clarence pursed his lips. He spoke after a few seconds, "Are you serious?" Stella nodded. "How's that, there's only joy, but no shock this time anymore."

"Good. You better not regret about it." He left straightaway after saying only those words. The door was banged shut. Stella lowered her head and looked at the divorce agreement in her hands which Clarence had never glanced at. She only let out a smile at length.

That night, Stella packed all her things up, and her things were too little that they only filled one luggage bag. She did not take any jewelries, bags, shoes and clothes bought by Clarence. After all, he was reluctant to buy those for her back then. Those luxurious possessions had become meaningless after they divorced. They were completely useless to her.

Stella looked at the divorce agreement left on the cold tea table when she left, and she still picked it up. She passed by the dining hall and glanced at the

dining table. The cutleries in front of Clarence were clean and shiny. He still did not use them at all.

That wedding anniversary celebration was as unwelcoming as she imagined. But luckily it overlapped with their divorce anniversary. Clarence might smile after brooding for a long time when he thought about it in the future. That could be the most satisfying thing she had done to him since they got married for such a long period of time.

Sitting inside the cab, Stella looked at the changing view outside and suddenly felt that load was taken off her mind. She had become the fake daughter-in-law of a wealthy and dignified family for three years. It was time for her to return to her slum.

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 2-After knowing Stella wanted to get divorced, Sherry Perry, who was her best friend chastised Clarence indignantly for ten minutes and then said, "That bastard really didn't give you a single cent? He spent tons of money on those young models outside, and he's actually that stingy towards you who is his wife?"

"I don't think he's stingy though. I've taken quite a big sum of money from him these three years. He's already kind enough to not ask me to pay the debt."

"You can't think like that. You're husband and wife, his money is your money, and your money is your money! Plus, he takes advantage of you every day, what's wrong in spending some of his money!" Stella's temples throbbed and she said, "Could you use another word?" Sherry calmed down for a moment. "I'm sorry, I couldn't help it."

Stella curled up on the couch yet she still could not hold back her anger. She then scolded, "I spoke up about the divorce today, and that bastard actually asked how much money do I want? He didn't even look at the divorce agreement, as if he's scared that I'll make unreasonable demands or take his life! Come on!"

"By the way, why did you want to get divorced? Why not just stick to him and see who's going to give up first?" Having heard that, Stella calmed down once more. "Oh, Vivian Sean has become pregnant." Vivian Sean was a young

model who had little renown recently. She was very close to Clarence and anyone who was not blind could tell that they had an unusual relationship.

Stella had gotten married to Clarence for three years. She knew how much Clarence hated her. Going home twice a month was his greatest tolerance limit. Their intimacy every time was just a matter of routine. Clarence did not have any single feeling towards her. He would do anything to make her feel pain.

Vivian was not the first woman who showed up beside Clarence, and Stella did not pay attention to her. It was until one week ago, when she was delightfully choosing present for the upcoming third wedding anniversary, Vivian suddenly took the pregnancy test report and showed up before her, declaring with complacency and pride, "I'm pregnant, it's time to hand over your position as Mrs. Conrad."

When she saw the report, Stella felt that the faith she had on Clarence and their relationship by deceiving herself these three years was all smashed by reality. Those memories mercilessly showed up in her mind as if reminding her that although she thought that the woman before her was despicable and disgusting, the reason she could marry Clarence was because she was using the same trick too, which was threatening him with the child in her tummy.

She disgusted Clarence, just like how the woman disgusted her. It was just that someone had repeated her original trick.

Sherry was exasperated. "How could that be the same, Clarence was single when you married him, yet Vivian obviously knew your existence, and she still wanted to replace you. She's a barefaced bitch!"

"Whatever, they're more or less the same to me," Stella said. "To be honest, I couldn't sleep well every night for these three years after marrying Clarence. No matter how, it's true that he's forced to marry me back then, and it's good that we get divorced now. I don't owe him anymore."

Sherry then continued chastising Clarence and Vivian, the dirty people she thought, for half an hour. She then brought Stella to her bedroom when she started to feel sleepy. "You can stay here with me from today onwards, my boyfriend's not here anyway, and the house is huge, I'll be scared to stay here alone." Stella yawned while nodding. "Goodnight."

The next afternoon, the divorce agreement showed up on Clarence's office desk. The signature at the end of the paper looked like a furious creature. Watching his own boss gradually pulled down his face, Nathan Lance took a step forward and said, "Mr. Conrad, I've confirmed with those from the Starry

Lake Mansion just now, missus had moved out last night and she did not take anything other than her personal items."

Clarence closed the divorce agreement file and tossed it casually to the side. "What is she playing with me this time?" Nathan did not answer. She was not his wife though, how would he know the little fun between them married couple. Clarence did not expect to hear any useful answer from him too and he said blandly, "Get out."

Nathan walked back after taking two steps. "Mr. Conrad, the necklace ordered from Paris has arrived, so..." That was initially a third wedding anniversary gift which Clarence wanted to give Stella, yet it looked like it had gone to no avail now. "Throw it away," he spoke icily. "Yes," Nathan replied. Clarence picked up that divorce agreement once again after Nathan left. His eyes fell onto the signature part. He sneered and there was an apathetic look on his face.

How would an evil woman who could go great lengths to achieve her purpose be willing to sacrifice and put up a tragic show, beg him to save her by tugging at his sleeve at the Twilight Club, force him to marry her by claiming she was pregnant suddenly have her conscience? It must be that she had had a new purpose.

Clarence crumpled the paper in his hand and tossed it into the dustbin.

Stella had been waiting at home for a few days and she did not receive any message from Clarence. The messages she sent did not receive a single reply as usual.

First day's message: "Have you received the divorce agreement? I've signed it. Please tell me if you have time so we could go through the formalities together at the civil affairs bureau." She sounded big-hearted, considerate, gentle and obedient.

Second days' message: "Hi, have you seen my message? Is there anything about the divorce agreement that you're unhappy with?" She sounded cautious and was bold enough to ask for confirmation.

Third day's message: "Mr. Conrad, I know you're busy with your work, but could you please take some time to divorce me?" She sounded restrained, reserved and persevered.

Fourth day: "Come on Clarence Conrad, could you please be more efficient for the divorce? If you really don't want to see me, hurry up and finish the procedure, and then we'll not see each other ever again, okay?" Since she could not endure it anymore, there was no need for her to endure it.

During the fifth day—"Clarence has turned on friend verification function. You are not friends on We Chat. Please send him a friend request to start chatting after being accepted." Stella sneered. What a bastard. She instantly put down her phone and got up, heading to the Twilight Club. Yet it looked like she had quite a bad luck. She did not manage to wait for Clarence, but had encountered his next future wife.

Vivian had initially promised to have a meal with her friend there. Seeing Stella standing there the moment she reached the entrance, she instantly smiled with contempt, walked towards her on her high-heels and teased, "Could it be you're still not willing to give up and want to look for Clarence here?" Stella glanced at her with a level look and did not speak a word.

Seeing her being docile, Vivian felt more exhilarated. "How could you be so shameless, I've told you I'm pregnant, how could you still refuse to let the position as Mrs. Conrad go? Don't you know how unbearable it is to see you struggle to stay?"

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 3—"Is that so, but no matter how unbearable it is. It's still incomparable with the mistress who wants to ruin other's marriage." Stella's listless words made Vivian startled for several seconds and she only reacted after that. She was so mad that her face went pale and she raised her hand, wanting to slap her.

Stella snatched her wrist and gave her a hard slap in the face without hesitation. "I didn't argue with you before because getting pregnant with

Clarence's child is your own ability, but that doesn't mean you can use this to keep on bragging in front of me. Why, do you feel that superior being a mistress?"

Stella's slap had caught many attentions from people around them. Vivian's face flushed and went pale at the same time. She wanted to retrieve her hand but she could not match Stella's strength. She yelled, "Don't you make unfounded accusation against me, I'm not a mistress, it's you shameless enough to refuse letting the position as Mrs. Conrad go. You disgust Clarence!"

"Don't you think that what you said is kind of illogical? Shameless or not, I'm still Clarence's legal wife. I have to thank you too, because the child in your tummy is the evidence of him cheating on me. Do you believe that I'll sue both of you and manage to succeed? I'll make sure he leaves the marriage without being able to take any property with him. Do you want to make a bet?"

Vivian widened her eyes in disbelief. "Don't you dare..."

"Try it."

Although it was July turning August and was hot summer at the moment, the voice of the man from behind was so cold and icy that made the hair of her back bristled. Stella was startled and she slowly loosened her grasp towards Vivian's wrist. Vivian immediately ran to Clarence's side. She covered the part of her face being slapped and tears flowed from her eyes. She cried sadly.

Clarence's eyes fell onto her and he raised his head, looking at Stella. His eyes were cold and the words he said lacked any warmth. "Should I introduce you a lawyer?" The corner of Stella's lips

twitched. "No, thank you." Was he joking with her? How would she have the money to hire a lawyer to engage herself in a litigation that was both time and energy consuming? She was only trying to scare Vivian.

Clarence took a step forward. He turned his head slightly to the side and spoke with a voice only both of them could hear, "So that's what you meant by "leaving marriage without taking any property" in the divorce agreement." Stella raised her head and saw the blatant cold light in his eyes. She instantly got what he meant and wanted to explain, "No, I..."

“Money could no longer satisfy you, what you want is the Conrad Group, right?” Without waiting for her to answer, he continued, “If not, what is the purpose of you putting up a divorce show this time?” It was to quickly complete you two sickening couple. “Stella Radomil, have you overestimated yourself? If I’ve really signed it, the price you pay would be far too dear.” Please, be straightforward like a man and quickly give me a relief. Stop with the trash talking.

Stella smiled when she met his sarcastic eyes. “Then please do sign as quickly as possible, Mr. Conrad. We’ll see each other at the civil affair bureau.” Clarence spoke with an indifferent tone, “After I sign, what do you plan to do afterwards? Sue me while taking the divorce agreement as the evidence?”

Stella still maintained her smile and she replied, “You’ve thought too much, Mr. Conrad, could we make it quick and free ourselves from this agony? If you’re still worried about it, I can write a letter of guaranty for you. I promise that after we divorce, I’ll not blackmail you a single penny with any purpose and title. I’ll also put my thumbprint on it to make it legally valid, is that okay?”

Clarence probably did not expect that she would be that determined, as if she was so eager to get rid of him. His eyebrows unnoticeably twitched and his thin lips slightly pursed. Seeing them talking for too long, Vivian quickly stepped forward. “Mr. Conrad...Let’s go, I’m feeling a bit unwell.”

Stella once again looked towards her and reminded her kindly, “Miss Sean, I suggest you to not wear such high-heels, put on such a thick makeup and wear such a strong perfume in the future. You’ll only be taken advantage by those terrible men and the ones who suffer would be you and the child in your tummy.” Clarence was speechless. Who was she implying? After finished, Stella retrieved her look with a cool vibe and left.

The moment Stella left, Vivian’s friends who had been watching the fun all went to her and flattered, “Vivi, Mr. Conrad really defended for you, that woman’s expression just now was too amazing.”

“Yeah, Mr. Conrad is too handsome. I’m so envious of you to have such a boyfriend that’s willing to stand out for you.”

“I have to say Vivi is right, that woman is truly shameless. Vivi’s already gone pregnant and she still refuses to divorce...”

Clarence slowly retrieved his look and glanced at them. He spoke, "Is there something wrong with your brains?" No matter how much he disliked Stella, he would never go as far as cheating in a marriage that would become his scandal. Those at the scene, including Vivian were all shocked and they had no idea what they said had offended him.

Clarence then continued, "Give me an explanation for the pregnancy issue." Those words were directed to Vivian. Vivian grabbed her dress nervously and only stammered after a while, "I...I heard that Mr. Conrad has always disliked that woman, therefore I...I found an excuse to let her divorce with you..."

Clarence interrupted her with a slightly gloomy look, "Don't think that I don't know what you are planning. Using such a reason to force me to marry you, having Stella Radomil alone is enough. If I hear such a rumor again next time, you know the consequence." Vivian bit her lip and did not dare to speak.

Her friends only heaved a sigh of relief when Clarence left. They then asked, "Vivi, isn't Mr. Conrad your boyfriend? Why did he talk to you like that?" Vivian's face was pale. Clarence had brought her to quite many banquets recently and he did not stop the spreading of rumor regarding their relationship. Therefore she had naturally thought she was the woman by his side.

It was due to that she deliberately went to the Conrad's house and wanted Stella to give up her position, even making a fake pregnancy test report. But from what Clarence had said just now...

Vivian finally inquired something about Clarence and Stella's marriage that night. Stella's father had owed high debt from usury and the debtee sold her to the Twilight Club. She encountered Clarence after she escaped and she begged Clarence to save her.

To one's surprise, Stella took the pregnancy test report and went to the Conrad's house two months later. The Conrad family was a highly prestigious family and they exceptionally cared for their reputation. Since they refused to make the matter worse and caused damage to their reputation, and Stella had gotten pregnant, they let Clarence married Stella. Yet the child was suddenly gone when they got married for less than two months.

It was all a show put up by Stella from the beginning. Being drugged in the Twilight Club, encountering Clarence, forcing him to marry her with fake pregnancy, all she wanted was to get married into the Conrad family.

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 4-The Conrad family did not like Stella in the first place and their disgust towards her grew even more when the fake pregnancy issue was exposed. Their attitude towards Stella had been apathetic. No wonder Clarence was so mad this time, it turned out she had made a huge mistake.

Stella waited for another few days after she went back, yet she still did not receive any message from Clarence. Their encounter at the Twilight Club that day enabled her to have sufficient reason to suspect that the reason Clarence delayed their divorce was to completely disgust her, keeping on reminding her he had cheated on her wherever she went. That was to take revenge of what she had done to him back then.

Clarence was patient to delay the matter, yet Stella could not waste her time and energy on that anymore. What she thought beforehand was to make plans after she had gone through all the divorce formalities. She still needed to live her life, and she did not want to sit and wait there anymore.

Sherry stopped eating the chips in her hand when she heard that she wanted to find a job and she became energetic. "Come to our magazine, our magazine coincidentally wants to hire a designer to make our own brand recently." Stella frowned when she heard that. "Am I...capable? I've not created anything for three years."

"Of course you can, honey. Just try, you have nothing to lose." Stella was persuaded and she nodded. "Okay."

Sherry was a person of action and she took Stella's work from three years ago to the chief editor's office the next day. After finished looking through them, Stanford Leif's eyes fell onto the signature on the work and asked at length, "Sharon is your friend?"

"Yes, she's really brilliant, and her design was awe-inspiring. We won't suffer loss if we hire her."

Stanford certainly knew how brilliant she was, yet Sharon was like a short-lived flower in the jewelry design industry which vanished after blooming for a moment. Someone said she had been out of ideas after receiving award and could no longer design new things. Others said rich men had laid eyes on her and she had secretly gotten married and had children. Anyway, there were all kinds of rumor.

It was just that to one's surprise, she had actually come back after three years' time, when everyone had forgotten about her. Stanford said, "Does she have time tonight? Let's have dinner together." Sherry knew Stella had basically secured the offer when he said that, and she instantly nodded. "Of course, I'll inform her now."

Stella had quite a nice chat with Sherry's chief editor when they were having dinner. Although she had kept on claiming she had not picked up the drawing pencil these three years, Stanford still replied he was okay with that. He only wanted her to make a draft of a product according to a specific style within that week. If the boss thought there was not much problem about that, they would officially hire her.

The time was already a bit late when they finished their meal. Stanford said, "It's not easy to call for cab in this area, you two girls are not safe by yourselves, I'll send both of you home."

"Great, I'll go to the washroom first." After finished, Sherry looked towards Stella, "Do you want to go?"

"Let's go."

Sherry said, "Please wait for us for a while, Mr. Leif, we'll be right back." Stanford smiled. "No worries. Take your time."

After getting out of the washroom, Sherry washed her hands while saying, "Excellent, we've finally made it!" Stella did not expect things to turn out that smoothly and she was still slightly worried. "I'm still scared that your boss won't like my work afterwards. I'll feel guilty towards you and Mr. Leif."

Sherry said, "You've thought too much, honey. Our boss is a cheerful old man and he's exceptionally nice. He almost doesn't intervene in anything and Mr. Leif basically decides for every matter, small or big in the magazine. He only follows the standard operating procedure by letting the boss have a look. Mr. Leif values you, there must be no problem."

As Sherry just finished her words, there was a series of the clacking sound of high heels on the ground outside the washroom. Vivian showed up before them the next second. As if none of them had expected seeing each other there, Vivian only snorted after they were startled, "What a pathetic follower"

Stella jerked a paper towel out and wiped her hands dry. She spoke casually, "Just say if you want to get beaten, you don't have to beat the bush."

"You..." Vivian knew she was no match for Stella since last time and since there were two people against her this time, she would have no hope for victory no matter how. Sherry said, "What, do you need me to call others to come over to see how a mistress should behave?"

Vivian sneered and spoke with an uncanny tone, "Stella, aren't you being shameless enough, could you possibly not have any clue on what trick you've used to get married into the Conrad family? And you're accusing me as the mistress, you don't seem to be any better than me. Why, do you really think you could eliminate your deed after you've successfully married Clarence?"

Sherry wanted to retort, but Stella snatched her wrist and stared at Vivian with a level look. "Did Clarence tell you that?" Vivian was clearly a woman with boobs and hip but no brain. She had not mentioned that back then twice and seeing her complacent look while kicking her when she was down, the only explanation would be she just knew about it.

"Yeah, he said a woman like you has really disgusted him, and he said the thing he regrets the most in this life was to encounter you in the Twilight Club. You're like a stinky and sticky doeskin plaster that

makes his whole body stinks the moment he takes it off. He can't wait to rub every part of his skin which has come into contact with you."

After finished, Vivian only became scared when she saw Stella's expressionless face. She took a step backward with alert to avoid her hitting her again. Yet to her surprise, Stella did not say anything and did not intend to hit her. She only tossed the used tissue paper into the dustbin and left. Sherry quickly followed her when she saw that.

"Stella, don't take that woman's words to heart, the guy's a bastard and the woman's a shameless bitch, they don't worth you getting mad at them..." Before she finished her words, Sherry saw the man whom she called bastard just now standing not far away at the front and he was chatting blandly with

someone. Stella seemed to not notice him and she walked fast without taking a glance.

Vincent James could sense a murderous aura coming from behind and he could not help but turn. He was baffled when he saw the woman who was coming closer and closer. "Isn't that your wife? Why is she here?" Clarence looked up and his eyebrows unnoticeably wrinkled. Impatience flashed across his dark eyes. She had followed him there, and she said she only wanted to divorce? When had this woman become more and more calculating?

As Clarence wanted to speak coldly when he saw her approaching, Stella did not glance at him and she did not intend to stop walking. She passed by him quickly like a breeze with an expressionless face. Sherry who was following closely behind her on the other hand stopped for a moment beside him. She opened her mouth and looked like she wanted to scold him, but thinking that the timing was not right, she ran away.

Vincent who had witnessed the whole process let out an awkward chuckle to resolve the embarrassment. "Have I mistaken her for someone else?" Clarence disliked his wife, and you could say that he hated her. Everyone who worked in the same industry knew about that.

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 5-He would basically not take her out under normal days. Vincent only met Stella twice. The first time was when Clarence forgot to bring his document. Afraid that it would affect his work, Stella brought it to the workplace. A trace of disappointment flashed across the docile woman's face when she faced Clarence's cold eyes. Yet she did not make any complaint, and she looked obedient and understanding.

Another time was during the birthday feast of Dempsey Conrad, the old man of the Conrad family, which was also the second year of marriage between Clarence and her. No one from the Conrad family liked her, and no one introduced her to the guests.

That night, Stella looked like a non-paid housemaid that was hired by the Conrad family. She was completely occupied with work yet she did not get a single compliment but contempt look that saw her as a trouble instead. After that, she stayed at the corner all the time and when she faced those mocking remarks, she did not retort but lowered her head silently, staying further away from them.

In Vincent's mind, Clarence's wife was a weak and enduring married woman that surrendered to one's manipulation, and she would not defend for herself when she was hit or scolded. The aggressive woman who looked like she was going to chop someone into pieces tonight would definitely not be her.

Clarence was still looking at the place where Stella left and did not utter a word. Vincent coughed and digressed, "I met Stanford Leif at the entrance just now." Clarence asked casually, "Who?"

"I am the chief editor of the SG Jewelry Magazine."

"I kind of recall something." The Conrad's had collaborated with SG Jewelry before, and Clarence had met their chief editor a few times. Vincent sighed and said, "Stanford told me he's found Sharon, and if nothing goes wrong, she'll become the designer of their magazine. I suppose you still remember Miss Sharon?"

"No." Why should he remember someone unimportant to him? Vincent said, "Then I suppose you would at least remember sponsoring the seventh emerging designer competition three years ago? Sharon won the first place in the contest back then. She initially had the chance to get funded by the Conrad's and further study in Paris, but not knowing why, she gave it up."

"But I heard that she has once sought for the person in charge of the competition and asked whether she could get cash instead of being funded for her study abroad. The person in charge asked you, but you rejected, and we never heard from her since then. She was really a talented designer, what a shame."

Clarence slowly retrieved his look. It was hard to tell what he was thinking, and whether he had listened to his words just now or not. "Is that so? I can't recall."

As he was on the way of sending them back home, Stanford could clearly sense that Stella's mood was much worse than when they were having meal.

He could not ask her directly and he glimpsed at Sherry, raising his eyebrow. Sherry only shook her head lightly and she seemed difficult to explain the whole situation.

The car was parked downstairs. Stanford spoke, "Miss Radomil, I look forward to your work, and also our collaboration." Stella had quite calmed down meanwhile. She got back her mind and nodded. "Thank you, Mr. Reid. I'll try my best." Stanford smiled. "Then I'll not waste your time any further, get inside, we'll see each other next week."

After reaching home, Sherry asked, "Stella, are you still mad about those two?" Stella was slightly absent-minded and she exclaimed. She only responded after two seconds. "No, I'm thinking about the design." The topic Stanford gave her was "first love". Sherry said that was the first series they proposed after hiring designer and the main customer targets were young people. Therefore, the design this time was quite important to them.

Yet to Stella, the word "first love" was too far away from her and it had already gone blurry. That kind of excitement that only existed when she was with the person she loved had already eroded until nothing was left during her three years of marriage with Clarence.

Sherry said, "Speaking of this, I want to ask you, have you not stayed in contact with Horace Jason anymore?" Stella shook her head lightly. She had won the first place in the emerging designer competition three years ago. She initially had the chance to study abroad in Paris, but she rejected.

Horace had come to see her for a few times and asked why she refused to go. There were confusion, loneliness and also disappointment on his face. Yet she still did not have the courage to tell him the truth and had deleted all his contact details.

What could she say? Could she possibly tell him that when she was brimmed with happiness that night after getting first place in the competition, she suddenly received the news that Jeffrey Radomil had owed one million Yuan debt? She still could not recover from the shocking and daunting news until now.

Sherry let out a sigh and leaned against the couch. "I still feel pity for you and Horace until now. You were a perfect couple back in school and anyone could tell you like each other, what's left was you didn't admit your relationship. We

initially thought you'll be together after going to Paris, who knows that would happen...That's so unfair."

Stella only spoke after being silent at length, "That's already the past."

"Hey, let's not mention such an unhappy thing anymore. Oh yes, I suddenly remember one of Vivian Sean's rumor, listen, she went to shoot for a magazine when she started entering the field, and it turned out she didn't even know what a light supplement lamp is, and..."

Sherry told a few jokes and after successfully making her laugh, she chastised Clarence and Vivian for the whole night full of passion. Yet when Stella was lying on the bed, she still could not help but recall what Vivian said to her in the washroom. Although Clarence would never say those vulgar words, what he wanted to convey was exactly the same.

Stella knew she had held Clarence back, therefore during their marriage these three years, she had tried her best to play her role as a good wife. No matter what nasty things he said to her, or how the Conrad family mocked her, she would never complain. She knew how much he hated her too. Yet she would still feel pain when reality resembled a poisoned knife stabbing right into her. Even breathing was excruciating.

Stella buried her head in the blanket. She remembered something when she was in a state of dreaming and awake. Three years ago, after knowing Jeffrey had owed a high debt of one million Yuan, she asked around for money and had even abased herself to ask the person in charge of the competition whether she could give up the place to further study in Paris and get cash instead.

She could still remember what the person in charge said to her until now. "Miss Sharon, I'm sorry. Our boss said the chance is for those who truly have the dream to design, not for those who treat this competition as an opportunity to make money and gain benefits." Stella was startled for a long while when she heard that. She went home and scolded that so-called boss for the whole night while crying. Who wouldn't wish to have a pure dream?

Few days after that, Jeffrey ran away. The debate came to her house and let her made a choice, which was either to chop down one of her brother's hands or her taking the initiative to leave with them. Stella was left with no choice and without caring for Channing Radial's devastated cries, she walked out of the house with them without saying a word.

Those people had sold her to the Twilight Club, which was a money-oriented place that provided rich people with leisure, alcohol and women. They had adulterated their wine. Although she had prepared

herself to accept her fate, when the plump middle-aged man in his forties or fifties entered, she suddenly thought of Horace and the promise about going to Paris that she did not fulfill.

Not knowing from where she got the strength, she pushed the middle-aged man away and ran out while staggering. Someone had been chasing after her from behind. Not knowing how long she ran, she finally saw a strong but blurry figure at the front. She fell onto the ground and snatched his high quality suit sleeve. "Please, save me..."

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