

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again

Chapter 101-132

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 101-Many people were waiting for a pregnancy examination in the hospital. Moreover, most of them had a bulging belly.

Comparing to them, Stella appeared to be more relaxed.

She used to come here for a pregnancy examination alone and it was the first time that someone accompanied her here. Moreover, there were many people waiting here and it sounded boisterous. Some of the pregnant women were quarreling with their husbands. Except for the pregnancy examination, Stella had to divert her attention to take care of Clarence, who seemed to be incompatible with this place and didn't know where he should stay.

A thought popped into Stella's mind: What's the use of a man? He can't help her in any matter and will only bring troubles to her. She would rather do this alone.

No wonder that those pregnant women, whose child was older than the one in her belly, got tired of their husbands.

Clarence noticed her lines of sights and looked askance at her. He said unhappily, "Why are you looking at me?"

Stella smiled at him, "The hospital is packed with people. Mr. Conrad, if you feel it noisy, you can wait for me outside."

"When did I feel it noisy?"

Stella licked her lips. Come on, Mr. Conrad, your expression had expressed everything.

She shouldn't have said those words in the morning. Otherwise, would it be so tiring and troublesome if she came here alone?

Stella said, "Then I will go in. Mr. Conrad, if you're impatient to wait for me, you can leave as you like."

Clarence didn't reply and just looked at her coldly.

After Stella entered the room, Clarence withdrew his lines of sights and leaned against the wall. He inadvertently looked towards a pregnant woman who was sitting on a chair not far away.

Her belly was so big and it looked like she was about to deliver.

Her husband was squatting beside the chair. He stroked her belly and put his ear on it. He then exclaimed in surprise, "Honey, it kicked me."

The woman reply, "He had been sleeping when I was having the examination and didn't move a bit."

"Looks like it only wants to interact with me." The man then said to her belly, "My baby, did you hear daddy's voice? You want to see daddy, right? Be obedient and wait for several more days, then you'll be able to come to this world."

The woman nudged her husband with a smile, "Why are you saying this to it? It doesn't know it."

"I heard from some people that when a baby is in the mother's belly, it can actually perceive the sentiments of the adult. We should talk to it more and let it know that someone in this world is expecting its arrival. When it's time to delivery, maybe it would come to this world quicker and you'll suffer less."

After a short while, the young couple left the hospital.

When Stella went out, she found Clarence looking at two empty chairs with a weird expression, seeming to be lost in his thought.

She waved her hand in front of him, "Mr. Conrad?"

Clarence withdrew his lines of sights and glanced at her calmly, "Finished?"

"Yeah, let's come back."

As Stella woke up early this morning, she felt sleepy on the way home. As the car was so silent, she fell into asleep with her head leaning against the window after a short while.

When she woke up, she found the car was parked beside a shopping mall.

Clarence unfastened the seat belt, "Get off the car since you've woken up."

Stella rubbed her eyes in confusion and directly got off the car. After taking several steps following Clarence, she finally realized what was going on and asked, "Mr. Conrad, what do you want to buy?"

Stella realized that her question was superfluous after blurting it out. Clarence was a businessman, so maybe he was here to inspect the shopping mall.

Since Clarence had accompanied her to the hospital just now even though he didn't help at all, Stella thought that she should return his kindness and decided to accompany him to walk around in the shopping mall.

Stella then followed him while yawning.

When Clarence stopped, she found that they were in the area for children's products.

She was stunned for a second and then a sentence conjured up to her mind: It's easiest to earn money from women and children. It seemed like Clarence was not an exception.

Clarence suddenly turned around and said arrogantly, "Go select by yourself."

Stella was completely dumbfounded. What should she select?

She glanced around and couldn't help but ask, "Mr. Conrad, can you give me some tips?"

Clarence became impatient, "Are there anything else in this area?"

Stella was rendered speechless.

She became sober and glanced around again and found that this area was mainly selling products for infants. She roughly understood what he meant. Stella paused before speaking, "Thank you for your kindness, Mr. Conrad. But I don't need these. I've prepared these things before."

But it seemed like Clarence didn't want to talk nonsense with her. He directly walked into a store and took everything he saw.

Stella was rendered speechless.

Was this man crazy?

Stella, who was following behind him, took the things he picked out from the shopping cart and put them back to the shelves, “Mr. Conrad, you...”

Clarence turned around and put the things into the shopping cart again.

Stella was completely speechless. She could only resort to other methods, “Mr. Conrad, the toys you pick are for kids over three years old.”

A shopping assistant hurried over and said, “Mr. and Mrs., may I ask you how old your baby is? I can recommend some goods suitable for your kid.”

“No...”

Clarence interrupted her, “It’s in her belly.”

...

Stella was still confused about what was wrong with this wretched man even after walking out of the shopping mall. He almost emptied all baby products of several stores!

Those shopping assistants had never seen such a rich and generous client and they all said they could deliver the goods to their house.

Looking at Stella who seemed to want to say something, Clarence asked, “You also want to buy something?”

Stella hurriedly refused him, “No... No... Thanks for your kindness, Mr. Conrad. I don’t want to buy anything. Not at all.”

Clarence sneered and then got on the car.

Stella finally heaved a sigh of relief.

This nightmare-like experience finally came to an end.

When they came back, Stella felt she not sleepy at all because she was startled just now. Sitting on the passenger seat, she stole several glances at the man sitting beside him. She tried to suppress her impulse, but failed. In the end, she asked, “Mr. Conrad, why did you buy those things?”

Clarence replied without looking at her, “It’s funny.”

“ ... ”

This was really his way of doing things.

Stella didn't want to probe into this anymore.

Out of her expectation, Clarence suddenly asked her a question several minutes later, “When will you deliver the baby?”

Stella hadn't expected that he would ask this and was stunned. She then replied, “It's expected to be born twenty-one weeks later, roughly five months later.”

Clarence replied with a nasal sound and didn't speak again.

Stella winded down the window to look at the scenes flashing by.

Clarence asked that question. So probably he was also expecting the birth of the child, right?

When thinking of this, Stella curled her lips into a smile and suddenly felt that her mood was greatly improved.

Clarence took a side long glance and saw her leaning her head against the car window from the mirror. He curled his lips into an inexplicable smile and his black eyes became gentler unknowingly.

People in the world might have different feelings, but their good moods would affect others.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 102-The goods they bought were delivered to Stella's home one after the other in the afternoon.

As there were many cars, they attracted the attentions of Stella's neighbors.

Stella felt it embarrassed to show up, so she pretended that she was having an afternoon nap and refused to go downstairs no matter how boisterous downstairs was.

Dolores was also dumbfounded when seeing those boxes that were carried into the building one after the other.

Evelyn, however, was quite excited. She nudged Dolores and said exultantly, "Did you see it?"

"See what?"

"Apparently it's possible that they would remarry." Evelyn said in a low voice, "I've been observing them for several days and apparently, Stella and Clarence love each other. Let's wait and see. They will definitely remarry soon, and you can just wait for the coming of your grandchild."

Dolores looked down onto the ground when she heard the last sentence, her smile gradually disappearing.

The noises in the yard gradually died out and Stella fell into asleep unknowingly. When she woke up, she heard the rings from the phone on the bedside table.

Stella found the phone number unfamiliar. She picked up her phone and answered, "Hello, who's that?"

"Hello, Ms. Radomil, it's from Prison of City N. Excuse me, I want to ask you a question, is Jeffrey Radomil your father?"

Stella was silent for a while. She then answered, "Yes."

"Ms. Radomil, last night several prisoners tried to escape from the prison and caused a big fire. All of them failed to escape from the fire and died instantly in the fire. Your father is one of them. According to our regulation, we should deliver the bone ashes of the dead to their families. And we'll only dispose them if their families refuse to take the ashes."

Stella was a bit dumbfounded when she heard the words. After a long while, she asked, "He's dead?"

"Yeah, Ms. Radomil, if you want to claim your father's ashes, please come to Prison of City N in three days."

"Okay, thank you."

After ending the call, Stella sat on the bed in a trance for a long period of time.

Several days ago, she thought that she would not like to hear any news about Jeffrey for the rest of her life, but she hadn't expected that Jeffrey would die and the prison officer would call her to take back his ashes.

When Stella went downstairs, Clarence was dealing with his work in the yard with Nathan by his side. When seeing Stella, Nathan nodded slightly at him to greet her and left sensibly.

Stella sat opposite to Clarence and said after hesitating for a while, "Mr. Conrad."

Clarence was still staring at the computer. He replied without lifting his head, "Spill the beans."

"My father was put into prison before. Was it you to deal with it?"

"Does it have anything to do with..." Clarence looked up and saw her pale face. He paused and then continued, "It was Nathan who dealt with it."

Stella replied with a short answer, "Thank you, Mr. Conrad."

She knew deep down that Jeffrey was like a time bomb for her and if she didn't deal with it well, he would still come to Channing even if she managed to get rid of him.

There would be never an end of this, unless one of them was dead.

Clarence closed his laptop, "What do you want to say?"

Stella shook her head, "Nothing. I'm just here to express my gratitude towards you."

It seemed like Clarence had helped her a lot without her knowing.

"Mr. Conrad, please continue with your work. I want to go out to have a walk."

Nathan came in in a hurry after Stella's departure, "Mr. Conrad, I got the news that the Prison of City N had a fire last night and Mrs. Conrad's father... He died instantly in the fire. The prison had contacted Mrs. Conrad and asked her to claim the bone ashes of her father."

Clarence pressed his thin lips together. He stood up and said in a flat tone, "I see."

...

When Clarence found Stella, she was standing beside a stone balustrade of a river.

He slowly walked over and stopped beside her.

Stella turned her head when she heard the sound, "Mr. Conrad?"

Clarence asked, "What are you doing here?"

"Er... I'm just walking around freely."

Clarence sneered. He didn't say anything again.

After a while, Stella asked, "Mr. Conrad, when are you going to come back to City N?"

"Tomorrow."

Stella asked this question randomly, but she hadn't expected that Clarence would decide to come back so soon. She was stunned for a while.

She had been hoping that he would leave as soon as possible during this period of time, but unexpectedly, when she really heard that he was going to leave, she was not as happy as she had imagined.

Stella pondered for a while and asked, "Will Ms. Dolores Anderson come back with you?"

"Nope."

It was reasonable. Judging from Dolores' personality, she also thought that she would not choose to come back with Clarence.

"Then... Will you come to visit Ms. Anderson in the future?"

Clarence tilted his head and fixed his eyes on her, "Which answer do you want?"

Stella pressed her lips together and didn't reply.

She didn't know which answer she was expecting. Moreover, no matter whether Clarence would come back or not, it had nothing to do with her. It would appear to be officious if she asked more about this.

She then heard Clarence saying, "If you don't want to take back his bone ashes, you can choose not to come back."

Stella was muted. She wasn't surprised that he would learn about this.

After all, it was Clarence who sent Jeffrey into the prison.

As a matter of fact, Stella was not troubled by the question of whether to take back Jeffrey's bone ashes or not. It was just that if she came to the prison, it meant that she would have to come back to City N. She was afraid that it would be not that easy for her to leave the city again.

The city bore too many of her bad memories. And she had a feeling that if she came back, something bad would happen.

Before Stella could reply, Clarence continued, "He has died and it's useless for you to think about this. If you have the time, you should consider carefully about the matter I told you before."

Stella was bewildered. She asked, "Which matter?"

Clarence glanced over her coldly,

"..."

Was he talking about remarrying her?

She thought it was just a joke, but it seemed like he was serious.

Stella laughed awkwardly and said, "Mr. Conrad, I though you're the one who needs to consider about this matter. Aren't you afraid that I have some other purposes in mind?"

"You really think highly of yourself."

"May I ask why you wants to remarry me?"

Stella looked at her silently. Several seconds later, he replied, “Stella Radomil, do you think that I will allow a woman who’s pregnant with my child to live out of my control?”

Stella was stunned and moved her lips trying to say something. As expected, he was here for this reason.

No matter it be the things he did for her during the past days, or his proposal to remarry her, his target had always been the child in her belly.

Luckily...

Luckily, she didn’t really lose herself in his romance.

Stella said, “Mr. Conrad, I will let you know about my whereabouts as possible and I will tell you about the condition of the baby in the first place. I will not let your father... Er... your families learn about my pregnancy. As for remarry you, sorry, I won’t consider it.”

She finally got rid of the marriage that had confined her for three years. Clarence had no feelings for her, so their marriage was just a nominal one. Remarrying him? It was really crazy and she wouldn’t consider it.

After a long while, Clarence’s cold voice sounded, “I will take the flight leaving at eight o’clock tomorrow night. Pack up your things.”

He then turned around and left in strikes without waiting for Stella’s reply.

Stella withdrew her lines of sights when he was nowhere to be seen. Looking at the gleaming light of the sunset, she heaved a long silent.

It seemed like she had to come back.

Stella was stunned and moved her lips trying to say something. As expected, he was here for this reason. No matter it be the things he did for her during the past days, or his proposal to remarry her, his target had always been the child in her belly. Luckily... Luckily, she didn’t really lose herself in his romance. Stella said, “Mr. Conrad, I will let you know about my whereabouts as possible and I will tell you about the condition of the baby in the first place. I will not let your father... Er... your families learn about my pregnancy. As for remarry you, sorry, I won’t consider it.” She finally got rid of the marriage that had confined her for three years. Clarence had no feelings for her, so their

marriage was just a nominal one. Remarrying him? It was really crazy and she wouldn't consider it. After a long while, Clarence's cold voice sounded, "I will take the fight leaving at eight o'clock tomorrow night. Pack up your things." He then turned around and left in strikes without waiting for Stella's reply. Stella withdrew her lines of sights when he was nowhere to be seen. Looking at the gleaming light of the sunset, she heaved a long silent. It seemed like she had to come back.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 103-In the evening...

When Stella was packing up her things in the room, she heard a string of gentle knocking sounds on the door, "Stella, are you sleeping?"

Stella opened the door, "Ms. Anderson."

Dolores saw the luggage case and asked, "I heard that Clare will come back tomorrow, are you going back with him?"

Stella nodded her head, "I have to come back to City N to deal with something."

Dolores handed a bag to her, "Here are some small weavings I made recently. Take them with you. Maybe you will use them one day."

"Thank you, Ms. Anderson." Stella took the bag and asked, "Ms. Anderson, aren't you going back to City N again?"

Dolores curled her lips into a light smile, "I will not come back again. There're no memorable memories for me there."

"Then Clarence..."

"It depends on himself. If he has time, he can come here to visit me. It doesn't matter if he doesn't have time. After all, I have never assumed the responsibilities that a mother should take."

Stella didn't know what she should say at the moment. She could only nod her head silently.

Several seconds later, Dolores continued, "Stella, I don't know what happened between you and Clare and I don't have the qualification to comment on the things between you two. But... Clare, my kid, it's

true that sometimes his temper is annoying. But he has always been firm in speech but soft in heart. I learned from my observation during this period of time that indeed he cares about you a lot. It's just that he doesn't know how to express his feelings."

Even if Dolores didn't tell her about this, Stella could still feel by herself that Clarence was just hard in speech.

Moreover, he grew up in the Conrad family, a place where was full of intrigues, hence he was accustomed to think that all people were evil and would weigh up all the pros and cons to the greatest extend.

It was because Stella was so clear of these that she wanted to keep away from Clarence as far as possible to prevent being involved in the power struggle between him and the Conrad family.

Nevertheless...

Stella looked down at her belly. She roughly knew why Clarence didn't expect this child's birth.

But she was a mother who had once lost a child and now she was pregnant again. She thought this was a blessing from the god and she would by no means deprive its chance to come to this world.

After a long while, Stella spoke, "Ms. Anderson, I and Clarence are unmatched in many aspects. The reason why we got married before is that..."

Stella suddenly chuckled, "Anyway, I'm the one to be blamed and I should bear the consequences."

Dolores sighed in her heart. She didn't say anything else. Before leaving, she told Stella to take good care of herself and feel free to call her if she had any problems.

When Stella was about to close the door, she saw Clarence standing not far away and staring at her coldly.

" ... "

She twitched her mouth corners, "Mr. Conrad."

With one hand in his pocket, Clarence said in an extremely indifferent voice, "Tell me, what consequences did you bear?"

'I bear your cynicism and harsh words over the past three years, you wretched man!' Stella thought to herself.

She replied honestly, "Divorce is the consequence that I ought to bear."

"Stella, if you think that divorce means nothing has happened, I have to say that your thought is really simple and naïve."

"I know this will possibly not be able to recover any damage. Mr. Conrad, maybe in your eyes, I'm having some other intentions, but this is the only thing that I can do."

"If you really plan to bear the consequences, you should think over what you should do when then Conrad family learns about your pregnancy."

Clarence turned around and came back to his bedroom after finishing the words.

Stella was frozen on the ground. She finally realized that Clarence's acquiescence of the child's delivery had a premise – the Conrad family hadn't learned about her pregnancy.

This meant that once the Conrad family found out her pregnancy, Clarence would not give her any chance.

Stella only came to her own senses after a long while. She felt her fingers icy-cold.

Sitting by the bedside, Stella looked out of the window in confusion.

Could she really protect her child? Could she prevent the Conrad family from learning about its existence and deliver it safe and sound?

Stella pondered for a while. Actually, she didn't have too many contacts with the Conrad family. Except for Annie Conrad, she barely had any interactions with the other members of the Conrad family.

Although she came into contact with Justin Conrad for some work reasons, she thought that Justin would not order customized jewelry for his mother all the time.

Therefore, theoretically, nothing bad would happen as long as she could evade that crazy Annie.

Stella heaved a sigh of relief and continued packing up her things. She put the small stockings and small clothes weaved by Dolores into her luggage case.

Although she had comforted herself just now, Stella still felt inexplicably worried.

She then saw the pile of baby products in her room. Hesitating for a long while, she finally walked out of the room and knocked at the door of Clarence's bedroom. She kept down her voice and asked, "Mr. Conrad, are you sleeping?"

The door was opened after two minutes and it seemed like Clarence was woken up by Stella. With impatience written all over his face, he tried hard suppress his temper, "Stella, I remember that I told you before. Dare you to bother me in the midnight..."

Stella retorted him in a low voice, "You didn't allow me to call you in the midnight, but you didn't say that I can't come to find you in the midnight."

Clarence was rendered speechless.

Ignoring his bad attitude, Stella continued, "It's about the child. Mr. Conrad, I want to talk with you."

"Spill the beans."

"I promise that I will try my best to evade meeting members of the Conrad family no matter whether I'm going. But... But my ability is limited, so Mr. Conrad, I want to ask for your help. You must have approaches to prevent them from finding out my pregnancy."

Clarence looked at her calmly, "Why should I help you."

Stella pressed her lips together, "Mr. Conrad, you bought many baby products today. You..."

"It's just a random thought and this can't prove anything."

Stella had expected this answer from him.

After pondering for a few seconds, she gently tugged his sleeve, "I beg you."

Clarence fixed his black eyes on her. With his Adam's apple popping up and down, he quickly shifted his gaze, "I don't see any sincerity from you."

"..."

Stella pouted and withdrew her hand, "Then Mr. Conrad, what do you want me to do?"

"Move back to Starry Lake Mansion, I can help you to keep it a secret from the Conrad family. But if they find it out when you're outside the mansion, it will have nothing to do with me."

Stella hadn't expected that his requirement would be so simple and easy. Comparing to the conditions that were so demanding and deprived her rights as a human being, this requirement was much better.

Moreover, moving back to Starry Lake Mansion meant that she was much safer to some extent.

After that, she would only commute from her company and the mansion and she thought there would not be any accident.

Seeing that Stella still remained silent, Clarence looked dissatisfied.

This woman still didn't know what was good for her, just as she did in the past.

When he was about to say something, Stella said in a soft voice, "Dealt. I will move back."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 104-In the next afternoon...

Evelyn also heard that Stella and Clarence were going to leave. She took many special local products from her home and asked them to receive them.

After that, she pulled Stella to a corner and asked in a low voice, "Stella, are you going to remarry Clare after coming back?"

Stella was rendered speechless.

'Ms. Beckham, this is your real purpose, right?' She thought to herself.

“Nope...”

“Oh, don’t feel embarrassed in front of me. I’ve been observing Clare for you during the past days. He has a good quality. He’s handsome and rich. If you don’t catch the opportunity, he will be easily snatched by the other woman.”

“Ms. Beckham, I...”

“Stella, listen to me, when you’re as old as me, you’ll find that the quarrels and conflicts you have now is nothing and in the eyes of the outsiders, they are some sweet things. It’s just that I’m old now. If I’m twenty years old younger, I will...”

Evelyn said nonstop, and Stella found it hard for her to get a word in, hence she chose to shut up.

Before leaving, Stella took a glance at this place in which she had been living for one more months, and she inexplicably had a feeling that she was now leaving her home.

No matter it be Dolores, or Evelyn, or the other neighbors, they all gave her the warmth and cares that she never had before.

Clarence, who was standing in front of the car, saw Stella keeping turning around while walking. He couldn’t understand her twisted feeling at all and said, “Well, you can come back later. Why are you so upset?”

Stella withdrew her lines of sights and sighed, “Alas, it’s reasonable. A cold-hearted man like you can never understand what it means to separate the ones that you’ve been staying with for a long time.”

Clarence pulled a long face, “Stella Radomil.”

Stella curled her lips into an appropriate smile, “Let’s set off, Mr. Conrad.”

Evelyn originally planned to send them to the airport together with Dolores, but fearing that they would be more upset and that Evelyn would say something incredible on the way to the airport, Stella hurriedly refused them.

Moreover, based on Dolores and Clarence’s personalities, Stella guessed that wouldn’t like the scene of separation.

When they left Anqiao Street, Stella felt that her experience here was like a warm and comfortable dream.

But now the beautiful dream had to finish.

She must brace herself up now. Only in this way could she cope with the things that might happen after she came back to City N.

...

After getting of the airplane, Stella said, "Mr. Conrad, I have to come back to my home to pack up my things tonight and I will move to the mansion tomorrow.

"As you like."

Clarence ignored her after finishing the words and left in strikes.

As a matter of fact, Stella didn't have too many things to pack up as she took away all the things that she could take away when she ran away from City N. And all her valuable belongings were in the luggage case.

It was just that she didn't want to stay together with Clarence and that she wanted to enjoy the last night for her to stay alone, so that she randomly found an excuse.

Stella followed behind him slowly. After walking out of the airport, Nathan came to her when she intended to call a taxi, "Ms. Radomil, let me drive you back."

"Aren't you going back with Clarence?"

"Mr. Conrad has to come back to the company first and he asked me to send you back, Ms. Radomil."

"I see."

Stella wanted to tell him about her domicile after getting on the car, yet she saw Nathan input an address into the navigation application.

Stella, "..."

Nathan smiled drily.

He could only use the laughter to cover up his awkwardness.

Stella didn't feel it weird that Nathan would know about her address. He was Clarence's special assistant who helped him deal with many things in detail, so it would be abnormal if he didn't know about it.

They then arrived at the downstairs of Stella's domicile. Nathan took her luggage case out, "Ms. Radomil, Mr. Conrad asked me to pick you up tomorrow. Which point of time is convenient for you?"

Stella replied after a short while of silence, "No need. I can go there by myself."

After finishing the words, she looked up and saw Nathan's expression. It seemed like he wanted to say something. Stella secretly gritted her teeth, "Tell Clarence that I will definitely go there."

"Okay. Goodbye, Ms. Radomil."

Nathan then left.

Stella watched the black car disappearing in her view and then turned around and walked into the apartment.

After getting upstairs, Stella turned on the lights. Looking at the chilling house that was covered with a layer of dusts, she lowered her head and sighed.

Actually, she had only been living in this place for less than one month, so this place was anything but a home for her.

When she finished packing up her things, it was already one o'clock in the morning.

Standing by the bedside, Stella pondered for a long while and then finally sent a message to Channing.

[Chan, come to Prison of City N together with me tomorrow morning.]

Channing also hadn't slept yet. He immediately made a phone call to Stella when he received the message, "Are you in City N now?"

"Yeah, I got off the plane just now."

Channing then asked, "Why are we going to the prison."

Stella looked out of the window and replied in a low voice, "Jeffrey died."

There was dead silence at the other end of the phone. Channing then asked in a clam voice, "How did he die?"

"He tried to escape from the prison and caused a fire, and then died instantly in the fire."

Channing said, "I will come to pick you up tomorrow."

"Okay."

In the early morning of the next day, it was drizzling and the whole city seemed to be shrouded by a layer of grey color.

Stella, who was in black from top to toe, showed up at the entrance of Prison of City N with Channing standing by her side.

They came to the registration desk and told the officer why they were here today. Then the prison officer brought them to the place storing the bone ashes of the dead, "Here are Jeffrey Radomil's bone ashes and relics. You can take them away after signing here."

Channing signed his name on the paper. The prison officer took a glance at him and then at Stella who was standing beside him. He couldn't help but say, "I haven't expected that Jeffrey would have such two filial children. He was really lucky."

Jeffrey had created many troubles after being put into jail. He was always beat, and always hit others. He often shouted that his son-in-law was the president of the Conrad Group. He was just a typical loafer and ruffian.

But his words were effective that he gathered up a group of prisoners and they planned to escape from the prison. Unluckily, they failed.

After signing his name, Channing took a glance at Jeffrey's bone ashes. He pressed his thin lips together tightly and didn't reply the prison officer's question.

Stella asked, "Can we leave now?"

“Of course.” The prison officer came back to his own senses and gave Jeffrey’s bone ashes and relics to them.

Watching them leaving the prison, the officer felt quite curious about a question: Jeffrey was so wicked and ugly, how could he have a handsome son and a beautiful daughter?

Could it be that the children were abducted from others?

After getting out of the prison, Channing said to Stella, “Leave the rest things to me. You shall go back and have a rest.”

Stella paused. She knew that Channing was afraid that she didn’t want to face Jeffrey anymore. She curled her lips into a light smile, “He had died and it’s useless to mind the past. If I really mind it, I wouldn’t have come today.”

Channing slightly smiled, “No matter what, you’re still pregnant and it’s inappropriate for you to come to the cemetery. I can go there along.”

“Chan, it really doesn’t matter. Rest assured.”

Jeffrey had created many troubles after being put into jail. He was always beat, and always hit others. He often shouted that his son-in-law was the president of the Conrad Group. He was just a typical loafer and ruffian. But his words were effective that he gathered up a group of prisoners and they planned to escape from the prison. Unluckily, they failed. After signing his name, Channing took a glance at Jeffrey’s bone ashes. He pressed his thin lips together tightly and didn’t reply the prison officer’s question. Stella asked, “Can we leave now?” “Of course.” The prison officer came back to his own senses and gave Jeffrey’s bone ashes and relics to them. Watching them leaving the prison, the officer felt quite curious about a question: Jeffrey was so wicked and ugly, how could he have a handsome son and a beautiful daughter? Could it be that the children were abducted from others? After getting out of the prison, Channing said to Stella, “Leave the rest things to me. You shall go back and have a rest.” Stella paused. She knew that Channing was afraid that she didn’t want to face Jeffrey anymore. She curled her lips into a light smile, “He had died and it’s useless to mind the past. If I really mind it, I wouldn’t have come today.” Channing slightly smiled, “No matter what, you’re still pregnant and it’s inappropriate for you to come to the cemetery. I can go there along.” “Chan, it really doesn’t matter. Rest assured.”

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 105-Jeffrey's funeral was very simple. More precisely, it was just a simple farewell ceremony.

There was only a name 'Jeffrey Radomil' on his tombstone.

Holding an umbrella, Channing stood beside Stella, "He suffered from his own actions and he can't blame anyone else for such a miserable consequence."

What they could do was to take back his bone ashes and find a cemetery to bury him. This was the last thing that they could do for him.

Stella didn't say anything and simply stared at Jeffrey's tombstone. After a long while, she said slowly, "Chan, let's go."

No matter what unforgivable things Jeffrey had done in the future, they would all end here.

She was now finally free.

They left the cemetery and went back to the old house to tidy up Jeffrey's relics.

The house was located in an old residence building in a poor district, so it was not valuable at all. Based on Jeffrey's personality, he would have tried to pledge the house by all means to pay his debts. Nevertheless, the weird thing was that he had never thought of pledging this house. It seemed like Jeffrey hadn't come back for a long time as the house was covered with a layer of thick dusts.

Channing waved his hand after entering the house and said to Stella, "Wait outside the house. There're many dusts here."

Stella nodded her head, "All right."

Channing found a carton and put Jeffrey's things into it.

Standing on the balcony and looking at the house in which she grew up, Stella was clutched by a gush of weird feelings.

It seemed like ever since she began to memory things, Jeffrey had been raffish. Nevertheless, when he was young, he was not addicted in gambling. It was just that he was an alcoholic and liked to ask for credit. Nevertheless, he

would occasionally think of his children and then swear that he would thoroughly reform himself.

But usually, he would only persist for two days and would commit the same mistake again.

This situation was further intensified as the time passed.

When Stella was lost in her thoughts, Channing took out a locked old leather suitcase out from Jeffrey's bedroom. Judging from its appearance, it seemed like the suitcase hadn't been unlocked for many years.

Channing went to find lock picks. Stella asked, "Do you want to open it?"

Channing replied while rummaging for the lock picks, "I saw him open the suitcase once before and I guess there must be something important to him in the suitcase."

Stella moved her lips trying to say something, yet didn't utter a single word in the end.

Actually she was also curious about what were in the suitcase.

She guessed that the things in it were possibly related to their mother.

Their mother died in giving birth to Channing. There was no photo of her in their home. Stella forgot how she looked like, and Channing had never known about her appearance.

Channing unlocked the suitcase after a short while.

They were greeted by the dusts. Then Stella saw the things in it.

There were several yellowed photos, a diary and a pocket watch.

Channing picked up a photo. It was a group photo of a beautiful woman and a man. Nevertheless, the man's face on the photo was scratched and he couldn't see his appearance.

But judging from his figure and dressing, apparently he was not Jeffrey.

He picked up the other photo. It was a group photo of a family of three, including that woman and that man, whose face on the photo was also scratched. But there was a little girl between them.

Channing studied the other photos and found that the man's appearance on the photos were all unrecognizable.

Stella picked up the diary and she didn't notice Channing's weird reaction. Judging from the narrative technique of the diary, she guessed that it was Jeffrey's diary. It recorded the whole process of how he had a crush on a girl, but it didn't clarify the girl's identity. It was roughly about the changes in his moods when he saw the girl every day.

He stopped writing diary on the date when the girl got married.

Stella turned several pages and found a line of words on the last page.

[She finally agrees to marry me. This date finally comes.]

Judging from the handwriting, he wrote down this line of words long after he stopped writing diaries before.

Stella put down the diary. When she turned around, she found Channing sitting there and staring at the photos silently. She asked in a gentle voice, "Chan, what's wrong?"

Channing handed the photos to her and then stood up and left.

Stella gradually widened her eyes when she saw the photos.

If her assumption was right, the photo was scratched by Jeffrey. And the man on the photo...

After a long while, Stella put the photos back to the suitcase and walked to the living room.

Channing was still packing up things silently.

When hearing the noise, he said without lifting his head, "You can come back now. I will pack up the rest things."

"Chan." Stella called his name in a gentle voice, "I've seen the photos. But they can't represent anything."

Channing replied after a short while of silence, "I've been dreaming of the possibility that Jeffrey is not my biological father and I even hoped so when I opened the suitcase just now. I thought there must be his secret in it. Maybe we were all not his children, but I hadn't expected that..."

He hadn't expected that it was true that there was Jeffrey's secret in the suitcase. Nevertheless, he was Jeffrey's child and Stella was not.

Before learning about this, Channing simply hated bitterly of having such an unbearable and swore that he would protect his sister as they had been living together and helped each other in difficulties. Nevertheless, after learning about the truth, he didn't know how he should face Stella.

If it was not because of Jeffrey, Stella would not have such a life.

Channing felt being overwhelmed by humiliation at the moment.

Stella said in a calm voice, "Chan, when I was so despairing before, I also thought that it would be so good if Jeffrey is not my father. Because I can completely get rid of him if he's not my biological father and start my own life. But as things have come to this point, is there any difference even if he's not my father?"

"No matter what, I'd been calling him 'father' for twenty more years. Moreover, the man on the photo is totally a stranger for me and he hasn't come to find me over the years. Maybe he's inferior to Jeffrey."

Seeing that Channing was still silent, Stella continued, "Chan, even though I'm not Jeffrey's child, I'm still your sister. We have the same mother."

Although they had different fathers, they were delivered by the same mother.

After a while, Channing spoke in an upset tone, "I know."

Stella chuckled, "All right. It's almost finished. Let's leave."

"Wait a minute."

After finishing the words, Channing turned around and headed to the balcony. He then took the things out from the suitcase.

He handed the photos and the pocket watch to Stella, "Take them. Maybe you'll use them one day."

When speaking, he threw Jeffrey's diary into the carton.

Stella took a glance at the photos and then at Channing, "Chan, do you want to keep..."

"I don't want them. I've never seen her and it doesn't matter to me no matter how she looks like."

Stella replied, "Then I will keep them. When you want to see the photos, you can come to find me."

Stella knew that the real reason why Channing didn't want to keep the photos was that these photos were all her group photos with that man.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 106-Conrad Group.

After finishing the status report of his work, Nathan said, "Mr. Conrad, if there's nothing else, I shall go out."

"Wait," Clarence stopped him. After a few seconds, Clarence raised his head and asked indifferently, "Has Stella moved over?"

"Not yet..."

Putting down his pen, Clarence asked unhappily, "What's she up to?"

Nathan answered, "Mrs. Conrad went to the Prison of City N this morning and took her father's ashes. In the afternoon, she went to the cemetery. Right now... she should be on the way back home."

Upon hearing it, Clarence snorted slightly without speaking anything else. Then he said, "You may leave now."

He inwardly complained how ungrateful Stella was – why did she waste her love on such worthless things?

Right then, Clarence's phone started ringing. It was a call from Vincent.

As soon as the call was connected, Vincent asked, "Hello, Clarence. I heard that you've returned to City N."

"Yep."

“I didn’t expect the project to be so tough. You went there to deal with it but it took you such a long time.”

Clarence said in a cold tone, “Are you quite idle now?”

Vincent let out a hollow laugh, “Nope. I’m quite busy. I just care about you. May I know what on earth you are thinking about? When there was a fierce competition in Conrad Group, how come you went to Anqiao Street to deal with the project that meant nothing to Conrad Group? I’m sure your father must be quite delighted recently.”

“If I didn’t offer him any chance to let him be optimistic and he would stop right now, what would be so fun of it?” Clarence said in an indifferent tone, “Besides, Anqiao Street is indeed an important project for Conrad Group. Said who it meant nothing?”

“All right. All right. Whatever you said. So, let’s have a drink tonight, shall we?”

Clarence glanced over the piled documents, pressing his thin lips, “I don’t have time.”

Vincent fell into silence.

What a stubborn man! Vincent knew that Clarence wasn’t willing to admit the truth.

After hanging up the phone, Clarence stared at his phone. Then he dialed Stella’s number.

On the other side, as soon as Stella arrived home and before sitting on the sofa, her phone started ringing.

She swiped to answer it slowly, “Hello, Mr. Conrad. What else can I do for you?”

Clarence said in a cold tone, “Stella, you should know that the Conrad Family is keeping an eye on me right now.”

“Probably... Yeah, I heard of it.”

She also read the finance newspapers that Dolores used to read. Probably it was more and more difficult to control Clarence, Dempsey wanted to take part of Clarence’s power away, and he did it quite obviously.

Otherwise, he wouldn't insist on letting Horace and Annie get married.

"Then, what are you waiting for?"

Stella didn't answer.

Clarence added, "I've told you if you were found pregnant by them outside, it would be useless if you begged me."

"Mr. Conrad, thanks for your kindly reminder. I'll pack up now."

"After you've finished packing up, I'll ask Nathan to pick you up."

"Got it."

After hanging up the phone, Stella took out the suitcase and put her necessities into it.

Around half an hour later, Nathan called her.

Before leaving, she saw the paper bag in front of her door, in which there were photos and the pocket watch that she had found in Jeffrey's place.

Stella stared at it for a long time. Then she decided to take it along with her.

...

Arriving at the Starry Lake Mansion, Nathan said, "Ms. Radomil, Mr. Conrad still needs to deal with a lot of things in the company. He should be back pretty late."

Stella answered, "I see."

She wondered why Nathan told her such information. She wouldn't be waiting for Clarence, anyway.

Nathan coughed. After taking the suitcase out of the truck for Stella, he said, "Ms. Radomil, I'm taking off now."

Stella nodded, "Okay. Thanks a lot, Nathan."

"You are welcome. This is what I should do."

As soon as Nathan left, the servant who heard the sounds outside walked out. Seeing that Stella came back with a suitcase, she was happier than anyone else. Taking off Stella's suitcase, the servant walked into the house, "Mrs. Conrad, you finally came back! You've been reconciled with Mr. Conrad, haven't you? I've told you – it's normal for a young couple to get into a fight. You'll reconcile in the bedroom anyway."

Stella was speechless.

Putting on a wry smile, she wanted to explain that she would be staying here for the time being. However, she guessed that the more she explained, the less persuasive it would be. Hence, she decided to give up on her idea and let the servant imagine. She wouldn't care.

After arriving on the second floor, when the servant was about to take her suitcase to the master bedroom, Stella hurriedly pushed the door of another bedroom open, "I'll stay here."

The servant was confused, "Mrs. Conrad, don't you stay with your husband..."

Stella pressed her lips into a smile. She took over the suitcase, "I can sort things out myself. You can go back to your work now. Thanks."

Upon hearing it, the servant couldn't insist on asking her, so she left.

Stella closed the door, exhaling.

She had never expected that she would return to this place. How decisive she was when she was leaving, how heavy the slap in her face was now.

Besides, she always thought that the accurate way for her to pass through the pregnancy peacefully was to distance herself from Clarence instead of staying with him in the same house. She might be annoyed to death every day.

However, under the current circumstance, she had no other ways.

The wretched man, Clarence, was watching her all the time, so she had to move in obediently. As for the further plan, she would take a step at one time.

There would be another five months before she gave birth to the baby. What if she could figure out a method and leave here without noticing anyone?

There was always an exception.

Stella thought that all she needed to do was to wait for an opportunity.

When she left, Stella didn't take away a lot of things. Hence, when she moved back, she didn't have much stuff. After sorting out her belongings, Stella started to take a siesta.

In her dream, she faintly heard a huge bang from an explosion. Then she saw a big fire and heard someone's heart-wrenching voice calling "Dad".

Gradually, Stella found that it was she who was letting out that voice. She wanted to rush into the fire, but someone pulled her back forcibly.

Then the flame dashed to the sky and overwhelmed her, and the scorching heatwave wrapped her tightly. She felt as if she was stung by countless needles.

Stella woke up, sitting up suddenly.

Looking at the dark sky outside, she finally realized that she had just had a dream.

Right then, she heard the servant's voice outside her room, "Excuse me, Mrs. Conrad. Dinner is ready."

Stella licked her dried lips, "All right. I'll be right there."

She washed her face with cold water in the bathroom and gradually stopped panting.

She stood in front of the mirror in a daze. Then she turned around and left her room.

She didn't think that she had the nightmare for no reason. It must have something to do with the photos she had seen earlier today.

Stella took out the photos again. However, no matter how long she stared at it, she couldn't find the missing memories in her brain. She couldn't recall the man's face on the photos at all.

She picked up the pocket watch aside, but she still couldn't find any memories relevant to it.

According to the photos and Jeffrey's diaries, her mother should have married Jeffrey with her. However, she didn't know what on earth had happened before that. She wondered why she couldn't recall anything in her childhood. Was it relevant to the explosion in her dream?

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 107-Due to the nightmare in the afternoon, Stella couldn't fall asleep at midnight, her eyes widely open.

Hence, she got up and started sorting out the design drafts recently.

In the past few weeks, she was out of town, so she worked online. Since now she had returned to City N, she should go back to SG Jewelry Magazine and report.

When she was half done, Stella heard the footsteps in the corridor. The next second, she heard the door of the bedroom next door was open.

She guessed that it must be Clarence who came back.

Subconsciously, Stella checked the time on her cell phone – one o'clock in the morning.

When they were in Anqiao Street, she always felt that the wretched man was quite idle. Except that he occasionally dealt with the documents delivered by Nathan, he kept making trouble to her for the rest of the time. However, as soon as he returned to City N, he got so busy.

After sorting out the drafts, Stella felt starved.

She opened her door, went downstairs to the kitchen, and started looking for food.

She checked the food in the fridge, but she didn't have an appetite to eat them. Fortunately, there were plenty of ingredients. She decided to cook by herself.

Stella took out the chicken wings and potatoes. She wanted to potato stuffed chicken wings.

Since the chicken wings were washed ahead, she only needed to take out the bones and soak the chicken into the cooking wine. Then she would cut the

potato into slices and stuff them into the chicken wings. After that, she only needed to deep fry them together.

After it was done, she poured some water into the pot and turned down the gas to boil them. It would be ready in another twenty minutes.

Stella put back the lid, wiped her hands, and turned around, only to find that Clarence was leaning against the door of the kitchen with both hands in his trousers pockets. He was watching her in silence.

Stella was shocked, wondering when the wretched man came to the kitchen.

Clarence asked flatly, "Haven't you had enough for dinner?"

Stella shook her head, "Yes, I have. I'm just hungry again."

After that, she was afraid that the wretched man would mock her for eating much. She added tentatively, "It's past one in the morning now. Isn't it normal to have a midnight snack?"

Clarence strode over, pulled a chair away from the dining table, and sat down, "You're starved after having dinner, ready for the midnight snack. I haven't had lunch yet. What do you think?"

Stella was speechless.

She didn't stop him from eating lunch, did she? Why would he ask her what she thought?

Since she was taken in by him, Stella believed that she should be polite. Reluctantly, she asked, "Mr. Conrad, what would you like to eat? I can cook it for you."

After all, she had to stand here, waiting for the food to be ready.

Clarence said, "Up to you."

Stella opened the fridge again, glancing in it quickly. She realized that no matter what she would cook, it would take a long time.

Since he hadn't had lunch yet, he couldn't eat something stimulating. Otherwise, he would have a stomachache.

Finally, Stella took out two eggs, deciding to make a steamed egg custard.

It should be ready when the potato stuffed chicken wings were ready.

After she put the bowl of whisked egg into the steamer, Stella looked over at the man who was sitting at the dining table, "Mr. Conrad, you may wait upstairs. I can deliver it to you when it's ready."

"Am I disturbing you if I stay here?"

Stella curled her lips without answering.

Time passed by.

After a moment, Clarence suddenly asked, "Didn't you said you couldn't bear the smell of the lampblack?"

"Ah..." Stella understood what he meant, "Well, this is not so strong. But it depends. If he doesn't bother me, I'll be fine."

Of course, the most important was not only she was starved, but the little fellow in her belly was also starved.

Clarence glanced at her belly without speaking anything else.

Stella rubbed her nose, continuing to watch the food.

She knew that Clarence didn't like the baby in her belly at all. He had shown the little conscience that he had already. She couldn't ask him for more.

Shortly after, the twenty minutes were over.

Stella opened the lid of the pot and the food's smell spread in the whole kitchen.

She sprinkled sesame seeds and chopped green onions. Then she picked up the chicken wings and put them into a plate with chopsticks.

Then she went to take out the steamed egg custard and sprinkled sesame seeds and chopped green onions on it. She put the bowl in front of Clarence, "It's ready. Go ahead."

Clarence looked down at the food in front of him and glanced over the chicken wings on her plate, “Stella, did you do it on purpose?”

Stella just picked up a chicken wing and hadn’t taken a bite yet. She heard his question and followed his gaze into her own plate. Then she looked over at his bowl.

Obviously, the steamed egg custard looked not delicious at all compared to the chicken wings on her plate.

The difference was too huge.

“Haha... Mr. Conrad, you haven’t had lunch yet, have you? So you can’t eat anything spicy or oily. Otherwise, you may have a stomachache.”

Clarence cast her a glance and said in a flat tone expressionlessly, “You know it very well. It seems you always suffer from stomachache.”

Stella was speechless.

The wretched man reminded her of her previous experiences.

She wondered if he did it on purpose.

Stella stood up again and got another clean plate. She put half chicken wings into the plate and pushed it to Clarence, “Mr. Conrad, since you want to eat them so much, you can eat the chicken wings after finishing the egg custard.”

Upon hearing it, Clarence retorted unhappily, “When did I tell you I want to eat them?”

“Oh, probably I misunderstood you. Mr. Conrad, it’s alright. Forget it...”

Stella was about to pull back the plate, but Clarence cast her a cold glance.

She knew that he denied with his lips but affirmed in his heart again.

She curled up her lips and coughed. Then she said solemnly, “Mr. Conrad, hurry up and eat your food. They’re getting cold.”

After that, Stella didn’t care about him any longer. She started to eating. She was almost starved to death.

After finishing her food, she stretched.

Seeing that Clarence didn't eat the chicken wings on his plate, she asked, "Mr. Conrad, don't you want to eat them?"

Clarence asked, "Are you full?"

"Yeah..."

"Then none of your business."

Stella lost her tongue.

Her kindness wasn't appreciated again.

Ignoring him, Stella did her own dishes and went upstairs.

Clarence pinched his nose bridge. Sitting motionlessly, he was lost in thought. He didn't stand up and leave the kitchen until a long while later.

...

On the next day, when Stella got up, Clarence was gone. After having breakfast, when she was about to go out for work, the driver walked up to her, "Good morning, Mrs. Conrad. Please allow me to give you a ride."

Stella said, "No, thanks. I can..."

She just went to work. She didn't want to be so bothered.

"Mrs. Conrad, Mr. Conrad told me that if you want to go out, I must give you a ride."

Stella exhaled, "All right."

She could imagine what reason the wretched man would use to convince her if she still refused.

However, the car would draw so much attention. Stella asked the driver to stop at the intersection in front of the office of SG Jewelry Magazine. The driver seemed to want to refuse, but Stella insisted. He had to give up.

"Mrs. Conrad, I'll be waiting for you nearby."

As he spoke, he didn't wait for Stella's answer. He got in the car and drove away immediately.

Stella heaved a sigh, turned around, and walked to the office of SG Jewelry Magazine.

From afar, Modesty watched the scene, frowning. Her eyes were full of disdain and contempt. She knew it – Stella pretended to be aloof. In fact, she could sell out her own body for money and risk her life climbing up.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 108-When Stella came back, Sherry was the happiest person.

After Stella reported her work status and walked out of Stanford's office, Sherry immediately pulled Stella to her office, "Stella, when did you come back? Why didn't you tell me?"

"I came back on the day before yesterday," said Stella, "Sherry, Jeffrey Radomil was dead."

Stella briefed what had happened to Stella, including the photos that she found in Jeffrey's suitcase.

After listening to her, Sherry felt quite relaxed, "I'm not surprised at all. Jeffrey Radomil was a jerk. He didn't look like a father at all, you know. No matter how bad a man is, he wouldn't sell out his own daughter. He's such a shameless man!"

As she spoke, Sherry asked, "What do you plan to do now? Are you going to find your biological father?"

Stella shook her head, "Forget it."

"Why not? Don't you want to know what happened in the past?"

"No matter what happened, it has been so many years. I don't think it means anything if I've found him."

Sherry thought for a while and asked tentatively, "Stella, you don't want to find him because of Chan, right?"

She knew Stella very much. For Stella, comparing with her biological father who she couldn't recall what he looked like, her brother, with whom they relied on each other since childhood, was much more important.

Stella smiled faintly, "Not really. You've misunderstood. Jeffrey Radomil is dead, and finally, my life is back to peace. I just don't want to experience anything unexpected again. Besides, if my biological father was still alive, he should come to find me. Since he hasn't, I guess probably he has disappeared from this world already, or he married another woman and has a new family. If I went to find him, I might cause him trouble and not get what I want."

Sherry thought about her words and found they indeed made sense. She changed the subject, "Besides this, I'm more curious about another matter."

"What is it?"

"Are you going to remarry Clarence Conrad?"

Stella was choked up by her question.

Sherry asked seriously, "Don't skip my question. After you've told me what happened in another town last time, I kept thinking about it. Even if Clarence Conrad would like you, a wretched man like him wouldn't treat you truly. Look at Vivian Sean. Back then, there were so many rumors and a lot of people thought that she was marrying Clarence Conrad. What did it end up to? Nothing! I guess the wretched man just like your appearance, and he hasn't lost his interest in you yet. All driven by his lust."

Stella's mouth corners twitched. After a long while, she said, "I know."

Even if Sherry didn't remind her, Stella was quite clear. Suddenly Clarence declared that he liked her probably because he had been used to having her by his side quietly. After all, she was always a dutiful good wife.

When she left the position of Mrs. Conrad and began her own life, she didn't do things obediently. On the contrary, he felt quite interested and surprised. A typical wretched man was just like that, wasn't he?

Besides, he also admitted that they had been married for three years and they had sex countless times. If he would fall in love with her truly, it could have happened a long time ago.

Hence, Stella had a clear estimation of herself on this point.

Sherry added, “By the way, Stella, you are back now. How about I move to your apartment? I plan to sell my apartment. As soon as I go home, I will recall that Liam Keith used to stay there, which disgusts me a lot.”

Stella put on a wry smile, letting out hollow laughter.

Sherry looked at her in confusion.

Stella rubbed her neck awkwardly, “You can directly move in. I’m not staying there.”

“What? Where are you staying now? Did you rent a new apartment?”

Stella knew that she couldn’t hide it from her, so she told Sherry bluntly.

Sherry was speechless.

After a while, she said seriously, “Stella, for the sake of our years of friendship, if you truly reconcile with that wretched... Mr. Conrad, please don’t tell him that I’ve cursed him, leaving me a way to live!”

...

When Stella and Sherry walked out of Sherry’s office, they happened to meet Modesty, who just received a client for couture jewelry.

Sherry and Modesty couldn’t get along at all. When they met each other, they could easily get into fights, so they didn’t even try to maintain their relationship as coworkers.

When they brushed past each other, they heard a woman’s clear and indifferent voice, “Wait a minute.”

The client looked back over at Stella, “Excuse me, Miss. Are you also a designer of SG Jewelry Magazine? If not mistaken, you must be the designer of the ‘Puppy Love’ Series, Ms. Radomil, right?”

Stella nodded at her slightly, “Yes. Nice to meet you, Ma’am.”

“I never met you when I came to SG Jewelry Magazine several times. I thought you’ve resigned.”

Stella answered politely, “Well, I had some personal errands to deal with earlier, so I took a few days off.”

Watching the scene, Modesty hurriedly walked up to them and said, “Excuse me, Miss Steward. We...”

Phoebe smiled and interrupted her, “It’s alright. No hurry. I’m not quite busy today, anyway.”

As she spoke, she turned to Stella and continued, “Ms. Radomil, I like the ‘Puppy Love’ Series you designed very much. Recently, I have a friend how’s getting married. She’s younger than me. I want to give her a wedding gift. May I ask you to design for her, please?”

Modesty bit her lower lip, “Miss Steward, but...”

“Miss Parker, I won’t change our agreed design. This friend of mine is quite important to me. Besides, I can send her as many gifts as I want, can’t I?”

Since Phoebe said so, Modesty couldn’t find another excuse. She wasn’t reluctantly though. It was quite hard for her to get this important client, and she wasn’t willing to share her with Stella so easily.

After finishing her words to Modesty, Phoebe looked over at Stella and asked in a gentle voice, “Would you like to do it, Ms. Radomil?”

Before Stella answered, Sherry chimed in, “Of course. Of course. Miss Steward, you do have good taste. Ms. Radomil is the first contracted jewelry designer in our company. The ‘Puppy Love’ Series is always the high demanded design in the market, always short in supply. You’ve made the wisest decision to ask her to design the jewelry for your friend.”

With a smile, Phoebe said, “Certainly. I heard that Ms. Radomil won the first prize in the Young Designers’ Contest three years ago. I’m sure my friend would like the wedding gift designed by Ms. Radomil very much.”

Stella asked, “Miss Steward, do you have a preferred style?”

“Well, how about like this? Let’s find a place to sit down and talk.” While she spoke, Phoebe seemed to recall Modesty was there, “By the way, Miss Parker. Please use the previous version of your design. I like it a lot.”

After a while, Modesty nodded stiffly in agreement.

Phoebe was obviously not happy with that version of the design. She deliberately came to the company in person today for updating the design.

However, judging from Phoebe's behaviors, Modesty didn't think her design was important at all.

In her opinion, Phoebe had chosen Stella already. The reason why Phoebe would still use her design was just to keep her dignity.

Thinking of that, Modesty clenched her fists deeply. Her fingernails sank into the flesh of her palms.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 109-Cafe.

Phoebe ordered a cup of Cafe Americano and asked Stella, "Ms. Radomil, what would you like to drink?"

Stella said to the waiter, "A glass of milk, please. Thanks."

After the waiter left, Phoebe smiled faintly and said, "I didn't know you don't drink coffee, Ms. Radomil. Since designers need inspiration in your careers, I thought you need the caffeine more or less."

"I do like coffee. Just because of my health issue, it's more appropriate for me to drink milk right now."

Stella didn't think it's necessary to let a person who she met for the first time know that she was pregnant. She made an excuse at random.

Phoebe said, "Right. Ms. Radomil, you look quite well. I guess you must be very careful with your diet and drink usually."

Stella smiled politely. She changed the subject and came straight to the point, "Miss Steward, could you please let me know what kind of style your friend prefers? I can design a draft version for you to take a look at. If you have any suggestions, just let me know. Then I'll modify the design."

"Well, we don't have a specific idea yet, so currently there's no special requirement," said Phoebe, "Ms. Radomil, I guess upon your capability, you can design it freely. My friend favors the 'Puppy Love' Series a lot, which

meant quite differently for her. If she knew that her wedding gift would be designed by you, she must be overjoyed.”

Stella said, “Miss Steward, thank you for your compliment. I’ll have a try then. In a week, I’ll send you the first version of the draft. If you have any other requirements, I’ll add them on.”

“Deal!” Phoebe gave Stella an email inbox, “Ms. Radomil, please send the draft to this inbox. Thank you.”

Stella nodded slightly, “All right.”

Phoebe stood up, “I gotta go now. Ms. Radomil, nice meeting you. I look forward to your design.”

“Nice meeting you, too, Miss Steward. See you.”

Out of the cafe, Stella wanted to hail a cab as usual, but suddenly she recalled that the driver arranged by Clarence was waiting nearby for her.

She exhaled. After taking a few steps, she received a call from Sherry, “How did it go, Stella? Made the deal?”

“Yep. I’ll give her the draft in a week.”

Sherry almost applauded. After a pause, she asked, “Stella, just now I accepted the offer for you without your permission. Are you mad at me for that?”

Stella answered with a smile, “You are helping me make money. Why would I be mad at you?”

Although she didn’t owe Clarence any money now, she needed money to bring up her baby. Even if Sherry didn’t accept it for her, she wouldn’t reject it.

It was her job. She didn’t need to reject the opportunity for Modesty’s sake.

Sherry breathed a sigh of relief, “That’s good then. Have you noticed that? Modesty’s face turned pale in anger. I guess she must be puking blood in her office now. I’m so delighted at the thought of the scene.”

Stella said, “You’d better go back to your work. I’m going home now. Miss Steward asked me to design it freely, but I don’t have a clue yet.”

If there was no requirement for a design, it meant the most difficult. Fortunately, at least she knew it would be a wedding gift. She decided to find her inspiration based on that.

“All right. After you’ve finished this design, let’s have dinner together.”

After hanging up the phone, Stella saw the driver standing not far away and waving at her. He called, “Mrs. Conrad, I’m here.”

Stella walked over. After hesitating for a moment, she said in a low voice, “Please don’t call me Mrs. Conrad in the future. I divorced Clarence long ago.”

“Yes, Mrs... Miss... Ms...”

Besides “Mrs. Conrad”, the driver wasn’t sure what else he could address her. He couldn’t finish his words after stammering for a long while.

Stella heaved a sigh, “Let’s go.”

After all, it was the conflict between Clarence and her. It had nothing to do with the driver.

As soon as she arrived home, Stella locked herself in the bedroom, starting to design the draft.

When dinner was ready and the servant came to inform her, Stella replied, “Oh... I’m not hungry yet. Thanks.”

She wasn’t hungry indeed, because she had eaten a lot of snacks when inspiring herself.

...

When Clarence came home, it was ten o’clock in the evening.

The servant walked up to greet him, “Good evening, Mr. Conrad. Would you like to eat something?”

Clarence loosened his necktie and said indifferently, “Go ask her what she wants to eat. She will get up at midnight and grab some food.”

The servant said, “Mrs. Conrad hasn’t had dinner yet. She said she’s not hungry.”

Clarence looked up at the second floor, creasing his handsome brows.

Stella's bedroom.

When Stella was drawing the line of the necklace, she heard a few impatient knocks on the door.

She thought that the servant came to inform her about the dinner again, so she answered, "Alisa, please don't bother. If I'm starved later, I'll go downstairs and cook something myself..."

Before she finished her words, the door of her room was opened by someone.

Clarence asked in a cold tone, "Don't you know you should eat on time?"

Stella looked at him, speechless.

He was a man who ate his lunch at one o'clock the next morning. What right did he have to blame her?

Stella answered seriously, "I'm working now, so I forgot all about eating and sleeping."

Clarence glanced at the snack bags next to her, "But you kept eating."

"That's why I couldn't have dinner. I had eaten too many snacks."

Clarence wasn't in the mood to argue with her, "Come downstairs in five minutes."

The wretched man gave her a command.

Stella put down her brush and walked out of her room reluctantly.

Alisa saw them both come downstairs, so she served the heated dishes to them, "Mrs. Conrad, Mr. Conrad said that you like drinking the fish soup recently. This is my first time putting the houttuynia cordoba into the fish soup. Please have a try."

Clarence retorted expressionlessly, "I never said that."

Alisa patted herself on the forehead, "Right. Right. Mr. Conrad, you didn't say that. I just guessed that."

Stella took a sip and smile at Alisa, "It's so yummy. Thank you, Alisa."

"Great! As long as you like it, Mrs. Conrad. Please enjoy your dinner. If you need anything, just call me."

After finishing the soup, Stella suddenly had an appetite to eat and felt hungry.

When she had half done the dinner, she raised her head, only to find that Clarence was gazing at her without a blink, his eyes calm and deep.

Stella felt creepy. She put down the chopsticks and asked tentatively, "Mr. Conrad, what's up?"

Clarence withdrew his gaze, "Nothing. Go on with your dinner."

Since he went upstairs and asked her to eat dinner today, Stella believed that she should show some care for him in return, "Mr. Conrad, do you always come home so late recently?"

"You can't fall asleep if I haven't come home, can you?"

Stella was chocked up.

She felt amused and annoyed. After a while, she finally could react, "Mr. Conrad, you must be kidding."

Clarence said in a cold tone, "Then it's none of your business when I come back every day."

Stella believed she had plenty of reasons to understand why Clarence asked her to move back – he wanted to piss her off. After he pissed her off, his wish could come true.

After a moment, Clarence said indifferently, "Has anyone told you not to talk while eating?"

Stella answered quite sincerely, "I've only been told that a sharp-tongued person's tongue would be cut off when he goes to Hell."

The dining room fell into the silence.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 110-Stella always believed that when she stayed in the same house with Clarence, either she would be

pissed off by him, or Clarence couldn't bear her any longer and get rid of her without stained with blood. Then he would bury her in a place nobody knew.

Fortunately, the following few days, the wretched man seemed to be busier. She even didn't know if he had come back home at night.

Finally, Stella could concentrate on her design in peace.

After she sending the draft to Phoebe's inbox, she stood up and moved her neck.

Stella picked up her cell phone and found it was the weekend, so she sent Sherry a message, asking her if she wanted to go shopping.

Sherry happened to lie in Stella's rented apartment. Receiving her message, Sherry became spiritual, "Sure. Sure. I can go out after changing my outfit."

After meeting each other, Sherry looked at Stella with a meaningful smile, "Stella, you look better and better. Your face became rounder. The wretched man treats you quite well."

Stella said, "What are you talking about? The reason why you can see me alive today after I stay in his house for such a long time is that I'm lucky enough."

After chitchatting for a moment, Sherry noticed a store selling the babies' supplies, so she wanted to drag Stella in. Stella stopped her, "No. No. Sherry, stop it. Please don't."

Sherry asked in confusion, "What's wrong? I just saw a set of baby outfits. So adorable!"

As soon as she looked at the babies' supplies, Stella had a migraine. Earlier, Clarence lost his mind and bought some supplies. Recently, some supplies were mailed to her from Anqiao Street, delivered

to Starry Lack Mansion one box after another by Nathan with his men.

Stella didn't know how to explain it to her, and she could only say, "I've truly had plenty of them. Let's go browse other things."

"All right. Let's buy them after you give birth."

After shopping, Sherry happened to see a new real estate project nearby, so she dragged Stella to check it on.

Sherry had already informed a housing agency about her current apartment, giving the agency a free hand to deal with it. As long as the buyer offered a pleasant price, she could go over and sign the contract.

She was looking for a new apartment at the same time. As long as she liked it, she could pay the deposit first.

The new project was in a commercial area with an extremely good location and facilities. Hence, a lot of people were interested.

When Sherry was looking at the details, they heard a familiar voice aside, "Honey, I like this apartment. Let's buy it, OK?"

If it were another thing, as long as Jolie spoke in a coquettish tone, Liam would definitely agree. However, they were looking at an apartment with a down payment of millions. He didn't have much money at all.

He could only say perfunctorily, "Well, I think this apartment is just so-so. Why don't you have a look at others?"

"No way! I like this one so much. Look. We can stay in this master bedroom. This room could be my dressing room. This room is the baby's room. There's a big balcony facing the Central Plaza. I'm sure the evening scenery would be quite beautiful."

The salesman was also echoing aside, "Sir and Ma'am, this apartment is quite popular with our customers. Currently, only a few floors are left. Probably later you wouldn't have many choices at all."

Upon hearing it, Jolie insisted Liam pay the down payment right away.

The salesman said, "Sir, since your wife likes it so much, why don't you buy it?"

Liam looked hesitant. However, for his dignity, he couldn't shake off Jolie's hands and leave.

After watching the fund, Sherry sneered, "If he wants to buy it, he should have money first."

Upon hearing her voice, a few people looked over at her.

Liam looked delighted, “Hi, Sherry! Why are you here?”

Jolie dragged him quite unhappily. She looked at Sherry and then at Stella, “What are you two doing here?”

Sherry said, “What else? Of course, we want to buy an apartment. We’re not like you, only window shopping.”

“Said who we’re not buying the apartment?” Jolie looked disdainful, “Can you afford one? If not, you’d better leave as soon as possible. Don’t make fun of yourselves.”

Stella said indifferently, “Why don’t you just go ahead and buy the apartment? Cut the crap.”

Sherry echoed, “Exactly. Show us!”

Jolie held Liam’s arm, playing at being cute, “Honey, look at them...”

Liam wasn’t a fool so he wouldn’t buy the apartment on a rage. Besides, he didn’t have enough money to afford the down payment. He said, “Sherry, I heard that you registered our apartment online for sale.”

Sherry corrected him, “It’s mine, not ours.”

“No matter what, that’s our matrimonial home. You want to sell it now without informing me. You’ve gone too far.”

Upon hearing it, Sherry was amused, “Have a shame, will you? My parents paid the down payment for that apartment for me, and I’m paying back the loan. Does it have anything to do with you?”

“Back then, to buy this apartment, I contacted my network and spent a lot of money treating them for meals. When you were paying the loan, I offered you the living allowance. I also bought a lot of gifts for you. No matter what, I should have a share of that apartment.”

“All right. Tell me, how much living allowance did you give me? All your money was spent on cheating on me. How can you be so shameless as to mention the gifts? You always bought two sets of gifts for me and your sweetheart. You are truly a pickup artist!”

Since a lot of people were inquiring about the real estate project, when Liam and Sherry were arguing, all the onlookers were watching the fun.

Someone said, "It turned out that woman was his secret lover. No wonder I don't like her. She looks like a temptress."

"What's wrong with people nowadays? How could such a woman be so arrogant? As soon as she won her boyfriend, she wanted him to buy her an apartment. How shameless she is!"

Jolie heard the onlooker's discussion, and her face changed between livid and pale. Immediately, she targeted Stella, "We're in love truly, much better than someone who's a mistress in the dark. She even doesn't dare to tell others that she's pregnant. I guess she just wants to marry into a rich family by using her son. How ridiculous!"

As she spoke, she looked over at Sherry, "If you have plenty of time to sicken me, you'd better educate your bestie."

Sherry went ballistic directly. She rushed over and grabbed Jolie, slapping across her face, "Shut the fuck up, bitch!"

Jolie wasn't willing to submit. They got into a fight immediately.

Stella was pregnant. She wanted to separate them but couldn't.

Fortunately, the employees of the selling office separated them shortly. With messy hair, Jolie yelled in a harsh voice, "You lunatic! I won't let you go easily!"

Sherry sneered, "Try me! Let's see what you'll end up with. I've disdained you bitch and son of bitch long ago!"

Liam looked quite annoyed, "Sherry Perry, you..."

"What's wrong with me? Liam Keith, you are a man. How can you spread rumors at others' backs? I curse you have a rotten tongue!"

"What rumors did I spread? I've said the truth."

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that she's pregnant. | guess she just wants to marry into a rich family by using her son. How ridiculous!" As she spoke, she looked over at Sherry, "If you have plenty of time to sicken me, you'd better educate your bestie." Sherry went ballistic directly. She rushed over and grabbed Jolie, slapping across her face, "Shut the fuck up, bitch!" Jolie wasn't willing to submit. They got into a fight immediately. Stella was pregnant. She wanted to separate them but couldn't. Fortunately, the employees of the selling office separated them shortly. With messy hair, Jolie yelled in a harsh voice, "You lunatic! | won't let you go easily!" Sherry sneered, "Try me! Let's see what you'll end up with. I've disdained you bitch and son of bitch long ago!" Liam looked quite annoyed, "Sherry Perry, you..." "What's wrong with me? Liam Keith, you are a man. How can you spread rumors at others' backs? | curse you have a rotten tongue!" "What rumors did | spread? I've said the truth."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 111-"What rumors did I spread? I've said the truth," Liam said coldly, "Do you think she does everything for your own good? She didn't lead a happy life herself, so she ruined our relationship."

Sherry had never expected that he would blame everything on Sherry so shamelessly. She laughed in anger, "Why? Did she forced you to cheat on me risking your life?"

Liam didn't answer. However, in his opinion, he always believed that if Stella hadn't seen Jolie and him together, he could continue being with Sherry and dating Jolie without any conflicts.

"Isn't it her fault? Horace Jason is engaged. Her dream to marry into a rich family was broken, so she wanted you to be like her. Sherry Perry, couldn't you stop being so innocent? How could a normal woman dare not to let others know that she's pregnant? Probably she's carrying a bastard that she even doesn't know its father."

Sherry was outraged, "What the fuck are you talking about? You scumbag!"

She wanted to rush over to him, but Stella stopped her. Looking at Liam, Stella said indifferent, "Don't try to slander me so hurriedly. I did found that you cheated on Sherry, but you were dating your secret lover aboveboard. Was it my fault?"

Sherry added, "I was so blind to love you jerk for so many years. You sicken me so much. I want to throw up!"

Upon hearing her words, Liam looked more annoyed. He warned, "You'd better be more respectful when speaking to me. Otherwise, you can't blame me for being rude!"

Right then, someone from the onlookers mashed a cup of coffee towards Liam and Jolie.

The coffee only stained Liam's half sleeve. However, it completely wet Jolie's whole face.

"Ouch!"

While Jolie let out the screen, Stella pulled Sherry to leave the scene.

Sherry and she were two women, and Stella didn't think it would be necessary for them to get into a fight with Liam. If it happened, they would suffer the loss.

Out of the selling office, Sherry was still furious, "How could that son of bitch so good at bullshitting? As soon as I thought that I was in love with him for five years before, I'm so sickened! Jesus!"

As she spoke, she looked over at Stella, "Stella, all he said was bull crap. Please don't take it to heart."

Stella smiled, "Of course not. No worries."

When Sherry was about to speak again, she felt that someone patted her shoulder. She turned around, only to find that a person wearing a mask and hat was standing in front of them.

It wasn't until now did Sherry recall that she also invited Winnie to shop when she came out.

Winnie came over after finishing her schedule. She was waiting for them at the gate of the selling office. Later, she heard a big fight inside, so she went in to watch the fun.

Then she saw Stella and Sherry.

Stella seemed to realize something. She asked, "Did you smash the coffee?"

Winnie blinked, "Yep. I just bought it. It was still hot."

Sherry felt delighted instantly, “Let’s roll. I’ll treat you to a big meal. Let’s go celebrate it!”

...

The CEO’s office, Conrad Group.

Nathan knocked on the door and entered, “Excuse me, Mr. Conrad. There was an issue with the real estate project of Plona.”

Clarence put down his pen and looked at him silently, his eyes cold.

Nathan shivered. He had a hunch that if he wouldn’t give Mr. Conrad a satisfying answer, his career life might end in this office today.

Plona was a project developed by the real estate company under Conrad Group. Usually, such a trifle shouldn’t be reported to the CEO of the group, let alone it was just a fight between two customers.

However, the key point was that Nathan needed to keep an eye on Stella’s daily activities.

Thinking of that, Nathan believed that his life was so difficult.

He coughed and tabbed on his phone to get the surveillance video at the scene. Then he put the phone on the desk and took a few steps back.

The video was about five minutes. However, there were so many people and it was quite noisy at the scene. It was basically quite difficult to understand what exactly they were arguing about.

However, thanks to Sherry’s harsh words, Clarence could hear clearly that Liam said “a bastard”.

He put down the cell phone, and his expression didn’t change. Indifferently, he asked, “Where is Stella now?”

“She’s having dinner with her friend and Winnie.”

“She’s in such a good mood, isn’t she?” Clarence said, “Get rid of the surveillance video. Check the identities of all people on site today. Block the news and don’t let the Conrad family find it out.”

“Yes, Mr. Conrad,” Nathan answered.

When he was about to leave, Clarence said again, “Which company is he working at?”

Nathan understood whom he was referring to immediately, “He’s working in Group Wisdom Company. He was a bit capable, so he was sent abroad for further education. After coming back, he was promoted to be a manager.”

“All right. Call the CEO of Group Wisdom Company. Tell him I’m interested in the project that he mentioned to me last time. I want to know more details tonight.”

“Okay. I’ll do it right now.”

“Hold on.” Clarence looked at him expressionlessly. After a few seconds, he said, “You can directly tell me something happened to Stella next time. You don’t need to beat around the bush.”

Nathan fell into the silence.

He did it because Mr. Conrad didn’t admit that he cared about Ms. Radomil.

Before Nathan could answer, Clarence withdrew his gaze. He said in a cold tone, “I don’t care about her. It’s just that she’s pregnant, and the news can’t be disclosed to the Conrad family.”

Nathan understood and said, “Of course. Of course. I see, Mr. Conrad.”

Inwardly, he couldn’t help but praise that Mr. Conrad was way too good at making an excuse for himself now.

After Nathan left the office, Clarence picked up his phone and tabbed to call Stella. He asked indifferently, “What are you doing?”

On the other end of the line, Stella answered, “Having dinner with my friend...”

“I see. With the woman named Sofia Cooper?”

Stella was choked up.

She didn’t expect that the wretched man still remembered this made-up name of Sherry.

She let out a hollow laugh and ignored his question directly, “Mr. Conrad, since you’ve called me, what can I do for you?”

“Before asking me, shouldn’t you tell me what you’ve done today?”

He sounded as if he cared about him. If it were another couple, it was truly a greeting from a boyfriend. However, Stella sensed some evil intention behind it.

After a moment of silence, she answered, “I was shopping with my friend...”

Clarence directly interrupted her, “How could you make tens of hundreds of people know that you’re pregnant by shopping?”

Stella hadn’t expected that he could hear about it so soon. She was startled for a moment and asked, “Mr. Conrad, have you known it?”

“You’d better take along a speaker when you go out next time. You can inform the public as well as try the speed of spreading the news.”

Stella knew that it was her fault. She could only say in a low voice, “I’m sorry. I didn’t expect such a thing would happen.”

Clarence said in a cold tone, “What’s the use of apologizing to me now? Why didn’t you foresee it?”

Stella lowered her head and didn’t speak.

She didn’t mean to do it. She never expected that such a matter would happen.

After a moment, Clarence said, “Stella, not mention the divorce, but at least you used to be my official wife in a right and proper way.”

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 112-Stella couldn’t get what he meant, “Pardon me?”

Clarence wasn’t in the mood to continue talking to her. He hung up the phone directly.

Hearing the beeps on the phone, Stella was still confused. She couldn’t get what he meant by saying that.

Right then, Sherry came out from the box, “What happened? Did that wretched... Mr. Conrad call you?”

Stella shook her head, “Nothing much. Let’s go back.”

After dinner, Stella received a reply from Phoebe. She said she was fine with the design draft and asked Stella to draw the product draft. No matter what kind of materials and jewelry Stella needed, she would ask someone to send it to Stella.

Stella replied to Phoebe. Then Winnie said, “Stella, I also want to have a set of jewelry designed by you. Could you do it as a private project? I don’t have time to go to SG in person.”

Stella put away her phone, “Of course. Just tell me your favorite style. I’ll give it to you as a gift.”

“How could I accept it? It’s your job. I can’t take advantage of you,” Winnie said. She added in a low voice, “Besides if Mr. Conrad knew that I took your design for free, he would crush me to work to death.”

Stella was speechless and confused.

She didn’t think that she mentioned what her relationship with Clarence was to Winnie before.

Sherry was also confused, “How did you know it?”

Winnie looked at them in confusion, “Is it so difficult to guess?”

Long ago, when Nathan asked her to go to visit Stella in the hospital, Winnie sensed that the relationship between Stella and Clarence was not simple.

Although Clarence always had some gossips about his affairs which were guessed by the paparazzi, Winnie knew him more or less after working for him for so many years.

She knew that no matter Vivian or other actresses or models who had gossips with Clarence were all talking robots in his eyes.

As the CEO of Conrad Group, he was super busy every day. If there was nothing between Stella and him, how could he want to know what a jewelry designer posted on her WeChat Moments?

It was way too obvious.

Upon hearing Winnie's words, Stella quieted down for a long time. She seemed to figure out roughly what Clarence meant by his ending words.

He said that she was his right and proper official wife, which meant that he had never planned to hide this fact from others.

If not mistaken, Stella guessed what he meant was that in the future, if someone said she was a mistress in the dark, she could feel free to let others know that he was her ex-husband.

However, Stella believed that she would face a bigger problem if she did so.

Since the public knew about their divorce, Stella had heard a lot of versions about herself from others. Finally, the heat was gone, if Stella told others that she was Clarence's ex-wife suddenly, wouldn't it become another hot topic online again?

She just wanted to lead a peaceful life.

Besides, people like Liam were just a few. As long as she didn't do anything guilty, she didn't care.

...

Twilight Club.

After receiving the call from his company, despite Jolie's entanglement, Liam rushed home and changed his clothes. Then he went to the company in a hurry.

The CEO of Group Wisdom Company said, "Liam, Mr. Conrad appointed you to join the project. Cheer up! The cooperation success relies on you."

Liam nodded immediately, "Mr. Davis, please rest assured. I'll behave well to gain the cooperation."

Originally, he was still bothered by encountering Sherry in the afternoon. Much to his surprise, he had such a good opportunity. He thought it was a blessing in disguise.

"Let's go. Hurry up. Mr. Conrad is arriving soon."

As soon as they left, Vincent appeared from the corner, wondering what Clarence was doing again. What was so good about the project of Group Wisdom Company?

Ten minutes later.

The door of the box was pushed open. A man's figure showed up at the door, looking cold and upright.

Andrew Davis immediately walked up to him, "Good evening, Mr. Conrad. Long time no see!"

Clarence didn't change his expression, "Have we met before?"

"Yes. Of course. At a business cocktail party, I met you once from afar. I wanted to greet you but there were so many people. Besides, you were quite busy at that time, so I didn't disturb you, Mr. Conrad."

As he answered, Andrew immediately pulled Liam over and introduced, "Mr. Conrad, this is Liam Keith."

Upon hearing it, Liam immediately reached out his hand, "Hello, Mr. Conrad. It's my great honor to meet you..."

"Let's get straight to the point."

Clarence withdrew his gaze. He strode over and his tone was quite cold.

Andrew was quite unhappy with Liam's behavior. Immediately, he followed Clarence.

Liam withdrew his hand awkwardly, knowing that he was being presumptuous.

He didn't think that he should be blamed. This was the first time that he met such a bigwig like Clarence. Besides, Mr. Davis told him that Mr. Conrad appointed him particularly to join the project, so he couldn't help...

At the thought of it, Liam felt a bit annoyed. Sure enough, those tycoons' minds were quite hard to get.

Since Liam made a mistake just now, Andrew was afraid that Clarence would vent his anger on Liam, so afterward, he personally started to introduce the project.

Clarence was sitting on the sofa. With the index and middle fingers of his right hand, he tapped his temple, looking quite lazy and aloof.

Although he didn't speak, he made others stressed for some reason.

Liam was sitting far away from them. He wondered why he always felt that this man looked familiar. However, he couldn't recall where he had met him before.

Even Andrew had met Clarence from afar only, so Liam didn't think he would have any chance to meet him.

After introducing the project in detail, Andrew asked gingerly, "Mr. Conrad, how do you like this project?"

Clarence answered flatly, "Just so-so."

Andrew immediately echoed, "Exactly. I also sensed that something is missing. Mr. Conrad, if you could give us some suggestions, I'm sure our project would be improved."

Clarence looked up at him slightly, "Mr. Davis, haven't you brought along another manager. Let's what he thinks, shall we?"

Hearing that Clarence mentioned him, Liam immediately returned to his senses, "Yes, Mr. Conrad. I..."

However, he couldn't utter another word for a long time. Andrew reminded him, "Mr. Conrad wanted to hear your opinions about this project. Hurry up and answer."

When Liam was about to answer, they heard some noises outside the door.

Clarence said in a cold tone, "Since this is a difficult question to answer, think about it. Answer me when you are ready."

After finishing his words, he stood up and was about to leave.

"Mr. Conrad... Mr. Conrad..."

Andrew panicked and followed him. It was so hard for him to finally get this chance. How could he be willing to let go of it so easily?

The door of the box was opened. Nathan said, "Mr. Conrad."

In the corridor, there were a lot of onlookers gathering together. It seemed that something happened.

From the crowd, they heard women's screams from time to time.

Clarence looked over expressionlessly.

Right then, Andrew and Liam all followed over. Instantly, they were attracted by the harsh screams.

Some passers-by asked, "What's going on here?"

An onlooker who knew the inside story answered, "It seems someone caught adultery in the act. Holy moly! This is the first time I saw such a big scene. They fought so violently. I'm sure the mistress would be beaten up to death or disabled."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 113-Earlier, Jolie received a call from her friend after Liam left her. She was told that there was a party in Twilight, in which a lot of rich men would attend. Her friend asked her if she was willing to join them.

Jolie didn't truly fall in love with Liam. She just wanted him to buy her bags, clothes, and gifts. However, she could tell that Liam wasn't a super-rich man after what had happened when buying the apartment.

Besides, she was pissed off because of Liam today, so she was more unhappy with him.

What she dreamed of was to hook up with a rich man and then kicked Liam away.

After entering the box, Jolie had a target. With the glass of wine in her hand, she sat next to him. The old man started to touch her after exchanging a few words. Jolie pretended to reject, leaning against him.

However, right then, the door of the private box was opened. A group of fierce women rushed in. One of them grabbed Jolie's hair and dragged her onto the ground.

Jolie wasn't that foolish to be beaten, so she fought back with the other party. Shortly after, she covered her head and rushed out of the box.

The other party didn't seem to let go of her easily, though. They followed her out, pissed off by her fight-back just now. They kept hitting her.

"You shameless bitch! You slut! How dare you hit on my husband! I'll beat you to death!"

"I see you are so young. Now you are a mistress and you want to hit on a rich man. You want to get something for nothing, don't you? I can make your wish come true today!"

Jolie held her head and yelled harshly, "I'm not. I didn't. You mistook me as another woman!"

"Jesus! You don't admit it, do you? We saw it personally just now. You clung to him like you were boneless. You were hitting on him!"

In the crowd, Jolie tried her best to retort.

She found that the group of women came deliberately for catching the adultery in the act, so they must be prepared ahead. However, she only met that old man today for the first time, so she was certain that they had mistaken her as another woman.

Not far away from them, Liam recognized Jolie's voice. He looked more and more annoyed.

Right then, Jolie suddenly had some strength. She broke free from their grips and rushed out of the crowd.

After running for a few steps, she saw Liam. Her eyes were lit up. As if she had seen her savior, she rushed over and took his arm, "Honey, it's so good you are here. Please explain for me to them!"

As she spoke, Jolie turned around and looked at the group of women. Finally, she became confident, "Look. This is my official boyfriend. I'm not a mistress!"

However, Jolie didn't realize that she had messy hair with blood stains right now. Her dress was torn apart. She looked like a lunatic now.

Liam felt extremely embarrassed. Thinking that both Clarence and Andrew were standing next to him, he couldn't blow up.

The woman in the lead of the group said, "What the fuck? You have a boyfriend but you come to hit on my husband? Aren't you a cheap bitch?" As she spoke, she looked over at Liam, "Your girlfriend will kick you away and hit on a rich man. Are you still going to protect her?"

Jolie immediately explained, "Honey, don't listen to their bullshit. I'm hanging out with my besties tonight. I didn't expect that this group of madwomen suddenly rushed in. I don't know what they are talking about at all..."

Right then, a man in the crowd stepped forward. He tentatively asked, "Liam Keith? Is it really you? I heard that you cheated on Sherry with another woman and you broke up. I didn't believe it. After all, you've been together for so many years. Jesus, it turns out to be true."

As he spoke, he cast a glance at Jolie disdainfully, "What lame taste you have! How can you chose such a woman?"

On one side stood his boss and the client that mattered to his career life, and on the other side stood his former classmate who was relevant to his network. Liam quickly made a choice. He withdrew his arm from Jolie's grip, "I don't know her."

Jolie widened her eyes in disbelief, "Liam Keith, what do you mean?"

With a long face, Liam said, "You want to be a mistress shamelessly. Does it have anything to do with me? My girlfriend and I love each other very much. Please don't make an unfounded attack upon me!"

The onlookers laughed, probably at Liam or at Jolie.

Someone said, "What a show! Her boyfriend didn't admit that he knows her."

"If I were him, I wouldn't admit it either. What a shame! The woman didn't only cheat on her boyfriend but also wanted to hit on a rich man. TSK. TSK. How dirty she is!"

"It seems this temptress is always a mistress. I guess she also hit on this boyfriend and made him kick out his former girlfriend. Look at the scene. She deserved it!"

“How shameless! She’s so happy to be the secret love and mistress. Phew! She should have the retribution long ago!”

Before Jolie blew up, the security of Twilight Club showed up finally.

The farce ended.

After all the onlookers were dismissed, Andrew had a wry smile and said, “Mr. Conrad, I’m so sorry. It’s my subordinate’s fault. Please don’t mind.”

Liam was reluctant, “Mr. Davis, I…”

“Shut up! Have a shame, will you? I’ll get back to you later!”

Clarence said flatly, “If all the employees in Group Wisdom Company are such kind, I believe I should reconsider the cooperation between us.”

After finishing his words, he strode away.

Andrew immediately followed him, “Mr. Conrad, please. Mr. Conrad, I’m terribly sorry for what has happened today. About our cooperation, I…”

Their voices were receding, but Liam didn’t chase after them, his eyes becoming dim.

He knew he was over.

Everything was doomed.

Out of Twilight Club, Andrew could only wave to Clarence while watching him get in his car. He turned around and wanted to get even with Liam.

In the car.

Nathan said, “Mr. Conrad, everything was well arranged.”

“Ehn.”

In a few minutes, Clarence’s phone started ringing. It was a call from Vincent.

He said, “Clarence, if you want to be a director, I’m sure the box office’s sale would definitely exceed ten billion.”

Clarence didn't answer immediately.

He loosened his tie and said in a cold tone, "What do you want?"

"Nothing. Mr. Conrad, you've directed such a big show tonight, but your target audience has missed it. I felt quite sorry for it... Hello? Hello?"

Before Vincent could finish his word, the phone was hung up.

He clicked his tongue. How could Conrad did something kind but not let Stella know it?

If it weren't that Vincent was curious why suddenly Clarence wanted to cooperate with Group Wisdom Company and looked up into what he would be doing, he would have probably missed such a great show tonight.

He knew that Clarence was protective of someone he cared for. No matter how stubborn he was, how much he was unwilling to admit that he liked Stella, and how harshly he mocked her, in his heart, Stella was his wife.

Clarence could criticize her himself, but if others did so, Clarence would definitely do something to the person in secret.

Just like what he had done today.

Vincent didn't think the bitch and son of bitch would ever know why such things had happened to them today.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 114-When Stella went back home, she deliberately stopped by the door of Clarence's room, checking if he was home yet.

However, she didn't knock on his door. She turned around and walked to her bedroom.

When Stella was about to take a shower, she received a call from Sherry.

Sherry asked, "Hey, Stella. Are you home?"

"Just arrived."

Sherry said in an exciting tone, "I just heard about something. I must tell you. It's so exciting!"

Then, she told Stella everything in Twilight Club, including Jolie hit on a rich man, found by Liam, who denied their relationship and cursed Jolie as a shameless woman.

“Thanks to that classmate. Now all people in Liam Keith’s network know what kind of person he is. By the way, I heard that Liam Keith went to the club for a business negotiable. After the farce, I’m sure the cooperation is doomed. He will be surely fired from his company!

“They were still acting so arrogantly in our presences in the afternoon. The karma fell on them so quickly! They indeed deserved it!”

Sherry was overjoyed because Liam and Jolie got their retribution. After that, she suddenly said, “By the way, Stella, I heard that the wretched... your Mr. Conrad was also at the scene.”

Stella was speechless.

She sincerely corrected Sherry, “He is not mine. We’re not family.”

“Please... You are staying together now. He’s the father of the baby in your belly. What’s so different?” Sherry said, “Stella, do you think Mr. Conrad may have directed such a farce behind?”

Stella said, “Impossible. He’s been quite busy recently. He almost got home very midnight. How could he have the energy to do such a thing? Besides, he doesn’t have any reason to do so.”

Upon hearing it, Sherry was quite excited, “Yes, he has the reason – the bitch and the son of bitch were gossiping about you and your baby. Probably, Mr. Conrad has known it and became furious for you. Hence, he wants to ruin their reputation and let them be disdained by others. He’s way too awesome!”

Stella was confused.

She wondered if she had mistakenly entered into a soap opera.

Sherry continued, “Hahaha... Oh, I’m so busy now. So many people texted and called me to ask about Liam Keith and his bitch. Stella, I gotta go. Please thank Mr. Conrad for me.”

Before Stella answered, Sherry hung up the phone directly.

Stella put down her cell phone, took her pajamas, and entered the bathroom.

After the shower, Stella dried her hair while reechoing Sherry's words in her mind.

Clarence indeed had known what had happened in the afternoon. He called her to scold her. She believed that if he wanted to do anything, he would probably shush Liam and stop the news from spreading to the Conrad family.

She didn't think it would be so necessary for him to do such a thing just to avenge her. The more she thought, the less possible it was in her opinion.

After drying her hair, Stella decided to heat a cup of milk downstairs.

When she walked downstairs, she saw the floor lamp in the living room was on.

Clarence had come back home somehow. He was sitting on the sofa, leaning against the back of it, and closing his eyes as if he had fallen asleep.

Stella walked over hesitantly. She said in a low voice, "Mr. Conrad?"

Clarence slowly opened his eyes, shooting her an indifferent glance, "What's up?"

Stella thought for a moment. She asked, "I'm going to heat a glass of milk. Mr. Conrad, would you like a glass of milk as well?"

"No."

"Okay."

Judging from his expression, Stella guessed that he wasn't in the mood to talk to her. She also didn't want to kiss his ass. She turned around and entered the kitchen.

She opened the door of the fridge and looked back at the man who was still sitting on the sofa. Seeing that he didn't have any intention to leave, she curled her lips. Then she heated up two glasses of milk.

She knew that the wretched man Clarence always changed his mind. She'd better heat an extra glass just in case.

Ten minutes later, Clarence frowned at the glass of milk in front of him, "I've told you I don't want it."

Stella blinked, "Oh? Really? I heard that you said yes, Mr. Conrad."

Clarence was choked up.

He looked up at Stella, pressing his thin lips. He took the glass over but said, "I know you must have an intention to fawn me. Tell me. What happened?"

Stella sat opposite him. She said sincerely, "I want to apologize for what happened earlier today, Mr. Conrad. I've caused you big trouble. I'm sorry for that."

Clarence snorted slightly, "Good, you know it."

Stella took a sip of the milk and asked, "Mr. Conrad, did you work overtime in the company tonight?"

"Or what?"

"Nothing. I'm just asking casually."

Clarence raised his head and gulped down the milk. He put the glass on the desk, stood up, and headed upstairs.

Stella looked at his receding figure. Suddenly, she said, "Well, Mr. Conrad..."

Clarence turned around and looked at her expressionlessly, "What's wrong again?"

"Mr. Conrad, you know Liam Keith, right? My friend's ex-boyfriend, who cheated on her."

"Do I need to remember him?"

"Of course not... I just heard that his affair with another woman while dating my friends was exposed in Twilight Club tonight. His reputation was ruined and probably so will be his job."

Clarence kept the same expression, "Does it have anything to do with me? Do you want to find him a new job?"

Stella was speechless.

She was so annoyed, wondering why it was so hard to communicate with the wretched man.

Stella stopped beating around the bush. She said directly, “No, I don’t. I heard that you were also in the club tonight earlier, Mr. Conrad. Have you seen...”

Clarence interrupted her coldly, “Nope.”

“Didn’t you in Twilight Club? Or haven’t you seen the farce?”

Clarence might not have expected that she would ask him in this way. Pressing his lips, he asked, “Are you quite idle now? Mind your own business.”

Stella agreed. She shushed.

After Clarence went upstairs, Stella slowly finished the milk in her glass.

In fact, she didn’t get any answer from Clarence just now, but she could be sure that most probably he had done such a thing to Liam.

Otherwise, when she tried to ask the wretched man just now, he would mock her for indulging in the wildest fantasy instead.

However, he only skipped her questions and didn’t answer.

The answer was obvious.

Stella just couldn’t help wondering why on earth he had done so.

If it were for avenging her, Stella wouldn’t believe it at all. For the lunatics like Liam and Jolie who were like mad dogs, Stella didn’t care about them at all. Clarence was the only one who could always piss her off.

On the other hand, Clarence was always super busy. He wasted a whole night just for that the two had cursed her.

Stella wondered why.

She didn’t think she deserved such kindness from Clarence.

Back to her bedroom, Stella patted her face and pulled herself together. Taking out the draft, she started to draw the complete product draft.

Shortly after, there were a few knocks on the door.

Stella raised her head, exhaled, and stood up to open the door.

Looking at the man at the door, she asked, "Mr. Conrad, what can I do for you?"

Clarence looked at her and said calmly, "For the farce that you mentioned just now, I seem to have some impression."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 115-Stella was taken aback, "Huh?"

Clarence tilted and cast a glance at his own bedroom, "Come over."

After that, he turned around and walked back to his room without waiting for her answer.

Stella didn't understand what he meant, so she could only follow him.

In Clarence's bedroom.

He was sitting on the sofa with his long legs crossed. He asked flatly, "What do you want to know?"

Stella was confused.

She asked, "Mr. Conrad, what do you want to tell me?"

Clarence looked back unhappily. Stella immediately corrected herself, "I want to know everything. Please, Mr. Conrad."

"I don't have that much time."

"Then, please make it short, Mr. Conrad."

Clarence said, "Well, they deserved it. Nothing else."

Stella agreed, "For this matter, I felt quite weird about two points."

Clarence cast her a glance, hinting at her to continue.

“If Jolie Young’s friend has such a kind of party, Jolie Young wouldn’t have hit on Liam Keith and stayed with him for such a long time. She would have risked her life to climb up long ago.”

She didn’t disdain the relationship between Jolie and Liam. However, she knew what kind of relationship they had.

One enjoyed the materials, and the other enjoyed the freshness.

To put it bluntly, they were doing it willingly while knowing each other’s purpose.

If they truly loved each other, Liam wouldn’t have kept bothering Sherry and asking her for forgiveness after they had broken up. Jolie wouldn’t have attended the parties where she could meet rich men, hiding from Liam.

Clarence said indifferently, “They could have such a resource now although they didn’t have it earlier.”

“I see. That’s possible. However, since her friend has just got the resource recently, even it was not their first time having such a party, it wouldn’t have happened more than three times. For the business bigwigs like you, who always hang out on such an occasion, surrounded by different women, I believe the rich guys should be well-prepared. How could it be so easy for the man’s wife to catch the adultery on the act?”

He looked up at her slightly and said calmly, “Come again?”

Stella looked solemnly, “I’m sorry. Let me correct my wording. Mr. Conrad, you always go to the parties for business, which are necessary for your work. Of course, you are different from those men who have wives at home but still fool around with women outside their families.”

Clarence was speechless.

No matter what wording she used, he didn’t feel pleasant to hear it.

After a moment, Clarence said, “Okay, you’ve guessed a lot. What do you want to prove?”

“I don’t want to prove anything. Mr. Conrad, since you mentioned the farce, I just share with you my doubts. After all, such justice happened so coincidentally. I couldn’t help but believe that one who is unjust is doomed to destruction.”

Clarence felt that his temples popped. He said coldly, “Stella Radomil, have I spoiled you too much recently?”

Stella smiled at him, “I was cursing Liam Keith. Mr. Conrad, why are you angry?”

Clarence parted his thin lips. He wanted to say something, but he glanced at her slightly bulged belly. He closed his eyes and inhaled deeply, “Leave. Don’t let me repeat.”

“Okay. Good night, Mr. Conrad,” Stella answered immediately.

In a blink, she stood up and went back to her room.

The wretched man was way too smart and oversensitive. She just gave that comment casually, but he realized that she was cursing him.

It seemed that he had a clear self-estimate in his mind.

However...

Sherry should be correct. What happened to Liam had a certain thing to do with Clarence.

Stella wondered if he directed it or just added fuel into the flames.

...

It only took Stella three days to complete the product design for Phoebe’s order.

She contacted Phoebe, and the latter said she would go to SG Jewelry Magazine the next day. So they would meet in the company.

On the second day, when Stella went to the conference room in SG Jewelry Magazine, she found that Modesty was there as well. In front of her, there was a produced necklace in the box.

If not mistaken, Stella guessed that Phoebe came to SG Jewelry Magazine to get the end product today.

Seeing Stella, Modesty pulled a long face. She stood up and said, "Miss Steward, if there's nothing else, I'm leaving now. If you need anything in the future, please call me."

Phoebe stopped her, "Excuse me, Miss Parker. Could you stay and watch Ms. Radomil's design with me, please? After all, I'm not familiar with jewelry design. With Ms. Radomil's design and your suggestions, I believe this wedding gift would be unique in this world."

Upon hearing her words, Modesty looked more and more annoyed.

Since Phoebe had met Stella, she didn't have any suggestions for Modesty's design draft and end product.

If her design was perfect, Modesty wouldn't have any objection. However, obviously, it wasn't because of that.

Modesty believed that Phoebe favored Stella's design more, so Phoebe didn't care about her design at all.

Modesty said, "Ms. Radomil is the designer. I don't think my suggestions to her mean anything. Probably she would think that I'm too picky."

"I don't think so, Miss Parker. Ms. Radomil wouldn't think that way. All good works come from the inspiration based on everyone's discussion." As she spoke, Phoebe looked over at Stella, "Ms. Radomil, don't you think so?"

Stella curled up her lips slightly. She answered calmly, "Miss Steward, if you don't like anything, please feel free to let me know. I'll modify it as soon as possible."

Phoebe looked over at the design, "I like it very much. How about this spot..."

She pointed out two spots. Stella listened to her carefully and discussed with her the changes.

Modesty didn't know whether she should stay or leave. She could only stand with her arms crossed on her chest, watching the scene coldly.

After their discussion was done, Phoebe picked up her purse and walked out, “Ms. Radomil, I’ve been holding you up for so long. Thank you so much. I’m looking forward to the end product then.”

Stella slightly nodded at her, “You are welcome. This is what I should have done.”

“Okay. I’m taking off now. Keep in touch.”

Stella walked her out of the door of the conference room, “See you, Miss Steward.”

After Phoebe left, Modesty looked at her end product that was forgotten. She sneered. Instead of chasing after Phoebe and telling her that she had forgotten the necklace, Modesty raised her hand and tossed the necklace with the box into the garbage bin aside.

Done that, she was about to leave, only to find that Stella turned around and looked at her.

Modesty said ironically, “You don’t need to pretend to be so aloof. You took away my client. You should feel quite happy now.”

Stella said indifferently, “You proposed the fair competition originally. I didn’t take away your client. I just want to remind you – don’t do things at the rage. For venting your anger, you’ve tossed the client’s end product. If she came back and asked you for the necklace, you’d better know how to reply to her.”

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 116-“I don’t need you to teach me.” Modesty said in a mocking tone, “You must be very complacent, right? Although I replaced you to be the first prize of the Young Designers’ Contest and studied in Paris for three years, I’m still inferior to you. Stop pretending. You must be laughing at me in your heart, right?”

Stella retorted, “You’re really funny. I never have such a thought and never want to compete with you. It’s you who secretly compared yourself with me. On the one hand, you know that you’re inferior to me in strength; on the other hand, you think that you studied in Paris before and I should be inferior to you.”

She continued, “No matter it be the first prize of Young Designers’ Contest, or the opportunity to study in Paris, they happened three years ago. It was you who refuse to let go of these and keep using this matter to make a trouble.”

Modesty retorted, “Sounds like you’re a righteous person, but everyone knows that you abandoned this opportunity for the sake of money. Do you think that you’re nobler than me? I don’t think my creation is inferior to yours. It’s just that I’m not as lucky as you.”

Stella smiled lightly and chose not to argue with her anymore. She turned around and then left.

Thanks to Modesty, otherwise, she would never be able to hear others praise her good luck.

After Stella’s departure, Modesty bit her lower lip while taking a glance at the necklace in the waste container.

...

When Stella walked pass the door, she was stopped by Stanford.

Stanford said, “Ms. Radomil, what a coincidence, I want to talk with you about something.

The Jason family organized a charity party to auction jewelry and raised some jewelry from rich ladies for the auction. And all the benefits generation from the auction party would be used in charitable activities.

Naturally, as a first-class jewelry magazine in the country, SG Jewelry Magazine received an invitation to the auction party.

Stanford discussed it with his boss and decided to take a piece of jewelry that the magazine had been collecting for a long time to the party. They also decided to let Stella and Modesty bring their designs to the party. In this way, it could only help SG Jewelry Magazine win favorable impression from the public, but also help the two designers gain popularity in the jewelry industry of the country so that they would get more clients of advanced customization.

It was just that the charity party would be helped in the next weekend and there was not much time left for them.

Stanford said, "You can take the works you designer before to this auction party, every style is welcomed."

Stella nodded her head, "I see."

...

After coming back home, Stella sat down before the desk and began to modify Phoebe's design drawing. Then she uncontrollably thought of what Stanford told her today.

Ever since she married Clarence until she divorced him and joined SG Jewelry Magazine, she had never picked up her drawing pens. Therefore, she didn't design anything in the past three years. As for the jewelry she designed three years ago... When she had a look at them now, she felt dissatisfied with them.

Luckily, whenever she had a light bulb moment, she would record it on the notebook.

Stella leafed through her notebook and found that the most impressive inspiration for her was the one recorded on the page that was ripped down before.

Stella randomly rummaged the things on the desk and accidentally knocked off a thing.

She picked it up from the ground and found that it was the pocket watch they found from Jeffrey's leather suitcase.

Stella opened the pocket watch. Looking at the group photos of them three, she gently rubbed the edge of the watch, seeming to be lost in her thoughts.

After a short while, she suddenly put down the pocket watch and opened her painting and began to sketch the drawing.

When she finished the drawing, Stella stretched her arms lazily.

She took a glance at the clock and found it was already eleven o'clock.

After that thing, Alisa, a maid in the house, never reminded her to have dinner again. She simply put the dishes she prepared in the pot and used soft fire to keep it hot.

Stella then went downstairs to have dinner.

When she finished the dinner, it was already half past eleven.

Clarence hadn't come back.

Stella hesitated for a while and then sent Nathan a message: [Is Clarence still working in the company?]

Nathan replied her soon: [Yes.]

Stella: [Has he eaten?]

Nathan: [Not yet.]

Stella thought that no matter why Clarence beat up Liam before, he vented the anger for Sherry after all.

And she didn't want to owe him anything.

Stella stood up and went to the kitchen. She made a sandwich and put it into a thermal lunch box. She then went upstairs to take her coat and then left the house.

In the CEO's office of Conrad Group...

Nathan took back his phone from Clarence and asked, "Mr. Conrad, aren't you getting off the work?"

Clarence replied in a flat tone, "I have to deal with several documents. You can go back now."

"Okay."

When Nathan was about to leave, Clarence stopped him, "If Stella comes here later, tell the security guard to green light her."

"Okay."

It turned out that he was waiting for Stella.

Nathan thought that even since Clarence went to Anqiao Street, he was not as aggressive or trenchant as how he treated Stella before.

This was a good start.

He thought that he would not have to rack his mind to find excuses for Mr. Conrad to alleviate the awkwardness in the future.

Nathan went downstairs and paid a special visit to the security room and told the security guard that Mrs. Conrad would come to the company later and they should green light her.

The security guard nodded his heads.

But Nathan hadn't expected that short after his leaving, Vivian Sean came to the company.

Although they used many resources to enhance Vivian's popularity before, they stopped helping her because Vivian asked for too many things. She dreamed of being Clarence's wife, moreover, she put on airs in the cooperation with a company before and even defamed the company. Later, the company put the recoding on the Internet, which damaged Vivian's reputation a lot.

Although Vivian was so angry, she could not do anything to solve it. So she could only have a try and come to beg Clarence, hoping that he would give her the other chance.

She hadn't expected that she would enter the company so easily.

The security guard on duty today was newly recruited and he had never seen Vivian before. As Nathan told him that Mrs. Conrad would visit the company later, he thought that Vivian was the one as she was so beautiful and delicately dressed.

Out of his expectation, a woman in loose cloth came here ten minutes later. She was more beautiful than Vivian.

He was completely dumbfounded.

Which one was the real Mrs. Conrad?

When Stella stepped into the building, she found that the security guard had taken several glances at them. Hesitantly, she asked in a low voice, "Can't I get in now?"

She remembered that the Conrad Group had a rule – designers of SG Jewelry Magazine were not allowed to enter the company. But she hadn't told the security guard that she was a designer from SG Jewelry Magazine.

The security guard was also dumbfounded. He asked gingerly, "Are you Mr. Conrad's wife?"

Stella replied, "I'm not."

"Then why are you here late in the evening?"

Stella took a glance at her thermal lunch box. Originally she wanted to tell the security guard that she was here to send some dishes to Clarence. But after a second thought, she replied, "I just pass by here."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 117-In the CEO's office...

Sitting in a chair, Clarence was playing with his phone with an inexplicable smile on his face.

That woman somehow had some conscience and she asked Nathan whether he had had dinner or not just now.

He took a glance at the clock and then at his phone. Staring at the phone number on the screen, he tapped his temples with two slender fingers. When he was about to make a phone call, he heard the knockings on the door.

Clarence put down his phone and then picked up a document and a pen. He adjusted his expression and then said, "Come in."

The door was then pushed open. At the next moment, Vivian's voice sounded, "Mr. Conrad..."

Clarence looked askance at her and put down his pen. He asked coldly, "Why are you here?"

Vivian told him why she was here. She then added, "Mr. Conrad, it's all my bad before. I promise I will not make similar mistakes again. If Mr. Conrad can give me an opportunity this time, I will definitely cherish it."

"Why do you think that I will give you a chance?"

Vivian bit her lower lip, "I..."

Clarence said in a cold voice, "I've told you that I don't like others to play tricks on me. Do you think that I really don't know that you came to Stella before and asked her to divorce me?"

Vivian thought that that matter had been a past, but she hadn't expected that Clarence would mention about it again. She was so scared that her back broke out into cold sweats. She stammered, "It... It was for the sake of you, Mr. Conrad. I heard that you hated her a lot, so I..."

"Enough." Clarence interrupted him, "Whether I detest her or not, it's my own business and it has nothing to do with anyone else."

Unwilling to accept this, Vivian said, "But Mr. Conrad... it's true that her pregnancy was fabricated and she used it to force you to marry her. I know that you don't like to be threatened, nor did you like others to make decisions for you. It was just that I wanted to help you solve this trouble. If Stella wasn't guilt-stricken as she knew she became your wife by some devious means. Otherwise, she wouldn't have agreed to divorce you simply because of my words."

Clarence's expression became even colder when he heard the words, "Get out."

"Mr. Con..."

"Don't let me repeat my words."

Vivian bit her lower lip tightly, her face turning pale. She then left the office reluctantly.

The office was then overwhelmed by silence.

Clarence looked out of the windows expressionlessly. He suddenly realized that Vivian's appearance was not the reason why Stella wanted to divorce him.

She had such an idea long time ago.

And Vivian's appearance simply provided her an opportunity to bring about that topic.

Indeed, Stella had been playing a good wife in the marriage with him.

But it was just playing. Therefore, she could leave him without hesitation.

He had given her many chances to remarry him, but she refused them without a second thought.

It was just that he was never the one she loved.

She simply asked whether she had had dinner or not. It was just a casual question, yet he waited for her in the company until midnight.

Clarence took his phone and stood up. He called Vincent while walking, "Where are you?"

...

As Stella told the security guard that she simply passed by the building, naturally he would not allow her to enter the company.

Therefore, she could only come to the entrance. She found a bench and then sat down.

Stella made a phone call to Nathan as she wanted to let him come downstairs to take the lunch box. Unluckily, Nathan didn't answer her call.

The temperature had been descending recently and it was much colder in the evening. Stella only wore a coat now and it could by no means resist the cold winds.

When she was stamping her feet due to chillness, she inadvertently turned around and saw Vivian walked out of the entrance of Conrad Group.

Stella was stunned. Her gaze uncontrollably followed Vivian and she only withdrew her lines of sights after Vivian got on the car.

After a long while, she suddenly chuckled, as if she was mocking at herself. No wonder that wretched man was so busy every night. It turned out that he was busy with dating the other woman.

Stella rubbed her nose which was red due to coldness. She then put the lunch box above the waste container beside the bench.

After taking two steps, she came back and picked up the lunch box.

No matter what, the food was innocent.

Wretched man, go eat the shits!

After coming back, Stella sat at the dining and finished all the dishes she made tonight. Only then did she go upstairs to have a sleep.

Lying on the bed, Stella couldn't help but feel regretful.

'Stella, how can you be so foolish? You know that wretched man Clarence hates you so much, why are you still deceived by some false appearances again and again?' Stella questioned herself in heart.

Everything he did was for the sake of the child in her belly.

Even though he had asked her to move back to the mansion, it didn't impede her from flirting with the other woman.

Stella lay tossing and turning on the bed. She couldn't fall asleep.

When it was about three o'clock in the morning, she still felt her stomach full. Therefore, she decided to get up.

But out of her expectation, when she opened the door of her bedroom, her wrist was suddenly grabbed by a person. At the next moment, his hot lips landed on hers and Stella was greeted by a strong scent of alcohol.

Stella wanted to struggle, but Clarence had confined her hands and pinned them above her head. He had confined her tightly in his arms.

At the same time, Stella's lower lip was broken by his teeth. She felt the sharp pain and knitted her brows.

The smell of blood dispersed in their mouths.

Clarence lost most of his interest as Stella didn't cooperate with him at all. He took a step backward and pinched her chin. He slightly moved his thin lips and spit out some indifferent words, "You wasn't so reluctant when having sexes with me."

Stella was annoyed. She blushed, "I haven't expected that Mr. Conrad would have such a quirk – you wait in front of my bedroom in the midnight and ..."

Stella thought that he was like a villain who sued his victim before he himself was prosecuted. She made some dishes for him late in the evening and sent them to the company regardless of the cold winds, but he was flirting with Vivian in the company. Was he qualified to question her here? How shameless!

Stella replied without a second thought, "Mr. Conrad, why are you waiting for me? Are you planning to flaunt to me that Vivian loves you so much?"

Clarence was silent for a while. He then asked, "You saw her?"

"I'm not blind. How couldn't I see her?" Stella took a deep breath, "Mr. Conrad, I think we should show some respects to each other. You dated Vivian just now, and forcibly kissed me right after coming back. Don't you feel it disgusting?"

Clarence asked in a flat tone, "Are you jealous?"

"Jealous?"

But Stella didn't say out the rest words 'my ass'.

Seeing that she didn't say anything else, Clarence continued, "Then why did you care about her?"

Stella gritted her teeth, "I don't care about her at all. It's just that, Mr. Conrad, such behavior is really shameless. It makes me feel that..."

Clarence didn't want to hear her nonsense. He interrupted her, "Are you minding about her existence. Or are you minding the fact that I came to you after meeting her?"

"Is there any difference?"

"Why there's no difference?" Clarence fixed his unfathomable black eye son her. After several seconds, he asked, "Stella, do you like me?"

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 118-Stella was shocked and frightened by Clarence's words 'Do you like me'. They sounded like 'when do you want to die tonight' and 'how do you want to die' in her ears.

She licked her lip that was broken by his teeth and tasted a light smell of alcohol. She then asked, "Mr. Conrad, are you drunk?"

Clarence simply stared at her and didn't reply.

Stella asked tentatively, "I guess you're. Otherwise, why did you play such a joke with me?"

Clarence sneered and slowly let go of her. He withdrew his hand and unfastened his necktie, "You think I'm joking with you?"

"Aren't you?" Stella made an analysis with a serious expression, "Mr. Conrad, I don't understand why you asked me that question. What's the meaning of it? If my answer is 'YES', you will think that I'm coveting something that I shouldn't dream of; if my answer is 'NO', you may think that I'm really arrogant. It's really hard for me to give you a satisfying answer. How's this? Mr. Conrad, can you tell me the answer you want to hear. I can give you an answer according to your preference."

Clarence looked at her coldly, "When you were falling in love with Horace, did you attach great importance to the gains and losses like you do just now."

"No, I didn't."

It was because she had never fallen in love with Horace.

Moreover, she didn't know what was wrong with this wretched man, so she must try her best to protect herself.

Stella emphasized again, "Mr. Conrad, nothing has happened between me and Horace. Moreover, he has engaged now. I hope that you'll not wrong our relationship again and again."

Clarence asked in a flat tone, "Really?"

"Of course."

"Now that your relationship is so pure, who inspired you to design the 'Puppy Love' Series?"

Stella, "..."

She retorted him, "It is targeted at the public and it's not for anyone. Mr. Conrad, why are you clinging to its name? Could it be that you're also jealous?"

Clarence slightly pressed his thin lips together, his eyes becoming gloomy.

Stella suddenly felt that her question was brusque and it seemed like she was seeking death. When she was pondering how to relieve the tensed atmosphere, Clarence's voice sounded, "Yes. So what?" She couldn't read his mood through his voice.

Stella was a bit stunned, "What?"

What did he say just now?

Clarence continued, "You know what I mean."

Stella said after a short while of silence, "But Mr. Conrad, you also said that love doesn't prove anything."

"It's true that it can't prove anything, but I can let you be my wife and no one is going to replace you."

"Even so, I still can't give birth to your child, right?"

Clarence didn't reply, but Stella knew his answer very well.

He meant he loved her, but he just wanted their relationship to come back to what it was like when they hadn't divorced.

Her assumption was right. Clarence was accustomed to her staying by his side. He was accustomed to her obedience and to the experience that someone would be waiting for him whenever he came back to Starry Lake Mansion.

The proverb said that custom was a terrifying thing.

Stella asked, "Mr. Conrad, can you tell me, what you are going to do with child in my belly? Can you let me know whether you want it to live, or to die?"

Clarence was muted. Several seconds later, he replied, "You can deliver it. And I will send it to the other place."

Stella was stunned as she hadn't expected such an answer. She asked, "The premise is that the Conrad family doesn't discover its existence before its birth, right?"

“Absolutely.”

Stella was silent for a long while, “Clarence, I know you may think that I overvalue myself when you hear the words that I’m going to say, but...” She choked with sobs, “It’s not only my child, but also yours. Haven’t you thought of letting it come to this world safe and sound?”

Clarence’s expression remained unchanged. He said in a flat tone, “I told you that I don’t want a child in two years before.”

He thought that as long as he took good prevention measures, she would not get pregnant. But she was still pregnant accidentally.

He would solve the problem from its source rather than letting the child be a puppet since its birth.

Stella sniffed, his eyes getting red, “Then... Can I visit him later?”

“No.”

“But...”

Clarence said, “Stella, you should tell me when you learned that you’re pregnant. I found it by myself. Moreover, it’s you who insisting on giving birth the child. So you have to bear the consequence no matter what it is.”

His voice was so indifferent and it sounded like he was talking about an insignificant matter.

Although sometimes he would also show his cares for her, he was a cold-hearted person in natural.

No one could change this aspect of him.

Seeing that she was muted, Clarence continued, “I promise you that I will try my best to keep the Conrad family to learn about this. One more point, Stella, I hope you can remember that I’m your husband, not your enemy. I’m not a monster either. Please don’t be hostile to me.”

Stella corrected him, “Ex-husband.”

Clarence sneered, “Then regard me as your enemy. That’s it. None of us gonna live peacefully.”

“ ... ”

It was really a shameful trick that he used the carrot tactic right after using the stick one.

She felt tired to argue with him.

Stella moved her lips and said slowly, “Mr. Conrad, if you don’t have any other matter, I will go to bed.”

After finishing the words, Stella didn’t come back to her bedroom without giving a shit to Clarence’s reaction.

Thanks to Clarence and the fuss he made, Stella felt that her stomach was not that full now.

After coming back to the bedroom, Stella lay on the bed. She stared blankly at the ceilings and gently covered her belly with one hand. She was not sleepy now.

It seemed that the little baby in her belly had been woken up and it was now rolling over in her belly.

Stella could even feel its movements in her belly.

If she still couldn’t figure a way out and leave before the child’s birth, she would not be able to see her child in the rest of her life when Clarence sent her child away.

Stella knew deep down about what situation Clarence was facing, yet she still decided to give birth to the child.

She also worried about that; therefore, she didn’t want her child to have any relationship with the members of the Conrad family, including Clarence.

She couldn’t understand the conflicts in the Conrad family, nor could she pay attention to the interests of the whole like Clarence did. She was just an ordinary mother who wished that her child could come to this world safely.

But she hadn’t expected that things would still evolve to this point.

What made Stella feel extremely desperate was not the consequence that she had to face when the Conrad family learned about the existence of the child; instead, it was Clarence's indifference.

He had never taken the little baby to his heart from the very beginning, like the death and life of the child had nothing to do with him.

He was like an indifferent onlooker who would satirize her from time to time.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 119-Time flied.

On the day before the charity party...

When Stella came to SG Jewelry Magazine, she contacted Phoebe, telling her that the product was already finished.

Phoebe said, "I will be busy in the next two days and maybe I will not have time take it. By the way, I heard that SG will take part in the charity party tomorrow night. Ms. Radomil, you're a jewelry designer of SG, so you will also take part in the activity, right?"

"Yep."

"Good. Then please give it to me tomorrow."

The charity party organized by the Jason Group targeted at those rich and powerful people, so Stella wasn't surprised that Phoebe would also go to the party.

Stella replied, "Okay."

Phoebe smiled, "Then see you tomorrow night."

After ending the call, Stella put the customized necklace into her handbag and went to Stanford's office to hand in the product for the auction of tomorrow's charity auction.

...

In the Jason family...

Rebecca, who was collecting the jewelries for tomorrow night's auction, sighed emotionally, "Phoebe, are you really donating these jewelry to the auction. I can't drag myself away from them."

Phoebe, who was sitting beside her, said, "Rebecca, I can gift you the ones you like."

"Oh, I can't take them. It's for the charity auction, and I can't take advantage of you on this matter." Rebecca out aside the jewelry box and held up Phoebe's hand, "I heard from Annie that you have a surprise for her. What's that?"

"Nothing but a present for her wedding."

Rebecca involuntarily furrowed her brows when she heard the words. She heaved a sigh, "Although the date for their wedding have been decided, I'm not sure whether the wedding can be held successfully or not."

Phoebe asked, "What's wrong? I heard that Annie has been behaving herself recently. I guess she won't make a big trouble."

"It's true that she hasn't made a big trouble. But you're also clear of Horace's personality. Although he has agreed to marry Annie, it... it was just a perfunctory agreement. He has no feelings for Annie at all. I will not worry about it if the bride-to-be were the other person who knows about the nature of the marriage between two companies and doesn't dream of the other things she shouldn't covet. But Annie is different. She will try all she can to get the things she wants. I'm afraid that..."

"Rebecca," Phoebe comforted her, "It's true that Annie doesn't have a good sense of propriety, but I believe that as long as she doesn't trample on Horace's bottom line, they will live in peace with each other."

Rebecca became more worried when mentioning about this, "By the way, Phoebe, do you know Clarence's ex-wife?"

Phoebe replied in a soft voice, "I heard something about her before."

"I haven't expected that she and Horace were once in love, and she..." Rebecca kept down her voice, "She's pregnant. Horace said that it's not his child. But she has divorced Clarence for several months. What do you think who's the child's father?"

Phoebe curled her lips into a light smile, "If it's Clarence's child, the Conrad family won't allow the child to be raised outside of the family."

Rebecca nodded her head, "Yeah, I also think so. The key is that I heard that she was sold to Twilight Club back then and she forced Clarence to marry her by fake pregnancy. Clarence detests her a lot."

She then sighed, "I really can't understand Horace."

Phoebe consoled her, "Let's stop here, Rebecca. Don't think too much of it. You're going to deliver the baby, right?"

"It's expected to be delivered five days later."

"Then please take a good rest. You will be very tired on the party tomorrow night."

Rebecca said, "So do you. You've helped me a lot in these days, thank you."

"You're welcome. That's what I should do."

Not long after Phoebe left the Jason family, she received a phone call from Modesty. She asked with a light smile, "Ms. Parker, what's the matter?"

Modesty said, "Ms. Steward, I want to ask you whether the necklace I designed before is kept by you or not."

Phoebe pondered for several seconds and then replied, "Oh, that necklace... I forgot to take it. I will ask my man to take it later."

There was still silence at the other end of the phone. Modesty then said, "Ms. Steward, I'm so sorry. The necklace is probably lost due to my negligence."

"It's lost?"

"Yep. I can take all the losses caused by this. I will return the money to your account in two days, Ms. Steward."

Phoebe said, "Ms. Parker, you don't need to do that. I like your works and I hope that we will have cooperation next time."

They then ended the call.

Sitting on the car and looking out of the window, Phoebe gently tapped her chin, seeming to be thinking of something.

After a short while, she gave an order, "Don't obstruct Modesty no matter what she wants to do."

The driver said, "Roger. Should we help her?"

"No need. Just let her do whatever she wants." Phoebe paused and then added, "Go to the Conrad Group."

...

In the CEO's office of Conrad Group...

Fixing his eyes on the invitation letter on the table, Clarence's face was covered by coldness. No one knew what he was thinking.

Nathan knocked at the door, "Mr. Conrad, Ms. Steward is here."

Clarence slightly looked up and saw Phoebe showing up at the door. He asked in an indifferent voice, "Any matter?"

Phoebe was annoyed yet at the same time amused, "I rarely come to find you, and this is your attitude towards me?"

"I have such an attitude towards everyone. Spill the beans, I have to deal with my work."

"Clare." Phoebe sat down opposite to him and inadvertently saw the invitation letter on the table. She asked, "Are you going to the charity party tomorrow?"

Clarence replied, "It depends on my moods."

Although the charity party was organized by the Jason family on the surface, the Conrad family also took part in the organization behind the scenes. They were trying to gather those celebrities in the business world by this means, and Conrad could easily guess what Dempsey wanted to do.

Clarence would definitely go to the party.

Phoebe continued, "Clare, I'm clear of what you're facing in the Conrad family and I want to help you."

Clarence sneered, "Tell me, what I am facing now?"

"You're so powerful now and you're completely out of your father's control. He wants to dismiss you and find a person who's easier to be controlled by him to be the CEO of the Conrad Group."

Clarence replied in a clam voice, "My surname is Conrad too. If he wants to find the other heir simply because I'm out of his control, I have to say this reason is really farfetched."

"Yeah, this is really farfetched. The outsiders all know that your father scruples about your powers, but no one have ever pondered why he's afraid that you'll take control of the Conrad Group."

Clarence expression gradually pulled a long face and his face was written all over with coldness, "Seems like you know something about it?"

Phoebe smiled. She didn't point it out bluntly, "As a matter of fact, your father doesn't have too many men. The reason why the Conrad Group is overwhelmed by turbulence is that Annie is arranged to marry Horace and now the Jason Group is the most powerful weapon for your father."

"It's for you to make a balance of the situation, that's to marry me. You know that the Jason family is only powerful on the surface, and it's by no means a match for my family."

Clarence expression gradually pulled a long face and his face was written all over with coldness, "Seems like you know something about it?" Phoebe smiled. She didn't point it out bluntly, "As a matter of fact, your father doesn't have too many men. The reason why the Conrad Group is overwhelmed by turbulence is that Annie is arranged to marry Horace and now the Jason Group is the most powerful weapon for your father. "It's for you to make a balance of the situation, that's to marry me. You know that the Jason family is only powerful on the surface, and it's by no means a match for my family."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 120-After finishing the words, Phoebe twisted her hands on her knees; apparently she was a bit nervous.

Although she had made a detailed analysis of the current situation that Clarence was facing, she didn't know what he was thinking.

He managed to become the CEO of the Conrad Group that everyone dreaded from an illegitimate son that was not recognized by the family. It was obvious that he was scheming and capable.

Even though it looked like Clarence was in the disadvantageous position in the internal fight for power in the Conrad family, Phoebe wasn't confident in whether her conditions would move him or not.

As expected, Clarence curled his thin lips into a light smile. With a touch of inadvertence and coldness on his face, he asked, "To marry you?"

Phoebe took a light breath, "Yep, if not for that accident, the one who married you three years ago should be me. Moreover, our families have reached a tacit agreement that..."

"I think you misunderstood it." Clarence interrupted her, "They wanted you to marry Justin, not me."

Phoebe was stunned for a moment, "How could it be possible. I have been regarding Justin as a brother..."

"So no one has mentioned about this."

It was true that Joanna liked Phoebe very much, but if the one that Phoebe wanted to marry was Clarence, according to Joanna's hatred towards Clarence, she would not be on intimate terms with Phoebe.

There were two reasons why no one had mentioned about arranging the marriage between Phoebe and Justin.

On the one hand, it was because of Justin. No matter how hard Joanna tried to persuade him, Justin still had a tough attitude and refused the proposal. Therefore, Joanna could only give up the idea.

On the other hand, the Steward was a noble family and Phoebe was the only child of the family. Her father loved her so much and pampered her a lot. Therefore, the Steward family would not allow her to marry a cripple.

The combination of the above-mentioned two reasons was the primary reason why no one had mentioned about the marriage between the two families.

As for Clarence, Joanna wished so much that he would get nothing. How would she arrange Phoebe to marry him?

Dempsey was also afraid that if Clarence had too many powers, he would be out of control. Therefore, when Stella appeared, he hurriedly arranged their marriage.

Phoebe calmed down herself and continued, "If the situation is like what you said just now, shouldn't you marry me? They will not be able to stop this, and you can take revenge on them as well."

Clarence didn't say anything and simply tapped the desk with his slender fingers. Phoebe didn't know what he was thinking at the moment.

"Phoebe, marrying me is like how Annie marrying Horace. It's a win-win choice. You also know that I'm the only child of my family, but I'm not good at managing company. Therefore, I will definitely marry a businessman. I think you're the best choice for me because I don't want to marry a man that I'm not familiar with."

Clarence clam voice sounded after several seconds, "But you're not the best choice for me."

Phoebe pressed her lips together, "You fall for your ex-wife, right?"

Clarence's expression became even colder, "Does it have anything to do with you?"

"Clare, I really can't understand what you're doing now? Why are you hung up on a woman? Don't forget who has helped you to get your current status. You said no one can make decisions for you, but you obeyed your father's decision and married her before, right?"

Phoebe added, "Moreover, I guess your father doesn't know about her pregnancy, right?"

The whole office was suddenly overwhelmed by coldness.

Clarence looked at her coldly and asked, "Who told you?"

Phoebe clenched her hands. Her eyelashes were shaking, yet she still maintained a smile on her face, "Walls have ears."

She paused before continuing, "But you can rest assured. I won't use this matter to threaten you, I just want to..."

Clarence sneered, "Why do you think that I'm afraid of your threat?"

Phoebe froze.

Clarence stood up and walked to the French windows. With one hand in his pocket, he said emotionlessly, "She was pregnant after divorcing me, why do you think that I will raise the child of the other man? Moreover, even if it's my child, do you think that I will care about it?"

"Even though you're not sure whether this child is yours or not, if your father learns about its existence, he will arrange a DNA test after the child's delivery. Moreover, Clare, have you thought of it, even though the test shows that it's not your child, your father will possibly... you know, he wants to weaken your powers."

Clarence curled his lips into a sarcastic smile, "You know him well."

"It's just my assumption." Phoebe walked to him and said in a gentle voice, "Clare, it doesn't matter even though you don't want to marry me for the time being. You can consider what I said just now and give me your answer when you make your own choice."

She added, "To show my sincerity, I will take part in the charity party as your companion tomorrow night. In this way, your father's plan will be ruined."

...

After Phoebe's leaving, Nathan knocked at the door, "Mr. Conrad, should I arrange a female companion for you for the party tomorrow night?"

Clarence turned around. He took a glance at the door and said in a clam voice, "Isn't she a ready candidate?"

"Miss Steward?"

"She was true. At present, the most direct mean to distract my father's attention is to marry Phoebe. It really makes big profits with a small cost."

Nathan was shocked, "Mr. Conrad, you mean..."

Clarence looked at him expressionlessly, "Will my life be easier after marrying Phoebe?"

Nathan was rendered speechless.

When did Mr. Conrad learn such black humor? It was really thrilling.

It seemed like Clarence didn't expect his answer. He continued, "Is SG also invited by the charity party?"

"Yes." Nathan, who was frightened just now, came to his own senses and replied quickly, "Except for proving a piece of jewelry according to the rules of the charity party, SG also asked its two jewelry designers to provide their own works for the auction."

"When did the two designers join SG?"

"..."

Nathan reminded him, "One of the designers is Modesty, the one who came to Paris for further study in place of Mrs. Conrad. She came to the company to find you before and you give the chance that Mrs. Conrad gave up to her."

"I remember it." Clarence took a glance at him, "Why are you so clear of it?"

Nathan smiled awkwardly and asked, "Do you have any other matters, Mr. Conrad?"

Clarence replied after a short while of silence, "Ask someone to get Stella's work tomorrow."

"May I ask Mr. James to auction it?"

"Ask the other person . It will be too obvious."

Nathan replied, "All right. I will arrange it now."

Nathan thought he could do this with the other identity.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 121-"Atishoo-"

Stella kept sneezing today. She rubbed her nose, picked up a glass of water aside to take a sip.

Sherry said with concerns, “Stella, the temperature is dropping recently. Put on more clothes. Don’t get sick.”

Stella nodded, “Okay. Please go on.”

“Where did I stop? Oh... I recalled it. Liam Keith has been fired by his company. His scandals were spread everywhere, so no company is willing to hire him now. Fortunately, I’ve moved to your place. He kept waiting for me downstairs of my apartment. I asked the property manager to call the police.”

“Sherry, you’d better hide from him recently. He has nothing now. It’s possible that he would become extreme.”

“I know. Don’t worry.” Sherry took a bite on the cake and continued, “By the way, how’s going with Mr. Conrad and you?”

Stella was choked up by the way how Sherry called Clarence.

She said, “Could you please not be so flexible? You always called him the wretched man not long ago.”

Sherry smiled dearly, “I must know how to appreciate my benefactor. Mr. Conrad has helped me a lot. How can I still have the heart to curse him at his back? Besides, I don’t think he was so wretched as we’ve imagined. He treats you not bad, Stella.”

Stella kept silent.

Sherry continued, “Take Vivian Sean for example. We have misunderstood him. He has done those things all for you. Don’t you feel quite touched? Besides, he...”

Upon hearing her words, Stella had goosebumps all over her body. Hurriedly, she interrupted Sherry, “Stop it, Sherry! Please stop talking about him!”

She couldn’t meet Clarence every day. Since the incident happened that night, she could occasionally see him while having breakfast, but they didn’t talk.

Stella was quite satisfied with their current status.

Sherry said, “All right.”

However, she changed to another subject, “Stella, what are you planning to do about the charity banquet tomorrow night? The host is the Jason family, so Horace will attend it. He’s engaged now. Would you feel awkward when meeting him?”

“Nope. I’ve made it clear to him already.”

She had told Horace what she thought clearly in the evening when they met in the Conrad’s Mansion.

Horace wasn’t the fact that Stella was worried about.

She was afraid that she might encounter some acquaintances in the charity banquet tomorrow evening.

She was fine with others. Anyway, it was getting cold. As long as she put on more clothes, nobody would look at her belly deliberately.

She was truly worried about Annie, the lunatic.

Annie was the kind of woman that even nobody provoked her on the street, she would pounce at someone and bite him or her.

Stella wasn’t afraid of Annie. It was just that once Annie had known that she was pregnant, the whole Conrad family would know it.

However, Stanford had prepared it already. She must attend it.

After arriving home, Stella didn’t go upstairs immediately. She heated a glass of milk and waited for Clarence when drinking it in the living room.

Clarence didn’t show up until almost eleven o’clock at night.

Stella stood up, “Good evening, Mr. Conrad.”

Clarence looked at her calmly, “Do I know you?”

Stella was choked up.

The wretched man started being unreasonable again, didn’t he?

She knew that he was mocking her for not speaking to him in the past few days. However, she wasn't the only one with the mouth. He didn't speak to her either, did he?

She whispered, "I want to talk to you, Mr. Conrad."

Clarence strode over to the sofa and sat down. His thin lips parted slightly, uttering two cold words, "Go ahead."

Although his attitude was way too bad, Stella was asking him for help, so she had to be humble, "I'm going to attend a charity banquet tomorrow night. Annie Conrad should attend it as well. Hence, Mr. Conrad, could you please..."

Before she finished her words, Clarence interrupted her, "Since you know you'll meet Annie, why do you insist on going there?"

Stella explained patiently, "I'll attend it as the designer of SG Jewelry Magazine. It's my job. I don't have any reason to reject it."

"Do you have no reason to reject it or are you unwilling to reject it?" Clarence crossed his slender legs and said indifferently, "You must want to meet Horace Jason, don't you?"

Stella didn't want to argue with him on this matter. No matter what she said, he wouldn't listen. He would only judge based on his thoughts.

She twitched her lips, "Well, sorry for interrupting you, Mr. Conrad. Please ignore my request."

After finishing her words, Stella directly turned around and went upstairs.

Clarence gazed at her receding figure. He licked his lips but didn't utter a word.

He didn't think it was appropriate for her to attend such an occasion tomorrow.

Back to her room, Stella was lost in thought for a long time. Then she realized that she couldn't attend the charity banquet no matter what.

Even if there was a possibility of one in ten thousand only that she would be found pregnant, she didn't dare to bet on it.

Stella pulled out her cell phone and texted Stanford, telling him that she couldn't attend the banquet.

Since she couldn't attend it, her job would be transferred to Stanford.

After transferring her jobs to Stanford, Stella lay on the bed, looking at the calendar on the nightstand.

It had been a long after she came back to City N. The little fellow in her belly was growing up day by day.

She would give birth in less than four months.

Thinking of that, Stella became happier. She forgot about the wretched man and the argument with him tonight.

...

The next day, Stella was quite idle, so she went to check on Channing.

It was the weekend, and Channing wasn't at school. When Stella found him, he was working part-time in the cafe opposite the university.

Several girls were standing at the gate of the cafe. With blushed faces, they were excitedly discussing something. It seemed that they came here all for Channing.

When Stella got closer, she heard what they were talking about.

"I asked him for it yesterday but he didn't give it to me. Alas... I'm too embarrassed to ask him for it again. Who would like to go?"

"I won't go. I heard that the most beautiful girl in our major asked him for the WeChat ID but he didn't give it to her. How could he give it to me?"

"Gosh! If he has a girlfriend, his girlfriend must feel quite secured. Jesus! How I wish I were his girlfriend!"

"Oh, come on! Look at him. His girlfriend must be quite pretty as well."

"Yeah. I guess she must be better-looking than the most beautiful girl in our major."

Upon hearing their discussions, Stella curled up her lips into a smile. She pushed the door of the cafe open and walked in.

In the cafe, customers were almost girls. From time to time, they looked over at the counter.

The owner of the cafe patted Channing on his shoulder with a big smile, "Chan, you are truly my lucky star. Since you started working for me, our sales have become much higher. What would you like to have for lunch? It's on me."

Channing was about to speak, and he saw Stella come in. He refused politely, "No, but thanks for your kindness."

After that, he walked to Stella, "Stella, why are you here?"

Stella said with a smile, "I'm here to check on you."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 122-The office of SG Jewelry Magazine.

As soon as the staff who was in charge of delivering the jewelry to the charity banquet was gone, Modesty showed up in a corner. She dialed a number, "They're on the way to there now."

A man's voice was heard on the end of the other line, "Got it."

Modesty added, "Remember what I've told you. You must deal with it before entering the jewelry exhibition hall. Otherwise, it's easy for them to find you."

After a moment of silence, the man on the other end of the line said, "Modesty, are you sure you're going to do it?"

His questions seemed to have triggered the switch in Modesty's heart. With an ironic smile, she said, "Do you think I want to do it truly? For the designer's contest three years ago, I put in all my effort, but I only got the second prize. I should be the one who's going to Paris originally, but it turned out that it was because she dumped it."

As she spoke, she inhaled, "I just want to make the woman who stands in my way disappear. What's so wrong with it? Only she will disappear that my

dream and goals could come true. I don't want to lead the life that everyone disdains me any longer. Mr. Miller, will you help me?"

"Modesty, once this is found out, please put all blame on me. I won't get you involved."

Modesty said, "Mr. Miller, just follow my instructions. You won't be found."

After hanging up the phone, Modesty clenched her fists tightly. Then she turned away.

This time, she definitely would make Stella get out of the design industry completely!

...

Cafe.

Channing poured a glass of milk to Stella. Sitting opposite, he asked, "Why do you have time to come over?"

Stella held the glass and took a sip. Then she answered, "It's weekend today. I don't need to work."

Channing was silent for a moment. Then he said, "Sherry told me that you're going to attend a charity banquet."

Stella was silent for a moment.

She didn't expect that Sherry would tell Channing so soon.

She smiled awkwardly, "Well, some accident happened. I can't go now."

"Is Clarence Conrad attending it? You don't want to see him, right?"

Stella said, "What are you talking about? It has nothing to do with him. I just..."

She didn't know how to explain to him. Hurriedly, she wanted to change the subject. She glanced at the girls who were peeping at their table, "I see so many girls have crushes on you. Don't you like anyone?"

Channing answered indifferently, "I don't plan to have a girlfriend."

“Why not? Your age is just the right one to fall in love with. It’s a pity if you don’t have a girlfriend.”

“Why didn’t you fall in love with anyone at that time?”

Stella was rendered speechless.

This kid poked at her sore spot.

She didn’t answer him until a long while later, “I was busy working part-time to get my tuition fee and living allowance. Besides... although I didn’t have a boyfriend, I had a crush on a boy. It also felt quite good.”

“Hasn’t he engaged to another woman? You didn’t end up being together. What’s so good about it?”

Stella shushed, drinking the milk.

A few minutes later, Channing asked, “Do you... want to find that man?”

Stella didn’t get what he meant, “Who?”

Channing pressed his lips, “The man on the photos.”

“Chan...”

Channing looked away, leaned against the chair, and said in a relaxed tone, “You don’t need to worry how I would feel. I don’t care at all. Anyway, you’ve said that we have the same mother. As the father, it doesn’t matter who he is.”

Jeffrey was dead anyway.

Stella laughed, “Chan, it’s not because of you. It’s just... the world is so huge, and I might not be able to find him. Besides, if I’ve found him, what if he has passed away already? Or, probably he has remarried and got a new family. What’s the use of finding him?”

Channing said seriously, “If I were you, I would find him no matter if he has a new family or not. I’d ask him why he has dumped us. Even if to stand in front of his tombstone, I must get an answer.”

Stella lowered her head and didn’t speak.

She didn't want to follow up on this matter because she was also afraid.

She was afraid that the answer she got wouldn't be the one she expected.

Seeing that she was silent, Channing continued, "That's just my thoughts. I want you to know that you don't need to change your mind because of me. I'm not a kid any longer."

Stella said with a smile, "I know. I'll think it over."

Channing still wanted to keep chatting with her, but there were way too many customers and the owner couldn't handle them all. Hence, Channing was called over for help.

He stood up and said, "I'll go back to my work then."

"All right. Go ahead. I'm going home now."

After Channing left, Stella finished the milk in her glass. She turned around and found it was already dark outside.

When she was about to leave the cafe, a girl was encouraged by her companions and walked over. She asked tentatively in a low voice, "Excuse me, Missy. Are you Channing's girlfriend?"

Stella curled up her lips into a smile, "No, I'm not."

"Then you..."

"I'm his older sister. I'm twenty-five."

The girl's eyes were lit up instantly, "Nice to meet you, Missy. You are so pretty and your skin is so good. You don't look in your twenties at all."

Other girls also approached and surrounded Stella, "Oh, Missy, it turns out you are Channing's older sister. You are so good-looking. We thought you were his girlfriend just now."

"Missy, your family genes are super. You are gorgeous and Channing is handsome. How I envy you!"

Stella walked out of the cafe, and her mood got better.

She wished that she were only a teenager. At least, she didn't need to be afraid of anything. She could do whatever she wanted and dared to restart her life.

Stella didn't hail a taxi. She was walking on the street. It would be boring for her to go home anyway.

Unconsciously, she arrived at the building where the charity banquet was held.

Her end-products would be in the auction of such a big charity jewelry banquet, which was a rare chance and honor for a new designer.

Since she couldn't attend it, she believed that it was also not bad for her to feel it downstairs.

When Stella found a convenience store and sat down, she received a call from Sherry, "Hi, Stella. Have you gone to the charity banquet yet?"

"No, I haven't." Stella paused. She sensed that Sherry didn't sound like asking her a question only. She asked, "What's wrong?"

"Oh, ha-ha... Nothing. Nothing wrong. I'm just checking on you casually. It's good that you didn't go. Where are you now? Shall I go to find you?"

Through the window of the convenience store, Stella looked over at the hotel across the street, "I just came back from Chan's university. I'm downstairs of the hotel. I just want to sit here for a while and then go back later."

"The hotel? Which hotel? The one where the banquet is held?"

"Yep."

Sherry was speechless. She looked at her laptop, on which there were photos sent over by her cameraman friend. She got a migraine.

On the photos, she could see the backs of a woman's and Clarence's attending the banquet, arm-in- arm.

She wanted to correct her comments on Clarence – Clarence was indeed a wretched man, a playful wretched man who had a lot of affairs.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 123-The charity banquet.

Since Clarence and Phoebe showed up, the whole banquet was blanked with a weird silence.

All of the attendees had known that the Jason family only had an empty shell left. This charity banquet was held because the Jason family wanted to help Dempsey connect to their network.

Although the Jason family was declining, they still had accumulated lots of contacts and got a certain reputation.

Besides, a lot of people wanted to get in touch with the Conrad family. They also knew that on the surface, Dempsey was the master of the Conrad family, but Clarence had the final say.

However, since the Conrad family had decided the marriage for convenience for the Jason family, the situation was changed a bit.

They also couldn't understand why Clarence went out of town for a hotel resort project at the critical moment. He presented Conrad Group to the covetous Dempsey without any guard.

The situation was changed, but nobody dared to look down upon Clarence's competence and means. Hence, the attendees aimed to know the exact situation in the name of attending this charity banquet.

Much to their surprise, Clarence attended the banquet with the daughter from the Steward family.

Hence, the situation was quite obvious.

After all, no matter how many contacts Jason Group had, it only had an empty shell left. It could never compare to Steward Group that was wealthy and powerful.

After a moment of silence, the attendees started to discuss in low voices.

Everyone had their thoughts. The only one who was happy for Phoebe was Rebecca.

Watching the scene, George looked quite annoyed, but he couldn't blow up.

When Phoebe came over with Clarence arm-in-arm to greet him, Clarence only slightly nodded at him. George had been used to Clarence's arrogance and pride, so he didn't care much about it.

He said, "Mr. Conrad, it's a great honor for you to attend the banquet held by your Jason Group."

Clarence said indifferently, "Mr. Jason, let's not beat around the bush. You should know why I came here."

George had experienced ups and downs, so he wasn't troubled at all. He just avoided the key point and answered calmly, "Mr. Conrad, what are you talking about? It's a charity banquet tonight, so everyone came here for charity certainly. Besides that, I don't think there's any other reason for you to come here, Mr. Conrad."

Clarence curled his thin lips and didn't speak.

Right then, Phoebe said with a smile, "Uncle Jason, I agree with you. We are all here for the charity auction tonight."

Right then, some other guests came over to greet George.

Phoebe added, "Uncle Jason, we'll not hold up you for so long then."

After leaving George, Clarence withdrew his hand from Phoebe's arms. Then he grabbed a glass of champagne and commented flatly, "You are pretty good at acting."

Phoebe didn't answer. She picked up a glass of champagne as well and clinked with his glass. Then she approached him and whispered in his ears, "The show has just begun. Look. All of them were

gazing at us. It proves that our plan tonight is quite successful."

Clarence tilted his head to avoid her, curling up his lips into a sneer.

As soon as Phoebe finished speaking, Rebecca came over with her big belly. She called, "Hey, Phoebe."

"Hi, Rebecca."

Rebecca looked over at Clarence and slightly curled her lips. Immediately, she withdrew her gaze and chatted with Phoebe.

Rebecca didn't know what exactly the Conrad and the Jason families were planning. She was only considerate to her friend.

Although she didn't like Clarence, she had to admit that he was a capable man and also he had an influential position in Conrad Group that couldn't be shaken at all.

Besides, he was the man that Phoebe had been having a crush on.

Rebecca said, "Phoebe, I like the necklace sent over from SG Jewelry Magazine a lot. But..."

Phoebe certainly knew what she hesitated about. Rebecca didn't have much money to afford it.

With a smile, Phoebe said, "Rebecca, if you like it, I can give it as a gift for you."

"No, thank you, Phoebe. I just want to tell you that I like it. Anyway, the charity banquet tonight is held by our Jason family. I can't be so willful to get anything I like. The necklace is quite well-designed. If you like it as well, just go ahead and get it."

Right then, the lights were dimmed. The host stood on the stage and officially started the charity auction.

...

Downstairs of the hotel, Stella sneezed in the wind. When she was fumbling for the tissue in her bag, she saw a jewelry box.

She realized that she had forgotten one thing.

Although she couldn't attend the charity banquet, she had promised the client to deliver the jewelry, so she must keep her words.

Stella folded her clothes, walking towards the hotel.

After walking out of the elevator, Stella asked a waiter, "Excuse me. Could you please call Miss Phoebe Steward out for me? I have something to give to her."

The waiter took a glance at the door behind him, knowing that all attendees today were either wealthy or noble, so he didn't dare to delay, "Okay, Miss. A moment please."

The auction was half done. The waiter found Phoebe in the dimmed hall and informed her about Stella.

Upon hearing it, Phoebe cast a glance at the man next to her. He was looking at the stage indifferently and didn't pay attention to her.

Phoebe whispered to the waiter. Then she said to Clarence softly, "Clarence, someone wants to see me outside. Please excuse me for a moment."

Clarence didn't look back and hummed.

Outside the banquet hall.

Stella didn't wait for a long time. She saw Phoebe come over.

"Good evening, Miss Steward."

Phoebe smiled, walking to her, "Stella, you've come here. Why didn't you go in?"

Stella said, "Miss Steward, I'm sorry but I have something urgent to deal with."

As she spoke, she pulled out the jewelry box from her bag, "Sorry for keeping you wait for so long."

Phoebe reached out and took it over, "It's alright."

Stella said, "Okay, Miss Steward. I'll..."

"It's soon the turn of the jewelry of SG Jewelry Magazine for the auction. Ms. Radomil, I heard that you also have a piece of designed jewelry participated. Don't you go in and watch?"

Stella was silent for a moment. With a faint smile, she said, "No, thanks."

She turned around and walked for a few steps. Then she heard crick-cracks of the high-heels.

Annie's voice rang out, "Phoebe, I've been looking for you for a long time. Why did you come out?"

Phoebe smiled at her, "I came out to get the wedding gift for you."

Upon hearing it, Stella paused her pace.

It turned out Annie was the close friend that Phoebe mentioned, wasn't she?

Annie stood in front of Phoebe, "What is it?"

"I went to SG Jewelry Magazine and find a designer to make you a necklace particularly." Phoebe opened the box, "Do you like it? It's designed by Ms. Radomil, the designer for the 'Puppy Love' Series. I recalled that you like..."

While Phoebe was speaking, Annie happened to raise her head and look over at the figure not far away from them. She recognized Stella.

Before Phoebe finished her words, Annie immediately grabbed the jewelry box and smashed it to Stella's feet, "Stella Radomil, how shameless you are! How dare you come here and pester him!"

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 124-Stella looked at the jewelry box that fell next to her feet – the necklace in it had broken into two pieces, scattering on the ground.

It wasn't until now did Phoebe came back to her senses. In a hurry, she said, "Annie, what are you doing..."

Annie said, "Phoebe, this woman faked her pregnancy to force my cousin Clarence to marry her. Then she tried every possible mean to hit on Horace."

"Ms. Radomil isn't such a person. Annie, did you misunderstand something?"

Annie laughed out ironically. She stared at Stella and said, "You are so good at pretending. With your skin, others don't know what kind of person you are."

"Well..."

Stella slowly turned around and looked at Annie calmly, "What kind of person am I?"

"Don't you know yourself? After you divorced Clarence, you pestered Horace. Now Horace has engaged to me, you are still pestering him. You can't live without men, can you?"

Stella slightly smiled and said, "If I did keep pestering Horace, do you think you still could get engaged?"

Annie gritted her teeth fiercely, "You finally admit it!"

"What can't I admit? You're always afraid that Horace would be snatched by me one day, aren't you? Since you are so fearful, why don't I just make your wish come true?"

"You..."

Annie raised her hand and wanted to slap her, but she was stopped by Phoebe, "Annie, don't be reckless."

Annie had already lost her mind right now, "Since she could say such shameless words, no matter what happens, she deserves it!"

Phoebe frowned, "It's such a big occasion today. Horace and his parents are also there. If you made a scene, it would be bad for you."

Upon hearing it, Annie calmed down a lot. She wasn't afraid of what Phoebe had said. It was just because Clarence was also in the hall.

If he knew that she slapped Stella, he definitely would give her a hard time.

Annie drew her hand. She cast a glance at Stella's belly, an idea coming up to her.

Right then, there was a mess in the banquet hall. One subordinate came over and whispered to Phoebe in her ear. Her face slightly changed. When she turned around and was about to go back, she looked over at Stella, "Ms. Radomil, probably you should come with me. Something went wrong with the auction item from SG Jewelry Magazine."

After they all left the scene, a figure walked out of the corner. The person stood motionlessly for a moment, looking over at the broken necklace. After a

few seconds of thought, the person picked it up, put it in the pocket, and turned away.

The charity auction.

Pieces of jewelry of SG Jewelry Magazine were exhibited according to the sequences. When it was the turn of Stella's design, not only Stanford looked surprised, but also Modesty walked up. She said in confusion, "Isn't it the necklace I designed particularly for Miss Steward..."

Although she didn't speak loudly, her words raised a huge uproar in the quiet banquet hall.

All the attendees started to discuss in low voices, "What's SG Jewelry Magazine doing? How could they present the customized necklace in an auction?"

"Wait... Isn't it supposed to be Ms. Radomil's design? How come? What on earth happened?"

"Ms. Radomil? Is she the designer who was the mistress of a rich man? I went to the new product launch event of SG Jewelry Magazine last time. She's indeed quite beautiful. It's not bad to have such a plaything."

Right after the person finished speaking, he felt a cold and sharp gaze. When he turned around, he couldn't find anything.

Upon hearing those discussions, Stanford was the most troubled one.

Before the jewelry was delivered, he had checked and confirmed it a few times. There were no problems at all.

He found Modesty and asked with a frown, "What happened?"

Modesty shook her head, "I don't know either. But, I found my designed necklace was gone. Miss Steward didn't inform me that she has taken it. Mr. Leif, I've seen Ms. Radomil's end product earlier. It shouldn't be her."

Stanford didn't expect that she would explain for Stella, so he fell into the silence for a moment.

Frankly speaking, Modesty was the biggest suspect for this incident.

Stanford looked over at Modesty thoughtfully. The latter looked quite easy, not guilty at all.

He said, "Modesty, let's go to explain to Jason Group together. We should try our best to limit the influence of this event."

"Sure."

When Stella and Phoebe walked into the banquet hall, the host had announced that the auction was paused. Everyone was talking about this incident.

The rumor that she was a mistress of a rich man was talked about again. Some of them even said that her designs were all plagiarized, so it was her karma that such an incident happened this time. Some of them said the reason why SG Jewelry Magazine backed her up several times was that she had affairs with some senior executives.

Those people said quite affirmatively as if they truly had the evidence.

Annie stood aside with her arms across her chest. She said sarcastically, "What can't she do? She always takes others as her own. This is not the first time."

Phoebe said in a low voice, "Annie, stop saying that. The truth of the matter hasn't been found out. Don't slander others."

"She knows herself if it's a slander or truth."

Stella wasn't in the mood to argue with Annie meaninglessly. She found a coworker from SG Jewelry Magazine in the crowd and asked, "Where is Mr. Leif?"

"Hi, Ms. Radomil?" The coworker looked quite surprised when seeing her. Then immediately, he answered, "I saw Mr. Leif and Modesty go to talk to Mr. Jason."

Stella asked, "Where were they heading to?"

"The VIP lounge."

Stella nodded at him for appreciation. She turned around and said to Phoebe, "Miss Steward, I'm sorry. Please excuse me."

Phoebe said, "Let me go with you."

Stella was about to refuse, but she added, "After all, the incident has something to do with me as well."

"All right."

In the VIP lounge, George also heard a lot of rumors about Stella. He looked obviously angry, "What are you doing? How come you've sent such a designer's product for auction? And even such an incident happened!"

Stanford said, "Mr. Jason, I'm quite sorry for what happened. But, you've misunderstood our designer. The rumors are not real. Besides, the jewelry for auction was indeed designed by her. There should be some mistakes in between..."

"I don't care. You've ruined my charity banquet. I've asked my men to take down her jewelry. You'd better give us a clarification for this event later."

Stanford frowned, "Mr. Jason if you've put down all her jewelry in this way without any explanation, you would make others misunderstand her..."

George interrupted him coldly, "It's none of my business."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 125-Right after George finished speaking, he was about to leave, but the door of the VIP lounge was opened.

Clarence stood at the door. He said expressionlessly, "Since such an incident happened, as the organizer, Jason Group should take its responsibility. Mr. Jason, are you sure you won't take care of it and leave this way?"

Seeing him, George looked more annoyed, "Mr. Conrad, since you said so, are you going to take care of it?"

"Mr. Jason, you misunderstood. I just passed here by."

Among all people at the scene, only Stanford knew that he wasn't just passing here by.

Stanford coughed. He walked up and said, "Mr. Jason, I can guarantee that before the jewelry was sent here there were no problems at all. Our

employees were watching them on the way and didn't leave them. Mr. Jason, could you please request the hotel to give us the surveillance?"

George said impatiently, "Do you want me to leave so many of my guests in the hall just for such a woman with a bad reputation?"

This time, before Stanford spoke, Clarence said expressionlessly, "Mr. Jason, you must not know yet – your son, Horace Jason, almost ruined his engagement to the Conrad family because of this woman with a bad reputation."

George's expression was stiffened. He wasn't in the mood to beat around the bush with Clarence, "What did you say?"

In the corner, Modesty's faint smile was also stiffened. She looked up in disbelief.

How come Stella knew the son from the Jason family?

Right then, there were a few knocks on the door.

George tidied himself up and inhaled deeply, "Enter."

Stella and Phoebe showed up one after another.

Although Phoebe and Rebecca were friends, the Jason and the Steward families did not cooperate in business. Besides, Phoebe attended the banquet with Clarence, which ruined all the Jason and Conrad families' plans.

Seeing that she followed Clarence in as if she wanted to make trouble on purpose, George wasn't quite polite to her. He asked rudely, "What are you doing here?"

Phoebe sensed the unhappiness in his tone and didn't care. She said in a gentle voice, "Uncle Jason, please allow me to introduce her. This is Ms. Radomil, the designer from SG Jewelry Magazine."

Due to the rumors outside, George didn't have a good impression of Stella. Plus, Clarence said something just now, which reminded him that Annie made a fuss before.

He thought that Annie had made trouble out of nothing and beat the air that time. Much to his surprise, Horace did admit the existence of that woman. Just now, Clarence confirmed and let him know who she was.

When George looked over at Stella, his eyes were filled with disgust.

Stella said politely, "Good evening, Mr. Jason. I'm here for the auction..."

"Not necessarily. I've made up my mind on this matter. No matter what explanation you would have it's your own business. It has nothing to do with me and this charity banquet."

After finishing his words, he didn't pause any longer, striding away.

Stella exhaled in silence. When she looked up, she found a pair of black deep eyes were gazing at her coldly.

She was choked up.

Why was he here as well?

She indeed promised that she wouldn't come here, but such an incident happened unexpectedly.

Seeing that, Phoebe walked up and took Clarence's arm. With a smile, she said, "By the way, Ms. Radomil. I forgot to make the introduction. This is my fiance, the CEO of Conrad Group."

As she spoke, she looked over at Clarence, "Clarence, this is the designer of SG Jewelry Magazine. I like her designs very much."

Clarence didn't change his expression. He uttered a word from his thin lips coldly, "?"

Phoebe continued and said to Stella, "Ms. Radomil, please don't worry. We'll help you look into the matter for sure and prove your innocence."

Stella twitched her mouth corners. Suddenly she couldn't utter a word at all.

The word "fiance" was like a heavy stone that was smashed into her heart, making her short of breath for a moment.

Before Stella answered, Clarence said coldly, "I'm not interested to deal with such a matter."

After that, he withdrew his arm from Phoebe's grip and walked away directly.

Phoebe looked at his receding figure and smiled, "Please don't mind him, Ms. Radomil. He's always like this."

Stanford, who had witnessed all the dramatic scenes, rushed over and interrupted their conversation, "Excuse me, Miss Steward. I'm sorry for dragging you into the mere this time. We'll surely give you a satisfying explanation."

"It's alright. I believe in Ms. Radomil and SG Jewelry Magazine."

"Thank you for your trust, Miss Steward. We'll get it done as soon as possible."

Phoebe nodded with a smile. Before leaving, she cast a glance at Modesty, who kept silent all the time, "Ms. Parker, thank you, as well."

Modesty was cued unexpectedly. For a moment, she panicked. After a few seconds, she answered, "Miss Steward, you are welcome. That's what I'm supposed to do."

After Phoebe was gone, Stanford said, "Stella, now Jason Group isn't willing to let us make the explanation in public. But we still have one way – as long as your end product could be found before the auction was over, it still could make difference."

Stella came back to her senses, "Thank you, Mr. Leif. I'm sorry for the trouble."

"I'm also responsible for this incident. I should have come here to deliver the jewelry in person. Otherwise, this shouldn't have happened. Time is up. Let's go to the monitoring room..."

"I don't think it's necessary," Stella said calmly, "I've asked the staff when I was on the way here. There were only three items left for the auction tonight. I don't think the time will be enough for us to reach the monitoring room."

Stanford frowned slightly. That was true.

Although the auction was paused just now, they had spent a lot of time in the VIP lounge. Since Mr. Jason left just now, the auction had continued.

They couldn't have enough time at all.

Stella added, "Just let it be."

She didn't want to pull SG Jewelry Magazine into trouble because of herself. The only way for her to do now was to leave SG Jewelry Magazine so that they could push all responsibilities on her.

Anyway, she was too exhausted. She didn't have any strength to fight back.

"Ms. Radomil, why don't you find Cla..."

Stella faintly smiled, "Mr. Leif, I'm taking off now."

Out of the lounge, Stella exhaled. When she was about to leave, Horace walked to her.

"Stella, follow me, please."

Horace pulled her hand and strode over to the banquet hall.

Stella said, "Horace..."

When they arrived at the banquet hall, the auction happened to end.

Horace said, "Stella, wait for me here."

After that, he walked onto the stage. He took the microphone from the host and said, "I'm sorry. I'm afraid I need to you take up a little bit of your time."

The attendees, who were about to leave the hall, stopped and looked back at him.

Horace continued, "Just now, the auction had to be paused because of our Jason Group's mistake. It also harmed the designer of SG Jewelry Magazine. I want to clarify this incident particularly."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 126-As soon as the incident happened, Horace went to find the employees of SG Jewelry Magazine and confirmed with them that there were no problems with the

jewelry when they delivered them here. Then he directly requested the hotel for the surveillance.

However, the person who set up Stella was fully prepared. The other party knew that there was surveillance in the hotel, so before entering the area covered by the monitor, they disguised themselves as the employees of Jason Group and requested to enter the exhibition hall for the final confirmation. Since they had arrived at the hotel, the employees of SG Jewelry Magazine didn't suspect and let them in.

That was when the other party secretly changed Stella's end product.

The other party must have guessed that they had everything in control. However, since they had done something, there would always be a trace.

The surveillance showed that one man passed the jewelry to another man, who wasn't shown on the monitor. However, it was obvious that Stella was set up.

After informing the attendees about what he had seen on the surveillance, Horace added, "Besides, Ms. Radomil is a friend of mine for a long time. She's not that kind of person in those rumors. For those who slandered Ms. Radomil and spread the rumors, Jason Group will pursue legal responsibility on them."

The attendees never expected that the incident would turn to be that way.

Nobody expected that an unknown designer from SG Jewelry Magazine would be a friend of the son of the Jason family.

In the crowd, with a livid face, George rushed away in anger.

The farce finally ended.

Horace walked to Stella, "Stella, let me drive you home."

Stella parted her lips. She said, "Horace, you don't have to do that for me."

Horace said, "In the past, I didn't protect you well, so I've lost you forever. Now, I'm just doing something that I can."

Stella didn't know what to speak. Suddenly, she recalled something and looked around, "Where's Annie Conrad?"

Theoretically, since Horace was making the clarification for her, Annie shouldn't be so quiet.

"My men are watching her now. Please don't worry. She won't make trouble for you again," said Horace, "Let's go. Let me walk you out."

Stella nodded. In such a situation, she couldn't go out alone.

She followed Horace to turned away, completely ignoring the indifferent gaze on her from the corner.

After they were gone, Phoebe said, "I didn't expect that Ms. Radomil knew Horace Jason. I asked her to design a wedding gift for Annie. What a coincidence!"

Clarence cast her a glance expressionlessly.

With a smile, Phoebe met his eyes, "What's wrong?"

"You are far better at acting than I've imagined."

Phoebe paused a bit and knew that he was referring to what had happened in the lounge. She curled up her lips into a smile and said, "Of course, I need to be professional when acting. If it's too fake,

others would find the truth out."

Clarence snorted and didn't comment.

Phoebe added, "Clarence, I wasn't acting only. What I said was serious. Please consider our marriage."

Clarence raised his head and gulped down the champagne in the flute of his hand. Then he put the flute aside, "The show is over. I'm leaving."

Looking at his receding figure, Phoebe gradually put away her smile.

...

In a lounge, Annie was making a scene by smashing the door.

"You assholes! How dare you lock me up here! Believe it or not! I'll kill you. Let me out. Hurry up!"

She kept yelling such things for twenty minutes. Someone answered outside, "Miss Conrad, Mr. Jason asked us to do so. After he has time, he will come to pick you up. Please wait for a moment."

"Let me out now! Do you hear me? If my aunt knows that you've locked me up here, you all will be doomed!"

Right then, Phoebe appeared at the door. She said to the men who were guarding the door and said, "Everything is over. Just let her out."

The two men exchanged glances with each other and didn't answer.

Phoebe added, "Horace Jason has left. If you don't believe me, you can call him to ask."

The two men didn't dare to suspect. Hurriedly, they opened the door.

Annie came out. When she was about to blow up, Phoebe stopped her, "They just listened to Horace Jason's order. What's the use if you vent your anger on them?"

As she spoke, she looked back at the two men, "You can leave now."

"Thanks, Miss Steward."

"Thank you, Miss Steward."

The two rushed away.

Annie stomped in anger, "What about me? You just let them go so easily!"

Phoebe said, "I didn't mean to let go of them easily, but you must know why you've locked up by Horace in here. You should know your target. Don't waste your time."

"My target? What target?"

Phoebe answered indifferently, "I don't know either. Since Horace locked you up here, there must be something that he didn't want you to see."

Upon hearing it, Annie instantly understood. Deep hatred surged into her brain. She gritted her teeth fiercely, "It must be because of Stella Radomil

again! All because of that bitch! Whenever she showed up, Horace only cared about her. I'll never let her go!"

...

When Stella and Horace arrived downstairs, Sherry happened to arrive.

"Stella, are you..."

Stella hinted at her to hold on for a moment. Then she said to Horace, "You can stop here now. Thank you for what you've done for me today."

Horace pressed his lips, "Stella, you never have to mention that to me."

After finishing his words, he nodded at Sherry and turned away.

There was still a mess upstairs for him to deal with.

Looking at Horace's receding figure, Sherry couldn't help being confused. She asked in a soft and excited tone, "What happened? Why are you with Horace?"

"Something happened on the charity banquet..." Since it was quite complicated, Stella couldn't tell her clearly right away, "I can tell you the details later."

Sherry nodded, "After you went upstairs, have you met Clarence Conrad?"

Upon hearing it, Stella was taken aback and answered, "Yes, I have."

"Then, did he..."

Sherry wanted to ask her if she had seen Clarence being with another woman. However, if she didn't see the woman, Sherry's question might break her heart again.

Stella didn't notice that she wanted to say something but stopped. With a smile, she said, "By the way, I got gossip to share with you. Clarence Conrad should get married soon."

Sherry was shocked, "That soon!"

“Probably. You also know his fiancée.” Stella paused before continuing, “It’s Miss Steward, who asked me to design a necklace for her friend.”

In the photos that Sherry received earlier, she only saw the woman’s back, so Sherry couldn’t recognize her. Upon hearing Stella’s words, she was agape, “No way! How could this be possible?”

Sherry suddenly was enlightened of something. She asked, “Then, Annie Conrad is the best friend of hers who will get married soon, isn’t she?”

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 127-Stella put away her smile, nodding slightly.

Sherry couldn’t help cursing inwardly. She asked in a gentle tone, “Have you given her that necklace?”

“Yep. Annie tossed it away.”

Sherry heaved a sigh, “Forget it. Just let it be. Anyway, you’ve got the design payment. It’s their own business how to deal with it.”

Although her words made sense, Sherry knew that each designed product was unique containing a designer’s effort. Stella was definitely upset when seeing her designed end product be smashed and tossed in her presence.

Stella said, “Let’s go home.”

As soon as she finished speaking, Sherry saw Clarence walk out of the hotel. He was expressionless, emanating a cold aura. He strode over to a Rolls-Royce parked at the roadside.

He didn’t spare any glance at them.

Nathan, who followed him, cast a hesitant glance at Stella. He wasn’t sure if he should invite Stella to get into the car, so he could only nod at her and drove the car away hurriedly.

Sherry said, “What is wrong with the wretched man again? It’s his fault that he’s so playful with women. How could he be so arrogant? I have mistaken him as a good man. Phew!”

Stella faintly smiled, “Let’s go.”

...

Back to Starry Lake Mansion, Stella was walking upstairs. The servant whispered to her, "Mrs. Conrad, did you fight with Mr. Conrad again? Just now, he came back home with a long face as if he was quite angry."

"No worries. He's always like this."

The servant left after exchanged a few words with her.

Walking into her room, Stella took out her suitcase from the cabinet and roughly put all her clothes in it. Then she pulled the suitcase out of her room.

When she walked out of the room, she saw Clarence lean against the door with both his hands in the trousers pockets. He stared at her expressionlessly, "Where are you going?"

Stella answered, "Mr. Conrad, you are getting married. I don't have any reason to continue staying here."

Clarence suddenly sneered, "You've listened to one sentence from her and you believed her. I've said a lot of words to you but you don't care at all. Stella, it's just your excuse, isn't it?"

"Mr. Conrad, if you are delighted to think this way, please go ahead."

Stella wasn't in the mood to talk nonsense with him. Directly, she dragged the suitcase forward.

When she reached the stairs, she stopped.

She acted way too recklessly.

Not far away from her, Clarence didn't move a bit. He looked at her calmly.

There was fury suppressed in Stella's heart for some reason. Now he seemed to compete with her in silence. She thought for a moment and walked downstairs, "Excuse me, Alisa. Could you please help

me take the luggage downstairs?"

Alisa was about to say yes, but she saw Clarence appear on the top of the stairs with a cold look.

She was enlightened. With one hand covering her waist, she said, "Alas... Mrs. Conrad, I've got a strong pain in my back recently. I can't lift anything heavy."

After that, she escaped from the scene.

Stella was speechless.

Then she decided to give up her belongings.

She turned around and took a step. While walking, she heard Clarence's voice from her back, "You should know the consequences after leaving here."

Upon hearing it, Stella paused her pace.

Clarence walked downstairs slowly, sitting on the sofa.

Stella looked at him, "Mr. Conrad, are you threatening me?"

"If you are delighted to think this way, please go ahead."

Stella was choked up.

She wondered the wretched man might have something wrong mentally.

Stella pressed her lips and tried to reason with him, "Mr. Conrad, Miss Steward shouldn't know my relationship with you. She also doesn't know we're staying in the same house right now. If she knew it..."

Clarence looked up at her, "If she knew it, what would happen?"

Stella was interrupted by him. For a moment, she forgot what she was about to talk to him.

Clarence added, "Stella, I believe you should explain why you showed up there. You shouldn't have questioned me about whom I'm going to marry."

Stella denied that she was questioning him.

It was him who obviously wanted to have two men at the same time.

Stella inhaled deeply, “Mr. Conrad, I didn’t mean to show up there. Miss Steward is my client. I went there to send her the end product. Later, because of the incident in the auction, I needed to explain it to Mr. Jason.”

“Did he listen to your explanation?”

“Well... No, he didn’t.”

“Was your explanation useful?”

“No, it wasn’t either.”

Clarence looked over at her coldly, “Then, tell me. What were you doing there?”

Stella quieted down for a moment and said, “Mr. Conrad, something happened to my design. As the designer, I should be responsible for it. It’s not that I didn’t need to explain because it was not useful.”

“I didn’t see how responsible you were. I just saw that Horace Jason was against his father because of you.”

Clarence’s tone was indifferent as if he was quite happy to see what had happened.

Stella didn’t speak. She knew how stressful Horace would be when he clarified for her in public.

Clarence added, “Stella, Horace Jason has the engagement with the Conrad family already. Now the Jason family knows your existence and has witnessed that Horace Jason could do anything for you. Do you think they would pretend that nothing has happened and not deal with you?”

Stella didn’t understand it, “What do you mean?”

“I mean your enemies are not only the Conrad family but also the Jason family. As long as you walk out of this door, I have nothing to do with what you’ll end up with.”

Stella was silent for a few seconds. She chuckled, “Oh, right. Mr. Conrad, you’re not interested in dealing with such a matter, anyway.”

Clarence licked his thin lips, his black eyes gazing at her without a blink.

He had never been in a mood to explain anything. He didn't care how others would misunderstand him.

However, he suddenly wanted to dig out the ungrateful woman's heart and see if she still had her conscience.

Clarence said, "If I don't deal with things for you, do you think you can still stand here speaking to me?"

Stella smiled at him perfunctorily. She wasn't in the mood to continue speaking to him. She said, "No matter what, Mr. Conrad, since you've engaged with Miss Steward, you'd better find a chance and make everything clear to her. In a married, the most important is honesty and responsibility."

Clarence cast her a glance, "Do you mean that I wasn't honest enough to you and I didn't take my responsibility in the past?"

Stella didn't answer.

He had admitted it himself.

"Well, Mr. Conrad, I just think since you're getting married to Miss Steward, you shouldn't have hidden anything from her. Otherwise..."

"Stella, are you jealous?"

Stella was confused.

Clarence stood up and approached her step by step, "You kept talking about Phoebe Steward and marriage. Aren't you jealous?"

Stella couldn't help taking steps back. With a blushed face, she denied, "No, I'm not! Mr. Conrad, I just think your behaviors are way too shameless!"

While she was stepping back, she bumped into something. When she was about to fall, she grabbed the shirt in front of her in a panic.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 128-In the car.

Phoebe took over the jewelry box that was handed to her. She opened it and took a casual glance. Then she put it aside.

She asked flatly, "Has Modesty Parker seen you?"

“No. We took it after she tossed it into the garbage can and left.”

Phoebe smiled, “She’s good to play such a rick, but what a pity. She seems not to know Stella’s real identity. Otherwise, she wouldn’t have failed her plan.”

If Stella were just a designer of SG Jewelry Magazine, no matter how many good words Stanford would put on for her today, it would be useless. Her reputation would be ruined and she would be forced to quit this industry.

However, Horace backed her up. Besides...

Phoebe’s eyes turned colder. If she didn’t get it wrong, Clarence went to the VIP lounge also because of this matter.

Soon, the black car arrived at the villa of the Steward family.

Phoebe got off with the jewelry box in her hands. When she was about to go upstairs, she was stopped in the living room, “Phoebe, wait.”

She looked back at the mid-aged man not far away from her, “Dad, haven’t you gone to bed yet?”

Charles Steward nodded, “Come over. I want to ask you something.”

Phoebe sat on the sofa. When Charles looked at her, her hands that were holding the jewelry box were stiffened. She secretly put the box behind her back. With a relaxed smile, she asked, “Dad, what’s up?”

“I heard that you attended the charity banquet with Clarence Conrad tonight?”

She didn’t deny it, “Yes, I did.”

Charles said, “Phoebe, I don’t want you to be dragged into the mere between the Conrad and Jason families. Clarence Conrad is a scheming man. You...”

“Dad,” Phoebe interrupted him, “Although I don’t know Clarence not much, he could make the whole Conrad family afraid of him all by himself, he should have his means. Besides, I’ll marry someone eventually. I believe that if I married Clarence, it would only be beneficial but not harmful for our Steward Group.”

Charles continued after a moment of silence, "Phoebe, I don't want you to sacrifice your happiness because of it."

"Dad, I like Clarence. I'm willing to marry him," said Phoebe, "In fact, I've been liking him for a long time. If it weren't for what happened three years ago... I believe we have got married already."

"But, as far as I know, he seems to be still entangled with his ex-wife."

Phoebe didn't care, "That woman married him for money. How could she leave him so easily? Dad, please no worries. I can deal with this matter."

Charles didn't speak anymore. He just said, "I'll go to the Conrad family's house and talk to them about it. Go to bed early."

After that, he stood up and couldn't help coughing fiercely.

Phoebe walked up and patted him on the back, "Dad, shall I call the doctor to come over?"

"No, thanks. It's my old illness. It's getting cold nowadays and it broke up. Not a big deal."

When Phoebe was about to say something else, she saw the fire burn on his neck.

Noticing her gaze, Charles pulled up his collar, "I'm alright. Go to bed."

After Phoebe went upstairs, Charles was about to leave, but he saw the jewelry box on the sofa.

He picked it up and wanted to take it to Phoebe upstairs, but accidentally, he opened it. A necklace dropped.

Charles caught the necklace. When seeing the pendant, he was in a daze.

As soon as she arrived in her room, Phoebe found that she had forgotten the necklace downstairs. When she returned, she saw the scene.

She walked up and whispered, "Dad?"

Charles came back to his senses, "Did you buy this?"

For some reason, Phoebe was quite nervous. She nodded, “I asked a designer to customize it for me. Dad, is there anything wrong?”

Charles faintly smiled, “No. This designer seems to be quite professional to mix the pocket watch with the necklace. It must be a gifted designer.”

Charles put the necklace back in the box and handed it to Phoebe. Then he walked back to his room.

Looking at his receding figure, Phoebe exhaled.

...

Starry Lake Mansion.

As soon as she grabbed Clarence’s shirt, Stella regretted it. They were in a fierce fight last second, but now she had lost all her temperament.

She was about to step back, but Clarence wrapped her waist with his hands, raising his eyebrows slightly.

His expression looked as if he knew she had done it purposely.

Stella inhaled deeply to calm herself down, “Mr. Conrad, please allow me to remind you once again – what you are doing now is unfair to your fiancée, Miss Steward!”

“Why do you believe in her words so much?”

“You didn’t deny, did you?”

“In your opinion, does no denial mean the admission?”

Stella was choked up by the wretched man’s logic. She grinned her teeth, “Yep!”

Clarence said, “What a pity! I have different thoughts on that.”

Stella was speechless.

“Stella, I have my plans. Besides, the world doesn’t only contain black and white.”

“Mr. Conrad, what high-sounding words! Is this why you are having two women at the same time?”

Clarence released her and said indifferently, “You haven’t remarried me. Why do I have two women at the same time?”

Stella realized that she couldn’t win against him in this argument. The wretched man harassed her with his actions from time to time, but he refused to admit it.

She said, “No matter what, Mr. Conrad, I appreciate your help on me in the past few days. Later, I’ll figure out the way to deal with things. Please don’t worry...”

Clarence looked at her and said expressionlessly, “Stella, you think I’m discussing this matter with you, don’t you?”

In an instant, Stella felt a bit chilled.

That was the truth. He wasn’t discussing this matter with her.

Whether she could go out of the door didn’t depend on how bold she was. Instead, it depended on if Clarence was willing to let her leave.

Although she was staying here in the name of being protected, she was also jailed here.

Hence, one could not get dizzy with success.

She just felt a bit of kindness, but she forgot that the kindness was just a cover of something that might harm her.

Stella pressed her lips and didn’t speak. She turned around and walked upstairs. Then she dragged her suitcase back to her room.

Until he heard her close the door, Clarence reached out and pressed his temples. He dialed a number, “Found anything?”

“Yes, Mr. Conrad. The man who appeared in the surveillance video is named Adolph Miller. He...”

Since Nathan stopped, Clarence urged him impatiently, “Go on.”

Nathan immediately continued, "He's a usurer. Jeffrey Radomil had borrowed a lot of money from him. Besides, three years ago, he united with Jeffrey Radomil and sent Mrs. Conrad to Twilight Club."

Clarence said, "He has no reason to set up Stella. Find him first."

"He should have noticed that we're looking into him, so he ran away in advance."

Adolph was a gangster always hanging out in the underground and he was a fierce man. Unless he was willing to show up, it would be quite difficult for them to find him.

Clarence said, "Spare the news – anyone who could find him would get an award of a million."

"Yes, Mr. Conrad. The man who appeared in the surveillance video is named Adolph Miller. He..." Since Nathan stopped, Clarence urged him impatiently, "Go on." Nathan immediately continued, "He's a usurer. Jeffrey Radomil had borrowed a lot of money from him. Besides, three years ago, he united with Jeffrey Radomil and sent Mrs. Conrad to Twilight Club." Clarence said, "He has no reason to set up Stella. Find him first." "He should have noticed that we're looking into him, so he ran away in advance." Adolph was a gangster always hanging out in the underground and he was a fierce man. Unless he was willing to show up, it would be quite difficult for them to find him. Clarence said, "Spare the news – anyone who could find him would get an award of a million."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 129-Stella walked back to her room and opened the suitcase, putting her belongings back.

Done that, she lay down on the bed helplessly.

She hadn't done anything today, but she was extremely exhausted.

When she was looking out of the window in a daze, her phone rang.

Stella sat up and looked around in her room. Then she saw her phone on the desk.

It was a call from Phoebe.

“Hello, Ms. Radomil. I want to apologize to you on Annie’s behalf. She was spoiled since her childhood. Please don’t take it to your heart.”

Stella said calmly, “It’s alright.”

After a pause, Phoebe said, “Although it sounds a bit abrupt, I’m quite curious, wondering if what Annie said was real. Please don’t misunderstand. I didn’t mean anything else. I just want to know your relationship with Clarence.”

“I’m his ex-wife.”

“It turns out to be like this... I’m sorry. I didn’t know about your relationship before. Please excuse my offense.”

“Miss Steward, please don’t mention it. I’ve already divorced him. I didn’t expect that you are his fiancée either. I should apologize for that.”

Phoebe smiled, “Yeah. I’ve been liking him for a long time. We were supposed to get married, but unfortunately...”

She didn’t finish her words. Instead, she said, “Before I met you in person, I heard a lot of comments about you from Annie, so I had misunderstood you a lot. But now, it’s quite different. I’m so glad to have a friend like you. I believe that you are absolutely not the kind of person that Annie has thought.”

Stella said, “In fact, Annie Conrad wasn’t wrong. I’m not a good person anyway. I forced Clarence Conrad to marry me.”

Phoebe said, “I still prefer to believe what I’ve seen personally.”

Stella slightly smiled and said, “Thank you, Miss Steward.”

“I’ve said that I’ll treat you for dinner after the end product is done. Now I believe I have more reason to invite you as an apology. When will you be free, Ms. Radomil?”

...

After hanging up the phone, Stella lay on the bed, feeling more bored.

If she had known that Phoebe was Clarence’s fiancée earlier, she’d rather refuse to make such money instead of taking this order.

She felt so annoyed.

Stella pressed her head into the pillow. How she wished to smash the wretched man to death! If it weren't because of him, she wouldn't have stuck in such a dilemma.

If she couldn't handle it well, she would be called the mistress between Phoebe and Clarence.

She couldn't help cursing the wretched man.

She wished him to go to hell.

The more she thought about it, the angrier Stella was. She got up and opened the draft book. After a few quick brushes on one page, she stood up and walked out of her bedroom with sticky tape. She taped the paper on Clarence's bedroom door.

After venting her anger slightly in that way, she finally calmed herself down.

However, in the latter half of the night, she still couldn't fall asleep.

No wonder Clarence didn't care about the baby in her belly at all. He would soon marry Phoebe. When they had their baby, the baby must be born noble.

Thinking that she would give birth in a few months, Stella wondered what she should do.

Clarence was so powerful, and the Conrad family kept an eye on her as well. She couldn't manage to escape at all.

However, if Clarence and Phoebe married before the baby's birth, it might be an opportunity for Stella.

On the second day, when Clarence opened his bedroom door, he saw a piece of paper floating down next to his feet.

He bent down one knee and picked it up. When seeing what was on it, he sneered.

Looking up at the door of Stella's bedroom, he licked his thin lips. Then he took the paper back to his room and came out soon, taping it on her bedroom door.

...

Stella didn't get up until noon because of her insomnia last night. She felt quite weak.

When she pushed the door open and yawned, the paper that was supposed to be taped on Clarence's bedroom door was taped on hers.

Stella rubbed her eyes and found that there were extra brushes on the turtle on the paper. It had long hair and her name "Stella" was written in the center.

She was speechless.

What was wrong with the wretched man?

Stella sobered up instantly in anger. Subconsciously, she wanted to fight back, but when she picked up her pen, she found it way too childish. Even an elementary student would disdain to do so.

Like rolling Clarence, she violently rolled the paper and tossed it into the garbage can.

After lunch, as soon as Stella arrived at SG Jewelry Magazine, Stanford asked her to go to his office. And so was Modesty.

Stanford said, "About the incident that happened last night at the charity banquet, we're looking into it. However, the impact of this incident was too big and you both are involved. I want to know your opinions."

Modesty said firstly, "I didn't take good care of my client's design. I must take the major responsibility."

Stanford didn't answer her. He looked over at Stella, "What about you, Ms. Radomil?"

"Well, since the other party could take away Modesty's necklace designed for Miss Steward, know which one of the three auction items from SG Jewelry Magazine was mine, and exchange it, I believe it was done by an insider."

Stanford nodded in agreement, "I agreed. But there are too many employees in our company. It's quite difficult to investigate. I guess it will take a long time."

Stella said, "Thanks, Mr. Leif, but I don't want to continue looking into this matter."

"Why not?"

Upon hearing it, not only Stanford felt surprised, but also Modesty looked over at her.

With a smile, Stella said, "The person who set me up aimed to see my embarrassment on the charity banquet. However, she never expected that Horace Jason would help me declare the matter. She doesn't know the relationship between Horace and me, nor does she know if she has exposed any other flaws besides the surveillance. She must be in a panic now. If I keep on looking into the matter, she probably would use different means to make her innocent. If I don't look into it, she couldn't do anything. However, she would be in a panic every day and lead an uneasy life."

As she spoke, she looked over at Modesty who lowered her head. With a brighter smile, she asked, "What do you think, Ms. Parker?"

Modesty heard Stella calling her, and her heart skipped a beat. She tried her best to maintain calm, "I... How do I know? But, if I were you, I would definitely keep on looking into it."

Stella said, "Someone told me yesterday that the world doesn't only contain black and white. I also want to take the chance to see besides black and white, what else colors this world has."

Upon hearing her words, Modesty clenched her hands tightly.

She was almost certain that Stella had known what she had done. The purpose why Stella said those words was to warn her that she had caught on her. Hence, Modesty couldn't do anything against Stella at all.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 130-Out of Stanford's office, Sherry pulled Stella into the lounge.

Sherry said, "I heard what happened last night. Mr. Leif said he's investigating. I don't think it's necessary. How could it be so coincident? I'm hundred per cent certain that it was done by Modesty Parker. There shouldn't be any other one."

Stella faintly smiled, "Sherry, calm down. Even we both know it was done by her, we don't have the evidence yet. She may retort and say that we are framing her. It's not worth it."

"Do you just let go of her so easily?"

"Of course not."

Stella was certain that it was done by Modesty because she had personally seen Modesty toss Phoebe's customized necklace into the garbage can. She told others that it was missing.

Modesty couldn't ignore the detail. Hence, without Horace's clarification last night, Stella's reputation would be ruined and people would disdain her. For SG Jewelry Magazine, there would also be a lot of rumors and they couldn't handle them alone. How could the company have the energy to help her look into the matter? They would probably distinguish with her clearly because of the rumors.

In that case, even if Stella knew that Modesty had done it, nobody would believe her. They would only think that she slandered others to make herself innocent.

As for Stella, except that she had personally seen Modesty toss the necklace away, she had no other evidence to support her.

She had to admit that Modesty's trick was risky but once it succeeded, Modesty would definitely achieve her goals.

Stella believed what she had said in Stanford's office should be enough to make Modesty not dare to make a second move.

After cursing Modesty emotionally for a while, Sherry asked, "But I'm quite curious who helped her. How could her plan be carried on so smoothly? She's quite capable."

Stella shook her head.

Sherry said, "Why don't we ask Horace for the surveillance video? Once we've found the person who helped her, we could have the evidence."

"Forget it. Just let it be. Let nature take its course."

Stella believed that she had troubled Horace too much already.

Sherry knew what was in her mind. Heaving a sigh, she changed the subject. Looking at her belly, she said solemnly, “Dear baby, your mission in the future is to protect your mother. Don’t let her be bullied by others, especially your asshole father.”

As she spoke, she looked up at Stella, “When will you give birth?”

“In fourteen weeks.”

Sherry did quick math and her eyes were lit up, “Only less than four months!”

Stella nodded. The day was approaching soon.

However, she felt more and more uneasy.

Stella said, “Sherry, I must escape from here.”

Sherry didn’t understand, “Escape? Where are you going?”

“I don’t know.” Stella looked out of the window, “I always felt that if I continued staying here, it would be a problem if my baby would be born safe and sound. I kept being worried what if the Conrad family would find it out.”

Sherry frowned and said, “No matter what, Clarence Conrad is the baby’s father. Doesn’t he care about the baby at all?”

“I insisted on keeping the baby. For him, it’s not important. He wouldn’t take care of it.”

“The wretched man is way too heartless. He’ll have his karma for sure!”

Stella withdrew her gaze and said determinedly, “Hence, I must escape from here. I need to go to a place where neither Clarence Conrad nor the Conrad family could find me.”

The chance was in front of her, so she must prepare everything ahead. She couldn’t afford to fail.

...

The Conrads’ Mansion.

Joanna was enjoying the high tea in the garden. Annie walked over and whispered, "Hi, Aunt Joanna."

Joanna cast her a glance, putting down the tea cup, "What's up?"

Annie bit her lower lip, "Aunt Joanna, you should have heard what happened last night."

Joanna smiled ironically. What happened at the charity banquet last night had been spread all around City N. Dempsey was quite furious about it.

"Yes, I have. Just go straight to the point."

Annie parted her lips, but she looked around at the servants hesitantly.

Joanna said flatly, "You all may leave."

The servants answered and left.

Annie whispered, "Aunt Joanna, I want Stella Radomil to disappear forever. What should I do?"

"Do you want the baby in her belly to disappear only? Or do you want her to disappear together with the baby?"

Annie gritted her teeth, "Together with the baby."

Joanna smiled, "Annie, if something happens to her all of a sudden, you'll be suspected. You..."

"That's why I came to you, Aunt Joanna. I think you must have a good way. If it weren't that Clarence always protects her, I would have killed her long ago."

"Aren't you afraid that Clarence would get even with you after knowing the truth in the future?"

Upon hearing it, Annie looked a bit panicked. She couldn't quite understand what Joanna meant.

She knew that Joanna didn't like Stella as well, so she came to ask Joanna for help.

Joanna said, "How about this, Annie? I can help you, but I have a condition."

“What is it?”

“Go to tell your uncle about Stella’s pregnancy.”

Annie looked panicked instantly, “No way. Clarence has warned me that if I told others about it, he wouldn’t let me go.”

Joanna’s expression returned to indifference, “Since you are so afraid of him, I can’t help you.”

“But, Aunt Joanna...”

“Annie, if you don’t admit it at all, who would know it’s you who exposed it? No matter how unrestrained Clarence is, he couldn’t do anything to you in the presence of me and your uncle, could he?”

After hesitating for a while, Annie said, “But, if Uncle Dempsey knew it, he would let Stella Radomil give birth to the baby. If we did so, wouldn’t we help that bitch?”

Joanna answered, “Your uncle wanted her to give birth, but Clarence doesn’t want the baby. What it would end up to then?”

Before Annie could figure it out, Joanna added, “Probably you even don’t need to do it yourself. Stella and the baby in her belly would disappear in this world silently.”

Annie looked more horrified, “Would Clarence do it?”

Joanna smiled and said disdainfully, “For a person like him, who wants to keep the power in his hands, he could do anything.”

Upon hearing it, Annie bit her lower lips and didn’t speak. However, she had other thoughts in her mind.

Since Clarence was willing to keep the baby until now, it meant probably he was the father of the baby. In that case, if Clarence would still get rid of the baby. Annie shivered.

She didn’t have the guts to bet on herself.

In Annie’s opinion, she shouldn’t directly tell her uncle about this matter, but she must let him know.

After a thought, Annie had a target.

Back to her room, she dialed Rebecca's number.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 131-As soon as Stella walked out of the office of SG Jewelry Magazine, a black car was pulled over in front of her.

Subconsciously, she took a few steps back, her heart hammering. The bad hunch became stronger in her heart.

Soon, the door of the car was open. The butler of the Conrad family, Nolan Conrad, got off.

He said, "Good day, Ms. Radomil. Please come back to the Conrads' Mansion with me."

Although he sounded quite polite, his tone was cold and determined.

Stella shook her head, "No, I won't go. I've divorced Clarence Conrad. I don't need to..."

Nolan said, "Ms. Radomil, it's Mr. Dempsey who sent me here. If you don't care about yourself, please think about the baby in your belly. The baby couldn't be tortured."

Two bodyguards were standing behind him.

Stella looked pale instantly. She felt as if her blood was solidified, her all fours going icily cold.

She had thought about this day before. But much to her surprise, this came could come so soon.

She wasn't prepared at all.

Nolan said again, "Please, Ms. Radomil. Mr. Dempsey is waiting for you."

Stella bit her lower lip tightly, shivering all over her body.

However, she couldn't do anything.

After they were gone, Modesty walked out of the wall behind. She frowned slightly, wondering who on earth Stella had married.

On the way to the Conrads' Mansion, Stella kept lowering her head. She clenched her hands tightly, out of breath.

Nolan was sitting in the passenger seat. He glanced at her through the rearview mirror, "Ms. Radomil, you don't need to be so nervous. Mr. Dempsey just wanted to ensure if Mr. Clarence is the father of the baby in your belly. If so, you only to feel easy and give birth to the baby. Before that, Mr. Dempsey would never let anyone harm you."

Stella felt that her throat was dried out in pain. She didn't speak and nor could she.

She guessed that Clarence must hate her to the core now.

She closed her eyes, her hands covering her belly. She felt extremely desperate.

Probably, she couldn't keep the baby eventually.

...

Conrad Group.

Nathan knocked on the door of the CEO's office, panting, "Mr. Conrad, bad news..."

Clarence looked up at him impatiently, "What trouble has Stella made again?"

"Mrs. Conrad... was taken away by the Conrad family."

Clarence's face turned cold. He uttered a few words, each of which was icily cold, "When did it happen?"

"Ten minutes ago. Our men were nearby, but it was Nolan who went there... Besides, Mrs. Conrad is pregnant. If we fought against them, we were afraid that Mrs. Conrad would be injured, so..."

Clarence stood up and strode out. He said in a cold tone, "He took Stella away because he wants to control me with the baby in her belly. Stay in the

company and keep an eye on them. If his men take any move, you can directly fire them and kick them out.”

Nathan answered in a hurry, “Yes, Mr. Conrad.”

Clarence added, “Call Phoebe Steward. Tell her that I agree with her requirements. Ask her to go to the Conrads’ Mansion now.”

“Yes, Mr. Conrad.”

...

The Conrads’ Mansion.

Dempsey was sitting on the sofa. He looked at Annie unhappily, “It’s such big news. Why did you tell me?”

Annie looked quite aggrieved, “Uncle Dempsey, I have just heard about it not long ago. Besides, that woman is a slut. Who knows if Clarence is the father of her baby or not...”

Joanna chimed in gently, “Isn’t it too late to look into this matter? It’s not Annie’s fault anyway. Why are you venting your anger on her?”

Dempsey inhaled and didn’t speak while holding the walking stick.

If it weren’t that the girl from the Jason family came over today and he hadn’t found that Stella was pregnant when overhearing the conversation between Rebecca and Annie, Dempsey believed that he

would never know it even if the baby was born.

In silence, Annie stood behind Joanna. She deliberately called Rebecca over and asked her about her baby. Then she purpose led the topic, Rebecca mentioned Stella, so that Dempsey could overhear it. Also, Joanna helped.

In the future, no matter how Clarence would question her, it wouldn’t be her business.

Besides, the incident that Stella was drowned last time was also arranged by Rebecca. If Clarence wanted to get even with someone, he must go to Rebecca.

Shortly after, Stella was taken into the mansion.

She stood there in embarrassment and nervousness, exactly the same as she was taken here for the first time. After three years, she was taken here again for the same reason.

Dempsey cast her a glance and said in a cold tone, “I only ask you once – is Clarence the father of the baby in your belly?”

Stella gritted her teeth without speaking. Once she admitted it, there wouldn't be any way back. What if Clarence would help her? What if...

Seeing that she kept silent, Dempsey sneered, “It's alright if you don't admit it. You'll give birth in a few months anyway. After that, we can take the DNA test. Before giving birth, you are not allowed to leave here. Our Conrad family could afford to keep you here.”

Stella inhaled deeply. She said in a trembling voice, “You can't do it.”

Right then, not only Dempsey but also Joanna and Annie looked over at her.

Stella added, “I've divorced Clarence Conrad. You don't have any right to restrain my freedom.”

“Don't you think it's quite hilarious for you to stand here and say those words to me? If you want to give birth to the baby smoothly, you'd better behave yourself. Otherwise, you can't blame me for being ruthless.”

Right then, Joanna chimed in, “Clarence shouldn't be on the way here. Why don't we ask him about his opinions? If he's sure that he's not the father of the baby, it's meaningless for us to keep her here.”

Annie added fuel into the flames, “I agreed. Nobody knows the father of the bastard in her belly... It might not be Clarence's. If we still keep her here, she'll stain our house.”

Dempsey didn't speak as if he tacitly approved.

Nobody spoke again in the living room. It quieted down completely.

Stella was standing there as if she was waiting for her sentence.

Shortly after, Justin went downstairs. Since there was such a scene downstairs, he had known it probably. Operating his wheelchair, he approached Stella, “Stella, take a seat please.”

Annie said, “Justin, don’t mind her. Let her stand. She deserves it!”

Justin shook his head, “Annie, stop making trouble. No matter what, Stella is your cousin’s wife. You should respect her.”

Annie retorted, “Clarence has divorced her a long ago. She’s just a shameless bitch...”

Joanna said in anger, “Annie Conrad.”

Annie shushed.

Justin repeated to Stella, “Stella, please sit down. Clarence would arrive shortly.”

With a big belly, Stella felt quite uncomfortable after standing for a long time. She whispered to thank him and sat on the couch next to her.

Justin said to a servant standing aside, “A glass of warm water, please.”

The servant answered and left.

Ten minutes later, Clarence showed up at the gate.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 132-As soon as Clarence entered the living room, the temperature dropped immediately. Everyone felt stressed.

Although Annie was fully prepared, she still couldn’t help being nervous, afraid that Clarence would find out the truth.

After entering, Clarence sat directly opposite Dempsey. He looked cold and aloof, expressionlessly.

Dempsey wasn’t certain about Clarence’s attitude to Stella. With uncertainty, he said in a deep voice, “Clarence, since you’ve come back, let’s make everything clear.”

Clarence looked up and said in an extremely cold tone, "Good. I also want to announce something."

Dempsey stroke his walking stick and thought for a moment, "Since Stella is carrying the baby of the Conrad family, we can't let our later generation outside. You divorced her so suddenly back then. I didn't agree with you. Now, it's a good chance for you to remarry."

Upon hearing it, Clarence cast Stella a glance. Then he asked indifferently, "Said who I'll remarry her?"

Dempsey frowned unhappily, "Then what are you planning to do? Are you the father of the baby in her belly?"

Clarence said, "Only she knows if I'm the father or not."

Since Clarence entered, Stella was sitting there, lowering her head.

Upon hearing his words, she subconsciously clenched her fingers. Blood was drained from her face.

It wasn't the first time that she heard Clarence doubt if he was the father of her baby. However, for some reason, in an instant, she felt as if she was poured by a basin of cold water. Her only hope was

gone.

She felt as if she was dragged into an endless abyss, and she couldn't see any light.

After a moment of silence, Dempsey added, "No matter what, if there's any possibility, I can't let the Conrad family's later generation wander outside. Before the baby is born, she..."

Right then, a woman's gentle voice was heard at the gate, "Excuse me. Am I interrupting?"

Dempsey looked over. Originally, he was quite unhappy that Phoebe and Clarence had attended the charity banquet and ruined his plan last night. Seeing her show up, he was more impatient, looked extremely annoyed.

Joanna said, "Hi, Phoebe. If you have anything, could you please come over later?"

Right after she finished her words, Clarence stood up and said, "I called her over."

Joanna's expression changed when she heard it.

Phoebe smiled and nodded at Joanna as a greeting. Then she took Clarence's arm, "Uncle Dempsey, Aunt Joanna, Clarence and I are getting married."

Dempsey stood up immediately, "I don't agree."

Clarence withdrew his hand from Phoebe's arms. He wrapped his hand around her waist and said indifferently, "That's what I want to announce."

Phoebe didn't expect that he would do so. After a short moment of daze, she put back on her smile.

Dempsey paced the floor with the walking stick violently, "You are making trouble. You know Stella is pregnant with your baby, but you..."

"I've said only she knows if I'm the father of her baby or not," Clarence said in a cold and heartless tone, "Even if I were the father, but so what? Said who I must remarry her since she has my baby?"

Justin shook his head, "Clarence, please stop saying that."

Clarence said, "I'm telling the truth."

Dempsey was furious, "You..."

Phoebe chimed in, "Uncle Dempsey, I know that Ms. Radomil is pregnant. As long as it's confirmed that Clarence is the father of the baby, I'm willing to bring up the child. Ms. Radomil, I can promise you here, I'll treat the baby as my own. If you miss the child, you can always visit us."

Phoebe's tone was quite gentle, but she sounded extremely determined. She even promised that she could bring up Stella's child. Dempsey's face changed between livid and darkened. He was so furious that he couldn't utter a word.

Originally, he wanted to mention that Stella was pregnant so that Clarence had to break up with the Steward family. Phoebe was a spoiled woman from a rich family, so how could she bear it? Much to Dempsey's surprise...

Joanna said, "Phoebe, the marriage is a big thing. You should think twice. Please decide after talking to your father."

Phoebe answered with a smile, "Aunt Joanna, my father has already known it. He also likes Clarence very much."

As she spoke, Phoebe looked up at Clarence, "Clarence and I love each other for a long time. I've been waiting for this day."

Clarence didn't look at her. He was expressionless.

No matter what they were talking about, Stella sat there and looked down. Nobody could tell any emotion in her eyes.

She was just an outsider isolated by them. Meanwhile, she was waiting for the final pronouncement judgment.

The scene looked extremely ironic.

Clarence said, "If there's nothing else, we'll leave now."

After finishing his words, he turned around and cast Stella a glance. The latter seemed to sense something and met his eyes. She was startled for a few seconds. When she was about to stand up, Dempsey sat down, "Stella, you'll stay here."

Clarence paused his pace, his cold features looking as if they were covered by a layer of frost.

Dempsey added, "Although Clarence doesn't care about you, you used to be one of our Conrad family. Your baby is probably the later generation of our family. We have the responsibility to take care of you."

Stella pressed her lips, "I..."

"If you insist on leaving here, nobody around you could take care of you and you might have an abortion. In that case, you'll drag other innocent people into the mire. Just stay here and wait to give birth. Everything will be fine after the baby is born."

Stella stiffed. Dempsey was threatening her. Once she left the mansion, he would do something to people around her...

Subconsciously, she looked over at Clarence. Her lips parted. She wanted to say something but couldn't utter a sound. She felt a sharp pain in her throat.

Phoebe sensed his pause. She gently called, "Clarence?"

Clarence remained expressionlessly, leaving with her while wrapping around her waist.

Until his figure disappeared at the door, Stella gradually withdrew her gaze. She twitched her mouth corners, but she couldn't smile at all.

Dempsey snorted. With his walking stick, he left.

Justine operated the wheelchair and looked over at Stella, "Stella, just stay here. I promise nobody would hurt you."

After that, he said to a servant, "Please prepare a room for Ms. Radomil."

The servant cast Joanna a glance. She didn't answer until Joanna nodded, "Yes, Mr. Justin."

Shortly after, Joanna left.

Only Stella, Annie, and Justin were left in the living room.

Annie breathed a sigh of relief. Looking over at Stella, she was quite delighted, "Now, Clarence is marrying Phoebe. Now you should know what kind of person you are. Phoebe is the beloved daughter of the Steward family. She was born noble. Somebody even couldn't compare..."

"Annie, stop it," Justin interrupted her in a deep voice.

Phoebe sensed his pause. She gently called, "Clarence?" Clarence remained expressionlessly, leaving with her while wrapping around her waist. Until his figure disappeared at the door, Stella gradually withdrew her gaze. She twitched her mouth corners, but she couldn't smile at all. Dempsey snorted. With his walking stick, he left. Justine operated the wheelchair and looked over at Stella, "Stella, just stay here. I promise nobody would hurt you." After that, he said to a servant, "Please prepare a room for Ms. Radomil." The servant cast Joanna a glance. She didn't answer until Joanna nodded, "Yes, Mr. Justin." Shortly after, Joanna left. Only Stella, Annie, and Justin were left in the living room. Annie breathed a sigh of relief. Looking over at Stella, she

was quite delighted, “Now, Clarence is marrying Phoebe. Now you should know what kind of person you are. Phoebe is the beloved daughter of the Steward family. She was born noble. Somebody even couldn’t compare...”
“Annie, stop it,” Justin interrupted her in a deep voice.