

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again

Chapter 165-196

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 165-Stella felt quite weird. She raised her head and asked, "Then what?"

Clarence said, stressing each syllable, "Have you paid by all the favors you've owed him?"

"Mr. Conrad, it has nothing to do..."

"When will you pay me back my favors to you?"

Upon hearing it, Stella was speechless.

Inwardly, she couldn't help but curse him.

In the past, he asked her to pay back the money she borrowed. Now he wanted her to pay back the favors she owed him. She wondered for how long this wretched man wanted to torture her.

Noticing the fury surged in her beautiful eyes, Clarence took a step back. He said in a steady tone, "I'm not anxious. You can take your time."

Stella closed her eyes and failed to suppress her anger, "Mr. Conrad, on the heck do you want? Like what I've said, if you don't want to let go of me, you can revenge on me at one time."

"No, I can't," said Clarence, "Don't you know I'm a businessman? A businessman always likes to adopt a long-term plan to gain something big. I've never put all the baits in a one-go."

"Oh, excuse me, Mr. Conrad, what on earth do you want to gain from me then?"

Clarence curled up his thin lips slightly. Raising his hand, he pointed at her chest with his index finger.

Stella choked up.

Subconsciously, she hid her chest while folding her arms.

She knew that the wretched man had a nasty mind.

Upon Clarence realized what she was thinking, his temples popped. His finger landed on the back of her hand. He looked down at her and said meaningfully, “Stella, this thing will belong to me sooner or later.”

Stella patted his hand off with a frown. Disgust and resistance were written all over her face.

She said, “Mr. Conrad, probably I didn’t make things clear before. I don’t think it’s necessary for us to keep in touch. Besides, I don’t want to see your face any longer. Mr. Conrad, if you believed that I’ve owed you some favors and you want me to pay them back, please let me know your requests. I’ll try my best to...”

“Stella, you should know it clearly – you don’t have the final say to start or end anything.”

Stella was speechless.

Clarence opened the door of the office. After casting a glance outside, he looked back at her, “I’ll come to find you tomorrow.”

After that, he strode away without waiting for Stella’s response.

Seeing him go far, the other three women in the studio breathed sighs of relief. They looked at Stella in a union, only to find her in a daze. It seemed that she hadn’t returned to her senses from the shock.

Sherry let the other two girls knock off. Then she walked to Stella. She whispered, “Stella, did I mishear anything? The wretched man said he would come here tomorrow again?”

Stella felt that her eyelids were twitched. She turned to look at her and answered in depression, “Probably you’ve misheard.”

She wondered what went wrong with that wretched man again tonight. After speaking some creepy things to her, he finally left by leaving her such a blockbuster.

She cursed him again.

Sherry comforted her, "It's alright, Stella. We won't be here tomorrow, anyway. Let him come to get a cold-shoulder treatment."

Stella, however, couldn't be delighted at all. She raised her hand and looked at the back, frowning deeply.

She wondered what he meant by his words just now? Had he had become a devil to threaten her with her hand aiming to end her career for the rest of her life?

Stella had been thinking for a long while, but couldn't figure anything out.

Instead, the more she thought about it, the angrier she became.

Standing next to her, Sherry was thinking about their classmate reunion tomorrow.

Although it was called the classmate reunion, it was a blind date that she carefully planned for Stella.

All the male classmates she had invited to attend were single and successful in their careers. Although they were not so rich as Clarence the wretched man, their tempers and characters were far better than his.

After a while, Sherry dragged Stella, who was still lost in thought, "It's still early now. Let's do a hair and buy some dresses. We shall dress up tomorrow."

Stella was confused, "Dress up for what?"

"Isn't it our classmate reunion tomorrow? We can't go so casually. We should dress up for it."

After that, she dragged Stella away without letting her refuse.

In the hair salon, Sherry browsed something on her cell phone, "Please give her this kind of perm. It's the most popular style online right now. Everyone looks good with it. You'll look prettier."

Stella pulled her to sit next to her as well, "Let's do it together, Sherry."

Sherry waved her hand, "Not necessary. I don't need..."

Stella said to the hairdresser, "Please do the perm for her as well."

After spending a long time in the hair salon, their perms were done. Sherry approached her and put down the magazine, "Wow. You look so beautiful. I'm sure the men tomorrow would be stunned."

Her voice was quite low, so Stella didn't hear what she said clearly, "Pardon?"

Stella turned around and cast a glance at Sherry. She asked in surprise, "Sherry, why did you get the hair cut so short?"

Sherry raised her brows at her and tossed the short hair that only reached her neck, "How do you like it? I've thought about cutting my hair short for a long time, but I didn't have the guts. I just took this chance to do it."

Stella nodded, "You look gorgeous."

After done the hair, Sherry dragged Stella to the shop. She picked up all the dresses that could show Stella's shape and curve.

Since Stella got pregnant, she had been wearing loose clothes. Suddenly, her style was changed. She couldn't get used to it.

Stella said, "It's just a classmate reunion. I don't need to dress like this, do I?"

"Why not? Stella, let me tell you. It's not a matter of the classmate reunion. Even if there's no such a reunion, you should dress up every day. You can't waste your beauty."

The saleslady next to them echoed in a low voice, "Miss, are you a movie star? I know I've seen you somewhere before."

Sherry smiled, "All good-looking women look similar."

The sales lady said enviously, "You are way too good-looking. You are better looking than a star and you have a good shape too."

Sherry poked Stella with her elbow, "See? What did I say? You should let others enjoy your beauty."

Stella was speechless.

Sherry said, "I'll go home and throw away your clothes later. Do you remember? When you were working for SG Jewelry Magazine, a lot of people asked me if all the male employees in the company were not so good-looking, so you didn't have any interest to dress up properly. You are in your twenties and still young, why..."

Stella was afraid of her nagging. She gave the dresses that she had tried on to the saleslady, "I'll take them all. Thanks."

When they went back home, the cushions to prevent the bumps while moving had been removed and the corridor was cleaned up. Sherry asked, "Does it mean our neighbor next door had moved in? Shall we meet the new neighbor?"

Stella said, "Why don't you wait for a few days? Let's meet them after seeing them in person."

"Okay. If we suddenly go to the, it's kind of embarrassing."

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 166-On the second day, the black Rolls-Royce was pulled over at the roadside.

Nathan pressed down the car window and peered out. Then he withdrew his gaze. He said gingerly as if he was going to be killed the next second, "Mr. Conrad, the studio seems to be closed. I guess Mrs. Conrad has taken the weekend off."

Clarence pressed his thin lips and looked up at Nathan, "Do you think she has done it purposely?"

Yesterday he told her that he would come to fine her today, but she deliberately closed the store today.

Nathan could only smile bitterly inwardly. It was just the lovers' temperament and interest between the Conrad couple. How could he know?

Clarence inhaled, "Call her and ask her where she is now."

Upon hearing it, Nathan immediately pulled out his cell phone. A few seconds later, he whispered, "Mr. Conrad, Mrs. Conrad has also blocked my number."

Clarence was speechless.

Right then, Nathan saw a written notice pasted at the door of the studio. He pulled the door open and approached closer to read.

There was a contact number on the notice. It said that the client could call this number if there was something urgent.

Nathan immediately dialed the number. After a few beeps, the phone was answered.

Sherry said, "Hello, who is that please?"

Nathan said, "Miss, I want to buy a designed necklace, but after I've arrived at your gate, it turns out that your studio is closed. May I know when you'll be back?"

"Oh... I'm sorry. My friend and I came to our classmate reunion today. If you are not in a hurry, you can come to our store tomorrow and have a detailed discussion."

"I see." Nathan turned around and looked at the man sitting in the black Rolls-Royce, "Our boss needs it as soon as possible. Would you mind giving us your location, please? We can go to discuss with you right now."

Sherry hesitated.

Nathan immediately added, "Our boss will be on a business trip tonight and won't come back until half a month later. He wants to design a gift for his girlfriend, so he'd like to meet the designer in advance."

Sherry thought for a moment and agreed, "Okay, I'll send you a location later. We can meet here. Thanks for your understanding."

Since the client came to them and insisted, she couldn't send them away.

Besides, they would only discuss the design. It shouldn't take them much time.

"Not at all. I'm sorry for troubling you."

After hanging up the phone, Nathan finally breathed a sigh of relief. At least, they could meet Stella later.

Although he played a trick, at least he could save his job in danger.

...

In a private box.

After returning from answering the call, Sherry whispered something in Stella's ear.

Stella nodded, "Sure. It's fine."

A woman who was sitting next to them suddenly said, "Alas, Sherry. How come your studio is so busy? We're in the reunion with our classmates, but you are still busy working."

This woman was named Madison Taylor. She was from a middle-class family. It was said that she married an executive manager of a big company. Right now, she was a housewife at home and enjoyed her life very much. She didn't get along with Sherry or Stella in college. She always spoke sarcastically and put a wedge between others.

Sherry originally invited some college classmates with whom she got along very well, but she didn't expect that one or two disgusting people also came here.

Sherry smiled perfunctorily, "Please excuse me. I don't think you would understand about being busy like us."

Madison retorted disdainfully, "In my family, it's enough for my husband to be busy alone. I just need to stay home doing skincare and taking care of myself. In my spare time, I'll have high tea with my besties or spend a holiday in a seaside city. Isn't there an old saying like a woman is better married than born? But I don't think could understand it now. I heard that Liam cheated on you a few months ago. What a pity! I thought I would attend your wedding."

As soon as Sherry heard that disgusting name, her temples popped. Thinking of her purpose of organizing the classmate reunion today, she tried her best to suppress her anger instead of blow up on Madison.

Right then, other people at the table noticed the embarrassment. They meddled, "By the way, Liam Keith is just a scumbag. I've thought that he's a nice man before. How come he's such a jerk!"

“Exactly. I heard that it was a big scene that his mistress was caught in adultery that day. How I wish I could be there at the scene! Then I could witness how miserable the son of the bitch and the bitch were.”

“Right. I heard that Liam realized that he was framed by someone but he couldn’t find who that person was. Sherry, was that you?”

Sherry answered calmly, “How could I be that capable? This exactly explains that if you do much injustice, you will die eventually. Maybe it’s the justice comes from heaven.”

As she spoke, she secretly glanced at Stella to see how her expression was.

However, Stella kept a slight smile at her mouth corners. She didn’t react at all.

After bitching about Liam for a while, someone suddenly changed the subject to Stella, “By the way, Stella, what have you been doing in the past three years? Someone said you got married. Some said you went abroad. Some also said...”

When the person who was speaking hadn’t finished the words, the other person poked her with the elbow. Suddenly, she realized something and shushed.

Stella looked up slightly and said with a smile, “I’ve divorced.”

Upon hearing it, all people at the table quieted down, “We all thought that you would marry Horace. Unexpectedly...”

Sherry chimed in, “Oh, by the way, where is Emmett? Why hasn’t he arrived yet? He’s half an hour late already.”

Someone answered, “It seems he encountered a traffic jam. I just asked him. He’s arriving soon.”

Emmett Carter used to be their classmate. He was an excellent student, wearing a pair of big black- framed glasses. However, he always kept a low key. Both his parents were scientific researchers. He was polite and well-educated. Usually, he was quiet and not talkative.

Sherry had asked around – he hadn't got married and was still single and available.

In her opinion, with Emmett's background and character, he should be the best candidate for the other half.

Since entering the box, Sherry carefully studied all the single men at the table. Some of them became fat. Some of them were bluffing about their tiny projects, quite unreliable.

Now, she had to put all her hopes on Emmett.

Shortly after, the door of the box was pushed open, "I'm sorry. I'm late."

All of them looked over in the direction of the voice. A woman said, "Excuse me. Are you entering the wrong box..."

The man smiled, "I'm Emmett."

Upon hearing it, not only the woman who asked him but also others all gaped. A man stood up and said in disbelief, "Are you Emmett? Gosh! You've changed tremendously."

The quiet boy with the black-framed glasses had become a handsome businessman. All of them were agape.

Sherry couldn't help but praise herself inwardly. Sure enough, she had made a wise decision.

Immediately, she stood up and pull the chair next to Stella, "Come on, Emmett. We're waiting for you. Have a seat, please."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 167-As soon as Emmett arrived, the atmosphere in the box had changed slightly.

The men who were bluffing about their hundred-million projects kept gulping down the water to cover the embarrassment.

Even Emmett didn't speak, but when he was sitting there, he looked with good charisma. He immediately became outstanding among the man. If anyone still continued to boast, that would be lacking self-knowledge.

After a short while, Madison asked, "Emmett. what have you been up to in the past two years? I haven't heard about your news for a long time. It turned out that you went abroad. When did you come back?"

Emmett nodded at her and smiled slightly. He answered, "I came back last year. Now I'm running my own small company."

"I see." Madison looked down a bit with an obvious disdainful look. She crossed her arms on her chest, looking quite arrogant, "It's quite difficult to start a new company now. What's the name of your company? My husband is an executive manager of a big company. I'll go home and tell him about it. In the future, if his company has any projects, probably he'll give the priority to you."

Madison's words sounded insulting. Sherry could hardly hold back her anger. Other men at the table looked quite unhappy, too. However, Emmett still kept a polite smile like a gentleman. He said calmly, "Thank you for your kindness. But my company is doing great currently. Please don't bother."

Pleased by his attitude, Madison continued, "All right. For the sake that we were classmates, in case your company encounters any problem in the future, please feel free to let me know. You don't need to pretend and hang on there by yourself."

Soon, another man asked, "Emmett, what's the name of your company? We shall visit you if we have time. This is the first time that someone I know owns his own company. Does it feel good to be a boss?"

Emmett answered while smiling, "Please feel free to drop by at any time."

As he spoke, Emmett pulled out a business card to the man who asked just now.

Looking at the gilding characters on the business card, the man read, "Star Ferry Technology..."

Before he finished reading, another man approached and looked at the business card, "Holy fuck! It's Star Ferry Technology for real!" As he spoke, he looked at Emmett in disbelief, "Did you found Star Ferry Technology?"

Before Emmett answered, Madison asked disdainfully, "Is this company good?"

“Good? Star Ferry Technology was founded overseas. Since it was migrated back last year, it has been keeping developing. Now it was just behind Conrad Group in the industry. Tell me what level it is.”

Madison looked a bit annoyed. She didn't speak for a moment.

Emmett said, “That's too exaggerating. Conrad Group covers a lot of business fields. Technical research and development are just part of their businesses. Comparing to Conrad Group, Star Ferry Technology still has a long way to go.”

Although he said so, everyone knew that he was being modest.

All of them knew on what level Conrad Group was. Now Star Ferry Technology could be talked about together with Conrad Group. It meant that this company was excellent as well.

Upon hearing the conversation, Sherry believed that she had truly found a treasure. Emmett was handsome with good character. He was a tender gentleman and could develop his company to achieve such excellence. She believed that he was quite competent to Clarence the wretched man.

On the way to the ladies, Sherry asked, “Stella, what do you think of Emmett?”

Stella answered, “He's good. When he entered the box just now, I didn't recognize him at all.”

“Gee. I meant how do you like him?”

Stella nodded and echoed, “His temper is good, too. Even Madison said those words, he wasn't pissed.”

Sherry kept hinting at her, “Exactly. I think so, too. Now it's so difficult to find such a good man like him. His girlfriend must be quite happy.”

Stella smiled and encouraged her, “Good, Sherry. If you like him, go after him.”

Sherry choked up.

Why their conversation went differently as she expected.

She cleared her throat with a cough, “I didn't mean myself... Don't you...”

“Hey, Sherry. Hi, Stella.”

They heard Emmett’s voice in front.

Sherry looked up and put on a smile. She waved at him and said, “You came out, too.”

Emmett answered, “I came out for answering a call.”

After a pause, he said, “There were too many people at the table just now. I haven’t greeted you girls properly. Long time no see.”

Sherry noticed that when Emmett spoke the last words, he was staring at Stella.

Instantly, she understood something and was delighted.

She had confidence in her matchmake

Stella smiled and answered, “Yeah. Long time no see.”

Actually, Emmett had gone abroad quite early when he finished the second year in college.

In the two years, Stella didn’t talk to him much. They were just ordinary classmates.

Sherry pretended to have a call on her phone. She pulled it out and said, “Well... I need to answer a call. Please suit yourselves.”

Stella watched her leave in silence.

When Sherry trotted away, Emmett found a subject to break the awkwardness, “I heard that you were working for SG Jewelry Magazine before. Are you still working there?”

“Nope. Sherry and I have our own studio now.”

Emmett nodded, “That’s great. Are you still doing the jewelry design?”

“Yeah. We also have photography and other services.”

Emmett raised his eyebrows and smiled, “May I have your contact number, please? I can call you if I want to find you in the future.”

“Of course.” Stella pulled out her phone and tried to find the subject, “You must be quite busy. If you need designed jewelry, please call me. I’ll go to your company directly.”

“Thank you in advance, then.”

Stella smiled, “You are welcome.”

When Clarence arrived, he saw Stella chatting with a man happily, a smile written all over her face.

He paused his pace and pulled a long face, emanating a cold aura.

Seeing that, Nathan couldn’t help but take a few steps away from him.

Clarence pressed his thin lips, strode over to them, and called her in a cold tone, “Stella.”

Upon hearing his voice, Stella closed her eyes. She inhaled slightly and said to Emmett immediately, “Let’s keep in touch. I’m busy with something. I’ve got to go now.”

Before Emmett responded, Stella turned around and trotted away in a hurry.

Emmett frowned, looking around to see the aggressive man. He reached out his hand to block Clarence, “Mr. Conrad, why are you here?”

Clarence stopped, casting him a glance.

Nathan whispered, “Star Ferry Technology, Mr. Carter.”

Clarence said, “I don’t know him.”

Emmett had heard that Clarence was arrogant long ago. He didn’t take it to heart. He said, “Mr. Conrad, we met each other at a business cocktail party. Just once. I’m not surprised that you don’t remember me.”

Clarence wasn’t in the mood to continue talking to him. He was about to walk forward but was stopped by Emmett again.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 168-Clarence looked colder. He looked up at Emmett, "Fuck off."

Emmett turned around and cast a glance. Then he withdrew his gaze, "Mr. Conrad, I heard you call Stella just now. Do you know each other?"

"None of your business."

"But I can tell that Stella didn't want to meet you, Mr. Conrad. In that case, why do you have to force her?"

Clarence sneered, "Did she tell you in person that she didn't want to meet me?"

Emmett was speechless.

She didn't.

But her behaviors told him obviously.

However, Emmett didn't want to make the way.

When they were stalemated, Clarence saw a figure out of the corner of his eyes. He indifferently called, "Sherry Perry."

That figure stiffed and then sped up to escape.

Clarence called in a colder tone, "Sofia Cooper."

Sherry choked up.

She had a hunch that this name would be with her forever.

She dared not to escape anymore, afraid that Clarence the wretched man would get even with her later. With a wry smile, she moved over reluctantly, "Hahaha... Mr. Conrad, how are you doing? I wondered who was calling me just now. It turns out to be you, the most handsome Mr. Conrad. You are so stunning that I couldn't recognize you just now."

Nathan thought to himself, 'What an ass kisser! She's better than me in doing so.'

Emmett calmed down and asked, "Sherry, do you know Mr. Conrad?"

Sherry was about to answer, but suddenly she recalled that she aimed to matchmake Stella and Emmett. How could she tell Emmett that Clarence was Stella's ex-husband? She lost her tongue and couldn't utter a beep.

Right then, Nathan took the chance and walked to her, "Excuse me, Ms. Perry. I contacted you earlier."

Sherry was taken aback, "Earlier?"

Nathan answered, "Yeah. Half an hour ago."

Sherry choked up.

She was wondering how come the wretched man could have appeared here. It turned out that she was trapped.

Sherry digested the information and her brain worked fast. Then she said to Emmett, "Mr. Conrad is the client of our studio. He came to ask Stella to design a necklace. Emmett, you can go back to the box. I'll talk to Mr. Conrad about the design and go back later."

Upon hearing it, Emmett was relieved. He nodded in agreement and turned away.

After he was gone, Clarence said impatiently, "Call her to come back."

In front of the aggressive stress from capitalism, Sherry could only compromise. In Clarence's presence, she dialed Stella's number. She whispered, "Stella, the client who called me earlier has arrived..."

The next second, she let out a hollow laugh, "What a coincidence! The client turns out to be Mr. Conrad... What? You've already gone home because of your tummy. Okay. What a pity. I guess Mr. Conrad is kind enough to understand it..."

Before Sherry finished her words, her cell phone was snatched.

Clarence said in a cold tone, "Come to me in five minutes. Or your friend can't go back."

Stella was speechless.

The wretched man was always good at threatening her.

After hanging up the phone, Stella had to come out from the corner of the corridor.

When she answered Sherry's call, she didn't talk at all. Sherry was speaking all by herself.

It was quite obvious – Clarence came over from their studio. Sherry was reminding her to escape.

Thinking of that, Stella couldn't help frowning, wondering if the wretched man was still on his right mind recently.

In the end, Stella stood in front of Clarence at the very last second of the five minutes he offered.

Suppressing her anger, she asked calmly, "Mr. Conrad, why are you doing this?"

Clarence was unhappy, "Is this your attitude to your client?"

Stella didn't answer.

Sherry suggested, "Mr. Conrad, look. It's not quite convenient for us to talk here. Why don't we find a place to sit down and discuss?"

She was worried that if Madison saw this scene, the woman might raise some rumors again.

The most important was that Sherry's main purpose was to matchmake Stella and Emmett. She couldn't make her effort in vain because of Clarence.

Clarence glanced at Nathan, and the latter immediately went to find a place.

Two minutes later, the manager of the hotel came out and led them to the VIP lounge.

On the way, Sherry whispered, "Stella, we'll offend the God of Wealth if we sent away the client coming to use. Anyway, the wretched man doesn't lack money. You can ask him as much as possible."

Stella gradually calmed down. Judging from Clarence's expression, he didn't plan to let go of her easily. She might not be able to send him away pretty soon.

In the lounge, Stella tabbed to open the notepad on her cell phone for the record, “Mr. Conrad, what do you want us to design for you? A necklace? A bracelet? Earrings? Or others...”

Clarence answered indifferently, “Whatever.”

Stella held back her anger and wrote down the word on the notepad.

She continued, “What kind of style do you like, Mr. Conrad?”

“Whatever.”

“Okay, Mr. Conrad...”

“Whatever.”

Stella put down her cell phone and looked quite aloof, “Mr. Conrad, if you are making fun of me purposely, you use another way. You don’t need to waste your time here. So boring.”

Clarence pressed his thin lips, “Sorry for that. You can ask me again.”

Stella choked up.

Inwardly, she cursed the wretched man.

Stella said, “Mr. Conrad, I wonder what else you want to get from me until now. Or, aren’t you happy because I’ve only lost a child? You want me to lose my job so that you could let go of me completely?”

Clarence remained expressionless. He ignored what she said directly, “I don’t have any requirements on the design. As long as you like it.”

Stella was speechless.

He must be nuts.

Clarence stood up to leave. Before that, he said, “Stella, what I want from you isn’t what you’ve thought of. When you are willing to give it to me, you’ll know what I want.”

After he opened the door, Sherry and Nathan, who were all ears to eavesdrop, immediately took a few steps back.

Sherry coughed, “Mr. Conrad, we have a lot of orders and your order will be waiting in line for several months. Hence, you might need to wait for a while...”

Clarence hummed. Without saying anything else, he turned away.

Nathan immediately followed him.

After they were gone far, Sherry entered the lounge. Seeing that Stella was in a daze sitting on the sofa, she waved her hand in front of her, “Stella, is everything all right?”

Stella came back to her senses. Shaking her head slightly, she answered, “Everything’s fine. Let’s go.”

Sherry only overheard their conversation roughly outside, so she couldn’t comment on anything. Immediately, she changed the subject, “How did you like chatting with Emmett earlier?”

Stella confused, “Why?”

“I meant... do you have any topics in common?”

Stella was silent for a moment. Suddenly, she said, “There’s something wrong with you, Sherry.”

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 169-After they returned to the box, the dinner was almost done. The classmates were chitchatting.

Madison saw them come back and said more ironically, “You are indeed busy. We are all waiting for you two. Emmett is a big boss, but he’s not so busy.”

Before Sherry retorted her, Emmett chimed in, “I’m not busy usually. I’ve almost given all my jobs to my subordinates.”

As soon as he finished speaking and before Madison understood, another woman burst into laughter.

Just now, Madison was showing off her husband was an executive manager of a big company who was always busy and couldn’t go home. However, he was still working for his boss, wasn’t he? Emmett’s indifferent answer implied something and they all understood who he was referring to.

At the table, other people tried hard to hold their laughter as well.

The purpose that Madison came to this reunion without the invitation was that she wanted to show off how rich her husband was.

Unexpectedly, she didn't achieve her goal but was retorted.

Madison was so angry, but Emmett didn't call her name and referred to her clearly. She couldn't blow up at all but could only suppress her anger.

After the reunion ended, everyone left gradually.

Emmett looked over at Stella and Sherry, "I happen to be free now. Please allow me to give you girls a ride."

Stella smiled politely, "No, thanks. We drove here..."

Sherry immediately answered, "That's great. My car was broken down."

Stella looked at her in confusion.

Sherry said solemnly, "Stella, have you forgotten? On the way here, my car broke down from time to time. Right right after I parked in the basement parking lot, it couldn't move."

"How come I didn't..."

"You didn't drive, so you don't know it certainly." As she spoke, Sherry dragged Stella towards Emmett's car and said to Emmett, "Thank you so much."

Emmett smiled, "You are welcome."

Sherry pulled the door next to the passenger seat and pressed Stella in, "I'm not very well. I want to sit in the backseat alone. Stella, sit here."

Stella was speechless.

She was quite certain about Sherry's purpose now.

However, since Emmett was with them, Stella couldn't make her denial so obvious. She glared at Sherry in secret and fastened the seat belt.

Sherry pretended not to see the glare. She hummed a song and sat in the backseat.

Emmett asked, "Where are you living?"

Sherry answered, "Oh... It doesn't matter where we live. If you are free tonight, you can give us a casual ride. We just had dinner. It's good for us to hang out for digestion."

Stella wasn't in the mood to expose her lies. Who would digest by sitting in the car?

She gave Emmett an address and said, "Thank you so much, Emmett."

Emmett was a bit surprised, "Do you stay in that community?"

Sherry suddenly approached, "Are you also staying there coincidentally?"

She was delighted. Didn't it mean that Stella had fate with Emmett?

Emmett shook his head with a smile, "Nah. A friend of mine just came back from abroad. He lives in your community as well."

Sherry was a bit sorry, "What a pity!"

After a pause, she asked, "What kind of friend is that? Are you close? Can you always visit him? If you are free, you can..."

Stella covered her mouth and smiled at Emmett apologetically, "Let's go."

After driving for a short while, Emmett received a call. He was informed that something happened in the company and he needed to go back.

He smiled at Sherry apologetically, "I'm sorry, Sherry. I might not be able to give you a casual ride today. Probably next time."

Sherry also overheard his phone conversation, so she nodded, "No problem. Next time would be fine."

As she spoke, Sherry pulled out her business card from the purse and gave it to him, "This is the address of our studio. Feel free to drop by."

Stella said, "Emmett, you can drop us off at the roadside. We can go home by ourselves."

Emmett said, "It's alright. I'm not in such a hurry. We'll arrive in your community soon."

Seeing that he didn't aim to stop, Stella didn't insist. She pressed down the window and looked out of it expressionlessly.

Twenty minutes later, the black Porsche stopped downstairs of their apartment.

Sherry said, "Emmett, since you are going back to your company, we can't invite you to our apartment upstairs. See you around."

Emmett nodded with a smile. He looked at Stella, "See you around."

After he was gone, Sherry said, "It's so difficult to find such a good man like Emmett. You must grasp..."

"Let's roll."

Sherry turned around and followed Stella, "By the way, Stella, I meant it. Please consider him. I can tell that Emmett has a crush on you. Probably you can develop with him."

Stella pressed the button of the elevator and asked with a smile, "How did you know he has a crush on me?"

"Have you noticed that the way he gazed at you is quite different? He treated you especially tenderly."

"I didn't notice it."

Sherry continued, "It's always that those closely involved cannot see as clearly as those outsiders. I understand that you didn't notice it."

Stella choked up.

"Have we agreed that we should forget Clarence Conrad the wretched man and restart? Emmett was sent to you from God."

“But, haven’t you suggested that I should find a playboy and cheat on him? I don’t think Emmett is a playboy.”

It was the first time that Sherry was choked up by her own words spoken before. She stammered, “You can’t take what I said when I was drunk so seriously. I just can tell that Emmett is a good man. If you could be together with him, you would be the happiest woman in this world.”

Why they were talking, the door of the elevator was suddenly opened. A tall and strong mixed-raced man walked out.

Sherry paused immediately, gazing at him without a blink.

After the man was gone, they walked into the elevator. Sherry whispered, “Whoa... Stella, have you seen that. He’s so handsome. How lucky we are! We’ve met several handsome men in a row.”

Stella asked casually, “Several?”

“Of course. Emmett, the mixed-raced man just now, and Clar...”

Mentioning the last man’s name, Sherry coughed and swallowed his name back.

Clarence was a wretched man, but he was truly handsome.

Frankly speaking, Emmett although had changed a lot, his appearance couldn’t compare to Clarence’s.

Stella thought for a while and said, “Sherry, after the studio goes smoothly, we should hire another designer.”

Sherry couldn’t understand, “What? Why?”

Stella exhaled, wondering how she should answer.

She recalled what Clarence had said when leaving the VIP lounge earlier. It seemed that he still hadn’t let go of her. Stella didn’t know what the wretched man would do to her. She was afraid that Sherry would be dragged into a mere. Hence, she wanted to hand the studio to Sherry completely and resigned after the studio went on smoothly.

She recalled what Clarence had said when leaving the VIP lounge earlier. It seemed that he still hadn't let go of her. Stella didn't know what the wretched man would do to her. She was afraid that Sherry would be dragged into a mere. Hence, she wanted to hand the studio to Sherry completely and resigned after the studio went on smoothly.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 170-Seeing that she kept silent, Sherry could roughly guess why she said so. She patted Stella on the shoulder, "Stella, what are you talking about? If you are tired, we can hire as many designers as we want, but I don't want you to resign... Honestly, I don't think the wretched man wanted to make trouble to you purposely. He seems to aim for something else."

Stella frowned, "What does he want?"

Sherry thought for a moment and answered slowly, "What does a man want from a woman? You are beautiful and you have a nice shape. If I were him, I want you as well."

Stella choked up.

She said crossly, "Could you please just shut up?"

Conrad Group.

Clarence was sitting on his chair, supporting his head with his right hand. His fingers knocked slightly on his temple, and he was lost in thought.

After two minutes, he pressed the button for the internal line, "Come over."

Soon, Nathan showed up in his office, "Mr. Conrad, did you want to see me?"

Clarence looked up at him and asked indifferently, "What's the relationship between Emmett Carter and Stella?"

Nathan asked tentatively, "Mr. Conrad, do you remember Mr. Carter?"

Clarence leaned against the back of his chair with an expressionless look, "Star Ferry Technology is developing fast and aggressively since it was migrated back in May last year. Emmett is known as the

future of the high-tech industry. Do you think I should ignore him?"

Nathan curled his lips in secretly. It turned out that he said he didn't know Mr. Carter purposely.

He said, "As I know, Mrs. Conrad and Mr. Carter were there for their classmate reunion."

Clarence frowned, "Horace Jason is her classmate. Now so is Emmett Carter."

Nathan corrected him, "Mrs. Conrad and Mr. Jason were not classmates, but they were each other's first love."

Clarence looked over at him slowly, his features full of frost.

Nathan immediately added, "Mrs. Conrad and Mr. Carter should be ordinary classmates, different from her relationship with Mr. Jason..."

Before he could finish his words, Nathan sensed something wrong with the atmosphere in the office, so he shushed.

Ignoring him, Clarence said, "Star Ferry Technology was founded abroad. It has developed so rapidly in a few years. Emmett Carter can't do it alone. What's his background?"

Nathan answered, "Both Mr. Carter's parents were scientific researchers. He doesn't have any glorious background. However, all funds of Star Ferry Technology came from abroad. They should have the investment from companies abroad."

Clarence quieted down. Suddenly he looked over at Nathan.

The latter stiffed, feeling that cold sweat oozed on his back.

"Mr. Conrad, anything else?"

"Have you chased after a woman before?"

Nathan couldn't get what he meant, "What? ... Pardon me?"

Clarence slightly pressed his thin lips. Waving his hand, he said, "Forget it. You may leave now."

Nathan walked out of the office in confusion. After he was standing outside, he finally got what Clarence asked – Mr. Conrad asked if he had chased after a woman before.

Nathan wondered why Clarence asked him this question. He looked back at the door. Hadn't he always been helping Mr. Conrad chase after Mrs. Conrad?

In the office, Clarence picked up his phone and stared at Vincent's name for a long while. When he was about to call him, there was a call incoming from another number.

Clarence looked a bit annoyed. He tightened his chin and didn't answer it until a few seconds later.

On the phone, the doctor said, "Mr. Conrad, just now, something urgent happened, but we've resolved the problem for the time being. There should be no problem now. But we'll still need to continue the observation."

"I got it." Clarence checked the time, "I'll go there tonight."

On the other end, Dolores took over the phone, "Clare, you don't need to come over. I'll take care of it. It's useless even if you come here."

Clarence said, "Okay."

Hanging up the phone, he stood up and walked to the French window, looking at the sky that was getting dark.

For him, the child was just an affiliate. It didn't matter if he has a child or not. He would never change his mind because of an unknown small thing.

However, somehow, he started to wonder what the little thing would look like through Stella's expectant eyes.

When the little thing still couldn't open its eyes but grabbed his finger with its wrinkled little hand, his heart was softened for some reason.

Suddenly, he got to know why such an ugly and torturing little thing was so important in Stella's heart.

After a while, he called Nathan over again, "I'm going to Aqock City. Book me the nearest flight."

Nathan nodded, "Yes, Mr. Conrad."

...

Stella had thought that Clarence the wretched man wouldn't let go of her so easily, but much to her surprised, after making trouble to her for two days, he stopped.

When she was about to breathe a sigh of relief, she received rose bouquets at her studio continuously in the following days.

Sherry said, "It's the third day already, isn't it? Who on earth is the person? So mysterious. We even don't know the sender's name."

A female employee said enviously, "Ms. Radomil, you are so beautiful. You must have a lot of admirers."

Sherry couldn't figure out who had sent them the roses, from Emmett or someone else?

If it were from Emmett, he acted so fast. He had only met Stella once after so many years. They hadn't talked much, but if he started to go after Stella by sending her flowers, he would be too frivolous.

If it were from others...

Sherry suddenly had a horrible name in her mind. She kept shaking her head, trying to shake it off from her brain. If Clarence the wretched man was sending Stella roses to confess his love, it would be too frightening.

Sherry tried hard to think but failed to figure. She asked Stella, "Stella, who has sent you the bouquet? Do you have any suspects?"

Stella raised her eyebrows, "How are you sure they are for me? What if they are for you?"

"It's more impossible. All through these years, I was seeing Liam the son of bitch. Beside him, I don't have any male friends."

Comparing to Sherry, Stella was more relaxed, "Just wait and see. The person will show up for sure."

“That’s right. He has prepared so much. It’s time for him to make a brilliant appearance.”

After the rose bouquet was delivered in another two days, the person who sent them finally showed up in the studio.

Looking at the person, Stella looked annoyed, “It’s you.”

Annie crossed her arms in front of her chest, and sarcasm and mockery were written all over her face, “Or who else? Horace Jason? Or Clarence? Stella Radomil, you are so shameless. Until now, you still try to figure out how to marry into a rich family. You’ve ruined my engagement to Horace. Are you so complacent now?”

Stella said indifferently, “Why should I be complacent? I just felt overjoyed for that. Annie Conrad, have you forgotten what I’ve told you before?”

Annie’s expression changed dramatically, “You’d better not forget what I’ve said to you. I’ll definitely make you pay for it!”

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 171-As she spoke, Annie raised her hand. When she was about to slap Stella, her wrist was grabbed by the latter. Before she came back to her senses, she received a slap across her face violently.

Annie widened her eyes in disbelief. She yelled in a harsh voice, “You hit me! How dare you hit me! Stella Radomil, you...”

Stella looked at her expressionless, “Or what? Should I ask you to sit down and have a cup of tea?”

Annie roared towards her men outside, “What are you waiting for? Are you blind?”

Upon hearing her roar, several men entered the studio immediately.

Annie pushed away Stella forcibly. With a fierce look, she yelled, “Smash it! Smash everything! Don’t leave her anything!”

Stella, however, was extremely calm. She cast careless glances at those men who were ready to take the action, “I don’t know if you are working for the Conrad family or the Perez family. As long as you have the balls to smash my

studio, I wouldn't let go of you so easily. If anyone needs to be held responsible at that time, probably Annie Conrad wouldn't be punished, but none of you could escape."

Those men exchanged glances with each other. For a moment, they stood motionlessly and hesitated. They dared not to start any movement.

They were all working for the Conrad family, brought here by Annie. They listened to Joanna's orders, but they also knew that Stella was Clarence's ex-wife. Although the Conrad family didn't like her, Annie wasn't that important to the Conrad family, either.

In case they had taken the action and Stella went to the Conrad family to make a fuss, the Conrad family might not do anything to Annie, but instead, they would be punished for it.

Seeing that they were hesitant, Annie shouted herself hoarsely, "Do you really think she could do anything to you? She's a shameless bitch. Nobody in the Conrad family cares about her. Nobody cares if she's dead or alive. If you don't listen to me now, I'll tell Aunt Joanna right now. You all will suffer!"

Right then, a figure entered the studio.

Emmett took a glance at them and walked to Stella. He asked, "Stella, what's going on?"

Stella answered indifferently, "Nothing. Just a lunatic is making a scene here with her men."

Emmett looked over at Annie, frowning secretly. He realized that he must have seen the woman somewhere before.

After a moment, he asked, "Are you Miss Conrad?"

Annie glanced at him, looking quite ironic and disdainful, "What are you? Who do you think you are to speak to me?"

Then she turned to Stella and said disdainfully, "You never lack man, do you? Even calling you shameless is a compliment to you."

Emmett didn't take it seriously, but he looked colder, "My name is Emmett Carter, from Star Ferry Technology. Miss Conrad, it's alright if you disdain me.

Please send my message to your father – I don't think Star Ferry Technology is qualified enough to cooperate with him. Please ask him to find others to work on those projects he discussed with me before."

Annie looked quite irritated, "What is Star Ferry Technology? Now you know it's not qualified, you'd better fuck off. Don't waste my time here."

Stella said, "Annie Conrad, you only have thirty seconds to get out from here."

"Think you can threaten me, huh? Your backer is that bastard. He's not in City N now. What can you do to me?"

Stella smiled faintly, "If not mistaken, I guess Justin has warned you to leave me in peace."

Upon hearing that, Annie gritted her teeth tightly, her eyes full of hatred.

She finally managed to find the chance that Clarence was out of City N, but someone from the damned Star Ferry Technology suddenly showed up and ruined her plan. Now, Stella even threatened her with Justin.

If Justin knew that she came to make trouble to Stella in secret, he would scold her again. At that time, Aunt Joanna would take his side as well.

However, Annie wasn't reluctant to just leave in this way.

Right then, Sherry came out of the office, "You can stay if you don't want to leave. Anyway, I've called the police. You can have some tea with them in the police station."

Annie sneered, "I won't let go of you so easily. Just wait and see!"

When Annie left with her men, the studio returned to peace.

Stella looked over at Emmett, "Sorry for bothering with such a farce."

Emmett shook his head, "I've heard that Miss Conrad is arrogant and unreasonable for a long time. Now I met her today, the rumor turns out to be real."

Sherry said, "She's just a madwoman, making trouble to everyone."

After a pause, she added, “Oh, you said you’re cooperating with her father just now. Are you working with the Conrad family? If you called off your cooperation, would it be a loss for you?”

Emmett smiled, “No, not with the Conrad family. I won’t suffer any loss to stop the cooperation with them. They should be worried about it.”

Actually, anyone who knew the Conrad family would know that although Annie’s surname was Conrad, her parents were not any member of the Conrad family.

Annie’s father married into and live with the Perez family and inherited the family fortune. However, because he was good at doing business, the family suffered a lot of losses in the past few years. If it weren’t that the Conrad family was their backer, the Perez family would have disappeared long ago. In recently, Clarence seemed to suppress the Perez family as well.

Annie’s father had spent a lot of effort and contacted a lot of people in his network to obtain a chance to cooperate with Star Ferry Technology.

Emmett couldn’t refuse for the sake of their mutual contact, so he had to agree.

Fortunately, after Annie made the scene, he got the chance to refuse them.

Sherry exhaled, “That’s good, then.”

As she spoke, she glanced at Stella secretly. Then she rapidly rolled her eyes, “Well... Stella, why don’t you show Emmett around our studio? I’ll go buy some coffee.”

Stella understood immediately what she was planning to do. She pulled Sherry to stop and faintly smiled, “Sherry, no bother. Just order some takeouts.”

“Well...”

Emmett also echoed, “I just happened to pass by, so I came to check on you girls. I’ll leave pretty soon.”

Upon hearing it, Sherry was anxious, “Why are you leaving so soon? Thanks for your help today. We should treat you for dinner.”

Stella thought for a moment and echoed, "If you are not quite busy, why don't we have dinner together?"

No matter what, if Emmett hadn't shown up today, according to Annie's character, she would have made a farce. In that case, she would damage her studio. Even if the police arrived later, the damage couldn't be saved.

Besides, he canceled the cooperation, which would definitely cause a certain loss for him unlike what he said.

Since Stella also asked, Sherry made hay while the sun shined, "Yes. Yes. You should eat no matter how busy you are. You've come here already and helped us so much. We should thank you no matter what."

Upon hearing their words, Emmett didn't refuse anymore. He slightly nodded in agreement, "All right."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 172-On the way back, sitting in the car, Annie couldn't suppress her anger. She dialed her mother's phone number and said impatiently, "Mom, just tell Dad, don't cooperate with that fucking Star Ferry Technology. Their boss is with that bitch!"

Her mother was taken aback, "Annie, what are you talking about?"

Annie looked quite annoyed, "That damned company is cooperating with us, isn't it? Ask them to fuck off."

On the other end of the line, Annie's father took over the phone, "Annie, what did you say? Which company are you talking about?"

"Star Ferry Technology," said Annie with a disdainful sneer, "He knew that his company isn't qualified. Nowadays, so many junks want to cooperate with us. I must teach them a lesson!"

Annie's father frowned. He knew his daughter's character. His heart skipped a beat, "Annie, what have you done? Whom from Star Ferry Technology have you met?"

"The person with the surname Cater or Kate. I don't remember. That kind of person doesn't deserve me to remember his name."

He frowned more deeply, "Is his name Emmett Carter?"

Annie answered carelessly, "It seems so. He looks decent but he's blind, unfortunately. He insisted defending that bitch."

Upon hearing it, her father almost stopped breathing, "Annie, you! What have you done outside? You'd better hurry up and apologize to Mr. Carter! Probably we can save the cooperation."

Annie raised her voice and yelled, "Why should I? Who is he? Does he deserve my apology? Isn't it just cooperation? It's fine if it stops. It wouldn't bring any impact on us. He has lost the qualification to work with Conrad Group. I bet he must regret it a lot!"

Her father said in anger, "Conrad Group? Does it have anything to do with you?"

"I..."

When she was about to retort, Annie suddenly realized something, and her expression changed. She had almost forgotten that Conrad Group was managed by that bastard.

After a moment, she said, "So what? He's just a bastard. Sooner or later, Uncle Dempsey would drag him down and change to another successor."

"Will you become the successor after Clarence Conrad is dragged down? Annie, think it over, the reason why your surname has been changed to Conrad because the Conrad family felt sorry for your aunt. In other words, you are nothing in the Conrad family. You even can't compare to that bastard in terms of the family status."

"Bull crap! My surname is Conrad. I'm the daughter of the Conrad family. I'm far more superior than that bastard!"

"Annie, make an apology to Mr. Carter tomorrow."

"Impossible! You can do it yourself."

After finishing her words, Annie hung up the phone directly.

She gritted her teeth tightly, her eyes full of hatred.

Annie smashed her cell phone in the car and yelled herself hoarsely, "You are all assholes! Assholes!"

...

In the restaurant.

When the dishes were served, Sherry glanced at her cell phone and coughed. Then she said seriously, "I'll answer a call outside. Please go ahead eating. Don't wait for me."

Stella looked over at her with warnings in her eyes.

Sherry immediately raised her phone and shaking the phone at Stella, on which the screen was blinking, "There's truly a call coming in."

After Sherry left, Emmett curled up his lips and looked over at Stella, "Are you usually quite busy in the studio?"

Stella slightly smiled and answered, "Not quite, but Sherry and I were the only two employees there and we were quite busy. After we hired another two employees, it got much better."

Soon, Emmett started other subjects. The way he talked and behaved was quite gentlemanly and humorous.

Sine Sherry left, the faint awkwardness between them vanished.

They enjoyed chitchatting with each other a lot.

When Vincent came out from a box with his friends after dinner and was about to leave, he caught a glimpse of a familiar figure beside the window.

He stopped and raised his eyebrows. From afar, he pulled out his cell phone and took a photo.

He believed that it was time for Clarence to have a bit of a sense of crisis.

Otherwise, if he kept using his stubborn and awkward way, he wouldn't be able to win Stella's heart even in eight lives.

After sending the photo, Vincent put away his cell phone and left in satisfaction.

Sherry didn't go back until she wandered outside for almost twenty minutes. When she went back, she found that Emmett and Stella had a pleasant chat.

Immediately, she felt that it was worth wandering in the cold wind for twenty minutes.

If they could be together in the future, Sherry believed that definitely she had made the largest contribution.

After dinner, Emmett suggested sending them back, but Stella refused.

She said, "We've troubled you a lot today. Our apartment isn't far away from here, we can go back on foot."

Emmett nodded slightly. After a thought, he said, "My friend will hold a concert this weekend. Do you girls have time? If yes..."

Before Stella answered, Sherry, took the initiative and answered, "Yes. We have. We do have time! We're worried about what we should do at weekend, right, Stella? Music can help us to relax and soothe our minds. Besides, it's your friend's concert, we should go there to support him or her."

Stella was speechless.

Emmett said with a smile, "Then that's the deal. I'll come to pick you up at the weekend."

Sherry answered, "Sure. Of course. See you at weekend."

Watching Emmett leave, Stella exhaled. She looked over at Sherry.

The latter took a few steps back and said immediately, "Well. We've agreed just now. You can't go back to your words."

Stella retorted crossly, "I didn't say yes."

"What's the difference? Emmett said he will come to pick us up. Do you have the heart to disappoint him?"

Seeing that Stella was silent, Sherry took her arm and shook, playing at being cute, "All right, Stella? Please! I do really want to go. All the cells of my body have been attracted by the concert. If we won't go, I'll suffer from insomnia for many days."

Stella choked up.

She answered helplessly, “Okay. Okay. We’ll go. We’ll definitely go.”

Sherry’s eyes were lit up. Before she was overjoyed, Stella said, “I must make it clear – you can’t make any excuse to let me stay with Emmett alone. I know you are trying to matchmake us, but...”

Before she finished her words, Sherry nodded continuously, “Don’t worry. Don’t worry. I won’t do it again. Stella, have you considered him? Emmett is indeed a good man. If he has a crush on you, would you like to develop with him?”

Stella smiled, “How could your assumption be possible? As you said, he’s handsome and successful. A lot of girls must have crushes on him. How could he like me?”

Sherry frowned, “Don’t disdain yourself, Stella. You are quite competent. Besides, Clarence Conrad the wretched man also has regretted divorcing you, hasn’t he?”

Stella was speechless, wondering how Sherry jumped to such a horrible conclusion.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 173-The airport, City N.

While pulling out his cell phone, Clarence walked out of the exit.

Nathan followed him. After receiving a call, he walked up and whispered, “Mr. Conrad, Miss Conrad went to Mrs. Conrad’s studio tonight.”

The man creased his good-looking brows. He asked in a cold tone, “What has she done?”

“Miss Conrad took a few men from the Conrads’ Mansion and wanted to make a scene, but...”

Clarence paused and cast a glance at him, “Go on.”

Nathan immediately continued, “Mr. Carter happened to show up and stopped Miss Conrad.”

Clarence pressed his lips. When he was about to say something, a few messages popped up on his cell phone.

The latest one was sent to him by Vincent half an hour ago.

In the photo, Stella and Emmett were sitting in a restaurant, chatting and laughing as if there were nobody around.

Clarence tightened his grip on the cell phone, and his knuckles had gone pale.

Nathan tentatively called him, "Mr. Conrad?"

Clarence said in a cold tone, "Got back to the Conrads' Mansion."

"Yes, Mr. Conrad."

On the way, Clarence kept staring out of the window. After a while, he asked, "How's your investigation going? Found anything?"

Nathan nodded and reported, "Although Mrs. Joanna has almost erased every evidence, I found the person who called the emergency call. According to her, Mrs. Conrad fell off the stairs in the shopping mall. When she saw the scene, only Mrs. Conrad was there alone. Hence, she didn't know if she missed the step and fell or was pushed down. However, Miss Conrad went abroad that evening after the incident happened to Mrs. Conrad. In my opinion..."

Clarence didn't speak. His handsome and cool features were covered with a murderous look.

Half an hour later, the black Rolls-Royce passed through the carved gate and was pulled over next to the garden.

When Dempsey heard that Clarence came back, a trace of unhappiness flashed through his face, "Why did he come back?"

Since Stella had the car accident and Dempsey failed to attain his hopes, he wasn't in the mood to maintain the thin family affection with Clarence anymore.

The most regretful thing that he had done this life was to take in Clarence after Justin had encountered the car accident, despite the objections from others.

Otherwise, he would have to put on so much effort to snatch Conrad Group back.

Dempsey took a deep breath. He walked out of the study with his walking stick.

As soon as he arrived at the door of the study, he saw several men come upstairs.

Seeing that, Dempsey frowned and looked at Clarence, "What are you doing?"

Clarence answered indifferently, "I'll get even with someone for the incident that happened three years ago."

Dempsey snapped, "Get even with someone? Haven't you done enough to make a farce recently? You said you'll marry the girl from the Steward family, and then you called it off. Now, you've made it so embarrassing. How could I explain it to the Steward family?"

Clarence remained expressionless, "Really? I thought you've been maintaining a pleasant relationship with the Steward family recently."

Since the truth was exposed, Dempsey didn't feel embarrassed at all. He stroked the top of the walking stick and said, "I'm trying to make it up for them on your behalf."

Clarence snorted and didn't buy it.

Right then, they heard Annie yell from upstairs, "What are you doing? I dare any of you to lay a finger on me! Believe it or not. I'll chop off your hand!"

Dempsey followed the voice and looked up. When he was about to say something, Clarence said in a cold tone, "If she didn't want to move, drag her downstairs."

Annie stiffed.

She had never expected that Clarence would come to get even with her so quickly.

She looked around the men who were surrounding her, realizing that Clarence wasn't kidding with her. Most probably, she would be dragged downstairs.

However, she was still in the Conrads' Mansion, and both her uncle and aunt were there. She didn't think Clarence dared to do anything to her.

Biting her lower lip, Annie walked downstairs.

Seeing her come down, Dempsey withdrew his gaze and asked unhappily, "What the heck do you want?"

Clarence ignored him. His gaze passed him and fell on Annie.

Annie walked slowed to him and said with hesitation, "Clar... Clarence, did you want to see me?"

"Must I repeat what you've done?" Clarence said in an arctic cold tone, "Annie Conrad, I've warned you more than once, haven't I?"

"But..." Annie's face was full of grievance, "I went to find her just to ask why she had made Horace call off our engagement. I truly haven't done anything to her. Besides... another man was defending her. How could I have the chance to make a move?"

Dempsey understood what was going on. He turned to ask, "Annie, did you go to find Stella?"

Since it had come so far, Annie knew it would be useless for her to make any excuse. She could only put Stella on the blame, "I just went to ask her, but she directly slapped me... A man from nowhere helped her. She has hooked up with countless men. I don't think the baby earlier wasn't the child of our Conrad family at all..."

Dempsey didn't like Annie, but her surname was Conrad. Now she was slapped, and it was a disgrace for the Conrad family.

Hence, he decided to defend her.

Dempsey said in a deep voice, "Annie was the person getting bullied. Why didn't you go to get even with Stella but come here for Annie? Clarence, you..."

Clarence interrupted him, "As I said, I came here for the incident that happened three years ago."

Upon hearing it, Annie suddenly widened her eyes, feeling a chill rising from her spines.

Three years ago...

She wondered if Clarence had known the truth.

Before Dempsey spoke, Annie said in a harsh voice, "Stella told you, didn't she? Clarence, please don't believe her. The woman tried every possible means to marry into the Conrad family. It's one of her conspiracies. She did it on purpose. She aimed to revenge on me."

Clarence looked at her expressionlessly, "Tell me. Why would she want to revenge you?"

"I..."

Annie was in a panic. For a moment, she couldn't figure out any proper excuse. In a hurry, she said, "Clarence, you know, she hates the Conrad family and all of us. Hence, she wanted to set me up. I'm truly innocent. I have nothing to do with that incident. It was her own fault. She had a fake pregnancy and she tried to set me up. I've done nothing."

Upon hearing it, Dempsey frowned deeply, "Annie, what have you done?"

Looking at the straw in front of her to save her life, Annie grabbed Dempsey's sleeve, "Uncle Dempsey, I've done nothing at all. Believe me. I truly haven't done anything. It's all that woman's fault. She hates the Conrad family and she wants to set me up."

Clarence said indifferently, "You've overthought. Stella didn't tell me anything."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 174-Upon hearing his words, Annie felt as if the blood in her body was frozen. She turned around stiffly. Seemingly she had lost her tongue, she couldn't utter a beep.

Right then, they heard Joanna's voice from the stairs, "It was an incident that happened three years ago. What's the meaning to mention it now?"

Annie nodded her head desperately.

Clarence cast a glance at Joanna, curling up his lips into a sneer, "I always believe an eye for an eye. Let alone three years ago, even it happened thirty years ago, I'll get even with the person one after another."

Joanna asked, "Do you have any evidence?"

Clarence smiled ironically. After a few seconds, he said, "All right."

He turned around and ordered his men, "From now on, if Annie Conrad steps out of the Conrads' Mansion, no matter where she's going, you can break her legs without telling me."

Annie widened her eyes in disbelief. She tried to struggle for the very last time, "Aunt Joanna, please..."

Clarence looked back at Joanna, "I'll go find the evidence for you. I won't let go of anyone involved."

Joanna's expression didn't change, but she gradually tightened her hands on the handrail on the stairs.

Clarence withdrew his gaze and strode away.

When his figure disappeared, Dempsey paced the floor with the walking stick and sat down on the sofa. He said solemnly, "Annie, tell me honestly. What on earth happened?"

...

In the black Rolls-Royce.

Nathan asked, "Mr. Conrad, it has been three years. Mrs. Joanna has already cleaned up the evidence. Probably we can't find anything..."

Clarence wasn't surprised. He said, "If you can't find the evidence three years ago, find the latest one."

"Mr. Conrad, do you mean the car accident that happened to Mrs. Conrad?"

From the beginning to the end, all of them could guess that it was Joanna who set Stella up, but the trouble was that they couldn't find any actual evidence.

Clarence said, "Joanna's men shouldn't have all died. Keep on looking into the matter."

"Yes, Mr. Conrad."

After a while, Clarence added, "Keep an eye on Annie Conrad. Probably the breakthrough to bring down Joanna is on her."

Nathan tentatively asked, "If Miss Conrad steps out of the Conrads' Mansion, shall we truly..."

"Did I look as if I was kidding?"

Nathan immediately said seriously, "Okay, Mr. Conrad."

Clarence pressed the window down. He asked irritably, "Has Emmett Carter always been with Stella recently?"

"Well... I can look into this matter now."

"Not necessary," said Clarence, "Go to her studio."

Nathan was speechless.

He coughed and reminded him, "But, Mr. Conrad, the studio should be closed now."

Clarence frowned, "Go to her apartment then."

"If we just go there like this, Mrs. Conrad will be pissed..."

Clarence looked quite annoyed, "What should I do then?"

Nathan thought for a moment and an idea enlightened him, "We can take the chance and ask if Mrs. Conrad has finished designing our jewelry."

"She'll be pissed more if we push her."

Hence, this excuse wouldn't work either.

Nathan thought for a moment and said, "Mr. Conrad, would you like to meet Mrs. Conrad right now?"

Clarence looked up at him expressionlessly.

Nathan retreated for the sake of advancing, "I meant it's so late now, and probably Mrs. Conrad has gone to bed. Why don't we find a better excuse tomorrow..."

Clarence didn't answer.

When Nathan thought that he finally could breathe a sigh of relief, Clarence said, "Give me your phone."

On the other side.

As soon as Stella finished her design draft, she noticed that her cell phone screen was blinking.

On the screen was an unknown number.

She moved her neck, stood up, and swiped to answer the call on the balcony for some fresh air.

"Hello, who is that please?"

"It's me."

She kept silent for a moment.

Trying her best to suppress her thought of hanging up the phone directly, she played dumb, "I'm sorry but you must have dialed the wrong number. I don't know you..."

"Stella, I dare you to hang in up."

Stella grinned her teeth, "Oh, it's you, Mr. Conrad. I don't think you have this number."

Clarence said, "You blocked my number. If I don't change a number to call you, would you have answered the call?"

"I see."

She decided to block this number later as well.

Stella paused. Since the wretched man didn't speak, she asked, "Mr. Conrad, what's the matter?"

On the other end of the line, Clarence asked unhappily, "Can't I call you without any matter?"

Stella choked up.

That was a brilliant question.

She wondered why the wretched man was so confident to order her to do something and who he thought he was to ask her to do things obediently.

Stella inhaled to calm herself down. She said, "I'm pretty busy. Mr. Conrad, if you don't have anything, I'll..."

Clarence asked, "Has Annie gone to find you today?"

"Yes, she has. I also slapped her across her face. Mr. Conrad, are you blaming me for that?"

Clarence directly ignored her sarcasm and said indifferently, "She'll never be able to show up in front of you from now on."

Upon hearing it, Stella was startled. She asked tentatively, "Is she still alive?"

"Do you want her alive?"

Stella suddenly realized that Clarence sounded expressionless when speaking. He didn't answer her a question and nor did he sound kidding.

After a while, she said calmly, "I just hope that she could get the consequences of the things that she has done."

Clarence said, "She will."

Looking in distance, Stella didn't speak anymore.

After a few seconds, Clarence asked again, "Do you have any other things to talk about?"

Stella was speechless.

He asked so naturally as if she was calling him to harass him.

When she was about to speak, Clarence added, "Leave Emmett Carter alone."

He sounded like giving her a command. Stella immediately refused, "Why? I won't."

Clarence was silent.

His tone became gentler, "Why not?"

"Why should I leave him alone?"

"I don't like it."

"I see. That's your problem, then. It has nothing to do with me."

After finishing her words, Stella directly hung up the phone without waiting for his response.

She wondered what was wrong with the wretched man.

In the black Rolls-Royce, Nathan could feel the temperature dropping in the car compartment. He reached out tentatively several times, trying to get his phone back, but his hand paused in mid-air. The desire to survive deterred him.

If not mistaken, he guessed that Mrs. Conrad would block this phone number as well.

However, as a qualified and excellent assistant, he had more than two or three cell phones.

Clarence tossed the cell phone back to him with a cold face, "Go home."

Nathan said, "Okay, Mr. Conrad."

Starry Lake Mansion.

Clarence turned on the light in the living room, which was quiet.

He realized that the ungrateful woman didn't leave any belongings here.

Back to his room, Clarence walked into the cloakroom. He loosened his necktie when catching a glimpse of the dresses and accessories that had never been touched.

A few seconds later, the man curled up his lips.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 175-At noon the next day, when Stella had just finished lunch and was about to walk into her office, a call from an unknown number came in.

Due to the experience last night, she stared at the cell phone and didn't answer it until she hesitated for a moment.

Pinching her cell phone, she didn't speak first. She had planned to hang up the phone immediately as soon as she heard the wretched man's voice. She wouldn't give him any chance to threaten her.

Much to her surprise, a strange man's voice rang out at the end of the line, "Hello, Ms. Radomil. I'm from the moving company. Are you home right now? We've arrived downstairs of your apartment."

Stella was quite confused, "The moving company? I'm not moving anywhere."

"May I confirm with you, please? Are you Ms. Stella Radomil?"

Stella frowned, "Who hired you?"

"I'm sorry, Ms. Radomil. I can only see your name, address, and contact number here."

Stella inhaled deeply, "Please wait for a moment. I'll go back right now."

After hanging up the phone, Stella put away it and walked out of the office.

Seeing that, Sherry asked, "Stella, where are you going?"

"A moving company called me and said they've arrived downstairs of my apartment. I need to go back."

"What? I'll go with you then."

Stella said, "No, thanks, Sherry. I can go back myself."

A female employee applied for a day off. The other girl went out for lunch. If she left, Sherry was the only one in the studio.

Sherry thought for a moment and handed her car key to Stella, "All right. Go check what's going on. If you need any help, call me."

“Sure.”

Their apartment was quite close to the studio, so Stella arrived there after driving for a few minutes.

She pulled the door of the car open, starting at the truck with the logo of the moving company.

Obviously, the staff saw her. Immediately, he came over, “Ms. Radomil, right?”

Stella nodded.

The man asked his coworkers to pull over a big paper box with a trolley, “Ms. Radomil, please sign here. We’ll help you carry it upstairs.”

Stella asked, “Do you have a cutter? May I use it please?”

“Sure. Here you are.”

Stella cut open the scotch tape that sealed the box. Seeing that there were all clothes in there instead of anything creepy, she breathed a sigh of relief secretly.

She said, “I’m sorry, but those are not my things. Could you please send them back to where they came from?”

The staff of the moving company obviously had never expected that it would end up like this. He was in a dilemma, “Ms. Radomil, this is an order directly sent down from the company. I was told that I must send it to you in person. If we sent it back, we would get fired.”

His coworker echoed, “Ms. Radomil, please. This is my first day onboard. My younger sister is still at school. I can’t lose my job.”

Stella’s temples popped. According to the threatening method, she realized that it was from the wretched man.

After a moment of silence, she said, “Please help me carry it upstairs.”

“Thank you, Ms. Radomil.”

“Ms. Radomil, it’s so nice of you!”

After Stella went back to the studio, Sherry noticed that she was quite depressed and spiritless. She asked, “Stella, what happened?”

Stella shook her head helplessly, forcing a smile. She gave back the car key to Sherry, “I’ll continue with the design draft.”

Sitting at the desk, Stella cheered herself up. She told herself not to be defeated by the difficult so easily. She knew that the wretched man had done so to deliberately trouble her, aiming to let her beg him. Hence, she decided to ignore it completely.

Much to Stella’s surprise, the wretched man did it continuously in the following days – she kept receiving a big box each day.

Shortly after, the apartment that was suitable for her and Sherry and looked quite empty was fully occupied.

Sherry skillfully opened one box and pulled out a ruby necklace from the box. Instantly, her eyes were lit up, “Holy shit! I’ve seen this necklace in a photography exhibition. It’s said that it costs tens of millions. How could it be stuffed in such a box? Is Clarence Conrad is out of his mind or am I nuts?”

Stella nestled on the sofa. She looked up and took a glance. The necklace looked familiar to her.

She recalled that one year, Nathan said a client company gave them as a gift, so he gave it to her as her birthday gift.

The next second, Sherry kept pulling out a lot of treasures from the box, “These earrings... And this one... this one... Whoa... This is a set, a limited edition of an overseas luxury brand.”

Stella looked at those paper boxes in a daze.

Except for the dresses, most of the jewelry in the boxes was given to her by Nathan. He said either they were gifts from the clients’ companies or they were benefits from Conrad Group...

She didn’t expect that each of them was priceless.

If she had known that and taken some with her, she wouldn’t be so bothered when Clarence asked her to return the money she had borrowed from him.

Sherry sat next to her, heaving a sigh, "I never expected that the wretched man is so generous. He's given you so many priceless gifts."

Stella thought for a while. She picked up her cell phone and stood up, "Sherry, I'll make a call."

Sherry was eating a strawberry, "Go ahead."

Stella walked to the balcony and looked up Clarence's number in the block list. She tabbed the number to call him.

In a few seconds, the call was connected.

Clarence's indifferent voice was heard, "Speak."

Stella said, "Mr. Conrad, please don't send things over to me anymore. I don't need them."

At the other end of the line, Clarence paused and asked, "Don't you need them?"

"No..."

Before she could finish her words, Clarence said, "Stella, you've overthought. I didn't give them to you as gifts. Those are the belongings that you've left in Starry Lake Mansion and didn't take it along with you."

Stella was speechless.

He continued, "Since you don't have time to come over and take them away, is there anything wrong that I hired the moving company to send them to you?"

Stella couldn't find her tongue for a while and uttered a few words, "Nothing wrong."

Clarence said, "That's good then. There is still half of them left in the closet."

"Wait, Mr. Conrad," Stella immediately said, "Mr. Conrad, I don't need them. Could you please give them to someone else or deal with them?"

"It's your own problem. It has nothing to do with me."

Stella was silent.

Sure enough, the wretched man was quite petty. He retorted her with the lines that she said to him earlier.

When Stella was about to smash her cell phone, Clarence said slowly, "It's not difficult to resolve the problem actually. As long as you can be my date and attend an event with me this weekend."

Stella sneered. She knew that the wretched man had planned something.

She said, "Mr. Conrad, I have an appointment this weekend already."

"With whom?"

"A friend of mine."

"Which one?"

Stella gripped the handrail of the window on the balcony tightly, "Mr. Conrad, I don't need to report my schedule to you."

Clarence said, "I didn't ask you to. I'm just asking you."

"I see. I can also refuse to answer."

Clarence was speechless.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 176-After hanging up the phone, Stella exhaled and went back to the living room.

Sherry asked, "How did it go? What did the wretched man say?"

Stella nestled on the sofa and said in depression, "He asked me to be his date and attend an event with him this weekend."

"But don't you have..."

"That's why I said no."

Sherry thought for a moment and approached her, "Stella, have you noticed that Clarence Conrad is quite abnormal recently?"

Stella sneered, "He's not only abnormal but also he wanted to torture me more."

"Do you think he's torturing you?"

Stella looked quite exhausted. She answered in a weak tone, "Or what?"

Sherry concluded, "Don't you think what he has done recently was like an elementary school student who doesn't know how to express his love? He always tries silly ways to attract the attention of the girl he has a crush on."

Stella choked up.

After a moment of silence, she raised her hand and covered Sherry's forehead. Then she covered her own with the other hand. Frowning, she said, "You are not on fever."

"Come on." Sherry pulled her hand away, "I'm serious. Hasn't the wretched man admitted that he likes you before? I believe this is quite possible."

Stella nestled back on the sofa again. She said in a flat tone, "For a man like him, nothing is different if he truly likes me. It could be ignored and has no actual meaning at all."

Sherry sighed. Her words did make sense.

After a while, Sherry took the garbage sacks and went out to toss them.

In five minutes, she ran back excitedly, "Stella! Oh, my gosh! Stella!"

Stella asked, "What's the matter?"

"Remember the mixed-raced handsome guy we saw the other night? I saw him again just now. Guess what? He's our new neighbor next door."

"He has been moved in for a few days already. It's time to say hi," Sherry said while trotting towards the bathroom, "Wait! I need to have my hair washed. I'll put on the makeup. I must be decent to meet him."

Seeing that, Stella smiled, "I bought a cake this afternoon and it's in the fridge. Take it along with you."

"Love you, Stella!"

Bothered by the call with Clarence just now, Stella was not in the mood to continue drawing her draft. She changed her outfit, ready to go downstairs for jogging.

When she went out, she said to Sherry, “Sherry, I’m going out. Do you need anything?”

“Some midnight snacks probably. I didn’t have enough for dinner.”

“Okay.”

Upon hearing that the door was closed, Sherry checked the time – it was almost half-past nine. She sped up washing her hair.

If she went over too late, she might interrupt the man from going to bed.

After dried her hair, Sherry put on delicate makeup and found her best-looking dress. She fetched the cake from the fridge and knocked on the neighbor’s door.

In about two minutes, the door was finally opened.

Sherry put on a proper smile, “Hello, sir. Nice to meet you. I’m…”

The man cast a glance at the cake in her hand, reaching out to close the door, “No, thanks.”

Sherry immediately reached out to stop the door from being close. Retaining a smile, she said, “Sir, I’m your neighbor next door. I heard that you’ve just moved in, so I came to say hi.”

The man released the doorknob, “I’m sorry.”

Sherry straightened her dress and kept a decent image in his presence, “It’s alright. This cake is a gift for you.”

“I don’t have a sweet tooth. Thank you, though.”

“OK.” Sherry could only withdraw her hand. She said, “By the way, I’m Sherry Perry. I shared the apartment with my friend. How may I address you, please?”

The man answered flatly, “Daniel.”

“All right... I’ll go back then. Since we are neighbors, if you need any help in the future, please feel free to let me know. Don’t hesitate. A near neighbor is better than a distant cousin, right?”

The man slightly smiled at her and closed the door.

Sherry was standing at the door. Staring at the cake in her hands, she couldn’t help but curl her lips.

In half an hour, Stella came back with barbecued skewers, only to find that Sherry was sitting on the sofa and eating the cake.

Stella changed into her slippers and asked, “Wasn’t he home?”

“He was.” Sherry heaved a sigh in depression, “He thought I was a saleswoman first, almost shut me out of his door. Then I told him that I’m his neighbor and he could come to me if he needs anything. As the result, he smiled extremely perfunctorily and directly shut the door.”

As she spoke, Sherry put down the cake. Soon, she became excited again, “No way! I can’t give up like this! He’s so handsome, so he should be quite bad-tempered. I must move him with my kindness. Isn’t it shown on TV – as long as I’m kind enough, the handsome guy will like me?”

Stella was speechless.

She put the barbecued skewers in front of Sherry and said with a smile, “Go ahead and eat them. I’ll take a shower.”

...

Conrad Group.

Clarence pinched his cell phone, frowning deeply.

After a moment, he raised his head and said coldly, “Check Emmett Carter’s schedule this weekend.”

“Yes, Mr. Conrad.”

After ten minutes, Nathan knocked on the door of the CEO’s office, “Mr. Conrad, Mr. Carter doesn’t work this Saturday. As for his private schedule, I haven’t found it yet...”

Clarence slightly pressed his lips, leaning against the back of his chair. He looked quite aloof, “Stella will be dating him this weekend.”

Nathan asked tentatively, “Mr. Conrad, why are you so certain?”

“My intuition told me.”

Sometimes, a man’s intuition could be so reasonable, couldn’t it?

Clarence stood up, “Go ask around about Emmett Carter’s plan.”

“Okay, Mr. Conrad.” After a pause, Nathan continued, “What about the clothes in Starry Lake Mansion? Shall I continue sending them to Mrs. Conrad?”

“Forget it.”

If he continued doing so, it would be counterproductive.

...

Saturday.

After receiving Emmett’s call, Stella said to Sherry, “Let’s go. He’s arrived.”

Sherry looked back, frowning, “Are you wearing this?”

Stella looked down – she was wearing the outfit she usually did, “What’s wrong?”

“No way! You’re going to...” Sherry suddenly was enlightened by an idea. She changed her wording, “We’re going to the concert. How can you dress so casually? You don’t show your respect to the musicians.”

Stella was speechless.

Sherry pushed her back to her room and found the dresses that she shopped with Stella a few days ago. She picked up a black woolen dress that could show Stella’s curves and get her a camel coat, “Put them on. Then put some makeup.”

“I have put makeup...”

“It’s too light. Do it seriously. Respect the musician!”

Stella tried to refuse, "Emmett has arrived downstairs. It's no appropriate to make him wait for us."

"What's wrong about it? A beauty always needs time to prepare before showing up. I'm sure he's quite happy to wait for you."

Stella choked up.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 177-Downstairs of the apartment, Emmett was answering a phone call while standing beside his car.

After a while, Sherry's voice was heard behind her back, "Hi, Emmett."

He said to the person on the other of the line in a low voice, "Okay, I got to go."

Emmett put away his cell phone and turned around. When seeing Stella, his gaze slightly paused.

Noticing that, Sherry raised her eyebrows. Finally, her goal was achieved.

Stella smiled apologetically at him, "I'm sorry for keeping you wait."

Upon hearing it, Emmett returned to his senses, "Nothing... I've just arrived not long ago..."

Sherry held back her laughter and said, "Okay. Let's go. The concert is about to start."

Emmett nodded, "Okay. Please get in the car."

On the way to the concert, Sherry kept activating the atmosphere by talking with Emmett. Stella pressed the window down a bit, enjoying the fresh air outside.

It was a nice day today. The sun was shining. Different from the previous days when the temperature dropped, it was warmer.

Seeing that Stella focused on something else, Sherry approached Emmett and whispered, "Emmett, may I ask you a question, please?"

Emmett answered, "Of course. Go ahead, please?"

Sherry asked, "Have you had a girlfriend in the past few years?"

Emmett probably didn't expect that she would ask him such a question. After being startled for a moment, he answered, "No, I haven't."

"Why not?"

In the rearview mirror, Emmett cast a glance at the girl who was lying prone beside the window. He smiled faintly, "I haven't met a suitable one, I guess."

Sherry asked with implication, "Is it because you haven't met a suitable one or you have already had a crush on someone?"

Emmett didn't answer this time. He didn't know how to answer such a question.

In fact, he had a crush on Stella since they were in college. However, all of them said Horace and she was a perfect match, and they loved each other. Emmett always thought that they would get married.

Hence, he had never imagined proposing to Stella. However, unexpectedly, he heard that Horace engaged Annie.

During the past few years, he didn't have any news about Stella.

The reason that he attended the classmate reunion because he wanted to meet her again.

Seeing that he was silent, Sherry confirmed her guess. She encouraged him, "Emmett, if you like someone, you should grasp the chance and make the step forward bravely."

After a hesitation, Emmett said, "But I don't know if she has a crush on me."

He was afraid that once he confessed his love to her, they might probably not be able to remain friends.

Sherry said, "Anyway, she doesn't have a boyfriend. Just try it."

Emmett was speechless.

He looked back at Sherry in confusion.

Probably he didn't expect that she would have figured it out.

Sherry raised her chin at him and cast a secret glance at Stella. Then she whispered to him in a voice that only they both could hear, "Don't worry. I'll help you."

Emmett thought for a while and nodded in agreement, "Okay. Thanks."

There was a traffic jam on the way. When they arrived at the concert hall, it was already dark outside.

Seeing so many people, Sherry exclaimed, "Emmett, is your friend quite famous?"

Emmett answered with a smile, "Yes, he is. He has won several internal music prizes."

When Emmett was parking his car, Sherry poked Stella with her elbow, "Stella, have you heard my conversation with Emmett just now in the car?"

Stella was puzzled, "What? What did you guys talk about?"

In the car, she had been lost in thought, so she didn't hear what they talked about.

With a mysterious smile, Sherry said, "Nothing."

Shortly after, Emmett came over after parking the car, "Let's go in."

After entering the hall, Sherry deliberately took one step back, letting Emmett and Stella walk side-by-side in front. In that case, when they would take seats later, the two would sit next to each other.

The seats offered by Emmett's friend were quite good, in the front rows. They could see the stage quite clearly.

They arrived a bit late. As soon as they took a seat, the concert started.

When Sherry was delighted that her plan was successful again. Stella whispered to her, "Sherry, look up."

"Uh... What?"

Sherry looked up subconsciously, only to see Daniel on the stage.

She widened her eyes, “How could it be him?”

Emmett heard their discussion. He asked in a low voice, “Do you know him?”

Stella was sitting in the middle. She answered, “He lives next door to us. He has just moved in not long ago.”

After a pause, she asked, “You said that you have a friend who stays in our community. Did you refer to him?”

Emmett nodded, “But I didn’t expect that it would be so coincidental. He’s your neighbor next door.”

Beside them, Sherry was already stunned. She deeply believed that the romance between a slum girl and a musical talent had started.

As the melody was played, the whole concern hall quieted down.

Sherry fully concentrated on the stage without a blink.

In around half an hour, she suddenly felt that someone knocked on her shoulder. She moved a bit, ignoring the person.

However, the person didn’t stop at all. Her shoulder was knocked on again.

Sherry felt so bothered. She turned around and was about to scold the person, only to find an expressionless face.

Sherry choked up.

Clarence raised his finger at her, slightly tilting his head.

Sherry understood that he wanted to exchange the seat with her.

She hesitated without moving.

It was so hard for her to finally make the two enjoy the music concert and sit together. It was a good chance for them to progress their relationship.

If Clarence made trouble, all her effort would be...

Clarence pressed his thin lips, warnings increasing in his eyes.

Sherry instantly felt a chill rising from her back. Immediately, she stood up and exchanged the seat with him.

She inwardly comforted herself – she could have more chances to matchmake them, but she only had only one life.

Stella had been staring at the stage. She hadn't noticed what was going on next to her.

Suddenly, she felt that someone gripped her right hand.

Stella was taken aback for a moment. Sherry sometimes would pull her hands or took her arm.

However, she felt too intimate right now.

It didn't seem to be done by Sherry.

When Stella felt weird, the fingers of the hand has slotted between her fingers, clenching her palm slightly.

Stella turned around, only to find a different person was sitting next to her.

She choked up.

The man met her eyes, raising his eyebrows.

He looked as if he was challenging her.

She suppressed the fury that surged in her heart, trying to pull out her hand. However, the wretched man didn't seem to grip her tightly, but she couldn't break free at all.

Probably she moved too violently, Emmett looked over at her, "Stella, anything wrong?"

Stella immediately turned around and hid the hand that Clarence was holding behind her back. She put on an awkward smile, "Nothing. I just don't feel very well. Let's keep watching."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 178-Emmett frowned, "Do you want to go to the hospital?"

"No, thanks. It's my old disease. I'll be fine soon."

Although she said so, Emmett was still a bit worried, "Are you sure?"

Stella nodded, "Yes."

Emmett pressed his lips, "All right. If you still don't feel well later, do let me know. We shall go to the hospital for a checkup."

"Okay."

Fortunately, the light above the audience seats was quite dim, so Emmett didn't see anything wrong.

After Emmett withdrew his gaze, Stella turned to look at Clarence and frowned deeply. She said with her lips, "Let go!"

Clarence pretended that he didn't see it. Instead, he looked at the stage.

Stella inhaled deeply. Raising her foot, she stomped on his foot rudely.

She was wearing high heels today, so it might hurt a lot.

Sure enough, she heard the man groan next to her.

However, even so, he still didn't release his grip on her hand.

This was the very first time that he was so shameless in Stella's presence. She went furious.

When she was about to give him the second stomp, Clarence immediately let go of her hand.

Stella sneered. He deserved it.

After such a ridiculous event, Stella wasn't in the mood to continue enjoying the concert. When Daniel went off the stage to change his costume and get ready for the next program, she turned around and whispered, "Emmett, I'm sorry. I have something urgent to deal with. I have to go now."

After that, Stella stood up to leave.

Emmett immediately followed her, "Please let me give you a ride."

When he passed by the seat, he surprisingly found that Clarence had taken Sherry's seat. He looked expressionless.

Being polite, Emmett slightly nodded at him as the greeting.

Seeing that they were gone one after another, Clarence licked his thin lips. He looked down at his palm on which Stella's temperature still remained. He also stood up and followed them.

Sherry sat on the seat and looked towards the exit, and then at the stage. In the end, she stomped and chased them out.

In the corridor, Emmett asked, "Stella, are you still not well?"

Stella stopped, turned around, and shook her head, "No. It's just something urgent happened."

"Where are you going? Let me ride you home."

"Nothing. Please don't bother, Emmett. I can go there myself. You should go back to the concert."

Emmett smiled, "I also want to get some fresh air and have a walk outside. Let me walk you to the entrance."

Upon hearing it, Stella couldn't insist on refusing him. They walked towards the entrance together.

After a while, Emmett said, "Stella, if you are free tomorrow evening, may I invite you for a dinner?"

Stella thought for a moment. She felt quite embarrassed about her sudden leave today, "Yes, I'm free. But it should be on me. I'm sorry for what happened today."

"It's alright. Please don't take it so seriously."

Stella said with a smile, "Okay. I'll tell Sherry about it after going home. We'll see you tomorrow then."

“Stella, wait,” Emmett suddenly said, “I just want to have dinner with you alone tomorrow. Could you please not tell Sherry?”

Stella was slightly taken aback.

Studying her expression carefully, Emmett asked tentatively, “Does it work?”

While Stella didn’t know what to answer, they heard a man’s cold voice behind their backs, “No, it doesn’t.”

Emmett looked back, “Mr. Conrad?”

Clarence walked to Stella and stood next to her. He looked over at Emmett, “She’s occupied tomorrow.”

Stella asked, “Am I?”

Clarence pressed his thin lips as if he was quite happy about her response.

He cast her a glance, “I said you are occupied and I have the final say.”

Stella snorted. Then she curled up a smile at Emmett, “Okay, Emmett. I accepted it.”

Emmett hadn’t returned to his senses yet. Then he nodded, “Good. I’ll go pick you up tomorrow.”

Stella smiled, “All right. I’m taking off now. See you tomorrow.”

After finishing her words, Stella strode away.

When Clarence was about to chase after her, his arm was pulled. His face became colder, “Let go.”

Emmett asked, “Mr. Conrad, may I ask what you are doing now?”

“None of your business.”

“Why not? Mr. Conrad, I’m sure that you can tell I’m pursuing Stella now. If you are chasing after her, we can have a fair competition. Mr. Conrad, but please don’t always be so aggressive. Please respect her.”

Clarence withdrew his gaze and looked over at Emmett. Suddenly, he sorted, "Said who I'm chasing after her?"

Emmett asked, "Mr. Conrad, could you explain reasonably about what you are doing?"

"Of course," Clarence said slowly, "Just a kindly reminder, Mr. Carter. Stella is my wife. Please leave her alone."

Right then, they heard a whisper chime in, "Your ex-wife."

Clarence was speechless.

When he looked over, Sherry immediately looked away. She pretended that nothing had happened.

She couldn't have the heart to see the couple she match-made break up.

Upon hearing it, Emmett smiled, "I see."

Clarence looked at him again, "Mr. Carter, now you've known my relationship with her. Would you still keep pestering her?"

Emmett said, "I've heard that you had a wife, Mr. Conrad, and you didn't like her at all. Have you regretted divorcing her? Well, Mr. Conrad, now you are the one who kept pestering her."

Clarence pulled his face longer and longer, staring daggers at Emmett.

Emmett continued, "Mr. Conrad, I do appreciate that you've told me this. Now I fully understand what Stella has been through. I'll treat her much better in the future to make up for the harm she received in the past."

After finishing his words, Emmett nodded at Clarence as a farewell and turned away.

Seeing that, Sherry trotted to follow him.

She was afraid if she continued staying here, Clarence the wretched man might kill her and made her corpse vanish.

After they were gone, Nathan walked in and said, "Mr. Conrad, Mrs. Conrad went that way."

Clarence asked indifferently, "Do you also think that Stella has only received harm during the three- year marriage with me?"

"Well..."

Nathan realized that the answer to this question mattered in his life.

If he gave a wrong answer, he might be doomed.

After thinking quickly for a few seconds, he said with hesitation, "Mr. Conrad, although you had misunderstood Mrs. Conrad before, you cared about her occasionally."

"For example?"

Nathan kept silent.

He couldn't find any example to support his words.

Mr. Conrad could never speak nicely.

Although he had changed a lot, it was not difficult to tell that how many heartbreaking words he had said to Mrs. Conrad during those three years.

Anyone who heard those words that Nathan had heard would crazily curse Mr. Conrad, let alone those words when Mr. Conrad spoke when he was with Mrs. Conrad alone.

Seeing that Nathan kept silent, Clarence tightened his chin, lifted his foot, and walked out.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 179-Out of the concert hall, Stella didn't want to go home. She kept walking forward along the street.

After walking for a while, she saw a small amusement park in front.

Toddlers aged two or three were running and jumping there with simple and bright smiles.

Stella gradually paused and stopped next to the amusement park, curling up her lips.

A few minutes later, she heard a man's indifferent voice next to her, "What's so fun of it?"

Stella withdrew her gaze as well as her smile.

She said flatly, "Mr. Conrad, you'll never know what I'm watching."

With a hand in his trousers pocket, Clarence retorted, "How do you know I don't?"

"Mr. Conrad, if you do it, you won't stand here and make sarcastic remarks."

She was not in the mood to argue with him, so she turned around and walked away.

Much to her surprise, Clarence followed her.

He did the same thing when they were in Aqock.

The longer Stella walked, the more annoyed she got. Suddenly, she paused her pace, turned around, and looked at him coldly.

Clarence also paused. Gazing at her with his black eyes, he slightly raised his eyebrows, "What's up?"

"Mr. Conrad, what are you doing? Why are you following me all the way?"

As far as she knew about the wretched man, Stella had predicted he must reply something like "is this road in your name? Why can't I walk here?"

Much to her surprise, Clarence answered indifferently, "You so pretty. I'm afraid that someone who has evil intentions will approach you."

Stella was speechless.

She kept silent for at least half a minute.

She had never expected that she could receive other things than bark from a dog one day.

Wasn't he was the person with the evil intentions?

For a moment, Stella lost her tongue. She kept walking.

In a few minutes, Clarence's voice sounded out behind her back, "Stella, you blushed just now. Were you shy?"

"No!"

She was frightened.

Clarence asked again, "Why did you blush then?"

"I feel hot."

"You don't dress much. How can you feel hot?"

Stella ignored him.

Clarence continued, "You dressed up and put up makeup for dating Emmett Carter, didn't you?"

Stella still ignored him.

"Emmett Carter is chasing after you. Have you discovered it?"

Stella inhaled, "Mr. Conrad, what on earth do you want to tell me?"

"Don't say yes to him."

"Why not?" As she spoke, Stella asked in amusement, "Is it because you don't like it, Mr. Conrad? What a boring and lame excuse!"

Clarence gazed at her without a blink. After a few seconds, he answered, "Nope."

"Mr. Conrad, then you don't have..."

"Because I like you."

Stella answered extremely calmly, "I see."

Clarence pressed his lips and repeated, "Don't say yes to him."

Upon hearing it, Stella chuckled, "Mr. Conrad, who do you think you are that I will obey you? I know you like me, but what's so happy about it? Or do you expect me to get some firework to celebrate it?"

“If doing so could delight you, I won’t object it.”

Stella didn’t answer.

She had almost forgotten how sharp-tongued the wretched man was.

When she was about to leave, Clarence said in a steady tone, “I’m quite sorry about what has happened in the past.”

This was the first time that Stella heard him speak in such a tone and make an apology. Judging from his attitude, she could tell that he was quite sincere.

At least he didn’t say “it could be my fault” again.

However, she didn’t understand.

Stella said in a flat tone, “Mr. Conrad, please don’t mention it. I’m just a scheming woman who tries every means to achieve my goals. I don’t deserve your apology at all.”

Clarence said unhappily, “Whether you deserve it or not, I have the final say.”

Stella choked up.

The wretched man was still so shameless even when apologizing.

Stella truly wasn’t in the mood to be tangled with him. She said, “All right. Mr. Conrad, no matter what your purpose is to apologize to me, I accept it. Anyway, we don’t need to keep in touch. Mr. Conrad, could you please don’t ever come to...”

Before she could finish her words, she suddenly saw black. The next second, she felt a kiss from the cold thin lips, making her swallow her unfinished words back.

Stella was startled. When she returned to her senses, she pushed him away with reddish eyes, “Clarence Conrad, are you nuts?”

Clarence licked his thin lips in dissatisfaction. He answered calmly, “You’ve said you accepted my apology.”

“So you ignored other words, didn’t you?”

“Yeah. I don’t want to hear other words.”

Stella believed that the wretched man wasn’t in his right state of mind. She wasn’t in the mood to waste her time with him. She directly turned around and hailed a taxi on the roadside.

Clarence stood next to her calmly. He looked at the cars on the road in the distance, “It should be quite difficult to get a cab now. How about I give you a ride home?”

Stella clenched her fists tightly, ignoring him.

Clarence continued, “If you are angry about it, you can kiss me in return. I don’t care. I’m not so petty as you.”

Since she failed to hail a taxi, Stella could only keep walking forward. However, the high heels on her feet were new, which kept rubbing her feet. She was irritated. Hence, she directly took off the shoes and smashed them onto the man behind her, “Stop stalking me!”

Clarence caught the shoes thrown onto his face, frowning, “Stella, it’s only seven degrees today.”

“I don’t give a fuck even it’s minus seven degrees. It’s none of your business if I freeze to death.”

Stella was burning with anger all over. She didn’t feel cold at all and nor could she find any place to vent her anger.

After she had taken a few more steps, a hand suddenly was wrapped around her waist. The next second, she was lifted.

Stella looked at him expressionlessly, “Mr. Conrad, has anyone remark that you are quite cheeky?”

Clarence answered, “You are the first one.”

“That’s truly my pleasure.”

“You may get more fireworks.”

Stella sneered. After a moment of silence, she continued, "Mr. Conrad, I don't know what's in your mind, but I can ensure you that I will never like you, never ever."

Clarence's expression didn't change at all, "Don't jump to the conclusion so fast."

Stella said, "Mr. Conrad, just think about it. How much you hated, disgusted, and disdained me before we divorced, you can understand what I feel about you."

Clarence said, "It's different."

"Why not?"

"Even if I did so... you were still having sex with me on my bed."

This was the very first time that Stella felt such a strong migraine.

She didn't want to retort him at all.

Clarence continued, "Besides, even if I have treated you in that way, I still like you now. Probably you'll also like me in the future. Who can predict it?"

Stella asked calmly, "Clarence Conrad, can you make the baby come back to life?"

Clarence fell into the silence.

She laughed, "Since you can't do it, who do you think you are to be so certain?"

The baby was a deep gap between them, which could never be overcome.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 180-In five minutes, Nathan pulled over the car next to them. He got off and pulled the rear door open.

Clarence put Stella in and walked to the other side to get in the car.

When Nathan was about to enter the address information in GPS, he recalled the lesson last time. He coughed to clear his throat and asked, "Ms. Radomil, where are you going?"

Stella told him an address in a flat tone. Then she leaned against the back of the seat and huddled up in the corner, closing her eyes.

Shortly after, she felt a coat was put on her body.

She didn't move, and nor did she want to speak to him. She slightly tilted her body, turning her back to him.

Clarence said, "Drive."

"Yes, Mr. Conrad."

On the way back, it was quiet in the car. Clarence thought that Stella seemed to have fallen asleep for real.

He turned around and looked at her in silence, recalling the question she asked him just now.

Although the little thing's status was far better than before, nobody could guarantee if there would be any accident in the future.

He decided to wait a bit longer. If the little thing was fine, he would send the baby to her. Anyway, she didn't have to know anything about it now.

As if she had felt his gaze, the woman who seemed to have fallen asleep reached out her hand under the coat and lifted it to cover her head.

Clarence watched her do it silently.

He pressed his lips and withdrew his gaze.

In half an hour, the car was parked downstairs of Stella's apartment.

Nathan had to speak to break the lifeless atmosphere in the car, "Excuse me, Ms. Radomil. We've arrived."

The woman under the coat moved a bit. She pushed the coat away and sat up. She said in an indifferent tone, "Thank you."

Stella pulled the door open. When she was about to get off, she heard Clarence's voice behind her, "You are not allowed to go tomorrow."

Upon hearing his tone, Stella was angry again, "I am going!"

After that, she smashed the door close and left without looking back.

Looking at her receding figure, Clarence gritted his teeth in anger.

...

Sherry had been waiting at home for a long while but Stella still hadn't come back. She dialed Stella's phone number but couldn't reach her. She panicked. When she was about to go out and look for her, the door was opened.

Sherry walked up, "Stella, where have you been? Where are your shoes?"

Stella shook her head, "They were not cozy. I tossed them away."

"Did you come back on barefoot? It's snowing outside. Stella, you..."

"It's alright. I just walked from the entrance to the elevator. I came back by car," said Stella, "Sherry, I'll go take a shower."

Sherry nodded, "Okay. Okay. Please go ahead. I'll make some soup for you."

While making the soup, Sherry heard a few knocks on the door. She turned down the gas and trotted to open the door.

Daniel was standing there.

Sherry was taken aback for a moment. She leaned against the door and greeted him, "Hello! Nice to see you again!"

Daniel slightly nodded. Then he said, "Emmett told me you are his friends."

"Ah... Yes! We are quite close," said Sherry, "How did you get to know him?"

"Australia."

Sherry thought for a moment and understood. He should mean that when Emmett was studying in Australia, they got to know each other.

Sherry kept smiling. Suddenly she recalled something and put down her hand, "Would you like to come in?"

"No, thanks" Daniel glanced through the living room. After a pause, he asked, "Last time you said that you're sharing the apartment with your friend, right?"

“Yes. Hasn’t Emmett mentioned about her to you?”

“Yes, he has.”

That was why he came here to check on her.

It seemed that she was home, though.

Daniel was about to withdraw his gaze. When he was leaving, he saw a woman entering the living room while drying her hair with a towel.

She asked, “Sherry, who are you...”

Before finishing her words, Stella looked over and saw Daniel standing at the door.

Sherry said, “Stella, this is Emmett’s friend, our new neighbor. You should have met each other before.”

Stella greeted Daniel politely, “Hi there.”

Daniel curled up his lips, nodding at her in response.

He said, “It’s getting quite late now. I won’t hold you up for so long. See you girls around.”

“Well...” Sherry asked, “How about let’s have dinner tomorrow?”

Daniel thought for a moment and nodded in agreement, “I’d love to.”

After getting back to his apartment, Daniel was sitting on the sofa, knocking his knee with the cell phone.

It turned out that woman was Clarence Conrad’s ex-wife.

She was indeed pretty.

However, if Clarence had called off his engagement with the Steward family just because of this woman, it was quite confusing.

Daniel didn’t think it was something that Clarence could have done.

Shortly after, his cell phone started ringing.

It was a call from Emmett.

Emmett said, "It'll be Phoebe Steward's birthday party next Wednesday. I've arranged everything well."

"Got it." Daniel asked, "You insisted that I must come back and do it on your behalf. Is it because of Clarence Conrad's ex-wife?"

Emmett said in a cold tone, "She has a name."

"OK. I'm sorry. I forgot to ask her just now." After a pause, Daniel continued, "If he knew that you are so close to Clarence Conrad's ex-wife, he shouldn't be happy about it."

"I'll let him know."

"Whatever. I don't care. If things go smoothly, he will come back soon."

...

After closing the door, Sherry said excitedly, "Stella, I asked him out for dinner and he said yes. Will you join us?"

Stella smiled and walked to the kitchen to turn off the gas, "No, thanks. I've invited Emmett for dinner tomorrow."

Upon hearing it, Sherry trotted to her directly and leaned to her. She said, "That's awesome. He's finally become smarter. It seems what I've told him in the car enlightened him."

Stella looked back at her, "What have you told him?"

"What?" Sherry let out a hollow laugh, trying to slip by, "Well, just a casual chat. What else could we talk about? Hmm... I'm taking a shower, too. Go to bed early after drinking the soup. It's quite cold now. Sleep tight and you'll be in good shape tomorrow."

After finishing her words, she trotted away.

Stella withdrew her gaze. With a faint smile, she poured the soup out from the pot.

Lying on the bed at night, Stella couldn't fall asleep at all. As soon as she closed her eyes, what Clarence said today was reechoed in her ears.

She could never understand why Clarence would have suddenly changed so much. He didn't give up, no matter she scolded him or how much she tried to send him away.

It seemed that he had changed to an entirely different person.

In the past, as much as she knew about the wretched man, how could he allow her to challenge his dignity and rock bottom again and again?

Besides, she could sense that he wouldn't give up no matter what.

Stella wondered what on earth he wanted from her.

The more she thought about it, the more annoyed she was. Since she couldn't sleep at all, she sat up and opened the draft book at the desk.

When she turned to the page that was torn off, looking at the uneven traces, she felt more annoyed.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 181-On the second day, Stella didn't get up until noon. She looked quite haggard.

Seeing her, Sherry was shocked, "Stella, what happened to you?"

Stella yawned, "Nothing. I drew the draft last night and didn't go to bed until seven this morning."

"Why are you working so hard? The deadline hasn't approached, has it?"

Stella sat on the sofa, looking ahead in a daze, "I couldn't sleep anyway."

She was quite annoyed last night. She didn't calm down until two o'clock when she started drawing, so she didn't pay attention to the time at all.

Sherry peeled an orange and passed it to her. Looking at the big paper boxes in the living room, she asked, "Have you made up your mind how to deal with them?"

Stella followed her gaze. Lowering her head and thinking for a while, she answered, "Let's donate the dresses and send back the jewelry."

Sherry looked at her sincerely, "Please donate them to me."

Stella was amused.

She smiled, "Sure. Take them, please."

"Forget it." Sherry curled her lips, "If Clarence Conrad knows it, he must skin me alive."

She was just kidding.

After a thought, Stella looked over at the boxes again.

Honestly speaking, those dresses looked luxurious with good design, but they were only suited for certain upper-class events. It didn't make any sense for her to donate them.

After a thought, Stella stood up, "Sherry, I'll get changed. Please go out with me later."

"Where are we going?"

"All the tags on these dresses still remain. Let's return them to the stores and get some cash."

Sherry heard it and her eyes were lit up, "Exactly! How come I haven't thought about it?"

While Stella changed her outfit, Sherry had already divided the dresses according to their brands quickly.

When they arrived at the first luxury store, a saleslady saw them take the whole box of dresses and gaped, "Excuse me, Ma'am. How may I help you?"

Stella smiled and told her what she was doing politely.

The saleslady said, "I see. Ma'am, please wait for a moment. I'll call our manager over and help you with them."

"All right. Thank you."

The saleslady left. Sherry looked around the clothes in the store. She turned a tag over and took a glance. Immediately, she turned it back. Then she carefully patted on the spot where she touched.

On the dresses that Clarence gave to Stella, only the brand tags remained, but there were no price tags.

Although Sherry had thought that they were quite costly, she had never expected that they were that expensive.

A thin sun-top was more expensive on her lens.

Sherry approached Stella and said, “Stella, I guess only the dresses in this box would be worth hundreds of millions, let alone we have several boxes of other brands... We also have those jewelry and accessories. Since Clarence Conrad the wretched man treated you so generously, why did he ask you to return the money after divorce?”

Stella answered, “Because I’ve borrowed the money from him. I wrote him the IOU notes.”

“Well, no matter what, this man was weird sometimes. Nobody could figure out what’s in his mind at all.”

Stella pressed her lips into a smile and didn’t echo.

Right then, the saleslady returned with the store manager.

The manager said, “Ma’am, we understand your request now. May I please confirm with you again? You want to return all the dresses here in the box, right?”

Stella nodded slightly.

“Okay, please wait for a moment. It will take us a bit time to sort out the dresses here and then we can give you an estimate.”

“Thank you so much.”

“You are welcome. Please have a seat here.”

Stella said, “No, thank you, though. We’ll wander around and come back later.”

“Okay. May I have your contact number please? We’ll call you after it’s done.”

Out of the store, Stella and Sherry went downstairs to grab something to eat.

While eating, Sherry said, “By the way, Stella, what should I have for dinner tonight with Daniel? I’ve been wondering for a whole night. Western? I don’t know where he comes from and I’m afraid that he might not like the restaurant I picked. Chinese? I’m afraid that he doesn’t eat spicy food. Gosh! It’s so difficult to choose.”

Stella said, “Just ask Emmett. He must know it.”

“That’s right. How could I forget?” As she spoke, Sherry immediately pulled out her cell phone. However, when she was about to send out the message, she suddenly calmed down. She whispered to ask, “Stella, what’s your plan with Emmett?”

Upon hearing it, Stella paused, wondering how she should answer.

Earlier, even Sherry kept telling her that Emmett liked her, but Stella didn’t think that was possible.

However, upon Emmett’s words last night, she could clearly understand his intention.

Right at that time, Clarence the wretched man was also there, and she was angry, so she directly agreed to Emmett’s suggestion without thinking too much.

Seeing that she was silent, Sherry said again, “Stella, I do think Emmett is a good man. Since we were in college, he started to have a crush on you. He’s been liking you for so many years. How deep is his love!”

Stella asked in confusion, “How did you know it?”

Sherry looked away and coughed. She said with a sense of guilt, “Well... I guessed... It’s not difficult to figure it out, anyway.”

Right then, Stella’s phone started ringing. It was from the luxury store, telling her that they had finished sorting the dresses out.

After hanging up the phone, Stella said, “Let’s go back.”

Since she didn't continue questioning, Sherry breathed a sigh of relief.

Unexpectedly, they encountered Phoebe when going back to the store.

Phoebe and Rebecca were shopping together. Probably they hadn't expected to encounter Stella. They were also taken aback.

Particularly Rebecca, since Clarence gave her a warning, she still felt quite uneasy. Right then when she saw Stella, she immediately looked away, pretending she didn't know Stella at all. She turned to coax her baby on the stroller.

Phoebe smiled at them, "Hi, Ms. Radomil. Long time no see."

Stella slightly nodded at her and said hi.

Phoebe said, "I haven't met you for two months. Ms. Radomil, you look good. It seems that you're leading a happy life recently."

Sherry chimed in calmly, "Without those hypocritical ones wandering around, of course, we are in good mood."

While they were talking, the store manager walked up, "Excuse me, Ms. Radomil. This way please."

Stella only nodded at Phoebe and left. Sherry didn't like Phoebe, so she wouldn't continue talking to the latter. She followed Stella.

Even the store added the depreciation cost of the dresses that they sent there, the estimate calculated by the luxury store was much higher than Sherry had guessed.

She gaped, "It costs that much!"

The store manager explained, "Several dresses in the box are limited edition or customized. There are also styles designed for the next seasons. Many of our VIP customers are waiting for them. Just now, I have contacted them, and they replied to me pretty soon. Ms. Radomil, your dresses are new, so we calculated according to the original price."

Stella said, "I see. Thank you."

"You are welcome. I'll pay you now."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 182-When Stella and Sherry walked towards the door, they found that Rebecca's child was crying loudly and Rebecca failed to coax him no matter how hard she tried.

Stella uncontrollably stopped when she saw this and subconsciously looked over.

It looked like the child was three or four months old.

Hearing him crying, Stella felt a touch of sorrow in her heart. She slowly walked over.

Sensing Stella's approach, Rebecca hugged the child tighter and moved aside.

Stella asked in a gentle voice, "Can I hug him?"

Rebecca didn't reply. Maybe it was because she was nervous, or maybe she was hesitant.

But when she looked into Stella's eyes, she felt it hard to refuse her request.

Originally, she suffered from insomnia because she intentionally pushed Stella into the water before. Moreover, she heard that Stella lost her child not long ago.

As a mother, Rebecca understood how she felt.

Stella thought that Rebecca would not agree to it. But when she was about to leave, Rebecca handed the child to her.

Stella was stunned. She then gingerly reached out to take the child.

The strange thing was that when she hugged the child, he immediately stopped crying and fixed his round eyes on Stella while waving his small hands in the air and giggling.

Looking at the little baby in her arms, Stella gradually curled her lips into a smile.

Sherry walked over, "Stella, seems like he likes you so much."

Rebecca also thought it incredible. Her child was usually hard to be coaxed and he would cry if other people hug him. This was the first time that he giggled so happily.

Phoebe who stood aside didn't say anything, but her expression was colder.

Stella didn't hug the child for too long. She returned him to Rebecca after a short while, "Thank you."

"You're welcome." When Rebecca took the little child from Stella, his eyes were still fixed on Stella and he shifted his gaze along with Stella's movement as if he was reluctant to leave Stella's arms.

Stella smiled at her and then said to Sherry, "Let's go."

When they walked out of the store, they heard Phoebe's voice sound from behind, "Ms. Radomil."

Stella stopped and turned around, "What's the matter, Ms. Steward?"

Stella slightly smiled, "Nothing. It's just that we haven't met for a long time and Ms. Radomil, I want to treat you a cup of coffee."

Stella replied, "Thank you, Ms. Steward. But I have some business to deal with. I have to go now."

"Ms. Radomil, my engagement with Clare has been cancelled and I have no relationship with the Conrad family now. I guess you don't need to evade me, right?"

Stella had learned that they had cancelled the engagement earlier. It was just that she didn't want to care about the things related to the past as they had nothing to do with her.

But Phoebe mentioned this out of the blue and there seemed to be dissatisfaction and question in her tone of voice.

Stella was not sure whether it was because she had thought too much of it or not.

Sherry felt more uncomfortable when she heard Phoebe's words. She wanted to say something, but was then stopped by Stella.

Stella sad with a smile, “Ms. Steward, you misunderstand me. I’ve never thought of evading you. It’s just that do you want to see me, Ms. Steward? Or should I ask you: Do you still want to befriend me?”

Phoebe pressed her lips. She didn’t reply.

She had to admit that Stella was really smart.

She had hid it well, but Stella still perceived that she approached her because of Clarence.

Stella continued, “No matter what, I appreciate your favors to me before.”

She paused and then said word by word, “No matter you were sincere or not.”

After finishing the words, Stella pulled Sherry to leave.

After their leaving, Rebecca walked out of the store with the baby carriage, “Phoebe, what were you talking just now?”

Phoebe came to her own sense and smiled lightly at her, “Nothing. Rebecca, let’s go on.”

Rebecca lost the mood to go shopping after the baby’s cry, “I want to go home now. My baby has cried for several times. I don’t know whether it’s because he’s not accustomed to going out.”

On the way back, Rebecca said, “Phoebe, I didn’t have too many contacts with Stella before. Annie always curses her, saying that she is shameless or something else. Originally I thought that she was a vicious woman. But from her behavior today, it seems that she’s not as wicked as we’ve imagined.

Phoebe asked, “Really?”

“Yep. Her eyes are so clear and beautiful. How can an evil woman have a pair of pure eyes?”

After finishing the words, Rebecca sighed emotionally, “No wonder that Horace and Clarence...”

Rebecca suddenly realized that she had blurted out something that she was not supposed to say and suddenly paused.

But Phoebe acted as if she didn't perceive anything and began to play with the baby in the carriage.

Rebecca changed a topic, "Phoebe, I heard that you invited Daniel to your birthday party. What's his reaction?"

Phoebe looked up at her, "Rebecca, do you know him too?"

"He's quite famous. When I was abroad, I went to his music concert with my friend."

Phoebe said, "My friend recommended him to me, saying that he happened to have a show in City N recently. So I asked my friend to invite him. Probably he will come."

Rebecca smiled when she heard the words, "That's great. I have been wishing to see him, but I haven't gotten a chance."

Phoebe said apologetically, "Rebecca, I'm sorry. I'm afraid that I can't invite you to my birthday party."

Rebecca was stunned, "Why?"

"Because ever since Clarence cancelled the engagement with me, my father detested the Conrad family. Moreover, he doesn't want to have any intercourse with the Conrad family."

"I know this. But Horace has cancelled the engagement with Annie and we have no relationship with the Conrad family now."

Phoebe sighed, "But my father thinks that the Jason Group won the bids for several projects because of Conrad family and now these projects are progressing. I'm afraid that he would vent his anger on you, so..."

Rebecca looked very disappointed when she heard the words. She looked onto the ground, "Well."

Noticing her reaction, Phoebe wrapped her arm around Rebecca's, "Rebecca, it doesn't matter even if you can't go to my birthday party as it's mainly for social engagement. You're my friend and we can meet personally."

Rebecca forced a smile, "You're right."

“It’s late. Let’s go.”

After sending Rebecca back to her home, Phoebe, who was sitting in the car, curled her lips into an indifferent and disdainful smile.

She winded up the window and said in a flat tone, “Let’s go.”

After coming back home, Phoebe asked a maid, “Where’s my father?”

“Master Steward is in the study.”

Phoebe walked to the study and pushed open the door after knocking at it.

The moment she entered the study, she saw Charles putting something into the drawer.

Charles looked at her, “Phoebe, what’s the matter?”

Phoebe said, “Dad, I’m here to discuss my birthday party with you. Are you busy now?”

Charles shook his head and stood up, “I’m not busy. Let’s go to the living room.”

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 183-In the restaurant...

Seeing that Stella was absent-minded, Emmett asked in a gentle voice, “Stella, don’t you like the dishes?”

Hearing the words, Stella pulled herself back to reality and smiled at him apologetically, “Nope. They taste good. It’s my own reason.”

Maybe it was because Rebecca let her hug the child today, Stella had been absent-minded during the whole afternoon. She couldn’t help but thinking that if her child was delivered, he should also be several months’ old. He would be as soft and cute as Rebecca’s child.

Emmett poured some hot water into her glass, “I’m to be blamed. You must have been startled by the words I said last night.

After coming back, Emmett reminisced about it and realized that his words were so abrupt and rude.

But since Stella had agreed to it, he would not go back on his words.

Stella pressed her lips, “Emmett, actually, I...”

Emmett smiled, “I know. The reason why you accept me so quickly was that you were in a fit of pique because of Clarence.”

Stella was a bit stunned. She didn’t deny it and simply said, “I’m sorry.”

“It doesn’t matter. I’m happy if it has helped you.” Emmett continued, “Stella, I don’t know whether it’s appropriate to say this or not. Over the past several years, I have been thinking that you’re having a good life and maybe you’ve married Horace after graduation. But I haven’t expected that I would get the news of his engagement with Annie.”

“When I learned about that, I have a complicated feeling. On the one hand, I feel happy secretly. On the other hand, I couldn’t help wondering what happened between you two and guessing what feelings you would have. Actually, I never think of getting anything. I just feel that it would be enough for me if I can see you living happily.”

Emmett suddenly chuckled, “But only until yesterday did I learn that you didn’t live well over the past years.”

Stella curled her lips into a smile and said in a relaxing tone, “It’s natural since life is full of ups and downs. At least I’m so happy now. And those things have all been the past.”

Emmett knew that Stella had never changed – she was stubborn and optimistic and she would never tell anyone about her sufferings and pains.

Stella had been a stunning beauty when she was a student. Therefore, many boys tried to pursue her. However, she would refuse them politely with a smile no matter they sent gifts to her or invited her to have a meal together.

Stella would come to a convenience store that was one street away from the school every day. Except for the school, she spent most of her time in that store. And it was the source of all her earnings.

At the beginning, Emmett had no impression of her and he only knew that she was a beautiful girl.

But one day, when he walked pass the convenience store, he saw a drunken man asking her to give him money. He guessed that Stella just got her wage.

She took out several notes from her bad and handed them to the man. The man was not satisfied and he wanted to grab the money in the envelope.

Stella said in an extremely resolute tone, "This is the living expense for me and Channing for the next month. I won't give it to you."

The man cursed at her hardly, but Stella's expression didn't change.

Judging from that man's cursing words, Emmett guessed that he was Stella's father.

The man left while cursing at her, but it seemed like she was not sad at all. After his leaving, she just took a deep breath and wore a smile on her face again and then walked into the convenience store to work.

At that time, Emmett seemed to be driven by a mysterious force and he slowly walked into the store.

With a high ponytail, the girl made an inventory with a dedicated and serious look.

When Emmett was about to walk forwards, Horace came to find her and called her name.

She turned around with a bright smile.

Emmett paused and then slowly retrieved his foot.

From then on, Emmett knew that he could not stay by her side for the rest of his life and that he could only watch her at a distance.

But now, he was granted with such an opportunity again.

He didn't step forwards back then, but now, he wanted to work hard for it.

When Emmett was about to say something, an indifferent voice sounded, "Mr. Carter, what a coincidence.

Clarence didn't think that he was an outsider. He directly sat down beside Stella and said in a flat tone, "Mr. Carter, I think you'll not mind me sharing this

table with you, right? To express my sincerity, I will pay for your expenses here tonight.”

Both Emmett and Stella were rendered speechless.

Clarence took the menu from the waiter and ordered several dishes. He then added, “One more fish soup.”

The waiter wanted to tell him that fish soup was not available in this restaurant, but the manager quickly walked over and said, “All right. Mr. Conrad, do you want anything else?”

Clarence said in a flat tone, “Put some *Houttuynia Cordata* in the soup.”

“Please wait for a moment. I will let the cooks prepare it right away.”

After the manager’s leaving, Stella suppressed her temper, stood up and said to Emmett, “I’m finished. Let’s go.”

Emmett nodded his head. He stood up and gestured a waiter to come over and told him that he wanted to pay the bill. He then said to Clarence, “Mr. Conrad, I will treat you this meal today.”

Clarence slightly pressed his thin lips together and grabbed Stella’s hand.

Stella said in a cold voice, “Please don’t touch me, Mr. Conrad.”

Clarence said, “You like eating fish soup the most. Leave after finishing it.”

“I liked it before, but it doesn’t mean that I still like it now.”

“Even if you don’t like it now, it doesn’t mean that you won’t like it in the future.” His tone of voice was emotionless, but the words he uttered had a connotation.

Stella was rendered speechless.

This wretched man was in higher spirits.

Stella flung off his hand with a great force, “Enjoy it by yourself.”

It would be best if he would be stuffed to death.

She quickly left the restaurant after finishing the words.

After paying the bill, Emmett turned around and fixed his eyes on Clarence, "Mr. Conrad, don't you think your behavior ridiculous?"

Clarence looked up at him calmly, "I don't think so."

Emmett continued, "Mr. Conrad, have you heard of this sentence: late confession is cheaper than grass."

After finishing the words, Emmett slightly nodded at Clarence and then left in strides.

Right at this moment, the manager of the restaurant walked over, "Mr. Conrad, should I serve the dishes you order just now."

Clarence replied, "Pack them up."

"Okay."

Two minutes later, Nathan walked into the restaurant in strides, "Mr. Conrad, Mrs. Conrad and Mr. Carter have left."

Clarence replied with a nasal sound. He didn't say anything.

Nathan asked tentatively, "Should I follow them?"

"No need." Clarence, "I guess he's sending her home."

Moreover, he had achieved his goal today.

Twenty minutes later, the manager walked to him with several take-out boxes, "Mr. Conrad, sorry for keep you waiting for long."

They then left the restaurant. Even though Clarence didn't give an order, Nathan knew what he should do next.

He directly entered Stella's domicile into the GPS system.

Right at this moment, Nathan suddenly heard Clarence's emotionless voice, "Is grass cheap?"

Nathan was rendered speechless.

Nathan asked tentatively, "Should I follow them?" "No need." Clarence, "I guess he's sending her home." Moreover, he had achieved his goal today. Twenty minutes later, the manager walked to him with several take-out boxes, "Mr. Conrad, sorry for keep you waiting for long." They then left the restaurant. Even though Clarence didn't give an order, Nathan knew what he should do next. He directly entered Stella's domicile into the GPS system. Right at this moment, Nathan suddenly heard Clarence's emotionless voice, "Is grass cheap?" Nathan was rendered speechless.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 184-When they arrived at the downstairs of Stella's apartment, Stella heaved a sigh, "Emmett, I'm sorry for the thing happened today."

Emmett smile and then gently shook his head, "I roughly heard from others of Clarence's personality. But I haven't expected he would do such an incredible thing."

"Yep. He's ego, arrogant and boring." When speaking, Stella pulled open the door, "Sorry for bothering you today. Then I will come back first."

"Stella," Emmett stopped her, seeming to be a bit nervous. Hesitating for a while, he then asked, "Are we still friends?"

Stella was a bit stunned. She nodded her head, "Yep. What's wrong?"

A smile appeared on Emmett's face again, "Nothing. You can come back."

"Please be careful when driving home. And send me a message when you arrive home."

"Okay."

Emmett thought that he should try to get her heart step by step. He would be satisfied as long as she didn't repulse him.

Stella watched the black leave and then went upstairs.

When she opened the door, she saw Sherry lying on the sofa and eating junk food weakly.

Stella changed her shoes and then walked over, asking, "Sherry, didn't you have dinner with Daniel?"

Sherry heaved a long sigh again. It was the 57th time that she sighed tonight. “We went out together. Didn’t Emmett say that Daniel can eat anything? As Daniel just came here not long ago, I brought him

to eat the specialties of City N. But who knows that...”

Sherry became angrier and angrier. “When we arrived at the door of the restaurant, he suddenly told me that he bought a canned food several days ago and stored it in the refrigerator. If he didn’t eat it today, it would be expired.”

Stella was rendered speechless.

She asked, “So you two came back?”

“Yep.” Sherry leaned back to the sofa again and said with despair, “He even invited me to eat the canned food. I refused it.”

Sherry heaved a long sigh again, “I think that it was an excuse because he didn’t want to have dinner with me. Otherwise, there must be some problems with his brain.”

Stella said, “But sometimes foreigners would have some habits that seemed to be weird for us. Don’t think too much of it.”

“Sincerely, if it’s not because he’s so handsome, I would have dragged him to the hospital to have a check-up when he said those words in front of the restaurant.” Sherry crossed her legs and sat up. She said in a serious tone, “Stella, do you think that the more handsome a man is, the weirder his thought.”

“I think that has nothing to do with one’s appearance?”

“It has. I think Clarence also has some problems with his brain. But now I finally find a man like him.”

Stella was rendered speechless.

Sherry said, “Never mind. I don’t want to talk about those annoying things again. How’s your dating with Emmett today? Is there any progress?”

Stella corrected her, “It’s not a dating. I went to have dinner with my friend.”

“Well. Did anything that was beyond the scope of two normal friends happen in this meal?”

Stella replied, “No.”

Looking at the upset Stella, Sherry felt it fishy.

Usually, when Stella had such an emotion, it would have something to do with that man.

Sherry was cheered up, “Did Clarence ruin your dating again? Oh, look, I said that he has some problems with his brain just now. I was true.”

Stella chuckled. She didn’t know how to reply.

She couldn’t understand what that wretched man was thinking.

Sherry then asked, “What’s the subsequence?”

“There’s no subsequence. I and Emmett directly left.”

Sherry said emotionally, “I figure it out now. When you were his wife, that wretched man didn’t cherish you and he regretted it when you left him. But he forgets one thing – no one will be waiting for him in the same spot.

Just as Sherry had finished the words, there came a string of doorbells.

Stella stood up, but Sherry jumped up from the sofa and stopped her, “Oh, let me open the door. It must be Daniel. Maybe he recalls what he did tonight and feels embarrassed. So he comes to apologize to me now.”

“All right.”

Before running to the door, Sherry combed her hair in hurry-scurry glossed her lips. She then took a deep breath, wore a decent smile and then pulled open the door, “Hi... Oh, Mr. Con...”

Sherry froze. Why would he appear whenever she spoke ill of this wretched man?

Clarence looked at her expressionlessly. He tilted his head, gesturing her to make a way for him.

It was like a murder coming to your house to kill you asking you to open the door for him.

Sherry hesitated for several seconds, feeling her feet heavy.

When she was making the last try to resist it, Clarence took a step forwards and she hurriedly dodged aside.

Stella, who didn't hear any conversation from the door, felt it weird. When she looked up, she saw Clarence standing in the living room.

Stella, "..."

She took a deep breath, "Mr. Conrad, don't you know that it's criminal to break into other people's house?"

Clarence looked aside, "She opened the door for me."

Sherry, "..."

This man was so wretched.

Before Stella could say anything else, Clarence had placed the foods he took out from the restaurant in front of her, "Eat them when they're hot."

Stella couldn't help but frown. She asked directly, "Mr. Conrad, what do you want to do?"

Clarence replied, "I remember that you will feel hungry if you don't have midnight snack. Moreover, you ate little just now."

Stella felt it ridiculous.

She said in a cold voice, "Mr. Conrad, I ate midnight snack because I was pregnant before. Generally speaking, pregnant women intend to digest the food quicker than ordinary people. But now..."

"You can also eat them now. No one forbids ordinary people to eat midnight snacks."

"..."

This wretched man interrupted her train of thoughts and she didn't know how to retort him.

Stella raised her voice, "I don't want to eat them."

Clarence acted as if he hadn't heard them. He sat onto the sofa, unpacked the packaging bags and took the dishes out. "It's fine if you don't want to eat them. I will eat them."

Stella took a deep breath. She was so angry that she even felt like her mind was going to explode.

She thought that she would be angered to death by him one day.

Clarence opened the lid of the bowl filing with fish soup and put it in front of her, "Are you sure you don't want to eat it?"

Stella looked at him silently. It looked like she had an impulse to splash the fish soup onto his face.

Sherry hadn't expected that Clarence could still eat the dishes as if no one was present in front of Stella who had the message 'I don't welcome you, please get out of my house' written all over her face.

Regardless of other things, his ability of remaining calm in the face of dangers and his composure of neglecting the others' feeling and immersing in his own world, were laudable.

Sherry suddenly understood why the Conrad Group would expanded quickly under the control of Clarence and why the Conrad family had scruples about him.

Not to mention other things, Sherry had never seen a cheek person like Clarence.

Regardless of other things, his ability of remaining calm in the face of dangers and his composure of neglecting the others' feeling and immersing in his own world, were laudable. Sherry suddenly understood why the Conrad Group would expanded quickly under the control of Clarence and why the Conrad family had scruples about him. Not to mention other things, Sherry had never seen a cheek person like Clarence.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 185-When Sherry was still appreciating it in her heart, the door beside her was suddenly pushed open.

Without hesitation, Sherry closed the door behind him as quick as she could and then looked at him with a smile.

Daniel took a glance at the closed door and then at Sherry, "I seemed to hear someone talking just now. Did your friend visit you?"

Sherry made an excuse, "Nope. Maybe Stella is watching TV and you misheard it."

Sherry wasn't sure whether Daniel was convinced or not. When he was about to go back, he paused and looked at Sherry again, "Why are you standing at the door? Why don't you go back?"

"Oh..." Sherry quickly racked her mind, "Didn't you invite me to your house to have canned food together? I suddenly felt hungry and wanted to find you."

Daniel was rendered speechless.

Sherry was satisfied with the excuse as even she herself thought it perfect.

Before Daniel could react, Sherry had walked to him, "I haven't tried canned food. You even missed your canned food when going to the restaurant with me. I guess that it must taste good. I really look forward to it."

Daniel covered his mouth with one fist and coughed, "You... Please take a seat first."

He pulled open the door of the refrigerator and felt his temples thumping when he saw the scene.

What a frustrated excuse.

Seeing that Daniel was motionless, Sherry asked with concern, "What's wrong? Do you need my help?"

Daniel closed the door of the refrigerator, "Seems like I've finished the canned food. Let me order some take-outs."

Sherry blinked her eyes, "No problem."

She agreed to it without a second thought, so Daniel could only pick up his phone. He asked, "What would you like?"

"I can eat anything. Just order some food casually."

Sherry wouldn't care about it even Daniel would think that she was cheeky.

After all, she couldn't come back now. And she would rather stay in Daniel's home cheekily than squatting at the door of her house.

After ordering the take-outs, Daniel poured a glass of water and handed it to Sherry, "Would you like to call your friend here?"

Sherry hurriedly replied, "She's working hard to lose weight and she doesn't want to eat anything in the evening."

Daniel smiled lightly and sat down beside her. He didn't say anything else.

Holding the glass of water, Sherry stole a glance at Daniel from time to time. Since Daniel and Emmett were friends, she mustn't let Daniel know that Clarence was now in her house as he was here to find Stella. Otherwise, it would easily cause misunderstanding even though nothing happened between Stella and Clarence.

Sensing her gaze, Daniel looked up, "What's the matter?"

"No... Nothing."

Sherry withdrew her lines of sights and slowly took a sip of the water.

As long as she didn't feel it awkward, the one felt it awkward would be Daniel.

As expected, after a short while, Daniel found an excuse and went to the study.

...

In the living room...

With an expressionless face, Stella watched Clarence eating the fishes and began to ponder about the possibility of resorting to physical methods to drive him out of the house.

The answer was: It was impossible.

It seemed like there was a huge gap between man and woman in strength in nature.

Moreover, the man in front of her was a cheeky wretched man.

She could only drop the idea.

Stella didn't want to stay here any longer because she felt the air here stifling.

When she was about to stand up and come back to her bedroom, a spoon was reached out to her mouth.

Stella subconsciously leaned backwards. Looking at the man who approached her out of the blue vigilantly, she asked, "What do you want to do again?"

Clarence looked down at the spoon in his hand and said concisely, "Eat it."

"I don't..."

"I will leave if you finish it."

It was really a tempting excuse and Stella felt it hard to refuse it."

After weighting the advantage and the disadvantage in her heart, Stella decided to agree to it. But when she reached out to the spoon, Clarence said, "Open your mouth."

Stella was very reluctant, "I can eat it by myself."

Clarence didn't reply and simply looked at her calmly with his black eyes.

Stella, "..."

She turned her head aside, "I don't want to eat it now."

Who was he threatening? Did she think that she was so meek?

Clarence licked his lips, "Or do you want me to feed you with my mouth?"

Stella was rendered speechless. She knitted her brows tightly, feeling disgusted, "Is there any problem with your brain?"

“Then hurry up to finish it.”

Stella looked at him angrily. She compressed her lips tightly and clenched her fists.

Clarence fixed his black eyes on her. Several seconds later, he suddenly leaned towards her.

Stella was startled and hurriedly swallowed the soup in the spoon.

When seeing this, Clarence curled his lips into a smile and scooped up a spoon of soup again.

Stella gritted her teeth. She had no other choice and could only finish the soup one spoon after another.

None of them spoke during this process.

The ambience in the room became a bit weird as a touch of inexplicit romance was added.

Stella, who was originally very fretful, gradually calmed down. She simply looked at him calmly, seeming to be lost in her thoughts.

When she finished the soup, Clarence extracted a tissue from the box on the table and wiped her mouth.

His slender gently caressed her lips and she could even felt his temperature.

Stella was a bit stunned. She looked up, wanting to say something, but her eyes met with his black calm eyes at the next moment.

She had to admit that this wretched man was really good-looking.

He looked especially handsome when he was so gentle to her.

Stella once longed for such kind of gentleness.

But at that time, she could only get his sneers and satires.

It was a weird rule: You would not get the thing when you desired for it; but when you drop the idea, it would come to you. He was now pestering her and she had no means to drive him away.

Clarence slightly lifted his brows, "Are you stunned by me?"

Stella quickly pulled herself back to the reality when she heard the words. She slapped away the hand in front of her and said in a cold voice, "Mr. Conrad, can you leave now?"

Clarence chuckled, "You change your attitude so abruptly."

Stella, "..."

Clarence didn't care about her words at all.

He said slowly, "What would you like to eat tomorrow? I will send them here."

Stella stared at him and said in a serious tone, "Mr. Conrad, I have a question. What are you doing recently?"

Clarence asked, "Isn't it obvious?"

"Mr. Conrad, please make it clear."

"I considered it again and decided to give you the last chance."

"..."

She should thank him for his generousness.

Stella said, "Mr. Conrad, didn't you say that I won't have an opportunity again?"

Clarence replied shortly, "It's a rare opportunity. Do cherish it."

Stella tried to suppress her anger, but failed. When she was about to curse at him, Clarence said, "But Vincent told me that for such kind of thing, it's useless to express it verbally only. And I have let you feel it."

Clarence twitched her lips. Vincent, right? She would remember his 'kindnesses.

“Mr. Conrad, I think that you shouldn’t listen to other people’s opinion of this matter. You should follow your heart. How can you change the principle that you’ve been adhering to because of other people’s words?”

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 186-Clarence gradually pulled a long face. He stared at her silently.

Stella felt a bit unease under his gaze and said politely, “Mr. Conrad, can you please leave now? It’s already now. I have to go to work tomorrow.”

Clarence looked displeased, “When you dated Emmett just now, you didn’t care about your work at all.”

“Life and work are equally important and I can’t work for 24 hours every day.” Stella took a glance at him and added, “Mr. Conrad, unlike you, I’m so busy. You can even put aside such a big company, broke into other’s house, said some indescribable words and did some inexplicable things.

Clarence said in a flat tone, “I’m not always leisured.”

Stella said sincerely, “I sincerely hope that the Conrad Group will develop prosperous and that Mr. Conrad will have to busy with your work every day.”

Clarence sneered, “Stella Radomil, where’s your conscience?”

Look, this wretched man finally betrayed himself.

His gentleness just now was just his pretense.

Stella said, “This is my sincere wish for you. Mr. Conrad, you’re somehow ungrateful.”

Clarence lifted his hand to pinch her chin and narrowed his eyes dangerously, “Dare you repeat your words again? Who is the ungrateful one?”

Stella curled her lips into a perfunctory smile, “Mr. Conrad, are there also some problems with your ears?”

“Can you not be so aggressive towards me?”

“Mr. Conrad, what attitude do you suppose I to have? You broke into my house like a robbery. In the face of such a behavior, I think I’ve showed you some respect as I didn’t call the police.”

Clarence stared for a while. After a short while, he suddenly chuckled, “You’re really awesome. Your attitude was totally different when you were begging me. You’re so two-faced.”

Stella didn’t feel embarrassed at all. She retorted righteously, “Men are also different before and after having sex with a woman. Are you qualified to criticize me?”

Clarence was rendered speechless.

Stella continued to satirize him, “Aren’t I right? Mr. Conrad, please recall how you hate me over the past three years. It was as if you would be nauseated for a long while if I touched your finger. But you had sexes with me again and again.

Clarence slightly moved his thin lips, trying to make an explanation. But he didn’t know what to say.

“So please don’t say that I have two faces again, Mr. Conrad. After all, you often satirized me right after having sex with me.”

Moreover, every time when he had sex with her, he would deliberately bring pain to her.

Why didn’t he feel embarrassed when he scolded her just now?

When you wanted to beg a person, shouldn’t you act lowly and politely? Otherwise, how do you suppose to achieve the wanted effect?

After a long while, Clarence said, “Don’t go too far.”

Stella retorted, “Mr. Conrad, it’s you who abused me personally first. And I was just reasoning you.”

Clarence looked down and landed his gaze at her lips. His Adam’s apple popped down.

Several seconds later, he said with a serious tone, “If you’re so angry, I have an idea to vent your anger.”

Before Stella could reply, Clarence continued, “You can get it back by doing me.”

Stella was bewildered.

What was this wretched man talking about?

Clarence continued, "I'm fine with it as long as you will not be angry."

Stella was so angry yet at the same time amused, "Mr. Conrad, sounds like you feel so aggrieved."

"I'm not aggrieved. You can do it now."

Stella took a deep breath, feeling that she was on the verge of being angered to death by him. She wanted to pull side his hand that was pinching her chin, yet it seemed that Clarence didn't intend to let go of her.

Stella bit the back of his hand without hesitation.

She had used all her strength.

Clarence moaned silently and kitted his brows. He quickly withdrew his hand and said in a deep voice, "Stella Radomil."

Stella ignored him. She directly walked to the door and pulled open the door, "Mr. Conrad, please."

Clarence looked down at the back of his hand which was slightly bleeding and gritted his teeth.

He let out a cold sneer, "You're right. I have to go now."

Stella maintained a smile on her face and sent him out with her gaze.

When Clarence walked pass her, he looked askance at her, "After all, I should inoculate the rabies vaccine now. It can't be delayed."

Stella, "..."

Finally, she drove that wretched man out of her house. Stella leaned against the door. The smile on her face gradually disappeared.

To put it simply, Clarence wouldn't give a shit to the thing he didn't want and he would even feel disgusted to take a glance at it; however, if he wanted one thing, he would try all means to get it at any cost.

But how long would his enthusiasm and love last?

Stella didn't think over it. She knocked at the door of her neighbor.

Daniel showed up in front of her soon.

Stella smiled, "I'm here to find Sherry."

Daniel turned around and took a glance, "She's eating take-outs. Would you like some?"

"No need. Then I will keep the door open for her. I will..."

"Hold on!" Sherry ran toward the door with a drumstick in her hand, "I'm finished. Let's go back."

After finishing the words, Sherry turned around and looked at Daniel, "Thank you for your canned... Oh, dinner."

Daniel smiled politely.

Sherry pulled Stella back to their house. She closed the door and asked in a low voice, "Stella, did that wretched man do anything to you? I was scared to death when I saw him just now."

Stella shook her head, feeling very tired, "I'm tired. Let's go to bed earlier."

"Well, we can talk about this tomorrow. Good night."

"Good night."

...

Two days later...

Sherry yawned while asking the man standing beside her, "Chan, don't you have classes this morning?"

Channing replied, "Nope."

"Then you can stay here. I have to catch up on sleep. I'm so sleepy."

"I see."

After a short while, Stella walked out of the office and began to sort out things beside Channing. She asked, "Where's Sherry?"

"She go to sleep."

Stella chuckled when she heard the reply. She then looked at Channing, "Why do you come here at this point of time?"

Channing shifted his gaze awkwardly, "I'm not busy today."

"I remember you will have part-time job if you don't have classes. Why don't you go to work today?"

Channing didn't reply.

Stella chuckled, "I can't pay you. I don't have money."

"I don't expect to get a wage from you." Channing paused. He pressed his lips and asked in a low voice, "There's still no news."

"So you specially came here because of this?"

Channing knitted his brows, "The newspaper office asked me whether they should publish the notice or not. So I come to ask you."

They had published the notice for a long time and the newspaper was widely spread.

It seemed like it was hopeless for her to find her biological father.

Stella said, "No need. Why do we waste the money? I will feel happier if you can save the money for dating the girl you like."

Channing was rendered speechless.

"I remember you will have part-time job if you don't have classes. Why don't you go to work today?" Channing didn't reply. Stella chuckled, "I can't pay you. I don't have money." "I don't expect to get a wage from you." Channing paused. He pressed his lips and asked in a low voice, "There's still no news." "SO you specially came here because of this?" Channing knitted his brows, "The newspaper office asked me whether they should publish the notice or not. So I come to ask you." They had published the notice for a long time and the newspaper was widely spread. It seemed like it was hopeless for her to

find her biological father. Stella said, "No need. Why do we waste the money? I will feel happier if you can save the money for dating the girl you like." Channing was rendered speechless.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 187-Actually, Stella wasn't surprised at this result at all.

But this was good. They had tried and Chan would not feel guilty any longer.

After a long while, Channing said in an upset tone, "I will try other means."

Stella looked askance at him, "Chan, haven't you planned to be in a relationship?"

"Nope."

Stella suddenly thought of something and asked tentatively, "Could it be that you like boys? Rest assured, as long as he's the one you like, I will not have any rejection..."

Channing pulled a long face, "Nonsense!"

He then added, "Don't worry about to. I will handle my own business and you should consider for yourself more."

Stella chuckled, "Aren't I having a good life?"

"I heard from Sherry that someone is pursuing you."

Stella said, "Don't listen to her nonsense. We're just normal friend."

Channing had disbelief written all over his face.

Stella directly asked him to leave, "All right, I don't need your help now. Go back to your school."

Before leaving, Channing asked after hesitating for a while, "Will that man come here again?"

Stella was bewildered, "Which one?"

"Your friend. That celebrity."

Stella came to her own sense, “Are you talking about Winnie Truman? She’s quite busy. Maybe she will visit me when she’s free. What’s the matter?”

Channing replied in a flat tone, “Nothing. It’s just that my classmates long for her signature and they asked me to get it.”

“Then I will ask her for her signature when she visit me next time. How many do you want?”

“As you like.”

After finishing the words, Channing left in hurry without turning around.

Looking at his back, Stella chuckled. When she was about to withdraw her gaze and continue with her work, she saw an uninvited person standing at the door.

It was Phoebe. She watched Channing leaving and then walked into the studio.

Her eyes met with Stella’s in the air and she curled her lips into a light smile, “Is that your friend, Ms. Radomil?”

“He’s my younger brother.”

Phoebe raised her brows when she heard the words, “I haven’t expected that your younger brother is also so good-looking. I begin to be jealous of you, Ms. Radomil.”

Stella knew that this was just a high-sounding polite formula, so she simply smiled politely, “Ms. Steward, do you have any matter?”

Originally, Stella thought that after she said those words to Phoebe last time, they would not meet again.

But she hadn’t expected that Phoebe would visit her two days after that conversation.

Phoebe said, “I’m here for two things today.”

She said with a smile, “Let’s talk about the business first. Ms. Radomil, I want to ask you to customize a necklace for me. But maybe it’s a bit urgent because I want it by Saturday.”

“Ms. Steward, I’m so sorry. We don’t accept rush order. Moreover, our orders of customization are scheduled until several months later.”

Phoebe seemed to be a bit upset, “Oh, that’s it. It’s my fault. I didn’t investigate this before. Ms. Radomil, sorry for troubling you.”

Stella maintained her smile, “Ms. Steward, do you have any other matter?”

Phoebe took out an invitation letter from her bag, “I will hold a birthday party on Saturday and I’ve invited many friends. I hope Ms. Radomil can join us.”

Stella hadn’t expected that Phoebe would invite her to her birthday party. She couldn’t understand what Phoebe was thinking for the time being, nor could she figure out what she was planning.

Several seconds later, she replied, “Ms. Radomil, thank you for your kindness. It’s just that I’m not family with your friends, so…”

“Ms. Radomil, please rest assured. They are all of our ages and I’m sure that you will get along well. Moreover, I told them that I wanted to befriend you before, so they also know about you. I know that you have some misunderstandings of me and I hope we can solve it by this chance. It’s unworthy to miss such a wonderful friend like you because of a man.”

Her words prevented Stella from refusing her invitation again.

Stella suddenly didn’t know whether she was sincere or not.

If she was sincere, then she had to admit that she misunderstood her before. But if she was pretentious, Stella had to admire her shrewdness and composure as she still came to invite her after that unpleasant conversation.

When Stella was pondering about how to answer it, Phoebe had placed the invitation letter in front of her, “Ms. Radomil, you can’t consider it slowly. No matter what, I will be waiting for you.”

After finishing the words, she slightly nodded at Stella and then turned around and left.

Stella looked down at the pinky invitation letter, her temples thumping.

Right at this moment, Sherry walked out of the lounge. She took a glance at the invitation letter and clicked her tongue, "Rich people are different. They even send invitations for a birthday party."

Stella looked up at her, "You heard it?"

Sherry raised her hand and gestured her, "A little bit."

She then asked, "Are you going to her party?"

Stella shook her head and put the invitation aside, "Nope."

Although Phoebe had cancelled the engagement with Clarence, Stella didn't want to any relationship with a rich and powerful family like the Steward family.

Not to mention befriending her.

After all, their worlds were so different.

In the afternoon, there suddenly came a commotion outside. Stella felt it so noisy that she couldn't concentrate on her drawing. So she walked out of the office and looked towards the outside, "What's happening outside?"

A girl, who went out to check the situation just now, came back and said, "Seems a like an estate developer has bought this area. It's said that he thinks that this area has been seriously polluted over the past years and wants to focus on environmental protection. He's planning to green this area."

Stella was rendered speechless.

Which estate developer would be so kind?

Capitalists were all like the cold-hearted exploiter Clarence after all.

Sherry asked, "Will he has this dismantled?"

"They didn't say this and simply said that they will plant many flowers, grasses and trees in the vicinity."

"But how can we do business if it's real?"

Before the completion of the project, the soil in the vicinity would be turned over and their customers would see the messy scene. It would be more troublesome if there was a rain because there would be muddy water everywhere.

Sherry felt it unacceptable when she thought over it. When she rolled up her sleeves as she was about to go out to reason them, a man in a business suit entered the studio.

The man said, "I'm the person in charge of the greening project. My boss asked me to apologize to the store owners who are affected by this project. I promise that all the construction will be done during the night and it won't affect your normal management."

"Oh, that's it."

Sherry slowly rolled down her sleeves.

The man handed a name card to her, "This is my phone number. Feel free to contact me if you have any problem."

In the face of his politeness, Sherry felt a bit embarrassed for her impertinency just now.

"All right. Thank you for your hard works."

The man slightly nodded at her. When he was about to leave, Stella walked over, "Can I know about your company?"

"Erm..." The man recalled what Nathan told him before and replied, "Our boss often does good deeds without asking for appreciation. You don't need to have any burden."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 188-Stella was confused. Why would she have any burden?

The man was afraid that he would expose something on a slip of his tongue, so he hurriedly nodded his head and then left.

Sherry took a glance at the outside and found that those onlookers had left one by one. She couldn't help but click her tongue, "That estate developer is

so weird. Few people in this world would do good deeds without caring about other people's admiration."

At least she only knew one man that was of this kind.

Stella was rendered speechless.

She rubbed her brows, thinking that she didn't want to intervene in those matters, "I will continue with my drawing."

Sherry nodded her head, "Go."

...

In the Conrad Group...

Nathan reported the latest news to Clarence, "Mr. Clarence, it has been solved properly. Properly Mrs. Conrad hasn't doubted it. I've told them to complete the construction as soon as possible so that it won't affect Mrs. Conrad's normal work."

Clarence looked down at the Band-Aid on his hand, seeming to be thinking of something. He replied in a flat tone, "It doesn't matter even if she learns about the truth, unless she gives up everything, including her studio."

Nathan coughed. He didn't reply.

He had to admit that Mr. Conrad's behavior was really... Erm... wicked.

If Mrs. Conrad learned about the truth, she would be very angry and maybe she would have a life-and-death fight against him without caring about anything.

After a short while, Nathan said, "Mr. Conrad, the representative of the Complex Corporation will arrive at City N on Saturday and you will have a meal with him."

Clarence pulled himself back to the reality, "I see."

Nathan nodded his head, intending to leave, yet was then stopped.

Clarence asked, "Is Emmett so free recently?"

“Er...”

Nathan wanted to tell him that Emmett was not as free as you.

But he didn't dare to say that.

It seemed like Clarence didn't expect his answer. He added, “Make some troubles for him so that he will not go to find Stella every day.”

“Okay.”

After Nathan's leaving, Clarence made a phone call to Vincent.

Vincent said, “I'm on a dating. Spill the beans quickly.”

Clarence leaned back to the chair and said in a flat tone, “Your advice doesn't work.”

Vincent didn't understand it, “What?”

What nonsense was Clarence talking about?

Clarence repeated his words impatiently, “I said that your advice doesn't work. It didn't work on Stella. And she...”

Vincent understood it now and he asked, “What did she do?”

“She bit me.”

Vincent, “...”

He tried hard to suppress his laughter.

After a long while, he finally calmed down himself. Controlling his impulse to laugh at Clarence, he asked, “What did you do to her?”

Clarence didn't want to tell him the details. He said in a displeased tone, “Didn't you say that I should take actions to let her feel my love.”

Based on Clarence's personality, Vincent could conclude it without thinking that he didn't do a pleasant thing.

He must have done something very ridiculous that Stella even bit him.

Vincent said, “Bro, your action should depend on the situation. I asked you to be thoughtful and not to do something that you like but Stella doesn’t like.”

Clarence knitted his brows, “How do you know that she didn’t like it?”

“She bit you. Can’t this prove it?”

“...” Clarence was silent for a while. Then she said, “It only proves that your suggestion doesn’t work.”

Vincent was suddenly in high spirits, “It will be boring if you say this. But I can summarize the reasons why you failed again and again.”

“Say it.”

“Actually, it’s very simple. You have a sharp tone, and if you can say less, it’s possible that you will succeed. You...”

The call was ended before Vincent finished his words.

Looking at his phone, Vincent clicked his tongue. Never mind, honest advices are always unpleasant to wars.

Time flew and it was Saturday.

Sitting in her office and looking at the snow that was getting heavier outside the window, Stella heaved a sigh.

She couldn’t go anywhere in such a weather.

She relaxed her eyes and then lowered her head to continue with her drawing. Right at this moment, there came some knockings on the door.

Stella stood up and walked to the door. When she opened the door, she saw Nathan standing at the door with a smile.

“...”

Stella wanted to lock the door, but Nathan hurriedly stopped her, “Ms. Radomil, I’m here for some business.”

Stella looked at him vigilantly as if she doubted it.

Nathan coughed and continued, "Here's the case. Mr. Conrad needs to have a meal with a guest tonight, and he asked whether Ms. Radomil can go with him..."

Stella refused without hesitation, "No way."

"Ms. Radomil, Ms. Radomil..." Seeing that Stella wanted to close the door again, Nathan suddenly heaved a long sigh with disappointment, "Actually, my mom doesn't feel well recently and I want to bring her to the hospital to have a check-up. But I'm so busy with my work and I don't have the time. If..."

Stella said calmly, "This trick doesn't work on me."

Seeing that pretending to be miserable didn't work on Stella, Nathan coughed awkwardly and adopted another strategy, "Ms. Radomil, I will not beat around the bush. Mr. Conrad cancelled the engagement with the daughter of the Steward family before and it brought a great negative effect to the company. Even though Mr. Conrad seems to be very free recently, it's actually a way for him to alleviate his pressure."

"I don't think that he's under pressure."

Nathan was anxious, "Er... Mr. Conrad doesn't want you to worry about him, so he has been pretending that he's good."

"Tell him, it's unnecessary to tell these words to me. I won't accompany to have meal. Moreover, I won't worry about him."

Just as Stella had finished the words and was about to close the door, Clarence showed up in her studio.

Nathan took a step backwards when he saw him.

Clarence looked at Stella calmly, "Stella, I remember that you owed me a meal last week."

"You remember it wrong."

She hadn't promised him!

"Well." Clarence looked towards Nathan, "Send the rest of the clothes in the Starry Lake Mansion here."

Stella was rendered speechless.

Clarence continued, "What are you waiting for?"

Nathan hastily produced his phone, "I will arrange it right away."

Stella gritted her teeth, "Hold on."

She hadn't dealt with the boxes in her home yet. Although she had donated the money earned from selling those clothes to a charity organization, she was so busy that she couldn't only sell those clothes every day.

This wretched man was here to make troubles for her.

Clarence was not in a hurry. He sat on the sofa cross-legged, "I will give you time to consider it."

Seeing this, Nathan slowly stepped out of the office to make room for them.

Stella asked, "Mr. Conrad, don't you think such a behavior shameless? What can you do except for intimating me?"

Clarence replied calmly, "One approach is enough as long as it's effective."

"..."

Sitting opposite to him, Stella pressed her lips and said, "Mr. Conrad, can I negotiate it with you?"

"Say it."

Stella said it slowly, "Mr. Conrad, I can accompany you to the meal this time."

Clarence looked at him, waiting for the rest of the words.

He could conclude it without thinking that the words she was going to spit out were not pleasant to his ears.

Clarence replied calmly, "One approach is enough as long as it's effective." Sitting opposite to him, Stella pressed her lips and said, "Mr. Conrad, can I negotiate it with you?" "Say it." Stella said it slowly, "Mr. Conrad, I can accompany you to the meal this time." Clarence looked at him, waiting for the

rest of the words. He could conclude it without thinking that the words she was going to spit out were not pleasant to his ears.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 189-Stella looked at him sincerely, “Mr. Conrad, after this meal, can you...”

“No way.”

Stella furrowed her brows, “I haven’t finished my words.”

Clarence glanced at her inadvertently, “Stella Radomil, I’m not here to bargain with you.”

“Mr. Conrad, are you compelling me?”

Clarence said slowly, “Didn’t you think that you were also compelling me when you asked me to take back your brother’s admission letter?”

Stella, “...”

She asked, “Do you mean that I can return your favor if I accompany you to the meal, Mr. Conrad?”

Clarence inexplicably knitted his brows, “Almost. After all, you owe me many favors.”

Stella asked expressionlessly, “Mr. Conrad, do you mean that you will not let go of me?”

Perceiving the coldness in her tone of voice, Clarence turned his head to look at her with a displeased expression, “Stella Radomil, when Emmett came to find you, you looked so happy. But when I came to find you, you said I will not let go of you?”

“Clarence, you can ask yourself, are you a match for Emmett?” Before Clarence got mad, Stella continued, “Will you ask for my opinion and not force me to do something that I don’t want to do?”

Clarence replied righteously, “Nope.”

She wished him to stay away from her as possible as he could. If he didn’t resort to these excuses, how could he appear in front of her again?

“ ... ”

It was the first time for her to see something regard shamelessness as a normal thing.

Clarence stood up, “There’s little time left. You have to select a dress later. Hurry up.”

Stella was the only one in the studio today. She quickly stood up and walked to her office to pack up her things and then took a lock from the reception desk. She said to the man standing aside coldly, “Mr. Conrad, please go out. I’m going to lock the door.”

Clarence said, “I will wait for you outside.”

Clarence didn’t worry that Stella would run away. After all, she couldn’t escape to anywhere.

When locking the door, Stella gritted her teeth so tightly as if she wished so much to chop Clarence into pieces.

He came to torture her from time to time. Now in such a snowy weather, he even forced her to accompany him to a socializing meal.

All right. She could come with him, but if she would mess up the meal as a return for what he had done to her recently.

After locking the door, Stella found that Clarence’s car was parked by the roadside. When she was about to rush into the snow, an umbrella suddenly shield the snow for her above her head.

Sending her gaze, Clarence looked askance at her and moved his thin lips, “What are you looking at?”

Stella snorted, “I don’t need your pretentious care.”

After finishing the words, she put the cap of her hoodie and directly ran into the snow.

Seeing this, Clarence pressed his lips together and slowly followed her.

The meal was scheduled at the seven o’clock this evening. When they arrived at the hotel, it was already dark.

After parking the car, a waiter of the hotel pulled open the car door for them.

When Stella was about to get off the car, a hand that had clear and symmetrical knuckles was reached out in front of her.

She slightly looked up and saw the tall and slender build of a man and then his stunning features.

Behind him was the snow flying all over the sky.

This scene was inexplicably like the scene when he reached out his hand to her and helped her aboard the yacht before.

Recalling that happy time, Stella felt like a stone was thrown into the waveless lake in her heart, which caused ripples of emotions.

She hesitated for a while and slowly reached out her hand. She then slapped away his hand, lifted her dress and got off the car.

Clarence, "..."

Nathan, who stood behind them with an umbrella in his hand, hurriedly shifted his gaze and pretended that he hadn't seen it.

Stella took several steps and then felt that her waist was wrapped by a hand.

She furrowed her brows, "Mr. Conrad..."

Clarence interrupted her in a flat tone, "Even though you were forced to here, you should pretend to be my companion."

Stella pressed her lips tightly and struggled for the last time, "But Mr. Conrad, I can't walk if you hug me like this."

She hadn't expected that this sentence would work. Clarence slowly loosened his grip.

When Stella secretly heaved a sigh of relief in her heart, she saw Clarence slightly raised his arm and looked askance at her. He said concisely, "Wrap my arm."

Stella twitched her mouth. She could only make a concession.

At least this was better than what she faced just now.

Stella slowly raised her arm and put it around Clarence's.

She didn't notice that Clarence slightly curled his thin lips into a smile.

After entering the private room, Stella found that a middle-aged man, who was in his forties, was talking into his phone in fluent English.

When he saw them, he talked a sentence into the phone and then ended the call. The man approached them and reached out to Clarence, "Mr. Conrad, nice to meet you."

Clarence also reached out his hand, "Mr. William, I've been admiring you."

Stella stood aside, feeling it boring.

But based on her understanding of Clarence's personality, Stella thought that since he was so polite to the middle-aged man just now, it fully indicated that this cooperation was so important to him.

After a short while, William landed his gaze on Stella. He paused for several seconds and then asked, "Who's this lady?"

Clarence wrapped Stella's waist again when he heard the words and introduced her to William, "This is my wife."

Stella immediately corrected him, "Ex-wife."

Clarence said calmly, "She's joking."

Stella felt dissatisfied and struggled in his arms. But he then tightened the grip on her waist.

Stella didn't know whether it was a deliberate movement or a warning.

William chuckled, "Looks like Mr. Conrad and Mrs. Conrad are so intimate."

Stella would by no means miss any chance to resist against that wretched man, "We're in poor relationship. I divorced him long time ago."

Clarence wasn't angered. He smiled and explained, "We had a quarrel recently. She's still angry at me."

Stella took the opportunity and used great force to pinch his waist. But out of her expectation, that wretched man didn't have any reaction.

William saw through their relationship, but he didn't say anything about it. "Take a seat."

The private room had a Chinese-styled decoration and there were some gauze curtains and screens, making it look graceful and peaceful.

William picked up the teapot on the table and poured two cups of tea for Clarence and Stella.

Clarence and William were talking about their cooperation before the dishes were served.

When Stella entered the private room just now, she heard William speaking English fluently so she thought that William was a foreigner. But she hadn't expected that he also spoke Chinese fluently and clearly. Moreover, he was so gentlemanly and elegant.

But Stella was suddenly confused – they arranged this meal for the sake of their cooperation and William didn't take a female companion here. Why did Clarence insist on her company?

After a short while, the door of the private room was opened and the dishes were served onto the table one after another.

William stopped talking about the business with Clarence. He said with a smile, "Mr. Conrad, I'm surprised that you're so outstanding at such a young age. I only heard from others about you before, but when meeting you and talking with you today, I'm so surprised."

Clarence replied, "Thank you for your admiration. But you can't believe in the rumors. I'm much more outstanding."

William picked up the teapot on the table and poured two cups of tea for Clarence and Stella. Clarence and William were talking about their cooperation before the dishes were served. When Stella entered the private room just now, she heard William speaking English fluently so she thought that William was a foreigner. But she hadn't expected that he also spoke Chinese fluently and clearly. Moreover, he was so gentlemanly and elegant. But Stella was suddenly confused — they arranged this meal for the sake of

their cooperation and William didn't take a female companion here. Why did Clarence insist on her company? After a short while, the door of the private room was opened and the dishes were served onto the table one after another. William stopped talking about the business with Clarence. He said with a smile, "Mr. Conrad, I'm surprised that you're so outstanding at such a young age. I only heard from others about you before, but when meeting you and talking with you today, I'm so surprised." Clarence replied, "Thank you for your admiration. But you can't believe in the rumors. I'm much more outstanding."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 190-Stella wished so much that she could find a hole on the ground to hide herself when she heard the words. She felt so embarrassed for him.

Could this wretched man not be so shameless?

William still maintained a smile on his face. He was in his forties and had been engaged in the business world for a long time. It was not his first time to see such a shameless person.

William looked at Stella with a touch of gloominess flashing across his eyes. He then complimented her, "Mrs. Conrad, you're beautiful."

Clarence said, "Beauty always matches with temper."

Stella, "..."

Was he suggesting that she had a bad temper?

Stella sneered in her heart and then took the initiative to talk with William, "Mr. William, according to your accent, I guess that you're a citizen of City N. Am I right?"

William paused when he heard the words. He then nodded his head, "Yep. But I've been living abroad for a long time."

"Oh, then why do you come back to City N this time? Are you visiting your relatives, or travelling?"

William didn't reply her question. He said, "I have no special schedule. And I'm here mainly for the cooperation."

Stella also noticed that William evaded the question just now. She knew that she wasn't supposed to mention that topic in front of William.

She pondered for a while, and still chose to touch his bottom line, "Mr. William, you've been abroad for a long time, do you have any relative in City N?"

William picked up his cup and curled his lips into a light smile, "No."

"Then..."

When Stella was about to ask some other questions, Clarence put a piece of cake into her mouth.

Clarence said, "Don't talk when you're eating. Be careful that you may bite your tongue."

When Stella swallowed the cake with difficulty, Clarence and William had started to talk about others and she couldn't find a chance to get a word in. So Stella could only remain silent again.

During the meal, Stella went to the restroom.

But she hadn't expected that she would bump into an acquaintance here.

Daniel was also surprised when he saw Stella.

He asked, "Ms. Radomil, I'm surprised to meet you here."

Stella replied, "I'm here to have dinner. What about you?"

Daniel shook his head and said slowly, "I was invited to have a performance here."

"Oh," Stella said, "Then I will not bother you. Let's talk later."

Daniel slightly nodded his head.

After Stella's leaving, he squinted at her back, seeming to be thinking of something.

Stella didn't want to come back to the private room so quickly. She walked to a gazebo of the hotel to enjoy the cold breezes.

When she calmed down, she realized that she had gone too far just now.

Although she wanted to mess up the cooperation, no matter what, it was inappropriate to touch William's painful past.

What was her difference with Clarence then?

Stella took a deep breath. When she felt it chilling, she headed towards the private room.

There was only William in the room.

William broke the silence, "Mrs. Conrad, Mr. Conrad is looking for you."

Stella replied, "I'm sorry. I went to the gazebo just now."

William chuckled, "It must be boring to hear we two talking about the business."

"Nope. It's just that I..." Stella pressed her lips together, "Mr. William, I'm sorry for my rudeness just now."

William added some tea into his cup, "Oh, Mrs. Conrad, what are you mentioning?"

"I shouldn't have asked you about your private affairs. I'm so sorry."

"It doesn't matter." William continued, "I noticed that there seems to be some conflicts between you and Mr. Conrad. So you deliberately asked those questions just now, right?"

Stella gently nodded her head as a tacit approval.

William continued, "I didn't want to answer your questions just now because I don't want to recall the past. But Mrs. Conrad, this has nothing to do with you. And you don't need to blame yourself."

Stella said after a short while of silence, "Mr. William, I have a request."

"Mrs. Conrad, please say it."

Stella said in a low voice, "Er... Can you not call me Mrs. Conrad? My name is Stella Radomil and I divorced Clarence half a year ago."

William was stunned when he heard the words, "I'm sorry. I didn't know this before."

"It doesn't matter. I'm not blaming me for this. It's just that the address 'Mrs. Conrad' is really too..."

"I understand it, Ms. Radomil."

Stella curled her lips into a smile, "Thank you."

William was in a trance when he saw her smile. He lowered his head to take a sip of the tea and said, "Ms. Radomil, you said your name is Stella just now, right?"

Stella nodded her head.

William continued with a smile, "Stella, what a good name."

He paused and then asked, "Ms. Radomil, are you the only child in your family?"

"I have a younger brother."

William slowly nodded his head, "Your parents must be happy with a son and a daughter."

Stella only smiled lightly when she heard the words. She didn't say anything about it.

William asked when noticing this, "Ms. Radomil, did I mention something that I'm not supposed to mention?"

Stella shook her head with a smile, "Nope. It's just that my parents had all died and few would mention hem."

"It's me who feels sorry this time."

Stella asked tentatively, "Do we get even?"

Probably William hadn't expected that she would say this and he was stunned. After a short while, he pulled himself together and the smile on his face became brighter, "Yep, we're even."

Clarence came back after a short while.

Clarence sat beside Stella and looked askance at her while licking his thin lips.

It seemed like he was very dissatisfied as she disappeared for a long time just now.

Stella ignored him and lowered her head to enjoy the food in her bowl.

When the meal was finished, they walked out of the private room.

But Stella hadn't expected that she would bump into Phoebe here.

And the one standing beside Phoebe was Daniel.

Noticing Phoebe's gaze, Stella subconsciously kept a distance away from Clarence.

She felt guilty out of no reason.

The smile appeared on Phoebe's face soon. She said with a smile, "Clare, Ms. Radomil. What a coincidence."

Clarence replied with a nasal sound. He didn't have any other reaction.

They all felt it awkward.

Daniel suddenly asked, "Ms. Steward, Ms. Radomil, do you two know each other?"

Stella was a bit surprised when she heard the question, "So you two also know each other?"

"Ms. Radomil is my neighbor."

"What a coincidence," said Phoebe. She then looked at Stella with a smile, "No wonder that Ms. Radomil didn't come to my birthday party today. Turns out that you had an appointment with Clare. If I had known this, I would not send the invitation letter to you. I'm sorry that I almost bothered you."

Stella had never been so vexed. She wanted to explain it, but she couldn't. So she could only suppress her anger.

Clarence looked at Phoebe coldly, "I've told you to stay away from her."

Phoebe chuckled, "I just want to befriend Ms. Radomil. Do I have to get your permit first? Clare, please remember it, it's true that we had an engagement before, but you regretted it later. Are you qualified to intervene in my private affair?"

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 191-With Phoebe
Steward's words came nothing but awkwardness.

Stella wanted to say something, but no words came out of her mouth.

But that could be for the better, if William saw how messed up Clarence's private life was, he might start having second thoughts, and refrain from cooperating with Clarence.

That probably counted as a comeback, right?

Her wish was fulfilled.

Clarence's gaze was darkened and he narrowed his eyes, not saying a thing.

Then, William looked towards Phoebe and said suddenly, "I'm sorry, who are you?"

Phoebe smiled and introduced herself, "My name is Phoebe Steward, pleased to make your acquaintance."

William nodded lightly and said, "Ms. Steward, I see."

Phoebe replied, "I will leave you all to it now. I have things to tend to for now."

She then told Daniel, "Let's go, Mr. Daniel."

Daniel looked at Stella, nodded and left with Phoebe.

After Phoebe and Daniel were out of earshot, William said, "I assume that Ms. Steward is the daughter from the Steward Group?"

Clarence looked at him and said, "Do you know her?"

William smiled, "I don't, but I've heard of her before."

After they left the restaurant, Stella said goodbye to William, then turned around and stared at Clarence for quite a while.

Clarence matched her gaze, his mysterious expression showing no emotions.

He asked, "What are you trying to say?"

Stella licked her lips. Since Clarence started it, she might as well seize the chance.

"I've told you so, Mr. Conrad, don't treat relationships haphazardly. Look at you now, getting ridiculed by your fiancé in public and unable to do anything about it."

Clarence replied, "Who do you think I did that for?"

Stella chuckled and said, "Who knows?"

"..." Clarence was speechless.

He pressed his tongue tip against his teeth, and asked, "Does Miss Steward meet with you often?"

"You know, I agree with Miss Steward on one of the points she made, which is why you care so much about the private life of your ex-wife..."

Before Stella could finish her sentence, she felt that someone was holding her waist.

Her body was pulled towards Clarence, and right before their bodies could make contact with each other, she extended her arms. and prevented that from happening.

Stella frowned angrily and asked, "What are you doing, Mr. Conrad?"

Clarence glared at her, "I did not answer Phoebe's questions because her private life is none of my business and is out of my jurisdiction. You, on the other hand, are different."

"Everyone's equal, so why am I different?"

“Your name was filled in on the ‘Partner’ section of our marriage certificate for three years. In other words, you’ve slept with me for three years. Are these two reasons good enough for you? If they aren’t, I can provide other reasons.”

It was Stella’s turn to be speechless.

She was well aware that Clarence’s foul mouth wouldn’t say anything resembling nice things, so she chose to ignore him.

Not far away, Phoebe was standing outside of the restaurant, spying at the couple.

She recalled Stella claiming that she doesn’t want to have anything to do with the Conrad family.

It would appear that she underestimated just how cunning Stella was.

Phoebe turned around and left.

On the other side...

Stella used all of her body strength to try to break free from Clarence’s grasp.

No matter how hard she tried, that bastard Clarence never loosened his grip. He instead strengthened his grip around her waist.

The snow had stopped falling by then and the streetlights cast a warm orange on the snow.

It provided a sense of warmth on this cold winter day.

Clarence maintained eye contact with her and said with a low voice, “Don’t move.”

Obviously, Stella would not listen to his commands at all. She continued to struggle and said, “I will stop moving if you let go of me.”

Clarence’s lips twitched lightly and he stopped talking.

Stella kept struggling and she suddenly realized that something was wrong.

No one on earth knows better than Stella about how Clarence behaved when he was aroused.

She froze in place, lifted her head in utter disbelief, looked at him and said, "What the hell is wrong with you!? You're in the middle of a goddamn street!"

Clarence said with an even lower voice, "I told you to stop moving."

Stella was silent.

This bastard really knew how to shift the blame.

Now he made it look like it was her problem.

After a while, Clarence's Adam's apple rolled back as he smothered the fire inside his body. He eventually let go of her and said, "Get in the car."

Stella did not dare to have any objections. She pulled open the door and got in the car quickly.

On the way back, the car was overwhelmed by silence.

Other than silence, there was some subtlety sprinkled in as well.

Nathan was at the front of the car and he also felt the atmosphere in the car was curious.

These two were at each other's throats on the way here, and now they were somehow ambiguously at peace with each other.

Stella felt the stuffy air eating at her mind, so she lowered the car window and let in the cold air.

She let the air circulate in the car before closing the window again.

Stella exhaled, and when she instinctively turned her head, she saw that Clarence was looking out from the window calmly.

His jawline appeared distinct under the low light conditions in the car.

She kept looking at him, lowered her line of sight until she reached his legs. When she did that, she felt as if something had stabbed her eyes, so she immediately averted her eyes and started feeling uneasy.

Clarence seemed to detect her uneasiness, and shifted his gaze to her.

Stella regained her composure and asked Nathan, "How long until we arrive?"

Nathan replied, "There's snow on the road, so I'll have to drive slower. It shouldn't take longer than thirty minutes."

"Noted, thanks."

Stella sat back up straight, and placed her hands on her knees.

That interaction broke the weird atmosphere that was present in the car ever since it started moving.

Clarence said flatly, "If Phoebe bothers you in the future, pay her no mind. If she doesn't stop bothering you, tell me immediately."

Stella replied without as much as a thought, "That doesn't count as her bothering me..."

She turned her head and stared at him as she was speaking.

Clarence matched her gaze, presenting a cold look.

Stella gave him a perfunctory smile in return.

After half an hour, the car came to a halt in front of Stella's apartment.

When Stella went to leave the car, she suddenly recalled something, and she turned around to tell Clarence, "Mr. Conrad, please wait for a while, I have something for you."

Clarence lifted his eyebrows and seemed content.

In her residence, Sherry Perry was being a couch potato and watching television. She heard the door opened and looked towards the door and said, "Stella? You come home so late tonight...And why are you wearing this stuff?"

Stella took off her high heels, her coat, tied up her hair, walked into her room and changed her clothes, "I'll tell you all about it later, Sherry. Can you give me a hand in gathering all of the jewellery that Clarence gifted me? Put them all in a pile, I'll return them to him."

Sherry started walking and asked, "Is that bastard downstairs?"

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 192-Stella said, "Correct."

Sherry replied, "You got it, I'll start packing them up for you."

When Stella finished changing, Sherry had already finished stuffing all of the jewellery in a box.

Stella, now wearing sweater pants and a fur coat, carried the box and said, "Much obliged, Sherry. I'm gonna go down and give this to him."

Sherry sighed, walked to the study, leaned out the window and looked downwards.

Just as she expected, a familiar Rolls-Royce was right there.

In said Rolls-Royce, Clarence tapped his knees with his fingers, and asked Nathan Lance, "Say, what she will gift me?"

Nathan did not reply immediately.

His answer to that question could very easily piss off Clarence. Nathan tested the waters by answering, "Could it be that Mrs. Conrad had gotten her hands on the custom made necklace?"

Clarence frowned; he seemed to be unsatisfied with Nathan's answer.

He replied, "Don't you think that it's too early for the necklace to be completed?"

Nathan matched his statement and said, "It won't be that quick, you're right. It's probably something else."

Clarence did not say anything after that, and waited patiently for Stella.

Ten minutes later, Stella ran towards the car with a cardboard box in her hands.

She tapped on the car window to alert its occupants.

Just as Clarence lowered the windows and before he could say anything, Stella gave him the cardboard box.

She said, "I'm sorry for taking so much of your time, Mr. Conrad. You guys can leave now."

Clarence looked at the box and asked, "What is this?"

Stella gave him a sweet smile, waved to him before turning around and leaving.

When Clarence saw the contents of the box, his expression changed.

He immediately yelled, "Stella!!"

Stella ignored his outrage and ran away quickly.

Looking at her silhouette, Clarence was so angry that he would make a swarm of wasps appear calm.

Nathan, in the driver's seat, was trying his absolute hardest to not laugh at his boss' misery.

...

Stella opened the door and saw a gossip Sherry leaning on the shoe rack.

She unnaturally asked her, "Why are you looking at me like that?"

Sherry replied, "Don't tell me ... that you went out with that bastard Clarence tonight?"

Stella immediately denied, "Of course not!"

"Then why is he the one to send you back, and why did you dress like that?"

Stella blushed as she heard Sherry's rebuttal, she stuttered and was unable to answer her.

Sherry pushed her advance, "It seeMs. that something that only adults do happened tonight, then?"

"... No!"

"Really? I am not buying it."

Stella was speechless once again.

She was guilty, and to dodge Sherry's barrage of questions, she gave her an excuse, "I'm gonna go and take a shower."

Saying that, she rushed into the bathroom.

After she had finished showering, she lowered her shutters, and found out that it had started snowing again, coating the branches in a thin layer of snow.

The whole world was silent, only the snow falling could be heard.

Stella dried her hair. When she got out from the bathroom, Sherry was sitting on the sofa and waiting for her.

Her plan of sneaking back to her bedroom was a failure.

So, she sat on the sofa, coughed and said, "Sherry, things are not as it seems, I..."

Sherry got closer, and asked, "Stella, can I ask you something?"

Stella replied, "Huh?"

"Is there still a chance for both of you to get together again?"

Hearing that, Stella was startled, "Why do you ask that?"

"Because I saw that he started coming over to find you more often lately. He appears to be confident, too," Sherry said. She hugged a pillow, and said in a serious tone, "Stella, I don't mind whoever you decide to be with in the end as long as you are happy. If you're happy, so am I. It's just that..."

Stella knew what she was worrying about, she smiled and replied, "There's zero chance for me and Clarence to get back together."

There were just way too many problems between her and Clarence.

It's not something as simple as divorcing and then marrying again could fix.

Not only that, the Conrad family hated her guts.

Stella said, "I don't know what's wrong with him lately, I guess we'll just wait until his craze is over."

When Sherry heard that, she breathed a sigh of relief, "That's good. I'm just afraid that you'll fall into that rabbit hole again. "

Even though Clarence had been slightly humane lately, and he had started treating Stella better.

But she knew that deep down, that bastard won't just change his roots on a dime. And the Conrad family was already such an utter mess to begin with, so why would she willingly get back to that hellhole after she clawed her way out of it.

Stella slapped her legs, got up and said, "Don't worry; I know what I'm doing."

Just as she was about to go back to her room, the doorbell rang all of a sudden.

She got to the door slowly. She learned her lesson last time, and peeked through the peephole before opening the door.

Stella said, "Mr. Daniel, is there anything you want to talk about this late in the night?"

Daniel lifted the cake in his hands, lifted his eyebrows and said, "I bought this on the way back. If I recall correctly, your friend likes to eat this kind of cake."

Stella turned around and saw Sherry as she stood up and looked at Stella with eyes full of excitement.

Stella stepped to the side and said, "Please, come in."

"Thank you."

Stella shut the door behind him, somewhat confused by Daniel's unannounced visit.

Daniel placed the cake on the coffee table, sat on the single sofa and said, "I apologize for disturbing you this late in the night, but the owner of the cake store said that the cake is best eaten fresh, and I couldn't finish it tonight by myself. I figured that you ladies would help me finish this cake tonight."

Sherry smiled from ear to ear, “No worries, we as neighbours should help each other anyway. As for the cake, I’m delighted to help myself with it.”

Daniel smiled, “I’m happy to hear you say this, Ms. Perry.”

After he thanked her, he added, “After listening to Ms. Steward today, are you friends with her? Ms. Radomil?”

“I’d say we’re acquaintances, I was fortunate enough to help Ms. Steward design a necklace.”

“I see.”

Sherry did not catch their drift and asked, “Which Ms. Steward? Did you meet Phoebe Steward today?”

Stella nodded, “We met when we had dinner earlier today.”

Sherry frowned and said, “Did she say pretentious things to you, then?”

“Fortunately, she did not say that much to me. She had her sights on a different target.”

Daniel lifted his eyebrows and asked, “May I ask what’s the relationship between Ms. Radomil and Mr. Conrad?”

Some time had passed, but both Stella and Sherry were still silent.

He raised his eyebrows, “It seeMs. that it was wrong of me to ask that question. I apologize, Ms. Radomil.”

Stella smiled and said, “It’s fine, he is my ex-husband.”

“I see. I’m sorry that was ignorant about it”

Sherry asked softly, “Do you know Clarence?”

Daniel replied, “I wouldn’t say I know him. It’s just that I’ve heard of him as he is very popular.”

“Then why do you know Ms. Steward?”

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 193-After going back, Daniel looked at the room door behind him, as if thinking of something.

At this moment, his phone rang.

The call was from Emmett, he asked, "How're things?"

Daniel sat on the sofa, he crossed his long and slender legs, "I did it myself, of course it was successful."

Emmett said, "Phoebe is smarter than you think. As for the things that had happened in the Conrad family recently, she was largely involved."

"I won't take it lightly, what's more..." Daniel paused, and said, "He came back earlier."

"When?"

"Should be today."

Emmett asked, "He's seen Phoebe?"

Daniel got up, pulled open the fridge door, and took out a can of beer, "Seen, I intentionally brought Phoebe out."

"Then should we move forward the plan."

"No need." Daniel added, "Oh right, I met Stella today, she was with Clarence."

Emmett stayed silent.

Daniel said, "There are so many pretty girls, why do you only want Clarence's."

"You wouldn't understand."

Without waiting for Daniel's answer, Emmett had already hung up.

Daniel held his phone and tutted, he raised his head and downed half a can of beer.

The initial plan today was that he would go get acquainted with Phoebe, so to ease their future plan, but he hadn't thought that...

Looking at the situation, Phoebe still held a grudge towards Clarence.

If not, she wouldn't have said all those things in public to make things awkward for him.

Daniel finished his beer, with a single hand he crushed the can, and raised his hand to throw it into the bin.

The can fell into the bin.

...

Sherry looked at the half of the leftover cake, and gave a burp, "I really can't eat anymore."

Stella looked at her, "Put it in the fridge then."

"No, didn't Daniel say that it wouldn't be good anymore if we leave it overnight." Sherry wanted to take another bite, but she was so full that she really couldn't take it anymore, she instead fell straight on the sofa and said, "He's quite strange, bringing over a cake but not eating any himself. All these were eaten by me."

Stella stayed silent, she realized, the reason Daniel came today.

It was to catch wind from her the relationship between Phoebe and Clarence.

But Stella couldn't think of the reason he would do this. After a moment, she got up and said, "I'll head to bed, you stop eating, go rest earlier."

Sherry gave another burp, and stood up with difficulty, "You go sleep first, I need to go for a walk, this is making me very bloated."

"There's some digestion medicine in the drawer, take some of that."

"Alright."

Days passed peacefully.

These few days, not sure if it was because Clarence was busy with discussion about the cooperation, but he finally stopped looking for trouble with her.

Stella's uptight mood relaxed a little.

When she was looking out the window and zoning out, Sherry's voice passed through from outside, "Stella, quick come and look."

Stella got up and headed out of the office, "What's wrong?"

"The environment protection project outside has completed." Sherry exclaimed, "After this project, the view is indeed not bad, the air has also gotten a lot better. And guess what?"

"What."

"Besides the greenery, baby breaths are planted all over outside in so many different colours. The meaning of baby breaths is that I am missing you, that you are innocent and pure, giving me a dreamlike state, I really like you, having you makes me happy, and this is the romance I want to give you."

Stella, "..."

Sherry continued, "Are you really not curious on who is the philanthropist that did this without leaving his name."

"Nope."

"That's too bad."

At that moment, Emmett came in from outside. Hearing the conversation, he asked, "What's too bad?"

Sherry gave a dry laugh, "Nothing, nothing at all."

Speaking of this, Sherry continued, "Emmett, are you very busy recently, I haven't been seeing much of you."

Emmett nodded, "I went overseas for a work trip, just got back."

"No wonder, I noticed you've even gotten thinner recently."

Emmett laughed, "Tomorrow is winter solstice, do you guys have any plans?"

Sherry sighed, "I don't have a boyfriend, how do I make plans. But we are planning to make hotpot at home, do you want to come?"

While speaking, Sherry was desperately trying to hint at him.

As if slightly hesitant, Emmett looked at Stella and said, "Can I?"

"Of course."

Anyway she had also invited Chan and Winnie, it doesn't matter if there's one more person.

Emmett breathed a sigh of relief, "Then do I need to bring anything."

Sherry said with melancholy, "Bring me a boyfriend."

Emmett, "..."

Stella covered Sherry's mouth, laughed and said, "She's just joking."

After that night of finishing half the cake, Sherry had already thought things through, and had officially given up on Daniel.

Since she had already decided to become the king of the seas, how can she still be stuck with a fish.

Emmett lowered his head to look at his wristwatch, "Then I'll see you guys tomorrow, I have something on, I'll head off first."

Sherry asked, "So rush?"

"I was just passing by here, so I dropped by to visit you guys."

Stella said, "Alright then, see you tomorrow."

Emmett nodded slightly, and turned to leave.

After a few steps, he realized his surroundings had changed, those greenery seemed like they had sprouted out of nowhere. Standing in front of him, it was as if they were silently declaring war on him.

After Emmett had left, Sherry said, "Chan, Winnie, and Emmett, we already have five of us, looks like it will be busy tomorrow."

Stella said, "Do you want to call Daniel?"

"Forget it." Sherry said softly, "Compared to hotpot, I think he prefers canned food."

Conrad Group.

Clarence put down the pen in his hand, and pinched his nose bridge, "Is there anything else for today."

Nathan said, "Nothing else, but we have a meeting tomorrow at 9 in the morning, we have to come to the company early tomorrow."

Clarence acknowledged that, got up and said, "Go back then."

Nathan followed behind him, "Mr. Conrad, there's one thing..."

"What?"

"There's a dinner tomorrow with Winnie, but she said she's not going."

"Reason."

Nathan couldn't answer, Winnie didn't mention specifically too.

Clarence reached out his hand, "Give me your phone."

Nathan quickly searched for Winnie's number and called her, then passed the phone to Clarence.

The phone rang for a while before she answered.

Clarence said, "If you're not going for the dinner tomorrow, then treat it as you're absent."

Winnie, "..."

She said, "Mr. Conrad, this is unreasonable, I was only informed of the dinner this afternoon, and I had already promised my friend to celebrate the festival with them."

Hearing this, Clarence paused for a second before saying, "Which friend."

“A pretty girl.”

“...”

Clarence paused in his tracks, after a few seconds, he said, “Where is that.”

“At her house.”

“You can choose to not go for the dinner tomorrow, but I have a condition.”

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 194-Without thinking Winnie had already knew what he wanted to say, “Mr. Conrad, aren’t you being too...”

Clarence replied coldly, “What? Forget it, you better come for the dinner.”

“No, no, no, Mr. Conrad I’ll promise you!”

Clarence hung up and threw it at Nathan, “Arrange someone else to go for the dinner tomorrow.”

“Yes.”

Pausing for a moment, Clarence said, “Do I have plans tomorrow?”

“Yes initially...” Nathan quickly changed his words, “But not anymore.”

Clarence acknowledged that, and continued walking forward.

At the car, Nathan said again, “Mr. Conrad, there’s another thing.”

“Tell me.”

“Recently Ms. Steward and a foreigner called Daniel have been very close.”

Clarence asked, “Stella’s neighbour?”

Nathan nodded, “Yes.”

“What are his background and qualifications, have you investigated.”

“He’s a Chinese-Italian mix with no parents, he’s a cello performer, and is quite reputable internationally. A few months ago he organized a concert tour, and City N was the final stop.”

Clarence said, “How did he and Phoebe meet?”

“Last week at Ms. Steward’s birthday party, he was invited to perform.”
Nathan continued, “Before that, the two of them had a few private dates, looks like...”

“Alright.” Clarence cut him off, “I don’t care about those, monitor her, and don’t let her go look for Stella.”

“Alright.”

...

On winter solstice, it started snowing since morning, and the temperature was dropping quickly.

Stella and Sherry went out early in the morning to buy the ingredients for the hotpot. Just when they reached the doorstep, they saw Channing waiting there.

Opening the door, Stella said, “Didn’t I ask you to come over in the afternoon, why are you here so early.”

Channing took the vegetables in her hands, “The lecturer had something on suddenly in the morning, so she took the day off.”

Sherry said in envy, “That’s great, I really hope that my boss has something on too, so that I can take the day off as well.”

Stella laughed and said, “You are the boss, what are you talking about.”

“Oh right, too bad.”

Just when they were talking, the door next door opened.

Daniel stood at the door, after sweeping his gaze through the three of them, his gaze fell on Channing.

He asked, “This is?”

Stella said, "This is my brother."

Daniel laughed, "So Ms. Radomil still has a brother."

Speaking, he nodded at Channing, greeting him.

Channing nodded his head slightly as a reply.

Daniel said again, "Is it your house gathering today?"

"It's winter solstice today, I got some friends over for a meal."

Daniel raised his brows, as if a little confused, "Winter solstice?"

At the side, Sherry explained simply, "It's a Chinese traditional festival, after we celebrate winter solstice, this means that it will get colder after this."

Daniel understood, "I see, it's my first time hearing of this festival, how embarrassing."

Sherry said in surprise, "I see your Mandarin is really good, I thought you have a lot of understanding on the Chinese culture."

"I've been living under a rock."

"Oh right, since you don't know about winter solstice, I think you wouldn't know what we eat over here during winter solstice right?"

Daniel asked for guidance humbly, "What do you eat?"

Sherry said with a serious face, "Canned food."

Daniel, "..."

Stella couldn't help bursting into laughter.

Daniel gave a cough, as if wanting to say something, but not sure how to put it.

Stella said, "Emmett will be coming tonight too, Mr. Daniel do you want to join too?"

“Since Ms. Radomil had already said this, it would be rude to refuse. I’ll see you guys tonight.”

Stella smiled and nodded.

After closing the door, Sherry pursed her lips and asked, “Stella, why did you invite him.”

Stella replied, “I felt that he really wanted to come.”

“Really?”

Channing said, “I could feel it too.”

Sherry touched her nose, “Why didn’t I realize.”

Stella said, “Daniel is alone in City N, I think he should be quite lonely too, didn’t you say neighbours must take care of each other. Just so happened that Emmett will be here too, so it won’t be too awkward.”

“Did I say that before?” Sherry mumbled to herself softly, “But I think he should enjoy eating canned food by himself.”

“If you don’t want him to come, why not I go let him know...”

“Forget it.” Sherry pulled Stella back, and said righteously, “Words can’t be taken back once they are said, let’s leave it like it is.”

Stella laughed, took the vegetables from her and entered the kitchen.

Sherry stood on the spot for a few seconds, and then speedily went back to her room to change.

After a moment she ran out, “Chan, does this look good?”

Channing, “... No.”

“OK, then I’ll go change to another outfit.”

In the afternoon, Emmett arrived, and brought with him a bouquet of flowers.

Hearing sounds from outside, Channing turned around to take a look, then asked Stella quietly, “Is this the one Sherry said was chasing you?”

Stella hit his shoulder, and brought the vegetables to wash, "Stop talking nonsense, it's not like that."

"I think he's not bad, why don't you consider him?"

"Then why don't you consider the many girls who are chasing after you?"

"..."

Channing fell silent and went to cut the vegetables.

Not long after, Emmett's voice rang from outside the kitchen, "Can I help with anything?"

Stella turned around and smiled, "No need, you take a seat outside, we're almost ready."

Emmett nodded, and turned to look at Channing, "This must be Chan, this is the first time I'm meeting you, nice to meet you."

Hearing this, Channing was a little surprised, "You know me?"

Emmett initially wanted to say that he had seen him together with Stella during university, but when the words reached his mouth, he changed it to, "I heard Sherry mention before."

Channing said, "I thought you heard from... other people."

Stella coughed, and passed the vegetables in her hands to him, "Chan, help me wash this."

Seeing this, Emmett said, "Then I won't disturb you guys, if there's anything give me a call."

Stella smiled and nodded, "Alright."

Not long after Emmett arrived, Daniel came too, bringing with him a bottle of red wine.

The skies were turning dark, the snow outside was getting heavier and heavier.

With everyone arriving, the house started feeling a lot cosier.

This was Stella's first time having such a merry gathering with her friends.

Looking at this scene, the corner of her lips raised, her mood couldn't help but feel better.

At this moment, Sherry leaned on the door and asked, "Stella, how long more, Winnie hasn't arrived, should I ask her?"

Stella said, "I'll be done in five minutes, you give her a call."

"Alright."

But they didn't realize that once Sherry's words finished, the doorbell and her phone rang at the same time.

Stella said, "You pick up your phone, I'll go get the door."

But they didn't realize that once Sherry's words finished, the doorbell and her phone rang at the same time. Stella said, "You pick up your phone, I'll go get the door."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 195-When Stella opened the door, she saw Winnie standing outside and waving at her.

Stella laughed, when she was just about to say something, she saw a man's silhouette appear slowly behind Winnie.

"..."

Clarence stood still, and turned his head towards her, his expression as if unhappy, "What's that expression?"

Winnie gave a dry laugh, and explained, "It's like this, I bumped into Mr. Conrad in the lift just now, isn't it such a coincidence! Mr. Conrad is here to look for a friend, but that friend is not here, such a pity, so I..."

Stella's expression remained unchanged, she stared at Clarence and said intentionally, "Didn't expect Mr. Conrad to even have friends over here."

Hearing the sarcasm in her voice, Clarence said calmly, "If I have money, would I not have friends?"

Stella, "..."

Damn it, it's really a sentence that left people speechless.

In the current situation, she couldn't straight away chase him out, what's more even if she chased him away, it might not even be effective.

Stella inhaled deeply, and made way for them, "Come in."

When they were going in, Clarence said in a low voice to Winnie, "Not bad acting skills."

"..."

She really had to thank him for his compliment.

Following Clarence's arrival, the originally cosy atmosphere quickly turned to one of ice.

As for Clarence himself, he seemed to not have detected the unwelcoming atmosphere surrounding him, his expression calm and collected.

Stella even felt awkward for him.

Emmett probably didn't expect him to appear here too. After being stunned for a second, he recovered very quickly and greeted him politely, "Mr. Conrad."

When Sherry finished her call and came out to this scene, she was stunned. She went next to Winnie and asked, "What happened, that dog... Mr. Conrad, why is he here?"

Winnie took a deep breath, unable to explain her reasons.

In the kitchen, Channing looked at what's happening outside, and frowned deeply, "Why is he here? Did you invite him?"

Stella said, "No, but..."

"But what?"

Stella laughed, and shook her head lightly.

Even if he hadn't come with Winnie today, he would have found another way.

Sure enough, it couldn't even last for two days.

After a moment, Channing said again, "Has he been pestering you lately?"

"Sherry told you this?"

"I guessed."

Stella, "..."

He was good at guessing.

Stella stopped her thoughts, "Let's eat."

On the table, Winnie and Sherry sat together. Daniel, Emmett and Clarence sat on one side each.

Once Channing went out, she was dragged by Sherry to sit next to Daniel.

The leftover seats were next to Clarence and Emmett.

This meant that Stella had to choose between the both of them.

Seeing this scene, Stella wanted to just disappear into thin air.

What was this battlefield?

She turned around and looked at the person that caused this situation. Without thinking she already knew that it was Sherry.

Seeing that the situation had escalated very quickly, Sherry immediately said seriously, "This... Stella, you sit next to Emmett, don't squeeze next to Mr. Conrad."

Stella's temples were pounding, she would settle this with Sherry later.

Just when she was about to sit down, her wrist was pulled by someone.

Clarence raised her head to look her, his gaze calm, "I'm not afraid of squeezing, you sit here."

"..."

Winnie couldn't bear to continue looking at this situation. She had brought Clarence here today without informing everyone, she indeed felt very bad. She got up and said, "Stella, you sit here, Clarence and I..."

Before she even finished her words, a cold gaze turned to her.

She quickly sat down, and rubbed her neck awkwardly, pretending as if nothing happened.

Using this opportunity, Stella quickly found an excuse, "I suddenly recalled that something is still cooking in the kitchen, you guys eat first."

Finishing her words, she quickly pulled away Clarence's hand, turned around and ran back to the kitchen.

Clarence gazed at her back for a while, as if calculating the possibility of them sitting together.

A few seconds later, he turned to look at Emmett.

Emmett, "?"

Under everyone's astonished eyes, Clarence emptied out a seat, and moved to sit next to Emmett.

Everyone, "..."

Sherry said quietly by the side, "Is this what people meant by, if I can't get it, neither can you?"

Winnie nodded in agreement, "This is what they meant by war makes both parties lose out."

Stella stayed in the kitchen for over ten minutes. She finally decided to go out and get Chan to swap seats with her.

Clarence's threat wouldn't work on Chan.

With this decision in mind, she felt that she had finally let go of the rock in her heart.

But what she didn't realize was that the seats outside had been swapped, and left her a single seat.

This was even better, it would prevent a lot of awkwardness.

Clarence's gaze swept across the house, his eyes finally fell on the bouquet of flowers on the coffee table. His brows frowned slightly.

He said quietly, "Was that flower given by Mr. Carter?"

Emmett said, "Yes."

Clarence replied, "Doesn't Mr. Carter know that Stella is allergic to flowers. Mr. Carter your enthusiasm is given to the wrong person."

Before he even finished his words, Stella looked at Emmett and smiled, "Not true, I love flowers, thank you very much."

Emmett smiled and nodded his head slightly.

Clarence pursed his lips slightly, and looked at her from the side of his eyes.

Stella quickly averted her gaze, and lowered her head to eat something.

At this moment, Daniel opened his mouth and said, "Mr. Conrad, don't you bring anything when coming to people's house?"

Hearing this, Sherry quickly used this opportunity to agree, "Yes, Emmett brought flowers, Daniel brought red wine, Mr. Conrad what did you bring?"

Clarence, "..."

He licked his lips, and looked towards Winnie, "She didn't bring anything too right?"

Daniel smiled, "Winnie is a girl, Mr. Conrad why are you comparing yourself with her."

Clarence asked him back, "What's the difference with being a girl, everyone is equal."

With these words, Stella choked on her food.

This son of a bitch really learned fast.

Daniel must not have expected Clarence's skin to be so thick, after being stunned for a bit he stopped talking.

After a few seconds of silence, Clarence looked at the oily food in his bowl, and his brows furrowed.

Stella was just sitting by his side, and she noticed his slight change in expression.

She almost forgot, this son of a bitch didn't like eating oily food.

And in his bowl, was quite a lot of oil.

Stella pursed her lips, but in the end she didn't do anything.

Good that he didn't like it, then just stop eating and leave.

A few seconds later, Emmett that was sitting next to him noticed too. He asked, "Mr. Conrad do you not like to eat hotpot."

There were so many people around now, hence Sherry wasn't afraid, she quickly added, "Mr. Conrad is used to eating delicacies, I think this doesn't cater to his appetite."

Channing said calmly, "If that's the case, better not force yourself, what's more we're not from the same walk of life."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 196-As soon as Channing finished, everyone at the table showed their attitude clearly.

Stella was embarrassed again, feeling extremely uncomfortable.

On the contrary, Clarence sitting next to her seemed to hear nothing. He acted as if nothing had happened and as if he was not the one whom they were targeting.

Looking at the scene, Stella couldn't help scratching her own eyebrows.

He obviously knew that he was not welcomed here, but why did he come and bring this trouble to himself.

It was so annoying.

Clarence was about to take the chopsticks, but Stella abruptly took away his bowl to pour half of the oil in it away into an empty bowl, and then she said in a flat voice, "Mr. Conrad, please rough it. If you don't like the food, then ..."

"Who told you that I don't like."

As he finished, he reached out to get the food and then ate it without any hesitation.

Stella raised her eyebrows, and then she turned her gaze back at the table but to find the other people were all staring at her.

"..."

Noticing that she was looking at them, they coughed and looked away with some lowering their heads to eat and some holding their glasses to drink.

Stella pressed her lips slightly but didn't explain.

Just save it. The more you say the more mistakes you'll make. She just wanted to finish this meal as soon as possible and then say goodbye to all of them.

The room was quiet for a while, and then someone started a conversation to break the awkward and suffocating silence.

After the meal, Sherry volunteered to wash the dishes. When Emmett offered to help her, she rejected, "Daniel and I can handle it. You ..."

Sherry kept saying while making him a sign to keep Stella company and keep Clarence away from Stella.

Emmett stalled as if he was considering if he should go or not.

Sherry lowered her voice, "You should take the initiative at such moments. You can't chicken out at this key moment! Come on, come on!"

Sherry pushed Emmett while she was whispering, and then took Daniel who was watching them into the kitchen.

Daniel tried to get rid of her, "I don't know how to do dishes ..."

"You can learn it and I'll teach you. How can you eat but not do dishes?"

In the living room, Stella was cleaning the table. Clarence was about to come to her when Channing held his arm, "Have a talk with me."

Clarence turned around looking coldly, "What do you want to talk about?"

Soon, Clarence followed Channing to the balcony.

Emmett walked to Stella and called her in a soft voice, "Stella."

Stella looked up and smiled at him, "What's up?"

Emmett was in silence for a while. At the end, he didn't ask what he really wanted to know but made up an excuse, "Are you really ... allergic to flowers?"

"No, he talked nonsense."

"I see."

Emmett was about to continue when Winnie showed up in a sudden and apologized with a smile, "Sorry, I need to talk to Stella. Please give me a few minutes."

Winnie finished and took Stella away.

All of a sudden Emmett was left alone in the living room.

He turned around and then gazed at the flowers nearby in an absent mood.

When they came into the bedroom, Winnie clasped her hands in front of her and apologized, "Sorry, sorry, it's all my fault. I shouldn't have taken Mr. Conrad here."

If she had known what would happen, she would never compromise no matter how the wretched man threatened her.

Stella smiled, "I thought you were going to talk about something important. He has been acting like today recently. Even if you hadn't taken him here, he would have figured out another way."

Stella didn't blame her though, Winnie felt sorry, "I really had no idea that so many people were invited today, including your ... suitor."

There was a throbbing in Stella's temples, "Don't believe Sherry's nonsense ..."

"It's not nonsense. Didn't you find the way Emmett looking at you was different, and Mr. Conrad was so jealous that everyone could see it. If there were no one else in the room, the two of them would have a fight."

Stella pressed her lips in silence.

Winnie continued, "Stella, I'd like to say one more thing. I don't know what happened between you and Mr. Conrad, but I have been working for him for many years and I know something about him. He has a sharp tongue, but he is not a bad guy."

"He has been involved in a lot of affairs, but none of them is true. I can guarantee that. My point is ... based on my observation, he worries you and cares very much about your feelings. Why don't you ... consider giving him a second chance?"

Stella shook her head gently, "There is no possibility between me and him."

Winnie took a breath and then smiled, "Then I didn't say anything. Let's forget about it."

Stella responded with a smile, "Ok."

When they came back to the living room, Channing was the only one there.

Stella looked around and asked, "Where are they?"

"Left."

"Left together?"

Channing nodded, "Yes."

Winnie murmured, "Are they going to have a fight?"

On hearing that, Stella ran out the room before she could have a second thought.

Channing frowned looking at her back. He seemed to want to say something, but he didn't speak anyway.

At this time, a soft female voice sounded beside him, "What did you say to Clarence Conrad?"

Channing looked at her instinctively but soon looked away before Winnie noticed, "Nothing."

Winnie doubted him, "If you said nothing, why did he leave directly?"

"I told him that he was not welcomed here. If he leaves voluntarily, he can keep his decency."

Winnie was shocked, "You really said that?"

Channing seemed to feel her admiration in her eyes and became shy. He touched his neck, "Not the exact words, but the same meaning."

That was awesome!

Winnie patted him on his shoulder and praised generously, "Well done, younger brother. You are brave and have the guts."

Channing, "..."

...

Stella ran downstairs and searched around, but neither Emmett nor Clarence was there.

She took a breath slowly. It was fine as long as they didn't fight.

It was not until Stella trembled in the freezing wind that she realized that she left in a rush and forgot to take her coat.

She rubbed her arms with both hands, and when she was about to turn back to the house, she felt something on her shoulder. A warm coat was put on her.

Stella turned around and was stunned looking at the man in front of her, "Didn't you leave?"

Clarence fixed his black eyes on her. He didn't answer her question but asked her instead, "What are you doing here?"

"I ..." Stella thought fast and then answered, "I am looking for Emmett."

“Sorry to disappoint you, but he has gone.”

“Oh.”

Stella was silent for a while and then asked cautiously, “What did Chan say to you?”

Clarence asked, “What did you want him to tell me?”