

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again

Chapter 197-200

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 197-Stella was not going to waste her time on arguing with him, so she talked back immediately, "Never mind if you don't want to tell me."

Clarence grabbed her shoulders and asked word by word, "Stella, do you like Emmett?"

"..." Stella frowned, "What a weird question."

"Just answer me."

Stella answered after a while, "No."

Clarence tightened his grasp and asked again in a soft and low voice, "Then do you like me?"

"You stopped me here for asking these boring questions?"

"How could they be boring?"

Stella raised her voice, "They are totally boring! And, I have been wondering why did you come to my party with my friends. Don't you feel embarrassed and uncomfortable?"

"Not at all."

"But Mr. Conrad, have you found that everyone else was upset by your present?"

Clarence responded in an unemotional voice, "I don't care others' opinions. I only care you."

Hearing his words, Stella couldn't help laughing, "Mr. Conrad is serious?"

"Yes."

"If Mr. Conrad really cares what I think, haven't you figured out that I hate you? Your appearance upset not only my friends, but also me"

Clarence interrupted her, "Stella, this is your answer?"

"What"

Stella realized what did he mean as soon as she uttered the first word.

He referred to the question that if she liked him.

Stella looked at him calmly, "I thought you knew the answer."

Clarence asked, "Now that you hate me, why did you help me today?"

"I simply considered that since you were one of the guests joining us for dinner, we shouldn't destroy the atmosphere because of you. And, I owed you a lot, so I want to seize every opportunity to return your favor. That's it."

But Stella had to admit that she was soft at that moment.

Clarence, the wretched man had been mean to her most of the time, but he was nice to her sometimes.

Those days living at the Anqiao Street was the most peaceful and comfortable time in her life.

At that time, although Clarence couldn't cook, he cooked fish soup for her without any complaints.

At the expense of a ruined kitchen though.

Although he always complained that she was a trouble, when there was a power blackout, he would take out the coal burning oven to heat water so that she could wash her hair.

Even though the electricity supply was restored before he could do that.

Although he asked her to have an abortion, but he still accompanied her to see the doctor.

Although

Stella sighed and stopped recalling it.

Clarence said, "Stella, you like me. It's a fact that you can't deny."

“So what?” Stella looked calm, “Mr. Conrad, we are both grown-ups. There’s more than like in our world. Let me tell the truth. From the moment when I asked to divorce you, I have never had the idea that we would get back together someday.”

Clarence pressed his lips and the apple of his throat moved up and down. He wanted to say something, but he couldn’t open his mouth.

Stella continued, “I know it was disgusting that I threatened you with the baby to make you divorce me. You should hate me. I deserve it. I will take the consequences with no complaints whatever they will be. However, the past three years might be nothing to you, but I had a hard time.”

“We have been divorced for six months. And the baby’s gone as you wished. We are even now. Why don’t you let me go?”

When she finished, Clarence said in a low voice, “You think that what I have done is annoying you?”

“Yes.” Stella answered firmly, “I only want to live my own life. If it is possible, I hope Mr. Conrad would never show up in my life again.”

Clarence continued after a few seconds, “If we had kept the baby, would you have a different answer?”

“If we had.” Stella sighed in silence, “Clarence, you should know that the problem between us is more than the baby.”

Clarence let her go slowly, “I see.”

Hearing that, Stella was relieved, but she felt something else too.

She was flooded with mixed feelings.

She made it so clear, allowing for no possibilities. He had to stop pursuing her this time.

When Stella was about to bid the last farewell to him, she was in darkness all of a sudden. Clarence kissed her lips with his cold and thin lips.

Stella, “...?”

Before she could push him away, Clarence took a step back first.

Stella held her anger, "Clarence"

Clarence explained, "I understand what you said. But it doesn't matter to me. It's enough to know that you like me."

Stella really wanted to crack his skull to see what was inside.

Clarence continued, "It was my fault that you didn't have a good time in the past three years, but I never evade my responsibilities."

"?"

"I'll keep finding ways to compensate you till you can leave the past behind and forgive me."

"No, you misunderstood. I didn't mean that"

"Yes, you did."

"...."

This wretched man imposed his own thought upon others as usual.

Seeing that she couldn't come up with a retort, Clarence smiled and reached out to fix her hair spreading around her ear, but she avoided his hand.

Clarence said, "As for the other things, you don't have to worry. I'll take care of them."

Stella looked at him alertly, "What are the other things?"

"Stella, trust me. You'll be willing to remarry me one day."

"I don't."

Clarence stepped forward, "How about a bet?"

Stella rejected, "I don't make a nonsense bet with"

"If I win, you have to promise something. Whatever it is."

"What if you lose?"

“It’s impossible.”

Stella, “....”

She couldn’t stand it anymore, “Get off.”

Clarence smiled slightly in a good mood, “Have an early night. Good night.”

What the hell. How could she be able to fall asleep after hearing what he said.

Clarence left soon after he finished. He moved his long legs and walked toward his Rolls-Royce by the street.

Stella rubbed her temples vigorously. She was about to go home but to find that she was still wearing Clarence’s coat.

She turned around abruptly, but Clarence had already driven away.

Stella looked at the empty street having no idea what she should comment.

She thought after hearing what she said, Clarence should have been pissed off and left right away as he was bad tempered.

But to her surprise, he got a such thick skin.

But it did make sense because he managed to keep calm and show nothing in front of those people who hated him.

Anyway, she was too naive to compete with him.

Stella rubbed her temples vigorously. She was about to go home but to find that she was still wearing Clarence’s coat. She turned around abruptly, but Clarence had already driven away. Stella looked at the empty street having no idea what she should comment. She thought after hearing what she said, Clarence should have been pissed off and left right away as he was bad tempered. But to her surprise, he got a such thick skin. But it did make sense because he managed to keep calm and show nothing in front of those people who hated him. Anyway, she was too naive to compete with him.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 198-When Stella was back home, Sherry finished cleaning the kitchen and Daniel was gone.

The noise from the door attracted Sherry's attention. She immediately looked toward the door being ready to ask questions, only to find that Stella was covered by a male coat, looking not in very good conditions.

Well, no need to ask.

Seeing the scene, Winnie raised her eyebrows and got up holding her handbag, "Well, I should go now. Have an early night."

Stella pulled herself together, "Clarence has left, so how are you going to go home?"

"Take a cab." Winnie put on her coat with a cap and then wore a mask. She covered herself completely with clothes and then winked at Stella, "Will I be recognized this way?"

Stella shook her head.

Winnie smiled, "That's fine. I gotta go, bye."

Shery saw her off at the door, "Hey, have a safe trip. Let me know when you are home."

"Ok."

After Winnie left, Channing turned to Stella, "You"

Stella coughed, "I go to the bathroom."

She ran away as soon as she finished.

Channing didn't move but frowned looking at her back.

Sherry came to him and whispered, "Chan, don't ask her. She knows what she is doing."

Channing was in silence for a few seconds and then turned to Sherry, "It's late. I gotta go."

"Fine, go home now."

Hearing the door closing, Stella poked her head from the bathroom and asked in a low voice, "Chan is gone?"

Sherry stretched herself on the sofa, "Yes."

Stella took a breath and walked out slowly. She took off the coat putting it on the arm of the sofa and poured herself a full glass of water.

Sherry held a pillow and asked curiously, "What did you talk about?"

"Talk ... what?"

"You and Clarence had been downstairs for a long time, but you said nothing?"

Remembering what happened downstairs, Stella paused for a second, then pressed her lips slightly and said through gritted teeth, "He is insane!"

Sherry continued, "Tell me the details."

Stella, "..."

She slowly sat down beside Sherry and speak in a low voice, "Sherry, in fact, I suddenly find that it's more and more difficult to read Clarence's mind. I know him well, but what he had done was often out of my expectation. It's really confusing."

"You think he has changed?"

Stella shook her head. She didn't think Clarence has changed, but ... sometimes he was lees mean than before and even showed to be gentle occasionally.

Sherry became more interested and moved closer to Stella, "I told you that the wretched ... Mr. Conrad is like a primary school boy who would do something childish and stupid in front of the girl he likes to attract her attention. But according to my recent observation, in terms of dealing with relationships, he has graduated from the primary school and become a middle school boy."

"...."

Stella lowered her head in silence.

She had always thought that Clarence liked her on a whim. He liked her now, but he would like someone else in the future. When he lost his interest in her, everything would go back to square one.

However, she was surprised to find that Clarence's interest in her could last for such a long time and showed no decline but kept going up.

Noticing her silence, Sherry said in a soft tone, "Stella, you know it clearly that Clarence likes you more than your expectation."

Stella was confused, "Huh?"

Sherry began to analyze, "Haven't you discovered that since you got divorced Clarence has been messing you up? But it's more like that he was trying to create opportunity to see you."

"But"

"Think about it. He went to Aqock for you and helped you move back to Starry Lake Mansion. He asked you to have an abortion, but he never took any measures to force you to do that. When you were stuck

in the Conrads' Mansion, he allowed me to visit you. And the most important thing is that he broke off his engagement to Phoebe Steward."

Sherry continued, "What you may not know is the fact that the cancellation of the engagement impacted the Conrad Group to some degree. The Steward family didn't make it clear, but those companies cooperating with the Steward Group purposely made difficulties for the Conrad Group's programs now and then. I acknowledge that Clarence is capable and powerful, and these troubles are no big deal to him, but he should be busy finding new partners"

Stella understood what she meant. What mattered most now for Clarence was to cope with the mess in his company, but he still managed to find time to see her.

It proved that he meant it.

Stella rubbed herself between the eyes, "I don't want to talk about it now. Let's go to bed."

"Well." Sherry added, "Would you like to call Emmett? I feel he has been hurt today."

Stella nodded slightly, "I'll take a shower first and then call him."

“Ok, I continue to clean the house.”

After half an hour, Stella walked into her bedroom while drying her hair with a towel.

She sat on her bed staring at her phone hesitant, and then she dialed Emmett’s number.

The phone rang for a while, but no one answered.

Stella hung up and put her phone down slowly. She came to her desk and sat down. She took out a pocket watch from box and then staring at it quietly, lost in her thought.

While she was looking at the watch, Clarence’s words suddenly came back to her mind.

Stella took a deep breath and then put her head on the desk listlessly.

She never took what Clarence said serious before, thinking he was totally insane, but today, she was somehow overwhelmed by mixed feelings, and she could tell what the feelings were.

After careful consideration, she admitted that what Sherry said did make some sense.

When she was informed of the news that Clarence had broken off his engagement to Phoebe Steward, she was confused and couldn’t figure out why did he do that.

But at that time, she was not in the mood to care about it and it had nothing to do with her.

When Stella was completely immersed in her own thoughts, her phone on the desk vibrated.

She sat back immediately and saw Emmett’s number flashing up on the screen.

She picked up the phone and heard Emmett’s voice, “Sorry, Stella. I was in a meeting. What’s the matter?”

Stella paused for a while before she uttered, “Am I interrupting you?”

“No, the meeting is over.”

Stella was relieved and said, “I am so sorry. I invited you to have dinner tonight, but something unhappy happened.”

Emmett replied, “I am the one that should apologize. Something came up in my company, so I left in a hurry without saying goodbye to you and Sherry.”

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 199-Learning that Emmett left because of the business of the company, Stella silently heaved a sigh of relief.

She said, “Then I will not bother you. I...”

“Stella,” Emmett interrupted her in a gentle voice.

“What’s the matter?”

He curled his lips into a light smile, “Nothing. Have a rest early. Good night.”

He didn’t ask the question although he was so curious about it.

After ending the call, Stella put her head on the table again.

She didn’t know whether she should make it clear with Emmett or nor. It was just that Emmett had never confessed his feelings to her and it would be very weird if she suddenly told him that she didn’t love him.

Stella thought that she would be sleepless for the whole night and opened her drawing book.

But she unconsciously sketched Clarence’s contours on the paper.

When she realized this, the painting was almost finished.

She subconsciously wanted to tear off this picture, yet paused at a second thought.

Never mind.

She could keep this to remind herself not to make a wise choice.

Stella turned to the next page. She patted her face to sober up herself and then began to draw a new picture.

At the same time...

In the Steward family...

In the study, a man reported to Charles, "Master Steward, we've investigated it and found that it was a boy who offered the photos to the newspaper."

Charles inexplicably knitted his brows, "Boy? What's his information?"

"His name is Channing Radomil. He's 19 years old and is a freshman of University A."

"Did you find out how he got the photos?"

The man slightly nodded his head, "Channing has a sister and her name is Stella Radomil."

Charles abruptly stood up, "What?"

"I've verified it. Stella is Clarence's ex-wife."

Charles, who used to be elegant, failed to maintain his composure any longer, "Are you sure?"

"I'm sure. I've confirmed it with the employees of that newspaper office. It was Channing who gave them the photos and asked them to publish a notice. Moreover, having not found the man through publishing notice on the newspapers, he posted the photos to other platforms. But we've intercepted all of them."

Charles gave an order after a short while, "Go find out Stella and Channing's background right away. I want to know all the details ever since their births. One more thing..."

Right at this moment, there was a string of knockings on the door.

Phoebe pushed open the door, "Day, why do you call me here?"

Charles sat back on the chair and waved his hand to gesture his subordinate, "You can leave now."

“Okay.”

After the man’s leaving, Phoebe closed the door, walked into the study, and then sat opposite to Charles, “Dad, I heard your mention ‘background’ when I was outside. Is there any problem?”

Charles replied calmly, “There’re some problems in the company. It’s not a big deal. I’ve asked my subordinate to deal with it.”

Phoebe nodded her head.

Charles paused. After several seconds, she continued, “I heard that you’re so close to a foreigner recently. Is that true?”

“Rigorously he’s not a foreigner. He’s a half Chinese.”

After her birthday party, Daniel would date her from time to time.

Phoebe didn’t understand it. If this happened in the past, she would refuse it without a second thought.

But ever since her engagement with Clarence was cancelled, some people were waiting to have a good laugh at her even though they didn’t say it openly.

But now, Daniel, a person who was renewed internationally, was pursuing her. Naturally she would not refuse it.

Charles said, “Have you investigated his background.”

“Yep. It’s very normal. He came to City N to have a concert and many of my friends know about him.”

“Phoebe,” Charles said, “I won’t oppose it if you want to have a boyfriend. But you should clear that your husband-to-be cannot be a musician.”

“I know it.”

“I’m also responsible for the engagement with the Conrad family. I knew deep down about Clarence’s personality, but I still allowed you to marry him.”

Phoebe shook her head, “Dad, please don’t say this. It was me who insisted on marry him because Clarence is the best choice for me in every aspects.”

Charles heaved a long sigh and asked inadvertently, "By the way, how's Clarence's ex-wife."

Phoebe didn't expect that her dad would suddenly ask this and was a bit stunned. She then replied, "She established a studio with her friend and is quite close to Clarence recently. I saw them having dinner together on the date of my birthday party."

Charles said in a deep voice, "I've expected it. It's a good thing that you didn't marry him."

Phoebe didn't reply.

Charles continued, "I remember that you said Clarence's ex-wife was sold to Twilight Club before. Is her family so in short of money?"

"I didn't probe into it. Maybe."

"Does she have any family?"

"She has a younger brother. As for others, I'm not clear of it." Phoebe then asked, "Dad, why did you suddenly ask this?"

Charles replied, "Nothing. It's just that I'm curious about her since she is so important to Clarence."

Phoebe's face turned cold when she heard this.

"Yep. I underestimated her schemes before, otherwise, it won't be like this now."

Charles said, "Phoebe, Clarence was unfair to you on this matter. If you feel aggrieved, you can vent your anger. It doesn't matter."

"Dad, do you mean..."

"Dad will support you no matter what you want to do. I believe that the Conrad family will not have any objection to it."

"Thank you, dad."

Charles stood up. When he was about to walk out of the study, he suddenly recalled something. He turned around and asked, "Phoebe, is the designer who designed the necklace for you before Clarence's ex-wife?"

Phoebe was stunned. After a long while, she curled her lips into a smile, "Dad, why do you ask..."

"It's just a casual question. Have a rest."

Phoebe's reaction had fully answered it.

After coming back to his bedroom, Charles locked the door, walked to the wardrobe and opened a drawer. He took a box out from it.

There were several yellowed documents in the box and below them was a pocket watch that was deformed by fire.

He took out the watch and stared at it for a long time.

At the next moment, his phone rang.

Charles picked up his phone. His subordinate's voice sounded from the other end of the phone, "Master Steward, I found out that Stella Radomil and her brother Channing had a father who was a gambler. He often came to the underground gambling houses, big or small. When he ran out of money, he would resort to usury. Three years ago, he sold Stella to the Twilight Club."

"What about their mother?"

"We didn't get too much information about this. It seems like that their mother died when giving birth to Channing."

Charles asked, "What's her name?"

...

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 200-As the New Year was coming, the weather was also getting colder and colder. But their studio became more and more prosperous.

Except for customized products, Stella and Sherry's studio also provided some original accessories, which greatly expanded its client base and received many positive comments.

Stella even received many invitations from investors. Some of them wanted to use the title 'Miss Radomil' to market their brands, and some of them wanted to increase the popularity of Stella's studio and increase the production.

But Stella refused all of them.

The studio was now in the start-up stage and its major concern was the quality of the brand. As for others, she would like them to develop in natural progress.

Stella had been concentrated on drawing ever since she came to the studio today. In the afternoon, she stood up, stretched her arms lazily and then pushed open the window to enjoy the fresh air.

When the window was open, Stella saw the starry sky.

She had to admit that the air condition in the vicinity had been greatly improved.

Looking at the stars in the sky, Stella was a bit absent-minded.

It had been half a month after that thing and Clarence would come to find her from time to time. But he didn't harass her with unreasonable again and would leave after a short while.

Sometimes he would ask his subordinate to send her some things, like dishes and drinks.

Stella never ate them and gave them to her employees.

Clarence came to find her several days ago and told her that he had to go to Italy for a business trip and would only come back at least a week later.

Stella thought that this was good because she could finally enjoy the peace during this period.

When Stella was about to continue with her drawing, there came a commotion from outside.

She closed the window and walked out of the office.

A middle-aged woman, who pulled the cloth of a girl in school uniform, was cursing at the door, "You're so immoral that you earn money from kids. She's

still a high school student. Does she have much money? She took my heart-earned money! Businessmen are all evil, from inside to outside!”

The girl dealing with her complaint just graduated from university. It was the first time for her to be cursed like this and she was completely at a loss.

Seeing this, the middle-aged woman raised her voice, “Don’t pretend to be pitiful. It doesn’t work on me. Return my money!”

The girl stammered, “Your daughter has worn the necklace and earrings for a long time, which brings some damages to it. I’m sorry I can’t return it.”

Hearing the words, the middle-aged woman pushed her with great force.

Being caught out of the guard, the girl lost her balance and her head hit on the cabinet aside.

Stella hurriedly walked over and supported the girl up from the group. She asked with her brows furrowed, “Are you all right?”

The girl shook her head. But tears streamed down her face.

Stella took a closer look of her and found that the skin on her forehead was broken and the wound was bleeding.

She pressed her lips together. Stella turned around and looked at the middle-aged woman who didn’t seem to be apologetic at all, “I’m the boss of this studio. You can tell me if you have any complaints. Why did you hit her?”

“So what?” When speaking, the middle-aged woman pushed Stella on her shoulder for several times, “You’re so heartless. You earn money by some wicked means. You deserved to be beat. It’s good. You’re the boss here, right? Hurry up, return my money and compensate for my spiritual damage. Otherwise, I won’t get even with you today!”

When speaking, she slammed the things in her hand to Stella’s feet.

Stella looked down and then took a glance at the girl who was hiding herself behind the middle-aged woman. She then turned around and asked her employee, “Did she buy these from us?”

The middle-aged woman felt unhappy when hearing the words and shouted, “What do you mean? Do you think that I’m blackmailing you?”

The girl replied in a low voice, "We have many customers every day and I can't remember it. But I promise that I haven't sold our products to students."

The original accessories in Stella's studio were priced from dozens of yuan to several hundreds. They were not that expensive, but for students who still needed to ask their parents for money, they had exceeded their standards of consumption.

The key was that there was no school around Stella's studio and no student would come here to buy things.

The middle-aged woman spat, "Yuck, what nonsense are you talking? If she didn't bought it from your store, where could she buy them? Come here to have a look, this heartless merchant doesn't want to admit her fault now. My daughter bought the accessories from her studio, but the boss doesn't want to admit it now."

When the woman made a fuss here just now, she had attracted the attentions of the guests in the studio. Now she even attracted the attention of those passengers who walked past the studio.

The girl added in a low voice, "I swear that I haven't seen a girl in school uniform walking into our studio. If there is one, I will definitely remember her."

"Bullshit! Who would wear school uniform all day long? Apparently she bought these things on holiday."

"What can I do then? It's just worthy of two or three hundred yuan. Should I ask my guest to show their ID cards when they buy things here?"

"No matter what, you should return the money to me today. If you refuse it, I will smash your store and report it to the police. Let's see which one is reasonable later. How dare you to cheat a student out of her money? Your store will close down sooner or later!"

The onlookers discussed it in whispers and mostly of them thought that the middle-aged woman had gone too far.

But a small part of them thought that Stella should return the money because it costed little to stop the woman to make a fuss in her store.

Stella looked at the little girl who had been lowering her head and asked in a gentle voice, "Can I ask you some questions?"

The middle-aged woman hurriedly hid the little girl behind herself, "You can directly talk to me. Don't try to scare my child."

Stella said, "I just want to ask her several questions. I will bear the responsibility if it's our fault."

"How will you be responsible?"

"I told you that I'm the boss."

The middle-aged woman rolled her eyes. It seemed like she was estimating Stella's status in the store.

After a short while, she said, "I will only give you five minutes. Moreover, I must accompany my daughter. Who knows what you will do to my daughter? Except for returning me the money in full, you have to compensate me for my spiritual damage and loss of working time. Furthermore, ..."

Stella replied with a smile, "Okay."

Her employee pulled her cloth, "Ms. Radomil..."

Stella turned around and comforted her, "It doesn't matter. I will handle this and you should go to the hospital to check your wound first."

"I can go later."

She and Stella were the only two persons in the store now and she was afraid that Stella couldn't handle it if she left.

"Rest assured. I guess that Sherry will come back soon."

"Well."

Before leaving, the girl evacuated the onlookers in the store.

The middle-aged woman sat down on the sofa with arrogance written all over her face, "What do you want to ask?"

Stella looked towards the little girl and asked in a soft voice, “When did you come to our studio to buy these accessories?”

The girl replied timidly, “One... one month ago. No, it should be half a month ago...”