

# Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again

## Chapter 201-228

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 201-Stella asked, "Are you sure that you bought it half a month ago?"

The middle-aged woman got a word in, "Why do you ask when she bought the products? They were sold in your store and you should return the money and compensate me. Cut the craps."

Stella took a glance at the broken necklace that was thrown onto the ground by that middle-aged woman before and then asked the little girl, "Do you remember who sold them to you? Were they sold by the girl just now?"

The girl hurriedly replied, "Yep, it was her."

"How much did you buy them?"

"I... I don't remember..."

The middle-aged woman became impatient, "Enough is enough. It's just worthy of several hundreds. Why do you have many questions? You're the owner of such a big store and I guess that you're not in short of money. Hurry up to return the money and this will come to an end."

Stella said with a light smile, "How can I return the money to you if I don't know the price."

The middle-aged woman retorted, "You will have to compensate for my spiritual damage and the loss of working time. You can give them to me together. Why did you separate them?"

"How much do you want?"

"Not that much. Twenty or thirty thousand."

Stella couldn't help but let out a chuckle, "Twenty or thirty thousand?"

The middle-aged woman replied, "It's not that much, right? My daughter is still a student and she doesn't go to school today because of this matter. If she can't keep abreast with the teacher's tempo after coming back to school and

fails to be admitted by a renewed university and can't get a good job in the future because of this, it will be a great loss. I didn't ask for too much."

"Okay."

When speaking, Stella took out her phone.

The middle-aged woman showed her QR code of payment to Stella triumphantly, but at the next moment, Stella called the police.

"Yuck, you..." The middle-aged woman seemed to be a bit nervous, "If you think that the compensation is high, we can negotiate it. I have to remind you that I will not get even with it if we come to the police. It's your reputation that will be ruined."

Stella ignored her and concisely narrated the situation to the police.

After ending the call, Stella raised the necklace in her hand and said in a flat tone, "Firstly, I designed and produced this necklace ten days ago and it was sold in the store about one week ago. Secondly, the girl pushed by you just now asked for a leave several days ago and she only came back yesterday."

Seeing that her scheme was exposed, the middle-aged woman began to make a scene, "I don't care about that. I just know that the necklace was bought from your store. So you must compensate me."

Stella replied, "I'm not in a hurry. Let's talk about it in the police office."

The middle-aged woman turned around and began to curse at her daughter, "Useless thing. You even forget when you bought it."

When speaking, she poked at her daughter's head with great force, "No wonder that you have poor performance in school. Are there only shits in your brain? Think over the words you want to say before speaking when the police come later."

The girl simply stood on the spot with her head lowered.

Stella noticed that the girl's school uniform was washed-up. It was winter now, but she only had one sweater under her thin uniform. She was wearing a pair of old-fashioned and ordinary sports shoes, but they were quite clean. She

was quite different from her mother who had fatty cheeks and wore a marten coat.

Such a girl would by no means buy accessories with her parents' hard-earned money because she would not pursue beauty blindly.

As a matter of fact, as long as one observed it carefully, he/she would find out that the woman's words were full of holes.

But Stella couldn't understand why they would blackmail her.

And they even made up a lie that would be exposed easily.

Sherry came back after a short while. Seeing this scene, she pulled Stella aside and asked, "Stella, what happened?"

Stella briefly told her what happened and added, "Sherry, I have to go to the police office later. If there's no other matter in our studio, you can close it and go to the hospital to visit Natalie."

"Okay. I will call Channing and let him go to the police office with you. Otherwise, I'm afraid that..." Sherry took a glance at the middle-aged woman and clicked her tongue, "You can win her if you fight against her."

Stella was amused, "I'm going to the police office for taking dictations, not for fighting. Channing has been concentrated on his final exams recently. Don't tell him about this."

Sherry nodded her head, "All right. Then be careful. When I handle the matters here, I will go to the police office to pick you."

The police officers came after a short while.

They were then taken to the police office. The middle-aged woman, who was so aggressive in the studio just now, pretended to be so miserable and poor. This time, she didn't allow her daughter to say anything and simply told them that she was scared.

Stella told the police officers about what happened and the evidence she had. The middle-aged woman retorted in an aggrieved tone, "We're the victims, not convicts. Have you finished your interrogation? My daughter is going to have

the college entrance examination soon. Will you be responsible if this affects her study?"

The police officers wanted to let them solve this conflict through negotiation as the things were bought from Stella's store. Moreover, three hundred yuan was not a big amount. They thought that Stella could buy peace with such a small amount of money.

Stella pressed her lips. She didn't reply.

It was not a matter of money. Rather, it was a matter of principle.

But when she saw that the middle-aged man was still complaining about her daughter while poking at her head with great force, she suddenly realized that the girl was instigated by her mother.

No one wanted to have such a mother.

In the end, Stella gave one thousand to the middle-aged woman and said coldly, "But a thick coat for your daughter with the rest of the money."

The girl looked up at Stella when she heard the words and there was a touch of astonishment in her timid eyes.

The middle-aged man said with dissatisfaction, "Only one thousand? Am I a beggar? I want..."

A police officer interrupted her, "Enough. Your daughter still needs to study. Hurry up and send her back to the school."

The middle-aged woman could only give up.

When she walked to the door, she said coldly to Stella, "I will not let go of you easily. Let's wait and see."

She then left with her daughter. Stella wanted to hail a taxi, but at the next moment, a black Porsche stopped in front of her.

Emmett got off the car and asked anxiously, "Stella, how's it? Are you okay? I rushed to here after receiving Sherry's call. Am I late?"

Stella shook her head, "Not a big deal. I've solved it."

Emmett turned around, "Has she left?"

"She's left." Stella continued, "You're supposed to be in the company now. It's that okay that you come out at this point of time?"

"There're few things in my company now."

Emmett coughed and asked, "Stella, if you don't have any other matter, can you come to a place with me?"

Thinking that Emmett especially came here for her and that he had helped her a lot before, Stella felt it unreasonable to refuse it. She nodded her head, "All right."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 202-They drove all the way to a private mansion.

Emmett got off the car, walked to the door of the passenger seat, and pulled open the door for Stella.

Stella said, "Thank you."

"You're welcome. Let's enter the house."

Stella looked up and found that the decoration of the mansion was peaceful and elegant, giving people a feeling that the owner of the house must be an intelligent person.

After entering the house, a maid immediately walked over, "Mr. Carter, Mr. Thomas is waiting for you in the tearoom."

Emmett slightly nodded his head and led Stella to the tearoom.

He stopped at the door and said to Stella in a low voice, "Stella, you don't need to say anything later. You can just sit beside me."

Stella nodded her head, "Okay."

In the tearoom...

A man with grey hair was making tea in front of the tea table.

This should be the 'Mr. Thomas'.

A pair of middle-aged couple was sitting opposite to him.

Stella was a bit stunned when she saw them.

Cameron Thomas put the teapot on the table when he heard the footsteps and looked over. He was a bit stunned when seeing Stella who was standing beside Emmett, “Who’s this lady?”

Emmett introduced to him, “This is Stella Radomil. She’s my friend.”

He then introduced to Stella, “This is Mr. Thomas. He’s my father’s teacher.”

Stella greeted him, “Hello, Mr. Thomas.”

Cameron chuckled, “I haven’t expected that Emmett would have such a beautiful friend. Oh, please take a seat here.”

Annie’s parents exchanged a glance. Although Annie had told them that Emmett knew Stella, they hadn’t expected that he would take her here.

Cameron pulled a cup of tea for Emmett and Stella respectively and then said to Stella, “This is the first time that Emmett brought her friend to visit me. Looks like you’re not just friends, right?”

Stella was a bit stunned when she heard this question. She didn’t know how to reply it.

Emmett smiled and got a word in, “Sorry for showing my problem. I bring Stella for some personal reasons, but more importantly, Mr. Thomas, I hope you can redress an injustice for her.”

“Oh?” Cameron asked, “Was she bullied? Tell me what happened. As long as I can help you, I will not turn a blind eye to it.”

Annie’s father couldn’t help but get a word in, “Mr. Thomas, it’s a misunderstanding...”

Cameron turned his head to look at him and asked while furrowing his brows, “What’s it? Does it have anything to do with you?”

“Ms. Radomil has been in conflict with my daughter for a long time. It’s not a big deal because it’s normal that kids often can’t deal with it properly. I’ve apologized to Mr. Carter. It’s just that...”

Annie's parents were here for the cooperation with Star Ferry.

Ever since Annie offended Emmett, Emmett had cancelled the cooperation unilaterally. But her parents had put in great effort to get this cooperation, so how would they give up easily? Therefore, they had found Emmett for countless times.

Seeing that it didn't work, they pinned their last hope on Cameron.

It was Cameron who helped them to win the cooperation before.

They thought that even though Emmett was outstanding, he was still a young man who should show some respects to Mr. Thomas.

Cameron said, "You guys confused me. Are you apologizing to Emmett, or to Ms. Radomil?"

Emmett curled his lips into a light smile, "Mr. Thomas, let me tell you about this."

Stella turned her head to look at Emmett, but Emmett just slightly nodded his head to assure her.

Emmett briefly narrated what happened in Stella's studio that day. Annie's parents said that Annie was still a child, but in fact, she was a spoiled daughter who threw her weight around acted wildly and arrogantly.

Her parents' expression turned gloomy when they heard the narration. They couldn't find a word to retort it.

They were also clear of their daughter's characteristics.

It was just that everyone in the Conrad family looked down upon Stella and naturally no one would criticize Annie.

In the end, Annie's mother said unhappily, "It's the domestic affair of our family after all, but Mr. Carter, you excoriate us for it. Do you know that it has nothing to do with you?"

Stella slowly looked over and said with a cold face, "Domestic affair? Which family's domestic affair?"

“You...” Annie’s mother wanted to criticize her, but was then stopped by her husband.

Annie’s father said to Stella, “Ms. Radomil, it’s true that my daughter Annie has offended you before. But it’s already the past and Annie has been punished for it. I hope that you can forgive her this time.”

“That’s true. Annie is still under house arrest in the Conrad family. Ms. Radomil, please show some mercy.”

Stella curled her lips into a light smile, “She deserves it. Does it have anything to do with me?”

Annie’s mother abruptly stood up, “Stella Radomil, you really overvalue yourself. It’s just that Emmett backs up you. Do you think that others will think highly of you? You’re just a woman dumped by Clarence. Do you think that you’re in the running to be a royal after hooking up with Emmett?”

Annie’s father hurriedly stood up to pull his wife. He said apologetically, “Mr. Thomas, we...”

“Enough is enough. How coward you are! The Perez family is a noble family and we don’t need to beg them.”

Annie’s mother picked up her handbag, turned around and left.

Annie’s father consecutively bowed to Cameron, “Mr. Thomas, I’m so sorry. The words burst from her in an angry rush. Please don’t take it to your heart.”

Cameron took a sip of the tea and said in a flat tone, “Such being the case, I’m afraid that I can’t help you.”

Annie’s father took a glance at Emmett, but Emmett still sat on the chair with indifference written all over his face.

He gritted his teeth and left reluctantly.

After their leaving, Cameron heaved a long sigh and then said to Emmett, “Emmett, it’s my bad that I didn’t investigate the situation in advance.”

“Mr. Thomas, please don’t say this. I just feel that I should tell you about the truth.”

Cameron said to Stella, "It's their fault. Please don't take their words to your heart. Originally I didn't want to get involved in the conflict between the Conrad family and the Perez family, but as Landon was once my student and I wanted to help him when seeing that the Perez family was confronting difficulty."

Stella smiled, "Thank you, Mr. Thomas."

Right at this moment, a maid knocked at the door and told them that the dinner was ready.

Cameron stood up, "Let's go for dinner."

Emmett and Stella followed behind him. Emmett whispered to Stella, "Stella, I should have told you about this in advance."

He pressed his lips and added, "I'm sorry. I planned to let them apologize to you before."

Stella replied, "It doesn't matter. I've never expected to receive an apology from them."

No matter it be Annie or Joanna, their apology wouldn't comfort her. Instead, it would only disgust her.

Cameron took a sip of the tea and said in a flat tone, "Such being the case, I'm afraid that I can't help you. Annie's father took a glance at Emmett, but Emmett still sat on the chair with indifference written all over his face. He gritted his teeth and left reluctantly. After their leaving, Cameron heaved a long sigh and then said to Emmett, "Emmett, it's my bad that I didn't investigate the situation in advance." "Mr. Thomas, please don't say this. I just feel that I should tell you about the truth." Cameron said to Stella, "It's their fault. Please don't take their words to your heart. Originally I didn't want to get involved in the conflict between the Conrad family and the Perez family, but as Landon was once my student and I wanted to help him when seeing that the Perez family was confronting difficulty." Stella smiled, "Thank you, Mr. Thomas." Right at this moment, a maid knocked at the door and told them that the dinner was ready. Cameron stood up, "Let's go for dinner." Emmett and Stella followed behind him. Emmett whispered to Stella, "Stella, I should have told you about this in advance." He pressed his lips and added, "I'm sorry. I planned to let them apologize to you before." Stella replied, "It doesn't matter. I've never expected to receive an apology from them." No matter it be Annie

or Joanna, their apology wouldn't comfort her. Instead, it would only disgust her.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 203-When they arrived at the dining hall, a maid walked in and whispered into Cameron's ear.

Cameron slightly nodded his head, "Ask him to come in."

He then smiled at Stella and Emmett, "I have another guest. Please wait a minute."

Several minutes later, a maid led a man into the dining hall.

Stella was a bit surprised when she saw the man, "Mr. William?"

William looked towards her and nodded his head to greet her, "Ms. Radomil."

Cameron asked, "Do you know each other?"

Stella moved her lips for a reply, but didn't know what to say.

William's chuckled and alleviated her awkwardness, "I once met Mr. Radomil before."

"Oh, what a rare coincidence."

Then Cameron introduced William and Emmett to each other.

William said, "I've heard of Mr. Carter before coming to City N. It's true that you're really young yet outstanding."

Emmett shook hands with him and greeted, "Mr. William."

Cameron said with a smile, "Don't just stand there. Take a seat."

As they just had sat down, a maid walked into the dining hall hurriedly and whispered to Cameron's ear again.

Cameron was astonished, "Why is he here?"

William said, "Maybe it's my guest."

Cameron nodded his head and gestured the maid.

William looked towards Stella and said apologetically, “Ms. Radomil, I’m sorry. I don’t know that you’re also here today.”

Emmett knitted his brows. He didn’t say anything.

Stella was stunned. She had guessed who the guest was although William didn’t tell her his name.

Sometimes the God of destiny likes to make fools of the people.

Stella forced a smile, “It... It doesn’t matter.”

She didn’t know what else she should say.

When Clarence entered the dining hall, he fixed his eyes on Stella for several seconds as he hadn’t expected to see her here.

Stella felt inexplicably uneasy. She picked up the glass and hid her awkwardness by drinking water.

After a round of greetings, Clarence sat opposite to Stella. She couldn’t read through his mind from his cold expression.

Cameron said, “It’s the first time that I had many guests at the same time. Your presence really graces my house. Now that you know each other, please don’t be courteous. Let’s start the meal.”

William held up his glass, “Sorry for bothering you as I came here without invitation. Please forgive me, Mr. Thomas.”

“You’re not an outsider. I told you to regard my house as your own home before and you can come whenever you want.”

Clarence said in a calm tone, “I haven’t expected that Mr. William knows Mr. Thomas.”

William replied with a smile, “It’s my great honor to meet Mr. Thomas in a seminar abroad.”

Cameron nodded his head, “Yep. I felt familiar with William when I met him before and learned that he was also from City N later.”

William curled his lips into a light smile. He didn’t further explain it.

Clarence continued, "I heard that the members of the Perez family have been pestering Mr. Carter and they even came to bother Mr. Thomas. Is it solved?"

Cameron's expression turned gloomy. He knew that Clarence was here for this matter.

Emmett replied, "It has been solved. Please don't worry about it, Mr. Clarence."

Clarence sneered meaningfully, "Looks like Mr. Carter has put great effort in it."

"I just did the things that I should do."

Cameron coughed, "Now that it has been solved, we should not mention that displeased topic again. Just regard today's meal as a family banquet. Let's talk about the others."

After Cameron finished the word, Clarence asked, "Now that Mr. Thomas said that this is a family banquet, Mr. Thomas, can I ask you some private questions?"

Emmett's eyes met with Clarence's in the air. He didn't dodge his gaze, "Mr. Conrad, what do you want to ask?"

Not just Stella, even William and Cameron felt that there was an invisible fight between the two men.

It seemed like they would flatten the house at the next moment.

Clarence said in a calm voice, "Mr. Carter, you're not young now. I think you should consider your marriage."

"Mr. Conrad, you're not in a hurry, why should I worry about it?"

Stella almost finished the water in her glass when racking her mind, but she couldn't find a way to stop them.

Clarence said in a cold voice, "Mr. Carter, you should consider it. Otherwise, you will cover the other man's wife every day."

"Cough..."

Stella was choked by the last mouthful of water she drank.

Emmett, who sat beside Stella, was the first to react. He raised his head and patted her back, "Stella, are you alright?"

Stella shook her head. She took the opportunity and said, "I want to go to the toilet..."

Emmett also stood up, "You haven't been here before. Let me take you there."

When they walked out of the dining hall, they found Clarence also followed behind them.

Emmett turned around, "Mr. Conrad?"

"I also want to go to the toilet. Mr. Carter, please take me there."

"..."

Cameron asked after their leaving, "What happened between Clarence and Ms. Radomil?"

William replied, "They divorced not long ago."

Cameron finally figured out what was happening.

No wonder that they had that conversation in the tearoom before.

After a short while, Cameron said in a deep voice after making sure that they couldn't hear the conversation, "Didn't you say that you will come back after the New Year? Why do you come back in advance?"

William poured a cup of tea and said slowly, "The Steward family has taken many actions recently. It's the most appropriate time."

Cameron had also heard of the conflicts between the Conrad family and the Steward family.

He asked, "Is this the reason why you bring Clarence here?"

William smiled, "Clarence is still young. Although he's capable and has many means of doing things, the Steward has a profound background after all."

Moreover, it has accumulated many interpersonal relationships over the years. It's impossible for him alone to assail the family.

"Do you want to use Clarence to get rid of..."

Cameron didn't finish his words. But William knew what he wanted to say.

Under current situation, as Clarence had a conflict with the Steward family, it would probably not cause any suspicion if he started his plan on Clarence.

Cameron asked in confusion, "But I can't understand why Clarence's ex-wife is involved. I heard some news about her. This girl has a miserable past."

William added some tea into his glass, "To be honest, even I can't see through Clarence's mind. He's so young, yet both the Conrad family and the Steward family have scruples towards him. They even formed an alliance to fight against him."

Cameron sighed silently, "Clarence will be outstanding no matter where he is. But because of the mistake of the Conrad family, he has been accused as an illegitimate child. I guess that the Perez family must have sought troubles for him again and gain ever since he was taken back to the Conrad family. But maybe it's these sufferings that fostered his growth and he has made such a great achievement now."

After all, he once struggled in the dark days and this helped to form his supernatural schemes and fortitude.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 204-Stella felt the way to the toilet a great torture for her.

She even regretted putting forward this excuse.

When Stella was regretting it inwardly, her wrist was suddenly grabbed by someone. Before she could react, she was pulled to a corner aside.

Looking at the man with coldness written all over his face, Stella subconsciously took a step backward, "Mr. Conrad, didn't you say that you want to go to the toilet?"

Clarence looked askance at her and said in an extremely calm voice, "Why didn't you believe in my words before?"

“ ... ”

Why did this wretched man suddenly mention other matters?

Stella shifted her gaze, “Mr. Conrad, please, I...”

Clarence put one hand beside her to obstruct her way, “Stella Radomil, how long has I left?”

It sounded like he was denouncing her. Stella subconsciously knitted her brows, “Mr. Conrad, what do you mean? Should I obtain your permit before having a meal with my friend?”

“Are you sure that Emmett only regards you as a friend?”

“It has nothing to do with you.”

Clarence fixed his black eyes on her and said word by word, “You told me you love me before. Why does it have no relationship with me?”

“When did I say that? It’s you who...”

“It doesn’t matter no matter who said it. What matters is this thing.”

Clarence didn’t want to quarrel with him because this wretched man was so good at justifying an unreasonable thing.

But Clarence didn’t intend to let her leave; instead, he narrowed his confinement of her and asked in a low voice, “I left for several days. Do you miss me?”

Stella was rendered speechless.

Was he an insane?

Stella said seriously, “Mr. Conrad, please behave yourself and mind the impact it may have. We’re in other people’s house.”

Several seconds later, Clarence said, “I miss you.”

Stella was stunned as she hadn’t expected that Clarence would suddenly say these sweet words to her.

Clarence had been like this during this period – he would make her lost for words from time to time.

She even found it hard to start an argument with her.

Right at this moment, Emmett's voice sounded from afar, "Stella?"

Stella instantly came back to her own sense. She didn't know where she should look at and was so nervous at the moment.

Clarence put his hand into his pocket and curled his lips into a smile.

Emmett walked over. Before he asked, Clarence said in a clam voice, "She got lost and I came to find her."

Emmett slightly pressed his lips, yet he didn't point out his lie in the end, "It's in the front. Follow me."

When Emmett turned around, Stella trampled Clarence's foot fiercely.

Clarence was caught out of the guard and moaned silently.

Emmett turned around when he heard the sound. Seeing Clarence's knitted brows, he asked, "Mr. Conrad, what's wrong?"

Stella smiled at him, "Maybe he feel uncomfortable. He will feel better soon. Let's go first."

Emmett nodded his head. Before leaving, he said good-intentionally, "There're some maids here. Mr. Conrad, if you're lost, you can ask them."

After finishing the words, he left together with Stella.

Clarence's temples thumped. Looking at their backs, he gritted his teeth.

When walking, Emmett turned around to have a look and then paused.

Stella also stopped when she sensed this, "What's the matter?"

Emmett pressed his lips, "Stella, actually I want to tell you one thing long ago."

Stella said, "I also have one thing to tell you."

“Then let me say it first.”

He was afraid that he would not be able to say those words to Stella if she said it first.

Stella slowly nodded her head.

Emmett said, “Maybe you’ve perceived it. I don’t know how to tell you, so I only choose to tell you now. Maybe...” He suddenly chuckled, “Maybe it’s because I’m afraid of your refusal.”

“Emmett...”

“Stella, please let me finish my words first.” Emmett continued, “I’ve been fallen for you for many years. When Horace was staying by your side, I saw the sincere and bright smile on your face, so I’ve never thought of bothering you. But now, I get the chance again and I don’t want to miss it.”

Stella replied after several seconds’ silence, “I’m sorry.”

“Stella, you don’t need to apologize to me. I choose to confess to you at this point of time because I want you to know about my attitude. I won’t require you to give me your answer immediately. I know that Mr. Conrad is also pursuing you recently, so I hope that you can give me an opportunity for fair competition.”

Stella curled her lips into a light smile, “He’s not pursuing me. He’s just making a fuss self-willfully.”

“No matter what, I can see that Mr. Conrad likes you.”

Stella didn’t reply.

Emmett continued, “All right, I feel much more relaxed after confessing to you. Stella, what do you want to tell me?”

Stella pondered for a while, “Emmett, thanks for your favor. But at present I...”

Knowing that she was refusing him, Emmett interrupted her, “I told you that you don’t need to tell me your answer right away. It doesn’t matter even though you don’t like me now, because maybe you will

fall for me one day. People's feelings are different every day. I will try hard to get your love."

Emmett continued, "Stella, please give me a chance. And give yourself a chance too."

Stella slowly raised her head when she heard the words. She moved her lips, yet was lost for words.

...

When they went back to the dining hall, Clarence had come back and sat down.

Clarence took a glance at them and asked in a cold voice, "Mr. Conrad, are you lost?"

Emmett smiled, "It's hard to walk to there in the evening. Mr. Conrad, looks like you're uncomfortable. Shall I ask them to send you some medicine?"

"Mr. Carter, looks like you're so familiar with Mr. Thomas. I guess you must have visited him frequently."

Emmett replied meaningfully, "Not that familiar. It's just that we knew each other long ago, at least before you, Mr. Conrad."

Clarence gradually pulled a long face. With his thin lips pressed together, his black eyes were tinged with a touch of coldness.

Seeing that the two men had a spat again, Stella felt her head aching.

Cameron didn't understand what was going on. He asked William in a low voice, "Are they fighting for who knew me first?"

William chuckled. He added some tea to Cameron's cup and shifted the topic, "I heard that Ms. Radomil is running a studio. May I have the honor to visit it?"

Stella nodded her head, "That's my pleasure."

William said, "Is it convenient for me to visit it tomorrow afternoon?"

"Yep. Mr. William, you can come whenever you like."

Clarence said slowly, "I'm free tomorrow afternoon. I can accompany you, Mr. William."

Stella was rendered speechless.

William smiled, "It's my great honor if you can go with me, Mr. Conrad."

Emmett wanted to get a word in, but he perceived a glance from the man sitting opposite to him. He clenched his fists and didn't say anything in the end.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 205-After coming back home, Stella threw herself into the sofa, feeling very tired.

Sherry walked out of the bathroom with a mask on her face, "You come back so late. Did you have dinner with Emmett?"

Stella replied with a weak nasal sound, "I bumped into Clarence."

Sherry, "..."

She sat beside Stella and asked in astonishment, "You bumped into him again? How unlucky!"

Stella smiled drily. She didn't want to say anything now.

Sherry smoothed the mask on her face, "You two are really poorly predestined. You can live together happily, yet it's hard for you to cut the relationship. What a noisy thing!"

Stella stared at the front dully. After a long while, she suddenly asked, "How's Natalie?"

"The doctor checked her situation and said it just broke her skin. I gave her the medical charges and gave her a two-day holiday so that she would have a good rest."

Stella nodded her head, "She must have been badly scared. Let's visit her after getting off the work tomorrow."

"Okay." Sherry continued, "As far as I'm concerned, I guess that they were deliberately making a fuss. Nowadays here're many ridiculous things. You may be accused of bumping even though you were just walking on the road,

but now they even came to our store to blackmail us. Do they think that they could bully us effortlessly?”

Stella pondered for a while, “I guess that the girl was forced by her mother.”

“I think so. Her mom is like a tigress. What a back luck to be her daughter!” Sherry turned around. Seeing that Stella was lost in her thought, she immediately understood what was in her mind. She patted her on shoulder, “All right, Stella. It has been a past and you don’t need to be bothered by it. What we can do is to be ourselves and have a clear conscience.”

Stella pulled herself back to reality and smiled at her, “I see. Go to bed now.”

...

On the next morning...

When Stella arrived at her studio, she found a lot of wastes were piled in front of the door and they were so stinky.

After parking the car, Sherry walked over. When seeing this scene, she cursed angrily, “Damn it. Which one did it?”

Stella pressed her lips together. She found some tools and cleaned the wastes at the door.

Sherry cursed while cleaning the wastes, “It must be that tigress, right? I guess it must be her. She looks ferocious and immoral.”

Stella said, “She won’t stop easily. Be careful during this period.”

“Rest assured. I will order a flash delivery for some surveillance cameras right away to monitor every place inside and outside of the store. We will be highly vigilant if that woman comes.”

As Natalie didn’t come today, only Sherry and the other girl were in the store today. Luckily, nothing happened in the morning and it was just a bit abnormal.

Usually their store would have many guests everyday although many of them would not buy products in the end. But during this morning, only two guests entered the store.

Sherry was sure that it was because of that middle-aged woman. She wanted to go out to investigate it, but was then stopped by Stella.

Stella said, "Let's see what she wants to do."

Sherry asked, "Are you doubting..."

"I'm not sure." Stella looked out of the door, "I just feel it fishy. Although she's blackmailing us, it's true that those things were sold in our store. So she would not seek troubles for us out of no reason."

"Yep. I also think it weird. How ridiculous!"

Stella said slowly, "Let's wait."

After the noon, when Stella was about to enter her office, she heard a noise from the door.

The middle-aged woman seemed to have changed her strategy. She was now sitting on the ground in front of Stella's studio and making a fuss.

"Hey, come to have a look at this unscrupulous merchant. My daughter is only 17 years old. She's still a senior high school student. They even defrauded a kid. Are there still justice nowadays?"

Her words attracted many passengers and the front of Stella's store was tightly packed with onlookers.

They all wanted to know what was happening.

Standing in the studio, Stella calmly looked at the baby's breaths that were trampled by them, seeming to be lost in her thoughts.

The other girl in the store was scared by this scene. She said in a low voice, "Shall we call the police?"

Stella said, "It's useless to call the police. She will come again."

"Then what should we do now?"

Stella didn't reply because she didn't have any solution now.

That middle-aged woman was a rascal. She was shameless and wanted money only.

Moreover, the thing that she was doing now was not a grave crime and she would only get a warning even if Stella called the police.

After a short while, the middle-aged woman seemed to be tired after shouting for a long time. She lied down on the ground and refused to get up. Moreover, she didn't allow anyone to enter the store. If one wanted to walk into the store, she would curse at him/her.

Sherry was so angry.

But anger would not help at this time. The winner would be the patient one.

Even though they drove her away today, she would still come here in the future.

Time passed.

When Clarence walked to the door, he stopped and looked down.

Hearing the footsteps, the middle-aged woman cursed without even opening her eyes, "Fuck off. No one is allowed to enter this store today, unless you step on my body."

Clarence stepped over her.

"Ouch!" The middle-aged woman abruptly sat up while screaming, "You stepped on my hand!"

But Clarence kept walking forward without turning around. He acted as if he hadn't heard her scream, "Handle it."

Nathan walked forwards, "Got it."

Stella and Sherry, who watched this scene in the studio, were shocked.

They had to admit that this wretched man often did something that was unexpected and incredible.

There was a proverb – A wicked person will be harassed by another of like ilk.

As long as Clarence was immoral, he would not be abducted by morality.

Nathan was experienced in dealing with rascals. He knew that it was useless to talk nonsense with her, so he simply gestured his men with a wave of the hand. Two men immediately walked forwards and carried the middle-aged woman away.

The middle-aged woman cursed while screaming, "Who are you? Let go of me! Otherwise, I will..."

She wasn't able to speak the rest words.

William followed Clarence into the studio. After a short while of bewilderment, he chuckled, "Mr. Conrad, you solved it simply and effectively.

Clarence replied in a clam voice, "I won't waste my time on those irrelevant and insignificant people."

He glanced over Stella and added, "After all, I have limited energy."

Stella scratched her head. She almost forgot that they would visit her today.

She walked towards them and greeted them in a gentle voice, "Mr. William, Mr. Conrad."

William asked with a smile, "Ms. Radomil, do you have any problem now?"

"Not a big deal. It's just that I often bump into rascals recently."

Clarence, "..."

Why did he think that she was criticizing him?

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 206-Sherry followed when Stella went to get water and she asked in a low voice, "Stella, who is the man with Clarence?"

Stella was making tea while answered, "His partner."

Sherry was confused, "Why did he take his partner here?"

"...."

Stella didn't feel weird until she heard Sherry's question.

Right, William was Clarence's partner and should have nothing to do with her.

But somehow, when William said that he wanted to visit her studio yesterday, she was not surprised and agreed without hesitation. She felt it was natural to do so and didn't noticed anything wrong.

Stella tried to defend herself. She put the caddy's cover back slowly, "Well ... but I had met Mr. William once and we had a nice talk, so ...."

Sherry listened to her defense and added timely, "So you get acquainted with him because of Clarence."

Stella, "...."

She didn't know what to say.

Sherry laughed, "Fine, I'm just kidding. Come on, they are waiting for you."

Stella felt uneasy, "Sherry, please come with me ...."

"No, no, no. I intend on sticking around for a while. Whenever I see the wretched ... Mr. Conrad, I feel I am a different person with a different name. I would be out of my mind."

As soon as she finished, she made an excuse and left.

Stella stared at her back, with her head bowed spiritlessly.

When she served the tea, William asked, "Are we interrupting Ms. Radomil's work?"

Stella shook her head, "No. There is no clients today and I can take this chance to have a rest. Mr. William, please have a seat, I ...."

Before she could finish, she was held by the wrist and fell on the sofa in a second.

Clarence said flatly, "Sit here if you need a rest. Don't walk around."

It was all because of you who came with a thick skin!

It was better for her to stay as she had another guest here. Stella was in silence for a few seconds and then moved towards the sofa's arm to keep distance with the wretched man.

However, Clarence looked at her with a dissatisfied expression and placed his arm behind her to declare his ownership.

Seated opposite them, William watched them being against each other secretly and smiled in silence.

Stella ignored Clarence and chatted with William, "Mr. William has been back in City N for a while. Do you get used to the life here?"

"It is my first time back here after few years. I am not completely accustomed to living here, but everything's getting better."

They chatted for a while and then Stella felt an itch on her back and her hair was pulled causing pain.

She clenched her teeth and turned around abruptly.

Clarence probably didn't expect her to react this way and his hand remained in the air with several strands of broken hair around his fingers.

Stella saw the broken hair and instantly felt her scalp hurt. She took a deep breath, "Mr. Conrad has been free recently?"

Clarence withdrew his hand, restored his sitting, and replied emotionlessly, "No."

"Then Mr. Conrad ...."

"I have been talking about our partnership with Mr. William, so I am wherever he is."

Stella, "...."

Pah, shameless!

...

On the street, the ejected middle-aged woman tried many times to come back to the studio to resume her fight, but she was stopped halfway every time. And she found that many men in black suit were guarding the studio's gate.

She spit into the grass and left rubbing her waist.

Before long, a white car stopped in front her.

Soon, a beautiful young woman got off the car.

The middle-aged woman walked forward immediately eyes lit up, "I did whatever you said. Give me the money now."

Phoebe Steward turned to reach an envelop from a man, "This is the money I promised." And then she took out another envelop, "You did a good job, and I want you to continue to make a scene. The bigger the better."

"It's easy. Today I discovered those girls were weak. They didn't dare to complain even when they were bullied. I can deal with them in whatever way I like ...."

She reached out to get the money, but Phoebe avoided her hand and smiled, "Take it easy. I'll give it to you when you complete the task."

"What do you want me to do? Just say it."

Phoebe handed the envelop to her man and then took out a picture from her bag, "Remember this face."

"A pretty face. Ok, got it. He looks like a student ...."

"You don't have to know this." Phoebe said indifferently, "I want to have him ruined. You know what to do, right?"

The middle-aged woman curled her lips, "It's no big deal, but you have to pay me more."

Phoebe crossed her arms over her chest, "As long as you make it, you'll get as much as you want."

"I want ...." The woman showed a number with her fingers, "This number."

"No problem."

Seeing Phoebe agreed without any hesitation, the woman regretted immediately and showed a new number, "No, no, no. I want this much!"

"Fine."

After they made an agreement on the price, the woman asked, "What about today's matter? Shall I continue to make a scene?"

Phoebe glanced at the black Rolls-Royce parked not far away and said coldly, "Continue as long as you can. Never let her get out of trouble even a single day."

The woman grinned, "I'm good at it. Whoever offended me Bernice Young can never have a sound sleep!"

Phoebe looked away from the Rolls-Royce and turned around to get into her car.

When Phoebe's car drove away, Bernice cautiously noted her car's plate number.

...

In front of the studio's gate, William said, "Ms. Radomil, sorry for the trouble today. I should have invited you to dinner, but I have an emergence to cope with."

Stella responded, "It's fine Mr. William."

Then she turned to Clarence who was reluctant to leave. She gave a slight smile and spoke in a gentle voice, "Mr. Conrad said that you'll be wherever Mr. William is, right?"

Clarence gazed at her emotionlessly and didn't respond.

Even if he didn't say it, Stella knew what he was thinking.

He must be complaining that she was a heartless woman.

After a few seconds, Clarence said, "I'll see you tonight."

He moved his legs and left the studio as soon as he finished before Stella could realize what he meant.

William smiled at Stella, "Ms. Radomil, I should go. See you."

Stella nodded slightly, "Bye."

When the two men disappeared, Sherry showed up suddenly, "Hey, hey, hey, did you hear that he is going to see again tonight. Who do you think would be the winner between him and the fierce woman?"

"...."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 208-Stella had stood in the balcony for an hour, supporting her face with her hands on the rail.

She watched the light snow falling in the air and getting thicker as time went by.

When Sherry finished her shower and went out of the bathroom, she found Stella was still in the same posture and looked at the same direction. Sherry came close to her and looked toward the same direction, "What's so interesting?"

Stella collected her thoughts and smiled softly, "Nothing."

Sherry asked, "Are you waiting for someone?"

She continued with a sigh, "What's wrong with the wretched man? He said he'd see you tonight, but he didn't show up. If I were you, I would be anxious too."

Stella, "...."

She defended herself in a low voice, "I'm not thinking about that."

Sherry doubted, "I don't believe you."

Stella looked forward again and took a deep breath, "Emmett told me he likes me yesterday."

Sherry was cheered up instantly hearing the news, "What did he say? What did he say? No, no, no. You accepted or rejected him?"

Stella shook her head and said slowly, "I should give myself a chance."

“That’s right. You should have. You shouldn’t stick to Clarence.”

“...not as what you think. I am not ready.”

“You don’t have to get ready. Love always comes in a sudden with no signs.” Sherry said, “Stella, you are thinking too much. Life is short. It is not big deal to have a few romantic relationships without commitments as long as you are happy.”

Stella pressed her lips in silence.

Sherry looked at her, “Stella, actually I know why you are hesitating.”

Stella asked unconsciously, “Why?”

“It’s because you are still in love with Clarence, right?”

Stella lowered her head but didn’t admit or deny it.

Sherry placed her hands on the rail too and sighed, “This is life. Sometimes it doesn’t go as you wished. But Stella, if the child ... is alive, would you marry Clarence again?”

After a while, Stella answered, “He also asked this question.”

“What was your answer?”

Stella forced a light smile, “As you said, life doesn’t go as we wished. If everything could be redone, we wouldn’t have gotten where we are.”

“Right, if everything can start anew, I’d like to keep away from the asshole Liam Keith as far as possible.” Sherry stretched herself as she said, “But Emmett made a point. You shou give you a chance to move on.”

Stella nodded slightly, “I know.”

Sherry said, “I’d like to go to bed now. You’d better come back to your room soon in case of getting cold.”

“Ok.”

After Sherry left, Stella stood there for another few minutes and right after she closed the balcony’s door, her phone rang in her pocket.

She answered the phone and heard Clarence's voice, "You come downstairs, or I come upstairs?"

Stella, "..."

She took her coat and came out of the house.

Downstairs, Clarence leaned against the door of his car, lowering his black eyes with a cigarette between his thin lips, looking cold and indifferent.

Stella came to him and stopped in front of him, "What I can do for you Mr. Conrad?"

Clarence looked up slowly, took off the cigarette and stared at her with his calm black eyes, "Why didn't you tell me what happened today?"

"Mr. Conrad is referring to ...." Stella realized what was he asking as soon as she uttered, "It's my own business. I don't think I have to report to Mr. Conrad."

Clarence showed no expression on his face and said flatly, "If I didn't show up there, what were you going to do?"

"I told you it's my own business. It has nothing to do with Mr. Conrad however I handle it."

"You mean I am being nosy?"

Stella said, "Nothing wrong with your interpretation."

Clarence gazed at her emotionlessly, "Stella, my patience is not without limit."

Stella laughed hearing his words, "Mr. Conrad's patience has been run out?"

"You are happy or sad about it?"

"If Mr. Conrad is happy to hear I say I am happy, then the answer is happy."

Clarence asked, "You hate to see me so much?"

Stella looked away, "It's not about if I hate it or not. It's just unnecessary to see you."

She paused for a while and continued, "Mr. Conrad, I think I should tell you something. Emmett told me he likes me, and I ...."

"You accepted? You said you don't like him."

Stella answered, "I didn't accept yet, but I decided to have a try with him."

Clarence uttered word by word, "Stella, look at my eyes."

Stella took a deep breath and turned to look at him, "Mr. Conrad, let's end here. Anyway, your patience has run out. I don't know your thought, but I really want to start anew and have a life that I like."

"What kind of life do you want?"

Stella moved her lips but couldn't find an answer.

Clarence flicked his cigarette and answered for her.

"The life you want is the one without me, right?"

The wretched man made a correct guess.

Stella said, "Mr. Conrad should know that we are very different. Initially ...."

"What different?"

Stella was a little confused, "Huh?"

Clarence sneered, "Right, I am an illegitimate child. I don't deserve you. You are right, we are different."

"...."

Was he being unreasonable and playing the game with me?

Stella closed her eyes for a while and then said slowly, "Mr. Conrad, I didn't mean that."

"In my view, that is what you mean."

Stelle felt that their conversation came to a dead end again.

Whenever she intended to have a good talk with him, he always blamed it on her.

He made her feel guilty.

After a few seconds, Stella opened her mouth, "Mr. Conrad, I finished what I want to say. You should go now."

Clarence said, "Don't rush. I didn't finish yet."

"...please go ahead."

Clarence lit up a new cigarette and said slowly, "Annie left the Conrad's Mansion, and she may come to see you, but the probability is tiny."

Stella looked at him blankly and tilted her head, her beautiful eyes were full of confusion. She was waiting for him to continue.

"I guess they would send her overseas. Who knows what would accident happen to her in a foreign country?"

Stella realized what he meant, "Mr. Conrad ...."

"Stella, I told you this simply because I want you to know that I've never been a good guy. You can stay together with Emmett. It's your freedom. But no one could keep me from doing what I want."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 207-William stopped in front of his car and turned to Clarence, "I should be on my way. Thank you for today, Mr. Conrad."

When William was about to get into the car, Clarence spoke coldly in a sudden, "Mr. William, what do you want by approaching Stella?"

William apparently didn't expect him to ask this question and he was confounded for a second, "I don't understand what you mean."

Clarence shoved one of his hand in his pocket and showed coldness on his face.

William couldn't help laughing, "I'm perfectly harmless to Ms. Radomil. I am just curious about her and she is nice to talk to."

Clarence said coldly, "She is young enough to be your daughter."

"..." William covered his mouth with one hand and coughed, "Mr. Conrad misunderstood me. It's not what you think. But you are right. Ms. Radomil is about the same age as my daughter, but ..."

Clarence asked, "Mr. William has a daughter?"

Hearing Clarence's question, William's smile was frozen as he nodded.

At the moment, the driver came to William, "Sir, it's time to leave."

William nodded slightly at Clarence, "Good-bye, Mr. Conrad."

"Have a safe trip."

When William's car drove away, Nathan stepped forward, "Mr. Conrad."

Clarence asked, "Found everything?"

"I asked the shop keepers around here. They said the woman started causing trouble yesterday. She probably did that for money."

Clarence glanced sideways at him, "She didn't target at Stella for no reason. Keep investigating."

"Yes."

After a few seconds, Clarence asked again, "Any news from Vincent?"

Nathan answered, "Not yet... There's nothing wrong with William's background, but it is strange that we find no information about his past in City N."

Clarence sneered as he moved his long legs forward, "It's not strange at all. He comes prepared."

William came to City N for the cooperation with the Conrad Group, but it was obviously an excuse made by him to come back."

And his relationship with Cameron Thomas must be more complex than what they explained.

Clarence didn't care what William intended to do as long as he left Stella alone.

Clarence paused and ordered emotionlessly, "Get someone to protect Stella these days. Tell me immediately no matter who comes to see her. What happened today is not allowed again."

Nathan nodded, "I'll arrange it right now."

Not long after they got into the black Rolls-Royce, Nathan answered a phone and turned around, "Mr. Conrad, a few people from the Perez family are in the Conrad's Mansion trying to take Miss Conrad away."

Clarence didn't even open his eyes as he said indifferently, "You don't have to tell me the trivia. Just handle it as you should."

In the Conrad's Mansion.

Annie's mother stopped the men in front of her, "She is my daughter. She should go with me. However powerful Clarence is, he can't stop me from taking my daughter home!"

She held Annie's wrist trying to leave as she said.

But those men didn't get out the way.

Annie's mother said coldly, "We are in a society under the law. You think Clarence could abuse his power?"

One of the men said, "Mr. Conrad indicated that Miss Conrad know very well what she had done."

"What she had done is none of your business. Who do you think you are? I must take her away today. I'll let you hurt her over my dead body!"

Annie stood beside her and pulled her sleeves, "Mom, let's forget it ...."

"No!" Annie's mother sneered, "He is only a bastard. You are afraid of him, but I don't. Ask him to come for me if he wants anything!"

In the middle of the stalemate, Joanna Pere wheeled Justin towards them.

Justin commanded, "Let them go."

The man nodded slightly at him and explained, "Your master, I'm sorry but Mr. Conrad ordered us to keep them here."

Justin smiled, "I know what Clarence mean, but Annie is going home. I guarantee that she won't make any trouble."

The man seemed to be hesitating and didn't respond.

Justin continued, "If it's difficult for you to decide, I can call Clarence now."

"Please don't."

The man stepped aside to give way to the daughter and mother.

They all knew it well that although Mr. Conrad had a bad relationship with the Conrad's family, he was nice to Justin.

Annie's mother gave a glance at Justin but didn't say anything. She took Annie out of the house to the car. When Annie took a deep breath thinking everything was over, a black Rolls-Royce stopped beside them.

Annie screamed and hid behind her mother.

The door of the car was opened, and Clarence appeared in front of them.

He glanced at Annie who was trembling behind her mother. His eyes were extremely cold.

Annie's mother held Annie in her arms, "Clarence Conrad, I'm here if you want anything. How dare you bully a child!"

Hearing her words, Clarence sneered in silence and uttered in icy voice, "Child?"

Annie's face was full of terror as she tightened her grasp at her mother's clothes.

Clarence didn't ask further question but said, "You can take Annie away today, but if I see or know her go somewhere she shouldn't go, what she'll lose is more than a leg."

Annie's mother was stunned, "You are threatening me?"

“It’s a reminder.”

“Clarence Conrad, you are doing too much! You are only a bastard. You really think everyone is fearing you? You know what? In my eyes, you and your bitch mother are both a piece of shit! Like mother, like son. No wonder you also get yourself a bitch!”

As she finished, everything was quiet except for the wind bringing coldness.

Justin spoke in a serious voice, “Aunt, Annie may not know how to behave herself, but you should know what to say and what not.”

“What’s wrong with my words? I told the truth. You accepted this bastard despite other’s opinions. See what’s happening now? The bastard is now taking charge. Justin, if you have had tried harder, you shouldn’t have been where you are today, observing a bastard before doing anything in your own house ....”

She was slapped across the face before she could finish.

Joanna slapped her.

Annie’s mother covered one of her cheek with hand and couldn’t believe it that Joanna slapped her.

Annie was shocked and murmured, “Aunt ....”

Joanna looked at both of them coldly, “Get out of here! Never step into this house again!”

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 209-In the next few days, whenever Bernice wanted to make a fuss in Stella’s studio, she would be stopped for various reasons before reaching the door and she was quite confused.

But no matter what happened, she was still trying hard to get the great reward from Phoebe.

In the afternoon of a Friday, when her daughter came home from school, she pulled her aside and whispered some words into her ear.

The girl’s face was written all over with horror when she heard the words, “No... We can’t do this... We will be arrested...”

Bernice pinched her with great force and cursed, "You ungrateful child. It's a waste to raise you. Whenever I ask you to do something, you would reject it. If you're smart enough, we would have been living a rich life!"

"I..."

"Cut the craps. I will not let go of you if you fail!"

Seeing that her mom was going to slap her, the girl shrank out of instinct.

Bernice grabbed her and then hailed a taxi, "Go to the University A."

She had been there to learn more about Stella and had arranged everything. And she had been waiting for her daughter to come home from school.

In the café...

The manager said, "Chan, tomorrow is Saturday, can you come here?"

"Sorry I can't. I have to visit my sister."

"Oh please don't, tomorrow is the weekend and many girls will miss you. Please give them some time to have a look at you."

"..."

Channing put the cleaning cloth on the table and said to the manager, "I finish the cleaning. I have to go first."

Looking at his back, the manager heaved a long sigh. Being handsome was also a kind of trouble.

Channing walked out of the café and then took out her phone and made a call.

With his brows knitted, he asked, "Is there any news?"

The person at the other end of the phone replied, "Young man, I suggest you give up. The photos were taken twenty more years ago. Maybe the man you're searching for has passed away."

Channing slightly pressed his lips together, "I can pay more."

“You know, it’s not a matter of money. There are many people in this world. And even though you can give me a great reward, I still don’t know how I can find out the person. Furthermore, it’s meaningless even if you manage to find him. Just give up.”

Channing wanted to say something, but at the next moment, he suddenly heard a weak cry for help from the roadside, “Someone helps me...”

He put his phone into the pocket and followed the voice.

A girl in school uniform was sitting behind the bush not far away with her arms around her knees. It looked like she was in agony.

Channing walked towards her and then squatted in front of her, “What’s wrong?”

The girl replied with her head lowered, “I sprained my ankle.”

Channing looked towards her leg and asked, “Can you stand up? I can send you to the hospital.”

The girl tried to stand up but fell again.

Channing immediately supported her by her arm, “Move slowly.”

The girl moved again and she almost leaned against his arms.

It looked like she was so painful.

When Channing was about to call the ambulance, the girl suddenly pulled her cloth together and shouted, “Help, help, help!”

Many old people would come here to have a walk around the university and the girl’s shouting immediately attracted many people.

A kind-hearted man pulled the girl from Channing’s arms and criticized him angrily, “What do you want to do to her?”

Channing furrowed his brows and replied in a deep voice, “I didn’t want to do anything to her. She sprained her ankle and I supported her up from the ground. This is what happened.”

The old man ignored him and looked towards the girl who was trembling in fright, "Girl, tell me what happened."

The girl choked with sobs, "I was walking around here just now and he suddenly pulled me to the bush and covered my mouth. Then he began to take off my cloth..."

Right at this moment, someone among the crowd said, "Oh gosh, is he a bastard? He's trying to rape a high school student."

Another person chimed in when hearing the words, "This boy looks handsome and positive, but he has a dirty mind. The proverb is true – Cats hide their claws."

"I often see this boy. He may be a student of this university. Hurry up to call his teacher and the headmaster. We should let them know that there's a bastard in their school!"

There were some shouting and curses from the crowd from time to time. After a while, many onlookers, including many students who walked past here, gathered around.

A person asked in a low voice, "Isn't he Channing? What happened?"

"I heard that he pulled a high school student to the bush just now and wanted to..."

"Oh my god, no wonder that he refuses to accept any of the girls who like him. It turned out that he's pretending to be lofty. So disgusting!"

Channing didn't give a shit about their discussion. He looked towards the girl and asked in a cold voice, "Are you sure?"

A person said, "Look, he begins to threaten the victim! Where are the teachers? Why aren't they here?"

Channing continued, "There're many surveillance cameras around. We will know about the truth if we check the surveillance videos."

But no one cared about his explanation. All of the onlookers criticized him angrily and some of them even prepared to beat him.

Right at this moment, a female voice sounded from the crowd, "Excuse me, excuse me."

She walked to Channing and took a glance at him, "I came to buy water just now. What happened?"

Channing slightly knitted his brows. He simply stared at her and didn't reply.

Winnie glanced over the crowd, "Ladies and gentlemen, you misunderstood him. It's not like you've imagined."

She said slowly, "I walked around with his hunk, er, boy, just now. Then we suddenly heard a cry for help. This girl said that she sprained her ankle and she can't walk, so I came to buy water so that we can give her a cold compress. But when I came back, I heard a distorted story. Can anyone tell me what's going on?"

Winnie was so righteously that those onlookers began to doubt themselves.

Even Channing was almost convinced. He couldn't help but look askance at her. How could she tell a lie in a righteous tone?

Suddenly, there came shouting from the crowd, "The girl said that he pulled her to the bush..."

"All right, I got it. But I have to explain to you that it's nonsense." She then looked at the girl with a smile, "Little girl, tell me, is it your illusion because you're so stressful as the examinations are coming?"

The girl shrank. She didn't reply.

Winnie continued, "It doesn't matter. He won't blame you. You should just explain it clearly."

The girl bit her lower lip and replied after a long while, "She's lying. They were not friends. I didn't sprain my ankle. She's his conspirator..."

The smile on Winnie's face gradually disappeared. She heaved a sigh helplessly, "If you insist on it, I'm sorry that I can't help you."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 210-Stella walked out of the washroom and sat down on the sofa. She fingered through the posts with her phone while drinking water.

Right at this moment, a piece of news suddenly popped up.

[Winnie's love affair is suspected to be exposed.]

What happened?

Stella hurriedly clicked the news. But when she saw the photos posted by the media, she almost spurted out the water in her mouth.

She checked the news again and again and then quickly closed the page and called Channing.

Stella asked tentatively, "Chan, where're you?"

"In my dormitory. What's the matter?"

"Did you see the news?"

"What's it?"

Stella asked it from another aspect, "What happened between you and Winnie?"

Channing replied after a short while of silence, "Nothing. I encountered trouble today and she helped me."

Half an hour ago...

Seeing that it was useless to persuade the girl, Winnie directly told her that they were filming a movie here and they happened to record what happened just now.

With a witness and the evidence, she suggested going to the police.

When speaking, she took out her phone and pretended that she was going to call the police.

The girl seemed to be scared. She hurriedly stopped her, "No... Don't call the police..."

The kind-hearted man said, "Girl, don't be afraid. The police offices will give you justice..."

But the girl hurriedly drilled out of the crowd and escaped before he could finish the words.

Looking at the onlookers who were in astonishment, Winnie put her phone back into her pocket and said calmly, "It's obvious that she's the liar. The boy beside me is handsome and has both good performance in study and a good personality. He's not that kind of man. So I think those who criticized him just now should apologize to him, right?"

The onlookers looked at each other in confusion. They hadn't expected that there would be such a big reversal.

Right at this moment, someone asked tentatively, "Is she Winnie?"

"It's so dim that I can't see her clearly. But their voices are so similar."

"Oh gosh, I saw it. It's Winnie!"

When the onlookers became excited, Channing, who had been silent, held up Winnie's hand and they quickly left.

Channing guessed that someone must have photographed this and subscribed it to the media.

Then there came the trending news.

Channing didn't tell Stella about the details. He paused and then asked, "Did they take photos?"

Stella replied, "Yep, but luckily the photos are blurry and they can't see your face clearly."

"How did you recognize me?"

"Bullshit, I'm your sister. How can't I recognize you?"

Channing slightly pressed his thin lips together, "Will this bring great negative impact to her?"

"I'm not clear of this. I will ask her later..."

Stella suddenly paused.

Channing asked, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing. Leave this matter to me. You should focus on your study."

Stella suddenly remembered that Winnie was an entertainer of the Conrad Group.

This news had gone viral on the internet and her team must be handling it. This meant that Clarence probably had learned about this.

Stella was not sure about whether he could recognize Channing.

Stella bit her lower lip, scratched her head and then called Winnie.

But she still didn't receive her call after a long while.

Stella guessed that she must have been affected by this matter.

After hesitating for a long while, Stella finally decided to call Nathan.

The call was connected soon.

Nathan asked, "Ms. Radomil, what's the matter?"

Stella straightened her back, "I want to ask you, does this matter have a seriously negative impact on Winnie?"

"No. It's very serious." Nathan said seriously, "I will have a great impact on her career. We've been negotiating on some endorsements and films with some sponsors, but they all quit now."

"..."

Stella was not convinced.

Nathan continued, "Mr. Conrad is holding an emergent meeting to deal with this matter now."

"Er... Should he deal with this in person?"

"Yep. Mr. Conrad had been responsible for Winnie's work personally."

Nathan promised that he didn't lie.

It was true that Mr. Conrad had been in Winnie's working chat group.

Stella laughed awkwardly, "I don't expect that Mr. Conrad has engaged in many areas."

"Able person is always busy."

"Then, please feel free to call me if you need me. I will make every effort to be cooperative."

"Okay."

Stella looked out of the window after ending the call and heaved a long sigh.

What a coincidence. She made a clean break with Clarence several days ago, but now she brought trouble to him again.

Stella took out her phone and surfed on the Internet. Then she found that the tag about Winnie's love affair was on top of the trending news.

Many of her opponents and anti-fans spread the rumors that Winnie was a home-wrecker again.

Sometimes it was like this. No matter how hard you tried to clarify it, those people just wanted to see the things they expected.

But it seemed like this had a great negative impact on Winnie.

...

In the meeting room...

Winnie silently heard Nathan talking nonsense in a righteous tone of voice.

When Nathan put the phone back in his pocket, Winnie asked, "Mr. Lance, have you thinking of becoming an actor if you quit your job as an assistant?"

Nathan wiped her forehead, "You flatter me. This is a necessary professional quality as an assistant.

Winnie was rendered speechless.

Several seconds later, Clarence asked in a flat tone, "Except for that high school student, did anyone take part in this matter?"

Winnie nodded her head, "I guess that this is not an accident. It's premeditated."

It was true that Winnie was filming a movie there. When she saw Channing opposite the street, she wanted to walk over and greet him, and then she saw what happened.

As she was standing far away from there, she found that several men had been waiting in the vicinity, and then they rushed forwards and kept instigating those onlookers in the crowd in an attempt to mislead public opinion. It was also those men who criticized Channing angrily in the crowd just now.

Clarence clicked the desk with his slender finger from time to time, seeming to be thinking of something.

Stella and Channing were plotted one after another. But from the two troubles, he could tell that the approaches used by the conspirator were not that perfect.

It would be an overestimation to call them well-designed conspiracies.

Nathan said, "Mr. Conrad, although the approaches they used are shady, they're somehow useful. If Winnie hasn't shown up today, their plan may be successful. Even if we provide evidence to prove Channing's innocence later, it still has brought negative impact on him."

Scandals could ruin a person effortlessly.

Clarence said, "Let the PR team clarify this matter and alleviate the spreading of this rumor."

"I will arrange it right now."

Winnie stood up, "Mr. Conrad, if there is not any other matter. I will leave now."

"Hold on," Clarence looked towards her, "Do you know what you're not supposed to tell others?"

Winnie replied, "Mr. Conrad, how can you look down on me? I have the professional quality as an actress."

Clarence gestured her to leave.

Nathan instructed the PR team and then asked, "Mr. Conrad, what about Mrs. Conrad?"

"Tell her to come to my office tomorrow."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 211-On the next day, in the Conrad Group...

Stella had been walking slowly ever since she entered the building. She didn't want to go upstairs at all.

After a long while, the phone in her bag rang.

It was a call from Nathan.

But Clarence's voice sounded from the other end of the phone when she picked up the call.

He said in an indifferent tone, "Are you only going upstairs after cleaning the floor tiles of the lobby?"

"..."

Florence lifted her head and looked around. Were there surveillance cameras?

Clarence continued, "Hurry up. I have to attend a meeting later."

"I see."

Stella shifted her gaze and walked into the lift.

In the office, Clarence threw the phone back to Nathan, "Go to the door of the lift to pick her up. Don't let her run away."

Nathan, "..."

Why did he feel that it was like Stella was on the way to an execution ground?

Five minutes later, Stella showed up in the office.

Leaning against the sofa with his slender legs crossed, Clarence clicked one of his knees gently, looking indifferent and nonchalant.

Stella walked towards him and stood in front of him, “Mr. Conrad.”

“Take a seat.”

Stella moved her lips trying to say something. But in the end, she pressed her lips together and sat opposite to him.

Nathan entered the office with two cups of coffee after a short while and left quietly.

Stella lowered her head. She took a glance at the tea table and said seriously, “Mr. Conrad, I will be responsible for all the negative impacts on Winnie.”

Clarence picked up a cup of coffee. He took a sip and said in a flat tone, “How will you be responsible?”

“I will try my best to be cooperative if you have any solution.”

“Stella Radomil, do you know why you create troubles frequently?”

Stella didn't reply.

Clarence said in a calm voice, “It's because you always like to take the responsibility for some matters that have nothing to do with you.”

Clarence looked at her and replied calmly, “Chan is not an outsider for me. He's my younger brother and his trouble is also mine. But I don't expect Mr. Conrad to understand it. After all, only human being would have such an emotion.”

Clarence, “...”

He looked up and fixed his eyes on her, “Remember what you have said. You'll be responsible until it's solved.”

“I will not go back on my words as long as your requests are within an appropriate and reasonable range.”

Clarence put down the cup of coffee and curled his lips into a smile, "Great."

Stella inexplicably had a feeling that she had fallen into a trap.

She stood up and said, "Then I will go back first. Mr. Conrad, if you have any problem, you can ask Mr. Lance to contact me."

Clarence said, "I have a problem now."

"Please tell me."

Clarence lifted his hand and took a glance at his wristwatch, "I have to attend a meeting now. Wait for me in my office. You're not allowed to leave before I come back."

"But..."

"It doesn't matter if you want to leave. I never force others to do something against their wills."

Stella was shocked.

Wouldn't he felt ashamed when saying this?

Clarence slowly shifted his gaze onto her and said word by word, "The one who created this trouble should be responsible for it."

Stella closed her eyes and sat on the sofa again, "Mr. Conrad, I will wait for you here."

Clarence asked slowly, "Why do I feel that you're not that willing?"

Stella forced a smile. She gritted her teeth, "Mr. Conrad. It must be your illusion."

"That's good. Otherwise, someone will accuse me of pestering her again."

"..."

Fuck off, you wretched man!

Clarence turned around and took a glance at Stella when he walked out of the office. Stella immediately withdrew her gaze, looked at the place in front of her and straightened her back.

He said, "There's a lounge in my office. You can have a rest there if you feel sleepy."

Stella ignored his words, pretending that she didn't hear it.

When the door of the office was closed, she heaved a sigh of relief and leaned against the sofa.

She looked dejected.

After a short while, she received a call from Winnie.

Winnie said, "I'm so busy today and I saw your missed call just now."

Stella asked, "Is it solved?"

"Er... It's a bit difficult to solve it. Although the discussion on this matter has been cooled down, it still has some impact on my subsequent work."

"Did it bring a big loss to the Conrad Group?"

"I'm not clear of it. But at present all of my work is suspended. Mr. Conrad asked me to go abroad for voca... exactly, to keep myself away from this trouble. Of course it will bring loss to the company when my work is suspended."

Stella nodded her head, "I see. Thank you for helping Channing."

"You're welcome. Your brother is like my brother. How could I just stand by?"

"Then enjoy your holiday abroad. I will deal with this matter."

Winnie asked in a low voice, "Did you come to Mr. Conrad?"

"I'm in his office."

Winnie coughed and found an excuse, "All right, I have to board the plane. Let's chat later."

“Okay.”

Stella stayed in the office during the whole day. An assistant sent her a lunch at noon, but she didn't eat it.

She was a clear attitude now – she was here to cooperate with them to solve the problem and she would not have any entanglement with that wretched man again.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, Clarence finally came back from the meeting. He noticed that Stella was still sitting on the sofa with the same posture.

He strode towards her, “Have you eaten anything?”

Stella replied in a flat tone, “Mr. Conrad, do you have any solutions for this matter?”

Clarence pressed his eyebrows, “If you haven't had anything, eat something together with me.”

“Mr. Conrad, if you haven't figured out a solution, I can come here tomorrow.”

“What do you want to eat?”

Stella, “...”

They were talking about two topics!

Clarence picked up his suit jacket, “Let's go to the restaurant.”

After a short while of silence, Stella couldn't help but ask, “Mr. Conrad, I think you should go to the hospital to check your hearing.”

“Good idea. And you can check your conscience.”

Stella didn't want to argue with him. She followed her out of the company and then stopped, “Mr. Conrad, I...”

Clarence looked askance at her and then tilted his head, “Get on the car first.”

Stella took a deep breath and got on the car.

Clarence hadn't said anything after getting on the car. When Stella pondered that he was fooling her again, he handed her a document, "Winnie's personal image somehow represents the image of the Conrad Group. So it's a seriously negative scandal for both her career and the Conrad Group."

Stella took the document from him and asked in a low voice, "Is it more serious than your regret of the engagement?"

Clarence looked at her emotionlessly, "I'm not joking with you."

Stella immediately became serious, "I'm sorry."

Clarence continued, "There's only one way to recover the damage at present."

Stella leafed through the document and heard it carefully. Clarence didn't deceive her. The document showed that Winnie's work had been suspended. Moreover, it also brought problems to several projects of the Conrad Group.

She looked up at him and asked, "Mr. Conrad, what should I do?"

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 212-Clarence said flatly in a business tone, "I have a gambling party tonight. Can you go with me?"

Stella was a bit stunned. She then nodded her head, "Okay."

"Can we have dinner now?"

Stella laughed drily and returned the document to him, "Mr. Conrad, it depends on you."

Clarence leaned against the chair and closed his eyes.

Two minutes later, Stella's phone rang.

It was a call from Emmett.

Stella turned her head to take a glance at Clarence. She didn't know whether he had fallen asleep or not. After hesitating for several seconds, she picked up her phone.

Emmett said, "Stella, Sherry told me what has happened. Do you need my help?"

Stella subconsciously wanted to decline him, but she changed her mind at the next moment, “Okay, thank you.”

Clarence slowly opened his eyes.

After ending the call, Stella turned to look at Clarence and her eyes met with his calm and unfathomable eyes in the air.

Clarence shifted his gaze and said in a flat tone, “We arrive. Get off the car.”

Originally, Stella had planned not to eat anything. However, for a person who hadn’t had lunch, watching another person having dinner in front of her was a total torture.

She took a deep breath and then walked out of the restaurant to buy something to eat.

Looking at her back, Clarence asked expressionlessly, “What’s in her mind?”

Nathan, who stood aside, didn’t know how to reply it.

Stella had showed her attitude clearly – she wanted to make a clear break with Clarence.

Even though Mr. Conrad tried his best to create a chance to get along with her, it wouldn’t work for too much.

Stella’s mind was simple. Now that she couldn’t evade meeting that wretched man, she would face it calmly.

Clarence suddenly stood up and followed Stella out of the restaurant.

Outside of the restaurant...

Stella just bought a packed food from a convenient store. When she sat at the table, split the disposable chopsticks and prepared to enjoy her dinner, someone suddenly pulled aside her food. At the next moment, he snatched her chopsticks.

Stella was astonished while at the same time annoyed, “Mr. Conrad, aren’t you having dinner?”

“It tastes bad.”

“It’s such a high-end restaurant. How could its dishes not be delicious?”

Clarence retorted in a flat tone, “Then why didn’t you eat the food?”

Stella, “...”

Clarence ignored her and picked up the food she bought just now with the chopsticks he snatched from Stella just now.

Stella felt that she almost died of anger.

She pressed her lips together, walked into the convenience store and bought another packed food again. She then sat down at the other table.

Clarence put down his chopsticks and pressed the tip of his tongue against his teeth.

After the dinner, Stella felt a bit thirsty. When she was about to walk into the convenience store again and bought a bottle of water, someone placed a glass of warm water in front of her.

Stella looked up at the man aside.

Before she could find an excuse to decline him, Clarence said, “Just regard it as a compensation for the food you bought. You can throw it away if you don’t want it.”

After finishing the words, he strode towards the Rolls-Royce that was parked by the roadside.

Stella took a glance at him and then at the glass of warm water on the table.

That wretched man was right. This was a compensation for her.

She shouldn’t make things difficult for herself.

Stella picked up the glass, lifted her chin and then gulped down the water.

...

In the Twilight Club...

Stella had never dreamed of coming to this club together with Clarence one day.

It was weird that every time she came here before, she would be overwhelmed by despair and humiliation.

But this time, she didn't feel anything.

Maybe it was because those humiliating past had disappeared along with Jeffrey's death.

When Stella pulled herself back to the reality, she saw Clarence fixing his eyes on a corner not far away calmly. It seemed like he was thinking of something and it was hard for her to read through his emotion.

Two minutes later, Stella couldn't help but ask, "Mr. Conrad, why don't you move forward?"

Clarence replied in a flat tone, "I recall something."

"What..."

Stella regretted asking it, but it was too late for her to hold back her words.

Clarence said calmly, "A person grabbed my hand when I walked past that corner and begged me to save him before."

"..."

She had expected this.

It was proved that she shouldn't give Clarence any reply no matter what he said, because the subsequence would not be satisfactory.

Clarence continued, "Although I'm not a good man, sometimes I would do some good deeds."

"..." He must have many on his conscience.

"But in the end, she becomes so ungrateful."

"..."

“Stella Radomil, have you heard of the story ‘The Snake and the Farmer’?”

Stella gritted her teeth, “Mr. Conrad, can you please shut up?”

Clarence looked askance at her and said in a cold voice, “I’m talking about Nathan. Why are you so angry?”

Stella, “...”

Nathan, “...”

Nathan, who thought that he should have some professional quality, took a step forwards after a mental struggle, “Ms. Radomil, Mr. Conrad is right. I encountered a problem in this club before and Mr. Conrad happened to show up...”

Stella looked at him emotionlessly as if she was waiting for his ridiculous excuse.

Nathan continued, “It’s a long story as for why I was here before. It all started from my mom’s illness...”

Clarence said in a cold voice, “Shut up.”

Nathan immediately replied, “All right.”

“It’s unnecessary to explain it to her.”

After finishing the words, Clarence went upstairs without turning around.

Nathan coughed, “Ms. Radomil, this way please.”

Stella asked, “Mr. Lance, can I ask you a question?”

“What?”

‘Oh please, please don’t continue that topic!’ Nathan prayed in his heart.

He couldn’t make up the story anymore.

Stella asked, “Did Mr. Conrad come back to the Conrads’ Mansion several days ago?”

“Ms. Radomil, do you mean...”

“The day when he came to have a talk with me.”

Nathan nodded his head. But he hadn't expected that Stella would suddenly ask this.

Stella continued, “Did anyone say something to him?”

Nathan replied, “Young Master Justin asked Mr. Conrad to send him back after the Perez family brought Annie back. But I'm not clear of the details of their conversation.”

Stella nodded her head when she heard the reply, “I see. Thank you.”

Ever since that day, Clarence's attitude had been quite weird.

Although he would still say some annoying sentences to her and target at her deliberately, he looked indifferent and aloof.

He gave her a total different feeling.

And Stella even thought that he had schizophrenia.

It must be Justin Conrad.

Did he say something to Clarence that it affected him?

If that was the case, she should buy a cake to celebrate it.

Seeing that it was Stella who started this topic, Nathan said after hesitating for a while, “Ms. Radomil, maybe Mr. Conrad didn't tell you about this matter, but I think you should know about it...”

“What's it?”

“Mr. Conrad only learned about the truth that your first child was lost because you were pushed down the stairs by Miss Annie recently. I also encountered many obstacles when investigating this matter and I guess Madame Conrad was the person manipulating this. Therefore, Mr. Conrad misunderstood that...”

Stella chuckled. No wonder that Clarence's behavior was so abnormal several days ago.

It turned out this was the reason behind that.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 213-In the private room...

The temperature plummeted when Clarence entered the private room.

The whole room was shrouded in an oppressive aura.

A person at the gambling table asked, "What's wrong with Mr. Conrad?"

Vincent took a glance at the man who was sitting on the sofa and drinking wine alone, "Maybe he was bit again."

"..."

Another person said, "Oh, is he so unruly in bed? But I haven't heard that Mr. Conrad has a woman."

Vincent smiled, yet he didn't reply.

Right at this moment, the door of the private room was pushed open. The woman who bit Mr. Conrad walked into the room.

Vincent looked up and felt a bit surprised when seeing Stella. He didn't expect that Clarence could bring her here.

Wasn't the two of them in dichotomy?

Stella's eyes met with Vincent's in the air. She slightly nodded at him as a kind of greeting.

Then she walked towards Clarence and sat down beside him.

Vincent raised his brows and shifted his gaze.

Right at this moment, a person asked, "Who's she? She's so beautiful. Is she a model or a entertainer in Mr. Conrad's company?"

Vincent replied calmly while shuffling the cards, "Mr. Conrad's ex-wife."

Everyone was shocked.

Rumor had it that Clarence detested his ex-wife and they finally divorced. Why were they together again?

Clarence was still drinking wine calmly at a corner. He didn't say anything.

Stella also remained silent.

Anyway, he simply requested her to accompany him to this gambling party, but he didn't tell her what she should do.

Stella took a glance towards Vincent and noticed that the men around him were all dandies from rich families. She felt curious. Would this gambling partly help the projects that were affected by this scandal?

When Stella became more and more suspicious of it, Clarence's voice sounded, "Do you want to drink?"

Stella shifted her gaze and looked towards Clarence. In the dim light, she couldn't see his face clearly and therefore she could see the emotions in his eyes. She could only see his chin.

Stella was stunned for a while, but she came back to her sense soon, "No, thanks."

She seemed to hear the man's chuckle in the darkness. Clarence picked up his glass and gulped down the wine. His Adam's apple popped up and down along with his movements.

He put down the glass and then walked to the gambling table.

Noticing that he was walking over, a man stood up, "Mr. Conrad, please sit here. I happen to have something to deal with and I have to go now."

Clarence sat on his seat. Then Vincent told him, "This position is quite unlucky today. He has lost for the whole night. Mr. Conrad, be careful."

"Is it unluckier than you?"

Vincent was rendered speechless.

Why was he so irritable today?

His words were so aggressive.

Therefore, everyone around the table reached a consensus – Mr. Conrad is in a bad mood now, so we'd better not offend him.

As what Vincent had said just now, Clarence lost for several consecutive rounds.

He put down the cards and tilted his head to look at Stella, "Come here."

Stella walked over and said after hesitating for a short while, "I don't know how to play this."

She added rigorously after a short while of silence, "Nor do I have money."

She would by now means give her hard-earning money to these hideous capitalists.

Clarence was rendered speechless.

Vincent laughed, "It doesn't matter. Mr. Conrad is a philanthropist. Recently, he increased the greening rate of the city, saying it was to protect the environment..."

Before Vincent could finish his words, he felt a cold gaze and immediately shut up.

Stella sat on the chair that Clarence sat just now, "But I really don't know how to play this."

Clarence said in a calm voice, "Aren't you so capable? How could it be possible you're stumped by this?"

Vincent, who sat opposite to him, coughed to remind him that enough was enough.

Clarence always criticized indiscriminately when he was angry.

It would be late if he regretted it later.

If this happened in the past, Stella would have started a quarrel with him. But this time, she kept reminding herself that she was here to solve the problem, not to quarrel with this wretched man.

When she was about to lose temper, Clarence finally said something that wasn't annoying, "Let me teach you."

Stella replied with a nasal sound indifferently.

Maybe it was because Jeffery was a gambler, Stella show no interest in gambling since childhood. She didn't understand the pleasure of it.

She acted like an emotionless robot during the whole process and she simply played the card that Clarence instructed her to play.

However, ever since Stella sat down on this chair, this position became lucky.

As she won for several consecutive rounds, the atmosphere around the gambling table became more and more exciting. But Stella felt sleepier and sleepier.

"Play that card."

Maybe it was because Clarence didn't express it clearly, or maybe it was because Stella misunderstood it... She picked up a card, but when she was about to put it on the table, Clarence suddenly grabbed her wrist.

His palm felt warm and dry and Stella felt it burning the moment he grabbed her. Her sleepiness was all gone instantly and she subconsciously wanted to withdraw her hand.

However, Clarence let go of her before she took action, "I didn't mean this card. You should play the card near it."

Stella could only put the card back into the line and played another card.

When this round was over, Stella stood up and said, "Mr. Conrad, can you play it? I want to go to the toilet."

After finishing the words, Stella quickly left the room regardless of whether Clarence had agreed to it or not.

After her leaving, other men around the table all found an excuse and left the room one by one.

Today was not a good day for gambling because they would offend Clarence negligently.

Seeing that they all had left, Vincent clicked his tongue and put the cards in his hand on the table, "Are you here to play cards, or to ruin this game?"

Clarence sat on the sofa again and poured himself a glass of wine, "I didn't drive them out."

"You didn't drive them out verbally." Vincent said beside him, "Did anyone provoke you today? Did I tell you that you're so sharp-toned and it works better than any other approaches if you can talk less?"

Clarence swirled the glass in his hand and said indifferently, "Although she's heartless, she has ears."

"..."

Vincent continued, "What happened? You were so confident and enthusiastic not long ago. What's wrong with you now? Why did you suddenly change your mind?"

Clarence lifted his head and gulped down the wine. He didn't answer him

Vincent continued, "Clarence, when you're pursuing a girl, you should be patient. It hasn't been a long time, right? Moreover, you misunderstood her several times before. Remember, haste makes waste."

"If I don't hurry up, you may take part in her wedding two months later."

Vincent, "..."

He heard from Nathan that Stella had been close with Emmett recently.

But he hadn't expected that their relationship would progress so quickly.

Vincent was a bit confused, "Then why do you have such an attitude towards her?"

"Did those approaches work?"

"I guess they didn't work."

Otherwise, Clarence would not be so upset and drunk wine here.

Fixing his black eyes on the glass in his hand, Clarence curled his thin lips into a smile and said word by word, "It's a long-term plan.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 214-Maybe it was because he had cornered Stella that she turned to Emmett.

If so, he could only change his strategy.

Vincent laughed drily, "Then... I wish it a success."

Clarence looked askance at him and said dissatisfiedly, "Is your expression showing a blessing?"

"..."

"I think that this approach may not work. Clarence, in a work, you don't know what are in girls' minds."

Clarence replied, "But I know what's in Stella's mind."

Vincent thought his words made sense.

Stella walked out of a toilet compartment and ripped down a paper to wipe her hands. When she was about to walk out of the toilet, a person walked past her.

Then a female voice sounded from behind, "Stella Radomil?"

Stella paused and turned around.

After a short while of astonishment, Madison Taylor crossed her arms in front of her chest and said arrogantly, "Why are you here? Did Emmett come with you?"

"Nope."

"That's weird. This place has high consumption standards. Come on, are you here to gather with your friend?"

Madison's lines of words were full of disdain.

Stella replied in a flat tone, "Does it have anything to do with you?"

Probably Madison hadn't expected to hear this answer from Stella and there was a slight change in her expression. She then snorted scornfully, "I reminded you well-intentionally. You may know that a glass of wine here is priced at least ten thousand. I'm afraid that your hard-earned money after a long period of work would be gone in one night. After all, it's not easy for people in the service industry like you to earn money."

"You talked so much with me. Are you planning to treat me a glass of wine tonight?"

Madison moved her lips, yet was lost for words for a long time.

Her husband and his friends had a party here tonight and he finally agreed to bring her here as she kept begging him.

Of course Madison couldn't invite Stella.

Seeing this, Stella chuckled, "Mind your own business and don't intervene in other people's affairs."

When Stella was about to leave, Madison's voice sounded, "Stella, I remember that you got divorced, right? An employee in my company also divorced recently and I think you two will be a good match. Do you want to get to know him?"

Without waiting for Stella's answer, she continued, "People should look forwards. Your marriage is a failure because your ex-husband is not a good man. I've investigated him. Although he has two children, he's an honest man. Most importantly, he will pamper his wife and has an awesome annual salary. After marrying him, what you need to do is only to take care of the children at home and enjoy your life. Generally I won't introduce such a man with good marriage conditions to others easily."

"Since he has such good conditions, I should leave him to you."

"You..."

Stella ignored her. She threw the paper that she used to wipe her hands just now into the bin and then left.

Madison stood there, stomping her feet resentfully.

She's just a woman who just got divorced, how could she be so arrogant? Did she think that she was still the woman who was surrounded by many pursuers?

After coming back to the private room, Stella noticed that many of them had left and only Clarence was sitting on the sofa and drinking wine.

It seemed like that he had drunken a lot.

Stella asked, "Mr. Conrad, is it finished?"

Clarence glanced over her, "Why don't you come back until tomorrow?"

Stella's mouth corners twitched. She picked up her bag, "Now that it's finished, I have to go first."

"Come here."

Stella didn't move. She asked, "Mr. Conrad, is there any other matter?"

Clarence said in a flat tone, "Sit down."

After a short while of hesitation, Stella sat down on the sofa yet kept a meter away from him.

Clarence pushed a glass of wine to her, "Have a try."

Stella declined, "Thank you, but I don't drink."

"It's sweet with light alcohol strength."

It seemed like Stella was not convinced. She stared at him with vigilance written all over her face.

Clarence said, "Is it necessary for me to find an excuse if I want to do something to you?"

"..."

His words made sense.

This wretched man was cold to her today and she guessed it was because his patience had run out as he told her last time.

Stella picked up the glass and took a sip of it. She then licked her lips. It was true that it was sweet.

She lifted her chin and gulped down the rest of the wine.

But when she put down the glass, Clarence pushed another glass of wine to her.

Stella, "..."

Didn't he think that he had gone too far?

Clarence said nonchalantly, "I've told you, if you want to beg me, you should have corresponding attitude. To prevent you from going back on your words in the future, and to prevent you from owing my favor again, we should get even with each other now.

Stella took a deep breath. All right!

She gulped down several glasses of wine consecutively and wanted to go to the restroom again.

But she hadn't expected that she would feel dizzy when she stood up.

After a while of dizziness, Stella slumped into the sofa again, looking at the front blankly with a pair of watery eyes.

Clarence supported his head with one elbow on the edge of the table and fixed his eyes on her silently, as if he had been waiting for this.

He raised his eyebrows and called her name in a low voice, "Stella Radomil."

Stella turned around with confusion written all over her small face.

Clarence asked slowly, "Do you remember me?"

"I'm drunken, not stupid."

"Really?"

Stella picked up her back. She wanted to stand up again, yet only to find that she was had no strength.

When she finally stood up for a little bit with the support of the table, someone grabbed her wrist and used a slight force, and then she fell down again.

But this time, she didn't slump into the sofa but the man's embrace.

Stella reached out to push him away, but she was so feeble that it looked like she was flirting with him.

Clarence put his hand on her waist and confined her effortlessly.

He asked again, "Stella, I will ask you again. Who am I?"

Looking at the annoying face in front of her, Stella's mind became messier and messier. Out of the instinct, she landed a slap on his face and whimpered in an aggrieved tone, "Wretched man!"

Clarence, "..."

He pulled down her hand and grasped it in his hand, "Have a closer look. I'm your husband."

"You're not. I've divorced."

"Nope. Your memory is not true."

Stella became more confused when hearing this.

They hadn't divorced? How could it be possible?

She remembered that she had divorced him.

Clarence continued, "It's the one-year anniversary of our wedding. You're so happy that you drank too much."

He said as if it was the truth. As Stella was so dizzy, she was gradually convinced by his lies.

"Stella, it's our wedding anniversary today. Did you prepare a gift for me?"

"Oh..." Stella looked around and rummaged her pocket. She then lowered her head, "Sorry, I forgot it."

Clarence said, "Verbal apology is not honest."

Stella looked up at him and hesitated for several seconds. After making sure that there was no detest on the man's face, she leaned forwards tentatively and gently landed her lips onto his, "Is this enough?"

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 215-Clarence's black eyes became more sexual and his Adam's apple popped up and down, "It's not enough."

Stella tilted her head, seeming to be pondering what she should do to show her sincerity.

After a short while, she circled her arms around his neck and kissed him again. She licked his thin lips carefully.

Clarence's tightened his grip on her waist instantly, put one hand on the back of her head and deepened the kiss.

At the beginning, Stella was a bit unaccustomed to it and felt her lips ached a bit. But at a second thought, she thought it was reasonable for him to be angry as she didn't prepare a gift for him on their wedding anniversary.

She then replied his enthusiasm slowly and gently.

She had a feeling that Clarence was so different today. He was excessively gentle today.

She was intoxicated by his gentleness.

Right at this moment, the door of the private room was suddenly pushed open.

Emmett was stunned when he saw this and his hands that were placed at each side were gradually clenched into fists.

Two seconds later, he quickly turned around and left.

When hearing the sound of the door closing, Stella pushed Clarence away reflectively. With a red face, she stammered, "Someone... Someone is here..."

"Don't be bothered."

Clarence pulled down her head and kissed her deeply again.

After a long while, Clarence finally let go of her.

Nesting in his embrace silently, Stella breathed deeply. Pulling his cloth, she asked dizzily, "Don't we go back?"

Meeting her watery eyes in the air, Clarence replied in a low, husky voice, "What do you want to do after coming back, huh?"

Stella felt guilty under his gaze. She shifted her gaze, feeling her heartbeat accelerating.

Clarence curled his lips into a smile and gently rubbed her hair, "We can't go home today."

It was already enough. If he took more advantage of her when she was drunk, when Stella became sober, she would not only become angry.

He carried her up into his arms and said in a low voice, "I will send you home."

Stella replied with a nasal sound and grasped the cloth in front of his chest tightly.

When they were downstairs at the Twilight Club, Stella had fallen asleep.

Clarence put her into the car and said in a flat tone, "Turn up the temperature."

"Okay," Nathan replied and then asked, "Mr. Conrad, Mr. Carter has left."

Clarence replied nonchalantly with a nasal sound. He put the jacket onto Stella and embraced her in his arms.

Nathan coughed, "Mr. Conrad, what should we do if Mrs. Conrad knows about the truth?"

"She won't remember it," Clarence added, "And Emmett won't ask her about this."

Nathan sighed in his heart: Mr. Conrad was so wicked that he adopted such a dirty trick to force his love enemy to give up.

Nathan asked, "Mr. Conrad, will shall we go?"

Clarence took a glance at the woman in his arms, "Send her home."

"Okay."

Clarence said, "There have been some changes in the Conrad family recently. Send more men to watch them."

"What... what kind of changes?"

Clarence replied in a calm voice, "Phoebe will probably engage with Justin."

Nathan looked astonished, "Did Young Master Justin agree to it?"

"It doesn't matter no matter he agrees to it or not. This marriage is in nature a bridge to consolidate the relationship between the Conrad family and the Steward family."

Moreover, it was Charles who proposed the engagement.

Nathan replied, "I will arrange some men to watch them. And I will also continue to investigate the Steward family."

Clarence didn't say anything again. With his arm around Stella's shoulder, he looked calm, seeming to be pondering something.

...

Sherry was enjoying her time with a facial mask on her face. The doorbell suddenly rang and she hurriedly ran to the door, "Stella, why do you come back late? Did that wretched man..." She paused and swallowed the rest words 'go hard on you again'.

Standing at the door with Stella in his arms, Clarence looked at Sherry expressionlessly.

Sherry, "..."

She was scared to death!

Clarence asked, "Which one is her bedroom?"

Sherry stepped backwards stiffly and then pointed at a room.

Clarence then strode forwards.

When the door of the bedroom was closed, Sherry panted desperately, feeling that she was doomed.

In the bedroom...

Clarence put Stella onto the bed and fixed his eyes on her. After a short while, he prepared to leave. But Stella circled her arms around his neck, opened her eyes, and stared at him drowsily, "Did I anger you again?"

"Huh?"

Stella's nose looked a bit red. She asked in an aggrieved tone, "Then why do you leave?"

Clarence said, "I will not leave if you can ask me a question."

Stella gently nodded her head.

"Am I good to you?"

"..."

Stella shifted her gaze, not wanting to reply to this question.

But Clarence pinched her chin and forced her to look at him.

Clarence said, "Answer my question."

"Sometimes you're good to me... But sometimes you're bad to me."

Stella didn't want to answer this question again.

Didn't this wretched man know about the answer? Why did he keep asking this?

Clarence continued, "Then what should I do to gain your forgiveness?"

Stella replied in an extremely low voice, "Sweet-talking me more frequently is enough."

"Really?"

“Yep...” Stella looked down again, “But you never sweet talk me, you would only criticize me and detest me. I didn’t lie to you. Nor did I want to threaten you with the child. I can have an abortion if you don’t want it. I haven’t expected that they would...”

Stella’s eyes were teary with tears on her eyelashes.

Clarence comforted her gently, “All right, I know it. I’m sorry. It’s all my fault.”

When Stella fell asleep again, Clarence kissed her forehead affectionately and then stood up and left.

When Clarence walked out of the bedroom, Sherry, who had been waiting at the door for a long time, bowed at him and said loudly, “I’m so sorry, Mr. Conrad!”

“...”

Clarence smoothed his sleeves and said in a calm tone, “No need for such a solemn salute.”

Sherry hurriedly straightened her back and asked tentatively, “Was Stella drunken?”

“Yep.”

Sherry asked in confusion when hearing the answer, “It’s weird. Stella seldom drinks in usual times and even if she has to, she would drink appropriately. She has never gotten drunk...”

Before she could finish her words, Clarence glanced over her nonchalantly.

She immediately said, “Mr. Conrad, rest assured, I will take care of her.”

Clarence took two steps and turned around again. He looked at Sherry silently.

Sherry felt so nervous, “Mr... Mr. Conrad, do you have any other matter?”

“Don’t tell her that it was me who sent her back.”

Sherry nodded her head without hesitation, “How should I tell her?”

“Tell her that she was the only person in the private room when you came to the Twilight Club to pick her up.”

“I understand. I remember.”

Clarence asked again, “Are you sure?”

He said the three words calmly, but Sherry felt a gush of chill from her back.

It was not a question, but a threat.

She swallowed saliva, “I’m sure. Mr. Conrad, please rest assured, I promise I will not screw it.”

Clarence withdrew his lines of sight and strode out of the house.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 216-When Stella woke up, she felt too fragile to move. Opening her eyes, she struggled to sit up. In an instant, she felt the whole world spinning.

She shook her head with strength. Suppressing the urge to vomit, she rushed to the bathroom.

After a long while, Stella rubbed her tummy and walked out of the bedroom. She looked quite weak, feeling quite uncomfortable.

Hearing the sounds outside, Sherry stuck her head out of the kitchen. “Stella, you are awake. I’m cooking the hangover soup for you. It’ll be ready soon. Just wait for a bit.”

Stella pulled a chair from the dining table and sat down. She lay prone on the table weakly and answered, “Okay...”

A few minutes later, Sherry came out with a bowl of hot hangover soup in her hands. “Stella, drink it.”

As soon as Stella took over the bowl, she felt her stomach turning again. She retched several times, but her tummy was empty so she couldn’t throw up anything.

It took her a long while to drink the hangover soup in difficulty.

Stella felt that she wasn't so uncomfortable even when she had the morning sickness for the pregnancy before.

After finishing the soup, she lay prone on the table again as if she was about to sleep.

Sherry was sitting opposite her with both her arms on the table. She asked tentatively, seemingly she was gossiping, "Stella, do you still remember how you got drunk last night?"

Stella opened her eyes gradually, trying her best to recall. "The wretched man asked me to attend a card game with him. He also asked me to play cards on his behalf..."

Sherry continued to ask, "Then?"

"Then..."

What happened the previous night started flashing through Stella's mind. She remembered that she had been to the ladies and encountered Madison there. When she went back to the box, everyone else had been gone except for Clarence.

She wanted to leave as well, but he said that she must have the right attitude when begging someone. Hence, he asked her to drink.

Stella didn't know how much she had drunk. Anyway, she couldn't remember anything afterward.

Recalling about it, suddenly, she supported her head with her hand and asked, "By the way, how did I come home last night?"

Sherry coughed and answered according to Clarence's answer. "I went to pick you up."

Stella was confused. "Did I call you?"

"Nah. A waiter called me. He said you blacked out in a box after getting hammered and asked me to go pick you up."

Stella supported her chin with a hand in a daze, looking forward aimlessly.

After a long while, she said, "I see."

To complete the show perfectly, Sherry patted the table angrily. "That wretched man is a jerk! You have been hammered already, but he left you alone there. What an asshole!"

Stella shook her head, exhaling. "That's good, then."

It seemed that Clarence had lost interest in her now.

Sherry whispered, "Stella, that wretched man treated you this way. Aren't you feeling sad?"

Upon hearing it, Stella faintly smiled. "It's just cutting the loss in time."

Honestly, what they had done last night was nothing compared with those things that happened in the past.

If they kept pestering like this, Stella didn't know what would be happened in the future.

Hence, she was quite happy with the current ending.

Stella held the table and stood up. "Sherry, please wait for me for a moment. I'll get changed and we can go to the studio together."

Sherry said, "You'd better take a rest at home today. Please leave everything in the studio to me. I don't think you can work in such a status."

As soon as she stood up, Stella felt her brain buzzing. She didn't insist stubbornly but nodded in agreement. "Okay. I'll go back to sleep then."

"All right. There is some food in the fridge. You can heat them after getting up."

Stella didn't get up until four o'clock in the afternoon.

She sat up and rubbed her temples. She didn't feel so dizzy as earlier.

After taking a hot shower, she felt much better.

Moving her neck gently, Stella walked out of the bedroom. After grabbing something to eat, she pulled out her cell phone to check. Then she decided to check on Channing in his school.

On the phone, Chan didn't tell her what exactly happened to Winnie, but she felt quite uneasy for some reason.

It was the last day of the final exam of this term. A lot of students who had finished exams were leaving the college while pulling their suitcases.

Stella asked one student about Chan, only to find that Channing had finished the exams of his major in the morning. Then she went to the cafe where he worked part-time.

The cafe owner said, "He went to the police station."

Stella was taken aback. "The police station?"

"Yeah. For the incident that happened the day before yesterday. It seemed a high school student wanted to set him up... Fortunately, it was exposed by others. Hasn't he told you about it?"

Stella shook her head. She asked again, "Which police station?"

After the cafe owner told her, Stella thanked him and immediately left.

She had guessed that things weren't so simple as what Channing mentioned to her on the phone. However, she had never expected that it would be so serious.

When Stella arrived at the police station, Channing was watching the surveillance video of that evening with the police.

Seeing her, Channing frowned. "Why are you here?"

Stella answered crossly, "Why didn't you inform me about such a serious matter? Why can't I be here?"

As she spoke, she said to the policeman, "I'm his older sister and custodian."

The policeman nodded at her as a greeting. "Let's watch it together, then."

Stella looked over at the screen. After watching for a while, she frowned deeply. "Could you playback the scene just now?"

After the video was backed up, she said, "Could you please zoom in the scene a bit, please?"

Although on the video, the light was dim and the scene was blurred, Stella recognized that girl.

Seeing that, the policeman asked, "Do you know her?"

Upon hearing it, Channing looked over at her as well.

Stella pressed her lips and said slowly, "A few days ago, her mother kept making trouble in my store."

The policeman asked, "Do you have their identifications?"

"I called the police. There should be a record."

The police asked her which local police station they had been to. Then he asked them to remain seated. He went to contact the police station for more information.

After the police walked out of the room, Channing asked, "When did it happen? Why didn't you tell me about it?"

Stella answered, "You were having exams back then. Besides, it's not a big deal."

However, she had never expected that this matter had dragged Channing into the mere.

She had guessed that there must be a conspiracy behind them. However, the mid-aged woman didn't show up again. Stella thought that she had overthought. But now, she changed her mind.

Besides, people who manipulated and did those things didn't know Channing's relationship with her but also had done those things deliberately aiming at them.

To be exact, they had done those things to aim at her.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 217-Since the police needed to do some investigation and get the evidence, Stella and Channing were told to leave. Once the police had anything further, they would be informed again.

Out of the police station, it was quite dark outside.

Stella said, "Chan, do you still plan to stay on campus during the vacation?"

Channing didn't answer immediately. After a thought, he said, "From tomorrow on, I'll go to your studio."

"Pardon?" Stella was taken aback. Then she understood that Channing was worried about her because of the things happened recently. "No, thanks, Chan. No one is making a scene again. I'm worried about you, though. How about I rent an apartment for you off-campus during the school break?"

"Not necessary, Stella. I'll rent it myself."

Upon hearing it, Stella was amused. She asked, "Would there be any difference?"

Channing turned to look at her. "I can make money myself now."

Stella smiled and didn't insist on discussing who should pay for the rental with him. She asked, "Where would you like to stay then? Shall I go house hunting with you tomorrow morning?"

"No, thanks. I've found a suitable apartment already."

Two hours later.

Daniel opened his door, looking at the two standing outside his apartment. He asked in confusion, "Yes? How may I help you?"

Stella rubbed her nose. "Sorry for interrupting you, Daniel. My brother is on school vacation now. He wants to rent an apartment. Would you mind having a roommate?"

"Well..."

Channing chimed in, "I'll pay the rent."

"It's not that thing, boy. It has nothing to do with whether you'll pay the rental or not." Daniel thought for a long while and found an excuse. "I grew up abroad since I was born. Probably my personal habits and diet might be quite different from yours. I'm afraid you would feel quite uncomfortable when staying here. So..."

"It's alright. I like canned food as well."

Daniel choked up.

That was the lamest excuse he had made all his life.

Watching Channing pull his suitcase into the apartment, Stella pulled the door and said apologetically, “Daniel, I’m quite sorry for that. Recently, something bad happened to me. My brother is worried, so he wants to stay here. Please rest assured. I’ll try to convince him as soon as possible and he will move out soon.”

Daniel came back to his senses and asked, “Ms. Radomil, what happened? Do you need any help?”

“Nothing serious. It’s almost resolved. I do apologize for the inconvenience.”

“Ms. Radomil, please don’t mention it. Your brother could stay here during his vacation. I don’t need him to pay the rental, either. We’re neighbors and we should help each other.”

Stella said, “I’m sorry for troubling you. If you don’t mind, you can always come to our apartment for meals.”

“In that case, I’m taking advantage of you.” Daniel looked back. “Ms. Radomil, I’ll take your brother to the guestroom first. Let’s chat later.”

“All right. All right. Thank you, Daniel.”

After closing the door, Daniel walked to the living room and pointed to the rooms. “Choose either of those two rooms to be yours.”

Channing nodded. “Okay. Thanks.”

Soon, he added, “I won’t move any single thing in your apartment, and nor will I peep into your privacy. I’ll stay here for one month at the most. As for your compensation, you can make a request to me, anything.”

With hands in his pockets, Daniel said with a smile, “Don’t be so restrained. Since you’ve moved in, please make yourself home. Go ahead to put your stuff.”

Channing nodded at him. “Thanks.”

After then minutes, he came out from the guestroom.

Daniel got a can of beer from the fridge and tossed it to him. "Does your vacation start from today? How did your exams go?"

"Not bad."

"I heard that you were a top student. You are too modest."

Channing twitched his lips without answering.

Daniel sat opposite him and opened his own beer. "May I know what kind of trouble your sister has encountered recently?"

"Someone deliberately made a scene in her studio."

"Do you think those people would go back to her again?"

"Probably." Channing pressed his thin lips. "They have come to find me as well. Although their plan failed, they would take other actions."

Daniel didn't expect that had happened. After a pause, he continued, "In your family, besides your sister and you, do you have any other family members? I've never heard her mention it."

Channing answered expressionlessly, "Nope."

Daniel sensed that he wasn't willing to continue the subject, so he didn't ask more questions. He stood and said, "I'll go out. You can use anything here."

Before he left, he also told Channing the passcode of the lock.

...

Star Ferry Technology.

Daniel waved a hand in front of Emmett. "I'm talking to you. Did you hear me?"

Emmett was a bit dizzy. Rubbing his nose bridge, he said, "Come again?"

"I said the thing that happened to Stella smells fishy. Have you looked into the matter?"

"Yes, I have, but I didn't find anything useful."

Daniel said slowly, "I don't think it was a simple incident. Stella is a girl. She shouldn't have done anything to offend someone."

Emmett didn't understand what he meant until he was lost in thought for a while. "You meant the manipulator behind it actually aimed at Clarence Conrad, right?"

"That's just a wild guess." Daniel knocked on the armrest of the sofa, squinting. "Clarence Conrad called off the engagement with the Steward family, so the latter must feel disgraced to a certain extent. Since they couldn't do anything to Clarence Conrad, they might have vented the anger on Stella."

"Do you think possibly Charles Steward has done it?"

"Yeah, that's quite possible. I'll also test what Phoebe Steward thinks about this matter later."

Emmett didn't speak. Lowering his head, he was lost in thought.

Daniel sensed that he looked abnormal today, so he asked, "What's wrong with you today?"

Emmett shook his head. "Nothing. Probably I didn't sleep well last night."

"I also heard another piece of news — Phoebe Steward will probably engage to Justin Conrad."

"Justin Conrad... Clarence Conrad's brother?"

Daniel hummed. "But this news hasn't been verified yet. I couldn't understand why Charles Steward would have such a request at this moment. We haven't done anything yet. Hasn't he reacted too soon?"

Emmett cast him a glance. "Probably he doesn't think you are a reliable man."

Daniel denied affirmatively, "I don't think it's my problem."

Emmett didn't speak.

"Something must have happened to frighten Charles Steward. Or, there might be some crisis, so that he had to show his kindness to the Conrad family and stabilize the current situation."

As soon as Daniel finished his words, his phone started ringing.

It was a call from Phoebe.

He waved his phone screen at Emmett. "Look. Told you it's not because of me."

Emmett said, "You'd better figure out how to stop Phoebe Steward from marrying into the Conrad family. Although the Conrad family's power is still in Clarence Conrad's hand, once she married his brother, it wouldn't be so easy for us to continue carrying out our plan."

Daniel smiled and said, "No worries. Phoebe Steward thinks highly of herself. She would never marry Justin Conrad."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 218-In the evening, Stella received a call from Emmett.

Emmett said, "Stella, Daniel said Chan has moved into his apartment. How's everything going with you? My friend said Winnie Truman's PR team is dealing with that matter, trying to reduce the impact to the lowest."

Stella answered, "Thanks, Emmett. I'm pretty well here. Nothing else happened. Chan moved in because he's worried about me."

For a whole day, Nathan didn't call her to follow up on the case. It seemed that she wasn't needed any longer.

After a while, Emmett said slowly, "Stella, do you have time this weekend? It's our company's annual party. We're going to a resort nearby City N and stay there for two days and one night. I want you to go with me."

Stella thought for a moment and nodded in agreement. "Sure."

Emmett breathed a sigh of relief, seemingly his mood became better. "I'll go pick you up on Saturday morning, then."

As soon as Stella hung up the phone, Sherry approached her. She asked joyfully, "How's it going? Did Emmett ask you out for a date?"

Upon hearing it, Channing who was next to them also looked over at Stella.

Stella was speechless.

Why did they react so dramatically?

She answered, "It's not a date. He asked me to attend his company's annual party with him."

"Isn't it a date?" Sherry said while munching the potato chips, "You'll be his date to attend such an occasion. Besides, even you are not his girlfriend now, you have a certain relationship already. It's just a matter of time when you two would progress."

Stella pressed her lips and didn't speak.

Channing withdrew his gaze on his sister and kept browsing his book. "I'm not against it."

Sherry raised both hands to agree. "Me neither."

"I still feel a bit dizzy. I'll go to bed now."

After going back to her room, Stella lay prone on the desk. Her fingers kept poking at the ornaments in front of her from time to time.

In fact, Stella had thought about what Sherry said just when she agreed to Emmett.

She was ready to restart her life, and also, she wanted to get to know more about Emmett.

That was why she still agreed to him when she knew what it means by her agreement.

Although it seemed quite difficult for her to take this step forward, no matter what, she needed a start.

Stella heaved a sigh slightly. Opening her draft book, she looked at one page for a long time. Then she tore it into pieces bit by bit, folded the paper, tore it into pieces, and tossed them in the garbage can.

She believed that should be an end.

The next day, Stella received a call from the police station.

They had found Bernice and her daughter. However, when they found them, Bernice was in a coma because of a car accident, lying in the hospital now. Her daughter said that Bernice was manipulated by someone, but she didn't know anything else.

The girl was still a high school student, and she was forced to do such things. Hence, Stella and Channing didn't hold her accountable.

Upon hearing the investigation result from the police, Sherry said, "I can sense there's something wrong. How coincident she had a car accident! I don't believe it wasn't planned by someone."

Stella said indifferently, "The police also looked into the car that hit Bernice Young. Everything was normal. It was just because she ran across the street, she was hit."

"Well, on this point, it made sense. She's a shameless and unreasonable woman. She could ignore the rules and regulations and run across the street. Probably it's the karma."

Channing chimed in, "I don't think this matter would end like this. Let's be careful in the future."

After skipping this subject, Sherry asked again, "Stella, it's Saturday tomorrow. Have you decided what to wear?"

Stella was confused. "Should I pick up some clothes?"

"Of course!" Sherry patted her own thighs. "On such an occasion as the annual party, all girls would show their most beautiful makeup and outfits. Besides, Emmett is so young and outstanding. As their handsome and rich boss, there must be a lot of girls having crushes on him just like Gollum sees the precious ring. Although you are quite beautiful without dressing up, at this moment, you should be cautious and defend to the last."

As she spoke, Sherry pushed Stella into her room, started to choosing her outfits.

However, Sherry couldn't find satisfying ones at all. "They are not hot enough. Let's go out shopping for more."

Stella immediately stopped her. "It's all right. I like those dresses. Besides, it's so late now. The stores are closed already."

Sherry sighed. "Okay. You can only make do with it. Fortunately, you are born beautiful. You'll look stunning even if you were wearing a gunnysack."

Stella raised her brows. "I might not come back until the evening after tomorrow. If you feel bored when staying home during the weekend, why don't you come with me?"

After thinking for the past two days, Stella still felt somewhat embarrassed to go there alone.

However, she had said yes to Emmett, so she couldn't go back on her words.

"Are you kidding me? I don't want to be the third wheel. Besides, I want to spend my weekend in the bar to see if I can meet any handsome young man. Don't look down upon me. I might not be able to come home tomorrow evening either."

Stella choked up.

Sherry yawned. "I'm going back to my room. You'd better go to bed early as well. Bet your beauty sleep and stun Emmett tomorrow!"

Stella smiled. "I'm not a bulb."

"Although you are not, you are more stunning than a bulb."

"Stop it, Sherry. You're too exaggerating!"

After Sherry went to bed, Stella walked out of her own bedroom.

In the living room, Channing was packing up his belongings.

Stella poured a glass of water. "Chan, are you going back to next door?"

Channing nodded. "Yeah. It's quite late now."

"All right. Good night."

Channing walked to the door and then came back. Standing in front of Stella, he said after a hesitation, "Have you made up your mind?"

Stella didn't get him. Putting down the glass, she asked, "On what?"

"Being with Emmett Carter."

After a few seconds, Stella said with a faint smile, "I haven't decided to be with him yet. I just want to try to date him and see if we fit. If yes, probably I will. If not, we can..."

Channing frowned slightly. "Do you have a crush on him?"

Stella parted her lips. For a moment, she couldn't answer.

After a long while, she said, "Chan, a crush never comes easy. If two people fit, gradually they will also have feelings for each other."

"That kind of feeling is not love, is it?"

Stella lowered her head. Pinching the glass tightly, she didn't answer.

Channing continued, "Although I hope you could meet someone who loves you wholeheartedly, I hope more that you could be with someone you love. He doesn't have to be Emmett Carter."

"Chan..."

Channing asked again, "Do you still love Clarence Conrad?"

Stella answered slowly, "It's getting quite late. Go to bed."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 219-In the early morning of Saturday, Sherry dragged Stella out of the quilt and asked Stella to make up well.

Stella was sitting in front of the window. The sunshine was so dazzling that she could hardly open her eyes.

Sherry said, "It's such a beautiful day today! Quite suitable for dating. I'll also dress up and go out for fun."

Stella yawned. "It's so early now. Where are you going?"

“All schools are on winter vacation now. I’ll go around the colleges nearby and see if there’s any college student who needs a helping hand to carry his suitcase. If I could meet one, that would be perfect. It’s a rare chance.”

Stella lost her tongue in amusement.

After she straightened herself up, Emmett called.

Sherry walked her downstairs. On the way back to their apartment for sleeping in, she encountered Daniel, who just finished jogging, while waiting for the elevator.

They greeted each other and fell into the silence.

When the elevator went up, the atmosphere in the narrow space became more and more embarrassing.

Daniel coughed and found a topic at random. “Emmett said Ms. Radomil has gone to the annual party of Star Ferry Technology.”

Sherry nodded. “Yeah. I just walked her downstairs.”

Then they were quiet again.

As soon as the elevator door was opened, Sherry strode out immediately. When she opened the door of her apartment, Daniel said behind her back, “I’m quite sorry for the thing that happened last time. If you have time, I want to treat you for a dinner tonight.”

After a pause, Sherry curled up her lips into a smile. She looked back and pretended to be quite calm when saying, “Only the two of us? I don’t think...” She didn’t think it was proper.

“As well as Ms. Radomil’s younger brother.”

Sherry coughed a bit. “That’s much better. All right.”

Daniel nodded slightly. “Okay. See you this evening.”

...

In the car.

Emmett noticed that Stella had been staring out of the window, lost in thought. Her eyes were dull as if she was still sleepy.

With a smile, he said, “Stella, you can take a nap. It’ll take us two hours to arrive there. I’ll wake you up when we got there.”

Upon hearing it, Stella returned to her senses. She patted her cheeks, trying to sober up. “No, thanks. I’m not that sleepy. I’ll be fine soon.”

Only Emmett and she were in the car, so she felt ashamed if she took a nap and let him drive such a long way alone. It was too inappropriate.

Emmett suggested, “How about we have a chat?”

Stella yawned. “Why not?”

After a thought, Emmett said, “Stella, I’ve never heard you talking about your family. May I know more about your family, please?”

Stella didn’t expect that he would chat with her about this subject. After a pause, she answered, “Sure. My younger brother and I are the only two left in our family. You’ve met my brother last time.”

“I met him before last time.”

“Did you? When?”

Emmett said, “In the past, he occasionally went to the university to find you. I met him from afar. At that time, you have another man beside you.”

Stella smiled faintly, looking out of the window again. “It turns out so many years have passed.”

After two hours, their car was stopped in the resort.

All employees of Star Ferry Technology were taking a bus, so they would arrive here later. They were still on the way right now.

After parking the car, Emmett asked, “Stella, would you like to have a rest in the room or go around here?”

Stella answered, “Let’s have a walk around here. The air here is quite fresh.”

The suburbia's air was indeed fresher than it was in the city. There were also no honks from the vehicles. Stella could only hear the sound of the breeze.

Next to the hotel, there was an artificial lake.

Under the sunshine, the water in the lake was sparkling.

Such a landscape could delight others.

However, for some reason, Stella was in a daze. Particularly, when she saw a boat that was parked at the river bank, she couldn't help but recall the time she spent in Anqiao Street.

It was also a sunny day with a breeze. A boat swayed on the water. She leaned against a man's shoulder, falling asleep. The whole world was quiet without any noises. All she had heard was the sound of the gurgling water.

And she heard her heartbeat when it got hammered.

Emmett followed her gaze and asked, "Would you like to go over there?"

Stella was brought back to reality. "No, thanks. We can keep walking."

As soon as they turned around, they saw a group of people walking towards them from a bridge not far away.

Seeing the man walking in lead, Stella was taken aback for several seconds. She subconsciously looked over at the boat parked at the riverbank. In a daze, she thought she had an illusion.

How could this be possible?

Soon, the group of people approached them closer and closer.

However, probably Clarence hadn't seen Emmett and Stella, or probably he pretended not to see them. Without sparing a single glance at them, he strode away with others.

Stella was still lost in thought after he had gone for a long time.

She had never expected that the man that appeared in her mind just now would show up in front of her the next second.

For some reason, she felt a sense of guilt.

Emmett said gently, "Stella?"

Stella immediately came back to her senses. "I'm sorry. I..."

"It's alright. Let's go back to the hotel."

Stella nodded slightly. "Okay."

When they went back to the hotel, all employees of Star Ferry Technology had arrived. They were chitchatting in groups.

Seeing that Emmett came in with Stella, they all stopped chatting and looked at them from afar.

After Emmett's assistant reported their activities, Emmett lowered his head and checked the time on his watch. Then he said to his assistant, "Ask them to put down their belongings in their rooms. Let's gather in half an hour and head to lunch."

"Okay, Mr. Carter."

Emmett took the room cards from his assistant and Stella's belongings from his car trunk.

After they left, the employees who had been exchanging glasses started to discuss.

"Is that Mr. Carter's girlfriend? She's so beautiful!"

"I've never heard Mr. Carter has a girlfriend. Don't gossip! What if she's his cousin? I still want to dance the first dance with Mr. Carter tonight."

"Oh, come on! She should be his girlfriend. Who would have brought a cousin to such an occasion? Stop deceiving yourself."

"Hey, didn't you see Mr. Carter's girlfriend looks quite familiar? I might have seen her somewhere."

"Yeah, she looks quite familiar to me as well. Is she a movie star?"

"Stop your wild guess. I know who she is."

In an instant, everyone gazed at the person who spoke.

“She’s a designer from SG Jewelry Magazine. She also won the first prize in some kind of designer contest. Her name is... What’s her name?”

Someone echoed, “Ms. Radomil, isn’t it?”

“Exactly! It’s she!”

“But... isn’t there a rumor that Ms. Radomil is someone’s mistress

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 220-Emmett walked Stella to her room door and gave her the room card. “Stella, I’m staying opposite your room. I’ll come to find you if it’s time to go downstairs.”

Stella smiled and nodded in agreement. “Okay. Thanks.”

After entering her room, Stella put down her suitcase, washed her face in the bathroom, and walked to the balcony to enjoy the breeze.

Her room was facing the artificial lake. From afar, the lake looked prettier. Under the sunshine, it looked as if there were countless small diamonds on its surface, dazzling.

Stella shook her head to get those messy thoughts out of her mind.

Under the bright sunlight, she stretched, feeling quite cozy. When she turned around, she found a man standing on the balcony next door.

Stella gaped.

Her stretch was stopped halfway and her hands were in the mid-air. She stiffed.

However, Clarence seemed not to see her at all. He looked ahead expressionlessly.

Stella slowly put down her hands. Her lips parted as if she was wondering if she should greet him.

For such a matter that happened with an extremely small possibility, Stella didn’t think it was a coincidence.

It happened as if someone had done it so deliberately.

She couldn't help but wonder what the wretched man doing again.

He couldn't stop it, could he?

Stella walked up to him. "Mr. Conrad..."

"By the way, Mr. Conrad, these are the annual financial statement of this resort and the development plan next year. We want to build a water amusement park next to the artificial lake, increasing more facilities," a man reported to Clarence.

Stella gaped at the scene.

Right then, the man also seemed to have seen her. He turned around and asked politely, "Excuse me, Ma'am. I'm the manager of this hotel. What can I do for you?"

"Oh, no. Thanks. Sorry for interrupting you."

Stella immediately ran back to her room, feeling extremely embarrassed.

She felt so fortunate that she hadn't finished her words to Clarence.

Otherwise, that wretched man would ironically mock her for flattering herself.

On the balcony.

Clarence read through the financial statement in front of him. Then he handed it back to the manager.

The manager added, "Mr. Conrad, what do you think about our water amusement park?"

"Give me a detailed project plan." As he spoke, Clarence glanced at the empty balcony next door. Then he looked at the lake afar and added flatly, "Adding an area for children."

The manager hadn't expected that Clarence would give this suggestion. After a short period of surprise, he reacted quickly and answered, "Yes, Mr. Conrad. I'll ask them to finish the project plan as

soon as possible.”

Clarence tidied his sleeves and walked back to his room.

Shortly after the manager was gone, Nathan knocked at the door and walked in. “Mr. Conrad, I’ve found the detailed schedule for Star Ferry Technology’s annual party.”

Clarence sat on the sofa, his slender fingers knocking at his knees. “Go ahead.”

“At noon, they’ll have lunch at the lake restaurant. In the afternoon, they’ll go boating and do other activities, which are not mandatory. At seven o’clock, they’ll hold the annual party in the banquet hall. Tomorrow morning, they’ll go climbing. After lunch, they’ll go back to City N.”

Clarence asked, “Have you arranged everything?”

Nathan nodded. “Mr. Conrad, please rest assured. I’ve already informed all different departments.”

Clarence raised his brows and turned to look out of the window, lost in thought.

...

Stella didn’t feel less embarrassed until she had soaked her face into the cold water. She wondered probably it was because of herself or the room, she found it quite difficult to breathe.

She put on her clothes and aimed to take a walk downstairs, taking some fresh air.

However, much to her surprise, she happened to meet the hotel manager who just finished reporting his work status to Clarence.

The manager also recognized her, slightly nodding at her.

Stella pressed her lips into a smile. Leaning against the wall, she watched the floor numbers go down.

After a moment, she asked, “Excuse me, Sir. Is your hotel run by Conrad Group?”

Upon hearing it, the manager turned to her and answered, "Yes, it is."

Then he recalled what had happened on the balcony. With uncertainty, he asked, "Ma'am, do you know Mr. Conrad?"

Stella let out a hollow laugh. "I've met him before."

The manager guessed that she must come here for Star Ferry Technology's annual party, so it wasn't weird for her to know Mr. Conrad. He stopped asking more and change the subject at random, "Besides the hotel, the whole resort is run by Conrad Group. Mr. Conrad came here to inspect the annual work status as usual."

Stella nodded. After a hesitation, she asked, "When did he arrive here?"

"Last night."

However, the manager didn't tell her that Mr. Conrad had never been here personally for the inspection before.

At the midnight last night when Mr. Conrad arrived, all employees of the resort went panicked, wondering if something happened.

However, according to what happened in the morning, everything was fine. Mr. Conrad only asked them to report their work status.

After Stella heard that Clarence had arrived the previous night, the last doubt in her mind faded.

However, she had encountered him on such a small possibility. She felt so unlucky.

The manager also briefed Stella about the landscape nearby and where they could go.

When they reached the first floor, Stella thanked the manager and walked out of the lobby.

However, she didn't go to the places that the manager told her, just wandering around aimlessly.

Unconsciously, she walked to the artificial lake.

Standing on the bridge and enjoying the breeze, she was lost in mind.

Probably it was because of the environment, since she had come here, she couldn't help but recall the period when she stayed in Anqiao Street.

She wondered if the street had been changed and all the neighbors had moved away.

Also, she thought about Ms. Beckham and Ms. Anderson...

She wondered if they were doing fine.

Stella believed that it would be quite difficult for her to find such an ancient and peaceful place again in her life, and nor would she have such idle and comfortable life.

After a long while, Stella's phone started ringing.

It was a call from Emmett.

"Hello, Stella. You are not in your room, are you?"

"No, I'm not. I'm outside the hotel. Sorry. I forgot to tell you. I'll be right back."

Emmett answered, "It's alright. I'll wait for you at the hotel lobby."

After hanging up the phone, Emmett walked away from the door of Stella's room. He went to press the button for the elevator.

Right then, Clarence appeared from a corner, standing next to him.

Emmett said, "Mr. Conrad, it shouldn't be a coincidence for you to show up here. I never expected that you would set up such a big scene just for meeting Stella."

Clarence retorted indifferently, "Mr. Carter, I also didn't expect that you don't have any self-esteem. Or, probably you haven't understood anything from what you saw that night, have you, Mr. Carter?"

Upon hearing it, Emmett clenched his fists. He turned to look at Clarence with suppressed anger written all over his face.

Clarence met his gaze, curling up his thin lips into a sarcastic smile.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 221-When Stella arrived at the hotel, the staff of the Star Ferry Technology had all been there.

Yet only Emmett was not present.

They waited for several more minutes, yet he still didn't show up.

The staff of the company looked around while discussing it.

When Emmett's assistant planned to go upstairs to find him, Emmett walked out of the hotel and smiled apologetically, "Sorry for keep you guys waiting. Let's go."

It was only dozens of minutes away from the restaurant and they could directly walk there.

The staff left one by one. Emmett walked to Stella, "Stella, let's go there."

Stella nodded her head. At the next moment, she noticed that there was blood around his mouth corners.

She was stunned, "What happened?"

Emmett turned his head aside. He wanted to wipe away the blood stain, "Not a big deal. I accidently broke it."

Stella grabbed his hand, "Don't touch it."

Then she took out an alcohol pad from her band, opened it, and then handed it to him, "Don't touch it directly with your hand. Disinfect it first."

Emmett didn't take it, "I can't see it. Stella, can you help me?"

After hesitating for a short while, Stella nodded her head in agreement.

She wiped his broken skin with the alcohol pad carefully and dedicatedly.

Clarence, who stood at the entrance of the hotel and watched this scene from not far away, immediately turned cold.

Nathan, who followed behind him, took a step backwards to distance himself away from him.

When Stella was wiping the wound for Emmett, she accidentally looked into his unfathomable eyes. She stiffened and slowly withdrew her hand, "It... It's almost done."

Emmett smiled, "Thank you."

Stella felt a bit unease. She touched her neck and shifted her gaze.

Emmett said, "I guess they will be there. Hurry up to follow them."

"Okay."

On the way to the restaurant, Stella felt it awkward and weird.

Emmett didn't talk to her. The two of them remained silent on the way.

Stella and Emmett were the last ones to arrive at the restaurant. When they arrived there, the others had seated themselves.

Her seat was near Emmett's and they were at the same table with the C-level managers of the Star Ferry Technology.

The managers were all young and it looked like they were all around their twenties or thirties. They all got along well with Emmett in usual times.

When they sat down, one of them joked, "If I have known that we can bring girlfriend here, I would also have brought my girlfriend. Then I won't feel jealous at your PDA now."

"Yeah, Mr. Carter, you bring your girlfriend here. Why didn't you notify us in advance? It's so unkind to us."

Emmett chuckled, "Stop. I told you that you can bring your families or friends here before."

The group booed. Someone said in a teasing tone, "Mr. Carter, you should introduce your girlfriend to us. She may feel awkward by only sitting there."

Emmett said, "Stop here. She's not my girlfriend yet."

Stella nodded with a smile and then began to introduce herself, "Hello, my name is Stella Radomil."

The managers looked at each other.

Judging from the current situation, it seemed like Mr. Carter hadn't won her heart yet.

They were all shrewd elites in the workplace, so they figured it out immediately and stopped teasing at them. After a brief introduction, they shifted the topic.

After a short while, a person asked, "Ms. Radomil. You look familiar. Did we meet before?"

Another manager joked, "What a trick. You feel familiar with every beauty, right?"

"Not so. Really, I feel that I've seen her before..."

Emmett made an explanation, "Stella is a designer of SG Jewelry Magazine before and she always took part in the news conferences of the magazine. It's normal that you've seen her somewhere before."

Another person said, "No wonder. I didn't dare to say it just now. I also feel that I've seen her before. Hahaha..."

The people at the table all laughed. It was the end of this topic.

Nevertheless, the manager who brought up this topic first still knitted his brows tightly.

He felt that he had seen Stella earlier than the news conferences.

They couldn't do whatever they like after the lunch. Some of them went to the hot spring; some went to the golf course and some went to the archery range.

The holiday village is big and it had many entertainment projects.

Therefore, it would be the best choice for a big company that had many young employees like the Star Ferry Technology.

Stella didn't think that it was normal for her to bump into Clarence here. It could only prove that that wretched man was so capable that he had properties everywhere.

Stella and Emmett chatted from time to time while walking.

When they arrived at the golf course, a woman ran over, “Mr. Carter, luckily you’re here. I’m not good at playing golf. Can you teach me?”

Emmett was stunned, “I...”

The girl then looked towards Stella and blinked her innocent big eyes, “Miss, you won’t mind it, right? I just want Mr. Carter to teach me how to play golf. I will return him to you soon.”

Stella forced a smile. She didn’t reply.

Of course she could tell that this girl said those words with intentionality. It was just that she was not Emmett’s girlfriend, so she didn’t have the standpoint to refuse it.

The girl continued, “Mr. Carter, please. They are all watching at us.”

Emmett also didn’t know how to refuse her under such a situation. He heaved a sigh helplessly, “All right.”

“That’s so great. Thank you, Mr. Carter.” After finishing the words, she looked towards Stella, “Thank you too.”

Stella’s smile became more perfunctory.

This girl looked pretentious from top to toe.

Emmett said to Stella, “Stella, let’s go there.”

Stella nodded her head gently, “All right.”

The girl help up Emmett’s hand and jumped while walking.

Stella followed behind them slowly.

Looking at their backs, an idea suddenly popped into her mind.

If it were Clarence to encounter such a situation, he would only have two kinds of answers. One was ‘Does it have anything to do with me’, and the other was ‘you can’t even get hang of such a simple thing, how were you recruited before’.

Clarence always had a sharp tone.

Stella couldn't help but chuckle when thinking of this.

But she changed her expression immediately.

Was she crazy? What the hell was she thinking?

Stella patted her cheeks with great force in an attempt to pull herself back to the reality.

That wretched man hadn't pestered her during this period, but why did she keep thinking of her?

...

The girl led Emmett to the golf course and raised her chin at her colleagues triumphantly. She then turned around to look at Emmett and said in a cute tone, "Mr. Carter, they said I should hold the club with this posture. Look, am I right?"

Standing behind the girl, Emmett kept a distance away from her and helped her adjust her posture, "It's not correct. You should hold it like this?"

"Like this?"

The girl deliberately made wrong postures again and again.

Emmett heaved a sigh and gentlemanly grabbed her wrist, "Hold his place."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 222-The girl pretended to be enlightened, "Oh, that's it. No wonder that I've been feeling it weird before. Mr. Carter, you're so awesome."

Emmett replied with a light smile and then let go of her hand.

The girl lowered her head and began to blame herself, "I'm so dumb. Mr. Carter, will you disdain me?"

"It's not a big deal. You will get hang of it after some practices."

Emmett didn't plan to teach her other things. After finishing the words, he turned around and wanted to leave. The girl caught the opportunity and deliberately sprained her ankle and fell into Emmett's arms.

Emmett subconsciously reached out to support her. He knitted his brows, yet didn't say anything.

The girl's face gradually turned red, "I'm so careless. It's my fault. Thank you, Mr. Carter."

Emmett replied, "Stand up if you're alright."

The girl reluctantly left his arms.

When Emmett turned around, the girl grabbed the golf club and walked to her colleagues.

A person gave her a thumbs-up, "Mandy, you're so great. Mr. Carter neglected that woman because of you."

Mandy raised her mouth corner with obvious triumph, "It's not a big deal. I have more tricks later."

"I'm so confused. Why is Mr. Carter into a woman who has a sugar daddy before? It's really ridiculous."

"Is there any other reason except for her beauty? Look at those female celebrities in the entertainment industry. Aren't they slept by many men? Being a mistress is so normal."

"It makes sense. I guess that Mr. Carter doesn't take her seriously."

"But that woman must have many schemes since she can win the favor of a member of the Conrad family. I hope that Mr. Carter won't suffer loss from her."

Mandy said disdainfully, "She's not that capable. Probably she's favored because of her preference."

"It's true that having a good appearance will bring a person many advantages. It was proved that she was a home wrecker before, but SG..."

They were discussing it passionately.

On the other side...

Emmett walked to Stella, "Stella, sorry for keeping you waiting."

Stella smiled, "It doesn't matter."

Emmett looked around and suddenly asked, "Do you know how to play golf? Do you want me to teach you?"

Probably Stella hadn't expected his words. She was stunned, "What?"

"It's very simple. Do you want to have a try?"

Stella felt it inappropriate to refuse him since he had asked her twice. With the thought that she could have a try, she didn't try to find an excuse to decline him again.

Stella gently nodded her head, "Okay."

Emmett took a golf club from aside. When he was about to teach her, his assistant walked over in hurries and whispered something in his ear.

There was a slight change on his expression. He then said, "Let them wait for a while. I will be there soon."

His assistant left in strides when receiving the order.

Emmett put the golf club aside and said to Stella, "Stella, I have to deal with an emergency. Please wait for me here. I will be back soon."

"All right. Go and deal with it."

Emmett moved his lips trying to say something, but in the end he didn't utter a word. He turned around and left in strides.

Stella found a bench beside the golf course and then sat down. She then took out her phone and texted a message to Sherry.

Sherry called her soon, "Dear, it's inconvenient for me to text now. Tell me, what's the matter?"

Stella asked tentatively, "Did you send that university student back?"

Sherry chuckled, "It was a joke. Come on, don't take it seriously."

"What are you busy with now?"

"I'm powdering my face. I have an important date tonight. What about you, how's your date with Emmett? Is it going on well?"

Stella, "..."

After a short while of silence, she looked up at the sky, "You may not believe it. I bumped into Clarence here."

"I believe it."

After being threatened by Clarence last time, Sherry knew deep down that Clarence hadn't given up on Stella. It was just that she didn't dare to tell Stella about the truth because of his intimidation.

Stella heaved a sigh, "I almost thought that he followed me here. But the reality proved that I had thought too much of it. Luckily, I didn't come to question him. Otherwise, he would taunt at me again."

Sherry asked gingerly, "What if he really followed you there?"

Stella shook her head, "I asked the manager of the hotel and he told me that the whole holiday village is under the control of the Conrad Group and Clarence would come here to inspect their work at the end of every year. Moreover, he arrived here last night, which was earlier than me."

"Oh, what... what a coincidence."

But Sherry didn't believe that this was a coincidence. Even if what Stella said was true, it could not prove that it was a coincidence. Instead, it could only prove that someone in Emmett's company had disclosed it.

When thinking of this, Sherry couldn't help but click her tongue. Clarence was so wicked that he even applied such a trick.

Grabbing her phone, Stella looked at the front dully. After a long while, he said, "Sherry, if there's no matter with our studio, I want to come back to Aqock two days later."

Sherry asked, "Aqock? The place you went before?"

Stella nodded her head, "It's said that it will be rebuilt after the New Year. I want to have a look at it before it is demolished.

They chatted for another while. As Sherry was in a hurry to pick up a dress for her date, they ended the call.

Stella put down her phone and looked dully at the distance, seeming to be lost in her thoughts.

Time passed by. But Emmett still didn't come back.

Stella felt a bit boring. She stood up and turned her neck, and then she saw the golf club that was put aside by Emmett before his leaving.

Stella walked over and weighed it in her hands. She then made a posture of playing golf.

Even though she didn't play it before, she had seen others playing it.

She tried for several times, but the golf club never hit the golf.

Stella pouted, feeling it boring.

When she was about to give up, her hand that was holding the golf club was wrapped by a warm palm.

She abruptly turned around and glared at the man who was taking advantage of her.

But Clarence acted as if he hadn't noticed her gaze. He grabbed her hand and moved it down the club, "Hold this place. Why don't you know such a simple thing? Is your head just a decoration on your neck?"

Stella, "..."

She was wrong. In her imagination just now, she underestimated this wretched man and he was much wickeder than her imagination.

Stella tried to withdraw her hand, "Mr. Conrad, I didn't ask you to teach me. Please let go of me."

Clarence replied in a light tone, "When seeing a stupid woman holding a golf club and playing golf randomly on my golf course, I think that your behavior will bring loss to the revenue of the whole holiday village."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 223-If it wasn't that it would be a crime to kill him, Stella really wanted to hit his head with the golf club.

Clarence grabbed her hand again, "Why are you looking at me? Look at the front."

Before Stella could show her strong reluctance, Clarence grabbed the golf club with the other hand.

In this way, it looked like Stella was in his arms.

Clarence said slowly, "Did Emmett leave you alone here?"

Stella replied seriously, "Probably he hasn't expected that I would encounter a brazen hooligan in broad daylight."

Clarence sneered, "I'm just teaching you how to play golf. Don't think too much of it."

Stella retorted, "Thank you, but I don't need it."

"You've married me for three years, yet you still don't know how to play golf. I will feel embarrassed if others learn about this."

"..."

Was this wretched man planning to force her to learn this?

It seemed like Clarence wanted to cut the craps with her. He said, "Bend down and hold the golf club."

Stella took a deep breath. As she couldn't get rid of his confinement temporarily, she could only follow his instruction.

Several seconds later, she couldn't help but ask, "Mr. Conrad, can I ask you a question?"

Clarence, who fixed his eyes on the club, looked dedicated. He said in an indifferent tone, "Say it."

“You want to teach me how to play golf, but is it necessary to be so close to me?”

Clarence replied, “Yep.”

Stella replied with a smile, “I saw how Emmett taught others just now. It was quite different.”

This wretched man was so close to her! Wasn't him taking advantage of her?

Clarence didn't feel guilty at all. He took a glance at her nonchalantly, “It could only prove that Emmett is not good at playing golf. Otherwise, it's because he didn't want to teach that person at all.”

Stella felt her temples thumping wildly.

When she was about to say something again, Clarence let go of her and took a step backwards, “Never mind. You're not gifted in this aspect. It will only waste my time.”

He left without turning around after finishing the words.

Looking at his back, Stella gritted her teeth. It was the most speechless moment in her life.

This wretched man was really good at shifting the blame.

Stella threw the golf club into the basket and then she finally noticed that other people in the golf course had left.

Stella adjusted her breath. When she was about to leave, Emmett showed up at the entrance, “Stella, I'm sorry. It spent a long time to deal with that matter. Should we begin now?”

Stella declined him without hesitation, “Nope... I don't want to learn it now. I tried it just now and thought it's not suitable to me.”

Emmett didn't think too much of it, “Let's visit other places.”

They then walked around the holiday village. The sky gradually became dark.

Many staff had returned to the hotel to prepare for the annual party tonight.

Emmett sent Stella to the door of her room. He looked down at his wrist watch and said, "The annual party will begin two hours later. Have a rest first. I will come to find you later."

Stella felt sleepy. She nodded her head gently, "Okay."

After coming back to her room, Stella threw herself into the bed and set the alarm clock. She planned to get up an hour later.

But when she closed her eyes, she heard some sounds of animation from the balcony.

It was so noisy that she couldn't fall asleep.

Stella abruptly sat up from the bed, put on her shoes and then walked to the balcony. She then found that the voice came from the adjacent room.

Although Stella saw Clarence at the door of the adjacent room this morning, as he was here to inspect the work of the holiday village, she wasn't sure whether he was living in the adjacent room and thought maybe he came to that room for inspection this morning.

Moreover, that wretched man didn't like to watch animation.

She turned around and then called the reception, complaining that the guest in the adjacent room kept making loud noises and asking them to require him/her to keep down the voice.

The receptionist told her that she would deal with it immediately.

Stella lay onto the bed again. But after a silence of ten minutes, there came some noises from the adjacent room again. She could even hear some thuds on the wall.

Annoyed yet having not choice, Stella opened her eyes, feeling that she would have a psychasthenia.

As expected, as long as she encountered that wretched man, she would be so unlucky and would have to face some annoying things again and again.

It seemed like the person in the adjacent room wouldn't stop making noises. After a long while, Stella finally couldn't withstand it any longer. She walked out of her room and knocked at the door of the adjacent room.

Yet she regretted it when the door was opened.

Clarence looked at her calmly and meaningfully, as if he was asking her about her purpose.

Stella laughed awkwardly, “Mr. Conrad, can you stop making noises? It’s a bit noisy.”

Clarence glanced at her from top to toe, as if he believed that she knocked at his door with some intentions, “Someone used this excuse before. Change one.”

“...”

Excuse? My ass!

Stella took a deep breath in an attempt to calm down herself, “Mr. Conrad, you know what you’ve done. I think it’s...”

“What did I do? Please make it clear.”

Right at this moment, the manager that Stella encountered before walked out of the room with two men following behind him. They were all observing what was happening.

The manager asked, “Miss, what’s wrong?”

Stella was stunned. She said in a weak voice, “I live in the adjacent room and I heard some noises from this room just now. So I come to...”

“Noise?” The manager was confused, “We had a meeting just now. But we didn’t hear any noise.”

Stella was completely dumbfounded when hearing the words.

When seeing Clarence walking out of the room, Stella almost made sure that it was him who deliberately made the noises just now.

But she hadn’t expected that he was having a meeting with the manager of this hotel and other C-level managers.

Leaning against the frame of the door with his arms crossed in front of his chest, Clarence raised his brows. This action looked like a silent taunt.

Stella pressed her lips together. After a long while, she said, "Sorry. Maybe I misheard it just now."

Clarence said, "What did you say? I didn't hear it clearly."

Stella's hands that were placed by the sides were clenched into fists. She gritted her teeth and said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Conrad. Sorry for bothering you."

"I didn't see your sincerity."

Stella was in a trance when hearing this sentence.

It seemed like she heard this sentence before.

But she didn't have the time to think over it now. She ignored Clarence and bent down to apologize to other managers who were bothered by her, "Sorry for bothering you guys. Please go on with your business."

When Stella left, the other people in the room all heaved a sigh of relief. They simultaneously looked towards Nathan who was standing aside.

They all had a question in heart. Did Mr. Conrad play with his wife like this in usual times?

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 224-Stella became sleepless after coming back to her room and fixed her eyes on the wall. After a long while, she looked towards the balcony.

There was no noise again.

Was it her illusion just now?

It was so incredible.

But Clarence wouldn't conspire with the managers of the hotel to lie to her, right? If that was the case, she had to admit that she had underestimated that wicked man again.

Stella shook her head with great force and then walked into the bathroom for a hot bath in an attempt to alleviate her nervousness.

When she was drying her hair, the doorbell suddenly rang.

Stella didn't think too much of it. She simply thought that it was Emmett. She turned off the hair dryer, gave him a short reply, hurriedly put on her clothes, and then ran to the door.

But when she opened the door, she saw the manager of the hotel.

And Clarence stood behind him with an indifferent look.

With one hand in his pocket, Clarence fixed his eyes on other place indifferently.

The manager said with a smile, "Miss, you complained that there were some annoying noises in the hotel just now. So I come here to have a look."

Stella forced a smile, "No need. Maybe it was just my illusion..."

Clarence slowly looked towards her and said in a cold voice, "When you have a problem, you should solve it rather than evading it."

Stella, "..."

The manager continued, "Miss, can we enter your room to have a look. If it's proved that the room has some problems, we can arrange another room for you."

Stella pondered for a while and then gently nodded her head.

It was good if they could inspect it. If the noises sounded in the evening again, she would have a mental breakdown.

Stella took a step backwards to give way for them.

The manager walked around the room to have an inspection and then knocked at the wall. He then said to Stella, "Miss, looks like this room doesn't have any problem. How's this? I will arrange another room for you and I will arrange an inspector to have a detail inspection of the whole room later. To show our apology, we will present you an evening sightseeing ticket for free."

Stella secretly took a glance at the man standing beside the manager and smiled, "No need. Thank you. You just need to change the room for me."

"Er..." The manager racked his mind for an excuse and then said, "Miss, I want to explain it. Our hotel is wholly responsible for this matter and we

should compensate you for this. The tenet of our hotel is to let our guests feel like at home. Please do receive our compensation. It's our apology."

When Stella wanted to say something, Clarence's phone rang. He received the call while walking out of the room, "What's the matter?"

Stella didn't know what the person at the other end of the phone told Clarence. She only heard him saying in a flat tone, "Ask the driver to wait for me downstairs. We will set off then minutes later."

As he walked out of the room, Stella slowly withdrew her lines of sights.

The manager looked at her, seeming to be in a dilemma, "Miss, er..."

Stella asked, "Is he leaving?"

"Yep. Mr. Conrad will come back to City N tonight."

Stella pressed her lips together, seeming to be thinking of something.

The manager continued, "Miss, the evening sightseeing is one of the feature entertainments here. Will you..."

"All right. Thank you for your kindness."

The manager was stunned as he didn't expect that Stella would change her idea so soon. Several seconds later, he finally came back to his sense and replied, "Okay. The best period for evening sightseeing is from seven to eight o'clock. It's almost the time. I will ask a waiter to lead you there."

Stella declined it, "No need to be bothered. I will go there by myself."

She paused and then asked, "Can I bring a friend?"

The manager hesitated, "Er..."

"It's fine if I can't bring a friend. It's just that I'm afraid that I will be unsafe to go out alone at night. So..."

"Oh, please." The manager wiped his forehead, complaining that it was excessively difficult to complete this task in his heart, "Of course you can bring a friend. Miss, it all depends on you."

Stella replied with a smile, "All right, thank you."

The manager coughed, "Let me help you carry the luggage. Your new room is upstairs."

"I can carry it myself."

Stella didn't take too many things here so it was easy for her to package up her luggage. She put her things into her bag and left the room.

When the doors of the lift were opened, the manager said, "Miss, this way please."

When the door of the room was opened, Stella scratched her head when seeing the decoration of the room.

She said, "Please change another room for me. This room is too big."

The manager replied, "I'm sorry, Miss. Other rooms in our hotel are all occupied and this room is the only one left. I'm sorry to put you to such inconvenience."

"Don't say this. I don't feel it inconvenient at all."

This presidential suite was so big that it could even at least fifty people. It was just that she felt unease to live in such a big room.

The manager said, "I have to deal with some matters of the hotel and I have to leave now. Please contact the reception if you have any problem."

After finishing the words, he immediately closed the door and left the room as if he was worrying that Stella would refuse it.

Standing on the spot, Stella heaved a long sigh.

She didn't want to think too much it. But everything happened today all appeared to be weird.

She would regard it a coincidence and though it had nothing to do with Clarence at present.

But if he showed up in tonight's sightseeing, it would only prove that her guess was right.

That wretched man never planned to give up on her and he had changed his way of pestering her.

After putting down her things, Stella went downstairs.

When she walked to the corridor, she saw Emmett walking out of his room. It seemed like he wanted to come downstairs to find her.

Stella gently called his name, "Emmett."

Emmett looked towards her following the voice. He was a bit surprised, "Stella, why did you come out from that room."

Stella explained it briefly, "There were some problems in my previous room, so the hotel changed a room for me."

Emmett became serious when hearing the answer.

It must be Clarence's trick again.

Emmett didn't ask her again. He reached out and smiled at her, "The annual party is going to begin. Let's go."

Stella put her hand on his palm after hesitating for several seconds.

The annual party of the company was held in the banquet hall of the hotel. When Emmett and Stella showed up together, it caused a commotion.

Wearing a long black dress and a dedicate make-up, Stella looked beautiful and gorgeous. She attracted the attention of all of the guests.

Smiling, they walked into the hall arm in arm and it looked like they were a perfect match.

A man suddenly said, "I remember when I saw her before."

The person beside him asked, "Ms. Radomil was a designer of SG Jewelry Magazine before. Did you see her at the other place?"

The man replied, "I can't remember it clearly. Maybe I saw her in a cocktail party. And... she's Mr. Conrad's wife."

Everyone around him was shocked when hearing the words and looked over. They asked in disbelief, "What?"

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 225-In a room of the hotel...

The manager reported to Clarence, "Mr. Conrad, Mrs. Conrad has agreed to go to the evening sightseeing. But..."

Sitting on the sofa, Clarence asked in a clam voice, "What's the matter?"

The manager replied with a flustered mind, "Mrs. Conrad said that she wants to bring a friend together."

Clarence narrowed his eyes dangerously and gently clicked his knees. It seemed like he was pondering something.

He asked after a short while, "When will she be there?"

"Mrs. Conrad is taking part in the annual party of Star Ferry Technology now. Probably she will go there when the party is over."

Clarence stood up, "Prepare it now. If Emmett comes with her, you should obstruct him."

...

The annual party started. The C-level managers of the Star Ferry Technology went to the stage to deliver a speech one by one and Emmett was the last one to give a speech.

This part was followed by a lottery.

Stella took a glance at her phone. It was half past seven.

She turned her head and said to Emmett in a low voice, "Emmett, I have to leave now."

Emmett was stunned, "Where are you going?"

Stella replied with a light smile, "I have to deal with some matters."

Emmett immediately knew that these matters must be related with Clarence.

He said after a short while of silence, "Let me go there with you."

Stella said, "It doesn't matter. I can handle it myself."

Right at this moment, Emmett's assistant came to find him and told him that the next part was going to start.

As the boss of the Star Ferry Technology, Emmett couldn't leave in such an important event.

Stella said, "Go on with your business. I will leave first."

Emmett had no choice but to nod his head, "Call me when it's over. I will go to pick you up."

"Okay."

Stella directly went to the first floor of the hotel after leaving the banquet hall.

A man was waiting for her outside.

He walked over and asked, "Excuse me, are you Ms. Radomil?"

"Yes."

"I'm a staff of this hotel and I will bring you to the evening viewing platform."

Stella smiled lightly, "Thank you."

The car went on the mountain and ten minutes later, their field of vision became broader.

There was a spa villa.

In the garden of the villa, there were some equipment for star observation and several tents.

If the weather was good, it would have wonderful scenery.

After getting off the car, the man brought Stella to the villa, "Miss, please wait for a moment here."

Looking at the long table that was perched with various kinds of food and red wine, Stella nodded her head to show her gratitude.

After the man's leaving, Stella sat down at the long table and looked at the red wine in front of her with composure on her face.

After a long while, there suddenly came a loud bang from the sky. It sounded like something had exploded in the sky.

Stella turned around and saw the fireworks that illuminate the whole holiday village.

Stella was stunned as she hadn't expected this.

Bright and colorful fireworks exploded in the sky one by one.

When the firework show came to an end, Stella heard some footsteps from behind.

She had expected this.

But when she turned around and wanted to say something, she found that the man was the staff who sent her here.

The man didn't probably expect that Stella would suddenly turn around, and he was startled, "Ms. Radomil..."

Stella instantly felt very awkward. She picked up a glass of red wine, took a sip, and then laughed drily, "What's the matter?"

The man handed a gift box to her, "Ms. Radomil, to show our apology, we specially prepare this gift for you."

Stella froze. She suddenly realized something and asked, "The fireworks..."

"It's a part of our evening sightseeing."

"Oh."

Stella felt so embarrassed that she even wanted to find a hole on the ground to hide herself.

The man continued, "Ms. Radomil, you can stay in this villa tonight. I will come here to pick you up tomorrow morning."

Stella gently shook her head, "I will only stay here for a while and then I will come back."

"Then I will wait for you in the car."

After the man's leaving, Stella lifted her chin and gulped down the red wine in the glass.

She felt that ever since she bumped into Clarence today, she had lost the ability to think calmly.

She would uncontrollably think that he was here for her and even had an illusion that he was the one behind all those wired things happened to her today.

But the reality told her that she had been thinking too much of it.

Although those things seemed to be incredible, they happened to her coincidentally.

Stella heaved a long sigh and poured another glass of wine for herself.

It seemed like she had been greatly influenced by Clarence before. Otherwise, she wouldn't be so sensitive now.

Stella stood up and walked to the sightseeing platform. She slightly leaned against the handrail and looked at the lights afar, seeming to be lost in her thoughts.

Stella stood up, walked to the viewing platform, slightly leaned against the handrail and fixed her eye son the starry lights afar, seeming to be lost in her thoughts.

The evening breezes carried chillness, plus that she was in the mountain now, Stella snooze after a short while and felt her legs and arms cold.

When she prepared to come back to the hotel, a person stood beside him and his lazy voice sounded by her ear, "You look disappointed when seeing that I'm not here."

Stella replied, "Mr. Conrad, didn't you come back to City N?"

Clarence looked askance at her, "You know it's my lie. Why did you still come here?"

"I..."

Stella was suddenly lost for words.

Originally, she planned to come here to expose his tricks and embarrass him. She would not give any opportunity for him to justify himself. But out of no reason, she suddenly lost the mood to do so.

Stella gathered her cloth and said, "Mr. Conrad, the show is wonderful and if you didn't appear, I would have been convinced. May I ask why you suddenly changed your mind?"

With one hand in his pocket, Clarence looked at the distance and said indifferently, "I feel distressed."

Maybe it was because she had drunken wine just now, or maybe it was because she felt numb and dizzy after being exposed in the cold wind for a long time, Stella asked, "Why do you feel distressed?"

"I feel distressed when seeing you standing here alone."

Stella smiled silently. She didn't reply.

Clarence continued, "Stella, do you forget that today is an important day?"

Stella felt more confused when hearing this, "What's it?"

"It's our wedding anniversary."

Stella said sulkily, "Mr. Conrad, can you find a plausible excuse? Our wedding anniversary was half a year ago."

Clarence took a glance at her, "Oh, you still remember it."

Of course Stella remembered it clearly because she proposed the divorcement and sent him a 'surprise' on their wedding anniversary.

Clarence continued without waiting for Stella's reply, "I make up this for you. It's our first wedding anniversary."

When he finished the words, the whole scene was prevailed by silence.

Stella looked at him dully. At this moment, she even felt that her heart had stop jumping.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 226-Clarence eyes met with hers in the air. He slightly raised his brows and curled his lips into a smile, "What's wrong? Do you regret it?"

Stella shifted her gaze to evade his lines of sights and stammered, "What... what should I regret?"

"Do you regret refusing me?"

"Mr. Conrad, please don't think too much of it. This won't happen."

Clarence looked at the front again and replied in a clam voice, "But your eyes have betrayed you."

Stella, "..."

She coughed with uneasiness and didn't justify herself again.

The more she talked, the more likely that she would make a mistake.

Stella asked with bewilderment, "Mr. Conrad, what's your purpose? Didn't you say that you've become impatient?"

"It's joke. Why do you believe it?"

Stella suddenly felt a headache. She underestimated this wretched man's shamelessness again.

She pressed her lips together and said slowly, "Mr. Conrad, thank you for what you've done for me tonight. I admit that I felt surprised and..."

Stella didn't tell him that she was also moved. She paused and continued after a short while, "We've divorced each other for half a year. Mr. Conrad, you don't need to..."

“Stella Radomil,” Clarence interrupted her, “Don’t you understand that I’m sweet-talking you?”

Stella thought that she had misheard it, “What?”

Clarence turned around, leaned against the handrail, and fixed his black eyes on Stella, “I will make up the rest two wedding anniversaries for you.”

Stella was stunned and was suddenly lost for words.

After a long while, she asked, “Mr. Conrad, have you thought of it, what you do for me now is meaningless for me and it will only damage my peaceful life.”

“Your peaceful life? Do you mean being with Emmett?” Clarence continued, “Emmett is not as simple as his appearance. Do you think that he can establish Star Ferry Technology himself in a few short years?”

“This has nothing to do with me. And I don’t care.”

Clarence said slowly, “Stella, do you know why you don’t care?”

Stella took a deep breath, “It’s his private affair. I have no ground...”

“Because you don’t love him. So you won’t care no matter what he did.”

Stella didn’t reply again. She slightly pressed her lips.

Clarence continued, “How will your life be peaceful when living with a person you don’t love.”

“Mr. Conrad, you’re wrong. I want a peaceful life, but it doesn’t mean to be with Emmett.” Stella looked at him calmly, “As long as you don’t appear in front of me, my life will be always peaceful.”

Clarence chuckled, “Stella Radomil, please be clear of your real thought before telling a lie.”

“...”

Stella thought it was so difficult to talk with him. She didn’t know when this man had seen through all her thoughts and every time he could expose her pretense easily.

“Mr. Conrad, I’ve made it clear with you. The problem between the two of us has never been whether we love each other or not, it’s...”

“It’s not as complicated as you’ve imagined. You said that you were not happy during the three-year marriage with me, so I’m now trying to make up for my mistake. When you’re not angry at me and decide to forgive me, the problem between us will naturally be solved.”

Stella was amused, “Mr. Conrad, do you think that it’s so simple?”

Clarence understood what she meant. He said in a low voice, “I will handle with all your worries.”

“I believe in your ability. You can get rid of Annie and even Joanna. But even if everything move on as your wish, so what? You can’t change the past.”

“Why can’t I?”

Stella didn’t want to argue with him on these meaningless matters anymore. She said, “Emmett is waiting for me. I have to come back.”

But when she turned around, Clarence grasped her wrist.

“No need to bother you, Mr. Conrad. The staff of the hotel is waiting for me...”

“I asked him to leave just now.”

Stella clenched her fists tightly. This wretched man was so shameless.

“I don’t want you to send me.”

Stella tossed down his hand and walked out of the villa silently.

But after a short while, Stella regretted for her recklessness.

After walking out of the villa, the road down the mountain was prevailed by darkness. There was no streetlight on the long road.

Even though the flashlight of her phone was dim, it was the only source of light in the darkness.

The leaves rustled in the wind, making Stella feel inexplicably frightened.

Stella gathered her cloth tightly and quickened her pace while cursing at Clarence in her heart.

That wretched man was really immoral. If she had expected this, she would not have come here to expose him simply for venting her anger.

Now she was the one to suffer.

Stella became angrier when thinking of this and quickened her pace again.

There suddenly came a sound from the bush beside the road. At the next moment, a creature flashed in front of her.

“Ahh!”

Stella screamed and subconsciously took a step backwards. Then she unexpectedly fell into a warm embrace.

Clarence wrapped her waist with one arm and patted her back with the other. He chuckled, “It’s just a wild cat. Is it so frightening?”

Stella was so mad, but Clarence still taunted at her now, so she stepped on his feet without a second thought, “Screw you!”

Clarence felt the sharp pain from his feet, but he didn’t let go of her. He asked in a low voice, “Are you addicted to stepping me?”

“I regret being gentle to you!” When speaking, she reached out to push him away, “Let go of me.”

“It was you who came to my arms just now. How can you blame me for this?”

Stella gritted her teeth, “You followed behind me deliberately. Weren’t you waiting for this chance?”

Clarence raised his brows, “This is the only road to go down the hill. How do you know that I’m following you?”

“Mr. Conrad, don’t you think that it will be more plausible if you let go of me before saying this?”

“I’m not a gentleman and I can’t refuse it if you come to my arms yourself.”

Stella finally couldn't bear it any longer and pinched his waist.

She had lived with him for three years, so she knew clearly about the sensitive spots of this wretched man.

Clarence tightened his grip on her waist. He asked in a low, husky and dangerous voice, "Do you believe that I will fuck you here."

"Of course I believe it. Mr. Conrad, you can do every wicked thing."

Clarence pressed his thin lips together, yet he let go of her in the end.

Stella sneered. She ignored him and turned around.

Several minutes later, Stella found that there were several huge stone on the road, which completely obstructed her way for going down the hill.

She remembered that there was nothing on the road when she went up the hill.

Stella turned around, "Mr. Conrad, is this your arrangement too?"

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 227-Clarence replied calmly and slowly, "It has nothing to do with me."

Stella chuckled perfunctorily. Apparently she was not convinced.

She walked to the stones and trying to find a way through them with the dim flashlight.

Clarence's calm voice sounded from behind, "It's a mountain road so landslide is normal here. The staff will clear it every morning."

Stella ignored him. She took off her high-heeled shoes, trying to climb through the stones.

When seeing this, Clarence gritted his teeth, rubbed his nose and walked over.

There were many small yet sharp stones beside the huge stones. Stella failed to climb through the bid stones and her feet hurt when she stepped on the small sharp stones. When she wanted to try again, Clarence stopped her with one arm on her waist.

At the next second, he carried her down from the stone.

Clarence said, "I'm so curious about what's in your mind."

Stella retorted, "Mr. Conrad, I'm also curious about why you can always do these annoying things."

Clarence put her on the flat road, "I didn't do this, sincerely."

"I won't trust you again."

With one hand in his pocket, Clarence fixed his black eye son her and licked his thin lips, "It depends on you."

Several second later, he asked, "We can't go down the hill tonight. There are some rooms in the villa on the mountain. Will you go there?"

Stella refused it without hesitation, "Nope!"

"Well, then you can wait here till the morning. I will go now."

After finishing the words, Clarence turned around and walked back up the hill. His figure disappeared in the dark night soon.

Stella gritted her teeth with great force. She took out her phone in an attempt to call for help, but she found that there was no signal in the mountain.

She tried to climb through the huge stones several times but failed again and again.

In the end, she lost all her strength and her cellphone was almost out of power.

Sitting by the roadside, Stella felt her nose stinging.

The wuthering sound of the wind gradually died out.

She was surrounded by a dead silence.

And it even began to snow lightly.

With her arms clasped tightly around her knees, Stella cursed at Clarence in her heart again and again.

He said he loved her, but he left her alone in this place now.

As expected, his love was worthless and it would only bring her burden.

Stella felt aggrieved when thinking of this. Plus that she was gradually overwhelmed by the fight brought by the dark night, she bit her lower lip with great force to suppress her cry.

When she thought that she might die in this place tonight, she heard some footsteps from the darkness.

Stella slowly lifted her head and looked towards the man with a pair of watery eyes.

Clarence kneeled on one knee in front of her and looked at her red eyes with the dim light from the phone. He asked slowly, "Will you go with me?"

Stella turned her head aside, refusing to talk with him. But she uncontrollably choked with sobs. In the end, she burst into crying.

Seeing this, Clarence curled his lips into a smile, "Well, I'm sorry. I shouldn't leave you here. I didn't walk away. I've been waiting for you to call me now in the front. But you're so stubborn."

Hearing his teasing tone, Stella became angrier. She grabbed some gravel and threw it to his expensive business suit, "I didn't call you. Why did you come back?"

"You called me just now."

"I didn't."

"I heard it."

"I told you I didn't. I..."

Clarence reached out and pulled her into his arms. He whispered into her ear, "You called me in your heart, didn't you?"

Stella sniffed, "I was cursing at you."

Clarence chuckled and gently carried her up, "Whatever."

Stella struggled violently when seeing that he was walking towards the villa, “I don’t want to go there.”

She and Clarence would be the only two persons in that big villa tonight. It was obvious that this wretched man had some evil intentions again.

Clarence immediately saw through her mind, “There is a landline telephone in the villa up in the mountain and we can contact the hotel in the holiday village. Or do you still want to stay here and die of frost? Then when they come here to clear the obstacles, they will find your dead body.”

Stella, “...”

She asked, “Are you sure that the telephone in the villa is available?”

Maybe it was just this wicked man’s trick. When she arrived at the villa, he would tell her that the telephone was broken.

Clarence said, “I told you that I didn’t arrange this.”

Apparently Stella was not convinced.

Clarence didn’t want to explain it again and walked up the hill with Stella in his arms.

After a short while, Stella’s phone finally ran out of the power.

They were prevailed by darkness.

But strangely, Stella didn’t felt frightened this time.

She could hear the man’s stable and strong heartbeats.

She gradually relaxed herself.

But she suddenly felt a touch of coldness from her lips. It seemed like something flashed across her lips just now.

Stella was silent for a long while. In the end, she couldn’t help but ask, “Mr. Conrad, what did you do just now?”

“I’m carrying you with two arms. What else can I do?”

“You kissed me just now, right?”

Clarence replied slowly in a clam voice, “There’re many mosquitos in the mountain. It’s normal to be bit by them.”

Clarence sneered.

All right, he was the one who started to play tricks!

Several seconds later, a loud slap sounded in the darkness.

It even had a faint echo.

Clarence suddenly stopped.

Even though he didn’t say anything, Stella could still feel his cold aura.

She said, “I don’t expected that there’re not only many mosquitos in the mountain and they can also make such a loud voice. Mr. Conrad, did you hear it just now?”

Clarence gritted his teeth, “Stella Radomil?”

Stella replied in an innocent voice, “What’s wrong? Mr. Conrad, are you bit by a mosquito too?”

Clarence pressed his thin lips together. After all, he was the one who play this trick first, so he didn’t probe into this and continued to walk forwards with Stella in his arms.

Several minutes later, they arrived at the villa.

Stella felt like the whole world seemed to be bright.

“Mr. Conrad, please put me down. I can walk myself.”

“Aren’t you afraid that the mosquito will bite you again?”

“This place is so bright and I think that mosquito won’t dare to come out now.”

Clarence chuckled. He didn’t reply, nor did he put her down.

They then came into the villa. Clarence put her onto the sofa, turned around, picked up the telephone and then called the hotel down the hill.

Stella listened to it carefully. When making sure that he asked them to arrange the staff to clear the obstacles as soon as possible, she finally felt relieved.

It looked like it wasn't Clarence who arranged those obstacles.

When Stella was lost in her thoughts, Clarence had ended the call and walked towards her.

Stella uncontrollably widened her eyes when seeing him taking off his suit jacket and tossing it onto the sofa. So was this his real purpose

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 228-When Stella prepared to run away, Clarence squatted down in front of her, took a cushion from the sofa, put it on his leg, grabbed Stella's ankle and put it on the cushion.

Stella wanted to withdraw her leg reflectively,

Clarence pressed her calf and said in a flat tone, "Don't you know that it's bleeding?"

Stella looked towards her feet when hearing the words. There were some blood stains on them.

She guessed that she got hurt when trying to climb through the huge stone.

She grabbed a cushion into her arms, "Thanks to you, Mr. Conrad."

Clarence, "..."

He didn't say anything again and took out a medical kit from the drawer of the tea table behind and began to disinfect her wounds.

Putting her chin on the cushion, Stella simply looked at him silently. She didn't struggle.

The man's cold facial features looked gentler under the light.

She had to admit that if this wretched man didn't speak, he would be so charming.

Winnie told her that the romantic scandals about Clarence were all fake and they were all shows. She now fully believed in it.

It was hard to find a woman who could withstand Clarence's sharp tone in this world.

Right at this moment, his clam voice sounded, "Don't stare at me, unless you don't want to leave this villa tonight."

"..."

This man always had dirty thoughts in his mind!

After dealing with her wounds, Clarence put the medical kit back and took a glance at his wristwatch, "I guess they will be here an hour later. You can have a nap if you're sleepy."

Stella opened her eyes widely, "Thank you. I'm not sleepy."

Clarence could guess what she was thinking with a single glance. He let out a sneer, turned around and walked into the bathroom.

After a short while, Stella heard some sounds of water from the bathroom.

Maybe it was because the villa was too quiet, Stella felt unease and thirsty when hearing the sounds.

When she prepared to drink some water, she saw Clarence's suit jacket.

There were some dusts on his jacket.

No wonder that he wanted to have a bath.

Stella moved to the other side of the sofa, trying to distance herself away from the bathroom.

After a long while, the sound in the bathroom finally died out.

Stella quietly heaved a sigh of relief.

Right at this moment, she heard a gush of hurrying footsteps from the door,

Then there came Emmett's voice, "Stella, are you alright?"

Stella turned around and saw Emmett and the manager of the hotel. She shook her head, "I'm fine."

Emmett landed his gaze on Stella's feet that were wrapped by gauzes. He knitted his brows and took several steps forwards, "Stella, let me bring you down the hill."

Stella got off the sofa. When she stepped on the ground, she felt a sharp pain.

Why didn't she feel the pain before?

Emmett immediately walked over to support her. He pressed his lips together and then said, "Sorry."

He then carried Stella up into his arms without waiting for her answer.

Stella didn't expect his behavior and she was astonished.

When Emmett was about to leave the villa, he saw Clarence leaning against the door frame of the bathroom with a bathrobe on his body. He was looking at them calmly.

Emmett pressed his lips tightly. He withdrew his lines of sights and left the villa quickly.

When they left the villa, the manager walked forwards and wiped away the sweats on his forehead, "Mr. Conrad, Mr. Carter insisted on going up the hill to find Mrs. Conrad, and we failed to stop him..."

Clarence replied in a flat tone, "Never mind. The result will be the same even Emmett doesn't come up the hill."

...

Emmett put Stella on the passenger seat and sat down on the driver seat and then started the car.

Stella asked, "How do you know that I'm in this villa?"

Emmett replied, "You haven't come back after a long time and your phone can't be connected. So I asked the staff of the hotel."

Emmett lied to her. Actually, the reason why he anxiously came up the hill to find Stella was that he saw the firework show.

He knew deep down that Clarence had planned the things happened in the holiday village today and he was clear that Stella still had deep feelings for Clarence.

So he became uneasy. He was afraid that Stella would be softhearted and be with Clarence again.

Therefore, he left before the ending of the annual party. Of course, the staff of the hotel had found various excuses to stop him, but failed. In the end, they had no choice and told him about Stella's whereabouts.

After a short while, Stella said to him gently, "Thank you."

Emmett chuckled, "I should have found out that it's weird earlier and come to find you. Otherwise, you won't..."

Stella heaved a sigh, "It's my fault. Every time I thought I could deal with the matter in a perfect manner, but I would mess it up in the end."

She had thought highly of herself.

"Stella, you don't need to blame yourself. I'm mostly responsible for what happened today. If I pay more attention to the matters related to the annual party, we wouldn't have fallen into Clarence's trap."

Stella knitted her brows when hearing the words, "Do you mean that the whole annual party has been a part of Clarence's plan at the beginning?"

Emmett chuckled, "It's my fault. I didn't manage my subordinates well. The staff responsible for arrangement of the venue of this annual party was bribed by Clarence."

Stella knew that the things happened today were all plotted by Clarence. But she thought that he would at most play tricks on the matters related to her. She hadn't expected that he would get the Star Ferry Technology involved.

She didn't know how many people would be implicated.

Clarence was really a bastard man. He always did things willfully without caring about the possible consequences.

Seeing that Stella was silent, Emmett tightened his grip on the steering wheel. After a short while, he said, “Stella, don’t think too much of it. It’s Clarence’s personality. He can do everything simply to achieve his purpose. He acts like this in the business world, and does the same in other aspects.”

The road down the hill was not that long, plus that the obstacles on the road had been removed, they arrived at the hotel after a short while.

Emmett sent Stella back to her room and stopped at the door, “Stella, have a good rest tonight. I will send you back to City N tomorrow morning.”

Stella asked, “But the annual party will end tomorrow afternoon. Doesn’t it matter?”

Emmett chuckled, “It doesn’t matter. Tonight’s activities are the important parts of the annual party. And it doesn’t matter even if I don’t take part in the activities tomorrow.”

Stella said in a gentle voice after a short while of silence, “Emmett...”

Emmett interrupted her as if he had expected what she wanted to say, “Stella, I do all these based on my will. You don’t need to apologize to me or feel sorry for me. I have to repeat my words. I just hope that you can give me an opportunity.”

Stella moved her lips. When she was about to say something, a man in a white bathrobe slowly walked out of the lift with no expression on his cold face. He directly walked past them without even sparing a glance at them and opened the door of the adjacent room.

No wonder that he tried that means to change her room. It turned out that his room was near this presidential suit.

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