

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again

Chapter 229-260

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 229-The door of his room was slammed closed and Stella slowly withdrew her lines of sights.

She pressed her lips and said, "Emmett, actually, I've been considering whether to try to be with you during this period. But I'm sorry, I..."

"Stella, you also said it, we can try to be with each other. It's just the beginning. You don't have to refuse me so quickly."

Stella shook her head.

She couldn't try to be with Emmett when she herself was having an entangled relationship with Clarence. It would be unfair to Emmett.

Emmett said, "Stella, I know what you're thinking. You and Clarence are different. I can distinguish it."

"It's not so, Emmett. I didn't mean it." After pondering for several seconds, Stella continued, "I once thought that I know clearly about what I want. When I divorced Clarence, I thought I won't regret it. But now..."

"Do you change your mind now?"

Stella was suddenly lost for words.

It was true that she changed her mind now.

In the past, she thought that she was even less important than a document in his office to Clarence.

But now, she realized that Clarence was serious.

She saw his sincerity tonight.

Seeing that Stella was silent, Emmett knew that his guess was right.

He paused and then continued, "You lived with Clarence for three years before and it's normal that you still have some feelings for him after divorcing

him. Stella, I can wait for you. I can wait until you decide to forget him and start your new life.”

Stella would tell herself to ‘start a new life’ before. She thought that as long as she started a new life, she could wholly say goodbye to the past.

But today she finally realized that this wouldn’t work.

No matter how she wanted to start her new life, the things happened in her life would never be removed out of her memory.

In her three-year marriage life with Clarence, even though she knew clearly that he detested her so much, she still gradually fell for her after living with him every day. Even though she criticized his wickedness every day, she still uncontrollably became soft-hearted.

It would be so good if the things in this world were all as simple as they were in imagination.

Emmett said, “Stella, it’s late now. Have a rest early. We can talk about it later.”

Stella also felt tired, so she nodded her head, “You should go to bed early too.”

After coming back to her room, Stella lay down on the bed and looked blankly at the ceiling, seeming to be pondering something.

Half an hour later, the doorbell rang.

She slowly walked to the door. When she opened the door, she saw a staff of the hotel.

The staff handed her a gift box and her phone, “Miss, these are the things you left in the villa.”

Stella abruptly came to her sense when seeing her phone. She left it on the sofa before and forgot to take it back.

As for the gift box, the staff that drove her up the hill said that it was a present from the hotel.

But according to what happened tonight, she guessed that it was presented by Clarence.

Stella took the gift box and the phone from the staff and said, "Thank you."

The staff bowed to her and then turned around and left.

Stella closed the door and found that the wounds on her feet were opened again. So she could only jump to the bed.

Lying onto the bed again, Stella took out a charger from her bag first and charged up her phone. Then she turned around to look at the gift box that was placed on the bedside table.

Lying face down on the bed, Stella studied the gift box, hesitating about whether to open it or not.

Oh, let it be.

After all, they had sent the gift here. There would be no difference no matter whether she opened it or not.

She should satisfy her curiosity rather than directly throwing it away.

Stella pulled open the ribbon on the gift box and then took away the lid.

There were a box of chocolate, a necklace and a card in the gift box. When Clarence came back from the business trip from Belgium before, he casually threw a box of chocolate on the table and she ate it and told him that she wanted more.

Stella opened the card and saw a line of words – the third anniversary,

It was Clarence's handwriting. And she thought only that wicked man would write these.

Stella was in a trance when looking at the card. An idea suddenly popped into her mind.

Was this gift prepared by Clarence half a year ago for their third wedding anniversary?

That should be the case. Otherwise, why did he write 'the third anniversary' on the card?

She had to complain that this wretched man was so mean. He told her tonight that it was a compensation for their first wedding anniversary, but the gift sent was the one he prepared for the third anniversary before.

Stella subconsciously smiled when thinking of this. She opened a chocolate and put it into her mouth. It tasted sweet and agreeable.

It was the familiar taste.

Right at this moment, her phone vibrated.

Stella picked up her phone and found that there were many missed calls from Emmett and a lot of messages from Sherry.

Stella took a glance at the time and found it was not too late. She guessed that Sherry hadn't gone to bed now and called her.

The call was connected soon.

Sherry said, "Stella, are you okay? Emmett told me that you came to find Clarence and that he couldn't reach you. What happened?"

"It's a long story."

"It doesn't matter. I'm sleepless now. You can tell me slowly."

Stella, "..."

She coughed awkwardly and tried to shift the topic, "How's your date today?"

It was so useful to mention this because it hit straight to Sherry's heart.

She said angrily, "If I have expected it earlier, I would rather help that university student carry his luggage. Daniel must have some problems with his brain."

"He invited me and Channing to have dinner together. But when we prepared to go to the restaurant, Channing suddenly said that he had to deal with something and that he couldn't go with us. Then it became a meal between

me and Daniel. I also felt it awkward, but after all, it was a chance. But guess what he said when we arrived at the restaurant.”

Stella asked tentatively, “Did he tell you that his canned food is going to expire?”

Sherry sneered, “It’s more ridiculous than this excuse. When the dishes we order were all served on the table, he suddenly told me that he follows the teachings of Buddha. As today is the first day of this month, he shouldn’t eat anything. After finishing the words, he stood up and left, leaving me alone in that restaurant. He must have some problems with his brain, right? Why did he invite me if he didn’t want to have meal with me? How could he find such an implausible excuse? I’ve never seen such a weird person.”

“ ... ”

Stella thought that Daniel was normal in usual times, but she hadn’t expected that he was such kind of people.

After complaining about Daniel, Sherry shifted the topic back, “Stop here, this is nothing to speak of. Tell me about what happened to you today. What did that wretched man do to you again?”

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 230-As it snowed the whole night, the whole holiday village was shrouded in mist in the next morning.

Emmett supported Stella to get on the car. Stella turned around and took a glance.

She could vaguely saw the villa in the mountain afar.

Emmett looked over following her lines of sights and pressed his lips, “Stella, let’s go.”

Stella withdrew her lines of sights, gently nodded her head and got on the car.

When they left, Nathan knocked at Clarence’s door and reported, “Mr. Conrad, Mr. Carter has left with Mrs. Conrad.”

Clarence replied with a nasal sound. He stood up and said, “Let’s go.”

Nathan followed behind him and continued, "Mr. Conrad, I got a piece of news just now. The Perez family is arranging Miss Annie to leave the country. She will probably go abroad in these two days. Maybe the Steward family has assisted them. But at present I'm not clear of the detailed route."

Clarence curled his thin lips into a smile, "Looks like the show they prepare have a sequel."

"Mr. Conrad, do you mean..."

"The Perez family is the biggest backer for Joanna now. Do you think that she will offend the family for the sake of Annie?"

The farce at the door of the Conrad family was just a show for Clarence.

It was Joanna who asked for other people's help that Annie could leave the country through the arrangement of the Steward family.

Nathan immediately figured it out, "I've ordered them to follow Miss Annie once she steps out of the Perez family."

Clarence paused and then replied, "I asked you to investigate Charles Steward before. Do you have any news?"

"Mr. Steward's behavior is so weird recently. He has been investigating Stella's father."

Clarence paused and knitted his brows, "Jeffrey Radomil?"

"yep." Nathan added, "By the way, Mr. Conrad, when I investigated Charles, I found that his subordinate transferred a large sum of money to a private detective. And the last one who hired this private detective was Stella's younger brother. And he went to several newspaper offices to publish a notice attached with an old photo in an attempt to find a person."

"Where's the photo?"

Nathan immediately took out his phone and handed it to Clarence.

Clarence took the phone from him and studied the little girl in the photo. It looked like she was two or three years old. Clarence moved his fingers to zoom in the photo.

The girl on the photo looked like a scaled-down version of Stella.

And the woman who was holding the little girl in her arms also looked like Stella.

But apparently, the man beside the woman, whose face was scratched, was not Jeffery.

Clarence narrowed his black eyes, "When did Charles begin to investigate Jeffrey? Before or after Channing posted the notice on the newspapers?"

Nathan replied, "After it."

Several seconds later, Clarence returned the photo to Nathan and walked in stride, "Continue to investigate Charles. Find out his real purpose."

"Roger."

After a short while of silence, Clarence continued, "Jeffrey is not Stella's biological father. Go and check the identity of the other persons on the photo."

Nathan was shocked when hearing these words as he hadn't expected this.

Standing in front of the lift with one hand in his pocket, Clarence looked askance at him, "Are you surprised?"

"Nope. It's just that..."

"Jeffery did those immoral things before. It makes sense if he's not Stella's biological father."

Nathan slightly nodded his head, "I will ask my subordinate to investigate it right away."

...

When Stella arrived at the downstairs of her apartment, Sherry helped Stella get out of the car and then looked towards Emmett, "Thank you for sending Stella back. Would you like to go upstairs?"

Emmett shook his head with a smile, "I have to deal with some business in the company. Sorry I can't go."

He then looked towards Stella, “Stella, you’d better go to the hospital to have a check-up in case that your wounds may be infected.”

Stella gently nodded her head, “I see. Thank you.”

Emmett replied, “Then I will go first.”

After his leaving, Sherry supported Stella to go upstairs and asked curiously, “Why do I have a feeling that your relationship with Emmett is not improved after this trip? Instead, you two became more alienated.”

Stella smiled lightly and didn’t reply.

Sherry continued, “Oh, you haven’t told me what happened last night. What did that wretched man do to you?”

Stella pondered for a while and then took a chocolate out from her bag. She opened it and put it into Sherry’s mouth, “How does it taste?”

Sherry chewed the chocolate and her eyes lit up, “It tastes good. Where did you buy it?”

“It’s a gift from Clarence.”

“ ... ”

Sherry immediately understood her answer. She didn’t probe into this question and slowly swallowed the chocolate in her mouth.

It wasn’t that Stella didn’t want to tell Sherry about what happened, it was just that she didn’t know how to say it. Or precisely, she didn’t know how to deal with Clarence.

...

After staying at home to recuperate her wounds for two days, Stella finally felt it unbearably boring. She stood up, changed her clothes and prepared to go to her studio.

When she was waiting for the lift, she saw Daniel walking out of his house.

They greeted each other and the lift reached this floor.

After entering the lift, Stella asked slowly after hesitating for a while, “May I ask you a question?”

Daniel nodded his head, “What do you want to ask?”

“What’s your feeling for Sherry?”

It was obvious that Sherry had fallen for Daniel and Stella thought that Daniel must have sensed it. Originally, she thought that Daniel was a good man, but she was confused by his weird behaviors.

Daniel didn’t expected that she would suddenly ask about this. He replied with a smile after a short while of pause, “We’re neighbors. Nope, we’re friends.”

Stella said, “I think no one would invite his friend out to have dinner together and then find an implausible excuse and leave.”

Daniel coughed awkwardly when hearing the words.

He bumped into Phoebe in the restaurant that day.

It was the critical moment for him to get Phoebe’s trust, so he wouldn’t allow any mistake. Therefore, he found that ridiculous excuse and left.

Stella said after a short while of silence, “If you have no feeling for Sherry, please keep a distance away from her.”

Daniel slightly pressed his lips together, “I see. Please send my apology to her again.”

“I will deliver your words to her.” Stella nodded her head at him, “Please take care of Channing during this period.”

Right at this moment, the lift arrived at the first floor.

When Stella prepared to walk out of the lift, she heard Daniel’s voice from behind, “Ms. Radomil, have you ever thought of who was the one behind the troubles you encountered before?”

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

She didn’t expect that Daniel would suddenly mention this.

Daniel chuckled, "I have no other purpose but to remind you to pay attention to it, Ms. Radomil."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 231-In the studio.

When Stella came into the studio, Channing was sorting the orders in the office while Sherry was nodding off at the front desk.

Sherry saw Stella and stood up, "Stella, you should be home to get more rest. Why do you come now?"

Stella came close to her, "The injury was no big deal and I have recovered for a while. It's boring to stay at home all day long."

Sherry yawned, "Well, you said you are going to Aqock. When will you leave?"

Stella replied, "I bought a flight ticket for tomorrow night."

"How long are you going to stay there? Will you come back for the New Year's Day?"

Stella smiled, "I'll stay there for two to three days at most. I'll be back."

Sherry nodded, "Great. I was considering that if you won't be back for the New Year's Day, Chan and I would come to see you at Aqock. I don't want to go home this year, otherwise, my parents would ask me about Liam and urge me to get married. It's really annoying."

Hearing that, Stella was in silence for a while before she said, "I ran into Daniel in the elevator on my way. He asked me to tell you that he is sorry about what happened that day."

Sherry waved her hand and said carelessly, "He made Chan his messenger too. But I don't care anymore. I'll try to avoid him."

As they were talking, Channing came out from the office and looked at his watch, "I'm gonna go out."

Stella nodded and asked in a casual way, "Where are you going?"

"I have something to do. Be back soon."

"Ok, go ahead."

After Channing left, Sherry whispered, "Is Channing seeing someone? He is kind of mysterious recently."

Stella shook her head, "I don't think so."

Sherry let out a sigh, "Look, those beloved handsome guys like Chan have so many suitors, but they have no desire to be in a relationship. On the contrary, we are desperate to fall in love even in dreams, but we can't meet the one. It's so unfair!"

"...."

Channing found the place according to the address given by the private detective. He waited there for ten minutes, but no soul showed up.

When he took out his phone to make a call, a few hooligans came behind him.

They were hired thugs in the casino where Jeffrey visited a lot. They noted Channing and provoked with foul language, "The son of the bedbug Jeffrey. I heard you have been admitted to the college. What's it going on now? You got money for college but can't pay your father's debt?"

Channing ignored them and looked away from them to leave. But they came closer and stopped him.

"It's said that Jeffrey gave your sister to a rich man for millions. I guess she is no longer worth that much after being fucked for so many times, but"

Another man continued, "If you get your sister to please us, the debt will be cancelled. How's it?"

As soon as he finished, the rest of them burst into laughter.

With a loud thump, Channing punched the man in front of him and threw him against the wall violently.

Seeing what happened, the rest of the gang joined the fight.

The fierce fight went on for a while, and then the man, who insulted Stella and was beaten up by Channing first, spat out blood with cruelty and hatred in his eyes. He then took out a knife from his pocket and came towards Channing.

At the point when he was wielding the knife towards Channing's waist, his wrist was kicked heavily by someone and he was flung to a corner, screaming with pain.

Channing turned around to find the rest men behind him were all brought down.

At that moment, a black Rolls-Royce pulled over the lane entrance and then Clarence appeared in Channing's sight.

Channing frowned wondering why was he?

Clarence gave him a glance and then raised his hand slowly. Soon a man wearing glasses was thrown at Channing's feet.

The private detective worked for Channing.

The man pushed his broken glasses upward and then got on the ground at Channing's feet, "Sorry, sorry, young man. I didn't know who you are, so I cheated you out of money. It's all my fault. Here is your money and that given by them. I give it all to you. Please spare me"

The man took out a bank card from his bad with trembling hands and thrust it into Channing's hand.

Channing pressed his thin lips and lowered to grab the man's tie, "You are playing me?"

"I was blinded by money. I was wrong. I swear it won't happen again."

Channing's face was darkened with coldness, "You told me you got that man's information. Is that fake too?"

"They asked me to say so and I had no choice. The photo you gave me was took years ago and the face in it is too blurry to be recognized. It's impossible to find him!"

"Who are they?"

The man answered, "I don't know. I just took their money and did as they told me. You know the rules of my profession. The employer would be angry if you ask"

Channing threw him away and got up with a cold face.

Clarence raised his hand, "Handle him."

"Yes."

The detective and hooligans were taken away and everything was quiet again.

Clarence looked at Channing and spoke indifferently, "Don't be impulsive next time. You believe in everything people said just the same as your sister."

Channing was silent for a while and then asked, "How did you know it?"

"In this world, Money is everything."

Channing, "..."

Clarence turned around as he said, "Get in the car. I take you home."

Channing stood there with hesitation for a while and finally decided to get in the car.

On their way, Nathan answered a phone call and then told Clarence, "Mr. Conrad, everything was settled."

Clarence uttered a sound with his eyes closed slightly, showing no emotions on his cold face.

A few minutes later, Channing opened his mouth, "Don't tell Stella about it."

Clarence opened his eyes slowly hearing his words.

Channing added, "She'll worry me if she knows it."

"Since you know she'll be worried, why didn't you think about the consequence before you did it?"

Channing frowned, "I didn't expect to encounter those guys."

"You think it's an accident to see them?"

Channing pressed his lips tightly in silence. It couldn't be a coincidence.

Clarence said flatly, "It's likely that you even don't know when they began to stalk you."

Channing couldn't figure out who bought the detective off or their purpose.

But his gut told him that the one behind it was the same person who had someone cause trouble at Stella's studio and set him up at his school gate.

"Do you know who 'they' are?"

"Of course." Clarence looked at him, "I won't tell your sister about what happened today and will tell you what's going on, but you have to promise me something in return."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 232-When Channing was hack, Stella was laughing and chatting with Sherry. Her smile frozen immediately as she turned around to find his clothes were dirty and there were bruises on his face. She strode to him and frowned, "Chan, what happened to you?"

Channing tilted his head, "Nothing. Only minor injuries. It doesn't matter."

"It matters. You didn't look like this way when you left. Tell me the truth. Where have you been?"

Sherry came to join Stella, "Right, Chan, what happened to you? Come on."

Stella's frown grew deeper and she felt something bad happened, "Did you"

Channing said in a calm voice, "I just had a fight with my classmates. It's not serious as you think."

"Why did you fight with your classmates?"

Channing seemed not want to talk about it, "Just a fight, no reasons."

Stella didn't believe him and tried to say something, but Sherry stopped her, "It's fine. Fight is common between young men. You don't worry. He is a grownup and he knows what he is doing."

Sherry touched Channing as she said, "Don't stand here. Go and have your injuries treated, or they will become inflamed."

“Ok.”

Channing turned and entered the back staff room.

Sherry touch Stella with her elbow, “You are still worried?”

Stella shook her head, “I think Chan didn’t tell the truth.”

Channing was not an impulsive person who would fight with classmates out of small conflicts.

And when he left the studio, his expression showed that he was going to do something important.

Sherry explained, “Chan didn’t tell you the truth because he don’t want you to worry you. He come back safe and sound, so everything is alright.”

Stella breathed a sigh of relief, “I hope so.”

After a while, the staff room was opened.

Channing was sterilizing his wounds with a swab. He put down the sab when he saw Stella showed up at the door, “I really fine.”

Stella came to sit beside the sofa and took a band-aid to cover his wound, “Fighting with classmates is big deal. Why don’t you explain it?”

Channing pressed his lips in silence.

“You do this once and once only.”

“Got it.”

Stella added, “I’ll leave for Aqock tomorrow night. I’ll be back in two or three days. You’d better find a new house and move out from Daniel’s house.”

Channing understood what Stella mean. He was quiet for a while and then said, “I don’t think he did it on purpose.”

“Whatever. It is past and it’s meaningless to keep talking about it. I simply think you should keep staying at his house and bothering him. What’s more, as you can see, nothing happened to my place recently.”

Channing nodded, "I'll move tomorrow."

Stella got up, "Find a new house first. I'll transfer the money"

Channing interrupted her and said in a serious voice, "I got money."

Stella smiled, "Fine, I'll leave it to you."

When she was about to leave, Channing asked abruptly, "How's it going between you and Emmett?"

"What?"

"You said you wanted to give it a try, so how's it going now?"

Stella paused for a few seconds and then answered, "You are right. I don't like him, so it's meaningless to try it."

"Then" Channing touched his neck and looked away awkwardly, "Will you marry Clarence again?"

Stella seemed haven't expected that he would ask that suddenly. She stood there astonished for seconds and didn't know what to say.

Looking at Stella's reaction, Channing coughed, "I feel that he is not as annoying as before. If you ... still like him, I have no objection."

Hearing that, Stella couldn't help laughing out loud, "Didn't you drive him away last time? Why do you change your mind?"

Channing defended himself, "I didn't drive him away. I just asked him to have a good think and don't hurt your anymore"

Stella said, "Fine, don't bother it. There's no work in the studio today. Let's have a meal."

Stella stopped at the door and turned to Channing in a sudden, "Shall we invite Winnie to join us?"

Channing was confused for a second and then asked, "She is your friend. Why asking me?"

Stella tried to suppress her smile, “Nothing, I’m just asking. She has been hiding overseas because of your affair. I’m wondering if she comes back. I want to apologize and thank her in person. How do you think?”

“...” Channing looked away from her face, cleared his throat, pressed his lips and then said, “You are right.”

“Then I’ll ask if she is back.”

Stella raised one of her eyebrows and then left the staff room.

She texted Winnie while walked away.

As a matter of fact, Winnie didn’t go overseas. The evil and merciless capitalist Clarence only gave her two days off and then got her a tight schedule.

When she got Stella’s message, she was shooting a commercial. To complete her lie, Winnie had no choice but tell Stella that she just got off the plane in Hawaii.

Stella texted, “Ok, see you when you are back.”

Winnie agreed with tears in her eyes.

...

At 11:30 pm, the plane landed at the Aqock Airport on time.

The temperature of Aqock seemed always to be lower than that of City N. As soon as she got off the plane, Stella was met by freezing air.

She zipped her down jacket up to her chin and put on the hat. When she was about to walk into the hall, she saw a group of bodyguards walking out from the hall with a woman at the center. The woman was covered from toe to head. Even her eyes couldn’t be seen.

They looked strange and nervous.

Stella got a hit when they passed by her.

Stella looked at the group in confusion.

A few minutes later, Stella walked out from the washing room. Before long, she heard a familiar female voice coming from a corner, "What the hell! Have you got everything arranged? How long are you going to keep me waiting?"

"Miss Conrad, please be patient. We are doing this for your safety. If we don't be cautious, you'll be discovered."

Annie cursed, "It's all the bitch and the bastard's fault. I'll wait and see. I must give them a lesson!"

Stella stood there and gave a smile in silence.

It was surprising to meet Annie Conrad who became a fugitive at the airport.

No one knew it was fate or coincidence.

However, Annie Conrad still showed no regret even in such conditions.

At this moment, a bodyguard noticed Stella and asked in alert, "Who's there?"

Chapter 233: Come to Be Beaten up

Just as the bodyguards came toward Stella, Stella felt an arm was put round her waist.

In a second, a urinal came into Stella's sight.

"...."

Before she realized what happened, she heard foot steps coming outside the toilet.

Soon she was pulled into a cubicle.

The bodyguards entered the toilet and tried to open and check the cubicles one by one.

As Stella was alert to the noise outside, she widened her eyes wondering why Clarence was also here.

Noticing the bodyguards were coming closer to their cubicle, Clarence lowered his eyes looking at Stella's eyes and then tightened his hand around

her waist, pulling her close to him. Clarence lowered his head and then bit her lips softly.

Stella struggled instinctively, but Clarence held her wrist and pressed her against the wood wall, creating a loud noise.

The cubicle's door rattled with shallow breathing.

The sound created a sensuality.

The bodyguards outside looked at each other and immediately understood what was happening in it.

One of the bodyguard whispered, "No more trouble. The car is coming. Let's go."

Soon their footsteps faded away.

After the toilet's door was closed, Clarence let go Stella and took a step backward, licking his lips insatiably.

Stella was outraged and began to hit Clarence with her bag as she scolded, "Asshole! Bastard!"

When she was calm down, Clarence held her wrist, "I helped you. You should be grateful!"

Stella shouted, "I didn't ask for it!"

She covered herself completely and hid half of her face with a hat, so they could barely recognize her.

If it were not for Clarence pulled her into the cubicle, they couldn't have suspected her.

Clarence said, "I told you Annie Conrad is a lunatic. If she discovered you this time, you think she'd let you go?"

Stella didn't want to waste her time for bullshit with him. As she was about to push him away and leave, she heard two men were talking outside.

Soon Stella heard their belts were untied.

At that moment, she imagined to kill Clarence tens of thousands of times.

But surprisingly, she didn't hear the peeing sound as she expected because Clarence took her into his arms and covered her ears with her hat.

It seemed like all sounds outside were isolated.

She only felt Clarence's heart beating strongly.

Clarence lowered his eyes to look at Stella's eyes, raised his eyebrows and then lowered his head slowly.

When he was about to kiss her, Stella slapped him in his face.

Clarence, "..."

Stella ignored him and leaned on the door to listen to the noise outside. When she was sure that there was no one outside, she opened the door, covering her face with the hat, and left quickly.

Clarence touched his lips with his tongue and followed up.

As soon as Stella walked out the airport, she was held by the waist and taken into a black car.

In the car, Nathan was surprised to see Stella. He was astonished for a while before he opened his mouth, "Mrs. ... Ms. Radomil"

Stella smiled at him, looking extremely embarrassed.

Clarence came to the other door, got in the car and then ordered in a cold voice, "Drive."

"Yes."

Ten minutes later, Stella couldn't stand the suffocating silence anymore, so she asked tentatively, "Why is Mr. Conrad here?"

Clarence didn't lift his eyelids, "Come to be beaten up."

Stella, "..."

A wretched and vindictive man.

Not to be outdone, Stella talked back, “Mr. Conrad did hooliganism, so what I did was self-defense.”

Clarence looked out the window quietly, ignoring her.

Stella glanced him secretly wondering if he was angry.

He took the advantage of her so many times and he even took her into the male toilet. But she only gave him a slap. She was nice enough.

Nathan didn't understand why they quarreled again. He coughed trying to distract, “Mr. Conrad, I found out that the Steward family plans to send Miss Conrad to City F by boat first and then send her to Canada by private plane.”

Hearing the news, Stella kept silent for a while and then asked, “Has she left?”

“Not yet. Something is wrong with the ship. They can't leave until 10 pm tomorrow.”

Stella understood easily why was the boat broken.

Thinking of that, she glanced at Clarence again.

In the dim light, Stella saw a few red finger marks on the wretched man's face.

Stella widened her eyes in shock. She didn't think she slapped him so hard.

Why did it look so serious? It made Stella feel guilty.

Before long, the car stopped in front of a hotel.

It was the hotel where Clarence stayed when he came to Aqock last time.

Getting off the car, Stella took out her luggage and spoke to Nathan, “I don't enter the hotel. You”

Nathan said in a serious voice, “Ms. Radomil, there is no other hotel available in the neighborhood.”

Stella pointed to a hotel not far away, “I see one.”

Nathan continued with his lie, “It's the tourist season now as the New Year's Day is around the corner, so those hotels are full.”

Stella sighed in silence. Fine, working for someone else was not easy, especially working for Clarence. It was even difficult to survive as Clarence's employee.

Stella snapped her gaze back and then passed by the wretched man to enter the hotel.

Clarence gave a casual glance at Nathan, raised his eyebrows slightly and then followed Stella.

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The manager understood immediately and made an "ok" gesture to Clarence secretly.

Subsequently, he said to Stella in a serious voice, "Lady, there is no single room available, so can we arrange a suite for you with the same charge for a single room?"

Stella rubbed her temples. She noticed what they did behind her.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 234-Stella answered, "Fine, whatever."

Then she added, "Please give me a room with tight security. If anyone tries to break in my room, I'll call the police."

The manager, "...."

He gave another secret glance at Clarence. After got Clarence's agreement, he booked a room for Stella and said, "Lady, I'll take you to your room."

Stella smiled, "Don't bother. I got someone to lead the way."

She turned round and walked towards to elevator as soon as she finished.

Clarence put his hands in his pockets and followed Stella slowly.

After entering the elevator, Clarence pressed the button for the top floor.

Nathan didn't come with them, so they were alone in the elevator.

Stella stood at one side in silence, looking around.

Clarence glanced at her and moved his long legs forward. He opened his mouth trying to say something, but Stella stepped backward immediately. She leaned close against the wall with her hands crossed in front of her chest, "Mr. Conrad, please behave yourself. There is a camera here."

Clarence grabbed her hat to take her close to him, "If I really want to do something to you, you think you can threaten me with the camera?"

"Mr. Conrad, please mind your language. Don't show any disrespect for the law. Whatever you are saying is recorded by the camera."

Clarence burst into laugh, "Stella, it's a pity that you didn't study law."

"It proves that an excellent person could stand out in any industry."

"If you participate in the talk show, you'll definitely be the champion."

Stella, "...."

It sounded a good idea.

Clarence let her go and then said flatly, "What are you doing here?"

"There is no rule indicating that Mr. Conrad could come but I couldn't."

Clarence said, "I come for business."

"I" Come for a trip.

Stella coughed, touching her nose, and didn't finish her sentence.

At this moment, the elevator opened.

Walking out of the elevator, Stella walked ahead in silence.

Stella took a few steps when she heard the wretched man's voice, "Wrong direction. This way."

Stella took a deep breath, stopped for a few seconds and then turned around quickly.

When she found the correspondent room with the key card, she opened it immediately and slammed the door.

She finished a series of actions without any letup as if someone would force entry to her room.

Clarence stood in front of her room and licked his thin lips.

Soon, Nathan and the manager came, and the latter opened the room next door.

After they entered the room, Clarence said emotionlessly, "Stella would come to the Anqiao Street this time. Take care of it."

Nathan asked tentatively, "Now that Mrs. Conrad is here, Mr. Conrad doesn't want to tell her the truth?"

Clarence answered, "At this point, it does no good to tell her. Women are always emotional which gets a lot of trouble."

Once Stella knew the existence of the child, she wouldn't help but visiting him often.

The Conrad family would have doubts if she visited frequently.

"Yes."

Clarence only hoped that the bad news would come late this time.

When Nathan left, Clarence stood in front of the French window and called Dolores.

When Dolores knew that the kid would be given away, she let out a quiet sigh, “Clare, you’d better let Stella meet him. After all, he is her son. Don’t worry. I’ll take care of everything.”

Clarence agreed after a few seconds, “Fine.”

He hung up, threw the phone on the sofa and then walked into the bathroom.

The doorbell rang when he came out from the bathroom.

He put down the towel in his hand and walked slowly to the door. He opened the door but to find it was Stella.

Stella was surprised to see Clarence in such conditions too.

She didn’t expect that the wretched man finished shower so early. The bathrobe was tied around his waist loosely as if it would open in any seconds.

Stella’s eyelids throbbed in a sudden. She looked away unconsciously, avoiding to look at him.

Noticing her subtle body language, Clarence curved his mouth, crossing his hands in front of his chest to lean against the door frame, and then opened his mouth casually, “I don’t think there is any noise disturbing you this time.”

Stella looked up and stared at him, “Mr. Conrad is a thief crying ‘Stop thief?’”

“Even if I am a thief, I am a heart stealer.”

Stella, “....”

She almost threw up what she ate last night.

Shouldn’t the wretched man feel embarrassed saying that?

Before Stella answered, Clarence held her wrist and pulled her into his room.

“Clare....”

Clarence interrupted her, “You come to catch up with me at the door?”

As he finished, he came to the liquor cabinet. He took a bottle of Whiskey and two glasses and then came to sit on the sofa.

Stella followed up after hesitation and said sincerely, "Mr. Conrad, I apologize for my rudeness earlier."

Clarence crossed his long legs and asked slowly, "Earlier?"

Stella took a slight breath and explained, "In the toilet, I shouldn't have slapped you so hard."

She finished but again murmured, "But it was you that pulled me there, and it was the male toilet."

Clarence placed his arms horizontally on the back of the sofa and laughed, "You think I have any other choice under that circumstance?"

"There was a female toilet. Why didn't you take me into it?"

"..." Clarence rubbed his nose, "Stella, if I took you into the female toilet, I would have been a true pervert."

"You are."

Clarence looked up slowly at her, "So you come again to scold me because you didn't vent your anger with the slap?"

Not exactly.

Stella took out her hand behind her back and handed an ice pack to Clarence, "Here, I got it from the staff."

Clarence didn't take it but asked, "What's it?"

Clarence answered, "Put it on your face and you'll recover tomorrow."

She only slapped him slightly as a warn, but she didn't expect there would be marks left on his face.

Understanding what Stella meant, Clarence leaned backward and said slowly in a low voice, "You should be responsible for what you have done."

"..."

The wretched man pushed his luck.

Stella threw the ice pack into his arms, "Take it or throw it."

Stella turned round to leave, but Clarence grasped her wrist and pulled her down.

Stella was off-guard and fell into his embrace directly.

All of a sudden, she felt the scene was somehow familiar to her.

Clarence interrupted her thought by putting back the ice pack into her hand, "You started this, you'll finish it. Don't leave it half way."

Stella clapped his hand around her waist heavily, "Let go."

Clarence raised his eyebrows and raised his hands in the air, showing that he wouldn't touch her again

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 233-Just as the bodyguards came toward Stella, Stella felt an arm was put round her waist.

In a second, a urinal came into Stella's sight.

"..."

Before she realized what happened, she heard foot steps coming outside the toilet.

Soon she was pulled into a cubicle.

The bodyguards entered the toilet and tried to open and check the cubicles one by one.

As Stella was alert to the noise outside, she widened her eyes wondering why Clarence was also here.

Noticing the bodyguards were coming closer to their cubicle, Clarence lowered his eyes looking at Stella's eyes and then tightened his hand around her waist, pulling her close to him. Clarence lowered his head and then bit her lips softly.

Stella struggled instinctively, but Clarence held her wrist and pressed her against the wood wall, creating a loud noise.

The cubicle's door rattled with shallow breathing.

The sound created a sensuality.

The bodyguards outside looked at each other and immediately understood what was happening in it.

One of the bodyguard whispered, "No more trouble. The car is coming. Let's go."

Soon their footsteps faded away.

After the toilet's door was closed, Clarence let go Stella and took a step backward, licking his lips insatiably.

Stella was outraged and began to hit Clarence with her bag as she scolded, "Asshole! Bastard!"

When she was calm down, Clarence held her wrist, "I helped you. You should be grateful!"

Stella shouted, "I didn't ask for it!"

She covered herself completely and hid half of her face with a hat, so they could barely recognize her.

If it were not for Clarence pulled her into the cubicle, they couldn't have suspected her.

Clarence said, "I told you Annie Conrad is a lunatic. If she discovered you this time, you think she'd let you go?"

Stella didn't want to waste her time for bullshit with him. As she was about to push him away and leave, she heard two men were talking outside.

Soon Stella heard their belts were untied.

At that moment, she imagined to kill Clarence tens of thousands of times.

But surprisingly, she didn't hear the peeing sound as she expected because Clarence took her into his arms and covered her ears with her hat.

It seemed like all sounds outside were isolated.

She only felt Clarence's heart beating strongly.

Clarence lowered his eyes to look at Stella's eyes, raised his eyebrows and then lowered his head slowly.

When he was about to kiss her, Stella slapped him in his face.

Clarence, "..."

Stella ignored him and leaned on the door to listen to the noise outside. When she was sure that there was no one outside, she opened the door, covering her face with the hat, and left quickly.

Clarence touched his lips with his tongue and followed up.

As soon as Stella walked out the airport, she was held by the waist and taken into a black car.

In the car, Nathan was surprised to see Stella. He was astonished for a while before he opened his mouth, "Mrs. ... Ms. Radomil"

Stella smiled at him, looking extremely embarrassed.

Clarence came to the other door, got in the car and then ordered in a cold voice, "Drive."

"Yes."

Ten minutes later, Stella couldn't stand the suffocating silence anymore, so she asked tentatively, "Why is Mr. Conrad here?"

Clarence didn't lift his eyelids, "Come to be beaten up."

Stella, "..."

A wretched and vindictive man.

Not to be outdone, Stella talked back, "Mr. Conrad did hooliganism, so what I did was self-defense."

Clarence looked out the window quietly, ignoring her.

Stella glanced at him secretly wondering if he was angry.

He took the advantage of her so many times and he even took her into the male toilet. But she only gave him a slap. She was nice enough.

Nathan didn't understand why they quarreled again. He coughed trying to distract, "Mr. Conrad, I found out that the Steward family plans to send Miss Conrad to City F by boat first and then send her to Canada by private plane."

Hearing the news, Stella kept silent for a while and then asked, "Has she left?"

"Not yet. Something is wrong with the ship. They can't leave until 10 pm tomorrow."

Stella understood easily why was the boat broken.

Thinking of that, she glanced at Clarence again.

In the dim light, Stella saw a few red finger marks on the wretched man's face.

Stella widened her eyes in shock. She didn't think she slapped him so hard.

Why did it look so serious? It made Stella feel guilty.

Before long, the car stopped in front of a hotel.

It was the hotel where Clarence stayed when he came to Aqock last time.

Getting off the car, Stella took out her luggage and spoke to Nathan, "I don't enter the hotel. You"

Nathan said in a serious voice, "Ms. Radomil, there is no other hotel available in the neighborhood."

Stella pointed to a hotel not far away, "I see one."

Nathan continued with his lie, "It's the tourist season now as the New Year's Day is around the corner, so those hotels are full."

Stella sighed in silence. Fine, working for someone else was not easy, especially working for Clarence. It was even difficult to survive as Clarence's employee.

Stella snapped her gaze back and then passed by the wretched man to enter the hotel.

Clarence gave a casual glance at Nathan, raised his eyebrows slightly and then followed Stella.

Nathan breathed a sigh of relief, thinking it was really difficult as an assistant.

Stella stood in front of the front desk and passed her ID card to the staff, "A single room, thank you."

The manager of the hotel was talking with the staff, so he took over Stella's ID card. He wanted to ask Stella for more information, but he was shocked to find Clarence behind Stella. As he was about to greet Clarence, the latter tilted his head signaling to the manager that he should finish his work first.

The manager looked back and forth from Clarence to Stella with a blank face. At the end, he turned to Nathan for help, and the latter nodded at him.

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can we arrange a Suite for you with the same charge for a single room?" Stella rubbed her temples. She noticed what they did behind her.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 235-Stella got up from Clarence's legs and then bent over placing softly the ice pack on his face on which the finger marks still could be seen.

Clarence laid his hands on his knees with fingers knocking on knees and gazed at Stella with his black eyes in silence.

Stella was disturbed by his stare, so she reminded, "Mr. Conrad, could you please close your eyes?"

"You looked at me secretly in the car for a long time, but I didn't ask you to close your eyes."

"...."

An annoying wretched man.

Stella increased her strength deliberately putting the ice pack on his face tightly.

Clarence's expression changed slightly, but Stella withdrew her hand quickly right before he was going to get mad, "I think it's enough. It's late. Mr. Conrad should have an early night. I gotta go."

Stella turned around but her wrist was held by Clarence again.

Clarence showed annoyed, "Leaving so soon?"

"Or I should stay for midnight snack?"

"Good idea." Clarence agreed and then took out his phone from the sofa. As he was dialing, Stella stopped him in a hurry, "I was kidding, I was kidding!"

The wretched man never acted like a normal people.

Clarence pushed the glass on the table towards Stella, "Have a drink?"

Stella laughed with a sneer, "Mr. Conrad think I would fall for it twice?"

"I didn't know you are a light drinker."

Stella ignored him and got rid of his grasp, "I have to get up early tomorrow morning. Mr. Conrad, enjoy yourself."

As soon as she finished, she walked toward the door.

Watching her leaving, Clarence took a glass of Whiskey and leaned back against the sofa, giving a slight smile with his thin lips.

When Stella came back to her own room, she found Sherry texted her asking if she arrived at Aqock. Interrupted by what happened at the airport, she completely forgot to inform Sherry that she had arrived safely.

Stella called Sherry. They chatted for a while but Sherry discovered Stella clamped up often while talking, so she asked tentatively, "You met Clarence there again?"

Stella, "..."

How could she make a correct guess so easily?

Sherry had been used to the sudden appearance of Clarence.

She asked, "What's the wretched man's excuse this time?"

Stella shook her head, "He didn't follow me here this time."

She paused for a while and then continued, "I met Annie."

Sherry was shocked to hear that, "Why was she there?"

When Stella came to visit Cameron together with Emmett, Stella heard Annie's parents talking that Annie was put under house arrest in the Conrad's Mansion.

In addition, Nathan told her that Clarence already knew they lost their first kid because of Annie.

Perhaps the Conrad's family and the Perez family were afraid that Clarence would get to Annie, so they tried every effort to send her away.

But unexpectedly, Stella met Annie at Aqock coincidentally.

It might be fate.

The reason why Clarence came to Aqock was probably that he knew Annie was going to leave.

Sherry asked, "What does the wretched man want to do with Annie?"

"I didn't ask him."

"Whatever, Annie deserves whatever punishment for what she had done." Sherry left the upsetting topic and distracted Stella from it, "Where are you going to sleep tonight. Your aunt's home?"

Stella answered, "It's late, so I booked a room."

They chatted for a while and then hung up.

Stella took her clean clothes into the bathroom to take a shower. After the shower, she was drying her hair when she discovered a minor wound on her lip. It was scarred.

She came close to the mirror to check it but to find there was a bite mark beside the wound.

Crap. She easily figured out when did she get these marks.

Stella thought she should have slapped the wretched man with greater strength.

...

Next morning, when Stella went downstairs after breakfast to take a taxi to Anqiao Street, she found Nathan was waiting with a smile at the gate.

Clarence, the wretched man, was sitting in the black Maserati behind.

Nathan lied in a serious tone, "Ms. Radomil, it's the morning rush hour and it's difficult to get a taxi. We are going to the same place as you do, so we can give you a ride."

Stella played dumb, "You are going to the airport too? Don't you have business to do? Why do you leave so early?"

Nathan, "...."

At this moment, Clarence rolled down the window, giving her an emotionless glance, and said, "Get in the car."

Stella curved her lips, thinking they have the same destination and the wretched man must mock her in front of Ms. Anderson if she take a taxi.

Thinking of that, she opened the door and got in the car.

Seeing what happened, Nathen took a breath of relief. Only Mr. Conrad could handle it at such key moment.

On the way, Stella placed her head close to the window viewing the scenery outside.

Compared to City N, Aqock was a small city, but it showed unique beauty in each season. In the winter, the snow covering the trees were blown into the air occasionally, falling in flakes.

In a small city like Aqock, there was no morning rush hour as Nathan said. Before long, the car drove into the Anqiao Street.

The creek flowing through the street was frozen. Most of the people in the neighborhood had moved away and the gate of the ancestral hall was left open. The entire street was quiet, not as noisy as it was when she moved here.

She concentrated on the street view for a while and then turned to ask, "Mr. Conrad, when will the street be dismantled?"

"This May."

Stella had thought that it would be dismantled right after the New Year's Day, but now there was a few months left.

It was good news. When there was less work at her studio, she could take Sherry and Chan here to have a tour.

Soon, the car stopped in front of Dolores' house.

When Stella walked to the door, she found Clarence stood beside the car as if he didn't attempt to come into the house.

Stella was surprised and asked unconsciously, "Mr. Conrad doesn't come in?"

Clarence answered flatly, "You come first."

Stella pondered for a while and then took a step forward, but soon she turned around walking toward Clarence and asked tentatively, "Did you get Ms. Anderson angry, so you don't dare to come in?"

Clarence, "..."

He looked down at her, "I don't have the gift of the gab as you do."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 236-Stella thought she was truly someone with a mental problem.

It was not her first time here, what was there to be shy about?

That wretched man said it as if it was her first time meeting her in-law...

Stella felt uncomfortable thinking about this.

She let out a cough, stopped talking, climbed the steps and knocked on the door.

The door was opened from inside a few seconds later, it was Dolores.

Stella smiled, "Ms. Anderson."

Dolores, "Stella, you are here, come on in."

Stella handed over the bags in her hand, "Ms. Anderson, here are some nutritious products I bought from City N, try it on..."

"You can get this anywhere, there is no need to bring from City N."

Evelyn said from inside, "Dolores, your daughter in law is the best, your son had never brought you anything every time he visited."

Stella, "..."

What Evelyn said was exactly what she was thinking just now.

It was fine if she was alone, but she was with Clarence now so it sounded odd.

Dolores smiled and took over the bags, "Come on in."

Stella followed behind Dolores. She wanted to greet Evelyn who was sitting by the table in the yard, but a baby cradle caught her attention.

Stella stopped and stunned.

Dolores noticed her response, she put the bags on the table and said casually, "Stella, come have a look at Evelyn's grandson."

Evelyn said, "Yes, my daughter in law gave birth to the second child, she was busy so I'm helping her out. Sigh, I'm supposed to relax at such an age, but..."

Stella approached while Evelyn was speaking.

The infant in the cradle slept soundly holding his fists.

Stella stared at the baby and stretched her arms out unconsciously but stopped in the middle.

When she was about to pull back her arms, the baby opened his hand and grabbed tightly on one of her fingers. He made a baby sound and continued sleeping, he was not awake.

Sweetness and warmth filled Stella's heart out of a sudden as if her heart melted. She didn't want to pull back her hand, afraid that she might disturb the baby's sleep.

Dolores and Evelyn looked at each other and Evelyn coughed. "Stella, don't stand there, come sit down."

Stella sat down next to Evelyn with her hand in the cradle and looked at Evelyn, "Ms. Beckham, what's his name?"

"Ah..." Evelyn threw a glance at Dolores for help, "His name..."

Dolores said, "Evelyn is still thinking about it, we've been trying to come out with a good name this few days but bore no fruit. Why don't you name him?"

Stella stunned. "Me?"

Evelyn added, "Yes, Stella, you are well educated, give him a name."

Stella thought it was the parents who were supposed to name the child, she had no such right.

Dolores seemed to notice her concern and added, "We haven't been able to think of one, you can suggest one as a reference to the parents."

Evelyn continued, "Yes, yes, Dolores was right, Stella, please help me out, please."

Stella didn't reject anymore and nodded, "I'll think of one then."

Both Dolores and Evelyn let out a sigh of relief after she agreed to it. Dolores then said, "Stella, what do you want for lunch? Let me cook for you."

Stella, "Anything will do."

Then she added with a lower voice, "The picky one is yet to come in."

Dolores saw Clarence when she opened the door just now, "Ignore him, he'll eat whatever you like."

Her words made Stella blushed and she cried, "Ms. Anderson."

Dolores smiled and stopped teasing her.

Presently, the door was opened and Clarence walked in.

"It's about time for me to go to the market," Dolores said.

Evelyn too stood up immediately and said, "I'll go with you."

She reminded them as she walked away, "Stella, Clarence, there are diapers in the house, check if he'd pooped or peed if he cries, if not then he's hungry. A 50 ml milk will do, remember to use warm water when mixing the formula..."

Evelyn said in a rush, she didn't wait for replies from Clarence and Stella and disappeared with Dolores.

Stella, "..."

They were not worried about leaving the baby to Clarence and her?

While Stella was still wondering, the baby woke up. His lips were pouted and were about to cry.

Stella followed the sights of the baby's and saw a stern face.

She then reminded him, "Mr. Conrad, you startled him."

Clarence turned to her, "Why can't it be you that startled him?"

"He was soundly asleep with me beside and woke up right away after you arrived."

"His response is slow."

"..."

You were slow!

Stella decided to ignore the wretched man and began playing with the pouty baby with some toys.

His pouted face turned into laughter after a short while.

Clarence's lips lifted seeing that.

Stella played with the baby for a while and then saw his little face turned red with his fists clenched like he was trying to do something.

While Stella was in puzzlement, a foul smell hit her nose suddenly.

Clarence smelled it too and frowned.

Stella asked, "Did he..."

Clarence's face changed and ready to leave, but Stella stopped him and said, "I don't know how."

"Do you think I know how?"

Stella looked at him and put on a sincere smile, "Isn't Mr. Conrad knows it all? High capabilities."

Clarence threw her a glance slightly annoyed.

Stella carried the baby out of the cradle and brought him into the house. She grabbed tightly on Clarence's sleeves while they were walking to ensure that he didn't escape.

Stella began to untie his diaper after putting him on the sofa. She couldn't see any trash bin around hence, handed it over to the man behind her.

Clarence's lips lifted seeing that. Stella played with the baby for a while and then saw his little face turned red with his fists clenched like he was trying to do something. While Stella was in puzzlement, a foul smell hit her nose suddenly. Clarence smelled it too and frowned. Stella asked, "Did he..." Clarence's face changed and ready to leave, but Stella stopped him and said, "I don't know how." "Do you think | know how?" Stella looked at him and put on a sincere smile, "Isn't Mr. Conrad knows it all? High capabilities." Clarence threw her a glance slightly annoyed. Stella carried the baby out of the cradle and brought him into the house. She grabbed tightly on Clarence's sleeves while they were walking to ensure that he didn't escape. Stella began to untie his diaper after putting him on the sofa. She couldn't see any trash bin around hence, handed it over to the man behind her.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 237-Clarence's face had already stiffened, he gritted his teeth and said, "Stella, don't go overboard."

Stella then took a step backwards and handed him over the challenging task. "You do it, I'll throw this."

Clarence stared at the kicking legs with poops all around his butt. He then shut his eyes, took over the diaper and went looking for a trash bin.

Stella then said aloud in the house, "Mr. Conrad, please get me a basin of warm water."

She then began looking for wet cloths and diapers.

Two minutes later, Clarence came back with a basin of water and put it on the coffee table.

Stella soaked the wet cloth with warm water and started cleaning the baby.

When she handed over the used wet cloths, Clarence kicked the trash bin to her side.

Stella bit her lips. She then threw the diaper to Clarence while cleaning up the baby. "Don't stand and do nothing, find out how to use this."

Clarence looked at the diaper that fell onto his chest and clenched hard on his teeth.

He took a deep breath and took out his mobile a few seconds later. He touched the screen a few times and started to browse through while frowning.

Within a minute, Stella had done cleaning up the baby and asked, "Have you got it?"

Clarence threw his mobile aside and said, "Move aside."

It seemed like he would do it, Stella quickly moved aside.

Clarence was indeed intelligent, he learnt by watching only once, even on how to change the diaper. Although the process was not smooth all the way, it was completed.

Stella then took over and put on pants for the baby.

She then held the baby in her arms once everything was done. She looked at Clarence and asked, "Do you want to hold him?"

Clarence rejected coldly, "No."

"Okay, please get the milk ready then, he pooped and must be hungry now." Stella then continued, "Ms. Beckham said to use warm water, 50ml will do. I believe Mr. Conrad could do it well."

Clarence, "..."

Stella's lips lifted, her smile was as bright as a shining star.

The sunlight shone brightly outside one corner of the yard.

Stella added, "Thank you, Mr. Conrad, we'll be waiting outside."

She then walked towards the yard with the baby in her arms, put him into the cradle and push it lightly under the sun.

The baby seemed to enjoy the weather, his little arms and legs kept moving in the air happily.

Stella touched his cheeks and had never stopped smiling.

This was such a little guy, guessed he was just about a month old.

Clarence approached holding a bottle of milk with a stiffened face after a short while.

Stella took over the bottle and smiled, "Thank you, Mr. Conrad."

Clarence nodded slightly and his eyes had never left her face.

Stella was uncomfortable being stared at by him, she quickly turned around using feeding baby as an excuse.

The baby seemed to be starving, he finished the bottle in no time.

When Stella was wiping off the milk on his lips, Clarence said from behind. "Have you thought of a name for him?"

Stella, "Not yet, any suggestion?"

"This is your task, not mine."

"..." Stella put the milk bottle aside, "Please allow me some time to think about it, I'm not a naming machine."

"But you are quick in being sarcastic," Clarence replied.

Stella swept a glance at him and wanted to defend but Clarence took the empty bottle and went quickly into the kitchen.

Was it her that wanted to be sarcastic? The wretched man asked for it.

Also, she was nothing compared to him.

Dolores and Evelyn came back at around noon.

When Evelyn wanted to leave with her bags, Stella called out, "Ms. Beckham, the baby?"

Evelyn slapped her forehead, “Thanks for your reminder, I almost forgot, baby...”

Once again she looked at Dolores for help.

Dolores said, “It’s not convenient for her to take care of a baby, since you are here, just help her out a little longer.” She turned to Evelyn and said, “Stay for lunch, there’s no need to rush back”

Evelyn nodded and followed her into the kitchen, “Thanks both of you.”

Stella smiled, “It’s alright. I’m free anyway.”

The lunch was all Stella’s favorite food.

“Stella, Evelyn and I have something to do, you two please take care of the baby,” Dolores said after lunch.

Stella nodded. “Sure.”

Nathan appeared at the entrance not long after they left, “Mr. Conrad, Ms. Radomil.”

Stella looked over and saw her luggage in his hands.

Stella, “...”

Clarence, “Leave it here.”

“Yes.” Nathan immediately walked away to avoid the fight.

Stella tried to stay calm and looked at Clarence, “Mr. Conrad, mind to explain?”

“Have you seen anyone come home but sleepover in the hotel?” Clarence said.

Stella corrected, “This is your home, not mine.”

Clarence looked at her deeply, “My home is your home.”

Stella opened her mouth but couldn’t find a word.

Whatever, she was not as thick-skinned as that wretched man.

Clarence then looked at the little guy in the cradle, "Don't you like him? Can you leave him alone and stay in the hotel?"

Stella calmed down, "Even if I like him, he's not mine."

"We can kidnap him if you want to."

"Mr. Conrad, please be a little more humane," Stella said annoyed.

Clarence raised his eyebrows and asked, "You sure you don't want to?"

"Mr. Conrad, your thoughts turn dangerous by the days, I might need to visit you in the prison not long from now."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 238-Dolores and Evelyn were out for the entire afternoon.

With constant practice and learning, Stella was now capable enough to take care of a baby.

Baby slept most of the time and played while awake. She let Clarence prepare the formula when it was time to feed.

Although that wretched man seemed cold with stiffened face, he didn't reject it.

The afternoon sunlight fell onto his face, Stella had a sudden feeling that they were a family of three, everything felt so natural to her...

Noticing her stare, Clarence asked, "What happened?"

Stella bit her lips and stood up, "Take care of the child, I need a minute."

She then walked out from the yard without waiting for Clarence's response.

After a few minutes walked, she arrived at the pond where Clarence and she took a boat tour last time.

She sat down under a tree and looked far away, sunken into deep thoughts.

Footsteps were heard from behind after a while, a tall figure stood beside her.

Stella took a deep breath, "Why are you here? Didn't you have a baby to take care of?"

"He's asleep, there's nothing to be taken care of, he can't run away." Clarence stared at her from the side. "If I'm not here, you will be the one who runs away."

Stella lowered her eyes, "I just need some fresh air."

She then looked at Clarence, "Mr. Conrad, can you please leave me alone, I don't want to see you now."

Clarence replied coldly, "Since when have you wanted to see me?"

Stella, "...". He was right.

But she felt annoyed now and even more annoyed looking at him.

Stella said sternly, "I'm serious. I just want to be alone now."

At this moment, the small boat parked beside the pond asked if they wanted to go onboard.

Stella replied and stepped down, she turned to Clarence, "Don't follow me, take it as a charity act."

Clarence, "...".

The boat went away slowly after Stella boarded. Clarence looked away once Stella disappeared from his sight.

Nathan appeared out of nowhere and asked, "Mr. Conrad, should I follow?"

"No," Clarence replied.

He knew what she was thinking about.

Clarence turned to Nathan, "Didn't I ask you to stay inside? What are you doing here?"

"Ms. Anderson and Ms. Beckham are back," Nathan said.

Nathan answered a call after that, "Mr. Conrad, everything is well arranged, shall we stick to the plan?"

Clarence looked far to the pond and said slowly, "Let them do it, I'm not going."

"Yes." Nathan left.

The reason Mr. Conrad came back to City N was to get rid of Annie himself.

He didn't expect to see Mrs. Conrad here.

It seemed like he changed his mind.

Stella looked in a direction far away without purpose on the pond.

If her baby was still alive, it would be three or four months old by now.

He would be like Evelyn's grandson, lying in the cradle, smiled whenever he saw her and cried whenever Clarence appeared.

Stella wrapped her knees in her arms, deep in thoughts.

After a long while, the sun was setting, with the night falling, the cold breeze became stronger.

Stella shivered in cold for a few times and told the boatman, "Please go back."

"Aye!" The boatman began chatting with her. "Lady, this is your second visit here, right?"

Stella nodded, "I boarded your boat last time too."

"Yeah, you looked familiar, I remembered you came with your husband a few months ago. I recommended him some nice tourist spots around too, how was it? Not bad huh? Our temple of love here is magical, spouse or couple that visited stay together eternally."

Stella stunned and was in puzzlement.

That was why Clarence travelled so far for dinner last time, this was the reason?

The sun had completely set when the boat parked.

Stella was distracted when getting down the boat, her foot landed in the air but someone grabbed her before she fell.

She stood up straight and asked after a few seconds of silence. "You were waiting?"

"Yes, just in case if you jump into the pond, I'll be nearby for rescue."

Stella clenched her teeth, refrained herself from stepping on his foot and walked away without turning back.

Clarence followed and asked, "Do you feel better?"

"My mood is ruined seeing you."

"Try to control then or shut your eyes."

"..."

Stella thought she had a rather strong lung to be able to talk to someone like him and still breathing.

When they arrived at the entrance to Ms. Anderson's house, Clarence pulled her hand, "Let's go somewhere."

Stella stopped and said, "The love temple?"

"Sure if you want to."

Stella gritted her teeth, "I don't want to!"

Clarence smiled and pushed her into the black Maybach that parked on the side.

The car stopped in front of the pier twenty minutes later.

A cruise departed slowly from the pier.

Stella turned and looked at Clarence in puzzlement.

Clarence held the steering wheel single-handedly with his finger knocking on it lightly, "Annie is on that cruise."

"Okay," Stella answered after a while.

Clarence stared at the cruise and said, "Stella, I'll make them pay for everything they owed you."

Stella was calm, "Even so, the ending remained the same."

"No one knows the ending until the last minute."

Stella turned her head, there was hidden meaning behind those words.

But it seemed like he had no intention of telling her.

Clarence looked away after the cruise went far, he then restarted the car engine.

Stella leaned on the window on the way back, dazing at the lights outside.

After countless sighs, she found the car stopped at the old street near the love temple.

She widened her eyes in disbelief and immediately turned to the wretched man beside, "You..."

"Don't you wish to come?" Clarence said casually.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 239-Stella was in deep regret now; she regretted blurted out love temple earlier.

Clarence parked the car and said, "Let's get down."

Stella could only accept her faith now.

Clarence ordered the snacks that Stella ate during their previous visit at the snack street and led her to a table to sit down.

Stella was quite surprised that he remembered every single snack she ate last time.

But she was pregnant back then and was able to eat much more than now.

When she wanted to say something, Clarence looked at her and asked, "Not enough?"

"... Enough." It was weird, this was the second time she visited here, everything was different yet familiar.

Stella realized her worries earlier were useless as they had almost finished all the snacks.

Clarence's was picky when it came to food but he never wasted any food.

Perhaps it was related to his upbringing background.

Stella asked after dinner, "Mr. Conrad, is it time to go back?"

Clarence stood up and replied, "Walking after the meal is good for digestion."

And then he headed towards the love temple and Stella was forced to follow.

It was winter school holiday now, a lot of young couples could be seen on the street, it was much more crowded than the last time there were here.

Stella was lost in the crowd after a few steps.

While she wondered if she should find a place to rest, someone held her hand.

She looked up and saw the wretched man that disappeared in the crowd just now came back.

Stella tried pulling her hand out from his, but his grab only tightened each time she pulled, he even locked her fingers with his.

Clarence had a very reasonable excuse, "It's too crowded, I don't want to lose you."

He ignored her rejection and walked forward holding her.

Stella kept struggling to get loose and didn't notice a little girl crossed in front of her, she would knock on her if Clarence hadn't blocked her with his hand.

It was too crowded, hence, Stella gave up struggling.

There were like a lovely couple in the middle of the crowd.

They finally arrived at the temple. Stella didn't expect that Clarence would lead her straight to the queue to get the writing plate.

She remained calm and rational, "Mr. Conrad, do you think this is proper?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, I don't!"

Clarence remained calm, "It's your problem then."

Stella was tired and bored with this game, she tried pulling out her hand again but two men approached them, one holding a camera in hand.

"Hi, we work at the love temple, are you a couple?"

"No..."

Clarence replied affirmatively, "We are husband and wife."

They explained immediately, "Sir, Madame, we can see that you are a lovely couple and look good together, could you please let us take a photo and display it here at the temple for promotional use? If you agree, you can skip the queue and get the plate directly, in addition, you'll receive a small gift from us too."

Stella didn't understand in which way did they looked like a lovely couple.

But the man beside him answered. "Sure."

Stella turned to look at him with her eyes widened in disbelief.

Didn't he hate taking pictures? Even his picture couldn't be found on The Conrad Group's website or Finance Times.

The staff then invited, "Please follow us."

"No, I..."

Clarence whispered, "Don't you want to skip the queue, be still."

Stella, “?” Was this because of the queue?! That wretched man was full of nonsense.

The staff led them to the riverside full of lights, “Alright, sir and madam, just act naturally like before, chit-chatting like usual.”

Stella’s face had unwillingness written all over, she didn’t do as they asked.

Clarence lowered his head and said, “If you don’t keep still, I will kiss you now in front of everyone.”

“...” Stella defended, “If you want to be slapped in front of everyone, go ahead.”

Clarence turned his head to one side and rubbed lightly on her cheek using his lips.

Stella’s body frozen, she didn’t see that coming.

Compared to kissing her directly in the public, this action was much more... seductive.

Clarence was contented with her reaction and he smiled.

In the meantime, the staff approached, “Alright, we’ve got what we want, thank you so much and please follow me this way.”

Stella was still stunned but her body was dragged forward by the wretched man.

The staff then handed them a plate in the backyard of the love temple, “Please write your names on this plate and hang it at the tree with lights beside the river.”

Clarence took it, picked up the brush on the table to write their names on the plate.

Stella witnessed the whole thing, she opened her mouth but changed her mind as she knew it would be useless. She then rubbed her nose and looked away.

After Clarence finished writing their names, the staff asked, “Please leave us your address, we will send the gift over tomorrow.”

While Clarence was writing them the address, Stella approached the photographer and asked, "Could you please give me another plate? I haven't written mine."

Photographer was puzzled.

One is enough to write both names, why would she ask one for each?

Clarence said casually, "Ignore her."

"Mr. Conrad, that was not very nice of you. How could you ignore me when I've done my part? It's not too much to ask for another one, right?" Stella said.

"Whose name would you like to write?"

"Of course me and Emmett."

Clarence's face stiffened and looked at her coldly.

The staff exchanged a glance and fled the scene. They had the address anyway.

Stella teased, "Is Mr. Conrad angry?"

"No."

"Then..."

"Jealous."

Stella, "..."

He was indeed the master of ending a conversation.

He was indeed the master of ending a conversation.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 240-Clarence looked at her for an instant with his black eyes. Then, after a while, he said suddenly, "They have already left. If you still want to buy it, I can accompany you to queue up to buy it."

"... No need. I'm just kidding."

She just wanted to make the wretched man angry, so that he would throw down Yue Lao Plate and leave.

She didn't expect him to be so unusual, making her embarrassed.

Clarence smiled without her noticing, and then took her hand again and slowly walked forward with her.

When Clarence hung Yue Lao Plate by the river, Stella looked around to hide her nervousness and embarrassment.

As soon as Yue Lao Plate was hung by Clarence, Stella said, "It's getting late. I have to go now. Take your time to stroll around."

After saying that, she strode forward and left in a hurry.

After they left Yue Lao Temple, Stella felt that the air was much fresher without the crowd. She let out a long breath and took out her mobile phone. Just as she wanted to take a taxi back, her wrist was held by Clarence, "Come here."

Stella pouted. She didn't expect the wretched man to be able to follow her as she had run so fast.

They spent a lot of time at Yue Lao Temple. When they got back to Anqiao Street, it was already ten o'clock at night.

Normally Dolores should have already gone to bed at this time.

But at this moment, the lights in the courtyard were still on. They could hear the sound of a baby crying coming from inside the house.

Stella heard the crying sound and hurriedly ran in.

In the courtyard, Dolores was holding the baby and coaxing him gently.

Stella asked, "Ms. Anderson, what's wrong with him?"

Dolores said, "Don't worry. It's normal for children to be like this at night. He is just fussy. He will be fine once he falls asleep."

Stella held out her hand, "Let me hug him."

Dolores handed the baby into Stella's arms.

After Stella had coaxed him for a while, the baby no longer cried so loud. However, he was still sobbing.

While hugging the baby, Stella asked, "Where's Ms. Beckham?"

Dolores immediately said, "Ms. Beckham caught a cold when she went out this afternoon and was afraid of infecting the baby, so she asked me to help her to put him to sleep."

Stella did not suspect Dolores's words at all.

Ms. Anderson had always had a good relationship with Ms. Beckham. The two of them did not have many relatives to talk with. They had become almost like siblings and it was normal for them to help each other.

Stella nodded. She thought that the baby might be crying so hard after realizing his grandmother was not with him.

After hugging him for a while, Stella noticed that the baby's round eyes kept looking at the side, and his little hands were waving at somebody.

She looked in the direction in which he was looking at. Then, she licked her lips and took a step forward, "Mr. Conrad, do you want to hug him?"

Clarence frowned. He displayed an expression as if he was very reluctant to do so.

Stella said, "Why don't you just hug him for a while. Look how cute he is."

Clarence gently raised his eyelids and said unhurriedly, "You're cuter."

Stella was speechless.

Her face instantly turned red. She was very nervous as if her whole body was on fire.

Not far away, Dolores coughed and found an excuse to go back to her room.

When Stella saw this, he really wanted to find a crack in the ground and vanish from it.

When he saw Clarence's hand reaching out, he immediately took several steps back and said warily, "What are you doing?"

Clarence raised his eyebrows, "Don't you want me to hug him?"

It was after a long time that Stella spoke, "Oh."

The wretched man had interrupted her thoughts.

Stella carefully placed the baby in his arms and said softly, "You should hold his head with this hand, and hold his buttock with this hand."

"I know."

Stella paused and saw Clarence's posture in holding the baby was indeed quite standard. The posture was not as awkward as when he was changing his diapers. She then looked at him suspiciously, "How does Mr. Conrad know this, have you hugged a baby before?"

Clarence looked at her calmly, "Didn't you say I know everything?"

She really had said such words before.

Stella coughed, "Then you hug him for a little longer. I will bring the things in."

After saying that, she hurriedly moved the things in the courtyard into the room.

Not long after, Clarence walked into the room with the baby in his arms. His face looked gloomy.

Stella hurriedly looked at the baby in his arms and saw that the baby's tightly clenched fists were slowly loosening. He was smiling again and he was waving his little hands happily.

He looked like he had pooped again.

Stella held back her laughter and said in a serious manner, "Mr. Conrad, it seems like he quite likes you."

After she said that, Stella hastily took the baby out of Clarence's arms and went to find Dolores before Clarence got angry.

In the bathroom, Dolores had already prepared the bath water for the baby. When she saw Stella running over, she knew what had happened without having to ask them.

She picked the baby up and wiped his buttock before putting him in the bathtub.

It seemed like the baby like to bathe very much. He was moving his arms and legs happily in the water.

Stella squatted next to him, holding a towel and gently giving him a bath. Then, she looked around and saw that there were many things needed by the baby. She couldn't help but say, "Ms. Beckham is too thoughtful as she brought all these things here."

Dolores laughed and explained, "It's normal. A baby needs a lot of things. It will be not good if the baby lacks anything."

Stella remembered that she had bought the baby products when she was pregnant. She nodded and said after a few seconds, "How is Ms. Beckham's illness? Is it serious?"

Dolores responded quickly, "It's not very serious. She was just blown by the cold wind. She will be fine after resting for two days."

While they were talking, they had already finished helping the baby to take bath.

After helping the baby to wear his clothes, Dolores thought for a while and said, "Stella, how about letting him sleep with you today?"

Stella was stunned, "Me?"

"The baby was not shy. You have been taking him around all day. Therefore, he shouldn't be so fussy if he sleeps with you at night.

Stella hesitated for a moment and said, "I've never tried to put a baby to sleep at night. I'm afraid that I can't take care of him..."

Dolores said, "It's okay. You will never know whether you can do it if you never try it."

As she was saying the words, she put the baby in Stella's arms, "You hug him first. I will ask Clarence to put the cot in your room."

Stella opened her mouth and wanted to say something, but the baby in her arms seemed to know her. The baby grabbed the buttons on Stella's shirt with his little hand. He was smiling.

Stella also smiled after a while.

She thought that it shouldn't be a problem to take care of him at night as he had taken care of him well during the day.

Stella carried the baby and walked around downstairs for a while. She coaxed him until he almost fell asleep before she went upstairs.

The cot had been put in the same room she had stayed in before. There were milk powder, thermos, as well as a bunch of things she might use at night on the table.

However, apart from the things, there was an unexpected man in the room.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 241-Stella put the baby into the cot, and then nonchalantly asked Clarence to go out, "Mr. Conrad, can you leave? I want to sleep."

Clarence looked up at her and spoke slowly, "It is only called sleeping when two people sleep together. Otherwise, it is called resting. Are you saying this because you want me to sleep with you?"

Clarence was speechless.

What kind of nonsense he was saying!

Stella was just about to tell him to get lost immediately when the phone in her bag rang.

She was afraid of waking up the baby and went to answer the call hurriedly.

After seeing the caller ID, Stella glanced at the man sitting on the sofa. Then, she walked into the bathroom.

Before the bathroom door was closed, Clarence heard her pick up the phone and the word "Emmett" came out of her mouth softly.

Clarence put down the book in his hand and pursed his thin lips together.

In the bathroom, Stella pushed the window open again after closing the door. Then, she said, "Is anything wrong?"

Emmett said, "I heard from Sherry that you went to Aqock. Did you have fun there?"

Stella smiled faintly, "I'm fine here. The pace of life here is a bit slower than at City N. It is comfortable staying here."

"Hearing you saying like that makes me want to go and have a look too." Emmett paused and spoke slowly, stating her intention, "Stella, how long will it be before you... probably return?"

"It should be two or three days."

Emmett continued, "They're organizing a class reunion during the weekend. Are you going?"

Stella said, "I'll see whether I'm free at that time. But... didn't we just have a class reunion not long ago? Why are we suddenly having another reunion again?"

"Last time there were only a few of us. This time all our classmates are coming. If you are not going, I'm not going either."

Hearing his words, Stella was quite stressed. She thought about it for a while before saying, "Then I'll ask Sherry first and see what she says."

Stella wasn't a woman who liked to mess with many people. Moreover, most of her classmates were unfamiliar with one another and they didn't contact one another after graduation.

It should be the first time in the past few years that a large-scale party like this was held.

She wanted to ask Sherry first, to see if there was any reason why she had to go. If not, she would probably not go if it was just a simple party.

"Okay." Emmett added, "Stella, when are you coming back. I'll pick you up from the airport."

“No need, I...”

Halfway through her sentence, there was a knock on the door from outside.

Before she had time to react, she could hear the wretched man’s voice coming from outside. He was saying calmly, “Have you finished showering? I’ve been waiting for you for half an hour.”

Stella was speechless and she thought that the wretched man must be doing it on purpose!

On the other end of the phone, Emmett was silent for a while before saying, “Stella, I won’t disturb you anymore since you are busy. Let me know when you’ve thought about it.”

After hanging up the phone, Stella pulled open the door and stared fiercely at Clarence. When she almost spat out some words to curse him, she suddenly remembered that there was a baby inside the room.

She gritted her teeth and could only suppress her anger.

Clarence leaned neatly against the door frame, putting his arms in front of his chest, “You’ve been dawdling inside for so long. I’m waiting to use the bathroom.”

Stella said while gritting her teeth, “Mr. Conrad, don’t you have your own room?”

“The water heater in my room had spoilt.” Clarence said, dragging Stella out of the bathroom, “Go get me a change of clothes. It’s okay if you don’t want to take them. I don’t mind...”

Not waiting for him to finish his words, Stella directly pushed him inside and closed the door tightly again.

She took several deep breaths before allowing herself to calm down gradually.

It was only because she had tugged on his sleeve at twilight three years ago that things had come to this point.

In the end, she was the one to blame for causing this to happen.

As the saying goes, what you sow is what you reap.

Stella went to Clarence's room. She searched around but didn't see any suitcase, so she eventually opened the wardrobe.

The wretched man had a lot of clothes in the wardrobe. It seemed that he would occasionally stay here for a long time.

Thinking about this, Stella couldn't help but frown. Could it be that the wretched man had come back to stay here after he left with her last time?

However, Stella thought about it. Dolores was Clarence's mother. She stayed here and it made sense for Clarence to come back here from time to time.

She simply took a set of casual clothes from the wardrobe and was about to leave when she turned around with an expressionless face and looked into the wardrobe. She felt very annoyed at the moment.

When she got back to her room, she put the clothes in the chair outside the bathroom and knocked on the door. She said as if she was annoyed, "Mr. Conrad, your clothes are here."

The sound of water in the bathroom paused for a moment before Clarence asked calmly, "Do you take a set of clothes for me?"

Stella was speechless. She clenched her teeth and said, "Yes!"

If it wasn't for the fear of Clarence doing something to her, Stella really didn't want to help him to take the clothes.

The wretched man was so annoying.

Stella did not want to bother him anymore and went straight to the bed. She took off her down jacket and wrapped herself tightly with the quilt.

In a short while, the bathroom door was opened and quickly closed then.

Stella could hear the rustling of clothes inside the bathroom even through the thick blanket.

After two minutes, the bathroom door was opened again.

Clarence came out while drying his hair. When he saw the quilt on the bed, he smiled.

Stella said as she was under the quilt to remind him, "Since Mr. Conrad has finished bathing, then please go back to your room. I want to sleep... and rest!"

Clarence said, "Don't you want to take bath? Go and bathe, I'll help you to take care of him."

"... I don't want to bathe!"

"Don't you think that you are dirty after hanging around outside all day?"

"I know I'm dirty but you still take advantage of me."

Clarence said, "If you don't want to bathe now, I can take advantage of you now."

Stella sat up violently from the bed, wishing that she could kill him.

Clarence sat on the sofa and said indifferently, "I'll leave when you come out."

"Really? I don't believe it."

Clarence looked at her and laughed lightly, "If I really want to do something to you, I do not need to wait until now."

"Mr. Conrad, don't you feel ashamed of yourself when you say that?"

The wretched man said like he was an innocent man.

Clarence crossed his long and slender legs, "I don't care if you believe me."

The wretched man just sat there and did not have the intention to leave the room.

Stella looked at the sleeping baby next to her and finally decided to be determined. She decided not to take a shower before he left the room. Then, she fell back onto the bed again, staying in the quilt.

Clarence was speechless.

Just as he was about to say anything, Clarence said, "Mr. Conrad, no matter what you do, you must know my limit."

Although she had been tolerating him today, it didn't mean that the wretched man could go over her limit.

Clarence raised his hand and pinched his nose bone, "Am I so untrustworthy?"

"It's not a matter of trusting you or not!"

"Then what is it?"

Stella ignored him again.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 242-When the sound of the door closing came, Stella nestled under the covers for a few more minutes. After making sure that he had gone back to his room, she poked her head out from under the covers and took a deep breath of fresh air.

She lifted the quilt, got out of bed, and went to the crib to check again. The baby was still sleeping soundly and showed no signs of waking up at all.

Stella carefully opened her suitcase and took out her pajamas before quietly heading to the bathroom.

Afraid of disturbing the baby, Stella did not dare to use the hairdryer, so she just did not wash her hair, but pulled it up and tied it at the back of her head.

After the shower, Stella came out of the bathroom and saw the baby smacking his lips. His eyes were still closed, but his little hands were waving wildly in the air.

Stella quickly walked over to him. Just as she reached her hand out, the baby grabbed her fingers.

Seeing this, Stella smiled gently, then sat down on the bed and lay down on the edge of the crib. She just looked at him quietly with gentle eyes.

In the middle of the night, when Stella was drowsy, she suddenly heard the baby grunting and crying in the crib next to her.

She hurriedly turned on the light and sat up. Seeing that the baby looked hungry, she lifted the quilt and got out of bed, opened the thermos to make milk powder.

The baby got energized after he ate his meal. He opened his round eyes and looked around curiously.

At that moment, the door of the room was suddenly opened.

A gentle male voice came from outside, "What are you doing in the middle of the night without sleeping?"

Stella turned back with the baby in her arms, "The sound I made should not be too loud... Mr. Conrad, am I disturbing you?"

Clarence lowered his eyes and looked at the baby in her arms who was in high spirits and quietly licked his lips. Then he walked in and whispered, "Give me."

Stella was puzzled.

Clarence repeated, "Give him to me. You go to sleep."

Stella obviously wasn't expecting him to say that. She froze for a few seconds before slowly saying, "No, I'll take care of him myself. Mr. Conrad, you can just go to bed."

"You're polite to me now?"

Stella was speechless.

Without waiting for Stella to continue to refuse, Clarence had gone to hold the baby in her arms.

Stella didn't dare to wrestle with him for fear of hurting the baby, so she let him carry the baby over.

Clarence turned around, sat on the sofa, and then without looking up, said to Stella, "You go to sleep."

Stella opened her mouth but didn't know what to say.

Clarence was obviously doing something that did not fit in with him, but the scene before her looked unusually harmonious.

And the baby obviously didn't want him to hold him. He pouted and looked like he was going to cry out. However, Clarence whispered, "Shut up."

The baby sniffed with his little fists clenched, looking very aggrieved.

Stella couldn't bear to look at it, "Mr. Conrad, you'd better give him to me. He's not comfortable with you holding him."

Clarence said, "Don't spoil him."

Stella's mouth twitched. She didn't know when he spoiled the baby, and obviously, he scared the baby.

But surprisingly, the baby stayed reluctantly in his arms for a while, then slowly closed his eyes and fell asleep.

Clarence put him back into the crib and said softly, "He will only wake up once in the middle of the night. You can go back to sleep now."

Stella looked at him, tilted her head, and suddenly asked, "Mr. Conrad, how do you know he will only wake up once in the middle of the night?"

Clarence paused, looked up to meet her eyes, and said slowly, "You'll know if you ask Ms. Beckham."

"Oh."

She didn't expect him to be quite attentive and actually thought to ask Evelyn how many times the baby would wake up during the night.

Clarence stood still for a few seconds before speaking, "I'm leaving."

Stella looked at him, feeling a little puzzled.

He could go now! Could it be that he still thought she would ask him to stay?

Seeing him standing there without moving, Stella said tentatively, "Well... Mr. Conrad, good night?"

Clarence's thin lips curled, "Good night."

After saying that, he lifted his leg to leave.

Stella looked at his back and suddenly felt funny.

He was so childish.

After midnight, the baby really did not wake up again, just like Clarence said.

Stella lay in bed, but tossed and turned, and couldn't fall asleep. She didn't know what was going through her head.

She just drifted off and looked quietly at the crib next to her in the hazy moonlight.

She didn't know how long it took for her to fall asleep.

By the time Stella woke up from a good night's sleep, it was very light.

She sat up in a hurry and looked at the time. It was eleven o'clock in the morning.

Stella rubbed her head and turned her head to find that the baby was no longer in the crib.

She changed her clothes and went downstairs. In the courtyard, the baby was lying in his crib and playing happily with his toys by himself. And next to him, Clarence was sitting at the desk working.

Stella asked, "Where's Ms. Anderson?"

Clarence didn't even look up, "She went to the hospital with Ms. Beckham."

Stella was sitting in a chair and staring at a potted plant not far away. Obviously, she just hasn't woken up yet.

"What do you want to eat? I'll have Nathan send it over."

After a few seconds, Stella slowly came back to her senses, "No. There should be some food in the fridge. I'll go cook it."

At that moment, there was a knock on the door.

Stella went over to the door and a young boy was standing outside, "Excuse me, does Mr. Conrad live here?"

Stella glanced back at Clarence and nodded gently, "Yes."

The boy took out a gift box from his bag, "I'm a staff member of Yue Lao Temple. This is the gift that we said we would give you last night."

Stella reached out and took it, "Thank you."

"You're welcome. I'll leave then."

When the boy left, Stella closed the door, turned and placed the box in front of Clarence, and then went straight into the kitchen.

There were a lot of vegetables in the kitchen that Dolores had bought at the market last night. After steaming the rice in the pot, Stella wanted to make a spicy rabbit, but then she remembered that Clarence didn't eat chili and had to give up the idea.

Halfway through making the dish, Stella felt that something was wrong again. Why should she give in to his ideas?

Thinking of this, she deliberately took the rabbit again, but just as she picked it up, she put it down again.

Forget it. If she cooked too many dishes and they couldn't finish them, it would only be a waste.

Stella propped her hand on the dishwashing table, feeling as if she was a fool.

In the end, Stella made two dishes and a soup, which all tasted light.

By the time she got out, Clarence had put away the computer and the gift box had been opened. On the table were the photos they had taken last night at Yue Lao Temple.

The photos were in a frame unique to Yue Lao Temple. On the left side of the frame, it read "Wishing you a long and happy marriage" and on the right side, it read "Wishing you lots of love and happiness". At the top was a row of heart-shaped patterns, and at the bottom was a miniature cartoon image of Yue Lao.

As the saying went, "Being tacky to the extreme is fashionable."

Stella looked at the frame and the photo and instantly had the urge to fly back to City N overnight.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 243-The two days passed in the blink of an eye, and it was time to leave. When leaving, Stella looked at

the baby smiling happily at her in the crib, and her eyes were full of reluctance.

Clarence said blandly next to her, "I've told you that if you really don't want to part with him, we can take him away secretly."

Stella's eyes twitched, "Shut up."

She took a deep breath, then looked at Dolores, "Ms. Anderson, I'll leave now. I'll see you again in a while."

Dolores nodded, "Be careful on your way."

Out on the courtyard, Stella saw Evelyn talking to a neighbor who hadn't moved out yet. She walked over and said, "Ms. Beckham, are you feeling better from the cold?"

Hearing her words, Evelyn immediately coughed, "I'm feeling better. Well, Stella, thank you for these few days."

Stella smiled and shook her head, "Ms. Beckham, don't be so polite. I feel like I'm having a great time."

She just felt so happy.

Evelyn looked at the suitcase in her hand and said, "You're leaving, right? Don't you want to stay for two more days?"

"No. We have work to take care of, and we'll come back later."

"That's fine, I won't delay you. Get home safe."

Stella nodded and then turned around to leave with her suitcase. She had not taken two steps when she heard the neighbor next to her whisper, "Stella is just leaving? She's just going to leave the baby here?"

Stella paused. Before she could turn her head, she heard Evelyn coughing.

Evelyn deliberately raised her voice, "Hey, it is too torturous to have a cold. If it weren't for Dolores and Stella helping me with my grandchildren, I wouldn't know what to do."

Then there was no sound behind her.

Stella thought she had misheard.

...

After returning to City N, Stella grabbed her bags and headed straight out the door without looking back.

Clarence gave a sideways glance, then Nathan immediately understood and quickly stepped forward, "Madam... Ms. Radomil, I'll drive you home."

"Thanks, but there's no need. My friend is coming to pick me up."

Just after Stella said this, Clarence's face instantly went cold.

Nathan tried to persuade her, "Ms. Radomil, why don't you ask your friend not to come? How serious the air pollution is now! It is the responsibility of each of us to protect the environment."

Stella was speechless.

She turned her head to look at him, "Mr. Lance, have you ever considered changing your job?"

"Well... I haven't considered it for the time being."

Stella said seriously, "I suggest you change a job before it's too late. Otherwise, you are too stressed out at such a young age that you will lose all your hair."

"..."

After saying that, Stella turned around and left quickly.

Nathan coughed and could only silently retreat to Clarence's side, "Mr. Conrad..."

He did his best.

Clarence looked at Stella's back and licked his lips, "Forget it."

It wasn't the first day he'd seen Stella's eloquence.

By the time she exited the terminal, it was already dark.

Stella had just been standing for two minutes when Sherry's car appeared in front of her.

After putting her luggage away, Stella pulled open the passenger door and got in, "Have you been waiting long?"

Sherry said, "No, I just got here a few minutes ago. How was your trip? Did that wretched man give you a hard time?"

Stella shook her head, "No."

Except for that day when he took her to the Yue Lao Temple by force and did some crazy things, Clarence was quite normal in the past two days and spent almost all of his time with her at home taking care of the baby.

Sherry sighed as she drove, "I didn't expect him to finally behave like a normal human being. He's finally not sneaking around anymore."

Stella didn't quite get it, "When did he sneak around?"

Sherry realized she had slipped up and laughed awkwardly, "No... I was just talking nonsense. By the way, how does your trip over there? Is it fun?"

This time, it was Stella's turn to fall silent.

After a while, she said, "I'm not having fun. I'm taking care of a baby."

Sherry's eyes widened in disbelief, "Taking care of a baby? What baby?"

Stella let out a long breath, "There is a neighbor next door, and her son had a son, but she didn't have time to take care of him, so she sent him to us. When I went there, Ms. Beckham was sick and was afraid of infecting the baby, so she left the baby in Ms. Anderson's care. It just so happened that I was there, so I also helped take care of him."

Sherry was speechless.

This excuse was too outrageous.

Sherry asked, "Stella, how old is the baby?"

"I didn't ask. But it looks tiny, so it must be just a month old."

Sherry was even more puzzled, “What? A newborn baby, his parents feel at ease to leave him alone to his grandmother? They should have waited for the baby to be weaned, right? And in this case, shouldn’t they have picked up the grandmother? How could they bear to leave the child alone with his Grandma?”

Hearing that, Stella was also a bit stunned. If Sherry hadn’t mentioned it, she hadn’t thought about it at all before.

During the past two days, the baby had been with Ms. Anderson, while Evelyn would occasionally come over to check on him. But she always felt that she and the baby were not very close, and instead, Ms. Anderson was a little more skilled in taking care of the baby.

Although Evelyn had a cold, it didn’t seem to make sense.

This question haunted Stella until she came home and was cleaning out her closet when she saw the little clothes in the corner and a terrible and crazy thought came to her mind.

A baby without a name, and Ms. Anderson’s house was full of baby stuff, and ...

Clarence had asked twice if she wanted to take the baby away.

According to Clarence’s character, he certainly did not like children. But this time, he was able to quiet down and be there with her for two days to take care of the baby without any resentment or complaints.

And there was the fact that he seemed to be very familiar with how to hold the baby.

On top of that, there were the clothes in the closet and even what the neighbor next door said to Evelyn when she was leaving.

There was just too much suspicion in all of this.

It made her wonder about a certain possibility ...

Stella hurriedly grabbed her coat and turned to stride out the door.

Sherry was brushing her teeth. After hearing the movement, she came out of the bathroom and saw Stella putting on her shoes, so she asked, "Stella, it's so late. Where are you going?"

Stella said hurriedly, "I have to go to Aqock again."

"Didn't you just get back? Did you forget something?"

"No. There's something I need to make sure of."

It was the first time Sherry had seen her in such a hurry, so she hurriedly took off her toothbrush and ran to the bathroom, "It's too late to take a taxi. Wait for me. I'll go with you."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 244-Stella booked two fastest flights to Aqock while in the car. Yet it had already been 6am the next day when they got off the plane. Stella's heart raced like never before when she stood in front of Dolores's house. She took a deep breath and after making herself calmer, she extended her hand and knocked the door.

Dolores just woke up. Seeing Stella standing outside the house after opening the door, she asked with surprise, "Stella, why..." Stella pursed her lips and said, "Mrs. Anderson, I still want to take another look at the child." Dolores was startled and she did not speak for a moment.

Stella was not patient enough to wait for her reply and she ran into the house while taking large strides. Sherry immediately followed her. Yet the little fellow seemed to vanish into thin air. Not a single thing was left in the house. As Stella was standing there in a daze, Dolores came over and said softly, "Hasn't Mrs. Beckham not recovered from her cold yet? Her son and daughter-in-law had come over and took the child away last night."

Stella opened her mouth yet she was at a loss for words. Tears welled up in her eyes. Dolores sighed and knew what she was thinking. Yet she could not tell her the truth. She could only pat her shoulder. "Stella, you're still gonna have children in the future."

Stella bit her lower lip and held back her urge to cry. She murmured, "I thought...I could almost be sure that..." Yet it turned out she had thought too much in the end. Dolores spoke, "Stella, if you want to see the child, I can ask Mrs. Beckham her house address." Stella shook her head. "It's okay."

“Stella...”

“I’m sorry Mrs. Anderson, I have to leave now.” Stella turned and headed out, she looked inexplicably desolate from her back. Sherry let out an awkward smile and after nodding at Dolores, she followed her out.

The sun had just risen and the streetlights along the brook were shining with orange light. The light was faint and the surrounding looked chilly. Stella lowered her head and walked silently. Sherry caught up with her and said after scratching her scalp, “Stella, it’s all my fault. If I haven’t told you that nonsense, you won’t misunderstand and...”

Stella shook her head lightly. “It’s not your fault, it’s mine. I’ve been too sensitive.” It could be after spending so much time getting along with the kid these two days, she started to hope for more. Yet having thought of that, how would the child survive after getting involved in such a terrible car accident? Stella exhaled. “Let’s go back, Sherry.”

Dolores only made a call to Clarence after Stella left. “Clare, Stella’s left.”

“Got it.” Clarence paused and continued, “I’ll let someone escort you for the afternoon flight. Since she’s started being suspicious, you can’t live there anymore.” Dolores sighed. “Oh...Stella’s gonna hate you if she knows the truth.”

“It’s not the only thing she’s gonna hate me.” Stella would not only hate him, she might kill him too. After hanging up, Clarence kept away his phone and got out of the house after grabbing his jacket.

...

Stella and Sherry did not fall asleep during their long arduous journey of going back and forth. Upon reaching City N, Sherry was yawning all the time. “Stella, let’s take a nap back home, we have Chan at the studio anyway...”

Stella regained her mind and said, “You can go back and rest. I’m not sleepy, and we’re two days behind work.” Sherry knew no one could change her mind when she had made a decision, and she knew Stella must have had a mixed feeling now. It was impossible for her to fall asleep. She then took another yawn. “Alright, you can go to the studio first. I’ll get a designated driver.” Stella nodded. “Then please excuse me first.”

Stella only arrived at the studio at 3pm. Channing asked, "Where have you been? I can't contact you for the whole day, and Sherry's nowhere to be found too." Stella replied, "She's with me, we were dealing with something." Channing still wanted to say something, but Stella interrupted him, "I'll go make drafts in the office, call me if you need anything."

Stella sat on the chair after entering the office, yet she could not stay calm no matter how, and she kept on looking out of the window absent-mindedly. Not knowing how long had passed, she took out her phone and looked at the pictures she took for the little fellow two days ago. He looked so adorable in every photo. Stella lied on the table listlessly and looked lethargic.

Channing only realized she had slept on the table when he went in to call her at night. Channing pursed his lips and closed the door once again. As he just turned around, Winnie asked, "Is your sister still working?"

"She's fallen asleep."

"Asleep?" Winnie looked baffled. "Then wake her up and ask her to sleep at home, what if she catches a cold?" Winnie was about to step forward, but Channing seized her arm. "Let her rest. The air-con's on, she won't catch a cold."

"Alright." Winnie could only give up. She had received a new mission assigned by that atrocious capitalist upon finishing a photoshoot for a magazine this afternoon. It looked like that wretched man had irritated Stella once again. There were only both of them in the studio and the atmosphere became a little awkward when they fell silent.

As Winnie racked her brain to find a topic of conversation, Channing spoke, "Do you want to drink some water?" Winnie replied, "... Yeah, sure." She took out her phone and secretly delivered the news when Channing went to fetch water. Channing put the mug in front of her two minutes later. "Thank you, for what you did last time."

Winnie quickly put down her phone and only replied after two seconds, "Oh, oh. It's nothing. It's a good thing that we met, or else I can't help you too." She then took her mug. "Stella's brother is my brother, so you don't have to be so polite to me."

" ... "

Just then, Winnie's phone vibrated. She took a look at it while drinking water. After thinking for several seconds, she asked with caution, "Well...you haven't eaten, should we go out and grab something? We could buy some food for your sister along the way too."

Channing glimpsed at her phone quickly without notice and did not expose her. "Alright." Winnie instantly put down her mug and stood up. "Great! Let's go." Channing pursed his lips and could not help but say, "I heard that you got the best actress award?"

"..." Did he mean her acting was too dramatic? Winnie coughed. She evaded his question and gave a perfunctory reply, "It's just rumor, there's nothing special to talk about." Channing did not speak any longer and he strode out. Winnie quickly followed him.

She really was the most dedicated artist of the Conrad Group. Not only she had done her best during her photoshoots for magazine and advertisement during the day, she had to act for her boss's drama when she finally had her own time at night. Clarence really should give her an annual leave that lasts over ten days.

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 245-Stella had no idea when she had fallen asleep. The sky was already dark outside when she

woke up. The moment she sat up and tried to move her stiff neck, she heard a crack. She massaged her neck while opening the office door, heading out. “Chan, find me the first aid box please, there’s tincture inside, I seemed to hurt my neck...”

Before she finished her words, she saw the man on the couch. At that moment, she felt not only her neck hurt, her head too. Clarence slightly looked up at her. “You’re awake?” Stella asked, “Why are you here?” Clarence glimpsed at the gift box on the table and said, “I see that you like the photo last time very much, therefore I ask someone to photocopy the photo. I’ll be kind to give you the original photo.”

“...No, thanks.” How on earth could that wrecked man tell that she liked it! Clarence got up and approached her slowly. “Someone told me if a woman says no, that means yes. I’ll look for the one who said this.” Stella burst out laughter. “That someone could be Vivian Sean or Miss Steward, it won’t be me at least.”

Clarence stopped and looked at her with an unhappy face. Stella ignored him and headed to the store room to look for the tincture. Yet out of her expectation, the first aid box was put on the highest rack and since she had hurt her neck, she could not reach for it after tipping her toe several times.

As she was going to get a chair, Clarence was supporting himself at her side while taking the first aid box down effortlessly from the rack, over her head. Stella turned around and leaned against the rack behind her. She secretly blamed him for coming too close to her. Seeing her look, Clarence raised his eyebrow. “What are you scared of?”

“Who...who’s scared?” Being reluctant to argue with him anymore, she seized the first aid box from his hand and returned to her office, locking the door up, not offering him any single chance. She took off her jacket, tilted her head and sprayed some tincture on her neck. She pulled her high-necked sweater. Yet as she was going to massage her neck with another hand, she realized she had pulled a muscle

whenever she moved her arm. Not only the pain of her neck was not relieved after massaging, it was even aggravated.

As Stella was feeling frustrated of it, she heard soft knocking sounds of the office door from the outside, and there was Clarence’s voice afterwards. “Need any help?”

“No, thanks!”

“Then I’m leaving.” Yeah, hurry up and get lost!

After sitting there simmering in her anger for a while, Stella put the tincture back, took the jacket and got up, ready to go to the hospital for a checkup. Yet the moment she opened the office door, she saw the man who had kept on saying he wanted to leave was leaning against the wall, looking at her with a relaxed look.

Stella said peevishly, “I thought you said you’re leaving?” Clarence replied without changing his facial expression, “Didn’t you make me stay?”

“When had I...” Stella quickly understood what he meant. “Did you read my mind again?”

“Kind of.” He held her wrist and pulled her into the office, making her sit down on the chair. He took out the tincture once again and leaned against the office desk. “What else are you good at besides scolding me? You can’t even do such a simple thing.” Stella said, “I’ll release different potential, depending on which person I met.”

Clarence sneered and pulled her sweater’s collar. Stella backed up in reflex. Clarence grabbed the handle and pulled the chair back easily. “You don’t have to give me such a huge response, save your energy for something else.” He once again pulled her collar and sprayed the tincture on her neck as he spoke. The chill made Stella inevitably frowned. When she prepared to speak, Clarence had already extended his hand and massaged her neck gently and firmly.

Clarence only spoke after a while. “You went back again today?” Although he did not mention the location, but the answer was clear to the eye. Stella pursed her lips and did not speak. Clarence continued blandly, “I’ve asked you before, if you like him, we can take him away secretly, now we don’t have the chance.”

Stella still ignored him. “But there’s still a way. I can sacrifice myself and help you give birth to one more child.” Stella gritted her teeth. “Could you shut your mouth up?” Clarence stopped his movement. He caressed her neck and stooped. His eyes were dark and calm. “I’m serious, could you have a thought about it?”

“I thought you said you don’t want to have children within these two years?” Stella teased. “You only want to sleep me, there’s no need to find such brilliant excuses.” Clarence licked his lip and backed up slightly. He sprayed the tincture once again and continued massaging her neck. “You don’t let me sleep you anyway, isn’t it pointless no matter how many excuses I seek?”

“...” That wrecked man finally admitted his filthy little thought. Clarence spoke softly, “Stella, I just dealt with Annie Conrad, the Conrad’s and the Perez’s are looking for my weakness all over the place. Give me some time, and I’ll give you a child afterwards.”

After listening to his words just now, no matter what he said, Stella still felt he was finding excuses in order to achieve his purpose. Just like what he promised her back then, saying that he could give her a child two years later. Stella slapped his hand hard with impatience, wanting to toss his hand away. “Even if I do want to give birth to a child, I don’t need you.” Did he think he was the only man in this world?

As expected, Clarence pulled down his face at once. “Then who do you want to give birth with? Emmett Carter?” Stella teased him on purpose, “Anyone who doesn’t have to let me wait for two years.” Clarence squinted and his hand which was massaging her neck unnoticeably moved down.

Stella was fast to react. She leapt back and covered her chest with her hands, scolding, “You’re ridiculous.” Clarence chuckled. “If I am, you won’t be sitting here, scolding me, you’ll already be lying down and crying.” Stella felt speechless. She felt that if she said one more word to him, she would die of rage.

Stella held her jacket which was thrown to the side by Clarence and took two steps out with rage. She then took a deep breath and said, “Are you leaving? I’m gonna lock the door.” Clarence only then stood straight, put down the tincture on his hand and slowly walked out of the office. He glanced at his wristwatch and said, “I’m hungry, let’s eat something.”

“I’m not hungry, enjoy your meal.” After finished, her stomach growled. It was then she realized she had not taken even a sip of water since last night.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 246-In the Conrads’ Mansion...

One of the bodyguards reported, “Mr. and Mrs. Conrad, we’ve been searching for two days. We also hired a professional search and rescue team in the sea area but still failed to find Miss Conrad. Probably she has been...”

Before he finished his words, Dempsey waved at him irritably to let him go.

Annie’s mother collapsed on the sofa while weeping, “It must be done by that bastard! It must be him. Our Annie is so unlucky. She’s so young. She hasn’t done anything. But now we don’t know if she’s alive or not. She’s my only daughter. How can I live without her?”

Dempsey sat on the sofa, frowned, and said in a sinking voice, “I’ve told you long ago not to provoke him. You didn’t believe me. Now, this thing happened! As long as Annie stayed in the Conrads’ Mansion and City N, he wouldn’t have been able to do anything to her. But you insisted on sending her away. You gave him a chance!”

“I don’t care! The bastard must die! Even I’ll lose everything, I won’t let him go!”

Justin chimed in calmly, “Annie’s life should be treasured. How about Clarence’s unborn children? Weren’t their lives precious?”

Upon hearing it, Annie’s mother insisted more, “Justin Conrad, what are you talking about? Annie is your younger sister. How can you take the bastard’s side?”

“I’ve warned Annie a lot of times before. She deserved her ending today. You can’t blame others.”

Annie’s mother suddenly stood up. The sorrow of losing her daughter had taken away all her reason. Without caring about the consequences, she said ironically, “In this case, you ended up to be a cripple because you were unlucky. You can’t blame others!”

Joanna said coldly, “Have you done?”

“Haven’t you heard what your son said? I’m telling you all. Now my daughter is gone. I don’t care about anything. Let’s perish together. With the whole Conrad family to be buried with me, it’s worthy!”

Annie's father, who kept silent all the time, stood up to pull her, "All right. Stop it! Isn't finding Annie the most important thing now?"

Annie's mother patted his hand away, "Finding her? Are you deaf or blind? Your daughter is dead. She has been killed by that bastard!"

Joanna said, "Even it was he who did it, so what? Do you have any evidence? You'd rather think about how to avenge Annie instead of complaining here."

Annie's mother sneered, "Now I understand. Annie's life means nothing in your heart. You were using her from the beginning to the end. I'll avenge her myself!"

She picked up the bag and left the mansion without looking back.

Annie's father could only fawn on Dempsey and Joanna with a flattering smile. He didn't know what else he could say and followed his wife in a hurry.

After they were gone, the huge mansion was deadly silent.

Dempsey frowned while pressing on his walking stick, lost in thought.

He had never expected that Clarence could have done such a thing. Their arrangement for Annie's departure was quite confidential. Nobody except Charles and he had known it. In order to hide from Clarence's sphere of influence, they deliberately arranged for her to detour to Aqock. However, Clarence had still found her trace.

Dempsey realized that Clarence had become more and more difficult to be dealt with.

Right then, a bodyguard came in, bent over, and whispered in Joanna's ears.

Joanna asked, "Are you sure?"

The man answered, "Yes, Mrs. Conrad. Although they have moved away when we got there, it was truly her."

"Send our men to ask around to see if we could find any clues."

After the man left, Dempsey asked with a frown, "What's the matter?"

Joanna said coldly, "I've found Dolores Anderson."

Dempsey looked obviously unhappy, “Why are you looking for her?”

“I have my own plans. It has nothing to do with you.”

Since Clarence was arrogant and self-righteous, and he always disdained others, Joanna wanted to see what he could do when watching Dolores dying in front of him.

Being retorted by Joanna, Dempsey was quite annoyed, but he couldn't retort her. Frankly speaking, they were all on the same boat now. Although the Perez family was declining, they still could linger on with their last breath of life.

Moreover, he had put all his bargaining chips on the marriage between Justin and Phoebe.

After a while, Dempsey said, “I don't care about those matters. Justin, your engagement date has been decided – it's the fifteenth of next month.”

Before Justin answered, he continued, “As the first son of the Conrad family, it's time for you to take the responsibilities. You should know this marriage is not only your own business. It's relevant to the future of our family.”

After a few seconds, Justin said helplessly, “Clarence has the Conrad family's blood. He's not our enemy.”

Dempsey paced the floor with his walking stick violently, “It's just because he has our family's blood, he had become a bigger and bigger threat to us. He has become uncontrollable long ago. He can do whatever he wants. This time he could kill Annie. Whom do you think he would kill next?”

Justin closed his eyes and didn't speak.

Dempsey stood up and added, “That's it. We must use the Steward family's power to grab Conrad Group back. Otherwise, what happened to Annie was just a beginning.”

After Dempsey left, Joanna said, “Phoebe has grown up with you since childhood. I won't be worried if you get married.”

Justin smiled with self-mockery, “Do you think she's willing to marry a cripple?”

Joanna's expression changed slightly. She became more emotional, "Since your engagement has been decided, it means she's willing to. You are more competent compared to that bastard! How could she not agree?"

"You don't have to comfort me. I know my own status."

After finishing his words, Justin didn't stay any longer. He operated the wheelchair and left.

...

In the restaurant, after ordering the dishes, Stella lowered her head to play on her phone. She didn't want to face the wretched man opposite at all.

Clarence's fingers knocked on the water glass slightly. He gazed at her with his black eyes, lost in thought.

After a moment, Stella couldn't keep ignoring him any longer. She put down the phone and asked, "Mr. Conrad, what do you want to talk to me?"

Clarence picked up his glass and took a sip of the water. He answered indifferently, "I have a lot to talk to you, but you might not be willing to listen."

Stella was speechless.

She felt like the line sounded quite familiar.

She answered, "Okay. Forget it. I'm truly unwilling to listen."

Clarence said, "In the following few weeks, I'll send someone to follow you. Don't go to any places alone. If you need any help, call me."

"Why?"

Clarence said calmly and slowly, "They might vent their waves of anger on you for what has happened to Annie Conrad."

Stella choked up in confusion.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 247-Upon hearing his words, Stella felt quite inexplicable.

However, his words made sense – those people were all insane. They couldn't do anything to Clarence, so they could only make trouble for her.

What an undeserved catastrophe!

Stella was silent for a moment before saying, "Mr. Conrad, how did you deal with Annie Conrad?"

Clarence answered steadily, "Only my wife can know such confidential matters."

Stella choked up.

She gave up to know the answer.

Seeing that she was silent, Clarence added, "No worries. She's still alive."

He still had other plans to keep Annie alive. How could he let her die so easily?

"I see."

Stella didn't care much.

Soon, their dishes were served.

When Stella was about to fill her bowl with the soup, Clarence had already picked up the serving spoon and took her bowl from her hand.

He acted quite naturally.

Stella had never seen that the wretched man knew how to take care of others.

Sure enough, it was not that a man couldn't do certain things for a woman. It only depended on if he loved her or not.

When Clarence put the bowl of soup in front of her, Stella said politely, "Thank you, Mr. Conrad."

Clarence said indifferently, "You should know I don't need your appreciation in the verbal form."

Stella ignored him. The wretched man should focus on eating.

After dinner, Stella was about to leave. Just after taking a few steps, she bumped into someone she knew.

Daniel greeted her first, "Hi, Ms. Radomil. Good to see you here. Have you just finished dinner?"

Stella nodded at him. Before she spoke, she saw someone walking toward them.

Phoebe stood next to Daniel and said with a faint smile, "Ms. Radomil, nice to see you again. Why did you come here alone? Didn't you invite Clarence?"

Her words were full of sarcasm. Stella just pressed her lips into a slight smile without speaking.

Right then, they all heard a man's indifferent voice, "Did you want to see me?"

Phoebe saw him and her expression slightly changed, her hands clenching tightly.

Sure enough, Clarence and Stella were reconciled.

Stella didn't want to get involved in their conflicts. She nodded at them in response, "Daniel, Ms. Steward, I need to go back to my work. See you."

After that, she left without looking back.

Seeing that, Clarence wanted to follow her. Phoebe asked, "Clarence, don't you have anything to talk to me?"

With one hand in his trousers pocket, Clarence looked back slowly. His face was quite expressionless. After casting a glance at Daniel next to her, he looked at her, "Should I congratulate you for finding your true love or your engagement next month?"

Phoebe smiled with self-mockery, "If you didn't call off our wedding so sudden, we should have married already. I won't be stuck in such a situation."

Phoebe was always proud and self-conceited. Even if Clarence called off their engagement, she had never wanted to marry a disabled man.

However, she could never understand why her father asked her to think twice when she wanted to marry Clarence because he wanted her to be happy, but

after a few months, he decided to let her marry Justin without considering her own opinion.

She didn't agree at all, but her father was so determined without giving her any chance to reject.

If it were in the past, she might have compromised.

However, it was different not. Since she met Daniel, she gradually understood what she wanted. She had a better choice, so why would she be willing to bound with a cripple for the rest of her life?

"Don't blame me for everything. You know what you've done." After a pause, Clarence added, "Besides, you shouldn't have said so in front of Mr. Daniel. What do you think, Mr. Daniel?"

Daniel kept a proper smile on his face all the time as if he had a mask. Nobody could tell what exactly was in his mind.

He said, "Mr. Conrad, I don't mind. We're all friends. Nothing is inappropriate."

Clarence withdrew his gaze and asked indifferently, "Really?"

"Of course."

Clarence looked over at Phoebe and said, "Don't come to this kind of restaurant next time. Mr. Daniel enjoys the canned food."

Daniel was speechless.

The smiling mask on his face almost cracked.

After finishing his words, Clarence walked away directly.

Phoebe frowned. Turning to look at Daniel, she asked, "What did he mean?"

Daniel immediately adjusted his expression, "Nothing. I went to Ms. Radomil's apartment for a meal before. Mr. Conrad happened to be there as well."

"Are you quite close to Stella Radomil?"

"Not bad. We're neighbors next door. Emmett is also chasing after her."

Upon hearing it, Phoebe sneered inwardly.

Looking in the direction that Clarence was gone, Daniel squinted, "Well, it's just that Emmett will be disappointed."

"Exactly. They made such a big scene but eventually, others got harmed."

Daniel looked over at Phoebe, whose eyes were full of hatred.

...

Out of the restaurant, Stella happened to see a taxi, so she sat in and left.

It was a surprise for her that Daniel and Phoebe were together.

If she hadn't encountered them today, she would never expect that would happen.

Stella pressed down the car window and heaved a sigh. Fortunately, Sherry hadn't fallen in love with Daniel.

When she got home, Sherry just woke up. She walked into the kitchen while yawning, "Good morning, Stella."

"It's ten o'clock in the evening."

Sherry widened her eyes instantly, "Holy shit! Did I sleep for such a long time?"

Stella changed into her slippers, "There should be no food left in the fridge. What would you like to eat? I'll order the takeout for you."

"Everything is fine." Sherry drank some water and nestled on the sofa, "The more I slept, the more sleepy I got. I'm totally sobered at night."

Stella sat next to her and quickly ordered Sherry's favorite dishes.

"By the way, Stella, I suddenly recalled that my friend is holding a party tonight. I'm awake now and I can't go to bed. Would you like to join us?"

Stella moved her neck, "No, thanks. My neck got twisted. It would become worse if I stayed up overnight."

Sherry turned to look at her and asked in confusion, “Why did you suddenly get it twisted?”

As she spoke, she added, “Oh, I see. Probably it has something to do with that wretched man, doesn’t it?”

She believed those inexplicable and weird things would always have something to do with Clarence.

“Not at all. I fell asleep in my office while lying prone on the desk. When I woke up, my neck was stiffened. Then it was twisted.”

“Did you just return from the hospital?”

Stella was silent for a moment, “Not really.”

Sherry sniffed, “Why do I smell the medicinal liquor from you?”

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 248-Stella rubbed her neck awkwardly and coughed, “Well... I’m taking a shower.”

Sherry gazed at her figure, feeling there must be something wrong. If not mistaken, she believed that the wretched man took advantage of Stella again.

Shortly after, the takeout ordered was delivered.

When Stella walked out of the bathroom after a shower, Sherry had just begun to eat. She asked, “Stella, do you want some?”

“No, thanks. Enjoy yourself.” Wiping the hair, when Stella was walking towards her bedroom, she recalled something suddenly. She returned to sit on the sofa and asked, “Sherry, have you heard anything about the classmate reunion?”

Sherry answered, “Yes, I have. It’s organized by Madison Taylor this time. Probably she wants to show off her senior executive husband. We’d better not to join the fun.”

Stella nodded in agreement, “Okay.”

Back to her room, Stella texted Emmett, telling him that Sherry and she wouldn’t go to the classmate reunion at weekend.

Soon, Emmett called her.

He asked calmly, "Hello, Stella. Have you come back to City N?"

"Yeah. I came back yesterday."

"If you are free this weekend, I have two tickets to a stage show. Shall we go together?"

"Well, Emmett." Stella pressed her lips and continued, "I don't like the stage show. Probably you can ask someone else to go with you."

On the other end of the line, Emmett fell into the silence before continuing, "It's alright if you don't like it. We can watch other shows. By the way, some recent movies are not bad, we..."

"No, thanks, Emmett," Stella continued, "For the past few weeks, I do appreciate your accompany. I also want to apologize to you as well. No matter what, I must make it clear to you..."

Emmett interrupted her, "Stella, I know what you want to tell me. Please don't apologize to me. I've done everything at my own will. I just hope you could give me another chance. Please don't make a decision so soon."

Stella looked out of the window, "It's my own problem. I probably could never..."

"As soon as you've ensured that you'll reconcile with Clarence Conrad, I'll leave you in peace and send you my best wishes. However, before that, I will never give up."

"Emmett..."

Stella suddenly lost her tongue.

Emmett added, "Stella, please don't feel stressed. I just want to fight for my happiness. I've missed a chance several years ago. This time I don't want to miss the chance again."

After hanging up the phone, Stella was sitting on the edge of her bed, lost in thought.

Soon, her cell phone started ringing again. It was a call from Channing, asking her if she had gone home.

Channing moved out of Daniel's apartment and rent a new apartment in the same building.

Stella answered, "Yes, I'm home."

After a pause, she asked, "Where have you been? Did you just get home?"

Channing was quiet for a few seconds. Then he said, "Winnie came to find you in the studio earlier."

"Then?"

"I saw you napping, so I went out for dinner with her."

Stella smiled, "I see."

Channing explained, "Last time you said the thing that happened to me caused her a huge loss. So I should thank her, shouldn't I?"

Stella admitted and encouraged him, "Yes, that's what I said. You are doing a good job."

Channing didn't speak.

Stella added, "All right. Go to bed early."

Channing asked, "Did Clarence Conrad bother you again?"

"How did you know?"

"I guessed."

Stella rubbed her nose awkwardly. She gave him a lame explanation, "He was delivering something to me."

After getting the answer, Channing didn't insist on asking for more details. He hung up the phone.

Listening to the beeps from the phone, Stella exhaled deeply.

Holding a pillow, she lay prone on the bed and looked ahead. Her mind was messy.

...

A few clients requested to have the end products before the New Year. Hence, Stella quickly adjusted her status and returned to work.

She decided to take things that happened in the two days in Anqiao Street as a dream instead of being bothered by it all the time.

In the afternoon, Sherry went out for shooting photos. Channing went to deliver the end products to the clients. Stella stayed in the studio, sorting things out.

Right then, she heard a woman's harsh voice behind her back, "I wondered how busy you are and you won't even come to the classmate reunion. It turns out you don't have a single customer in your shabby studio."

Stella recognized who was there even without turning around.

Madison crossed her arms on her chest and glanced around the studio. Then she looked at Stella again and said unhappily, "Stella, are you humiliating me, or do you look down on your college classmates?"

Stella looked at her and smiled perfunctorily, "You've got the answer already. Why would you still ask me?"

"You..." Madison wanted to blow up, but she held her anger back, "Forget it. I'm not in the mood to argue with you. After all, you've divorced and you have such a shabby studio. I know you must be quite stressed. It's normal that you feel too ashamed to attend the reunion."

Stella said, "You are right. I can't make much money by running my studio. Usually, I don't have customers. Since you've come here today, I guess you want to let me make some money, don't you?"

Madison held her arms across the chest and raised her chin arrogantly, "Of course. You don't care about our friendship as classmates. I will."

"Oh. That's great. Thank you in advance," said Stella with a smile, "Currently, I only have the private custom service here. The design fee starts from a

hundred thousand per piece, excluding the material and labor cost. For your identity, you must need top jewelry. I happen to have a gem that could be made for earrings. It's sold at three hundred thousand in the market. Since you came here deliberately to bring me profits, I won't charge the labor cost from you. I'll also give you a discount. Three hundred and eighty thousand in total. What do you say?"

As soon as Madison heard that the design fee would cost a hundred thousand per piece, his expression slightly changed.

When Stella told her the total, Madison couldn't keep calm any longer, "Stella, are you robbing? What kind of thing will costs hundreds of thousand? I can buy something from other stores at..."

Stella smiled and said, "Well, that's who my studio works. Although I don't have many customers usually, I could still afford the rental after getting an order."

Madison made an excuse, "How would I know if you have raised the price when I'm here? It always happens that the business owners have framed their acquaintances in business."

"You can completely rest assured. I haven't charge you an extra penny. Do you know Winnie Truman? She's my loyal customer. Besides her, a lot of movie stars also ordered some jewelry from my studio, including..."

"Enough. Enough." Madison realized that her excuse didn't work, so she had to find a new one, "My husband doesn't like me to wear earrings. Do you have other kinds of jewelry?"

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 249-Before Stella answered, Madison looked at a necklace in the display rack. Immediately, she said, "I want that one. It looks good."

Stella shook her head slightly, "I don't think that one fits your charisma."

Madison tossed her hair behind her ear and snorted, "For a woman like me will always have a charisma no matter what I wear, unlike others who need the magnificent accessories."

"If you truly like that necklace, I can give it to you as a gift. It's not costly anyway."

Upon hearing it, Madison was annoyed, “Am I such a kind of person who wants to take advantage of you? Since I said I want to buy something here, I must pay for it. Your studio doesn’t have good business. Don’t puff yourself up at your own cost.”

As she spoke, Madison pulled out her bank card from her purse, ready to pay.

Since she was so determined, Stella raised her eyebrows, “All right.”

After scratching the card, Madison stared at the messages. When seeing that only eighty was deducted from her card, she felt deeply humiliated.

Stella said affirmatively that all things in her studio would cost over hundreds of thousands earlier. Madison thought that things in her store cost at least several thousand for a piece.

However, she hadn’t expected that the necklace turned out to be so cheap.

She realized that Stella was mocking her by using that necklace. She hated Stella to the core.

Just when Madison prepared to blow up, a mid-aged man in his thirties or forties walked in.

Madison rolled her eyes and walked over, “Logan, here you came! I’ve been waiting for you for a long time.”

Logan said, “I’m sorry. There was traffic on my way here.”

As he spoke, he looked at Stella, “I guess you are Ms. Radomil, whom Madison always mentions to me.”

Madison said, “Why so rush? I haven’t made an introduction to you guys yet.”

She looked over at Stella while holding her own arms, “This is Logan Johnson that I mentioned to you earlier. He’s my husband’s coworker. Manager Johnson is a capable man and a quite outstanding talent.”

While introducing Stella, Madison curled her lips, “This is Stella Radomil. As you know, she’s my college classmate. She’s quite good-looking, but her relationship was less rewarding. She didn’t meet the right man. Now she’s running this studio.”

Logan reached his right hand to Stella, "Ms. Radomil, nice to meet you"

He gazed at her, making Stella sickened.

Stella didn't shake hands with him. Instead, she slightly nodded in response, "Hi."

Seeing that, Madison added, "Since you don't have any customers here, why don't you close the store? Let's go out for a cup of coffee. You can talk to Logan more."

Stella refused, "No, thank you. I have nothing to talk to him."

Madison said, "Stella, alas... I'm not blaming you, but you've divorced once. Why are you so reserved? Logan has lowered himself to come to meet you today. You'd better don't push your luck too far. You

can't pretend to be superior!"

Logan tugged Madison to stop her, "Please don't say that. It's my pleasure to meet Ms. Radomil. Besides, I'm just a manager of a company. I didn't low myself to come here."

Madison cast Stella an unhappy glance, "Look at him!"

Stella believed that she was so polite since she hadn't kicked out Madison directly. This was the first time that she encountered someone who was more shameless and able to distort truth than Clarence could.

Stella inhaled deeply. Ignoring Madison, she said to Logan, "Mr. Johnson, I don't know what Madison has told you. I never agreed to let her arrange a blind date for me, and nor did I have this plan. Nice meeting you."

Logan paused a bit and then smiled. He said, "It's alright. It's always a good thing to know a new friend."

As he spoke, he pulled out a business card from the pocket of his suit jacket.

On the business card, Stella saw Steward Group.

It turned out that Madison's husband was working for Steward Group.

Stella thought for a moment and said apologetically, “Mr. Johnson, I’m sorry. We don’t know each other at all. I don’t think it’s necessary to be friends.”

Madison seeing that, feeling Stella deliberately wanted to humiliate her. Let alone the necklace, Stella made her so embarrassed in Logan’s presence. Hence, she said rudely, “Stella Radomil, do you think you are still the spoiled princess by Horace Jason in the past. Wake up. You are just a dumped divorced woman. It’s your honor that Logan wants to friend with you. You’d better appreciate it.”

Stella said with a smile, “What hilarious things are you talking about? I didn’t provoke anyone. You came to my store and made a fuss. Now it turned out to be my own bad. Besides, so what I’m divorced? Can’t a divorced woman live on? Should I find a place to commit suicide?”

Obviously, Madison had never expected that Stella had such a sharp tone. She kept stammering but couldn’t utter a complete sentence.

Right then, Logan said, “Ms. Radomil, I agree. It’s nothing for someone to divorce. Besides, you are so charming and smart. Even you are divorced, you should have a lot of admirers.”

As soon as he finished his words, they heard a man’s voice from behind, “Hey, Stella.”

Madison looked over and frowned, “Emmett Carter? Why are you here?”

Emmett cast her a careless glance, “I’m here to find Stella.”

“Since when did you guys become so close?”

Emmett said, “I’m pursuing Stella. Can’t you see it?”

Madison’s expression changed dramatically, widening her eyes in disbelief.

Logan returned to his senses first. He walked up and said, “Excuse me. Are you Mr. Carter from Star Ferry Technology? I’m a project manager from Steward Group. My name is Logan. Nice to meet you.”

As he spoke, he bowed at Emmett and gave him his business card.

Emmett took the business card over and slightly nodded at him, “Hi, Mr. Johnson. I’ve heard about you for a long time.”

Logan looked quite delighted, “Mr. Carter, do you know me?”

Madison had been showing off her husband to Emmett. Much to her surprise, she witnessed Logan’s attitude to Emmett, feeling as if her husband was at a lower level.

She said casually, “Emmett and we are college classmates. Since you both know each other, why don’t we go out to have a talk?”

Logan looked over at Madison, “Are you Mr. Carter’s college classmates?”

Madison raised her chin, “Of course. We’re always pretty close to each other.”

Logan thought for a moment and said, “Mr. Carter, it’s so nice to meet you here. I want to invite you, Ms. Radomil, and Madison for dinner today. What do you think, Mr. Carter?”

Emmett said, “No, thanks.”

He looked over at Madison and said indifferently, “Stella and I don’t know her much.”

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 250-After Emmett finished his words, Madison’s face kept changing between red and livid. She felt extremely embarrassed.

Logan looked at her meaningfully. Then he said to Emmett, “I see. Mr. Carter, I’ll visit you alone in the near future. I’m not holding you up today. Nice meeting you.”

Then he turned to Stella and nodded at her, “Ms. Radomil, see you around.”

After Logan left, Madison glared at Stella in anger, “Are you two in collusion? You deliberately embarrassed me, didn’t you?”

Stella asked in amusement, “Did I invite you here?”

“You...” Madison bit her bottom lip tightly, “Wait and see!”

After that, she stomped violently, turned around, and strode away.

Emmett withdrew his gaze. He looked at Stella, “Stella, she’s always like this. Just ignore her.”

Stella faintly smiled, "I know."

Madison came here to sicken her on purpose. If she got angry, wouldn't she have fulfilled Madison's wish?

After a moment, Stella asked, "What brought you here, Emmett?"

Emmett pressed his lips and said, "Stella, tomorrow Mr. Thomas will hold a birthday banquet. He wants me to take you to attend it."

Stella was a bit taken aback, "Me?"

"Yes," Emmett said, "If you are not willing to attend it, it's alright. I can make an excuse to tell him that I can't make it."

"Please don't..." Stella thought for a moment and asked, "What time tomorrow?"

The last time she went to Cameron's house for dinner, and she hadn't had any chance to thank him yet. Now Cameron invited her to attend his birthday banquet. She couldn't have any reason to turn him down.

Besides, if Emmett wouldn't attend it because of her, it would be quite embarrassing.

Emmett breathed a sigh of relief secretly, "At seven tomorrow evening. I'll pick you up at six o'clock."

Stella nodded slightly, "Okay."

Since Emmett had other things to deal with, he didn't stay in the studio long. Soon, he left.

Stella stood motionlessly for a while. After heaving a sigh, she bent over to pick up the necklace that was tossed on the ground by Madison.

Soon, Sherry came back. With a gossiping expression, she said, "I saw Emmett's car has just left. What did he say to you?"

Stella answered, "He invited me to go to a birthday banquet with him tomorrow."

"A birthday banquet? Whose banquet is it?"

It would be quite complicated for Stella to explain clearly. At least she needed to mention Annie.

Stella briefed the story, and Sherry was enlightened. Then she hit the nail on the head, "That means Clarence the wretched man was also there when you went to the old man's house. He knows that old man. I'm sure he will also be in the birthday banquet tomorrow evening."

Stella was speechless.

She wondered why she hadn't thought about it earlier.

Sherry made hay while the sun shone, "Stella, have you made up your mind?"

Stella didn't get it, "On what?"

"Of course it's on your choice between Emmett Carter and Clarence Conrad. Which one would you choose?"

Stella parted her lips, but she couldn't utter a word.

Sherry put her arms on the cashier machine, supporting her cheeks, "If I were you, it would be quite difficult for me to choose as well. One is the ex-husband who has realized the love and started pursuing you, and the other is the business young talent who had been secretly admiring you for six or seven years."

Stella said crossly, "What nonsense are you talking about?"

After a long moment of silence, she continued, "I've considered trying to start with Emmett, but..."

"But you've realized that Clarence the wretched man was the man whom you like truly. Also, you don't think you could let go of those things that happened between you two and you can't be reconciled with him. Right?"

Stella didn't nod until a long time later.

Sherry heaved a sigh, "I'm not experienced in such a matter, so I can't give you any practical suggestions. However, please don't rush to make your decision. Probably there would be better men in the future. You should be patient and cast your net widely. You can't miss any good big fish."

Stella laughed, "Yes, I agree with you."

Sherry patted her on the shoulder, "Good. That's what you should be like. You are a playgirl. How can you give up the whole forest just because of a single tree?"

After arriving home in the evening, Stella took a shower and came out of the bathroom. She was fumbling for something while bending over next to the desk. By accident, she knocked over a gift box next to it, and something dropped.

Stella turned around and saw the frame of best wishes was lying on the carpet.

Her temples popped. Then she squatted down to pick up the frame.

In the photo, Clarence slightly bent over. He tilted his head while talking to her. His face looked rarely tender.

But the premise should be if Stella hadn't remembered what he was whispering in her ears at that time.

She stared at the photo for a while, then put the frame back into the box. Then she put the box at the bottom of the closet.

After it was done, Stella wanted to heat a glass of milk. Her cell phone on the desk started ringing.

She walked over and cast a glance. Thought of the devil and he came.

Stella didn't swipe to answer the call after several seconds later, "Hello, Mr. Conrad. It's so late now. What's up?"

"I miss you."

"Mr. Conrad, if you don't have anything else, I've gotta go."

Clarence said, "Stella, to be police, you should answer 'I miss you, too' instead of making an excuse."

Stella was reluctant to show weakness, "To be police, I don't think you should make such a call, Mr. Conrad."

After a moment of silence, Clarence continued, "It's just a prologue. I have something else to talk to you about."

Stella let out a hollow laugh, "Mr. Conrad, if you need to talk about something with me next time, you can speak directly. You don't need such a scary prologue."

Clarence pressed his thin lips and said, "Attend an event with me tomorrow evening."

"I'm sorry but I have an appointment already."

"Cancel it."

"I can't."

Clarence asked unhappily, "You don't want to see me so much, do you?"

Stella opened the window to get some fresh air, "If I admitted it, will you stop showing up in front of me, Mr. Conrad?"

"Do you think it's possible?"

Stella choked up.

The wretched man answered so naturally, and Stella was amazed.

She said, "Mr. Conrad, I need to go to bed now. See you."

After that, she hung up the phone directly.

The CEO's office, Conrad Group.

Listening to the beeps on the phone, Clarence creased his handsome brows. He asked in a cold tone, "When was Mr. Thomas's invitation sent here?"

Nathan answered, "About two hours ago..."

"When did Emmett go to her studio?"

"Probably four or five hours ago."

Clarence pressed his thin lips and didn't speak.

It meant that Emmett got to know about Mr. Thomas's birthday banquet earlier than he did.

Moreover, Emmett went to see Stella and invited her to be his date earlier than he did.

Nathan added, "Mr. Conrad, Mr. Thomas and Mr. Carter are close to each other, so it's normal for Mr. Carter to know it earlier."

Clarence gently knocked on the desk with his fingers, "Will Charles Steward attend it tomorrow evening?"

"According to our investigation, he will."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 251-Clarence squinted. If Charles would go to Mr. Thomas's birthday banquet, he would definitely meet Stella face-to-face.

Clarence believed that by then he would probably know what on earth Charles was planning.

Nathan said, "Mr. Conrad, besides Charles Steward and Mr. Carter, Mr. William will attend the banquet as well."

Clarence said indifferently, "Do you think it's a coincidence or a plan for Daniel to meet Phoebe?"

"Mr. Conrad, you meant..."

"Recently, Vincent found that the first startup funding for Emmett's Star Ferry Technology when it was found abroad was from a company named Hertz. This company also cooperated with Complex Corporation soon after that. The owner of Complex Corporation is quite close to William."

Clarence sensed that Daniel, Emmett, William, and even Cameron had certain connections with each other.

As long as he looked into them more deeply, he could see the complicated network between them. He could tell that they seemed to appear with a certain common goal.

Cameron hadn't held a banquet to celebrate his birthday for several years. At this critical moment, things that happened should be not so simple.

And a corner of the layers of mist would probably be exposed tomorrow night.

Clarence said, "Add more guards around the hotel tomorrow. Stella is always stupid on this kind of matter. She could only walk into others' trap step by step."

Nathan whispered, "Mr. Carter shouldn't be using Mrs. Conrad, and nor would he do anything to harm her..."

Before finishing his words, he felt a cold gaze from the opposite. Immediately, he swallowed back the words and answered, "Okay, Mr. Conrad. I'll get it done now."

As the door of the office was closed, the office was back to silent again.

Clarence leaned against the back of his chair, looking at the re-framed photo on his desk. He pressed his thin lips, lost in thought.

Shortly after, his phone rang.

It was a call from Vincent, "You are right. Your trace in Aqock has been exposed. Joanna Perez is looking for your mother."

Clarence curled his lips into a sneer, "She acted pretty soon."

"Not only are the bodyguards from the Perez family working for Joanna Perez. I can't even find out the background of others."

Clarence said flatly, "Soon the force behind her would make a move."

By then, Joanna would have walked into his trap step by step.

...

At six o'clock in the evening, Emmett appeared at the door of the studio, "Hi, Stella. Are you ready?"

Stella picked up the gift on the cashier's desk and smiled at him, "Yes. Let's go."

She didn't know what kind of gift she should take, but she recalled the tea set in Cameron's house. Hence, she bought some tea to please him.

Sitting in the car, after a long while, Emmett said, “Stella, there’s something that I haven’t told you yet.”

“What is it?”

“Clarence Conrad will go to the birthday banquet tonight as well. You would meet definitely. But, it’s alright, I’ll be always with you. On that occasion, I don’t think he would dare to go too far.”

Stella slightly nodded without speaking. She didn’t know what to say.

After twenty minutes, the car was parked at the hotel entrance.

Cameron was a highly respected man in City N. The guests attending his birthday banquet were all influential ones in town.

When Stella and Emmett entered the hall, they met two of them.

Seeing them, Phoebe chuckled, “Mr. Carter, I didn’t expect you have brought Ms. Radomil here. I thought you would come here with Clarence, Ms. Radomil. It seems I still don’t know you much.”

Emmett said coldly, “Stella is a guest invited by Mr. Thomas in person. Mr. Steward, I don’t know what you meant.”

Upon hearing it, Phoebe didn’t look surprised. Instead, she said with a smile, “I see. Ms. Radomil, it seems you are quite important. You even know Mr. Thomas, and he invited you in person. I’m sorry for being ignorant.”

Right then, they heard a man’s deep voice, “Phoebe.”

Phoebe looked back, “By the way, Dad, I haven’t made the introduction yet. This is Mr. Carter from Star Ferry Technology. And this one... I’m sure you know. She’s Clarence’s ex-wife.”

As soon as she finished speaking, Charles glanced over them and his gaze fell on Stella’s face. He slightly squinted.

Stella said calmly, “Ms. Steward, I know you don’t like me a lot. But since you’ve started the introduction, I must clarify – My name is Stella Radomil but not ‘Clarence’s ex-wife’.”

If it weren't that Phoebe's father was there, Stella wanted to ask Phoebe if she would be quite joyful when hearing she addressed her as "Clarence's former fiancé with the called-off engagement".

In the past, no matter how hard Phoebe managed to approach her and wanted to become her friend, Stella always distanced herself from Phoebe, because she wanted to avoid such a situation like this.

However, it still ended up in this way.

Why would she bear the consequences of what the wretched man had done?

Phoebe sneered. When she was about to say something, Charles said, "Ms. Radomil, I can see you are not normal. No wonder you could have married into the Conrad family."

Stella slightly smiled without answering.

She wasn't in the mood to wonder what he implied.

Emmett said, "Mr. Thomas's banquet is about to start. Please excuse us. Suit yourselves."

After that, he took Stella away.

When they walked into the hall, almost all the guests had arrived.

When Emmett and Stella walked to Cameron, they saw him wearing a traditional Chinese-style custom and talking with William while holding his walking stick.

Seeing them, Cameron smiled and said, "Emmett, Ms. Radomil, there you came. Is it cold outside today? Thanks for coming."

Stella smiled, "It's not that cold."

After they chitchatted for a moment, a bodyguard walked over and whispered to Cameron.

Cameron looked at Emmett and then Stella. After he answered, he waved to let the bodyguard go.

Cameron said, "Emmett, there are some desserts and hot drinks over there. Please show Ms. Radomil around."

Emmett said, "Okay, Mr. Thomas."

Stella realized that Cameron was sending her away deliberately, so she nodded with a smile and followed Emmett to leave.

A few seconds later, Emmett said, "Stella, please don't take Phoebe Steward's words to heart. She's suffering from love now, so she purposely targeted you."

Upon hearing it, Stella felt a bit surprised, "Isn't she dating Daniel? Why..."

Emmett smiled and took over a glass of champagne from a waiter, "You shouldn't know yet – she's going to engage to Clarence's Conrad's older brother. The ceremony will be held next month."

Stella widened her eyes in surprise. She obviously never expected it turned out to be that way.

"But, hasn't she once engaged to Clarence?"

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 252-Emmett smiled and get another glass of wine for her, "Those people only focus on the interests and value from the marriage for convenience. Hence it's not important whether she has engaged to Clarence Conrad before. Besides..."

It was because Clarence had canceled the engagement with Phoebe, Charles and Dempsey could cooperate.

Stella pressed her lips and didn't speak.

No wonder Phoebe was so hostile to her recently when they met. It turned out to be because of that.

Phoebe had been planning to marry Clarence, but in the end, she had to engage with Justin. Last time, she also saw Clarence and Stella having dinner together. That was why she wanted to vent her anger on Stella.

Stella paused a bit and asked, frowning, "What about Daniel and her?"

Emmett raised his head and gulped down the champagne and turned to look in a short distance, "Please don't worry for him. He has ways to resolve it."

Stella followed his gaze, only to find Daniel also had come. He was talking to Cameron now.

Emmett was close to Cameron and Daniel was his friend. It was not surprising that Daniel and Cameron were also close.

However, Stella didn't understand, wondering what kind of ways Daniel had to resolve the problem.

The engagement between Phoebe and Justin was a combination of interests from the Conrad and Steward families. She wondered if Phoebe's father would change his mind just because of Daniel's reasons.

The only reason to cancel the engagement would be one party had a better choice.

Right then, a waiter walked to Emmett and whispered to him. Emmett frowned slightly. Then he said to Stella, "Stella, please wait for me here for a moment. I'll be right back."

Stella slightly nodded in agreement, "Okay."

Before leaving, Emmett looked around. After ensuring that Clarence wasn't around, he strode away with the waiter.

Stella held the champagne flute and took a sip. When she was about to look over at Daniel and Mr. Thomas again, she found they had disappeared in her sight.

Suddenly, she heard a man's indifferent voice behind her, "Are you looking for me?"

Stella kept quiet.

She slowly put down the flute. She didn't want to look back at all.

The next second, she felt the man's warm breath on her fair neck and he whispered in her ear, "Are you looking for Emmett Carter, then? Stop it. I don't think he would be back shortly."

Upon hearing it, Stella couldn't help but frown. When she turned around and wanted to say something, she found the wretched man's face was way too close to her. Her lips brushed through his cheek, leaving a slight lipstick trace.

Clarence looked into her eyes, raising his brows, "We're in public. It's not appropriate. After we got home, you can do whatever you want. I won't resist."

Stella choked up.

She wondered if he was in his right state of mind.

She took a step back and said crossly, "Mr. Conrad, you know we're in public. Aren't you afraid that others would watch the fun?"

Clarence said calmly, "They have eyes, and I can't cover all of them, can I?"

Stella wasn't in the mood to talk nonsense with him. When she was about to leave, her wrist was grabbed, "Where are you going?"

"The ladies'. Mr. Conrad, would you like to go as well?"

"Since you are begging me, I can accompany you to go there."

If it weren't that there were too many people, Stella wanted to teach him a lesson.

Shaking off his hands, she walked forward. After taking a few steps, she heard the wretched man's voice, "Wrong direction. It's that way."

Stella suddenly stopped. After inhaling deeply, she walked towards the direction mentioned by Clarence.

She wondered what was wrong with the wretched man. He followed her to the ladies.

After going out of the banquet hall, Stella saw the sign of the restroom and also heard someone whispering. Right then, the man who had been following her suddenly wrapped around her waist, dragging her to the corner nearby.

Before Stella utter any sound, her mouth was covered gently.

Right then, the people who were talking were passing them by.

It turned out to be Daniel and Phoebe.

After they had gone far, Stella pulled down Clarence's hand, "Mr. Conrad, what guilty things have you done? Why do you need to hide from them?"

Clarence withdrew his hands and put them in the trouser pockets, "Do you want to say hi to her then?"

Stella slightly snorted. Ignoring him, she walked into the ladies'.

When she came out, Clarence was smoking while leaning against the balcony. He looked quite calm.

Seeing her out, Clarence put out the cigarette butt and tilted his head, "Let's go."

After a few seconds, Stella couldn't hold back any longer. She asked, "What kind of excuse did you use to send Emmett away?"

"Do you truly want to know it?"

"Forget it."

Without thinking, she knew the wretched man wouldn't give her a proper answer at all.

When they approached the entrance of the banquet hall, they encountered William who was about to leave.

The latter greeted them with a smile, "Hi, Mr. Conrad, Ms. Radomil."

Clarence asked indifferently, "The banquet has just begun. Mr. William, are you leaving now?"

William answered, "Yes, I have something to deal with. I need to go now."

"The show tonight hasn't started yet. Mr. William, what a pity if you're leaving so soon."

Although Clarence was quite aggressive, William kept smiling politely, "Mr. Conrad, I don't quite understand what you meant."

He had known that Clarence was looking into him and he was alert on everything. Unexpectedly, he still let Clarence get some flaws.

William continued, "Mr. Conrad, if there's nothing else, please excuse me."

Clarence didn't say anything else. Looking at William's receding figure, he curled up his thin lips into a sneer.

Stella looked over at Clarence, wondering what the wretched man was mocking at.

Clarence met her gaze. He bent her finger and knocked on her forehead, "What are you thinking about?"

Stella curled her lips and withdrew her gaze, walking into the banquet hall.

Since she had given Cameron the gift, she wanted to leave now, so she decided to tell him before taking off.

When she found Cameron, he was talking to Charles, Phoebe, and Daniel face to face.

After a hesitation, Stella walked over and said, "Excuse me, Mr. Thomas. I've gotta go now. Happy birthday to you."

Cameron looked back, "So soon? Where is Emmett?"

As soon as he finished asking, he saw Clarence who followed Stella to come over.

Instantly, he understood something.

The young man was truly capable.

Right then, Phoebe smiled and said, "Ms. Radomil, you came to Mr. Thomas's birthday banquet not only with Mr. Carter but also with Clarence. You'll make others envious."

Stella smiled without speaking. She said to Cameron, "Mr. Thomas, I'm taking off now."

After that, she turned around to leave.

However, after she took a few steps, Phoebe's voice rang out behind her, "Wait, Ms. Radomil."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 253-Stella calmly looked back and asked expressionlessly, "Yes, Ms. Steward? What's the matter?"

Phoebe looked at Clarence and then at her, "Ms. Radomil, it's so difficult for you to have a chance to enter such a banquet. If you go now, wouldn't it be a pity?"

Before Stella said anything, Clarence said coldly, "Why a pity?"

Phoebe smiled, "Nothing. I just think since Ms. Radomil was invited by Mr. Thomas in person if she leaves before the party ends, it's not so appropriate. Anyone who is well-educated and polite wouldn't leave before it ends."

Since the atmosphere was getting tense, Cameron coughed, "Ms. Steward, you've exaggerating it. It's just a birthday. Nothing particularly important."

"Mr. Thomas, I know you are generous and don't mind Ms. Radomil. However, something has been in the bones and was born with. What do you think, Clarence?"

Her words didn't only mock Stella but also Clarence.

After a few seconds, Stella said with a smile, "Ms. Steward, you are absolutely right. Something was born with. One cannot change her class origin, but no matter how well she tries to hide, one day, she would still expose how arrogant, mean, and rude she actually is under her pretty appearance."

As soon as she finished the words, Phoebe's expression changed dramatically. She looked extremely annoyed.

Right then, Cameron also calmly echoed, "Ms. Radomil, I agree with you. No matter how well the disguise is, the original face will be exposed because of those things born with."

When he spoke, he cast a glance at Charles intentionally and unintentionally.

Compared to Phoebe's embarrassment, Charles looked quite expressionless. He snapped in a deep voice, "Phoebe, you were being quite rude just now. Apologize to Ms. Radomil."

“Not necessary.” Stella still smiled and looked at Phoebe. She continued, “Ms. Steward, I know you don’t like me at all. I hope you can understand I’m not the person who has caused the current situation. You shouldn’t have always picked a weak lamb.”

After finishing her words, Stella nodded slightly at Cameron and turned to leave directly.

Clarence stood motionlessly. Slightly raising his brows, he said to Cameron, “Mr. Thomas, I’ve got to leave as well.”

Cameron nodded.

Pressing her lips, Phoebe immediately walked away.

Seeing that, Daniel hurriedly followed her.

When they were gone far, Cameron looked over at Charles, heaving a sigh, “I didn’t plan to get involved in this matter. Since the children came to me, please reconsider the marriage with the Conrad family.”

Charles said, “I’ve done it for the sake of Phoebe’s happiness.”

Cameron held his walking stick and said calmly, “I’m not sure if she’ll be happy or not. She used to be engaged to Clarence Conrad. Even if she married into the Conrad family, they would often meet each other. It’ll be quite embarrassing.”

Charles didn’t speak.

Cameron added, “Although Daniel can’t compare to the Conrad family in terms of the power, he loves Phoebe truly. Besides, Phoebe likes him as well. Why don’t you let them have a try rather than binding two people who don’t like each other together?”

“The engagement has been decided. If I called it off now, I can’t explain to the Conrad family.”

“If you feel disgraced to say it, I can help you.”

Charles had never expected that Daniel would ask Cameron to help.

Although the Steward and Thomas families had almost lost contact, in the past, they were quite close.

For some reason, Charles couldn't refuse Cameron at all.

However...

Charles squinted, looking in the direction where Stella was gone, lost in thought.

After a while, he said, "I know it's not the best choice for her to marry into the Conrad family. The engagement has been decided, if I called it off now, Phoebe's engagements will be called off twice in three months. You know how harsh the rumors are. I don't want her to be harmed again because of this."

Cameron thought it over and didn't answer.

What Charles said was indeed a huge problem. Let alone canceling the engagement again, the most important was Phoebe's reputation.

Charles's words did make sense, and Cameron couldn't retort.

When Cameron was about to say something, Charles said, "I know you dote Phoebe since she was a kid. Now you are thinking about her lifetime happiness. However, under the current situation, it wouldn't

be a bad thing for her to marry into the Conrad family."

Seeing that, Cameron couldn't insist on persuading him any longer. He could only give up.

...

Out of the hotel, Stella was about to leave and she saw Emmett heading inside. He came to her and was about to speak, and then he saw Clarence following her. Emmett understood everything immediately.

He suggested, "Stella, let me give you a ride home."

Stella checked her cell phone and refused, "No, thanks. The taxi I called has arrived. I'm leaving now."

As she spoke, a white car was pulled over at the entrance of the hotel.

Stella smiled at Emmett gently and trotted to get in.

When Clarence was to follow her, Emmett subconsciously stopped him. Clarence said indifferently, “Mr. Carter, please move.”

“Mr. Conrad, you know Stella doesn’t want to see you. Why still pestering her?”

“Did she tell you herself?”

“Mr. Conrad, you know it well. Why would you bother to ask?”

Clarence sneered, “Mr. Carter, if you have any clear estimation of yourself, you shouldn’t have said so. Don’t you know who she likes?”

Upon hearing it, Emmett gradually pulled a long face. He didn’t answer.

Clarence added, “Mr. Carter, since we met, I want to give you a kindly reminder – I don’t know what you are planning behind, and I’m not interested, but you can’t drag Stella into the mere.”

“Mr. Conrad, you don’t need to worry about it. I’ve never wanted to pull Stella into any danger.”

“However, you know Phoebe Steward will attend the banquet tonight, you still brought Stella here.”

Emmett’s expression slightly changed, “I planned to keep her accompany all the time. Mr. Conrad, it was you...”

Clarence interrupted him flatly, “Don’t make any excuse. If you care about her, you wouldn’t have brought her here since you could predict what kind of embarrassment she would face.”

Emmett knew what Clarence said made sense. Lowering his head, he didn’t retort.

Clarence was right. He knew that Phoebe would definitely show up in the banquet, and she would trouble Stella, but for competing with Clarence, he still invited Stella to attend the banquet with him. He didn’t even consider the consequences and he used Cameron’s name.

Clarence added, "Mr. Carter, I'm sure you've seen that Stella didn't want to have any further relationship with you besides being friends. You'd better cut your losses in time. Mr. Carter, don't always try to ruin others' family."

Clarence bypassed him and strode away.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 254-Half an hour later, the white car stopped in front of the apartment.

Stella got off. When she was heading into the community, she saw the wretched man's car was pulled over on the roadside.

She wondered why he had arrived earlier than she did.

When Stella curled her lips, the door of the Rolls-Royce was opened. She saw the man's tall and strong figure.

Clarence cast her a glance calmly, "Why are you running so fast?"

Stella answered seriously, "Going home for dinner."

"That's good. I haven't had it either. Let's have dinner together."

Stella was speechless.

She said crossly, "Mr. Conrad, don't you have your own home?"

Clarence turned around and walked forward slowly, "A home is called home with family. Otherwise, it's only a cold house."

"Mr. Conrad, are you studying the family affection recently?"

Clarence ignored her. Standing in front of the building entrance, with a hand in his trousers pocket, he slightly tilted his head, hinting at her to open the door.

Stella inhaled deeply, taking the card from the bag.

After the door was unlocked, Clarence pushed the door open and let her in first.

Stella said, "Mr. Conrad, I didn't know you are such a gentleman before."

Clarence raised his eyebrows, "It depends on whom I'm with."

After walking out of the elevator, Stella entered the passcode to open the door of her apartment. As soon as she pushed the door open, Sherry's voice was heard from the inside, "Stella, how did your date with Emmett go? Have you..."

Sherry hadn't finished her words. When she saw the wretched man behind Stella, she suddenly stopped.

Then she let out a hollow laugh and turned around, "Ah, I'm so sleepy suddenly. I'm going to bed now!"

After that, she trotted back to her bedroom without looking back.

In the living room, Channing also put away his laptop and picked up the bag. He stood up and said, "I'm going home now."

Rubbing her forehead, Stella heaved a sigh.

After only Clarence and she were the only two left in the living room, Stella said, "Mr. Conrad, now you know how much you are not welcomed here."

Clarence asked, "Are you sure they left because they don't welcome me?"

Upon hearing his words with implication, Stella gritted her teeth. She was not in the mood to talk nonsense with him. Taking off her coat, she walked into the kitchen.

She checked the fridge, only to find two tomatoes.

Anyway, she hadn't planned to make him a feast. She decided to make do with it.

Ten minutes later, the noodle soup with fried tomato and eggs was ready.

When Stella walked out with the noodle soup, Clarence had been sitting at the dining table.

She put a bowl in front of him and reminded him solemnly, "Mr. Conrad, please don't misunderstand. I allowed you to come upstairs for dinner because I used to stay in Ms. Anderson's house without paying her. There are no other special meanings."

Clarence curled up his lips, "Ehn. I know it."

Upon hearing his extremely perfunctory answer, Stella suddenly realized that she shouldn't have said so. Probably, he truly misunderstood it after she had said so.

Stella walked into the kitchen again and took out her own bowl. She sat diagonally opposite him.

Clarence looked over at her, "Why are you eating so little?"

Stella didn't raise her head and answered casually, "I'm on diet."

"Why do you eat noodles so late if you are on diet?"

Stella choked up.

She looked into his eyes expressionlessly, "Mr. Conrad, if you don't want to eat it, just leave. You ruined my appetite."

Clarence said, "I'm afraid you'll be starved at night."

Stella's temples popped. She had explained several times that she used to eat a lot because she was pregnant at that time. Why did the wretched man mistake her like a hungry hog that could never get enough food?

Seeing that she was angry, Clarence said calmly, "Go ahead with your noodle soup. I'll stop."

Stella had been hungry for a whole night. She drank some champagne, so her tummy was a bit uncomfortable. After eating the small bowl of warm noodle soup, she finally felt cozier.

When she put down the chopsticks, Clarence asked, "Why did you fight with Phoebe today?"

Stella probably didn't expect that he would suddenly ask her about it. After a moment of silence, she said, "Do you mean she may scold me, but I'm not allowed to reply?"

"Aren't you so tolerant always?"

"I can tolerate her up to three times, but I'm a beauty, not a ninja turtle."

Clarence choked up.

A few seconds later, he burst into laughter.

Stella just said that casually, but she didn't expect that the wretched man laughed out. She felt a bit embarrassed, and her ears were blushed with burning heat, "What... what's so fun about it? Didn't I tell the truth?"

Clarence put one fist against his lips and coughed, holding back his laughter. He said in a deep voice, "Yes, you are right."

Stella was irritated by his laughter. She immediately stood up, cleaned up the table, and walked into the kitchen.

While doing the dishes, she gradually calmed down.

In fact, she had never planned to get into any conflicts with Phoebe. When she was trapped in the Conrad family, she could see clearly that she couldn't fight against those merciless capitalists. As long as they moved one finger, she would be doomed.

Hence, even Phoebe kept mocking her, Stella didn't take her words to the heart. However...

After Phoebe said the very last words, she felt blood surging into her brain and couldn't help but retort her ironically.

Now thinking about it, Stella didn't think she had done it wisely. Besides, Phoebe's father was also there at that time. She made Phoebe disgraced. Without any doubt, they would take revenge on her for sure.

Upon realizing it, Stella heaved a sigh in silence. It seemed that shortly after she could lead a peaceful life, she would encounter all kinds of accidents.

After doing the dishes, she walked out of the kitchen, only to find that Clarence was standing on the balcony, lost in thought. She asked, "Mr. Conrad, why are you still here?"

Clarence answered flatly, "How rude I would be if I left right after finishing eating."

Stella was speechless.

Did he think he was always polite?

She checked the time and reminded him, "I'm going to bed now."

Clarence turned around, "Aren't you on diet? You can't go to bed right after eating."

Stella closed her eyes, taking a deep breath.

The wretched man was always good at looking for a flaw that didn't exist.

She wondered if he hadn't realized that she was sending him away.

When Stella was about to make it clearer, Clarence strode in from the balcony and sat on the sofa, "I have something to tell you."

"I don't want to listen."

Clarence raised his head, looking over at her unhappily.

Stella pressed her lips and sat down opposite under his pressure, "Mr. Conrad, please go ahead."

She meant to ask him to get out as soon as he finished.

He crossed his slender legs and asked calmly, "When did you get to know that Jeffrey Radomil isn't your biological father?"

Stella was taken aback, "How did you know it?"

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 255-Clarence said, "Answer my question first."

Stella frowned. After a few seconds, she answered, "After he died, I found something in the box under his bed."

"What did you find?"

"A few photos, one pocket watch, and Jeffrey Radomil's diary."

"What kind of pocket watch is it?"

Stella answered, "An ordinary one. Would there be any difference?"

Clarence said, "Of course. The producer and production series number are all useful flaws."

Upon hearing it, Stella parted her lips, but she didn't utter any word.

Clarence stared at her for a few seconds, pressing his thin lips slightly, "Don't you want to find him?"

After a moment, Stella lowered her head and said, "I just don't think it makes any sense."

"Stella, it's not the problem if it makes any sense. You should know the truth in the past."

"What's the use to know the truth? I just want to lead a peaceful life."

Since she could remember anything, this had become her biggest wish.

In the past, because of Jeffrey Radomil, her family was a mess. From time to time, the debtors would come to their house, yelling outside the door. All she could do was to lock the door and hold Chan tightly, not afraid to utter any sound.

Later, she met Clarence, making her messy life more difficult.

The man in the photo was a stranger to her completely. She didn't remember her. She'd rather lead a peaceful life than finding out why her mother married Jeffrey with her over twenty years ago.

Clarence said, "It's not the excuse for you to skip. Sometimes, the truth might be crueller than the reality, but I'll always be with you."

Stella was a bit startled, wondering why the wretched man changed the subject so suddenly.

Clarence continued, "Even if you don't care what the truth is, a series of things have happened because of it. You are one of the people involved. How can you only care about yourself?"

"Mr. Conrad, I don't know what you meant."

"Have you met Charles Steward tonight?"

Stella didn't understand why he suddenly mentioned Phoebe's father. She thought for a moment and said, "Yes, I have."

Clarence said, "Have you ever thought why there's no news after your brother had posted the notice in a missing-persons column for such a long time?"

Stella frowned, more confused.

Back then, when Channing was doing it, she hadn't expected to get any feedback.

However, since Clarence mentioned it now, she sensed something weird.

After a thought, she didn't answer. Instead, she asked, "Mr. Conrad, you haven't answered me how you knew it."

Clarence knocked on his knee with his slender fingers, "Haven't I told you before? There's nothing you can't do without money."

"Mr. Conrad, I don't have anything to talk to you then. Bye."

Stella just stood up, Clarence pulled her hand and chuckled, "All right. I'll stop teasing. I found it when looking into Charles Steward's matters."

Looking at her confused face, Clarence continued, "Probably the truth means nothing to you, but you must know what has happened in the past, so you can be well prepared for the unknown things."

"Mr. Conrad, in human language, please."

She just wanted to know what Charles had to do with this matter.

Clarence explained, "I'm not certain why Charles Steward has done so, but one thing I'm sure that he knows the man in the photo, your biological father. He has been preventing the news to spread and doesn't want you to find the man."

Upon hearing it, Stella frowned deeply, lost in thought.

She didn't have a deep impression of Phoebe's father, but he looked like a gentle and quiet man. She couldn't believe that he had anything to do with her biological father.

Clarence said, "You don't need to think about other things. I'm telling you now to get you prepared. You can't walk into others' trap directly."

Upon hearing it, Stella was unhappy, "When did I walk into others' trap?"

"Did you know what the situation was tonight before you attended the banquet with Emmett Carter?"

"Nothing had happened to me, did it? Besides, even if I didn't go with Emmett, Mr. Conrad, didn't you ask me to be your date? Is there any difference then?"

Clarence answered, "Of course, there is."

Stella snorted, "In what way?"

Clarence suddenly laughed, "Stella, do you know why Charles Steward still just stopped you from finding your biological father instead of doing anything to you directly?"

"I..."

"Because he knows that I'm your backer. He doesn't have the guts to do anything to you."

Stella was speechless.

She wondered since when the wretched man had become her backer.

Before she answered, Clarence continued, "Use your brain and think about it – why all through the past years, Charles Steward never wanted to let Phoebe marry Justin. Instead, just recently, he has taken the initiative and asked the Conrad family to consider the marriage for convenience. Guess. What's he afraid of?"

Stella was still confused about what he had said to her just now. Right then, he switched the subject to the engagement between Phoebe and Justin. After a moment of silence, she said, "Probably he doesn't like you."

Clarence was speechless.

He said, "I'm discussing something serious with you."

"Just tell me directly. Why do you keep beating around the bush?"

He asked her to guess. How could she be able to guess?

Clarence pressed his thin lips and said, "Let me tell you the exact timing. He proposed the marriage to the Conrad family after your brother has posted the notice in a missing-persons column."

"Do you mean this matter has anything to do with me?"

"Or in other words, your appearance made him scared."

As for the reason that he was scared, only Charles knew himself what on earth he had done.

Stella's heart sank bit by bit. Now she completely understood what Clarence meant.

Charles didn't only know her biological father, but also something must have happened between them so that Charles thought about something in the past when seeing Chan's post.

He wasn't afraid of her but her biological father. Or, in other words, he was afraid of the truth of twenty years ago.

Hence, he cooperated with the Conrad family and wanted to bind the Steward and the Conrad families completely together.

Clarence looked at her hand that he was gripping, gently rubbing it, "Aren't you still not interested in the truth?"

Stella gradually returned to her senses. Looking down at his hand, she immediately withdrew her own, "Mr. Conrad, thank you for informing me about those things. I'm quite interested now. I'm so interested that I wish I can rush over to Phoebe Steward's house and ask her father what on earth the insane things he had done in the past!"

Clarence was rendered speechless.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 256-Of course Stella was just saying. How could she be stupid enough to go to the Steward family to ask this? Wasn't this simply digging her grave?

Clarence said, "Afterwards when you meet Phoebe again, no matter what she says, don't get into a head-on confrontation with her, just like before."

“Oh.”

Clarence got up, flicked her forehead with his finger, and laughed, “Don’t you just be all talk and no action. Take it to heart.”

With Stella’s eloquent skills, Phoebe was definitely no match for her if Stella opened her mouth. But, the more she did so, the more trouble she got into.

Stella waved his hand away displeasingly, “I know. Did you ever stop to think about the one who caused her to be targeting me so much?”

Clarence raised his eyebrows and withdrew his hand into his trouser pocket, “I’m leaving. No need to see me off.”

“Don’t worry, Mr. Conrad, I didn’t even intend to.”

Where did this wretched man ever get his confidence from?

After Clarence left, Stella cleaned up the living room. Then, when she was just about to go back to her room, Sherry quietly opened the door and popped her head around the door, whispering, “Has Mr. Conrad left?”

“He’s gone.”

Only then did Sherry let out a sigh of relief and walked out of the bedroom. She nestled into the sofa and said blankly, “My life is getting worthless. Stella, if I offend Mr. Conrad badly one day, please ask him to let me keep my whole body.”

Stella was speechless.

She sat next to Sherry and laughed, “It’s not that exaggerated.”

Sherry said solemnly, “I swear that I’ll never set you up with Emmett again. I get caught in the act every time. I guess it’s probably just God’s will.”

Saying that, Sherry added, “Eh, what did he just say to you for so long? I didn’t get to hear anything inside there.”

Mentioning this, Stella was silent for a few seconds before speaking, “He said that my real father might probably knew Phoebe’s father.”

At that, Sherry’s eyes widened, “Really?”

Stella nodded and briefly told Sherry all that Clarence had just told her.

After listening to it, Sherry had an incredulous expression and only then responded after a while, "I knew Phoebe wasn't a good person at first sight. She had finally revealed her true nature. It seems that like father like daughter. They are so nasty!"

After a pause, she said, "Stella, so what are you going to do now?"

Stella exhaled gently and looked aimlessly ahead, "I don't know. I'll wait and see."

Clarence said that Phoebe's father's side was definitely watching every move that Stella made now. Plus, what happened at the birthday banquet tonight, the Steward family had even more of a legitimate

excuse to deal with her.

Sherry said with a sigh, "No wonder you never wanted to search for your real father before. It seems you made the right choice. Otherwise, you wouldn't have been a thorn in Phoebe and her father's side."

Stella shook her head gently, "Even if there is no such thing, I feel that these truths will surface sooner or later."

"That's right. The truth will out. Everything is destined."

Stella added, "Don't you ever say those words just now in front of Chan."

Hearing this, Sherry patted her head, "Right, silly me. Don't worry. I'll keep my mouth shut and promise not to say anything."

Chan wanted to help Stella find her birth father out of the goodness of his heart. If he knew that he had put Stella in danger just because he had started the search, he would be in deep remorse.

Sherry was just talking casually just now, and she didn't even think about that yet.

Stella got up and said, "Well, it's getting late. Get some rest."

Sherry nodded, "You go and wash up first. I'll watch TV for a while."

“Okay.”

Stella went back to the bedroom to get her clothes and then went straight into the bathroom.

Not long after, Sherry heard the doorbell ringing. At first, she thought Clarence had returned, so she walked over in fear. However, when she stood in front of the monitor, she saw Daniel standing outside.

Sherry couldn't help but grimace and hesitated for two seconds before opening the door.

When the door was opened, Daniel saw Sherry and paused for a moment before saying, “Is Ms. Radomil back? I'm here for her.”

Sherry answered, “She's back, taking a shower.”

Daniel replied, “I'll come back later then.”

Sherry didn't intend to let him come in and have a seat. Just as she was about to close the door, Daniel suddenly said, “I bought some cake on my way back. I saw that you liked it last time. Do you want some?”

Sherry smiled perfunctorily, “No thanks. I've been on a diet recently and have given up sweets.”

Daniel didn't say anything else, nodded and turned to leave.

Sherry closed the door and had just sat down on the sofa when the bathroom door was opened, and Stella came out while drying her hair, “Sherry, who were you talking to just now?”

“Daniel. He said he was looking for you.” Sherry added, “He bought a cake and asked me if I wanted to eat it. Don't you think he is strange? He gets even more intrigued as you ignore him.”

Stella stood in place for a while before heading back into the bathroom, “I'll dry my hair first, and then go find him later.”

In fact, Stella could have guessed the reason Daniel came to her.

It was just something to do with Phoebe.

If it were in the past, Stella wouldn't even care about it. But, it was different now. First, she needed to know what kind of relationship Daniel had with Phoebe and Phoebe's father. Only by that, she could then take precautions.

After blow-drying her hair, Stella put on her coat and rang the door of the next room.

Soon, Daniel appeared in sight.

Stella smiled faintly, "I heard Sherry say you wanted to see me."

Daniel nodded, "I think I should apologize to you for what happened tonight."

"Is it for Phoebe?"

"No."

At that, Stella was a little surprised, "Then..."

Daniel said, "It's not for anyone. I just simply want to apologize to you."

All the plans tonight were initially aimed at Phoebe. However, Stella was involved for no reason because of the feud with Phoebe. Daniel felt guilty in his heart for this.

Stella smiled, "If that's the case, then there's no need for you to apologize to me. What for apologizing to me?"

Daniel pursed his lips and said nothing.

Stella added, "Daniel, if you don't mind, can I ask you a personal question?"

"Go ahead and ask."

"I just want to ask. Why did you do this even when you knew about Phoebe's engagement to the Conrad family?"

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 257-Hearing this, Daniel smiled, "Ms. Radomil, are you trying to ask me what purpose I have in approaching Phoebe? Is that right?"

Although Stella's words were euphemistic, the meaning was not hard to guess.

Stella didn't say anything, which was considered as acquiescence.

Daniel added, "What if I told you that I did it because I really liked her?"

Stella smiled, "Of course, I would believe whatever you say. And since this question is personal, it's okay for you not to answer me."

"That's not so much. Just that, even if I am up to something, I think we should be on the same side. Don't you think so?"

The smile on Stella's face slowly faded. She was clear of what Daniel meant. He expected her to also be on the opposite side of Phoebe. So, even if Stella had guessed that Daniel was approaching Phoebe with some kind of purpose, Stella wouldn't use this to pin Daniel down.

After a while, Stella said, "Actually, for something so obvious like this, if I can see it, I bet so did Phoebe too."

"This depends on what her ultimate goal is. Having the same goal is the only way to walk on the same path."

For now, Phoebe just wanted to use Daniel to break the marriage contract with the Conrad family. So, she didn't care about his reason for approaching her.

As for Charles, although he was clear in mind, he had no tangible evidence and didn't know about Daniel yet. So, naturally, he wouldn't dare to act rashly.

Stella raised her lips again, "I know."

Just as she was about to turn around, Daniel spoke again, "Ms. Radomil, you should have noticed that Phoebe has a lot of animosity towards you. And with what happened tonight, she would make things even more difficult for you. No matter what happens afterwards, it would be best for you not to confront her face to face again like you did today."

He continued, "After all, there are some tactics that are unimaginable, yet but not something that they won't do."

Stella nodded gently, "Thanks."

"You are welcome. As I said earlier, you and I are on the same side."

When Stella went back, Sherry was sitting on the sofa, hugging a pillow and concentrating on watching the TV, as if she didn't care at all about what they had talked about.

After hearing the sound of the open door, she got up and said, "Stella, I'm going to take a bath. You get some sleep."

"Okay, good night."

"Good night."

After entering the bedroom, Stella sat at her desk and took out the photos and a pocket watch from the storage box. She looked at them carefully, and her thoughts couldn't help but drift away.

She struggled to recall, but there was nothing left in her mind other than the blaze.

After a while, Stella felt a slight headache and was just about to put the pocket watch back when she suddenly remembered what Clarence had said. She turned the watch over and saw a series of

numbers at the bottom, which should be the production batch number.

For something twenty years ago, was it still possible to find any clues now?

Stella was silent for a while. She then took out her phone to photograph all the specific details of the pocket watch to see if she could find out anything when she had the chance.

...

It turned out that Clarence and Daniel were right. And because of Stella's act at the birthday party, Phoebe's side soon made a move.

Two days later, a B list actress called Selina Lennon appeared at the studio.

She said that she had customized a bracelet here before, but after taking it back, she found out that the diamonds used on the bracelet were fake, just ordinary glass products.

When Selina came over, she even brought the media with her, exclaiming to defend her rights.

Sherry whispered to Stella, “Do you think this scene looks like the one before when that shrew came to our shop to cause trouble?”

It was now obvious who had arranged those people in the first place.

Stella pursed her lips, “She’s indeed a customer of our shop and has come more than once.”

According to this, that girl hadn’t come to the studio before, but she had the jewellery sold from the studio in her hands. So she must have gotten it from Selina.

Sherry asked again, “So what do we do now?”

Stella thought for a moment, “Don’t worry about it first. Let her make a scene.”

If things didn’t go too far, how could Phoebe be involved?

Selina obviously came with a purpose. Not only did she specifically come to the shop, but she also spent money to have a lot of Internet trolls steering public opinions.

Stella had already been in the trending topics several times when she was still at SG Jewelry Magazine. And so, people were familiar with her name.

Selina complained in her lengthy post that she had been introduced by a friend to purchase at Stella’s studio. But, she didn’t expect to suffer such a significant loss. So, she posted this was not to get any compensation but instead to tell everyone about this lesson through her own experience so that others wouldn’t be fooled again.

After this became a trending topic, two more people posted to echoed the sentiment, saying that they had a look at their own jewellery too after seeing Selina’s Weibo.

It turned out that all those jewels on their jewellery were fake.

After this outburst, Stella’s studio faking and cheating consumers became the top trending topics.

“This is the designer of the Puppy Love’ Series under SG before, right? Did I miss something? Since when did she open her own studio?”

“This is the designer who was rumoured being kept before, right? I was on looking her news for days. I didn’t expect that not only does she have no boundaries on morality, but her character is also problematic.”

“Luckily I never bought anything from her. Think about the ones that went to her studio having a great loss. They just got a piece of glass after spending so much.”

“It’s so disgusting. Selina is so hapless to have met such a bloodsucker. Yuck.”

Just then, someone also broke the story of a high school girl who had previously stolen her parents’ money to buy jewellery from Stella’s studio.

For a while, the crowd’s anger even surged, having all kind of unpleasant words.

By the evening, the studio stated without haste.

According to the allegations made by Selina and the other two clients today, they rejected and had entrusted their lawyers to represent them in this matter thoroughly. Furthermore, regarding jewellery forgery, they also had evidence in hand to prove that the jewellery sold from the studio at that time was certified and tested by authoritative institutions.

After the tweet was sent out, Winnie Truman was the first to republish it, followed by Stanford from SG, including several other artists, who all republished and liked it.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 258-After seeing the news on the internet, Selina was stunned. She didn’t expect Stella’s studio to produce evidence, and coupled with Winnie’s influence, Selina instantly panicked. She quickly took out her phone to call Phoebe.

Selina asked, “Ms. Steward, this is not what you said before. How come they have evidence on hand?”

Phoebe said faintly, “She’s just scaring you. If you really believe it, then you’ll be playing right into her hands.”

Despite what she said, Selina was still feeling uneasy, “What if she really has the evidence?”

“It’s simple. You’re just a normal customer trying to defend your rights. Even if she comes up with evidence, you can just issue an apology statement then. No matter what, the stuff went out from her studio and she has the responsibility to bear any consequences.”

Selina let out a sigh of relief hearing this. Phoebe was right. Even if the public opinion on this matter were reversed, the problem would still lie with Stella’s studio itself. She just had to bite the bullet and say that this was how things were taken home.

After a while, Selina added, “Ms. Steward, then when are we going to sign the contract for the play you promised me?”

Phoebe said, “The contract can be signed at any time. But I think it would make more sense to wait until things are done before we talk about the specific details. Don’t you think so?”

Selina knew what she meant. After the matter was done, the benefits promised to her would be given to her. In contrast, she would get nothing if the issue was not settled.

Selina added, “Don’t worry, Ms. Steward. I have already made a report to the consumer association and her studio will soon be closed for investigation. When the time comes, my team will guide the

public opinion again, letting the public think that she was really arrested for forgery.”

“Okay, you take care of it.”

After hanging up the phone, Phoebe curled her lips slowly, looking coldly ahead.

At this time, she heard the servant’s voice faintly coming from outside the door, “Master Steward is back.”

Immediately afterwards, the door of the study was opened.

After pausing for a while, Phoebe put away her phone and walked over to knock on the study door.

Soon, Charles’s voice came out, “Come in.”

Phoebe gently pushed open the study door, "Dad, I want to talk to you."

Charles was sitting at his desk, and he put a pocket watch in the drawer, "Are you still wanting to talk about the marriage with the Conrad family?"

Phoebe nodded and slowly said, "The Conrad family's power is currently in the hands of Clarence. Even if Justin and I did get engaged, it can't change anything."

"Phoebe, you're wrong. The Conrad family's power is deeply rooted in City N. Even without Clarence, the Conrad family shouldn't be underestimated too, not to mention that Joanna isn't as simple as it seems. Justin is gentle and polite. You won't suffer when being with him together."

"But I..."

"Phoebe, as long as you marry Justin and give birth to a child within a year, I promise you that the whole Conrad family and Steward family will be the child's."

Clarence's existence was too dangerous both for the Conrad family and for Charles. This was why he had agreed with Dempsey.

On the other hand, the Conrad family was now trying to wrest power away from Clarence at all cost.

Phoebe frowned, "But what if there isn't?"

Charles looked at her, "Phoebe, nothing is impossible in this world."

"But I don't want to marry Justin. You know how he is. Wasn't this the reason you didn't let me marry him back then?"

"Things are different now."

Phoebe said in disbelief, "Dad, I don't understand why you would suddenly make such a decision. I can't accept it."

Charles had never forced her ever since she was young.

Moreover, Phoebe was still reluctant now. She couldn't believe that Clarence would get back together with Stella.

How could she just stand by and watch them being together while she was not well off?

After a long while, Charles suddenly said, "Phoebe, there's something that I've never told you. It's time to tell you the truth since you have grown up."

Phoebe frowned hearing this, not knowing what he was going to say.

Charles slowly stood up, took out a box from the hidden compartment of the bookshelf, and handed it to Phoebe. Inside the box was a picture of two people.

Phoebe was puzzled, "This is..."

One of the men in the photo looked like it should be Charles when he was young.

As for the other man, she had never seen him before.

Charles walked to the window and said, "The other man in the photo is my brother."

Phoebe was stunned, "But why have I never seen him?"

"Because he died twenty years ago in an explosion." Charles stood with his back facing her, and his emotion was elusive, "In that explosion, it was not only him who died but also his wife and daughter."

"How could such an explosion happen?"

Charles smiled, "That's because he wanted to put me to death."

Phoebe was dumbfounded, not expecting to hear such an answer at all, "Then, the burns on your neck came from this?"

Charles nodded, "I had thought that this would have ended twenty years ago, until recently, I found out that his daughter hadn't died and had even come back."

"She..."

Charles narrowed his eyes, turning back, "That person is Clarence's ex-wife."

Phoebe widened her eyes, hearing that, being incredulous.

“But isn’t Stella’s father a gambler? Back then, he...”

He had even sold his daughter to Twilight Club. Otherwise, Stella wouldn’t have met Clarence there.

Charles continued, “I later went to investigate and found out that her mother didn’t die at all. After the explosion, she remarried and went incognito along with her daughter to avoid responsibility.”

“Which means she was involved in that explosion against you in the first place?”

“At least she was in the know.” Charles added, “At that time, I had already taken over the Steward Group. However, he was bent on coveting the shares I had. So, he planned that out, only to end up harming his own family.”

Phoebe said, “You are worried that Stella will also come with the same purpose as her father. So that’s why you want to join forces with the Conrad family?”

“I’m not sure yet. It’s just that I can’t take the current situation lightly. My life doesn’t matter as I had survived twenty years ago. I’m just worried about you. That’s why I agreed to the engagement with Justin on your behalf.”

Charles continued, “I later went to investigate and found out that her mother didn’t die at all. After the explosion, she remarried and went incognito along with her daughter to avoid responsibility.” “Which means she was involved in that explosion against you in the first place?” “At least she was in the know.” Charles added, “At that time, I had already taken over the Steward Group. However, he was bent on coveting the shares I had. So, he planned that out, only to end up harming his own family.” Phoebe said, “You are worried that Stella will also come with the same purpose as her father. So that’s why you want to join forces with the Conrad family?” “I’m not sure yet. It’s just that I can’t take the current situation lightly. My life doesn’t matter as I had survived twenty years ago. I’m just worried about you. That’s why I agreed to the engagement with Justin on your behalf.”

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 259-At the studio, those from the consumer association came to ask about the situation and left. It wasn’t just like what Selina thought of that the shop was closed for inspection.

After those people left, Sherry clicked her tongue, “I didn’t expect that it feels so good to have a backer.”

The shop assistant at the side didn’t understand what she meant and asked dumbly, “What backer?”

Stella was just happened to walk over and heard their words. She then smiled, “It’s nothing. Don’t listen to her nonsense.”

The shop assistant knew that this wasn’t her business. And so, she turned around and ran off to do something else.

Stella stood at the front desk and sorted out Selina’s purchase records at the studio. Apart from Selina, the other few people who complained on Weibo about the fake products they bought at the studio were simply trying to stir things up.

With Selina leading the charge, even if they clarified that those people weren’t clients of the studio, no one would believe them, only thinking that they were diverting attention.

Sherry looked at the information, “Luckily I had taken photos to commemorate each piece of finished jewellery at that time. Otherwise, we would have really fallen into these people’s trap.”

And on top of that, all of the jewellery and accessories that Stella sold had regular partners, and they cooperated with several luxury retailers. So, it was absolutely impossible to fake.

Stella said, “Phoebe should have known that this matter is just a storm in a teacup. Although things had gone viral, making a scene, the truth will surface sooner or later.”

Sherry wondered, “Then, what for doing all of this?”

Stella smiled, “To teach me a lesson perhaps.”

“What the hell. That’s disgusting.”

Stella said, “Ever since Clarence broke off the engagement, Phoebe has always thought that everything was because of me. Plus, I made her look bad

at the birthday banquet that day. So, how could she possibly hold back this anger?”

Sherry shook her head, “No, you’re wrong.”

“Huh?”

“Didn’t I tell you earlier that Phoebe looks hypocritical? She had deliberately approached you before even getting engaged with Clarence back then. It was indeed premeditated as thinking about it now.” After a pause, Sherry rubbed her chin and said solemnly, “But then again, it was right for her to think that you are the reason why Clarence and her broke off their engagement.”

Stella was speechless.

As Sherry just said, the man that they just talked of showed up in the studio.

Sherry coughed and found an excuse to slip into the lounge.

Although their shop wasn’t closed for investigation, the studio was still deserted, not a single customer at this moment. This was all because of the influence of public opinion and other external factors.

Clarence entered the studio as if he had returned to his own home. He walked to the sofa and sat down naturally, pressing his brows and saying, “Make me a cup of coffee.”

Stella was speechless.

This wretched man could even say this out, treating this place as the Conrad Group.

Stella stopped what she was doing and went to the pantry to brew him a cup of instant coffee.

After placing the cup of coffee in front of Clarence, she said petulantly, “Mr. Conrad, you do really make yourself at home here.”

Clarence picked up the cup, “You’re really strange for saying that.”

He took a sip of his coffee, with his eyebrow knitted. In the end, he said nothing and just put the cup on the coffee table.

Stella said, "Mr. Conrad, are you here for something? If not, please go back. I don't have time to entertain you either."

Hearing this, Clarence glanced over the empty surroundings, "Not free?"

Stella gritted her teeth, "Mr. Conrad, get to the point."

Clarence crossed his long legs and said slowly, "I told you not to confront Phoebe head-on, but I didn't tell you to act like a pushover and let her take advantage of you."

"Then, what you mean is..."

"After the incident, why didn't you come to me immediately?"

Stella couldn't help but laugh, "Are you trying to say that if Phoebe provoked me, I don't start a head-on confrontation with her, but instead come and complain it to you?"

"This is just the rational allocation of effective resources to get the maximum benefit."

Stella was silent for a moment before saying, "You don't have to worry about this. I'll take care of it myself."

Clarence's face turned cold, "I almost forgot, you still have Emmett. I don't need to worry so much then."

Stella was speechless again.

This wretched man was insane, having such a jumping mind.

He was just talking about Phoebe and suddenly switched to Emmett in the next second.

Stella reminded solemnly, "I think if you have the time to fuss about this, how about you reflect on yourself that why Phoebe has targeted me."

"Isn't this a question that you should reflect on?" Clarence tapped his knee and said without haste, "You probably may not know that Phoebe had wanted to marry me three years ago. If you hadn't had begged me, she might have been my wife now."

Stella sneered, "Then in the end, it was me who have ruined your good deed."

"You're right too to understand it that way."

If Stella had a broom in her hand, she would really want to throw him out.

Within a few seconds, Emmett's voice came from behind, "Stella."

Stella turned around and smiled at him gently.

Clarence's gaze fell on Emmett's face and narrowed his eyes at him, finding that Emmett's smile was harsh.

Emmett's gaze swept over Clarence and said faintly, "Mr. Conrad is also here."

Clarence said, "It seems that there really isn't much work at Star Ferry Technology by the end of the year. You're quite idle, Mr. Carter."

"Yeah, but not as good as Mr. Conrad."

Seeing that things were getting awkward for the two, Stella coughed, "Do you guys want something to eat? I'll order some afternoon tea."

Emmett replied, "Sure."

Clarence answered, "Sure."

The two of them almost sounded simultaneously.

Stella's eyes twitched, and she quickly fished out her phone.

After ordering, she said, "You guys sit down first. I'm going to the bathroom."

Stella immediately fled.

After coming out of the bathroom, she dragged Sherry out with her.

But when they came out, there was already no sign of Emmett in the studio.

Stella looked around, "Where's Emmett?"

Clarence slowly sipped his coffee, "Something happened at his company and so he left."

Stella frowned at him, "What have you done again?"

Clarence looked displeased, "What do you mean by that?"

"Wasn't you the one who tampered with the annual meeting of the Star Ferry Technology before to make them go to the resort?"

Clarence pursed his lips and said icily, "Did Emmett tell you this?"

Stella said, "Whether he told me or not, isn't this the truth?"

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 260-Seeing that the two were about to argue with all guns blazing, Sherry slipped away again.

Clarence put down his coffee cup and raised his eyes to look at Stella, "Am I that kind of person to you?"

"Yes or no, is it up to me?"

The wretched man had said before that he was a no-good. But, he sounded like he was being slandered at this moment.

Clarence said, "The resort needed to be booked a month ago. How do you think I could have foreseen that he was going to take you with him?"

Stella froze hearing this.

She hadn't expected him to answer like that.

Clarence gave her a look and added, "I told you before that Emmett is not as simple as you seem. The only reason he would say this to you is because he is jealous of me."

Stella subconsciously asked, "Jealous of you for what?"

"Jealous of me being the one you like."

Stella was speechless.

She spoke with difficulty, “Mr. Conrad, do you think that everyone thinks the same way as you?”

Clarence said unhurriedly, “Then you should give me a reasonable explanation as to why he would lie to you.”

Stella was silent and couldn't think of what to refute.

Clarence said, “Stella, you must know that I will never do anything to hurt you. All I want is that one thing. But, Emmett is different. You know nothing about his background and intentions.”

“Come on, quit while you're ahead. You have also done those things before. Don't act innocent.”

Clarence was speechless.

Stella sat on the sofa quietly.

It reminded her when the wretched man said this.

Daniel and Emmett were friends, and they should be here for the same purpose.

And they were aiming at the Steward family.

Thinking of this, Stella glanced at Clarence several times, but she didn't say anything.

Clarence slowly said, “It's not too late for you to apologize to me now.”

“Mr. Conrad.”

Hearing her sudden serious tone, Clarence looked at Stella as he raised his eyebrows slightly, gesturing for her to continue.

Stella gently pursed her lips, “If Phoebe marries your brother, will it have a big impact on you?”

“Caring about me?”

“Forget about it then.”

Clarence chuckled and finally spoke seriously, "It has not much impact, only that it will become a bit tricky when dealing with some matters. But, you don't have to worry about me. It's not a problem for me."

Stella ignored his words, "I think that this union might not come to fruition in the end."

She had always thought that Daniel and Emmett came prepared. But, since their target was the Steward family, how would they let Phoebe get engaged with Justin and expand the Steward family's power?

Clarence curled his lips, and he didn't retort.

Stella thought for a moment before saying, "Mr. Conrad, you should also know that Daniel's identity is not simple. And he should have the same goal as you too."

"You mean, letting me work with him?"

"This is just the rational allocation of effective resources to get the maximum benefit."

As the saying goes, the enemy of my enemy is my friend.

Since they both had the same purpose, why couldn't they cooperate?

Clarence sneered, "You watch and learn. Not bad."

Stella blushed at his words and coughed unnaturally, "I've always been one to take the best from the best." And she added, "Retaining the good stuff without the bad one."

After a moment, Clarence said, "Whether it's Emmett or Daniel, neither can be trusted. You should stay away from them too."

"Oh."

After a few minutes, Sherry came in carrying the afternoon tea Stella had ordered earlier, "Stella, that... Mr. Conrad, please have something to eat before you continue."

Clarence got up and said faintly, "I still have something to do. I'll leave first."

Stella said, "Didn't you just say you wanted to eat?"

"For a man's words, some can be trusted and some not. Consider this as a free lesson for you."

Stella was speechless.

After Clarence left, Stella and Sherry simultaneously looked at the large pile of food they had ordered, wondering how they would finish them.

None of the two men, who had just been fussing about eating, ate it.

Stella rubbed her brows. After giving the afternoon tea to the staff in the shop, she distributed the rest to the people in the next shop.

At the same time, the public opinion on the internet was still fermenting. Selina took advantage that Phoebe backed her. She did her best to get the job done to get what she deserved. She even aggressively hired internet trolls to spam on the internet.

She even rehashed the previous incident about Stella being kept, embellishing and making it as realistic as possible.

Just when Stella's scandal gradually overwhelmed the jewellery forgery, one of SG's employee posted a tweet.

"You guys have to be sensible. I know nothing about the jewellery forgery and I won't judge it either. But, the story about Stella being kept is so outrageous. You'd probably want to bite your tongue if you

knew who her ex-husband was."

"You can just say it's a whitewash post, no need to pretend like that. Moreover, who knows whether if her ex-husband has existed or not. Would she even tell you that she's a mistress?"

"So what? Just tell us who her ex-husband is. Is it going to shock me or what?"

"By the way, wasn't someone mentioned earlier that she was kept by someone of the Conrad family? According to what you said, are you going to say that her ex-husband is the president of the Conrad Group? It's really laughing my ass off. Who are you scaring?"

After this last comment was posted, some internet trolls even screenshotted it and added some text to point out that Stella was delusional, daydreaming.

As things went viral on the internet, the Conrad Group's official Weibo commented on a post by one of the trolls that cursed Stella the most, "Are you okay?"

Once this comment was made, those who had been fussing got even more excited.

"Look at it. Stella has been riding the wave of the Conrad Group and even forced them to come out personally to disprove the rumours."

"Hahaha. Stella probably might never think of having such an honour in her life too. I wonder how the Conrad Group's employees would feel when they read this."

"Way to go! No need to show mercy for such a shameless person! I think Stella is not far from being banned from the industry after offending the Conrad Group this time. It serves her right!"

Just when everyone thought this move by the Conrad Group's official Weibo aimed at Stella, their following comment blew everyone's mind.