

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 261-293

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 261-His reply could be seen in all the negative comments about Stella, his words were straightforward and mean.

A crowd of supporters had suddenly turned and begun boycotting the official account of the Conrad Group.

“He’s such a mental, weirdo.”

“Guess this is a fake or stolen account.”

“Can’t the employees in Conrad Group be a little more humane? Why would he add oil to the flame? He should be fired right away, how annoying!”

“The upper executive should come forward and teach your employee a lesson, don’t act like a mad dog. I’m commenting on Stella, not him, why would he scold me?”

When the netizens were speechless, a message was released by the upper officer from Conrad Group. ‘Thank you, everyone, there’s nothing we could do, the one that replied was Mr. Conrad.’

Netizens, “...”

Next, an employee from SG Jewellery who released the news uploaded a text too. ‘I’ve told you, but you didn’t believe, Ms. Radomil’s ex-husband was Mr. Conrad.’

After this statement was released, all the negative comments about Stella in the message before this were deleted within thirty seconds.

While everyone thought Mr. Conrad was going to continue the argument with the netizens, the Conrad Group released an official statement.

‘All the negative comments and accusations online towards Ms. Radomil were not true. Ms. Radomil was Mr. Conrad’s legally wedded wife, despite they divorce due to misunderstanding, they are still on good terms.

Presently, Mr. Conrad is pursuing Ms. Radomil, we urge all netizens to please comment rationally, otherwise, the Conrad Group remained the right to take legal action against untrue and defamatory statements made.'

Conrad Group was a huge corporation, they had a professional lawyer team, once they decided to take legal action, the lawsuits became inevitable, it was no joke.

The online discussion stopped at once.

Those online commentators and marketing accounts were paid parties, they would retrieve their participation once the issue had gone out of control.

In the meantime, Selina's face stiffened reading the official statement released by the Conrad Group. She fell seated on the couch like her energy was drained out of a sudden.

She then called Phoebe with her trembling hands after suddenly recalling something. She stuttered, "Ms. Steward, have you seen the news online? Stella... She's..."

"I know."

Selina stunned, "Oh gosh, we're doomed!"

Phoebe spoke with a slightly annoyed tone, "What are you nervous about? I've told you as long as you insisted that was what you received, no one could do anything."

"But... That's the Conrad Group, my small trick can't deceive them." Selina then asked cautiously, "Why don't I release an apology statement now?"

"It will only prove that you did wrong if you release a statement now. Stella has no evidence yet, I don't know what you are afraid of."

Selina bit her lips, "Ms. Steward, I'm afraid to offend the Conrad Group, they might boycott me."

Phoebe mocked, "What a joke, do you really think Clarence is the king?"

"But the Conrad's power in City N is..."

"Is the Conrad only powerful family in City N? What about the Steward?"

Phoebe's words put Selina at ease.

She dared not make reckless decision and actions now, let's wait for the response from Stella, if they provided proof, she would apologize right away.

Stella's studio on the other hand didn't participate in the discussion but remained silent instead.

The quieter it was, the more anxious Selina became.

...

"That wretched man showed us another side of him, standing up for his lover, how touching."

Stella, "..."

Sherry put down her mobile and ran into the kitchen. "Stella, are you really not reading?"

"No."

Stella replied while rinsing the vegetables and then went for other ingredients.

Sherry read out loud every single replied from Clarence, it made no difference whether she read it or not.

Sherry took a bite of an apple and leaned against the door frame. "Emmett lost this round."

Emmett didn't lose only this round, he had never won.

Stella sighed, "That's enough, tell Channing the meal is ready."

"Alright, I'll call him right away."

Stella glanced at her mobile after Sherry left, paused for a few seconds and immediately looked away.

She wanted to ignore the online discussion, this was not her first time being scolded and planned to counter-attacked Selina slowly after the new year, in the meantime exposed Phoebe too.

But the wretched man intervened... And messed up her thoughts.

He had been trying so hard to win her heart but Stella never expected him to go to such extend.

It was quite unbelievable.

Who would have guessed that a CEO would use the company's blog account and argued with netizens who made negative comments about her?

Apart from being mean-mouthed, none of the actions was his usual self.

However, everyone has a new perspective towards Clarence due to this online war, there were even netizens who suggested him to have a talk, teaching others how to play with words when scolding others. They even offered to pay.

During meal, Sherry noticed Stella smiled on her own and she waved in front of her. "What's in your mind?"

Stella put on a serious face right away, she blushed. "...I'm eating, why?"

Sherry moved her lips but didn't expose her, "New year's eve is two days later, any plan?"

Stella, "Let's just stay at home."

Recalling what happened last time, she immediately added, "Only three of us, don't invite anyone else! And don't let anyone know!"

Channing, "Self-deception."

Stella, "?"

Sherry nodded in agreement, "Yeah, there will be reunion dinner on new year's eve, even if you don't mention it, someone would come."

Stella, "..."

During meal, Sherry noticed Stella smiled on her own and she waved in front of her. "What's in your mind?" Stella put on a serious face right away, she blushed. "...I'm eating, why?" Sherry moved her lips but didn't expose her, "New year's eve is two days later, any plan?" Stella, "Let's just stay at home."

Recalling what happened last time, she immediately added, “Only three of us, don’t invite anyone else! And don’t let anyone know!” Channing, “Self-deception.” Stella, “?” Sherry nodded in agreement, “Yeah, there will be reunion dinner on new year’s eve, even if you don’t mention it, someone would come.” Stella, “

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 262-Sherry explained, “Guess Emmett will be with his parents, so only Clarence will come.”

Stella had a headache.

It was not the first time that wretched man visited unannounced.

She let out a sigh, “Let’s eat.”

Since it was not busy at the studio, Stella gave an extra holiday for everyone to have an early new year.

While she was shopping for groceries, she bumped into a familiar face.

Vivian leaned on a middle-aged man, she stunned when she saw Stella and frowned. “What are you doing here all by yourself?”

Stella smiled, “If I’m not all by myself, could I possibly be only half then?”

It would frighten them to death if that really happened.

Vivian’s face stiffened. “No, I mean why isn’t Mr. Conrad with you?”

“Why should he be with me?”

“Isn’t he pursuing you?”

Stella, “...”

The middle-aged man asked, “Vivian, who is this?”

“Oh, it’s Mr. Conrad’s ex-wife, a hot person online.”

The middle-aged man glanced at Stella from head to toes twice, “Seems like Mr. Conrad is always surrounded by pretty women.”

A ringing mobile interrupted them, the middle-aged man frowned and looked disgusted. "I'll answer the call."

Vivian loosened her hands, "Go on."

Vivian turned back to Stella and mocked, "You played so many tricks to married him and made him hates you, finally you are divorced, but he wants you back."

"Luck seems to be on my side now."

Vivian grunt, "Don't go overboard too early, we all know Mr. Conrad well, he changes woman like clothes, he could marry and divorce you and then starts pursuing you now out of nowhere. Who knows when will he get bored and dump you again. It's too early to celebrate."

"Thank you for your advice."

She then swept a glance casually at the middle-aged man on the phone. "Let me advise you, don't keep being a home wrecker, there are consequences."

Vivian didn't care what she said, she folded her arms, "We are just getting what we want, if it weren't me beside him, they will be someone else too. Do you think the rich one will ever behave? None of them is loyal to their wives, stolen stuff always better."

Stella smiled in silence.

Vivian indeed was very true in some sense.

All men were alike.

Stella didn't plan to keep chatting with Vivian and greeted, "All the best then."

Vivian looked at her back with jealousy and hatred.

She was a hot model for the Conrad Group, she had a good future career and life, but since they canceled the contract with her, no other companies dared to collaborate with her, she could only do some magazines shot and took part in small budgeted online series.

Her career was doomed and was forced to survive by being a mistress.

Stella on the other hand was back together with Clarence.

What was so good about her that she was lack at?

The middle-aged man came back after the call, "Mr. Conrad's ex-wife left?"

Vivian grabbed his arms, "Why? You like her?"

The man smiled and held her shoulders, "All men like beauty, but I'm not as capable as Mr. Conrad to be able to marry such a beauty."

"Mr. Conrad didn't marry her willingly, it was all her tricks," Vivian said.

"Oh? How so?"

"You seems so interested, do you really like her?"

The middle-aged man smiled, "Don't get me wrong, it's Mr. Conrad that I'm interested in."

What would it be sleeping with Clarence's woman, looked at that seductive face and body, must be awesome.

Vivian saw through him and knew exactly what he was thinking about. She said casually, "Well then I'm sure you know that Mr. Conrad hates her to the bone, even her name disgusts him."

The man was surprised, "Didn't you say Mr. Conrad was pursuing her?"

"It was just a sudden interest, if he really likes her, why would he divorced her?"

The man squinted his eyes, "I see."

...

Stella met up with Sherry who went to buy some other stuff.

Sherry had big and small bags all over her, "Guess we had everything, huh?"

Stella nodded, "I guess so, where is Channing?"

“Channing said there’s something he needs to do and ask us to go back first.”
Sherry put the bags down, “Stella, wait for me here, I’ll go get the car.”

“Okay.”

Sherry left and Stella took out her mobile to kill time. A black Benz stopped in front of her with the window down.

“Ms. Radomil, do you need help?”

Stella looked up and saw Logan, “Thanks, but I’m waiting for my friend.”

The window at the back seat rolled down, an eight or nine-year-old little girl was seen sitting in the car with a one or two-year-old sitting on the car seat beside her.

Stella recalled Madison mentioned that Logan was divorced with two kids.

The little girl stared at Stella and said, “Hi, you are gorgeous.”

Stella replied with a smile, “Thank you.”

At the same time, she took some of the sweets she bought just now and gave them to her.

The little girl received it after getting approval from her father.

A few seconds later, the car behind honked, “If you don’t need help, I’ll leave now, see you again.”

Stella nodded politely.

Sherry’s car stopped in front after Logan drove away, “Stella who did you speak to?”

“Someone brought to the studio by Madison not long ago, she wanted to introduce him,” Stella said.

Sherry, “... Is she nuts?”

Stella replied with a smile then put everything into the car.

Logan made her feel uncomfortable during their previous meeting, but he seemed to be a good father today.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 263-Sherry fell onto the couch once they arrived home, “New year is tiring, I will never fight with my mom ever again.”

“You can still make it if you go back now, the new year is tomorrow,” Stella said.

Sherry rejected directly. “Though I miss her but I don’t want to listen to her nagging, I will only go back once I found a handsome son-in-law for her.”

Stella, “If you found a handsome one, guess she will kick you out right away.”

Sherry sighed, “Difficult to pleased.”

Not long after, the doorbell rang. Stella opened the door and saw Emmett.

“I went to the studio and found out that you closed a day earlier. I can’t get through yours or Sherry’s phone, so I come to visit directly.” Emmett said.

He paused and continued, “Stella, there’s something I need to discuss with you.”

Maybe Sherry and Stella were in the elevator when he called, no reception.

Stella took a step backwards and said, “Come in.”

Sherry kept drinking water in the kitchen when Emmett walked in, she was afraid that she might be their cupid again once she stopped.

Stella poured Emmett a glass of water, stared at Sherry and asked curiously, “What are you doing?”

Sherry waved, “Nothing, leave me alone.”

Stella shrugged and went back to the living room with the water.

She put the glass in front of Emmett and sat on the single sofa, “What would you like to discuss?”

Emmett moved his lips and said, “Stella, I need a favor from you.”

“Stop being too polite with me, I’ll help whatever I can, you helped me a lot too,” Stella said.

Emmett said after a few seconds, “Can you go home with me tomorrow night?”

Stella stunned, in the meantime, Sherry choked by water and coughed.

Emmett continued, “I know it’s too sudden, I hesitated before I came to you.”

Stella asked, “Go back to your home?”

Emmett nodded. “I’m not young anymore, my parents had been urging me to get married since and keep arranging blind dates for me. I didn’t know what to do and told them I’m in a relationship now, and they want me to bring her home tomorrow.”

Sherry knew he wanted Stella to go back home for the new year pretending as his girlfriend.

Even though it was pretending, it meant something if she followed him home.

It was such a great excuse, perfect.

Emmett continued seeing Stella remained quiet. “Stella, I know you will reject. I lied to my parents because they are old and want them to stop worrying about me. I will tell them the truth tomorrow night and told them I lied too.”

It was hard for Stella to reject after hearing what he said.

She promised just now to help whatever she could.

In addition, she owed Emmett, he helped her a lot.

Emmett continued, “Stella, it’s alright, don’t force yourself, I’m just asking. Forget what I said and forget that I came here.”

“It’s not like I can’t help, it’s just…” Stella said.

Whatever, it was just a favor, overthinking is useless, it was just an act to put the old ones at ease.

Stella nodded. “Okay, I will go back home with you tomorrow.”

Emmett let out a sigh of relief and smiled hearing that. "I'll pick you up in the evening then."

Stella then asked, "Do I need to prepare gifts or something?"

"No, I will prepare everything."

Sherry put down the glass and walked out of the kitchen after Emmett left. "You agree just like that?"

Stella, "It's ... Hard to reject."

"True, he uses his parents, it was indeed hard to reject, all parents worry about their children and it was a good act to not make them worry."

But if someone found out Stella spent the new year in Emmett's house, he would be infuriated.

Stella let out a sigh and looked at her mobile, "Why hasn't Channing back yet?"

She dialed his number while uttering the words.

Sherry didn't say anything and began eating grapes on the couch.

Stella stood at the balcony and asked once the call was connected.

"Channing, where are you?"

Channing replied, "I'm caught up with something, don't wait, go on and have dinner without me."

With prior experience, Stella doubted and frowned. "What? You are not fighting with your classmates again, are you?"

Channing, "... It's nothing."

"Alright then, come home early."

"Okay."

Stella leaned on the pole after the called, she was sunken in thoughts.

...

In the meantime at the Conrad Group...

Clarence looked at Channing's mobile and asked, "Your sister?"

Channing nodded.

"What did she say?" Clarence asked again.

"She asked when I will be home." Channing didn't want to speak about this but asked, "When will we start doing what you said just now?"

"Keep an eye on Daniel for me, find out his purpose getting close to the Steward."

"And?"

"No and. It's good enough if you can get some information from him, don't think too much." Clarence replied casually.

Channing frowned, but Clarence had his point, he couldn't object.

He then stood up. "I'll go back home if there's nothing else."

"Wait." Clarence called and asked casually, "What's your sister's plan tomorrow night?"

Channing knew what he wanted to do, "Eat at home, but my sister doesn't want you there."

Clarence bit his lips. "You are too young now to understand. You will know when you have a girlfriend in the future. Women tend to reject but remain hopeful in the heart."

Channing, "...". He walked away without replying to him.

Clarence summoned Nathan once Channing left. "Go prepare, I want to visit Stella tomorrow night."

Nathan asked, "Mr. Conrad won't go home for the new year?"

"We are at war now, why would I go back?"

Nathan nodded, "Yes."

After a while, Nathan continued. "Mr. Conrad, the Perez took some actions lately, they wanted to create trouble with Mrs. Conrad but we stopped them."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 264-Clarence mocked, "Send a picture of Annie as a warning, if they repeat their action, send a finger next time."

Nathan nodded. "Noted."

After Nathan left, Clarence took out his mobile and knocked lightly on his knee. A few minutes later, he released a text on his friends' chat group.

'First new year at girlfriend's place, what gift should I prepare?'

Vincent commented, "Have you succeeded? Claiming her as girlfriend when it's not is embarrassing."

Winnie commented, "Your absence would be the best present..."

Clarence was annoyed and blacklisted them both.

He didn't hope for any useful answers instead it was a form of notification to Stella to avoid her giving all sorts of excuses later.

On the other side, Stella's mobile almost fell to the floor when she saw this.

That wretched man was shameless, where did his confidence come from?

Sherry saw Stella's facial expression, got curious and leaned forward, "What's interesting?"

And then she saw Clarence's friends chat group.

Sherry, "... Haha, he will learn the cruelty of reality tomorrow."

If Sherry and Clarence were WeChat friends, she would comment, "Your girlfriend is going to someone else's for the New Year, the color of your love had changed."

Stella put down her mobile and felt devastated in an instant.

Sherry peeled an orange and gave her half. "Do you want to tell that wretched man so that he won't come for nothing and became infuriated?"

Stella blushed and stuttered, "If... If I told him, it means I admit that I'm his... What."

That wretched man gave nothing but troubles to her.

Sherry thought Stella had a point too and sighed. "Well, nothing can be done then. I'm so envious and want to be in your situation so much."

Stella, "..."

Stella couldn't sleep tossing around on the bed after shower.

After some time, she sat up, reached for her mobile, searched Clarence's number but hesitated to dial.

While she hesitated, the mobile vibrated.

It startled her. When she looked at the screen, it was from that wretched man.

She thought she dialed out in a flash.

Stella held the mobile in her hand and answered after a few seconds. "Mr. Conrad called late at night."

Clarence asked, "Are you asleep?"

"Waken up by you."

"It's good that you are awake, there's something I want to tell you."

Stella said annoyingly, "I know."

Clarence on the other side paused for two seconds, "What did you know?"

Stella, "I know Mr. Conrad wants to visit my place uninvited tomorrow night, but you don't need to call in the middle of the night to remind me."

Clarence laughed, "I said I want to go to my girlfriends' are you my girlfriend?"

Stella, "..."

Crap, she fell into his trap!

Clarence continued, "That's not what I want to say."

"What do you want to say then?"

"I want to bring you somewhere tomorrow."

"To where?"

"You'll know when you are there, you will like it."

Stella thought for a while, "Mr. Conrad, I'm not free tomorrow night, please go back home or go to Ms. Anderson's for the New Year."

Clarence's voice turned cold. "Why are you not free?"

"There... There's something I need to do, I don't have to report to you on my private matters."

"Whenever you are not free you will be with Emmett, right?"

Stella was annoyed by his interrogation, "Is it illegal for me to be with someone else? You don't have the right to control me."

Clarence was annoyed too, "Why don't I have the right?"

Stella mocked, "Do you think I am your girlfriend just because you said so? Even the judge will ask if the convict admits to his crime in court. What makes you be the one that says all?"

"Why would you compare yourself to a convict out of a sudden?"

"I..."

Stella was extremely annoyed by his tone, thus hung up directly.

She shouldn't mention, should have had let him come for nothing!

Stella laid on the bed again, covered herself with the blanket and slept.

...

Stella woke up to cook for lunch with Sherry and Channing since she needed to go back home with Emmett in the evening.

The doorbell rang at about eleven afternoon, Stella was alarmed, could it be that wretched man?

Sherry came out from the loo and wanted to open the door but she stopped seeing Daniel from the screen.

Sherry frowned, "Why is he doing here?"

Channing walked over, "I invited him over."

"..." He had developed some kind of emotional attachment with him after living together for a few days?

Channing said, "I saw him in the elevator yesterday, he said he's still living alone so I invited him over."

Sherry bit her lips, "He could enjoy his canned food, oh, today might be his Buddhism fasting day."

Channing, "..."

Sherry turned right back to her room after opening the door.

Daniel didn't even manage to greet and Sherry's back fell into his sight. "What's wrong with her?" Daniel asked in puzzlement.

Channing, "Not in a good mood perhaps."

Daniel raised his brow in silence.

After Daniel sat on the couch, Channing went into the kitchen and Stella asked. "Why did you invite him? You know Sherry and him..."

"It's alright, don't worry."

Stella removed her sights. "You haven't told me where had you been last night, nothing happened right?"

"I met a friend, that's it."

Stella bit her lips, she stopped asking seeing Channing's serious face and tone, he didn't seem to be lying.

Channing, "Sherry said you will go home with Emmett tonight?"

Stella, "..."

That big mouth!

"I'm just doing him a favor, it's nothing like what you think," Stella said.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 265-Since it was the new year, Sherry didn't give Daniel a hard time during lunch.

Stella and Channing went to Jeffrey's grave after lunch.

Stella couldn't utter a word looking at the picture on the tomb.

She hated Jeffrey when he was alive and wished countless time that she was not his daughter.

And her wished came true.

There was no father and daughter love between them all the while, it was irony to look back at what happened.

Channing bent and put the flower in front of the tomb. He looked calm.

After a few minutes, "Let's go," Stella said.

Channing stood up and ready to go but saw a cigarette butt at the side of the grave.

"What happened?" Stella asked.

Channing frowned, "No one else would visit Jeffrey apart from us."

Stella nodded. "No one else knows his grave is here."

Channing moved his lips and asked Stella, "Do you have any tissue?"

"Yes." Stella took out a small packet of tissue from her pocket and gave it to Channing.

Channing took out all the tissues and picked up the cigarette butt and put it back in the packet.

Stella frowned looking at him, “Channing...”

Channing replied, “We have to be cautious.”

This was the first time Stella saw Channing being this cautious. She asked after a few steps. “Channing, do you know something?”

“What?”

Stella opened her mouth but stopped, “Nothing, will you hand it over to the police?”

Channing became quiet for a while, “When will you go to Emmett’s home?”

Stella, “...” Alright, she won’t ask anymore.

After they were out from the graveyard, Stella said, “Channing, go home first, I’ll go buy something.”

Even though Emmett said not to prepare gifts, but since she agreed, it’s rude to visit the elderly empty- handed.

Stella headed to the mall after bidding Channing goodbye. She didn’t know Emmett’s parents, didn’t know their preferences, so she bought some nutritious products.

It was five in the evening when Stella arrived home.

There was a missed call and an unread text on her mobile.

She bit her lips, kept her mobile aside and pressed the password.

Sherry was alone laying on the couch, watching TV while having snacks.

She looked up hearing sound, “Stella, why are you so late?”

“I went to buy something.” Stella changed her shoes, “Channing is not back yet?”

“No, I thought he’s with you,” Sherry replied.

“I asked him to come back first.”

Stella sat on the couch, thought for a while and decided to call Channing.

He must have had brought the cigarette butt somewhere.

Sherry said, "Stella, stop worrying about Channing, he is an adult, he knows what he is doing."

"I feel that he is behaving weirdly lately, he hide something from me."

She had never intervened with Channing's life before.

But so many things happened lately, it was hard not to overthink.

"Could he be in love?" Sherry asked.

"... Not possible."

Being in love would not be this mysterious and serious.

Sherry then said, "It's different, Channing's personality is different from the others, and he is in his youth now, it's normal to be a bit rebellious."

Sherry continued, "Don't overthink it, you should think about how to handle the situation tonight instead."

Stella asked, "What's the situation?"

"Don't you need to go to Emmett's house? What about that wretched man?"

This made Stella angry slightly, "Who cares about him, he can do whatever he wants, I don't owe him anything."

Sherry let out a sigh, she didn't even sure if Stella could come home tonight.

Not long after, Emmett called, he arrived downstairs.

Before Stella left, she reminded Sherry, "There is some leftover from lunch, reheat it for dinner with Channing, guess there won't be delivery service tonight."

Sherry nodded. "Go ahead, don't worry about me."

Stella took the gifts and went downstairs.

When Emmett saw her, he said lowly, “Stella, didn’t I say not to buy anything? I’ve had everything prepared.”

Stella smiled, “This is out of respects to your parents.”

“My parents will adore you,” Emmett said.

City N was quiet today, not many cars seen on the roads, guess everyone went back to hometown for the New Year.

Stella looked at the New Year’s decorations on the street and thought about something.

When they stopped for the traffic lights, Emmett glanced at her and called. “Stella.”

Stella turned, “Yes?”

Emmett replied, “Sorry for taking up your time at moment like this.”

Stella smiled casually, “It’s alright, I had lunch with Channing and Sherry, and we could meet each other anytime we want, it’s not a big deal.”

They arrived at the Carter not long after.

Emmett reminded her when they were getting off the car, “Stella, my mom and dad might ask about our wedding plan, please don’t mind and I will do the talking.”

Stella nodded lightly, “Alright.”

Stella let out a sigh before entering, despite being an act, she was still nervous.

Emmett held her hand a second before they stepped in. Stella stunned and automatically pulled it back but Emmett’s mom appeared in front of them. “Emmett, you are home.”

And then she looked at Stella, “This must be Stella, what a beauty.”

Stella nodded to her, “Hi Mrs. Carter, I’m Stella.”

Emmett's mom held her arm, "Quick, come in, don't keep standing at the door."

Emmett's dad was reading papers about scientific research on the couch, he looked stern and serious.

Emmett's mom was eager to introduced Stella, "Honey, come meet Stella."

"Hi, Mr. Carter." Stella greeted.

Emmett's dad was stunned when he looked at Stella, she looked like someone.

Emmett's mom immediately went forward and slapped on his shoulders, "What's wrong with you? She said hi."

Stella smiled casually, "It's alright, I had lunch with Channing and Sherry, and we could meet each other anytime we want, it's not a big deal." They arrived at the Carter not long after. Emmett reminded her when they were getting off the car, "Stella, my mom and dad might ask about our wedding plan, please don't mind and I will do the talking." Stella nodded lightly, "Alright." Stella let out a sigh before entering, despite being an act, she was still nervous. Emmett held her hand a second before they stepped in. Stella stunned and automatically pulled it back but Emmett's mom appeared in front of them. "Emmett, you are home." And then she looked at Stella, "This must be Stella, what a beauty." Stella nodded to her, "Hi Mrs. Carter, I'm Stella." Emmett's mom held her arm, "Quick, come in, don't keep standing at the door." Emmett's dad was reading papers about scientific research on the couch, he looked stern and serious. Emmett's mom was eager to introduced Stella, "Honey, come meet Stella." "Hi, Mr. Carter." Stella greeted. Emmett's dad was stunned when he looked at Stella, she looked like someone. Emmett's mom immediately went forward and slapped on his shoulders, "What's wrong with you? She said hi."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 266-Hearing this, Emmett's father regained his presence of mind and nodded gently at Stella, "Have a seat."

Emmett's mother said, "Stella, you sit here for a while. The meal will be ready soon."

Stella said, "Auntie, let me help you."

“Don’t mention it, how can I let you offer help when this is the first time you come to our house. Come, have a seat.” As she said, she shouted at Emmett, “Emmett, come over to accompany Stella. There are fruits and snacks on the coffee table. Take what she likes to eat to her.”

Emmett walked over while smiling, “Alright, got it.”

Emmett’s mother instructed Emmett’s father with a few more words and went into the kitchen to do her work.

Emmett’s father took the remote control and turned off the TV. Then, he looked at Stella and pushed the glasses on the bridge of his nose, “How old is Ms. Radomil today.”

“I’ll be 26 after New Year.”

“Then you have the same age as Emmett’s, he is a few months older than you.” After pausing for a while, he added, “Ms. Radomil, did your parents say anything about the matter that you and Emmett come to our house to celebrate New Year?”

Emmett frowned and said, “Dad.”

After he reminded, Emmett’s father only remembered his previous words so he did not ask further.

Stella maintained a pleasant smile and replied softly, “My mother died when I was very young and my father also passed away not long ago.”

Emmett’s father picked up the cup and took a sip, “I’ve asked too much, don’t take it to heart, Ms. Radomil.”

“It’s okay.”

Since she was Emmett’s girlfriend, it was very normal that his father would ask about her family when she came to his house.

Emmett’s father added, “By the way, I heard Emmett say that you guys were classmates before and you guys didn’t contact each other after he went overseas. You guys met each other again during the classmate meeting a few months ago, is that so?”

Stella nodded slightly, “Yes.”

“Then this is also a rare serendipity.”

At this time, Emmett’s mother came out from the kitchen with dishes in her hands, “What are you guys talking about, eat first, let’s talk after we eat.”

Emmett’s father got up, “Let’s go to eat.”

Stella walked to the kitchen and when she was just about to help get the bowls and chopsticks, Emmett’s mother said, “Stella, have a seat, just let Emmett’s father help me.”

Emmett’s voice sounded next to her, “It’s okay, they’ve always been helping each other like this.”

Stella withdrew her gaze and her lips curled into a pleasant smile.

Emmett must be very happy to have grown up in such a harmonious family.

Not long after, the reunion dinner officially started.

Emmett’s mother went to turn on the TV and played the Spring Festival Gala. She said while smiling, “It’s New Year, it’s better to have some related atmosphere.”

As she spoke, she went to sit at the table and said to Stella, “Quickly try it, Stella, see if the food is to your liking.”

Stella said while smiling, “The dishes made by Auntie are delicious.”

Hearing this, Emmett’s mother was relieved, “It’s good that you like it. I was afraid you wouldn’t be used to it. I was busy with work before I married Emmett’s father and I rarely stayed at home. I learnt cooking in the past two years.”

Emmett said on the side, “Stella is very good at cooking.”

Hearing this, Emmett’s mother said surprisingly, “Is that so? I have to learn from you then.”

Stella felt abashed upon hearing the praise, “Auntie, you’re flattering me, I only know a little bit.”

“Stella, don’t be modest. Emmett is very fussy about what he eats. If he says it’s delicious, it must be of five-star standard.” As she said, she added, “When did you start learning how to cook?”

Stella said, “I’ve been living with my younger brother since I was young, so I slowly learnt how.”

But at that time, Stella’s cooking level was only ordinary. Her cooking skills became good because of the wretched man’s picky behaviour after marriage. That marriage made her guilty but she could not compensate him in other aspects and since she had nothing to do at home, she went to learn how to make a variety of dishes.

Emmett’s mother should have heard Emmett talk about the matters of her family so she did not ask further questions on this topic and talked about other things.

Not long after, the doorbell suddenly rang.

Emmett’s mother put down the cutlery and went to open the door. What she saw was a big bunch of bright roses. She was stunned.

The person who delivered the flowers said, “Hello, may I ask if Stella Radomil or Ms. Radomil is living here?”

Hearing this, Emmett’s mother directly thought that the flowers were ordered by Emmett. She immediately took them with a smile, “Yes, yes, yes, she’s here.”

After closing the door, Emmett’s mother held the flowers and walked in, “Stella, these are for you.”

Seeing this, Stella was a bit shocked. She turned her head to glance at Emmett. Emmett frowned slightly and his fist on the table was slowly clenched.

Emmett’s mother put the flowers into Stella’s arms and said to Emmett, “Emmett, well done, even I also forgot to remind you of this.”

Emmett did not look good. He did not say anything.

When Emmett's mother just sat down, the doorbell rang again. She went over and opened the door. She saw that the person outside was sending a bouquet of roses. She asked doubtfully, "Did you guys send repeatedly? Someone already sent over the flowers just now."

The person who delivered the flowers did not say anything and ran away after putting the flowers down.

Emmett's mother suddenly felt even weirder. She held the flowers and walked in, "Emmett, what's going on, I think you should call the florist and tell them that the flowers have been sent repeatedly."

Immediately after her words were uttered, the doorbell rang for the third time.

Emmett's mother looked back and realized that something was wrong.

Stella pursed her lips, "Auntie, I'll go to open it."

When she was about to get up, Emmett said, "I'll go."

After the door was opened, there was still only the person who sent flowers outside and the person was not the same as the previous two.

Emmett said coldly, "Where is the person who told you guys to send flowers?"

"I...I also don't know, I'm only responsible for sending the flowers over."

"How many more."

The person who sent the flowers stammered. It was obvious that he knew but he was unwilling to say.

Seeing Emmett standing there and having no attention to sign for it, he could only grit his teeth, "Maybe you should take a look out the window, the flowers downstairs are all to be given to Ms. Radomil."

Their voices were not loud but were not soft either. They could be heard clearly by the people in the house.

Emmett's mother subconsciously walked over and took a look out the window. She was stunned.

In the neighbourhood, more than ten people were standing there and they were all holding roses and waiting there.

Stella walked to the window and also saw this scene.

Other than the heartless and frenzied wretched man, nobody else in this world could do this kind of thing.

Stella took a deep breath and then took her things, "Auntie, Uncle, I'm sorry, I have to leave first as I have something to deal with."

As long as she continued to stay here, the wretched man would not stop.

Emmett's mother somewhat could not react. Watching Stella leave, she walked over and patted Emmett's shoulder, "Why are you freezing here, hurriedly follow her."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 267-When Stella was about to go into the elevator, Emmett's voice sounded behind her, "Stella."

Stella turned her head back and pursed her lips. She only uttered one word eventually, "Sorry."

Emmett smiled faintly, "Well, this is my fault, I should be the one who apologizes to you rather than you apologize to me."

Stella said, "What about Uncle and Auntie..."

"It's okay, I'll explain to them," Emmett said again, "Let me see you off."

When they reached downstairs, Stella went out of the gate of the neighbourhood and saw a large group of people holding roses.

If they were not all holding flowers, Stella would really be afraid when she saw this.

Emmett said, "Stella, let's go this way."

Stella nodded, "Okay."

Emmett took her and left the neighbourhood using the other way.

After they left, the men holding the roses dispersed after getting the instruction.

Standing at the side of the street, Emmett said, "Stella, wait for me, I'll go drive."

Stella shook her head, "Uncle and Auntie are waiting for you, you should go back quickly."

"It's okay. If I don't drive you home, they will also be unhappy. Also, it's not easy to take a cab at this time."

After Emmett's words were uttered and before Stella could say something, an indifferent voice sounded behind them, "Don't worry about it, Mr. Carter, I'll send her home."

Emmett's face gradually became cold. He turned his head, "Good trick, Mr. Conrad."

Clarence stood in place with one hand in his pants pocket. His lips twitched, "Not as good as Mr. Carter's. It seems that Mr. Carter can't change the idea of coveting other's wife."

"Mr. Conrad, don't you think you're ridiculous. You didn't cherish when you were married and after the divorce, you pretend to be affectionate."

"This is my family matter, there is no need for me to explain to Mr. Carter."

"But Stella and Mr. Conrad are already divorced, so what standpoint can Mr. Conrad take to say that this is your family matter."

Clarence sneered sarcastically, "If Mr. Carter still has any self-esteem, you shouldn't be able to say such words."

Emmett did not hesitate to be sarcastic, "I'll give the same sentence back to Mr. Conrad."

Clarence pursed his thin lips while his eyes darkened and narrowed. The atmosphere between the two people instantly became tense as if they would start fighting in the next moment.

Stella felt her temples pulsing violently and said to Emmett, "Emmett, you should go upstairs, I can go back by myself."

Finished speaking, Stella directly turned around and walked forward along the street.

When Emmett was about to follow her, Clarence said, "Mr. Carter better thinks about how to explain to your parents what happens tonight." As he said, he sighed in a low voice, "What a pity that the roses

that I brought over from Italy via a flight are wasted."

This sentence was a threat that was not hard to be figured out.

Emmett contained his anger, "Hasn't Mr. Conrad gone too far to do this? Why should my parents be involved in the feud between you and me!"

Clarence said victoriously, "In fact, I kind of saved Mr. Carter's face as I didn't visit your house."

"You..."

Emmett pursed his lips tightly. Clarence could indeed do something like personally visit one's house.

Clarence took two steps forward and glanced askance at him, "But if there is next time, I'll be willing to invite Mr. Carter's parents to be guests at the Conrad Group and I'll tell them all the details of the marriage between Stella and me during those three years."

"Mr. Conrad is so arrogant, aren't you afraid that you'll have retribution."

"I thought Mr. Carter is a techie, but I never thought you will be so superstitious," Clarence said slowly, "Only people who always think of coveting things that don't belong to them are the ones who are prone to retribution. At least I'm not like Mr. Carter who can lie and deceive people in order to achieve your own selfish desires."

After these words were uttered, Emmett was instantly embarrassed and his face did not look good.

He knew that Clarence was referring to the matter during the annual meeting. At that time, he saw that Stella was too easily swayed so he...

Emmett did not speak anymore and just clenched his fist.

Clarence withdrew his gaze and left.

...

Despite walking along the path for quite some time, Stella not only did not manage to take a cab, but she also could rarely see a cab passing by. Even if there was, it was a cab with passengers inside.

She did not know how long had she been walking. Out of the blue, she heard a bang.

Immediately after this, fireworks were exploding overhead.

Stella looked over and saw that beside the river not far away, a lot of people were gathering and setting off fireworks. Children were chasing and playing while holding sparklers in their hands.

When she stood there and watched this scene, she could feel the atmosphere of New Year which she had not felt for long.

But, the time and place of setting off fireworks were limited. After being happy for a while, everyone dispersed and went home.

After all the people left, Stella walked to the riverside and looked at the bright neon lights hanging in rows on the opposite bank. They were bright and gorgeous.

Stella lay on the railing. The breeze gently caressed her skin but it did not have the coldness in the past.

It looked like spring was coming.

Stella was about to leave after feeling the wind for a while. When she turned around, she saw a person standing behind her at some point.

She was startled. Her scream almost came out of her throat.

And seeing her reaction, Clarence only indifferently glanced at her and did not say anything.

Stella could not help but frown, what was this wretched man doing?

Since he did not say anything, Stella naturally also did not want to bother him. After harrumphing inwardly, she turned around and left.

But after Stella walked a few steps, a young man ran to her and shyly touched his neck, "Hel...hello, student, can I have your contact information?"

In the past, when Stella encountered this kind of situation, she would directly refuse. But when she was about to refuse, she changed her mind. Then, she smiled and took out her mobile phone, "Sure."

Just when the young man was about to add her as a friend in WeChat, a cold male voice sounded next to him, "Boys should be more careful when going out, or else you'll be cheated without even realizing it."

The young man looked over and did not quite understand what he meant, "Huh?"

"The prettier a person is, the lesser you can trust. For example, you call her student but she is already my ex-wife."

"..."

Stella felt that her eyelids were twitching violently.

At this time, the young man's companion could no longer bear seeing it. He went up and pulled the young man away and as they walked away, he muttered in a low voice, "Can't you see that they're having a conflict here, it's really a shame."

As they walked away, Stella turned her head and glared fiercely at the wretched man.

The moment she looked over, Clarence quickly took his eyes off her and looked at somewhere else as if nothing had happened.

Stella was so angry that she suddenly laughed. Well, he was the one who started it.

Stella continued to walk forward and took out her phone to check the nearest bar.

Perhaps she was lucky. There was one a few hundred metres away.

At this time, the time that people had reunion dinner had already passed. Most of the young people were out to have fun. Therefore, the bar was not deserted; instead, it was much more lively than usual.

The moment she looked over, Clarence quickly took his eyes off her and looked at somewhere else as if nothing had happened. Stella was so angry that she suddenly laughed. Well, he was the one who started it. Stella continued to walk forward and took out her phone to check the nearest bar. Perhaps she was lucky. There was one a few hundred metres away. At this time, the time that people had reunion dinner had already passed. Most of the young people were out to have fun. Therefore, the bar was not deserted; instead, it was much more lively than usual.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 268-After entering the bar, Stella walked straight to the bar counter and asked for a glass of wine.

As soon as she sat down, someone immediately came over and hit on her, "Beauty, you're alone?"

Stella replied while smiling, "Yeah."

The man said, "It's a fate for us to meet each other. Let me buy you a drink."

As he said, he snapped his finger at the bartender, "Give this beauty a blue margarita."

After his words were uttered, an upright figure appeared beside him, "Since you love to treat others to something so much, why don't you buy me a drink also, I'm also alone."

The man was speechless.

This person was crazy, right.

Clarence leaned against the bar and blocked him from seeing Stella. His slender fingers were tapping on the countertop, "What, you have sexism?"

The man smiled awkwardly and patted his shoulder, "Buddy, how can you say like that, alright, since it's New Year, let's drink and I'll just treat it as I'm making friends with you, what do you want to drink? Order it."

Clarence said, "Then I'll really order whatever I want."

After he finished his words, he looked at the bartender, "A glass of Louis XIII."

The bartender was stunned and he said, "Sir, Louis XIII is not available to be sold to a person."

"I know, open a six-litre one, I want a glass of it. For the rest, this gentleman will treat the other guests in the bar to drink."

The man's face stiffened so much and it was contorted. He said in displeasure, "Buddy, you're looking for trouble, right?"

Louis XIII was France's top brandy and a few hundred millimetres of it cost more than ten thousand yuan, let alone six litres, which cost at least a few hundred thousand yuan.

Even he himself had never had a sip. Wasn't this very obvious that he was deliberately tricking him?

Clarence spoke indifferently, "You can't afford it? If you can't afford it, don't try to keep up appearances."

When the man was just about to get angry, he pulled out a black card from his wallet and handed it to the bartender, "Open a bottle, it's my treat for this gentleman."

As he spoke, he said to the man again, "There are some things that are beautiful and only can be desired but not attainable. Stopping in time to avoid loss is the most sensible way. Just consider this lesson a free gift from me to you, don't need to thank me."

If it was not because the man saw him take out the limited black card without even blinking and ask the bartender to open a bottle of Louis XIII, at this time, his fist would have fallen on his face.

The man also saw that he had a great temperament and knew that this was a game for rich people. So, he could only leave embarrassedly.

The bartender warily took the black card, "Si...sir, we don't have the six-litre one here..."

Clarence said, "Give me the same glass of what she just ordered."

"Alright."

After the bartender gave back the hot black card, he heaved a sigh of relief.

He had been working here for so long and had seen many rich dudes. But, he had never met someone who opened a six-litre bottle of Louis XIII to treat everyone.

Clarence sat next to Stella as if he still had no intention to talk to her.

Stella played with her phone and ignored him.

A short while later, the bartender brought their glasses of wine over.

Stella took a sip. Among sweetness and the astringent taste, she felt it was a little spicy.

This was the first time she drank such strong wine and she could not help but cough several times.

She originally intended to go home but she could not hold back her anger. So, she finished the glass of wine bit by bit.

After drinking, not knowing if it was because the air here was too stuffy or because there were too many people, Stella already felt hot and her cheeks were burning.

She took a look at the clock. It was almost time to go back.

When Stella felt the cold wind after leaving the bar, she shivered and felt a little dizzy. She took out her phone and dialled Sherry's number, "Sherry, what are you doing?"

"I'm watching the Spring Festival Gala, the one tonight is so boring...Are you still at Emmett's house? When will you be back?"

Stella said, "No. I'm at the bar. I can't take a cab. I'll send you an address, you come and fetch me."

"Okay, I'm going out now..."

Before Sherry's words were fully uttered, she heard some movements on the other end of the phone, followed by an indifferent male voice, "She is with me."

Although Clarence only said half of the sentence, Sherry was already able to figure out the whole sentence. It should almost be like, “She is with me, if you dare to come, don’t blame me.”

“Okay, please tell Stella that I drank at night so I can’t drive.”

Sherry said this sentence seriously and then quickly hung up the phone.

...

Stella was expressionlessly looking at Clarence, “Give me back my phone.”

Under her gaze, Clarence, however, calmly put her phone into his pants pocket.

Stella was speechless.

She said impolitely, “What exactly does Mr. Conrad want to do?”

“Can I do it if I say so.”

Even though Stella’s mind at this time was slightly puzzled after drinking, she still could keenly realize the trap in his words, “No!”

“Then there is no need for me to say.”

Stella ground her teeth, “Isn’t Mr. Conrad willing to ignore me, what is your purpose of doing this at this moment.”

Clarence said without haste, “I didn’t ignore you, I just let you have enough time to think about your mistakes.”

“Are you sick?”

He was not only sick but very sick.

So, this wretched man was even pushing his luck? He let her think about her own mistakes? Why the hell must she follow what he wanted her to do!

Clarence said, “You clearly know Emmett’s feelings for you but you still went to his house with him to see his parents, aren’t you sick too?”

“I...”

Stella was so angry with him that her blood boiled. She instantly felt even dizzy and did not bother to talk to him. She only said, "Please give me back my phone, Mr. Conrad, I want to go home."

Clarence said, "Take it yourself."

"You're really shameless."

Clarence raised his eyebrows, "You want to scold me for this?"

If it was not because Stella did not want to have indecent behaviour in public, she would not have been able to contain her anger and would have taken off his pants to take back the phone.

This place was quite far from where she lived and she did not know the way to go back also. Otherwise, she would really have to walk back on her own.

The wretched man had expected this and this was why he dared to threaten her so blatantly.

Stella took a deep breath. Since the wretched man was here, Nathan must also be waiting nearby.

After searching for a while, she saw the Rolls Royce parked on the roadside.

Stella directly walked over, opened the car door, bent her body and got in the car, "Please take me home, thank you."

The surprise was written all over Nathan's face. He did not expect that a good thing like she got in the car by herself would actually happen.

Then, the car door on the other side was also opened.

Clarence said indifferently, "Let's go."

Nathan answered, "Yes."

Stella closed her eyes and leaned back. She was lazy to care anymore. This wretched man would not possibly sell her anyway.

Not knowing how many minutes ticked by, the black Rolls Royce stopped in front of an ordinary residential building.

When Stella opened her eyes, Nathan was no longer there. Only Clarence was leaning against the car while smoking outside. His eyes were darkened and he was apparently pondering something.

Stella took a deep breath. Since the wretched man was here, Nathan must also be waiting nearby. After searching for a while, she saw the Rolls Royce parked on the roadside. Stella directly walked over, opened the car door, bent her body and got in the car, "Please take me home, thank you." The surprise was written all over Nathan's face. He did not expect that a good thing like she got in the car by herself would actually happen. Then, the car door on the other side was also opened. Clarence said indifferently, "Let's go." Nathan answered, "Yes." Stella closed her eyes and leaned back. She was lazy to care anymore. This wretched man would not possibly sell her anyway. Not knowing how many minutes ticked by, the black Rolls Royce stopped in front of an ordinary residential building. When Stella opened her eyes, Nathan was no longer there. Only Clarence was leaning against the car while smoking outside. His eyes were darkened and he was apparently pondering something.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 269-Stella opened the car door and stumbled when she got out of the car. She managed to stand still by holding the door.

She said weakly without strength, "Is Mr. Conrad thinking about which location is the most appropriate to kill and bury a corpse."

Clarence was speechless.

He dusted off his cigarette ash and turned his head to look at her, "I originally wanted to give you a gift but it seems like you don't need it."

Stella said, "If you send me home, it will be the best gift for me."

Finally, she added two words, "Thank you."

Clarence said, "But since you and Emmett went home together, I don't intend to give you the gift anymore."

"Okay."

Stella replied perfunctorily. Before she wanted to get in the car, the wretched man's unhurried voice rang out again, "Evelyn's son lives here."

Hearing this, Stella's movements stopped instantaneously.

Her reaction was completely expected by Clarence.

He stubbed out the cigarette, "It looks like you really don't need it, let's go then."

Stella was speechless.

She suddenly said, "Hold on."

Clarence looked at her and raised his eyebrows without a trace.

Stella said seriously, "Mr. Conrad drank wine just now, right. You can't drive. Why don't we find a place to sit and wait for Mr. Lance to come back."

Clarence's arm casually rested on the car. He turned his head and raised his chin at her.

Stella looked in the direction he was looking at and saw that Nathan was smiling at her.

"..."

She quickly found another excuse, "I'm a little drunk. I want to get some air. Mr. Conrad, go back yourself, just give me back my phone."

"I don't see which part of you is drunk."

Stella said seriously, "I'm always like this when I'm drunk, others can't tell."

Clarence apparently remembered something. His thin lips curled and there was an obvious smile in his eyes, "Is that so."

"Of course!"

Clarence did not intend to beat around the bush with her, "If you beg me, I'll consider taking you up."

Stella knew the wretched man would be waiting for her here.

She hesitated for a moment without saying anything.

Clarence was not in a hurry. He slowly waited for her to consider.

Eventually, Stella gave up and said directly, "Please."

"Verbal words don't count."

Stella said, "Give me back my phone then, Mr. Conrad, I'll send you a red pocket."

"Do I lack your red packet?"

"I think Mr. Conrad should just directly say what you want."

Clarence said slowly, "Come."

Stella looked at him cautiously and stopped after taking two steps.

Amused, Clarence said, "Why are you standing so far away from me, come to me."

Stella deliberated for a moment. She knew that she would fall into his trap if she continued to go forward. She reacted in time, "Forget it, I'm not going."

As she spoke, when she turned around and wanted to leave, her wrist was gently clasped and yanked hard.

The next second, she fell into his arms.

Clarence said, "I've told you to come over by yourself but you force me to do it."

"You actually still can come out with a good reason."

Clarence's hand wrapped around her waist. Stella struggled several times but their bodies got closer and closer.

Since the situation had come to this point, she simply gave up and said, "Can Mr. Conrad tell me your conditions now?"

"Stella, it's New Year today."

"I know, does Mr. Conrad really think that I'm drunk?"

Clarence lowered his eyes to stare at her, "Are you still angry?"

Without even needing to think, Stella knew he was referring to the matter that he asked people to send flowers to Emmett's house. She barely smiled and said, "Is there any use for me to be angry, will Mr. Conrad think about your own mistake."

"No."

"Then why does Mr. Conrad say these words."

"I just think that on a day like today, no matter what I do, you should forgive me."

Being quite surprised, Stella laughed and said, "Does Mr. Conrad still need my forgiveness, isn't Mr. Conrad always doing what you want according to your own preferences without caring what others think..."

"Shut up."

Stella also got irritated, "Is this your attitude to beg my forgiveness?"

Clarence asked, "Who is actually the one that is begging others' forgiveness now?"

Stella said, "Oh."

She got carried away and got the wrong direction.

She said, "So what, what exactly does Mr. Conrad want to say."

Clarence said, "It's not good to be angry at such a festive period."

Stella kept silent. These words were reasonable.

Slightly annoyed, she said, "Okay, fine, then can Mr. Conrad take me up now?"

"You're not angry anymore?"

"Yes!"

After Stella's words were uttered, she suddenly felt darkness in front of her eyes, followed by thin lips that came down.

Then, the sounds of fireworks exploding sounded in the distance.

Before she had time to react, Clarence let her go and his low voice sounded next to her ears, "Happy New Year."

Stella was a bit stunned. It was ten o'clock when her phone was taken away by Clarence. She did not expect that it was surprisingly already twelve o'clock.

A few seconds later, Stella regained her presence of mind and looked at him expressionlessly, "Does Mr. Conrad think that it is enough to let me ignore your rogue behaviour by just saying happy new year."

Clarence raised his eyebrows, "Didn't you say you're not angry anymore."

Stella understood. The reason why the wretched man said so many words was to foreshadow this. He totally did not feel that it was not right for him to do the previous things and he did not have the

intention to apologize at all.

Stella took a deep breath and calmed her emotions. She comforted herself that the new year had come so there was no need for her to be angry about last year's events.

She said, "Then can we go up now."

"No."

Stella's anger that was just contained instantly got ignited. The wretched man not only took advantage of her but was actually lying to her as well!

Just before Stella could not help but curse him, Clarence said, "It's already twelve o'clock, you don't want to sleep but others have to sleep too."

Stella was speechless.

So, the reason why he brought her over here was to do that thing just now.

Clarence added, "I'll bring you over here tomorrow again."

On the way back, Stella leaned against the car window and looked out. The light cast by the streetlights fell on her face alternatingly.

After a while, she withdrew her gaze and spoke without any sign, "Mr. Conrad, why did you take me there."

Clarence's face remained unchanged and he said indifferently, "Don't you want to see him."

"I also want to see Horace but how come Mr. Conrad doesn't take me there."

Clarence looked askance at her and her eyes looked cold.

Stella grinned, "I'm just kidding, just kidding."

Stella murmured again, "Sometimes, the greater the hope, the greater the disappointment. I know what Mr. Conrad means, you don't need to comfort me through such an approach, I've long accepted the reality."

"What is reality."

"The reality is that what is lost can never be recovered."

Clarence said, "But what if, it is never lost."

Stella looked at him, "I've said that I hope Mr. Conrad don't say such ambiguous words and give me unwarranted hope."

"Existence of hope relies on how you create it yourself and regarding this, I can help you."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 270-Stella simply closed her eyes and just wanted to ignore him.

The moment the wretched man talked about a certain topic, she knew what was he actually planning.

Perhaps because the tipsy feeling of the wine was too intense, on the way back, Stella did not drift off and was just being dazed. She kept feeling that a tendon inside her head was slightly painful.

Not knowing how long it took, the car finally stopped.

Stella slowly opened her eyes and when she was about to open the car door to leave, Clarence's voice rang out indifferently, "You don't invite me to have a rest?"

"...Does Mr. Conrad still need me to invite."

Clarence raised his eyebrows and did not deny it.

In the elevator, Stella's slender eyebrows were furrowed as she gently rubbed her temples.

Clarence glanced at her, "You can't drink but you still want to get drunk like others."

Stella took a deep breath, who the hell was all this because of?

The door was opened. The living room was quiet. Sherry should have gone to bed.

Stella walked to the kitchen and poured herself a glass of water. Just before she was about to drink it, the glass in her hand was snatched away.

Clarence said, "How can you drink cold water in such weather."

Finished speaking, Clarence took the glass and went into the kitchen.

Not long after, he came out with boiled water and placed it in front of her. He asked without any signs, "How to make a sobering soup."

Stella was lying on the table. Probably because she did not expect him to say that, she froze before saying, "What?"

Clarence said, "Aren't you not feeling well."

Stella laughed dryly twice, "I'm just a little dizzy. I'll be fine after sleeping, I don't need to bother Mr. Conrad."

Clarence stared at her expressionlessly and just repeated, "How to do it."

"I'm...dizzy, I don't want to say anything."

After Stella finished speaking, she directly lay on the table.

She had to applaud for this excuse she found.

After Clarence stood in place for two seconds, his tongue rested against his teeth and then he turned around and went back to the kitchen.

After a while, Stella heard the sound of banging and crackling in the kitchen. She recalled the previous scene in Anqiao Street. She was really afraid that this wretched man would blow up her kitchen.

Stella raised her head and saw Clarence's tall back under the light.

Inexplicably, she felt a little warmth.

She supported her chin with one hand and just quietly looked at him like this.

Clarence's suit was just resting on the back of the chair opposite her. The cuffs of his white shirt were rolled up and he was holding his phone while looking for the corresponding ingredients.

Even though Stella was quite far from him, she could feel that he was not fit to do this.

As Stella watched, she suddenly could not help but think.

Indeed, every dog had its day.

In the past, when Clarence came home while being drunk, she not only was at his mercy but also got a series of mockeries despite putting much effort to make sobering soup for him.

Now, the scene had changed. She should have been happy but for some reason, she could not be happy.

Not knowing how many minutes ticked by, Stella slowly withdrew her gaze, took the glass of warm water in front of her and took a sip.

After half a glass of water entered her stomach, very soon, a steaming bowl of sobering soup was placed in front of her.

Clarence's voice was with a little tension, "Try it."

Stella looked at the black water in the bowl as well as the unknown floating objects. She instantly felt that she was partially sobered.

She said, "I think I don't...need this, I suddenly feel that I'm actually not that uncomfortable."

Clarence said, "Try it before you say, if you can't drink it, I'll pour it."

Seeing the wretched man's manner, Stella felt that if she did not drink, he might pour it directly into her mouth.

Stella's held the small bowl reluctantly with both hands, slowly placed it by her mouth and took a sip.

A bitter and fishy taste instantly spread in her mouth.

Stella could not help but cough vigorously.

Apparently, she was drinking something made of upas.

Clarence pursed his thin lips and then took the bowl from her hand. He patted her back with another hand, "Forget it."

After Stella coughed for a while, she said weakly without any strength, "Mr. Conrad, it's better not to force yourself to do something you're not good at next time. Otherwise, you'll have to see me in the hospital next time."

Hearing this, Clarence's lips curled, "You still want me to make it for you next time?"

"...Sorry, I have to correct it, there is no next time."

"Since you're so spirited, it does seem that you don't have any discomfort anywhere."

Stella said impatiently, "Is Mr. Conrad still not leaving?"

Clarence's hand on her back paused and was then withdrawn. He frowned in displeasure while saying, "You're so keen to drive me away?"

Stella kindly reminded, "It's already one o'clock in the morning. Even if Mr. Conrad doesn't want to sleep, others have to sleep too."

Clarence's thin lips were pursed slightly. After a few seconds, he said, "You can sleep with me."

Stella was speechless.

How on earth could he say such brazen words without even blushing a little?

Stella looked at him quietly, “If Mr. Conrad still doesn’t want to leave, I’m going to call the police.”

Clarence looked down at his wristwatch. Indeed, the time was late.

He took his jacket and went back after walking two steps. He took the phone out of his pants pocket and handed it to Stella.

Stella took it, “Thank...”

But before her words were uttered entirely, a large warm palm held the back of her neck and brought her forward.

The next second, Stella felt that her lips were bitten by someone nastily.

Immediately after this, Clarence’s voice sounded next to her ear, “You’re welcome, I’ve received your token of appreciation.”

“...”

With the sound of the door closing, Stella lay on the table and her entire person was weak and dispirited.

At this time, Stella heard a few tiny rumbles coming from the side. She turned back her head and saw that Sherry was lying in the living room with gossip written all over her face.

Stella’s eyes pulsed, “Aren’t you asleep?”

Sherry said, “When have you ever seen me go to bed so early. When I heard the sound of the door opening, I ran to the door to take a look. Seeing that the wretched man came back together with you, I went back to the room and hid. How was going on tonight, did anything exciting happen? Did he and Emmett get into a fight?”

Hearing her mentioning it, Stella only then remembered that she did not know how the situation on Emmett’s side was.

She subconsciously took out her phone and realized that it was already midnight.

Stella opened her phone and saw several missed calls from Emmett.

No wonder that wretched man did not give her phone back to her.

Stella thought about it and eventually sent a message to Emmett, saying that she had arrived home.

Seeing this, Sherry came over, "After tonight, Emmett should be able to give up, right."

Stella pursed her lips, "I owe him."

"Hey, in fact, I should be blamed for this. I shouldn't blindly fix you guys up." Sherry sat next to her and sighed, "If there was no Clarence, Emmett would really be a quick and good choice. Unfortunately... that's why the order of matters happening in one's lifetime is important

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 271-The Carter's.

After clearing up all the flowers, Emmett's father sat on the sofa and asked in a sinking voice, "What on earth is going on?"

Emmett's mother patted him on the shoulder with a frown, "Don't be so serious. Talk nice."

Emmett stood there. After a long while, he said, "Dad, Mom, I lied to you."

"Lied? Emmett, make it clear."

"Stella isn't my girlfriend, but I like her, so I asked her to do me a favor to come to visit you."

However, he had to admit that he had a special intention behind what he did.

Originally, he thought that as long as Stella agreed to visit his parents, he meant different in her heart anyway.

After that, he could use this as an excuse to make her continue being his girlfriend.

He had never expected that his plan was ruined by Clarence.

Emmett's father snapped, "Look what you've done!"

After a while, Emmett's mother said, "Is it her boyfriend who sent the flowers here?"

Emmett shook his head, "It's her ex-husband. They've divorced. He kept pestering Stella. She hasn't agreed yet."

Emmett's father looked a bit annoyed, "Why didn't you tell us earlier that she divorced?"

"I didn't think it's necessary."

"Unnecessary? You've taken her home already. Shouldn't you tell your mother and me about her basic information? Now her ex-husband came here. Do you know what this is? You actively let him slip in your face!"

Emmett's mother meddled in, "Enough. Enough. Just stop it. Stella is a good girl. I like her. Since her ex-husband changed his mind to chase after her again, it means this girl is indeed a good one. If she could marry into our Carter family, it's our fortune. But you can only let nature take its course on things like love."

As she spoke, she looked over at her son, "Emmett, you'd better know who on earth that girl likes. If she likes her ex-husband, don't get in between. If she likes you, that would be wonderful."

Emmett pressed his thin lips and didn't speak.

His mother said, "I'm going to clean the kitchen. Stop quarreling. It's still New Year. Don't get into a fight."

After she left, Emmett's father stood up, "Come with me to the study."

In the study, Emmett's father said, "Have you heard what your mother said just now?"

Emmett nodded.

His father continued, "I believe you know more clearly than others who that girl likes. Otherwise, she would have come here today as your girlfriend instead of faking your girlfriend."

Emmett frowned. He understood what his father meant, "Dad, you don't know what's going on..."

"You are right. I don't know, but I don't want to know either," said his father, "Since she doesn't like you at all, you shouldn't waste much time on her."

"But I like her a lot."

"So what? Do you think you are still a teenager? You have more important things to do than falling in love."

Upon hearing it, Emmett fell into the silence.

His father added, "All right. That's what I want to talk to you about. Think it over yourself."

After Emmett arrived in his bedroom, he heard the cell phone vibrate.

It was a message from Stella. She informed him that she had arrived home.

Subconsciously, Emmett wanted to call her back. Staring at her phone number, he hesitated.

Stella liked Clarence, which was seen clearly by his parents.

Until now, Emmett realized that he was the only one who was hooked by his own lies. He just expected that one day she would tell him a different answer.

...

The next morning.

As soon as Stella woke up, she heard her phone vibrate on the nightstand.

She fumbled for it and took a look – she had received a lot of greeting messages and lucky money for the New Year.

Rubbing her sore temples, she started to reply to the senders one by one.

After she had done that, she dragged her heavy steps out of the bedroom. Sherry was setting up the table, on which there were warm porridge and all kinds of dishes.

Seeing her come out, Sherry said, "Stella, there you go. Hurry up to tidy yourself and come for breakfast."

Stella lay prone on the sofa, trying her best to keep her eyes open, "Are the restaurants still open for takeouts during the holiday?"

Sherry answered, "It's not takeout. Chan brought them here."

Channing walked out of the kitchen, "I happened to meet the person to deliver breakfast to you in the elevator, so I take them upstairs."

Stella was speechless.

She wondered if they were speaking tongue twister.

Staring at the whole tale of dishes in a daze, Stella gradually understood what was going on. She turned around and walked into the bathroom.

After tidying herself up, she felt refreshed. She drank a glass of hydromel, and the soreness on her temples gradually faded.

Sitting at the table, Sherry rubbed her hand, "This early morning of New Year holiday is full of stink of money and scent of dishes. Please send my appreciation to Mr. Conrad. I'll start eating now."

Stella scratched her eyebrows. For a moment, she didn't know what to say.

Channing filled a bowl of porridge for her, "Let's eat, Stella."

After breakfast, Sherry said, "Stella, Chan, do you have any plan this afternoon? If not, shall we go see a movie?"

Stella nodded in agreement, "Sure. It's all up to you. I need to take a nap."

After a moment of silence, Channing answered, "I've already got an appointment."

Sherry looked at him in confusion, "It's still the holiday of the New Year. Why do you have an appointment? Are you really in love with someone?"

Upon hearing it, Stella also paused her steps, turned around, and looked at him.

Channing was speechless.

He answered, "Nah. I've got an appointment with my classmates."

"Male or female?"

He paused and continued, "Both."

Sherry's eyes were lit up instantly, "Are your male classmates handsome?"

Stella knew what she wanted to say next. In a hurry, she covered Sherry's mouth and said to Channing, "All right, Chan, you can get prepared for your appointment. Come back for dinner."

"Okay."

After Stella and Channing left, Sherry sat at the dining table. Looking at the whole table of dishes that had been slightly touched, she pulled out her cell phone and dialed a number.

Soon, the call was connected.

Sherry coughed and said solemnly, "Hello, is that Mr. Lance? This is Sherry."

"Hello, Ms. Perry. How are you? Anything I can help?"

"Oh, I just want to ask if your Mr. Conrad has any work plan today."

On the other end of the line, Nathan was a bit confused. It was still the New Year's holiday. If Mr. Conrad were still working, he must be way too abominable.

Nathan answered calmly, "No, he doesn't."

Sherry smiled confidently, "Great. Stella and I will go see a movie this afternoon. I'll buy an extra ticket and send you the ticket information. Please inform Mr. Conrad."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 272-After taking a nap, Stella felt dizzier.

She patted her on the forehead, put on clothes, and got off the bed.

In the living room, Sherry was ready to leave, “Stella, do you want to eat something first? Or shall we go out for lunch directly?”

Stella answered, “I want to eat something spicy. After we’ve seen the movie, let’s go for hotpot, shall we?”

“Sure! I happen to long for the hotpot as well.”

“Wait for me, Sherry. I’ll be ready after washing my face.”

When they arrived at the cinema, it was way too crowded there.

After getting the ticket from the machine, Stella saw Sherry holding three bottles of coke, “Why did you buy three bottles? Didn’t Chan say that he wouldn’t come?”

Sherry grinned, “I’m a bit thirsty. One bottle might not be enough.”

“If you drink too much coke, you might not be able to eat the hotpot later.”

“No worries. There are still a few hours before having lunch. Besides, I’ll be OK after going to the bathroom.” Sherry checked the time, “Let’s go in. The movie is about to start.”

Stella nodded in agreement, “Okay.”

After arriving in the screening room, before Stella sat down, Sherry dragged her to stand up, “Well... Stella, the person in front of me is way too tall. I can’t see the screen now. Can you sit here please? I’ll sit inside.”

“Sure.”

After Stella sat down, she looked around, only to find the whole screening room was fully occupied except the empty seat on her right-hand side. It was indeed crowded.

Shortly after, the lights in the room were dimmed. Commercials and previous other movies started to be played on the screen.

Soon, the movie started.

After taking a sip of coke, Stella put the bottle on the armrest. When she withdrew her hand, she accidentally touched something.

Someone was sitting on the empty seat next to her.

Stella subconsciously looked up and then stiffed.

Clarence met her gaze. He said indifferently, "Why are you looking at me? Watch the movie.'

Stella didn't utter a beep.

She withdrew her gaze awkwardly and looked over at Sherry.

No wonder she always felt that Sherry behaved so strangely today.

It seemed that she had planned something.

As if she had sensed Stella's gaze, Sherry didn't dare to look into her eyes. She could only pick up her bottle and pretended to take a sip, trying to skip.

Stella inhaled slightly and looked back at the screen in front.

She decided to let Sherry go.

Anyway, the wretched man didn't overdo anything. Stella decided to take him as a stranger and continue to see the movie.

Two hours passed pretty soon. After the movie ended, the audience started to leave the room.

Sherry covered her tummy, "Stella, I need to go to the restroom now. I'll wait for you outside..."

With the excuse, she wanted to escape but Stella pulled her to stop.

Stella faintly smiled and said, "I also want to use the restroom. Let's go together."

Clarence still remained seated, crossing his slender fingers together, "If you go out now, you need to wait in a line for at least ten minutes."

Stella said, "We can go to the shopping mall instead. Mr. Conrad, if you..." She wanted to send him away.

Before she had finished her words, Clarence stood up, "Follow me."

...

Out of the restroom, Sherry said while washing hands, "I didn't expect Conrad Group also runs movie theaters. I'm curious if there's any business that Conrad Group didn't cover."

Stella said, "Conrad Group always has business in the entertainment business, so it's not surprising that it has movie theaters. However, I'm quite surprised about one thing."

Sherry echoed, "What is it?"

Stella pulled a piece of tissue to wipe her hands. She turned to look at Sherry, "Why is Clarence Conrad here?"

"Haha..." Sherry might not expect that suddenly Stella would ask her such a question, she let out a hollow laugh. Then she clapped and said, "I got it! It must be fate. How wonderful your fate is! In such a huge city that there are so many movie theaters with numerous screening rooms, he sat next to you among so many seats. This is God's plan!"

Stella stared at her in silence, wondering what kind of stories she could make.

Sherry rubbed her nose, feeling a sense of guilt, "All right. I just feel it's not polite if I do nothing after having such an abundant breakfast bought by him. Hence... I decided to invite him to see the movie. One should return as good as one receives, right?"

Stella was speechless.

Sherry could always make excuses, which almost made Stella believe.

However, what Sherry had one was exactly the same when she tried to bring her together with Emmett, so Stella could understand what she wanted.

She was just surprised that suddenly Sherry started to bring her together with Clarence.

It was so unexpected, unbelievable, and unacceptable for Stella.

Sherry felt quite awkward under her gaze. She coughed a bit, "By the way, we should thank Mr. Conrad. If he hadn't brought us here, we would be still waiting in the line."

As she spoke, she said, "It's so wonderful to be rich!"

Stella raised her hand to rub between her eyebrows, "Let's go."

In the corridor, the manager of the cinema heard that Clarence was there, so he rushed over to greet Clarence.

As they spoke, Clarence saw Stella come out of the ladies' from the corner of his eyes. He said indifferently to the manager, "I'm busy with something else. I've gotta go now."

The manager said, "Okay, Mr. Conrad. Have a great one."

Clarence walked to Stella, "Where are we going now?"

Sherry answered, "We plan to have..."

Stella immediately interrupted her, "We're going nowhere. It's almost time to go home. Mr. Conrad, bye."

As she spoke, she dragged Sherry and trotted away.

Clarence was speechless.

Squinting with a threatening look, he said inwardly, 'Stella, you can run away from me. No matter how fast you are running, you can never escape from me.'

After leaving the movie theater, it was lunchtime.

There were a lot of people waiting in lines in front of all the different hotpot restaurants.

Fortunately, Sherry reserved a table ahead, so they entered directly.

Sherry looked at the menu and asked, "Have you called Chan?"

Stella said, "I sent him a message before leaving home. He said he would have lunch with his classmates. Just ignore him."

Sherry heaved a sigh, "Chan is truly grown up. He has secrets that he can't tell us."

Upon hearing it, Stella pressed her lips and didn't answer.

In fact, if Chan wasn't doing anything else, Stella wouldn't mind his business.

However, right now, Chan wasn't willing to tell her anything at all. If she kept asking him, he might feel bothered.

Hence, Stella decided to let it be for the time being.

Right then, a waiter came over and asked, "Excuse me, table for two, right?"

"Yes..."

"No, three."

They heard a man's indifferent voice from behind.

Stella choked up.

She didn't expect that the wretched man followed them here.

Clarence sat down next to her. He calmly took over the menus handed over by the waiter.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 273-Stella picked up her glass and took a sip of water. She said crossly, "Mr. Conrad, you are so rude."

Clarence asked without even raising his head, "When did you move?"

Stella was silent.

She was defeated again.

The wretched man's tongue was always sharp.

After Clarence ordered the dishes, he handed the menu back to the waiter. He turned around and looked at Stella, "Have you sobered up from the hangover?"

Stella believed that he was humiliating her when asking so, "I just had a glass of liquor and felt dizzy. I didn't get hammered."

Clarence said, "You are not good at drinking at all. In the future, when I'm not around, don't drink with others."

Stella's lips parted. When she was about to retort, suddenly, she realized that Sherry was still sitting next to them. The latter's gaze swept between them two, and obviously, she enjoyed watching the scene a lot.

Seeing Stella was silent, Sherry immediately withdrew her gaze, "Just ignore me. You don't need to care how I feel. I'm here to have lunch only. I can't see or hear anything else."

Stella was amazed.

Soon, the dishes were served, so the embarrassment was eased for the time being.

Stella and Sherry ordered the medium-spicy soup, aiming to get sweated.

They enjoyed the meal very much, while Clarence was only drinking water while sitting next to them. He barely ate.

Stella cast him a glance and asked purposely, "Mr. Conrad, why don't you eat?"

Clarence answered flatly, "Go ahead eating. Ignore me."

"Okay."

Stella withdrew her gaze and ignored him.

Shortly after, a waiter came over with a trolley and served a few light dishes.

Sherry and Stella were shocked in silence.

This was the first time that they saw cooked dishes be served in a hotpot restaurant.

Money made the mare go.

Clarence looked up at them. He said to Stella, "Feel free to eat if you want. I'm not so petty as you."

Stella curled her lips. She wouldn't eat his dishes.

She just felt that the wretched man was something – how could he ordered the home cooking dishes in a hotpot restaurant.

She wondered if he was in the right state of his mind.

Stella took a few bites again. She couldn't utter any sound as the food was way too spicy. Her water was emptied. When she was about to stand up and get herself another glass of water, Clarence pushed a glass of milk in front of her, "It can ease the burn."

Stella was burnt so hard that she didn't keep being polite to him. Directly, she picked up the glass, raised her head, and gulped down half of the milk.

Opposite them, Sherry was drinking water in silence. She felt that it was not hotpot food that fulfilled her tummy during lunch but their PDA movements.

Not to mention others, Clarence the wretched man was quite considerate in some perspectives.

No wonder Stella could fall in love with another man.

After finishing the hotpot, Stella felt quite cozy and relaxed. She hadn't been so easy for a long time.

Surely enough, to even the emotions, the best way was to eat an extremely spicy hotpot.

After lunch, while walking out of the restaurant, Sherry secretly checked her cell phone. Then she said, "Stella, a friend of mine asked me for help. I'm taking off now..." Then she waved at Clarence, "Mr. Conrad, please send Stella home. Thanks."

Before the last syllable fell off from the tip of her tongue, she had vanished in their sight.

Stella's temples popped. For a moment, she didn't know what to say.

She looked back and met Clarence's gaze. The man slightly tilted his head with a faint smile on his face, "Let's go."

Sitting on the passenger seat, Stella fastened the seat belt. She asked casually, "Where is Nathan?"

"He's on vacation."

Stella muttered, "I thought he doesn't have any holiday all year long."

Clarence pressed one hand on the steering wheel and turned to look at her, "Am I that unreasonable in your eyes?"

"Mr. Conrad, you shouldn't ask me this question. Don't you know how others criticized you?"

"I don't care about them."

Stella quieted down. She was afraid there might be another trap waiting for her if she continued this conversation.

Fortunately, Clarence didn't try to continue troubling her. He just smiled and started the engine. The car roared away.

Soon, Stella found they were not heading back to her apartment.

The car was pulled over in front of a shopping mall.

Clarence said, "Get off."

Stella looked around and unfastened the seat belt.

She followed him and asked, "Mr. Conrad, what are we doing here?"

Clarence said, "Didn't you say that you want to meet Horace Jason? I'm taking you here to meet him."

Stella choked up.

She wondered if he was nuts.

A few minutes later, they stopped at the kid's corner.

Clarence stopped walking and raised his chin to Stella, "Over there."

Stella followed his gaze. She saw a group of children aged five or six. Then her gaze fell on a stroller outside the kid's corner.

The stroller looked exactly the same as that she had seen in Ms. Anderson's house.

Staring at it, Stella was a bit take aback. She knew it must be the little fellow lying there.

Clarence looked over at her, "Don't you want to go there?"

After a while, Stella came back to her senses with a bitter smile, "The baby's parents are there. Why should I go there?"

"I can ask them to leave for the time being."

Seeing that the wretched man was about to take the action, Stella immediately pulled his arm to stop him, "Wait. What are you doing? Not necessary."

Clarence raised his eyebrows, "Don't you want to see the baby?"

Stella lowered her head, "No, thanks."

It didn't make any sense if she walked over to see the little fellow.

Besides, if Clarence and she walked over like this, probably the baby's parents would mistake them as the human traffickers.

Clarence continued, "We're almost there. Don't you feel it's a pity if we just leave?"

Stella was still struggling inwardly, but he kept urging her. She was a bit irritated, "Can you just stop it?"

Right then, a young woman held the baby out of the stroller.

The little fellow lay prone on her shoulder, humming.

From afar, he seemed to recognize Stella. Instantly, he waved all fours, his smile becoming more obvious.

The young woman noticed it and looked back, following the baby's gaze.

Stella felt quite embarrassed. When she was about to turn away, the young woman walked over with the baby in her arms. She said, "Hi, Mr. Conrad, this must be Ms. Radomil."

Upon hearing it, Stella was surprised. Raising her head, she asked the young woman, "Do you know me?"

The latter said with a smile, "Mr. Conrad mentioned you before."

Stella looked over at Clarence, quite confused.

"Mr. Conrad has come to see Noah twice and often told us about you, Ms. Radomil. He said you like Noah a lot." The young woman continued, "By the way, when Noah was in my Mom's house, thank you for taking care of him, Ms. Radomil."

Stella smiled faintly, "You are welcome. I didn't help much."

The young woman held the baby to her, "Ms. Radomil, would you like to hold him?"

Looking at the baby in front of her, Stella unconsciously smiled more brightly. She reached out and took over the baby.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 274-The young woman looked over at Clarence, who looked aside. Immediately, she said, "Ms. Radomil, I happen to have something urgent. Could you help me look after the baby for a moment, please? I'll be right back."

Stella nodded in agreement, "Sure."

The young woman pushed the stroller over, "His things are all there. Thank you so much, Ms. Radomil."

Stella smiled, "It's alright. Please don't mention it."

After the young woman left, Clarence said, "There's a bench over there."

Stella followed his gaze, only to find a lounge next to the kid's corner.

She held the baby and walked over. After sitting down, she looked for a toy for the little fellow while asking, "Mr. Conrad, when did you go to their house?"

Clarence answered calmly, "While you were dating Emmett Carter."

Stella choked up.

Why couldn't the wretched man speak properly?

He started to talking ironically again.

Ignoring him, Stella started playing with the little fellow while holding a toy.

The baby seemed to gain some weight since she met him last time. His little face was round, looking more ruby, quite healthy.

Soon, the baby started to grub about in Stella's arms. He should be hungry now.

Stella found a thermos cup from the stroller. However, since she was still holding the baby, she passed the thermos cup to Clarence, "Mr. Conrad, please open the lid for me."

Clarence took it over and find the formula milk powder from the stroller. He directly made the formula milk.

Watching his skillful and natural movements, Stella was in a daze.

She had to admit that Clarence probably could be a good father.

Clarence shook the feeding bottle and met her gaze. He raised his eyebrows, "Do you want to drink it as well?"

Stella inhaled deeply. She wasn't in the mood to speak a single word to him. Directly, she took the feeding bottle from his hand and let the baby hold it while sucking.

Right then, an old woman sat down opposite them with her grandson. Watching the scene, she said with a smile, "You are truly a loving couple. I see you took your baby out for fun. Nowadays seldom youngsters would take care of their children just like you."

Another old woman who was with her goddaughter echoed, “Exactly. Young couples also let their parents take care of their children now.”

“This baby looks so pretty. Sure enough, the parents’ genes are way too important.”

Stella felt a bit embarrassed under their compliments. She explained, “This is not my baby. His mother left for something urgent. I’m helping her take care of the baby.”

The first old woman felt surprised. She said, “Isn’t this your baby? His nose and eyes look like yours. I thought...”

Clarence chimed in flatly, “All good-looking people look alike.”

The woman chuckled, “It makes sense.”

The other old woman, who was taking care of her granddaughter, said, “Girl, hurry and give a baby to your own baby. You can’t waste your good genes.”

“He’s not...”

“I’ll try hard,” Clarence said.

Stella turned around and glared at him. The wretched man was talking nonsense again.

Clarence curled up his lips, his black eyes full of amusement.

Not far from them, Logan watched the scene. He squinted, lost in thought.

Right then, he felt a tug on his hand and heard a girl’s voice, “Dad, my brother wants to go home now.”

Logan squatted down. Staring over at Stella and Clarence, he whispered, “I’ll ask the nanny to pick you guys up. I have something to do now.”

“But...”

Logan turned around and cast her a glance, and the girl dared not to speak again.

After around half an hour, the young woman returned.

She said while panting, “Ms. Radomil, Mr. Conrad, I’m sorry it took me so long. Sorry for keeping you wait.”

Stella said with a smile, “It’s alright. I’m not busy anyway.”

After chitchatting for a moment, the young woman left with the baby.

Stella stood motionlessly while gazing at their receding figures and couldn’t return to her senses for a long time.

Clarence stood next to her. With one hand in the trousers pocket, he cast her a glance and said, “Why are you so sad? If you want to see him again, I’ll take you over.”

Stella heaved a sigh in silence, “No, thanks.”

“Ehn?”

Stella looked at him, “No matter what, he’s others’ son. It’s alright for me to see him once or twice. Why would I go to see him often?”

Clarence said, “You’ve always overthought. That’s why you suffer a lot in your life.”

“Yes, I do overthink. Anyway, you would never know how disgusting a man is if he keeps interrupting another person’s peaceful life.”

Clarence was silent.

Stella picked up her purse and left without looking back.

Clarence strode to follow her. He said calmly, “Stella, I didn’t break the peace of your life. Your life wasn’t peaceful originally. Without me, it would be worse.”

Stella didn’t speak. What he said was true, so she couldn’t retort at all.

If she hadn’t met him in Twilight Club, probably she had been in hell long ago.

Clarence pulled her wrist, “The elevator is over there.”

“I want to go shopping. Can’t I?”

Clarence smiled, but he didn't release her, "Of course."

Stella struggled a bit but failed to pull out her hand from his grip.

While she secretly struggled, Clarence suddenly said, "Stella, this is the second gift for you."

Stella didn't return to her senses yet. Subconsciously, she asked, "What the second gift?"

"For our second anniversary."

Stella's lips parted. For a moment, she couldn't find the right words.

Clarence said slowly, "When I give you the gift of our third anniversary, should you forgive me then?"

Stella was silent.

It was her first time hearing someone said that she "should" forgive him.

Seeing that she was silent, Clarence said, "You may forgive me before that as well."

Stella pressed her lips, raised her head, and looked up at him, "Mr. Conrad, are you sure that I'll forgive you for sure?"

"Not really. I'm quite nervous. You just can't tell."

"Probably it's because you are too cheeky, Mr. Conrad."

Clarence asked, "So, what's your answer?"

Stella instantly felt that his gaze was burning, which made her unable to look into his eyes.

Subconsciously, she looked away. After a long while, she said, "I... I don't know..."

Clarence stared at her and said, stressing each syllable, "What don't you know?"

Stella felt that she would almost blurt out her answer, but her left reason kept stopping her.

She had to admit that deep down in her heart, she had already submitted.

However, it took her a lot of courage to come out of her bad marriage when they divorced.

She had never expected that after going through so many things, they went back to the starting point.

It was because of that, she couldn't convince herself to restart with Clarence.

Stella said solemnly, "Mr. Conrad, I don't know what you want exactly."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 275-Clarence said, "What do you want to know? I can tell you."

"Mr. Conrad, if you truly wanted to tell me the truth, you wouldn't have waited until now. On the contrary, even if I asked you, you would always have ways to deceive me. I can't differ whether your answer is true or false."

Clarence chuckled, "It's not so complicated as you've thought."

Stella said, "It's not that my thought is complicated, Mr. Conrad. Anything relevant to you wouldn't be simple. Or, probably, I should say that you are a complicated person, Mr. Conrad. No matter when we got married or now, I've never known you."

"That's because you've never looked at me seriously." Clarence stared at her. His eyes were quite calm without any expression at all, "Stella, you always evade. When we got married, you evaded from yourself, and after divorce, you evaded from your love to me."

Stella's lips parted. She wondered why the wretched man had so many false reasoning.

Clarence added, "Think it over. What do you want to ask me? As long as you ask, I'll answer you for sure."

...

When Stella got home, Sherry was lying prone on the sofa, browsing her cell phone. Seeing her come back, Sherry asked, "Where did you go for dating? How could the wretched man let you come home so easily?"

Stella sat down next to her, exhaling deeply.

Seeing her like this, Sherry knew something must have happened. She asked tentatively, "Did he do anything worse than that a beast could do?"

Upon hearing it, Stella slightly smiled, "What are you talking about?"

"Why do you look so, then?"

"I..."

Stella didn't know how to answer.

Sherry said, "The wretched man must have said something. Stella, honestly, just be open-minded towards something. When you are in love, the more you think, the more seriously you might get hurt. Now that wretched... Mr. Conrad likes you and you like him as well. You don't need to obtain permission from anyone else. If you've stopped loving him, or you've fallen in love with someone else, just break up with him and dump him."

"If you are reluctant, you can cheat on him with other men. Remember, the motto of our lives is to be a temptress who has a pool of men." As Sherry spoke, she patted Stella on the shoulder heavily, "Don't be afraid of anything. Just do it!"

Stella choked up.

She had to admit that Sherry was more open-minded than her in love.

Right then, the doorbell rang. Sherry checked through the peeping hole and said, "Stella, I'm going to bed now. Let's talk tomorrow."

Then she trotted into her bedroom, bypassing Stella quickly.

The latter walked to the door and looked through the peeping hole, only to find Daniel standing outside. She raised her hand to scratch her eyebrows.

It turned out Sherry wasn't so open-minded as she had thought.

Sure enough, when one was analyzing others' love, he or she could make sense. When it was relevant to his or her own love, the same thing happened.

Stella opened the door. Daniel said, "Hi, Ms. Radomil... You are still awake so late."

"I just came back home from the outside. What's the matter?"

Daniel passed the champagne in his hands to her, "Yesterday, I came to your house for dinner, and I forgot to bring a gift. This is the gift."

Stella said, "You are too polite. It's just a meal."

"It's a proper courtesy. Please accept it, Ms. Radomil."

Stella knew that Daniel was always stubborn for some weird reasons, so she didn't refuse. She took it over and said, "Thank you, Daniel."

"I should say thank you to you."

After finishing his words, Daniel didn't leave.

Seeing that, Stella thought that he must want to say something else. Instead of urging him, she slightly tilted her head, waiting for him to continue.

After a moment, Daniel asked, "Please don't mind me being nosy. Ms. Radomil, do you plan to reconcile with Mr. Conrad?"

Stella was a bit taken aback, seemingly she didn't expect that Daniel would ask so.

With a smile, Daniel said, "Ms. Radomil, please don't misunderstand. Just now, I saw Mr. Conrad send you back so I'm just asking. If you don't want to answer it, please ignore my question."

Stella smiled, "No, I can answer it, but I just don't know the answer yet."

"Ms. Radomil, are you concerned about Emmett?" said Daniel, "Although Emmett is my friend, your own love has nothing to do with others. The most important is your own thoughts."

His words surprised Stella indeed.

After several seconds, Stella nodded slightly, "I got it. Thank you."

Daniel smiled. 'Ms. Radomil, happy New Year.'

Everything was coming on the way.

"Happy New Year, Daniel."

After closing the door, Stella put the champagne into the kitchen. Then she turned around to go to the bathroom.

When she came out after the shower, it was already midnight.

While drying her hair, Stella sat at the desk.

When she saw the box in the corner, she thought for a moment and reached out to take it over.

In the box, there was the gift from Clarence for their first anniversary as well as the photos taken in Yue Lao Temple of Aqock.

Stella took out the frame and stared at it in silence.

Even only the wretched man's appearance could make her fall in love with him.

In an instant, Stella suddenly knew that she wanted to ask Clarence.

Right then, much to others' surprise, something happened to the Steward family.

There was a death case in a project of Steward Group. Before they could suppress it, it was exposed to the public.

Immediately, problems of this project were found out one after another just as if someone had made a painstaking investigation.

Things kept happening to them. The problem about the capital behind the Steward family was also disclosed.

In only two days, the whole Steward family was in the teeth of the storm.

The Steward family could not fight back at all just like a whoosh.

Right at this moment, Selina also had a declaration – she said someone manipulated her to set up Stella. The content of her declaration implied Phoebe was the manipulator.

When reading the hot search topic, Stella was still a bit take aback. She prepared to deal with all those matters after the New Year's holiday, but much to her surprise, before she took any action, the Steward family had fallen into such a situation, and even Phoebe was involved.

Sherry said next to her, "You know what? It's not the karma will never come. It's just that it's not the time yet. Phoebe Steward does deserve it!"

Stella put down her cell phone, "This matter is way too obvious. I'm sure someone is behind this."

"Did you mean Clarence Conrad has done this?"

Stella shook her head, looking over at the door.

If not mistaken, she guessed that Daniel had something to do with things that happened to the Steward family in the past few days.

She knew Daniel and Emmett aimed at the Steward family, but much to her surprise, they had a far bigger plan than she had imagined.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 276-At the same time, the Steward's.

Charles reading the news in the newspaper, his ever-gentlemanly face darkened.

One of his subordinates said, "Mr. Steward, after the accident happened, the family of that employee had been taken away before we arrived. They also have all the project information the late employee had while working for us. Once the data problems of the information are found, we'll suffer a loss of hundreds of billions."

Hence, all the problems that were exposed to the public were just the tip of the iceberg.

The information would shake the root of Steward Group.

Charles folded the newspaper, "Have you investigated who took the employee's family away?"

"We haven't found any clue yet... But as I guessed, it should be the same person who has done series things recently."

Charles sneered, "Not only one force is involved in the series of things recently."

"Mr. Steward, do you mean others also have participated in this incident?"

"Clarence Conrad isn't a kind man. He must have stirred this mere as well," said Charles, "Now, this incident has become quite influential, we must respond as soon as possible. Find a few persons in charge of this project, dismiss or investigate them."

"As for the project information, the manipulators must have it now. Since they've chosen not to disclose it directly, it means they still have other purposes. We can leave it alone for the time being."

After the subordinates were gone, Charles pulled open the drawer at the desk. Staring at the old pocket watch, he had a touch of anger flashing through his eyes.

It seemed that his hunch was correct – as Stella appeared, all disasters came together with her.

Right then, there were a few knocks on the door of the study. Phoebe's voice was heard, "Dad?"

Charles put down the watch and his expression returned to normal, "Phoebe, come in. What's up?"

Phoebe frowned, "What should I do after those things happened to our family and company."

Charles said indifferently, "No worries. You don't need to do anything. Just wait to attend the engagement ceremony at the end of this month."

"Dad, Daniel said if you need help, he can ask Mr. Thomas for help again. After all, Mr. Thomas is highly respected in City N. As long as he wants to help you, there must be a lot of people who will offer helping hands. Dad..."

“No, thanks. Over the past twenty years, I’ve been through ups and downs. This is just a piece of cake.”

“But...”

Charles interrupted her, “Phoebe, I know what you are thinking about. However, the current moment is a critical one. If we are careless, it’s quite easy for us to step into the traps set up by others. Understand?”

Phoebe said, “I know. But, Dad, you should know that since things happened to our family, a lot of people avoided keeping in touch with us. I guess probably the Conrad family is also reconsidering about my engagement.”

As soon as she finished speaking, Charles’s phone started ringing. It was a call from Dempsey.

Charles swiped to answer. However, before they exchanged a few lines on the phone, his face was darkened.

From the very beginning, the Conrad family always wanted to take the advantage of the Steward family’s power to snatch the power from Clarence. Right now, the Steward family could hardly protect themselves. Even if the family could go through such a difficulty successfully, it would take them a lot of time and effort to return as powerful as usual.

The wisest way right now was to cut ties with them fast. Clarence had been targeting the Perez family. If he took the chance to pull the Conrad family into the mere while dealing with the Steward family this time, the loss would outweigh the gain.

After Charles hung up the phone, Phoebe smiled, “Dad, am I right?”

Charles squinted and didn’t answer.

There were only interests between the Steward and the Conrad families instead of any friendship. Hence, it was not surprising that the Conrad family chose to be worldly-wise and play safely at this moment.

Phoebe added, “However, the Conrad family seems to be too afraid of Clarence. He is focusing on something else now.”

Charles glanced at her, understanding what she referred to.

Clarence indeed had arranged a lot of bodyguards to protect Stella, which showed how much he cared about her.

A moment later, Charles said, “Phoebe, you can leave now. I’m still busy with some other things.”

After his daughter left the study, Charles dialed a number, “Help me deal with something.”

...

The Steward family was overwhelmed by things that happened recently. Besides, Selina made a declaration before Stella did to explain what happened to her studio, so this matter had come to an end.

However, none of the netizens who made the most fierce comments online back then made an apology.

While eating a grape, Sherry said, “Nowadays, people are always like this – behind the computer screen, they can say anything without taking any responsibilities. No matter what the truth is, they only care if they could have fun when criticizing others.”

Upon hearing it, Stella smiled, “Go to bed early. We need to go back to work tomorrow.”

Sherry stretched, “Time really flies. I haven’t got tired of having fun yet.”

“When it’s getting warmer, let’s have a trip.”

“Okay!” Sherry was interested when hearing it. After a pause, she asked, “By the way, the wretched man hasn’t come to you in the past few days, has he?”

Stella didn’t answer.

Sherry changed the topic way too fast.

After a long while, Stella said, “Why would he always come to me? I’d rather him to stop.”

Sherry approached her, “Really?”

Stella looked away awkwardly. Her lips parted but she couldn’t utter a word.

Sherry didn't insist on exposing Stella's double faces this time. She said, "By the way, Emmett hasn't come to you either. It seems he has truly given up this time. But it's a good thing. You don't need to be bothered by your choice."

Stella said, "Let's go to sleep now."

Lying on the bed, Stella browsed the news about Steward Group recently, trying to find some useful information.

Even she had known that Daniel and Emmett were behind this event, she still couldn't understand what was going on. Or, in other words, she didn't know their purpose of doing so.

The Steward family got a heavy blow this time, but it was rich and powerful. Even if the scandal was quite influential, the root of it couldn't be shaken.

Stella thought probably Charles couldn't protect himself and his family now, so he didn't have the energy to deal with her right now.

Hence, it was a good chance for her to look into the truth of the past.

Stella pulled out the photo of the pocket watch, starting looking for relevant information online.

While she was focusing on searching, her phone rang. The caller ID was Clarence.

After a few seconds, Stella swiped to answer, "Mr. Conrad, it's so late now. What's the matter?"

Clarence said, "Can't I call you without any matter?"

Stella was silent.

Then, she heard the wretched man's unhappy voice, "You will never call me if I don't call you, will you? Stella, is your heart made of stone?"

Then, she heard the wretched man's unhappy voice, "You will never call me if I don't call you, will you? Stella, is your heart made of stone?"

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 277-Upon hearing the complaint from the other end of the line, Stella suddenly felt as if she was a truly evil woman.

She muttered, "You will come to be when you want to see me. If you don't come here, it means you are busy, doesn't it? Why should I waste my effort to look for you?"

After a pause, Clarence asked, "Have you read the recent news?"

"Yes, I have."

"I'm dealing with the matter of Steward family, a bit busy recently."

Stella said, "I see."

Clarence said, "If you miss me indeed, come to see me in Conrad Group."

"Thanks for your invitation. I never thought of that."

On the other end of the line, Clarence snorted, "I've got to go." He hung up.

Stella put down the phone. She checked the time and found it was eleven o'clock. The wretched man was still in Conrad Group right now.

She lay on the bed, tossing about, unable to fall asleep.

After around half an hour, she suddenly lifted the quilt and sat up. Then she took a coat from the closet and walked out of her apartment.

The streets were empty at night, but the street lamps were shining.

Soon, her taxi was pulled over at the entrance of Conrad Group's building.

Stella got off. Standing at the entrance, she suddenly sobered up under the cold wind.

She had been somewhat reckless to come over here so suddenly.

She walked to the roadside, pulled out her cell phone to call a cab, but her finger didn't tab the confirm button.

After hesitating for a few seconds, Stella put her phone back into the pocket of her coat. She turned around and walked into the building.

The CEO's office, Conrad Group.

Nathan said, "Mr. Conrad, we've lost them. But I'm sure William has them."

Clarence knocked on the desk with his slender fingers, squinting, lost in thought.

"Now Mr. Steward is still looking for the person who has exposed all the series of things. He hasn't found out Daniel and William for the time being."

Clarence chuckled with a faint smile, "They've been well prepared become taking any action. Even if he wants to look into them, he can't find anything at all."

Judging from the current situation, Clarence realized that William just made the cooperation with Conrad Group an excuse. His purpose was to come to City N with a proper reason.

"Mr. Dempsey has called off the engagement with the Steward family. I guess he didn't want to draw fire against himself and aimed to get rid of the relationship early."

Clarence curled up his lips into a sneer. After a few seconds, he asked, "How is it going with Joanna Perez?"

"Mrs. Joanna should take action pretty soon. We're fully prepared."

Clarence hummed.

Nathan added, "By the way, Mr. Conrad, there's another thing."

"Go ahead."

"The cigarette butt sent by Mrs. Conrad's brother has been sent to the test. According to the DNA test, it belonged to Jeffrey Radomil."

Clarence creased his brows slightly, "Jeffrey Radomil?"

Nathan nodded, "About the accident that happened back then, the prison said it was a fire caused by the prison break. However, everything seemed to be quite unclear. All the bodies were charred. There's no evidence to prove that Jeffrey Radomil was certainly dead."

Right then, there were a few knocks on the door of the office.

Nathan immediately stopped speaking and walked to open the door. As soon as he saw Stella, he was a bit surprised, "Hi, Ms. Radomil?"

Stella said seriously, "I want to bother your Mr. Conrad with something. Is he in?"

"Yes, he is."

In a hurry, Nathan let her in, "Mr. Conrad, I'm leaving now. I'll look into the matter that I reported just now."

After the door of the office was closed, Stella took a few steps to walk in, "Hi, Mr. Conrad. Are you busy? I may need to bother you with something."

Clarence leaned against the back of the office chair, raising his eyebrows, "I can be busy or not busy."

Stella choked up.

Clarence stood up and walked to the lounge. He sat on the sofa with his slender legs across, "You said you need to bother me with something, right?"

Stella pressed her lips, "Mr. Conrad, I'm sure you must know what's going on with the Steward family now, so I want to ask you for some information."

"What do you want to know?"

"I..."

Upon hearing his question, Stella was a bit confused.

She used it as an excuse for the time being. Honestly, she didn't care about it at all.

After a pause, Stella answered, "You can tell me anything you like."

Clarence said, "The Conrad and the Steward families have called off the engagement."

According to how much she knew Clarence, Stella thought that he would tell her the current status of Steward Group. However, much to her surprise, he told her this matter.

It made her become a bit interested.

She asked, "Then, what about Phoebe Steward now..."

"Charles won't agree her to marry Daniel. Even her engagement has been called off, the Steward family is still a piece of fat right now. A lot of businessmen want to take the chance to hold their share now. Hence, at this crucial moment, Charles Steward needs to carefully make the decision. After all, Phoebe Steward's future husband is relevant to the future of the Steward family."

Stella frowned. Clarence always referred the marriage as a cold trade without anything relevant to love.

However, that was the actual fact.

After a thought, she said, "But, if it's like what you said, the Steward family is a piece of fat to others, why did your... the Conrad family would cancel the engagement?"

Clarence answered, "It takes capability to bite the piece of fat, but he currently doesn't have the strength to control the Steward family. Also, he can't take the risk to help them, afraid that I would take the chance to uproot his power. He had no other choice."

Stella was silent for a moment and continued, "That means no matter who will marry Phoebe Steward now, he would get the absolute controlling interest of the Steward family, wouldn't he? If the man was capable, he would have the chance to merge Steward Group, right?"

"You can understand it that way."

"Then... Mr. Conrad, don't you feel moved a bit?"

Different from the marriage for convenience last time, when Clarence was marrying Phoebe, Steward Group was still a strong and independent existence, which had the ability to be against Conrad Group.

However, things had been changed now. The Steward family was suffering a big loss. Once Clarence married Phoebe, absolute dominance would be in Clarence's hands. Moreover, he would also own the huge resource from Steward Group, which was a chance only once in a lifetime.

Clarence said slowly, "Moved? I do feel moved."

Stella bent down her head and didn't speak.

Soon, she heard his voice continue, "However, even if her future husband could get the controlling interests of Steward Group, he has to deal with the huge mess as well. Probably he would pull himself into the mire if he's not careful enough."

Stella said, "Isn't it how the business goes? As long as you win the bet, you'll make a huge profit. Mr. Conrad, you should know it, right?"

Upon hearing it, Clarence squinted, "Why don't you do it?"

Stella was taken aback, "Do what?"

"You are so good at talking, why don't you make an acquisition plan of Steward Group to me?"

Stella was speechless.

She explained patiently, "Mr. Conrad, I meant if you regret canceling the engagement with Phoebe. If it hadn't been called off, you could get Steward Group in a clear and ordered pattern."

soon, she heard his voice continue, "However, even if her future husband could get the controlling interests of Steward Group, he has to deal with the huge mess as well. Probably he would pull himself into the mire if he's not careful enough." Stella said, "Isn't it how the business goes? As long as you win the bet, you'll make a huge profit. Mr. Conrad, you should know it, right?" Upon hearing it, Clarence squinted, "Why don't you do it?" Stella was taken aback, "Do what?" "You are so good at talking, why don't you make an acquisition plan of Steward Group to me?" Stella was speechless. She explained patiently, "Mr. Conrad, I meant if you regret canceling the engagement with Phoebe. If it hadn't been called off, you could get Steward Group in a clear and ordered pattern."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 278-Clarence stared at her and didn't utter a word.

Under his gaze, Stella felt a bit uneasy. She looked away and coughed, "Mr. Conrad, if you don't want to answer your question, please ignore it."

After a while, Clarence said calmly, "Since you said so, I do regret it."

"Mr. Conrad, if you regret it, you can go back to Phoebe Steward. It's still not too late." As she spoke, Stella stood up, "It's quite late now. I'm taking off."

After she took a few steps, her wrist was grabbed.

Clarence slightly increased his strength to grip her, and she fell into his arms.

Before Stella struggled, Clarence wrapped his arms around her waist, raising his brows, "Are you jealous?"

Stella said expressionlessly, "I'm too tough to be jealous."

Clarence curled up his lips and intentionally or unintentionally glanced at her bosom, "You are quite tough indeed."

Upon understanding his implication, Stella hurried raised her arms to cover her bosom, blushing. After a long while, she cursed, "You rascal!"

"Why did you curse me? Didn't you say you are quite tough? I like it."

Stella choked up.

She doubted if the wretched man was mentally ill.

She said crossly, "Let go!"

Clarence, however, tightened his arms around her waist. He pressed his chin on her shoulder and whispered, "Don't move. I want to hold you."

"Mr. Conrad, aren't you jealous? Why don't you hold Phoebe Steward?"

"All right. I was kidding with you. You don't need to be jealous. Calm down."

"I..."

Stella couldn't utter any word for a moment.

Clarence said, "Wait for me for another half an hour. I'll drive you home."

"Mr. Conrad, aren't you quite busy?"

“The work cannot be accomplished within just one day.”

Stella was silent and then continued, “Why do I need to wait for you for another half an hour?”

Clarence said, “It’s quite rare that you actively came to find me. If I let you go home like this, I would waste your kindness, wouldn’t I?”

Stella didn’t speak. She knew what was in the wretched man’s mind. She shouldn’t have asked him.

After a few minutes, Clarence asked, “Have you decided the question you want to ask me?”

Stella’s lips parted. The words reached the tip of her tongue, but she didn’t know how to start.

“Okay, keep on thinking.”

Stella sat on his lap, and she could clearly hear the man’s heartbeat.

After a few seconds, she raised her hand and gently put it on his chest.

Clarence slightly stiffed. When he prepared to speak, Stella said, “Shush.”

He licked his thin lips calmly, staring at her without a blink.

Stella kept putting her palm on his chest. Under the cloth, she could feel his steady and powerful heartbeat.

After a long while, Stella withdrew her hand and whispered, “I’ve finished asking.”

Clarence didn’t understand, “Pardon?”

Stella answered, “Nothing.”

She checked the time, “It’s quite late now. I need to go to work tomorrow. Please give me a ride home.”

Clarence’s eyes were darkened. He didn’t speak.

Stella looked up at him, “Are you giving me a ride or not? Or I’ll call a cab.”

Clarence withdrew his hands, "Sure."

Stella stood up from his lap, straightening herself up as if nothing had happened.

Clarence picked up his coat, "Let's go."

On the way back, Stella pressed the car window to open a small crack. She kept peering out of the window, slightly curling up her lips.

When the Rolls-Royce parked downstairs of Stella's apartment, she was about to unfasten the seat belt, but Clarence dragged her over. Stella met his black eyes, blinking.

His Adam's apple bobbed. He whispered to ask, "What did you ask me just now?"

Stella answered, "A secret."

He approached her closer, "You don't want to tell me, do you?"

"Mr. Conrad, don't you also have a lot of secrets? We're even."

Clarence asked, "What secrets do I keep from you?"

Stella thought for a moment and decided to toss back the tough question to him, "Mr. Conrad, you know what you've hidden."

Clarence indeed had hidden something from him. For a moment, he couldn't find the right words to retort her.

Seeing that he kept silent, Stella knew she won against him this time, "Okay, I'm going upstairs. Mr. Conrad, be careful when driving home. Good night."

She turned around and was about to pull the door open, and she heard Clarence's voice from the aside, "Stella, wait."

"What..."

She subconsciously looked back. Before she could finish her words, her lips were sealed.

Clarence studied her expression. Seeing that she didn't resist as usual, he raised his hands to press the back of her head, gradually deepening the kiss.

...

After walking out of the elevator, Stella walked at a delightful pace with both her hands in the pockets of her coat.

She entered the passcode, pulled the door open, and was walking in, only to find Sherry was looking at her thoughtfully while holding her own arms across her chest.

Under Sherry's gaze, Stella felt a bit guilty. She coughed and rubbed her nose unnaturally, "Well... It's so late now... Why are you still awake?"

"I'm just wondering where you are from so late."

Stella hurriedly answered, "I was a bit hungry, so I went out to grab something. If I knew you hadn't slept yet, I would bring you some takeout."

Sherry raised her eyebrows and asked, "What did you eat?"

"Hmm... spicy hotchpotch."

"Oh, I see. It must be quite spicy as your lips are swollen."

Stella choked up.

She let out a hollow laugh and tried to cover her lies, "Yeah... We can go there together next time. The stall is in the lane downstairs. There were so many customers. I didn't find it before..."

"Enough. You are going too far when making a story."

Stella immediately shut up. She clenched her hands, lowered her head as if she had done something wrong.

Sherry asked tentatively, "Are you going to move out soon?"

"What are you talking about?"

Sherry breathed a sigh of relief, "That's good then. Otherwise, if you progress too fast, I'm afraid I'll be left alone in this apartment again."

Stella's eyelids twitched. She said vaguely, "Well, it's quite late now. I feel sleepy. Let's go to bed. We can talk tomorrow."

After that, she rushed into her bedroom.

Looking at her receding figure, Sherry couldn't help but click her tongue. She also went back to her room slowly. She envied Stella a lot, wondering when she could also fall in love with someone.

Stella was lying on the bed, feeling quite spirited. She couldn't fall asleep at all.

She slowly raised her hand and looked at her palm, on which the man's temperature seemed to have remained.

A grownup's normal heart rate was around sixty to seventy a minute. When they were with their crushes, the heart rate would accelerate automatically.

She had got the answer that she wanted to know.

Stella wrapped herself with the quilt, curling up her lips.

She hadn't fallen asleep for a whole night.

On the second day, when Sherry dragged herself to get up with the holiday syndrome, she found that Stella was busy in the kitchen. The latter was humming a song, looking extremely delighted.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 279-Sherry leaned against the door and said weakly, "It's awesome to have some spiritual food. I also want it."

Stella turned around and smiled, "You are awake. Go tidy yourself up. Breakfast is ready."

Sherry yawned and hummed to answer. Then she walked towards the bathroom.

Stella filled plates and bowls with breakfast. Then she got one portion in the lunch box for Channing so that he could have it in the studio.

After breakfast, Sherry said, "Stella, I'm going downstairs to get the car ready."

“Okay. Go ahead. I’ll be right there.”

Stella changed her clothes. When she was about to walk out, she saw herself in the mirror. Then she took a few steps back, pulled the lipstick from her purse, and put it on gently.

When she arrived downstairs and stood at the entrance of the community waiting for Sherry, a black Rolls-Royce was parked in front of her.

The car window was gradually pressed down. She saw the man’s handsome and aloof face.

Clarence stared at her, tilting his head, “Get in.”

Stella shook her head, “I’m waiting for Sherry.”

“You two are always together. Why do you need to wait for her?”

Right then, there was a car behind the Rolls-Royce, and it honked.

Stella looked around but didn’t find Sherry’s car. Also, the wretched man didn’t seem to have the intention to give up. She pulled the door of the passenger seat open and sat in. Then she pulled out her cell phone to call Sherry.

Clarence drove the car to the roadside and pulled it over. He cast a glance at the lunch box on her lap, reached out, and took it over.

Stella didn’t pay attention while calling Sherry, so it was grabbed by him.

Clarence opened the lunch box while asking, “Is it for me?”

“Wait...”

Before Stella denied it, he had already opened the lunch box. He picked one piece up and bit it.

Stella said crossly, “It’s for Chan.”

Clarence didn’t care at all. After finishing one piece, he said, “He’s so grown up. He wouldn’t starve to death if skipping breakfast.”

The wretched man could always make excuses, couldn’t he?

After finishing the food, Clarence put the lunch box into the bag, "You can make less tomorrow. I'm quite stuffed."

Stella was speechless.

Inwardly, she couldn't help cursing him. He could have stopped eating if he couldn't finish it, couldn't he?

Clarence slightly curled up his lips. He started the engine again and said calmly, "Shall I pick you up in the evening?"

Stella asked, "Where will we go then?"

"Where do you want to go?"

Stella answered intentionally, "I will want to go home."

Clarence cast her a glance from the corner of his eyes. He said meaningfully, "I won't object to it."

Stella closed her eyes, inhaling deeply. She wasn't in the mood to talk to him any longer.

Soon, the black car was pulled over in front of her studio.

Stella unfastened the seat belt, "Have a good day."

The man's slender fingers knocked on the steering wheel. He stared at her in silence.

Stella paused, looking into his eyes in confusion, "Why are you staring at me?"

Clarence raised his eyebrows slightly, "You look gorgeous today."

Stella fell into the silence. Then she asked, "Am I not always gorgeous?"

"No, you are not whenever you're with Emmett Carter."

Stella hurriedly pulled the door open to get off. She walked into the studio without looking back.

The amusement in Clarence's eyes became deeper. When her figure disappeared from his sight, he withdrew his gaze and drove away.

After Stella walked into the studio, she found that Sherry was sitting at the front desk, lost in thought.

She asked, "Sherry, when did you arrive? I called you earlier but the call couldn't be connected."

Sherry answered, "I saw the Rolls-Royce as soon as I went downstairs. Why? Am I not considerate?"

Stella raised her hand, rubbing her eyebrows, "I'm going to my office now. Call me if you need any help."

As she spoke, Stella walked towards her office. She pulled out her cell phone and ordered breakfast for Channing.

In the afternoon, Steward Group came out with some solutions for the problems of its project. They punished several senior executives. After that, using the power of capital, the group suppressed public opinions.

As for the grudge between Phoebe and Stella, they gave a brief explanation that it was relevant to their personal lives. They didn't make an apology or feel any sense of guilt.

Since the fact that Stella used to be Clarence's ex-wife was exposed, the public knew what had happened among them. Stella was the ex-wife, and Phoebe used to be the former fiancée. Nobody would believe that they could get along with each other.

After the news came out, Sherry said, "The Steward family is so capable. After such a big incident happened, they only punished a few senior executives. It seems that before long, when the incident is over, everything will be all right again."

Next to her, Channing said indifferently, "People's memories are short. They will always be attracted by fresh things."

Stella pressed her lips and didn't speak.

Her intuition told her that this incident wasn't so simple and it hadn't been over yet.

If Daniel's plan was only to get Steward Group to be impacted by the public opinion, they shouldn't have planned such a huge arrangement.

Right then, Emmett showed up at the gate.

After a moment of silence, he asked, "Stella, may I have a private talk with you, please?"

Stella nodded and walked out of the studio with him.

It was office hour, so there were limited passersby on the street.

Emmett and Stella walked shoulder-by-shoulder along the street. After a long while, Emmett said, "Stella, I must apologize for what happened that night. I knew you like Clarence Conrad, but I still had a fluke idea to ask you to go home with me."

Stella asked, "Have you explained to your parents?"

Emmett nodded, "Yes. I've told them everything bluntly."

"Did they blame you?"

"No, they didn't." Emmett looked in distance, "They asked me to think it through."

As he spoke, Emmett stopped walking and turned to look at her, "I've thought it over, Stella. Let's keep being friends from now on. I wish you happy."

Stella parted her lips. With a smile, she said, "Thank you, Emmett."

"Mr. Conrad is kind of arrogant, but I have to admit that he's a super capable man. Otherwise, he wouldn't have forced the Conrad family into such a circumstance now. He'll surely take good care of you if you marry him," said Emmett, "Well, I've got to go now. See you, Stella."

When Emmett took a few steps, Stella suddenly stopped him.

He turned around, "What's the matter?"

Stella originally wanted to ask him about the Steward family. However, when the words reached the tip of her tongue, she just shook her head, "Nothing. Thank you for being so kind to me in the past few weeks."

Emmett answered, "You are welcome, Stella. I'm quite happy to be with you in the past few weeks."

After Emmett was gone far, Stella turned around and was about to go back to her studio, but she saw a figure not far away. It seemed that the person was deliberately hiding from her.

Stella couldn't help but frown. She slowly put her hand into her coat pocket, pinching her cell phone tightly.

When Emmett took a few steps, Stella suddenly stopped him. He turned around, "What's the matter?" Stella originally wanted to ask him about the Steward family. However, when the words reached the tip of her tongue, she just shook her head, "Nothing. Thank you for being so kind to me in the past few weeks." Emmett answered, "You are welcome, Stella. I'm quite happy to be with you in the past few weeks." After Emmett was gone far, Stella turned around and was about to go back to her studio, but she saw a figure not far away. It seemed that the person was deliberately hiding from her. Stella couldn't help but frown. She slowly put her hand into her coat pocket, pinching her cell phone tightly.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 280-On the way back to her studio, Stella walked quite carefully. Her intuition told her that someone was following her all the way.

Fortunately, it was the daytime, and the person wasn't so bold. Hence, she was only followed instead of getting any other harm.

After something happened to her studio and Channing, Stella became more alert than she used to be.

As soon as she arrived at the studio, she informed Channing, Sherry, and the two employees, asking them to be careful recently and better not to go out alone.

Upon hearing it, Sherry couldn't help but cursed, "It must be Phoebe Steward again! That bitch is so hypocritical and disgusting! After such an incident, she still wants to harm you. Phew!"

Stella said, "No matter who's behind it, he or she must have an evil intention. We all must be careful."

After finishing her words, Stella turned around, only to find that Channing was frowning slightly and looking quite angry.

She asked, "Chan, what are you thinking about?"

Channing was brought back to his senses by her question, "Nothing. Stella, you should tell me if you want to go out from now on. I'll accompany you."

Stella smiled, "All right. It's not that exaggerating. As long as we pay some attention, your school is open soon, and you should be careful as well. I don't hope the thing last time would happen again."

Channing didn't speak. His thin lips parted a bit, but he didn't utter any word.

In the evening, when Stella was about to close the studio door, Sherry poked her with her own elbow, "Stella, please leave the rest to me. The capitalist is here to pick you up."

Stella was speechless.

She looked back, only to find the familiar Rolls-Royce was parked at the door of the studio.

Stella coughed, "Just ignore him."

Sherry said, "You don't need to be so polite to me. Hurry up and go. You have the guts to make him wait, but I don't."

Stella was pushed and dragged by Sherry out of the studio.

When she pulled the door of the car open, Clarence was on the phone. He turned to cast her a glance, hinting at her to wait for him.

Stella wasn't in a hurry. She pulled out her cell phone, starting to play a game.

After a dozen minutes, Clarence hung up the phone. He asked, "What do you want to have for dinner?"

"Everything's fine. I'm not so picky as you."

Clarence raised his eyebrows, driving towards a restaurant.

After half an hour, the car was pulled over in front of a private cuisine.

A waiter led them to the VIP box on the second floor. They heard noises from the box next door. Stella paused her steps and looked over subconsciously.

The next second, a woman with a pale face ran out of the box. She couldn't have the time to find the garbage can before vomiting at the corner. Men's laughter was heard in the box.

A man said, "Are you good at drinking or not? If not, don't waste our time."

Another man laughed and pretended to scold him, "What are you talking about? What a waste if you only ask such a pretty woman to drink!"

As they spoke, others let out some teasing laughter with implications.

It sounded quite disgusting.

After vomiting, the woman leaned against the door weakly. Even she knew the men in the whole box looked down upon her and even had some nasty intentions on her, she had to hold back her anger, "Misters, I've drunk the liquor. For the thing that you've promised me, could you..."

"Why so rush? It's still too early. Come on in. Let's go on drinking."

When Stella was watching the scene, her wrist was grabbed. She was dragged into the box. Clarence said, "What's so fun about the scene? They are just a few booze bags, but they don't know they are also nothing to others."

Stella looked at him, "Who are they..."

"They are working for Steward Group." Clarence lowered his head to check the time on his wristwatch, "If you are not hungry, let's change a restaurant."

"Let's eat here."

During dinner, Stella always looked absent-minded.

Clarence asked, "Don't you like the dishes?"

“Nah. They are quite yummy.”

He looked a bit unhappy, “Then, don’t you like having dinner with me?”

Stella said crossly, “Mr. Conrad, can you keep quiet while eating?”

If she hadn’t wanted to have dinner with him, she could go home directly. Why would she have come here with her? She was not nuts, was she?

After a thought, she put down the tableware in her hands, “I need to use the bathroom.”

Clarence said, “Leave your bag here.”

“I’m not escaping.”

Stella didn’t intend to take her bag to the restaurant, either. She was just getting some tissues from it.

While she passed by the box next door, she purposely paused for a few seconds, only to hear that there was still laughter in there. The dinner should still be going on.

As soon as she entered the ladies’ room, she happened to kick something.

Stella looked down and saw a hammered woman. She was Madison.

It turned out that her husband was one of Steward Group’s senior executives to be punished this time.

Otherwise, she wouldn’t have shown up here.

Steward Group had such a huge problem, but its senior executives were still having fun here. They even took the chance to get their kicks from humiliating others. How ridiculous!

Stella squatted down, patting her gently, “Madison, wake up.”

Madison had been hammered. She only tilted her head without any other response.

Stella looked around. She could only help her up. She decided to ask the restaurant employees to take care of her, letting them contact her family to pick her up.

Unexpectedly, when Stella helped Madison out of the ladies' room, she encountered two senior executives from Steward Group, who came over to look for Madison.

Seen them, they exchanged a glance with each other. One of them said, "Hey, beautiful. This woman is our friend. You can leave her to me."

Before Stella answered, Madison seemed to be conscious. She took a few steps back behind Stella and mumbled vaguely, "No... Don't..."

Stella looked over at them and said indifferently, "I don't think she knows you."

"She's drunk so she doesn't know anyone. It's normal. Beautiful, if you can't rest assured, you can go with us to ride her home together. Our car is parked downstairs. What do you say?"

"Do you know where she lives?"

One of them said, "Of course. Not far from here. It'll take less than ten minutes. Let's go there together."

Stella sneered. She could understand what was in their minds without a thought.

She said, "Unfortunately, she's my college student. She lives in the eastern town. It'll take at least half an hour to get her home. I don't know where the place that will take less than ten minutes is."

Upon hearing it, both men looked annoyed. They knew she refused them. Hence, they said rudely, "Since you are not willing to leave her to us, you can serve us together with her. As long as we're happy, probably we can agree to your condition."

Stella laughed, "Agree? Who do you think you are? Even Charles Steward dared not to make the promise. How can you make it so certainly?"

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 281-The two probably didn't expect her to mention Mr. Steward suddenly, and even at that say the

name directly. They were a little flabbergasted for a while, but she was still a woman after all. If she really knew someone of such extraordinary status, they wouldn't have been here drinking and saving people.

It was a bluff at best.

One person said, "Don't use Mr. Steward's name to scare us. He won't care about people like you at all. If you still want us to help you, show some sincerity."

"What you said is interesting. Once Charles brings out his people, I doubt any of you will dare to fight. A group of grown men falling down to the extent of harassing a woman just for amusement, are you guys not afraid that in the future your wives and daughters can also show up at such dinner parties?"

The two men were angered by her words and one of them instantly replied with a cold face, "Don't be ignorant of others kindness. She came to us herself. No one forced her. Don't you know who am I! Show me some respect!"

At this moment, a low sneering voice came from behind them, "I was wondering who is being so loud here, it turned out to be Mr. Bernard!"

Armand Bernard, a deputy director, turned around looking impatient, "You can... Mr.... Mr. Conrad..."

Clarence stood there staring at him, looking tall and stern.

Armand's expressions changed slightly. He explained with an apologetic smile, "I didn't know that you were having dinner here too, Mr. Conrad. I didn't mean to incur any ridicule on you. These two are family members of Steward Group's employees. As you know there has been a little problem within the Steward group lately, it was related to these people. As a matter of fact, Mr. Steward just cleared up

this mess and left but unexpectedly the family members came running to intercede and plea for leniency. How can I agree to their terms, you see, I also have no way..."

He implied that this was the internal matter of the Steward Group and had nothing to do with Clarence, hoping that he would leave it alone.

Clarence smiled deeply, "Listening to your words, Mr. Bernard, one might think I am being nosy."

"Not at all, Mr. Conrad. It is just that this matter is really troublesome. After all, it is hard to deal with women."

"I understand what you are trying to say, Mr. Bernard. But I am very curious about something."

Armand said hurriedly, "Mr. Conrad, please ask away."

Clarence paused for a moment and then said slowly, "When did my wife become a family member of an employee of Steward Group?"

Although his voice was dull, it was wrapped in an obvious layer of bone-chilling iciness.

Hearing this, Armand and the man next to him were both taken aback. They both whipped around to look at Stella in unison and broke into cold sweat, "Mr.... Mr. Conrad, this is a misunderstanding. I didn't know that this person is Mrs. Conrad. I...I..."

Armand stammered at 'I' for a long time, his legs trembling as if made of jelly.

After all, Clarence had once used his official social media account to snap at the person who had cursed out his ex-wife. It was something everyone knew about already and it was enough to show how much he doted on her.

The relations between the Steward group and Conrad group were already tense. If they offended Clarence and involved the Conrad group into it, then they were going to be completely finished.

Clarence said again, "Mr. Bernard, don't be so nervous. The one who wasn't aware is not considered guilty. As long as you kneel down and apologize to my wife, then this matter will be considered over and even I will not pursue it any further."

Armand's eyes widened suddenly, "This..."

"Are you not willing to?"

Beads of sweat began to accumulate on Armand's forehead. His legs felt so soft that he almost couldn't help but kneel down.

Clarence smiled deeply, "I am just joking. Mr. Bernard, you didn't take it seriously, right?"

Armand inwardly cursed Clarence's ancestors and managed to smile gratefully, "Mr. Conrad, you have a big heart, naturally you won't bother about me."

"Mr. Bernard, you are flattering me. I don't have the final say in my family."

Armand's face became stiff again and he turned to look at Stella again. This time his smile felt a little more fake flattery than sincerity, "Mrs. Conrad, what happened just now was really a misunderstanding. I apologize, please forgive me for my rudeness. And about your friend's matter, I will try my best to do it for her..."

Stella's expressions were dull, "No need. I don't care about this."

"Then, look..."

"How much wine did she drink just now? Stella's gaze swept over the two of them, "How much did everyone drink at your table?"

The party culture really stank, especially if one enjoyed having girls pour them wine.

After a brief hesitation Armand immediately agreed, "Yes, yes. It is as you said, Mrs. Conrad."

Armand was thinking that Clarence had no way to know how much their table had actually drunk, nor would he have the time to continuously keep an eye at them while they drank, so when the time came it would just be a matter of drinking a couple of glasses symbolically.

However, what he hadn't expected was for Clarence to call a passing waiter over, "Go to private parlor number three with these two, ask the manager to watch them drink all the wine in the parlor without leaving a drop and then open all the wine that I have stored here and send it to their table."

After that, Clarence looked at Armand and said leisurely, "Thank you, Mr. Bernard, for giving me the honor. All of those wines my collection that I have treasured for many years, please enjoy."

Armand was shocked, "Mr. Conrad."

"No need to thank me for this. It is my pleasure."

If it wasn't for the wrong occasion, Stella would have burst out laughing.

She had to admit that the wretched man was really sassy. The way he played with those two with just a few words was worthy of applause. He made them unable to refute or reject.

After the waiter followed Armand and the other one, the manager of the restaurant also hurried over. Stella took the opportunity to hand Madison over to him and asked him to help her contact her family.

After doing all this, she exhaled and turned around to meet Clarence's calm eyes.

Uncomfortable with his gaze, she touched her nose, "Why are you looking at me like that?"

"You are so beautiful; how can I not look?"

Stella, "..."

He really was one smooth talker.

Stella pulled him with the cuff of his shirt, "Okay, let's go eat."

She didn't get to eat much just now and she was starving.

After returning to the private parlor, Clarence asked, "How did you meet?"

Stella paused for a moment before realizing that Clarence was asking about Madison, "She was my university classmate."

"Oh." Clarence continued, "Your university classmates are really full of talents. As if one Horace wasn't enough, and that Emmett. And now suddenly, there is another one of them..."

Stella was annoyed, "Shut up!"

Clarence really did stop talking.

After a while, Stella couldn't help but say, "Mr. Conrad, I have to correct you on something."

Clarence raised his eyebrows, "Say it."

"Right now, we are already divorced. You shouldn't call me your wife anymore."

Clarence frowned deeply, as if a little displeased, "There is no problem in it."

Stella said rigorously, "It is a problem of legal common sense."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 282-Clarence was quiet for two seconds. Then he looked at her, his black eyes deep and dark, "Then what should I call you?"

Stella opened her mouth, subconsciously wanting to speak, but as the words reached the tip of her tongue, she realized that it seemed like a trap for her.

She closed her mouth quickly, took a sip of the water in front of her and looked away as if nothing happened just now.

Soon, Clarence asked in a low voice, "Huh?"

At this moment, Stella's cellphone rang. She quickly picked up the call, "Hey, Sherry... what? There is a leak in the bathroom at home? Is it that serious? Then I will come back quickly!"

The telemarketer who was about to sell English learning material on the phone had no time to speak, "..."

Stella finished speaking, quickly picked up her things and said, "Mr. Conrad, something came up at home, I have to go back. You don't need to drop me. I will take a taxi."

Clarence leaned back in his chair, his arms resting on the armrests besides him, looking at her with a faint smile, "Do you know how to handle water leak?"

Seeing that the situation had already come to this, there was no use of crying over spilt milk. Stella could only open her eyes wide and spout nonsense, "Just... first do that... and then it's done..."

Clarence asked unhurriedly, "Do what first?"

Stella was left speechless, "..."

She hated that wretched man!

She said, "I don't know that much. I will go back and take a look. And then I will call the handy man if I can. If I can't, then I can have Chan come and do it."

When Clarence heard these words, he got up, picked up his coat and said, "It is too much trouble to call a handy man for repairs. I will go with you."

Stella's eyes widened, "No... there's no need for that..."

"Of course, I should. There is no need for formalities with me. You should get all the use out of your boyfriend that you can." The corners of Clarence's mouth lifted in a smile, "Am I saying it right now?"

Stella's face flushed and she remained silent for a while.

The wretched man was quite good at giving himself a title.

Clarence held her hand, "Let's go."

As she walked, Stella retorted in a low voice, "Wh... what boyfriend? I still haven't given you an answer."

Clarence said, "You did."

"... You aren't going to say that you heard the voice of my heart again, are you?"

Clarence raised his eyebrows but didn't comment.

Stella regretted saying it. Didn't she just confess without duress?

Forget it! She thought.

It was useless to want to quibble now.

When the car arrived below her building, Stella was about to open her door to leave when Clarence unfastened his seatbelt.

After meeting Stella's questioning gaze, he said calmly, "Isn't your bathroom leaking? I will help you check it."

Stella snorted disdainfully. That wretched man! He knew that it was her excuse, but now it had become his excuse.

After a few seconds, Stella said, "Mr. Conrad, I have to discuss something with you."

Clarence looked at her sideways and didn't answer. He didn't have to think about it, he knew that she wasn't going to say what he wanted to hear.

Stella ignored him and continued, "I don't live in that house by myself. You can't come there whenever you please or you will end up disturbing others."

Clarence's slender fingers tapped on the steering wheel and then said, "Then move out of there. I will rent you a house."

"... Thanks, but no."

Hearing her refusal, Clarence said again, "Or you can move back to the Starry Lake Mansion."

Stella refused without thinking, "No."

"Why? Don't you think it is uncomfortable to live with others?"

Stella took a deep breath, "I just think it is inconvenient for you to visit. As long as you don't visit, I can live comfortably."

Clarence frowned and said in a displeased tone, "But I am not comfortable."

"Oh! Then this is your problem, you can overcome it yourself."

Clarence, "..."

While he was still processing this, Stella opened the car door and left quickly.

As she trotted towards the elevator, a light smile was still playing around Stella's lips.

However, when the elevator opened, she couldn't smile anymore.

Phoebe stood in the elevator with her arms crossed over her chest. She glanced at Stella indifferently. Seeing that she was standing still, she asked sarcastically, “Ms. Radomil, aren’t you going to come in?”

Stella pursed her lips. After two seconds of silence, she raised her foot and walked into the elevator.

As the elevator went up slowly, Phoebe said, “You have really good skills. I think about how much he hated you before you guys got divorced, but now everyone knows that he is pursuing you again. You must be feeling very pleased with yourself. But I must advise you not to be too happy too soon. Your remarriage is also not an anecdote passed on with approbation. One is an illegitimate child who receives disdain from everyone, and the other is the daughter of a gambling addict. It is a suitable match but it is just a joke at other people’s dinner table.”

Hearing this, Stella couldn’t help but laugh a little, “You talk so much about him being an illegitimate child, you really have it engraved in your heart through your upbringing, right? Don’t tell me that you forgot how you used all methods necessary to try to get married to Clarence back then?”

Phoebe sneered, “My methods are not as brilliant as yours. I agreed to marry Clarence considering the Conrad family’s reputation, that is all. Otherwise, would it have worked out just relying on an aggrieved

illegitimate child like him?”

“Just like you said, you and Clarence were to get married because of the Conrad family. However, he is not the only son of the Conrad family. So, why did you fancy him specifically?”

Stella didn’t give Phoebe any respect and humiliated her as much as possible.

Of course, she knew very clearly what Phoebe thought. If she had no interest in Clarence and it was just a pure business marriage, she would not have deliberately said that they were originally set to get married but were forced to separate at that time.

When Clarence and Phoebe broke off their engagement, the Jason family wanted her to marry Justin, she clearly showed unwillingness.

Although Phoebe smiled gently on the surface and looked generous, she was extremely arrogant in her heart.

The reason why she chose to be close to Daniel now was not necessarily that she liked him. It was more likely that she enjoyed his pursuit. It was also plausible that she wanted to use Daniel to get rid of her future marriage in the Conrad family.

Phoebe was really smart and ambitious, but she liked to find her sense of existence through other people.

To use Sherry's words, she was extremely hypocritical.

At this time, the elevator stopped. Stella didn't speak anymore, just nodded slightly to Phoebe and left.

After returning home, Stella closed the door and took a deep breath as she stood there.

Hearing the noise of the door, Sherry poked her head out, "You are back? How was your date today?"

Stella made a shushing gesture towards her and looked out through the monitor on the wall. She saw Phoebe ring the doorbell to Daniel's house.

Seeing Stella look, Sherry also came over and saw this scene. She couldn't help but curl her lips in contempt, "Pah!"

Stella took her hand and pulled her into the living room, "Leave it!"

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 283-At the same time, next door.

Daniel turned his head and glanced at Phoebe, who was sitting on the sofa. He turned his gaze back and poured two glasses of red wine before walking over with the wine glasses.

He sat across from her with his slender legs crossed, "How come you suddenly thought about coming here?"

Phoebe took the wine glass and looked around as she said lightly, "I have never been to your place yet so just stopped by."

Daniel smiled and raised his glass to her in the air.

Phoebe continued, "I met Stella as I was coming up."

"Oh."

Phoebe smiled disdainfully, "Clarence is just an illegitimate child. Even if he inherits the Conrad group in the future, it would just be illegitimately conferred. What is she so proud about?"

Hearing this, Daniel pursed his lips and said nothing.

After a while, Phoebe finally came down to business, "I came to ask you to check something that happened about twenty years ago."

Daniel raised his eyebrows softly and motioned for her to continue.

Phoebe took out a photo from her purse. It was clearly taken from her cellphone and then printed out.

She placed the photo in front of Daniel and pointed her finger at the man next to Charles, "Help me find out what this man did twenty years ago."

Daniel picked up the photo and glanced at it, "And this man is?"

"He is my father's younger brother. I would call him Uncle."

"How come you want to investigate him all of a sudden?"

Phoebe smiled but didn't respond. She only said, "You don't need to care about anything else. I only need the complete information about all he did."

Daniel looked at her, "Since this is your father's brother, I think it would be way faster to just ask him."

"I couldn't find any useful clues from my dad and what he was willing to tell me was limited." Phoebe said, "I feel that the crisis that the Steward group is going through must be related to the events that happened twenty years ago. As long as I find a clue and know what happened twenty years ago, I will have a way to turn it around."

Even if it wasn't related, she would still have been able to create some related information.

Once she could blame the things that were happening to the Steward Group to what happened twenty years ago, then Stella would turn into the best scapegoat and even Clarence wasn't going to be able to protect her.

Phoebe said, "You have a good relationship with Cameron. You should be able to ask him about something that happened a couple of decades ago."

He looked at her meaningfully and then put the photo down, "Of course, I can check it but I am afraid the truth might surprise you."

Phoebe frowned, "What do you mean?"

Daniel smiled, "Nothing. I am just saying, it might."

Phoebe stood up and said, "Then I will go now."

"Do you want me to drop you?"

Phoebe glanced at him and said indifferently, "No need. Help me deal with these things. After all this is done, I will give you what you want."

Daniel raised his eyebrows, "Then I will get on with it."

After Phoebe left, Daniel looked at the photo in his hand and dialed a number, "Phoebe just gave me a photo and asked me to help her find out the truth about what happened twenty years ago."

There was a pause on the other end of the call before the voice said, "What truth does she want to know?"

"I don't know. It looks like she has guessed that what is happening this time is related to what happened twenty years ago. She is trying to find the crucial points so everything can be traced." Daniel had some suspicions, "But looking at her, I already have a plan."

"What did she say?"

"She said that as long as she knows what happened twenty years ago, she will have a way to turn the situation around."

Soon, the voice on the other side of the phone said, "Phoebe is very smart. Be careful that she doesn't find out about you."

Daniel said, "I definitely won't get exposed, but..."

Seeing Phoebe looking like she was holding a winning certificate in her hand, she must have had some crucial evidence or clue in her hand.

"First, look into what she really wants and find the right time to tell her the truth."

"All of it?"

"Tell her everything that she wants to know."

After hanging up the phone, Daniel looked at the photo thoughtfully.

He had the feeling that she wanted to do more than just wanting to know the truth.

Even if the Steward Group pushed a few senior executives to take the blame, temporarily suppressing the public opinion, but it resulted in many loopholes being coming to the surface. Not only that, but many people from the outside world have their sights set on the Steward group and among them was Clarence.

If Phoebe failed to handle this matter well, or was a bit thoughtless, the Steward Group was going to have to change its name. Charles, the biggest shareholder and the chairman of the group, was going to face imprisonment.

Once this happened to Charles, Phoebe's life would not be easier.

But she wanted to find out the truth about twenty years ago at a time like this.

Daniel laughed lightly. She was a really filial daughter, not knowing how Charles would react.

.....

At night, Stella sat at the desk, holding a pocket watch, not knowing what she was thinking.

It had been so long that she wasn't able to find any useful information.

Stella took a deep breath, put down the pocket watch and reopened the draft sketch. When she turned over the previously designed pocket watch necklace, her eyes glimmered slightly.

Since the scene Modesty made at the charity banquet, the necklace had disappeared into thin air.

Speaking of it, Phoebe had also approached her at that time.

Only Modesty knew where the necklace was now.

Stella closed the draft and laid down on the bed. She closed her eyes, preparing to go to sleep.

As soon as she fell asleep, she had that dream again. The monstrous fire and deafening explosions, along with the horrible and terrifying screaming, all if it was exceptionally clear in this slow and long nightmare.

She woke up suddenly, gasping for breath and feeling that her back was slick with sweat.

Stella turned her head and found that her phone on her nightstand was shaking.

She picked it up and looked at it. It was Clarence.

After calming down for a few seconds, she picked up the call, "It's so late, Mr. Conrad did something happened?"

"Nothing. I was missing you."

Stella, "..."

Her heart, which she had calmed down with difficulty, began to beat fast again.

Clarence asked, "When are you going to move out?"

"I have no such plan for the time being."

On the other end of the call, Clarence was silent.

Stella was about to speak, but when she heard a faint cry of a baby through the call, she paused and asked, "Where are you?"

"At home."

"Then you..."

"It is the sound of my TV."

After a brief moment, the baby's cries ceased.

Stella responded, "Oh." Then she glanced at the time and said, "You don't want to sleep?"

Clarence said, "Can't sleep."

Stella said in all seriousness, "But I am going to sleep."

"You sleep. I will stay with you through the phone."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 284-When he said it like that, Stella felt a little embarrassed and blushed a little, "I am not a kid who needs your company." After that she said, "Okay then, I am hanging up."

At the end, she quickly added, "Good night!"

After Stella hung up the phone, Clarence slowly put down his phone and his lips curled into a slight smile.

At this time, a young woman walked up to Clarence from behind, "Mr. Conrad, the doctor said that the baby's fever has subsided and he has just fallen asleep."

Clarence hummed in response and walked into the bedroom next to him.

In the bedroom, the doctor had just left and Dolores was sitting next to the crib looking very much distressed.

After a while, Clarence slowly said, "It is just a little fever and cold. It's normal."

Dolores sighed silently. The little guy's physique was much worse than other children of his age. During the first two months of his birth, he had suffered

from a serious and minor illnesses alike which didn't let her feel at ease. However, compared to before, it was really much better.

Dolores looked at the crib. The little guy wasn't sleeping well and there was a fever reducing patch on his forehead. He looked very small.

She said, "Until when are you going to hide Channing?"

Clarence stood on the side, with one hand in his trouser pocket. He pursed his lips and then said, "It will soon be over."

Dolores said, "Anyway, you can figure it out on your own. I won't be helping you persuade her. this incident was originally your fault."

Clarence didn't say anything.

Dolores looked at him, "Everything is fine here, you can go back."

Soon, Clarence's voice sounded, "Joanna is looking for you."

Hearing this, Dolores was taken aback for a moment. Then her expressions became indifferent, "What for?"

Clarence retracted his gaze, looking anywhere but her and said lightly, "Nothing much. Just trying to use my identity of being an illegitimate child and trying to raise up a storm again, that's all."

Dolores face changed slightly, "Clare, what happened back then was not..."

"I don't care what happened back then." Clarence said coldly, "I only want her to pay for what she did."

"How can I help you?"

.....

The incident caused by Selina was completely over. Not only did the studio remained unaffected, but it got more popular and many well-known jewelry bloggers contacted them for advertising collaborations.

Even SG Jewelry Magazine published a special piece showcasing the designs by the studio.

In less than half a month, the studio's orders increased sharply.

Sherry fell on the sofa extremely tired, "There are too many orders, and Chan has started school again. It looks like we have to recruit more people."

Stella replied as she sorted out the orders, "Don't worry, I have already posted a job ad online. Someone will come for the interview."

Hearing this, Sherry's spirits soared again, "Really?"

Stella nodded, about to answer, but she noticed an envelope among the bunch of orders.

She picked up the envelope and looked at it. Her expressions changed when she opened it.

Upon not hearing her voice, Sherry looked at her, "Stella, what's the matter?"

Stella put down the letter and shook her head, "Nothing. It's late, let's go back."

Sherry got up from the sofa, "Okay."

On the way back, Sherry said, "Oh, right! I haven't seen that wretched... I mean I haven't seen Clarence come to meet you lately."

"He has been busy with the Steward group's matter. He went on a business trip last week, still hasn't come back."

Sherry couldn't help but sigh, "Reunion after a brief parting is as sweet as a honeymoon."

Stella was lost in her thoughts and didn't say anything.

Sherry thought she was being weird. When she used to make such jokes before, Stella always got embarrassed and told her to stop talking nonsense.

But today, she didn't react at all.

Sherry asked tentatively, "Stella, what is the matter with you? Are you not feeling well?"

Stella withdrew from the train of her thoughts and pressed her temples with her fingers, "I feel a little dizzy."

"Do you want to buy some medicine?"

"No need. I just need to sleep then I will be fine."

Sherry said, "Alright then, I will drive faster."

After returning home, Stella went straight to her bedroom without even washing up.

Sherry scratched her head and poured a glass of water.

In the room, Stella sat at her desk and took out the envelope from her purse.

Inside the envelope, there were several photos and a blackmail letter.

When she saw those photos, Stella couldn't help but turn pale. Her fingertips trembled slightly.

Three years ago, she was sent to the twilight Club that night and after struggling desperately she was finally able to escape the room and met Clarence.

But...

She did not expect that photos of what happened before she escaped the room were taken.

The blackmail letter said that she had to prepare five million yuan and bring them to the designated address tomorrow.

Stella took a deep breath and put the photos back into the envelope.

After thinking for a long time, she took out her cellphone and called Clarence.

Soon, the man's deep voice came, "What's up?"

"I... can't sleep. Are you busy?"

Clarence said softly, "In a meeting. I will call you after it ends."

Stella said, "Don't bother. I will be asleep after you finish. Continue your work."

Saying that Stella hung up the phone.

After a while, the door of her room was knocked and Sherry's voice came, "Stella, are you asleep?"

Stella got up and opened the door, "Not yet."

Sherry handed her a cup of warm water, "I am making some porridge. It will be done in a while. would you like to eat some before sleeping?"

Stella accepted the cup and shook her head.

Seeing her complexion look weird, Sherry said, "Stella, you... did something happen? Did that wretched man cheat again? Tell me, I will help you curse him out!"

Hearing this, Stella smiled, "No, I am just not feeling well."

Seeing that Stella insisted on wanting to share, Sherry didn't press too much and just said, "Well then, you should sleep early."

"Okay."

Stella turned around and was about to close the door, but she hesitated for a few seconds and then said, "Sherry."

Sherry turned around, "What?"

"I..."

Stella didn't know how to say it.

No matter how much time had passed, the things that happened at the Twilight Club were horrible nightmares that she didn't want to remember.

She didn't know how these photos suddenly appeared after all these years, nor did she know who was holding on to these photos. All of her forgotten anxiety and fear seemed to have resurfaced from the moment she saw those photos.

After a long time, she said, "Go somewhere with me tomorrow."

Sherry was a bit startled when she heard this, but she did not ask much and nodded, "Okay."

Under normal circumstances, Stella would have told her everything. Generally, what Stella didn't want to say was either something she didn't know how to say or something unspeakable.

Sherry knew she had to wait until tomorrow to find out.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 286-The man in the darkness seemed to be very anxious. Without giving time for her to consider it, he intimidated her in a ferocious voice again, "Hurry up. I'm not that patient. It's just five million. Are you in short of this amount of money?"

Stella felt confused and shocked before, but when hearing the last sentence, she suddenly chuckled. She moved her lips yet didn't say anything in the end.

She guessed that the one who sent the ransom note to he might be Adolph or his subordinate, or even the one who wanted to kill her before. But she hadn't expected that it would be him.

Yep, how could she think of this?

He should have died in the prison before. Stella had called him 'dad' for twenty years. Yet he was now intimating her with these photos.

Stella suddenly felt tired. She said in a calm voice, "I don't have that much money. This is all my money. Leave it if you don't want it."

She then put down the suitcase and prepared to leave.

Seeing this, Jeffrey became anxious, "You're now running such a big store and the store makes great profits every day. How could it be possible that you even don't have five million? Are you fooling me? Aren't you afraid that I will..."

"Whatever. I'm not afraid of anything. You're the one who should be frightened, Jeffrey Radomil." Stella stared blankly at the darkness, "Even though you managed to escape from the prison, once they find out that you're still alive, you will be a prisoner wanted by the whole country. Do you think that you can escape to other place?"

Jeffrey hadn't expected that Stella would find out his real identity and he was silent for a long while.

He then said fiercely, "Don't try to frighten me with those words. Since I could escape from the prison, it means I'm confident that they won't be able to catch me. Alas, my dear daughter, you're living a gorgeous life now. You established your own company and became a boss, so you must have earned a lot, right? Shouldn't you give some money to your father?"

Stella retorted, "Speaking of this, I have a question. I saw the things in the suitcase before. What happened twenty years ago? Why did my mother marry you with me in her belly?"

The man in the darkness became quiet when hearing the questions. After a long while, he laughed hysterically and raucously.

Stella simply stood there silently. There was not a slight change in her expression.

Vincent, who hid himself in the building, thought it a good chance to catch Jeffrey when seeing this scene.

But as Jeffrey was fully prepared and had been standing in the darkness, no one knew his specific position. When he heard the slight noise from behind, he immediately jumped down of the second floor and ran away.

Vincent's subordinates tried to chase after him, but they were stopped by a swarm of middle school students who just finished their night classes.

They failed to catch Jeffrey and didn't even see his face.

Seeing this, Vincent rubbed his nose and walked to Stella, "My mistake. Don't worry. I will arrange more men to deal with this matter and we will find out his whereabouts as soon as possible."

Stella gently shook her head, "It doesn't matter. He will come to find me again."

Stella was so nervous before because she didn't know who the person behind those things was.

But now, she knew that the one threatened her before WAS Jeffrey and what Jeffrey wanted was simply money.

Moreover, judging from the place he chose to meet her tonight, he was so vigilant. Otherwise, he wouldn't have chosen the time that the student were about to finish their night classes. It was convenient for him to run away at this point of time.

Stella picked up the suitcase from the ground and returned it to Vincent, "Thank you. Let's go back."

Vincent learned that Jeffrey was still alive several days ago, but it was a piece of novel news for him that Jeffrey was not Stella's biological father, so he was so curious. But under such condition, apparently it was not a proper time to ask about this. Therefore, although he was overwhelmed by curiosity, he didn't ask any question.

Stella was silent on the way back. Leaning against the chair of the back seats and looking out of the window quietly, she seemed to be pondering something.

Vincent didn't know what he should say. Stella was not his wife, so he should wait for Clarence to comfort her.

After a long while, the car stopped at the downstairs of Stella's home.

Stella shifted her gaze and slightly nodded at Vincent, "Thank you."

"You're welcome. Feel free to call me if you have any problem."

Stella replied with a light smile. She opened the car door and got off the car.

Sherry immediately walked to her when she entered the house, "Stella, how's it? Did they catch him?"

As Vincent would go with him, Stella didn't ask Sherry to accompany her and asked her to go back home first. But Sherry also roughly knew what was going on based on Stella's conversation with Vincent this afternoon.

Stella shook her head, "He ran away?"

“Ran away?” Sherry couldn’t help but furrow her brows, “Why is Clarence’s friend so incapable? Before setting off, he was so confident. How could he be so useless?”

“It has nothing to do with him.” Stella sat on the sofa and said in a tired voice, “Sherry, Jeffrey is still alive.”

Sherry widened her eyes when hearing the words, “He’s still alive?”

She then asked in confusion, “Why do you suddenly mention him now? Could it be that he’s the one who sent the ransom note to you before?”

Before Stella could answer the question, Channing’s cold voice sounded from the door, “He’s the one who intimidate you before?”

Stella and Sherry looked towards the door simultaneously. Stella was a bit surprised, “Chan, why are you...”

She suddenly realized something and turned around to look at Sherry. Sherry coughed with guilty, “Today is weekend and he went to the studio to find you tonight. So I told him about this.”

No one had expected that Jeffery was the one who sent the ransom note to Stella before.

What a tragedy!

Stella looked towards Channing again and smiled at him, “Chan, I’m fine. It has been solved. Moreover...”

“It’s solved?”

Channing interrupted Stella.

His face was hideous with blue veins standing out on his neck. It seemed like he was trying to suppress his anger and would lose control of himself anytime.

Stella stood up, walked to Channing, grabbed his arm and said in a gentle voice, “Chan, calm down please. We’re all clear of his characteristics. What he wants is just money. He’s now driven to a corner. Even though he luckily ran away this time, he will be caught soon.”

Channing said in a cold voice, "He's like a maggot in the sewer that will never appear in the daytime. How will you catch him?"

Stella moved her lips yet was lost for words. She vaguely felt that something was weird. Judging from Channing's reaction, he seemed like that he wasn't surprised that Jeffrey was still alive.

Stella asked, "Chan, you know that Jeffrey is still alive earlier, right?"

Channing pressed his thin lips together and replied several seconds later, "We examined the DNA on the cigarette butt in the cemetery before and found out that it was Jeffrey's."

Stella was a bit stunned. She felt that it was reasonable at the moment. After all, except for them, no one would come to Jeffrey's grave.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 287-Stella only spoke after a long while, "Well, Chan, like you said just now, he won't have the guts to show up. What he wants is just money and he won't post any threat on me. Don't worry about me. Moreover, I'm doing well now."

Channing didn't reply, his face still cold.

He said after a long while of silence, "I will find him out."

Stella shook her head, "Chan, don't get yourself involved in this matter. I will deal with it."

Channing replied, "You don't have to worry about my feelings. He's not a father in my heart. He's just a scumbag. I wish so much that he has died."

Stella heaved a sigh, "Chan..."

"I know what I should do. As for you..." Channing continued, "Well. Clarence will protect you."

Stella, "..."

She asked tentatively, "How do you know?"

Channing replied, "Isn't it obvious?"

Stella didn't say anything again.

After Channing's leaving, Stella sat back on the sofa and hugged a cushion.

Sherry sat, "My bad. If I have expected this, I would not have told Channing about this. He must be so sad now."

Stella said, "He will know about it even if you don't tell him."

"Will Jeffrey come to find you again?"

"Of course he will."

Jeffrey didn't get the money from her today, so he would come to find her again.

Sherry furrowed her brows, "But he still keeps those photos. What if he loses patience and publishes those photos?"

Stella replied lightly, "It depends on whether he wants the money or wants to ruin me at the cost of his life."

"Stella."

Noticing the worries in Sherry's tone of voice, Stella turned to look at her and smiled at her, "Look at your expression. Don't worry. I'm alright. I've been accustomed to it over the years. Sincerely, I felt relaxed when I knew that Jeffrey was the one behind all those things. At least I know what he wants. If it were the other person, maybe I will be sleepless tonight."

Sherry heaved a long sigh. She didn't know how to comfort Stella now.

...

At the same time...

Although Jeffrey had successfully ran away, he broke one of his legs when jumping down the second floor. He ran while kept turning around, fearing that they would catch him. When he ran across a street with an injured leg, a car suddenly galloped in his direction. When seeing the dazzling light, Jeffrey pretended to fall down.

The car stopped when it was half a meter away from Jeffrey, but Jeffery hugged his leg and screamed miserably.

The driver immediately got off the car and asked politely, "Mister, my car didn't hit you."

Jeffrey took a glance at him and then at the license plate. He screamed more miserably, "How could you say these words? You're so mean. You broke my leg yet refused to admit this? How will my leg be broken if you didn't hit me?"

The driver replied, "I promise that I didn't knock you down just now."

Of course Jeffrey wouldn't listen to his explanation. Hugging his leg, he kept cried loudly.

Although there were just a few cars on the road now, since Jeffrey was now blocking the way, they could by no mean leave now.

It seemed like the driver didn't know how to deal with this. He walked to the car, knocked at the window near the back seats and asked, "Sir?"

William replied in a clam voice, "Give him money."

The driver replied, "Okay."

The driver walked to the driver's seat and took out a wallet, "How much do you want?"

Jeffrey rolled his eyes, "My leg was broken and I have to go to the hospital. You should give me eighty thousand at least."

The driver took a glance at the blood stains on the ground and handed a bank card to him, "There's one hundred thousand in the car. It should be enough."

Hearing the words, Jeffery jumped up from the ground regardless of his broken leg. He grabbed the bank card without a second thought while saying, "It will be barely enough. You're really lucky. If it isn't that I have to deal with other things now, I will ask you to go to the hospital with me. There will be many expenses, like the check-up expense, expense of nourishment and charge for loss of working time. This amount of money is far from enough to compensate me."

The driver shot a glance at him, yet he didn't say anything. He turned around and got on the car.

Jeffrey flipped the back card at his hand, curled his lips into a smile and then hobbled along the road.

When he walked past the window near the back seats, he deliberately took a glance into the car.

William looked askance at him. Their eyes met in the air.

Jeffrey couldn't help but curl his lips into a sarcastic smile when seeing William.

The car was then started slowly.

Standing on the spot, Jeffrey spat at the car and continued to hobble forwards.

William suddenly ordered after a short while, "Stop!"

The black car instantly came to a halt. The driver asked in confusion, "What's wrong, sir?"

William looked slightly tensed up. He quickly opened the car door and strode towards Jeffrey's direction.

When hearing the noise from behind and seeing that William was chasing after him, Jeffrey misunderstood it and thought that he regretted giving him money. He quickly ran to the bush by the roadside. He was nowhere to be found soon.

William stopped when seeing this and slightly knitted his brows.

The driver quickly ran over. He took a glance at the direction that Jeffrey disappeared just now, "Sir, should I arrange some men to chase after him?"

William raised his hand to stop him, "No need."

The driver asked tentatively, "What's wrong with that man?"

William pulled himself back to reality and replied in a flat tone, "It's just that I feel him familiar."

The driver continued, "Sir, let's go. Mr. Thomas is waiting for you."

William replied with a nasal sound and got on the car again.

Jeffery only appeared from behind the bush when the car disappeared in his vision. He waved the back card at his hand triumphantly and hobbled in the opposite direction while humming a song.

Twenty minutes later, in the tearoom of Cameron's home...

When hearing some footsteps from the door, Cameron took out a new tea cup and put it opposite to him.

When he just poured a cup of tea, William appeared at the door.

Cameron asked, "Did you arrange them properly?"

William sat opposite to him and nodded his head, "Yep."

"I guess that Charles is now trying all possible means to find out who's targeting at him. But no matter how hard he tries, he won't be able to find it out."

William said, "Under such conditions, it will be very difficult for him to turn the tables. When the right time comes, the Steward family will disappear in the world."

Cameron furrowed his brows when hearing the words, his hand that was holding the tea cup stiffened. He asked, "It's enough to eliminate Charles. Do you want to ruin the whole Steward family?"

"I've lost the most important people for me, so what matters even if I want to ruin the whole family. The Steward family has been damaged under Charles' pernicious influence. It will collapse from inside easily. Is it necessary to retain the family?"

Cameron continued, "But you should be clear that not only a company is pay attention to the Steward family. Especially Clarence, he's eyeing covetously at the family."

William chuckled, "It true that it will be beneficial to Clarence if he mergers the Steward Group. But if he wants to obtain the shares before the disappearance of the Steward family, he will have to engage with Phoebe. Otherwise, he will only get a shell company."

“Speaking of Clarence, I think his ex-wife looks similar to Miranda. What do you think?”

“Many things are similar in this world, so do people.”

He knew what happened in the past and it was impossible to say THAT Miranda and her daughter were still alive.

Cameron furrowed his brows when hearing the words, his hand that was holding the tea cup stiffened. He asked, “It’s enough to eliminate Charles. Do you want to ruin the whole Steward family?” “I’ve lost the most important people for me, so what matters even if I want to ruin the whole family. The Steward family has been damaged under Charles’ pernicious influence. It will collapse from inside easily. Is it necessary to retain the family?” Cameron continued, “But you should be clear that not only a company is pay attention to the Steward family. Especially Clarence, he’s eyeing covetously at the family.” William chuckled, “It true that it will be beneficial to Clarence if he mergers the Steward Group. But if he wants to obtain the shares before the disappearance of the Steward family, he will have to engage with Phoebe. Otherwise, he will only get a shell company.” “Speaking of Clarence, I think his ex-wife looks similar to Miranda. What do you think?” “Many things are similar in this world, so do people.” He knew what happened in the past and it was impossible to say THAT Miranda and her daughter were still alive.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 288-At three o’clock in the early morning, when Stella was still in sleep, she suddenly heard a string of vibration from the phone on the bedside table.

She thought it was her alarm clock, so she picked up her phone and randomly closed it. She put her phone on the bed and then fell asleep again.

But after a short while, the phone vibrated again. Stella was finally woken up. With a pair of drowsy eyes, she grabbed her phone and took a glance at the screen. She then found that it was not the alarm clock, instead, it was a call from that wretched man.

Stella received the call, put the phone near her ear and asked in a husky voice, “Hello?”

Clarence’s voice sounded from the other end of the phone, “Are you sleeping?”

With her eyes closed, Stella even felt it annoying to speak, "It's already three o'clock? What should I do if I'm not sleeping? Mr. Conrad, it's in the midnight now. What're you doing?"

"I just got off the plane."

Stella, "..."

She instantly became sober. God, she almost forgot that he would come back from abroad today.

Having not received any reply from the other end of the phone, Clarence asked, "Do you fall asleep again?"

"Not yet." Stella slowly sat up and leaned against the head of the bed, "Then Mr. Conrad, have you arrived home?"

"I'm now at the downstairs. Go downstairs."

Stella was stunned. She came to her own sense after a short while and realized that he meant he was at the downstairs of her how.

Stella ended the call, wore a coat and walked out of the house.

Although it was already spring, it was still cold in the evening. When the cold breezes flowed over her face, she felt it cold.

When Stella went downstairs, she saw a tall man leaning against a car. He looked so handsome yet indifferent.

Ever since having a meal with him last time, Stella had never seen him again.

She gently heaved a sigh and slowly walked towards him.

She stood in front of Clarence and asked, "It's in the midnight? Why don't you go home and come to find me instead?"

Clarence inexplicably raised his brows. He reached out, poured her into his arms and then whispered in her ear, "I want to see you right away."

Stella felt her heartbeat accelerating. She only replied after several seconds, "You can see me tomorrow, oh, exactly today. You can see me several hours later."

Clarence didn't say anything. He simply hugged her tightly.

After a long while, Stella asked, "You know about it, right?"

"What should I know?"

"I..."

Stella immediately shut up.

If he didn't know about it, why did she tell him proactively?

Stella said in a dejected voice, "Nothing."

Clarence gently patted her back, "Then what do you want to say to me?"

"Nothing."

"Oh," Stella paused and then quickly added, "Mr. Conrad, I want to go back to sleep, can you let go of me now?"

Clarence, "..."

He said in a displeased tone, "You should tell me that you miss me. I don't want any other answer except for this."

"Please ask it again."

"Never mind. You're so insincere."

Stella twitched her mouth corners, "If I'm not sincere, I would not have gone out in the midnight regardless of the cold breezes."

Clarence tightened the grip on her waist, "Do you feel cold?"

"Don't hug me so tightly, I feel breathless."

Clarence looked down at her and then lowered his head and landed a kiss on her lips. When Stella was caught out of the guard, he stuck his tongue into her mouth and flirted with hers.

It was a long kiss. When it was over, Stella panted, "You..."

Clarence said, "Didn't you say that you're breathless? I'm giving some oxygen to you."

Stella, "..."

She said sulkily, "You're so disgusting."

"It was you who said that."

Stella didn't have the mood to talk nonsenses with him, "I have to go to sleep now. Otherwise, I will not be able to wake up tomorrow."

Clarence said, "You can keep sleeping."

"Unlike you, who have a great fortune, I'm not that free. I'm woken up by my poorness every morning. How will I earn money if I don't go to work?"

"Remarry me. Then my money will be yours."

"No, thanks. I don't intend to do so temporarily."

Stella left his embrace, "I have to go. Mr. Conrad, please go home earlier."

Clarence grabbed her wrist, refusing to let go of her.

Stella was confused.

Clarence fixed his black eyes on her, "Can't I go upstairs with you?"

Stella gritted her teeth, "No way!"

What was this wretch man thinking again?

Then can you come back to the Starry Lake Mansion? I will send you back tomorrow morning?"

Stella reminded him, "The day will be breaking several hours later."

Clarence pressed his thin lips together. He didn't speak, nor did he let go of her.

It was the first time for Stella to realize that Clarence was a clingy person. She was in a dilemma about whether to come back or not.

It seemed like what Sherry said before was right – absence make the heart grow fonder.

In the end, both of them make a compromise.

Stella didn't go upstairs and Clarence didn't require her to come to the Starry Lake Mansion with him.

...

Time passed second by second and the sun rose slowly.

Stella looked up and rubbed her eyes. Then she saw a person who was looking into the car window.

She was startled and subconsciously wanted to sit up. But she was pressed into his arms again. At the next moment, the man's husky yet charming voice sounded, "Sleep for a more while."

Stella was so frightened that she woke up immediately. She didn't have the mood to sleep now. She took away his hand and pulled open the car door, "Go back home to sleep later. I have to go to work now."

After finishing the words, she hurriedly got off the car.

Clarence opened her drowsy eyes, looked down and pressed his eyebrows.

When Stella got off the car, Sherry leaned forward and chuckled, "Awake?"

Stella's face got red when she heard the question. She held up her hand, pulled her towards their hold and asked, "Why did you look into the car window just now?"

"I didn't see you when I woke up and I couldn't reach you when I called you. When I went downstairs, I saw Clarence's car. But I didn't expect that..." With curiosity written all over her face, Sherry nudged Stella, "What happened in the car last night? You were so tired and directly slept in the car?"

Stella, "..."

She gritted her teeth and squeezed out several words, "Nothing has happened. We simply slept in the car."

“Really? I don’t believe it.”

Stella pressed a button of the lift and said righteously, “Nothing has happen. What’re you always thinking of dirty things?”

She slept with Clarence in the car for several hours. Although when sleeping, that wretched man’s hand tried to cruise her body, he was stopped immediately.

Stella took a shower after going back home, changed her clothes, and then went to the studio together with Sherry.

When they got off the car, they saw a familiar person standing outside of the studio.

Sherry took a glance at Stella and asked surprisingly, “How comes she’s here?”

Madison looked towards then when hearing her voice.

When Stella got off the car, Sherry leaned forward and chuckled, “Awake?” Stella’s face got red when she heard the question. She held up her hand, pulled her towards their hold and asked, “Why did you look into the car window just now?” “| didn’t see you when | woke up and | couldn’t reach you when | called you. When | went downstairs, | saw Clarence’s car. But | didn’t expect that...” With curiosity written all over her face, Sherry nudged Stella, “What happened in the car last night? You were so tired and directly slept in the car?” Stella, “...” She gritted her teeth and squeezed out several words, “Nothing has happened. We simply slept in the bP Car. “Really? | don’t believe it.” Stella pressed a button of the lift and said righteously, “Nothing has happen. What’re you always thinking of dirty things?” She slept with Clarence in the car for several hours. Although when sleeping, that wretched man’s hand tried to cruise her body, he was stopped immediately. Stella took a shower after going back home, changed her clothes, and then went to the studio together with Sherry. When they got off the car, they saw a familiar person standing outside of the studio. Sherry took a glance at Stella and asked surprisingly, “How comes she’s here?” Madison looked towards then when hearing her voice.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 289-It seemed like she was not as high-spirited and swaggering as before and she didn’t even wear a make-up. There was only tiredness on her face.

Madison walked to Stella. When she prepared to speak, she turned around and looked into Sherry's curious eyes. She snorted, "What are you looking at? Haven't seen a beauty who doesn't where any make-up?"

Sherry was rendered speechless.

She wished so much that she hadn't seen such a 'beauty'.

It seemed like Madison wanted to have a private talk with her. Seeing this, Stella said to Sherry, "Sherry, please go in first."

Sherry nodded her head and then looked towards Madison, "You'd better not play any tricks. Otherwise, I won't let go of you easily."

Unexpectedly, Madison didn't retort Sherry. She turned around and ignored her.

When Sherry walked into the studio, Stella broke the silence, "Why do you come to me?"

Madison asked, "May I treat you a cup of coffee?"

Seeing that she was so sincere, which was quite different from how she acted before, Stella didn't refuse her again. They found a café near the studio.

After seating themselves, Madison asked, "You must be very happy when seeing my current appearance, right?"

Stella was amused, "Why should I feel happy? Does it have anything to do with me?"

Madison continued, "Why didn't you tell me before that your ex-husband is the CEO of the Conrad Group. When seeing me showing off in front of me like a fool, you must be very triumphant, right?"

"If thinking in this way will cheer you up, please go on."

Right at this moment, a waiter came over with two cups of coffee.

Madison took a sip of the coffee and said slowly, "My husband is now put in jail. I've turned to many people for help recently, but no one has showed any respect to be. I finally understand the proverb – human relationships are

superficial. I will cup the craps. I'm here mainly to express my gratitude to you. After all, you will not care about the formality except for my sincere thanks."

Stella said in a serious tone, "If you want to thank me, you should not have come today."

"You..." Madison wanted to say something, yet she swallowed the words in the end. She snorted, "Whether to express my thanks to you, it's my own business. As for whether to accept it, it depends on you."

"You don't need to thank me and I will not accept it either. Based on the condition that day, I would not stand aside even the victim were a pig, not to mention it was a human being. I just did a thing that I think right. And I don't need any gratitude."

Madison's expression changed quickly when she heard the words. She was not a fool, so of course she knew that Stella was implicating that she was even inferior to a pig.

She took a deep breath, "There are all I want to say. Don't expect any other words from me. I will never apologize to you."

Stella curled her lips into a light smile. She didn't say anything.

After Madison's leaving, Stella came back to her studio.

Sherry ran to her, "Stella, how's it? Did she go hard with you?"

Stella shook her head, "Nope."

Sherry continued, "I also don't think that she's here to seek troubles for you. Have you found it? She looks totally different. In the past, she was like a peacock in her pride. But she looks dejected and low-spirited today."

Stella moved her lips trying to say something, but in the end, she still didn't tell Sherry that she bumped into Madison and helped her before. She patted Sherry's shoulder, "I will go on with my drawing. Call me if there's any problem."

Sherry nodded her head, "Go."

Sitting in front of the office desk and looking at the drafts on the desk, Stella found it hard to calm down herself.

Although she knew that Jeffrey just wanted money from her, she felt more fretful since she could only wait for him to contact her aimlessly.

Furthermore...

Stella recalled Jeffrey's reaction when she mentioned her mother and their marriage last night. She felt very uneasy.

She had a hunch that Jeffrey must know some inside stories. Moreover, he must know more than her imagination.

After a short while, Stella stood up.

Sherry asked when seeing her, "Stella, what's wrong?"

Stella replied, "I have to go to a place. Sherry, can you lend me your car?"

Sherry tossed the car key to her, "Where are you going?"

"Go to find Adolph Miller."

Stella was stunned, "Can you find him?"

As for the people like Adolph, once they hid themselves, it would be very difficult for others to find them. Clarence's men also tried to find him before. They took great efforts yet still failed to get a single clue."

Stella replied after a short while of silence, "I got an idea."

Every human being has a soft spot.

Adolph was not an exception.

After leaving the studio, Stella directly navigated to a place.

The car finally arrived at the destination after about an hour later.

This place was surrounded by old residential buildings and there were wastes and sewers everywhere, which looked incompatible with the prosperous city. It was like this place was forgotten when the city was developing, so it could only decay alone and even disappeared silently.

Stella scrolled her phone and found an address. She asked two passengers and then walked in the direction they pointed for her.

She took many detours and finally saw the person she wanted to find at the mouth of an alley.

It was Modesty's father.

When the police was investigating Modesty before, she saw this address on the documents. And when she came back from the Anqiao Street before, Sherry told her that Modesty's father came to find her.

Stella put her phone into her pocket, walked over and stood in front of the man, "Mister, nice to meet you. I'm Stella Radomil and I was once Modesty's colleague."

The middle-aged man hurriedly stood up when he heard the words. He gesticulated her, gesturing her to come into the house and prepared to pour a glass of water for her.

Stella was stunned when seeing this. She then curled her lips into a smile and handed the fruit basket to him, "Mister, no need. I come here to ask you some questions."

The middle-aged man made some gestures again, but Stella couldn't understand it. Seeing this, the man took out a piece of paper and quickly wrote down some words on the paper.

When seeing the words on the paper, Stella finally realized that he wanted to ask her about the current situation of Modesty.

It seemed like he didn't know what had happened to Modesty. He went to SG to find Modesty before, but Modesty cursed at him and forced him to leave. Since then, he didn't come to find her again.

Stella replied, "I... I'm not clear of her current situation. But I guess she must be living well."

Modesty was a designer who studied abroad before. Therefore, even though she was fired by SG, she could go to other company based on her ability and even design jewelry for customers privately. Judging from her characteristics, Stella guessed that she would be living well.

The middle-aged man heaved a sigh when hearing the words. He then wrote down a line on the paper, asking Stella what she wanted to know.

Stella pressed her lips together. After a long while, she asked, "Mister, do you know where's Adolph?"

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 290-There was a slight change in the man's expression when he heard the question. He picked up the pen, trying to write down something on the paper, yet still didn't write anything.

When Stella prepared to give up and leave, a cold voice sounded from behind, "Why are you here?"

Stella turned around and found that it was Adolph. There was a scar on his face, which seemed to be resulted from the car accident. The scar started from his left cheek and ended at his chin.

He looked more ferocious than in the past.

Stella said, "Let's have a talk at the other place."

When they walked out of the alley, they bumped into five children who were running towards them and one of them accidentally knocked onto Stella.

The little boy wiggled his fingers. When seeing the ball of dusts on Stella's cloth, he became so nervous, "I'm... I'm sorry..."

Stella chuckled and gently rubbed his head, "It doesn't matter. Enjoy your time."

The boy looked towards her timidly and then looked towards Adolph.

When seeing Adolph nodding his head at him, he smiled again and ran away.

Adolph shifted his gaze and said, "This play is messy and disorderly. Yet you come alone. Aren't you afraid?"

Stella replied in a clam voice, "It's less horrible than human beings."

Adolph was silent.

They walked out of the alley and came to a lawn. Adolph asked, "Why do you come to find me?"

No matter it be the debts of Jeffrey or the matter related to Modesty, they all had been a past long time ago. So Stella wouldn't pay a special to him simply because of the above-mentioned matters.

Stella looked towards him, "I want to know about Jeffrey's whereabouts. And I guess you can find him."

"Jeffrey?" Adolph knitted his brows, "Didn't he die in the prison?"

Stella chuckled, "Yeah, maybe he wasn't dead as a doornail and he comes back again."

Adolph could roughly guess what Jeffrey would do after coming back.

To be Jeffrey's daughter was so disgusting.

Adolph asked, "Why do you think that I will help you."

"You're not helping me, you're helping yourself." Stella fixed her eyes on the rustling leaves and continued after a long while of silence, "Jeffrey threatened me with the pictures taken when I was sold to the Twilight Club three years ago. Do you think that you'll be able to evade the responsibility if I report it to the police?"

Adolph frowned. He didn't reply.

Stella continued, "I feel thankful that you sent me to the hospital before, so I will not probe into this matter as long as you can help me find out Jeffrey. In addition, you will get the corresponding reward. Your effort will not be in vain."

Although Stella had gone to the police to cancel the lawsuit against Adolph before and the police had stopped chasing him, the Conrad family didn't plan to let go of him. Therefore, he didn't dare to appear in the public and could only hide himself in such a place.

Apparently, Stella didn't give a shit to her relationship with Jeffrey now. Once she called the police and once the police began to investigate the past, the situation will be worse.

Adolph said after a long while of silence, "I can help you find out Jeffrey. But I want a reward of one million."

"Deal."

The studio had been making profits during the past several months, so she could afford the reward.

Adolph continued, "I will find him in one week. Then I will contact you."

Stella gently nodded her head, "Thank you."

Adolph was stunned when he heard the two words. He hadn't expected that Stella would say 'thank you' to him.

As Stella had achieved her goal, it was unnecessary for her to stay here. She slightly nodded at Adolph and then left.

Adolph fixed his eyes on her back, seeming to be thinking of something.

...

When Stella came back to the studio, it was already the noon.

She wanted to ask Sherry whether she had lunch or not, but Sherry tipped her a wink and looked towards the office.

Stella was confused and then quickly understood it at the next moment.

She walked to the office, opened the door, and then saw Clarence sitting in front of the office desk.

The man was studying her drawings with his head lowered while gently clicking the desk.

Stella closed the door of the office, "Mr. Conrad, why are you here?"

Clarence looked up at her, "I miss you."

Stella replied after a short while of silence, "Mr. Conrad, can you not sweet talk me? It's greasy."

Clarence turned the office chair to face Stella, grasped her wrist and then pulled her into his arms, "I just wanted to tell you about my inner thought. Why is it greasy?"

Stella struggled to stand up and said sulkily, "We're now in the office. Don't be unruly."

Clarence curled his lips into a smile. He then saw the dust on her cloth and asked, "Where did you go?"

"I just walked around. Where else could I go? I won't go to the club for a drink after all."

Clarence retorted, "Your wish."

Stella twitched her mouth corner and took a glance at the clock again, "Mr. Conrad, have you eaten lunch? If you haven't..."

"Nope."

"If you haven't had lunch, you can go back home and ask Alisa to cook for you."

Clarence, "..."

He exerted some forces on his wrist and pulled Stella into his arms again. Squinting at her dangerously, he asked, "Are you fooling me?"

Stella suppressed her laughter, "I'm serious. Mr. Conrad, you're so picky in food, so the dishes outside will not be up to your taste. You can go home..."

Right at this moment, there came a knocking sound on the door. Then Sherry's voice sounded. "Stella, someone is coming for you."

Stella replied, "I see. I will be there soon."

She took away Clarence's hand, straightened her cloth and hurriedly walked to the door.

Seeing this, Sherry reminded her, "Your hair is messy."

"..."

“Tsk, it’s still in the daytime. Why are you doing?”

Stella’s face got red when she heard the words. She pulled Sherry towards the door while combing her hair.

She took away Clarence’s hand, straightened her cloth and hurriedly ran to the door.

Seeing this, Sherry couldn’t help but remind her, “Your hair is messy.”

“ ... ”

“Tsk, it’s still in the daytime. Why are you doing?”

Stella’s face got red when she heard the words. She pulled Sherry towards the door while combing her hair.

She was a bit surprised when she saw the person in the lounge, “Mrs. Carter.”

It was Emmett’s mother.

Emmett’s mother stood up and smiled at Stella, “I come here without informing you. Did I bother you?”

“Nope.” Stella turned around and said to Sherry, “Sherry, can you please pour a cup of tea for me?”

When Sherry prepared to go out, Emmett’s mother said, “No need to trouble her. I just want to have a small talk with you and then I will leave.”

Seeing that they wanted to have a private talk, Sherry sensitively left the room.

Stella said, “Mrs. Carter, please take a seat.”

“Oh, okay.”

After seating herself, Emmett’s mother said, “Stella, I come here to apologize to you on behalf of Emmett. He did have done it wrong. I and his father had excoriated him.”

Stella replied, “Please don’t say this, Mrs. Carter. It’s me who should apologize to you. I shouldn’t have cheated you.”

Emmett's mother held up Stella's hand, "Silly girl, you're not to be blamed. You had a good intention."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 291-After chitchatting with Stella, Emmett's mother finally came to the point, "Stella, I come here to ask you, will there be any possibility between you and Emmett?"

Stella pressed her lips together and replied after several seconds, "Mrs. Carter, I and Emmett are just friends. We've agreed on it."

"Oh, that's it." Emmett's mother heaved a sigh, "It's my bad. Emmett doesn't know that I come to find you today. Please don't take it to your heart."

"It doesn't matter."

Emmett's mother stood up, "Now that it's the case, I will not bother you. I will leave first."

Stella also stood up and sent her to the door.

Before leaving, Emmett's mother still held Stella's hand, seeming to be reluctant to let go. It was obvious that she really liked Stella.

After sending her onto the car, Stella withdrew her lines of sights and prepared to come back to the studio. But when she turned around, she saw Emmett standing at the door with one hand in his pocket and looking at her silently.

Stella felt guilty under his gaze out of no reason.

She rubbed her nose and took several steps forwards, "Mr. Conrad, you haven't had lunch, right? Me neither. May we have lunch together?"

Clarence replied with a nasal sound and strode forwards.

He said while walking towards Stella, "Looks like that you not only attract men, but also seniors."

Stella replied, "Of course. I'm so beautiful and capable. Those who don't like me must be blind."

Clarence paused, turned around and fixed his eyes on Stella.

He thought that she was abusing him.

Stella showed a big smile to him, seeming to be very innocent.

When having lunch, Stella said, "By the way, how's your mother recently. I guess that I will be free by the end of this month and I prepare to pay a visit to her. Mr. Conrad, do you want to go with me?"

Clarence's hand that was holding the knife paused. He replied in a clam voice, "Same as usual. She's old now. Are you expecting her to have a new relationship?"

Stella, "..."

How could he say these words?

Luckily, Ms. Anderson didn't hear these. Otherwise, she would be angered to death when she heard the words.

Seeing that Stella was silent, Clarence continued, "The government has announced the warrant of relocation of Anqiao Street. She's moved out."

Stella was stunned when she heard the words, "I remember that it will be demolished in May? Where did she move to?"

"She should find a new house in advance after all."

That made sense.

Clarence took a sip of water and continued slowly, "It's so far. I will bring you there when I'm free."

Stella, "I see."

It would depend on this wretched man's mood again.

After finishing the lunch, Stella prepared to come back to the studio, but Clarence stopped her, "Can you not work today?"

What nonsense was he talking?

Stella replied, "Mr. Conrad, it's the working time. Moreover, shouldn't you go to manage the Conrad group? It's such a big company."

Clarence said, "The Conrad Group can operate without me. Your studio is so small. Can't it operate without you?"

Stella took a deep breath, "Yeah, it can't operate without me. It's just a small studio and we took great efforts to maintain its operation. Unlike the Conrad Group, which has great political and financial powers, it was not a match for your company. Mr. Conrad, you..."

With one

Propping up his head with one elbow, Clarence looked at her with a smile, "Oh enough. I just said one sentence, but you retorted me with numerous sentences. I will send you back."

Stella glared at him with dissatisfaction. How could this wretched man shift the blame to her?

The restaurant was not far away from Stella's studio. They walked here just now and they would also go back on foot now.

After taking several steps, Clarence naturally help up Stella's hand and clasped it in his palm.

Stella subconsciously wanted to take back her hand, "What are you doing? There're many people here."

Clarence knitted his brows, "So what? Is it illegal for me to hold up my ex, er, girlfriend's hand?"

Stella thought that she had underestimated his shamelessness again.

Luckily, it was already not the peak for lunch and there were not that many people on the street.

Several young couples also walked hand in hand on the street. So they were not a standout here.

Stella became silent and slowly walked beside him.

After a while, Clarence said slowly, "You don't need to be bothered by Jeffrey. I will solve this matter."

Stella asked after a short while of silence, "Vincent tell you about it, right?"

“Should I need to learn about it from Vincent?” Clarence continued, “I should have told you that Jeffrey is still alive so that you will be prepared for it. It was so abrupt.”

“When did you know it?”

Clarence looked askance at her, “I know everything.”

Stella thought he was so ego and arrogant. She said after a short while of silence, “It’s my own business. I will deal with it. Mr. Conrad, please don’t intervene in it.”

“How will you deal with it?”

Although it was a question, Stella could sense the provocation and contempt in his tone of voice. She snorted, “Let’s wait and see.”

...

Although Adolph told Stella that he would find out Jeffrey in a week, he managed to find out him in three days.

Jeffrey never changed. Even though his leg was broken, he still thought it a waste of money to go to the hospital, and would rather play several rounds of game at the poker table.

Therefore, he simply went to a private clinic and roughly bound up his wound.

Moreover, he just extorted one hundred thousand. It would be a waste of his broken leg if he didn’t use the money to gamble.

In an underground gambling house, Jeffrey collected money with a bright smile.

A person beside him cursed, “You always win. Come on, are you a swindler?”

Jeffrey said why pulling the money into his arms, “I’m so lucky today. You didn’t see how I lost before. I even lost my daughter.”

A person tossed the cards on the table, “I don’t want to play it today. I’m so unlucky that I lost eight hundred thousand. How annoying!”

Jeffrey said to the group of people aside, "Don't just stand there. We miss a player. Come on, fill the vacancy."

Seeing that Jeffrey was so lucky today, none of them wanted to play with him.

When Jeffrey wanted to find others, a person sat beside him. He immediately curled his lips into a smile, but the smile stiffened when he saw the person.

Adolph said, "Go on. You need a player, don't you? I will play it with you."

Jeffrey put the money into his pocket, "Oh, I have to stop here today. It's late now and I have to go home."

Just as he took a step, Adolph blocked his way with one leg, "You're so oblivious. Do you forget an important thing?"

Jeffrey was not a fool and he knew that Adolph was here for money. He hesitantly took out half of the banknotes in his pocket, "These are all I win today. Just regard it as the interest. I will return the rest of the money to you two days later."

Adolph asked, "How will you get that much money?"

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 292-Jeffrey leaned towards Adolph, "You know, I have a daughter. She's so capable that she even established a company. I prepare to ask her to give me some annuity. Then I will return the money to you."

Adolph took a glance at him, "Will she give you the money?"

"Of course she will. She won't dare to refuse my request. After all, I've got something on her."

"What's it?"

Jeffrey looked around and kept down his voice, "I have to thank you for this. Otherwise, I wouldn't have gotten the photos. Looks like it was a wise choice to take these pictures before. Rest assured, she will pay for the photos."

Adolph sneered, "Is she really your daughter?"

Jeffrey rolled his eyes. He didn't answer the question and said, "Rest assured. I will have money and will pay my debt. Since we've known each other for

many years, I will give you some more money when I get the money from her.”

Adolph asked, “Will you give her the photos if she gives you the money?”

Jeffrey chuckled, “Oh, don’t point it out. She’s a ready source of money for me. At least I should get the money to pay for my coffin from her, right?”

“To pay for your coffin is enough? I think you’re a bottomless pit.”

“Oh, how can you say these words? I brought up. Shouldn’t she be filial to me?”

“Enough,” Adolph stood up, “I don’t want to beat around the bush with you, and I know you can’t return the money to me. Give me the photos and all the negative plates, and then we will get even. I will not charge the interest.”

Jeffrey refused it without a second thought, “No.”

Adolph turned to look at him, “What? Do you want to negotiate with me?”

“How dare i? I told you just now, I have to earn my coffin expense from it. It’s my lifeblood. If I give the things to you, how can I live through the rest of my life?”

“Cut the craps. Maybe you will not get the money. Moreover, if you go to the gambling house right after getting the money and lose, how will you return the money to me?”

“Oh, why are you talking about? Can’t I win?” When speaking, he shook the pile of banknotes in his hand, “Look, these are the money I won today. It’s a relatively large sum, right?”

Adolph said, “Don’t talk nonsense. Give me the things and I will go to her for money.”

Seeing that Jeffrey was still hesitating, Adolph continued, “If what you said is true and she gives me a large sum of money, I will apportion it to you.”

“This can’t work. It...”

Adolph kicked down the chair in front of him and said impatiently, “I don’t want to say it for three times.”

Seeing this, Jeffrey could only agree to it reluctantly, "Then... please go home with me. I live in the vicinity and it's only several minutes away from here."

Adolph stood up, "Let's go."

After walking out of the underground gambling house, Jeffrey quickly looked around. Apparently, he was trying to find an opportunity to run away.

But Adolph had been watching him and he could by no means escape.

They arrived at an old building. Jeffrey said, "Here it is. You may go upstairs first."

Adolph said, "What trick are you going to play again?"

"How can I play a trick? It's the first time for you to come to my house, so I should prepare some alcohol and dishes to entertain you, right? Otherwise, it will be so mean."

"I don't drink, nor do I want to eat anything. Don't try to plot anything. Hurry up."

Jeffrey had no choice but to hobble upstairs.

They walked past a pile of sundries on the second floor. Jeffrey stood in front of a paint-shedding wood door and produced a bunch of keys from his pocket trembling.

Adolph stood aside and lit a cigarette.

Right at this moment, Jeffrey suddenly grabbed a flowerpot beside the door and threw it towards Adolph. Then he jumped down the second floor.

However, he overestimated himself this time. After jumping down the floor, his broken leg became more serious. Jeffrey struggled, yet still failed to pick himself up. He moaned miserably on the ground.

Adolph walked downstairs slowly. He walked to Jeffrey and kicked his broken leg, "Why are you still tormenting yourself at this age?"

Jeffrey hugged his leg and broke out into cold sweats because of the sharp pain.

Adolph squatted down in front of him, “Where are the things?”

“I... I forget it temporarily. Please wait for a moment...”

But Adolph was not that patient. He stepped on his broken leg, “Say it now!”

“Ahhh!”

It seemed like his neighbors had been accustomed to this and no one came out to have a check.

Jeffrey said, “I will tell you. It’s in the pillow in my bedroom.”

“Are all the photos there?”

“Yep, all of them, including the negative plates, are stored there.”

Adolph lifted his leg and prepared to go upstairs. Then he turned around, took a glance at Jeffrey who lay near death on the ground, and casually found a rope to bundled up his arms and legs.

After going upstairs, Adolph opened the door with the key he snatched from Jeffrey and found the photos in the pillow. But he rummaged the pillow and failed to find out the negative plates.

Knitting his brows, he suddenly realized something. He quickly ran out of the door and looked towards the downstairs, yet only to find that Jeffrey was nowhere to be found and a rope on the ground.

Adolph drummed on the handrail and cursed in his heart. He came back to the house and rummaged the whole house.

It was a simple and old rented house. Except for the photos in the pillow, Adolph only found several clothes.

It seemed like Jeffrey was so vigilant that he carried important things at all times.

...

Stella received a call from Adolph in the evening. She put down her phone, took her coat and prepared to go out. Sherry asked, “Stella, it’s late now. Where are you going?”

Stella replied, "I have to deal with something and I will come back soon. Do you want some night snacks? I can bring some when I come back."

Sherry's eyes lit up. But at the next moment, she heaved a sigh, "Never mind. The summer is coming and I have to lose weight."

Stella chuckled, "You're not fat. Is it necessary for you to lose weight?"

"But I want a boyfriend."

Stella walked out of the house silently when she heard the answer.

When she went downstairs, she found that Adolph was waiting for her outside of the community.

Stella walked towards him.

Adolph handed an envelope to her, "I found these in Jeffrey's house. Here are all the photos. But I didn't find the negative plates and he ran away."

Stella received the envelope from him and pressed her lips together. She said after a short while of silence, "Thank you."

Then she took out a bank card from her pocket, "This is the reward that you deserve."

Adolph knitted his brows, "No need."

Stella was a bit stunned as she couldn't understand what he meant.

Adolph said, "I didn't finish my task well, so you don't need to give me the money. I will go to find Jeffrey again. When I find him and get the negative plates, I will ask for the money from you."

He turned around and left after finishing the words.

Stella was nailed on the ground and then slowly put the card back into her pocket. She hadn't expected that Adolph would be so cultured.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 293-But after that night, Jeffrey was nowhere to be found as if he had disappeared in the world. He didn't contact Stella again, nor did he come to any underground gambling house.

However, Stella was not anxious at all.

She was clear of it the most that Jeffrey would come to find her again when he was run out of the money.

It was simply a matter of the time.

After the working time, Stella stretched out her arms lazily and walked out of the office. It seemed like Clarence had come to the studio earlier and he was now sitting on a sofa and reading a document.

Standing at the door of the office, Stella couldn't help but curl her lips into a smile.

Every time when she saw this scene, she would think that this wretched man was really good-looking, but unluckily, he had a sharp tone.

It seemed like Clarence didn't hear her footsteps. He was still reading the document with his head lowered.

Seeing that he was so concentrative, Stella decided not to bother him. She went to the front desk to pack up her things.

Clarence would go to pick her up during this period and they would have dinner together. Then he would send her back.

At the beginning, Sherry would wait for her to get off the work together. But gradually, she chose to go home early and refused to see them showing their affection.

Hearing the noise, Clarence looked up towards Stella, "Are you finished?"

Stella nodded his head and picked up the key, "It's finished. Let's go."

After finishing the dinner, Clarence sent Stella back home. When Stella unbuckled the seatbelt and prepared to get off the car, Clarence clasped her wrist and said in a displeased tone with his brows furrowed, "Can you not go back?"

"Mr. Conrad, why do you make a fuss again?"

Such a conversation occurred every evening.

Clarence replied, "I think this should not be the end of our relationship. It's time for us to be more intimate and we should go to the next step."

Stella, "..."

She said sulkily, "You should be thankful since I didn't deduct your points of impression. And you even want the next step?"

This wretched man had an annoying sharp tone. Stella thought that other woman in this world would be able to withstand him except for herself.

Clarence didn't agree to it. He gently rubbed her soft lips with a trace of sexual desire in his eyes, "Then tell me, didn't I serve you well? You want to deduct my points?"

Even though Stella never expected any decent language from him, her face still uncontrollably got red when she heard the dirty joke.

Clarence kept down his voice, "Hmm?"

"You..."

Clarence landed his gaze on her lips and said slowly, "I can only do these things because you don't give me the chance to do other things."

Stella couldn't bear it any longer, "Shut up!"

Clarence curled his thin lips into a smile, pulled her neck towards himself and landed a kiss on her lips. He shut up now.

The air in the car was thin and Stella felt breathless soon. She raised his arm and pushed his chest with dissatisfaction.

Clarence let go of her and asked in a husky and charming voice, "Are you pleased?"

Stella wanted to criticize him, but she was lost for words.

Clarence said while combing her hair, "Move out of the house in one week. Otherwise, I will move in."

"Don't be so unreasonable."

“I’m unreasonable because of you.”

Stella was rendered speechless.

She closed the car door and left without turning around.

His mind is always filled with dirty thoughts!

When Stella went home, Sherry was lying on the sofa and watching a variety show. When seeing Stella, she said with a smile, “Stella, come to watch this with me. It’s so funny.”

“I will come later. I want to have a shower first.”

“All right, go.”

Stella took a shower and semi-dried her hair. She then sat beside Sherry and hugged a cushion.

After a while, she asked tentatively, “Sherry, do you want some fruit?”

Sherry replied, “I’ve had dinner. Do you want some?”

Stella smiled awkwardly, “No, thanks.”

She asked after a short while of pause, “By the way, what do you want for the breakfast tomorrow. I will make it for you.”

“What? I’m fine with everything. I will like it no matter what you make. It’s the happiest thing in my life to live with you.”

Stella didn’t reply when she heard the words.

Sherry ambiguously felt that something was wrong. She pressed the suspend lock of the remote control and turned to look at Stella, “Stella, what do you want to tell me?”

“Haha, nothing. It’s just a causal question.” Stella then stood up, “I have to dry my hair further as it’s still moist. Go to bed early.”

Sherry nodded her head, “Wait a minute. I want to go the toilet now.”

“Go.”

After Sherry walked into the toilet, Stella walked to the balcony for free air.

That wretched man gave her a difficult task again.

It was Sherry who accompanied her when she just divorced Clarence. But now, she reconciled with Clarence and she had to abandon Sherry now. It was really unreasonable.

But Stella was clear that Clarence was not joking. He would take action if she didn't do as he required.

Stella felt so bothered.

When Stella came back to her bedroom, she received a call.

She entrusted a person to investigate the manufacturer of the pocket watch before.

The person told her that he had contacted a representative of the pocket watch manufacturer and they would meet tomorrow afternoon.

After ending the call, Stella immediately received a message about the time and place of the appointment as well as the phone number of that representative.

Lying on the bed and looking out of the windows silently, Stella felt sleepless.

She had a hunch that she would get some clues tomorrow.

But it was a foreboding.

It seemed like everything related to the Steward family was negative.

The problems before had gradually solved. After firing several C-level managers of the Steward Group, it seemed like they didn't prepare to pursue the matters any more.

As a matter of fact, they were all clear that those C-level managers didn't have such a big power. And the problem lay in the core managers of the Steward Group.

Stella thought of Charles, a middle-aged man who looked gentle and cultivated.

It was hard to associate him to an extremely violent and wicked evil-doer.

But she could tell from the attitudes of the other members of the Conrad family that they didn't show any respect to other people. In their eyes, they were just tools.

Early in the next morning, on the way to the studio, Sherry said while scrolling her phone, "Stella, I have to tell you one thing."

Stella nodded her head, "What's the matter?"

Sherry replied, "I've been finding house recently and I will move out of the house if there's an appropriate one for me."

Stella was stunned. She asked, "Why... why do you suddenly talk about this? Sherry, I..."

Sherry smiled at her, "Rest assured. It's not because of you. I bumped into Daniel in the lift yesterday. It's quiet awkward. Since you've reconciled with that wretched...er... Mr. Conrad, you will move out of the house sooner or later. So I think we can take this opportunity and move out here together. Maybe we can still live in the same community."

Stella nodded her head when she heard the words, "That makes sense. Well, I will go to see the houses together with you this weekend."