

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again

Chapter 301-324

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 301-On the other side...

Looking at the pocket watch handed by Stella, Cameron was also stunned for several seconds. He looked towards Stella in disbelief and received the pocket watch, trembling.

He saw the family photo when he lifted the lid of the pocket watch.

Clenching the watch, Cameron said after a long while, "The person in the photo is Miranda."

The onlookers had a heated discussion about how Stella got the pocket watch.

Although Stella had numerous assumptions before, she couldn't help feel stunned when hearing the answer.

It seemed like she was right.

Cameron suddenly held up Stella's hand and asked anxiously, "Girl, how did you get the pocket watch?"

Stella felt her throat so dry and painful. She replied after a long while, "It's a relic of my mother."

Everyone was shocked when they heard the words.

Their gazes were full of shock and confusion.

If this was really a relic of Stella's mother, didn't it mean that she was Charles' daughter?

Then who was Phoebe, who had been an apple of Charles' eye?

When they looked towards Phoebe, they found that she was also shocked. It seemed like she was also confused by what was happening.

Cameron returned the pocket watch to Stella and then looked towards Charles who had remained silent. He knitted his brows, "Charles, what's going on?"

Charles said after several seconds, "Follow me."

Phoebe was the first person who followed behind him, "Dad, why..."

Charles raised his hand, "Don't be in a hurry. Let's talk about this later."

Phoebe's face became gloomier. After taking several steps, she turned around and took a glance at Stella with her teeth gritted.

Holding the walking stick, Cameron said to Stella, "Girl, let's follow him."

Stella nodded her head and put the pocket watch into her bag, "Okay."

After their leaving, Charles' assistant walked over. He announced the end of this bidding and thanked them for their participation.

It seemed like he was asking them to leave.

Although their curiosity was not satisfied, they had no choice but to leave reluctantly.

The venue, which was packed with guests just now, soon became empty.

William had been fixing his eyes at Stella's back. It seemed like he was lost in his thought.

Right at this moment, Clarence emerged from aside and stood in front of him, "Congratulations, Mr. William."

William pulled himself back to the reality. He was not in a mood to make stilled conversation with Clarence and asked in a flat tone, "Mr. Conrad, why do you congratulate me?"

Clarence raised his brows, "Of course I have to congratulate you for the successful bid for the Steward Group's project, Mr. William."

"Oh, please don't congratulate me in advance. The result hasn't come out yet."

“Yes?” Clarence said, “I think Mr. William is the best bidder for today’s project and I believe that Charles also think so.”

William smiled perfunctorily, “We should consider about each other before cooperation and what I can do is just to provide favorable conditions within my acceptance range. But the Steward Group is the one to decide whether to cooperate with me.”

Clarence replied, “Mr. William, you’ve prepared for this for a long time. If you even fail to get this project, isn’t it a waste of your time and efforts?”

“Mr. Conrad, I don’t know what you mean. I come here simply for the cooperation.”

Clarence chuckled, “I think that Mr. William will be interested in other matters except for the cooperation, for instance, the thing happened just now.”

William replied, “Mr. Conrad, please don’t joke with me. I’m a businessman, so naturally I’m only interested in my interests. The thing happened just now is related to Ms. Radomil. Mr. Conrad, I think you should...”

William suddenly paused. Knitting his brows and fixing his eyes on Clarence, he suddenly realized something.

Meeting his gaze in the air, Clarence curled his lips into a light yet meaningful smile.

William paused before continuing, “Mr. Conrad, I have to leave now as I have to deal with something.”

William nodded at him to show his apology and then strode towards the door.

After his leaving, Nathan walked to Clarence.

Clarence said slowly, “We should leave too.”

After leaving the venue, Nathan asked, “Mr. Conrad, Charles had begun to investigate William. If he doesn’t find anything weird, I guess that he will cooperate with him soon.”

“Charles won’t find out any problem. William is the last choice for him now. Or precisely, he has no other choice.”

“Should we do anything?”

Clarence paused, “No need. Just as usual.”

Nathan nodded his head, “Okay.”

Standing beside the car with one hand in his pocket, Clarence turned around to take a glance at the venue and pressed his thin lips together.

Although he tried to sound out William just now, his answer was so perfect that he couldn't find out anything.

It seemed like William probably came for the thing happened twenty years ago. But Clarence still didn't know his real identity.

Seeing this and knowing what he was worrying about, Nathan walked over and said in a low voice, “Mr. Conrad, Cameron here. Nothing will happen to Mrs. Conrad.”

Clarence snorted, “Who says that I'm worrying about her?”

He got into the car after finishing the words.

Nathan was rendered speechless.

He would never admit his inner thought.

It was Clarence who came to Cameron's home and asked him to come here.

...

In the VIP lounge...

Cameron sat beside Stella with Charles and Phoebe sitting opposite to them.

Charles asked, “Can you show me your pocket watch?”

Stella subconsciously looked towards Cameron when she heard the words. Cameron nodded his head.

Stella took out the pocket watch from her bag again. She put it on the tea table and pushed it to Charles.

Charles picked up the pocket watch and studied it carefully. After a while, he said, "It's the one that I gifted Miranda."

After finishing the words, he asked Stella, "You said it's a relic of your mother."

Stella took a light breath, "Yes."

Charles put down the pocket watch and said in a flat tone, "I didn't find the pocket watch on Miranda's dead body after that accident."

Cameron said in a deep voice, "We just saw a burnt corpse before. What if it was not Miranda? Maybe she escaped the accident. Or else, how could Ms. Radomil get the pocket watch?"

Charles chuckled, "Mr. Thomas, you also know what happened at that time. Lyndon kidnapped Phoebe and Miranda. Could it be that he snatched the pocket watch at the time. Otherwise, how could it be a relic of Ms. Radomil's mother? I'm also curious."

Cameron was silent. He then looked towards Stella, "Girl, do you have a photo of your mother?"

Stella nodded her head and took out a photo from her bag.

After seeing the photo, Cameron's expression became more serious. He tried to say something for several times, yet swallowed them again and again. In the end, he handed the photo to Charles.

Charles took a glance at the photo and said, "I know what's going on."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 302-Charles said slowly, "I guess Ms. Radomil's mother shall be Lyndon's while and she took the pocket watch and the photo from Miranda."

Cameron was unhappy when he heard the words, "Nonsense. Ms. Radomil looks like Miranda. She must be her daughter. How could it be..."

"Mr. Thomas," Charles interrupted him, "Phoebe is Miranda's daughter and I'm clear of this than anyone else. If you don't believe it, I and Phoebe can have a DNA test."

Holding his walking stick, Cameron didn't say anything.

Charles pushed the photo to Cameron and said in a calm voice, "I believe that you've also perceived how much they hated me. How would Miranda do this if she was the keeper of this photo?"

He meant that the face of the man in the photo was scratched.

Stella said, "It was Jeffrey who scratched photo. My mother died when I was young."

Phoebe continued, "If I remember it correctly, Ms. Radomil, you have a younger brother, right?"

Stella understood what she meant immediately.

She looked into her eyes and smiled at her, "Yes."

Phoebe continued, "Ms. Radomil, I don't know why you come here with the pocket. But I have to remind you that my mother died in an accident twenty years ago. Moreover, I'm her only daughter. So Ms. Radomil, I'm afraid that you will have to be disappointed."

"Ms. Steward, what do you mean?" Stella said in a calm voice, "It's just that I found this watch among my mother's relics and then I found it has something to do with Mr. Steward. Therefore, I come here to

ask some question. Ms. Steward, you don't need to be so nervous."

Charles said, "Since Ms. Radomil has asked the questions, can you return the pocket watch to me? I don't know who your mother is and I don't want to probe into this matter. However, since this is Miranda's relic, I think you should return it to its real owner."

Stella said slowly, "It's my mother's relic and this is the truth. I will not give it to any other person easily. But Mr. Steward, you insisted that it's your wife's relic. This only proves that one of us is a liar. What do you think of it?"

Phoebe said in a displeased tone, "Ms. Radomil..."

"Wait," Cameron raised his hand to stop her, "I think Ms. Radomil's words are reasonable. Charles, the explosion had caused a great commotion at that year and maybe someone has substituted your daughter. We can't be in a

rush to draw the conclusion. Ms. Radomil looks like Miranda, while Phoebe looks like you. I think this matter is really weird and we should investigate it.”

“Is it necessary to investigate it? We should directly have a DNA test...”

Charles curled his lips into a smile, “Yep, Mr. Thomas is right. We should investigate it carefully.”

Phoebe knitted her brows tightly. She didn’t know why Charles would agree to such a ridiculous request.

Stella said, “I want to live in the Steward family before you find out the truth.”

Charles didn’t reply. But Phoebe abruptly stood up and said in a cold voice, “Impossible!”

Stella looked up at her and said slowly, “Ms. Steward, you don’t have the qualification to refuse it. We’re now the same.”

“You...”

Charles said, “You can move into the Steward family. But if the truth shows that you have no relationship with Miranda, I hope you can make an apology openly.”

“Okay.” Stella smiled, “But if the result shows that my mother is really Mr. Steward’s wife, does it mean that Phoebe is the one who should make an apology? Except for the apology, I hope she can move out of the Steward family and shouldn’t live with the identity as the daughter of the Steward family.”

Before Phoebe could reply, Charles said, “Okay.”

Cameron nodded his head, “I also agree to this solution. Even though Ms. Radomil is not Miranda’s daughter, she should be a member of the Steward family. It’s reasonable for her to move into the Steward family.”

Phoebe knew that she wouldn’t change his decision no matter what she said now and rushed out of the lounge in a pet.

Cameron stood up with the support of his walking stick and said to Stella, “Girl, can you send me out?”

“Okay.”

Stella supported Cameron. Just as they had taken several steps, Charles’ voice sounded from behind, “Ms. Radomil.”

Stella turned around and asked indifferently, “Mr. Steward, is there any other matter?”

Charles said, “If your mother is really Miranda, it means that you’re my daughter and you should call me dad.”

Stella replied in a clam voice, “You’ve never done what a father should do. Are you qualified to require me to call you dad? I just want to get the things I deserve.”

Her attitude matched well with the excuse she found.

Stella supported Cameron out of the venue. When they walked downstairs, Cameron said in a deep voice, “Although he agrees to let you move into the Steward family now, I’m afraid that he will still seek troubles for you secretly. Be careful.”

Stella pressed her lips together and said, “Mr. Thomas...”

Cameron patted her arm kindly, “Believe me, you’re definitely Miranda’s daughter and this is the truth. It’s just that I can’t tell you about it now. You will know about the truth soon.”

Since Charles had made a concession, naturally he should also make one. The words he said just now were just formalities because it was not the high time to offend Charles openly.

Cameron looked towards Stella with satisfaction, “I didn’t expect that you and Miranda actually escaped from the explosion. Tell me, what did you experience later?”

Stella moved her lips, yet was suddenly lost for words.

Cameron immediately realized something after asking the question. He shifted the topic with a smile, “It doesn’t matter. It’s not important now. He will be so happy if he learns that you’re still alive.”

Stella was confused, “Who?”

Cameron didn't reply it directly and simply said, "You're so brave that you stood up and questioned Charles in the public today. But after this, maybe everyone in the City N is discussing this matter and many people are keeping an eye on the result. Charles won't dare to do harm to you easily. You can move into the Steward family. The proverb says that the most dangerous place will be the safest place. Feel free to contact me if you have any problem."

Stella nodded her head, "Thank you, Mr. Thomas."

Stella sent Cameron to the car and couldn't help but ask, "Mr. Thomas, may I ask you a question?"

Cameron nodded his head, "What's it?"

Stella paused and then asked, "Is Charles..."

"Cough, cough, cough!" Cameron coughed violently to interrupt her and then said with a smile, "Don't think too much of it. You will get the answer later."

move into the Steward family. The proverb says that the most dangerous place will be the safest place. Feel free to contact me if you have any problem." Stella nodded her head, "Thank you, Mr. Thomas." Stella sent Cameron to the car and couldn't help but ask, "Mr. Thomas, may I ask you a question?" Cameron nodded his head, "What's it?" Stella paused and then asked, "Is Charles..." "Cough, cough, cough!" Cameron coughed violently to interrupt her and then said with a smile, "Don't think too much of it. You will get the answer later."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 303-Stella gently heaved a sigh after Cameron's leaving. When she turned around, she found a black Rolls- Royce stopping in front of her.

Then the car window was slowly wound down and the man's cold face gradually appeared. He slightly tilted his head at her, "Get into the car."

Stella looked around and then pulled open the door and got into the car.

Clarence asked her, "Is it solved?"

Stella nodded her head and said after a short while of silence, "I will move into the Steward family two days later."

Clarence looked towards her and pressed his thin lips together tightly.

Stella peeked at him and said in a low voice, "I know what to do and what I shouldn't do. Nothing will happen to me. Moreover, many people witnessed it today. Charles won't..."

"You provide a great challenge for me."

Stella was a bit stunned, "What?"

Clarence crossed his long legs and said slowly, "The members of the Steward family don't welcome me. So probably I can move into the family and live with you."

Stella was rendered speechless.

She had expected this.

This wretched man always had a weird thought in his mind.

Stella sneered, "Mr. Conrad, you're too modest. The members of the Steward family not only don't welcome you, moreover, they wish so much to drive you out of the family with a broom."

Clarence raised his brows, "Then you should be careful too."

"Why should I be careful?"

"I regretted the engagement because of you, so you're the main cause."

"Mr. Conrad, you're good at shifting the blame."

"It's the truth."

Stella didn't want to talk with him again. She felt it would harm her life span if she continued to talk with this wretched man.

She said after a while, "Did you ask Mr. Thomas to come here?"

Clarence replied, "You don't need to thank me. You know what you should do."

My ass!

Stella didn't want to talk with him anymore. She closed her eyes, pretending to sleep.

Clarence directly pulled her into his arms.

Stella was a bit tired that she felt lazy to struggle.

After a long while, the car stopped in front of her studio.

Taking a glance through the rear-view mirror, Nathan said in a low voice, "Mr. Conrad, you have a meeting an hour later."

Clarence looked askance at the woman who was in sound sleep and then lowered his head to take a glance at his wrist watch, "Not in a hurry."

Nathan didn't speak again and got off the car sensibly. He had prepared that the meeting would be postponed.

In the car...

Stella woke up several minutes later. She turned her stiff neck left and right and squinted out of the window, "When did we arrive here? Why didn't you wake me up?"

Clarence replied, "The chances to sleep beside me have been greatly reduced. You should cherish it."

Stella was rendered speechless.

Was he insane?

She picked up her things and prepared to get off the car, but was then pulled back by Clarence. He rubbed her hair slowly, "Do you know what it mean to you if you move into the Steward family?"

Stella replied after a while of silence, "I know."

It meant that no matter what situation the Steward family would have, she would be somehow involved and affected.

Moreover, she exposed Charles' secret in the face of many guests today, definitely he would hate her so much. Although he still looked gentleman on the surface, she didn't know how many evil tricks he would use behind her back.

Not to mention Phoebe...

However, if she was frightened by this, the truth twenty years ago would be covered forever.

Even though Cameron didn't answer her question, she was almost sure that Charles was actually Lyndon, while the real Charles, her biological father, she guessed that he died in that explosion.

In the past, she didn't want to probe into the truth because she didn't want to break her peace, but Clarence was right – her life had never been peaceful.

Now it seemed like she was so close to the truth. How would she stop now?

Moreover, maybe the truth itself was not important. The important thing was to expose Charles' real face.

Stella replied after a long while, "This is the passage that I have to get through."

Clarence pressed his lips together and then said slowly, "Keep your phone available all the time. Call me if you have any problem."

Stella gently nodded her head. She said after pondering for a while, "Mr. Conrad, may you do me a favor?"

"What?"

"Phoebe mentioned my brother today, plus that she once found someone to frame Chan before, I'm afraid that she will do harm to Chan again."

Clarence casually picked up a strand of her hair and played with it. He said in a flat tone, "Don't worry. Your brother is much smarter than you."

Stella pushed him away angrily, yet accidentally pulled apart her hair.

Clarence was silent when looking at the strand of broken hair in his hand.

Stella gritted her teeth angrily, "Fuck off!"

She picked up her things and slammed closed the door.

Nathan, who was waiting outside of the car, couldn't help but shiver. Weren't they in a good relationship just now? Why was she suddenly angry?

After one minute, when the awkwardness in the car was dispersed, Nathan opened the door to the driver's seat and got into the car, "Mr... Mr. Conrad, should we delay the meeting?"

Nathan's flat voice sounded from behind soon, "There's still twenty minutes. It's enough. Notify all of them to prepare for the meeting."

"Okay."

They then arrived at the Conrad Group. When they got off the lift, an assistant hurriedly walked over, "Mr. Conrad."

Clarence strode forwards while asking, "What's the matter?"

"Old Master Conrad is waiting for you in the office. He asked you to come to see him right after coming back to the company."

Clarence headed towards the meeting room nonstop. "I'm not free now. Ask him to wait."

The assistant was in a dilemma and looked towards Nathan for help. Nathan said in a low voice, "Tell Old Master Conrad that Mr. Conrad has an important meeting. He will come to see him when the meeting is over."

The assistant then left.

With some documents in his hand, Nathan followed Clarence into the meeting room.

In the CEO's office...

When hearing the assistant's report, Dempsey's face immediately turned gloomy. But he couldn't throw his temper here and just waved his hand to gesture the assistant to leave.

Clarence had been out of his control, so it was expectant that he would do such a thing.

Touching the top of his walking stick, Dempsey asked in a deep voice, "Is there any progress in your investigation?"

"The Steward family refuses to talk about this matter. But according to the news from the bidding, Cameron also came there. It seems like the new is probably true."

Dempsey snorted, "Stella is somehow capable. She even tries to plot the Steward family. Looks like she's so ambitious. No wonder that she required nothing when she divorced Clarence. It turns out that she's waiting for this."

"Master, should we continue the investigation?"

"Go on. Find out what Stella has on Clarence. I must root out the Steward family and the Steward Group this time.

Dempsey suddenly thought of something and instructed his subordinate in a low voice, asking him to investigate another matter at the same time.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 304-Dempsey left the office angrily. Nathan then knocked at the door of the CEO's office.

Clarence stood up and then walked towards the office desk, "Come in."

Nathan put a document on the desk, "Mr. Conrad, this is the minutes of the meeting just now. And here're some documents that requires your signature."

Nathan replied with an indifferent nasal sound.

Nathan couldn't help but asked, "Why does Old Master Conrad suddenly think of arranging your marriage?"

Clarence sneered when he heard the words. He opened the document in front of him and said in an indifferent voice, "Is there any other reason? He's afraid that Stella will unite with me to fight against him once she's proved that she's a member of the Steward family, so naturally he can't remain composed any longer."

"He got the news so quickly..."

Clarence narrowed his black eyes. He didn't say anything else.

Probably Dempsey had been keeping an eye on the bidding of the Steward Group and wanted to take advantage of a weak point.

Therefore, Clarence wasn't surprised that he would get the news immediately.

Clarence asked, "Have you found Jeffrey?"

Nathan felt a bit guilty, "Haven't. He's so good at hiding himself. We've already arranged some men in various underground gambling house, yet it seems like he has perceived it and he never shows up

again."

Clarence rubbed his nose bridge, "Never mind, drop this matter now. Find out how he managed to escape from the prison. He wouldn't have achieved it by himself."

"Mr. Conrad, do you mean that someone helped him before?"

"Jeffrey won't disappear out of no reason. If he can control his desire to gamble, it won't progress to today's situation."

Nathan slightly nodded his head, "I will investigate it now."

"Hold on."

When Nathan prepared to leave, Clarence stopped him.

Nathan asked, "Mr. Conrad, do you have any other instruction?"

Clarence licked his thin lips and said slowly, "Don't tell Stella about this."

Nathan suppressed his laughter and replied in a serious tone, "Okay."

It seemed like Mr. Conrad had become more and more experienced in pursuing his wife and his efforts were not in vain.

After Nathan's leaving, Clarence took out his phone and called Vincent. He said in a flat tone, "How's it?"

“I’ve been watching it. He came home after the ending of the bidding and had no other weird behavior.”

“What about Daniel?”

“He directly went home too.”

Clarence curled his lips into a smile. It seemed like these people were patient enough.

Vincent continued, “According to my investigation, there’s no information about William’s daughter in his information. In other words, maybe he doesn’t have a daughter, or maybe...”

“He thinks she has died.”

At the other end of the phone, Vincent paused. After a long while, he said, “If that’s the case, Stella is probably... Does he...”

Clarence interrupted him, “It’s early to talk about this matter. Continue to watch it and tell me immediately if there’s any information.”

...

In the studio...

Stella had been staying in her office after coming back to the studio and looking at the pocket watch in a trance, seeming to be pondering something.

She inexplicably had a feeling that she was so close to the truth as if it was within her reach.

And Cameron probably knew everything.

After a long while, there came some knocking sounds on the door. Sherry popped out her head from behind the door. Stella immediately put down the pocket watch, “Sherry, what’s the matter?”

Sherry asked, “Are you drawing?”

Stella shook her head and pressed her temples, “Not yet.”

Sherry waved the hand. There were a cup of milk tea and some desserts in her hand. She said, "Look what I bring to you. Eat them first and then continue with your work."

Sherry put the food on Stella's office desk and said, "I have to go out to shoot something later and I have to go to have a look at the houses in the evening, so I will not come back to the studio and you will go back alone. Be careful."

"Okay."

Sherry asked, "Stella, when will you move there?"

Stella replied, "Two days later."

Sherry heaved a long sigh secretly and suddenly thought of something, "Does Channing know about this?"

"I haven't told him about this yet. Please don't tell him either. Let's wait for a period."

Sherry said, "Rest assured. I will keep this for you. I promise I will not tell him about this."

When speaking, Sherry made an action of closing the zip on her mouth.

She then said, "Stella, eat them first. I have to go out now. You don't need to care about the matters in the store as Natalie and other employees will deal with it. You can focus on your own business."

After Sherry's leaving, the office was prevailed by silence again.

Stella took a deep breath, turned on her computer and began to draw designs.

Time flew by. When she lifted her head again, she found the sky had already gotten dark.

Stella took a glance at her phone and found it was already nine o'clock.

She turned her neck left and right and walked out of the office.

The employees in the studio had already gotten off the work and she was the only one left here. Stella walked to the tearoom to pour some water. Just as she took a sip of the water, she heard some footsteps from the door. She

subconsciously thought that it was Clarence and said without turning around, "You can wait for me outside. I will finish it soon."

"Stella."

It was Emmett's voice.

Stella was a bit stunned and then immediately put down the glass and turned around.

Standing at the door, Emmett smiled at her, "Have you finished your work?"

Stella gently nodded her head.

Emmett pressed his lips, "Stella, are you free now? I want to treat you a meal."

"What?" Stella was a bit stunned. When she prepared to answer the question, a cold voice sounded, "Now that Mr. Carter has invited us with hospitality, how will we refuse it?"

Emmett, "..."

Standing beside Emmett, Clarence looked tall and strong. He glanced over and said with a light smile, "How coincident. Every time when Mr. Carter wants to treat Stella a meal, I will be here. Looks like I have the gourmet's luck."

Emmett laughed drily and looked towards Stella again. Recalling what she said when he just entered the door, he flickered his eyes and said, "Mr. Conrad, as long as you don't look down on it, what's the big deal to treat you a meal?"

Clarence said, "Then Mr. Carter, please wait outside. We will come out soon."

Emmett nodded his head absent-mindedly, turned around and walked out of the studio.

Stella looked towards Clarence unhappily, "What are you doing?"

Clarence raised his brows, "Are you going to have dinner with him alone?"

"I..."

Of course she didn't plan to do so. It was just that she had a hunch that Emmett came here to tell her something.

But this wretched man made a fuss before she could figure it out.

Clarence said, "I will go with you."

"Don't make a fuss. Apparently he wants to tell me something. How will he tell me if you come with me?"

"If it's a righteous matter, will he fear that others will learn about it?"

Stella, "..."

This wretched man was really good at preposterous argument.

He could even persuade others that a dead creature was actually alive.

Stella picked up the key, took a glance at Emmett who was waiting for them outside and then reminded Clarence in a low voice, "You can go with me. But try to speak as less as possible. Never mind... Don't speak. You're not allowed to utter a single word!"

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 305-Although Stella asked Clarence to keep silent, it was Emmett who quieted down.

Since the atmosphere was way too embarrassing, Stella felt quite uneasy. Clarence, who was next to her, was quite calm, easy, and peaceful.

Stella wished that she could be as cheeky as him so that she wouldn't be feeling like sitting on a spiked rug.

Right then, a waiter came over to take the order. Emmett directly passed the menu to Stella. "Stella, please order whatever you like."

As soon as Stella reached out her hand, the menu was grabbed by Clarence. He ordered some of Stella's favorite dishes and returned to be aloof, sitting on his chair in silence.

Stella had a wry smile. "That's all for the time being."

The waiter nodded and left.

Since Clarence was sitting at the table, Emmett couldn't talk about other things naturally. He just chitchatted with Stella and then quieted down.

The meal finally approached the end in such an embarrassing atmosphere.

When Stella went to the restroom, Clarence said, "Mr. Carter, if not mistaken, you should come here for what happened on the Steward Group's bidding."

Upon hearing it, Emmett faintly smiled. "Mr. Conrad, you misunderstood. I even didn't go to the bidding of Steward Group. How would I know what happened there? I just came to visit Stella."

"In that case, I believe I should make time to visit your parents then, Mr. Carter."

Emmett gradually pulled a long face when listening to him.

Clarence continued indifferently, "Mr. Carter, I don't care why you came here or what you are going to do. Don't drag Stella into the mere."

"Mr. Conrad, please rest assured. Even if you don't remind me, I wouldn't do anything to harm Stella."

When Stella came out of the ladies' room, Emmett was already gone. She immediately knew that Clarence must have said something harsh to him.

She walked to Clarence and picked up her bag. "Let's go."

Clarence raised his eyebrows slightly, stood up, and left with her.

When the car was pulled over the downstairs of the apartment, Stella touched the handle on the door, only to find the door next to the driver's seat was open. Clarence got off the car.

Stella was speechless.

She wondered what the wretched man would do.

She got off and closed the door. Clarence walked with her side-by-side and paused. "I didn't have enough just now. Made me something to eat, would you?"

Stella said crossly, "Mr. Conrad, didn't you say you had the luck to enjoy a feast? How come you didn't have enough? Do you know what kind of person couldn't have enough when being invited to a meal?"

Clarence curled up his lips. Without answering her, he bypassed her and walked forward. "Hurry up. I'm starved."

Stella believed that the wretched man intentionally found the excuse.

After arriving at him, she asked, "Mr. Conrad, what would you like to eat?"

"Anything would be fine."

Stella snorted and didn't want to expose his lie.

The wretched man was always picky in food. She didn't believe that anything could do.

Sure enough, he came upstairs with other intentions.

Since it was late, Stella didn't want to cook the set meal of three dishes with one soup for him. There were only two tomatoes left in the fridge, so she cooked the noodle soup of fried tomato with egg for him.

While she was cooking the noodles, she heard a few knocks on the door of her apartment.

Stella tilted her head and looked over at the door. Right then, her hands were full.

Soon, she heard Clarence's voice. "Keep on cooking. I'll open the door."

"All right."

She withdrew her gaze.

Clarence opened the door. Looking at the man at the door, he wasn't surprised at all. Instead, he curled up his lips into a sneer. "What's up?"

Daniel hadn't expected that Clarence would be here. After being startled for a few seconds, he came back to his senses. "Is Ms. Radomil home?"

Clarence looked back and answered indifferently, "She's busy."

“All right. I’ll come back later then.”

When Daniel was about to leave, Clarence said, “For whom you came here, Phoebe Steward or anyone else?”

Upon hearing it, Daniel paused a bit. He turned around with a slight smile. “Mr. Conrad, you’ve overthought. I just want to borrow a bottle of soy sauce from Ms. Radomil...”

Clarence asked calmly, “Really?”

“Of course. A distant relative is not as good as a near neighbor. Mr. Conrad, don’t you think so?”

Right then, Stella finally put the noodles into the pot. She overheard their conversation, so she came out of the kitchen with a bottle of soy sauce in her hand. She handed it over to Daniel. “This is the only brand in our home. Does it work?”

“Haha... Yes. I’ll return it to you as soon as I finish using it, Ms. Radomil. Thanks a lot.”

Stella smiled. “It’s alright. I don’t need it for the time being. You can return it whenever you like.”

Daniel coughed and nodded at Clarence. Then he left with the bottle of soy sauce.

After closing the door, Stella heard the boiling sound of the water in the kitchen, so she trotted back to the kitchen again.

Clarence followed her, walking steadily.

The noodle soup was soon cooked. Stella put the bowl on the dining table. “It’s ready. Mr. Conrad, you can eat now.”

Clarence pulled the chair and sat down. “Don’t you eat some?”

“No, thanks. I was full just now.”

While Clarence was eating, Stella cleaned up the kitchen. She checked the time — it was almost eleven in the evening. She wondered why Sherry hadn’t come home yet.

She walked to the living room, pulled out her cell phone, and called Sherry.

The call wasn't connected until she heard the beeps for a long time.

Sherry asked, "Hello, Stella, what's up?"

"Have you found a suitable apartment?"

"Yes, I have. I'll move in this weekend."

"When are you coming home?"

Sherry paused a bit. Then she grinned. "I won't go home tonight. Wish you a pleasant night, Stella."

Stella choked up.

She wondered what Sherry meant.

After turning around to cast a glance at the man in the dining room, Stella walked to the balcony. She whispered, "Has Clarence Conrad threatened you?"

"What... not at all." Sherry lay in a twenty-meter wide bathtub, picking up the goblet next to her to take a sip of the wine. "Stella, how can you misunderstand Mr. Conrad? He's a super nice man, the role model of the business world. He's handsome, making countless girls fascinated. Besides that, he was a walking Buddha. He doesn't only enjoy doing charity a lot but also caring about environmental protection. The most important is he cares about the poverty and the weak, getting along with..."

Stella fell into the silence when listening to Sherry's flattery on Clarence. She asked, "What benefits did Clarence Conrad promise you?"

Sherry remained calm and answered, "Stella, you've been so vulgar. What I said showed my respect and compliment to Mr. Conrad. How come you asked about the benefits?"

As she spoke, she whispered quickly, "He just provides me the right to access the seven-star luxury suite. I can come over at any time."

Stella's temples popped.

Before she could continue asking Sherry anything else, she was hugged by someone from behind. The man's warm breath was sprayed on her neck, making her sensitive and trembling. She couldn't help but pinch the cell phone in her hand tightly. Her lips parted but she couldn't utter any beep.

Stella fell into the silence when listening to Sherry's flattery on Clarence. She asked, "What benefits did Clarence Conrad promise you?" Sherry remained calm and answered, "Stella, you've been so vulgar. What I said showed my respect and compliment to Mr. Conrad. How come you asked about the benefits?" As she spoke, she whispered quickly, "He just provides me the right to access the seven-star luxury suite. I can come over at any time." Stella's temples popped. Before she could continue asking Sherry anything else, she was hugged by someone from behind. The man's warm breath was sprayed on her neck, making her sensitive and trembling. She couldn't help but pinch the cell phone in her hand tightly. Her lips parted but she couldn't utter any beep.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 306-Upon hearing the abnormal sounds from the other end of the line, Sherry immediately said, "I'm quite sleepy now. Bye!"

After finishing her words, she hung up the phone without any hesitation.

Clarence heard the beeps from the phone. He kissed Stella behind her ear and said in a deep and magnetic voice, "Done?"

Of course, the call wasn't done. It was interrupted by the wretched man.

Before Stella answered, the man's kisses had been already moved to her neck from the back of her ear.

She felt a bit tickled and numb.

Stella couldn't help clenching her fists, trying her best to control her breath. "It's... It's getting quite late. Shouldn't you..."

Clarence bit her fair skin gently. "What should I do?"

Stella hissed in pain. She asked, "Are you a dog?"

"I can be anything."

Clarence gripped her shoulders and turned her around. Then he pressed her against the handrail on the balcony, biting her lips. He guided her gently, "Your bestie won't come home tonight. Can I stay here overnight then?"

"No..."

As soon as Stella uttered a word, her lips were sealed seamlessly.

Even the wretched man didn't answer her, his voice appeared in her mind: "I'm not asking you for the permission."

Under the cold wind on the balcony, Stella didn't feel cold at all. Instead, she felt as if she was within a big stove. The heat made her hard to breathe.

Clarence's big palms held her cheeks. He kissed her more and more wildly.

Shortly after, Stella's legs became too weakened to support her.

She reached out and pressed Clarence's chest. Taking a step back and panting slightly, she looked at him with her tearful eyes. "All right... Enough..."

Clarence focused on her delicate and charming lips. He approached and pecked on them again. "You've agreed."

Stella was confused.

She wondered what she said to make him misunderstand that she agreed.

Clarence let go of her. He loosened his necktie with one hand. "Do you have any pajamas that I can wear?"

Stella came back to her senses. She looked at him alertly and answered without any hesitation, "No."

"Okay. It doesn't matter."

After finishing his words, he took off the tie and tossed it to the sofa. He walked into the bathroom.

Stella gritted her teeth. She could only go to her room to find a set of Channing's pajamas.

She took them to the bathroom door and knocked on it. "I'll put the pajamas at the door."

"Take them in."

Stella choked up.

Trying her best to hold back her impulse to kill him, she twisted the doorknob. When she was about to put them on the cabinet, she saw the man turned to her. Half of the buttons of his shirt were unbuttoned. His strong chest was shown.

Underneath, she faintly saw his abs and Apollo's belt.

Instantly, Stella felt as if her eyes were burned. She immediately looked away and stammered, "I... I've put them here. I'll..."

When she was about to go out, Clarence pressed one of his hands on the wall next to her. Tilting his head, he looked around and whispered, "Which of them are your belongings?"

Stella pointed at a few at random. Then she said, "Don't use my towel! There are disposable face towels over there. You can use them to wipe..."

Clarence bent over, approaching her. "Where to wipe?"

"Whatever you like."

As she spoke, Stella wanted to escape under Clarence's arm. Much to her surprise, Clarence suddenly withdrew his arms while turning around. She threw herself into his arms directly.

The man curled up his thin lips. He wrapped around her waist. "Don't rush. We have plenty of time tonight."

Stella blushed and even her whole neck became reddened. She stamped on him violently in anger.

Clarence groaned. He said, "You should change this habit."

"No way!"

As she spoke, Stella hurriedly trotted out of the bathroom when he didn't pay attention. She pulled the door close outside, wishing that she could lock it from the outside. Only if he could stay in the bathroom for the whole night. He always wanted to come to her apartment, anyway.

When Stella was doing the dishes, she found that Clarence had finished the whole bowl of noodle soup. It seemed that he was indeed hungry.

She wondered why he had to join the dinner. Did he plan to watch how a hundred embarrassing ways were interpreted?

Out of the kitchen, Stella sat on the sofa and turned on the TV so that the sound could cover the sound of the water in the bathroom.

Soon, her phone started ringing.

It was a call from Emmett.

Stella swiped to answer and heard his voice. "Hello, Stella. I'm sorry I had something to deal with earlier, so I didn't say bye to you before leaving the restaurant."

"It's alright." After a pause, Stella continued, "Did you want to talk to me?"

On the other end of the line, Emmett was silent for a moment. Eventually, he didn't speak it out.

With a smile, he answered, "I was quite busy in the past few days. Today I could finally make time to visit you. I just want to check on you. There's nothing else."

Stella slightly pressed her lips. She noticed that Emmett looked quite solemn, so she guessed that there must be something bothering him.

However, since Emmett wasn't willing to tell her, she didn't have the reason to insist on asking.

"Stella."

"Please go ahead."

Emmett slightly inhaled. "Mr. Conrad and you... Are you..."

Stella said, "We've reconciled."

Even he had figured out the answer, Emmett still didn't give up and asked the question.

Upon hearing her answer, he felt relaxed, however. With a faint smile, he said, "Wish you guys happy."

"Thank you, Emmett."

Stella didn't know what else she could say besides thanking him.

Before hanging up the phone, Emmett added, "Stella, no matter what, please be careful with Charles Steward and Phoebe Steward."

Shortly after the phone conversation ended, the bathroom door was opened.

Clarence walked out, his black hair half-dried. "Where is the hairdryer? I didn't find it."

Stella came back to her senses. She put down the phone and walked into the bathroom. Then she took out the hairdryer from the drawer under the sink and handed it over to him. She asked in confusion, "Have you truly looked round?"

"Certainly."

Clarence took it over and plugged it in.

A drop of water on the tip of his hair slipped along his movements. It went along his jaw, passed his protruding Adam's apple, and silently fell into his neckline.

Seeing that, Stella licked her bottom lip subconsciously, feeling her throat dried out and tickled.

Before she found an excuse to leave, the lower roar of the hairdryer rang out. Clarence tossed his wet hair, splashing a few water drops on Stella's face.

She looked up. When she was about to speak, she met the man's eyes with a faint smile. He asked, "Are you stunned when watching me?"

Right then, Clarence spoke in a deep and sexy tone. Channing's pajamas made him younger than his actual eye. His usually calm and cold black eyes

were filled with a college student's purity. Even his features with sharp outlines became softened.

She had used to seeing him in a suit. Suddenly, his dressing style was changed, which seemed to have more impact. Even he was just standing there, he looked quite seductive.

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 308-Stella withdrew her gaze and coughed. She said calmly, "Mr. Conrad, I just didn't expect that Chan's pajamas suit you so well."

"Really? It's a bit tight, though."

Upon hearing it, Stella looked at both sides of his shoulders. "It looks quite suitable. Where do you feel tight?"

Clarence said slowly, "The pants."

Stella was speechless.

Inwardly, she cursed him to go to hell.

She walked back to her bedroom with a long face. She got her pajamas and went back to the bathroom. Since Clarence had almost dried out his hair, she directly kicked him out of the bathroom. Then she locked the door from the

inside to ensure the wretched man wouldn't be able to break in. She took a shower.

Clarence stood at the door of the bathroom for a while. When he heard the sound of the running water, he raised a hand to press his lips and coughed. Then he walked to the dining room, poured a glass of cold water, and gulped it down.

Right then, he heard someone knocking on the door again.

Clarence's face became cold. He put down the water glass and walked to the door.

At the door, Daniel was holding a bottle of soy sauce. He smiled awkwardly and politely at Clarence. "Mr. Conrad, you are still here."

Clarence leaned against the doorframe. "Does my existence here bother you?"

"Mr. Conrad, you must be kidding. Ms. Radomil is my neighbor, anyway. She's a woman, so I should take care of her."

Clarence said impatiently, "Just tell me about your purpose."

"I..." Daniel took a glance at the soy sauce in his hands. Then he handed it over to Clarence. "I'm returning it to her."

Clarence reached out to take it over, but Daniel dodged. "Where is Ms. Radomil? I borrowed it from her hands, so I'd better return it to her in person as well."

"She's busy."

Clarence looked at him expressionlessly, and his eyes were deep and cold.

Daniel had to bite the bullets and let out a hollow laugh. "In that case, I can return it to her tomorrow..."

"You don't need to return it. Just keep it."

Daniel refused righteously, "How could I do it? I just wanted to borrow it from her. I must return it. I'm not a person greedy for small advantages."

Clarence said, “Emmett came first, and then you came to her. Since he cares about her so much, why doesn’t he come over himself?”

Daniel played dumb. “Mr. Conrad, who is ‘he’ you refer to?”

Clarence squinted and didn’t speak.

Daniel continued, “It’s a bit embarrassing though. Mr. Conrad, you should know Emmett has a crush on Ms. Radomil. He came to find her more than once or twice. As for me, Ms. Radomil is my next-door neighbor. We live close to each other, so occasionally, we will visit each other...”

“Enough.” Clarence wasn’t in the mood to listen to him. He said indifferently, “Cut the crap. Just tell him — as long as I’m here, the Steward family won’t dare to do anything to Stella. I don’t care what he’s doing, but Charles Steward’s men are watching him all the time. He’d better deal with this matter before doing other things.”

“Haha... Mr. Conrad, you must be kidding. I...”

Before Daniel finished his words, the door was smashed shut in front of him.

He was shut out.

The smile on Daniel’s face faded gradually. It seemed that they couldn’t ask Stella more questions. Besides, judging from Clarence’s implication, Daniel believed that he had figured out their purpose.

However, he could tell that Clarence didn’t seem to have the intention to tell Stella what he had found.

Daniel raised his hand to rub his nose bridge, going home with the soy sauce bottle in his hands.

...

Stella stretched out her head from the bathroom. “Whom were you talking to at the door just now?”

Clarence sat on the sofa with his slender legs across. “A salesman.”

“What does he sell?”

“The soy sauce.”

Stella was shocked.

She stretched her head back, closed the door, and continued to dry her hair.

If not mistaken, she guessed that it was Daniel just now.

Daniel helped her get the invitation to the bidding, so he must be quite curious about what happened earlier today. He wanted to ask her some details, which was normal.

When Stella’s hair was half-dried, she suddenly paused. The reason that Emmett came to find her earlier today should also be because of the bidding.

After a few minutes, Stella came out of the bathroom. She cast a glance at the man who was sitting on the sofa and watching the financial news on TV. After a moment of silence, she asked, “Mr. Conrad, aren’t you going to bed?”

As if he was waiting for her question, Clarence directly picked up the remote control to close the TV set. He stood up and asked, “Which one is your bedroom?”

Stella pointed at one room to show him. “That one.”

Clarence walked to the door of the bedroom. When he turned around, he saw Stella entered the other one.

He scratched his eyebrows and walked over.

Stella was about to close the door when she found the man who was following her. Immediately, she stood at the door to block his way. “What do you want?”

“Didn’t you say that room is yours?”

“Yeah,” Stella said honestly, “You’ll stay in my room, and I’ll stay in Sherry’s.”

Clarence was speechless.

He grabbed Stella’s waist. Without speaking, he directly lifted her and carry her into her bedroom.

Stella struggled but failed to break free. In an instant, she was tossed onto the bed.

Before she managed to dodge, the man's strong body was pressed on her.

The lights in the room were off. Stella couldn't see his expression, but she could feel that his breathing was intertwined with hers. The hormones in their bodies were also rapidly secreting and fermenting.

Clarence's slender fingers rubbed the most sensitive part on the back of her neck. His voice was quite low. "Don't you want to sleep with me?" he asked.

Stella believed that he was implying something else by saying "sleep".

Although they were in the dark, she could feel his burning gaze on her.

She looked away, trying to make an excuse. "My bed is too small. It's too crowded for us to sleep together. I..."

"Is it as so crowded as a sofa? A bathtub? A..."

In the beginning, Stella didn't get what he meant. When she understood it, she felt annoyed and why. Without any hesitation, she raised her hand to cover his mouth. "Shut up!"

Clarence pressed his thin lips. His kisses fell on her palms continuously.

Stella subconsciously wanted to pull back her hand. As soon as she took action, the man pressed her hand above her head. He continued to kiss her.

Stella felt her body weakened without any strength, not to mention to push him away.

Soon, her breath became heavier.

Along with the sound of the clothes' friction, she felt the cold wind.

When it came to the most critical moment, Stella suddenly sobered up. "No! Stop it!"

Clarence was puzzled.

He asked in a hoarse tone, "Didn't you enjoy it just now?"

Stella blushed so deeply as if her cheeks would bleed. Ignoring the wretched man's questions, she whispered, "I don't have a condom at home... How about next time? Let's do it next time!"

As she spoke, she wanted to escape.

Clarence pressed her back. From nowhere, he pulled out a box and put it in her hand. He coaxed her in a low voice, "Open it up."

"When did you get it?"

Sure enough, the wretched man was planned long ago. Upon realizing it, Stella regretted letting him come upstairs.

Clarence answered, "Just take preventive measures."

Stella couldn't find the right words. She quieted down.

Clarence's thin lips clung to her pinna, his breath becoming more obvious. "Babe, I'll start. Ehn?"

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 309-The next day, when the alarm sounded, Stella woke up. She fumbled for her phone on the nightstand as usual but failed to find it.

She kept listening to the alarm with her eyes closed for a long while, only to find that the sound came from underneath the bed.

When she was about to stretch out to get her phone, the strength of the hand that was wrapping around her waist was slightly increased. She was pulled back.

Off-guard, Stella fell into the man's arms again.

Clarence kissed her on the back of her ear. He said in a sleepy and hoarse tone, "Let's sleep in."

"I want to turn off the alarm." After a pause, Stella asked, "It's eight o'clock. Don't you go to work?"

"I don't want to."

Stella whispered, "But I need to go to my studio."

After a few seconds, Clarence gradually opened his eyes and said hoarsely, "You are quite spirited. Didn't you cry and beg me to stop last night?"

Stella choked up.

She slightly blushed. "It's early morning. Can' you speak the human language?"

"I don't even want to be a human. Why should I speak the human language?"

As he spoke, his hand on her waist became quite restless, gradually moving upwards.

Stella couldn't keep breathing calmly. "You..."

The man gently kissed her neck, demanding more. "You can go to work later today. Don't you have employees in your studio?"

"I can't..."

Before she finished her words, she couldn't utter any sound at all.

Soon, the morning passed.

When Stella arrived at her studio, it was one o'clock in the afternoon.

She felt painful and sore all over her body, making her keep cursing the wretched man.

Sherry was watching a soap opera while sitting at the front desk. Seeing that Stella dragged herself in, Sherry had an ambiguous look on her face, following Stella into her office.

As soon as Stella turned around, she saw Sherry standing right behind her. She was startled. Patting her chest, Stella came back to her senses. "What are you doing, Sherry?"

Sherry closed the door of her office, pulled a stool to sit next to Stella, and winked at her. "How did you like last night?"

Under her gaze, Stella felt quite uneasy. Rubbing her nose, she sat on her chair. "What..."

“When will you move into the Steward’s? Maybe I should stay out tonight as well so Mr. Conrad and you can have your private space. If I go home, I will not only interrupt you but also make Mr. Conrad’s kindness in vain, right?”

Stella was speechless.

She moved her neck and said in a sleepy tone, “What nonsense are you talking about?”

Sherry clicked her tongue. “All right. I’m talking about nonsense now. I can see the kissing mark on your neck.”

Upon hearing it, Stella suddenly pulled up her collar.

She felt a bit puzzled as she deliberately wore a turtleneck today, and she also ensured not to expose anything before leaving home.

Sherry held back her laughter. “Just kidding.”

Stella patted her crossly. “I’m going to draw the design draft now. Go back to your work.”

Sherry stood up. “Oh, by the way, when will you move? Something happened to my family. I need to go home recently.”

Stella asked, “What happened?”

“Nothing serious. My mom twisted her ankle, so she needs to stay in the hospital for a few days. My father isn’t good at taking care of others at all. I haven’t been home for a long time, so I’ll take the chance to go back and visit them.”

Stella nodded in agreement. “Sure, please go ahead. I should move in the Stewards’ in two days.”

“I see, almost the same time. I’ve told the landlord we’re moving out. I’ll move out when I come back in town.”

Stella couldn’t know where she would be and what she would be doing when Sherry moved out. After thinking for a while, she said, “Call Chan when you are moving. He can help you.”

“What if Chan asks me where you’ve gone?”

Stella was silent

She almost forgot about this.

Sherry patted her on the shoulder. "It's just moving to a new apartment. I can hire a moving service company. There's nothing to worry about."

Before Stella answered, Sherry added, "If there's nothing special in our studio today, may I go home this evening?"

"Of course," said Stella, "Feel free to go back. I can take care of the studio."

Sherry acted pretty quickly. She booked the flight ticket and went home to pack up.

When she pulled her suitcase to go out and waited for the elevator, she heard some sounds next door – – Daniel's door was open.

It was indeed too late for Sherry to hide. As soon as the door of the elevator was opened, Sherry dragged her suitcase to rush in. However, God seemed to be against her right then. Something rare happened to her.

The wheel of her suitcase was stuck in the slot of the elevator door.

Sherry dragged and pulled for several times but failed to move it.

After a few seconds, Daniel's figure appeared in front of her. He looked at her and then at the stuck suitcase. "Do you need any help?"

Sherry smiled perfunctorily. "Thank you in advance, then."

Daniel raised his hand and lifted the suitcase easily as if there was no difficulty at all. He put it next to her feet.

Sherry was speechless.

It was too embarrassing.

It looked as if she deliberately had done it.

Sherry pressed the button to the first floor and stood in the corner. Daniel pressed the button to the basement.

They didn't speak.

Sherry clenched her hands awkwardly. She kept comforting herself that this should be the last time when they met. When she came back to town, she would move out immediately.

After a few seconds, Daniel suddenly asked, "Where are you going?"

Sherry answered calmly, "Oh? I'm going back to my hometown."

They stopped talking again.

Right then, the elevator door was opened again. A group of people came in while chatting and laughing. They should be a big family.

Sherry was standing against the wall, and Daniel also moved next to her.

The space in the elevator was quite limited. Just now, Sherry tried her best to keep the longest distance from him, but right then they were suddenly so close as if she could smell the light scent on him.

She denied it and thought that it should be the smell of the canned food.

Thinking of that, Sherry couldn't help but laugh.

When she raised her head, she met Daniel's deep eyes.

Her smile instantly stiffed. She coughed and looked away as if nothing had happened.

Soon, the elevator stopped on the first floor.

Sherry didn't want to say bye to Daniel. She followed the family out of the elevator.

Looking at her receding figure, Daniel raised his hand to rub the eyebrows.

The door of the elevator was closed again.

When Sherry walked out of the community, she found that it was raining outside. She was leaving in a hurry, so she forgot to bring the umbrella.

She put one hand above her head to hide from the rain and pulled out her cell phone to call a cab with the other.

She finally managed to get a cab, which was at least five kilometers away from her. It would take more than ten minutes for the cab to arrive.

Sherry looked around. If there was any taxi, she planned to cancel the cab if she could hail a taxi.

Right then, a black Maserati was parked in front of her.

Sherry was taken aback, wondering if such a fancy car was used as a cab.

The door of the car was opened, and Daniel got off while holding an umbrella.

Her smile instantly stiffed. She coughed and looked away as if nothing had happened. Soon, the elevator stopped on the first floor. Sherry didn't want to say bye to Daniel. She followed the family out of the elevator. Looking at her receding figure, Daniel raised his hand to rub the eyebrows. The door of the elevator was closed again. When Sherry walked out of the community, she found that it was raining outside. She was leaving in a hurry, so she forgot to bring the umbrella. She put one hand above her head to hide from the rain and pulled out her cell phone to call a cab with the other. She finally managed to get a cab, which was at least five kilometers away from her. It would take more than ten minutes for the cab to arrive. Sherry looked around. If there was any taxi, she planned to cancel the cab if she could hail a taxi. Right then, a black Maserati was parked in front of her. Sherry was taken aback, wondering if such a fancy car was used as a Cab. The door of the car was opened, and Daniel got off while holding an umbrella.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 310-Daniel walked to Sherry and held the umbrella above her head. "Are you heading to the airport or the railway station? I can give you a ride."

Sherry let out a hollow laugh. "No, thank you. I've got a cab already. It'll be arriving soon."

Daniel said, "It's raining heavier and heavier."

"Well... It's fine. My cab is arriving soon. You can leave me here."

Sherry lifted her cell phone to show him that she got a cab. However, when she raised her hand, she found that the driver had canceled the order.

She was speechless.

That was indeed unlucky.

Seeing that, Daniel secretly curled up his lips. He pulled her suitcase. "Let's go."

Sherry still refused. "No, thank you, though. I can..."

"Didn't you say that neighbors should help each other?"

Back then, Sherry wanted to hook up with him, so she made a lot of excuses such as helping each other. Much to her surprise, Daniel could also make many extravagant excuses.

Seeing that the rain became a downpour, Sherry was silent.

Daniel handed the umbrella to her. He hurriedly put her suitcase on the backseat, opened the door, and got in the car.

Sherry held the umbrella with both hands. After a few seconds of hesitation, she gritted her teeth and sat in as well.

Daniel asked, "Which airport?"

Sherry told him the address. She pretended to be polite and said, "Sorry for bothering you. I hope I won't delay your schedule."

Daniel gently knocked on the steering wheel with his fingers, started the engine. The car roared away. "Not at all. It's no bother."

Since he said so, Sherry didn't keep being polite any longer. She sat in silence without speaking.

After a moment, Daniel asked, "May I ask you a question?"

Sherry pulled herself together and adjusted her posture when sitting. "Go ahead."

Among the sound of the downpour, Daniel calmly said, "I heard that Ms. Radomil's father passed away. Is it real?"

Sherry said, "I see. He's not Ms. Radomil's biological father, is he?"

Upon hearing it, Sherry cast him a glance. "How did you know it?"

Only Stella, Chan, Clarence the wretched man, and she were supposed to know this. After all, it was privacy. She didn't think none of them would tell Daniel.

Daniel smiled, "I was in the bidding yesterday."

Sherry returned to calm. She said, "Oh, I see. I almost forgot you're after Phoebe Steward."

Daniel couldn't help but cough, but he didn't know how to explain.

After a pause, he continued, "How did you find Ms. Radomil's pocket watch? How did you know it has something to do with Charles Steward?"

Sherry answered, "It seems after Jeffrey Radomil died, Stella and Chan found it when sorting his things. Chan also posted a notice in a missing person column, but it didn't work at all. As for how we found it has something to do with Charles Steward..."

Before finishing her words, Sherry suddenly looked at him alertly. "Are you going to tell Phoebe Steward after getting the answer to your questions?"

Daniel had a wry smile. "Nope. I'm just quite curious, just asking."

Sherry didn't believe him at all. He had no credit in her heart. After all, he had lied about not having meals because he was a Buddhist.

Daniel continued, "Then, does Chan have the same or different father from Ms. Radomil?"

Sherry didn't understand why he kept asking such questions, and nor could she understand why he started talking about Chan. Closing her eyes, she answered, "You'd better ask Stella about those matters if she's willing to tell you. I don't know much about them."

Daniel's thin lips twitched. He quieted down.

Since there was traffic because of the rain, they didn't arrive at the airport until an hour later.

When Daniel put down the suitcase on the ground, Sherry thanked him and was about to leave. He stopped her.

He took out the umbrella they used earlier out of her car. "Sherry, it's the rainy season nowadays. Take it with you."

Sherry took it over and raised her head to stare at him.

Daniel felt quite uneasy under her gaze. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing. I just suddenly recalled something. Thanks a lot. Bye."

As she finishing speaking, she walked into the airport without looking back.

She used to tell Stella that she wanted to find a playboy to be her boyfriend.

Much to her surprise, her joke came true.

Well, it didn't come true completely, but only in half.

She had a crush on a playboy, but her wish that they could cheat on each other didn't come true.

As thinking of it, Sherry felt amused.

Daniel was chasing after Phoebe on one hand, and on the other hand, he gave Sherry a ride to the airport and gave her the umbrella.

Sherry wondered if he had made her a backup girlfriend or a fish in his girlfriend pool.

Standing in front of the boarding gate, Sherry looked down at the umbrella in her hand. Then she tossed it into the garbage can without any hesitation.

She cursed the scumbag to go to hell.

...

Stella watched the downpour that was becoming a storm outside and called Sherry. The robotic voice made her realize that Sherry's phone was switched off.

Stella guessed that she might have boarded on the flight already.

She stretched, feeling pains all over her body.

She stood up, ready to move. There were a few knocks on the door of her studio. It was an employee.

She said, "Stella, we will have a dinner gathering tonight. Would you like to join us?"

Stella smiled and nodded. "Sure. Thank you."

The girl still stood at the door after inviting Stella. Her face was slightly blushed as if she wanted to say something but felt hesitant to speak it out.

Stella asked, "What's wrong?"

"Well... Could we also invite your younger brother, please? We don't have his contact number."

Stella was taken aback. Then her smile became deeper. "Okay, I'll ask him, but probably he would be working part-time in the evening."

"It's alright then. Please ask him, Stella. It would be wonderful if he could join us. If not, it doesn't matter..."

"Okay."

After the girl was gone, Stella pulled her phone out and dialed Channing's number.

The call wasn't connected until quite a long time later.

Upon hearing the noises from the other end of the line, Stella asked, "Hello, Chan. You are not in the university, are you?"

"No, I'm not. I'm dealing with something now."

"Where are you now? Would you like to come over for dinner?"

Channing answered, "No, thanks. I've got an appointment with my friend."

"That's fine. Please come over this weekend if you have time. I want to tell you something."

"Got it."

After hanging up the phone, Stella raised her eyebrows. She thought for a moment and dialed Clarence's number.

Unlike Channing, the other end of the line was quiet without any sound at all.

Stella paused a bit and whispered, "Are you busy now?"

"Not really. What's up?"

"Nothing. My employees of the studio and I will have a gathering tonight. I won't have dinner with you."

"Can't I join you?"

Stella laughed. He sounded a bit aggrieved. She explained patiently, "My employees are all college girls. Why would you like to join us?"

As she spoke, she asked, "By the way, what are you doing?"

On the other end of the line, the man answered in a deep and calm voice, "Having a meeting."

Stella choked up.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 311-On the other end of the line, the huge meeting room was pin-dropping quiet.

All the senior executives held their breath while exchanging glances with each other.

In the past, it happened that Mr. Conrad retorted the keyboard men online by using the official micro- blog ID of Conrad Group. Hence, this scene was really not worth mentioning at all.

However, this was the very first time that they witnessed Mr. Conrad doing that. In their impressions, Mr. Conrad wasn't so afraid of his wife.

As the call ended, Clarence put down the phone. He coldly looked around the meeting room. "Where did we stop?"

Nathan reminded him, "About the development progress of the projects last year."

Clarence hummed, rubbing his nose bridge. "Go on."

The silent and lifeless office had more warmth as if the winter was gone.

After the meeting ended, Nathan followed Clarence and whispered, "Mr. Conrad, Daniel went to Star Ferry Technology. As for William, he hasn't taken any action yet."

Clarence said, "Charles Steward watched him so closely. Of course, he wouldn't take any action."

Upon hearing it, Nathan asked in confusion, "Mr. Conrad, if what we guessed was true, wouldn't it be safer for him to give up the project of Steward Group?"

"How can a flying bow be turned back? They have been planning for such a long time to take one step today. How could they give up so easily?"

"But if they insisted on carrying out their plan, Mrs. Conrad would be dragged in danger certainly."

After a moment of silence, Clarence said, "If that's the case, it's too late to regret it now, anyway."

Nathan understood what he meant. William had already shown up in front of Charles. It would be just fine if the project went on smoothly. Charles sent someone to watch him just for inspection. However, if William directly gave it up, it would increase Charles's suspicion of him. In that case, Stella would be pushed into a much dangerous situation.

Sometimes, the destiny was quite ingenious. If they could have got the information earlier, things would be quite different.

After taking a few steps, Clarence continued, "Do I have any other arrangements tonight?"

Nathan answered, "No, you don't."

Since Clarence was reconciled with Stella, he had always canceled the business dinner in the evening.

Clarence said indifferently, "Stella will go to a gathering. I'll go to my mother's tonight."

Nathan slightly nodded. "Okay, Mr. Conrad. I'll arrange it right now."

Clarence added, "What actions has Joanna Perez taken?"

"She should take the action pretty soon."

Clarence curled up his lips and said with a cold look, "It's almost time. If she's still not anxious, I will be anxious definitely."

...

The studio.

Stella finished packing when there were a few knocks on the door of her office. A girl stretched her head in. "Stella, are you ready? We are about to leave now."

"Yeah, I'm ready. Let's go."

The birthday celebration was planned in a bistro nearby the studio. A lot of snacks were sold there. All the alcoholic drinks were fruit wines. Most of the customers were lovers or friends.

After Stella sat down, a girl next to her whispered to ask, "Stella, isn't your younger brother joining us?"

Stella smiled. "He's busy at school. Probably next time."

The girl looked a bit disappointed but she couldn't do anything. She said, "That's alright."

Since it was a girl's gathering, besides talking about their favorite idols and gossips, they talked about their love lives. After each other shared something, one girl asked, "Stella, what about you?"

Stella was absent-minded just now, so she didn't listen to them carefully. Upon hearing the question, she was a bit stunned. "What?"

“How did you get to know your boyfriend?”

Everyone seemed to be quite interested to know it.

Probably they didn't know the aloof and handsome man who always came to the studio was the CEO of Conrad Group. After the farce caused by Selina and the relevant events such as the hot search, they naturally knew it.

Another girl echoed, “Exactly. Stella, is Mr. Conrad your ex-husband? You are together now, aren't you?”

“Mr. Conrad is so handsome. He's rich and gentle. Awe! I'm so envious.”

Stella was shocked, wondering how come they thought Clarence was gentle.

“Besides Mr. Conrad, another handsome man who always came to find Stella in the studio is also quite charming. Stella, he should be your admirer, right?”

“Stella is so pretty, so she must have a lot of admirers. But I believe Mr. Conrad suits her the most.”

“I don't agree with you. If they truly fit each other, they wouldn't have divorced. That's why we should try to fall in love several times. We can't stick to only one man.”

“You are wrong. How could Mr. Conrad be the same as an ordinary man? He should be the most charming one among them all, OK?”

“By the way, Stella, why did you divorce Mr. Conrad in the past?”

The girls discussed with each other, and the topic changed from how she got to know Clarence to how they divorced.

For a moment, Stella didn't know how to answer them. After thinking for a moment, she answered, “Probably it was because of lacking trust. But I believe the most important is to meet your Mr. Right at the right time. Love runs in both ways. No one would be absolutely right or wrong in it.”

If she hadn't met Clarence in Twilight Club, and they were with different identities when meeting in a different place, there wouldn't have been so many troublesome things.

Right then, one girl gently bumped the elbow of the girl sitting next to her. “Did you hear it? Stella also said so. Don’t bitch about your boyfriend all the time. Love runs in both ways.”

The girl pouted. “If my boyfriend were so handsome as Mr. Conrad. Not to mention understanding him, I’d rather slap me across my face when fighting with him.”

Upon hearing it, all of them burst into laughter.

Stella picked up the sake and gulped down a cup. She couldn’t help but laugh out.

Those girls were almost fresh graduates from the college. They were in their early twenties. Some of them were still in the last year of college.

In their lives, there might be quite limited time for them to laugh out so freely in the future.

Right then, a girl sitting next to Stella asked, “Stella, may I ask you a question in private?”

Stella nodded. “Sure. Go ahead.”

The girl whispered, “Well... Does your younger brother have a girlfriend?”

Stella said, “I don’t think so.” After a pause, she added cautiously, “At least, so far as I know, he doesn’t have one.”

The girl continued, “Do you know which type of girl he likes?”

Stella felt the question was quite difficult to answer.

She used to ask Channing as well, but he didn’t answer her in detail at all.

Upon hearing it, all of them burst into laughter. Stella picked up the sake and gulped down a cup. She couldn’t help but laugh out. Those girls were almost fresh graduates from the college. They were in their early twenties. Some of them were still in the last year of college. In their lives, there might be quite limited time for them to laugh out so freely in the future. Right then, a girl sitting next to Stella asked, “Stella, may I ask you a question in private?” Stella nodded. “Sure. Go ahead.” The girl whispered, “Well... Does your younger brother have a girlfriend?” Stella said, “I don’t think so.” After a pause, she

added cautiously, "At least, so far as I know, he doesn't have one." The girl continued, "Do you know which type of girl he likes?" Stella felt the question was quite difficult to answer. She used to ask Channing as well, but he didn't answer her in detail at all.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 312-Eight o'clock in the evening, a black Rolls-Royce stopped in front of a residential building.

After the door of the car was open, Clarence's figure appeared in the dark.

Nathan took out something from the car and followed him forward.

Probably Joanna had never expected that the woman whom she was looking for all over the world was actually in City N, right under her nose.

As the old saying went, "The most dangerous place is the safest place." It was true.

Inside the apartment, a young woman was making the formula milk for the little fellow.

When seeing Clarence, she immediately greeted him, "Hi, Mr. Conrad. Here you came."

Clarence hummed and asked, "Where are they?"

"The baby woke up just now. Ms. Anderson is accompanying him in the bedroom."

Upon hearing it, Clarence strode into the bedroom.

On the baby's cot, the little fellow was gripping a toy, looking around with his round eyes. When seeing Clarence, he grinned and started giggling.

Dolores turned around and asked, "Why are you here so suddenly?"

Clarence walked to the cot. "I'm free tonight, so I decided to come here."

Dolores stood up. "You came at the right time. Go ahead play with him. I'll go wash his clothes."

"Okay."

As soon as Dolores left, the baby stopped smiling. He curled his lips, looking extremely wronged as if he would burst into tears the next second.

Clarence stared at him in silence.

The baby started clenching his fists tightly and sobbing, looking extremely aggrieved.

Right then, Dolores's voice rang out outside the bedroom. "Don't just sit there still. If he starts to cry, you need to hold him."

Clarence held the baby in his arms and whispered, "You are just like your mother, so petty."

The baby stayed in his arms and stopped sobbing. He widened his eyes, looking at Clarence curiously.

The man curled up his thin lips into a smile. He added, "After a few days, I'll take your mother here to see you. She misses you as well."

As soon as he finished speaking, the baby clenched his fists tightly. His little face turned red as if his whole body was working hard.

Clarence was speechless.

When Dolores came back, she saw Clarence had taken off all the baby's clothes. With a cold look, he was holding the baby's legs, trying to change the diaper for the baby.

Dolores felt amused and annoyed. She walked over and sent him away. "How can you change the diaper in this way? Why did you take off all his clothes? It's quite easy for him to catch a cold."

Clarence was silent for a moment. Then he explained, "When I took off his pants, his body was stained."

Dolores choked up.

She directly held the baby into the bathroom and planned to bathe him.

After the bath, the baby fell asleep quickly.

The young woman also cleaned up all things in the living room. She walked into the bedroom and whispered, "Mr. Conrad, Ms. Anderson, if there's nothing else for me, may I ask for a leave this evening?"

Dolores nodded in agreement. "Of course. Please go ahead."

"Thank you, Ms. Anderson. I'm taking off now."

As she spoke, she hurriedly picked up her bag and left.

After the door was closed, Clarence withdrew his gaze and asked flatly, "She seems to ask for leaves quite often recently, doesn't she?"

Dolores was folding the baby's clothes. "She does it occasionally, mostly in the evening. She always came back in the next early morning. She didn't waste much time, though."

Clarence squinted slightly and didn't speak.

Dolores looked over at him. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing."

Dolores said, "All right. It's quite late now. The baby is sleeping now. Go back to whatever you are ought to do. Don't waste time here."

Clarence turned to stare at the cot, lost in thought.

Downstairs, the young woman walked out of the community. She found the familiar car and sat in.

While fastening the seat belt, she said in fear, "I'm so freaked out. I thought that I might not make it tonight."

The man sitting in the driver's seat asked, "What happened?"

"Well... the master of the family came back earlier. I was afraid that he wouldn't allow me to take the leave."

The man smiled. "Is he quite fierce?"

Amanda Byron answered, "Not really. He's quite cold and aloof, but he's a nice man."

The man asked again, "What does he do for a living? He seems not always at home."

Amanda answered vaguely, "Yeah, he's often on business trips." As she spoke, she suggested, "By the way, shall we go see a movie tonight? I haven't been to the cinema for a long time."

Since she changed the topic, the man didn't insist on asking. However, he looked scheming when smiling.

On the way, Amanda was leaning against the car window, listening to the music in the car.

She used to work as a secretary in a branch run by Conrad Group. She was bullied because she refused her superior leader's hidden rules.

Once, Mr. Conrad was inspecting the branch. Her superior leader intentionally asked her to join the business dinner, aiming to take the chance to humiliate her. Amanda had thought that she must be doomed, but Mr. Conrad exposed her superior leader's nasty mind. Then he cleaned up the whole branch company, making her have the light of hope.

Since then, Amanda treated Mr. Conrad as her benefactor. Temporarily, he asked her to take care of the baby, but she didn't ask any question and nor would she gossip about it.

It was an accident for her to meet Logan. Not long ago, when she was going to the wet market, she encountered two thieves, who almost stole her cell phone. It was Logan who appeared suddenly and helped her.

To thank him, Amanda invited him for a dinner and added his contact number.

As time went by, they got to know more about each other.

She knew that Logan was a single father with two kids. He was a caring man, quite careful. He could always give her the romantic feeling and surprise.

However, Amanda still didn't tell him anything about the baby and Mr. Conrad. She just told him that she was a babysitter.

She didn't leak any details.

...

Out of the bistro, the girls started to call the cab to go home.

Stella lived nearby, so she decided to go home on foot.

One of the girls asked, "Stella, we can give you a ride home."

Stella refused with a smile, "It's alright. I was quite full just now. I want to walk back."

"Alright. Be careful on your way home. We're taking off now. Bye!"

"Bye! The same to you. Text me when you got home."

Stella waved at them while smiling.

When the girls were gone, she withdrew her gaze. With her hands in the coat pockets, she turned around and walked forward step by step.

The girls persuaded her to drink a lot of fruit wines today. Fortunately, those were not strong wines. Besides feeling a bit dizzy, she didn't feel uncomfortable at all. Instead, she was extremely spirited.

After taking a few steps, Stella heard her phone ringing in the pocket of her coat.

It was a call from Clarence.

The man asked in a magnetic voice, "Is the gathering over?"

"It was over just now. I'm on the way home."

"On foot?"

"How did you know..."

Stella didn't finish her words. She paused, looking around

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 314-Clarence still put on Channing's pajamas he wore last night. When he came out, Stella was cooking something in the kitchen.

He walked over and wrapped around her waist from behind. His warm breath was sprayed on her ear. "How did you know I hadn't had dinner yet?"

“I’m not cooking it for you.”

As she spoke, Stella twisted and broke free from his embrace. She put the chopped vegetables into the boiling water.

Clarence frowned unhappily, “Whom are you cooking for then?”

“Myself.”

“Didn’t you say that you had eaten a lot?”

“I’m hungry again.”

Upon hearing it, Clarence stared at her lower belly. He said thoughtfully, “Have you got pregnant so soon?”

Stella choked up.

She wondered if he was nuts.

Stella directly kicked him out of the kitchen. “I’m busy now. Go out and suit yourself.”

Clarence walked to the living room. As soon as he sat down, the doorbell rang.

Stella stretched her head out from the kitchen. “Go check who it is.”

Clarence didn’t raise his head at all. “Not necessary. It must be the soy sauce salesman”

It seemed that Daniel hadn’t given up yet.

Stella curled her lips. She knew that nothing could be talked about since Clarence was here. Except for mocking, he wouldn’t speak anything properly. It would be better if they wouldn’t answer the door.

Sure enough, the doorbell stopped ringing after a while.

Soon, Stella came out from the kitchen and put a plate of food in front of Clarence.

Clarence looked over at her with a smile. “For me?”

“For a dog.”

Clarence was speechless.

Stella went back to the kitchen. She stayed there for a long time, and Clarence wondered what she was busy with.

After finishing the dish, Clarence took the plate and chopsticks into the kitchen and washed them. Seeing that Stella was cutting the sushi rolls, he asked, “Why are you making so much food?”

“For feeding...”

Stella stopped before finishing her words. After all, she would also eat the sushi, so she couldn't tell him that the food was to feed the dog.

The man said in a low voice, “Ehn?”

After a while, Stella whispered, “Didn't you suggesting going out for dating tomorrow? I'm preparing some food for that.”

Clarence curled up his lips and raised his brows. “Do you need any help?”

“You...” Stella wanted to ask him to go out, which would be a great help. However, when the words reached the tip of her tongue, she handed a potato to him instead. “Wash it for me, please.”

She didn't know what would happen after moving into the Stewards' house. She also planned to date him before that.

With a helper, who actually did a disservice, Stella cooked much faster. Shortly after, she finished cooking and putting all the food into the fridge.

When she was about to clean up the kitchen, Clarence stopped her. “Go ahead to take a shower. Leave the rest to me.”

Since he requested so, Stella wouldn't turn him down.

As soon as she walked out of the kitchen, she heard a loud bang, which was caused by breaking a plate.

Stella closed her eyes and comforted herself to take it easy. After all, Clarence had never done such a thing before. She should appreciate his kindness and attitude.

She went back to her bedroom and get the pajamas. When she walked to the door of the bathroom, she heard that another two plates were broken.

She wondered if the wretched man was smashing the tableware for cleaning them up.

Stella inhaled deeply. Anyway, she would move out soon. Sherry wouldn't cook by herself either. It would be troublesome to take along the tableware and utensils. Hence, she tried to ignore it.

When she came out of the bathroom after the shower, the tableware in the kitchen was almost smashed by Clarence.

She didn't see him in the living room.

Stella turned off the lights and went back to the bedroom.

In the room, Clarence was lying on the bed, reading the magazine on the nightstand at random.

Stella couldn't help curling her lips — the wretched man was quite conscious, wasn't he?

Clarence looked up and meet her gaze. After a moment, he said, "I have a set of tableware of the limited edition. I'll ask Nathan to bring them over for you tomorrow."

"No, thank you. You can keep them and smash them yourself."

As she spoke, Stella walked to the desk, pulled the chair, and took out the draft book.

Clarence closed the magazine. "Don't you go to sleep?"

Stella didn't look back while answering, "I'm not sleepy yet. You can go ahead sleep."

She knew what the wretched man was wanting. How could she fall into a snare?

She still had soreness and pains all over her body.

Clarence lifted the quilt, walked to her, and sat on the edge of the bed.

Stella heard the noise and turned around. Seeing him next to her, she was frightened. She stammered, "You... Why don't you sleep? Why are you sitting here?"

"Waiting for you."

Under his direct and hot gaze, Stella felt a bit unease. She coughed and lied, "Don't wait for me. As a designer, I'm always inspired at night. Once I'm inspired, I may stay up overnight."

Clarence asked, "Are you inspired now?"

"Of course!"

"Okay. Go ahead drawing."

Stella just made an excuse. Right then, her mind was blank without any inspiration. However, since she had said so, she had to bite the bullets and brushed on the draft book at random.

Soon, she stopped.

She put down the pen and looked back at Clarence. "I can't draw if I'm watched."

Clarence looked up at her. Although he didn't speak, Stella could tell that he didn't believe what she said at all.

She rubbed her nose, closed the draft book, and stood up. "Forget it. I'm going to bed."

Stella lay on the bed and wrapped herself with the quilt immediately.

Clarence turned the lamp off. Lying down beside her, he dragged her out and held her in his arms.

Stella pressed her hands on his chest and struggled fiercely. She refused, "I don't want it!"

“What don’t you want?”

Since the hard tactic didn’t work, Stella used the soft one. She whispered, “Please. It still hurts.”

In the dark, Clarence curled up his thin lips. “Where does it hurt?”

“All over!”

Clarence said steadily, “It won’t hurt if we practice more.”

Stella was speechless.

She kicked him in the quilt, turned around, and face the window.

A few seconds later, the man clung up to her. However, he only gently wrapped around her waist without doing anything else.

Stella kept her eyes open, feeling that he was kind of abnormal.

After a certain while, Stella suddenly asked, “Mr. Conrad, can I ask you something?”

“Yes?”

“Where have you been tonight?”

The man kept silent.

Stella continued, “It’s alright if you don’t want to answer me. Just asking.”

When she closed her eyes, Clarence said, “I went to inspect in a mall.”

Upon hearing it, Stella said, “I see. Did anything happen to you?”

“Not really.” After a pause, he said, “A little boy bumped into me.”

Stella understood. “No wonder there’s the scent of milk on your suit jacket. Wait. There’s another weird smell as well.”

Clarence said indifferently, “He slobbered on me. Maybe that’s what you smelt.”

Stella was silent.

She even had a closer smell just earlier.

Now she felt a bit disgusted.

Clarence asked, "Do you want to sleep or not?"

Stella immediately answered, "Yes. Yes."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 315-Although she had agreed to a date with Clarence the next day, she still had to go to her studio in the morning.

When she got up, the wretched man was still sleeping in.

Since he was always working hard, Stella didn't wake him up.

She wrote a note and put it on the nightstand. Then she left home.

Standing in front of the elevator, she pressed the button to go downstairs, waiting there leisurely.

Right then, the neighbor's door was open.

Daniel stretched out his head and looked around. After ensuring that Clarence wasn't around, he quickly walked out.

Stella greeted him. "Good morning, Daniel."

"Good morning, Ms. Radomil. It's still so early. Are you going to work?"

Stella nodded. "Yeah. I have something to deal with in the afternoon, so I need to go to work early."

Daniel stood next to her. "By the way, I haven't been to your studio before, Ms. Radomil. May I take the chance to go there today?"

Stella knew that he had something to talk to her, so she slightly smiled. "All right."

Out of the community, Daniel looked back again and ensured that Clarence hadn't followed them.

Seeing that, Stella asked, "What are you looking for?"

Daniel let out a hollow laugh. "Nothing. By the way, is Mr. Conrad staying here recently?"

Upon hearing his question, Stella felt a bit awkward and didn't know how to answer.

Fortunately, Daniel didn't insist on getting the answer. He switched back to go down to the business. "What happened in the bidding the day before yesterday puzzled me a bit. Ms. Radomil, could you please..."

As she walked, Stella said steadily, "A few months ago, Jeffrey Radomil accidentally died because of the prison break. When Chan and I were sorting his belongings, I found a box of his, in which there were my mother's remains."

Daniel asked, "Her remains? What are they?"

"A few photos and a pocket watch. It wasn't until then did I know that Jeffrey Radomil isn't my birth father. The man in the photo is. Jeffrey Radomil was probably jealous. He had cut the man's face on the photo."

"Does that pocket watch belong to Charles Steward?"

Stella nodded slightly. "In the beginning, I guessed that Charles Steward might know my biological father, but I never thought in that way until I've found the selling records of the pocket watch."

Daniel frowned. "How did you know Charles Steward might know your biological father?"

"Because Chan used to post a notice in the missing person's column on the newspapers as well as use other means, trying to find that man. But Charles Steward was trying to stop him and blocked the information."

"When did it happen?"

"Probably one or two months ago."

Daniel frowned more deeply. "That means Charles Steward knew that they were looking for him, but he didn't want you to find more information, so he

deliberately blocked the information. Besides, when you went to see him with the photos, he should have known who you are.”

Upon hearing it, Stella was silent for a long while. Then she said, “It seems so.”

“But, don’t you feel it quite weird?”

Stella was confused. “Why weird?”

Daniel explained, “The Steward family is quite powerful. If he didn’t want you to find any clues, how could you find some?”

Stella paused for a long while after hearing his question. She said, “It was... My friend helped me find an owner of a pocket watch manufacture. He took me to the warehouse, in which the selling information of the pocket watch was kept.”

“Ms. Radomil, please don’t misunderstand me. The information that the person gave to you was correct. Charles Steward did buy that pocket watch, which also belongs to him. You were also correct to look into the matter behind it. However, it might be someone who purposely led you to investigate in this direction. Have you ever thought what would happen next if you went to find Charles Steward with the pocket watch?”

Daniel continued, “No matter what protection you have prepared ahead, you would definitely in danger.”

Stella knew what he meant. She had thought about this problem before. When Daniel mentioned it now, she realized that it was way too easy for her to find the clue.

It would be fine if the clue led to something else, but it led to Charles Steward, who had been always alert to her. He wouldn’t expose any flaw.

Upon realizing it, Stella immediately pulled out her cell phone to call the owner of the manufacturer, but the phone number didn’t exist.

She called her friend who provided her with the owner’s information, but her friend didn’t know the details at all. When he looked into the pocket watch, it was the owner who took the initiative to contact him, informing him that they used to produce that type of pocket watch.

Stella put away her cell phone, pressing her lips slightly.

It seemed that besides her, someone else also targeted Charles.

Stella suddenly looked up at Daniel.

The latter met her gaze, subconsciously taking a few steps back. With an awkward smile, he asked, "Ms. Radomil, what's wrong?"

Stella said, "How did you know the direction that I looked into was correct? I just told you the pocket watch belongs to Charles Steward, but I didn't tell you my doubts. However, it seems that you know what I'm thinking."

Daniel didn't expect that she could react so fast and even questioned him. He could only let out a hollow laugh and said, "Well... Phoebe Steward told me about it."

"Did she tell you what I was doubting about? Probably she even didn't know why I must move into the Steward's, but you know it."

"Me? I don't know at all. I just said that at random."

"No way. Since long ago, you've been reminding me to be careful with Phoebe Steward and Charles Steward. You should know much more than I do."

Stella paused, and then added, "Is the reason that you approached Phoebe Steward and targeted Charles Steward..."

Daniel immediately interrupted her, "No. No. Ms. Radomil, you've truly misunderstood. As you said, I deliberately approached Phoebe Steward and targeted Charles Steward. I must have done a careful investigation before that. Otherwise, I would be seeking death."

Daniel hadn't expected that he wanted to ask Stella for some information but was questioned by her. He was almost exposed.

He had to admit that Stella had a clear mind.

However, his explanation also made sense.

Stella believed. She returned to her senses and kept walking forward. After taking a few steps, she turned around and asked, "Are you still coming to my studio?"

Daniel said, "Of course. I do want to see your studio."

He rubbed the back of his head, following her quickly.

After walking for a moment, he added, "Ms. Radomil, I'm quite curious about something. May I ask about it?"

"Please go ahead."

"Since your biological father might be a different man, Chan..."

Upon hearing it, Stella paused her paces slightly. After a few seconds, she answered, "May I ask you to do me a favor?"

Daniel nodded in agreement. "Sure. Go ahead."

Stella said, "Please don't mention anything about this matter to Chan."

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 316-At noon, Stella finished her work and stretched. She heard her phone ringing.

When she wiped to answer, she heard the man's deep voice. "Still busy?"

Stella checked the time. "Another half an hour."

She had to arrange the tasks before leaving the studio.

Clarence said, "All right."

After hanging up the phone, Stella walked out of the office.

Her studio wasn't big but there were a lot of trifles.

Sherry was in charge of them, and Stella only needed to take care of the design drafts.

After she had done, an hour passed.

When she trotted her belongings out of the studio, she saw the Rolls-Royce parked in front.

Stella pulled the door open and sat in. While fastening the seat belt, she said, “Nailed it. Let’s go.”

“Shall we have lunch first?”

“Okay... Wait. Let’s go home first. I haven’t taken the food I made last night.”

Clarence slightly tilted his head. “Look back.”

Stella looked back, only to find the food he made was packed in the lunch boxes neatly.

She curled up her lips into a smile. However, after a few seconds, she started worrying about the food’s freshness.

Clarence looked at her. “What’s wrong?”

With a wry smile, Stella didn’t have the heart to give him a blow. “It’s alright. Let’s go for lunch first. Where are we going after lunch?”

“You’ll know when we arrive.”

The car started moving slowly. It wasn’t until then did Stella find that Clarence wasn’t wearing a suit today. Instead, he was in neat street clothing. He didn’t look as cold as usual but quite relaxed.

Noticing her gaze on him, Clarence turned around to look at her, his eyes full of amusement. “I see how you are staring at me. Do you want to eat food or me for lunch?”

Stella was silent.

She wished that the wretched man could shut up.

As long as he spoke, he flirted with her.

They found a restaurant at random nearby. After lunch, Stella checked the time — it was already past three in the afternoon.

If they wouldn’t speed up, it would be evening soon.

Out of the restaurant, Stella noticed that the wretched man was walking too slowly. She directly dragged him forward. "Hurry up!"

The man slightly raised his eyebrows. "Why are you rushing?"

"I want to go home to get some sleep as early as possible."

Clarence held her hand back and strode forward, fastening his pace.

Half an hour later, the car was parked at the gate of a huge club.

It seemed that Clarence was a patron here. He directly took her in without any pause.

Stella followed him, looking around, only to find it was an extremely huge place. It at least occupied a few thousand square meters.

Clarence asked, "Do you want to play the golf first or go horse-riding first?"

Stella didn't answer.

When thinking of what happened in the resort before, Stella wanted to choose neither.

She noticed that there was a huge map on the wall next to them, so she released Clarence's hand and walked over. She found that besides a golf course and a horse ranch, there was a shooting area, a rock climbing field, and even a racetrack.

Sure enough, it was a place for the rich to burn money.

Stella looked over at Clarence. "Can I choose other options? I want to go rock climbing. It's more exciting."

The man put his hand in the trousers pocket and said calmly, "Those two options are what I can play only."

Stella curled her lips. Ignoring him, she directly headed to the rock climbing field. "It's a huge place. I'm sure there are instructors. I can find one of them to teach me."

Clarence licked his thin lips. "The instructors here are all male. Aren't you afraid that they would take advantage of you?"

But, Clarence's purpose to take advantage of her was more obvious, wasn't it?

As long as Stella recalled that the wretched man aboveboard took advantage of her when teaching her play golf, she gritted her teeth in hatred.

That was why she had no interest in this game.

However, much to Stella's surprise, as soon as she arrived at the rock climbing field, she saw a familiar figure.

Well...

Sure enough, it was a place for the rich to gather.

She started to regret it for her impulse actions.

Phoebe unbuckled the safety rope on her waist. When she turned around to wipe her sweat, she was face to face with Stella.

She snorted coldly, tossing away the towel in her hand. "Everyone can come to this place now."

Her friends heard her complaint and followed her gaze. When they saw Stella, they looked tentative and disdainful.

Right then, Clarence stood behind Stella, looking quite cold and expressionless.

Those people withdrew their gazes immediately.

An instructor next to them asked, "Ms. Steward, would you like to try again?"

Phoebe answered in a cold tone, "Nope. I'm trying again. My interest has been ruined."

As she spoke, she picked up her belongings and left.

Her friends immediately followed her.

After they were gone, Clarence asked calmly, "Is this the excitement you are looking for?"

Stella gritted her teeth. "Shut up!"

How would she know she could be so lucky to meet Phoebe here?

Moreover, the wretched man mocked her.

With a smile, Clarence asked, "Are you still trying?"

"Of course! Why not?"

If she changed her mind, it would seem that she was frightened.

As soon as Stella walked over, an instructor brought them two sets of rock climbing tools. "Good day, Mr. Conrad."

Clarence only took one sent and sent the instructor away.

When he was helping Stella wear the protective clothing, the latter looked at him in confusion. "Didn't you said that you don't know how to do it?"

"Depends on whom I'm speaking to."

The wretched man could always chop logic.

After everything was ready, Clarence told her how to climb up and how to use her strength. Then he took a step back and said, "You may start now."

Stella exhaled deeply. She stepped on a protruding stone and grabbed one with her hand.

She started trying to climb up.

After she climbed up to two or three meters, she felt her legs trembling.

When she was wondering if she should climb down, she heard the wretched man chatting with the instructor who returned. He asked indifferently, "How high did Phoebe Steward climb to just now?"

The instructor didn't understand what he meant, since Clarence brought a woman here but was asking about another woman. He let out a hollow laugh and answered, "Ms. Steward might have climbed to ten meters."

"I see."

Clarence stopped speaking

Upon hearing it, Stella gritted her teeth tightly and kept moving up.

After all, this was the first time for her to do rock climbing and she couldn't handle the strength and skills well. She could only move up another meter before stopping again.

She looked down and found that she had been quite distant from the ground.

The instructor who was chatting with Clarence had left again.

The wretched man with a faint smile was the only one left in the scene.

It seemed as if he was waiting for her to beg to save her.

Stella couldn't do it. She clung to the wall, panting without moving.

Shortly after, Clarence asked, "Are you coming down?"

Stella answered stubbornly, "No, thanks. The view is quite good up here."

"Do you plan to stay there for the whole afternoon?"

Stella was silent for a moment. She decided to retreat one step to make things easier. "How can I climb down?"

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 317-Clarence answered calmly, "Beg me for help."

"I'm begging you."

"That's too perfunctory."

Stella felt that her hands were about to twitch. She suppressed the impulse to curse him. "You can help me to climb down first. In my current situation, I can't do anything except verbally thanking you perfunctorily."

Clarence said, "You can thank me verbally."

Stella was confused.

Clarence looked up at her, his eyes full of burning heat. "Think it over. What should you address me?"

'The wretched man? Asshole? Clarence the Exploiter?' Stella wondered.

She didn't think it would be appropriate.

Seeing that Stella still kept silent, Clarence said, "Call me and I'll help you come down."

Stella withdrew her gaze, her heart hammering.

She understood what the wretched man meant, but she couldn't call him that way at all.

Even during their three-year marriage, she had never called him that way, let alone right now.

While Stella hesitated, her legs started trembling. She almost fell down.

She suddenly felt that she had set herself up.

Clarence was standing right in the trap, waiting for her.

After a short while, Stella quickly called him.

Clarence raised his brows. "What did you say? I can't hear it."

Stella's ears were reddened and burning.

Gritting her teeth, she called him vaguely, "Honey."

After a pause, she added in a weak tone, "Please."

Clarence curled up his thin lips. He walked over and got her down.

She was unwilling to call him that way no matter how he tortured her while making love last time.

Stella fell into his arms directly.

She was prone on Clarence's shoulders, wishing she could perish with the wretched man together.

Fortunately, there was no one else around. Otherwise, she would be deadily regretful.

Not far away from the scene, Phoebe witnessed what happened. She sneered and left.

Clarence helped Stella take off the protective clothing with a smile on his face. "It's indeed exciting. I'll bring you here again next time."

Stella didn't think she would come back. The wretched man could come here alone.

If the time could be turned back to the previous day, Stella would definitely not agree to a date with him.

She doubted if she were nuts when doing it.

Clarence rubbed her trembling arms. "Are you feeling better?"

"Nope. I want to go home now."

Clarence ignored it. He whispered, "You lack exercise. I've told you that you are quite weak, but you refused to admit it."

Stella curled her lips, not in the mood to argue with him.

Clarence kept rubbing all fours for her. After a while, he asked, "All right. Do you want to try anything else?"

"No. I want to go home."

Clarence looked at her, his eyes darkened with implication. "Are you sure?"

Stella let out a hollow laugh. "Not really. I'm just kidding. Let's go to..."

Before she finished her words, she heard some cheers not far away.

She immediately asked, "What's going on there? Let's check it out."

That was a velodrome over there.

A race had just finished.

When Stella and Clarence walked over, they saw Vincent get off from a racing car. He took off the helmet and clicked his tongue. "I must admit that I'm old. I can't win against you youngsters."

Someone answered, "Mr. James, you are so modest. You got second place because the racetrack was changed. Otherwise, you would still win the first place."

Vincent raised his hand and laughed. "All right. All right. Stop flattering me. That's too much."

Stella hadn't seen anything, but Clarence grabbed her hand and whispered, "Let's go."

However, it was still too late.

Behind the crowd, Vincent saw them from afar. He walked over while asked, "What has brought down you here today, Mr. Conrad?"

As he spoke, he looked over at Stella and added meaningfully, "It turns out you are accompanied by a beauty."

Stella finally understood why Clarence wanted to take her away from here.

Vincent didn't sound like a decent man.

She believed that Vincent also had taught Clarence some ridiculous things before.

Since Vincent greeted Clarence in that way, most people in the club all knew that Clarence was here. They started to look at Stella, who was standing next to him.

Clarence cast a cold glance at Vincent, and the latter knew that he had done something wrong. Vincent coughed and passed his helmet to a man next to him. "You guys keep on. I'll show Mr. Conrad around."

After that, he greeted Stella. "Ms. Radomil, long time no see."

Stella slightly nodded in response.

After walking for a while, Vincent took a look at Clarence. Obviously, he wanted to talk to Clarence.

Clarence pressed his thin lips and paused. Looking at Stella, he asked, "What would you like to drink? I'll get it for you."

"Anything would be fine."

"Wait for me here. I'll be right back."

Vincent said, "Ms. Radomil, well... I'm going with him. You can walk around here."

Stella smiled and nodded in agreement. "Sure."

After they were gone, she moved under the leafy shade. She called Sherry, asking how her mother was doing.

Sherry answered, "She's much better now. The doctor said that she could go home in a few days. How about you? What are you doing now?"

Stella whispered to answer, "I'm outside."

Upon hearing it, Sherry tentatively asked, "Are you dating someone?"

Stella was silent.

She wondered why Sherry could guess so correctly.

Since Stella didn't answer, Sherry knew that she was right. She grinned and said, "How is it going? Where did you go for the date?"

Stella didn't think she could tell Sherry everything on the phone.

After chatting for a short while, Sherry's mother was calling her, so they hung up the phone.

Right then, the sunshine fell among the clouds, shining quietly.

It became warmer.

The spring seemed to have come.

Stella felt a bit bored while standing there, so she walked along the pavement under the sunshine.

Before she took a few steps, she heard a neigh behind.

When Stella looked back, she saw a horse galloping towards her.

It was only a few meters away from her already.

Stella couldn't hide from it at all. When the horse was about to bump into her, she fell into a warm embrace. With the impact of the inertia, they rolled on the ground several times before finally stopping.

Clarence's voice was heard above her head. "Did you get hurt?"

Stella came back to her senses and stood up immediately. "I'm all right. How are you doing?"

Clarence lay on the ground. He was silent for a moment and answered, "I'm not well."

Upon hearing it, Stella was so frightened that her heart almost popped out. She immediately checked up his body but she dared not to touch him at all. "Is your bone broken? Or anything else? I... I'll call the ambulance..."

When she pulled out the cell phone, Clarence grabbed her hand. "It's not that serious. Call me honey again, I'll be fine."

Stella was speechless.

She pushed him in anger.

The wretched man even was in a mood to kid with her at this moment.

The employees of the horse ranch rushed over. Seeing the scene, they almost freaked out. One of them said, "Mr... Mr. Conrad..."

Clarence slowly sat up, looking cold and fierce. Even he didn't speak, his angry and overbearing temperament already made them feel hard to breathe.

Vincent calmed the horse down. He walked over and asked with a frown, "What happened?"

The employees of the horse ranch rushed over. Seeing the scene, they almost freaked out. One of them said, "Mr... Mr. Conrad..." Clarence slowly sat up, looking cold and fierce. Even he didn't speak, his angry and

overbearing temperament already made them feel hard to breathe. Vincent calmed the horse down. He walked over and asked with a frown, "What happened?"

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 318-The manager of the horse ranch had cold sweat oozing on his back. "I... I don't know. This horse was suddenly startled... We didn't pay attention to it so it broke free and ran out..."

Clarence stood up and said in a cold tone, "You should investigate why the horse was startled."

The manager nodded. "I'll take it for a checkup. Mr. Conrad, would you like to see a doctor?"

"Not necessary."

"Yes."

Two voices were heard at the same time.

Clarence turned around and looked over at Stella. "It's unnecessary."

Stella insisted. Just now, when Clarence fell on the ground with her in his arms, she heard him bump into something.

Although the wretched man didn't admit it, how could he be all right in this case?

The manager looked at Clarence and then at Stella. In the end, he turned to Vincent for help.

Vincent handed the rein of the horse to the manager. "Go back to your work, please. I can accompany Mr. Conrad to see the doctor."

"Thank you, Mr. James. After I found something, I'll reply to you immediately."

Vincent nodded. "Please go ahead."

After the manager led the horse to leave, Vincent patted the dirt off his hand. "Mr. Conrad, let's go. You should ask the doctor to check you up. If you are injured, someone would worry about you."

Clarence cast him an indifferent glance. "You want to join the fun, don't you?"

Vincent choked up.

Clarence pulled Stella's hand and walked in another direction.

Since Vincent had nothing to do now, he decided to follow the manager to check the horse's status.

It was a huge club with quite a lot of facilities and programs. Hence, there was a small private clinic in there as well so when the idle ones from the rich or powerful families got injured, they could be rescued and helped in time.

On the way to the clinic, Clarence said, "I'm fine, really. We don't need to go there. It's a waste of time."

"No way! It's just a checkup. It won't waste much time." Stella frowned. "Earlier you also wasted some times in the rock climbing field. Why didn't it matter?"

Upon hearing it, Clarence curled up his lips and didn't speak. He led her forward.

When they arrived at the clinic, Stella asked the doctor to give Clarence a detailed examination. The result showed that except for the bruises when he bumped into the ground, he had no other injuries.

Clarence looked over at Stella and raised his brows slightly. "Do you rest assured now?"

Ignoring him, Stella asked the doctor again, "He fell on the ground fiercely just now. Could you please check him up again?"

The doctor smiled. "Mrs. Conrad, please don't worry. I can guarantee that Mr. Conrad hasn't been injured seriously. What about this? I can prescribe him some medicine for traumatic injuries. You can put it on Mr. Conrad's bruises frequently so he could recover soon.

When Stella was about to say something else, Clarence interrupted her, "All right, Mrs. Conrad. If you do worry about me a lot, why don't you check me up yourself?"

Stella was speechless.

Her face turned reddish rapidly.

She wondered what nonsense the wretched man was talking about.

Noticing the faint smile on the doctor's face, Stella felt so embarrassed. She stammered, "It's... it's alright if you are fine. I'm going to use the bathroom very quick."

As she spoke, she escaped from here.

After staying in the ladies' room for ten minutes, Stella finally calmed down and the temperature on her face dropped to normal.

She exhaled and pulled a piece of tissue to wipe her hands, walking out.

When she arrived at the door of the doctor's office, she saw Phoebe.

At the same time, the latter saw Stella as well.

Since their conflicts were exposed, Phoebe had already stopped being hypocritical to her. She looked away coldly and entered the doctor's office directly.

Stella tossed the tissue into the garbage can, turned around, and walked downstairs.

In the doctor's office.

Phoebe looked at the man who was putting on his jacket in a daze. "Clarence, why are you here as well?"

Clarence cast her a glance and answered flatly, "Don't play asking while knowing the answer in my presence."

Phoebe laughed. "Why am I asking while knowing the answer? When I was doing rock climbing just now, I got injured carelessly. I came over for a checkup. You don't need to mistake that I'm doing it deliberately."

"Then what should I say? What a coincidence! You are injured, too. Are you here for a checkup?"

Phoebe was rendered speechless for a moment.

The doctor coughed. "Ms. Steward, please allow me to give you a checkup."

Before Phoebe could speak, Clarence strode out of the office.

She turned around and gazed at his receding figure, biting her bottom lip.

...

When Clarence walked out of the clinic, Stella was drinking a glass of soft drink while sitting on the bench, enjoying the sunshine happily.

He strode over and sat next to her. "Where did you get this?"

Stella answered, "Just now a handsome young man said I'm quite pretty, so he gave it to me for free."

Clarence was silent.

Reaching out, he grabbed the drink from Stella's hand, lowered his head, and gulped down half of it.

"Wait. Wait. What are you doing?"

"I'm thirsty."

Stella curled her mouth. "Did you go to buy some drinks just now?"

"I've thrown them somewhere." Clarence looked at her. "Why did you come to sit here?"

Stella answered, "If I returned to the office, I would interrupt your conversation with your former fiancée."

Clarence licked his thin lips and whispered, "Still jealous?"

Stella snorted. "Who's jealous? I'm just considerate."

Amusement appeared in Clarence's black eyes. He raised his hand to rub her hair. "All right, my considerate Mrs. Conrad, do you still plan to sit here?"

"Don't rub my hair. Be careful with my hairstyle!"

Stella waved his hand off, took out a small mirror, and tidied herself up.

She purposely made a hair according to an online video after getting up this morning.

The wretched man almost ruined it.

Clarence said, "You don't need to use the mirror. You are already pretty. Otherwise, why someone gave you the drink for free but no one cares about me?"

Stella put down the mirror and snorted slightly. "Mr. Conrad, I'm afraid you can never experience being favored by others all your life."

After they only walked for a few minutes, they saw an old man with gray hair selling drinks in front of a cute van.

Clarence raised his eyebrows. "Is he the handsome young man you mentioned?"

Stella didn't answer.

She just wished him to shut up.

Stella wanted to buy the drink from him, but the old man said that the drinks from the van were provided by the club, so they were free for everyone.

Clarence walked over and said, "Two glasses, please."

The old man bowed at them and got them the drinks.

Clarence slightly nodded, bent over, and took the drinks from his hands.

Watching the scene, Stella gradually curled up her lips into a smile.

Although everyone said that Clarence was self-righteous, arrogant, and reckless, he was always with good manners for the respectful ones.

On the contrary, those people who gave him such a comment were always with hypocritical benevolence and morality, but behind the scenes, they had exhausted all kinds of dirty means.

The Conrad family had never expected that the illegitimate child that they once trained to balance the pros and cons would have his own thoughts.

When he became uncontrollable, they hated and feared him

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 319-In the horse ranch, because of the accident just now, the manager dared not to let those rich people ride the horse again. Instead, he gathered all the horses together and started checking them up one after another.

Vincent was quite idle, so he was standing there, watching the fun.

Others all heard that one of the horses almost bumped into someone, but they didn't know who was so unlucky. Seeing there was such a huge scene, they all stayed and waited for the result, although they couldn't ride the horse.

After Clarence and Stella walked over, the manager immediately came up to them and led them to the lounge. "Mr. Conrad, and... Mrs. Conrad, I'm sorry for the accident that happened in the club today. Your loss will be borne by our club."

"That's not what I want to hear," said Clarence.

The manager wiped off the sweat on his forehead. "Yes. Yes. Mr. Conrad, you are right. The result came out... It was because a long nail was stabbed into the horse's butts. We are repairing the fence of the horse ranch this afternoon, but I don't know why the long nail was..."

Clarence said in a cold tone, "Do you want to tell me that the long nail stung itself into the horse? Or do you want to tell me the horse deliberately sat on the long nail?"

The manager's legs shook. He didn't know how to answer the question.

This incident was done by someone purposely.

However, people coming to this club were either rich or powerful, the manager didn't have the guts to offend anyone, and nor did he dare to make a guess.

It was fine if the horse was startled, but how unlucky that it ran towards them.

Clarence continued, "Who had been to the horse ranch this afternoon? Give me the name list."

The manager didn't dare to refuse at all. He went to find the registration form.

When seeing Phoebe's name on the registration form, Clarence wasn't surprised at all.

His face turned colder. "Where is Phoebe Steward?"

One of the employees answered, "Ms. Steward just came out from the clinic. She should have left the club and gone home."

Clarence looked up at him and said expressionlessly, "Call her back."

The manager didn't dare to provoke Phoebe at all. He stammered, "Mr. Conrad, well..."

"Tell her, if she doesn't come back right now, I'll go to find Charles Steward in Steward Group tomorrow."

The manager became more nervous, but he also breathed a sigh of relief.

In this case, he wouldn't offend Phoebe, because he only needed to pass Clarence's message to her.

Stella kept silent when watching the scene.

A horse was startled suddenly, which could be an accident.

However, a long nail was found on the horse, which was done by someone purposely.

She didn't want to think that Phoebe was an evil woman. However, after the former incidents happened, she couldn't help but suspect Phoebe.

Or, in other words, except for the accident, nobody else would have done such things.

Phoebe didn't show up after half an hour.

She sat opposite Clarence and Stella with a cold look. "Did you want to see me? What's up?"

Clarence tossed the long nail that was found on the horse in front of her.

Phoebe looked down at it and asked in confusion, "What's this?"

Stella said, "A horse from the ranch was startled and attacked people. It was taken out from its butts."

Phoebe smiled, "Ms. Radomil, what are you talking about? What do I have to do with the startled horse?"

As she spoke, she looked over at Clarence, "Did you call me back because of this?"

Clarence remained calm. "Of course not."

"Then for what? Clarence, you threatened me on the phone. If you can't give me a persuasive reason, I'm afraid that someone deliberately wants to make a fuss."

When she was saying the last few words, she cast Stella a glance intentionally and unintentionally.

Clarence asked, "You said you were injured just now. Where did you get hurt?"

Phoebe's expression changed slightly when hearing the question. She didn't answer.

Clarence continued, "If not mistaken, you went to the clinic to ensure if it was Stella or me who got injured, didn't you?"

Phoebe soon calmed down. "I don't know what you are talking about. I went for a checkup in the clinic because I got injured. I don't think it's necessary to tell you my privacy."

"I can ask the doctor if you are truly injured or not."

Phoebe looked more annoyed. "What do you mean? I'm not a criminal interrogated by you. Clarence, I..."

Clarence interrupted her, "You should know more clearly than I do about what you've done."

Phoebe burst into laughter and looked over at the woman sitting next to him. "Ms. Radomil, is this how you always talking about me in Clarence's presence."

Stella was suddenly cued by her. She smiled and said, “Ms. Steward, you reacted pretty fast indeed.”

Phoebe could switch from one subject to another.

Phoebe said, “If I don’t react soon, I’ll bear the slander by you. Ms. Radomil, I used to want to friend with you truly before. As you promised, you will leave Clarence alone and won’t want to be in touch with him. How about now?”

“Ms. Steward, only you know if you truly wanted to friend with me or you approached me with some purposes.”

“Ms. Radomil, what nonsense are you talking about? Why would I have to approach you with purposes? At that time, you are just a disgusted ex-wife. What could I get from you?”

“Ms. Steward, what you’ve done and you are doing are all your acts of revenge because your engagement has been called off, aren’t they? If so, you are not comparable to me, the ex-wife. At least

I’m doing things aboveboard, and I dare to take the blame for what I’ve done. What about you, Ms. Steward?”

Although Phoebe always mocked her for the fact that she was Clarence’s ex-wife, Stella didn’t care. She could retort Phoebe, couldn’t she?

Vincent and other idle rich men wanted to come in and join the fun. When they arrived at the door of the lounge, they heard the women’s argument. Immediately, they left.

The war between women was way too horrible.

Phoebe sneered. “I wondered how aboveboard you could be since you married him with the excuse of your fake pregnancy.”

“Ms. Steward, didn’t you use fewer means?”

Clarence slightly rubbed his temple with two fingers, feeling a migraine.

Right then, the manager standing aside couldn’t bear it any longer. He was afraid that there would be a fierce fight the next second. He asked in a frightening voice, “Ms. Steward, Mrs... Mrs. Conrad, shall we continue talking about the accident that happened now?”

Phoebe said with a cold look, "I've told you it has nothing to do with me. What should I say?"

Clarence said indifferently, "The fence of the horse ranch is being repaired today. To ensure the project's progress, cameras have been installed to video the process. Do you want me to disclose the video clip to the media, or do you want to admit it now?"

Phoebe probably had never expected it. Her expression was stiffened for a moment. She didn't utter a word.

She knew the fence was being prepared. Hence, she took out a long nail when others didn't pay attention.

Right then, she was fully focused on Stella, so she didn't pay attention to anything else.

Hence, when Clarence mentioned that the repairing progress was videoed, she couldn't be sure if it was true or not.

She knew the fence was being prepared. Hence, she took out a long nail when others didn't pay attention. Right then, she was fully focused on Stella, so she didn't pay attention to anything else. Hence, when Clarence mentioned that the repairing progress was videoed, she couldn't be sure if it was true or not.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 320-If it was fake, Clarence lied to her and wanted herself to expose. If she admitted it, she would fall into his trap.

However, if what he said was true, Phoebe knew that Clarence could have the heart to send the video clips to the media. He didn't care about anyone's dignity, let alone that he was against Steward Group now.

Steward Group had become a target now. Once the video clip was leaked, the loss caused and the impact on her wouldn't be estimated.

Seeing that she was silent, Clarence added, "Why? Ms. Steward, you are always proud and think highly of yourself. You dared to do it but you dare not to admit it, do you?"

After a few seconds, Phoebe inhaled and sat upright. “Yes. I’ve done it. But, even I stabbed the long nail into the horse, I didn’t have any way to control the horse to hurt others. Animals are spiritual. As the target to be attacked, Ms. Radomil, don’t you do a self-reflection? There are so many people in this club, but why did the horse only rush to you?”

It was the first time that Stella encountered such a cunning woman like Phoebe who could make a false countercharge.

Instead of getting angry, Stella smiled. “Ms. Steward, do you also mean that since City N is so big, but Bernice young only made the trouble to me because I deserved it?”

After a pause, she added, “By the way, Ms. Steward. I forgot to tell you. She survived the car accident. She woke up last week and was transferred to the general intensive care unit a few days ago. Her consciousness was quite clear and she told your car plate number without any mistake.”

Upon hearing it, not only Phoebe, but Clarence also looked over at her. He raised his brows at Stella as if he asked why she hadn’t told him such information.

It wasn’t that Stella didn’t want to tell him. She just didn’t have any chance to mention it.

She had been bustle and hustle recently.

If it weren’t that the incident happened today, she would find a more suitable occasion to tell him about it.

Phoebe pressed her lips tightly, clenching her hands on the knees. She had never expected that Stella could have caught her on such a big matter.

Stella smiled gently. “Ms. Steward, please don’t worry. I won’t tell others about this matter. After all, we’ll become a family soon. If things you’ve done were exposed, you wouldn’t be the only one who got impacted. Steward Group would be impacted, too. In that case, the loss outweighs the gain to me.”

Phoebe suddenly stood up and strode away.

After she was gone, Stella’s smile gradually faded away.

The manager said, "Mr... Mr. Conrad, I'm leaving now..."

"Okay."

Soon, only Clarence and Stella were left in the lounge.

Clarence leaned against the sofa, stretching his arm behind her. "I've never known that you are so good at threatening others."

"Oh, I'm not so competent as you, Mr. Conrad. You even could make lies of the videos."

Clarence curled up his lips. "That means we are a perfect match."

Stella was speechless.

This wretched man couldn't stop flirting with her. How disgusting!

Clarence said, "You've caught her on those two matters, so she would be restrained a lot after you moved into the Steward's. But you still must be alert to Charles Steward."

Stella slightly nodded. "I know."

Since she would move into the Steward's alone, how could she be unprepared at all?

After walking out of the lounge, Stella saw that it was getting dark outside. It was until then did she realize how much time they had wasted.

Due to this incident, they even didn't have a chance to eat the food she prepared last night.

It seemed that the day should end here.

She could only bring the food back home.

After sitting in the car, Stella found that Clarence didn't drive in the direction back home. Instead, he drove all the way to the suburbia.

She turned to ask him, "Aren't we going home?"

Clarence answered, "Our date hasn't started yet. Why would we go home?"

Stella was puzzled.

She wondered what they were doing the whole afternoon in that case.

She didn't insist on asking him thought. They were out anyway. If they went home now, there was nothing to do except for having dinner and sleep.

It would be better to take this chance to relax.

After half an hour, the car parked on the seashore.

Stella didn't expect that Clarence would take her here. After being taken aback for a moment, she had a bright smile.

Clarence unfastened the seat belt. He got off and opened the rear door, taking the lunch boxes out. "Let's roll."

Stella followed him to walk forward. After walking for a distance, she found that they arrived at a flat area nearby the sea, which was decorated deliberately. Warm-colored light belts were wrapping around the pergolas. The ground was covered with a layer of roses. Two cushions were put at the back. There were also a bottle of wine and two goblets. The scene looked romantic and warm.

It looked like a perfect place for dating indeed.

She never thought that the wretched man could treat it so seriously.

After sitting down, Stella opened the lunch boxes one after another. When seeing the miserable shapes of the food, she paused a bit.

Clarence coughed. "It's not important how they look like. As long as they are tasty."

Stella closed her eyes, trying to keep smiling. "Mr. Conrad, you'd better stay away from the kitchen in the future."

She didn't understand — the food was quite neat when she put it on the plates.

He just moved the food into the lunch boxes, but the food became so miserable.

He must be the new generation of kitchen killers.

Clarence frowned unhappily. "Are you disdaining me?"

"Not really. I'm just giving you a suggestion from the bottom of my heart."

Clarence wasn't in the mood to argue with her. He opened the wine bottle and filled the goblets with wine.

After experiencing what happened in the afternoon, Stella was starved. She picked up a piece of cake and took a bite. Seeing that Clarence stared at her without a blink, she picked up a sushi roll at random and pressed it into his mouth.

Much to her surprise, before her fingers were withdrawn, the man gently bit them.

Stella felt her hand numb and tickled. She blushed. "What are you doing?"

Clarence swallowed the sushi and answered, "A response to you."

Stella choked up.

What kind of response was it?

Then Stella decided to take care of herself when eating, ignoring him completely.

When she was munching, she looked around the view of the area.

The sea at night wasn't as magnificent, blue, and clear as that in the daytime, but it had different scenery under the reflection of the distant lighthouse.

She raised her head and suddenly found that stars were twinkling in the night sky.

It seemed that it would be a pleasant day tomorrow.

Stella poked Clarence with her elbow, looking quite delighted. "Mr. Conrad, look! So many stars. How beautiful!"

Clarence looked at her and said slowly, "La stella accanto a me è più bella. (The star next to me is more beautiful.)"

Stella was fully concentrated in the sky, so she didn't hear what he spoke. Subconsciously, she asked, "Pardon?"

"Nothing." Clarence handed her a goblet. "You haven't drunk enough last night, have you? Let me drink with you tonight."

Stella withdrew her gaze. "When did I tell you that I didn't drink enough? I just didn't get drunk."

Clarence curled up his thin lips into a smile. "Not drunk means not enough, doesn't it?"

Stella was puzzled.

She wondered what kind of false reason it was.

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 285-After returning to her room, Stella laid on her bed. Even though she felt exhausted all over, she didn't feel sleepy.

After half an hour, the phone on the nightstand vibrated a few times.

Stella picked it up and saw that it was Clarence.

She did not connect the call until the phone was about to stop ringing.

Soon, Clarence's voice came, "Are you sleeping?"

Stella said, "No."

“Still can’t sleep?”

Stella said nothing.

There was a pause on the other side and then Clarence said, “I will be back by tomorrow afternoon’s flight.”

After a long while, Stella hummed in response.

Clarence said, “Did something happen to you?”

Stella said, “No. What would happen to me?”

“You don’t seem right.”

“...” Stella said in a bad mood, “You don’t seem right.”

At this moment, there seemed to be someone calling Clarence on the other end of the call. He whispered, “If something is wrong then wait for me to come back tomorrow, then you can tell me. If it is

something urgent then go to Vincent, don’t take risks alone.”

“Got it.”

Clarence on the other end seemed very anxious as he said again, “I will have Vincent call you in a while. Don’t turn off your phone.”

“Okay.”

After hanging up the phone, Stella let out a long sigh as if all her anxiety and fear had just disappeared.

Stella didn’t sleep much that night.

The time ultimatum written on the blackmail letter was eight o’clock in the evening of the next day and Stella had prepared an empty bag instead of five million yuan.

She kept feeling like the person who was blackmailing her had to be somehow related to the person who sent her in to the Twilight Club three years ago.

Otherwise, that person wouldn’t have been able to get those photos.

Most of the people there at that time were Adolph's people. Since Adolph sent her to the hospital last time, those people disappeared completely and never appeared in front of her again.

It was a group of good and bad people jumbled together and the photos might not be in one person's hand.

Thinking of this, Stella was filled with a sense of powerlessness.

It was useless to report those people. They were not afraid of the law at all.

In the afternoon, Vincent was very late. He stood in the studio, looking around and finally found Stella, "Now that I think about it, I should have come over with a gift for you when you opened the business. But I think you were reluctant to see me at that time."

Stella smiled half-heartedly. If she was being honest, she didn't want to see him even now, Clarence's good-for-nothing advisor.

Vincent leaned on the front desk, "I heard Clarence say something happened to you. What's up?"

Stella said, "It is not a big deal."

After thinking for a while, Stella spoke again, "Can you lend me some people?"

"Of course, I can lend you some people. But Clarence asked me to follow you until he comes back. You tell me first, if it is nothing serious then I will just give you some people and not go with you."

Stella looked at him, frowning as if she was hesitating.

Vincent noticed her worrying and tapped his fingers on the desktop a few times, "Do you not want Clarence to know?"

In the beginning, Stella hadn't wanted to tell Clarence about this matter. However, she also knew very well that if she called Sherry to accompany her, just the two of them alone were no match for the other party.

So, when Clarence had asked Vincent to contact her, she did not refuse.

After a while, Stella gave him the blackmail letter from her purse and declared emphatically, "I didn't plan to actually give this person money, let alone ask Clarence for it. I just wanted to go there first, assess the situation and find any opportunities to call the police."

Vincent, "..."

He completely understood Stella's apprehensions.

After all, in Clarence's eyes not too long ago, Stella was still the woman who regarded wealth as life and never compromised to achieve her goals.

If this matter was to happen before their divorce, then Stella wouldn't have been able to explain this even if she had ten mouths.

Vincent glanced at the content of the blackmail letter and then asked, "You have the photos?"

Stella pursed her lips and nodded gently.

Vincent asked again, "Are you sure they were taken at that time?"

Stella took a deep breath, "Yes."

"This is weird."

"What is weird?"

"At the Twilight Club, everyone who was involved in this matter were dealt with cleanly. There is no reason for any photos to be left."

Upon hearing this, Stella was slightly startled, "Dealt with?"

Vincent put down the letter and looked at her, "You were Clarence's wife at that time. Even if he always said he hated you, how could he have let this matter slip out?"

Therefore, everyone knew that Stella was sold to the Twilight Club, but no one knew who she was sold to and what happened that night.

Even Stella herself had never thought about it.

After a long time, she said, “Anyway... don’t tell him. I will check it out at night. If the other party only wants the money, then I will think of a way.”

Since the other party sent her these photos, it meant that they must still have the negatives. If she rushed too much to call the police, she might end up ruining her chances and the photos might get leaked.

Vincent said, “I will go with you.”

Stella said, “But the letter said only I have to go alone.”

“Just say that I am your driver.” Vincent looked at the bag besides her, “If you are going to act, it must look real. You can’t leave any room for negotiation like this.”

Vincent handed the bag to his men behind him and asked them to prepare before continuing to say to Stella, “Don’t worry. I won’t tell Clarence. I will accompany you tonight to ensure that everything is handled properly.”

Stella nodded, “Thank you.”

At night, the car stopped in front of a residential building near a middle school.

As soon as Stella got out of the car, she heard the hoarse voice of a man in the dark, “Go to the roof over there.”

Stella looked over and saw a large flat area on the second floor of a building not far away.

At this time, Vincent got out of the car.

The man immediately said, “Didn’t I tell you to come alone?!”

Vincent raised his hands, “I just brought her here, my friend. It is not safe for girls to go out alone at night. Why are you worrying so much when all you want is money? The negatives of the photos are still in your hands, what can we do to you?”

In the darkness, the man seemed to have paused and then said, “Just stand there. Don’t move. Don’t move even one step!”

“Okay, fine! I won’t move.” With that Vincent glanced at Stella, who carried the bag and walked over to the area the man had pointed.

Stepping up on the last step, Stella heard the voice of the man in the distance again, "Didn't I ask you to bring five million? How much is in there? Are you fucking playing with me?"

Stella's voice was calm, "This is just half of it. I will give you the rest when you give me the negatives."

"Hah! Don't try to play tricks with me. Hurry up and get the rest of the money or I will post your photos online and you won't be able to raise your head with respect ever!"

Stella looked into the darkness and frowned slightly.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 313-Not far away, the man's tall, strong, and upright figure appeared in her sight.

In her hands was a bunch of red roses.

Stella was a bit taken aback. She slowly put down the phone, but the smile on her face became deeper and deeper.

Much to her surprise, the wretched man was quite romantic. He even took the flowers to pick her up.

Clarence walked to her. "Why didn't you call me after the gather was over?"

Stella said, "How did I know you are waiting for me nearby?"

She originally planned to text him after arriving home.

Clarence asked, "Don't you want to get in the car?"

Stella shook her head. "I ate a lot earlier. I want to walk home."

Clarence suddenly bent over to approach her, sniffed. "Did you drink?"

Stella showed him a gesture. "Just a little bit. I'm not drunk yet."

Upon hearing it, Clarence curled up his lips. "I can drink with you after arriving home."

Stella looked at his expression. Her intuition told her that the wretched man had an evil intention. She looked away and walked forward. "No, thanks.

Moderate drinking is good for the health. Drinking too much will only reduce my life.”

Clarence followed her. “Where did you get those unreasonable sayings?”

“Your sayings are far more unreasonable.”

Clarence said, “I don’t need to work tomorrow. We can date. Where do you want to go?”

Stella thought for a moment. She turned to look at him. “I have to work tomorrow, though. Sherry has gone home for a visit. I must be in my studio.”

As she finished speaking, Clarence raised his eyebrows slightly. “Has she gone home?”

Stella was silent.

She realized that she had leaked an important message.

She wanted to skip the topic. Looking at the red roses in Clarence’s hands, she asked, “Don’t you plan to give them to me?”

Clarence looked down at them. “Do you want them?”

Stella was confused and speechless.

Or what? Why would he be holding them if they were not for her?

Clarence said, “I accidentally picked them up on the street. If you want them, I can give them to you.”

Stella gritted her teeth and glared at him fiercely. She turned around and left.

Clarence chuckled and followed her, “All right. I was kidding. I bought them for you.”

“I see.”

Stella didn’t believe him.

Clarence said, “They are a bit heavy. You want to walk home, don’t you? You’ll feel quite tired if walking while holding them”

Stella didn't agree with him. She didn't want to show weakness and retorted, "Why would I feel tired? Mr. Conrad, could you please don't underestimate a woman?"

"Then, let's continue tonight."

"Of course we can continue. I..."

After she said those words, Stella understood what he implied. Instantly, she felt annoyed. "Continue with yourself!"

She wondered why the wretched man couldn't think about anything else.

When she was about to walk away in anger, her hand was gently grabbed. Clarence asked calmly, "Are you angry?"

Stella believed that the wretched man asked while knowing the answer.

She wasn't in the mood to talk to him.

Right then, a young couple passed them by.

They seemed to be in a fight as well. The woman complained, "Look at you! The man is so handsome and he knows to bring his girlfriend flowers. It's our first anniversary today, but you don't only forget to buy me flowers but also forget what day it is today!"

Her boyfriend was so panicked. "Well... Buying flowers has nothing to do with being handsome or not. I'm sorry, darling. I've been too busy recently so I forgot. Tomorrow, all right? I will compensate you tomorrow."

"Our anniversary is today. Does it make any sense if you do that tomorrow?"

As she spoke, the woman trotted away while weeping.

The man stood motionlessly as if he wanted to find a flower store nearby. However, it was way too late right now. Stores nearby were already closed, let alone a flower store.

Stella watched the scene for a moment. Suddenly, she reached her hand to Clarence. "Give them to me."

Clarence raised his brows. "Ehn?"

“Didn’t you say that they are for me? Please give them to me.”

Clarence understood what was in her mind, so he handed the roses to her.

Stella held them in her arms for a few seconds. Curling up her lips into a faint smile, she walked to the man.

The man was startled when seeing her approach.

Stella handed the roses to him. “Take them. Please give them to your girlfriend.”

“Ah... How can I accept them? She’s quite mad now. I don’t think she needs them.”

Stella smiled. “It’s alright. Girls always want to have a sense of ceremony. Besides, today is an important anniversary for you guys. She’s mad now because she cares about you and your love a lot.”

Upon hearing it, the man didn’t insist on refusing. While he took over the roses, he said, “Thank you, Miss. I can wire you the money.”

“Not necessary. As long as you don’t disdain it because it was from my boyfriend to me.”

The man immediately answered, “Of course not. Your boyfriend and you love each other so much. I’m quite envious. I hope we can also be so sweet as you buys.”

Stella truly wanted to stop him from wishing they would be the same. Eventually, she smiled and said, “Hurry up and go!”

The man thanked her continuously. After nodding at Clarence, he chased after his girlfriend while holding the roses.

After he was gone, Clarence walked to Stella. “You are not mad at me now, are you?”

Stella ignored him.

Clarence pulled her wrist. “Didn’t you just say that I’m your boyfriend? Why are you ignoring me now?”

Stella was speechless.

She was whispering to the man just now, but the wretched man still heard it.

Clarence suggested, "How about I get you another bouquet?"

Stella answered steadily, "No, thank you."

"Why not?" After a pause, Clarence asked, "Wasn't you angry because I didn't give you the roses earlier?"

Stella felt that her temples were popping. She realized that the wretched man didn't quite understand her at all.

Seeing that she was silent, Clarence asked again, "Since you want the flowers so much, why did you give them away?"

After a long while, Stella answered, "I just believe that he needs them more than I do. Besides, I didn't want them so eagerly!"

"Oh, really?"

Stella looked at him whiling blaming him inwardly. "Forget it, you won't understand it anyway. You'll never know how sad a woman would be when she hasn't received any gift on the anniversary."

Clarence pressed his thin lips. Suddenly, he pulled her hand and started to walk back.

"Wait! Wait! What are you doing?"

"Buy some gifts."

"I was kidding. Haven't you compensated me, anyway?"

Clarence said, "If the compensation worked, why would you complain about it again?"

Stella was silent.

The wretched man could always hit the nail on the head.

She was just saying it. Besides, when in a quarrel, women always like to bring up old scores again.

After such a trifle, it was almost midnight when they finally got home.

Clarence wasn't being polite. He directly took off his coat and went to the bathroom for a shower.

Stella wanted to hang his suit jacket, but she smelt something on it.

She approached closer, only to smell that besides the scent of milk, there was a weird smell on the suit jacket as well

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 321-Stella took a sip out of the wine that Clarence gave him.

It was a glass of wine with a slightly sweet taste.

It was actually quite nice.

She could not help but recall the other time where that wretched man, Clarence, made her drink a boat load of alcohol.

Stella put the wine glass down, looked at Clarence and said, "Mr. Conrad."

Clarence replied with a deep voice, "Hmm?"

Stella continued, "That time, when you made me drink a lot of alcohol at the Twilight Club, was it you who sent me back? Or was it Sherry?"

Clarence probably did not expect her to mention that, he smiled smugly and replied, "Take a wild guess."

Stella said with a snort, "I knew it, you must have had bad intentions for making me so drunk."

That time was the drunkest Stella had even been in her entire life, she legitimately could not remember anything when she woke up.

No wonder that wretched man would grasp any opportunities when he saw them.

She thought about that, and asked him again, "What did you do when I was passed out?"

That wretched man had made so many arrangements, he must have put a lot of effort into it, so why would he stop at making Stella very drunk and just leave her be?

He must have done something horrifying.

Clarence replied while raising his eyebrows, "If I did anything to you, wouldn't you at least feel something?"

Stella was speechless.

His reasoning was not completely absurd after all.

She just could not bring herself to believe him.

After they finished the bottle of wine, Stella felt a little dizzy, as she leaned on Clarence's shoulder and looked at the surface of the sea. She finally felt some semblance of relief in a long time.

Many things happened these past few months, and every one of those things almost made her lose the will to continue living.

Sometimes, she was not even sure if she made the right choice.

Before she divorced, she would never think that one day she will be sitting next to Clarence, with both of them admiring the sea in silence.

That was just how bizarrely human lives work; they had to experience and then lose something, before realizing that the 'something' that they lost was what they really wanted.

Stella heard Clarence's deep voice, "Are you drunk?"

Stella shook her head and replied, "Nope."

He looked at her, and saw that her eyes were not filled with anxiety anymore.

"Stella?"

"Mhmm..."

Clarence did not say anything. His focus was on something else, as he was thinking about some random unknown stuff.

However, Stella wanted to hear his response. When he did not respond after a while, Stella, dissatisfied, poked at his waist with her finger.

Clarence held her hand, looked at her with a dark expression, and said, "What do you want?"

"Don't you have other things to say when you called my name? Say it."

"I just wanted to call your name."

Stella doubted, "You're lying."

Clarence smiled, "I'm not."

Stella pouted in response. Her lips were as red as a rose, her eyes watery as she stared at him, as if she was protesting silently.

Clarence stared back; his eyes darkened slightly, as he held her chin and kissed her juicy lips.

Stella was more enthusiastic when she was drunk. She was initially taken back by him, but she quickly responded by wrapping her hands around his neck.

Clarence held Stella by her head and waist and moved her onto a soft cushion, before kissing her even more deeply.

After some time, Stella suddenly pushed him away.

Clarence with his deep voice started asking her, "What's wrong, babe?"

Stella said while slightly out of breath, "You still haven't said it."

Clarence did not expect her to be even more tenacious when she was drunk.

He placed his hand on the back of her neck, and fondled the back of her ear.

Stella felt tingly, but she did not say anything.

She thought that Clarence was thinking about something.

She held her breath in anticipation of his answer.

Her eyes were filled with anticipation and curiosity, as if she could not wait to pry out secrets from Clarence.

According to her experience last time, she should not be able to remember anything when she woke up the next day.

After a while, Clarence said, "Actually, that child wasn't Beck..."

At the same time, a ferry passed through while sounding its horn, which masked over whatever Clarence said.

After the horn stopped sounding, Stella looked at Clarence with a frown in suspicion.

Then, she pushed Clarence away from her with force and sat up.

It could be that the horn stimulated her and sobered her up slightly, "I remember now."

Clarence was curious as to what she remembered all of a sudden.

Stella added, "That time when I was drunk, did you take advantage of my drunken state and did things to me?"

Clarence chuckled, "Nah."

"Really?"

Some memories resurfaced in her mind just now.

It was exactly the same thing that he did to her, kissing and eating her inside out.

That wretched man was still denying it!

Clarence replied, "How did I take advantage of you?"

"You just..."

Stella could not bring herself to say it, her ears turned red very quickly.

That scene was, hard to describe to say the least.

If she recalled correctly, she was even sitting on his lap.

Before she could continue, Clarence had already grabbed her and pull her in closely. He placed her on his lap, and pulled her by the back of her head and kissed her on her lips. He asked, "Was it like this?"

It was not just related, it was exactly the same as back then.

She finally discovered the truth.

Before she could react, however, Clarence had already kissed her again.

Later, Stella did not even know when was she carried back to the car.

She could not fathom how messed up that wretched man was, he was even carrying condoms with him!

Despite the fact that the space in the car was already very limited, that wretched man still wanted to toy with Stella, as he bit her ear softly and whispered, "Relax, babe."

Stella, with her head against his chest, was breathing erratically and objected, "Shut up you bastard!"

"Hmm?"

His voice was coarse and sexy. It was like a deadly trap that actively lured people into its lethal embrace.

It started raining some time later, and as the rain drops pounded against the car's window, the inside of the car started to become misty.

When they were finally done, Stella was absolutely exhausted and blacked out in Clarence's embrace.

After some time, she felt the cold wind blowing against her, and she woke up. A faint scent of tobacco was picked up by her nostrils.

Stella painstakingly opened her eyes and saw a satisfied Clarence sitting next to her.

He felt movement on his chest, as he shifted her gaze onto her and said with a soft voice, "Did I wake you up?"

Stella, still tired, closed her eyes again and let out a weak voice, "You're very energetic, aren't you?"

Clarence chuckled, crushed the cigarette's butt and waited for the tobacco smell to fade away in the car. Then, he lifted the car's window and said, "Just sleep, babe."

Even though the rain outside was very loud, Stella's body had ran out of steam and she slept in very quickly.

Clarence kissed her eyebrows and held her tightly.

It seemed her 'memory lost after being drunk' condition was limited to certain circumstances, if he had told her what he wanted to, it would be like planting a timed bomb, which was bound to explode at some point in the future.

He decided to hold it in for longer.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 322-When Stella woke up, she felt like she had been beaten up. Her whole body was sore and aching, especially her waist and legs.

That wretched man!

Stella slowly sat up, moving her neck while lifting the clothes covering her body.

Clarence wasn't inside the car, not knowing where he had gone.

Stella lowered the window. After raining all night long, the seawater was clear and bright, and the air was also much fresher.

She took a deep breath of the fresh air and felt that her tired body seemed much more relaxed.

At this time, Clarence walked over from a short distance away.

Stella leaned on the car window and asked him, "Where have you been so early in the morning?"

“Just to see if there’s something around to eat.”

Stella squinted, “Those from last night haven’t finished, right?”

Clarence said, “They are all wet and can’t be eaten already.”

Stella was silent.

Of course, she knew why they had gotten wet.

Clarence had just carried her into the car last night and hadn’t bothered with that at all.

She moved her head back into the car and said, “Let’s go back then.”

Stella fell asleep again on the way back.

When they arrived at the downstairs of the block, seeing that Stella was sleeping soundly, Clarence didn’t wake her up. He opened the car door and carried her out.

He had just taken a few steps when Stella woke up and said, “Put me down.”

Clarence said, “Didn’t you say your legs hurt?”

Stella was speechless.

Late last night, she only wanted to get it over with, and she was completely unaware of how many embarrassing things she had said about it.

It was now the peak hours, and there were many people around the neighbourhood and the elders having morning exercise.

Stella felt bashful, and Clarence put her down after she strongly insisted.

Stella’s desire to strangle Clarence in her heart increased with each step she took.

Many people were passing by from time to time. And probably because she felt guilty, she had to try her best to maintain a normal posture so that no one could see what was wrong with her.

She was relieved to get in the lift. Just as the doors were about to close, Daniel showed up in front of them.

Stella was wordless.

Daniel should have just returned from his morning run, and his body was radiating heat.

He greeted them with a smile, "Mr. Conrad, Ms. Radomil, so early?"

Stella responded with a forced smile, "Yeah... just went out for breakfast."

Daniel entered the lift and had tried to speak to Stella several times, but he was glared at by the man's icy stare.

After going through the twists and turns to get home, Stella first went into the bathroom with a change of clothes.

When she came out of the shower, breakfast was already served at the dining table.

It seemed that Nathan had come again.

Clarence said, "What are you doing standing there? Didn't you get hungry last night?"

Stella was speechless.

She didn't want to bother with him and sat down at the dining table.

Clarence placed the hot milk in front of her. Seeing Stella's listless look, he said in a soft voice, "Get back to sleep after eating."

Stella picked up the milk and drank a large portion of it. She then took two breaths and said, "I'm not going to sleep. I still need to go to the studio."

Clarence looked her up and down, "Aren't you sore all over?"

"You shut up."

Stella picked up the glass and finished the rest of the milk. She then got up and grabbed her bag, ready to go out.

Clarence stopped her, "Have something to eat before you go."

Stella looked at the time, "I'm not eating. I have to go to the foundry this morning, and I can't make it in time..."

Before she could finish her word, Clarence shoved a sandwich into her mouth, "How long will it cost you to have a bite? I'll drop you off later."

Stella chewed the food in her mouth, puffing her cheeks. She said after swallowing it, "Aren't you going to the office today?"

"I don't want to go."

Dempsey had been bringing people to the company for the past two days. So, instead of making time to deal with it, it was better to just not see them.

Stella curled her lips, "Good for you, Mr. Conrad. You don't even have to do everything yourself, and you can absent yourself at the company whenever you like. Unlike a small studio like ours, I..."

Clarence interrupted her, "If you become Mrs. Conrad, you can too."

Stella stopped talking and lowered her head to eat her sandwich.

Although yesterday at the club, when everyone else called her Mrs. Conrad, and she hadn't had the chance to retort, in the end, she and Clarence were still just a couple.

It was just suitable for a relationship between only two people.

Once their families were involved, things would be more complicated.

No matter what, Joanna would always be her enemy.

In response to her avoidance of answering, Clarence didn't continue but only said, "Let's go. I'll send you off."

Stella said, "No need. The studio is so close to here. I can just walk there. You go about your business."

After saying that, she put on her shoes and left in a hurry.

Clarence raised his eyebrows as he looked at her back.

...

After arriving at the studio, Stella printed out the drawn design, tucked it in her bag and went to the foundry.

There were a lot of details that needed to be explained to the master worker. So, Stella had spent the entire morning at the factory.

It was already afternoon when she returned to the studio.

Channing had also arrived.

Stella took two bottles of water from the fridge and went into the office with Channing, handing him one, "When did you come?"

"Just not long ago."

Stella sat down in her seat and asked, "Has it been a busy time studying? You don't seem to have come over for a long while."

Hearing this, Channing fell silent and didn't answer.

Stella just asked casually, but seeing him like this, she vaguely felt something odd and asked tentatively, "In love?"

As she just said this, Channing's ears flushed slightly, and he unnaturally averted his eyes, saying categorically, "Nope."

Seeing this, Stella curled her lips.

She had watched Chan grow up. And it was too apparent that he behaved like this.

She let out a sigh, "Then, there's a girl you like."

Channing was dumbstruck.

Stella couldn't help but gossip, "Is it from your school or elsewhere? Are you still not pursuing her yet? Do you want me to help you?"

After a long while, Channing said, "No. I didn't want to pursue her. I..."

Channing didn't know what to say.

Stella didn't make things difficult for him anymore and skipped this topic, "Alright, I'll stop teasing you. I have something to tell you."

"Go ahead."

Stella pursed her lips and said in a slow voice, "Sherry and I plan to change a place to live and rent a new house."

At that, Channing wasn't surprised, "Is she because of Daniel?"

Stella nodded, "Yes..."

Before Stella could finish her sentence, Channing continued, "And you because of Clarence."

Stella was silent.

Channing added, "Where are you planning to move to? His house?"

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 323-Stella laughed dryly twice, "No, I just ... stay somewhere else, not with him."

Channing did not believe in her obviously.

Stella coughed, "I am here to tell you this, don't go there anymore, it's a waste of time if you go there."

"Alright," Channing said, "What's your new address?"

Stella said steadily, "It's not been confirmed yet. After I move in, I'll let you know."

"When will you move?"

"Maybe...these few days. You go to your school as usual, I'll find a moving company to help me," Stella continued saying to avoid being exposed, "Moreover, Clarence is here."

Channing said, "After you move in then ... Forget about it, I won't go."

Stella twitched the corners of her lips. She knew what was in Channing's mind. However, it was good this way too as if he suddenly went to look for her again, she did not know what reasons to come out with.

Channing seemed to have some other stuff to settle, after a while, he left.

When Stella was preparing the design, her phone that was on the desk vibrated.

The message was from Winnie. She asked Stella if she was free as she would like to have dinner with her.

Stella felt that Clarence was very annoying these two days as he did not go to his company as well. She was still thinking about how to get rid of him, so, she said yes to Winnie instantly.

Soon, Stella sent a message to Clarence to ask him no need to pick her up tonight as she had had a date.

Clarence replied, 'You are very busy.'

Stella could sense that the wretched man was unhappy. She smiled and put down her phone to continue working.

At night, Stella got up and moved her body a bit. Then, she put her phone inside her shirt pocket and walked out of the office.

In the office, Winnie was looking at a magazine in the sofa. Stella did not know when she came there.

Stella walked towards Winnie, "You have waited for long, right?"

Winnie put down the magazine when she heard Stella's voice, "I have just arrived. The crew wrapped up early today, nothing was going on, so I came over first."

After that, Winnie spoke softly, "I heard from the office girl that Mr. Conrad will pick you up every night, if he knows that I pick you up, will he put me into trouble?"

Stella laughed, "Don't think too much, I told him that I have an appointment with you and asked him no need to pick me up."

"In my impression, Mr. Conrad will not listen ..."

As expected, before Winnie's words left her mouth, Clarence's figure appeared in the doorway.

He said nonchalantly, "Not what?"

Winnie immediately went into a business state and said seriously, "Mr. Conrad is certainly not a ... person who abandons his beloved, he said he would come and pick you up, so he will definitely come

to pick you up."

Stella and Clarence were both speechless.

Winnie tried to ask, "Then ... I think I better go first? I don't want to disturb your dating."

As Winnie wanted to go away, Clarence said, "Stand there."

She immediately stopped in place.

Clarence turned around and looked at Stella, said, "There are some urgent matters happened in the company. I have to go there now, I might not be back tonight, no need to wait for me."

Stella replied, "Alright."

She hoped that he would never come back.

She had been tortured by him these few days and felt that her body was going to fall into pieces.

Clarence stretched his hands and hugged Stella's waist in his arms. As he wanted to kiss Stella, he found out that Winnie was looking at them.

Stella did not wish to push him away anymore, she coughed, "Alright, alright, I have already got it."

She thought that the wretched man thought that her house was his house.

"I'll go now, give me a message when you get back home."

"Yea, yea, alright."

Stella simply promised him so that he could leave immediately.

After Clarence went away, Winnie was relieved but she was a bit excited.

It was her first time seeing Mr. Conrad's gentle side.

It seemed that the rumor saying that Mr. Conrad was on the phone with his girlfriend during a meeting, with a gentle and doting voice, was not fake.

It was real.

During their dinner, Stella asked, "What have you been busy with all this while?"

Winnie took a sip of tea, "I'm filming a drama."

Stella paused before saying, "Is it still the same one as before."

"Yea, it's the one that was shot near your brother's school, now it's already halfway through filming, I'm exhausted every day, it's rare to have a day to finish my work so early," Winnie continued saying, "Your brother is quite a good actor, will he consider being an actor in future, don't waste his good look."

Stella was puzzled.

She did not understand Winnie's words, "What do you mean by he's a good actor?"

Winnie was puzzled too and explained, "The drama is filmed near your brother's school and there are some scenes inside the school that need a few guests to act as students. The producer in our group went to the school to communicate. The school recommended your brother as the first candidate. The director thinks that he is handsome, originally he had only a few scenes, now he has thirty scenes, and still has not finished shooting."

Stella was speechless.

Winnie asked, "Didn't he tell you?"

Stella twitched the corners of her lips, "Nope."

"It's okay. This is not a big deal. He is just in Year One. It's good for him to have such an experience. However, when the director told me this matter, I thought he will reject the job. It's out of my expectation that he agrees. After this drama is aired, he will definitely gain a lot of face fans, that's why the producer asked me to ask him if he has any idea of joining the entertainment

industry, several companies have already thought of signing an agreement with him.”

It turned out that Channing had been busy with this recently.

Stella opened her mouth and said after a while, “I don’t know, it’s something he has to decide on his own.”

Winnie nodded, “I’ll ask him about it in these two days.”

At these words, Stella caught some crucial information suddenly.

She asked, “Recently, you always meet with Chan?”

Winnie said, “Yea, apart from being the guest, he occasionally comes to the filming site when he has nothing to do, so basically we meet each other every day.”

Stella raised her hand and touched her eyebrows. An idea began to fester in her mind.

Winnie took a sip of her drink and sighed, “There are a lot of young girls in the crew who like him, if I were a few years younger, I’d like him too.”

Stella coughed. She couldn’t bear her curiosity and asked, “Now ... you don’t like him?”

Hearing her words, Winnie was choked instantly, she stayed calm for a while and asked, “Now? I’m twenty-six years old while your brother is only eighteen years old, right? It’s ashamed to like him.”

Stella said, “Nineteen.”

Then she added again, “Almost twenty.”

After a pause, she continued, “It also seems to be quite popular nowadays to have a date with a young boy.”

Winnie thought about it and laughed, “Your brother that would fall under the category of wolf boy.”

Soon, the two of them went on to talk about some other thing else.

Winnie obviously did not take the matter seriously. She just treated it as a joke with Stella.

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 324-At night, when Stella was laying on her bed, she wanted to send a message to Channing but did not send it after thinking for a while.

It was the first time Channing had ever liked someone. Boys at this age were sensitive and would feel embarrassed easily, she was worried that she would hurt him if she spoke out the truth.

With this in her mind, Stella put down her phone and lay on her bed.

However, she could not sleep.

She tossed and turned on her bed for a while, and then she suddenly sat up and let out a long breath.

She should be happy that the wretched man was not there and no one was bothering her.

But for some reason, it was as if something was missing.

He had only been sleeping with her for a few days and she had already started relying on him.

After sitting against the head of her bed for a while, Stella picked up her phone again and sent a message to Clarence to ask him if he was still busy.

After waiting for twenty minutes, Clarence still did not reply.

It seemed that he was very busy.

Stella put her phone on the head of her bed, turned off the light and lay on her bed again, she then closed her eyes to force herself to sleep.

Tomorrow, she had to go to the Steward family and she was going to have a tough day there.

After a long time, her breath calmed down and she fell asleep finally.

When Stella was drifting off to sleep, she felt a chill behind her as someone approached her and pulled her into his arms.

Her breath was filled with a familiar smell.

Half-asleep, she asked vaguely, "Didn't you say you weren't coming back?"

The man's voice was low and magnetic, "You miss me."

So, he came back.

Stella did not retort, nor did she have the energy to do so, she was very sleepy.

When she fell asleep again, Clarence kissed her on the lips.

The first news that spread this evening was that the Steward family had successfully signed a contract with William, and the project was officially handed over to William.

The Steward family would be disintegrated step by step then.

It just depended on when Charles would realize what was going on there.

...

The next morning, when Stella opened her eyes, she saw Clarence lying beside her. She was stunned and thought that she had a dream.

Stella did not wake him up. She woke up and prepared breakfast instead. As she was about to wake him up, Clarence had already walked out of the bedroom.

Sitting in front of the dining table, Clarence asked, "Why do you go to the studio so early in the morning?"

Stella said, "Sherry went back to her hometown, so I have to be the decision-making person, that's why I will be busy a bit, but..."

After pausing for a while, Stella said, "I am not supposed to go to the studio this afternoon."

Clarence said, "You want to go to the Steward family instead?"

Stella nodded, "It cannot be delayed anymore."

Two days before, she relaxed herself, or it could be said that she prepared herself.

It had been after a long time, if she still did not move to the Steward family, the public would reduce their attention towards the issue.

Clarence said, "After having breakfast, I'll send you there."

Stella opened her mouth, she wanted to reject at first, but she met Phoebe in the horse ranch yesterday, and if they were not a couple, Phoebe had already held grudges in her.

"Alright."

Since she had decided to stay in the Steward family and this place was also going to be surrendered, she had to bring the essential necessities and the clothes that needed to be worn recently.

Stella packed them into two suitcases, but in addition to these, there were many winter and summer suits in the closet, which could not be worn at this time and could not be brought there.

She did not know where to put them.

Clarence saw her standing inside the bedroom. With a distressed look, he leant against the door frame and raised his eyebrows, "Do you want to put them in my house?"

Stella was speechless.

She refused without hesitation, "Thank you but no need."

She could wait until Sherry moved and let the movers bring her stuff with Sherry's.

After Stella had finished packing up, Clarence took the suitcases in her hand as she walked to the doorway, "Let's go."

Along the way, Stella opened the car window to enjoy the breeze.

She had mixed emotion.

Clarence looked at her sideways, "It's not too late to regret now."

“No.” Stella’s hair was a little messy because of the wind, she stretched her hand to straighten it, “You’re right, the truth is often cruel, but if I don’t do anything because I’m afraid, that would be truly cruel for those people who were hurt by Charles.”

Her biological father died in that explosion because of Charles’ trick.

Her mother, who had taken her into hiding and married Jeffrey, had died after giving birth to Channing.

All those things were caused by Charles.

Even if she could not bring the dead back to life, she could not just stand by and watch him stay alive in this world with someone else’s name.

Clarence said, “Stella, please bear in mind that you don’t have to force yourself all the time, if you can’t hold on anymore, I’ll be with you always.”

Stella pursed the corners of her lips, she smiled uncontrollably, “Got it.”

Forty minutes later, the black Rolls Royce stopped in front of the Steward family’s gate.

Clarence helped her to take her suitcase, Stella looked inside, “This is it. I’ll walk the rest of the way myself.”

“The rest of the way will be difficult to walk.”

Stella smiled, “Even if it’s difficult, there will always be a time when it comes to the end.”

Clarence hooked his lips and wrapped his arms around her slender waist, then he landed his thin lips on her brow, “Protect yourself and call me whenever you need help.”

Stella nodded, “Okay.”

“Let’s go. I’ll watch you.”

Stella held the handle of her suitcases in her hand, she took a deep breath and walked towards the Steward family’s front door.

The two carved gates were slowly opened, but no one was around.

Stella looked at the long road, as if she could not see the end at one glance.

She turned her head to look at Clarence. The man was standing by the car. His black eyes were deep and quiet.

It was as if he would be ready to catch on her if she stepped back.

Stella waved her hand at him, "I'm going in, you can go back now."

The corners of Clarence's lips curled for a moment and he nodded gently.

Stella pushed the two suitcases and walked forward, one step at a time.

Once this path was taken, there was no turning back.

After walking for approximately ten minutes, Stella saw some buildings.

In between those buildings, there was a large garden in the middle.

In the garden, a few servants were trimming the flowers and the plants. It was as though they had been ordered in advance to ignore Stella.

She pushed her suitcases and walked towards the largest building.

If she guessed correctly, that was the main house.

As expected, just as she reached the doorway, she saw Charles and Phoebe eating breakfast.

Stella shouted softly, "Mr. Steward."

Charles looked at her, "When did you get here? Why didn't the maid send you in?"

Stella smiled faintly, knowing that this was his false politeness, and she did not back down, "I didn't see anyone else all the way in just now, so I thought I had to come in by myself."