

Read Novel | Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 51 -60

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 51-Stella went back to the private box and was about to enter. She heard a gentle voice behind. “Hi, Stella?”

Her hand on the doorknob paused. After a few seconds, she turned around.

Horace didn’t expect that it was her indeed. He walked up to her and said, “Stella, why are you here? I thought I’ve mistaken another girl like you.”

Stella greeted him calmly like an old friend, “I’m having a gathering with my friends here. How about you?”

Just now, Annie showed up like a lunatic. Stella should have known that Horace was here as well.

“I’m here with my friends, too. Is your gathering ending soon? If so, shall we...”

Before Horace could finish his words, the door of the private box behind him was opened.

When Liam saw Horace, he was in a daze. After a moment, he came back to his senses and asked, “Is this Horace?”

Horace withdrew his gaze on Stella, nodding at Liam politely in response.

Liam had been in love with Sherry since they were still in college, and he had met Horace before. They were not close, though.

“Jesus! It’s been so long.” Liam put his arm on Horace’s shoulders. “What a coincidence! Come on in. Let’s have a talk.”

Stella was about to refuse Horace, but the latter smiled at her and walked into their private box together with Liam.

In the box, Liam introduced Horace to other friends. “Hey, guys! This is my buddy in the college. He used to be the campus hunk of our grade back then.”

Upon hearing that, a group of people gathered around them, proposing toasts.

Suddenly, one of them looked over at Horace and asked in hesitation, "Excuse me. Are you Mr. Jason from the Jason family?"

Horace nodded to confirm. "Nice to meet you."

Upon hearing his words, others around him, including Liam, started to get confused, raising an uproar.

He just knew that Horace was from a rich family, but much to his surprise, Horace was from the Jason family...

The man who asked the question continued, "Mr. Jason, you've been living abroad for the past few years. I've met you from afar at an event long ago. Just now I thought I've mistaken another man for you. I didn't expect that you are a friend of Liam's. It's such a pleasure to meet you."

Upon hearing his words, all others looked at Liam in either envy or jealousy.

Liam was just an office worker, but he and the son from the Jason family were friends. They believed that Liam would soon become wealthy and powerful.

However, Liam was quite uneasy, afraid that Horace would tell them that they were not that close.

Horace smiled and said, "Liam and I have known each other for many years."

On the other side, Sherry walked to Stella. Looking at Horace, who was surrounded by a group of people like the moon surrounded by a myriad of stars, she asked in confusion, "Stella, why is he here?"

Stella rubbed between her eyebrows. "I just met him at the door. Liam called him in."

Sherry clicked her tongue. "Fortunately, Horace is good-tempered. If it were..."

Sherry didn't finish her words, but a name flashed through their minds at the same time. They shivered.

It was so difficult to imagine the scene.

Sherry muttered, "Don't you think there's something wrong with Liam's coworker? She made a fuss at the door first. Just now, she came to speak something weird to me. What a hypocritical woman!"

Stella returned to her senses. Thinking about her purpose to be here, she said after thinking for a moment, "By the way, Sherry, I sensed something wrong between Liam and that woman..."

"No worries. I know Liam very well. No matter how bold he is, he won't have the guts to cheat on me. Besides, that woman had nothing but just a big bosom. If she were smarter, I would suspect that, too."

Stella couldn't utter a word for a moment. Sherry and Liam were in love for so many years, so it was normal for her to refuse to believe it.

Right then, Liam turned around and saw Sherry talking to Stella. He became quite altered. After speaking with others for a moment, he took Horace over. Nervously, he pulled Sherry into his arms and said with a smile, "We haven't met each other for so many years. Shall we find a place and have a talk? Only four of us."

Sherry asked, "You've called so many friends over. Do you want to leave them behind?"

"I can always meet them, and they've been having fun for a while. If they still want to stay, they can continue staying here. I can come back later."

"I don't think it's a good idea."

Liam answered without care, "Why not? We are all friends. They won't mind. Horace, what do you think?"

Horace cast a casual glance at Stella. "I'm fine with it."

"Then..."

Stella interrupted Liam, "It's getting late. I need to go home. Please suit yourselves."

Sherry also echoed, "Let me drive you home. I want to get some fresh air."

After Stella was gone, Horace wouldn't continue staying here. After nodding at Liam as a farewell, he followed the two ladies to leave.

Looking at their receding figures, Liam subconsciously clenched his fists, chasing them in a hurry.

Out of the box, Horace pressed his lips and asked, "Wait, Stella. Are you mad at me?"

Stella was taken aback. After a moment, she understood what he meant. "Not at all. I just don't feel very well."

She also couldn't bear Liam's hypocritical face.

Horace looked at her lower belly that was not obvious yet. "Hasn't he known about it?"

Stella smiled, shaking her head slightly.

Shortly, Liam caught up with them. He pulled Sherry. "Sherry, why don't you just stay here?"

Sherry didn't get him. "Why can't I go..."

"Stella and Horace haven't seen each other for so many years. They must have a lot to talk about. Don't follow them as the third wheel. You are interrupting their date."

"What nonsense are you talking about?"

Liam blurted out, "It's not nonsense. Don't they always have a crush on each other?"

Sherry frowned and raised her voice. "Liam Keith!"

Horace fell into the silence for a few seconds. Then he looked at Sherry and admitted, "Yes, I've always had a crush on her."

Stella didn't expect that he would admit it. Slightly raising her head, she noticed that he was looking in another direction firmly. Subconsciously, she looked over following his gaze. In an instant, she felt the hair stand on the end.

How unlucky she was today! How could she meet so many people coincidentally? They were like gathering here. Stella had a bad hunch that something might happen.

Not far from them, Clarence was gazing at them coldly.

Sherry noticed Stella and Horace both looked quite weird. She followed their gazes, inhaling deeply.

How dramatic the current scene was!

After gazing at them for a few seconds, Clarence withdrew his gaze indifferently. As if he didn't know them at all, he strode away.

Seeing that he looked forward and passed them by, Stella finally breathed a sigh of relief.

However, before she could relax completely, Clarence paused his pace. He turned around slowly, cast glances at Liam and Sherry, and then looked back at Stella. "Have you made up your mind how to

mention it to her yet? It's been a long while."

Stella's heart skipped a beat. Before she asked him to shut up, Clarence continued in a cold tone, "Have you recorded the scene? You should show her directly."

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 52-Sherry's intuition told her that Clarence meant her. Looking at Stella, she asked, "Stella, what happened?"

Stella's mind was messy. "Nothing, I..."

Clarence snorted. After withdrawing his gaze, he strode away.

Stella wished she could kill this wretched man! He had raised the suspicion by a few words. Then he turned around and left.

Sherry wasn't a fool. Thinking about Clarence's words, Jolie's provocation, and Liam's unreasonable behaviors, she also recalled Stella's reminder earlier...

Sherry calmed down right away. "Stella, please show me the video."

Liam was the one who got panicked first. He had never expected that Stella had a video recorded as the key evidence. In a hurry, he pulled Sherry. "Babe, let's go home..."

Sherry shook his hands off with strength. "Don't touch me!"

Smiling at him, she said, "You look so nervous now. I don't think I must watch the video. Do you want to confess yourself or shall I find the bitch and ask you two to confront?"

"Babe, it's not like what you think. I have nothing to do with her. I just..."

"I know. You just couldn't control your private party, could you? Liam, awesome! How dare you cheat on me!"

"Please listen..."

Sherry took a deep breath and said coldly, "Fuck off now! Or I'll spread your affair to everyone you know. You'll be so fired!"

Liam gritted his teeth and made a decision quickly.

After he was gone, Stella whispered, "Sherry..."

Sherry looked over at her and Horace. She forced a smile. "No worries. I'm fine. It's a good thing for me to know who he is so that I..."

Stella knew what she wanted to say. Recently, Sherry had been expecting to marry Liam.

Sherry added, "I'll go home now. I need to pack Liam Keith's stuff as soon as possible. Horace, could you send Stella home, please?"

"Sure."

Stella pulled her. "Sherry, please let me stay with you."

"No, thanks, Stella." Sherry smiled. "I was just cheated on. It's not a big deal. You should go home and go to bed early. I can handle it myself."

After finishing her words, she trotted away while waving at them.

Stella could see that her eyes were reddened.

Horace comforted her, “No worries, Stella. She’ll be fine.”

Stella nodded, but couldn’t utter any word.

She was one of the witnesses of the love between Sherry and Liam. She had never expected that they would end up like this.

Right then, Horace’s phone started ringing. It was a call from Annie, who failed to find him anywhere.

With a frown, Horace hung it up immediately.

Stella returned to her senses and said, “Horace, you don’t need to send me home. I can go home myself.”

“But, Stella…”

Stella smiled. “Gotta go. Bye.”

Horace was about to catch up with her, but his phone rang again. While he pulled the phone to check, Stella had stepped into the elevator.

...

Nathan was standing in the yard of the restaurant. Seeing Stella, he walked up to her. “Good evening, Ms. Radomil.”

“Where is your Mr. Conrad?”

Noticing her murderous look, Nathan secretly took a step back. “Mr. Conrad is waiting for you in the car.”

Stella headed to the most prominent Rolls Royce without looking back.

Sitting in the car, Clarence was lowering his head and reading through documents. Although the rear door was open, he didn’t look up at the person who got in.

Stella glared at him for a few seconds, bent over, and sat in. She smashed the door close.

Clarence frowned slightly, looking up at her in anger.

“Mr. Conrad, I know you always do whatever you want without caring about others’ feelings. Were you kind of nosy just now?”

Clarence closed the documents in front of him calmly and asked in a light tone, “Are you here to question me?”

Stella sneered. “No, I’m not. Mr. Conrad, I just believe when you don’t know others quite well, you shouldn’t have casually...”

Clarence was not in the mood to listen to her. He interrupted her, “I thought you came here to explain why you haven’t eaten for two days and washed your hair for a week.”

Stella was choked up.

She had almost forgotten about this matter.

Immediately, she didn’t look so arrogant. She made an excuse casually, “I haven’t eaten for two days, so I came out for dinner.”

Clarence snorted. “Stella, do you think I’m that stupid?”

After a short moment of silence, Stella said, “I’ll move tomorrow.”

“Go now.”

“But it’s so late now...”

“Has it impacted your date with Horace Keith?”

The wretched man’s tone was aggressive.

Stella didn’t admit to being defeated. “Exactly.”

As soon as she answered, the temperature in the Rolls Royce dropped instantly. Nathan, who was standing ten meters away from the car, couldn’t help but shiver.

Probably it was because a pregnant woman had a higher body temperature, Stella didn’t feel anything unusual.

She asked boldly, “May I leave now? I’m still on my date.”

Clarence asked in a cold tone, "Have you admitted it?"

"What?"

"You divorced me because you want to be with Horace Keith."

Stella was startled for a moment and answered, "If you believed so, I can't do anything about it."

While the atmosphere in the car became tenser and tenser, Phoebe walked out of the restaurant. Noticing that Clarence's car was parked here, she saw his assistant was waiting aside as well.

Seeing her, Nathan slightly nodded at her. "Good evening, Miss Steward."

Phoebe glanced at the black Rolls Royce. "Is Clarence in?"

"Yes, he is."

"Good. I happen to want to ask him about something."

When Phoebe took a step forward, Nathan stopped her. "Miss Steward, please wait for a moment. Mr. and Mrs. Conrad were talking."

"Mrs. Conrad?" Phoebe creased her pretty brows. Shortly, she understood whom he referred to. "Haven't they got divorced?"

Nathan didn't know how to explain Mr. Conrad's unpredictable thoughts. When he was thinking about how he should answer, the rear door of the Rolls Royce was opened.

Looking at Stella's receding figure, Phoebe pressed her lips slightly. Subconsciously, she clenched her fingers into fists.

They had divorced already. She wondered why Stella would still pester Clarence.

Was it because...

Phoebe recalled that she had encountered Stella in the hospital, her eyes darkened.

If Stella got pregnant after marrying Clarence and the baby's father was him, Phoebe believed that she was quite a scheming woman.

Since she could force Clarence to marry her with the excuse of being pregnant three years ago, she would require him for more things now, wouldn't she?

Nathan said, "Excuse me, Miss Steward. Please wait for a moment. I'll inform Mr. Conrad that..."

"No, thanks," Phoebe refused with a smile. "It's not something quite important. I just found that I've left my belonging upstairs. I have to go back."

Nathan felt she was quite weird, but he didn't insist. He said, "Okay. Bye, Miss Steward."

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 53-After Stella had gone far, she finally felt a bit chill from her back.

She had never known that Clarence would be so idle. How could he have time to care about if she had eaten, washed her hair, or dated someone?

She could understand the way how this wretched man was doing things less and less.

Stella hailed a taxi, heading directly to Sherry's home.

When she arrived, the door was unlocked. She heard the suppressed sobs from the inside.

Stella stood at the door for a few minutes. Then she turned around and left in silence.

If it had happened to her, she should be by herself alone in peace as well.

After arriving home, Stella sat at the desk, staring at a blank paper in a daze.

The kind of feeling that she had never had before surged in her heart.

Sherry and Liam were in love for five years. None of them had expected that he would cheat on Sherry one day.

In fact, Stella thought both Sherry and she were the same. In the three-year marriage with Clarence, she tried to be a qualified Mrs. Conrad peacefully. She knew how much he hated her, so she was quite clear what she should and shouldn't do. She had never expected anything else.

However, she wasn't a robot without any feelings. They had been together for three years, so many days and nights.

If it weren't that Vivian had appeared, Stella thought that they would be leading such a life forever.

However, during those days and nights, no matter it was the cold Clarence or the tender one after he had been drunk, he had never belonged to her and he would not either.

When she recalled those days, she realized that she cared about her marriage, but she also knew that it wouldn't change anything at all.

She had thought everything would be fine after divorcing him. She could start a new life. However, judging from the situation, she didn't think that the wretched man would let go of her.

It made her feel like being stung by a thorn in her heart. She knew where it was, but she couldn't take it out.

...

On the second day, Stella went to Starry Lake Mansion after Clarence had just left home to his office.

Seeing that she came in with two employees of a moving company, the servant was so panicked that cold sweat oozed on her forehead. She had to make an excuse. "Excuse me, Mrs. Conrad. Mr. Conrad said other people are not allowed to enter..."

Stella knew the wretched man's character. "I won't let them in. I'll take the luggage down myself."

As she spoke, she pulled the empty suitcase and walked upstairs.

The servant followed her tightly, trying to comfort her, who seemed to have a fight with her husband just for the time being. “Mrs. Conrad, why don’t you wait until Mr. Conrad to come back? If you move without his presence, he’ll be quite angry.”

“Have you seen him not angry before? He believed that my belongings have occupied his territory and displeased him. If I move them away, he wouldn’t have many excuses.”

“Alas... Mrs. Conrad...”

Since she failed to convince Stella, the servant sneaked out secretly and made a call to Clarence.

Stella walked into the cloakroom. Looking at the closet that had occupied the whole wall, she felt that her temples were popping.

All the clothes were tailored according to her size, but she had never worn them before. None of them truly belonged to her.

However, she could understand why Clarence wanted her to move her belongings away. Probably in the near future, a new hostess would move into Starry Lake Mansion. If she saw those clothes fully occupy the closet, she would be quite unpleasant.

Stella had to admit that Clarence truly embodied capitalism with no waste of human and material resources.

After she put a few clothes into her suitcase, it was full.

Looking at the tip of the iceberg, she regretted why she would have told him that she would move by herself.

Now, she couldn’t move away from all her clothes in this closet. She even couldn’t carry the luggage down by herself.

When she was wondering what she should do, the servant returned with a phone in her hand. “Excuse me, Mrs. Conrad, Mr. Conrad wants to talk to you.”

Stella took the phone over, feeling quite helplessly suddenly. “Mr. Conrad, I...”

The man spoke coldly, "You don't need to move them."

Stella hadn't expected he would be so kind. After being startled for a moment, she asked, "Pardon?"

Clarence snorted. "Can't Horace buy you new clothes?"

Before Stella could answer, he had hung up the phone immediately.

Staring at the phone, Stella couldn't return to her senses for a long time, wondering what he was angry about this time.

After a long while, Stella heaved a sigh helplessly. She put back the clothes that she had put into her suitcase.

The servant was still comforting her. "Mrs. Conrad, Mr. Conrad, and you are still in the cold war. You know his character well. He's always missing you. Otherwise, he wouldn't..."

Stella looked back at her and smiled. "We're not in a cold war. We've divorced already."

Upon hearing it, the servant was startled. She never expected that they had ended up in such a terrible situation.

When the servant was still in a daze, Stella had packed up her other belongings, dragging the luggage downstairs.

Although they didn't have to move anything, the employees of the moving company still came here to help her. Stella paid them and let them leave.

...

Conrad Group.

Nathan knocked at the door of the CEO's office. "Excuse me, Mr. Conrad. I just received a call from the Conrads' Mansion. They said it's Mrs. Joanna Conrad's birthday this Saturday. You need to go back..."

Without looking up, Clarence hummed and said, "Prepare her a gift."

"Yes, Mr. Conrad." After a pause, Nathan added, "Mr. Conrad, a few days ago, Mr. Justin Conrad seemed to have been to SG Jewelry Magazine."

Upon hearing “SG Jewelry Magazine”, Clarence frowned deeply.

Noticing that, Nathan realized that this subject wasn’t appropriate. Immediately, he explained, “It’s nothing serious. I’ll go ahead and prepare the gift then...”

Clarence looked up at him, parting his thin lips. “Tell me.”

“Mr. Justine Conrad asked Ms. Radomil to design a necklace for Mrs. Joanna Conrad. It seemed to be the gift for her.”

“Has she finished the design?”

“Yes...”

Clarence knocked on the desk slightly, keeping silent.

After a while, Nathan said tentatively, “Mr. Conrad, shall I find you a date for the birthday banquet for Mrs. Joanna Conrad?”

“Whatever.”

After finishing his words, Clarence lowered his head again and continued with the documents.

Nathan answered and left, feeling a heavy burden on his shoulders instantly.

Since Mr. Conrad didn’t refuse, it meant that he agreed even though he said whatever his date couldn’t be anyone.

Nathan found it so difficult, wondering how he could let Stella be Mr. Conrad’s date on that day.

In the afternoon, Nathan wasn’t in the office. A call was transferred from the front desk to the assistant’s office, saying that a designer from the SG Jewelry Magazine wanted to meet Mr. Conrad.

Nathan was always in charge of the communication with Stella and SG Jewelry Magazine, so other assistants didn’t know the details. One of them went to the CEO’s office and asked what to do.

Clarence put down the pen in his hand. Rubbing between his eyebrows, he said, “Let her come upstairs.”

He thought that Stella came over to show her weakness. He felt quite delighted.

After ten minutes, the door of the CEO's office was knocked.

Clarence answered in a flat tone, "Come in."

When the door was pushed open, he didn't spare a glance at her at all. He stood up and strode to the sofa. Then he said while putting on airs, "Pour me a cup of coffee."

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 54-The woman was startled at the door. "Excuse me. I don't know where the lounge is..."

Clarence paused his pace. He looked over from aside, only to find an unknown woman standing at the door. He creased his handsome brows slightly and asked, "Who are you?"

Modesty was quite awkward. She clenched her hands in nervousness, blushing. "I'm Modesty Parker, a jewelry designer from SG Jewelry Magazine. I came here to thank you, Mr. Conrad..."

Clarence looked quite annoyed. "Did you come here alone?"

"Yes, I did." Modesty bit her lower lip and didn't know what to say. Suddenly, she recalled his order when she came in. Instantly, she seemed to have grabbed the straw to save her life. She asked, "Mr. Conrad, do you want to have a cup of coffee? I can go there now..."

"No, thanks." Clarence sat on the sofa with his legs crossed. He looked quite indifferent and aloof. "What can I do for you?"

Modesty walked in and closed the office door. She took a few steps forward. Looking at the handsome man in front, she blushed deeply. "I'm Modesty. Mr. Conrad, do you still remember me?"

“No, I don’t.”

His tone was already with some coldness. H was running out of patience already.

Biting her lower lip, Modesty explained, “Three years ago, I got the first prize of Young Designers’ Contest, so I got the financial support from Conrad Group to study in France. I’ve just come back not long ago. Now I’m the executive jewelry designer in SG Jewelry Magazine. I came here to thank you deliberately, Mr. Conrad. If it weren’t for you, I...”

Clarence interrupted her without any expression, “Wasn’t Stella Radomil the winner of the first prize?”

Modesty didn’t seem to expect that he would know Stella’s name. Her expression changed slightly but soon was hidden. “Yes, I won the second prize. However, Mr. Conrad, you said she had taken the contest as a business opportunity and she didn’t deserve the chance because she wanted to make profits from it. Her qualification was canceled and I went to France instead.”

Clarence didn’t speak for a few seconds. Then he asked, “Have you done?”

Modesty didn’t get it. “What?”

“If you’ve done thanking me, you can leave now.”

Before coming here, Modesty had asked around what Clarence’s character was. Hence, she wasn’t surprised to hear his words. She said, “I’d like to invite you for a meal, Mr. Conrad. May I have the pleasure, please?”

Clarence looked up at her with an extremely cold face, “Are all designers from SG Jewelry Magazine so idle?”

Modesty misunderstood that Clarence thought that she had wasted Conrad Group’s money for studying abroad since she came out during the work time. She explained, “I... I’ve just joined SG Jewelry Magazine. The other designer is in charge of the current designs. I also asked for a leave...”

Clarence stood up. “It’s none of my business.”

Before she requested, Modesty was well prepared that she would be refused. “Okay. Mr. Conrad, I won’t be holding you up for so long. Next time, when you are free, please contact me.”

After finishing her words, Modesty put her business card on the tea table boldly. Then she turned away.

After Modesty was gone, Clarence pressed the internal life of the assistant’s office. He asked in a cold tone, “Where is Nathan?”

“Mr. Lance is out.”

Clarence ordered coldly, “Notice all the employees – in the future, if the designer of SG Jewelry Magazine came here again, ask her to go back directly. Don’t let them bother me.”

The woman who should have come here didn’t show up, but he received another design who shouldn’t have come here.

The assistant on the phone immediately answered, “Yes, Mr. Conrad.”

Staring at the documents in front of him, Clarence felt a bit annoyed. After a few seconds, he pulled out his phone and dialed Vincent’s number.

“Hello, Vincent. What’s Horace Keith up to recently?”

“It seems he has been taking care of the Jason family’s business.” Vincent added, “I heard that Mr. Dempsey Conrad has contacted the Jason family privately. In the birthday banquet this Saturday, it would be confirmed.”

Clarence wasn’t surprised at all. His voice became flat, and he asked, “Dempsey has taken a lot of actions recently.”

“It seems that Horace is quite reluctant. Shall I talk to him and help him?”

“Why would you care about him? Just send his schedule to Annie in the future.”

Vincent was speechless.

He wondered if Clarence was nuts.

...

On the way back home, Stella called Sherry, but the call wasn't connected at all.

She was a bit worried. She asked the driver to make a turn and also texted Channing.

When Stella walked out of the elevator, she heard Liam's voice. "Sherry, please give me one more chance. I promise I won't contact her anymore..."

"We can't be together anymore. When you cheat on me, didn't you feel so happy? Why are you asking me for another chance now?"

"I stayed abroad for a whole year, but you were not by my side. What could I do? But, Sherry, please rest assured. I don't like her at all. I only love you."

Sherry burst into laughter in anger. "You couldn't control your private part, but now you are blaming me for it. Fuck off! Now! I don't want to see you anymore!"

"I just cheated on you once. What about Stella Radomil? She was a man's mistress secretly for three years. Now, Horace came back, she hooked up with him. For your sake, I didn't tell Horace anything about it."

"Liam Keith, who do you think you are? Without Stella, would Horace know who you are? Besides, Stella married the man. Do you think others are all as shameless as you are?"

"If she married the man, why she never dared to tell the public about it. Sherry, I'm saying it for your own good. Don't be deceived by Stella Radomil. Now she hooked up with Horace just because she wanted to find a father for the bastard in her belly..."

The more he spoke, the more insulting his words sounded. Sherry couldn't bear it any longer. She slapped him across his face fiercely, "Fuck off! You asshole!"

When Liam rushed out of the door, he bumped into Stella.

He paused a bit. However, he didn't look embarrassed at all because he insulted Stella at her back. Instead, he sneered and left quickly.

Sherry tossed his belongings out. She found Stella standing there. “Stella, have you heard what he said... He’s just a lunatic, a mad dog. He barks and bites anyone at random. Please don’t take his words to heart.”

Stella knew that Liam blamed her for breaking up with Sherry, so he targeted her and insulted her.

Stella smiled at Sherry. “What can I do for you, Sherry?”

The latter shook her head. “I’m done packing already. It seems that he doesn’t want them either.”

Right then, the door of the elevator opened. Channing showed up.

As soon as he received Stella’s text message, he asked someone to back him up. Then he rushed over.

Looking at the pile of stuff in front of Sherry’s door, he asked, “Are you girls all right?”

Sherry answered, “We’re fine. Chan, good timing. Please help me to toss the garbage into the bin downstairs. Since it’s garbage, it should be in the bin. We should go for dinner after it’s done.”

As soon as he got here, Channing knew something must have happened. Since none of the ladies wanted to tell him, he didn’t ask them. Then he helped move the garbage.

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 55-When having dinner, before the dishes were completely served, Sherry was already drunk. Dizzily, she asked, “Chan, when will your school open?”

“Next week.”

“Ah...” Sherry burped. “I didn’t expect that you’re already going to high school. I still remember when I first met you, you are this short, not even reaching my

shoulder yet. In a blink, you've reached the age that you could become a father."

Channing couldn't find his tongue for a moment.

Stella scratched her hair. Sherry was way too drunk.

She sang and danced by herself from time to time.

Channing couldn't help but ask, "Are you sure she's OK?"

"At least she should find a way to vent it."

Sherry had always been optimistic, and she seldom took things to heart. When she was unhappy, she could go for a drink and recover on the second day. Seeing her like this, Stella knew that she was seriously hurt this time.

When Sherry finally lay prone on the desk motionlessly, Stella helped her up and asked in a low voice, "Sherry, let's go home."

Sherry looked at her with tearful eyes. "Boohoo... I don't have a home now. That scumbag cheated on me. Stella, I don't have a home now."

Stella hugged her and comforted her.

After Sherry wept and blacked out, Stella and Channing sent her back home.

Channing put Sherry on her bed and asked, "Are you girls always like this after experiencing the disappointment in love?"

Stella answered, "Sort of. We need to vent our emotions."

"Why didn't you shed tears then?"

Stella was taken aback. "What?"

Channing looked at her. "You shouldn't always hold back your emotions like this. It's not good for your baby."

"Chan, I'm fine..."

"I can tell that something's bothering you. Has Clarence Conrad made trouble for you recently?"

Stella shook her head slightly. She smiled and asked, "What kind of trouble could he make for me?"

She was just bothered...

Liam's words kept reechoing in her mind.

She had to admit that he was correct – the marriage in secret was the same as leading a life as a mistress.

Both were in the dark.

However, a mistress would receive money, but all she had got was only a bully.

Stella felt a bit annoyed – she had become so moody after being pregnant.

She said, "Chan, it's getting late. Why don't you go home now? I'll stay here to take care of her."

It seemed that Channing still wanted to say something, but Sherry bounced up from the bed, ran to the bathroom, and vomited.

Heaving a sigh, he said, "Okay, I'm taking off now. Call me if you need anything."

Stella accompanied Sherry for a whole night. Liam came back at the midnight, but since the password of the lock had been changed by Sherry, he couldn't open the door. He could only knock on the door outside. Immediately, Sherry wanted to rush out with a kitchen knife in her hands. Stella tried her best to stop her.

In the second half of the night, Sherry went to bed. Stella suddenly had a reaction to pregnancy. She puked several times in a row, feeling so terrible.

She was sitting on the sofa, lost in thought. After a while, she thought of the ringleader who made her suffer so much. She suddenly became bold. Holding Sherry's landline, she dialed a number.

After a few beeps, the call was connected.

Stella immediately spoke, "Mr. Conrad, are you still awake?"

On the phone, she heard the man's deep and hoarse voice. "Ehn?"

"I want to share a joke with you – once upon a time, a toothpick was walking on the street. He walked and walked. Then he saw a hedgehog. He..."

"Stella," the man interrupted her in a hoarse tone, "Can't you fall asleep?"

"Thanks to you, Mr. Conrad. You've exposed the scumbag's true colors. My friend got drunk and has been vomiting for a whole night. I have to take care of her."

Clarence was choked up.

When Stella thought that he was about to hang up the phone, she heard him asking in a flat tone, "Aren't you going to continue with your joke?"

Being interrupted, Stella forgot what she was telling him. She asked, "Mr. Conrad, would you like to share any joke with me?"

"I don't have any."

"A bedtime story?"

She wanted the wretched man to coax his uneasy baby in her belly.

He repeated his answer. "I don't have any."

From his voice, Stella could tell that he had almost sobered up at this moment. That meant she had achieved her goals.

She yawned. "Forget it. I'm sleepy. Good night, Mr. Conrad."

After finishing her words, she directly hung up the phone without giving Clarence any chance to respond.

To avoid that the wretched man would call her back for revenge, Stella deliberately put the phone aside instead of putting back. Then she huddled up on the sofa, falling asleep peacefully.

On the second day, when Stella got up, Sherry was still sleeping. Stella made the hangover soup and put it into the vacuum cup. Then she prepared the breakfast and left Sherry a note before going to work in SG Jewelry Magazine.

Just right after Stella asked for leave on behalf of Sherry, she heard the coworkers discussing – Mr. Conrad from Conrad Group had come over.

Stella wondered if the wretched man had become pettier. She had just called him at the midnight and woken him up. How could he leave all his business behind and come over to blame him in such an early morning?

When she was about to sneak away, Stanford's assistant walked to her. "Excuse me, Miss Sharon. Mr. Leif asked you go to the meeting room."

Stella pressed her temples, forced to pay the price for being so willful.

In the meeting room...

Clarence was sitting in the chair. He looked aloof and calm, his face expressionless.

Stanford was sitting next to him, believing that he was in a dilemma now.

It would be fine if he didn't know Stella's relationship with Mr. Conrad, but Stanford had known it. It was obvious that the couple was in a fight, Mr. Conrad brought it to business aboveboard. However, Stella wasn't willing to compromise at all. Now they were still in the war.

Stanford had a hunch that later this meeting room would become a smoky battlefield.

Soon, the door of the meeting room was knocked.

Stella pushed the door open and ignored the other man in the room purposely. "Excuse me, Mr. Leif. Did you want to see me?"

Stanford coughed and officially introduced, "Sharon, this is Mr. Conrad from Conrad Group."

Stella looked over at the man. "Good morning, Mr. Conrad."

Clarence cast her a glance without speaking.

Stella knew that the wretched man was putting on airs.

"Sharon, this is the thing – before that show, Conrad Group had provided SG with a quota to support. Mr. Conrad came here for this matter."

After a few seconds, Stella said, “Mr. Conrad, thanks for your kindness. I didn’t think I was that outstanding in the show. Please leave this opportunity to some other candidate who has larger potential and is more excellent.”

Clarence said flatly, “You know you are incapable. Why don’t you want to raise your ability?”

Stella was speechless.

She didn’t mean that she was fucking incapable.

Clarence added, “In that show, besides Winnie Truman, nobody else is qualified to get this quota based on their performance, including you. I didn’t want to choose an incapable person that’s only better than others. But I haven’t to keep my promise. Understand?”

Clarence cast her a glance without speaking. Stella knew that the wretched man was putting on airs. “Sharon, this is the thing – before that show, Conrad Group had provided SG with a quota to support. Mr. Conrad came here for this matter.” After a few seconds, Stella said, “Mr. Conrad, thanks for your kindness. I didn’t think I was that outstanding in the show. Please leave this opportunity to some other candidate who has larger potential and is more excellent.” Clarence said flatly, “You know you are incapable. Why don’t you want to raise your ability?” Stella was speechless. She didn’t mean that she was fucking incapable. Clarence added, “In that show, besides Winnie Truman, nobody else is qualified to get this quota based on their performance, including you. I didn’t want to choose an incapable person that’s only better than others. But I haven’t to keep my promise. Understand?”

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 56-Clarence meant that he didn’t want to offer this chance to her, but he had made a promise, so he had to keep his words.

He implied that she should be grateful.

Stella, however, didn't want to compromise at all. She answered aggressively, "Mr. Conrad, since you are not happy about the performance of SG Jewelry Magazine on that show, I don't think it's a problem if you call off this opportunity."

After she finished speaking, Clarence looked over at the other man in the meeting room. He asked in a cold tone, "Mr. Leif, is that so? Do you agree with her?"

Stanford felt that the cold sweat on his forehead almost dripped. With a wry smile, he answered, "It's not as serious as Sharon mentioned. But, Mr. Conrad, if you are not satisfied with our performance at all, we truly don't deserve this opportunity... No matter what, we appreciate that you could provide SG Jewelry Magazine and our employee with such a chance."

Clarence said expressionlessly, "But it seems that some employee of SG Jewelry Magazine doesn't appreciate it at all."

Stanford wondered why this couple couldn't fight in private after going home.

Stella didn't want to waste time here either. "Mr. Conrad, thanks for your kindness. I'm not capable enough to take it."

As she spoke, she said to Stanford, "Mr. Leif, if there's nothing else, I've gotta go."

After Stella left, Clarence stood up and snorted. "Are all your employees so arrogant?"

Stanford didn't know what to answer, so he kept silent.

When Clarence walked out of the meeting room, Modesty, who had been waiting for him, immediately walked over and greeted him shyly, "Hi, Mr. Conrad. Nice to see you again."

Clarence looked quite impatient, frowning at the woman who blocked her way. "Have we met before?"

Modesty was startled for a moment. Then she uttered some words, "Yesterday... I went to your office. I'm a designer from SG Jewelry Magazine. Do you still remember it?"

Clarence answered flatly. "Okay. I see."

He had almost forgotten that Stella was just one of the designers in SG.

He turned around and said to Stanford, "You can give the opportunity to her."

Stanford didn't get it. "What?"

However, Clarence didn't intend to repeat. He strode away.

Modesty was also standing motionlessly in a daze with Stanford, wondering what opportunity it would be.

After a few seconds, Stanford raised his hand and rubbed his temples, feeling that he was in a dilemma indeed.

Clarence brought them with A-list designers. Unexpectedly, Sharon still turned him down directly. Clarence was still angry and Modesty took the initiative to talk to him, so he tossed the opportunity to her instead.

It seemed he was tossing the garbage.

Stanford had to do it since Clarence told him.

He said to Modesty, "Come over to my office, please."

...

Stella walked out of the meeting room and went downstairs. When she was about to hail a taxi, she heard a voice. "Hello, Stella."

She raised her head and looked at the man in front of her. "Why are you..."

Horace smiled. "I came for you."

"What can I do for you?"

"It's almost noon now. Shall we have lunch together?"

By instinct, Stella wanted to refuse him. "No, thanks. I..."

Horace interrupted her, "I just want to talk to you. Then I'll leave. I won't be holding you up for too long."

Since he said so, Stella couldn't insist on refusing him. She slightly nodded in agreement. "All right."

When Clarence walked out of the elevator, he saw Stella and Horace walking away together. He said in a cold tone, "No wonder. If she marries into the Jason family, she can get whatever she wants."

Behind him, Nathan took a few steps back in silence.

Clarence continued, "Call Annie."

After finishing his words, he walked in the direction where the two were leaving.

Horace chose a quiet restaurant. After ordering a few dishes, he asked, "Stella, I remember those are your favorite dishes, right?"

Stella pressed her lips. For a moment, she couldn't find her tongue.

Faintly, she could figure out what Horace would tell her later. She shouldn't have agreed to come here.

After the waiter left with the menus, Horace continued, "Stella, I've been thinking about something recently. I kept asking myself what kind of feelings I have for you and if I can take good care of you...."

Stella couldn't help but interrupt him, "Horace..."

Horace interrupted her, "Please let me finish. I've asked myself if I would mind that you have married before. After a long while, I got an accurate and responsible answer. Stella, I know what worries you. I won't ask you to make any choice. If you give birth to your baby, I promise I'll treat the child as my own."

Stella burst into laughter. "Is it worth doing so?"

"It's not a matter of worthy doing it. I just like you. I've lost you for three years. I don't want to miss the chance again."

Three years ago, when Stella needed him the most, he knew nothing. Now, he wanted to go back to her and make it up to her.

Stella said calmly, "If you don't mind, how about your parents? Won't they mind either?"

Even for an ordinary family, no parents would easily accept that their son would marry a woman who was pregnant with another man's child, not to mention that the Jason family was a rich and powerful one.

Horace answered quite affirmatively, gently, and aggressively, "I'll talk to them about it."

Stella shook her head while faintly smiling. "We've broken up already. Horace, you don't have to do those things for me."

"Stella, you are wrong. We've never broken up. We haven't even begun."

Upon hearing it, Stella felt bitterness surge from the bottom of her heart. She felt quite depressed.

Horace was a super good man. If they were back three years ago, she would still fall in love with him without hesitation.

However, things had changed a lot.

They couldn't go back to three years ago and nor could they change anything that had already happened.

Right then, Annie's figure showed up at the entrance of the restaurant. Seeing that Stella and Horace were sitting together, she went furious. On her way rushing over to them, a figure suddenly appeared in front of her. "Hi, Miss Conrad."

Annie had been so furious that she could kill anyone who blocked her way. Immediately, she yelled, "Fuck off!"

Nathan took a half step aside and reminded her, "Mr. Conrad is here, too. Miss Conrad, please behave yourself."

Clenching her fists, Annie calmed herself down instantly.

Horace had been hiding from her recently. She couldn't behave like a shrew in his presence all the time. If so, she would push him farther and farther away.

Seeing that Annie had almost calmed down, Nathan breathed a sigh of relief in secret. Then he stood back in the corner.

Nathan reported to the man who was reading the menu, “Mr. Conrad, I’ve informed her.”

“Okay.”

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 57-When Stella was about to leave, she saw Annie walk over.

She wondered if all people from the Conrad family were always haunting her.

As if she hadn’t seen Stella, Annie stood beside Horace. “Hi, Horace. Why didn’t you pick up my phone calls?”

No matter how good-tempered Horace was, he was so fed up with Annie’s shameless pesters. Especially in recent few days, she could always find him no matter where he had been.

Horace said in a cold tone, “Miss Conrad, please don’t come to bother me anymore.”

Annie’s expression changed dramatically in an instant. She glared at Stella in hatred. “It’s all because of her, isn’t it? Your attitude wasn’t like this before you came back from abroad. It’s all this bitch’s fault...”

“Enough!” Horace stood up. “Annie Conrad, can you just stop making trouble out of nothing here?”

“Am I making trouble out of nothing? Horace, our parents have met each other. We’ll get engaged sooner or later. Shouldn’t I...”

Expressionlessly, Horace interrupted her, “I’ll never engage with you. Miss Conrad, please be self- respected. Otherwise, you would shame your Conrad family’s dignity.”

This time, before Annie retorted, they heard a man's indifferent voice. "Mr. Jason, since you're so reasonable, why are you still pestering my wife?"

Upon hearing Clarence's voice, Stella felt as if her heart was about to pop out from her throat. She wondered since when he had been standing there and how much he had heard about the conversation between Horace and her.

Seeing Clarence, Annie immediately became less aggressive. She greeted him in a low voice, "Hi, Clarence."

Clarence cast her a glance, then looked over at Horace.

Horace pressed his thin lips and looked into Clarence's eyes.

Although standing quite far away from them, Nathan could feel the sparks from them in the air

Horace answered, "Mr. Conrad, haven't you divorced Stella? Why are you here? Mr. Conrad, I wonder if you have another purpose."

Clarence didn't answer. He licked his teeth with the tip of his tongue, his eyes becoming colder and colder.

Stella didn't understand why she had to be involved in the war between those two men, and nor would she want to know why Clarence was here.

She whispered, "Horace, let's go."

Horace withdrew his gaze from Clarence. "Okay."

Seeing that they were about to leave here, Annie wanted to chase them. Clarence said in a cold tone, "Stop."

Annie looked back at him anxiously, "Clarence..."

Clarence looked at her. "This is my last warning to you. Never insult Stella again. You can't behave like a spoiled arrogant woman in her presence."

After finishing his words, he bypassed Annie and strode away.

Out of the restaurant, Stella said after a moment of silence, "I'm going back to work now."

“Stella,” Horace stopped her, “Please consider about my words just now.”

Stella smiled at him. “Horace, I do appreciate you are still willing to take my side at this moment, but so many things have happened in the past three years. Sometimes I wished how wonderful it would be if those accidents had never happened.”

After a long while, Horace asked, “Stella, do you like Clarence Conrad?”

“What?” Stella was taken aback. She couldn’t utter a sound for a long while.

Horace, however, had got his answer. He smiled and suddenly decided to let go. “I got it. I won’t speak such words to you in the future. I’ll always be there for you as a friend.”

After a long time, Stella said, “Thank you, Horace.”

...

Stella hailed a taxi to Sherry’s after leaving the restaurant.

She texted Sherry several times but didn’t get any response. She guessed that Sherry should still be sleeping.

Leaning against the car window, Stella looked at the scenery in a daze.

Maybe it was because of Horace’s question, Stella was lost in thought on the way. When she walked on the stairs, she almost fell.

She walked out of the elevator and stood at the door for a few seconds. Then she patted her face to sober up.

Since breaking up with Liam, Sherry changed the password on the lock. Last night, when they sent Sherry home, they used her fingerprint. Hence, Stella didn’t know the password at all. Raising her hand, she pressed the doorbell.

If Sherry was sleeping, she wouldn’t hear it. Stella pulled her phone out and was about to call her.

However, before she dialed Sherry’s number, Stella’s wrist was grabbed by someone. The man pressed her against the wall tightly.

Stella gaped at the man in front of her. “What are you doing?”

Clarence looked cold. With one hand grip to control her wrists, he raised her chin with the other hand. He squinted his dangerous black eyes. "Didn't Horace Jason give you a ride?"

Stella didn't know what he was doing. Trying her best to struggle, she retorted, "None of your business."

"What a pity! He should have given you a ride."

"You... Hmm!"

Clarence sealed her lips, biting violently.

In an instant, Stella burst into tears in pain, but she couldn't break free from his grip.

She wondered if this wretched man had gone nuts.

As if he noticed her tears, Clarence became more gentle when kissing her. Sucking her lips, he tried to reach into her mouth deeper and deeper.

Right then, the door beside them was opened suddenly.

Sherry was standing at the door with messy hair. With dizzy eyes, she looked up. When seeing the scene, she was stunned.

Clarence stopped kissing Stella. Turning around, he gazed at Sherry coldly, impatience written all over his face.

After a few seconds, Sherry said in a daze, "I'm sorry. Please go on."

Then she smashed the door close. Stella pushed him away with all her strength. With reddish eyes, she snapped, "Clarence Conrad, what is wrong with you?"

Clarence licked the blood on his lips. He looked at her and said steadily, "I've given you a lot of chances."

However, she never appreciated them.

"I don't care about your so-called chances. Clarence Conrad, we divorced. Do you understand what divorce means? Who do you think you are to do such thing to me against my will?"

Clarence frowned unhappily. "You proposed the divorce."

"All right. The other one who has signed on the divorce agreement was a dog, wasn't he?"

Clarence's expression didn't change at all. "I regret it."

Stella probably had never expected that she could hear such an answer. She was completely startled. Her tears were still hanging on her eyelashes, didn't drip.

He said indifferently again, "I'm the only one to decide when our marriage ends.'

Stella gradually calmed down. "Sorry for making you disappointed then."

Clarence pressed his thin lips. When he was about to speak, the door beside them was open again.

Sherry had already sobered up. Before Clarence could react, she directly pulled Stella into her apartment.

Then she closed the door and locked it.

Looking at Stella, Sherry whispered to ask, "Are you OK, Stella?"

Stella's hair was messy, her eyes were reddened, and her mouth was bleeding and swollen.

She looked miserable.

Stella shook her head. She wanted to speak but felt too helpless.

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 58-Twilight Club.

When Vincent stepped into the box, he saw Clarence sitting there, drinking. The box was extremely quiet.

He walked to sit opposite Clarence, pouring a glass of wine for himself. “Hey, dude. What happened?”

Clarence didn’t answer.

Sensitively, Vincent saw the wound at the corner of his mouth. He clicked his tongue. He knew what happened without getting Clarence’s answer.

After drinking for a while in silence, Vincent asked, “Is it so difficult for you to admit that you like her?”

Clarence paused his hand that was holding a goblet. He looked up at Vincent coldly, “Pardon me?”

“Well, it doesn’t matter what I said. It matters what you are thinking. You always said that you dislike your wife, but all things you’ve done declared that you like her a lot.”

“Bullshit.”

“Then why did you ask someone to keep an eye on Horace Jason?”

After a while, Clarence said in a flat tone, “She tried her best to divorce me just because she wanted to marry into the Jason family. Do you think I would give her such a chance?”

Vincent was speechless.

He knew that he could never wake up someone who was pretending to sleep.

...

Since Annie went back to the Conrads’ Mansion, she started smashing things in her room. Everything that could be smashed was broken.

The servant was standing at the door and didn’t have the guts to calm her down. Then she went to find Joanna.

Upon hearing it, Joanna couldn’t help frowning. “Who pissed her off again?”

“I don’t know, Mrs. Conrad. Miss Conrad is so angry since she came back.”

Joanna asked, “Has Dempsey come back?”

“Not yet.”

Joanna hummed. She stood up and said, “I’ll go check on her. Call two maids to tidy her room.”

Annie had become more and more spoiled in recent years. Her original surname wasn’t Conrad, and Dempsey had become less and less patient with her. If it weren’t for the marriage for convenience with the Jason family, Dempsey would probably kick her out long ago.

When Joanna arrived at the door of Annie’s room, she felt a migraine when seeing the messy room. “What happened?”

Annie shed tears when seeing Joanna. She said in an extremely aggrieved tone, “Aunt Joanna...”

“Stop crying. Tell me what happened directly.”

“I went to meet Horace today, but that woman was pestering him again.”

Joanna looked annoyed. “Which woman?”

Annie stammered. “Well... Clarence didn’t want me to tell you.”

“Are you truly willing to listen to him and hide it from me? Then stop weeping to me.”

“Aunt Joanna, please.” Annie bit her lower lip. “It’s Stella Radomil.”

Joanna frowned. “How could it be her?”

“I don’t know... Since she divorced Clarence, she has been pestering Horace. I don’t know what Clarence is doing. I just scolded that bitch, but he blamed me.”

Joanna sneered and said, “They are the same type.”

“Aunt Joanna...”

“All right,” Joanna interrupted her, “Annie, you are not young anymore. You should pay attention to your temper. If you marry into the Jason family and still behave so, how could Horace like you?”

Annie heard those words and her eyes were lit up. “Aunt Joanna, would you like to help me on this matter?”

“Don’t mind the things that you don’t need to. Just get well-prepared to be the bride.”

“Thank you, Aunt Joanna!”

Walking out of Annie’s room, Joanna said to the servants outside, “Hurry up and tidy her room.”

After she took a step, she saw Justin at the corner. He asked gently, “Mom, do you truly want to make Annie marry into the Jason family?”

Joanna said, “In the current situation, even if I didn’t want her to marry into that family, do you think he would agree with me?”

Justin said, “It’s the best choice to let Clarence be in charge of Conrad Group. I’ll find a chance to talk to Dad.”

“Justin, can’t you understand? He doesn’t want to find a successor for Conrad Group. Instead, he wants to find a puppet who only listens to him. You shouldn’t care that much. Clarence Conrad is just a puppet that has been out of his control. He’s not comparable to you in every single way.”

Justin looked a bit helpless. “Mom, no matter what, Clarence is my biological brother.”

Joanna laughed ironically and retorted, “Who does he think he is? Does he deserve it?”

Justin heaved a slight sigh.

Joanna added, “Don’t mind those businesses. Justin, go back to your room and have a rest.”

...

Stella was sitting on the sofa in silence. Sherry was sitting opposite her with a water glass in her hands. From time to time, she cast Stella a glance secretly and dared not to speak at all.

After a long while, Stella finally came back to her senses. She asked, “Sherry, are you feeling better?”

Sherry immediately answered, “Sure. I’m fine now. I don’t have any headache after drinking the hangover soup you prepared for me.”

Upon hearing it, Stella seemed to think about something. Then she fell into silence again.

Sherry scratched her head. Now, she had been in a messy relationship, so she couldn’t find any words to convince Stella.

After a few minutes, Stella said, “If you’re completely fine, I’ll go home now. Call me if you need anything.”

“Stella, why not I move to stay with you for a few days?” Sherry was worried about her. “During this period, Liam will come here from time to time. If I stay with you, I can get some peace.”

Stella thought for a moment. It did make sense. “Okay,” she agreed.

After arriving home, Stella sat at the desk and drew the design drafts for almost the whole day.

Sherry was lying prone on the sofa, eating and sleeping continuously, muddling along without any aim.

At midnight, Sherry was woken up by the ringing tone of a phone in the study, only to find that Stella answered a call and her expression changed dramatically. Then Stella picked up her jacket, heading out of her apartment.

Sherry asked, “What happened?”

“Chan is in the detention house.”

“Holy smoke! What happened? Shall I go with you together?”

“No, thanks. I can go there myself. They told me that Chan is a victim. It shouldn’t be a big matter.”

Sherry said, "All right. Call me if you need any help."

Stella hummed in response and rushed away.

When she arrived at the detention house, Stella saw a few gangsters sitting on the benches. Hearing her footsteps, they all looked up at her, their eyes full of evil intentions.

Channing was sitting not far away from them. His handsome face was covered with wounds.

Stella inhaled deeply. She walked over and asked, "What happened, Channing?"

Her brother looked up at her, frowning. "Why did they call you over?"

"I'm your older sister. Who else could they inform?"

Right then, a policeman walked over with a notebook. "Excuse me. Are you Channing's guardian?"

Stella turned around and nodded. "Yes. I'm his older sister. What on earth happened?"

"Those group of men rushed to the place where your brother is working. Then they had some conflicts. Your brother fought against them."

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 59-After getting two million from Clarence, Jeffery enjoyed a happy life. With the carefully combed hair, he enjoyed others' flattery, becoming extremely arrogant and confident.

Right then, someone told Sherry a method to increase the money based on what he currently had.

Jeffrey was never satisfied with only two million. After getting an idea with infinite prospects, he immediately invested all his money. However, he was

still a few hundreds of thousands short. He went to find some usurers, inviting them to invest in such an opportunity with him together.

Obviously, it was a trap. After getting his money, the other party ran away. Now, the usurers all came to Jeffrey for money.

Jeffrey received the news ahead, so he managed to hide from them. Those usurers got to know that his son was working in a grocery store, so they headed to Channing.

Of course, Channing wouldn't give money to them. They went to him with bad intentions. Finally, they got into a fight.

Upon hearing what had happened, Stella felt that her temples twitch continuously. No matter she had been having a bad hunch recently...

Channing saw her keep in silence. He said with a frown, "Stella, please don't mind this business. No matter he's alive or dead, it has nothing to do with us."

"My little fellow, I don't agree with you. It's perfectly justified to pay off your debts. How can you ignore this matter?"

Suddenly, a man's voice chimed in. When Stella turned around, she subconsciously tightened her grip on Channing's arm.

This man was exactly the man who broke into their house three years ago. He pressed Channing's hand and asked Stella to make a choice.

Channing also recognized him. Emanating the arctic cold, he wanted to rush to the man. However, Stella pulled him to stop.

Adolph Miller looked at Stella and smiled. "What a coincidence! Nice to see you guys again."

Stella pressed her lips tightly without speaking.

Channing stood in front of Stella protectively with a cold look on his face. "If you want money, go ahead to find Jeffrey Radomil."

"Gee. No wonder my men got into a fight. It turned out to be Jeffrey Radomil's son. You've grown so tall after three years." As he spoke, Adolph turned to the gangsters and said, "Come take a look. He was ranked as the first in the college entrance exam in our province. Get some lucks from him."

The group of gangsters burst into laughter.

Since it was so noisy, the police noticed. One of them came over. "Be quiet! Where do you think you are right now?"

Adolph raised his hand and waved, hinting at his men to quiet down. "Sir, please don't be mad. We met a straight-A student here. We're congratulating him."

Adolph had been a usurer for many years, and he had criminal records in different police stations. The policeman cast him a glance and warned him, "Speak properly. You'd better talk nice."

"Okay. Okay. It's all because of our private matters. We can resolve it in private. Please don't bother."

At this moment, Stella suddenly said, "I want to sue them."

When others looked over at her, she repeated, "I want to sue the men who had hit my brother."

Adolph pulled a long face. When he was about to speak, Stella said to him, "You just want the money, don't you? I can give it to you. But they have beaten my brother. I can't let go of them so easily."

Adolph put a smile back on his face. "Of course. I agree. Those are different matters."

Those gangsters always made trouble everywhere, so they had been used to getting into the detention house.

Adolph asked again, "When can I get the money?"

"In three days. I need some time to collect it."

"Okay. You are quite straightforward. That's a deal, then."

Channing pulled Stella. "You can't give it to him!"

Stella whispered, "Chan, please don't mind this business anymore."

Adolph looked over at Channing and clicked his tongue. “My little fellow, your sister is more decisive than you are. If I were you, I would rather break my hand instead of letting her...”

Bang!

Channing threw a punch at him fiercely.

All the gangsters immediately stood up behind Adolph, who waved at them to calm them down. Then he rubbed his face and added, “Why are you so excited? This straight-A student used to be a coward who dared only to hide behind his sister. I just let him vent his anger. It’s nothing.”

Stella pulled Channing again. She said calmly, “Chan, let’s go.”

Chan’s new semester would start next week, so she didn’t want to make the matter worse.

After walking out of the detention house, Channing didn’t speak with a long face.

Stella hailed a taxi and said to the driver, “Excuse me, Mister. Could you send us to the nearest hospital, please?”

As she said, she turned to Channing. “The wounds on your face needed to be dealt with. You should get an X-ray as well. Let’s see if your body was injured.”

Channing looked out of the window. After a while, he said, “Will you truly give them money?”

Stella smiled. “Am I that fool? I’m not a rich and stupid person. Besides, where can I find so much money?”

Since they had such a huge group of people there if she hadn’t agreed, how could they leave?

Channing loosened his deep frown. “What should we do now?”

It was not a big deal for him. However, those men could find his working place, they would find Stella’s apartment sooner or later.

“Let’s find Jeffrey Radomil first.”

“He has been hiding long ago. Can we find him?”

Jeffrey had been owning a lot of debts everywhere. He had been capable enough to hide. As long as he hid, like the rat in the gutter, others could hardly find him unless he was willing to show up himself.

Stella hummed. “There should always be a method.”

“But...”

“Stop minding this matter. No worry, Chan. I can handle it. Just focus on your study.”

Channing didn’t speak but pulled a long face.

Adolph did make sense – whenever it had something to do with the money, Channing couldn’t do anything. He could only rely on his sister.

However, Channing thought that it was different than three years ago. At least, he had time to figure out what to do.

After a while, he said, “Stella, you can go home first. I can go to the hospital myself.”

Stella was pretty exhausted already, so she didn’t insist.

Channing asked the driver to send Stella home. Then he headed to Twilight Club.

...

Seeing Stella come back, Sherry immediately rushed to her. “How did it go? Is Chan alright?”

“He was injured a bit. I asked him to go to the hospital.”

“What on earth happened?”

Stella exhaled. “Jeffrey Radomil ran away again after owning the usury.”

Upon hearing it, Sherry couldn’t help but curse.

All through her life, she had never seen another man like Jeffrey Radomil. He framed his daughter and son again and again. Sherry never thought that he deserved to be a human, let alone a father.

Sometimes, she wondered if Stella and Channing were two kids picked up by Jeffrey from the street.

Stella said, "Sherry, I'm not very well. I'm going to sleep now."

Sherry came back to her senses. "Sure. Please go ahead."

Stella walked into her room. Lying on the bed, she stared at the ceiling, a wave of helplessness spreading all over her body.

Although she told Channing that she could find a way to catch Jeffrey, she was still at a loss until now.

Even if she could find Jeffrey out successfully this time, what about next time? Jeffrey was like a hole without any bottom. His greed could never be fulfilled.

Moreover, after finding him out, Stella wondered if she would watch him be beaten to death without doing anything.

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 60-"Please don't worry. I'll take care of it. I'll get you a good price."

Channing nodded. "Thank you."

The manager of Twilight Club said, "You are welcome. But, Channing, don't you think it's not worthy?"

"Not at all. Comparing to this, I need the money more eagerly right now."

The manager heaved a sigh. "Okay. I'll resolve this matter for you as soon as possible."

Channing hummed and then strode away.

The manager turned around and saw a man standing nearby. He hurriedly walked over, "Hi, Mr. Conrad."

Clarence was wearing a white shirt only, standing there calmly with one hand in his pocket. He looked in the direction where Channing left and asked in a super flat tone, "Why does he need money?"

The manager still remembered that Channing used to hit Clarence, cold sweat oozing on his forehead. However, he could only answer, "It seems that something happened in his family."

"How much does he need?"

"A million..."

Clarence snorted. He had almost forgotten that the Radomil family was always greedy for money. One million was the smallest amount they asked for.

Seeing that he didn't speak, the manager felt that his heart jumped into his throat. "Well, Mr. Conrad, if there's nothing else, may I go back to my work please?"

"Ehn."

After the manager was gone, Vincent walked out aside. "Why didn't you ask him what happened?"

Lifting his foot, Clarence left. He answered without any expression, "Not interested."

Walking out of Twilight Club, Clarence received a call from an unknown number.

Rubbing between his brows, he swiped to answer. From the other end of the line, he heard Stella's cautious voice, "Hello, Mr. Conrad. Am I interrupting?"

"Go ahead."

"I..." Stella hesitated for a long time and couldn't finish her words.

In fact, as soon as she heard Clarence's cold voice, she regretted it. She shouldn't have called him.

Clarence wasn't that patient. "How about I finish the words for you?"

Stella was taken aback. "What? I..."

"How much do you want? One million? Or two million?"

"I didn't mean it. I just want to..."

Clarence interrupted her, "Stella Radomil, have I given you a wrong impression that you could come to ask me for money?"

On the other end of the line, Stella fell into the silence. She didn't know what to speak.

"You are not a teenage girl, naive and innocent. Do you think a kiss means I like you?" Clarence continued in a flat tone, "I've fucked you so many times. If I like you, I should have liked you long ago.

What do you think?"

Stella answered in a hoarse tone, "I didn't think that way."

"Better you didn't. It's useless if you did."

After finishing his words, Clarence hung up the phone directly.

Less than two minutes, Nathan, who was scratching his hair, received a message from Clarence, asking him not to find a date to attend the banquet.

Nathan gaped, wondering if Mr. And Mrs. Conrad had a fight again.

...

Holding the cell phone in her hand, Stella was sitting by the window for a long time.

She called him just because she wanted to ask him if she could delay paying the money until next month.

However, the wretched man sounded like he had eaten the gunpowder. Before she could finish her words, he had started shooting her and sentenced her to death.

Stella thought she might lose her mind to mistake that he liked her.

After a long while, she dialed Jeffrey's number. As expected, she couldn't reach him. After sending him a text message, she tossed the phone aside, held her quilt, and closed her eyes.

After waiting at home for three days, Stella received a call from Jeffrey who talked to her on a landline phone. He said anxiously and delightfully, "My darling daughter, did you say you want to get me some money?"

"Yeah. Come to get it tomorrow."

"Tomorrow? Where do you live now? I can go to see you now."

Stella said, "I haven't collected enough money yet. Come tomorrow. Or, forget it."

Jeffrey immediately said, "Okay. Okay. See you tomorrow then."

Stella told him an address. She was not in the mood to waste any word on him, so she directly hung up the phone.

The second day, as soon as Stella walked out, she found Channing standing at the door.

Channing said, "I'll go with you."

"Okay, but you can't act recklessly. No matter what happens, don't fight with them."

"I know."

After they had arrived at the appointed place, Adolph had been waiting for them there with several men.

Seeing Stella come in, Adolph stood up and asked, "Have you brought the money?"

Stella pulled out a bank card. "All in here."

When Adolph was about to reach out and take it, she said, “Wait. We should wait for another man.”

With a frown, Adolph asked, “Do you want to trick me?”

“There are only two of us here. What trick can we play?”

“Okay. I’ll give you ten more minutes.”

Stella stood there quietly, looking quite indifferently.

Adolph couldn’t help but cast a few glances at her. When he collected the debt three years ago, this woman brought him a quite deep impression.

She was pretty, smart, and calm. She should have a bright future, but unfortunately, her father was Jeffrey Radomil. What a pity!

A few minutes later, the door was opened along with Jeffrey’s happy voice. “My dear daughter, have you collected enough money...”

As he spoke, Jeffrey saw the group of people in the room. His expression changed dramatically, turning around, ready to run away.

Adolph reacted pretty quickly. “Catch him!”

Before taking a few steps, Jeffrey was pressed by several men. His belly got a fierce kick.

After making sure that he didn’t have the energy to run away, those men pulled his collar and dragged him into the box.

As soon as he was dragged in, he snapped, “Stella Radomil, you ungrateful bitch! I’ve brought you up. How dare you set me up with outsiders. I’ll...”

Before he finished his words, another punch was thrown on his belly.

Adolph looked over at Stella. “Now, can you give me the money?”

Stella looked aloof, giving the car to him.

When he was about to ask his men to check if there was enough money in the card, Stella said, “Not necessary. There’s only fifty thousand.”

Adolph's expression changed dramatically. "Are you fooling me?"

"That's all money that I could collect." Stella cast a glance at Jeffrey. "He's the man who owes you money. Now, I've brought him to you. Shouldn't you ask him for the debt?"

Neither Adolph nor Jeffrey had expected that was her plan. In an instant, Jeffrey started cursing her with all dirty words. Adolph was annoyed. After receiving several more punches, Jeffrey finally quieted down.

Stella said in a flat tone, "If you don't want the fifty thousand, just beat him to death. My life will be peaceful as well."

Adolph squinted, approaching her. "Little Missy, I don't agree with you at all."

Channing stood in front of Stella protectively, gazing at him coldly. Since Adolph was much shorter than Channing, the former found his temperament weakened.

Without looking back, Adolph ordered, "Beat him."

The next second, they heard Jeffrey's cry in pain.

Stella forced herself to ignore the scene, but his miserable howls got into her ears.

Sickened, she clenched her fingers tightly. Gritting her teeth, she forced herself to keep silent.

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