

Read Novel | Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 6 - 10

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 6-After saying those words, she lost all her consciousness. When she woke up once again, she was inside a strange room and a strange man was lying down beside her. The scattered clothes near the bed were enough to prove what had happened last night. Her throat was a little dry. After feeling sad for a while, she started to console herself. At least that guy still looked okay, he was way better than that pig last night.

Having remembered what happened last night, Stella was worried of Channing. She quickly wore her clothes, wanting to get back. As she was going to leave, she seemed to have woken the man on the bed up. He slightly wrinkled his eyebrows. Stella immediately put the blanket on his head and patted softly, whispering, "It's alright, keep sleeping." She looked like she was cajoling a child. Stella only ran away when no more sound was heard under the blanket.

The creditor had come to her house once again. Luckily Channing was not home because he was seeking her. Stella called him to report her safety and asked him not to go home recently but go to his friend's house for a while. She then sought for Sherry. After hiding here and there for two months, Stella suddenly realized she was pregnant one day.

It was 4am when Stella woke up. She got up and drank a glass of water, sitting in the living room and started to watch movies and TV shows about first love these two years. She tried to get back that kind of naïve, pure and sweet feeling once more.

Stella had kept herself in the room for three days and she finally had some basic ideas in her mind. As she was going to draw it out, she received a call from a strange number. She put down her pencil and spoke politely, "Hi, who is this?"

"...Missus, I'm Nathan, Mr. Conrad's assistant. Mr. Conrad is going for a business trip to Maldives tomorrow. He wants to ask you for the blue-and-white striped shirt." Stella was exceptionally annoyed to be interrupted when she just had some ideas, and even by such a trivial thing. That made her

suspected Clarence was seeking trouble on purpose. She then replied rudely, "Excuse me? I've divorced him and what does his shirt have to do with me? Ask the housemaid please." After finished, she hung up without hesitation.

Two minutes later, her phone rang once more. And the incoming call was from Clarence himself. She fell silent for a moment and still picked it up. "Stella Remodel, come back in half an hour."

"I..." This time, without waiting for her to reply, Clarence hung up straight away. Stella grasped her phone and was so eager to beat that man up. She took a deep breath and after calming herself down, she got up and left the room. Seeing her, Sherry asked, "Honey, it's late now, where are you going?"

"I'm going to drag that bastard to hell with me!"

"..."

Of course, Stella only said that for fun, how would she have the ability to compete Clarence? After reaching the Starry Lake Mansion, she noticed the servants had already all gone to rest and the surrounding was exceptionally quiet.

Stella went upstairs to the second floor and pushed the bedroom door open. Clarence was sitting on the couch in his casual clothes. He was flipping the document in front of him with his slender fingers. He did not raise his head and glance at her although he had heard the sound.

Stella walked straight to the closet and she finally found the blue-and-white striped shirt the assistant was talking about after searching the place all over. She was slightly startled upon seeing the shirt. It was the shirt she had specially bought for Clarence when she knew he wanted to go for a business trip to Hawaii, during the year when they had just gotten married. The shirt was very suitable to be worn to a beach.

When she gave the shirt to him, he only looked at her coldly and said, "Don't try using such a cheap way to please me, and avoid those mind-games that would be exposed right away." Stella did not know what mind-game had she played, but from that onwards, she had not bought anything for him anymore. Now he had deliberately asked her to come back for something he treated as waste back then. If it was not to take revenge and make a fool of her, what would it be?

Stella took the shirt and left the closet silently. She put it on the bed. As she was going to speak, she realized Clarence was talking to somebody on phone. His voice was low throughout and he did not glimpse at her even once, as if she did not exist. Stella initially wanted to talk to him about the divorce, seeing there was not a right time, she turned and left straight away. Her arrival and leaving were fast like a breeze.

Clarence finally lifted his head when she walked out of the bedroom. He watched her back and looked like he did not expect her to leave so soon. He pursed his lips and spoke blandly to the one at the other end of the call, "Yes, that's it for now, I still have other thing to do."

Stella was called and held back when she just reached the living room downstairs. Clarence stood on the stairs and looked at her in a superior way. His expression was indifferent as usual. "Have you found the shirt?"

"I've put it on your bed."

"What about the others?"

Stella did not quite get what he meant and she asked, "What others?" Clarence frowned, looking unhappy. "My business trip lasts for a week, do you think I'll wear only one shirt?"

Stella felt speechless. When she had stayed there back then, she would always pack his luggage for him when he had to go for a business trip the next day. She did not expect that after humbly being his

wife for three years, not only she did not receive any compliment, she had made him developed such a bad habit.

Stella said calmly, "Mr. Conrad, I have to remind you again. We're already divorced, therefore finding your shirt and packing your luggage for you are no longer my responsibility. Please find the housemaid or your next wife, stop calling me with no reason anymore, thank you."

Clarence's expression remained the same. He walked downstairs with moderate speed and stopped in front of her. "Then let me remind you too. We still haven't gone through the divorce formalities, so legally, you're still my wife, and only you can do these things."

"...So there's no more room for discussion?"

“I don’t want to repeat it the second time.”

Stella pursed her lips. She took out her phone and started to search for a phone number. “Great, since you like to order someone that much, I’ll ask Vivian Sean to come pack your luggage for you, she’ll definitely run faster than a rabbit.” Yet as she just found the number and wanted to dial it, her phone was snatched away. Clarence looked at her frigidly. “Stella Ramodil, have I been too lenient to you recently?”

Stella looked at her empty hand and only smiled after a while. “I hope Mr. Conrad could be more careful in his words. I can’t handle those words.” Clarence’s look became gloomier. “When would you stop playing hard to get? Stella, stop challenging me. Just tell me what you want straight away.” Stella paused for a few seconds and said, “Didn’t you say what I want is the Conrad Group last time? Would you give it to me?”

“You wish.”

“Then let’s divorce, I don’t want anything.”

Clarence frowned with impatience. He shoved one of his hands into the pocket and said, “What else would you say besides that word?” Stella felt more baffled. Didn’t he want to get rid of her as soon as possible all the time? Why did the situation look like she was the one pleading to divorce him now?

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 7-“I know you suspect my purpose, I’ve also mentioned that I can write a guaranty letter. You could even ask the lawyer and cameraman to follow us all the time when we divorce to prove that it’s me who propose the divorce, and I’ll not blackmail a single penny from you.” Clarence pursed his lips and did not speak a word.

“Or are you scared that I’ll use the divorce to defame you and the Conrad family in front of the press? You don’t have to worry for that too. I promise, if I, Stella Ramodil, want to get any benefit from our divorce, I’ll be doomed.”

Clarence only said after a while, "Do you think I'll believe you when you say like that?"

Stella looked like a deflated balloon at once. "Then what on earth do you want me to do? Could you possibly want to maintain your identity as a husband while having a mistress outside the house? Clarence Conrad, I'll rather die than raising other's kids."

Clarence glanced at her and sneered. Even though he did not say anything, Stella could still get what he meant. He was only teasing her for using the same trick as Vivian. How would she have the right to accuse others? As Stella still wanted to defend for herself for one last bit, she heard Clarence's cold voice. "I have to go for a business trip tomorrow, we'll talk after I come back."

Stella let out a smile at once. "It's okay, I'll wait for you no matter how long. Do notify me once you return." Seeing her changing her attitude drastically, the contempt in Clarence's eyes surged. He turned around and went upstairs. What a foolish and cheeky woman.

The one week deadline soon arrived. Stella gave Stanford the design draft and he gave her the reply straight away that night. Her design was approved by the boss and she was asked to sign the contract the next day. Stella finally heaved a sigh of relief after seeing that reply. She was really quite scared that they would not be satisfied of her design.

SG Jewelry had been promoting the project's progress in the first place and the first series to be introduced had long been decided. It was just that they needed one designer. Now that they had hired Stella, they certainly hoped the progress could be made as quick as possible. Coincidentally, there was one month left until the magazine's anniversary celebration. The office planned to take the opportunity of the celebration to organize a press conference and officially declare the introduction of their jewelry brand to the press.

Besides the necklace Stella designed this time, the remaining two jewelries mainly promoted were the bracelet and the ring. After designing the draft and the draft was approved by the magazine office, she had to fix the flaws before the product was made. One month time was actually short, or maybe too short.

In order to not ruin the press conference this time, Stella did not dare to slack off. Besides staying at home drawing every day, she even had to choose the

material for the jewelries. She had to make the final product based on her design and after the press conference ended, she would hand it to the agency shop to be further processed and sold.

She was so busy that she had forgotten the divorce she promised Clarence, and she had no idea when had he returned from the business trip. Nevertheless, he had not contacted her ever since.

As Stella just put down her pencil and was going to rest for a while, her phone which was placed on the table vibrated. She turned around and the call was from Jeffrey. She frowned and only picked up the call when her phone rang for the second time.

“Stella, your brother is going to sit for the national college entrance examination next year. The teacher says he needs to go to tuition class. I’m lack of money, please give me.”

“How much is it?”

“Let me count...Tuition fee is kind of expensive. Please give me 200 thousand Yuan first. I’ll save the rest as his tuition fee for next semester.”

Stella replied calmly, “Firstly, it’s this year Channing sits for the exam. Secondly, he’s top in the whole province, and he doesn’t need extra tuition. Thirdly, I’ve never heard that any tuition class needs to charge 100 or 200 thousand Yuan for tuition fee.”

Jeffrey was slightly annoyed when his lies were exposed. “Stop giving me so many excuses, just give me the money.”

“I don’t have any money.”

“If you don’t, ask from your husband! He’s so rich, 200 thousand Yuan should be nothing to him.”

“No one earns money without paying effort, his money is none of my business. Plus, I’ve already divorced him, so I don’t have any reason to ask money from him either.”

“What!” Jeffrey bawled at the other end of the call. “Who permitted you to divorce? Did I? Even if you’re divorced, he should give half of the family property to you, how could you possibly not have any money? Stella Ramodil,

you're getting rebellious, do you not want to support your father anymore? Give me 2 million Yuan this instant, or else I won't be done with you!"

Stella replied, "No, I don't get a single penny." After finished, she straight away hung up the call. Not long after that, Channing called her. "Did Jeffrey call you and ask for money again? No matter what he said, don't give him. He's gambled again recently and has owed a few hundred thousand Yuan. He's now hiding."

"I know, I didn't give him." When Stella had paid off his debt worth one million Yuan, she had said that if he gambled again, his life would no longer be her concern, and she warned him not to look for her. Yet

how would Jeffrey change that easily? He had used different tricks to ask her for money all these years, either lying that he had broken a leg and needed money for surgery, or saying Channing had fought with someone and they wanted to make matter worse by involving the school authority.

He knew even she refused to care for him, she would never not care for her younger brother. Stella and Channing had been tricked by him twice in the beginning, but after that, they were not surprised by his trick anymore and had even gone numb with it. Stella asked him, "Have you figured out which university to apply to?"

"Yeah."

Stella paused and spoke, "Chan, do you want to go abroad? I still have some money, and there should be no problem sending you abroad, plus you're able to get scholarships..." She wanted to send Channing away, far away from Jeffrey. She did not want him to be trapped in the bog like her. Channing interrupted her. "No thanks, I'll stay here. I won't go anywhere." Stella secretly sighed and she knew his temper. "I'll leave you to decide for yourself, tell me if you need any money."

"Keep the money to yourself, I can earn it if I need it." He then asked, "Did he treat you good recently?" Having mentioned Clarence, Stella was slightly speechless. She then smiled and spoke, "Yeah, it's quite good. Chan, I'm going to divorce him."

Channing only fell silent for two seconds, as if he was not surprised to hear that, he spoke, "That's not a bad thing though, you can count on me in the

future.” Stella smiled. “I’m able-bodied, I can take care of myself. Just focus on your studies okay.”

After hanging up, Stella walked out of the bedroom. She saw Sherry curling up on the couch and she looked lethargic. Her face was slightly pale. She then asked, “What’s wrong, Sherry? Are you unwell?” Sherry shook her head and she sounded weak. “I’m on period, I’ll be okay after resting for a while.”

Stella poured a glass of hot water for her. “You can’t be like this. I’ll buy some ginger and brown sugar soup, and heat pack downstairs for you. Do you have anything more that you would like to eat?” Sherry became energetic once again when she heard that. After placing meal orders passionately, she fell back to the couch. “Stella, you’re the best, that bastard is foolish for not loving you.”

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 8-Stella smiled and got up. “Watch your TV.” After going downstairs, she headed to the supermarket next door after finished buying the stuff in the pharmacy. After buying the things Sherry wanted, she looked at the sanitary pad packages on the rack and suddenly realized her period had not come for almost two months.

Ever since she had suffered a miscarriage three years ago, her menstrual cycle had been unstable and her period always came every two or three months. She assumed her period was going to come soon. In case that happened, she took a few more packages.

After paying the bill and getting ready to leave, a woman walked in and bumped into her shoulder. She did not apologize for making her drop her shopping bags, and had even patted her clothes with a disgusted look. “Are you blind?” Stella lifted her head and looked at her. There was a cold light in her eyes. “Have you not learnt how to walk after so long?”

Annie Conrad glanced at her and there was contempt in her arrogant look. “Oh, it’s you. What are you doing here this late? Could it be you’re secretly dating with other man when my cousin’s not around?” Stella was lazy to

spend time on her. She stooped and picked up the shopping bags on the floor, saying blandly, "Annie Conrad, since you've escaped to another country, you shouldn't come back. You might not know yet, I'm not only evil and cruel, I'm also vengeful."

Having heard that, Annie's expression slightly changed and she could not help but take two steps backward. "What are you trying to do?" Stella raised her eyebrow. "Nothing, but you better not get pregnant for the rest of your life, or else you might need to look out for me at any time. Who knows when I want to take revenge, and I'll approach you by all means and..." As she spoke, she glanced at her with a level look.

Although Annie was still far from getting pregnant, she was still frightened by her look. "Are you mad? Only you yourself know whether you're pregnant or not, don't think you could blame it on me when I've

just accidentally bumped into you. Plus, try doing anything to me! The Conrad's won't let you off! And... my cousin would certainly divorce you, and chase you out of the house, you can forget about getting anything from it!"

"It's worth the try, I don't mind."

"You're mad!" Annie scolded, turned around and left with big strides. She was secretly guilty and nervous. After getting out of the supermarket, she pulled the door of a Land Rover parked beside the road open with a gloomy look. The man sitting inside asked blandly, "Aren't you suppose to buy drinks?"

As if she had been waiting for him to speak, Annie complained, "Horace, do you still remember the woman I've told you back then, who used her fake pregnancy as an excuse to force my cousin to marry her? I've actually met her here, I feel so disgusted just by thinking about that." Horace only replied, "If you're not buying drinks, we should leave."

"Horace, you..." Before Annie finished her words, she realized Horace's eyes were fixed on something outside the car. She followed his eyes but did not see anything. As she was going to ask him what had happened, Horace suddenly opened the door and rushed out.

Seeing that, Annie quickly followed after him. She held him back who seemed to be looking for something amidst the crowd and asked, "Horace, what's wrong? What are you searching?" Horace slowly retracted his mind back to

reality and lowered his eyes. “Nothing, I think I’ve mistaken somebody.” He saw someone who seemed to be the person he thought of day and night.

Annie said, “Then let’s go.” Horace retrieved his hand from her arms and said, “Annie, I’ll call a cab for you. I still have other things to do, so I’ll not send you back home now.”

“But you promised me...”

Horace ignored her reluctance and annoyance. He took out his phone and called a cab. “I’ve sent the car plate number to your phone, I need to get going now.” As he said that, he left without caring for Annie’s yell behind him.

After reaching home, Stella placed the things she had bought into the fridge and poured a mug of ginger and brown sugar soup for Sherry who was currently half dying on the couch. Sherry took over the mug and her eyebrows were moving with excitement. She held her phone up and shook it before her. “Guess who’s added me just now?”

“Kid the Phantom Thief, or Crayon Shin-Chan?”

“I’m serious.” Sherry showed her the phone. There were only two sentences on the screen, straightforward and clear.

I’m Horace Jason.

Do you have Stella’s news?

Stella looked at the two messages for so long that the phone automatically turned off. She was startled for a long while. Sherry only said after a couple of moments, “Horace has returned to the country. He keeps on searching for you everywhere, and I have no idea who gave him my contact number. Hey, do you want to tell him you’re staying with me now? Or should I straight away hand you to him?”

Stella subconsciously shook her head and replied, “No, not now...” Sherry knew what she was worried of. She did not force her, but only let out a sigh. She then replied the message and dismissed Horace by finding some excuses. She said she had not seen Stella for a very long time but she would immediately tell him if she had any news from her. Not knowing whether Horace could tell she was lying or not, he only replied a single ‘thank you’ and had not replied anything ever since.

Stella lied on the bed and could not fall asleep for the whole night. Those messy thoughts had been lingering in her mind and she could not get rid of them. She only closed her eyes in a confused state when the sun was starting to rise. Yet not for long, her phone began to vibrate aggressively and she only picked up the call after searching for it for a long while.

A man's voice was heard from the other end of the call. "Missus, something's happened to the company. You'd better come have a look at it." Stella could not hear a single word the man had said clearly. She only started to gain a clear mind ten more minutes after she had hung up the call.

Company? What company? She looked at the incoming call history, it was from Nathan Lance, Clarence's assistant. She scratched her head and changed her clothes, going to the bathroom to clean up and hurriedly called a cab to go there. It was exactly 12:10 pm when she reached the Conrad Tower. There were a lot of pedestrians passing by during lunch time. Those people were now gathering at the entrance of the tower, watching the fun.

"How dare you touch me! I'm your president's father-in-law, do you believe that I'll ask him to fire all of you?"

"How terrible, tell Clarence Conrad for me, even though they're divorced, he should at least give us half the family property."

"My daughter has married him for three years, and they slept on the same bed every day. How could he refuse to give a single penny when they divorce? Is that what a man should do?"

Stella was just in time to hear the last sentence when she arrived, and her face instantly went pale. The kind of humiliation she had not experienced before engulfed her and she hoped she could disappear at the spot. As she was going to leave, not knowing when, Nathan had stood beside her and whispered, "Missus, your father has messed around here for half an hour, and that has greatly affected the

company. Mr. Conrad wants you to settle this matter in three minutes, if not, he'll straight away call the police to come over and take legal action."

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 9-Stella raised her head and gazed at the tower's glass windows. Although she could not see what was inside clearly, she could still sense a pair of cold eyes watching her silently that made her felt a chill down her spine. She wondered how much Clarence would hate her due to the mess, he might even want to kill her.

Stella squeezed herself through the crowd under the help of the bodyguards brought by Nathan. Looking at Jeffrey who was messing on the ground in a ridiculous way, she felt extremely tired. "What do you want?" Seeing her, Jeffrey stood to his feet and patted the dust on his shirt. "It's a good timing to ask Clarence to come down.

"I've told you, his money has nothing to do with me." Having heard that, Jeffrey raised his voice. "How could that have nothing to do with you? Are you going to let him sleep you for free for three years? Nonsense! When he plays with other woman outside, would other woman let him go if he doesn't pay them money?"

Stella opened her mouth yet she realized she had nothing to say to him. She turned around and said to Nathan, "Call the police." Nathan slightly nodded. Seeing Stella leaving, Jeffrey quickly held her back. "How could you leave like that? For how do you think I'm here? I only want to take a little of the money we get, the rest is all yours! And look at you, you're even giving me the bad look now, I've wasted so many years raising you!"

Stella tossed his hand away and retorted, "You can continue to mess around as you want, I can have two days of peace after you're taken away anyway. And, I'll not bail you out, neither will Channing. You can stay at the police station nicely, there are food and drinks, and the creditor can't get you too."

Jeffrey slapped her in the face and glared. "Are you serious? I've had hard time raising you and your brother until you grow up, now you're getting rebellious. Why, do you think you could disdain me after you've married a rich guy?"

"You can think whatever you want." The bystanders became more and more and Stella did not want to stay there even for a second. She lowered her head and hurriedly left. Jeffrey did not manage to get Clarence down after messing around for almost the whole day. Although Stella had come, she left shortly. Since they had called the police, he would really have a huge trouble if he was

caught and kept in the police station. He growled at the bodyguards and said, "Tell your president that I'll come again after a few days!"

The crowd dispersed after Jeffrey left. Nathan walked into the building and said to the man who was standing in front of the French window, "Mr. Conrad, it's already settled." Clarence was shoving one of his hands into the pocket while holding a phone. He possessed an indifferent aura. He then spoke, "Where's Stella?"

"She's left."

Clarence sneered.

"Yes, she's even..." Clarence spoke when Nathan had not finished his words, "Postpone the meeting in the afternoon to tomorrow." Nathan replied, "Okay." Clarence turned on his phone and sent a message to Stella with an expressionless face.

Meet me at the civil affairs bureau at three.

He only received the reply after ten minutes saying : Okay.

Stella was sitting on a long bench along the street. After replying the message, she put her phone back into her purse and put her arms around her legs. She buried her face into her knees. If she had a choice, she wanted to go to a place and start anew where she knew no one and no one knew her. No Jeffrey Ramodil, no Clarence Conrad, and no extreme humiliations.

Not knowing how long had passed, Stella wiped her tears away and was ready to wait at the civil affairs bureau, yet her head felt dizzy the moment she stood up and her head whirled. She fainted in just a few seconds. When she woke up once again, the surrounding was full of disinfectant smell. She was at the hospital. She rubbed her head and glanced at the time from her phone.

It was half past four. Stella secretly gasped. Great, she's doomed. As Stella was going to send a message to Clarence to explain, the curtain beside her was pulled to the side and a nurse said with a smile, "Oh, you're awake. The doctor's done a checkup on you. Your blood sugar value is a bit low for you've not eaten in the morning, that's why you fainted. There's not much problem, you can leave after resting for a while." Stella nodded. "Thank you."

“And yes, you’re pregnant. Your body is not very healthy, so you must take care of it, especially during the first three months, please be cautious by all means. It’s better that you ask your husband to accompany you for a pregnancy checkup here after two days when you’re free.” The nurse left after reminding her.

Stella was dumbfounded on the bed when she heard her first words. The news struck her and the level of shock and panic she felt was no less than when she knew Jeffrey had owed a high debt worth one million Yuan during the night she had won the price.

It felt like she could clearly see the light in front of her, and she only needed to take one more step, just one, to escape from the darkness. Yet someone had blocked the exit and built a giant wall before her, and she could not go pass it no matter how.

Stella took off the blanket and without caring to explain to Clarence, she straight away registered at the obstetrics department. The doctor said after giving her a checkup, “You’re indeed pregnant, the fetus is forty days old and is completely normal. But because you have internal bleeding during your miscarriage last time, and you didn’t carry out the follow up care well, there are some problems with

your health. Getting pregnant this time is actually not an easy thing. You don’t have to be too nervous or anxious, just take good care of your body after going back.”

Stella asked with a little fear, “If...I don’t want the child, can I do surgery?” The doctor probably did not expect her to say that and only said after pausing for a moment, “You can, but you have to make careful considerations. Due to your health, getting pregnant itself is already not an easy thing. If you abort the child this time, it would greatly affect you, I’m afraid you can’t...”

“Can’t get pregnant anymore?”

“I can’t say that, what I can say is it would be very difficult. It still depends on your health condition.”

Stella lowered her head and did not speak anymore. The doctor continued, “Do get back and consider about it first. Plus your body is too weak to do operation now. If you want to do it, you should come back half a month later.”

“Okay, thank you.”

Stella had no idea how she left the hospital. She was in a complete daze. The thought of telling Clarence her pregnancy had flashed across her mind, but with only a split second, she denied it. Clarence’s bottom line was pregnancy. He was suspecting her for using the divorce as a trick of playing hard to get. If she told him she had gotten pregnant again at this crucial time point, his accusation towards her would be consolidated.

Plus, she was clear that he would definitely not welcome the child, he would even feel much more disgusted towards it. She searched online along her way back and realized condom could not 100 percent avoid pregnancy. Who could she possibly argue with?

When Sherry returned at night, the house was all dark. She only realized Stella was sitting on the couch covered with a blanket when she turned on the lights. Her eyes were closed and she did not move a muscle, sitting quietly like an old monk.

Sherry sat beside her and waved her hand before her. “Are you meditating?” Stella slowly opened her eyes and spoke calmly, “I’m pregnant.”

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 10-“Getting pregnant is a good thing, get...” Sherry reacted and instantly widened her eyes. “The baby’s that bastard’s?”

“Yeah.”

“Damn! Then what are you going to do? Tell him?”

Stella shook her head and said, “No, we’re going to divorce anyway.” Sherry paused and asked, “Then...are you going to keep the child?” Stella fell into silence and did not know how to answer. Her instant reaction when she knew she was pregnant was to abort the child. Yet she had pondered for a very long

time when she got back. The child in her tummy should not be involved in the resentment between her and Clarence.

Every time she closed her eyes, she felt like she had travelled back in time to three years ago, when the child's life slowly drained away from her body. She did not want to experience that kind of feeling again. Yet, if she kept it...Stella answered, "I don't know, let's see after some time."

Sherry could tell she refused to discuss about that matter any longer, she then digressed with a cheerful look, "Oh yes, I want to tell you a good news. The necklace and ring from the "first love" series produced have received all praises from the magazine, many have started to place orders themselves, they would be extremely popular when going into the market. What's left now is the bracelet...There is less than one week left until the press conference, do you think you'll make it?"

"Yes, it would be finished in three days at most."

Sherry heaved a sigh of relief and said, "Since you're pregnant now, could you still make the product? After all, the usage of chemicals is unavoidable during production, why don't you let the agency shop do the job?"

"It's okay, I can wear mask and gloves."

"Do be careful, tell me if you have any difficulty."

Stella smiled. "Don't worry, I'll be fine."

After going out of the bathroom, Stella held her phone and hesitated for a very long time. She then finally called Clarence's number. The call was picked up after a while, and Vivian's complacent voice was heard. "Mr. Conrad is now with me. Stop seeking embarrassment."

"Oh." Stella hung up without hesitance.

Meanwhile, Clarence was walking out the washroom. Seeing Vivian trying to put his phone back into his clothes, he went there and took over his clothes, asking indifferently, "Did someone call?" Vivian replied with an evasive look, "No, no..." Clarence took his phone and saw the call history from Stella one minute ago.

He looked up and glanced at Vivian. Vivian spoke, "Mr. Conrad, Stella Ramodil asked where are you, I knew you don't want to see her, therefore I use some excuses to dismiss her, I didn't say anything more." Clarence kept his phone away and did not care for the brainless little tricks she used at all.

Just then, his business partner came while smiling from ear to ear. "Mr. Conrad, luckily you've not left. I've booked a cabin at the Twilight Club, let's have fun there." Clarence replied, "Miss Sean is the main one involved in this collaboration, I'll not go now, please enjoy yourselves." Vivian quickly said, "Mr. Conrad..." Clarence nodded at the business partner and left with large strides.

After going out of the office, Clarence went inside a car. The chauffeur asked, "Mr. Conrad, are you heading back to the condominium or the Starry Lake Mansion?" Clarence looked down and glanced at the phone, he replied blandly, "The mansion."

"Alright."

After half an hour, Clarence got out of the car and his phone rang. The call was from Stella. He picked up the call but no voice was heard from the phone. He was slightly impatient and he sat on the couch while pulling his necktie. "Speak." Two seconds later, a cautious voice was heard. "Have you...finished your work?"

Stella had actually hesitated to make the call, but if she kept on delaying the matter and did not give him any explanation, Clarence would think she was getting a nerve and it would be more difficult if she wanted to divorce afterwards. It was also a good thing if the call had interrupted him from enjoying himself and that would be her little revenge to him.

"What work?" Stella fell into a moment of silence, and did not further discuss about the problem. "I'm sorry for today, something unexpected has happened to me, I didn't mean to not go there." Clarence replied coldly, "I've waited for an hour for you, Stella Ramodil."

"I'm so, so sorry. I really can't help it. What about tomorrow? You decide the time, or I can wait for you at the bureau's entrance in early morning. You can come over whenever you're free."

"I'm not that free like you, I have to go for a business trip to Belgium tomorrow." Having heard that, Stella felt a little disappointed. "Is that so, then

we'll talk after you return." That was the bad thing of having an overbearing husband who was also a president, even divorcing required her to queue and make appointment with him. The call was not hung up and Clarence spoke shortly, "Do you want to eat chocolate?"

Stella was not able to react for a moment. "Huh?" Clarence repeated with impatience, "I'm going to Belgium, so I ask whether you want to eat chocolate or not?" Stella suddenly remembered the last time Clarence went to Belgium, his business partner there had given him a few boxes of chocolate which was the local specialty to him, and he had tossed it casually on the tea table when he returned.

He did not like sweet food, and did not like snacks too, but Stella loved them. Thinking that he was going to throw those chocolates away anyway, it was no difference if he disposed the chocolates in the dustbin or in her mouth. After a while, Stella then only replied, "No, thanks." Clarence snorted and hung up the call.

As Stella was going to sleep, her phone rang after just a few seconds. Clarence asked, "Where's the sober up drug?"

"It's at the third cabinet from the left, and the first row at the top after entering the kitchen, but that's soup and you need to boil it. If you don't know how to make it..." Clarence was breathing normally at the other end of the call, as if he was waiting her to continue. Stella continued, "Wake the housemaid up." Clarence hung up the next second.

Stella pouted. She put down the phone and lied down onto the bed once again. No wonder Clarence was that gentle today, it was because he had had alcohol. His temper would always be much better after drinking alcohol, and he was exceptionally easy to talk to too.

Sometimes when Stella was being anxious and aggrieved after being scolded by him, she would wish she could force him to drink several bottles of alcohol before he stepped into the house. Of course, she would never have the balls to do that.

Clarence did not wake the housemaid up. He pressed his throbbing temples, drank a glass of cold water and went upstairs. He entered the bedroom and as he was going to take his clothes and entered the bathroom, he saw rows of female clothes that had not been touched for a long time. Stella seemed to have left the house for almost a month.

This afternoon, he had asked Nathan a question at the entrance of the civil affairs bureau, "If a woman insists to divorce, besides getting advantage from it, what would be the other reasons?" He was indeed annoyed these days. Stella said she only wanted to divorce him without wanting to get any money from

him, but that kind of excuse was obviously nonsense. He could tell that from her father's reckless action down the Conrad Tower today.

Yet Stella's attitude was that determined, and she did not grab such a good opportunity to blackmail him today. That had truly baffled him. Nathan asked in a cautious manner after keeping quiet for a long time, "Mr. Conrad, could it be missus is blowing up at you?"

"Blowing up?"

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