

Read Novel [Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 71 -80

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 71-After taking Stella into the CEO's office, Nathan said, "Ms. Radomil, Mr. Conrad is in a meeting now. Please wait a moment."

Stella nodded gently, "Thank you, Nathan."

Then Nathan poured her a glass of warm water and gave her a kindly reminder, "Ms. Radomil, Mr. Conrad is in a meeting for the board of directors, so his father attended it as well. Probably they would have some conflicts. If he lost his temper on you later, please don't take it to heart..."

"It's alright. Even if he would find a rope and strangle me, I wouldn't take it seriously."

Nathan was speechless.

Subconsciously, he felt his neck tickled. Immediately, he walked out of the office.

The meeting that Clarence was in was far longer than Stella had imagined. In the previous evening during Joanna's birthday banquet, Dempsey announced the marriage between Horace and Annie.

After Conrad Group and Jason Group had this official marriage for convenience, Dempsey couldn't wait to change the structure within Conrad Group, taking the power away from Clarence's hands gradually.

Stella had been waiting in Clarence's office from the morning until it was getting dark. She felt so starved while waiting. She wanted to go downstairs and grab something to eat, but she recalled the rule that was set particularly for the designer from SG. If she hadn't called Nathan directly, she would still be stopped downstairs.

Fortunately, Nathan kept an eye on her. He didn't only deliver lunch to her but also provided her with the high-tea.

Stella even wondered if she came here for negotiating with Clarence.

After finishing the last piece of the small cake, she cleaned up the junk from the desk. Then she sat back on the sofa.

She felt not bad – at least she would feel more confident with a full tummy instead of being starved.

However, as soon as she was full, she felt sleepy.

When Clarence went back to his office, he saw her lying prone on the sofa, sleeping soundly. The food packages were tossed in the garbage bin next to the sofa. He felt amused and angry.

Sitting opposite her, he loosened his necktie. His gaze fell on the belly that was covered under her loosened dress, his eyes deepened.

Stella hadn't fallen asleep last night at all. After the high-tea, she couldn't help sleeping as if she was sleeping in her own apartment. Dizzily, she turned around and felt that all most her upper body was suspended in midair. She suddenly opened her eyes, only to find a man standing in front o her. After being in a daze for a few minutes, she finally recalled where she was now.

Clarence sat back on the sofa. He asked in an indifferent tone, "Had enough sleep?"

Stella immediately rubbed her temples, adjusted her posture, and sat upright, "Hello, Mr. Conrad."

"It hasn't been three days yet. Are you sure you've made up your mind?"

Stella pressed her lips, "Things have come to this end. No matter how long I would consider it, it would end up in this way. Mr. Conrad, you won't give me another option either."

As she spoke, she pressed the Kraft paper bag in front of Clarence, "I won't take the things that don't belong to me. Besides, even if I've signed on it, you still have a lot of ways to let this contract be void, Mr. Conrad."

Clarence didn't retort. He said with a sneer, "You're always smart when you are supposed to be. I never disappoint."

Although he had given half of the property in his name to Stella according to this agreement, it was actually just like the relationship between a primary and

a second bank card. She has the right to access and use, but she wouldn't have the right to make a final decision.

Without his permission, she wouldn't be able to touch anything.

Stella ignored the sarcasm in his words. She continued, "I have two conditions. Mr. Conrad, if you could agree, I'll also agree to your requirements."

"Go ahead."

"First, write off the debt I owe you. From now on, I don't owe you anything."

Clarence stared at her with his black eyes. After a few seconds, he answered in a cold tone, "Okay."

Clenching her hands tightly, Stella continued, "Secondly... Mr. Conrad, I hope you could help me resolve my brother's matter. I know you must have some ways."

Clarence withdrew his gaze on her. With an expressionless face, he asked, "Why do you think I'm willing to offend others for you?"

"Mr. Conrad, you'll do it not for me but yourself."

"Ehn?"

"Mr. Conrad, you should know it quite clear that if I go to your parents directly now, they would give me everything I ask for."

Clarence's eyes focused on her, in which the fury surged.

Stella felt that the temperature in the office abruptly dropped. She couldn't help but shiver.

However, she didn't withdraw her words. In this negotiation, if she showed her weakness, she would fail miserably, and in that case, she couldn't save anything.

After a long while, Clarence laughed out, "Stella Radomil, good job."

Although he was laughing, his eyes full of arctic ice cold.

Stella said calmly, “Those are the only two conditions I have. I believe it’s extremely simple for you, Mr. Conrad.”

“I promise you.”

Stella felt that the rock pressed in her heart finally dropped. She lowered her eyes slowly, “Mr. Conrad, when do you want...”

Clarence answered in a flat tone, “Tomorrow.”

Stella probably hadn’t expected that it would happen so fast. She was choked up and couldn’t utter a word for a moment.

Clarence stared at her coldly, “Why? Do you want to break your promise?”

“Nope.” Stella shook her head slightly, “Mr. Conrad, thanks for giving me a night to get prepared.”

“I’m quite busy.”

Stella stood up, “Okay. Please allow me to take off. I won’t be holding you up so long, Mr. Conrad.”

After she took a few steps forward, she heard Clarence’s voice from her back, “What else do you like to speak?”

She paused her pace and smiled faintly, “I do have a lot of words to speak, but Mr. Conrad, you might not be willing to listen to me.”

Clarence knocked on the sofa with his slender fingers. He said steadily, “I can give you such a chance now.”

“Mr. Conrad, since you want to listen to me, I’ll speak directly.” Stella continued, “I do want to speak a lot of words to you, but they only mean one thing, which is the best regards that I wish for you. In short, may you be the last of your family line!”

Clarence couldn’t utter a beep.

After finishing her words, Stella left the office without looking back.

The biggest reason was that she was afraid the wretched man would toss her downstairs in anger.

After walking out of the Conrad Group, Stella finally felt that she had vented her anger.

When she was about to hail a cab, her way was blocked.

Stella looked up at the man and her eye pupils shrank. She took a few steps back.

With a bandaged head, Jeffrey smiled weirdly, looking quite hilarious and creepy. He said, "My good daughter, I know I can catch you when waiting here."

"You..."

When Stella was about to speak, she felt someone covered her nose and mouth from her back. Before she could call for help, she was dragged into the van parked next to them.

Obviously, Jeffrey was well-prepared this time.

In the van, Stella's hands were tied up together. She looked at Jeffrey coldly, "What do you want?"

Jeffrey answered, "Stella, don't worry. I'm your father. How can I hurt you? Since you've divorced, it's my duty to find you another husband."

Stella felt a chill rising along her spines. She asked in disbelief, "Do you know what on earth you are doing now?"

"Don't overreact. If it weren't me in the past, would you be able to marry into the Conrad family? I'm doing it for your own good."

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 72-In the CEO's office, Conrad Group...

Clarence opened the Kraft paper envelope and pulled out the documents from it. After a few glances, he tossed them on the tea table.

Shortly after, there was a knock on the door.

Nathan said, "Mr. Conrad, all the directors are gone."

Clarence hummed to answer. Then he added, "Keep an eye on them. Dempsey won't give up."

"Yes, Mr. Conrad."

Now Dempsey's movements were too obvious. In other words, it had reached the critical moment for them to seize the power. Any unexpected incident would change the ultimate result of this matter.

As soon as Nathan walked out of the office, the manager of the security department rushed over, "Excuse me, Nathan. Something happened."

"What's wrong?"

The manager pulled out his phone and showed Nathan a clip of the surveillance video.

It was filmed by a camera outside the entrance of Conrad Group, which was far away from the entrance but with a wide-angle lens. Although they couldn't recognize the people's faces, Nathan recognized Stella's outfit with a single glimpse as well as Jeffrey, who had been wandering about downstairs several times with his bandaged head.

Nathan couldn't care too much. Grabbed the phone, he rushed back into the CEO's office.

Clarence looked up impatiently. When he was about to speak, Nathan said hurriedly, "Mr. Conrad, Mrs. Conrad was taken away by Jeffrey Radomil."

Clarence's face went cold instantly. He stood up and strode outward of his office, "When did it happen?"

"Ten minutes ago."

"Send our men to look for them. Go check on the places Jeffrey Radomil often goes to. One by one!" Clarence tightened his chin, his voice arctic cold, "Especially Twilight Club. If anyone sees Jeffrey Radomil, keep him in control."

...

Jeffrey took Stella to an underground casino. He sealed her mouth with the adhesive tape and tied up her hands with cloth strips. He said, "My good girl, don't blame me. You are the more ruthless one. If you didn't deceive me to meet Adolph Miller, I wouldn't be beaten up by them so violently. I was almost dead. But, rest assured, I'm not so heartless as you. I've found you a good man."

When Jeffrey got off the car, Adolph was waiting for him there.

The latter asked, "Have you brought the money?"

Jeffrey rubbed his hands and said cheekily, "Sure. Sure."

As he spoke, he glanced over in the car, "There it is."

Adolph looked in the direction following his gaze. Through the window, he saw a pair of pretty and cold eyes.

Jeffrey said, "Are you satisfied? My daughter is worth more than a million, isn't she?"

Adolph said with a frown, "You are playing such a trick again."

"Again? This is my daughter. Shouldn't she pay my debt for me?" Jeffrey approached him and covered his face with one hand. He whispered, "Don't worry. I've contacted the buyer. He's in the hotel nearby. When he gives me the money later, I'll give it back to you. I won't repudiate your debt."

Adolph lit up a smoke, "This is the first time I've met such a father like you. If you declared that she's your daughter, I'm afraid nobody would believe it."

Jeffrey rolled his eyes and answered quickly, "What are you talking about? She has my blood in her body. Why couldn't she be my daughter? She wasn't so lucky to be born in a family, but instead, she was born as my daughter. It's her destiny."

Adolph looked away, snorting.

Soon, Jeffrey received a call. The buyer he contacted had arrived at the hotel, asking him to take Stella over.

Jeffrey answered while nodding and bowing. After hanging up the phone, he said to Adolph again, "Look. I'll have the money soon. If you help me take her in, I'll spare another one hundred thousand to you."

"Save it. I'm not interested to take such immoral money."

Jeffrey didn't care at all, "I give you such a chance for the sake that we've known each other over two years. Forget it if you don't want."

He opened the door of the car and dragged Stella out, "Come one, good girl."

Stella stared at him expressionlessly, her eyes full of coldness.

After they were gone far, Adolph withdrew his gaze, grounding out the cigarette butt with the sole of his shoe.

He just felt that Stella was way too unlucky to have Jeffrey as her father.

Arriving at the gate of the hotel, Jeffrey noticed that Stella was quiet without making any fuss. He felt less uneasy. He also didn't think she looked quite decent in such a status, so he tore off the adhesive tape from her face.

As a cunning man, Jeffrey was afraid that Stella would run away, so he didn't untie the cloth strings that were used to tie her hands up.

Much to his surprise, when they entered the lobby of the hotel, Stella, who was always quiet, suddenly asked the receptionist for help, which startled Jeffrey. Immediately, he dragged Stella back and explained with a smile, "She's my daughter. She's mentally ill."

Jeffrey warned Stella while whispering in her ear, "Stop playing those tricks. You won't be able to escape tonight no matter what. Behave yourself. If you pissed them off, I don't think they wouldn't have any mercy on you like me, your father."

The receptionist's eyes that showed it was not her business had made Stella give up totally. The hotel was opened right opposite the underground casino. Obviously, the hotel staff had already seen enough underground transactions.

Upon hearing Jeffrey's threaten, Stella sneered, "Have you truly treated me as your daughter?"

“My daughter, I don’t have other ways to do. You should blame Clarence Conrad for this matter. He’s so rich. He won’t be harmed if he spares me another million, will he? How wonderful if he could be so generous as he used to be before. Nothing would happen today.”

Stella frowned, “When did he give you money?”

“Two months ago. You were not willing to give me any money, so I asked him for it.” As he answered, Jeffrey snorted disdainfully, “He asked me to leave you alone at that time. I thought he likes you so much, but it seems I was wrong.”

Stella was a bit taken aback. Clarence had never told her such a matter before...

The wretched man always did things tit-for-tat. She wondered why he hadn’t mentioned this to her.

As speaking to Stella, Jeffrey had taken her to the door of the room, where two men in suits were standing.

Jeffrey pushed Stella forward, “I’ve brought her here. Where’s the money?”

One of the men tossed a bank card to him.

Jeffrey frowned unhappily, “Treat me politely. Probably I’ll become the father-in-law of your boss in the future.”

With the card in his hand, Jeffrey said to Stella, “My daughter, don’t worry. Half of the money belongs to you as well. You’ll not be aggrieved.”

Stella closed her eyes and didn’t want to look at him at all.

Jeffrey was gone. One of the men pushed her into the room.

With both her hands tied up, Stella staggered. She raised her head and looked around the room.

It was an erotic room for people to kill time. The room was lit up with bright purple lights, which made her feel dizzy.

It seemed their boss wasn’t in the room.

Stella suddenly felt like vomiting. She rushed to the bathroom and retched to the toilet. She didn't puke anything out.

Stella looked around and found the landline in the room. Immediately, she dialed the emergency number. However, when she just dialed the number, the phone line was pulled out by someone.

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 73-With the bank card in his hands, Jeffrey went downstairs happily. Suddenly, a black Rolls Royce was pulled over right in front of him.

The door of the car was opened. Clarence got off with a cold look. He cast Jeffrey a glance, his eyes full of fury.

Jeffrey shivered, taking a few steps back. When he was about to explain, Clarence bypassed him and strode into the lobby of the hotel.

Nathan followed him hurriedly. After receiving a call, he got the exact location, "Mr. Conrad, the ninth floor."

Without any stop, Clarence walked towards the elevator directly.

Seeing that, the receptionist asked, "What are you doing..."

Right then, the manager of the hotel trotted over, shaking his head at her desperately.

Arriving on the ninth floor, Clarence's men rapidly controlled the two men at the door. Clarence looked at the hotel manager who followed them and said in a cold tone, "Open the door."

"Yes. Yes."

The hotel manager didn't dare to delay at all. In a panic, he opened the door of the room.

In the room, Stella was sitting next to the bed, her eyes blank and her clothes messy.

When the door was open, she looked as if she had returned to her senses, pinching the ashtray with the bloodstain in her hands tightly.

When Clarence's figure appeared in her sight, Stella was in a daze as if she hadn't expected that she would see him here.

Clarence stood motionlessly. Without looking back, he ordered, "Wait at the door."

Nathan answered, "Yes, Mr. Conrad."

Clarence took off his jacket, walked over, and squatted down in front of Stella. Then he put his jacket on her shoulders and tried to reach the ashtray in her hands.

She didn't release, gazing at him.

Clarence said, "I'm here. It's alright."

Stella didn't utter a sound.

She didn't mean it.

She was just wondering if she should also take the chance and knock it on his head as well.

Clarence increased the strength on his fingers and opened her hands. Then he tossed the ashtray away, picked her up, and carried her in his arms.

Reaching the door, he paused a bit. He looked back at the room and ordered, "Clean it up."

Nathan nodded.

On the way from the hotel to the car, Stella kept silent. She was nestling in his arms, lost in thought.

Clarence put her on the backseat and said to the driver, "The hospital."

Stella raised her head in conditional reflex, "No, I won't go there!"

Clarence looked down at her.

Stella realized that she seemed to overreact. Wrapping herself more tightly, she mumbled, "Have you said we'll go there tomorrow? You can't break your promise."

Clarence was so angry that he couldn't utter a word for a moment. How could she misunderstand that he came all the way here just for doing that thing?

He turned around and said in a cold tone, "Up to you."

The driver felt so wronged and helpless. Eventually, they didn't make it clear that where he should drive to. In such a tense atmosphere, he didn't have the guts to ask clearly. Hence, he had to make a decision by himself and drove towards Starry Lake Mansion."

Stella huddled up in the corner. She didn't know why but she felt dizzier and had a weird reaction in her body.

After a while, she slightly peered out of the window, "It's not heading in the direction where my home is."

Clarence glanced at her, "Where is your home?"

"My home is..." As she spoke, Stella lowered her head, "Forget it. I don't have a home. I have nothing."

Clarence wasn't in the mood to talk to her again.

In half an hour, the Rolls Royce parked at Starry Lake Mansion. Clarence said in a flat tone, "Get off."

Stella held the door of the car, getting out of it.

Clarence took a few steps forward, turned around, and looked at her, "Why are you standing there? Do you want me to hold you?"

Stella was speechless.

If she had such a ridiculous thought, she'd rather twisted to break her neck.

Right then, she heard a voice from aside, "Excuse me, Mrs. Conrad. Please allow me to help you up."

Stella turned around, only to find that Clarence's private doctor was standing next to her.

"Thank you, Doc..."

After taking a few steps, Stella felt her legs weakened. She saw black. When she was about to faint, the man walking in front of them suddenly turned back and carried her in his arms, walking towards the mansion.

Stella tried her best to open her eyes, "I didn't ask you to hold me..."

"Shut up."

"Okay."

...

On the second floor, after the doctor checked Stella up, he walked to the door and reported, "Mr. Conrad, there's nothing serious about Mrs. Conrad. The baby in her belly is fine. She was shocked. She'll recover after resting a few more days."

Clarence glanced at Stella, who was sleeping on the bed. With a frown, he asked, "Why is she like that?"

The doctor coughed and explained, "Judging from Mrs. Conrad's status, I think it's because she had been drugged, and also..."

"Also?"

"There should be a trace of aphrodisiac in the overpowering drug." The doctor immediately explained, "Mr. Conrad, please rest assured. It's just a slight trace. If you are afraid it would impact the baby in her belly, you can take her to have a detailed checkup in the hospital tomorrow."

Clarence pressed his lips, "I see."

The doctor said, "Then I'm leaving now, Mr. Conrad."

"Okay."

Before leaving, the doctor whispered, "Mr. Conrad, after the third month of pregnancy, you still can have sex with your wife. Just control your strength."

Clarence lost his tongue.

After the doctor was gone, Clarence closed the door. He walked to the bed. With his hands in the pockets, he looked down at the woman lying on the bed.

Stella wasn't in a deep sleep at all. However, her pale face was full of unnatural blush, her eyelashes trembling. Her lips looked ruby.

Clarence's Adam's apple bobbed. He looked away and saw her wrists that were tied up by the cloth strings. She seemed to have struggled fiercely. There were a few traces of dried bloodstains on them.

He turned around and walked into the bathroom. With a towel soaked in the warm water, he wiped off the bloodstains from her wrists and pasted several Band-Aids on the wounds.

Stella woke up somehow, staring at him in silence.

After a long while, she said, "Mr. Conrad."

He didn't raise his head, "Go ahead."

Stella pressed her lips, "Have you given Jeffrey Radomil money?"

"Isn't it the same to give it to you and him?" Clarence tossed the package of the Band-Aids into the trash can, "No worries. I've promised you that you don't owe me anything, including his debt. I won't ask you for it."

"Why did you give it to him?"

She knew that Clarence had a way to deal with such a cad like Jeffrey. According to Clarence's character and how much he disliked her, he shouldn't have been threatened by Jeffrey.

Clarence casted her a glance, "I just want to buy some peace."

Stella withdrew her gaze on him. Staring at the ceiling, she clicked her tongue, "Mr. Conrad, your peace is so costly, isn't it?"

"I never expected that you're so ruthless."

Stella knew what he was referring to. She just answered, "Mr. Conrad, if you have someone to protect, you won't have thought so."

Clarence looked over at her belly, “Have someone to protect? If I wanted to take you to the hospital, would you also want to break my head?”

Stella didn't answer.

Seeing her keep silent, Clarence knew that he was correct.

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 74-Stella coughed, looking away awkwardly.

Since they had a mutual understanding on such a matter, he didn't need to speak it out it. How embarrassing!

Clarence looked at her coldly, his handsome features expressionless.

After a few seconds, Stella lifted the quilt, “Mr. Conrad, sorry for bothering you tonight. I should go home now...”

Clarence stood in front of the bed with hands in his pocket, looking indifferent.

Stella felt dizzy and weakened. When she tried hard to get off the bed, all her strength was used up. When her feet reached the floor, she only saw black. Subconsciously, she grabbed something to keep a balance so that she didn't faint.

When she got better, she looked in the direction where her hand was grabbing something.

She grabbed Clarence's shirt.

With a wry smile, Stella withdrew her hand. However, after losing the spot to keep her balance, she couldn't help but fall behind. Clarence raised his arm and wrapped it around her waist.

The big inertia made them fall onto the bed together.

Stella blinked her eyes, her cheeks ruby and her eyes watery.

Clarence pressed both his arms on the bed, facing her. With darkened and deepened eyes, he asked in a hoarse tone, "What does your gaze mean?"

Stella looked away, wondering what kind of gaze she gave him just now.

She just felt her body was heated up and she couldn't help but want to get closer to him.

Clarence pinched her chin and forced her to look into his eyes. He said calmly, "Tell me. What do you want?"

Stella didn't answer. She just thought that although they were so close to each other now, she seemed not to be able to figure out what he was thinking.

When they were in his office earlier, he was like a piece of arctic ice that could never melt, aloof and heartless. However, in a blink, he rushed to rescue her and showed up in a place that he shouldn't have.

He had used all possible means to revenge on her. With just a small trick, he made her owe him tens of millions debt.

However, he had never mentioned to her that Jeffrey asked him for money.

After marrying him for three years, she had thought that she knew Clarence more or less. But it wasn't until now did she realize that it turned out she had never known him.

Noticing that she was lost in thought, Clarence frowned impatiently, "Answer me."

Stella answered slowly, "Nothing much. I just realized that you are quite handsome, Mr. Conrad."

Clarence was speechless.

Suddenly, Stella raised her arms and wrapped them around his neck. Slightly raising her head, she pressed her lips onto his.

Clarence's eyes were darkened in desire. Since she proposed to divorce till now, it had been over four months. He hadn't made love to her for a long time.

He wrapped around her waist and opened her lips with his tongue.

Stella took the chance and bit his tongue as an act of revenge. In return, she received his more wild kiss.

Everything went smoothly. At the critical moment, Stella subconsciously grabbed his hand, "You... Please be gentle."

Looking at her tearful eyes, Clarence felt his heart softened. He answered in a hoarse tone, "Ehn."

It had been a long time since they made love the last time. Stella was a bit nervous and afraid. When he started moving, she couldn't help but moan.

Clarence stopped and stared at her expressionlessly, "Don't you think you are over-performed?"

"I'm not... It hurt."

"It didn't hurt so much when we did it for the first time."

"It's different..."

She was drugged that time and was quite dizzy.

Clarence asked, "Should I find you something to arouse you?"

Stella didn't answer. The wretched man was too difficult to get satisfied.

Clarence kissed her on the forehead and said in a gentle tone, "Endure it, OK?"

Stella moaned again, clenching his arms with her fingers.

...

When it ended, Stella was so exhausted that she fell asleep.

Even Clarence held her to take a shower in the bathroom; she didn't wake up at all.

After pulled over a towel and dried her, Clarence put her on the bed.

Without the loosened dress, her slightly bulged belly looked quite obvious.

Clarence looked down, bent one knee, and squatted next to the bed. Then he covered the belly with his palm gently.

Although Stella was sleeping tightly, she felt someone approaching her belly. She raised her hand in the conditional reflex.

“Pak!” The clear sound of the slap was heard in the quiet room.

Clarence was startled. Then he raised his head and looked up, his eyes staring daggers at her.

But Stella didn’t sense anything. She mumbled and turned around, huddling up her body into a protective posture.

Clarence gritted his teeth fiercely. He instantly stood up, rushed out in anger. He wanted to smash the door close to wake up that ungrateful woman. However, when he closed the door, he reduced the strength and closed it gently.

Walking into the study, Clarence dialed a number.

Soon, he heard Nathan’s voice, “Good evening, Mr. Conrad.”

Clarence asked, “How is it going now?”

“We’ve found it – the usurer asked Mrs. Conrad’s father returned the money in three days. After he failed to meet you several times, he started to have a plan to sell out Mrs. Conrad. Moreover, this incident was planned by himself this time.

Nathan continued, “Mr. Conrad, one more thing.”

“Go on.”

“Before that, the usurer went to find Mrs. Conrad’s younger brother. They had a fight and were sent to the police station. The usurer couldn’t find Mrs. Conrad’s father, so they asked Mrs. Conrad to pay for the debt. On that evening, her brother went to Twilight Club...”

That was why the admission letter was sold.

Clarence looked out of the window, lost in thought. After several seconds, he said, "Don't let him show up in front of Stella again."

He added, "Something wrong with the cooperation with London. Get me a ticket for tomorrow. I'll go there in person."

Although Nathan was clear that there was nothing wrong with his cooperation with London, and it was going smoothly, he didn't expose Clarence's lie.

He asked tentatively, "Tomorrow morning or afternoon?"

Clarence answered expressionlessly, "Eight o'clock in the morning."

"Okay. I'll book the ticket now."

"Hold on." Clarence continued after a moment of silence, "When I'm not in town, send someone to keep an eye on Stella. Don't let anyone of the Conrad family find that she's pregnant."

"Yes, Mr. Conrad."

After hanging up the phone, Clarence stood in his study for a long while. Then he turned around and walked back into the bedroom.

On the bed, Stella huddled up in a corner, occupying a small space as if she would fall off at any time.

Clarence walked over and lay down, pulling her closer directly.

Stella moved a bit, feeling not cozy. However, she was pressed in his arms by him forcibly. She couldn't find a place to breathe freely and poked her head out in a grievance.

Looking at her pitiful look, Clarence curled up his lips into a smile, feeling quite delighted.

After a long time, he whispered, "I hope when I come back, you can give me a good answer."

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 75-On the second day, when Stella opened her eyes, Clarence wasn't seen in the room.

A servant knocked at the door, "Good morning, Mrs. Conrad. Are you awake?"

Stella rubbed her temples and sat up. Her voice was a bit hoarse, "Yes."

Shortly, the servant walked in, "Good morning, Mrs. Conrad. The breakfast is ready. Would you like to have it here or downstairs?"

"I'll go downstairs."

"Okay," the servant answered.

Then she turned around and left.

Stella sat on the bed for a while and waited until her strength recovered. She couldn't put on the clothes that she was wearing the previous day, so she took another outfit from the closet.

When she sat at the dining table, the servant served breakfast to her. Seeing that she looked quite exhausted, the servant asked in a low voice, "Mrs. Conrad, are you feeling not well?"

Stella shook her head, "I just felt a bit dizzy. Nothing much."

The servant said again, "Before Mr. Conrad left, he asked me to accompany you for a checkup in the hospital. When would you like to go there, Mrs. Conrad?"

Stella wanted to hear "the hospital" the least. She paused her hands that were holding the tableware. After a long while, she asked, "Where is he?"

"Mr. Conrad is on a business trip. He won't come back until a week later."

"On a business trip?"

Stella didn't understand why Clarence was doing so for a moment. Didn't he say he would take her to the hospital today? Or he didn't think it's a big matter for him at all, so he just picked up someone at random to take her there.

The servant nodded, "Yes, Mrs. Conrad. Mr. Conrad also asked me to take good care of you when he's away."

Stella pressed her lips and didn't utter a word. Inwardly, she disdained his words "take good care", which sounded so considerate.

However, she couldn't help cursing the wretched man – how could he be so heartless? Even he didn't want the baby, he wouldn't have done so if he was a man with a little responsibility.

He could just sit and watch the whole procedure without being bloodstained. He even went on a business trip. After he came back, everything would be over, and he wouldn't feel any hurt in his conscience.

Stella had to admit that he was way too ruthless.

She chewed the food in her mouth violently and smashed the knife and fork onto the table.

The servant was shocked, "Mrs. Conrad?"

Stella inhaled deeply, "I'm full now."

"Okay. Mrs. Conrad, please wait for a second. I'll do the dishes and accompany you to the hospital."

Stella looked out of the house, only to find a driver waiting for her there long ago.

It seemed that she couldn't escape at all.

She could only nod in agreement, "All right."

On the way to the hospital, Stella looked out of the window in silence.

It turned out that Clarence had told the truth – having sex and falling in love were two completely different matters.

Last night, she was enlightened by an idea somehow, so she thought probably she could save the baby. She had thought that she would discuss with him nicely again this morning, but she hadn't expected that the wretched man would become so heartless after it ended. He even didn't give her a chance to regret it. He went on a business.

The servant only knew that Clarence asked her to accompany Stella to do a checkup in the hospital, but she wasn't sure what was wrong with Stella. When they arrived at the hospital, she asked, "Excuse me, Mrs. Conrad. Which department shall we go to?"

Stella was looking around, trying to get a method to escape. She answered at random, "Whatever."

The servant recalled that Stella had said that she had a headache, so she wondered if Stella had caught a cold. She then registered in a common department of outpatients.

After that, when they approached the door of the doctor's office, Stella suddenly stopped. She said calmly, "I want to use the bathroom very quickly. Please wait for me here."

The servant nodded, "Okay, Mrs. Conrad."

Stella walked into the restroom and peered out for a moment. After confirming that nobody was following her, she immediately left in another direction.

After getting out of the backdoor of the hospital, she hailed a taxi and told the driver her apartment address.

Sitting in the car, Stella opened the car window and breathed a sigh of relief.

She didn't expect that Clarence didn't guard against her, and she could escape so easily. It seemed that he didn't think she had any reason to keep the baby.

However, it was better. At least, she had a chance to escape.

Back to her apartment, Stella packed up a suitcase simply and decided to find a place to hide for the time being.

Without telling anyone, she found a station that the ID card wasn't required and took a shabby bus. Then she went to another city.

On the other side, the servant had been waiting in front of the doctor's office for half an hour, and then she sensed something wrong. When she was about to look for Stella, she was gone already.

The servant was so confused – wasn't Mrs. Conrad going to have a checkup? Why would she be so afraid of the doctor that she escaped?

...

Nine o'clock in the evening, London time.

Clarence stood in front of the French window. He received a call from City N, "Hello, Mr. Conrad. Mrs. Conrad is missing..."

The servant reported to Clarence about how she had accompanied Stella to the hospital for a check-up, Stella had made an excuse to use the bathroom, and then she had disappeared.

Clarence didn't seem to be surprised at all. He said in a flat tone, "I see."

After hanging up the phone, Clarence put his cell phone into the pocket. Looking out of the window, he was lost in thought, his eyes quite calm.

Half an hour later, his phone vibrated. It was a WeChat message from Stella.

"Mr. Conrad, you said that I don't have any reason to keep this baby. I have to admit that I truly don't. However, as a mother, I don't have the reason to abandon the baby either. I promise that I'll vanish with this child forever. I will never let his existence bother you."

Clarence took a glance and replied to her with a few words, "Up to you."

Soon, a message bounced back.

"The other party has enabled the friend verification, and you are not his friend yet. Please send the friend verification request first. The conversation can only be started after the other party has passed the verification."

Clarence was speechless.

His temples popped. Closing his eyes, he inhaled deeply. He tossed away his cell phone on the sofa beside him and suddenly became helpless.

Shortly, his phone rang again. It was a call from Vincent.

“We’re all set. Although Antonio Lewis didn’t complain about it for the sake of you, I can tell that he was quite upset.”

“Arrange his son to study abroad. After I go back, I’ll talk about the business cooperation with him.”

Vincent clicked his tongue. He swallowed some words when they reached the tip of his tongue. He couldn’t understand Clarence at all. It was fine that he didn’t comment on anything that Clarence had

done for Stella. However, if he raised any topic about her, Clarence would do a lot of things to prove that he didn’t like her at all.

After a pause, Clarence added, “Check where Stella has gone to and send someone to protect her in secret. Don’t let her notice it.”

“Okay. I got it.”

Right then, there was a knock on the door. Nathan walked in, “Excuse me, Mr. Conrad.”

Clarence hung up the phone, “What happened?”

Nathan answered, “Your father recently has contacted all the directors, aiming to let the Jason family get into the board of directors.”

Since it was the critical moment of seizing the power, Clarence flew to London now, which provide them with an excellent opportunity.

Clarence asked indifferently, “Anyone agreed?”

“Currently, three directors are taking your father’s side. Others are still watching. Mr. Conrad, shall we fly back?”

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 76-After a week, Stella settled down.

She was in a small town, far less developed, wealthy, crowded, and stunning than City N. However, it wasn't urbanized, so the unique scenery such as small bridges over the flowing stream remained. The neighborhood was quite harmonious as well. It was quite suitable for living.

When she called Sherry, the latter felt so surprised, wondering why she had left town so suddenly.

As soon as she divorced the man, Stella had been longing to stay in a place where nobody knew her. However, her plan was always delayed by all kinds of things. If it weren't that Clarence gave her a reason to escape this time, probably she still couldn't have made up her mind.

She like this town a lot – it was full of fresh air and sunshine. Everyone was warm-hearted and kind.

She also talked to Stanford. Whenever there was any problem relevant to her work, they could talk through the phone. Fortunately, she was only in charge of design drafts now. She could always send him over the finished digital copies.

However, Stella wondered how long the leisure time and peace could last. She knew it clearly – if Clarence wanted to find her, it was just a piece of cake for him.

He hadn't haunted her down. She guessed it was probably that he still had the last trace of kindness at the bottom of his heart, which woke his conscience up.

Every afternoon, Stella would go to sit on the bench by the river, watching the sun go down. Then she would go home on foot after the sunset.

Her landlady was a weird woman. She looked in her forties or fifties, but she dressed like a seventy- or eighty-year-old. Her tone was always cold when talking. She seldom smiled, and nor did she like the

activities such as group dancing, which were the most popular among the elderly. She would read a finance newspaper.

Stella was a bit curious, but she didn't ask the landlady at all. The landlady stayed on the first floor, and Stella stayed on the second. They could merely disturb each other.

Arriving home, Stella yelled to the house, "Ms. Anderson, I bought a bunch of flowers. Do you have a vase that I could put them in?"

An indifferent female's voice was heard inside the house, "Look around in the yard."

There were quite a lot of bottles and jars in the small yard. Stella found one that the flowers could be put in. Then she watered the flowers. Dolores Anderson walked out with a tray in her hands, "Your dinner is in the kitchen. Go get it yourself."

Stella said with a smile, "Thank you, Ms. Anderson."

Although they agreed not to disturb each other when signing the agreement, Ms. Anderson would always cook for her when she was preparing the meal.

Sitting at the dining table, Stella licked her lips and flattered sincerely, "Ms. Anderson, you are such a good cook."

Dolores glanced at her, "You are the first one who said so."

"What? I do think the food you cook is quite delicious." Stella took a sip of the fish soup, "Anyone criticized your cooking skills? I'll argue with him or her!"

Dolores smiled, "My son said he'd rather eating the bark instead of eating dishes I prepared. Thank you for speaking so highly of me."

Stella was speechless.

She was a bit angry with Dolores's son.

She asked, "Ms. Anderson, has your son often come back to see you?"

Dolores paused eating. After a while, she answered, "I haven't seen him for many years."

“Well, after so many years, Ms. Anderson, your cooking skills must have improved a lot. If your son had a chance to eat the dishes you cook, he wouldn’t give you the same comment.”

Dolores had a self-mockery smile on her face, “Forget it. He never speaks nicely. I’m afraid that he hates me. How could he eat the dishes I cook?”

Stella shook her head slightly, “It can’t be. How could there be any deep hatred between a mother and a son? Even if there is a misunderstanding, it will disappear after you talk to each other.”

After becoming pregnant, Stella could understand a mother more and more. All mothers in this world hoped that their children would be well, and they were willing to do anything for it.

Dolores said, “It’s not that simple. You don’t know.”

“I do know!”

“Then, why did you run away from home? Didn’t you argue with your parents?”

This time, Stella paused for a few seconds.

Dolores looked away, “I just ask casually. It’s alright if you don’t want to tell me.”

Stella smiled slightly, “I didn’t argue with my parents. My father passed away when giving birth to my younger brother because of the difficult labor. I was three or four at that time. I’ve forgotten what she

looked like already. I didn’t run away from home this time, just wanted to live in a new environment.”

Dolores filled another bowl of fish soup for her, “Enough. I don’t want to hear the bores. Let’s eat.”

At night, Stella lay on the bed. Looking at the bright moonlight outside the window, she couldn’t fall asleep.

Suddenly, she found that she seemed to have forgotten something important.

Stella took out her former SIM card from the drawer and put it in her phone. After hesitating for a while, she dialed a number.

The call wasn't connected until the beeps always ended. She said in an extremely gentle voice, "Hello, Mr. Conrad. It's me."

"Go ahead."

The man's voice was hoarse and sleepy. Obviously, he was woken up.

Stella pinched her quilt to get prepared for his cutting remarks later. She said tentatively, "Mr. Conrad, I know I've broken our agreement, but I promise that I'll never show up in front of you again. For my brother's matter, I want to beg you..."

"Beg me for what?"

Stella gritted her teeth and said, "I know I must be quite shameless now, but I think you would definitely agree, Mr. Conrad."

On the other end of the line, Clarence snorted, "You know how shameless you are. How can you say those words?"

"Mr. Conrad, three years ago in the Young Designers' Contest, you misunderstood me. I know you've regretted it after knowing the truth behind it. That's why Conrad Group offered a chance to help a designer from SG Jewelry Magazine. I didn't want the chance at all. Mr. Conrad, if you want to make it up to me, please..."

Clarence interrupted her, "Haven't you rejected my offer long ago?"

Stella made an excuse, "At that time, I didn't understand what your intention was, Mr. Conrad. Now, I've understood it. Mr. Conrad, please don't take it to heart."

Clarence quieted down for a moment and said, "Your comments on yourself are so correct. You are indeed so shameless."

Stella pressed her lips without retorting him, "Mr. Conrad, shall I take it as a yes then."

Clarence said in a flat tone, "You can take it as I have the right to say no."

Stella was speechless.

She cursed the wretched man inwardly again.

Shortly, Clarence added, “Stella Radomil, if you dare to call me at midnight. You can’t blame me for disagreeing with any requirement from you for the rest of your life.”

She hurriedly said, “I’m sorry. It’s my fault.”

“Anything else?”

Stella looked out of the window. After a few seconds, she said, “Nothing else. Mr. Conrad, good night. Have a pleasant dream.”

Before she hung up, she heard Clarence’s voice, “Don’t you wish me to be the last of my family line now?”

Stella was choked up.

The wretched man was indeed so petty.

With a smile, she answered, “Mr. Conrad, what are you talking about? How could that be a wish? I wish you a long life, a full house of children and grandchildren, and five generations alive...”

Clarence directly hung up the phone.

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 77-On the next day, when Clarence walked downstairs, Nathan rushed in, “Mr. Conrad, something happened.”

No matter before or after the engagement, Horace always treated Annie coldly. Besides, both the Conrad and the Jason families considered this marriage for convenience as business cooperation. None of them cared if the young couple-to-be would love each other.

Probably Annie was the only one who cared about this marriage.

Before the engagement, she might be afraid that Horace would reject this marriage, so she restrained herself a bit. After the engagement, she felt reassured and emboldened.

The matter that Stella got pregnant was like a thorn stabbed in her heart. Hence, she also blamed Stella for how cold and distant Horace treated her.

Besides, she knew that Stella didn't get pregnant after marrying her cousin for three years. Once they divorced, she got pregnant. Hence, Annie guessed that Horace was the father of the baby for sure.

Hence, in the early morning today, Annie started making a fuss at the dining table. However, she was quite smart that she didn't mention Stella's name. She just said a woman got Horace's baby and asked Dempsey to be her backer.

If Dempsey would look into the matter and find out the woman was Stella, Annie didn't think that it has anything to do with her.

Upon hearing it, Dempsey went ballistic. It was alright if they didn't love each other, but this matter was relevant to the Conrad family's dignity. Moreover, it had only been a few days after their engagement, but this matter was exposed at this critical moment, which was a scandal of the Jason family. It would impact their cooperation absolutely.

Nathan continued, "Your father asked the Jason family for an explanation. The Jasons should be on the way to the Conrads' Mansion now."

Clarence's expression didn't change. He asked in a flat tone, "How did Annie find it?"

"I'm not certain. I'll look into the matter now."

"Not necessary." Clarence strode out. He said in a cold tone, "I'll go ask her."

...

In the Conrads' Mansion...

With both hands pressing on the walking stick, Dempsey sat on the sofa and didn't speak with a cold face.

Opposite him, Annie kept weeping.

Hearing her sobs for a long time, Dempsey started running out of patience, “It has already happened. What’s so useful if you weep. You wanted to marry Horace in the beginning. He doesn’t like you at all. Sooner or later he would have a mistress outside.”

Annie said in a grievance tone, “But it’s that woman who keeps pestering him. Now she got his baby. They don’t care how I feel at all.”

Dempsey said angrily, “So what she’s pregnant with his baby? I don’t think Horace dares to take in that baby and make it one of his families.”

Right then, Joanna cast a glance at the door. Suddenly, she chimed in, “Indeed. Not all bastards are so fortunate.”

The next second, a servant’s voice was heard, “Good morning, Mr. Clarence.”

Clarence hummed indifferently. His cold and handsome face looked expressionlessly.

The whole house quieted down instantly, the temperature dropping.

Seeing that Clarence arrived, Annie didn’t have the guts to weep and complain at all. She started sobbing in a low voice.

When Justin came downstairs, he saw the scene. He heaved a sigh in silence, “Clarence, could you push me to have a walk in the garden, please? I want to talk to you.”

After they were gone, Dempsey said with a frown, “Why are you trying to piss him off?”

Joanna sneered, “Did I do anything wrong? I just said the truth.”

As she spoke, she looked over at Annie, “Annie, no matter what happens, you can’t underestimate a bastard’s abilities. Probably in the near future, he would snatch everything from you.”

Annie hadn’t known anything about what had happened among them, so she nodded. Inwardly, she became more decisive to get rick of Stella and the baby in her belly.

Shortly, Horace and his parents arrived in a hurry.

Dempsey supported himself on the walking stick, suppressing his anger. He said, "Go ahead. Tell me what on earth happened. Who is that woman?"

Horace looked at Annie coldly, "Nothing happened."

"You don't need to refuse in such a hurry. I called you over not for blaming you and giving you a sentence. I just want to discuss with you how to resolve it."

George said in a deep voice, "I believe my son. He wouldn't have done such a thing."

Tabitha said, "Horace, make it clear. Is there any misunderstanding?"

Upon hearing it, Annie hopped up from the sofa. She yelled like crazy, "How could it be a misunderstanding? I heard it personally. They have met in private a lot of times. Horace always defends that woman!"

Tabitha said helplessly, "Annie, you can't judge this kind of thing using your eyes. You need the evidence."

"The evidence is the baby in her belly. Okay, I won't blame Horace for anything. As long as she gets an abortion, I can take this matter never happened."

Horace couldn't bear it any longer, "Annie Conrad, are you done?"

Upon hearing it, Annie shed tears immediately, "Look at him. He's still defending that woman. If he has nothing to do with that woman and he's not the father, how could he react so fiercely?"

Tabitha pulled Horace's sleeve. She said with a frown, "Horace, calm down. Talk nicely. Since Annie said so, there must be such a woman. Why don't you just explain properly?"

"She's a friend of mine. Yes, I admit I like her. I confessed my love to her but she has rejected me." Then Horace said to Annie, "Are you happy with this answer?"

Annie hadn't expected he would admit that he liked Stella in front of all people. She became embarrassed and angry, "I knew it! I know you like her. What's

so good about that woman? You are so obsessive by her. Even Clarence is also...”

Before finishing her words, she knew that she had exposed something. In a hurry, she covered her mouth.

Dempsey frowned deeply, “Annie, make it clear. What does it do with Clarence?”

“Yeah, go ahead. What about me?”

Clarence’s voice sounded out from behind. It doesn’t have any temperature, making Annie chill.

Annie suddenly became weak and less confident. She stammered, “No... Nothing...”

Justin said, “Annie, you should make everything clear when everyone is in presence. It’s just a misunderstanding. You’d better stop making a fuss. Mr. and Mrs. Jason had to rush over because of you. Hurry up and apologize to them.”

“But...”

Clarence said indifferently, “You’re only engaged with Horace Jason. If you want to call off the engagement, it could happen at any time.”

Annie shut up, but her eyes were full of reluctance.

In the end, Justin made an apology on behalf of Annie so that Horace’s parents agreed to let go of this matter.

Although Justin was the one who kept the lowest profile in the Conrad family, and he even didn’t show up in public as frequently as Annie, he was the most gentle and polite one. If he hadn’t become disabled, Conrad Group wouldn’t be like what it was now, in which Clarence had the final say.

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 78-Before leaving, Horace stared at Clarence for a long time, wondering if Clarence had known that Stella was pregnant.

“Mr. Jason,” Clarence called him and said in a flat tone, “I don’t hope such a matter would happen again in the future.”

Horace paused his pace. After thinking for a while, he asked, “Mr. Conrad, since you said so, are you worried about Annie Conrad?”

Clarence didn’t answer, but instead, he asked, “After all, she’s my cousin. Shouldn’t I?”

“I’m indeed surprised. Mr. Conrad, although you are a disqualified husband, at least you are a good cousin.”

Clarence’s expression changed gradually, gazing at him coldly.

Horace nodded at him slightly and turned away.

Clarence looked back, only to find Annie was standing not far away. Dempsey and Joanna were sitting on the sofa, both looking annoyed.

It was originally Horace’s fault. However, after making a fuss, Annie couldn’t give them the evidence. Instead, it looked like that the Conrad family was making trouble out of nothing.

Dempsey snapped, “Annie Conrad, tell me the matter from the beginning to the end in details. Is it Horace didn’t want to admit or you made trouble out of nothing?”

“I...”

In Clarence’s presence, Annie didn’t have the guts to make any trouble. Fortunately, Justin saved her. He said, “Annie is too young and she cares about her love. It’s normal she would misunderstand something. Since the matter was explained clearly, the Jason family didn’t complain either.”

As he spoke, Justin said to Annie, “Annie, you can’t do this again next time. Both Mr. Jason and you are adults. If you want to be with him together longer, you should resolve the conflicts with him in private. You can’t bother the elders from both families again.”

Annie lowered her head, feeling wronged, "I see."

Since Justin said so, Dempsey didn't have the heart to blow up. He was so angry but couldn't vent his anger. After a sneer, he walked upstairs with his walking stick.

After he was gone, Joanna also stood up. Casting Annie a glance and glanced at Clarence, she also left, lost in thought.

Justin said, "Annie, please send me back to my room."

As if she was rescued, Annie immediately answered, pushing Justin's wheelchair into the elevator.

However, after she had just relaxed, she encountered Clarence on the way back to her room.

"Hi...Clarence..."

With a hand in his pocket, Clarence said with a cold look, "Follow me."

She followed Clarence to the garden. Biting her lower lip, Annie couldn't help but ask, "Clarence, I didn't insult her. I also didn't tell Uncle and Aunt who she is. I truly..."

Clarence interrupted her in a cold tone, "When did you know she got pregnant?"

Annie probably hadn't expected that he would ask such a question. She became tenser. She couldn't tell Clarence that she got to know it at Joanna's birthday banquet. Stella happened to be drowned that night. She was afraid that Clarence would suspect her.

She answered hurriedly, "A few days ago, Horace said..."

Clarence's expression didn't change, "Did Horace Jason tell you in person?"

Annie bit the tip of her tongue, nodding seriously, "He said Stella is pregnant with his baby. Even if we are engaged, he wouldn't leave her."

Clarence was standing there, and Annie couldn't tell anything from his expressionless face. She wondered if he had believed her words or not.

“Clarence...” Annie asked tentatively, “She’s pregnant with Horace’s baby. Will you let her give birth to it?”

Clarence cast her a smile and answered in a cold tone, “No matter if she gives birth or not, does it have anything to do with me?”

“No... Nothing. Clarence, I can tell you treat her nicely recently. I thought you are going to remarry.”

Clarence snorted. He didn’t speak and strode away.

After taking a few steps, he suddenly stopped. Without looking back, he warned, “I don’t hope anyone else in the Conrad family would know she’s pregnant.”

Annie was startled, feeling the chill rise from her soles, “I... I won’t tell anyone else.”

After Clarence was gone far, Annie finally felt that she returned to alive. When she turned around and was about to walk back to her bedroom, she saw Joanna appear from aside.

Annie’s heart jumped into her throat, “Aunt... Have you heard our conversation?”

Joanna crossed her arms on her chest. She looked indifferent, “If I didn’t, you wouldn’t tell me, would you?”

“No. Clarence didn’t want me to tell...”

Joanna smiled disdainfully. She didn’t take Clarence seriously at all, “Since you are so afraid of him, why did you have the balls to push Stella down from the stairs?”

Annie was afraid that Clarence was still nearby. Her voice became harsher, “Aunt!”

“No worries. I’ve dealt with all the things for you. He wouldn’t be able to find it.”

Annie bit her lips tightly in fear, her face turning pale. At that time, when Stella was lying on the floor, she bled a lot. Although Annie always said that Stella

was pretending to be pregnant, there was so much blood, so it was possible that...

If Clarence knew it, Annie believed that he would kill her definitely.

Before Annie could answer, Joanna added, "Annie, you should know Stella's baby can't be alive this time, right?"

...

"Atishoo-" Stella sneezed, rubbing her nose.

It was rainy in the past few days. The temperature dropped a lot. She only brought short sleeves for summer and she hadn't got time to shop yet.

Dolores lent Stella a few of her clothes, "I used to wear them before. If you don't mind, please wear them."

Although Stella could tell the age of the clothes from their style, they were not out-of-fashion at all. They were all vintage.

Each of them was neat and clean, quite well-saved.

"Thank you, Ms. Anderson."

Stella was pretty. After putting on Dolores' dress and knitted coat, she looked like a girl from the local town – beautiful but not enchanting.

Wearing the dress, she circled in front of Dolores, "Ms. Anderson, how do I look? Do you like it?"

Dolores looked rarely satisfied. She nodded, "Not bad."

"Okay. I'm going shopping. Ms. Anderson, do you want anything? I can buy them for you."

Dolores said, "Please get some knitting wool for me."

Stella nodded, "Okay. What colors?"

"Just up to you."

Before Stella left, the male tenant next door happened to go out. Seeing Stella, he greeted her warmly, “Hi, Ms. Radomil. Where are you going?”

“I’ll just wander around and buy something.”

“It’s quite far away from here to downtown. How about I give you a ride?”

Stella smiled, “No, thanks. I can walk there.”

The male tenant didn’t insist. He left reluctantly.

The weather was quite pleasant after the rain. The sun was hanging in the sky behind a thin layer of cloud. Golden fallen leaves covered all the streets. Stella enjoyed the smell of life.

She went to get the knitting wool for Dolores. Then she went to a hospital for the prenatal examination.

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 79-Since she came here, probably her mood and life became better. The doctor said that her baby developed quite steady and healthy in her belly.

As long as she waited for a few months peacefully, she could give birth.

When Stella arrived home, there was a finance newspaper in the yard.

She put the bag on the table and was about to take the knitting wool to Dolores. She caught a glimpse of two words in the newspaper: “Conrad Group”.

Recently, because of the marriage for convenience between Conrad Group and Jason Group, there was a tremendous shareholding change inside the former, which had been occupying the headline of the news for several days.

Stella guessed that Clarence must be too busy to have spare time. No wonder he didn’t have the energy to find her.

Right then, Dolores walked out of the house. Seeing that Stella was reading the news, she asked, "Why? Are you also interested?"

Stella immediately returned to her senses. She smiled, "Nah. I just read it at random."

Dolores looked over at the newspaper. After a thought, she asked, "Are you from City N?"

Stella nodded, "Yes, I am."

Dolores seemed to want to ask Stella something, but she swallowed her words on the tip of her tongue, "Have you bought the knitting wool?"

"Yep."

Stella handed the bag to her. She said, "Ms. Anderson, I shopped for my clothes on the way back. I'll wash yours before returning them."

Dolores said indifferently, "Forget it. Just keep them. I won't wear them anymore."

After finishing her words, Dolores turned around and walked into the room.

In the evening, the tenant next door knocked on their door, "Good evening, Ms. Radomil and Ms. Anderson, I bought some desserts. It's too much for Ms. Beckham and me, so I want to share them with you."

Usually, the neighbors would always share things with each other. Stella didn't overthink, so she accepted his kindness.

On the second day, she also bought some fruits on the way back home. Then she gave the fruits to them.

However, something that happened next truly surprised her.

"Hi, Ms. Radomil. This is my hometown specialty mailed by my mother. Please try it."

"Ms. Radomil, my friend bought me some chocolates from overseas. I'm not into sweets. I'm sure you'll love it."

“Ms. Radomil, I got two movie tickets from my company. If you have time, shall we go see a movie tonight?”

Even if Stella was pretty slow, she sensed something wrong.

After Alexander Hans left, Stella turned around with the ticket in her hand, looking confused.

Dolores was knitting in front of the stone table, “This should be the fifth time that he came over and sent you something in the past two days, right?”

“It seems so...”

“This young man is pretty nice. I heard that his parents are teachers. He’s working in a state-owned company. His job is stable. He’s reliable.”

Stella was sitting next to her. For a moment, she lost her tongue.

Dolores looked up and cast her a glance, “Won’t you consider about him?”

Stella smiled, “Ms. Anderson, you don’t know my status yet. I’m...”

“You are pregnant, aren’t you? What’s so surprising about it?”

Upon hearing it, Stella widened her eyes, “How do you know it?”

“What’s so weird about it? There are a huge group of mid-aged women in town. All of us have given birth before. When you arrived here on the first day, all of us knew you are pregnant.”

Dolores added, “You came here to restart your life. Why do you still care so much about your past? Alex seems to like you a lot. If you want to consider him, you can ask him about his opinions on your pregnancy when seeing the movie with him tomorrow. Love is based on the choices of both parties. You can try to take a step forward.”

Stella said, “I’m afraid no man would accept it.”

“There’s always an exception. How would you know if you don’t have a try?” Dolores said, “You can make it clear and he would know the reason why you turn him down. If he accepts it, he will come to you. If not, it’s good as well. He won’t bother you again in the future.”

Stella was silent.

The method was simple and direct, which was the most efficient one.

Stella had never aimed to hide her pregnancy. She just felt that she didn't have to tell others. When her belly became bigger, others would know it.

Much to her surprise, Alexander showed up.

After a thought, she said, "I'll make it clear to him tomorrow."

Dolores picked up the finished knitting work, "Stella, how do you like it?"

It wasn't until now did Stella notice that Dolores had been knitting a pair of baby's socks.

...

At half-past six of the next evening...

Stella wore Dolores' dress, standing in front of the movie theatre.

Shortly, Alexander rushed over with sweat oozed on his forehead, "I'm sorry. I'm sorry. There's traffic on my way. I ran here all the way. I'm not late, am I?"

Stella smiled and said, "No, you are not. The movie will start in ten minutes. You arrive just in time."

Alexander breathed a sigh of relief, "That's good. Let's go in."

Stella didn't move, "Mr. Hans, I want to talk to you."

"We can talk afterward. My coworker told me that this movie is quite good."

Upon hearing it, Stella nodded in agreement, "All right."

This was the first time that Stella came to a movie theatre with someone alone besides Sherry.

Fortunately, during the movie, Alexander didn't talk much. He focused on the screen.

After the movie ended, Alexander stretched, “Ms. Radomil, are you hungry? Let’s have dinner.”

Stella said, “A bit. Let’s go.”

Stella paid for the dinner. After knowing it, Alexander insisted to transfer the money to her, “I asked you out today. How can I let you pay for the dinner?”

Stella smiled, “It’s alright. You paid for the movie tickets. I should treat you for dinner.”

Alexander sensed her implication. However, he wasn’t reluctant at all, “My company gave the tickets for me for free...”

“It’s OK. No different.”

Out of the restaurant, Alexander whispered to ask, “Excuse me, Ms. Radomil. May I call your first name, please?”

“Sure.”

“Stella, I’m twenty-nine this year. My parents are teachers in the county of my hometown. They have retirement wage and pension, I’m also...”

“Excuse me, Mr. Hans,” Stella interrupted him in a gentle voice, “Thanks for telling me the information. But I don’t want to see someone for the time being. I just want to bring up my child by myself.”

Upon hearing her words, Alexander was a bit anxious, “Stella, you are a girl. You’ll find it’s quite inconvenient for taking care of your baby alone. I’m willing to be with you.”

Stella wasn’t surprised that he had known it, “We’ve just known each other for a half month, and we don’t know each other yet. Besides, I don’t think your parents would agree.”

“We can try to fall in love gradually. As for my parents, I can tell them that I’m the father of the child. They would be very happy!”

Stella shook her head, “You are just obsessed by me because I’m quite different from other girls you know. I don’t think your current feeling would last long.”

“But...”

“Mr. Hans, thank you for inviting me to see the movie tonight. I’m taking off now.”

After finishing her words, Stella turned away.

The moonlight was pure and bright tonight, falling on the ground. The night was peaceful and bright.

Stella walked along the river, kicking a stone, enjoying herself very much.

Suddenly, the stone stopped next to a stone bench not far away.

On the bench was sitting a man.

Stella wasn’t surprised that he had known it, “We’ve just known each other for a half month, and we don’t know each other yet. Besides, I don’t think your parents would agree.” “We can try to fall in love gradually. As for my parents, I can tell them that I’m the father of the child. They would be very happy!” Stella shook her head, “You are just obSessed by me because I’m quite different from other girls you know. I don’t think your current feeling would last long.” “But...” “Mr. Hans, thank you for inviting me to see the movie tonight. I’m taking off now.” After finishing her words, Stella turned away. The moonlight was pure and bright tonight, falling on the ground. The night was peaceful and bright. Stella walked along the river, kicking a stone, enjoying herself very much. Suddenly, the stone stopped next to a stone bench not far away. On the bench was sitting a man.

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 80-Under the moonlight in silence, Stella saw the man’s straight nose bridge, thin lips, and harsh outline of his chin.

He looked up slightly as if he was looking at the sky. He didn’t notice her appearance.

In the conditional reflex, Stella turned around and wanted to run away. However, she saw Nathan standing not far away from her, nodding.

She could only turn around and walked to Clarence. Finally, she stood in front of him, “Hi, Mr. Conrad. Why are you here?”

Clarence didn’t change his gesture. His voice sounded peaceful and lonely in the darkness, “Shall I ask Nathan to give you my schedule?”

Stella was speechless.

If he didn’t want to tell her, she didn’t care at all. He didn’t need to be so sarcastic, did he?

Stella wondered why he was doing here. After standing for a moment, she asked tentatively again, “Mr. Conrad, when did you come here? Have you had dinner yet? If not, I can...”

“When he said ‘my parents are teachers in the county of my hometown’.”

Stella frowned, “You eavesdropped on our conversation, didn’t you?”

Clarence slowly turned around and looked at her expressionlessly, “I just happened to overhear it. If you are afraid of being eavesdropped, why didn’t you close the door and have a private talk?”

Stella inhaled deeply. She tried to ignore him.

Clarence continued, “I didn’t expect you are so popular in men. Horace Jason just got engaged, some other man fought hard to be the father of your baby. It happened so seamlessly.”

“I’m so flattered, Mr. Conrad. I don’t think I’m so comparable to your popularity in women.”

Clarence was choked up.

His gaze fell on Stella’s outfit, looking up and down. His handsome brows were creased slightly, “What are you wearing?”

Stella tossed her hair back. She looked away, “It’s fashion. You don’t know it.”

Clarence snorted. He stood up, tidied up his sleeves, bypassed her, and left.

Stella stood motionlessly for a few seconds, and then she turned around, only to find that Clarence bent over and sat in the black Maybach that was parked nearby.

After the car roared away for a long time, she was still confused.

She didn't expect that he would just leave like this.

She wondered why he didn't blame her after coming here deliberately. Was it because he was upset so he came over to sicken her?

Stella was so puzzled.

When she arrived home, Dolores was watering the flowers in the yard. Upon hearing the sound of opening the door, she didn't raise her head and asked, "Have you made it clear to him?"

"Yeah."

Dolores stood upright, "If not mistaken, I guess you should have rejected Alex. Since the problem is resolved, why are you still so upset?"

Stella parted her lips. After hesitating for a while, she couldn't help but answer, "I encountered my ex- husband on my way back."

"Did you fight?"

Stella suddenly shook her head, "He suddenly showed up and said something sarcastic and confusing. Then he left. I even don't know why he has come here."

Dolores said indifferently, "He missed you."

Stella was speechless.

She said, "Ms. Anderson, please don't be kidding. I'm freaked out."

"Well, tell me. You've divorced already. Why would he come here all the way from City N? Wasn't it because he wanted to meet you?"

Stella sat on the chair, looking up at the sky. She exhaled a long sigh, "I don't know what's in his mind. He always seemed to do something confusing, but he could always find his excuses. But, he truly hates me."

Dolores continued watering the flowers, “Silly girl, if he truly hates you, why would he have married you?”

“It was quite complicated at that time. I was pregnant, and his parents forced him to marry me. So he always thought I’m a scheming woman who could do things through every possible means.”

“Have you explained to him?”

“Yes, I have, but... he didn’t believe me. He said I was resorting to sophistry.”

Dolores sighed in silence, “Since he didn’t trust me, it’s a good thing to divorce him.”

“Exactly.” Stella lay prone on the table, looking forward aimlessly, “But, I always feel that since I divorced him, his attitude toward me has become so weird. I don’t know what he’s thinking.”

Dolores smiled, “So childish.”

Stella nodded to agree with her – that wretched man was indeed quite childish sometimes.

...

In the morning of the second day, Stella heard a group conversation in low voices outside her window. All of them discussed with solemn looks as if they were talking about something quite important.

After getting up and tidying up herself, Stella also joined the conversation held by the group of mid- aged women.

“What happened?”

Ms. Beckham, the lady living next door, whispered, “We heard that a developer would buy out our community and build it to a hotel resort.”

Another woman said, “This news came so abruptly. We didn’t know it before. If our houses were to be torn down, where should we move to?”

“Exactly. We’ve been staying here for decades. Our children were all out of town. Where can we move to?”

“After the hotel resort is built, the surroundings will be changed a lot. I’m afraid it would be quite difficult to find a place that was so suitable for our retirement lives.”

“Exactly. We have fresh air and beautiful surroundings here. Anyway, I’m not willing to leave here.”

Upon hearing their conversation, Stella suddenly realized something.

She seemed to know why Clarence came here.

Sure enough, he never planned to let her go.

Stella pressed her lips and turned away.

After she took a few steps, Dolores walked out of the house, “It’s still so early. Where are you heading to?”

“I... I have something to deal with,” Stella said. Then she added, “Ms. Anderson, I might not be able to return in a short time. Please don’t prepare lunch for me.”

Dolores nodded, “Walk slowly. Don’t rush.”

Upon hearing it, Stella calmed herself down and slowed down her paces.

She texted Nathan and asked where they were. Nathan seemed to be waiting for her message. Immediately, he sent her a hotel location.

Stella gritted her teeth and hailed a cab on the roadside.

Arriving in the lobby of the hotel, she was about to walk in, only to find that Clarence was walking out surrounded by a group of men.

Within the crowd, she also saw Alexander.

However, Alexander didn’t see her. When he arrived at the company, the management informed him that there was a bigwig from City N in town. They would discuss developing a hotel resort. Hence, his

boss asked him and a few coworkers to come to meet this bigwig.

Since there were so many people, Stella didn't walk to them. Instead, she took a few steps back and hid in the corner. She texted Nathan again and asked him when their meeting could be over.

Nathan: "Probably in the evening, Ms. Radomil."

Then he sent her Clarence's hotel room number, "Mr. Conrad said if you want to talk to him, you can wait for him in his room."

Stella was speechless, wondering what the wretched man had taken her as.

She inhaled deeply and tabbed her phone screen violently, "No, thank you!"

After sending the message, Stella walked back in anger.

Getting off the taxi, she found there were seven or eight black cars were parking long the ever-quiet riverbanks, in which she saw the black Maybach that Clarence was taking last night.

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