

## Read Novel | Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 81 -90

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 81-Stella pushed the door open in depressing, sitting on the chair in the yard.

Dolores walked out of the house. Seeing Stella, she asked, "Didn't you say you are dealing with something? Why did you come back so soon?"

Stella heaved a sigh, shaking her head. "It should be fine now."

Originally, she thought that Clarence came here on purpose. Besides, Nathan replied to her so fast, so she thought that he would wait for her to beg him. Much to her surprise, his appearance here was on such a high profile. It seemed that he had determined to carry out the hotel resort plan. Hence, it would be useless to beg him.

She had to admit that the wretched man was way too heartless.

After a moment, Stella asked, "Ms. Anderson, do you know this area is about to be torn down?"

Dolores nodded, sitting next to her to sorting out something. "Yeah, I've heard about it."

"Where are you moving to?"

"Not sure yet. The developer is still planning now. Even after the permission is obtained, it will take them some time to carry it out. Just wait and see."

Stella was worried as well. The baby was growing up in her belly. It would be inconvenient for her whenever she would go.

Dolores raised her head and cast her a glance. She said in a flat tone, "If you don't know where to move to, you can stay with me."

Stella's eyes were lit up. She became more spiritual suddenly. "May I?"

"I'm all by myself anyway. It's alright if you are staying with me."

Stella smiled. "Thank you, Ms. Anderson."

Although it seemed that the problem had been resolved, since Clarence showed up, Stella had a hunch that her comfortable and peaceful life would be gone soon.

Right then, it was quite noisy on the street on the side. She wondered what was going on.

Stella looked over subconsciously through the wall full of green vines, lost in thought.

Dolores asked, "Stella, do you want to check on them?"

Upon hearing it, Stella withdrew her gaze. She faintly smiled and shook her head. "It should be the developer. Nothing interesting."

Stella didn't want to take a look, and neither did Dolores. The latter always enjoyed the peace and quietness and was never interested in watching the fun.

Shortly, the noise went afar. Evelyn pushed their door open and walked in with a big smile. "Hey, Dolores, Stella, why are you still here? It's so noisy outside. How could you stay home?"

Stella was a bit surprised. Earlier, when the rumor said that this area would be built into a hotel resort, Evelyn was extremely worried. She wondered why Evelyn became so happy now.

Evelyn sat at the table and said delightfully, "The representative of the developer is quite young and handsome, better looking than those actors. If I were twenty years younger, I would... Oops... I'm so shy!"

Stella was speechless.

She asked tentatively, "Ms. Beckham, have you forgotten that he would tear down the house you're staying in for decades and build a hotel resort here?"

Evelyn patted on her thigh. "Exactly! How come I've forgotten about this matter. Forget it. This is a pretty old street indeed. The government said that it would be developed several years ago, but there was no plan at all. If this developer didn't get this area, there would be another one. However, this developer is so handsome. I might be able to sleep soundly at night."

Stella pressed her lips, trying to holding back the words that she almost blurted out.

She wanted to say that if Evelyn heard how Clarence spoke, she might be awake in anger at midnight.

Evelyn continued, “Dolores, where are you planning to move to? Deborah, Hayden, and others are ready to move to their sons’ houses. Unfortunately, my son’s wife is extremely petty. I don’t want to stay with them together. Shall we move to the same place and be neighbors?”

“Sure.”

Upon hearing Dolores’ answer, Evelyn was delighted. After a thought, she added, “Alas, by the way, you’ve been staying here for so many years. I’ve never met your son before. What does he do?”

Dolores paused her hands. When she was about to say something, Evelyn said, “Please don’t deny. Last time I saw his photos. He looked quite handsome when he was young.”

Dolores answered in a flat tone, “He’s living with his father.”

Evelyn knew that she might have said something unpleasant. She cleared her throat and continued, “Alas... Isn’t it just divorce? What’s so big deal of it? But, even if he lives with his father, he should come to see you, shouldn’t he? It’s been so many years, almost twenty years.”

“He doesn’t know where I am.”

Evelyn shook her head and sighed, “Alas... Dolores...”

Stella kept silent, but she could understand how Ms. Anderson felt more or less.

After a short moment of silence, Evelyn patted on her thigh again. “By the way, Stella!”

Stella was taken aback, wondering why suddenly Evelyn cued her.

“Our community discussed and decided to hold a banquet to invite the developer for dinner. As you know, we are all mid-aged women, and we won’t look so pleasant when sitting next to him. It would be like a joke. Hence, we’ve

agreed that you'll be our representative and accompany that developer to the banquet."

Stella gaped. "Did he agree?"

"This is the right time to develop a good relationship with our community. Why wouldn't he agree?"

Evelyn patted Stella on her thigh. "Stella, don't worry, please. We're not setting you up. We just want to make the banquet more pleasant. Alex and the managers of his company will attend it, too. Nothing would happen to you. Also, when it ends, Alex can drive you home."

Stella wasn't worried if anything would happen to her, but she wondered if Evelyn had done it to match- make Alexander and her.

After a few seconds, Stella uttered a sound, "I..."

Evelyn stood up, patted her on the shoulders as if she was passing some important mission to Stella. "Stella, we'll rely on you."

After Evelyn was gone, Stella looked over at Dolores in confusion. The latter said, "You don't need to go if you're unwilling to."

In fact, Stella was willing to go. She also wanted to find a chance to ask Clarence what on earth was going on. However, if she would meet him on such an occasion, it would be a bit weird.

In the evening, when Stella was about to go out, she suddenly recalled that Clarence was so unhappy when he saw her outfit last night.

Then she returned to her room upstairs, put on a typical vintage long dress and makeup, and found a vintage hairband and earrings from the antiques given by Dolores. She put them on before going out happily.

When she walked out of the house, Evelyn was standing at the door. Seeing Stella, she couldn't help praising her, "Gosh! Stella, you are way too pretty. If you were born in our generation, you must be a famous beautiful star."

Stella smiled. "Thank you, Ms. Beckham."

“Hey, I should thank you. I know we bothered you with this matter. You’ve just moved here not long ago, and we shouldn’t have asked you to be the representative. But you are the most beautiful woman in this neighborhood.”

“Ms. Beckham, please don’t mention it. I should thank you and Ms. Anderson for taking care of me after I moved here.”

Upon hearing it, Evelyn was quite delighted. She nodded and said, “In that case, Stella, I’m also quite straightforward. By the way, Alex…”

Stella immediately interrupted her, “Ms. Beckham, time’s up. I’ve got to go now. See you!”

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 82-The banquet was reserved in a famous restaurant that sold the local specialties. When Stella arrived downstairs, she saw Alexander who was waiting for her at the entrance.

She looked over and Alexander also saw her. Waving at her, he said, “Stella, over here.”

Stella walked over. “I’m sorry, but there was traffic on the way. I’m a bit late.”

Alexander rubbed his head shyly as if he still felt a bit embarrassed for what happened last night. “It’s alright. Mr. Conrad hasn’t arrived yet. It’s cold outside. Let’s get in.”

Alexander took Stella to a private box, in which there were a few managers from his company, who were all senior executives. Alexander introduced Stella to them one after another.

After the introduction, Alexander’s direct manager said with a smile, “I’ve heard Alex mention you a lot of times, Ms. Radomil. You are really gorgeous.” As he spoke, he patted Alexander on the shoulders and whispered in his ear, “How lucky you are!”

Alexander smiled shyly.

Other executives might have heard Stella's name as well, so they started echoing and praising Alexander, putting on a lot of good words for him.

In such a circumstance, Stella couldn't retort for the sake of their dignities. Moreover, she had made it clear to Alexander last night. Hence, she echoed, "Yeah. Mr. Hans is a nice man."

As soon as she finished her words, the private box suddenly quieted down.

Alexander's direct manager rushed over to the door of the box. "Good evening, Mr. Conrad."

Stella was speechless.

Other executives also followed over and greeted Clarence.

Clarence responded to them indifferently. Finally, he gazed at Stella.

One of the executives said, "Mr. Conrad, this is Stella, living in Anqiao Street. She's also Alex's neighbor."

Clarence hummed. Then he bypassed her and walked into the box.

The executive coughed and followed him. "Mr. Conrad, please sit here."

At the round table, Clarence was sitting in the host's seat. Next to his both sides were sitting the most senior executives, and others sat sequentially.

Stella was sitting next to Alexander.

During the dinner, Alexander noticed that Stella almost didn't eat anything, so he kept picking up food for her. "Stella, try this. This is the most famous local specialty here. It's quite tasty."

Stella raised her head and smiled at him. "Thank you."

"You are welcome." As he spoke, Alexander picked up another dish for her. "This is good, too. Try it."

Wondering if it was an illusion, Stella could feel a cold gaze on her. She didn't feel quite cozy.

However, when she raised her head, she could only see Clarence talking business with a man next to him and looking quite normal.

Stella rubbed her nose. She mocked herself for her illusion that Clarence was gazing at her. She must have overthought.

Right then, Alexander's direct manager said, "Alex, you can't only take care of Stella. We're all watching you."

Although he sounded like blaming Alexander, he was kidding.

Alexander picked up his glass and stood up. "I'm terribly sorry. Please allow me to punish myself with a glass of wine."

For some reason, they started making toasts.

Stella was sitting there, feeling too bored to keep sober.

Right then, someone suddenly suggested, "Stella, come on. Let's have a toast."

Stella returned to her senses, only to find a man opposite her was talking to her. She was about to speak, Alexander chimed in, "Excuse me, Mr. Brown. Stella can't drink. How about I'll drink it for her?"

Probably everyone had drunk a lot, the man was a bit drunk. He said, "Gee, what's so fun to drink with a man. Stella, I'm not making trouble for you. Just one drink. I'll bottom up. Just suit yourself."

When the man raised his glass, Stella said gently, "I'm sorry, but I'm pregnant. I can't drink."

Upon hearing it, all the men at the dining table exchanged glances with each other. Only Clarence was sitting there expressionlessly.

Someone couldn't help but mumble, "Is she pregnant? Alex is so fast..."

Stella added, "How about I drink the tea instead?"

None of them could insist. The box quieted down for a moment.

Right then, a man's cold voice sounded out. "Mr. Hans, I heard that both your parents are teachers."

Upon hearing it, Stella almost sprayed the tea from her mouth.

Alexander didn't know why suddenly the business tycoon cued him. Immediately, he nodded. "Yes, Mr. Conrad. But my parents are in my hometown. They've been teachers for almost all their lives."

Clarence said in a light tone, "It's good to be a teacher. I'm sure their students must be the selfless and generous pillars of the state who make a lot of contributions, just like you, Mr. Hans."

Alexander was way too nervous, so he didn't sense anything wrong in his words. He misunderstood that Clarence was praising him. He said shyly, "I'm so flattered, Mr. Conrad. Thank you."

Clarence curled up his lips into a mocking smile. His fingers swiped the goblet in front of him. "Please don't be so modest. You deserve those words. Ms. Radomil, what do you think?"

Stella couldn't find her tongue.

She knew the wretched man would set her up.

She said calmly, "Mr. Hans is young and outstanding. Of course, he's much better than someone dignified, domineering, and bullying."

After she finished her words, the whole box quieted down again.

Compared with the previous silence, now it was suffocating silence.

Although she referred to someone, she shouldn't have said those words on such an occasion.

When everyone was holding his breath and thought that Clarence would blow up, Clarence just sneered. "Ms. Radomil, you are good-looking, but you don't know the art of speaking."

Stella said, "Thank you for your compliment, Mr. Conrad."

Others were all silent.

They couldn't believe that she had ignored the latter half of Mr. Conrad's comment on her. They wondered who mentally strong this woman was to resist the harm.



Seeing that the atmosphere was becoming more and more awkward, one of the executives resisted the pressure, found another subject, and broke the ice.

After they had drunk for a few rounds, Stella noticed that they still hadn't had the intention to leave. Hence, she went to use the bathroom.

Seeing that, Alexander followed her out.

"Stella, it's getting quite late. Shall I drive you home?"

Stella looked back. "Are you sure it works if you just leave earlier?"

Alexander scratched his head. "I can come back after driving you home. I don't think they would end the dinner so soon."

Stella smiled. "It's alright. I can go home myself. Please go back to the dinner."

It was impolite for Alexander to leave in such a circumstance. He nodded in agreement. "Sent me a message when you got home."

"All right."

"Stella," Alexander called her again, "Just now during the dinner, you were so bold. Weren't you afraid that he would lose his temper?"

Stella said carelessly, "If he lost his temper, he would blame me. I don't think he would beat me up in presence of so many people. Please don't worry about the cooperation. He always looks upon the

interests very much. Those trifles wouldn't impact his decision."

Alexander was taken aback. "How do you know?"

Stella said, "He's a businessman, just like others. He came all the way from City N in person, so this project should be quite important for him."

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 83-Upon hearing it, Alexander breathed a sigh of relief. With a wry smile, he said, "I see. I thought you know Mr. Conrad very well."

Stella was about to answer, and they heard a man's cold voice behind. "Ms. Radomil, I also think you know me very well."

There was a few seconds of silence among them.

Alexander immediately explained, "Mr. Conrad, Stella didn't mean it..."

"Stella?" Clarence snorted. "You called her first name. It seems you guys are quite close, Mr. Hans and Ms. Radomil."

Alexander was so nervous. "I... Stella and I..."

Stella looked over at Clarence and said calmly, "Mr. Conrad, if you are unhappy with me, please talk to me directly. Why are you always targeting another person?"

Clarence looked over at her slowly, his eyes and brows full of coldness.

Alexander sensed the tense atmosphere between them. He tried several times to speak but couldn't utter any sound.

A few seconds later, Clarence said in a cold tone, "Ms. Radomil, you think yourself someone important, don't you?"

"I see. I've got to go now. Please excuse me." As she spoke, Stella nodded slightly at him and turned away.

"Wait, Stella..." Alexander hurriedly called her. Then he turned around and said to Clarence, "I'm sorry, Mr. Conrad. I'll be right back after seeing Stella off."

Stella walked to the entrance, waiting for the taxi. Then she saw Alexander follow her up. She said, "I can go home myself. You don't need to give me a ride."

Alexander said, "It's alright. I'll see you off."

Upon hearing it, Stella couldn't refuse him again. She nodded.

When standing next to her, Alexander felt how furious she was. After a hesitation, he asked, "Stella, do Mr. Conrad and you know each other?"

Stella was taken aback for a moment. She didn't know how to answer.

Alexander continued, "You're from City N and so is Mr. Conrad. Was there any misunderstanding between you two before?"

It wasn't difficult for him to figure out — they were so rude to each other. He guessed probably they had a big grudge or they disliked each other a lot. However, Mr. Conrad was a powerful man, who was always quite busy. How could he make trouble to a woman whom he just met for the first time?

On the other hand, Stella had moved to Anqiao Street more than half a month. She was always smiling at others. She had a good temper and was always gentle. Alexander had never seen her talking to anyone else in such a tone.

Stella didn't know how to explain to him. Fortunately, the taxi arrived. She said, "Ms. Hans, we can talk tomorrow. I'm taking off now."

Alexander nodded. "Okay. Message me when you got home."

"Sure."

After the taxi was going afar, Alexander gradually withdrew his gaze. When he went back to the box, one of his managers was a bit unhappy. "Alex, it's been such a long time. Where have you been?"

"I..."

"All right. You don't need to explain. Mr. Conrad has left. Let's call it a day."

...

When Stella arrived home, Dolores was already sleeping. It was quiet around the house, and only chirps of insects could be heard occasionally.

She sat in the yard, supporting her head to look at the sky.

In the sky, the moon showed up afar. Soon, it was covered by the cloud.

Stella was lost in thought. She heaved a sigh in silence. When she withdrew her hands, she found nothing on her left earlobe.

She wondered when her earring was missing.

What an unlucky day!

She was always unlucky when meeting Clarence.

Stella looked depressed. When she was about to go back to her room, she heard the knocks on the door.

She paused and looked over subconsciously.

It was quite late and all the neighbors had fallen asleep. It shouldn't be any of them.

Stella asked in a low voice, "Who is it?"

The person outside the door didn't answer.

Stella ignored it. When she took a few steps into the house, there were a few knocks on the door again.

Soon, she heard Nathan's voice. "Ms. Radomil, it's me."

Stella was silent.

She walked over to pull the door open, only to find Nathan's proper smile.

However, beside him, a slender figure was standing upright with both hands in the pockets. He turned his side to her, looking into the night.

Stella held back her temper. "It's quite late. What's up?"

Nathan coughed. "Ms. Radomil, didn't you want to talk to Mr. Conrad in the morning? Now, Mr. Conrad is available."

"I see. I don't want to talk to him now."

As she spoke, she took a step back. When she was about to close the door, Clarence turned to look at her unhappily, "Stella Radomil, don't push your luck too far."

Stella said in a super nice tone, “Mr. Conrad, what are you talking about? I know who I am. Pushing my luck too far? I never do it.”

The atmosphere between the two became stiffened again. Nathan could only meddle in and said, “Ms. Radomil, you wanted to talk to Mr. Conrad because of the hotel resort, didn’t you? Ms. Radomil, I’m

afraid you might have misunderstood. The project was decided last night. It’s just a coincidence. I didn’t expect that you’ve moved here.”

After Nathan finished talking, Clarence said impatiently, “Why are you telling her those things?”

Nathan took a few steps back, falling into the silence.

If Mr. Conrad didn’t want him to tell Stella, why didn’t Mr. Conrad interrupt him in the beginning? Mr. Conrad waited until he had finished talking.

Upon hearing it, Stella didn’t react much.

After experiencing what had happened today, Stella had known that Clarence didn’t do it for her. She might almost have flattered herself again. Fortunately, she couldn’t have a chance to meet him. Otherwise, she would be overwhelmed by his sarcasm again.

Stella said, “I see. Thank you for explaining it to me deliberately, Mr. Conrad.”

Clarence looked more unhappy. “Did I come here to explain it to you deliberately? Stella Radomil, I don’t think the word ‘shameless’ is enough to describe you.”

Stella kept quiet for a moment.

Then she asked, “Well, Mr. Conrad...”

Clarence pulled out his hand from the pocket and tossed something, which was flying to Stella.

She caught it subconsciously. Under the street lamp, she recognized the thing and was taken aback. Much to her surprise, he had got her missed earring.

While she was lost in thought, Clarence had lifted his foot, bypassed her, and walked into the yard.

He looked around the environment casually. “What’s so good of this place? Why do you enjoy staying here?”

Stella gritted her teeth, trying her best to hold back the impulse to drag him out. “Of course, it can’t compare to your valuable villas, Mr. Conrad.”

Clarence cast her a glance. “Can’t you speak properly?”

“Mr. Conrad, you intruded other’s house without permission. I’m nice enough that I didn’t call the police. Besides, I always speak in this way. Mr. Conrad, if you don’t want to listen to me, you can leave.”

Clarence gazed at her. Suddenly he sneered. “Stella, I should record it down with a camera. You’ll know how you look like when begging me and when you don’t need me.”

Stella was speechless.

She wondered if she had done it too obviously.

She inhaled deeply and lowered her voice, “Mr. Conrad, I’m not the only one staying here. You’ll interrupt my landlady. If you have anything...”

Before she could finish her words, the light in the house was on. The next second, Dolores’ voice was heard. “Is that you, Stella? Who are you talking to?”

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 84-Stella subconsciously stood in front of Clarence to hide him. “Nobody, Ms. Anderson. A friend of mine. I...”

However, she had totally forgotten that Clarence was far taller than she was. She couldn’t hide him at all.

Dolores looked over at her, but she wasn’t looked at Stella. She was looking at the man behind Stella.

After a few seconds of silence, Stella heard Clarence's voice, which sounded like arctic ice. "I'm leaving now."

"Huh?"

Just now, she spoke so rudely to him but he wasn't willing to leave. She wondered why he changed his mind so fast.

After Clarence strode away for a few steps, Dolores said again, "Clare, wait..."

As if he hadn't heard it, Clarence strode away.

Stella was taken aback, standing motionlessly in confusion.

She noticed that Dolores looked pale. Before figuring it out, she followed Clarence out.

Nathan, who was waiting outside the house, was also confused. Just now Mr. Conrad looked fine when walking in, why did he look like he would eat someone alive when coming out?

He wondered why this couple was fighting every day.

As soon as Clarence reached his car, Stella caught up with him. She yelled, "Wait, Mr. Conrad!"

Clarence didn't react to it at all. He pulled the door open, bent over, and sat in.

Nathan looked over at Stella in confusion.

Stella looked back at Nathan in confusion, too.

Obviously, neither of them knew what was going on.

However, Clarence had already sat in the car, so Nathan didn't dare to delay. He walked to the driver's seat.

Stella had to stay motionlessly, watching the black Maybach leave.

After a long time, she heard Dolores's exhausted voice at the door. "Stella, come back."

Stella withdrew her gaze and walked to her. "Yes, Ms. Anderson."

Dolores took a look in the direction where Clarence was gone. "Is Clare... your friend?"

"Not really," Stella said in a low voice, "Ms. Anderson, do you know him?"

Dolores was lost in thought. After a few seconds, she returned to her senses. She put on a wry smile. "He's the CEO of Conrad Group. I've seen his photo in the newspaper before."

If she didn't explain in this way, Stella wouldn't figure it out, but...

Until now, she finally understood why Ms. Anderson would read a finance newspaper every day.

Her son stayed with his father and hadn't shown up in the past twenty years.

Also, Justin had told her that Clarence was an illegitimate child.

Stella quieted down for a moment. She said, "Ms. Anderson, his photo has never appeared on any newspaper."

Dolores still looked in a daze. "Oh... Really?"

"Ms. Anderson, is Clarence Conrad your son?"

Dolores didn't answer, looking down.

Stella didn't know how to comfort her. Clarence's attitude should have hurt Dolores just now.

After a hesitation, she continued, "Ms. Anderson, he's not my friend. He's my... ex-husband."

Dolores was stunned, looking at her. Then, suddenly she looked down at her slightly bulged belly.

They both fell into the silence.

Stella had never expected that she escaped from City N over thousands of miles, and she met Clarence's birth mother.

It was so coincidental.



In the end, Dolores rubbed her temples. "It's quite late now. Go to bed."

Definitely, she also needed time to digest the information.

Lying on the bed, Stella couldn't fall asleep at all. She called Clarence a few times, but he hung up directly. In the end, he blocked her number.

Stella was speechless.

The wretched man had such a big temper, didn't he?

Later, she called Nathan in secret. Nathan said that Mr. Conrad looked extremely annoyed when going back to the hotel. He also said that it was the first time that Mr. Conrad was so mad.

Stella hummed, didn't react much.

Clarence had blocked her number. What else could she do?

...

The next morning, Evelyn came over to sort a basket of vegetables.

Sitting at the stone table, she whispered to Dolores, "Has Stella told you?"

Dolores was absent-minded. Sorting the vegetables, she asked, "What?"

"Holy moly! I didn't know Stella was so stubborn. She almost got into a fight with that developer during dinner. If Alex didn't tell me about it personally, I couldn't believe it. It's indeed a good idea to let Stella join the dinner. She kept the dignity of our Anqiao Street with her temperament."

Dolores was speechless.

While speaking, Evelyn couldn't help gossiping, "After the dinner, I find Stella and Alex a perfect match more and more. Alex is a timid man, too nice. If someone asked him for help, he wouldn't have the heart to refuse. As long as Stella marries him, he wouldn't suffer any loss. What do you think? Shall we convince Stella and match make them?"

The smile on Dolores' face was stiffened. "I don't think it's a good idea. They don't match."

“Hey, Dolores. What’s wrong? Did you think Alex a good young man as well? Why suddenly do you change your mind?”

“Alex is a nice man indeed, but Stella doesn’t have a crush on him.”

Evelyn thought that made sense. Heaving a sigh, she said, “Stella seemed to still miss her ex-husband. I wonder what was so good of him. They’ve divorced, but he couldn’t let his ex-wife and son stay in another city without visiting them at all. He has no sense of responsibility. If I could meet him, I would beat him up on behalf of his parents.”

Dolores couldn’t find her tongue at all.

After sorting out the vegetables, Evelyn said, “Dolores, what happened to you today? You look so pale. Didn’t you sleep well last night?”

“Sort of.”

“Okay, I won’t hold you up for so long then. Just go ahead and take a nap.” Evelyn picked up her basket and bent over to whisper in Dolores’ ears, “You must be serious about the matter to matchmake Alex and Stella.”

Dolores felt a stronger migraine.

Shortly after Evelyn was gone, Stella walked downstairs.

Dolores rubbed her forehead and said, “Breakfast is in the cooker.”

Stella answered, returned to the kitchen, and took out her breakfast.

Sitting next to Dolores, she whispered, “Ms. Anderson, do you feel not well?”

Dolores waved her hand. “I got a migraine. It’s my old disease.”

“Shall we go to the hospital together? You need to see a doctor.”

“No, thanks. I’ll be fine after taking some pills.” Dolores looked over at her.

“Are you going out?”

Stella paused a few seconds. She answered, “Probably not.”

“Suit yourself. I need to take a nap.” Dolores took a few steps and looked back at her. She asked, “What do you want for lunch?”

Stella had a small bite on the steamed bum. “How about the fish soup?”

“Okay. Evelyn gave me two crucians last night. I’ll make the soup for you.”

“Thank you, Ms. Anderson.”

Dolores’ lips parted as if she wanted to speak something, but in the end, she sighed and went back to her room.

After breakfast, Stella thought that she couldn’t take Ms. Anderson’s meals for granted.

She sat at the table for a moment and called Nathan again.

Nathan replied that Mr. Conrad hadn’t come out of his room or eaten anything since last night until now.

Stella got the news and hung up the phone.

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 85-At noon, when Dolores was cooking, Stella went to the kitchen to help her.

Dolores said, “The kitchen is quite small. Why are you here to make it so crowded? Just wait outside.”

Stella said with a smile, “Ms. Anderson, could you please make a bit more soup?”

“Can you finish all?”

“I...” Stella rolled her eyes. “My friend also wants to drink it. I want to share the soup with him later.”

Dolores knew clearly who her “friend” was. She didn’t answer but put more water into the pot. She said indifferently, “Just up to you.”

Stella held back her laughter. “Okay, Ms. Anderson. I’ll wait outside then.”

Dolores hummed.

In the yard, Stella supported her chin with one hand, curling up her lips into a smile. She finally knew why Clarence always affirmed with his lips but denied in his heart — he inherited the character from someone.

After lunch, Stella put the soup into Dolores’ insulation pail, took it, and walked slowly to the hotel.

Nathan showed her to the door of Clarence’s room. “Ms. Radomil, Mr. Conrad now... I’m afraid he wouldn’t want to meet you.”

Not to mention Stella, he didn’t see anyone.

Stella said, “It’s alright. I just want to talk to him very quickly. If he doesn’t want to see me, I’m fine with it.”

Nathan nodded. “Okay. Ms. Radomil, please call me if you need anything.”

Then he left this battlefield-going-to-be as soon as possible.

Stella pressed the doorbell and called, “Mr. Conrad, can you hear me?”

She heard no response from the inside.

After a few seconds, Stella pressed the doorbell again. She raised her voice. “Mr. Conrad, I bought you some fish soup. If you don’t come out, I’ll finish it myself.”

There was still no response.

The wretched man was so calm.

After a few minutes, Stella said in disappointment, “Mr. Conrad, since you don’t want to meet me, I’m taking off. I’ll go to a place where nobody could find me, so you wouldn’t be bothered...”

Before she finished her words, the locked door in front of her was opened suddenly. Clarence looked at her expressionlessly. “Are you done?”

Stella looked quite depressed. “I came here to say the last goodbye to you, Mr. Conrad. Thank you for being so broad-minded and not getting even with me all the time.”

Clarence didn't look at her at all, snorting. “You said I'm dignified, domineering, and bullying last night. Now I'm broad-minded.”

“Nah. I didn't say that someone was Mr. Conrad. Well, if you insist on thinking so...”

“Enough,” Clarence interrupted her impatiently, “What on earth do you want?”

Stella raised the insulation pail in her hand and fawned him, “I heard you haven't eaten since last night until now, so I deliberately deliver this to you, Mr. Conrad.”

Clarence crossed his arms on his chest, leaning against the door and looking at her expressionlessly. He didn't have any intention to let her in.

He stared daggers at her, and Stella felt a sense of guilt under his gaze. She looked away awkwardly. “Mr. Conrad, please don't misunderstand. I want to thank you for helping my brother.”

Seeing that Clarence remained silent, Stella added, “My brother told me that he has gone back to university now. Thank you so much for your help. Mr. Conrad.”

“Since you've known it, do you think a bowl of fish soup is enough to repay this favor?”

Stella was speechless.

She knew that he might not want to take the soup but only made an excuse.

Stella withdrew the soup. “I see. Mr. Conrad, it's not enough indeed. Let me think about what else I can do to repay your favor. I won't hold you up for so long then. Please have a good rest, Mr. Conrad.”

She turned away before Clarence said something.

“Stop.”

Stella looked back with a smile. “Mr. Conrad, anything else?”

He tilted his head and took a look at his room, and then turned around and walked in.

Stella curled her lips, following him.

After entering the room, Stella poured the fish soup from the insulation pail into a bowl and handed it to Clarence. "Mr. Conrad, try it, please."

Clarence took it over with a hand, picked up the soup, and took a sip.

Stella widened her eyes. "How do you like it?"

"It's not the first time you cooked it. What's so different?"

"Of course it is... What if I improved my cooking skills?"

Clarence cast her a glance. "Not at all."

Stella was choked up by his words.

She knew this wretched man wouldn't talk nicely.

Stella was reluctant. She added, "If you taste it carefully, there is *houuttuynia cordata* in it. The fish soup is thicker and fresher, isn't it extremely tasty?"

Clarence frowned unhappily. "What on earth do you want to tell me?"

"Forget it. Nothing. Mr. Conrad, keep on. I'll get my insulation pail back after you finish it."

However, he didn't keep on drinking the soup. Putting down the bowl, he said indifferently, "Stella, don't do anything meaningless."

Stella was taken aback. For a moment, she lost her tongue.

Clarence said expressionlessly, "Take your stuff and leave."

"Mr. Conrad, I know I don't have the right to say something, but... what if you have some misunderstandings?"

"Stella Radomil, could you mind your own business before getting into others?"

“I...”

Clarence said in a cold tone, “If you think all things could be explained by misunderstanding and be forgiven, how about I asked my men to pick up Jeffrey Radomil and send him to you right now?”

Stella was speechless.

She decided to give up. Anyway, this matter had nothing to do with her. She just realized that Ms. Anderson had been taking care of her in the past few days, so she wanted to have a try.

Before leaving, Stella couldn't help but mumble, “Ms. Anderson is different from Jeffrey Radomil .”

Clarence ignored her.

Stella withdrew her gaze, lowered her head, and left his room with the insulation pail in her hands.

After she was gone, Nathan poked his head at the door. “Mr. Conrad, they've arrived. Would you like to meet them now or postpone it to tomorrow?”

Clarence stood up and said indifferently, “Not necessary. I'll meet them now.”

“Okay.”

...

After leaving the hotel, Stella looked at the rest of the fish soup in the insulation pail and felt it was indeed a waste. She found a place and gulped it down.

She shouldn't have come here. She should just sit and watch that wretch man starved to death.

Although she didn't know much about the mother and son, she shouldn't have meddled in. But she didn't ask Clarence to forgive Ms. Anderson immediately. She just thought that they hadn't met each other for twenty years, which was a long time for either of them. If there were any misunderstandings, they should talk and make it clear.

However, the wretched man used Jeffrey Radomil as her sore point and poked it. She wasn't appreciated by him at all.

Stella exhaled. After sitting a while, she went back home.

In the yard, Dolores was sorting out things. Seeing that Stella came back, she didn't ask anything. She said, "You can leave the insulation pail to me. I'll wash it."

"Well... It's all right. I can do it."

Dolores cast her a glance and asked indifferently, "Hasn't he drunk it?"

Stella immediately answered, "He finished it."

She was afraid that Dolores didn't buy it. Purposed, Stella opened the lid of the insulation pail. "Look, Ms. Anderson. It's empty n

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 86-Stella wasn't sure if Dolores believed her. The latter took over the insulation pail, "Leave it to me. You can go upstairs and take a nap."

After that, she entered the kitchen.

Stella didn't sleep well last night, so she felt a bit sleepy now. Yawning, she went upstairs.

She didn't wake up until six o'clock in the evening.

When she woke up, she saw the evening glow all over the sky.

Stella went downstairs, only to find that Dolores wasn't in the kitchen. She checked on her next door and found Evelyn wasn't in either.

Besides them, it was time for preparing dinner, but the few houses in the neighborhood were all silent. She couldn't hear anything.



As the last trace of the evening glow disappeared, the street lamps were turned on one after another, shimmering the whole river.

It was way too difficult to find such a long and peaceful street with a long history.

When Stella was lost in thought, Evelyn showed up behind her. She patted Stella on the shoulder, "Hey, Stella, you are awake."

Stella returned to her senses, "Hi, Ms. Beckham."

Evelyn said, "Let's go."

Stella was confused, "Where to?"

"Oh, you don't know yet." Evelyn patted herself on the forehead and continued, "The hotel resort was almost decided, so all of us are moving soon. We don't know when we'll reunite in the future, so we decided to have a gathering together. I asked Ms. Anderson for help this afternoon. Now almost everyone has arrived. I came back to take you over."

Hence, Evelyn dragged Stella to the ancestral hall.

It was a public ancestral hall. Whenever it was a holiday or there was a gathering, the neighbor would use this ancestral hall. In the past, the whole community didn't have a gathering because of various reasons. It was probably the last time that they could gather together, so almost all of the neighbors had attended.

On Anqiao Street lived mostly the aged men and women who were not willing to stay with their children, such as Dolores and Evelyn. Besides, that there were also some young tenants such as Alexander and Stella.

All of them got along very well. They were beyond landlords or landladies and tenants. They were like regrouping new homes.

For the dinner tonight, all the mid-aged men and women showed their cooking skills. Each of them cooked a dish that they were best at. With the dozens of dishes on a big round table, the dinner looked like a feast.

Evelyn took Stella to a seat, "Come on, Stella. Sit here."

There were neighbors that Stella was quite familiar with at this table.

Both Evelyn and Dolores were sitting at the table. However, there was an empty seat next to Stella.

...

The acquisition meeting of Anqiao Street was held for a whole afternoon. It didn't end until it was getting dark outside.

After others were gone, Clarence sat in his chair, rubbing his temples with strength.

Nathan walked up and said, "Mr. Conrad, would you like to take the migraine pills?"

Clarence put down his hands, stood up, and said, "Forget it. Let's go grab something for dinner."

In front of the elevator, Alexander and the executives of his company were still waiting for the elevator.

A manager said, "It's dinner time now. Let's go home after dinner."

Others echoed him. Alexander said in embarrassment, "I'm sorry, but I might not join you tonight."

He told them about the community gathering briefly.

The rebuilt of Anqiao Street into a hotel resort was a huge project, so it was also important to Alexander's company. Upon hearing it, they agreed immediately, "I see. Then we can't hold you up for so long, Alex. Please do ahead."

"Alex, after going back, please send our wishes to your neighbors as well."

"By the way, Alex, will Stella join your gathering tonight?"

Alexander nodded, "Yes, she will."

A manager patted him on the shoulder and encouraged him, "Not bad. It's is a rare good opportunity. Seize the chance."

Although feeling shy, Alexander nodded determinedly, "I will. Thank you."

None of them noticed that someone was standing behind their backs, his eyes cold and darkened.

Out of the hotel, after bidding the managers farewell, Alexander was hailing a taxi at the intersection.

However, just when his hand was raised, a black Maybach was pulled over slowly in front of him.

Alexander was puzzled.

The car window was pressed down, and he saw a man's cold handsome face.

The man greeted, "Mr. Hans."

Alexander was surprised, "Hello, Mr. Conrad?"

Clarence asked indifferently, "Mr. Hans, where are you going? I can give you a ride."

Alexander was extremely flattered. He immediately refused, "Thank you, Mr. Conrad. But not necessary. I can take the cab..."

"Get in."

Alexander didn't have the guts to refuse him again. He pulled the door open, bent over, and sat in.

Although he had been working with Clarence in the past two days, mostly it was the managers and executives of his company who talked to Clarence. Alexander was just an assistant for them to get documents and deal with other odd jobs. He had never had a chance to be with Clarence alone.

It was extremely quiet in the car. Alexander was quite nervous, holding his breath all the time.

He had heard a lot of Clarence before. Although the Conrad family was a powerful and wealthy old money, Clarence wasn't just a playboy who only knew about enjoying spending. After he took charge of

Conrad Group, not only their share price doubled, but only numerous overseas markets were developed. Their annual profits soared.

The rumors said that Clarence was determined, decisive, cold-blooded, and heartless, even his father was afraid of him. He was an extremely tough man.

While Alexander was lost in thought, he heard a man's voice beside him, "Mr. Hans?"

After a few seconds, Alexander suddenly returned to his senses, "Yes, Mr. Conrad?"

Clarence said, "Mr. Hans, I heard that you are chasing Ms. Radomil."

Alexander hadn't expected that he had heard it. In embarrassment, he answered, "Ah? Well... Yes, I am..."

"But yesterday, Ms. Radomil said she's pregnant. Don't you mind it, Mr. Hans?"

Alexander didn't know why suddenly he asked such a question. After a thought, he answered, "I like Stella for who she is. No matter what happened to her before, I like her. As for her pregnancy, I believe we'll have our own children in the future."

Clarence curled up his lips into a sneer. He didn't comment on his words.

Soon, the black Maybach was arriving Anqiao Street. Alexander said to Nathan, "Excuse me, Mr. Lance, please dropped me at the roadside in front. Thank you."

Clarence pressed down the window and took a glance. He asked expressionlessly, "Mr. Hans, so you stay here?"

"Not really. Mr. Conrad, this is the thing..."

Alexander repeated the community gathering to him.

Clarence raised his eyebrow, "Really? That sounds fun!"

Since Alexander could reach his position, he wasn't a fool. Naturally, he got what Clarence meant. Hence, he tentatively asked, "Mr. Conrad, would you like to join us?"

Clarence withdrew his gaze, "It's your community gathering. I'm an outsider. I don't think it's appropriate."

“Mr. Conrad, please. All my neighbors like you a lot. Originally, we planned to invite you, but we were afraid that you won’t like such an occasion and we might interrupt you. Mr. Conrad, if you join us, I’m sure they would be overjoyed.”

“Since you said that, I must attend it.”

Clarence raised his eyebrow, “Really? That sounds fun!” Since Alexander could reach his position, he wasn’t a fool. Naturally, he got what Clarence meant. Hence, he tentatively asked, “Mr. Conrad, would you like to join us?” Clarence withdrew his gaze, “It’s your community gathering. I’m an outsider. I don’t think it’s appropriate.” “Mr. Conrad, please. All my neighbors like you a lot. Originally, we planned to invite you, but we were afraid that you won’t like such an occasion and we might interrupt you. Mr. Conrad, if you join us, I’m sure they would be overjoyed.” “Since you said that, I must attend it.”

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 87-In the ancestral hall, except for the empty seat next to Stella, others had all arrived and sat down.

Evelyn said, “Alas... What happened to Alex? Is there traffic?” Then she looked at Stella, “Stella, I forgot to bring my cell phone. Would you mind calling Alex, please? Ask him where he is now.”

As she spoke, she also winked at the neighbors sitting next to her complacently.

Stella was speechless.

Evelyn’s intention was way too obvious, wasn’t it?

Dolores heaved a sigh in silence, “I’ll call him.”

Evelyn pushed her slightly, “Dolores, what’s wrong with you? By the way, I suddenly recall that we still have two dishes in the kitchen. Come on, help me take them out.”

As she spoke, Evelyn dragged Dolores away.

Other neighbors at the table seemed to be in Evelyn's plan, "Stella, could you please call Alex? Otherwise, the dishes are turning cold."

"Yeah. Ask him where he is now."

Stella exhaled. When she was about to pull out her cell phone, Alexander's voice suddenly was heard, "Not necessary. I'm sorry for keeping you wait."

"Alex, you..."

The mid-aged woman who spoke suddenly paused, because another man was standing next to him.

In a hurry, Alexander made the introduction, "This is Mr. Conrad. I'm sure you met him yesterday."

"Oops, Mr. Conrad is more handsome than the actors on TV. How can we forget him?"

"Exactly. Nice to meet you, Mr. Conrad. I stood quite far away from you yesterday so I didn't greet you. Mr. Conrad, you are so young. Do you have a girlfriend? Have you got married? My daughter is working in City N. She..."

"Cut the crap. Come on. Mr. Conrad is our honored guest. Please have a seat."

There was an uproar in the ancestral hall. Besides Stella's table, all the neighbors knew that Clarence had attended their gathering. They came over to greet him.

Alexander's heart jumped into his throat directly, afraid that such an uproar would annoy Clarence. He secretly studied Clarence's expression and found it was not bad. Although Clarence was always expressionless, he wasn't running out of patience yet.

However, as a superior tycoon, he should be always moody. Alexander was still worried that probably he would run out of patience soon, so he dared not to let him stand for a long time. He squeezed through the crowds and asked them to go back to their seats.

Finally, it quieted down. Someone came over and said, "Mr. Conrad, there's no extra seat at this table. There's an empty seat at my table. Please come to sit with us."

Clarence answered flatly, "I came over with Mr. Hans. I can sit at his table."

At this table, although Dolores and Evelyn hadn't returned, their coats were left at their seats. Obviously, all seats were taken except for one.

Alexander didn't have time to think. Immediately, he gave his seat to Clarence, "Mr. Conrad, please sit here."

Stella, who kept silent all the time, stood up suddenly, "Mr. Hans, please take my seat. I can change to another..."

Before she could finish her words, she felt an aggressive gaze on her.

Stella was choked up.

Alexander immediately said, "Oh, no, thanks, Stella. Just sit there. I..."

Right then, a mid-aged woman sitting on the left seat of Alexander's stood up, "Alex, come sit here. I will sit with Jessica. Take good care of Mr. Conrad, will you?"

After a long time, the seats were decided finally.

When Clarence sat down, Stella felt quite uneasy. In silence, she moved towards her right, distancing herself from him.

Right then, Evelyn and Dolores came back with two dishes in their hands.

Seeing Clarence sitting there, Dolores couldn't help but pause a bit. Evelyn was stunned for a moment, and then she greeted Clarence warmly.

Stella secretly took a glance at Dolores, only to find that she put the dish on the round table and sat on her seat, looking as usual.

Things had become this far, and Stella felt lucky that Evelyn was sitting on her right. However, she could feel the stressful atmosphere between the mother and the son. She felt more uncomfortable than she was torn apart.

In the beginning, other neighbors at the table dared not to talk to Clarence because of his identity and aura. However, Evelyn was different. She was an extremely enthusiastic and warm-hearted woman,

well-known in the community. After greeting Clarence, she started chitchatting with him.

“Mr. Conrad, gee...” Evelyn patted her thigh, “I feel quite strange when calling you Mr. Conrad all the time. You should be the same age as my son. I’ll call you Clarence instead. Would you mind?”

Clarence said after a silence, “Never mind.”

Evelyn said, “Well, that’s better. Clarence, let me ask you secretly. Have you got married?”

Stella, who was drinking water, paused. She wondered why Evelyn was so straightforward. Her first question to Clarence was so private.

Stella felt her temples popping.

At the same time, she heard an expressionless voice, “Yes, I have.”

Right after the last syllable fell off his tongue, another mid-aged woman chimed in, “Clarence, you are so good-looking. Your wife should be quite pretty, right?”

Clarence cast Stella a glance and answered casually, “Just so-so.”

Stella was speechless.

Evelyn asked again, “Do you have children yet? Clarence, please don’t mind me being nosy. At your age, it’s better to have children now. Your parents can also take care of your children. If you delayed it, your parents will be too old...”

Stella couldn’t help but cough to interrupt her words.

Evelyn looked over and poured some water into Stella’s glass, “Stella, you as well. Take some hot water. Don’t get cold.”

“Thank you, Ms. Beckham.”



Taking the chance, Alexander chimed in, “Ms. Beckham, in Mr. Conrad’s family, he probably doesn’t need his parents to take care of his children...”

“That’s right. I’ve forgotten,” said Evelyn, “But, Clarence, it’s safer and more worry-free to let your parents take care of your children than let the outsiders do it. My son insisted on hiring a nanny, not letting me take care of his child. Now, my grandchild even doesn’t know I’m his grandma. Believe me. Nobody except your parents would truly care about your children.”

Stella rubbed her forehead. She didn’t think she could make Evelyn stop by herself.

After a few seconds, Clarence answered, “Okay, Ma’am. I remember all your words.”

“Ehn. Good!”

Evelyn chatted a few words with him again. She liked Clarence more and more, which could be seen easily on her face.

“By the way, Stella. Alex said that you went to see a movie a few days ago. How did you like the movie?”

Stella was agape.

How come suddenly Evelyn cued her? Why didn’t she stop for a moment?

Stella answered, “It’s not bad. Ms. Beckham, if you are interested, we can go see a movie together next time.”

Evelyn didn’t expect that she would answer her in this way. In a daze for a moment, she said, “Silly girl, I’m too old to watch a movie. That’s what you youngsters like. Not suits me.”

As she spoke, Evelyn pulled her hand over and said solemnly, “Stella, you moved to cover all the way from City N, such a faraway city. We became neighbors. It’s our fate to get to know each other. I want to speak something from the bottom of my heart. Please don’t mind.”

As she spoke, Evelyn pulled her hand over and said solemnly, “Stella, you moved to cover all the way from City N, such a faraway city. We became

neighbors. It's our fate to get to know each other. I want to speak something from the bottom of my heart. Please don't mind."

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 88-"Ms. Beckham, I..."

"Stella, please let me finish my words." Evelyn looked quite solemn, "Since you moved here, I know you have a difficult life, but I'm afraid to remind you of something sad and upset you. Hence, neither Ms. Anderson nor I wanted to bring up the subject to you. But you know I'm quite straightforward. I can't hold it any longer and I want to say something now."

After a pause, Evelyn continued and cursed, "Your ex-husband is truly a scumbag."

Stella was speechless.

Clarence looked over at Evelyn in confusion.

Before Evelyn went on cursing, Dolores touched her arm, hinting at her to stop.

Evelyn said, "Dolores, don't stop me, please. Things have come this far, I must finish my words. Stella, forget him. Cherish the current chance."

Feeling the waves of coldness next to her, Stella hurriedly said, "Ms. Beckham, you've understood it. I divorced him peacefully. It's not like what you've thought."

"A peaceful divorce? Even if you're divorced, you are still pregnant. Your ex-husband doesn't care about you at all. Is he still a human? Any man who still has his conscience would never let a girl leave her hometown and move to a strange place when she's pregnant. You don't have anyone to depend on here. When you are bullied, nobody can help you."

Stella felt that her brain was about to explode, “Ms. Beckham, please. I really...”

Evelyn heaved a sigh, still pulling her hand, “Stella, please don’t force yourself to smile. I’ve experienced everything. I know how you feel.” As she spoke, she said, “Alex, come over.”

Alexander stood up and walked between them.

Evelyn pulled Stella’s hand with one hand and pulled Alexander’s with the other, “You both are good youngsters. Stella, believe me, Alex is quite reliable. He likes you truly. He’ll take good care of you.”

Evelyn had already done such a preparation. Alexander took the chance and said, “Stella, I truly don’t mind what happened to you in the past. I know you might not know me very well yet. But, it’s alright. I hope you can give me a chance and let me prove my love to you.”

Stella didn’t answer, looking quite stunned.

Evelyn mistook that she tacitly approved. When she was about to pull their hands together, Stella suddenly withdrew her hand, “I’m sorry, but I don’t think it works.”

A trace of darkness flashed through Alexander’s eyes.

Evenly sighed as well. She said to Alexander, “We can’t rush in such a thing. Just take it easy, Alex.”

Alexander went back to his seat, looking quite down.

Stella’s heart almost popped out of her chest. She was stunned just now because when Alexander was confessing his love, a man’s hand grabbed hers under the table. His slender fingers inserted between her fingers bit by bit until ten fingers were clasped.

Stella turned around and glared at him.

Clarence raised his head and gulped down a glass of liquor calmly, raising his eyebrows only.

After such a matter, all the neighbors at the table quieted down.

Stella felt extremely uneasy all the time because she found that Clarence didn't have any intention to release her hand that he gripped.

She wondered what was wrong with this wretched man.

When the gathering ended, all the neighbors bid each other farewell.

Alexander managed to cheer up himself, "Mr. Conrad, may I give you a ride, please?"

Clarence said in an indifferent tone, "No, thanks. Mr. Hans, you look pale. Go home and have a rest."

While he was speaking, Stella secretly increased the strength on her left hand, managing to pull it out from his grip.

Clarence said again, "I want to wander around. Ms. Radomil, please show me around."

Stella, who finally breathed a sigh of relief, was shocked again.

She didn't agree, did she?

Alexander parted his lips as if he wanted to say something, but he didn't think he had the right. Besides, Clarence was married. Alexander didn't think he would have any evil intention towards a pregnant woman.

After Alexander was gone, Clarence cast a glance at Stella, on whose face the unwillingness was written, "Ms. Radomil, shall we?"

Evelyn patted Stella on her shoulder, "Stella, Clarence was waiting for your answer."

Stella put a wry smile, "Oh, really? Sorry, I didn't hear him."

Clarence said again, "Thank you very much, Ms. Radomil."

This wretched man pretended to be a gentleman now.

Out of the ancestral hall, there were street lamps in the line along the river.

Stella lowered her head, walking in front quietly.

All she wanted was to walk to the end of the street and sent this wretched man away as soon as possible.

With one hand on the trousers pocket, Clarence strode to follow her, “Ms. Radomil, why don’t you introduce those places to me?”

Stella bit her lower lip, turned around, and smiled at him, “I’ve just moved here for half a month. I’m not familiar with the neighborhood. Mr. Conrad, you can take a look. Or, shall I find someone else to show you around and give you a detailed introduction?”

“Is there any woman who’s better-looking than you, Ms. Radomil?”

Stella sneered, “Mr. Conrad, haven’t you said that I’m just so-so?”

Clarence stopped and looked at the river. He said calmly, “I was talking about my wife. Ms. Radomil, how can you misunderstand that I was talking about you?”

Stella was annoyed by the wretched man’s words.

She stood one meter away from him, “Mr. Conrad, haven’t you seen that you’ve messed up all our arrangement after you came in?”

Clarence shrugged without care, “Have I? I found they were overjoyed”

Stella was speechless.

The wretched man was quite self-confident.

Clarence turned to cast her a glance, “Or, did you mean that I’ve disturbed your good future marriage, Ms. Radomil?”

Stella said, “Probably yes. Mr. Conrad, if you hadn’t come, I would probably say yes to Mr. Hans.”

“Ms. Radomil, if you regret it, you can still go to find Mr. Hans. I’m sure he would still be quite happy to become a father as soon as having a wife.”

Stella wished that she could kick him into the driver.

After a while, she seemed to realize something. She asked tentatively, “Mr. Conrad, are you drunk?”

Only after he got drunk would he not speak in a sarcastic and harsh tone.

It also made sense that why suddenly he gripped her hand earlier.

During the dinner, a lot of neighbors came to propose toasts to him. He drank with them one by one.

Clarence didn't answer. After a while, he said flatly, "I used to grow up in such a neighbor when I was a kid."

Stella was taken aback for a moment before understanding what he meant. No wonder he wasn't impatient or annoyed by the noisy environment and people.

This was also the first time that Clarence told her something about himself.

Clarence didn't seem to plan to tell her anything else. He was standing there motionlessly. Stella wondered what was in his mind.

A breeze blew. Stella sneezed.

Clarence slowly turned around and looked at her expressionlessly, "Stella Radomil."

"Yes?"

Upon hearing the familiar tone, Stella realized that he sobered up.

Clarence continued, "Annie said Horace Jason is the father of your baby. What's your explanation for this?"

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**Read Novel [ Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again  
Chapter 89**

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 89-Stella wasn't surprised that Annie would bite her like a mad dog. After a moment of silence, she asked, "Mr. Conrad, do you believe her?"

"Whether I believe her or not depends on your answer."

"No, he's not." Stella didn't want to explain anything meaningless. She added, "Mr. Conrad, you could look into the days of my pregnancy and check when Horace has come back from abroad."

Clarence didn't speak, withdrawing his gaze calmly.

Stella parted her lips. She wanted to say something but she didn't think it would be useful.

After a few seconds, Clarence said, "It doesn't mean I believe you. I just don't believe Annie. You don't need to be delighted."

Stella was speechless.

What he said didn't make sense at all.

Clarence added, "Stella, there's no good person in the Conrad family."

Nor was he.

Stella didn't retort. She agreed with him, and especially he was a jerk.

However...

She said in a low voice, "I don't think Justin is the same as others."

Clarence retorted, "Oh, really? How do you know?"

"I've talked to him several times. I can tell if the person was a nice one from his language and behaviors."

"In that case, how come I couldn't understand why so many people like you so much based on your language and behaviors?"

Stella was choked up by his words again.

She inhaled deeply, “Mr. Conrad, we’re discussing some matters. Please stop your personal attack, OK?”

Clarence secretly curled up his lips, “I’m discussing the matter with you. What else do you have besides your appearance? Are they too stupid to see through you?”

“Mr. Conrad, in my opinion, if everyone else had different opinions with you on one matter, you should consider if it’s because of your own problem.”

“All right. Tell me. On all the things you’ve done, what did I blame you wrongly?”

Stella fell into the silence. No matter if it was she got pregnant and forced him to marry her, she kept asking him for money, or she pissed him off to divorce her by her pregnancy, those matters indeed had happened, although she wasn’t so scheming as he thought.

She couldn’t retort him at all.

Clarence snorted. He knew it.

Stella said, “It’s getting late. Mr. Conrad, do you still want to wander around? If not, please excuse me. I’m going home.”

“Suit yourself.”

Stella couldn’t wait to hear him say so, “All right. I’m leaving. Mr. Conrad, bye.”

Seeing that she left without looking back, Clarence looked quite unhappy.

What an ungrateful woman!

After Stella was gone far, Clarence withdrew his gaze. When he was about to leave, a figure showed up nearby.

“Clare, wait.”

...

After Stella got home, she found Dolores wasn’t in the house. She guessed that Dolores must go to see Clarence, so she went upstairs.



She took a shower and walked out of the bathroom. When she was about to sleep, her phone vibrated. It was a message sent by Alexander.

“Stella, could you come out for a second, please? I want to have the last conversation with you.”

Stella exhaled. With the phone in her hands, she went downstairs.

When she walked out, Alexander was standing at the riverside, lowering his head.

Hearing her footsteps, he raised his head, “Stella, sorry for asking you out so late.”

“It’s alright. What’s up?”

Alexander said bitterly, “Recently, I must have been bothering you a lot. I want to make an apology to you. I’ve started looking for a new place to rent, so I’ll move away pretty soon.”

Alexander would move away not only because the community was about to be torn down, but also, most importantly, Stella had rejected him in presence of so many people. For his dignity, he couldn’t continue staying.

He would have to move out sooner or later. If he moved away now, at least he could still keep his self- esteem.

Stella pressed her lips. She said, “I’m sorry, Mr. Hans. I...”

“Please don’t apologize to me. I just flattered myself too much.” Alexander smiled, “If there’s any chance, I’d like to meet your ex-husband. I wondered how outstanding he is that you can’t forget him at all.”

“What? Well...” Stella said, “You’ve misunderstood. My ex-husband isn’t that outstanding. He’s proud and arrogant. He doesn’t only have a bad temper but also never speaks nicely. He always thinks others evilly.”

Alexander was agape by her description, “Then, why do you...”

Stella whispered, “Everyone has his or her shortages. I’m not a perfect woman, either. Besides... I just want to live all by myself. It has nothing to do with him at all.”

Alexander fell into the silence, "I see."

"Okay... Then, I'm going back now."

"Stella, wait," Alexander stopped her, "How about Mr. Conrad and you..."

Alexander kept wondering the question since last night, but he didn't have a chance to ask.

Besides, no matter from which perspective, Alexander didn't think they only knew each other. However, he couldn't figure out what kind of relationship was between them.

Before Stella could answer him, a man's indifferent tone was heard, "Haven't she told you that I'm her ex-husband, who is proud and arrogant, doesn't only have a bad temper but also never speaks nicely, and always thinks others evilly?"

Stella was speechless.

She wondered why she would be caught by him whenever she was talking evil at his back. Did he install a surveillance system on her?

Alexander gaped as if he got a lightning strike, "Mr... Mr. Conrad?"

Clarence stood next to Stella with an expressionless face, "Mr. Hans, you keep aiming to bring up my son. I don't know how I should appreciate your kindness."

Alexander even couldn't wait to find a new place to rent. He moved out overnight.

...

Clarence looked at Stella from her side. The latter dodged his gaze, "Mr. Conrad, look how round that moon is!"

"It's the first day of the new moon today. There's no full moon in the sky."

Stella rubbed her nose, feeling extremely embarrassed.

Ignoring her, Clarence turned around and walked into the house.

Stella followed him, “Mr. Conrad, what are you doing?”

“The hangover soup.”

“Okay.”

Stella knew that she had done something to offend him. She didn't turn him down, walking into the kitchen in silence.

Clarence came back but Ms. Anderson hadn't, and neither had Ms. Beckham. Stella guessed that they were still chatting with the neighbors and bidding each other farewell.

There were plenty of ingredients in the kitchen. Stella made the hangover soup pretty quickly.

When she walked out with the bowl of soup in the tray, Clarence was sitting at the stone table. Looking at the half-done baby's stool, he was lost in thought.

Stella said, “Mr. Conrad, the soup is ready.”

Clarence put down the thing in his hand and took over the bowl from her hands.

Watching him finish the soup, she whispered, “Mr. Conrad, if there's nothing else, may I go to sleep now?”

Clarence cast her a glance and hummed in a low voice, “Ehn.”

Stella exhaled in silence and trotting upstairs immediately.

The unlucky day finally passed.

Fortunately, the acquisition was almost done. She didn't think that Clarence would stay long. He would leave pretty soon.

Stella didn't know how long Ms. Anderson and Ms. Beckham would chat with the neighbors. She was running out of energy. Lying on the bed, she soon fell asleep.

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## Read Novel [ Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 90 ]

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 90-On the second day, when Stella woke up, the sun was shining outside the window.

Yawning, she went downstairs. Faintly, she saw someone sitting in the yard. She didn't look closer, "Good morning, Ms. Anderson."

"It's almost ten o'clock. Morning?"

Stella was shocked.

She rubbed her eyes, only to find that it wasn't Ms. Anderson who was sitting at the stone table. Instead, it was Clarence who was having breakfast.

Stella was taken aback, "Where is Ms. Anderson?"

"She's out."

Stella gaped and said, "Why are you here?"

Clarence turned around and cast her a glance. He said in a flat tone, "Why can't I be here?"

That made sense.

Anyway, he's Ms. Anderson's son. He had proper reasons to be here.

Stella wondered if the mother and the son had been reconciled.

Noticing that Stella's expression kept changing, Clarence withdrew his gaze, "If you continue getting lost here, you can have lunch directly."

It wasn't until now did Stella came back to her senses. She went to the kitchen and got her breakfast.

After sitting opposite Clarence, she found that the sleeves on his white shirt were rolled up. The collar was open slightly. It seemed that he had stayed here overnight.

There were another two or three empty rooms in Ms. Anderson's house, but Stella was surprised that he directly stayed here overnight. Didn't they need to calm down their feelings?

Staying in the same house and having breakfast at the same table with him again, Stella had an indescribable feeling.

Clarence put down his spoon, "Can you get full just by staring at me?"

Stella immediately lowered her head, taking sips of the porridge in her bowl.

While she was eating, there were a few knocks on the door. Then, Nathan came in with a suitcase in his hands, "Mr. Conrad, here are your clothes."

Stella was confused.

She wondered if that meant Clarence would stay here for a long time.

Clarence hummed, "Put it over there."

Nathan nodded slightly. After nodding at Stella as greeting, he turned away.

Stella was choked up directly. After a long while, she stopped coughing, "Mr. Conrad... Don't you go back to City N?"

"Why so hurry? Do you think the acquisition and building of the hotel resort will be completed within one or two days?"

Stella shut up.

She hoped that he could ignore her question.

For the whole morning, Dolores didn't come back home. Clarence was working in the yard. Stella originally wanted to go back to her room and continue with her design. However, as soon as she moved, Clarence asked her to pour a glass of water for him.

After several times, Stella was a bit pissed, "Mr. Conrad, I'm not your maid."

Clarence didn't raise his head at all, "That's how you thank me, isn't it?"

Stella was speechless for a moment. Then she said, "Mr. Conrad, a moment please, I'll get you water right now."

It was true that if one took advantage of the other one, he or she couldn't criticize the other party or take care of the other party's business any longer.

When it was almost noon, Dolores finally called Stella. After the gathering last night, Evelyn organized a trip for their mid-aged neighbors. They were heading to a few places of interest for a journey.

It would take them two days and one night.

Dolores said, "Stella, you and Clare can dine out these days. Don't fight with him."

Stella was silent for a long while, "Ms. Anderson, have you resolved the misunderstandings?"

"More or less. Clare always talks harshly but he's soft-hearted. You and he... Forget it. Wait until I go back."

After hanging up the phone, Stella looked up at the sky. She blinked, and there were no tears in her eyes.

If she were guilty, why wasn't she pushed by the law? How come God punished her to stay with Clarence alone for two days and one night?

She went back to the yard and said in a weak tone, "Mr. Conrad, let's dine out. Ms. Anderson won't come back until tomorrow afternoon."

Clarence asked, "Can't you cook?"

"I'll vomit when smelling the smoke."

Clarence paused his fingers that were dancing on the keyboard. He snapped the laptop, stood up, and walked into the kitchen.

When Stella followed him in, she saw him take out a fish from the bucket, wash it, and grab the kitchen knife aside, ready to cut it.

Stella swallowed and said, "Mr. Conrad, do you know how to deal with a fish?"

"None of your business. Leave."

"Well... I seemed to hear it screaming in pain..."

Clarence was unhappy, "This fish isn't a goblin. Why would it scream?"

During their three-year marriage, she hadn't seen Clarence cook in the kitchen once. Comparing dealing with the fish, she'd rather believe that he would be more skilled to kill her.

Clarence looked at her expressionlessly.

Stella agreed in silence, leaving the kitchen immediately.

Shortly after, she saw waves of black smoke above the kitchen.

The neighbors might think they were cooking using the firewood

After less than half an hour, Clarence came out of the kitchen with a livid face. A lot of black stains were on his costly white shirt.

Stella tried hard to bite her lower lip, holding back her laughter.

Clarence cast her a cold glance, "Sit still. Don't move."

Then he turned around and strode into his room.

Stella couldn't help holding back any longer. She burst into laughter.

After knowing Clarence for such a long time, this was the first time that she saw him so embarrassed.

In almost twenty minutes, Clarence came out again. He had changed his clothes and his hair was half-dried. Obviously, he took a shower.

At the same time, there were a few knocks on the door again.

Nathan brought them an executive chef from the hotel.

Stella was speechless.

Sure enough, money could buy anything.

That was so inhumane!

When lunch was ready finally, it was half-past one in the afternoon.

Fortunately, Stella had a late lunch, so she wasn't starved at all. While waiting for lunch, she was kind of sleepy.

When she was struggling with sleepiness, Clarence said in a flat tone, "If you are sleepy, go ahead to take a nap. I'll call you when lunch is ready."

Upon hearing it, Stella sobered up directly. With a wry smile, she shook her head, "No, thanks. I'm not sleepy now."

Clarence snorted, ignoring her.

When the lunch was ready, the chef left sensibly.

After lunch, Stella wanted to do the dishes sensibly. However, when she stood up, Clarence said, "Leave them there. I'll ask Nathan to do them later."

Stella felt ashamed for his suggestion, "It's such a trifle. Please don't bother Nathan. I can do it."

Seeing that she didn't appreciate it, Clarence snorted, "Up to you."

Stella curled her lips, walking into the kitchen.

She would always take a siesta in the afternoon. After doing the dishes, she saw Clarence on the phone, so she didn't tell him and went back to her room directly.

When she was doing dishes, her clothes were soaked by the water.

She took out a pajama gown from the closet, took off her clothes, and was ready to change it. Suddenly, the door of her bedroom was open.

Clarence said, "Stella..."

Stella turned around. In embarrassment and anger, she grabbed the pillow on her bed and smashed towards him.

Clarence closed the door outside.

Hurriedly, Stella put on the pajama gown and rushed out, "Mr. Conrad, could you please knock at the door when getting into another person's bedroom?"



Clarence was leaning against the wall beside her bedroom door. Tilting his head, he looked at her, "I never entered another person's bedroom."

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