

Read Novel [Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 91 -100

Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 91-Stella gritted her teeth tightly, wondering if he meant that she was not even a human in his opinion.

Before she retorted, Clarence said flatly, "Change your outfit. Have a walk with me."

"Didn't you walk around yesterday?"

"You had meals yesterday. Why would you have meals again today?"

Stella couldn't find her tongue.

What a jerk!

She hurriedly turned around and smashed her door close. Then she locked it from the inside.

Clarence cast a glance at the lock, raising his head. As if he had thought about something, his Adam's apple bobbed.

He withdrew his gaze and cleared his throat, "I'll wait for you downstairs. Hurry up."

Stella's unhappy voice was heard from the room, "Got it."

Could he just stop urging her?

If he was in a hurry, why didn't he just go himself?

Stella still put on another vintage dress from Dolores, the style of which wasn't favored by Clarence.

In order to make the wretched man wait longer, she slowly put on makeup.

When Stella walked downstairs, Clarence was standing in the yard with his back towards her. With one hand on the pocket of his suit trousers, he stood upright, talking on the phone in English.

His voice was deep and magnetic with traces of chill, quite pleasant to hear.

Sure enough, the wretched man would always look handsome whenever he was hard working.

Two minutes later, Clarence finished the call. He turned around and looked at Stella, who looked away immediately, “Mr. Conrad, sorry for keeping you wait. I...” she said.

Stella thought that Clarence would mock at her again, but he only put the phone into his pocket and said indifferently, “Let’s go.”

All the neighbors joined Evelyn’s tourist team. Usually, they would be sitting outside their houses or along the rivers. Currently, they were all gone, so the whole street was extremely quiet.

The sunshine covered this ancient long street in peace.

Stella was walking by Clarence’s side, keeping a distance from him. From time to time, she kicked a stone on the ground.

At the end of the street, there was a wide river.

Stella used to watch the sunset here every day.

Usually, a lot of neighbors of Anqiao Street would play chess or walk around with the caged birds around here. Now since they were gone, it was quiet along the river with only a few passersby and running children for fun.

Standing beside the river, Clarence stared at the scenery in distance, lost in thought.

Stella was standing behind him, yawning.

She was almost killed by the sleepiness.

How could he be so energetic?

When Stella was dizzy, she heard Clarence’s voice, “Come over.”

She looked in the direction of his voice, only to find that Clarence had walked down the steps. He was standing next to a boat upright.

She tried to cheer up, walking down the steps.

However, when she reached the late level, she looked at the boat that was distanced from the last step, hesitating.

When she wondered how she could get in, a knuckled hand was reached in front of her.

Stella was taken aback, looking up at him subconsciously.

Clarence seemed to be out of patience, "Why are you standing there motionlessly? Come get in."

Stella hesitated and then put her hand in his palm.

When she got in, the boat slightly swayed. She lost her balance and fell into his arms.

Clarence wrapped his hands around her waist. After a few seconds, he said, "Done hugging me?"

Stella reacted immediately. She hurriedly took a few steps back. However, the boat was in the water, and it swayed quite easily. She couldn't help fall on her back.

While Stella thought that she might fall into the water, Clarence grabbed her waist and pulled her back.

He said, "Why are you acting so fiercely? Move slowly."

Inwardly, Stella couldn't help blaming him.

Watching the scene, the boatman smiled and said, "Mister and Ma'am, the wave is a bit bigger today. Be careful. Don't fall into the water."

Stella parted her lips and wanted to explain. The boat swayed again, making her closer to Clarence.

Finally, they managed to sit down. Stella immediately moved away from him, trying her best to distance from him as far as possible.

Clarence cast her a glance and snorted.

The boat was rickety and rowed slowly on the river. It was quiet all around. Only the sound of wind blowing the branches could be heard occasionally.

The river was quite clear. They could see groups of little fishes swimming.

Stella was lying on her side of the boat, her hands gently skimming through the water. The cold water made her feel quite cozy.

When she was enjoying herself, suddenly she heard the man's indifferent voice, "Stella Radomil, you should know – I'm working, not dating you."

She withdrew her gaze, looking quite confused, "Mr. Conrad, what do you mean?"

"Didn't you deliberately put on makeup for dating me?"

Stella couldn't find the right word to answer.

"Haha, well, Mr. Conrad, you are truly..."

Clarence turned to look at her, his voice becoming colder, "What?"

Stella looked solemn, "You are truly a detail-oriented man. How could you read my mind through such a small detail?"

Clarence ignored her, looking in another direction.

After the interruption, Stella couldn't enjoy skimming the water any longer. She sat upright on the seat.

The boat was rowed on the river in silence. Nobody talked.

Shortly after, Stella started yawning again. The warm sunshine fell on her as if it was hypnotizing her.

Under the sways of the boat, Stella finally fell asleep.

Her head tilted, leaning against the shoulder of the man next to her.

Clarence looked down at her expressionlessly.

The boatman whispered, "Excuse me, Mister. Are you and your wife traveling here?"

After a few seconds, Clarence hummed in a low voice.

“Which places of interest have you been so far?”

“We arrived here last night. We haven’t been any of them.”

The boatman said, “Then may I recommend a few to you? Those places were favorites ones of the young couples.”

...

When Stella woke up, the boat was almost approaching the bank.

She stretched and was about to move her stiffened neck, but she found that she was leaning against something.

Upon realizing it, Stella suddenly sat upright, but she twisted her neck carelessly. She let out a small cry in pain.

The man’s snort sounded out beside her.

It sounded that he was laughing at her for going for wool and coming home shorn.

Stella raised her hand and rubbed her neck. She asked, “Mr. Conrad, why didn’t you wake me up?”

“Nobody could wake up one who pretends to sleep.”

Stella was speechless.

It seemed that the wretched man meant she pretended to fall asleep so that she could lean against him.

Before Stella retorted, Clarence stood up.

The boat was pulled in.

He lifted his long leg and strode to the riverbank.

Clarence reached his hand to her. As if he wasn’t in the mood to talk to her, he just raised his chin, hinting at her to get onto the bank.

Stella curled her lips, putting her hand in his palm gently.

As soon as she got off the boat, she immediately withdrew her hand.

Hence, he wouldn't think she was taking his advantage on purpose.

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 92-Clarence didn't spare her a glance. Withdrawing his hand, he strode on the step.

Stella followed him for a few steps. Then she asked, "Mr. Conrad, do you want to go to any other places? If not, I gotta go home."

"Hasn't anyone told you to exercise more after being pregnant?"

Stella answered seriously, "My doctor told me to have more rest, leaving those disgusting people and matters alone."

Clarence cast her an indifferent glance.

"Of course, I feel physically and mentally delighted with being with you, Mr. Conrad. Where else do you want to go? Let's go there and come back as soon as possible. Otherwise, it'll get dark soon."

Looking at her hypocritical smile, Clarence snorted, "Nowhere."

Stella exhaled. She was delighted.

It seemed the way back was shorter than the way when they came here. Shortly, they arrived at the door of the house.

Stella said, "Mr. Conrad, I'm going upstairs. If you need anything, please let me know."

As she spoke, she trotted away before Clarence answered.

Back to her room, Stella sat in front of the bed. She opened the draft, ready to continue drawing. However, she raised the pen but couldn't make a brush after a long time.

Currently, the scene that Clarence was standing in the stern of the boat and reading out his hand to her flashed through her mind.

...

After the last brush, Stella signed her name on it.

She put down and stretched. Sherry's call was coming in.

Sherry said, "Hello, Stella, my darling. What are you doing?"

Stella was about to answer. She looked down and saw the picture on her desk. Probably she felt guilty, she closed the draft book and put on a wry smile, "Nothing... I'm drawing the design draft casually. What's up?"

Fortunately, Sherry didn't sense anything wrong with her voice. She said, "I'm so bored alone in City N. Tomorrow is the weekend. How about I go to find you? The scenery photos you took looked quite nice."

Before considering it, Stella subconsciously said, "Please don't."

Sherry was confused, "Why? What's wrong?"

"I meant... It's quite far away from City N indeed. You only have two days, and you need to rush back before enjoying anything here. How about next time? When you have a long vacation, you can come here."

"All right. By the way, I met Liam Keith a few days ago. He's so in love with that bitch. A few weeks ago, he looked as if he couldn't live without me. Jesus! Men are jerks. They always hunt for women even if they have girlfriends. So disgusting!"

Stella fell into the silence.

Indeed, what would be different if the dumped woman tried her best to retain the man? He would still hunt other women behind his girlfriend.

She couldn't help wondering what love meant to some people.

Liam was like this, let alone...

After bitching about Liam for a moment, Sherry asked Stella to take care of herself. Then she hung up the phone.

Stella put down the phone and reopened the draft book. After a thought, she tore the page off, rolled it up, and tossed it into the trash bin.

She inhaled, cheered herself up, and started drawing the draft.

Stella was quite immersed in her work. She hadn't noticed that it was getting darker and darker outside.

After a long while, she heard a few knocks on her door.

Clarence's expressionless voice was heard, "Stella, are you awake?"

Stella stood up and opened the door reluctantly, "Mr. Conrad, what's up?"

"Go out for dinner."

It wasn't until now did Stella realized that it was dinner time.

The wretched man was unwilling to dine out for lunch. She wondered why he was willing to go out now.

Clarence looked out of the window, "It's getting cold at night. Take a coat."

"Okay."

Stella went back to get her coat and went downstairs.

Walking out of the house, she saw the Maybach parked at the roadside.

Seeing that Clarence strode over, Stella realized that they may go to a distant place.

The most important was to eat, so she didn't want to make any trouble to him.

Much to her surprise, when she opened the rear door, Clarence opened the door next to the driver's seat.

Stella was taken aback.

Clarence looked over at her unhappily, "Sit in the front."

Stella closed the rear door in silence, walking to the passenger seat.

On the way, Stella kept looking out of the window. For several times, she wanted to ask Clarence where they were heading to, but she guessed that he might not answer her. She gave up.

As the car went farther, the scenery outside the car became brighter and vivid.

Looking at the crowds outside, Stella guessed that they must have arrived downtown.

It seemed that the wretched man was so picky in dinner. He drove all the way here.

After Clarence parked the car, Stella followed him, walking forward.

There were a lot of people on the street. Stella was pregnant and she couldn't walk so fast. Shortly after, she was bumped away by the passersby and distanced from him.

She didn't worry at all. It was not a bad thing that they were separate. She could have dinner by herself and go home afterward without disturbing him or being disturbed.

However, soon, she heard the man's cold voice above her head, "Are you a turtle? You are moving so slowly."

Stella blurted out, "Are you an ostrich? You are walking so fast."

Clarence was speechless.

Stella wondered where he was going to take her to. She had been starved long ago. The baby was also objecting. She felt sickened but couldn't vomit anything.

Seeing that she looked pale, Clarence pressed his thin lips and didn't get angry. He said, "We'll arrive in about five minutes."

"Mr. Conrad, if I knew you are so picky in food and would come to this far, I'd rather stay home and ate some steamed buns instead."

Clarence pulled a long face, "Stella, don't push your luck too far."

Stella ignored him, keeping heading ahead.

Clarence was a half-step away from her, slowly walking beside her.

He blocked the crowds from bumping her again.

Upon realizing it, Stella became more annoyed. Unconsciously, she fastened her pace.

However, after she took a few steps, Clarence's voice sounded out, "We've arrived."

Stella followed his gaze, only to find the endless bright yellow lights and the ancient booths along the street.

Different kinds of food, snacks, accessories, toys, and clothes were sold there.

There were so many things.

"Where are we..."

Before she could finish her question, Clarence lifted his foot and walked over.

She knew that the wretched man's mercy wouldn't last long.

Standing on the street with the food booths, Clarence looked over at Stella, "What would you like to eat?"

Stella wouldn't be polite to him, so she ordered seven to eight kinds of snacks. With good manners, she asked, "Mr. Conrad, how about you?"

"Mind your own business."

Stella didn't retort. She was just asking casually as being polite.

When Stella was about to find a place to sit down, she found that Clarence was standing motionlessly without the intention to move.

She reminded him kindly, "Mr. Conrad, when the foods are ready, the owners will serve them to us. We don't need to wait here."

Clarence answered, "I knew it."

Wondering if it was her illusion, Stella seemed to hear faintly the sound that he gritted his teeth.

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 93-When Stella was in college, there was such a kind of ancient street next to her university. She always wandered there with Sherry in the evening.

The ancient street next to their college was just a long street, far less crowded and bustling than this one.

However, much to her surprise, Clarence would like such a lively place.

Soon, the snacks that Stella ordered were served to them one after another.

Stella picked up chopsticks, ready to eat. She found that Clarence was reading a document on his phone. After a thought, she passed him a pair of chopsticks.

The wretched man didn't raise his head at all, taking over the chopsticks naturally.

Stella curled her lips and got another pair for herself.

When she was half-full, Clarence put down his phone. He glanced at the food on the table, "Why didn't you eat those dishes?"

Stella chewed the food in her mouth and swallowed before answering, "Mr. Conrad, you didn't order anything, did you?"

Clarence pushed the dishes in front of her and answered flatly, "I've told you to mind your own business."

It seemed her kindness wasn't appreciated.

Stella ordered all her favorite snacks. She left a few dishes to him out of kindness, but Clarence didn't appreciate it. She decided to eat them herself.

After she had tried everything, she burped.

Clarence cast her a glance, "Are you full?"

“Yeah. I’ve had enough. Let me…” She wanted to ask the owner for a takeout box.

Before she finished her words, she found that Clarence picked up his chopsticks, eating her leftover.

Stella was stunned, wondering why he was doing that.

What was he doing?

As if he had noticed her confusing gaze, Clarence said indifferently, “Haven’t you been taught that you can’t waste any food?”

“I…”

She didn’t plan to waste them. She wanted to take the leftover away.

Stella quieted down, looking in another direction.

On the street, the light was bright, making the night more beautiful.

People who came here were mostly lovers, friends, and families, looking quite harmonious. Clarence and she had divorced but they were having dinner together – they might be the only two in this case.

While she was lost in thought, Clarence had finished all the leftovers, “Let’s go.”

“Okay.”

When Stella was about to head to the exit, she found that Clarence was walking towards a more crowded street.

She was confused.

Clarence took a few steps, noticing that Stella hadn’t followed him. He looked back at her and said expressionlessly, “There are so many people here. I won’t carry you in my arms. You’d better give up this idea as early as possible.”

Stella put on a wry smile. She couldn’t find any right words to bitch about him. She fastened her pace and bypassed him, walking forward.

Just like what he had done earlier, Clarence followed her and walked beside her calmly.

Stella took a few secret glances at him, wondering if the wretched man was going nuts. She didn't know what he wanted exactly.

Before Stella could figure it out, she was attracted by the fluffy toys on the street stalls.

She walked over and picked a few of her favorite. When she was about to pay using her cell phone, she heard the notification sound saying that the bill was paid.

Stella looked back in disbelief. Clarence put away his cell phone. Unhappiness was written on his handsome face, "Why are you looking at me?"

She was staring at him and wishing that she could open his brain to see what on earth was wrong with him today.

Right then, Clarence's cell phone rang. He turned around and found a relatively quiet place to answer the call.

The owner of the stall put the toys in a bag and passed them to Stella. With a big smile, she asked, "Is that your husband, Ma'am? You both are good-looking. What a perfect match!"

Stella wanted to deny. The owner continued, "By the way, Ma'am, are your husband and you here to hang the Yue Lao Plate or setting the festive lanterns?"

[Note: Yue Lao: A god of matchmaking who unites persons in marriage.]

Stella didn't understand, "Pardon me?"

"The Yue Lao Temple is the most famous place here. A lot of couples came here to hang the Yue Lao Plate. It works very well – just write the names of your husband's and yours on it. God Yue Lao would..."

While the owner was speaking, Clarence came back after finishing the call.

Stella immediately put on a wry smile and interrupted the owner, "Oh... I see. Thank you. We've gotta go now."

Fortunately, Clarence hadn't heard the owner's words just now. Otherwise, he would mock her for indulging in the wildest fantasy.

Stella almost escaped from the stall.

Clarence walked over to her. With a frown, he asked, "Why are you walking so hurriedly?"

"I just felt sleepy. How about I'm going home now? Mr. Conrad, you can stay and enjoy wandering here."

"You want to sleep after having dinner. Are you a pig?"

Stella was choked up by his words.

Clarence said in a cold tone, "Don't play any tricks. I've told you I wouldn't carry you in my arms."

Stella was truly exhausted.

After being silent for a few seconds, she was forced to continue with the walking torture that she didn't know when would end.

Walking for a few minutes, Stella saw a river, on which there were full of bright and beautiful festive lanterns.

She guessed that those were the lanterns mentioned by the owner. Along the river, there was a long corridor.

It was more crowded than the streets – the corridor was fully packed with people.

Most of them were young men and women. They were holding plates with their names, trying to find a place to hang them.

Looking at the scene, Stella roughly could figure out why Clarence had taken her here.

Since the hotel resort project was ongoing, Clarence must do some field trips to study the local tourism so that he would know how the occupancy rate would be.

She had misunderstood. For an instant, she thought it was because...

Stella came back to her senses. Looking back, she saw Clarence standing on the riverside, looking quite peaceful and gazing at the lanterns in the river.

She walked over, "Excuse me, Mr. Conrad..."

"Stella," Clarence interrupted her in a cold voice, "Here's another chance for you."

Stella didn't get what he meant, "What?"

Clarence turned to look at her. His thin lips slightly parted. He said while stressing each syllable, "Remarry me."

"Well... Mr. Conrad, I do appreciate you offer me such a chance, but I don't need it."

Clarence snorted coldly. Withdrew his gaze on her, he said, "Don't answer me in such a hurry. Think twice. I wouldn't give you a second chance."

Stella quieted down, realizing this wasn't the first time that he asked her to remarry him.

Before she could speak, Clarence added, "In that case, nobody would say that I don't care about you and let you leave your hometown and move to an unknown place, where you have nobody to rely on."

Stella's mouth corners twitched, "Mr. Conrad, it's just a misunderstanding. I'll explain it to Ms. Beckham."

"Not necessary," Clarence said, "You and I both know who on earth was the irresponsible person who left without saying goodbye."

Stella knew it was her fault. She forced a smile without speaking.

After a moment, Clarence added, "I'll give you plenty of time to think about my suggestion. Tell me your answer by my departure."

"Well... Mr. Conrad, I do appreciate you offer me such a chance, but I don't need it." Clarence snorted coldly. Withdrew his gaze on her, he said, "Don't answer me in such a hurry. Think twice. I wouldn't give you a second chance." Stella quieted down, realizing this wasn't the first time that he asked her to remarry him. Before she could speak, Clarence added, "In that case, nobody would say that I don't care about you and let you leave your hometown and

move to an unknown place, where you have nobody to rely on.” Stella’s mouth corners twitched, “Mr. Conrad, it’s just a misunderstanding. I’ll explain it to Ms. Beckham.” “Not necessary,” Clarence said, “You and I both know who on earth was the irresponsible person who left without saying goodbye.” Stella knew it was her fault. She forced a smile without speaking. After a moment, Clarence added, “I’ll give you plenty of time to think about my suggestion. Tell me your answer by my departure.”

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 94-On the way back home, Stella didn’t speak at all.

Only the wretched man could have said the bandit theory so naturally.

Arriving home, Stella said in a low voice, “Mr. Conrad, I’ll go upstairs and go to bed.”

Seemingly Clarence wasn’t willing to talk to her at all, he just hummed coldly.

That attitude was the true color of this wretched man.

After returning to her room, Stella locked the door from the inside. Then she took her clothes and entered the bathroom.

She didn’t take a nap in the afternoon, and she had walked to so many places with Clarence. Now she just wished that she could lie down as soon as finishing the shower.

However, unexpectedly, when she was half done with the shower, the light above her was out.

In a few seconds, the bathwater became cold as well.

Immediately, Stella turned off the tap. In the dark, she fumbled for a towel and wrapped her hair. Then she put on her clothes slowly and opened the window to peer out.

Sure enough, the electricity was out in the whole community.

Anqiao Street was too old with old infrastructures, so the electricity would always be out from time to time, but mostly it happened during the daytime. It didn't impact their daily lives too much and the electricity would be back shortly.

This was the first time that it was out at night since Stella moved here.

She walked out of the bathroom, staggered, and finally managed to reach her cell phone on the desk. She turned on the flashlight and walked downstairs.

She remembered that Ms. Anderson mentioned her candles were in a cabinet of the living room.

However, after she had found the candles, Stella found another difficulty.

She didn't have a lighter.

She had looked through every place but failed to find a lighter.

Stella turned around, looking at the black door of a bedroom. She gave up and heaved a sigh, "Excuse me, Mr. Conrad. Are you sleeping?"

A few seconds later, the door was open. Clarence looked at her expressionlessly, "What do you want?"

"I... The electricity was out. Do you have a lighter? May I borrow it to light the candle, please?"

Clarence said rudely, "Weren't you sleepy long ago? The electricity is out now. What else do you want to do?"

Since she was asking him for help, Stella answered in a good manner, "I still haven't finished washing my hair. I need to boil some water and wash hair."

"How will you boil the water?"

"There's a coal stove in Ms. Anderson's house. I saw it last time. I can use it."

Clarence pressed his lips, "Where is it?"

Stella answered, "It should be in the kitchen. I can't remember it exactly. I need to look for it." After a pause, she didn't forget why she asked him for help, "By the way, Mr. Conrad, could you lend me your

lighter please?"

"No, I can't."

Stella was angry in silence.

With such an attitude, he must be dreaming to let her remarry him. She cursed him inwardly.

Clarence walked out of his room, took a candle from her hands, and walked directly into the kitchen.

When Stella followed him over, the candle was lit and put on the shelf. The little flame was swaying in the breeze.

Clarence managed to find the coal stove from a pile of things. He cast Stella a glance and asked unhappily, "Why are you here?"

"I..."

"Wait outside."

Using the candle on the shelf, Stella lit up other candles in her hands. When she left the kitchen, she left Clarence another one out of kindness.

When she walked to the yard, Stella put all the candles on the stone table. Rubbing her hands, she looked up at the sky.

Without the city lights, the moon looked clearer and brighter in the sky.

Shortly after, Stella heard some movements in the kitchen, but she didn't see Clarence come out for a long time. She waited, but she couldn't help but ask, "Mr. Conrad, do you need any instructions?"

After a few seconds of silence, a voice answered her in the kitchen, "Shut up."

"All right."

Stella waited for another ten minutes. Then Clarence walked out with a coal stove in his hands.

After he put the pot of water to boil on the stove, Clarence bent down on his knee and looked at her, "What else? Just tell me in a one-go."

Stella blinked, "I'm hungry."

Clarence was speechless.

Stella was afraid that he would comment "were all food you previously ate digesting in a dog's tummy?" After all, he had used a lot of animals to mock her tonight.

She mumbled, "It's quite easy for pregnant women to get starved. Besides, you asked me yourself."

"Are you blaming me for it then?" Clarence wasn't in the mood to argue with her, pulling out his phone.

Stella noticed that he was dialing Nathan's number. She hurriedly said, "Mr. Conrad, please don't. I just said that casually. Please don't bother Nathan. It's so late now."

Clarence put down his phone, staring at her in silence with his ink-black eyes, "What do you want then?"

Stella asked him for a favor, "There are some snacks in my room. Mr. Conrad, would you mind getting some of them for me downstairs?"

If it weren't for the inconvenience caused by the darkness, she would have gone upstairs herself.

Clarence stood up, "Wait here."

Stella smiled at his cold face, "Thank you, Mr. Conrad. They are in the small basket on the desk. Please pick up a few bags at random."

Second floor.

Stella's desk was under the window. The moonlight fell on the desk, peacefully and gently.

Clarence found the basket full of snacks with one glimpse. He didn't want to pick anything up. Instead, he picked up the whole basket.

He turned around and took a few steps, and then he felt that he was stepping on something.

He took a step back and bent down one knee.

...

Stella supported her hands on the table, looking at the swaying candle flames, lost in thought.

Since last night, Clarence treated her quite weirdly. Although he was still sharp-tongued, he could care about her details and take care of her. She wondered if he was impacted by the environment in this town.

After a while, there was something put in front of her.

Stella returned to her senses. Raising her head and looked at the whole basket of snacks, she parted her lips and wanted to speak. However, she swallowed her words after they reached the tip of her tongue. It was already nice of Clarence to condescend and get the snacks for her. She shouldn't ask much.

She put on a smile, "Thank you, Mr. Conrad."

Clarence pulled a long face and said, "Instead of thanking me, you'd better make less trouble to me."

Stella ignored his words directly. She opened a bag, "Mr. Conrad, do you want some?"

"Nope."

She was happy as she asked just for being polite.

Stella chewed the snacks. While she was eating, her mood got better than better.

Clarence was sitting next to her, staring at her. After a moment, he suddenly called her, "Stella."

“Yes?”

In the dark, Clarence frowned slightly. Looking down at her belly, he parted his thin lips, but still, he didn't finish his words.

Stella asked, “Yes, Mr. Conrad?”

Clarence withdrew his gaze and said indifferently, “Eat less junk food. It's not good for your brain.”

Stella was choked up by his words.

Right then, the water on the coal stove was boiling.

Stella put down the snack in her hands and was about to take a basin. Clarence stood up and strode into the dark.

Two minutes later, he came out with a basin of cold water.

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 95-Stella had never expected that one day, Clarence, the wretched man, would boil the water and wash her hair for her.

This didn't match his identity only but also it was abnormally weird.

Stella felt as if she was drinking before stepping to the scaffold.

It was way too creepy.

She said, “Mr. Conrad, how about let me do it myself?”

Clarence answered coldly, “Shush.”

Stella hummed and didn't speak anymore.

The warm water was poured above her head, dropping into the garden.

Although Stella couldn't see it, she could guess the scene was quite happy and romantic.

Of course, the premise was that the wretched man wasn't doing it with a cold look.

Besides that, the whole procedure was smooth and quiet. She faintly had an illusion that they were a normal couple who loved each other.

As soon as she thought about it, Stella was startled. Subconsciously, she dodged.

Clarence pressed her shoulder with another hand. He asked unhappily, "Why are you moving? Haven't you said the water temperature is fine?"

Stella realized that his words couldn't stop her from imagining the wonderful illusion in her mind.

After a moment of silence, she answered, "I was bitten by the mosquitoes."

"I didn't expect that not only men like you, but also mosquitoes are attracted by you."

Upon hearing his words, Stella was in the mood to argue. She retorted, "Since men like me so much, why don't you like me, Mr. Conrad?"

Clarence didn't answer.

In fact, as soon as she asked, Stella regretted it.

Without thinking, she knew what kind of mockery she would hear from this wretched man.

However, right then, the lights in the yard were on suddenly.

With a few claps, the electricity was back in supply for all the electronic devices and the street lamps.

It was good timing, wasn't it?

Stella closed her eyes for a moment under the bright lights. Occasionally, she looked into the man's darkened and calm eyes. She immediately looked

away. Wrapping her hair with a dry towel, she said, "Mr. Conrad, thanks a lot. I'm going upstairs now."

After entering her room, Stella quickly locked the door from the inside, panting.

It was so close! If Clarence spoke out his sarcastic words, she might not be able to fall asleep tonight because of the anger again.

Stella walked into the bathroom. When her hair was half-dried, she sneezed.

In the evening, lying on the bed, Stella looked out of the window peacefully. Things that happened earlier today kept flashing through her mind.

She couldn't blame herself, because Clarence was way too abnormal.

She could always hear a voice in her mind asking her from time to time, "Is it possible that he likes you?"

Otherwise, she couldn't explain that weirdness by the normal logic.

At midnight, Stella still hadn't figured out anything. She yawned and fell asleep.

...

Stella slept soundly. She didn't wake up slowly when hearing someone knocking at her door.

She sat up, only to find she was dizzy and had a stuffy nose.

Stella sat for a short while before getting up and opening the door.

Clarence was standing at the door. Leaning against the wall, he cast her a glance, "I didn't expect that you are so vindictive."

"Come again?"

"I said you ate a lot yesterday. Today you are not eating, are you?"

Stella was speechless.

Then she realized something and looked back out of the window. It was not until now did she notice that the sun had risen to the sky. Seemed it was almost noon.

Stella said tiredly, "I don't have any appetite. Mr. Conrad, please enjoy your meal."

After finishing her words, she turned around, aiming to sleep in.

Clarence grabbed her wrist. He put his slightly cold palm on her forehead, pressing his lips, "Go to the hospital."

Stella still couldn't bear to hearing such words from his mouth. In the conditional reflex, she shook off his hand. She stammered, "Not necessarily. I'll be fine after a nap."

She reacted so obviously, so Clarence could read her mind easily.

He withdrew his hand and put it in the trousers pocket. He stared at her coldly, "Stella Radomil, don't be silly. If I take you to the hospital for an abortion, do you think you could stay here in peace for such a long time?"

"No matter what, you have such a thought. I won't go, anyway."

Clarence snorted, "It would better if your cold becomes serious. Before I can take any action, you..."

Stella even didn't think twice. She immediately covered his mouth to avoid him finishing his words. She said in a weak tone, "Mr. Conrad, please, save it for your virtue."

How could he say something things harmful to others without benefiting himself?

Clarence still looked annoyed. As if he was running out of patience, he asked again, "Are you going or not?"

"Yes. Yes. Of course. Thank you so much, Mr. Conrad."

Clarence was speechless.

He asked unhappily, "Did I tell you I'll drive you there?"

Stella said, "Okay. Please move then, Mr. Conrad."

Much to her surprise, after she took a few steps, she was lifted and held by him.

She looked up, only to find the man's cold and hard mandible line.

"If you fainted here, my time would be wasted more."

Stella didn't retort, just letting it be.

She didn't have any energy to argue with him.

Arriving at the hospital, the doctor said Stella had caught a cold. It was a normal cold, so she only needed to take some medicines and have a rest.

As he spoke, the doctor took a look at the man at the door, who looked indifferently, "Are you her husband? You are so irresponsible! How could you let her catch a cold in such pleasant weather?"

Immediately, Stella explained, "No, Doc. It's not..."

"Why are you defending her? Let me tell you, silly girl. A woman will suffer the most during her pregnancy. Although you've passed the most difficult phase of morning sickness after your belly becomes bigger in the future, you'll find everything in your body is changing. You'll suffer more."

As the doctor said, he looked over at Clarence and blamed him mercilessly, "Hence, if a woman is willing to give birth to your baby, it means she loves you very much. You are her husband. You should care her more."

Upon hearing it, Clarence cast a glance at Stella, lost in thought.

Stella was so embarrassed and shy, blood surging into her brain. She suddenly became powerful and stood up. She said, "Thank you, Doc. I got it. We've gotta go now."

After finishing her words, she rushed out of the doctor's office.

As soon as she got the medicine, Clarence suddenly showed up behind her from nowhere. He commented in a flat tone, "You look quite energetic."

Stella lost her tongue.

Clarence added, "It seems I don't need to carry you in my arms anymore."

"Mr. Conrad."

"Ehn?"

"Could you please shut up?" Stella inhaled deeply, "Whatever the doctor said just now, please don't take the words into your heart. I want to give birth to the baby because of some personal reason. It has nothing to do with you at all."

Clarence said calmly, "I know it."

Stella breathed a sigh of relief. The next second, he added, "It has nothing to do with me if you give birth to my baby, and nor does it if you draw my portrait on your draft book."

Stella gaped.

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 96-Stella had never expected that Clarence saw the torn page from the draft book. Instantly, she blushed. She wanted to retort him but couldn't find any right word.

Clarence said indifferently, "Why don't you keep making excuses?"

After a long while, Stella said, "I was just polishing my skills."

Honestly, she didn't believe in her excuse herself.

However, thinking that the wretched man didn't have normal logic, she hoped that he would believe it.

Right then, Clarence curled up his thin lips, giggling in a low voice.

Stella glared at him in silence.

What was so funny about it?

Clarence said, "Let's go. I'm starved."

After a long morning, finishing lunch, and arriving home, Stella wasn't in the mood to talk to the wretched man at all. She directly walked upstairs for a nap.

However, as soon as she lay down, there was a knock on the door.

Stella suppressed her anger, got up, and opened the door, "Mr. Conrad, what's up again?"

Clarence held a glass of water, "Take your pills."

"I'll take them after my nap."

"Before the nap."

Clarence's tone was quite aggressive, sounding as if he would gulp it down her throat if she refused.

Stella took over the glass, walked to the desk slowly, and sat down. Then she opened the bag of the pills and swallowed them with sips of water.

After that, Stella looked back, only to find that Clarence was sitting on the couch of her bedroom. With the laptop on his lap, he was working.

Stella was confused.

She directly reminded him, "Excuse me, Mr. Conrad. I'm going to take a nap."

Clarence didn't raise his head. He answered indifferently, "Go ahead. I didn't stop you, did I?"

Stella gritted her teeth, "Mr. Conrad, thanks for bringing me the water. I've taken the pills. You can leave now."

Clarence's slender fingers paused on the keyboard. He looked up at her slightly and then out of the window, "I like the view here."

It seemed that he refused to leave her room, didn't he?

Stella was annoyed. Before she could speak, Clarence added, "You think I don't care about you, don't you? Go ahead and take a nap. I'll accompany you here."

“I didn’t say it!”

“No difference.” Clarence didn’t care about it. He said, “Stella, I don’t want to be commented as an irresponsible man again because of you. Go ahead with your nap. I don’t want to repeat.”

The wretched man truly cared about others’ opinions on him, which Stella had never expected.

She decided to give up. She couldn’t do anything to him anyway. She’d rather calm down.

Lying on the bed, Stella tucked her in the quilt with her back towards him, “Mr. Conrad, please pull the curtains for me.”

Clarence was silent.

A few seconds later, Stella heard the sound of pulling the curtains.

She lay on the bed, curling up her lips into a smile. It was so dark in the room now. She wondered how the wretched man could continue working like that. She didn’t think that he would be sitting in her coach for the whole afternoon.

For a long time, there was no sound in the room again.

After taking pills, Stella felt quite sleepy shortly. She rubbed against her pillow, falling asleep.

A while later, Stella felt the space behind her slightly moved. She was dizzy and didn’t sense anything wrong. She turned around and held something in her arms. It was cool and cozy. She clung to it and rubbed.

...

When Dolores came back from her trip, it was getting dark. She didn’t see Stella in the yard, so she guessed that Stella must be napping in her room. After put rice in the rice cooker, Dolores went upstairs.

She knocked at the door of Stella’s bedroom, “Stella, are you there?”

Stella rubbed her eyes and answered in a hoarse voice, “Yes, I am.”

“Time for dinner. You can get up now.” Dolores paused a bit and asked again, “Has Clare gone?”

Stella wanted to answer, but she sensed something wrong suddenly.

The man who was supposed to sit on the couch was lying next to her on her bed, his hands wrapping her waist.

Before Stella returned to her senses, she heard Dolores’ voice again, “Hello, Stella?”

Stella blurted out, “What? Oh, well, he might be gone. I was napping in the afternoon. I didn’t see him.”

Dolores said, “All right. I’ll go downstairs.”

Right after Dolores left, Stella heard the man’s deep and hoarse voice in her ears, “You are extremely skillful in lying.”

Stella was still shocked and couldn’t utter any word.

Who should be blamed for?

In a hurry, Stella pulled his hand away and got up. She was so annoyed, “Mr. Conrad!”

Clarence sat up with one leg slightly bent. He answered with a sleepy tone, “What’s wrong?”

“You...” Stella couldn’t find her tongue because she was so angry with him. After a long while, she said, “I can call the police!”

Clarence asked, “Do you want to call the police just because I slept on your bed?”

“It’s not the matter of the bed. You slept beside me without my permission!”

“Didn’t you often sleep beside me?”

“At that time we haven’t divorced yet. It was legal.”

After a long while, Clarence asked, “Oh, for real?”

Stella suddenly was speechless again, because his indifferent tone reminded her of the night that she spent with him not long ago.

It happened after they had divorced.

Clarence got up, "I'm leaving since you don't call the police."

Stella could only glare at him.

The wretched man sounded so complacent.

When he pulled the door open, Stella hurried stopped him, "Wait!"

Right now, Ms. Anderson was cooking in the kitchen. If he went downstairs, she would see him.

Stella said, "I'll go downstairs first... Come down later."

After finishing her words, she trotted downstairs without waiting for Clarence's response.

Right then, Evelyn happened to take something over. She was talking to Dolores. Seeing that, Stella exhaled slightly. Fortunately, she was smart and didn't let Clarence come down first. Otherwise, if he met Evelyn, there would definitely be rumors in the neighborhood and she couldn't explain at all.

However, Stella never expected that as soon as she came downstairs, Clarence entered the house from the door.

Stella quieted down.

She was staying on the second floor, which wasn't high from the ground, but she believed that this wretched man did it on purpose to piss her off.

Comparing to Stella, Evelyn was more shocked when seeing Clarence. She widened her eyes and said in disbelief, "Clarence... Mr. Conrad, why are you here?"

After all, she realized that Clarence was a famous tycoon. It wasn't so appropriate for her to call his first name directly.

Clarence nodded slightly and greeted her, "Hi, Ms. Beckham."

Evelyn saw him wearing slippers, more confused.

Dolores explained in a low voice, "This is my son."

"What?"

Clarence didn't care what was going on behind him. Casting Stella a cold glance, he went back to his room.

Stella noticed that his shirt was dirty.

He couldn't blame her for it, could he? He should blame himself for sleeping on her bed for no reason.

She was almost freaked out.

At the door, Evelyn was in a daze as if she couldn't accept the fact at all.

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 97-After Evelyn was gone, Dolores asked Stella in low voice, "Did you two fight again?"

Stella couldn't utter a word for a moment.

Was it so obvious?

Her mouth corners twitched, but she couldn't tell Dolores why they got into a fight. She could lie calmly, "Not really. He might not be in a good mood."

Dolores heaved a sigh. She could understand, "My son is like this since he was a child. He always has a cold look."

Stella didn't speak. Fair enough.

Dolores added, "Okay. Let's leave him in peace. Time for dinner."

Shortly after, Clarence came out after changing his clothes. He still looked cold and annoyed as if he was a debtor who failed to get his money.

It was fine when Stella hadn't known that Clarence was Ms. Anderson's son. Now, since she had known it, Stella felt quite awkward when having meals with them. She also thought herself an outsider, and she wouldn't get involved in between them either.

During dinner, Stella carefully studied both. Probably because of their characters, Ms. Anderson and Clarence got along very naturally, without too much concern or the strangeness and indifference of their first encounter not long ago.

In Stella's opinion, this way was quite good.

She could hardly remember what her mother looked like. She didn't only forget her mother's appearance, but also forgot the details when she got along with her mother completely.

If one day, Jeffrey would tell her that she was an orphan and he picked her up from the street, she would believe that.

Recalling her father, Stella was lost in her thought.

Since that night, she didn't think about her father deliberately, just treating him as a dead person. Probably he had taken the money and gone far away to live a carefree life.

If possible, she hoped that she wouldn't receive any news from him for the rest of her life.

After dinner, Dolores went into the kitchen to do dishes. When Stella was about to go upstairs, Clarence grabbed her wrist, "Where are you going?"

"Going to bed. Or what? Having a drink?"

He frowned unhappily, "Are you truly a pig? You've slept for a whole day. How can you fall asleep again?"

Stella looked at him calmly, "Mr. Conrad, what can I do for you?"

Clarence stood up and answered flatly, "Have a walk with me."

"I've been walking with you on the street countless times in recent days. Mr. Conrad, why don't you take a walk alone. Please excuse me..."

"Yes or no?"

Stella couldn't utter any word.

She was so annoyed by this wretched man, who couldn't do anything but threatening her.

In anger, she lifted her foot, "Okay. Okay."

Clarence curled up his lips, following her to go out.

All the neighbors had come back home, and it was more lively on the street. Occasionally, some mid-aged women passing by greeted Stella. When they saw the man behind her, they were quite confused. Their gazes swept between them, becoming quite meaningful.

Soon, Stella was so embarrassed that she wished she could find a crack on the ground and hide in.

The wretched man told the neighbors that he was married, and now she was pregnant. She couldn't imagine what the rumors would be spread soon.

However, Clarence, who always cared about his reputation, seemed not to see those gazes. He still kept calm and indifferent, walking half a meter after her.

Stella fastened her pace. She roughly walked to the end of the street. She said, "Mr. Conrad, please enjoy yourself. I really gotta go back."

This time, Clarence didn't stop her. He hummed in agreement.

On the way back, Stella couldn't suppress anymore. She asked, "Mr. Conrad, may I ask you a question?"

"Go ahead."

"When will your work here be finished?"

Clarence cast her a glance, and his eyes were cold, "What's your point?"

Stella paused and said sincerely, “No matter what, even if we were just acquaintances, there would be rumors since we stayed in the same house. We’ve divorced, so we should keep our distance from each other everywhere... Please don’t take me wrong. I’m not driving you out. Mr. Conrad, you can stay as long as you like. I’ll find a hotel and move in.”

Clarence asked in a cold tone, “When you hit on me, why didn’t you distance yourself from me?”

Stella blushed slightly. She said in difficulty, “Mr. Conrad, could you... change your wording? Besides, didn’t we do it based on our willingness? Why do you sound as if I’ve raped you?”

“I dare you.”

After he finished his words, Clarence strode away.

Stella followed him, “That’s just my advice. Mr. Conrad, I’m sure you’ve found that it’s quite inconvenient for us to stay in the same house based on our current relationship.”

“What’s our current relationship?”

“Currently, we’re divorced...”

Clarence interrupted her mercilessly, “Divorced but still sex partners?”

Stella didn’t think she could continue talking to him.

Why couldn’t he speak like a normal human being?

Obviously, Clarence wasn’t in the mood to talk to her either.

On the way back, neither spoke.

Clarence didn’t follow her as he did earlier. Soon, he distanced himself from her.

Stella felt a bit tired while walking. She sat on a bench nearby to take a rest.

The wretched man was so easy to lost temper.

She just asked him but didn't mean to move out right away. No matter what, she would be the one who would be troubled, wouldn't she?

After sitting on the bench for less than twenty minutes, Stella felt that she was more spiritual than staying home, although she was depressed.

She exhaled. When she stood up and was about to go back to the house, she saw Clarence standing not far away from her, gazing at her coldly. She wondered when he had returned.

Probably it was because she had become moodier after the pregnancy, Stella felt wronged for some reason. The breeze also made her eyes sore. Her tears dropped.

Clarence was helpless.

He walked up to her, "Do you think you are reasonable?"

Although his words were not pleasant to hear, his tone became much gentler than it was earlier.

Stella tilted her head, rubbing her eyes, "Of course not. You are the most reasonable man in this world. Whatever you said is right. Whatever others said is wrong. Everyone is scheming with evil intentions and means."

"I just said one sentence, but you retorted so many words. You are so tough, aren't you?"

"Then, stop talking to me."

Clarence smiled. Probably he thought that she was childish, or their argument of nonsense was childish.

The more Stella spoke, the more aggrieved she felt. Her tears streamed down and she couldn't control them at all.

When she didn't want to talk to this wretched man and was about to leave, he suddenly grabbed her wrist and pulled her forward. He put his palm on her back and patted her, "All right. It could be my fault. Don't cry."

Stella was taken aback in his arms. She asked reluctantly, "Could be?"

Clarence said, "Don't push your luck too far!"

“Okay.”

Clarence smiled. Probably he thought that she was childish, or their argument of nonsense was childish. The more Stella spoke, the more aggrieved she felt. Her tears streamed down and she couldn't control them at all. When she didn't want to talk to this wretched man and was about to leave, he suddenly grabbed her wrist and pulled her forward. He put his palm on her back and patted her, “All right. It could be my fault. Don't cry.” Stella was taken aback in his arms. She asked reluctantly, “Could be?” Clarence said, “Don't push your luck too far!” “Okay.”

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 98-After resting for another night, Stella got much better from the cold.

However, she had slept too much the previous day. Hence, in the morning, she woke up at eight o'clock.

When Stella walked downstairs, Dolores was preparing breakfast. She probably didn't expect that Stella would get up too early today, “Morning, Stella. Wait for a moment. The breakfast would be ready soon.”

“It's alright, Ms. Anderson. I'm not hungry yet. I'll have a walk outside.”

“Okay. Come back on time.”

“Sure.”

It was getting cooler recently. Although a trace of sunshine fell through the cloud, she didn't feel warm.

The bridge was covered with golden leaves, symbolizing the arrival of autumn.

Stella walked slowly. When she was reaching the door and about to enter, she was pulled by someone from the back.

She turned around, “Hi, Ms. Beckham?”

Evelyn peeped into the house in secret, and then she made a gesture to shush Stella. She dragged Stella into her house.

Stella was confused and asked, “Ms. Beckham, what’s wrong?”

Evelyn closed the door and said, “Stella, I want to ask you what kind of person do you think Mr. Conrad is?”

It seemed that Evelyn wanted to know more about Clarence. Stella was super interested in this subject.

She could keep bitching about the wretched man continuously for three days and nights.

After a thought, Stella asked, “Ms. Beckham, why do you want to know?”

Evelyn said, “You know he is Dolores’ son, right?”

Stella nodded.

“Don’t you think it’s so coincident? This community was about to be torn down and rebuilt, but suddenly Dolores’ son showed up. He hasn’t come to see his mother in the past twenty years at all. What an unfilial son!”

“Well...”

“I’ve been thinking for a whole night yesterday. I found that there was a new fraud that targeted the elderly who live alone and don’t have children. The fraud will cheat the elderly for money with a fake identity.”

Stella was amused.

She wondered if Evelyn was way too good at imagination.

Evelyn was so worried, “Otherwise, how can it make any sense? He hasn’t been in touch with Dolores in the past twenty years. Now the community is to be torn down and Dolores would get the compensation. He suddenly showed up. I don’t think it’s normal.”

“Wait... Ms. Beckham. Have you forgotten that Clarence... Mr. Conrad is the developer? I don’t think he needs to cheat Ms. Anderson for her housing compensation.”

Evelyn was taken aback. She patted on her forehead, “Oh, right! I’ve forgotten about this. I just wondered why suddenly Dolores has a son. But, in that case, it’s weirder. Since he’s so rich, it’s quite easy for him to find Dolores. Why hasn’t he shown up in the past twenty years?”

Upon hearing it, Stella was a bit confused.

She didn’t ask them what had happened back then. However, based on Justin’s words and Clarence’s attitude, she could faintly guess that it was against Clarence’s will when he was taken in by the Conrad family in the past.

Stella guessed that it was probably that Clarence’s father cajoled, forced, or bribe Ms. Anderson to give Clarence to him. All mothers in the world wished that their kids would be leading worry-free lives, so Stella guessed that Ms. Anderson moved in such a circumstance.

Upon realizing it, Stella couldn’t help wondering what she would do if she were Dolores.

If one day in several years, Clarence suddenly changed his mind, asked her to give back his child, and asked her to disappear as far as possible, Stella wondered what she should do.

Evelyn poked her, “Stella, what are you thinking about? Don’t you think my words make any sense?”

Stella came back to her senses, “Oh, nothing. Well, Ms. Beckham, Mr. Conrad is truly Ms. Anderson’s son. They were like each other in terms of their characters.”

“I’m not worried. It’s just that Dolores has been staying here for decades and no family has ever visited her. She’s quite lonely and leading a difficult life. I’m worried that she was cheated.”

Stella smiled, “No worries, Ms. Beckham. She wouldn’t.”

Evelyn nodded “Oh, by the way, I don’t know what happened. Alex suddenly moved out without informing the neighbors. You guys...”

“Ms. Beckham, I gotta go back for breakfast. Bye.”

Stella trotted out of her house like a rabbit. Evelyn sighed, “Silly girl...”

...

Probably it was because Dolores was at home, Clarence was restrained. He didn't use Stella as using a maid earlier. Finally, Stella had time to deal with her own work.

Recently, Modesty's new design was in the market, which had good sales, too. With Conrad Group's help, she became more unrestrained. In SG Jewelry Magazine, except that Stanford could suppress her, she was quite arrogant that she looked down on everyone else.

Sherry was quite stubborn and unwilling to submit. They had several arguments recently. Modesty even said to her arrogantly, "When your design could be displayed on the international stage, you have the right to talk to me."

Upon hearing it, Sherry rolled up her sleeves and almost threw Modesty a punch. Other coworkers stopped Sherry.

"I'm so speechless. Hasn't she just studied in Paris for a few years? The opportunity was given to her because you dumped it. Look at her! Others who don't know the inside story would even think that the fashion week was held for her particularly."

Stella was drawing her draft while answering the call, "Mind your wording. I didn't dump it. I was forced to give up."

On the other end of the line, Sherry heaved a sigh, "As the old saying goes, 'A man who loses position and influence may be subjected to many indignities.' By the way, Modesty Parker always told others that she was from a rich family, doesn't she? Sometimes when she speaks, she would speak English

words. The other day, her father came to our company looking for her. Until then, we all got to know that she wasn't from a rich family at all..."

After bitching about Modesty to Stella, Sherry was in a better mood. She continued, "I went to see Chan in his university. He enjoys studying there. I wondered if you asked Clarence Conrad, the wretched man, for help."

Stella was quiet for a moment and then answered, "I truly didn't know who else I could ask for help on this matter."

“That’s right. He is the only one who can do this kind of thing by using his power. At least, he has finally done something humane. Ah, he is so petty and seeks revenge for the smallest grievance. How did he promise to help you?”

Stella couldn’t utter a word suddenly. Just now, when she turned around, she found that Clarence was standing behind her. With a glass of milk in one hand, he stood with the other hand in his trousers pocket, gazing at her coldly.

Sherry waited a long time but she didn’t get Stella’s reply, so she thought something wrong with the call, “Hello? Stella? Are you there?”

Stella put on a wry smile, “Haha... He’s quite easy-going and not petty...”

“Easy-going? The wretched man has a sharp tongue, always barking. I don’t think he speaks a human language.”

“Not really...”

Stella panicked and wanted to find her phone that was covered by the draft papers. Unexpectedly, Clarence put the glass of milk on the desk, turned her chair, and bent over slightly. With his hands

supporting on the armrests and gazing at her, he said in a low and calm voice, “Why don’t you tell her how I promise to help you?”

supporting on the armrests and gazing at her, he said in a low and calm voice, “Why don’t you tell her how I promise to help yo

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 99-Sherry gaped on the other end of the line.

After a ten-second silence, she said formally, “Hello, Mr. Conrad. I’m Stella’s new friend. My name is Sofia Cooper.”

Clarence answered indifferently, “Really?”

“Yeah, for real. Haha... Nice to meet you, Mr. Conrad. I won't be disturbing you, then.”

After finishing her words, Sherry hung up the phone as soon as possible.

The call ended after a few beeps. Then the room fell into a dead silence.

This was the first time that Stella wished she could vanish from this world. The man's eyes were black and deepened, as cold as a pool. She withdrew her gaze, moving down bit by bit as if she wanted to escape through the space between him and the chair.

However, when she just had the thought, Clarence folded his arms. She almost moved into his arms.

Stella paused. Immediately, she sat back into the chair. She looked out of the window, “Haha... Mr. Conrad, look out...”

“Don't you explain?”

Stella rolled her eyes fast, wondering how she could explain.

She couldn't tell him that that was his nickname, couldn't she?

Besides, if he understood something, it was unnecessary to speak it out.

After a thought, Stella said seriously, “Mr. Conrad, you didn't knock on the door.”

“I did.”

Stella was speechless.

Fair enough. She couldn't find any of his faults.

While she was racking her brains to figure out how she could answer. Suddenly, Clarence withdrew his arms and stood up. He said flatly, “The milk is getting cold. Drink it.”

Stella grabbed the milk as if she found a life-saving straw.

However, before she breathed a sigh of relief, Clarence sat on the couch, “Thinking about your reasons after finishing the milk.”

Stella was choked up by the milk.

She finished drinking the milk as slowly as possible. Then she licked her lips and said sincerely, "Mr. Conrad, I'm sorry. It's my fault."

Clarence didn't raise his head, "What did you do wrong?"

"I shouldn't have cursed you in private. The most important is that you overheard it."

"So, do you mean you can curse me if I don't overhear it?"

Stella waved her hands, "No. No. Of course not."

The wretched man was so aggressive. Although it was truly her fault on this matter, he always cursed her, didn't he?

Clarence wasn't in the mood to talk to her anymore. He stood up and left.

Seeing that he walked afar, Stella finally felt that she was alive from hell.

Soon, Stella's phone rang again. It was Sherry's call. She tentatively asked, "Hey, Stella, are you still alive?"

Stella was silent.

She was almost dead.

Sherry continued, "Wait! You are not in City N, are you? Why is that wretched... Mr. Conrad with you?"

Stella gave a hollow laugh, "Well... It's a long story."

"Then make it short."

Stella could only tell Sherry what had happened in the past few days, but she didn't tell her that Dolores was Clarence's birth mother.

Upon hearing the whole story, Sherry was surprised, "Stella, why do I feel that he likes you? It's so abnormal that I can't understand."

"I don't know what's in his mind. Anyway, he'll be leaving in a few more days."

“What about you? Will you come back with him?”

Stella shook her head. She wanted to say something but found it meaningless.

She answered, “I don’t know yet. Just wait and see. If I couldn’t, I won’t.”

At least, she didn’t need to care about those bothering things when staying here.

After hanging up her phone, Stella checked the time – it was eleven o’clock.

She was sitting for a long time, and her back hurt. She planned to walk around downstairs.

In the yard, Evelyn and Dolores were sorting vegetables. Seeing her coming down, Evelyn said, “Stella, finished your work?”

Stella answered, “Not yet. It’s not a rush. I just felt a bit tired when sitting, so I came downstairs for a walk.”

Evelyn said again, “It’s good for you to walk. Now your belly isn’t big yet. When it’s getting bigger, it’ll be inconvenient for you to move around.”

After chatting for a moment, Dolores walked into the kitchen, preparing for lunch.

Evelyn pulled Stella to sit at the stone table. She said solemnly, “Stella, are Alex and you truly unable to be together?”

Stella’s mouth corners twitched, “No. But Ms. Beckham, thank you for your concern. I truly don’t want to think about those things right now.”

“How can it be? Let me tell you. Girls should always think about themselves,” Evelyn said, heaving a sigh, “What’s the purpose of living? Isn’t it just a worry-free and happy life with someone who loves and cares?”

As Evelyn said, she asked the person behind her, “Don’t you think so, Clarence?”

Stella was speechless.

Clarence hummed in a light tone. He strode up to them and sat opposite Stella.

Hearing that her opinions were agreed, Evelyn was quite high-spirited. She pulled Stella's hand and patted on it, "Stella, let me tell you. You must look forward. Let the by-gones be by-gones. You can't do

anything about it. If you don't like Alex, it's alright. I can help you find another husband. Stop missing your ex-husband. He's not good..."

"Oh, Ms. Beckham," Stella interrupted her immediately, "You've misunderstood him. It's not like what you've thought. My ex-husband..."

"Silly girl, you love him so much. Until now, you are still defending your irresponsible ex-husband." Evelyn seemed to believe that she couldn't persuade Stella. She pulled Clarence into their conversation, "Clarence, there should be a lot of excellent young men in your company, right? You can introduce some to Stella."

Clarence cast a glance at Stella expressionlessly, "Ms. Radomil, do you need it?"

"No, thanks."

Clarence said again, "Ms. Radomil, I haven't expected that you love your ex-husband so much. I'm quite touched."

Stella couldn't find her tongue.

She wished the wretched man to stop being so shameless.

Evelyn realized that Stella was quite stubborn. She heaved a sigh helplessly. Then she changed the subject targeting Clarence, "By the way, Clarence, I heard you mention your wife last time. You should love each other deeply."

Clarence answered, "Probably."

Upon hearing it, Evelyn, the love expert, immediately sensed something wrong with his marriage. She said, "Clarence, I've been there. If you trust me, you can tell me your marriage problems. I can give you some suggestions."

Stella wished that she could hide in a crack on the ground. She chimed in, "Ms. Beckham, I haven't done my work yet. Please excuse me..."

Evelyn pulled her to stop her, “Stella, don’t leave. You should listen to it. Probably it’s also useful for you. Marriage is an art. You need to learn it.”

Clarence said calmly, “She had a fight with me and she got angry. She ran away from home.”

Stella wished that she could hide in a crack on the ground. She chimed in, “Ms. Beckham, I haven’t done my work yet. Please excuse me...” Evelyn pulled her to stop her, “Stella, don’t leave. You should listen to it. Probably it’s also useful for you. Marriage is an art. You need to learn it.” Clarence said calmly, “She had a fight with me and she got angry. She ran away from home.”

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Mr Conrad Proposes to His Ex wife Again Chapter 100-Upon hearing it, Evelyn shook her head and criticized, “She’s quite short-tempered. Why can’t you have a conversation if something happened? Then what happened? Did you look for her?”

“Yes, I did.”

“Did you go back home with you?”

“Nope. She went on blind dates while being pregnant with my baby.”

Evelyn inhaled. She patted her thigh with strength and said in anger, “How could this happen? It’s your wife’s fault then! No matter how big the conflict was, she couldn’t do such a thing! It’s called infidelity in marriage, bigamy! Moreover, she’s pregnant with your baby! What a woman...”

Stella, who was sitting aside silently, couldn’t help but add, “They’ve divorced already.”

Evelyn continued, “Even if they are divorced, she can’t... What? Are they divorced?”

She paused a bit and asked in disbelief, "Clarence, are you divorced?"

Clarence cast Stella a glance, nodding.

"Well... Then..."

Right then, Dolores walked out of the kitchen.

Evelyn spoke quite loudly, so Dolores had heard what they were talking about in the kitchen. She felt so bothered. Hence, she came out and pulled Evelyn out of the door with an excuse.

After going back into her house, Evelyn asked, "Dolores, I haven't finished talking with Clarence. I didn't expect that he's divorced as well. Don't you care about your son?"

Dolores said with a migraine, "They both are divorced."

"Exactly," Evelyn said. Then she said secretly, "Oh, Dolores, I just found that Clarence and Stella are a perfect match. Since Clarence is divorced, too, I'll find a chance to ask him if he..."

"Enough. Enough." Dolores pulled her, "Haven't you found that they were talking about each other?"

"What..."

"They were both from City N. Stella came here first, followed by Clarence. They both are divorced. One ran away while being pregnant, and the other came to find her. Can you understand now?"

Evelyn gaped.

After digesting the news that Clarence's Dolores' son and accepting it, Evelyn was lost in thought deeply again.

She was silent for a long while and then said in disbelief, "Did you mean Stella's irresponsible ex- husband is..."

Dolores nodded, "I didn't ask the details between the two. I talked to Stella before. She should have some misunderstandings with Clare. Clare only believes what he has seen personally. Hence, it's useless for me to convince them."

Evenly didn't get what she said completely. She patted her head in a trance. She recalled that she used to matchmake Alexander with Stella in Clarence's presence, and she also cursed that Stella's ex-husband wasn't a human...

She felt way too embarrassed.

...

Another woman was more embarrassed than Evelyn now.

Stella was sitting in the yard and didn't know whether she should stay or leave.

She hadn't expected that Evelyn would change the subject in this way, especially she had just offended Clarence not long ago.

Besides, the wretched man said as if he was the victim. It was because his heart was as cold as a stone and he wanted to give her baby an abortion, she ran away. How could he sound as if it was all her fault?

Clarence looked into her eyes and asked indifferently, "What do you want to say?"

Stella answered seriously, "Mr. Conrad, you are also quite skilled in lying. You came here for the acquisition but you said you came to look for me on purpose. Besides, what you've said was quite misleading."

"Misleading? So did you misunderstand that I like you?"

Stella didn't answer, but she acquiesced it.

She had thought that Clarence would mock her for indulging in the wildest fantasy as he had done before. However, he said flatly, "Stella, you should know even if I like it, it doesn't mean anything."

Stella understood. Clarence's favor might not be as important as a document in his office.

Seeing that Stella was lowering her head in silence, Clarence said unhappily, "You've got the answer you expected. Don't you want to say something?"

After a long while, Stella said, "Mr. Conrad, haven't you said that it doesn't mean anything? What else can I say?"

Stella believed that his favor might be on a whim or because of a man's desire for possession. She didn't think how much he liked her couldn't even compare with Liam's love for Sherry.

Clarence gazed at her for a few seconds. Then he said, "Stella, when you go to the hospital next time, I suggest you ask the doctor to check your brain up. I wonder it has been ruined by the junk food."

Stella was speechless.

The wretched man started the fight again, didn't he?

Their war without gunpowder ended with the return of Dolores.

After staying downstairs for a few days, Clarence made an excuse that the first floor was way too humid, so he wanted to move to the second floor.

Dolores didn't agree with his excuse at all and wasn't willing to help him, so the mission finally fell on Stella's shoulders.

There were only two rooms on the second floor – one was Stella's, and the other one was next to hers.

Stella didn't think he moved up with a good intention, but the wretched man could always find reasonable excuses. Besides, she still owed him a favor for helping Channing get back to the university. She had to suppress her unwillingness, couldn't do anything but to help him sort his beddings.

Time passed by and another half month was gone. Stella had been here for more than a month. Evelyn told her that the acquisition was ensured and the government would issue the document in a few days. After that, the neighbors were moving away gradually.

Stella thought that it would be time for Clarence to leave here then.

One morning, when Stella opened her door, she saw Clarence was leaning against his own door. He asked in a sleepy tone, "It's so early. Where are you going?"

"For the prenatal examination." As she spoke, she deliberately sickened him by asking, "Mr. Conrad, would you like to go with me?"

Clarence said, "Since you are begging me, why not?"

Stella couldn't find her tongue.

She blamed herself inwardly for having said that.

Clarence added, "Wait for me downstairs. I'll change my clothes."

"All right."

It was still early. Stella was still sleepy. Yawning, she walked out of the door.

A mid-aged woman passed by, "Morning, Stella. You got up so early."

Stella smiled and said, "Morning. Yeah, I'm having a walk."

"Why are you here alone? Where is Mr. Conrad?"

Stella was a bit embarrassed to answer.

After Evelyn spread the news, the whole community knew the relationship between Clarence and Stella.

But it was a good thing – at least Stella wouldn't be misunderstood by others when Clarence dragged her out.

Right then, Clarence showed up behind her.

The mid-aged woman said with a smile, "That's what I mean. I won't hold you up for so long. See you later."

After the woman was gone, Clarence looked over at Stella, "Don' you have breakfast?"

Stella returned to her senses, "The checkup today requires me to have an empty stomach. Ms. Anderson should have cooked. Mr. Conrad, you can..."

Clarence strode forward, "Let's go."

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