

Mr Conrad 341

Chapter 341-Stella came back to her senses, smiling at her, "Nothing."

Sherry picked up the drafts, "I'm taking off then. Call me if you need anything."

"Sure. Please go ahead."

In the morning, when Stella went to the lounge for water, a girl timidly approached her. She whispered, "Excuse me, Stella. May I ask you a question, please?"

Stella's hand shook when she heard her question. Subconsciously, she recalled the embarrassing scene in the morning.

She put down the water glass, turned around, and smiled faintly, "Of course. Please go ahead."

"Well..." The girl was a bit hesitant as if she didn't know how to start.

Stella wasn't rushing at all, waiting for her patiently.

After a while, the girl said, "Stella, do you still remember all the customers that have been to our studio? I meant the mid-aged men in their forties and fifties, who looked quite rich with strong charisma."

Stella was confused, "Why do you suddenly ask me about them?"

The girl exhaled, "Yesterday, the man who came here should be your father, right?"

Stella pressed her lips, hinting at the girl to go on.

“When I saw him, he reminded me of another man. They are extremely similar to each other in terms of charisma. The other man should have been to our store before, but I couldn’t recall who he was. I

thought about it for a whole night but failed to ring the bell. Stella, please don’t mind me. I have OCD since I was a child. I couldn’t let go a matter unless I’ve figured it out.”

Stella smiled, “It’s alright. I’m like that sometimes as well.”

The girl said, “There are so many customers to our store every day. I don’t think you could remember the man either. But, it’s alright. I’m just asking.”

If she had asked Stella such a question earlier, Stella might not have any impression.

However, the whole morning today, she kept thinking about such a man.

Hence, when the girl mentioned it, Stella knew who she was referring to.

However, Charles and William were quite different.

Charles deliberately pretended to be gentle and elegant. After so many years, it almost had become a thick mask on his face, which had merged with him. He never easily exposed his emotions.

William was born a gentleman. However, Stella agreed with Clarence – William was a businessman and he should have his schemes and purposes when doing things.

These two men were like each other to a certain extent. However, if they were looked closer, they were completely different.

Stella said, “I’m sure there should be such a man. I have such an impression as well.”

Upon hearing her confirmation, the girl exhaled, "Exactly! That was what I believed. When I asked others, they didn't believe me at all. Good, there's such a man indeed. It means that it wasn't my illusion at all. Stella, I'm going back to work now."

"Okay."

Back to her office, Stella pulled out her cell phone. After thinking for a long while, she dialed Emmett's number, "Hello, Emmett. Are you quite busy now?"

"Not really. What's up?"

Stella whispered, "Would you like to have a cup of coffee with me?"

Without any hesitation, Emmett said yes.

After they made the appointment, Stella picked up her bag and left the studio after informing other girls.

Sitting in the car, when Stella had just inserted the key, she thought of something.

She pulled out the cell phone from her pocket and texted Clarence: "I'm going to meet Emmett later. I have something to ask him."

Stella believed that she should inform Clarence ahead to avoid the wretched man from being jealous for no reason.

Clarence shouldn't be busy, so she didn't receive his reply.

When Stella drove to the appointed place, there was traffic. When she arrived, Emmett had been waiting for her there.

She sat down opposite him, "I'm sorry, Emmett. Did you wait for a long time?"

Emmett smiled and called a waiter over, "I arrived only a few minutes before you. What would you like to drink?"

Stella ordered a cup of Cafe Americano. Emmett took over the menu and ordered two desserts before giving the menu back to the waiter, "That's all for now."

After the waiter left, Stella didn't beat around the bush. She asked directly, "You came to find me a few days ago... I guess you wanted to tell me something, didn't you?"

Emmett probably didn't expect that she would ask him about this. After a pause, he said, "Why do you suddenly ask me about it? Stella, I didn't mean anything. I just wanted to meet you..."

Stella said, "I attended Steward Group's bidding that day and told all the attendees that I might be Charles Steward's daughter. Do you know that?"

Emmett nodded, "Yes, I've heard of it."

"Before that, Daniel used to remind me several times to be careful with Charles Steward and Phoebe Steward, so I guess the reason that Daniel approached Phoebe Steward wasn't that he liked her. Instead, he wanted to achieve his goals. Am I right?"

Upon hearing it, Emmett looked solemn. His lips parted but he didn't utter any word.

Stella continued, "Connecting to things that happened to Steward Group earlier and Daniels' behaviors, I have plenty of reasons to suspect that those things must have something to do with him to a certain extent. Although he didn't plan them in person, he helped them progress."

"Stella, I..."

“I know you are not only a friend of Daniel. What I said was just my guess. I won’t tell others about it, and nor will I ask about your purposes. Whether you want to obtain the Steward family or destroy it, it has nothing to do with me.”

As she spoke, Stella slightly inhaled, “I just want to ensure if anyone else has the same purpose besides you guys?”

Emmett felt amused, “Stella, you should know that man.”

Before Stella reacted, he continued, “In the series of things that happened to the Steward family, Mr. Conrad has done no less than what we did.”

Emmett added, “In fact, Charles Steward has operated Steward Group very well, but in secret, he has done a lot of things that couldn’t be disclosed at all. Hence, he has a lot of enemies. Besides, in business, there’s no eternal friend at all. Only the interests exist.”

Stella seemed to have expected that he wouldn’t tell the truth, and she didn’t insist. Instead, she slightly smiled.

Right then, the waiter served the coffee.

It ended their conversation.

Emmett started another subject in time, “I heard that you’ve joined the designer contest. How’s your preparation going?”

Stella nodded, “Not bad. It’s still the preliminary contest phase now. I still have to wait and see what happens next.”

“You have the capability. You should have become famous worldwide. It’s just...”

“Let the bygones be bygones.”

Emmett heaved a sigh in secret, "Right. Let the bygones be bygones."

However, some could be bygones, but some couldn't be.

After they bid each other farewell, Emmett called her, "Wait, Stella."

Stella turned around, "Yes?"

"You..." Emmett pressed his lips, "If possible, don't good into Charles Steward's background. He's more dangerous than you've imagined."

Stella turned around, "Yes?" "You..." Emmett pressed his lips, "If possible, don't good into Charles Steward's background. He's more dangerous than you've imagined."

Chapter 342-After parting with Emmett, Stella just sat in her car when receiving a call from Clarence.

The man's voice sounded a bit unhappy, "Where are you now?"

Stella answered when fastening the seat belt, "Having lunch."

"What are you having?"

Stella took a glance at the restaurant nearby at random and told him the name.

Clarence asked, "When are you going back?"

Stella suddenly had a thought, aiming to tease the wretched man. She purposely answered, "I don't know yet. We'll also go see a movie after lunch."

“Will you also go shopping after seeing the movie?”

“How did you know it?”

“That’s a good plan.”

Before Stella spoke again, the door next to the passenger seat was knocked.

She turned around, falling into the silence for a long while.

It was way too embarrassing.

If she had known it, she wouldn’t have faked those things earlier.

Stella curled her lips, put away the phone, and pressed the lock on the door.

Then the door was opened, and Clarence sat in.

Stella asked, “Why are you here?”

Clarence raised his brows and looked at her, “If I weren’t here, would you plan to go see a movie alone?”

Stella didn’t answer.

She wished the wretched man to shush.

She let out a hollow laugh, “I was just kidding. I need to go back to the studio. Mr. Conrad...”

Before she could finish her words, Sherry called her on the phone.

She said, "Stella, are you done over there?"

"Soon. I'll be right..."

"No worries. Don't rush. I'm calling to tell you that the electric cable outside of our studio was broken during the construction. The electricity is out. It won't be repaired until the evening. I've already sent the girls home. You can take this chance to have a rest."

Stella was shocked.

How could it be so coincident?

After hanging up the phone, she looked at Clarence, her eyes full of suspicion, "Have you done it?"

"In your heart, am I that low-quality?"

"Well..."

'Almost,' she said inwardly.

Then she decided to go see a movie.

Stella tabbed the map app on her cell phone, searching a nearby movie theater.

She asked, "Mr. Conrad, which movie would you like to see?"

Clarence answered, "Choose the one you like."

Stella found a cartoon that was just on a few days ago, the painting style of which was quite lovely and curing. She bought two tickets online.

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After seeing the movie and having dinner, Stella felt her waist quite sore, wondering if it was because that she didn't sleep well last night. Hence, she wanted to go home directly. Nothing was interesting for shopping in the mall, anyway.

Clarence, however, pulled her into a luxury store. He pointed at a few things at random, "Except for those things, pack all the rest according to her size."

All the saleswomen answered immediately.

Stella tugged the hemline of his coat, "What are you doing? I have enough clothes."

Clarence said, "I gave you a ride to the Steward's when you moved in. How can I don't know how much luggage you have?"

She didn't have many clothes to wear.

"But..."

She didn't need that much.

After buying the clothes, Clarence dragged her into the jewelry store next door. He walked around but found nothing that he liked. He said, "Forget it. I'll ask Nathan to send you some tomorrow."

Stella was taken aback. Then she realized that he was referring to the jewelry that she had returned to him last time.

Suddenly, she asked, "Did you do anything guilty? Otherwise, why do you treat me so well suddenly?"

Clarence wasn't quite happy with her question. He asked, "Don't I treat you well always?"

Stella was rendered speechless.

However, he was treating her extremely well today.

He had bought too many clothes, Stella couldn't take them along at all. Clarence asked the store to deliver them directly to Steward's house.

Out of the shopping mall, Clarence sat on the driver's seat and asked, "Where else would you like to go?"

"No, thanks. I want to go home. I have a pain on my waist."

As soon as he heard that, Clarence looked over, his eyes becoming meaningful, "A pain on your waist?"

He implied that he didn't do anything last night.

Stella closed her eyes, inhaling deeply, "I've slept on the sofa for a whole night. Of course, my waist would hurt. What kind of nasty mind do you always have?"

Clarence withdrew his gaze on her, curling up his lips slightly.

Half an hour later, the car was parked at the entrance of Steward's house.

Clarence unfastened the seat belt and got off. Stella looked around and asked, "How will you go home then?"

“Nathan will come over to pick me up.” As he spoke, Clarence tilted his head to look at her, “Or, you can also invite me to pay you a visit inside.”

“Bye!” Stella walked to the driver’s seat and was about to sit in. She paused a bit and said, “I’d better leave until Nathan has come.”

Clarence stared at her with a smile, “Reluctant to leave me alone?”

Stella seriously answered, “I’m afraid that you’ll be mistaken as a thief if you are standing here alone.”

“Is there any thief as handsome as me?”

Upon hearing it, Stella suddenly recalled that Clarence said even if he were a thief, he should be the thief stealing women’s hearts.

She couldn’t help but laugh out. When the wretched man said such kind of words, he even didn’t blush.

Seeing that, Clarence pressed his teeth with the tip of the tongue. He lowered his voice and asked, “What are you laughing about?”

Stella raised her head to look into his eyes, “Am I not allowed to laugh? I...”

Before she could finish her words, her lips were sealed.

The man swallowed all her laughter.

Stella didn’t expect that Clarence would be so bold. He even had done such a thing at the gate of Steward’s house. She reached out and hit his chest a few times, trying to push him away.

However, Clarence easily gripped her wrists, pressed her against the door of the car, and deepened his kiss.

Right then, a dazzling light came over. They heard a long honk of the car.

Clarence let go of Stella, pulled her behind his back, and blocked the light.

Phoebe was sitting in her car, watching the scene expressionlessly.

After a few seconds, she pushed the door open and walked to them. She asked indifferently, "Clarence, are you sending Ms. Radomil home?"

Clarence asked, "Isn't it obvious enough?"

Phoebe slightly inhaled, looking a bit annoyed.

Stella was silent for a moment. It turned out that Phoebe wasn't so skilled. How could she compare to Clarence in terms of mocking others?

After a few seconds, Phoebe said to Stella, "Since Clarence has arrived at the door, why didn't you invite him to go inside?"

Stella faintly smiled, "He's quite busy. He's leaving soon."

Phoebe smiled ironically, "I thought that I can't invite Clarence in, but you might be different, Ms. Radomil. It turns out..."

Clarence calmly interrupted her, "Ms. Steward, since you said so, I must pay you a visit some other day." As he spoke, he continued in a flat tone, "I'm just afraid that Mr. Steward wouldn't be expecting

me."

Phoebe was rendered speechless and didn't know what to speak.

Right then, a black Rolls-Royce was parked next to them. Nathan got down from the car and said, "Good evening, Mr. Conrad, Ms. Radomil, and Ms. Steward."

Clarence looked over at Stella, "I'm leaving, then."

Under Phoebe's gaze, he kissed Stella gently on her forehead.

Chapter 343-The Steward's house.

When Stella was about to go upstairs, Phoebe stopped her.

Stella looked back, "What's the matter?"

"Ms. Radomil, I just want to remind you – Clarence casts covetous eyes on our Steward family. Since you believe you are one of our family, you'd better keep your distance from him."

Upon hearing it, Stella was amused, "Ms. Steward, have you changed your approach?"

Phoebe said in a cold tone, "Listen or not, it's up to you. If Dad knows it, he wouldn't be happy."

"Ms. Steward, I guess you might have misunderstood something," Stella stood on the steps and said calmly, "I moved into the Steward's because I want to get what I'm supposed to have. As for whom I'm with, it's my own decision. I don't need to listen to nobody else."

"Ms. Radomil, before you moved in, I've told you. Since you are now staying in the Steward's, you must obey our rules. It seems that you thought I was kidding with you."

Stella retorted, "Who have made the rules? Ms. Steward, was it you? Or do you think what kind of identity made me move in the Steward's?"

Phoebe looked annoyed, wondering if Stella implied that she didn't have the right to make the rules in the Steward family.

Stella continued, "Since we don't like each other, we don't need to speak to each other when it's unnecessary, and neither shall we fake caring or greeting. It will avoid us from a lot of trouble. Ms. Steward, what do you think?"

Phoebe sneered, "I hope you can be so self-confident in the contest as well."

"Certainly."

After finishing her words, Stella walked upstairs without looking back.

Watching her leave, Phoebe sneered. When she withdrew her gaze, she saw Charles standing not far away.

She asked, "Dad, have you overheard it?"

Charles hummed, "Come over."

After arriving at the study, Charles closed the door and sat at the desk, "Phoebe, I know you hate her a lot, but you must tolerate it. When the right time comes, she will leave here naturally."

Phoebe didn't understand, "Is it because Mr. Thomas is her backer?"

"That's not the most important." Charles squinted, "The time hasn't come yet. You'll understand it in the future."

Seeing that she was silent, Charles continued, "Don't involve in the matter of the designer contest. I have my own plans."

"I got it."

Phoebe wasn't that stupid. She knew that a lot of people were watching her now. How could she do something by herself?

Besides, so many people hated Stella. Even if she didn't do anything, others wouldn't wait.

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In a blink, a week passed.

Stella finished the end product and sent over the jewelry according to the time and venue decided by the sponsor.

When she arrived at the door, she saw a group of designers bitching about something.

"Is there anything wrong with the person in charge of this contest? Not to mention those requirements, we're required to submit the end products according to the deadline and can't be early or late. Now, we've arrived. Where are they now? Their office is even locked. Are they purposely troubling us?"

"Alas... Take it easy. After all, they are the sponsor. They made the rules. We don't have any right to complain at all."

"But they've gone too far. They even don't respect us at all. We're here for the contest not for being bullied. How could they put on airs?"

As time passed by, the uproar raised among the designers became louder and louder, and the designers became more and more unhappy.

Stella noticed that a cabinet was placed outside the locked office.

She counted in silence. It turned out the number of cells was the same as that of the designers.

Stella thought for a moment and said in a low voice, "We are supposed to put our end products in there."

Upon hearing that, most designers looked over at her.

However, seldom of them agreed with Stella.

Most of the designers here were older and more famous than Stella.

They could join the contest because they signed up and were filtered. However, Stella received the invitation from the sponsor directly.

Nobody would feel balanced.

However, due to her relationship with Clarence, they couldn't show their unhappiness so obviously.

However, for such a kind of designers, there must be a representative.

Modesty cast Stella a glance while crossing her arms on her chest, "How do you know where are we supposed to put them?" she asked.

Stella answered indifferently, "I guessed."

Modesty laughed, "You guessed? Who do you think we are? Since it's not a responsible guess, why did you tell us?"

Seeing that Modesty was questioning her, someone echoed, "Exactly. It's such an important context. How can you make a guess? Besides, I don't think the sponsor is so careless. How could they place a cabinet without a lock here? Shall we randomly choose a cell to put in? Besides, there's no staff around. What if they are taken away?"

Modesty added, "I agree. However, since the sponsor has changed a lot of rules for this contest. We're not certain what was exactly in their minds. How about this? Tell me honestly. Has Mr. Conrad told you about the sponsor's requirements? If so, we'll understand. Ms. Radomil, in that case, we'll do whatever you say."

Upon hearing it, others all kept silent. They looked at Stella in disdain and disgust.

Stella kept calm. She said, "Persecution complex is a kind of disease. You should cure it as early as possible. Wish you get better soon."

As she spoke, she put the jewelry box of her work in a cell at random. Then she turned around to look at Modesty, "I hope you can have the basic legal knowledge. It's a matter of spreading rumors and divulging trade secrets. If Conrad Group holds you accountable, you can get yourself a pair of silver bracelets for free."

In an instant, Modesty looked extremely annoyed.

After Stella was gone, the group of designers exchanged glances with each other. Seeing that it had been almost twenty minutes later than the deadline decided by the sponsor, they believed that the staff shouldn't be late.

No matter if Stella had obtained the contest rules from Mr. Conrad, at least she had a relationship with him. She couldn't be kicked out during the preliminary contest. Hence, the designers believed that it wouldn't be wrong if they followed her.

Then, they put their works into the cells of the cabinet and left.

They didn't need to worry that things would happen to their works, because the design and end-product drafts were needed to be sent to the sponsor's email inbox.

After all of them were gone, a few employees of the sponsor walked over. They put the work of each designer into a box and put it in a car, delivering it to the judges.

Hence, all the sequences of the works were messed up. Except for the sponsor, nobody knew which one belonged to which designer, and nor would the judge see the name of the designer. They could only mark based on the end-product itself so to avoid favoritism.

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Chapter 344-When Stella just went back to the studio, she received the confirmation email from the sponsor, informing her that they had received her work. The next would be the filtering and selection process. She should wait patiently.

It turned out her guess was correct.

Stella put down the cell phone, exhaling deeply.

Finally, she could be relaxed for a few days.

Shortly after, she heard the knocks on the door of her office. Sherry poked in her head, "Stella, are you busy?"

"Not really. What's up?"

Sherry closed the door and entered, "We haven't been out for the team-building for a long time. I was discussing it with them just now. How about going barbecue this weekend?"

Stella nodded in agreement, "Sure!"

"Okay. I'll plan it now." As she spoke, Sherry approached her and whispered, "We can take along boyfriends with us this time. I must remind you about it. Otherwise, you would be fed up PDA."

Stella was surprised.

She tugged the hemline of Sherry's blouse, "Are you also taking a man with you?"

Sherry giggled, raising her eyebrows, "Of course. I recently met a handsome young man online. His voice is so charming. He also sent me photos of his abs. I'll take this chance to ask him to meet me in person."

"Be careful, Sherry. You can't be deceived."

"No worries. I won't be that silly. Probably I'll deceive him. Besides, we'll soon meet. I can get to know him more in reality." Sherry looked so expectant, "If this one worked, I finally could have a boyfriend."

Stella's mouth corners twitched, "I don't think it's reliable. You'd better watch out."

Sherry patted her on the shoulder, "I know what I'm doing. What about you? Will you ask your Mr. Conrad to go with you?"

Upon hearing the words “your Mr. Conrad”, Stella blushed, “It’s just the team-building of our studio. Why should I take him with me? If he went with us, no one would enjoy it.”

Sherry was speechless.

She couldn’t agree with Stella more.

She said in disappointment, “Okay. In that case, you can only watch us PDA then.”

Weekend.

All people were gathering at the door of the studio. They would set off from there afterward.

Almost all the girls brought their boyfriends. It was pretty quick for the young men to get to know each other. Soon, they found a lot of things in common.

Stella checked the time and asked, “Where is your handsome friend online? Why hasn’t he come yet?”

Sherry looked around, “He said he has arrived at the intersection five minutes ago. He should be here soon.”

Right then, a Maybach was parked in front of them.

One young man said, “Holy shit! Would it be him? Is he so rich?”

Sherry also gaped, subconsciously gripped Stella’s arm. She wondered what kind of handsome guy would this be.

As the door of the car was opened slowly, a slender and straightened figure appeared in their sight.

Everyone fell into the silence.

Their expectation was in vain.

Clarence cast an indifferent glance at them, "Am I not expected?"

Instantly, the group of people felt his cold aura. Some of them went to buy bottled water, and some of them went to use the restroom. They left the scene with different excuses.

Sherry was the one who felt the most disappointed. She asked, "Mr. Conrad, why did you change your car?"

"I've sent the other one for maintenance." Clarence looked over at Stella, "Where are you going?"

Last night, Clarence asked her what she would be doing this weekend. Obviously, he wanted to date her. However, since it would be the team building today, she made an excuse that she would be busy working in the studio.

Much to her surprise, the wretched man came to find her directly.

Stella let out a hollow laugh. When she was about to run away, she turned around and saw an elementary student, who had a school bag on his shoulders and looked quite adorable.

His gaze swept between Sherry and Stella. Then he asked in a calm tone, "Excuse me. Who is Magical Pretty?"

Stella, Clarence, and Sherry gaped at him.

Sherry had never thought that when someone said about her WeChat ID, she would feel so embarrassed.

In difficulty, she walked up and squatted down. Trying her best to force a smile, she asked, "Hi, Little fellow. What can I do for you?"

The boy offered her a hand and said in a polite manner, "I'm Little Rabbit. It's so great to meet you in person."

Sherry was confused.

She looked around, "Little fellow, where are your parents? Did you come here with your older brother or your uncle?"

"I came here myself. Didn't you ask me out for a barbecue?" As he spoke, he exhaled, "I've tried to convince my mother for a long time before she finally agreed to let me join you. But you must send me home after the barbecue. My mother is afraid that you are a bad person."

The smile on Sherry's face was breaking down gradually, "Is she... afraid that I'm a bad person?"

Little Rabbit slowly nodded, "Yes."

"If I were a bad woman, how would I send you home?"

"You don't need to worry about it. I have my own plans."

Sherry thought that if it weren't that she had experienced a lot of scumbags and become extremely strong, at this moment at the scene, she should have been sent to the ICU for a rescue.

Beside them, Stella gripped Clarence's arm. Her face turned so red because she tried so hard to hold back her laughter.

Clarence looked at the boy opposite Sherry indifferently, lost in thought.

Sherry inhaled deeply and stood up, "Let's go. I'll send you home now."

"No way!" 'Little Rabbit' took a few steps back. He insisted, "I haven't eaten the barbecue yet. You promised to invite me for it!"

Right then, those people who left the scene came back. Seeing that Sherry was talking to a boy, they walked over, "Sherry, is he your younger brother? He's so cute."

As they spoke, they pinched his chubby face.

'Little Rabbit' wasn't happy. He frowned and hid behind Sherry.

One of the young men didn't know what happened. He asked, "Will your boyfriend still join us?"

Sherry just wanted to bypass this matter. Hurriedly, she said, "No. He won't join us. His car broke down on the way. Let's go. Go! Go! Go! Let's set off!"

"Let's go!"

They originally planned to have Sherry and Stella drive and they could fit in two cars. Right now, Clarence and the boy would also join them.

Sherry was quite decisive. She pressed 'Little Rabbit' into Clarence's car. Before Clarence said no, she immediately said, "Mr. Conrad, please help me take care of him. In the future, if you need any help from me, just feel free to let me know."

As she finished her words, she closed the door immediately.

Watching the scene, Stella whispered, "Aren't you afraid that he wouldn't be able to get off after sitting in Clarence's car?"

“You don’t understand. It’s called raising poisonous insects. The strongest would survive.”

Stella choked up.

Since they were in a hurry to leave, Stella had no time to talk to Clarence. However, although the wretched man had a sharp tongue, Stella didn’t think that he would trouble an elementary student.

The venue wasn’t far away. They would arrive in an hour.

Nothing serious would happen.

Thinking of that, Stella came back to her senses and got in the car.

In the Maybach, Clarence cast a glance at the boy on the backseat, “Fasten the seat belt.”

‘Little Rabbit’ put down the bag, “Okay.”

Chapter 345-When they arrived in the suburbia, they chose a place next to a brook. Some of them started to set up tents, and some set up the grills.

Only Clarence and ‘Little Rabbit’ were sitting in the folding chairs aside. One was calm and easy, and the other one widened his eyes, looking around to enjoy the view.

Stella walked over and squatted down next to Clarence. She said crossly, “Mr. Conrad, are you here inspecting?”

Clarence looked at her and answered calmly, “If you could tell me earlier, I would take Nathan here.”

Stella was speechless.

What a shameless man!

Clarence added, "Besides, I am doing something."

Stella was confused, "What have you done?"

Clarence turned to glance at the boy, who was stilling upright, "If I don't take care of him, what if he ran away and got lost? How will you explain to his mother in that case?"

"Ho ho."

Stella wasn't in the mood to talk to him. She took out a cup of yogurt from her snack bag and gave it to 'Little Rabbit'. Rubbing his head, she said, "Boy, just sit here and be a good boy. Don't run around. Probably there would be a lot of bad eggs around here."

Next to them, Clarence slightly snorted. He disdained how she tried to scare the boy.

'Little Rabbit' held the yogurt in his hands and nodded solemnly, "I won't run around and neither will I make trouble to you."

Stella smiled. She stood up and said, "Good boy. You can play with this... uncle here. I'll call you over if the barbecue is ready."

Clarence asked unhappily, "Why are you treating us so differently?"

Stella gritted her teeth, "Just shut up, Uncle!"

Clarence was speechless.

After Stella was gone, 'Little Rabbit' turned to look at Clarence, passing the yogurt in his hands to him. Clarence said indifferently, "It's for you. I won't drink it."

“I know. Uncle, please open it for me.”

Clarence sneered, “You are so old now. Why can’t you open the yogurt?”

‘Little Rabbit’ answered in a serious tone, “Uncle, when you got off the car, you snatched the candies from Stella’s mouth. I’ve seen it.”

Clarence’s temples popped. He looked at the boy expressionlessly, and his eyes were fierce and cold.

‘Little Rabbit’ wasn’t afraid of him at all, “Uncle, if you don’t open it for me. I’m going to find Stella...”

Before he finished speaking, his hands were empty. Clarence opened the lid and returned the yogurt to him.

“Thank you, Uncle.”

After that, ‘Little Rabbit’ raised his head and drank the yogurt in silence.

Clarence said, “Brat, you came out alone. Aren’t your family worried?”

‘Little Rabbit’ finished drinking the yogurt and corrected him, “I’m already ten years old. I’m not a brat. Uncle, when you were young, didn’t you ever go out with your friends before? Did your family forbid you to go out?”

Clarence was rendered speechless again.

On the other side, Sherry secretly checked on what was going on with them while adding the carbon to the grills, “I didn’t expect that brat and Mr. Conrad could enjoy chatting so much. Have they thought each other a bosom friend?”

Stella raised her eyebrows and smiled, "You called him a handsome young man before. Now you called him a brat."

"Jesus... Stella, I was wrong. Please don't mention my dark history." Sherry felt so exhausted, "As soon as it ends, I'll send him home. I won't believe anyone known online anymore. What a little liar!"

Stella said, "Is there any misunderstanding? He's quite cute and polite. Did you just imagined too much?"

Sherry stubbornly retorted, "How could it be possible? He sent me photos of his abs. I couldn't imagine them, could I? I don't want to fall in love anymore in my life. I've encountered all kinds of scumbags – scumbags who cheated on me, who kept a girlfriend pool, and this one as well... He's so young but he didn't behave himself at all. He learned to be a scumbag. I don't think I have the luck to fall in love. I'd better become a nun."

Stella patted her on the shoulder with a smile for comfort, "No worries. After the design contest, you can go take a leave and travel. As long as you can join the activities in real life, you would meet your Mr. Right."

"I'd better give up. Anyway, I can always attract the scumbags. I've accepted my fate."

Stella raised her head and looked at the young couples who were teasing each other next to the brooks. She curled up her lips, "It's so good to be young!"

Sherry also looked over, heaving a sigh, "Exactly. If I were still their age, how could I be heartbroken by the scumbags?"

They had takeout and snacks for lunch. After that, two couples found a flower field nearby, so they went over.

Others who didn't go there either took a nap in the tent or sat next to the brook, lost in thought.

Stella sat next to Clarence and whispered, "Mr. Conrad, do you feel quite bored?"

Clarence turned to look at her, curling up his thin lips into a smile, "With you beside me, how could I feel bored?"

Stella also smiled. Looking at the sparkling stream for a long while, she said, "Sometimes, I feel too stressed at work. If I hang out with those kids, I will feel relaxed."

"Kids? How much older are you than them?"

Stella said naturally, "Also I'm just a few years older, I'm still older than them. In my heart, they are like Chan. They are my younger brothers and sisters."

Clarence reached out and held her in his arms. He whispered, "I'm only a few years older than you. Why did you call me Uncle?"

Stella didn't answer.

Clarence bit her earlobe gently, "Ehn?"

Instantly, Stella's cheeks turned red and burning. She reached out to push him away, "Stop it! There are so many people here!"

Clarence turned around and checked, "I can't see anyone."

Except for the child, who was doing his homework with his back to them, there was nobody else.

Sherry also had gone somewhere.

Stella protected herself with her hands in front, "No, you can't do it."

Upon hearing it, Clarence chuckled, "What can't I do?"

Stella was shocked.

She didn't expect that at this moment, the wretched man still tried to flirt with her. She wasn't in the mood to talk to him anymore. When she was about to stand up, he pulled her back and said, "All right. I'll stop teasing you. Sit here with me."

She could hear the faint tiredness in his voice.

After a while, Stella asked, "Are you still quite busy recently?"

Clarence hummed. He explained, "I've got a lot of things to deal with. I'll be on a business trip tomorrow."

"Why didn't you tell me earlier?"

"I wanted to tell you today. Who knows you had such a plan."

Stella curled her lips. She had to admit that it was her bad.

After a pause, she asked again, "When will you come back?"

"I'll be gone for a whole week at least."

Clarence didn't worry about her. After all, a lot of people were protecting her in secret. He worried about other things.

Stella sat up in his arms and asked, "Are you bothered by something? You seemed to be a bit weird today."

Clarence curled up his lips, “Weird? In what way?”

“You are rarely so serious.”

“It seems that you like me more when I’m not serious.”

Stella choked up.

Chapter 346-Sherry went out walking to relax but twisted her ankle instead. Not only she couldn’t relax now, but it had also become worst.

She saw the couple hugging each other by the creek as she limped back. She felt like she lifted a rock and hit on her own foot.

She became the clown herself.

When she saw the kid sitting on the table doing school work, she took a deep breath feeling guilty as if like she was harming the future generation of the country.

Whatever, let it be. Sherry limped towards him and sat down. “Hey kid, what grade are you?”

“Fourth grade.”

Sherry glanced at his book and it was indeed a fourth grade’s book.

She then asked, “You are just a kid, who taught you to... lie to people online?”

‘Little Rabbit’ put down his pencil and answered seriously. “Ms. Magical Pretty, I didn’t lie to you, I...”

“Wait, wait, wait!” Sherry immediately stopped him, “We don’t know each other, just call me Ms.”

“Oh, okay.”

He seemed polite, so Sherry continued, “If you didn’t lie to me, why would you sent me... those photos?”

She couldn’t utter the word six-pack in front of a kid.

‘Little Rabbit’ tilted his head, “Didn’t you ask me to? The online people said these pictures help to build trust in each other, so I chose a good one and sent it to you.”

It was nothing but an unintentional question she asked at that time, but...

She let out a sigh and kept telling herself that he was just a kid.

Sherry turned, took out an ice pack and a piece of cloth from the box and applied them on her ankle.

‘Little Rabbit’ saw that, took out a bottle of cold spray and handed it over to Sherry.

Sherry stunned, “Why would you carry this with you?”

“My mom is a doctor, she let me carry this and sanitizer with me all the time, for emergency use.”

Hearing that made Sherry curious, “That’s not bad, what about your dad? What does he do?”

His eyes darkened and lowered his head in silence.

Sherry thought she had asked a sensitive question, she coughed twice and changed the topic. “Where do you go to school?”

“I’m not attending school now.”

“Why?”

‘Little Rabbit’ swept a glance at her cautiously, “Nothing, mom said there are too many bad guys out there and forbids me from going to school.”

Sherry, “...” No school due to bad guys but allowed to meet an online friend?

Sherry couldn’t understand the logic behind this.

She needed to talk to the guardian when she sent him back later. It was fine since it was her today, but it could be a real bad guy next time.

Soon, the night was falling and everyone came back.

Stella had just finished loading the charcoal into the barbecue grill when Clarence came and put his jacket in her arms. “Go wait over there.”

“Can you handle this?”

Clarence took off his watch and raised his brow. “There’s nothing I can’t handle.”

He started showing off again.

Stella received the watch from him, put it down on a clean surface and went back to help.

She smelled burnt food as she approached.

Stella, "...” She knew this would happen.

“Let me do it.” She said helplessly.

Clarence was such a young master, he was destined to be served. It would be a disaster to let him work in the kitchen.

Clarence moved and gave an excuse, “You’re the one who asks me to stop.”

Stella glared at him, such an ungrateful wretched man.

After a while, the space was filled with delicious grilled food smells.

These were all half-cooked premade food, a little flavoring and grilling were enough, simple task.

Hence, Stella couldn’t understand how did that wretched man burnt the food in such a short period.

All the other ladies would like to help but stopped when they saw Clarence stood behind Stella with his hands in his pockets.

At this moment, Stella’s mobile vibrated.

She was busy so she asked Clarence, “Mr. Conrad, please have a look who’s calling.”

Clarence picked up the mobile, he saw a stranger number and answered it aside.

It was silent for some time before someone smiled oddly on the other side. “My beloved daughter, I heard that you participated in a contest again, how much is the reward this time?”

Clarence remained calm hearing his voice. "The amount depends on whether you'll still be alive to enjoy it."

Jeffrey didn't expect Clarence to answer the call, he paused and continued. "My son-in-law, don't be mean, both you and my daughter need no money, the amount I ask is nothing to you."

"How much do you want?"

Jeffrey laughed out cunningly, "Three hundred million."

"That's not much, I'll burn you some joss paper."

Knowing that he was going to hang up, Jeffrey immediately said, "Let me remind you Clarence, there are lots of people looking for me now and you know what they want right? I contacted my daughter because she is my daughter, else, I'll get the money from them."

Clarence replied casually, "Stop dreaming, they won't even burn you the joss paper but will let you rot in a drainage instead."

Jeffrey turned anxious, he was calling from an open space, and there were echoes when he spoke. "Clarence, I know you are trying to frighten me and I know they are a bunch of rubbish, that's why I stay hidden from them. Alright, no more bargain then, a hundred million is all that I want and I promise to disappear forever after that!"

"What a wonderful dream." Clarence paused, looked at the mobile's screen and frowned. "Don't you ever call Stella again, she's not rich and stop disturbing her."

"Alright, noted. How can I contact you then?"

Clarence gave him Nathan's number. "Show me your sincerity since you asked for a huge amount."

Jeffrey knew what he meant, "Of course, I will bring the negatives along."

Clarence didn't want to waste another second on him, he hung up and blocked the number.

All the food was ready and everyone sat around the fire singing and clapping when he came back.

Stella walked to his side and asked, "You were gone for long, who was it?"

Chapter 347-Clarence handed over her mobile and said lightly, "Salesperson."

"Why did you talk so long with a salesperson then?" Stella doubted.

"I explained to him the country economics' direction this year."

Stella, "... " Stella was speechless; she didn't know what to say.

"Stella, Mr. Conrad... the foods are getting cold," someone shouted.

Stella kept her mobile aside, "Let's go."

While sitting, Clarence glanced at 'Little Rabbit' who was enjoying his food, raised his chin and said, "Move a bit to that side."

'Little Rabbit' looked at him angrily, clenched his fists, thought about their power differences and gave in.

Stella was astonished by his action, "Why do you bully a child?"

"I'm giving him a lesson on how to survive in the real world." Clarence defended.

Stella chose to ignore him and gave 'Little Rabbit' a few more skewers of food.

He took it as he ate, "Thanks Stella."

Sherry beside him mocked, "Look at your hungry face, you had lunch didn't you?"

"This is the respect we should give to the food."

Everyone, "..."

After dinner, someone suggested playing a small game and the punishment for losers was singing.

In the end, it was still the two that rejected.

'Little Rabbit' claimed he had school work to do while Clarence said he needed to answer a call from work.

When he was back, he saw Stella who sat smiling in the crowd around the fire, her smile was as bright as a shiny star and she became the center of attraction.

Clarence stood and gazed at her with his lips lifted.

"Clarence, you like Stella don't you?" 'Little Rabbit' interrupted out of a sudden.

Clarence moved his sight from Stella to him.

"There's no need to deny, I can tell by the way you look at her." Little Rabbit's tone was like an adult.

"Why would I deny?" Clarence said, "She's my wife."

“Oh, it doesn’t look like it.”

Clarence moved his lips and smiled, “Are you challenging me?”

‘Little Rabbit’ defended, “You’ve mistaken, I’m just stating the fact.”

“The fact is you need a lesson.”

Stella walked over and heard what he said; she frowned, “You bullying him again?”

‘Little Rabbit’ noticed the situation; he immediately hid behind Stella and put on a pitiful face.

Clarence let out a chuckle; he looked at the little kid as a sign of warning to him that this was not over.

Since they had a barbecue feast and played games, it was time to head home.

They tidied up the place, kept everything in the car and ready to depart.

The numbers of people were the same, so they went back the way they came.

However, Sherry was a little worried that her car couldn’t keep up with Clarence’s speed but couldn’t ask Clarence to wait for her in front of the studio either.

She thought for a while, “Mr. Conrad, I…”

Clarence knew what she was thinking and grabbed ‘Little Rabbit’ by his collar. “I’ll send him back.”

Sherry’s eyes shone, “Thank you, Mr. Conrad!”

Stella didn't expect such an offer from Clarence, she was afraid that he might bully the kid again so she gave him her number and stroke his head. "Call me should anything happen."

"Thank you, Stella, goodbye." He waved at Sherry too.

Sherry waved back with a smile, this nightmare had finally ended.

Soon, three cars disappeared into the darkness.

Inside the black Rolls Royce, Clarence asked, "Where do you live?"

'Little Rabbit' held his bag tightly, "Drop me at any station and I can go back on my own."

Clarence smiled hearing that. "Are you joking? I'm in such a good mood, let me show you a magic trick, shut your eyes and you'll be home when I call you."

Little Rabbits chubby face stiffened and didn't say a word.

Clarence didn't continue either, he stepped on the gas pedal and sped up.

The car stopped in front of a high-end condominium.

Little Rabbit's hands on the bag tightened.

Clarence turned to him, "Too afraid to walk?"

"Thank you for sending me back, I can go home by myself," 'Little Rabbit' replied calmly.

He then quickly opened the door and began running, but was grabbed by the collar by Clarence.

'Little Rabbit' struggled in the air with a reddened face, "Let go of me!"

"Walk nicely before I lose my patience."

"Alright."

Clarence put him down.

'Little Rabbit' picked up his bag on the floor, patted away the dust, put it on his back and walked slowly inside.

Clarence looked at his watch and urged impatiently, "Faster."

'Little Rabbit' complained, "A gentleman should be polite and patient, you are none, no wonder Stella is not your wife!"

Clarence chose to ignore him.

'Little Rabbit' then pressed on the elevator and the door opened two minutes later.

He pulled on the straps on his bag and repeated, "Thank you for sending me back, I arrived."

Clarence looked at the number, "Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Go out then," Clarence pressed on the floor above.

'Little Rabbit' frowned seeing that, he couldn't utter a word but went back into the elevator.

Ding, the elevator door opened and Clarence went out first.

'Little Rabbit' followed behind unwillingly.

Clarence stood beside the door and said, "Open the door."

'Little Rabbit' grunted and pressed the password.

He wanted to shut the door close immediately but someone asked from inside. "Aaron, where have you been? Why are you coming back so late?"

Despite he was quick but Clarence was quicker, he blocked the door with half of his body.

The man that saw this stunned.

Clarence greeted, "Hi Mr. William."

He then grabbed and pushed 'Little Rabbit' aside and entered the apartment.

William looked at the kid and him, "Mr. Conrad?"

Clarence closed the door and said casually. "I have the same question, what is going on?"

While they were talking, 'Little Rabbit' struggled free from Clarence and hid behind William.

A few seconds later, William patted his head, "Aaron, go back to your room, I have things to do."

He then turned to Clarence, "Mr. Conrad, please come in."

8 Chapter 349-Stella nodded slightly, she was puzzled, "You're"

Daniel smiled, "I don't plan to leave City N for the time being. So, I open a piano shop to find myself something to do."

Sherry was speechless, if he was idle, he should go to jail, why he disturbed her!

Stella did not expect things to turn out this way. She did not know this should be considered coincidental or artificial.

Daniel continued, "From now on we are neighbours. If you need any help, you can come to me directly."

Stella nodded politely, "Okay."

Before leaving, Daniel looked at Sherry again and smiled politely.

Sherry was speechless.

After Daniel left, the young girls went back to work while Sherry walked to the office with Stella in a state of disbelief.

As soon as the office door was closed, she could not help but insult wildly, "Is there really something wrong with him, he's definitely doing it on purpose! I only lusted after his good looks for a while, but does he have to do such a thing?"

Stella sat in her seat and did not say anything for a moment.

She also felt that Daniel's sudden appearance was definitely not just a coincidence.

But she could not tell what was his purpose of being here.

However, she was sure of one thing, that was Daniel would not hurt her, otherwise, he would not wait until now.

On the other side, Sherry got angrier when she was saying, "I seriously suspect that he has spent too much time with Phoebe and that's why he's so weird now, thinking that I still like him so he deliberately comes to my front to make me notice him. Stella, did you hear that he called me Sherry? When did I get so close to him? He even gave me that look when he left, I'm sure, he's here to pick me up!"

Stella, "What?"

Sherry slapped the table, she could not stand it, "No, I'm going to talk to him right now. From today onwards, if I'm here in this street, he can't be here, if he's here, I won't be here!"

Before she made an irreversible mistake, Stella hastily pulled her back, "Sherry, calm down, his purpose is still unclear. Let's observe him for a while first."

Sherry took two deep breaths to ease her emotions, she sighed to herself again, "Speaking of which, I still blame myself, I shouldn't have charmed him so much that he can't forget it after a long time, and now he's even found his way here."

After saying that, Sherry lifted her hand and sniffed, "Stella, do you think there's a special smell on my body. I mean the kind of smell that will charm playboy once he smells it?"

Stella held back her laughter and said seriously, "Actually, I don't think Daniel should be considered as a playboy. He and Phoebe are just ..."

Sherry pursed her lips, "Forget about it, you don't have to explain for him anymore. I've never seen such an outrageous and ridiculous person. Clarence, that wretched man is much better than him."

At this time, Stella's computer rang, it was an email from the organizer of the designer competition, informing her that she had successfully passed the preliminary round and entered the final round.

All the designers who had passed the preliminary round were invited to go to the competition venue three days later to draw lots to decide the title of the final round.

Sherry and Stella were both very calm when they saw the email as they thought it was meaningless for them to not pass a preliminary round after working hard for so long.

Only ten out of the dozens of designers made it to the final round, which also meant that the later rounds would only get harder.

Furthermore, Modesty, Aurora and Phoebe were not going to give up so easily.

Sherry did not disturb Stella anymore. She patted her shoulder and went out.

Stella also closed her email and started working.

When it was noon, Stella put down her brush and stretched. When she was just about to ask Sherry to go out for lunch, there was a knock on the office door.

"Come in."

Soon, Alisa appeared in sight.

She was carrying several thermos buckets in her hands.

Previously, ever since Stella said that she wanted to eat at the studio every night before going back to the Steward family, Clarence had asked Alisa to bring her food every evening. However, it was still noon now.

Seeing Stella's confusion, Alisa smiled and said, "Mrs. Conrad, Mr. Conrad asked me to bring you two meals per day before he went on his business trip. So, if you want to eat anything, just let me know."

Stella was stunned; her ears could not help but reddened a little, "No need, it's very troublesome for you to come here twice a day. You just need to bring me dinner as before..."

"Oh, how can Mrs. Conrad say like that? My job is to take care of you and Mr. Conrad. It's not troublesome at all," As if she was afraid that Stella would not agree, Alisa added, "Before Mr. Conrad left, he said that if Mrs. Conrad loses weight in these few days, he'll deduct my salary."

Stella was speechless.

The wretched man would only exploit working people.

Alisa put the thermos buckets in front of her, "Mrs. Conrad, what do you want to eat in the evening? I will prepare it for you."

Stella thought for a while and said, "Fish soup."

"Okay, I'll go to the market to buy fish later."

When Alisa was about to leave, Stella suddenly called her, "Alisa, can I ask you one thing?"

"Mrs. Conrad, you can ask me anything you want, why are you so polite?"

Stella flipped through her phone and said after a few seconds of silence, "Do you still remember what you were doing on the 15th of this month."

After this question was asked, Stella felt that she was absurd. If she were in Alisa's shoes, if she heard such an uninformed time, she probably would not know what she was doing at that time.

When she was about to say forget about it, Alisa mused, "The 15th, is it Friday?"

Stella nodded, "Yes."

Alisa said, "I remember it. I took a special off day that day to attend my daughter's school parent-teacher conference."

"Then when did you go back to Starry Lake Mansion?"

"Early in the next morning, yea, after I returned, Mr. Conrad asked me to bring dinner to you." Saying that, Alisa asked tentatively, "Mrs. Conrad, is there anything?"

Upon hearing this, Stella smiled, "Nothing, I'm just asking around. Alisa, you can go now."

After Alisa left, Stella retracted her thoughts and looked at the thermos buckets in front of her. She was slightly bewildered for a moment.

It seemed that her guess that day was correct; the fish soup was indeed prepared by Ms. Anderson.

But why did Clarence deliberately lie to her?

Since the fish soup was made by Ms. Anderson, then she must be in City N.

But Clarence had never told her about it.

What was the wretched man doing again?

Stella could not figure it out. She let out a breath, reached out her hand and rubbed her temple. She got up and sat in front of the coffee table.

After she had eaten a few bites of rice, Stella vaguely felt that something was wrong. She did not think about it much. In order to confirm the suspicions in her mind, she got up in a hurry and took her car

keys, then she went out.

8 Chapter 348-William poured Clarence a glass of water and sat down opposite him. "Why did Aaron come back with you?"

Clarence crossed his legs and tapped lightly on the sofa with his fingers. "Perhaps you should ask him."

William turned and looked at the little kid that leaned on the door frame with his head poked out, he quickly hid and closed the door noticing William.

"If Aaron did something that offended Mr. Conrad, I'll apologize on behalf of him, he..." He said gently.

"Apology is not needed." Clarence said coldly, "He went to Stella."

William was shocked hearing that, he didn't expect that to happen and his face turned serious, sunken into thoughts.

Clarence continued, "Keeping this kid beside is like a bomb, he went to Stella today and could go to Charles tomorrow. Do you think it will be alright if Stella is dragged into this?"

William bit his lips, "Don't worry Mr. Conrad, I'll make sure that what happened will not repeat."

"I don't need your promise, I just want to remind you that one minor mistake could cause serious consequences, I guess you understand this more than I do."

"Noted, Mr. Conrad."

Clarence rose from his seat but sat down again as he recalled something. "I have a question."

“Please ask,” William said.

“You came back to City N after so long and there should be no friends or families here, but I think you might be familiar with a name.”

William didn't reply, he took a sip of his water, waited for him to continue.

“Are you familiar with the name Jeffrey Radomil?” Clarence continued.

“Who is that?”

Clarence was calm but his smile turned deeper, “He is nothing but a scammer. Since Mr. William doesn't know him, forget that I mentioned and I guess you won't be interested in his whereabouts too.”

William, “...”

William spoke suddenly after Clarence took a few steps, “Mr. Conrad, please don't hesitate to ask should you need any help from me.”

“I have a business trip to Italy tomorrow; please take good care of my wife.”

Aaron came out from his room after Clarence was gone. He stared at the floor the entire time knowing he did something wrong.

“Uncle William, sorry for troubling you,” he said softly.

William knelt to his eye level and stroked his head, “It's alright, this is not your fault. But Aaron, can you tell me why did you do that?”

Aaron bit his lips enduring his tears and said while sobbing, "I saw online that she and Charles Steward are..."

William knew what he meant despite he didn't finish his line.

Aaron's father died in the accident that happened at Steward's Group. The Steward wanted to kill everyone but William rushed over and saved Aaron and his mother. Unfortunately, his mother involved in a car accident and still in a coma today.

This kid hated Steward Group to the core.

And the Steward used Stella's return to the Steward family as a diversion of that incident. Hence, instead of trying to dig deeper into what happened, their attention was diverted into the gossip.

After some time, Aaron sobbed, "I didn't do anything, I just wanted to have a look."

He found the studio's contact on Weibo, added Sherry and faked an identity just to meet them today.

William sighed and patted on his shoulder, "I know but impulsive actions will put you in danger, don't do this again."

Aaron wiped off his tears and nodded. "I got it and I won't do it again. Uncle William, the pretty lady is a good person, I believe she is not the one that harmed my parents, and all of them that I met today are nice too!" He then clenched his fists and continued, "Apart from him!"

It took William a few seconds to realize who he meant by "him."

He rose while smiling, "Alright, go to bed now."

William's face stiffened after seeing Aaron went into his room, he dialed a number, "Have you tracked down Jeffrey Radomil?"

“Not yet, it was hard to track him, Clarence and Charles are looking for him too.”

William walked to the veranda and looked far, “Search where you bumped into him last time, do a perimeter search and find him soon.”

Jeffrey must have had made a move, otherwise, Clarence won't mention him out of a sudden.

“Yes.”

William stood where he was for a long time after hung up before he dialed another number.

...

On Monday, Stella saw the group of ladies gathered looking at next door excitedly as she entered the studio.

Sherry arrived at the same time and asked while sipping on her soymilk, “What are they doing?”

Stella shook her head.

One of the ladies shouted, “Oh my god, such a handsome man!!!”

Sherry's eyes shone and rushed over when she heard there was a handsome man. “Where is the handsome man?”

She joined the group and looked at the entrance next door but only saw a lineup of people.

There was no handsome man.

“Where is the handsome man?” Sherry asked.

“Sherry, this place is renovated into a piano studio, the boss is a super handsome man, the crowds are here to be his students.”

Sherry looked inside tiptoed, it seemed like he must be a handsome man to have had attracted such a crowd. “I guess it’s time for me to cultivate my music talent, should I register too?”

And the person inside seemed to notice the crowd outside and stood up slowly.

Sherry’s face stiffened when she saw his face, she rushed back into the studio as if she had seen a ghost.

Stella came out from the pantry with a glass of water and asked smiling, “Didn’t you go for the eye candy?”

Sherry complained, “Don’t mention it, such bad luck.”

Before Stella had the chance to ask further, Daniel appeared at the entrance and greeted them with a smiley face. “Hi Ms. Radomil, Sherry.”

Sherry, “...”

Who allowed him to call her by her name!

8 Chapter 350-Forty minutes later, the car stopped in front of a residential building.

Stella sat in the car and looked around, making sure that the location she stopped was the one Clarence had brought her to last time. After that, she opened that door and got out of the car.

However, the neighborhood was so big and crowded. Stella was a bit clueless.

She found a place with an open view, sat on a bench and used the most stupid and inefficient method, which was waiting.

Stella could not ask Clarence as he would not tell her and would be defensive towards her. That was even more ineffective.

It was better to try her luck by waiting there.

Stella just sat motionless, staring intently at everyone who entered and left the neighborhood.

Time passed, and soon, the sky became dark gradually.

Stella took out her mobile phone and had a look at it. She sighed silently. It seemed she was not lucky enough.

She turned around with her bag on her back. After walking for a few steps, she saw a figure walking towards her.

Stella stopped to take a look. She was indeed the young woman she met when Clarence brought her to the shopping mall.

After noticing her line of sight, Amanda looked over and was surprised for a moment. She was astonished, "Ms. Radomil?"

Stella approached and nodded at her, "Hello."

Amanda said, "Why Ms. Radomil..."

Stella said, "I just happened to pass by here as I have some business nearby. I remember that Clarence had brought me here before. He said that you stay here so I come here for a look. I don't expect that I'll meet you. It's such a coincidence." As she said that, she noticed the things that Amanda carried, "Do you just come back from buying groceries?"

Amanda responded, "Yes ... just got back from buying groceries."

Stella smiled, "It looks quite heavy, let me help you carry it. I have bought something for your kid too. I would like to go up and visit him."

Probably not expecting her to say this, Amanda was stunned for a moment and subconsciously wanted to refuse, but Stella had already taken over the things in her hand, so she swallowed the words that came to her mouth.

Amanda quickly said, "Since Ms. Radomil is here, let's stay and eat together, I'll go and buy some more food."

After saying that, she wanted to take the opportunity to walk away.

However, Stella called her. She smiled faintly, "No need to be so troublesome, I still have something to do, I'll leave after I visit the kid. I haven't visited him for a long time."

"Then ... there's no fruit at home either, I'll go and buy some."

There was a fruit stall right next to them, Stella said, "I'll go and buy it."

It did not seem appropriate to go to someone's house without buying anything.

As she walked to the fruit stall, Stella glanced back and saw Amanda following right behind her. She did not have any usual behavior.

She cocked her head, withdrew her gaze and bought some seasonal fruits.

However, just when she was not paying attention, Amanda took out her phone and sent out a quick message.

When Stella looked over, Amanda pretended that nothing had happened and smiled at her.

After buying the fruits, Stella followed Amanda to go upstairs.

Amanda took the initiative to start the conversation, "Ms. Radomil, I read on the internet that you owned a studio, right?"

"I don't own it alone. I own the studio with one of my friends."

"I see. That's still quite impressive. Nowadays there are very few people as beautiful and capable as Mr. Radomil."

Stella smiled, "It's just good luck."

Amanda said, "Ms. Radomil doesn't have to be humble. Luck and capability complement each other. I've seen your designs, they are very good and I admire you very much. If I have the same capability as you, I won't ..."

Halfway through the sentence, she stopped.

Stella asked, "What's wrong?"

Amanda laughed, "Nothing, nothing, my house is just ahead, let's go."

"Okay."

Walking to the door, Amanda took out the key and opened the door. She looked inside for a few moments before turning to Stella and saying, "Ms. Radomil, please come in, the house is a bit messy, I hope you don't mind."

“It’s fine, it’s normal for a kid to have a lot of stuff.”

Amanda put all the vegetables and fruits she bought on the table, then she walked to the bedroom and carried her kid who has round, bulging eyes out, “Ms. Radomil, please help me to take care of Noah, I’ll go and prepare dinner.”

Stella took over the kid. As if she was afraid of scaring him, she lowered her voice, “Alright.”

Amanda hurriedly took the stuff into the kitchen and was relieved.

The kid seemed very happy to see Stella. He giggled in her arms all the time. He clenched his little hands into fists and waved them in the air happily.

Stella curved the corners of her lips. She sat down on the sofa with the kid in her arms. At first, she wanted to find a toy for him to play but it seemed there was none in the living room. So, she carried the kid to the room and took a toy for him.

Just as she was about to go out, Stella stopped and looked at the empty room. She frowned slightly.

Stella carried the kid and walked to the door. She looked at the shoe cupboard by the side.

She withdrew her gaze and looked around for a moment.

There did not seem to have a second person living inside the room.

It was strange.

How could Amanda leave such a young child at home and went out to buy groceries on herself?

This was ridiculous.

At this time, Amanda came out of the kitchen and walked up to Stella, "Ms. Radomil, sorry for troubling you, give me the kid back."

Stella smiled and handed the kid over.

She spoke slowly, "Are you alone with the kid?"

Amanda was a bit numbed by her question. For a moment, she was surprised and she did not know how to answer, "No ... it was not. When I'm busy, I will ... will ask my neighbors to help me look after him."

Stella was enlightened and she gave an "oh" to show her enlightenment. She then added, "So it's the neighbors who help you with the kid, where's your husband? I remember you have another child, right? Is he in kindergarten or primary school?"

"This..."

Amanda could not help and two drops of sweat appeared.

Stella added, "I see that there are no pictures of you and your husband, nor another child at home."

As Stella spoke, she kept a faint smile on her face, as if she was just asking a casual question.

But Amanda knew what was at stake. Mr. Conrad had warned her in advance, otherwise, she would not have done so at the mall.

Just as Amanda revealed her nervousness even in her breathing, the doorbell suddenly rang and she hurriedly said, "I ... I'll open the door."

When the door was opened, an ordinary young-looking man and a small kid of approximately five or six years old were standing outside.

The man said, "My wife, don't angry with me anymore. Even if you don't want to care about me, can you come back home with me for the sake of the child?"