

## Mr Conrad 351

Chapter 351-After the man had finished talking, the child hugged Amanda's leg, "Mummy, I miss you and little brother."

Amanda reacted quickly and immediately said, "I have already told you to let me calm down. You should figure out your mistakes and repent. Luckily, my parents have bought me a house before we got married or I would have nowhere to go with our baby when we had a quarrel!"

"Yes, yes, yes. What you have said is correct. It is all my fault, it is all my fault. I will definitely learn from my mistakes. I promise you that I will never make you angry again."

Amanda said reluctantly, "I can't be bothered to talk to you. There are guests today. I will settle the score with you later!"

After she had finished talking, she looked at Stella awkwardly and said, "Ms. Radomil, I feel bad for letting you see this embarrassing scene. You see the situation here..."

Stella replied, "That's alright. I should apologize instead."

She gathered her belongings and said, "Since you have things to do, I will not bother you all."

Amanda said, "Do you need me to accompany you to the exit?"

Stella looked at the baby in Amanda's arms, reached out to poke his cheeks and flashed a smile, "No need to trouble yourself. You should carry on with what you were doing."

When she was leaving the house, she ruffled the boy's hair. She then turned around and exited the house.

After the door had closed, Amanda and the man just now let out a sigh of relief at the same time.

However, the baby in Amanda's arms started bawling uncontrollably.

Afraid that Stella could hear the baby's cries, Amanda carried the baby to the baby's room hurriedly.

When she reached the lift entrance, she heard the faint cries of a baby. But the cries disappeared all of the sudden.

She was rather absent-minded during her journey from the lift entrance to the residential area.

She wanted to tell herself she was too sensitive and had been overthinking the situation; the situation was not what she thought it was.

But the details of the situation resurfaced in her mind repeatedly without any reason.

Each of her doubts seemed to be cleared up one by one. However, things were getting harder to accept as things progressed.

How would such a coincidence happen?

She remembered Clarence had brought her to this place in spring. Could it be that Amanda quarrelled with her husband, brought the baby here and stayed with the baby at that time?

Even if Stella ignored the details and it was really a coincidence, Amanda's husband had never once approached Amanda when she had been staying here with the baby for such a long time. However, her husband immediately came with a boy during Stella's visit today.

This could not be considered as a coincidence anymore. It was apparent that everything was deliberately shown to her.

Sitting in her car, Stella leaned back in the driver's seat and looked at the entrance of the residential area. She let out a sigh slowly and thought about something.

She waited in the car for two hours, but they did not come out of the entrance.

Stella closed her eyes and felt tired.

She could not decide whether she was overthinking the situation or they had gone to great lengths to hide everything from her.

It got to the point where it seemed impossible that they were faking it.

After a while, Stella finally gave up and drove her car away from the residential area.

After she had departed from the area, a person in a black sedan car parked not far away took out his phone and called a number, "Mr. Conrad, Ms. Radomil has already left the area."

Clarence, who was on the other side of the phone, acknowledged his words softly. There was no emotion in his voice.

"Mr. Conrad, how should we handle this?"

Clarence paused for a while and said, "Tell them to move away today."

But if we do that, after she has discovered the truth, Ms. Radomil will be even..."

Clarence said, "We can't be bothered with such details. Tell them to move away first. We will discuss further when I return to the country."

His subordinate answered, "Yes, sir."

At the same time, in Italy.

Clarence put away his phone and pinched the bridge of his nose.

He never thought that Stella would suddenly be doubtful of the situation and personally go there to investigate it.

Luckily everything was taken care of in time.

But it wouldn't be easy to convince her this time.

At that moment, Nathan knocked on the door and entered the room, "Mr. Conrad, the meeting is going to begin now."

Clarence recollected himself and said calmly, "How long does it take to finish our work here?"

Nathan looked at the schedule, "At least... five days."

After hearing Nathan's words, Clarence couldn't help but frown.

Nathan knew that Clarence was worried about Stella and spoke with a tentative tone, "If Mr. Conrad is worried that something will happen to Mrs. Conrad, I have an idea."

Clarence gave him a sidelong glance, "What is your idea?"

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When Stella returned to the Steward mansion, it was already very late. She did not expect to see Phoebe waiting for her in the living room.

After she had noticed that Stella was about to go upstairs, Phoebe called her name, "I heard that Ms. Radomil has passed the preliminaries. Congratulations."

Stella did not have the mood to deal with Phoebe's false display of affection and looked at her calmly, "Do Ms. Steward's words of congratulation only hold such little value for others?"

Phoebe seemed to be surprised at Stella's words and spoke after being taken aback for a few seconds, "What do you mean?"

"Since you have congratulated me, why aren't you ashamed of being empty-handed?"

Instantly, Phoebe was infuriated and started to laugh, "This is Ms. Radomil's aim all along."

Stella had an emotionless face and replied, "I have made it clear from the beginning. I am only here to get the things I deserve. If Ms. Steward isn't planning to give me a gift, you should better take back your words of congratulation."

Stella did not wait for Phoebe's answer and directly went upstairs without turning back.

Phoebe stood in the same position in utter disbelief. This was the first time she had seen someone speak so shamelessly in such a bold and confident manner.

She really could not figure out what Clarence liked about Stella.

After she had entered her bedroom, Stella took a hot bath in the bathroom and then lay motionless on the bed.

After some time had passed, her phone which was left simply on the table started to vibrate and make piercing sounds.

Stella rolled over and covered her head with the blanket. She did not want to pick up the call.

But, the phone seemed to go against her wishes and kept on ringing. It rang repeatedly and annoyed Stella greatly.

She suddenly sat upright in bed and got up to pick up the call. While frowning, she said, "Aren't you sleeping? It is late at night."

Sensing the anger in her voice, Clarence paused for a while and replied, "It is still in the daytime here. Have you went to bed?"

Stella acknowledged his words and sat at the side of the bed, "I had been asleep just now but I was awakened by your call."

"You sound angry. Who made you angry?"

Stella opened her mouth and felt the anger inside her. She hugged her pillow and said in an irritated tone, "Nobody. I am just in a bad mood."

"Are you are in a bad mood without any reason?"

"Yes."

Clarence said slowly, "Are you experiencing premenstrual syndrome?"

Stella could not think of a reply.

Could that wretched man be even more proficient in these phrases?

Stella took a deep breath and calmed herself down, "No. Maybe I am too stressed lately. I will feel better after having a good night's sleep."

"Aren't you happy that you have qualified for the next stage of the competition?"

Stella replied, "I am stressed because I have entered the next stage. You would not understand me anyway."

"Fine, I cannot understand you. If anything bad happens, tell me directly and don't bottle up your negative emotions. I don't want you to suffer alone."

Chapter 352-After hearing his words, she had a sudden urge to ask him what is happening but she abandoned the thought after consideration.

If that wretched man wanted to tell the truth, he wouldn't wait until she asked about it, he even wouldn't make use of so many people to deceive her.

After some time had passed, Stella suddenly spoke with an unprecedented formal tone, "Clarence Conrad, let's have a child."

Clarence who was on the other side of the phone acknowledged her words with a questioning tone in his voice.

Stella did not wait for his reply and said calmly, "Are you against the idea? If so, forget about it."

After a long time, Clarence said, "It is not that I am against the idea. Can you first tell me the reason? If you have a valid reason, I can help to turn your idea of having a child into reality every day."

Stella ignored his indecent remarks and said slowly, "I had a dream last night."

"Hmmm?"

"I dreamed about the child we lost due to the car accident. In my dream, he kept smiling and calling me mother. It felt so real that he seemed to have not left us. Maybe he is somewhere in this world, living healthily."

Clarence replied, "It looks like you are under a lot of stress. When I come back, I will accompany you to see someone that can interpret your dreams."

Stella responded, "Sure. I am sleepy. Bye."

After she had finished her sentence, she ended the call without any hesitation.

Stella looked at the phone in front of her. It was displaying the details of the phone call just now.

She kicked her phone to the side of the bed and slept with the blanket over her head.

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After waking up from a good night's sleep, she could feel that sleeping early was certainly more comfortable than her usual routine of sleeping late.

To avoid seeing Phoebe and Charles, she went out early.

After she had arrived at her studio, she put down her things and went to the storage room to sort out some items.

When she came out of the room, she saw a staff walking towards the studio while hugging a huge bouquet of roses, "May I know who is..."

Sherry stood in front of him, "I am the person you are looking for. I am not accepting this. You can return this to him. Thank you."

The staff of the flower shop was taken aback. "Are couple fights these days so intense?" he thought to himself.



Sherry continued to speak, "Tell him to stop sending all sorts of things. I will never forgive him. Never ever!"

The flower shop staff seemed to be in a tight situation and said eventually, "Ms. Radomil, if you don't accept this, we cannot answer to our customers. Please don't be angry..."

"Wait a minute," Sherry interrupted. She asked with a confused face, "Who is this bouquet of flowers for?"

The staff looked at the card included with the flowers, "This is for Ms. Radomil, aren't you Ms. Radomil?"

Sherry could not answer his question.

Sherry covered her face with both hands and ran into Stella's office.

She was too embarrassed to see anyone.

The staff scratched his head, looked around the studio and asked, "May I know who is Ms. Radomil?"

Stella walked forward and let out an inaudible sigh, "Give it to me."

"Sure. Please sign here."

After sending the flowers, he finished his task and exited the office immediately.

Two girls surrounded Stella and said enviously, "Stella, Mr. Conrad treats you so well. He has gone on a business trip but never forgets to send you flowers. He is so romantic."

Stella laughed humourlessly. "Is it romantic? That wretched man has a guilty conscience, hasn't he?" she thought to herself.

When Stella entered her office while hugging the flowers, Sherry screamed miserably and laid her head down on the desk, "Today is not my day."

Stella placed the flowers on the small table beside her and asked, "Did something happen without my knowledge?"

Sherry answered lifelessly, "My life is too miserable."

Yesterday afternoon, since Stella had gone out, Sherry had a terrible time.

Daniel ordered afternoon tea for everyone in the studio and then offered free piano lessons to whoever wants to learn to play piano.

Anyway, he treated their studio as his house. He continued to come and go as he pleased and acted like it was not a big deal.

Sherry could not tolerate his behaviour anymore and when she was going to talk about his actions with him in person, he disappeared. After a while, someone came to her while hugging a bouquet of flowers. He said that it was for her from Mr. Daniel as a sign of apology.

As a result, when she saw that someone had sent flowers to the studio, she supposed that ...

After she had finished talking, Sherry whimpered while lying on the desk. She was unwilling to face reality.

It was fine if Stella was the one who had seen it. The problem was the other girls in the studio had witnessed the scene too. In the future, how was she going to conduct herself in front of them?

After listening to Sherry, Stella laughed and patted Sherry on the shoulder, "It is fine. It is actually not a serious matter. You can rest here for a while before you leave the room."

Sherry remained unhappy for a while. She lifted her head all of a sudden, "Eh, something is wrong. Why are you and Mr. Conrad quarrelling again?"

Stella was almost unable to react to the sudden change of topic, paused for a while and said, "We are not quarrelling."

Sherry sneered, "I give you my opinion. In my opinion, there are no good men in this world. Seeing that he have sent you flowers, he must have done something to let you down." After giving it some thought, she said warningly, "Could it be that he is in a relationship with a blonde young woman overseas?"

Stella refused to answer Sherry's question.

But Stella agreed with the first part of Sherry's reply.

Stella breathed air out of her lungs, "It is nothing like that."

"Then, what is the reason?"

"I think that Clarence is hiding something from me the whole time. Every time I feel that I am close to the truth, everything that is happening in front of me seems to be undoubtedly true and reminds me that I am only overthinking."

She could not find that crucial piece of evidence from the beginning and as a result, she could not confirm her suspicions. It would only stay as a suspicion.

She had no substantial evidence.

And so she could not carry out any actual actions.

Sherry adjusted her posture and rested her chin on her folded arms, "You can't say this for sure. If he is hiding something from you on purpose, you will definitely be unaware of the truth. But if..."

Stella let out an inaudible sigh and continued Sherry's sentence, "If I am overthinking it, I am being unreasonable."

Sherry consoled her, "You can't say that. Let's do it like this. If you really have suspicions, you can try to look into it. Do it twice if it doesn't work once. If that wretched man is really keeping something under wraps, he cannot hide it perfectly every time."

After she had heard Sherry's words, Stella thought her words made sense.

Do it twice if it doesn't work once.

Besides, she went there just yesterday. They would never expect her to come again today.

Stella nodded, "You are right. I will try again."

Since Clarence was not in the country, she had more time and opportunities to investigate.

Sherry rested her head on the table weakly again, "It is great that you have figured it out. I will sleep here for a while. Carry on with what you were doing. Don't be bothered by me."

Stella tapped her head softly, "You should sleep. I will wake you up when it is time for lunch."

Chapter 353-At 3pm, Stella finished the work in her hand. She looked at the time and ensured that there was nothing else going on in the studio, she grabbed her things and prepared to go out.

Yesterday, she had been there once. Hence, she already knew where Amanda lived and she could reach her doorstep without any problem.

Even if they left, she could still ask the neighbors around the area to get some clue.

But when Stella reached the door, a familiar figure appeared in front of her.

The person smiled at her and seemed a little embarrassed.

Stella paused for a few seconds and then took the initiative to greet her, "Miss Jason."

Rebecca spoke with a bitter smile on her face, "Don't... be so polite. Now, the Jason family is already in such a bad situation, I'm no longer a missy."

Stella looked at the stroller in front of her. She took two steps back and said, "Come in first."

Stella wasn't sure if it was because Rebecca was with the child, Rebecca was dressed in simple and plain clothes, not even a decent piece of jewelry was found on her. Now, Rebecca had completely lost the aura of a wealthy family's daughter.

For the whole time, Rebecca seemed to be very uneasy. Only when she finished a cup of water, then she felt a little relaxed.

Stella said, "Miss..."

Subconsciously, she wanted to call her Miss Jason, but then she remembered that what Rebecca had just said. Hence, the words were not spoken out and for that instance, she didn't know how to address

her.

Rebecca put down her cup and said to her, "If you don't mind, you can just call me Rebecca."

Stella nodded gently, "Rebecca."

After a pause, she continued, "Rebecca, why did you come and see me today? Is there something wrong?"

When Stella asked about Rebecca's intention, a trace of embarrassment was shown on Rebecca's face. After a while, she said, "Actually, I should have come long ago. It's just that there are too many things to deal at home, and my child is still so young that I really can't leave him alone. So, it took me a long time before I could come to see you. Today, I came because I wanted to... apologize to you."

Stella was a little confused, "Apologize to me?"

Rebecca seemed to be a little nervous. She took a deep breath before she continued, "I have always had prejudice against you, and I've been talking bad things about you behind your back."

When Stella heard this, she just smiled and said, "It's okay. After all, when I first married into the Conrad family, it was really... not very honorable. It's normal for you to have prejudice against me."

"No." Rebecca said, "Except for this, I... I also..."

Rebecca could not continue her words anymore.

Stella saw her difficulty and said, "Rebecca, in fact, the past is already in the past. We should all look forward."

Rebecca shook her head, "Although things have passed, but I must say it out. I am haunted by this incident every day, and I often have nightmares at night. I'm always worried and afraid..."

Halfway through, she laid her eyes on the sleeping child in the stroller.

"As a mother, I have the responsibility and obligation to bear the consequences of those bad things that I've done in the past." Rebecca closed her eyes and continued, "Do you still remember that you once fell into the water at the Conrad family's swimming pool?"

Stella probably did not expect her to bring this up so suddenly. Stella froze for a moment and then said, "I remember."

That was also the time when Clarence found out about her pregnancy.

Rebecca said, "Actually, it was not an accident. I ordered someone to do it."

Stella was stunned and she subconsciously asked, "Why?"

"At that time, Annie was crazy about getting her revenge on you. I saw that the situation was not right, so I stopped her and found out that you are pregnant. At the same time, Horace just returned from abroad and you are so close to him. Hence, Annie and I thought that the baby..."

Stella continued the sentence that she didn't finish, "Belonged to Horace."

Rebecca nodded, "At that time, the Conrad family and the Jason family were getting engaged. I didn't want such thing to cause the engagement to be canceled, so I made such a decision to harm you. Now, I'm not trying to get your forgiveness, I just feel that I can't escape from this forever. Rather than living with fear every day, it is better for me to admit it and no matter what the consequences is, I will bear it."

Stella laid her eyes on the stroller. She said without any emotions, "When the incident happened, you should be about to give birth to your baby."

Her words seemed to touch Rebecca's deepest pain. Rebecca's eyes turned red instantly.

Even if she wanted to deny it, it was true that she really wanted to kill the child in Stella's womb at that time.

After a long pause, Stella smiled suddenly, "I didn't expect that he was just a child, but there were so many people who couldn't tolerate him and even exploited his chances of coming into the world."

"Ms. Radomil, I'm really sorry, I..."

Stella came back to her senses and said without any expressions, "Forget it. Apologizing doesn't help anything. It can't change what had happened, and it can't change the ending too."

It just that Stella really did not expect that there was such a thing when that incident happened.

Rebecca wiped her tears and said, "No matter what, our Jason family owes you a favor. In the future, if you need anything, just ask. I will help you even if I have to give up everything."

Stella said, "Miss Jason, what you promised is too much. I don't have anything that required you to give up everything to achieve."

Rebecca heard that she changed the way she addressed her. Rebecca opened her mouth, but she did not know what to say.

After a few seconds, Rebecca got up and said, "Then... I'll go back first. If you need anything, you can always find me."

Stella also got up and followed her, "I'll see you off."

When they reached the studio door, Rebecca couldn't resist turning around and said, "Ms. Radomil, I know that you will not forgive me. Hence, I am not telling you these to excuse myself. However, I felt that... things are a little strange."

Rebecca continued, "You also know Annie's character. She always speaks and acts on hearsay. At that time, she just knew that you are pregnant, so she suddenly came and find you. If she knew about your pregnancy before that, it is impossible for her to wait until that time. And that day, Phoebe... she was present too."

Hearing this, Stella couldn't help but frown.

Rebecca continued again, "I don't know if I'm overthinking it or not, but later, I found out that the hospital where you've been doing maternity tests is also the hospital that I often go to. Phoebe had



accompanied me to the hospital for a few times. Maybe I shouldn't say this without any evidence, but I heard that you are staying with the Steward family recently, so I wished to tell you that please be as careful as possible. I have known Phoebe for more than ten years, but until recently only I found out that she is actually not the kind of person I thought she was."

After Rebecca finished speaking, she didn't stay any longer. She nodded slightly towards Stella and left.

Stella stared at her back and didn't come back to her senses for a long time.

Chapter 354-Sherry walked to Stella's side and looked towards the direction where she was staring at. However, Sherry could only see the crowded street with many people walking here and there.

Sherry waved her hand in front of Stella's eyes and said, "What are you thinking about?"

Stella was taken aback for a moment. She came back to her senses and said slowly, "Nothing."

Sherry said again, "Who was that just now? Why haven't I met her before? Why did she come to see you?"

Stella answered, "That's... Horace's elder sister. She came because..."

Stella didn't know how to say about the following words.

Fortunately, Sherry's attention was all on the fact that she was Horace's sister. She was puzzled and said, "That's Horace sister? Isn't she a daughter from the wealthy family? Why did she look so haggard? She doesn't have a bodyguard or nanny with her too."

Stella hadn't paid attention to the Jason family's affairs since Horace left, but she knew their life wouldn't be easy.

If the companies in the foreign countries did not make any improvement, the Jason family might have vanished in City N a long time ago.

Sherry said again, "By the way, aren't you going out? Go ahead, it will be dark soon."

Stella shook her head, "Forget it, I don't want to go anymore."

She had been living a comfortable life recently, so she had forgotten those things that happened in the past.

No matter what the reason was, there were so many people who didn't want her baby to be born, whether it was Rebecca, or Annie, or Joanna, or even...

None of them wanted her child to be born.

Since this was the case, how could the little one survived in that kind of environment.

Stella sighed lightly and went back to her office to sit quietly.

The sky outside the office also darkened bit by bit.

Not knowing after how long she had been sitting, the vibrating sound of the phone on the desk brought Stella back to reality.

When she saw the number displayed on the screen, the irritation inside her rose again.

She directly hung up the phone without hesitation and then blacklisted the man's phone number.

At the same time, Clarence, who was far away in Italy, heard a beep coming from the phone, and when he called again, he could no longer get through.

Clarence was confused.

He turned and looked at Nathan. He spoke without any expressions, "Is this the way you mentioned?"

Nathan laughed dryly and said, "Mr. ... Mr. Conrad, no pain, no gain. It is normal for Ms. Radomil to be mad when the old things were brought up again. When you go back, her anger will be subsided. You can coax her more then."

Clarence, "..."

His thin lips were slightly pursed. Impatience was written all over his cold face.

Nathan subconsciously gulped and took a step back to maintain a safe distance from him.

Clarence casually threw the phone on the sofa, "Go out."

"Okay."

As if he had received an amnesty, Nathan ran away as fast as the wind.

Standing in front of the floor-to-ceiling window, Clarence pinched the bridge of his nose and felt a headache.

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For a few days straight, Stella did not take out Clarence's phone number from the blacklist. She also blocked his messages from WeChat. She felt relaxed that she could finally not see or hear anything from him.

On the day of the contest, Stella had just arrived at the door when she met Robert and Modesty. She politely nodded at Robert and said nothing else.

Robert looked at her back with disdain all over his face, "She is lucky to pass the preliminary rounds. Next, it will have to depend on her true ability. I don't believe that she can still pass the second round so easily."

Modesty asked, "Master, did Louis really give Mr. Conrad the topics?"

"How do I know about that? But there is nothing in this world that money can't do. Do you think he will tell me if he is really bribed? Use your brain to think."

Modesty saw that his tone was unpleasant, so she didn't ask anymore.

After all the ten designers arrived, the staff announced their task again.

According to their preliminary results, there are first, second and third places... and so on.

There was a box for drawing lots. Inside was papers with numbers written on them. If a person drew a number that was one, then the topic of the person for the rematch would be the style of the first place in the preliminary round.

But if a person got a number of his own ranking, he would have to wait until everyone else had finished drawing, then he would simply select a random number for adjustments.

The results of the preliminary round would also be announced after everyone's topics were set.

All the designers went up the stage and took turns to draw the numbers.

The number Stella drew was nine, which meant that her topic would be the style of work of the designer who ranked ninth in the preliminary round.

When one designer drew a lot, he would be registered by the staff.

When all the lots were drawn, the staff came out with a book, "Okay everyone, the drawing session is now over, but the thing that we expected had happened, a designer drew the number that belongs to her own ranking. Now, the designer who got number two, please step forward and say a number. You will swap your number with the person who got the number that you've mentioned."

In the midst of everyone's gaze, Modesty slowly stepped forward and did not turn around to look at anyone. She simply said indifferently, "I'll choose nine, nine is my lucky number."

"Well, the designer who got nine, please change your number with her. Then, we are done with this session."

The designers looked each other, whispering about who was the person who got nine.

After a few seconds, Stella stepped forward and said, "Nine is with me."

Modesty looked at Stella and she looked as usual. It was hard to tell if she did this intentionally or it was just a coincidence.

After exchanging numbers with Modesty, Stella went back to her seat.

The staff continued, "Now, let's announce the results of each designer in the preliminary round. I'll explain in advance that this score is given according to the comprehensive assessment. In addition to the work itself, the score also included the designer's ability to adapt, as well as some additional scores."

"Ashley Adonis, 93 points, 10th place."

"Arthur Barnett, 93.5 points, 9th place."

"Charlotte Boyce, 94 points, 8th place."

"..."

Soon, the staff started to announce the results of the top three designers.

However, Modesty's face became increasingly gloomy.

"Modesty Parker, 96.5 points, 2nd place."

"Stella Radomil, 98 points, 1st place."

She had the highest score among the competitors in the room.

As the staff announced that, someone in the crowd said, "What's the additional score? Is it that whoever has a stronger background can get more additional scores?"

As soon as this remark was made, a number of people started to support it.

It was obvious that they were dissatisfied with the scoring.

The designers present were all well-known and had participated in many foreign fashion shows. But now, their scores were lower than a little girl who was not famous at all.

The staff raised his hand and tried to calm the crowd down, "About the scoring, you can rest assured that we are absolutely fair and impartial. The scores for the work are given by professional judges. As for the additional scores, in fact, from the start of the opening ceremony of this year's designer competition, the competition has officially begun. It includes asking you to bring your work to the designated place within the designated time. All of this is in our scoring content."

Chapter 355-Once these words were said, everyone became quiet again.

The person who proposed to put the work on the shelf and the first person to do so was indeed Stella.

If this was also within the organizers' rating range, then it was reasonable for her to get a high score for her reaction and resilience.

But at this time, someone suddenly said softly, "What if she knew in advance that she should do that, who knows."

The staff continued saying, "Since you guys have decided to participate in this competition, you should believe that we, the organizers value this competition very much. The competition is fair and impartial throughout and there will be no faking. If there are still people questioning the nature of the competition, in order to avoid results that you guys find unacceptable in the subsequent competitions, you guys have the right to choose to withdraw from the competition now."

Once these words were uttered, the entire hall became completely quiet. No one spoke anymore.

The staff continued, "That's it for today. Please go back to prepare your works for the rematch. The deadline is ten days later. When the time is up, please bring your works here again, I'll be waiting for you here. Lastly, I sincerely wish all designers a good result."

As the staff left, in the hall with dead silence, someone finally began to speak and mutter in a small voice.

"I think they're really playing us for a fool. They don't say what rules are there in advance and actually let us guess, who the hell can guess it."

"Yeah, those who know will think that we are here to participate in the designer competition but those who don't know may think it's a brain teaser. I feel that the organizers don't give a damn about us as

they arrange it in such ways. They're apparently thinking that we're begging them."

"Come on, when that person said just now, how come you guys didn't say a word. Now, you guys keep complaining. Instead of doing this, you should think about the competition."

The group of people left the stage in the midst of complaining. Just after Stella left the scene, a woman ran up to her, "Hello Ms. Radomil, I'm Charlotte Boyce."

Stella had heard of her name before. She was also a designer who became famous in the past two years who was only one year elder than her.

"Hello."

Charlotte did not beat around the bush and directly stated her intention, "May I have a word with you, I...I've drawn your work."

Stella nodded, "Sure."

Charlotte did not expect that she was so nice. She even froze for a few seconds before saying and smiling, "Let me buy you a cup of coffee then, there is a café not far ahead."

Stella glanced at the watch. Thinking that she had nothing to do anyway, she agreed, "Alright."

While sitting in the café and after ordering coffee, Charlotte said, "In fact, I quite like your work. I even bought your Puppy Love' Series previously. It was just that I never had the opportunity to meet you. When I saw you in the opening ceremony before, I also dared not go and say hello to you."

Hearing this, Stella was a bit surprised, "Why?"

Charlotte said awkwardly, "Aren't you the ex-wife of the president of the Conrad Group. I just feel that it is hard to get along with people like you guys who are standing at the top of the status pyramid...but I

don't think so now. Regarding the matter last time, you absolutely could have put the work on the shelf and gone away directly but you reminded us of it. Thus, I feel that you're seemingly not that hard to get along with like what I've imagined."



Stella smiled. Standing at the top of the status pyramid was not easy though. Even what Clarence had experienced and endured was also not easy for others to imagine.

She said, "I'm just giving it a try."

"Alas, in fact, it's good to be like you. You should know that our careers are easy to be restrained by rules and topics so this time, the organizers set many rules, thinking to have innovations." Charlotte sighed and said, "Just like the work, over time, each designer will have their own style and become increasingly mature. But this time, participants are asked to draw the styles that others are good at. If they still don't understand the real intention of the organizers, it's estimated that they'll certainly be defeated in the rematch."

There were two reasons why the organizers arranged in this way. The first purpose was just like what Charlotte said, which was to have innovations. Whereas, another purpose was to let designers break free from the inherent shackles and try boldly.

Stella said, "It's really quite difficult to suddenly change the style but as long as one finds the right direction, one should still be able to gradually figure it out."

Charlotte nodded as she sipped her coffee, "You're right. By the way, you switched topics with Modesty, right? This means that your topic is Modesty's style?"

"Yes."

Charlotte said, "It seems like enemies are bound to meet on a narrow road, you don't know it yet, right? Modesty slandered you a lot in the peer party before, saying that the reason why she left SG was that

the boss of SG was interested in you. He gave all the good opportunities to you which resulted in her having no opportunity for career development and that was why she left."

"Although she didn't say these explicitly, there was a hidden meaning in her words that you and the people with high power in SG had an improper relationship. However, the funniest thing was that shortly after she said this, someone said on the Internet that you're Mr. Conrad's ex-wife. I didn't see her expression but I guess it should be wonderful."

When Stella heard this, she did not feel strange. When Modesty was still in SG, she always deliberately said bad things about her. After she left SG, there were many discussions from the people outside so she naturally had to find excuses to excuse herself.

After chatting with Stella for a while, Charlotte found that Stella did not hide anything about her design and would say what she wanted to say. She was indeed much better than those so-called seniors who were as proud as a peacock.

Seeing that the time was late, Charlotte got up and said, "I'm sorry to have delayed you for so long. After the competition, I'll treat you to dinner."

"It's okay, it's what I should do."

The two of them went out of the café one after another.

In a black car not far away, Modesty's eyes narrowed when she saw this scene. She handed the album in her hand to the man beside her, "These are all my previous works and drafts. You can just imitate this and then add your usual design style into it."

Arthur Barnett took it and said with utter confidence, "Leave it to me, don't worry, there will be no mistakes."

Modesty said, "Half of the money promised to you has already been transferred to your account. When the thing is completed, I'll transfer all the rest to you at once."

"No rush, no rush. Then let's wish us good cooperation in advance." As Arthur said, his hand caressed Modesty's thigh. She frowned and pulled his hand away, "Show some respect!"

Arthur laughed twice, "I thought we were the same kind of people since we're doing this kind of thing. Fine, fine, I'll show respect."

Finished speaking, Arthur tidied up his tie and got out of the car with the album that Modesty gave him.

Chapter 356-After he left, Modesty disgustedly withdrew her eyes, took out a wet tissue and wiped her hands. She instructed the driver, "Let's go."

Not long after, the black car stopped in front of a beauty salon.

Modesty carried her bag and walked in skilfully.

In the VIP room, a woman was lying on the bed, doing full-body skincare.

Modesty said, "Ms. Barton."

Aurora Barton opened her eyes and waved her hand to the staff next to her, "You go out first."

Aurora did not move and said lazily, "Are things done?"

"Yes." Modesty could not help but frown, "But..."

"But what."

"That guy by the name of Arthur doesn't look very reliable. I'm worried he'll screw up our plan."

Aurora laughed disdainfully, "That kind of low-class person can be easily gotten rid of by just giving some money. People who can be gotten rid of using money are the most reliable in this world."

Modesty did not say anything.

Aurora looked at her, "Any more problems?"

Modesty said, "Ms. Barton, what if we're found out of doing this?"

"As long as you and I don't say anything, it will be fine as the one who received the money is even less likely to say anything. Besides, your master is also a judge, will he be willing to let you be defeated by

others? Or is it that you have no confidence in yourself?"

"I have confidence, but..."

"It will be fine as long as you have confidence. I'm just helping you to get rid of trouble. To draw the style that others are good at is also a great challenge for yourself. What you have to do now is to save strength and keep it until the time of the final to trample that seductress!"

When the word "seductress" was mentioned, Aurora gnashed her teeth in rage.

She still could not forget the embarrassment and shame she experienced at the Conrad Group that day!

Aurora said, "Well, if there is nothing, you should go back. If there is any problem, I'll inform you in advance."

"Then I'll go first."

Aurora gave an um, "Tell the person to come in on your way out, my skincare is only done halfway."

Modesty exhaled, turned around and left.

When Modesty arrived at the door of her house and when she was about to enter the password, she heard a series of footsteps behind her. She alertly turned back, "Who is there?"

"It's me."

The man behind her slowly raised his head and the face revealed below the hat was Adolph's face.

Modesty's hand that was gripping the door handle gripped even a little tighter, "Mr...Mr. Miller, why do you come here?"

Adolph said, "You father is sick and hospitalized. If you have time, go and see him."

Hearing this, disgust flashed on Modesty's face. She then said, "I'm busy with the competition this time so I don't have time. Besides, I'm not a doctor, what's the use of going."

As Modesty said, she opened the door and wanted to go in.

But just as she was about to close the door, the door handle was held from the outside. Adolph said, "Modesty, does Stella participate in the competition you participate in."

Modesty frowned, "What are you asking this for."

Adolph kept silent for a while before saying, "You should...fully focus on the competition, don't have any other ideas. I'll take good care of your father."

"Mr. Miller, what do you mean by that? What else can I do if I don't focus on the competition? Are you thinking that I'm plotting secretly to use any dirty tricks to deal with her again?"

"I didn't mean it that way."

"If you didn't mean it that way, you wouldn't have said that." Modesty frowned even more and sized up him twice, "Why do you suddenly mention this to me, don't tell me that you fall in love with her? Heh, it's reasonable too, she is pretty so every man will like her."

Hearing the mockery in her words, an angry frown creased Adolph's forehead, "It isn't what you think. I just think that it isn't easy for you to have today's achievement and if you can be down to earth when doing things, you won't lose to anyone too. There is no need for you to use other ways to do some..."

"Enough, I know what are you trying to say," Modesty interrupted him, "I won't harm others if they don't offend me. As long as she doesn't deliberately provoke me, I won't bother her."

Adolph withdrew his hand, "Then you prepare for the competition, I'll go first."

When he had just turned around, Modesty closed the door immediately.

She bit her lips tightly and slammed her bag against the wall. Since when that even the people who were closest and she trusted the most also started to stand by Stella's side? What was the reason? Why was Stella able to get the best things while what she got was the remaining one from hers?

Whether it was the opportunity to study in Paris or when she was in SG, or even Clarence...

She was obviously not inferior to her in any way but why should she be inferior to Stella in every way?

She was not willing to accept it!

She must get first place in the designer competition this time!

...

When Stella returned to the studio, she saw Daniel standing at the door in the sun, smiling at her and greeting, "Welcome back, Ms. Radomil."

Stella nodded gently. She wanted to start saying something several times but she swallowed it all back.

Daniel noticed it and asked, "Is Ms. Radomil having something to say to me?"

Since he spoke this, Stella just went along with his words, "I haven't visited your piano room yet, can I join you?"

"Of course, it's my honour."

There were only two girls learning the piano and one staff member in the piano room at this time.

Daniel said, "There are some on the second floor too, does Ms. Radomil want to go up and take a look?"

"Sure."

The second floor was quiet. It should be a place to rest when one was tired. One could still faintly hear the sound of piano practice coming from downstairs.

Daniel stood in front of the coffee maker, "Would Ms. Radomil like to have a cup of coffee?"

"No, I drank it just now. I would like to have a glass of water."

"Okay."

Daniel poured a glass of warm water and handed the glass to her.

Stella thought for a moment and said, "May I know why would you set up a piano room here?"

Daniel raised his eyebrows and leant against the balcony railing, "Didn't I tell Ms. Radomil that I would stay in City N for a while. I was too bored to stay at home every day so I got myself something to do."

"Then regarding the reason that you opened the piano room next to our studio, was it on purpose or a coincidence?"

Daniel smiled and did not answer immediately.

Stella added, "I'm quite grateful for those things before and I also think you shouldn't be a scum who plays with others' feelings. It's just that your behaviour sometimes causes a lot of trouble for my friend."

"I just want to apologize to her for what happened before."

"If you don't intend to have more relationship with her, I don't think this apology is necessary."

Daniel licked his lower lip. He surprisingly did not know what to say for a moment.

Stella let out a breath, "If that was why you came here to set up a piano room, then I think..."

"No."

Chapter 357-Daniel paused for a while before saying, "Ms. Radomil should have misunderstood. Although I really want to apologize to Sherry sincerely, the purpose I am coming here is not to look for her."

Stella slightly tilted her head sideways. She seemed like she didn't understand his words.

But apparently, Daniel didn't intend to tell her the truth either. He just said, "Let me emphasize my words once again. You just need to remember that we are friends who should be united."

However, Stella smiled when she heard his words, "I think that the reason why friends can be called friends is they are honest with each other and trust each other. What do you think?"

Daniel coughed and he didn't know how he should answer her.



Stella said, "I know you are guarded against me, so you are not willing to tell me many things, just like Emmett. Although I don't know what is your purpose, or what are you all thinking. I won't bother or care about those things. But at the same time, I also hope that we don't cross the line between us."

"Ms. Radomil, I..."

"Actually, I've thought about the reason you deliberately moved here before. Since you're not coming to look for Sherry, then you should be looking for me, right?" Sherry added, "No matter what is the purpose you are coming here, even if you are trying to harm the Steward family. Anyway, for me, although you are not an enemy, you are also definitely not considered a friend that I can make friends with."

Stella said the words very dryly, and even with a bit of determination. Daniel couldn't help but smile, "It's not like that."

But he couldn't just tell Stella that the reason he had come here was actually to protect her.

Not only would that it would backfire, but it would also make things to be more complicated.

He sighed soundlessly, "Ms. Radomil, I know that no matter what I say. It will be hard for you to let go of your guard against me. It's just that I can swear that I really don't mean to harm you in any way."

Stella said, "I know you won't harm me, but ... I still want to say that sentence again... If you don't like Sherry, you should try to avoid meeting her in the future."

"I'll take note of what you said."

Stella nodded slightly at him. After thanking him, she left.

Daniel leaned against the railing, tapping his long fingers on the handrail. He knew that if he continued to be like this, sooner or later, Stella would really suspect that he had bad intentions for her.

Initially, it was appropriate for Emmett to be with her. But now, he was the one who had to try his best to find an excuse.

Not only that, he was known as scum.

He thought that he really sacrificed a lot.

...

After Stella was back at the studio, Sherry ran towards her when she had just sat down, "How did the draw go today? Are you confident that you will win the final round?"

Stella said, "My opponent will be Modesty."

Sherry was speechless.

She pouted, "That's a bit of bad luck."

Stella also felt that it would be quite challenging for the trip. She leaned back in her chair and stretched herself before saying slowly, "I don't have a clue right now, but the good thing is that we have ten days to prepare for this competition."

Sherry frowned, "How about Modesty? Who is the one she is going to face?"

Stella thought for a moment, "I think it's Arthur."

Sherry didn't know as many people in the jewellery design industry as Stella did, except for those people who were very famous, so she asked, "Who's Arthur?"

"He's quite talented too. His work has won many international awards."

“Anyway, I don’t know about the rule of the competition that you are participating in. I am really confused.” Sherry patted Stella’s shoulder and said in a low voice, “Go for it, beauty! Become the champion of the competition!”

Hearing her words, Stella couldn’t help but smile, “Isn’t “beauty” your title. How come you’re calling me like that?”

Before this, Sherry’s WeChat name had always been “Magical Beauty”. After experiencing the matter which she felt very embarrassed at that time, she quickly changed her name overnight, “It doesn’t matter. Now, you are the “beauty”. You must do your best and become the champion!”

Hearing her mentioning this, Stella suddenly said, “Do you still have contact with the child?”

Sherry sneered for a moment and said, “No, he deleted me. Probably because his mother thought I was too unreliable. I only realized that the child is just trying to make me treat him to a barbecue!”

If this matter was spread out to the public, her reputation would be ruined.

Stella couldn’t help but grimace, “It could also be that Clarence was too fierce when he sent him home, making his parents think that we were a bunch of bad guys.”

Sherry said seriously, “I agree. It’s definitely the wretched man’s problem, not mine.”

Stella was speechless.

Sherry was just about to leave when she thought of something else and walked back towards Stella, “Was the quarrel between you and Clarence so serious this time?”

Stella didn’t realize that Sherry was asking her for a moment, “Huh?”

“I saw that he hadn’t called you for a few days and didn’t send you flowers. Therefore, I think you two had a quite serious quarrel this time.”

Hearing Sherry’s words, Stella instantly felt a bit helpless, “We didn’t quarrel. I just don’t want to see him.”

She felt annoyed seeing him.

Sherry felt that he could kinda understand Stella’s mood right now, “Good, while the wretched man is not around, you can relax for a couple of days. My friends have organized a party and I hear that there will be a handsome guy. Let’s go and have some fun together.”

Stella shook her head and looked at her computer, displaying a tired look, “I won’t be going. I still have to draw my manuscript.”

“Didn’t you say there you have ten days to prepare for it, plus you have no ideas now right? Go out and relax. Maybe you will find some ideas. Let’s go!”

Sherry didn’t say anything. She directly pulled Stella with her and left, “Tonight, we’re not going home without getting drunk!”

...

At 8 p.m, the sky was already dark.

Sherry parked her car on the side of the street. Looking at the crowded place next to her, she couldn’t help but tsk, “It’s true that there are many young people here. If a girl wants to find a boyfriend, she still has to come to this kind of place.”

Stella said, “You’d better forget about it. Don’t fall in love with a scum again.”

“A handsome man is not considered as a scum. It’s just that his heart is broken into many pieces, and each piece of his heart falls in love with a different person.”

Hearing her words, Stella was speechless.

She felt that Sherry was talking nonsense.

When they got off the car, Sherry led Stella forward all the way. After they passed through many people, they finally stopped in front of a booth.

A girl reached out to greet them, “Sherry, what took you so long to be here. We’re ready for the drinks.” Saying that, she then looked at Stella, “You are Stella, right? Nice to meet you, I am Doreen Christ.”

Stella smiled faintly, “Hi, Doreen.”

There were other people in the booth, and Doreen introduced them to Stella and Sherry in turn.

Sherry glanced at the people for a moment and asked, “Where’s the handsome guy you were talking about?”

Doreen whispered, “Don’t be so rushed. Handsome guys are always the last to arrive. Just be patient and wait!”

Chapter 358-Doreen was Sherry’s bosom friend. Stella had heard Sherry mentioning her name many times before. It was just that Doreen had been in another city before and only came to City N this year. This was also the first time they met.

The music seemed to be played at its loudest, and Stella felt as if her brain was about to be shaken out.

She was bored and kept using her phone, counting the time when the wretched man should be back in the next two days.

She wondered if she should unblock him, or else the wretched man would not forgive her and make her in trouble again.

However, as Stella had only just had the idea and hadn't had time to actually do it, the handsome guy that Doreen was talking about came.

Sherry moved her body towards Stella and whispered, "He's really quite handsome. Just look at his eyes which can fascinate all the women. Tsk, I guess that he must be a scum."

Stella looked in the direction where she was looking and meet the man's eyes. The man saw her and raised his eyebrows at her playfully.

Stella smiled politely and withdrew her gaze from him, saying in a low voice, "I agree."

Sherry sighed in a low voice, "I really shouldn't hope that he is a kind man."

Donald Shawn took out his phone and sent a message to the group, "There's a beautiful woman at Tavern. Come here quickly."

Vincent asked, "Didn't you just return to China?"

Donald replied to him, "Just returning to China doesn't stop me from seeing a beautiful woman.

Vincent messaged him, "Haven't you seen enough foreign women?"

Donald answered, "Yes, it's because I'm tired of seeing them that I'm looking at the beautiful women in China. I'm so lucky to meet a beauty as soon as I just came back."

Donald messaged him again, "Where is Mr. Conrad? Why isn't he talking?"

Vincent replied to him, "Recently he had made his wife angry. He is still reflecting on himself."

Donald was puzzled and he messaged Vincent again, "I thought he was divorced?"

Vincent replied to him, "Why are you so outdated."

Donald messaged him, "Oh, I only pay attention to the beautiful women on the Internet. I don't care about his affairs."

Donald asked again, "Do you guys want to come or not? Don't say I don't give you two a chance to compete with me. If you all don't want to come, I will enjoy my time with them."

Vincent was still typing when Donald sent him a photo.

Vincent was speechless.

Donald sent him a message, "How is she? Is she beautiful? The one next to her is also very beautiful. However, the way she looks at me reveals a sense of contempt, so I guess I cannot trick her easily.

Vincent messaged him, "I think you better order a ticket to be back to Sydney overnight."

Donald typed out a question mark.

Just at this time, a message popped up coldly in the group, "Send me your location."

Donald saw that he had successfully made Clarence want to come and meet him and he hurriedly sent a location and the number of the booth to the group.

After sending the message, he messaged Vincent privately, "Didn't you say he had a wife. How come he couldn't control himself when he saw a beautiful woman?"

Donald sent him a message again, "It's true that there is no man who won't be attracted by women. Moreover, he already has a wife yet he is still attracted by the woman."

Donald lamented, "This is also why I don't want to get married."

Vincent messaged him, "Okay."

He messaged him again, "Good luck."

Donald replied to him, "Sure." Then, he sent him a photo that showed a smiling guy.

After sending him the message, Donald then put down his phone and raised his glass towards the opposite side as if he wanted to toast them.

Sherry was speechless.

Stella also didn't know what to say.

Sherry couldn't help but ask Doreen, "Where did you find this scum from? It's obvious that he is a flirty guy."

Doreen who didn't realize that he was a scum said, "Is it? When I was driving yesterday, I accidentally damaged his car. He didn't ask me to pay for it but even helped me to claim the insurance. I thought

that he was nice and added him in WeChat. Besides, you've been asking me to introduce you to a handsome guy. Why are you so fussy when I already find one for you?"

"I don't want to be with such a flirty guy although he is handsome. I'll leave it to you to enjoy."

"Bah!"



Just as the two of them were whispering and discussing Donald's appearance, Donald suddenly spoke, "Beauties, I have a friend coming over later. Do you all mind?"

Doreen said hurriedly, "No, I don't mind, as long as he's handsome."

Her voice was very small and the music was so loud that Donald didn't hear it clearly. He only heard her saying that she didn't mind.

Apart from Stella and Sherry, there were also a few Doreen's other friends at the party. After a while, everyone was playing games.

Seeing that Sherry was a little distracted the whole time, Sherry touched her with her elbow, "Are you still thinking about the wretched man?"

Stella regained her consciousness and sneered, "No...I'm not..."

"I see you've ignored him for a long time. He probably already knew he was wrong. You can forgive him already."

Stella heaved a sigh of relief, "Let's talk about it later. He hasn't come back yet anyway."

"Yes." Sherry patted her shoulder, "Then don't think about it anymore. Have fun today and forget all your worries now!"

Stella didn't know whether it was because she drank too much wine or the place was too stuffy. However, after a while, Stella felt a bit dizzy and went to the bathroom.

Seeing this, Donald immediately followed her while everyone was not paying attention to him.

Standing in the bathroom, Stella washed her hands and pressed her cold hands against her blushed face again. She felt better.

She drew a piece of paper to dry her hands. After she had just left the bathroom, she was stopped by a man's arm. She heard a low magnetic and ambiguous voice, "Do you need help?"

Stella stood still and looked at him expressionlessly, "Thanks, but no need."

Seeing that she wanted to leave, Donald took another step forward, "Don't be so polite. It's normal to help each other when we attend a party together. I think you are drunk. Do you mind if I send you home? My car is outside."

Stella took a breath and said quietly, "I have a boyfriend."

Hearing her words, Donald only raised his eyebrows as if he didn't care about it too much, "It doesn't matter. My friend... I mean, a guy I know has a wife and still comes out to have fun. Stella, men are all bad. Don't think that he is very important."

Stella said, "Is that so?"

"Of course. I am a special man who is so frank as you can see. I never act when I interact with other women. If we can get along with each other well, we can be a couple and you can just forget your boyfriend. If we can't, we can still be friends. What do you think?"

With that, he reached out to lift Stella's chin, but she waved it away, "Although my boyfriend is not a good man, you are not capable to be compared with him."

It was the first time in his life that someone told him such words, but he was not annoyed. He just laughed and said, "The way you said that makes me want to meet your boyfriend. I want to see who is so powerful that I am not capable to be compared with him."

Not far away, Clarence was standing in place. He watched the scene with one hand in the pocket of his trouser. He licked his lips calmly and retreated his steps as if he wanted to see how Stella was going to reply.

Chapter 359-Stella pulled out her phone without hesitation and showed him a photo.

Donald Shawn looked at the picture and said in confusion, "This is your boyfriend?"

Stella replied with a straight face, "Yes."

This was a recently famous male celebrity with numerous female fans. Unfortunately, Stella wasn't sure when she saved this photo, and she took it out for emergency use.

Donald laughed, "You don't have to do it this way even if you want to blow me off. The one on your photo is an artist under my company. And, he's gay..."

Stella was dumbstruck.

What the hell?

She calmly took her phone and looked at it, "Oh. I took the wrong one. It's not this one."

Stella continued browsing through and wanted to find a picture of Channing.

But, she couldn't find any after a long while.

Hadn't she save one?

Her brother was so handsome, but she actually didn't save his picture?

At this moment, Stella's phone was taken away. A slender figure stood next to her, and a familiar icy male voice sounded, "I'm her boyfriend. What's the problem?"

Stella was stunned hearing his voice. Why had the wretched man come back?

Donald also froze for a moment before revealing a smile. He didn't expect Clarence to be so good at teasing girls.

Being a hero to save the day.

It looked like Donald didn't stand a chance, so he might just give in to Clarence.

Before Donald left, he even said, "I'm not worthy."

And he left happily.

On the other hand, the two people standing behind him fell silent for a while, and they spoke again simultaneously.

"Aren't you due back for another two days?"

"You think I'm a boyfriend for nothing?"

Look, the wretched man indeed would turn on her.

Stella muttered, "I didn't have a picture of you."

Clarence was irritated, "That's your reason?"

He had been waiting over there for so long for Stella to say his name in front of Donald. But, she even showed a photo of a gay man and said he was her boyfriend. Was he even that shameful to be known?

Stella was annoyed by his questioning tone and said with a straight face, "I have no reason and just like to say that!"

After saying that, she left without looking back.

Clarence's temples pulsed, looking at her back. She had even got mad.

At the booth, Stella picked up the glass of wine in front of her and took a big gulp.

Sherry didn't even have time to stop her.

She was just about to ask what was going on when she saw a familiar figure sitting down next to Donald.

Sherry was puzzled.

What was all of this?

Why was the wretched man here too?

Donald on the side was also puzzled. He had just pretended that they didn't know each other and left this opportunity to Clarence. But it seemed that he was being rejected too.

He couldn't help but tsk, poured Clarence a glass of wine and said in a low voice, "Those women outside are too wild. It's better to go home and spend time with your wife."

Clarence said coldly, "Shut up."

Donald raised his eyebrow. Fine, he was such an ungrateful person.

Over there, Doreen was even more confused, and she frantically gestured to Sherry, "He is so handsome! And it's not that kind of scum at first glance. How about it?"

Sherry said, "Are you nuts?"

To avoid Doreen from making any awkward misunderstandings, Sherry whispered something next to her.

Doreen immediately fell silent, not even daring to say anything.

At the table, without Doreen to liven up the atmosphere, coupled with the arrival of that one, the surrounding fell into awkward silence.

Donald took this opportunity as he coughed and proposed, "It's quite meaningless to keep playing games. How about we change the way of playing it?"

Someone else echoed, "Change into what?"

"Truth or Dare. But, the requirements would have to be changed. Whoever the spinner turns to must perform it. No such thing as just drinking only. How about that?"

What he meant by this was that by playing Truth or Dare, everyone must complete it no matter what, even if they were not willing to answer or do it.

Even if there were any unreasonable demands...

The purpose was clear.

But despite this, many still responded.

Although this was a big game, it was a lot more exciting too.

Donald looked towards Sherry and Stella, "How about the two beauties?"

Sherry was just about to reject it for Stella when she heard her saying, "Sure."

Donald snapped his fingers and asked the waiter to bring the spinning wheel.

The game began now.

Stella didn't expect that she was actually the first one.

Donald asked, "Truth or Dare?"

"Truth."

Donald was waiting for this answer, and he immediately asked, "Do you have a boyfriend or not?"

Stella glanced at the wretched man across the room and deliberately said, "No."

Donald gave Clarence a look as he nudged him with his elbow, looking smug.

And Clarence beside him just held his wine glass in his hand and sneered.

Sherry and Doreen couldn't help but move a little closer, warming and encouraging each other.

After playing a few rounds, the wheel turned to Stella again, and Donald said, "Just now, you chose the Truth and how about choosing Dare this time?"

Stella said faintly, "Why don't you just say what you want me to do?"

"How about something more exciting? Pick a man in the room and kiss him on his cheek."

Doreen coughed, "How about... forget about it. I think..."

Stella said, "Fine."

There was another moment of silence.

Sherry vaguely heard the sound of a cup breaking.

She was just regretting it so much now.

If he had known that the wretched man was back, she shouldn't have brought Stella to this bureau.

Donald curled his lips as he waited for the next scene.

Stella slowly got up amidst all the watching.

Just as everyone was guessing who she was going to choose, she stopped in front of Donald.

Sherry closed her eyes in despair.

But before Donald could reveal a smile, Stella leaned down, tilted her head sideways and kissed the man next to Donald on his thin lips.

Stella was silent.

The wretched man fouled!

Didn't they agree to just kiss the cheek?



Clarence was still angry and was stunned for a moment when she kissed him.

He just noticed her standing here and subconsciously turned her head.

Donald was speechless.

Way to go, Clarence. Donald thought Clarence was just talking for fun, but he didn't expect him to really cheat on his wife behind her back.

Even if he was cheating on his wife, he actually did it so blatantly and justifiably!

This was simply too much!

If he had known that the wretched man was back, she shouldn't have brought Stella to this bureau. Donald curled his lips as he waited for the next scene. Stella slowly got up amidst all the watching. Just as everyone was guessing who she was going to choose, she stopped in front of Donald. Sherry closed her eyes in despair. But before Donald could reveal a smile, Stella leaned down, tilted her head sideways and kissed the man next to Donald on his thin lips. Stella was silent. The wretched man fouled! Didn't they agree to just kiss the cheek? Clarence was still angry and was stunned for a moment when she kissed him. He just noticed her standing here and subconsciously turned her head. Donald was speechless. Way to go, Clarence. Donald thought Clarence was just talking for fun, but he didn't expect him to really cheat on his wife behind her back. Even if he was cheating on his wife, he actually did it so blatantly and justifiably! This was simply too much!

Chapter 360-After such a kiss, Clarence's anger seemed to have released much of it. The corner of his mouth turned up, staring at her.

However, Stella glared at him. "What are you looking at? Haven't you ever seen a beautiful lady?"

Donald couldn't stand it anymore, and he decided to help Clarence as a friend. And he said obligingly, "Girl, you are quite beautiful. You can just aim at me. He had a wife, and it's a bit... unethical for you to do this to him."

Stella let out a sigh and looked at Clarence, "You have a wife and still come out to have fun. Scum!"

Clarence was speechless.

He turned his head and looked at Donald blankly. Donald sighed and put his hand on Clarence's shoulder, "It's not that I won't help you. I just can't get over it. Although I do look suave, I'm also righteous. I can't allow my friend to do anything wrong to his family in front of me!"

"So, bring it on me. I'm willing to sacrifice for you." He even wiped his tears, saying, "For the sake of harmony and happiness of my friend's family, all of these should be done, as long as you will repent."

Stella knew that there was no one normal around Clarence's friends. There was already Vincent, who had so many bad ideas, and now, another scum who looked very problematic inside.

She didn't want to spend any more time with them. So, she grabbed her things and said, "I have to go now. You guys have fun."

As soon as Stella had left, Donald wanted to go after her, but Clarence got up one step ahead of him.

Donald said with hatred, "So what I just said was all nonsense? Are you right doing this to your wife?"

Clarence looked back at him, "If you really have nothing to do, go and see the brain specialist."

After saying that, Clarence left with big strides.

As soon as they left, Doreen ended the party seeing that it was getting late too.

Donald called Vincent as he walked out, "Is Clarence so wild now? Or is it that he doesn't have a wife at all? Are you teasing me?"

“Why not? Didn’t he coax his wife to go tonight?”

“Come on. He wasn’t coaxing his wife at all. He was just looking for an excuse to flirt with a girl. And the worst part is that he even got away with it. I never thought that I would lose to him. It’s just not right!”

Vincent let out a sigh.

Retard.

Donald said, “No way. The more I think about it, the angrier I get. Do you have Clarence’s wife’s contact? I’m going to tattle.”

After a few seconds of silence, Vincent said, “Yes.”

On the other hand, Stella stood by the side of the road after coming out to take a taxi. But the bar was crowded at the moment and many people were lining up outside for taxis.

She found a place to sit down and reached out to press her temples.

Clarence’s voice sounded next to her, “You were in a fit of pique to drink even if you can’t. Now you feel sick, right?”

Stella turned her head away and ignored him.

Clarence sat next to her, twisted a bottle of mineral water and handed it over, “At least you give me a reason to be angry with me. Are you going to keep ignoring me in the future?”

“You knew everything, don’t you? Do you even still need me to tell you?”

Clarence put his arm across the bench she was sitting and said lazily, “If I knew, I wouldn’t be as clueless as I am now.”

Stella sneered. The wretched man was really good at pretending.

She took the mineral water in his hand and took a few sips before saying, "I went to Ms. Beckham's daughter-in-law's place a few days ago."

Clarence raised his eyebrow, "Huh?"

Stella said, "You didn't know?"

"You didn't tell me. So how would I know?"

"I thought you would know."

Clarence licked his thin lips, "Are you angry because of this?"

Stella said, "No."

"Then, what else? Get to the point."

Stella took a deep breath, "Rebecca came to me and said something."

Clarence asked, "What is it?"

"She told me that when I fell into the water at the Conrad family back then, it wasn't an accident. It was her that had someone to do it." Stella looked aimlessly ahead, "I've been thinking about a question these past few days. Is it because I've done too many bad things that I've gotten retribution on my two children. Why else they were being calculated to keep them from coming to this world before they were even born?"

Hearing that, Clarence's eyebrows knitted slightly, "You haven't done anything bad. These are not your reasons."

Stella said faintly, "I was trying to marry you, causing you to loathe me for three years. Isn't that bad enough?"

Clarence said, "Why are you bringing this up again?"

"Isn't that what you had asked me?"

"It's all in the past. Don't think about it anymore." Clarence put his hand on her head and rubbed it gently, "If you want to have a child because of this, I can..."

Stella interrupted him, "No thanks. You're right. I haven't done anything bad, but you've done it a lot."

Clarence was speechless.

Stella sighed soundlessly, "After all, there isn't any father in this world who prevents his child to be borne by all means. You better bear such a deep sin yourself and don't pass it on to the next generation."

Clarence felt his temples throbbing.

He controlled his temper and asked, "How much did you drink?"

Stella said, "How do I know? I just keep drinking when I'm in a bad mood."

Clarence looked at the time, "Don't go back to the Steward family tonight."

"No. I'm going back."

Clarence didn't intend to talk nonsense with her anymore. So he got up and carried her straight away.

Stella didn't want to struggle unnecessarily, and she just closed her eyes in his arms.

She had used all kinds of provocative methods, even saying such cruel words, the wretched man still wouldn't let go.

Maybe she was really just overthinking it.

At this time, the mobile phone in Stella's clothes pocket rang. She took it out and saw an unfamiliar number. She picked it up, "Hello, who is it?"

"Hi, I'm... a righteous passer-by. Actually, your husband is drinking alone in a bar tonight. In fact, I think that it's good for a couple to quarrel sometimes, but just don't get too over it. How about you call him now and ask him to come home?"

Stella said, "You're calling the wrong number. I don't have a husband."

On the other end of the phone, Donald was puzzled, "It shouldn't be. Vincent gave me this number."

Stella was silent and said suddenly, "Did he kiss someone at the bar?"

"Huh? Well... since you know all about it, then I won't hide it from you. As a friend, I'm very ashamed of his such behaviour. Here's the thing..."

Suddenly, an icy male voice interrupted him, "Donald, are you nuts?"