

Mr Conrad 361

Chapter 361-Donald, who was on the other end of the phone call, fell silent for a few seconds before asking, "Wait, something's not right. Aren't you supposed to be with..."

– "I am her boyfriend, do you have something to say about that?"

– "Why not, didn't I coax his wife today?"

Donald was feeling like a complete dumbass for what he had done that night.

He tried to defend himself and said, "Vincent James is the one at fault here, he was the one who gave me this number!"

As soon as he finished saying that, he hung up the call, and made another call to Vincent to berate him.

On the other side, Stella heard the noise coming from her phone. She shook her hands and kept the phone near her bosom.

The driver quickly opened the car's door when he saw that both of them were approaching the car.

As Clarence escorted Stella into the car, he said to the driver, "Go to the Starry Lake Mansion."

Stella objected to his decision, "No!"

Clarence turned around and looked at her with a dark expression, "Where do you want to go, then?"

Stella replied, "Anywhere but there."

Clarence put on a slight pout, and gave another address to the driver.

During the journey, Stella was feeling even more nauseous and wanted to vomit.

She leaned outside the window and tried to vomit, but nothing came out of her mouth.

Clarence patted her on the back, smirked and said, "Experiencing the consequences now, aren't you?"

Stella ignored him and enjoyed the cold wind coming from the window. After a while, she replied, "Back when I was pregnant, I've experienced worse than this."

"...So, are you drunk or not?"

"Don't you know that drunken people still have some semblance of rational thinking?"

After that, she did not say anything else, and let the wind blow her hair into a mess.

It did not take long for Clarence to pull her back into the car and close the window.

A short while later, the black Rolls-Royce stopped in front of a condominium in the city centre.

Clarence asked, "Are you gonna walk or do you want me to carry you?"

"I'll walk myself."

Stella got out of the car as she spoke. She was stumbling as she walked towards the condo.

Clarence pressed his tongue against his teeth as he followed her.

Sometimes when she was about to fall down, she regained her balance just in time to not fall face-first onto the floor.

She stumbled for a few minutes before feeling that something was off. She turned around and asked, "What's this place?"

Clarence stepped forward and pulled her into his embrace, and they moved to the side.

There was only one unit on every floor, thus the lift leads right into a wide entrance.

Clarence gave Stella a pair of slippers from the shoe rack and said, "There's only my stuff here. Put this on first, I'll find you some clothes later."

As he said that, he went into the bedroom while removing his tie.

Stella was feeling tired, she could not be bothered to change her shoes.

She chose to sit on the cushion next to the shoe rack.

When Clarence came back out with clothes for her to change into, Stella had already fallen asleep while leaning on the wall.

He placed the clothes on the sofa, got down to one of his knees, held her ankle and removed her shoes.

As he was putting on the slippers, she felt somewhat annoyed, and gave Clarence a kick.

Clarence glared at her with wickedness in his smile and said, "Look at you, it seems it's time for me to bathe you."

Stella was rendered speechless by him.

She flung open her eyes and simply put on the male's slippers. She then walked into the room, grabbed the clothes on the sofa and asked, "Where's the bathroom?"

Clarence pointed with his chin, "Over there."

Stella entered the bathroom, and to prevent him from entering the room, she purposely locked the bathroom door from the inside.

Standing beneath the warm water pouring from the showerhead, she rubbed her face in an attempt to wake herself up.

Listening to the rustling in the bathroom, Clarence opened the fridge and took a look inside. He frowned, slammed the door shut and made a call to someone.

Stella took an hour to clean herself and dry her hair.

She was wearing Clarence's oversized shirt. She was also blushing, possibly due to the drunkenness or the hot steam from the bathroom.

Clarence placed a bowl of hangover soup on the table and said, "Come here."

Stella walked there, stared at the bowl and asked, "It's not poisoned, right?"

"I'm not the one who made it, if that answers your question."

"Oh, it should be fine then."

Stella immediately drank the entire bowl.

Clarence was speechless as she drank the soup.

He pinched his nose and asked, "Do you want something to eat?"

Stella finished the soup, let out a slight burp and replied, "No."

"Go to sleep then."

She blinked and stared at Clarence with watery eyes, "I can't sleep."

Clarence heard what she said, stealthily licked his lips, swallowed some saliva, and said with a lower voice than usual, "Since you can't sleep, do you want to do something? Hmm?"

Stella did not entertain his statement, as she looked around and asked her, "Do you come here often?"

Clarence replied, "I come here sometimes, but it's been quite a while since I've last been here."

She thought for a while before saying, "So, is this where you go when you don't want to see my face during those three years?"

During that time, if Clarence did not want to go back to the Starry Lake Mansion, even more so to the Conrad family, he definitely was staying somewhere else. Stella had always knew that, but she did not bother to ask him for more details.

As he heard what Stella said, Clarence was regretting his decision to bring her here.

He replied at a slower pace, "Not exactly, I wasn't really avoiding you or anything, it's just that sometimes I stay there when I'm on a business trip."

Stella replied, "Oh."

It was extremely obvious that she did not trust Clarence at all.

Clarence rubbed his temple. Why did he even bother to reason with a drunken woman?

“It’s already very late. Don’t you have work tomorrow? Go to sleep, okay?”

Stella got up and asked, “Where do I sleep?”

Clarence brought her to the bedroom.

Stella entered the room and shut the door with zero hesitation, “Thanks, good night.”

Clarence was speechless.

She was already exhausted. She lied down on the bed and closed her eyes. However, the longer she slept, the more she was awake for whatever reason. She felt like her brain was going full speed around itself and spinning like a neutron star.

After some time, there was some noises on the other side of the door, it sounded like someone was unlocking the door with a key.

Following that was some deep footsteps.

Stella, who had finally managed to sleep somewhat soundly, suddenly felt that something bit her chin. It was a little painful and itchy.

Soon, that painful feeling travelled down to her throat.

When Stella wanted to push him away, she could not as her hands were tied up and held above her head.

Clarence whispered into her ears in his usual deep voice, "Babe, be a good girl, okay?"

Every time that wretched man called her 'babe', he was up to something wicked.

Stella said softly, "Clarence."

"Hmm?"

"Do you love me?"

He kissed her eyebrows and said, "Of course I do."

Stella replied, "Then why did you lie to me?"

Clarence stopped what he was doing, "I didn't."

"Swear it, then. Swear that if you ever lied to me, then the both of us will..."

Clarence gave her a deep kiss, silencing her as her words were muffled by his mouth.

Heh, that wretched man.

Chapter 362-When Stella woke up the next morning, her back and legs were sore and she was feeling dizzy.

She was in a lot of pain.

She sat up on the bed by supporting her body weight with one arm, and she felt as if the world was spinning around her.

At that moment, someone pushed open the door to the bedroom. Clarence's deep voice sounded, "You're awake, huh."

Stella looked at him, grabbed a pillow with the little strength that she had left, and chucked it straight at him while yelling, "You bastard!"

Clarence was slightly taken back by her sudden action.

He caught the pillow, smirked and asked her, "I thought I treated you quite nicely last night, why would you treat me like this after my amazing treatment?"

Her ear was steaming red, that wretched man still dared to mention last night!

While she was drunk last night, it was not to the point that she could not remember anything.

That wretched man took advantage of her drunken status and toyed with her in various ways.

Or else why would she feel as terrible as she was right then.

Clarence got closer to her, placed the pillow on the bed and asked, "Fine, I was wrong, go and get some more sleep."

"Go sleep yourself."

Stella ripped the blanket away. When her feet touched the ground, her legs were still shivering.

Clarence helped her stand up, held back his laugh and said, "I'll watch myself next time."

"In your goddamn dreams! There will be no next time!"

Stella pushed his hands away forcefully and walked into the bathroom.

As Clarence looked at her back, he put his hand in his pants pocket and smirked, clearly satisfied.

Stella was still in a lot of pain, so she stayed in the bathtub for a while.

When she got out of the tub, she felt a lot better.

Just as she was wondering what to wear, Clarence's sound came from the other side of the door, "Your clothes are by the door."

She closed her eyes and tried to ignore him.

Stella waited until he got away from the door before she went and grabbed the clothes.

These clothes were the correct size for her.

Stella took a deep breath and slowly put on her clothes.

She then went to the living room, and saw that Clarence was making a call on the balcony. There was some porridge on the table.

She rubbed her rumbling tummy, sat down and starting eating it.

After a while, Clarence had finished his call, sat down in front of her and asked, "Did the topic of the rematch come out?"

Stella gave him a weak “Uh huh”.

Clarence saw her depressed state and asked, “Is it difficult?”

“It’s not exactly difficult, I just hate it somewhat.”

Honestly, she did not expect to draw Modesty Parker’s work.

She could not tell if it was pure coincidence or just fate screwing with her.

Clarence raised his brows and asked, “Is this why you’re upset? And you’re angry and ignored me?”

As she heard that, she fell speechless.

That wretched man really knew how to get himself out of bad situations.

After swallowing a mouthful of porridge, she replied, “The topic for the rematch was only revealed yesterday, it has no relation with me ignoring you or not.”

Clarence licked his teeth, but did not press on with his question, as he was aware that she would not say anything to him anyway. He said, “I’ll send you there after you’ve finished eating.”

When Stella was ready to leave for work, it was already eleven in the morning. It took them thirty minutes to reach her workshop.

Before she left the car, Clarence said to her, “I have a meeting tonight, so I can’t come and fetch you. Remember to go home earlier, okay?”

“Okay.”

As she was about to open the door, she was pulled back by Clarence. He asked her with a dark expression, "Are you still mad at me?"

"No."

She could not be bothered to be mad at him when she was already very pissed off at herself.

Clarence frowned, "Then why are you throwing a hissy fit? Couldn't you just tell me what's wrong?"

Stella stared at him, "I've already told you before, clearly it wasn't important enough to you."

"Had I ever treated your words as unimportant? Is it because I did not agree to you about having a child? Didn't I..."

"Shut up!"

Clarence comforted her, "Alright, fine. Be a good girl and stop messing around, okay? You wanted to see Ms. Beckham's grandson, right? I'll bring you there two days later."

Stella stared at him, trying to discover gaps in his statement by looking at his expression.

Unfortunately, she failed.

His expression was calm from the beginning, and it made her look like she was at fault all this time.

Stella gave up, lowered her head and said, "I'll have my hands full these few days thanks to the rematch. Let's talk about this later."

"Very well."

After she got into the workshop, she placed her head on her desk, looked out the window and dazed off.

Quite some time later, she finally composed herself, took a deep breath, turned on her computer and started researching Modesty's past works. Her research took her the entire afternoon.

She did not even notice that Sherry brought her some snacks during tea time.

That night, Stella finally had a train of thought, wrote up a rough draft and left work.

As she was entering the Steward family, she saw a car that she had never seen before parked in the garden.

Charles was chatting with a stranger in the living room.

When the stranger saw her, he stood up and greeted her with a smile, "Hello, Ms. Radomil."

Stella looked at Charles, then she set her eyes on the stranger, "Hello, and you are?"

"I am the legal advisor of the Steward Group. I am here today to discuss the transfer of ten percent of Mr. Steward's stocks to you, Ms Radomil."

Stella frowned in confusion, "Stocks?"

Charles said, "I've thought about this for a long time now, but you were right. You deserved this."

Stella put on a slight smile on her face.

How could Charles possibly be this kind? It must be some sort of trap for her.

However, Stella also could not just straight up decline his offer. They were right, she was there for the money.

She took a look at the document, glanced through it and asked, "So, do I just put my signature here?"

The legal advisor said while giving her a pen, "Yes, miss. Just sign at the very end of the document and put your thumbprint under it."

Stella gave him a smile and asked, "I'm terribly sorry, but I'm not very well versed on this kind of legal document. May I bring this back with me to take a closer look at it? I'll send it to you once I've signed it."

"I can explain whatever it is that you don't understand, Miss Radomil."

"I'll have to look at this document more carefully, and see just what benefits do I gain from this. After all, everyone should only sign a document after they understood it thoroughly. Or else, there's nothing they could do if they got screwed over by that document."

Hesitant, the legal advisor said, "This..."

At the same time, he looked at Charles.

Charles waved his hands in response, got up and said, "Very well. Go find anyone that can help you with this, just be sure to hand it in by this week."

"Then I must thank you in advance, Mr. Steward."

After she said that, Stella nodded in respect and went upstairs.

The legal advisor said in a soft voice to Charles, "Mr. Steward, is it really fine for her to take the document with her?"

Charles replied, "Even if she took it with her, nothing's going to change."

That document was nothing short of perfection.

Charles squinted his eyes and said, "I'll handle things from here. You go and settle other things."

"Yes sir."

The legal advisor left after he said that.

If Stella signed the document, half of their plan would be a success.

Chapter 363-After returning to her room, Stella locked the door and sat herself in front of her desk and began studying the equity transfer letter.

However, even after a few times going through it, she still couldn't find anything fishy about it.

Stella found that her eyes were stinging after focusing on the document for such a long time, so she put down the document and entered the bathroom.

After emerging from it, she continued to focus on her work which she had brought back from her workshop.

When she finished the initial draft, it was already dawn.

Stella let out a yawn while stretching herself. Then, she checked her phone and realized that there were two missed calls from Clarence two hours ago.

She immediately replied with a text, 'What's wrong?'

Clarence replied, 'Why are you not picking up?'

Stella, 'I was completing my draft just now.'

She mulled over something and then she continued typing.

Stella, 'Are you still at the company?'

Clarence, 'Yes. I am still in a meeting.'

Stella, 'Then why were you trying to call me?'

Clarence, 'There was a ten minutes break just now.'

Stella, '...'

Stella, 'Pay attention to your meeting. I am going to sleep now.'

This bastard could divide his attention even during a meeting.

Stella was lying in bed and scrolling through her phone, but somehow she saw a picture of the little kiddo taken at the Anqiao Street long ago.

Stella scrutinized the phone and immediately her smile widened.

She was so cute.

After admiring the photo, she lied back down on her pillows and reminisced about what had happened recently, especially the part about her meeting with that kiddo.

Soon, she drifted off into dreamland unknowingly.

In her dreams, she heard someone calling her as her mother, but that person was a blurred image. She couldn't get a good look at the identity.

Stella was sweating profusely. The more she tried to reach that person, the further that voice sounded.

All of a sudden, she sprang up abruptly from her sleep.

Stella sat on her back and watched the gloomy sky outside her window. She could hear water pelting on the roof too.

She looked at the clock. It was seven thirty.

Stella was still recovering from the shock of that dream. When she went to the bathroom, she realized that her period had occurred. A sense of fear suddenly gripped her.

Was that bastard right on the mark? That she was having premenstrual syndrome?

Stella washed up herself with a hot bath and took a change of attire before going out.

After putting down her draft in her workshop, she immediately headed to the most famous law firm in City N.

After the receptionist learnt of her intention here, she led Stella to an office and told her, "Please wait for a while here. The lawyer will be here soon."

"Alright."

Immediately after she took a seat, the receptionist served her a cup of water.

Stella thanked her, "Thanks."

"You're welcome. Our lawyer will be available in five minutes."

After announcing that, the receptionist took her leave.

Stella stared at the wide space in this office before returning it to a document lying on the table. Her brows couldn't help but knit together.

What kind of trap was Charles planning for her?

She really couldn't see how things would go from here.

When she was still racking her brain, the door of the office was pushed open and a male voice broke the silence, "I'm sorry, there is some incident on my way here, sorry for letting you wait for..."

Stella turned around and saw that a man was fixing his hair while adjusting his tie. She stayed silent for a few seconds.

Did this man come here in a hangover state?

Donald wouldn't have thought that she would turn out to be the one who came this early in the morning for legal problems, so he laughed, "Why, are you here to ask about divorce proceedings? If that is the case, I will be your representative for free."

Stella got up, "No, thanks."

Seeing that she was about to leave, Donald immediately stood in her way, "I am here now. Where are you going so soon?"

“Suddenly... I have matters to attend to. We will talk about this in the future.”

Donald didn't believe her. Just from the gaze in her eyes he had gotten the message that she didn't trust in his abilities as a lawyer and was well on her way to get another representative. He immediately replied, “I am the ace of your firm, and you can't find anymore more reliable than me in the whole of City N now.”

Stella replied, “Didn't you say that your family has an entertainment company under its name?”

“That's true, but that didn't stop me from becoming a lawyer.” As he said that, he sighed, “Perhaps I am the type you always hear about, the type that is forced to go back to becoming a second-generation rich if I ruin my lawyer career.”

Stella was speechless upon hearing that.

Donald walked towards his desk as he continued, “There was an international case that I had attended to previously, and that made me stay in Sydney for one year before coming back. Hey, you should take a seat, we are family, so don't stand on ceremony.”

Stella flashed a perfunctory smile and decided that she would just go with the flow. This is a major law firm in this city, and it would be laughable and self-deprecating if they had allowed a bastard like that to work here.

She sat down in front of Donald and then pushed the documents in her hands towards him, “I want you to help me skim through this equity transfer letter.”

Upon hearing that, Donald sounded a little disappointed, “So it's not about divorce?”

Stella's eyelids jumped slightly, but she wasn't about to answer that.

Indeed, Donald's professionalism could be trusted. He skimmed through the pages quickly and immediately voiced his opinion, "This doesn't have any problems. It's just a normal equity transfer letter, and it will come into effect the moment you sign on it."

"Isn't there any catch hidden within those terms?"

"I can't see something like that at first place, but we can dissect this from various angles. The important thing here is the purpose behind this person willing to transfer his stocks to you." Donald rambled on, but suddenly as if remembering something, he paused and leafed through the document from the beginning again. Then, he gasped, "The Steward family? Why is Charles transferring ten percent of his stocks to you?"

Stella answered without any emotion, "Maybe it's because of my pretty face."

"You are not wrong on that... but this is a little..."

Stella took back the document and said abruptly, "I understand everything now. Thanks."

As she said that, she was about to head out to pay for this consultation.

Donald immediately said, "Hey, although I can't analyse everything on the spot here, but you better don't sign this equity transfer letter. There must be a trap hiding in there."

Stella nodded without a sound. Then, she thanked him again and left.

After the door of his office was shut, Donald was still feeling strange about this whole thing. Why did Clarence's wife involve herself with Charles? He pressed his temples and cursed at himself for drinking too much yesterday, why played a part in him unable to come up with any conjecture now.

He dialled Clarence's number and broached the topic, "Your wife has come to see me."

Clarence said, "Is it about the equity transfer letter?"

Donald was caught off guard, “How do you know about that?”

“I have known about it since yesterday.”

He had been paying attention to Charles, so no matter what moves he was pulling, he would know it immediately.

“The strange thing about it is that it doesn’t have any problems. It’s just your typical equity transfer letter... let me talk about something else now. What is the relationship between your wife and Charles? She has to be his real daughter in order to get this kind of treatment, no?”

“I’m hanging up now.”

The line was replaced with a busy tone, which made Donald feel like he had been humiliated.

He still couldn’t find the whole thing believable, so he immediately turned on his laptop and started to search some keywords.

Immediately, he felt like the door to a new world was blown open right in front of him.

Chapter 364-“Ms. Radomil, are you busy at the moment?”

“I am not, what’s the matter?”

The girl’s voice became even more hushed, “That handsome guy next door asked me to pass you the word that you have to go see him after you’re back. And he reminded me not to get the word to Sherry.”

“What don’t you want me to hear about?”

The girl jumped at the sudden voice and turned around only to see that Sherry was just inches away. He then laughed dryly, "No—Nothing at all."

She was done sending her message, so there was no reason for her to stay any longer. She mumbled some excuse before fleeing.

Sherry leaned against the office desk and started to interrogate Stella, "What are you guys talking about just now? You look so secretive like spies."

Stella smiled, "It's nothing serious, it's probably about..."

Daniel had some business with him.

But due to her words last time, it seemed that Daniel was avoiding Sherry purposely. That was probably the reason he didn't come to see her ever since.

Sherry wasn't that oblivious as she noticed some employee next door summoning one of their girls just now. She stretched lazily, "I am going to take a nap back there. Come wake me if you need me."

"Alright."

After Sherry was gone, Stella put down her things and exited her office.

The next door, Daniel was sitting in front of a piano, and upon Stella's arrival, he immediately stopped what he was doing and shot a glance at another employee next to him. The latter understood what he meant as he made way to the door.

Stella asked, "What's the matter?"

Daniel brought down the cover of the piano and began, "Yesterday, did Charles instruct one of the lawyers of the Steward family and pass you an equity transfer letter?"

Stella simply nodded.

It wasn't that surprising that Daniel could learn of this, since he was keeping a close eye to the Stewards.

"What do you think about it, Ms. Radomil?"

"I have consulted a lawyer today, and he told me it is just a normal equity transfer letter. There isn't any problem with it."

Daniel got up, "The more harmless something seems, the more you should worry about."

Stella said nothing to that. She waited for him to continue.

Daniel continued, "Phoebe has come looking for me before to ask me to investigate about that incident from twenty years ago. From what I hear in her tone, it seemed that she wanted to drag you into this shit storm which is ravaging the Stewards."

"Me?"

"Stella, if you sign this equity transfer letter, no matter how you put it, you would have formed a connection with the Stewards. It means that if something were to happen to the Stewards, you can't escape the fire anymore. It's very likely that you..."

She would be pushed forward as a scapegoat.

Stella wasn't surprised that Daniel reached this conclusion. After all, this was all orchestrated by Charles, and it was not the first time he was doing something like this.

Daniel added, "Therefore, all the more reason you can't sign this, Ms. Radomil."

After a moment of silence, Stella finally spoke, "But, if I were to sign it, doesn't that mean that I would have a say in things in the Steward family? Doesn't that mean that I can eye through all the projects handled by the Steward family? That would include private matters that only internal circle within the family would know."

"That might be true, but you are walking on a tight rope here."

Upon hearing that, Stella smiled, "Even if it's dangerous, someone still have to do it."

Daniel froze, "Ms. Radomil, do you mean that..."

"I will think through this again. If I signed this equity transfer letter and it would bring me more good than harm, then why not?"

She had infiltrated the Stewards for a while now, but she still couldn't get her hand on any useful evidence. Perhaps this would be a great opportunity for her.

It was her chance to rise from the ashes after getting pushed to the brink of death.

Daniel's lips fluttered slightly, signalling that he still had something to say, but at that moment Stella's phone rang. She eyed the caller's name and then announced, "Thank you for your goodwill, Daniel. I will think this through carefully. I won't act rash."

After saying that, Stella nodded slightly in his direction before turning around to leave.

Daniel took a step forward, wanting to give chase but the employee standing by outside hurried in and whispered by his ears, "There are people keeping an eye closely."

Daniel hesitated a little but he said nothing. He returned to the shop and through the reflection of the window he spotted a black Jetta. When the people sitting in the car saw Stella emerge from the shop, the car slowly revved up and left.

He couldn't help but frown. He didn't expect Charles to find out about him so soon.

After getting back to her office, Stella called the person who had missed called her.

Very soon, a magnetic baritone sounded at the other end, "Are you busy?"

"Not so. In the middle of something just now."

Clarence spoke again, "I heard that you have gone looking for Donald."

"Yes, he offered to help me take care of the divorce proceedings."

Clarence stayed silent for a while.

In a faraway office, Donald suddenly felt a chill running down his spine. He couldn't help but sneeze.

After a moment of silence, Clarence continued, "What time are you leaving work tonight?"

Stella glanced at her draft and answered, "I can't be sure of that now. I have to see how my work goes."

"I will have a meeting later. I will come by when it ends. If the time allows, wait for me. Understand?"

Stella answered in a monotonous voice, "I got it."

After hanging up, she turned on her computer again and made sure she was in the right frame of mind before continuing her design.

Although she had ten days to revise it, but it was already the third day today, and she still had lots of details to touch up on his initial draft.

...

At the same time, in the Steward family.

After Charles listened to his subordinate's report, he snickered coldly, "I've long known that he has an ulterior motive."

Although they couldn't hear what Daniel and Stella had talked about, but seeing that it was right after he had passed the contract to Stella, it must have something to do with that. Someone couldn't very well sit still.

It couldn't be just a coincidence.

As for Daniel, he couldn't find anything about his background information.

Normally, he was a musician who was having a tour in City N a while ago. After his concert had ended, it had been so long, but there was no sign of him leaving yet. Instead, he had appeared at places where he shouldn't be from time to time.

Charles suddenly asked, "You said that he used to stay next to Stella?"

"That's right. It was just before his tour."

Charles knitted his brows, "If he was just having a tour, why did he have to rent a unit? Or else, that tour of his was just a cover-up."

"Master, he is very close to Emmett from Star Ferry Technology. Do you want me to look into him further?"

Charles replied without emotion, "No need for that."

Even without any investigation, he knew that Emmett's father was also Cameron's student.

Daniel, Emmett, Cameron, Stella.

Only one thing could connect the four of them.

Charles narrowed his eyes and a grim look appeared in them. Since many people were starting to make their move, it must be because of that incident from twenty years ago.

The only thing he wasn't sure was about the extent of their knowledge about that incident.

Putting it in another way, besides them, were there anyone else who was targeting him because of that same motive?

In the end, this might present itself as a good opportunity for him to catch them once and for all.

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Chapter 365-On the other side.

Daniel went up to the second floor and dialled Emmett's number, "I think he found out. We must stop our plans."

They prepared for this. Emmett asked, "How did he find out?"

"I was careless," Daniel sat on the couch and said, "I was about to talk to Stella about the Equity Transfer Agreement, but I didn't expect Charles to send people to guard the piano room. That sly fox. Even if he didn't hear what we discussed, he wouldn't let go that easily."

"Understood. We have no valuable clues for now. Even if Charles came searching, all he can do was suspecting. He won't find any evidence," Emmett paused, "But I'm guessing he would send someone to tail you. Be wary of that."

Daniel hung up the phone and looked outside of the window. He was deep in thoughts.

The Equity Transfer Agreement was only a bait Charles threw out. What Charles wanted to do was way more than that.

Charles' people was tailing him in the dark, but they found out that his itinerary was the same. He headed to the bar after he left the piano room. There was nothing suspicious about his itineraries.

.....

During the night, when Stella was drawing, there was a knocking on her office door. Sherry peeked in, "Stella, aren't you leaving yet?"

Stella raised her head, "I...It's going to take a little while more."

Sherry smiled ambiguously, "Alright. It's going to rain soon. Remember to bring your umbrella with you when you leave. Don't get sick."

Stella nodded, "Sure. Be careful on your way back home."

After Sherry left, Stella did some stretching and moved around. Then she heard the rain pouring outside her window.

Stella looked at her watch. It showed 9 p.m. Is Clarence coming or not?

Stella took out her phone and wanted to call Clarence. Then she heard footsteps outside of her door.

Stella thought it was Clarence. However, when she opened the door, it was Adolph standing in the studio.

Adolph was dripping wet because of the rain. He looked like a mess.

Adolph walked towards Stella, but Stella took a step back after seeing Adolph approaching her.

Adolph noticed Stella's action. He stopped and continued, "I have news on Jeffrey."

Stella frowned, "Where is he?"

"I need money."

Adolph was straightforward. He didn't beat around the bush at all.

Stella pouted, "How much?"

"Five hundred thousand."

"I don't have that much with me now. Tomorrow..."

Adolph stopped Stella, "No, tonight."

Stella was about to negotiate, but she noticed the water dripped onto the ground from Adolph was red.

It meant Adolph was most probably injured.

After a few seconds, Stella took out a bank card, "There's three hundred thousand in this card. I'll transfer the remaining two hundred thousand to you via mobile."

"Thanks," Adolph took the card and said, "Jeffrey is in an abandoned warehouse by the dock. But I'd advise you to stay put. He is smart and familiar with that area. If you're not in a rush, I'll be there in a few days. I promise I wouldn't let him get away this time."

Stella nodded, "Alright. I'll give you the remaining amount of money as soon as you find him, just like our deal."

Adolph then turned around and walked into the rain without saying anything.

Looking at Adolph's back, Stella stopped Adolph out of sudden, "Wait up."

Adolph turned around and looked at Stella through the heavy rain.

"Where are you going?"

"The hospital."

Stella went quiet for a few seconds, then she took her car keys, "I'll send you there. It's hard to get a cab this time."

Adolph was surprised by Stella's offer. He didn't respond.

Stella took a glance at the bloodstains on the floor. She didn't bother to clean it up, but instead, she went into her office and packed her stuff. Stella took two umbrellas, then locked the door behind her. She handed one of the umbrellas to Adolph, "My car is over there. Let's go."

Adolph took the umbrella after a while.

After getting into the car, Stella asked, "Which hospital?"

Adolph told Stella the address, and Stella keyed it into her navigation system.

The rain was getting heavier. Adolph voiced out after a long silence, "Aren't you afraid that I might do something to you?"

Stella's focus was on the road, "If you really wanted to do something, you would have done it in my office. Plus, I'm no match for you. Why the double work then?"

Adolph remained silent. The car seat was soaked rain and Adolph's blood.

When they arrived at the hospital, Adolph opened the car door and left once Stella stopped the car.

Stella hesitated while looking at Adolph's back. Then, she followed him into the hospital.

Stella saw Adolph was paying the registration fee at the front counter when she walked into the hospital. However, the nurses were stunned and terrified due to the scar on Adolph's face and the blood he was dripping onto the floor.

Stella walked over and took the bill from Adolph. Then, she handed it to the nurse along with her bank card.

It was only at that moment that the nurse gave up on calling the police.

Stella took a glance at the name on the bill, Eugene Parker.

If she wasn't mistaken, it was Modesty's father.

The nurse handed the bank card and the receipt to Stella after paying the fee, "We...we have deducted the fee for your first operation. There was an insufficient balance on the card. As for the remaining charges, you can pay when you come for the next surgery."

Stella took the bank card and the receipt, "Thanks."

Stella then handed the receipt to Adolph. Adolph took it and rushed upstairs and looked for the doctors.

The operation was tomorrow. There not enough time for Stella if she couldn't get the money by tonight.

Stella didn't go after Adolph. She felt her phone buzzing in her purse when she was about to leave the hospital.

Stella took out her phone and saw the ten missed calls from Clarence.

Stella was speechless.

She quickly replied to Clarence's call.

The phone picked up very quickly. Clarence cold voice asked, "Where are you?"

"I'm...at the hospital."

"Stay there. Stay put. I'll be there."

"Hey..."

Clarence hung up the phone before Stella could say anything.

Stella stroked her brows. Yes, she forgot about their date, but was it necessary to sound so scary?

It gave Stella chills down her spine.

Stella stood at the entrance of the hospital for a while. Then, she heard a voice rose from behind, "Thanks for everything."

Stella turned around and said, "It's fine. I've transferred the remaining two hundred thousand to you via mobile. You should check it."

"I've received the money," Adolph paused and continued, "I'll go after Jeffrey after Uncle Parker's operation."

Stella said, "He's been hiding for so long. There's no rush. You should... You should get your wounds cleaned up."

Chapter 366-Adolph said, "It's just a cut. I'm used to it."

Stella knew how Adolph got those wounds without needing to ask much.

It was probably to get the surgery fee for Modesty's father. Stella said, "I'll head to the bank tomorrow, and I will transfer the remaining one million to you."

Adolph stunned, "But I haven't get Jeffrey."

Stella smiled, "You said you were confident."

Adolph sealed his lips and remained silent.

After a while, a security guard approached them when he saw a pool of blood where Adolph stood. Adolph quickly walked into the rain before the security guard opened his mouth. Soon, he disappeared into the night.

The security guard looked at Stella, "Madam, who is that guy? What did he tell you?"

Stella answered, "He was just a by-passer asking for direction. I told him I didn't know the place, so he went off."

The security guard doubted Stella's story, and he wanted to ask further questions. A black Rolls Royce car stopped in front of them.

A man stepped out of the car, and he had a grim look on his face. This man seemed much scarier than the previous man.

A shudder ran down the security guard's back.

Clarence approached Stella, and he saw the pool of blood in front of her. Clarence looked even grimmer. He asked in a tense tone, "Where did you injure yourself?"

Stella stunned. Then she smiled after she figured out what Clarence meant, "It wasn't mine. I was not injured."

"Then what is this? And you?" Clarence paused after he realized the security guard was overhearing their conversation. The security guard quickly left the scene after Clarence took a glance at him. He then went and asked the cleaner to clean to place.

Stella pulled Clarence's sleeves and whispered, "I will tell you more about it later. All in all, I wasn't injured."

After confirming Stella was injuries-free and her clothes were dry, Clarence looked relieved. He hugged Stella tightly in his arm and said softly, "Are you trying to scare me to death by not picking up your phone?"

It was the first time Stella saw Clarence being so nervous. Stella hugged Clarence back at his waist and explained softly, "My phone was on silent mode, so I didn't know it rang."

Clarence continued to hug Stella tightly.

Clarence almost went mad after seeing the empty studio and the bloodstains on the floor. If Stella didn't call him back, he would have gone to the Steward manor and looked for Charles for revenge.

There weren't many people at the hospital, but nurses walked around, and many looked askance.

Stella felt embarrassed, and she gently pushed Clarence away, "Alright, I'm fine, you see. Let's get into the car. We'll talk in the car."

Clarence only let go of Stella after a while, "Let me send you home."

"But..."

"Nathan is here. Give him your car key."

Clarence sounded so demanding that Stella couldn't reject. Stella gave in after she thought about what happened just now.

After the black Rolls Royce car drove out of the hospital, Clarence said, "You can tell you all about it now."

"It was nothing. Adolph...came to see me just now."

Clarence frowned and asked coldly, "He dared to come to see you?"

Stella said, "It's not what you think. He got Jeffrey's whereabouts."

"Where is he now?"

Stella told Clarence the place where Adolph told her just now, and she said, "But he was right. It's easier for him to look for Jeffrey than us. I think we better listen to him, you know, to avoid losing sight of Jeffrey again."

Clarence pouted. He didn't refute the statement.

If any of Clarence's people knew how to deal with Jeffrey, they wouldn't be in the dark for so long.

Adolph tends to be more familiar with Jeffrey's traits and behaviours compared to Clarence's people. It would be much more effective to let Adolph look for Jeffrey.

Stella knew Clarence agreed with her when she saw Clarence remained silent. Stella felt relieved.

Clarence said out of the blue, "Don't ever meet him alone next time."

Stella nodded, "Sure."

Even though Adolph didn't have any ill intentions towards Stella, they didn't belong in the same world after all.

And after what Stella did at the hospital, she totally cleared whatever she owed Adolph.

Soon, the car arrived at the entrance of the Steward manor.

Stella thought Clarence would drop her here like before, then asked Nathan to send Stella's car here, and Clarence would leave after that.

What Stella didn't expect was Clarence drove straight into the compound of the manor.

Stella wondered, "Hmm?"

Clarence clarified, "It's raining cats and dogs out there. You want me to stand here and wait for you?"

"But..."

"Don't worry. He won't kick me out for real."

The car has entered the compound of the manor. It'd be useless to say anything else.

Stella looked at her watch and thought, "Charles should be in his room now."

The car stopped at the garden after a few minutes.

Stella was about to get down the car, but Clarence said, "Sit."

Clarence opened the car door and took the umbrella from the maid. He walked over to the passenger seat and opened the door for Stella. Clarence then reached out his hand to Stella.

Stella smiled when she saw what Clarence did. He definitely knew how to entertain a girl.

The whole trip from the garden to the house, Stella's clothes didn't even have a single sprinkle of rain, other than her shoes.

Charles was sitting in the living room reading the newspaper. He raised his head when he heard the doorknob turned. Charles wasn't surprised at all when he saw Clarence. He put away the newspaper and said, "Mr. Conrad. Visiting in the middle of the night without notifying us? Isn't it inappropriate?"

“Didn’t I?” Clarence said slowly, “Ms. Radomil has invited me a few times before, and it is hard to reject such a passionate invitation. So happen that I’m free today. Didn’t Ms. Radomil told you?”

Stella felt speechless.

Clarence really wasn’t afraid that Charles was going to kick him out.

Charles was calm, “Even if that’s true, it is never appropriate to visit at such a late hour. Didn’t you learn your manners?”

“Ah, what an accusation. I was sending my girlfriend home. I didn’t learn my manners properly only if I couldn’t accomplish this simple task.”

Charles expression turned sulky.

Stella quickly said, “He was sending me home because it was raining heavily outside. He won’t stay long. I hope you don’t mind, Mr. Steward.”

Charles stood up, “Then leave now. We don’t welcome a stranger.”

“Mr. Steward,” Clarence stopped Charles, “Shall we have a word, please?”

Charles stopped and stared at Clarence. Stella didn’t expect Clarence to do this. She looked at Clarence, hoping to get an answer as to why he did that.

Clarence didn’t look at Stella. Instead, he stared at Charles, “If Mr. Steward didn’t think it is a good time, I could go to the Steward Group tomorrow as well.”

Clarence stood and considered for a few seconds, then said, “Come with me.”

After Charles turned around, Clarence stroked Stella's hair and said softly, "Go back to your room first. I'll tell you about it later."

Chapter 367-In the study...

Charles sat down, clasped his hands and put them on the table, "Why are you here today? Let's go straight to the point."

Clarence sat opposite him and said lightly, "Mr. Steward, I have a few questions regarding the fact that you'll transfer 10% of your shares to Stella."

Charles said coldly, "This is a matter of the Steward family. Does it have anything to do with you?"

Clarence curled his thin lips into a smile and said slowly, "Mr. Steward, I'm not an outsider. Stella is not only my ex-wife, but also my girlfriend currently and she will be my wife again. It stands to reason that the shares of the Steward Group that Stella will hold are also closely related to me to some extent."

"You're no wonder a businessman, and now you're calculating for your interests."

"Of course," Clarence said, "Mr. Steward is experienced and scheming. It's hard to get a chance to take advantage of you. How can I not seize this opportunity?"

Charles remained unmoved, "I have to remind you in advance although it will not be pleasant to ears. It was the Conrad family that cancelled the engagement with the Steward family twice. Even though the Steward family is not that powerful, I won't allow it to be a laughing stock in the city."

Clarence was not surprised when hearing his words. He said, "Mr. Steward, I can understand you. The future development of the Steward family has nothing to do with me, but if you want to get Stella involved in the disputes of the Steward Group, then I don't mind making this situation messier."

Charles' expression became gloomier when he heard the words.

Clarence had made it clear. If he transferred the 10% of the shares to Stella, no matter what the process would be, the shares would probably belong to Clarence in the end. Charles would only seek troubles for himself if he got Stella involved.

Clarence said again, "Mr. Steward, you know exactly about how to minimize the loss."

After a long time, Charles scoffed, "You are too unscrupulous."

"In the business world, what matters is the means you use. Mr. Steward, you must understand this, right?"

"You indeed have adopted useful means." Charles stood up and said coldly, "But you should also remember that since Stella has joined the Steward family and that she insists on telling others that she is a member of the Steward family, so as long as I'm alive, the Steward family will never have an engagement with the Conrad family!"

Sitting on the sofa, Clarence's expression got colder and colder

A few seconds later, he said slowly, "Mr. Steward, it's too early to day this. As for the things that I've decided on, there will be no change. Therefore, I also hope that Mr. Steward can protect yourself. Let's wait and see who will attain his wish."

After finishing the words, Clarence nodded slightly at Charles and then strode out of the study.

Looking at his back, Charles clenched his hands into fists and banged heavily on the desk.

Right at this moment, Phoebe entered the study, "Dad."

Charles came to his own sense, "You heard it, right?"

Phoebe nodded slowly.

“Clarence is arrogant and unruly, we must guard against him.”

Therefore, if they wanted to get rid of Stella, they must get rid of Clarence first.

Phoebe thought for a while and said, “In this case, I think we can continue to cooperate with the Conrad family. Aren’t they...”

Charles sneered and waved his hand, “The Conrad family is just like an empty shell. If they can handle with Clarence, they won’t be trapped in the current situation.”

“Dad, do you have any idea?”

“The Conrad family seems to be looking for Clarence’s biological mother recently.” Charles narrowed his eyes, “I have ordered my men to keep an eye on this.”

At that time, he just needed to play some tricks behind Clarence back to add fuel to the fire and then he would defect him effortlessly.

And afterwards, Clarence could by no means find out that he was also involved in this.

Phoebe moved her lips trying to say something, but in the end she didn’t speak.

Charles glanced at her and said, “By the way, don’t contact Daniel anymore. I guess that he had helped Stella to move into our home. It’s likely that he’s in league with Stella.”

Phoebe nodded, “I see.”

...

In the bedroom...

Stella hadn't been restless ever since Clarence followed Charles into the study. After a long while, she finally heard the engine sound from downstairs.

She walked to the window and looked out, confirming that Clarence had left.

Stella heaved a sigh of relief. She finally calmed down herself.

Then she took her pajamas into the bathroom.

After washing herself, Stella sat down in front of the desk and continued to draw the design, but she couldn't help but glance at her phone constantly.

After a long time, the screen of her mobile phone finally lit up.

She quickly answered the call, "Are you home?"

Clarence, who was at the other end of the phone, chuckled, "Do you miss me so much?"

Stella said, "Stop talking nonsense, what the hell is going on?"

Clarence said slowly, "The reason why Charles gives you the equity transfer agreement is that it will be convenient for him to shift the responsibility if there's any problem with the Steward Group. Do you know about this?"

Stella nodded her head, "I know."

She had been thinking of this question after getting out of the law firm. After Daniel's reminder, she finally figured out Charles' plan.

Clarence pulled down his tie with one hand and casually tossed it onto the sofa, "I just reminded him of our relationship. Once he transfers the shares to you, it means that it will become your dowry and it will

be mine in the end.

Stella, "..."

She wanted to complain it just now, but now she was suddenly lost for words.

This wretched man really had many reasons.

When she was silent, Stella heard the friction sound of clothes from the other end of the phone.

She couldn't help but ask, "What are you doing?"

The man asked in a low, charming voice, "Honey, I'm taking off my clothes. I got wet by the rain."

When hearing the word 'honey', Stella uncontrollably thought of an erotic scene. When hearing that he was taking off his cloths, the scene became vivid in her mind and even her ears got red.

She said in a calm voice, "Since you're busy now, please go on with your business. Contact me when you're free."

"Busy?" Clarence added, "I'm not busy."

Stella gritted her teeth, "I'm busy."

After finishing the words, Stella hurriedly ended the call without waiting for Clarence's reply. She opened the windows for some fresh air and cold breezes, after a while, the eroticism in her body finally cooled down.

She sat back in front of the desk again and took out the equity transfer agreement from her bag.

After the conversation with Clarence, Charles would probably drop the plan. But it was impossible for him to ask her to return the shares.

Stella pondered how she could achieve her goal by using this equity transfer agreement.

After a while, she heaved a long sigh.

Never mind, this was not important at present. The semi-final competition was going to start, so she shouldn't get slack at her preparation any more.

Stella opened her drawing book and continued to draw designs again.

She drew until the midnight.

Chapter 368-In the next few days, Charles didn't mention the equity transfer in front of Stella again. It seemed like he wanted to defuse this matter.

Stella was busy with the competition. After all, she had been waiting for it for a long time, so she didn't mind waiting for it for several more days.

When the semi-final competition came, all competitors gathered in the venue and handed in their entries.

Unlike last competition which arranged many obstacles, this time, the staff was waiting for the competitors in the venue and registered their entries one by one.

"Thanks for your hard work over the past ten days. The result of the competition will be released three days later, please make preparations for the final competition."

The organized had told the competitors before that when the result of the semi-final competition was released, the three designers who reached the final competition would immediately have a competition. When they finished their work, the judges would immediately evaluate their work and gave a grade.

Therefore, they couldn't have a good rest in the next three days. Instead, they would be highly stung up.

Stella walked to the exit after submitting her entry and Charlotte immediately walked over, "Ms. Radomil, originally I wanted to treat you a meal. But it seems like we don't have the mood to enjoy it under such circumstance. Let's have a meal when the competition completely comes to an end. I have to thank you this time, otherwise, I will as upset as them now."

Stella looked over and found that the three persons were enshrouded in sadness. Apparently, they were not satisfied with their entries and it was hopeless for them to be selected as the top three

designers.

"You're welcome. It's what I should do."

Charlotte's ability was indisputable. Other designers must have discussed on the competition in private before, but it seemed like their discussions didn't lead to an agreeable result.

Charlotte said, "Then I will leave first. Let's meet in the final competition."

After Charlotte's leaving, Stella heard Modesty's voice after taking several steps. Modesty said impatiently, "I've told you that I will come back to visit him when I'm free. Isn't that okay? Don't you know how important this competition is to me?"

The person opposite to Modesty moved his lips. But Modesty continued before he could speak, "The final competition will be held several days later. Can you not come here to bother me?"

The man said after several seconds of silence, "I wish you a great success."

He turned around after finishing the words, yet his eyes met with Stella's in the air at the next moment.

Modesty also looked over. She then furrowed her brows and took a step backwards to distance herself from the man.

Adolph turned around to take glance and seemed to sense her purpose. He lowered his hat and left quickly.

With her arms crossed in front of her chest, Modesty said impolitely, "Don't you know it's impolite to overhear other people's conversation?"

Stella replied in a calm voice, "I just know that this place is public and I don't have the obligation to make room for you."

Modesty chuckled disdainfully, "You sound so complacent. Are you quite satisfied with your work?"

"You look so nervous. Are you dissatisfied with your work?"

Modesty didn't expect that Stella would satirize her and her expression became colder.

Stella didn't want to talk to her anymore. She turned around and prepared to leave.

Modesty shouted behind her, "Are you so confident that you will be the champion of the final competition?"

Stella paused, "When did I say this?"

"Don't you mean so?"

“I never have such an idea. We compete based on our abilities, thank you.” Stella looked towards her and said in a flat tone, “If you have the time to worry about me here, I suggest you to visit your father.”

Modesty’s face was distorted when she heard the words, “It’s none of your business!”

Stella twitched her mouth corner. She didn’t talk to her again and directly left.

She didn’t want to involve in her matter either.

When she came back to her studio, Sherry walked over with a weird expression. It seemed like she wanted to tell her something.

Stella asked in confusion, “What’s the matter?”

Sherry replied in a low voice, “Channing is here.”

Stella was a bit stunned. Originally she wanted to ask Sherry why Channing would come here on weekdays, but when seeing Sherry’s weird expression, she realized that there must be a problem. “I see.” Stella said.

She then walked towards the office.

Channing was sitting in the office with his back to the door, so Stella couldn’t see his expression.

Stella closed the door and asked, “Chan, why are you here? Don’t you have classes today?”

Channing slowly looked up at her and pressed his lips together into a straight line. He took out a photo from his bag and handed it to Stella.

Stella looked down at the photo and found it was of her and Charles.

According to the background of the photo, Stella guessed it was photographed by someone in the bidding.

Stella seated herself and asked in a gentle voice, "Chan, I didn't mean to hide this from you. It's just that it's so complicated that I don't know how to tell you about this."

Channing said, "So he's your biological father, right?"

Stella moved her lips yet didn't explain it in the end. She agreed to it tacitly.

It was not the right time to tell Channing about other matters.

After a while, Channing asked, "Did Jeffrey come to find you recently?"

Stella shook her head, "Nope."

"Got it."

After finishing the words, Channing stood up and left.

Stella stopped him, "Chan..."

With his back to her, Channing said emotionlessly, "I'm fine. I'm just here to confirm one thing. I have some classes tonight and I have to go."

Stella followed him out of the office. But Channing walked so quickly that he disappeared in her vision soon.

Sherry walked over, "What's wrong? Channing's expression was gloomy when he came here."

“I guess he must have learned about my relationship with the Steward family.”

Sherry scratched her hair, “Probably it doesn’t matter, right? Maybe he will be happy for you because of this?”

Stella shook her head, “That’s not the case.”

After coming back to her office, Stella made a phone call to Winnie and asked, “Is Channing doing well in the filming crew recently?”

“Oh, he completed shooting several days ago. What’s the matter?”

“Nothing. Originally I want to...” Stella heaved a sigh in her heart, “Never mind. Go on with your business.”

At the other end of the phone, Winnie also felt strange after the call. She put her phone into her bag and asked a staff aside, “Have Channing come here in these days?”

“I don’t know either. But I saw him at the gate of the school this noon. By the way, is his family so rich?”

Winnie was confused, “What do you mean?”

The staff replied, “I saw a man come to find Channing this noon. He drove a luxurious car and wore a business suit. I could tell that he’s from the upper ten with one glance. Although I saw them from afar, I could see that they looked somehow similar. So I guess that the man is probably Channing’s father.”

Winnie had also heard about Stella’s father. Apparently, the man that the staff mentioned was not their father.

Winnie tidied up her things while saying, “Please ask for a leave for me to the director. I have to go now.”

“We have a party tonight. Where are you going?”

“I have to deal with something. I will treat you guys next time. Enjoy your time tonight.”

Chapter 369-After leaving the filming base, Winnie came to Channing’s school to find him. But his classmates told her that Channing didn’t have any class in the afternoon and they also didn’t know his whereabouts.

Winnie left the teaching building and then went to Channing’s dormitory. But his roommates also told here that Channing was not here either.

Winnie scratched her hair. When she prepared to leave, she saw Channing coming back with an extremely cold face.

She wanted to walk over to greet him, but Channing had stridden into his dormitory.

Winnie thought it fishy. She took out her phone and called Channing, but he didn’t receive her call.

Winnie stood downstairs of the dormitory for a while. When she prepared to find a student to help her find Channing, she saw Channing walking out of his dormitory with a travel suitcase.

Seeing this, Winnie hurriedly walked over, “Where’re you going?”

Channing kitted his brows when seeing Winnie, “Why are you here?”

“I came to the teaching building to find you but your classmates all told me that you were not here. So I come here. I called you just now, but you didn’t answer it.” Winnie continued while looking towards his suitcase, “Now it’s your turn to answer my question.”

Channing subconsciously hid the suitcase behind and replied in a flat tone, “Nothing. I want to go home and live for several days.”

“It’s still weekdays now. How can you go home?”

“I have to handle with some matters.”

Winnie said, “Well. I will come back with you. I haven’t seen your sister for a long time.”

When hearing the words, Channing kitted his brows even tighter.

Winnie took two steps and then turned around to look at him, “Why don’t you go?”

Channing had no choice but say, “I will come back to my former home. My sister doesn’t live in there.”

Winnie was not surprised when hearing his answer. She adopted a flexible approach and said, “Then let me give you a ride. It’s the rush hour and it will be difficult for you to hail a taxi. Didn’t you say that you want to treat me a meal last time? We can have dinner together.”

Channing was silent again.

Staring at him, Winnie said after a long while, “Seems like you don’t plan to go home. Where are you going?”

Channing pressed his lips together and said in a cold and aloof voice, “It’s my own business.”

Winnie was stunned when she heard the words. She moved her lips trying to say something, yet didn’t know what to say.

It was true that she shouldn’t intermeddle into his affairs.

But as Channing was Stella's younger brother, so she also regarded him as her brother. They got along well in the filming base during this period. Therefore, she subconsciously thought that their relationship was closer. They were like sister and brother, and also like friends.

She felt cold when she heard the words as if someone had splashed a basin of water on her head.

When she was in a trance, Channing walked pass her and left in strides.

Winnie also thought that she shouldn't intervene in this matter again. She simply sent a message to Stella, telling him that Channing came back to his dormitory to package up his luggage and then left.

After sending the message, Winnie put the phone back into her bag and left.

On the other side...

When receiving Winnie's message, Stella immediately called Channing, yet she couldn't reach him.

Stella realized that this matter was not that simple.

She hurriedly picked up her things, ran out of the office and said to Sherry, "Sherry, I have to go out now. Maybe I will not come back tonight."

Sherry nodded her head and asked, "Where're you going?"

"Chan packaged up his luggage and left the school. I have a foreboding, so I have to go to find him."

Stella left the studio in a hurry after finishing the words.

When she ran out of the studio, she bumped into Daniel. Daniel wanted to ask her what was wrong when he saw her.

But Stella quickly got into the car.

Daniel knitted his brows. When he withdrew his lines of sights, Sherry ran out of the studio and their eyes met in the air.

Daniel still walked over after several seconds of silence, "What's wrong?"

Sherry took a glance at him and said in a flat tone, "Chan came to the studio today and he was so weird. Stella told me that he packaged up his luggage and left the school."

Daniel's expression became serious when he heard the words. He turned around, got into his car and chased after Stella.

Watching them leave one after another, Sherry's expression also became serious. What the hell was going on?

Stella drove towards Channing's school while calling Winnie, "What did he say to you when you met her?"

Winnie pouted at the other end of the phone, "Nothing special. But I can sense that he was in a bad mood."

Stella pressed her lips together tightly.

Winnie added, "Oh, by the way, he told me that he wanted to come back home. But I felt it was a lie. You didn't continue to rent that house, before, right? Which home can he come back?"

Stella abruptly stepped on the brake when she heard the words. Although she knew that it was just a glimmer of hope, she still wanted to have a look.

When thinking of this, she hurriedly made a U turn.

Winnie continued, "One more thing, a staff in our filming base told me that a middle-aged man came to Channing's school to find him this noon. He drove a luxurious car and it looked like he was rich. The staff saw them from afar and felt that looked somehow similar. I have a feeling that his change today probably has something to do with this."

Stella's expression gradually turned cold when she ended the call, but she didn't have the time to think of other matter. The most important thing now was to find Channing as soon as possible.

When she arrived at Jeffrey's house, Stella parked her car by the roadside and quickly ran upstairs.

When she went downstairs, she found that the door of the house was half opened and the things in the house were messed up. It seemed like Channing had come back here.

"Oh, Stella, you also come back. I see your brother when I was downstairs just now. But he ran away before I could greet him." When speaking, the neighbor took a glance into the house and asked, "Are you moving house? It's good. You dad have died for a long time and it's ominous to continue to live in this house. It's time to sell it."

Stella asked, "When did you see Channing?"

"Ten minutes ago when I just picked up my grandson from the school. It seemed like he came to the gambling house that your father always came when he was alive. His expression was so hideous and thrilling."

Stella thanked her, closed the door hurriedly and then left.

When she just went downstairs, her phone rang.

It was a strange number. Stella quickly answered the call, "Put aside Jeffrey's matter now and help me find my younger brother first. He came to the place at which Jeffrey always gambled."

Adolph replied, "Okay."

Stella heaved a sigh after ending the call and clenched her phone tightly.

Adolph was more familiar with the gambling houses in this area than her and he knew better than her about how to deal with those gamblers.

When Stella was about to get into the car, she recalled that Clarence was so worried about her last time. After hesitating for several seconds, she chose to make a phone call.

It was Nathan who answered the call. He said in a low voice, "Ms. Radomil, Mr. Conrad is having a directors' meeting. Do you have any matter? I will tell him when the meeting is over."

Stella replied, "Not a big deal, it's just that... Never mind. I will talk with him when the meeting is over."

Nathan realized there must be some problem judging from Stella's tone of voice and said, "Ms. Radomil, please send me an address. I will arrange some men to come there right away."

Stella didn't refuse it, "Okay."

Chapter 370-Stella broke into several car game houses and underground gambling houses consecutively, yet she still failed to find Channing. Instead, the gamblers were annoyed. Seeing that Stella was here alone, they talked to her frivolously.

"Yo, beauty, why are you here? Do you want to play with us?"

"Don't be restrained if you want to play. Looks like you want to compare several gambling houses before chose a place to play."

"Beauty, the gambling house is different from man. It has its own rules. As for man, you can choose the one you like. You will like it."

They exchanged a glance and their smiles were ambiguous and obscene.

Right at this moment, a person walked over boldly, "How about let me have a try first? You will be satisfied with me, haha..."

Before he could finish his words, someone grabbed his hair and hit him onto the wall with great force.

The man cursed an abusive sentence. He turned around and prepared to fight against the person, but when he saw his face, he took a step backwards, "A...Adolph... How comes you're here?"

Adolph looked at them expressionlessly, "Do I have to inform you guys first before coming here?"

Those men immediately changed their expressions and smiled at Adolph apologetically, "Oh, how can it be possible. It's just that we're caring about you. We haven't seen you for a long time. What are you busy with recently?"

Adolph ignored them and asked, "Did a boy aged around nineteen years old come here today?"

"No. Definitely no. Only this beauty is a newcomer to this place today."

The other men chimed in, "Yes. Adolph, you also know that only some obsessive gambler would come to this place and we're quite familiar with them. How will we have no impression if a stranger comes here?"

Adolph turned around and said to Stella, "He probably hasn't come here."

Knitting her brows, Stella glanced over the men in front of her and said after a while, "Let's go."

When Stella turned around, Adolph said to those men, "Tell me right away if you see that boy."

After finishing the words, he kicked the man that talked frivolously to Stella just now, "Mind your own business. Don't think of those dirty and evil things every day."

“Okay, Adolph, you’re right. I won’t make such a mistake again.”

Adolph shifted his gaze, turned around and left.

Right at this moment, a man who had been silent ran to Adolph and said, “Wait, Adolph, I suddenly recalled that I saw Channing today. Are you looking for him?”

Both Stella and Adolph turned around when they heard the words.

Adolph asked, “Where did you see him?”

“At the cross in the front. He was alone. I thought he was familiar, but I won’t recall it if it wasn’t...”

Adolph’s expression became serious. He suddenly grabbed the man’s collar, “Did Jeffrey come here recently?”

The man’s expression became stiff. He then laughed awkwardly, “No. How can it be possible? Didn’t you instruct us to contact you once Jeffrey shows up here? He never comes.”

“I don’t have the patience to repeat my question.”

Seeing this, the man’s legs shivered. But he still gritted his teeth, “What I said was true. I won’t dare to lie to you.”

Right at this moment, the man that was slammed onto the wall by Adolph stood up, his head bleeding. He said, “You’d better tell him honestly. Jeffrey is not a good thing. What benefit will you get by working for him?”

“I didn’t...”

Stella said in a flat tone, "How much reward does he give you? I can double it."

The man rolled his eyes. But as Adolph was also present, he could only say, "Oh, beauty, this matter has nothing to do with money."

"Bang!"

Adolph suddenly punched the wall behind him and said in a cold voice, "I will give you a last chance. Money or your wife, which one do you pick?"

Hearing this, the man didn't dare to deceive him any longer. He swallowed saliva, "I will tell you. He came here to play games the night before. But he was lucky and he won for several rounds. He divided a part to me and asked me not to tell others that he had come here. Adolph, I have no choice. My girlfriend wanted to break up with me recently and I'm in urgent need of money. So I..."

Adolph let go of him and asked in a ferocious voice, "Did Jeffrey tell you about his recent domicile?"

"He didn't tell me about this. He's so vigilant all the way, fearing that someone might follow him."

"Did you follow him? To where?"

The man didn't dare to hide the truth to him and replied hurriedly, "I followed him to the deserted unfinished building in the front. Fearing that he might find me, I didn't follow him again. But that building can't shield the winds and it has been raining recently. Is it possible that he's living there?"

Adolph didn't reply. He took two steps forwards and said to Stella, "Wait for me in the car. I will go there to have a look."

Stella was silent for a while. Then she said, "I will go with you."

If Channing really came there to find Jeffrey, Adolph would not be able to bring him back even if he went there.

Adolph didn't refuse it. He nodded his head and said, "Okay."

The gambling house was not far away from the unfinished building and it only took several minutes to drive. But there were alleys around and they were too narrow to drive through. It would waste too much time if they drove back and found a broader road. Therefore, they got off the car and walked through the alleys.

As they got closer to the building, Stella gradually had a hunch that Channing was in the building.

They then finally arrived at the unfinished building which was surrounded by flowering weeds that were half a meter high. They could see the nests for stray cats and dogs everywhere and there was vaguely a decaying smell in the air.

It was so silent here and it seemed like they could only hear the sound of the wind.

Adolph said, "Wait for me here. I will come in to have a look."

Stella gently nodded her head.

As Adolph walked towards the building, Stella also slowly looked towards it.

She saw the reinforced concrete, wood planks and building materials left after the construction and the puddles on the ground.

It was not a place for people to live in from every aspect.

Even though Jeffrey was hiding himself from place to place now, since he would give that gambler a large sum of reward before, he wouldn't aggrive himself to live in such a place.

Right at this moment, except for the sound of the wind, Stella suddenly heard the sound of fighting from the top floor afar.

She quickly looked up and Channing's figure flashed.

Stella's eyelashes shivered. She moved her lips in an attempt to call him. However, fearing that this would stimulate Channing, she pushed aside the weeds in front of her and ran towards the building.

However, when she arrived at the downstairs of the building, a huge wood plaque fell down on the place beside her feet.

Stella instantly felt her hair standing up and her back broke out into cold sweats. She stopped. When she looked up again, she vaguely saw a man's upper body hanging in the air and he was waving his hands. It seemed like he was struggling for his own life out of the instinct.

If she guessed it right, the man was Jeffrey.

But the building was so tall and Stella couldn't hear their conversation at all. She could only pray that Adolph would arrive there in time and stop them.

She slowly clenched her hands into fists, took a deep breath and then walked into the building.