

Mr Conrad 371

Chapter 371-It was on the top floor of the building.

Although Jeffrey was being pinched by the neck and his face was red, his mouth did not stop, "You are an ungrateful person, bastard, I had raised you for so many years in vain, I should have known, I should have known ..."

His voice was getting lower, as if it was stuck in his throat.

Channing's expression was cold and his face numb, "You should have died in the beginning. People like you can only die to atone for your sins."

Jeffrey's tongue spat out, as if he wanted to say something else, but not even a single sound could come out of his mouth. His eyes started to go white.

Just when Jeffrey thought that he was going to die here, the choking sensation suddenly disappeared and Channing was vigorously lifted to the side.

Jeffrey supported himself with both his hands. He coughed violently while looking at the scene in front of him.

Without hesitation, Channing punched the man behind him with his fist. With his face full of anger, "Get out!"

Adolph took two steps backwards from his blow, reached out to wipe the blood from the corner of his lips and frowned, "You want to kill him? Are you crazy?"

"You come at the right time. He's not the only one who I want to kill. I want to kill you too." Between Channing's eyebrows, there were some hints of killing intent, he clenched his fist, "If you hadn't conspired with him, how would ..."

Behind him, Jeffrey was laughing wildly, "I'm wondering why you suddenly go crazy. It turns out that you are standing out for your cheap sister. Now that you see she's the daughter of a rich family but you're just the son of a scum like me and you're unbalanced? You want to kill me to claim credit from her, so that she can reward you with two bites of rice?"

Channing's face was cold. He wanted to step forward but he was held back by Adolph.

Jeffrey coughed as he laughed, "I think you shall better stop. She's a rich young lady. The blood in her bones is different from ours. She drives luxury cars and lives in a big house, while we can only live in dirty and smelly sewers, that's the difference. You can only blame yourself for not being able to reincarnate to a rich family."

"Hey, hey, you are my son, this is your life. Even if you kill me today, you are still my son. If you really hate me that much, just kill me, you shall jump from here ..."

"You really think that Stella treats you as a brother? Let me tell you the truth, people like us are just a dog in the eyes of those rich people. They will smooth your hair when they are happy; kick you aside and leave you alone when they are unhappy."

"If she really cares about you that much, why would she let you come to me. She will ask you to eat and drink well with her. Sister-brother love? Pooh, it's just fake love. If you have understood the truth, call me dad, I can give you some money when I'm happy."

"You hate me but I don't lose anything. As long as you're still alive in this world, I'm not losing anything. You are my son, that's something that you can't change for the rest of your life! As for Stella, you shall better forget about her. You're my son. She will hate you as much as she hates me. You shall not be too naive, feel that ..."

Before Jeffrey could finish his words, Stella appeared silently on the penthouse.

She said indifferently, "Haven't you ever heard the saying, villains die because they talk too much."

On the other side, Channing and Adolph were fighting.

Rather than fighting, it was more like Channing beat Adolph while Adolph was defending himself without hurting Channing.

Despite this, he had injured quite badly.

When he heard Stella's voice, Channing stiffened and his fist that was hanging in the middle of the air stopped there.

Adolph took the opportunity to turn himself over and control him.

Stella withdrew her gaze after seeing this. She looked at Jeffrey and walked forward, "You're right. People like you can only live in the dirty, stinking sewers. Even seeing a ray of sunlight is an extravagant hope for you."

Jeffrey moved his mouth to say something, but there was another violent cough.

Stella continued, "I do hate you, but do you think that I hate you because of the beastly things you had done? I hate you because I once always thought that you were my father, and I don't understand why there could be a father who could be so disgusting and heartless in this world. It was built up over and over again in disappointment and despair."

"But in other words, when I knew that you were not my father, I felt that it all made sense and I no longer thought that it was the world that was unjust to me, but only because I had the bad luck to meet you."

"As for Chan, he is my brother and has no relationship with you. Since he was a child, you did not fulfill your responsibility as a father, so you cannot say that he is your son. The only obligation he has to you

is to visit your grave during Tomb Sweeping Festival every year. Other than that, you shall not expect anything."

Jeffrey laughed oddly, "Don't say that too early. Even if you don't care about those things that happened in the past, will your father don't mind too? It doesn't matter if a scum like me dies, tsk, it's just a pity ..."

Channing roared, "Shut up!"

Stella looked at him and calmly said, "Chan, did Charles look for you?"

Yes, that was definitely the case.

Otherwise, he would not behave strangely today. Furthermore, Winnie said that a man went to look for him in a luxury car.

Stella continued, "I don't know what he had told you. You just need to remember that you are my brother and the only family member I have in this world."

Channing's emotion seemed to ease. His eyelashes drooped slightly. He still clenched his fists, with blood dripping down bit by bit.

At this time, Jeffrey jumped down from the penthouse when they were not paying attention to him.

Stella hurriedly ran over to take a look. The platform that was built during the previous construction was still there on the floor below. Jeffrey jumped onto it and was now running towards the building.

Before she could react, a figure flashed beside her. Adolph also jumped afterwards.

Although Jeffrey was not as strong as Adolph, he had been hiding here for some time and had taken full advantage of the terrain, gaining a momentary advantage. He pushed the bush that obstructed the

hole away and went inside the hole using both his hands and legs.

He looked back and spat. When he was feeling proud of himself, he suddenly saw some men standing there, as if they had been waiting for him for a long time.

Jeffrey tried to backtrack but saw that Adolph had already jumped over the wall.

The few men just confronted each other. When Jeffrey was just about to run, he heard a bang. He clutched his leg and fell to the ground, cursing, "Who sent you here? Do you know who I am? I ..."

Looking at the blackened muzzle of the gun, he shut up instantly.

Adolph glanced at him and frowned as those people on the opposite side of the hole were approaching him.

There was no way for him to run away.

Chapter 372-The penthouse was quiet again. Stella walked over to Channing. Looking at his hands with blood dripping, she gently held his arm, "Let's go back."

After a while, Channing said, "Aren't you going to ask me anything?"

"If you want to tell me, you would have said it long ago, but if you're not willing to tell me, it's pointless for me to ask."

At this time, footsteps sound came from the hallway.

It was Vincent.

After he stopped, he took a few breaths, "No, what do you young people think nowadays, can't you choose to fight on the ground floor, why does it have to be so high?"

Channing pursed his lips tightly and did not say anything.

Stella looked at Vincent, "It's alright, let's go."

Vincent looked at Channing and then back at her. He lifted his eyebrows for a moment, as if he wanted to ask something, but in the end, he swallowed it back.

When they arrived downstairs, there was no sign of Jeffrey and Adolph around, not even the sound of a fight could be heard.

One of his men walked up to Vincent and whispered. The latter's face changed slightly, but he just raised his hand, "Keep finding."

"Yes."

Vincent said to Stella, "I'll give you a lift?"

Stella nodded, then remembered something, "My car is still parked over there ..."

"The key."

Stella handed over the car key. Vincent took it and then threw it to the men behind him. He asked Stella for a detailed address.

Sitting in the car, Vincent looked through the rear-view mirror and asked, "Where do you want to go?"

Stella said, "The hospital."

At this moment, Channing, who had been kept quiet for long, said, "Just simply find a place and drop me there."

Stella ignored him and simply said, "Find the nearest hospital."

"Okay."

Twenty minutes later, the car stopped in front of a private hospital.

Channing frowned and when he was just about to refuse, Stella said, "I don't want to talk to you anymore, go see the doctor first and get your wound treated, or else I'll beat you."

In the end, Channing entered the hospital in silence.

Stella followed him. After two steps of walking, she said to Vincent again, "Thank you for sending us here, I will settle the rest of the things on my own."

"I'll go first then?"

"Alright, goodbye."

Vincent lifted his hand towards her, turned around and left.

Stella helped Channing to register. After he went to the consultation room of the hospital, she sat on the chair outside, pinched her brow and let out a breath.

After sitting for a while, she took out her mobile phone and dialled Adolph's number.

However, it showed up as unreachable.

To avoid being traced, Adolph would often change his phone number. Most of the time, it was always him who contacted her.

Judging at the situation, she could only wait.

Stella felt a little bit tired. She leaned back in the chair behind her. When she was about to rest, there was steady footsteps sound coming from the corridor.

She slowly opened her eyes and saw the wretched man's cold features.

Stella was stunned for a moment, "Aren't you in a meeting, why are you here?"

Clarence sat next to her, "The meeting is over."

He looked at Stella's blood-stained cuffs and frowned.

Seeing this, Stella hurriedly said, "It's not mine, it's Chan's."

Clarence pursed his thin lips for a moment, holding her cold hand, "What does he mad at again?"

"Charles seems to have met with him. I don't know what he had said, just ..."

"It's obvious that he had said something bad."

Stella drooped her head, "Actually, I'm the one who shall be blamed for this matter. If I had given Chan a clear explanation earlier, the incident would not have happened today."

Clarence said indifferently, "You always like to take the blame on yourself, there are so many people in this world, you can't take care of every single one."

Stella could not help but frowned, "I don't care about other people in this world, but he is my brother, so I have to care about him."

“If you have the spare time to care about your brother, why don’t you have the spare time to care about your husband?”

Stella was speechless.

The bastard started talking nonsense after saying two decent sentences.

She pulled her hand out, “I don’t have a husband, who do I need to care about?”

“If you want to have one, go get a marriage license tomorrow and you’ll have the perfect husband.”

“Thanks, I don’t want to.”

Stella felt that the breath that had been lingering in her chest and blocking her chest had instantly subsided after talking two or three sentences with the wretched man.

Just then, the door of the consultation room was opened and Channing came out from inside.

His wounds had already been bandaged, but he still looked helter-skelter.

Stella and Clarence got up one after the other. She said, “What did the doctor say?”

“I’m fine.”

“Then ...”

Clarence’s faint voice came, “If he hurts badly, he’ll lie down long ago. How can he still be able to walk?”

Stella swallowed the words that came to her mouth as that was true.

After they came out of the hospital, Channing said, "I have to go."

"Wait." Stella called out to him, "Where are you planning to go?"

"Back to school."

Stella said, "You can go back after you've recovered, it has no difference on whether you go back today or tomorrow. If you go back like this, how are you going to explain to your classmates and teachers?"

Channing knew that she still worried about him and was afraid that he would go back to find Jeffrey.

After a while, he said, "I can go and stay in a hotel."

"Cannot."

However, Stella could not think of where to let him stay for a moment, she was now staying with the Steward family so she did not know how to place him.

Clarence pulled open the car door and spoke indifferently, "Stay at my place."

Stella was surprised, "Stay at your place?"

Clarence reached out his hand and flicked her forehead, "Why, I don't have a house for him to stay?"

"No, I ..."

"Don't worry, there are no restrictions on staying at my place except one rule, that is, if he runs around, I'll break his legs."

Stella suddenly felt that what he said made sense.

She immediately nodded, and then said to Channing, "You stay at his place then. When I'm not around, you have to listen to him."

Channing frowned, "On what grounds?"

Clarence tapped his long fingers on the car window, "Because I'm your brother-in-law. Get in."

Seeing that Channing was not moving, he added, "If you want to walk, you can do so. I will send someone to follow you and show you the way."

As soon as Clarence's words left his mouth, Nathan, who was waiting beside him, took a slight step forward and revealed an awkward but polite smile, as if to say that he was the passionate chaperone who would accompany him to walk.

Channing pursed his lips, took a breath, and finally compromised. He pulled open the car door and bent his body to get into the car.

Clarence looked at Stella, raised his eyebrows and inclined his head, "You can get in too."

Stella pursed her lips and smiled as she passed by him.

Nathan also got back to the seat where he belonged and let out a sigh of relief. It was fortunate that he did not have to accompany him to walk.

Along the way, Nathan asked, "Mr. Conrad, where are we going now?"

Clarence looked at Stella, seemingly seeking her opinion. Stella said, "My car is with Vincent, just drop me off there."

Clarence said indifferently, "Ask Vincent where is he now."

Chapter 373-When Stella returned to the Steward family, Phoebe was reading a magazine in the living room.

Stella asked the maid directly, "Where is Mr. Steward?"

The maid looked at her, then looked at Phoebe. She stammered for half a day, refusing to speak.

Phoebe did not raise her head and was casually flipping through the magazine in front of her. She said indifferently, "Why do you want to look for my father?"

Stella was furious at the moment and talked to her in a bad tone, "This is between him and me. Is there anything to do with you?"

After hearing those words, Stella was stunned for a moment and frowned. She raised her eyes to look at her and snorted, "It's true to say that you are rude."

"Ms. Steward can go and do some skin treatment when you are free. I'm not in the mood to talk pedantically with you. Does Ms. Steward think that it's okay for me to send out the video in the club?"

As expected, Phoebe's face instantly turned pale.

Seeing this, the maid hurriedly said, "Master Steward is in the study room."

Stella did not say any more nonsense to her. She directly withdrew her gaze and walked towards the study room.

Phoebe got up, looked at her back, and threw the magazine heavily into the dustbin.

In the study room, Charles was flipping through the contract when the door was suddenly opened.

He looked over and said lightly, "Due to courtesy, shouldn't you knock on the door first?"

Stella laughed and said coldly, "Mr. Steward went to look for my brother and didn't tell me beforehand, respect is a mutual thing."

Hearing her words, Charles was not surprised. He closed the contract, "I went to look for him for your good sake."

"I don't see what's so good about it."

Charles leaned back in his seat, clasped his hands together, and said indifferently, "You said you were Miranda's daughter, I'll believe you for now. Looking at Miranda's relics, I won't do any investigation. But if everything you say is true, your brother is the one who has brought the Steward family into disrepute, I am just reminding him of this fact so that he will have the self-awareness to stay away from you. If this is not for your good sake, what is it for?"

Even though Stella knew that Charles would not say anything good when he went to look for Chan, she merely thought that he would make use of Jeffrey to hurt Chan. She never expected that he would actually say these words!

Stella pursed her lips tightly, "He is my brother, this is a fact that no one can change."

Charles said, "In this world, there are always trade-offs. Since you choose to enjoy glory and wealth, I will give you everything that belongs to you. However, you have to make the payoff, that's to stay away from those people that will hold you back. It doesn't matter if you don't care. Now that you're in the Steward family, everything that you do represents everything that the Steward family does, so it's important to think thoroughly before you do it."

Stella snorted, "I don't know that I'm so powerful."

"That's the truth, you shall be well aware of that from the moment you step through the doors of the Steward family. There are countless pairs of eyes that are watching you."

“Since Mr. Steward cares so much about the Steward family’s face, instead of wasting time on me, why don’t you discipline Ms. Steward?”

“I have my plans for Phoebe.” Charles added, “Phoebe grows up in a different environment from you, she has her own sense of propriety and will never do a thing that will make other people take advantage of her. In comparison, I don’t need to worry too much.”

Stella calmed down, “From what Mr. Steward said, you think that there is nothing that Ms. Steward has done that cannot be exposed to the public, right?”

Hearing those words, Charles narrowed his eyes and did not speak.

Stella continued, “Mr. Steward should know very well that what I want is very simple, but if someone I care about gets hurt, I’ll fight desperately. I have nothing to lose anyway, so I have nothing to be afraid of.”

After saying that, Stella did not stay any longer but turned around to leave.

Behind her, Charles’ face gradually turned cold.

When she came back to her room, Stella counter locked the door, put down her things and lay on the bed.

It was clear that she did not do anything, but she felt exhausted.

Not long after, the mobile phone in her pocket rang.

Stella took it out and saw that it was Clarence calling. She let out a breath and picked up.

Clarence’s voice came, “Have you arrived?”

“Arrived a while ago, where are you guys?”

“Just arrived.”

Stella wanted to ask Clarence where he had taken Chan but swallowed the words back as they came to her mouth.

Even though she did not ask, Clarence knew what she was thinking and said in a light voice, “At the Starry Lake Mansion, he’s given a floor.”

Stella was speechless.

Clarence said, “The main bedroom is my room, you had slept in the guest room before, so he can only sleep on the floor.”

“You are very ...”

“Well, these are not things you shall worry about.” Clarence said, “Did you look for Charles?”

Stella responded with a sullen hmm.

Clarence said again, “What did he say?”

Stella whispered, “Didn’t you say that he won’t say anything good?”

“Yes. But your brother’s problem is not small. He is young and impetuous. He is being taken advantage of because of two or three provocative words. Stella, I know that he’s important to you, but you have to be clear about one thing, you’re not always there to protect him.”

Hearing what he had said about Chan, Stella could not help but frowned and retorted, "Where is his impetuous personality? Chan is much more mature and understanding than any other child of his age."

"He beat me up the first time he met me. That was not considered impetuous?"

Stella knew that the wretched man was still holding a grudge, she slowly said, "That's what he thought, no ... that's because you did do something wrong to me."

Speaking of this, Stella was silent again.

Chan was so impulsive because he wanted to stand up for her every time.

Whether it was the incident that he beat Clarence or he wanted to kill Jeffrey today.

After a while, a voice came from the other end of the phone, "It's getting late, let's hit the sack now"

Stella knew that he did not want to bring up the divorce issue.

Before hanging up the phone, Stella suddenly remembered something and said again, "Right, if you ... are convenient, help me find Adolph."

Clarence frowned unhappily, "Why do you want to look for him?"

"He was there today, chasing after Jeffrey, and I'm afraid ..." Stella said, "If you don't want to find him, forget about it, I'll figure a solution out myself."

Clarence was speechless.

Did he say he did not want to look for him?

Stella said, "Okay, let's hang up, I'm going to take a shower."

Clarence licked his lips and said slowly, "Who stipulates that you have to hang up the phone during shower?"

"I stipulate it!!!"

After saying that, she directly hung up the phone.

Stella really did not know what was going on in his head every day.

Chapter 374-In Starry Lake Mansion...

Clarence naturally did not let Channing sleep on the floor. He asked Alisa to tidy up the vacant room downstairs for Channing instead.

Channing sat on the sofa. His clothes had dried blood stains.

After Clarence had gone downstairs, he threw the clothes in his hand into Channing's arms, "Change your clothes."

Channing acknowledged his orders and sat there motionless. He seemed to be thinking about something.

Clarence took a seat opposite him and crossed his long legs, "Are you reflecting on your mistakes, or are you contemplating how you can make Stella's situation more difficult?"

After listening to Clarence, Channing couldn't help but frown. He spoke after a long time, "I am not thinking about that."

"But you have certainly done it."

Channing pursed his lips and did not talk anymore.

Seeing that Channing was unwilling to answer him, Clarence then said, "I understand your intentions of killing Jeffrey to avenge your sister's suffering. You thought that if you have succeeded in killing him today, you would have killed one of the dregs of society and your actions would have contributed to the elimination of evil people in the society. People would rejoice over his death. However, the law would not condone your actions."

"If you have really killed him, besides being convicted of patricide, you would have done exactly what they wanted you to do. Stella would be in the centre of controversy. Everything that happened in the past would be under the spotlight. Malicious speculations and endless criticism would be the only things that await her. There would be nothing else."

Channing frowned even deeply, "I thought that if Jeffrey is dead, everything would come to an end."

"That is only your judgement." Clarence said slowly, "Things are not as simple as that. Everything that happened today had been planned by Charles. He took advantage of you. Regarding his actual objective..."

In the midst of the conversation, Clarence squinted.

If his assumption wasn't wrong, it was very likely that Jeffrey had currently fallen into Charles's hands.

It turned out that the sly, old man was indeed capable. He was actually able to find Jeffrey.

Channing said, "But isn't Charles..."

Clarence recollected himself and interrupted Channing, "He isn't."

A trace of surprise and bewilderment appeared on Channing's face.

“Your sister refuses to tell you about this because she doesn’t want you to be worried. Unexpectedly, Charles took advantage of this.” Clarence continued to speak, “Your sister is right. You are only required to remember one thing. In this world, you are her one...”

Clarence paused for a while and said, “Of three family members.”

Channing acknowledged his words questioningly.

Clarence got up and took a glance at Channing. He said distastefully, “Go and take a bath.”

In a short while, Alisa finished tidying up the room, exited the room and handed Channing some daily necessities.

Channing said softly, “Thank you.”

“Don’t mention it. You are Ms. Radomil’s younger brother. This is my job.”

Channing nodded at her in greeting. Then, he entered the room.

After taking a bath, he went out of the bathroom, sat up in bed and looked at his unfamiliar surroundings in the room. He covered his eyes with his arm and remained silent for a long time.

He removed the arm on his face after some time. He held up his phone and phoned Stella.

After a few rings, Stella answered his call.

Channing said, “I’m sorry.”

Stella kept quiet for two seconds and replied, “Chan, you have nothing to apologize for. I should have told you everything in advance.”

“I have already known everything.”

Stella paused for a while, “Clarence told you?”

Channing acknowledged her words with a soft voice.

Stella let out an inaudible sigh, “Chan, this matter is very complicated. I don’t want you to get involved in this matter. However, I should have realized that it would be only a matter of time before Charles would make use of you in his schemes.”

Channing didn’t say anything.

Stella added, “How did you know Jeffrey was there?”

“He told me that.”

Stella’s mind went blank and then she realized that the person Chan mentioned was Charles.

Just as she expected, it seemed that Charles had planned everything in advance.

Stella also added, “Chan, you should not bother yourself with this matter. Don’t believe a word of what Charles said. After you have recovered your injuries, you should return to school to continue your studies. He does not dare to lay a hand on you anymore.”

“Ok.”

This was the only thing he could do at that moment.

It was ironic that he would be the biggest help to her by doing absolutely nothing.

No matter how much time had passed, he would always be a burden.

Before ending the call, Stella said, "By the way, you said something hurtful to Winnie in a moment of anger when she met you today, didn't you?"

The mention of this matter made Channing furrow his brows faintly. He silently affirmed that the matter was true.

Stella spoke, "She is quite concerned about you. Anyway, you should give her a call to apologize to her."

After a long time, Channing's Adam's apple bobbed up and down, "Ok."

Putting away his phone, his fingers glided across his phone screen and stopped at Winnie's name on the screen. He was hesitant about dialling her number.

Just when he intended to put down his phone, he accidentally dialled Winnie's number.

Channing looked at the screen and wanted to end the call instinctively. However, he put his phone to his ear after hesitating for a few seconds.

Soon, a voice of a man came from Channing's phone, "Who is this?"

Channing pursed his thin lips and remained silent.

A few seconds had passed and Winnie's voice came from his phone, "Who is on the phone?"

The man said, "I don't know. He hasn't spoken yet."

Winnie replied, "Maybe it is a scam call. End the call."

The man then said, "Have you finished your shower?"

Before the man could end the call, Channing turned off his phone swiftly.

He stared at the ceiling and seemed to be thinking about something.

After a long time, he held up his phone again and dialled a number.

The person on the other side of the phone said while yawning, "It is late at night. Aren't you sleeping..."

Before the person could end his sentence, Channing interrupted the person.

Channing said calmly, "I agree to do it."

The person on the other side of the phone was instantly wide awake, "Wait a minute, what did you say? Say it again? Never mind, never mind. You don't need to repeat your words. I guess that I am not dreaming about this. Everything is finalized. Tomorrow, I will fetch you to the venue where you will sign a contract. Send me your address now. I will come and fetch you!"

"There is no need for that. You can send me the address of the venue. I will directly send it to you."

"What if you change your mind on the spot?"

"This will not happen."

Only when you were powerful enough, you were qualified to protect the people you want to protect.

The person on the other side of the phone added, "Ok. Tomorrow ten o'clock in the morning, I will have prepared the contract and I will wait for you in the company. I will give you the address immediately."

Channing replied, "Ok."

Shortly after he had hung up, Channing received the address.

He remembered the address after taking a look at it. He then put down his phone and closed his eyes.

It was a sleepless night.

The next morning, when Clarence went downstairs, he saw that Alisa had set the table for breakfast and said calmly, "Has he not woken up yet?"

"He has already woken up. Chan got out of bed at half past seven and said that he was going out to do something."

Clarence said coldly, "Did he say his destination?"

Alisa shook her head, "No. He only said that he knows what he should do and he will never be taken advantage by anyone anymore in the future. He also mentioned that Ms. Radomil and you can rest assured."

Clarence acknowledged Alisa's words. That was more like it.

He pulled out a chair and sat down. Alisa spoke in a tentative tone, "Sir, I think that I might have mentioned something by a slip of the tongue."

Chapter 375-After listening to Alisa, Clarence lifted his brows and realized the reason why Stella was so obsessed with problems regarding the child.

She firmly believed that Dolores was in City N. Therefore, it was natural that she started to be suspicious of other matters.

Alisa said uneasily, "Sir, will anything happen?"

Clarence recollected himself and replied calmly, "Nothing will happen."

After he had finished his breakfast, Clarence entered the Rolls Royce parked outside the mansion.

Nathan said, "Mr. Conrad, Jeffrey has not been found yet. Mr. James's staff stated that there was a pool of blood at the scene. It is likely that Jeffrey..."

Clarence leaned back in the back seat and only said, "Keep a close watch on Charles. Once he has made a move, tell me immediately."

"Yes, Mr. Conrad."

After some time, Clarence added, "Is there any clues regarding Adolph at the scene?"

Probably not expecting Clarence to suddenly mention the person, Nathan paused for a while, "Mr. Conrad means..."

"Stella said that he had gone after Jeffrey."

Clarence squinted. If Jeffrey was really taken away by Charles's men, he should be fraught with danger.

A few moments later, Clarence then continued, "Look for him too during the search for Jeffrey. If he is alive, bring him back along with Jeffrey."

Nathan nodded, "Yes, Mr. Conrad."

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On the day of the designers' contest, not only the organizers and all the judges but also many media reporters were at the venue. Everyone was waiting for the live broadcast of the contest later.

Stella and Modesty arrived at almost the same time. The latter cast a disdainful look at Stella, withdrew her eyes from her and strode away.

Stella grinned and sat down in her own seat.

Soon, all ten contestants had arrived and was waiting for the organizers to announce the names of the contestants who entered the final round.

At the section where the press reporters were seated, there was a lively discussion as to who the winner would be.

Whether it was Stella, Modesty or the other designers, they were all popular candidates of the contest.

Although Stella was a newcomer in the design industry, her works had already won the first place in designers' contest three years ago. Even though she lost the opportunity to study abroad due to objective reasons, she was gifted and had potential.

Moreover, when she made her comeback last year, she signed a contract with the top domestic jewellery magazine, SG Jewelry Magazine. She was the only designer at that time.

At the end of the year, she left SG Jewelry Magazine and created her own brand. Although it was not considered as a high-end brand, it had become the favourite niche brand of many stars. The current hottest award-winning actress, Winnie Truman, had been basically wearing pieces of this brand in every event she had attended.

She was regarded as a dark horse in the design industry. Nobody knew how far would she go, and nobody knew how much of her talent had yet been showed to the world.

In regard to Modesty, her teacher was the design world's top designer, Robert. During her three years in Paris, she had already gained some fame. As of now, her design level and skill was comparable to Stella.

As for other popular contestants, they had their respective strengths. It would be difficult to rank them in a short time.

When everyone was having a lively discussion, the staff representing the organizers finally came on stage, "Sorry for the long wait. The top three contestants in the previous round are finally finalized. The finalists will be announced from the lowest place, one by one..."

When he was speaking, he left a suspense and each word was stretched in his voice. His words had left everyone hanging in midair.

When everyone was holding their breath nervously, the staff continued to speak, "Third place, Ms. Charlotte Boyce."

There was a round of applause from the audience. People around Charlotte congratulated her. They looked at her enviously but their eyes also showed sadness and helplessness.

Once some of them had handed in their designs, they already knew that they had no chance of entering the final round.

With a smile on her face, Charlotte nodded at the people who congratulated her to acknowledge their words of congratulation. She thanked them one by one.

Immediately after that, the staff continued to announce the finalists, "Second place, Ms. Radomil."

In fact, everyone there had expected Stella to be placed second.

However, since she was placed second, the first place would go to...

Everyone diverted their gaze to Modesty who had raised her chin slightly.

While everyone was looking at her, the staff said slowly, "First place, Ms. Modesty Parker."

The corners of her mouth quirked up. It seemed that she was not surprised that she got first place. She acted as if the title belonged to her all along.

At the judges table, one of the judges was flattering Robert. He said that it was no wonder that Modesty was his student and she would be worthy of being his successor and so on.

Robert had a satisfied smile on his face.

At that moment, the staff spoke again, "We will take a short break. Half an hour later, the three finalists will enter the rooms over there. The three of you have three hours to design your pieces. When the time is up, all the judges will give scores to your pieces and then choose the first place of this designers' contest."

In the direction pointed by the staff, there were three rooms. The walls of the rooms were made up of transparent glass. The transparent walls indicated that the contest was open and transparent.

After the staff had gotten down the stage, Stella let out a breath and got up to go to the bathroom.

Just after she had taken two steps towards the bathroom, she saw Robert talking to Modesty. His facial expression showed relief and appreciation. During their conversation, he glanced at her in contempt.

The corners of Stella's mouth quirked up. Finally, she found out where Modesty's conceited and arrogant personality came from. Since her father was a quiet and honest man, she had definitely learned it from her master who was as proud as a peacock.

Stella withdrew her gaze and left.

Robert stopped smiling and asked coldly, "Are you fully ready?"

Modesty nodded her head, "I am fully ready."

"As long as you maintain your level of performance steadily, everything will go well. Since you defeated her in the previous stage and won the first place, you can also triumph over her in the finals. As long as you don't make a mistake, I guarantee that you will be the champion of this contest!"

Modesty moved her lips and wanted to say something. However, she did not say anything in the end.

After telling her to perform well in the contest, Robert left.

Just after Robert had left, Arthur walked up to Modesty before she had the time to take a breath.

Modesty's facial expression changed significantly all of a sudden and spoke under her breath, "Didn't we agree that I will give you the money after the contest? What are you doing here now?"

Arthur laughed, "I have come here specially to congratulate you."

While speaking, he patted her on the shoulder. His hand purposely slid down her body from the shoulder, "You are really nervous. You should relax."

Modesty disdained to associate herself with people like him and slapped his hand away without any courtesy, "I don't need your words of congratulation. This is what I deserve."

Arthur laughed loudly, "Yes, yes. You are right. You deserve to get the first place."

Although he was laughing, the hint of sarcasm in his words was apparent.

Modesty breathed in deeply and didn't want to talk more nonsense with him. Just when she turned around to leave, Arthur stuffed a room card into her bag, "After the contest has ended, I will wait for you until you show up."

Chapter 376-Modesty looked at Arthur's back and felt disgusted.

She found Aurora who was looking at her new self-made nail art, "Rest assured. I have arranged everything well. Once the contest has ended, the money will be transferred to his account. In regard to you..."

Aurora glanced at her up and down twice and said in an apathetic tone, "If he wants you to go, you should go. Maybe he and you could share experiences with each other. After all, the both of you are in the same boat. If you are unwilling to do it, he will not force you."

After listening to Aurora, Modesty sensed that Aurora had the intention of casting Modesty aside after achieving her goals. Modesty couldn't help but frown, "Ms. Barton, we are actually in the same boat."

Aurora was unconcerned and laughed, "The person who is in the same boat with you doesn't matter. As long as we have the same goals, everything will go well. Things have come to this point. Don't tell me you regret everything you have done and want to change your mind?"

"I have no intentions of doing that. I am only..."

Aurora didn't have the patience to continue the conversation and was annoyed, "Ok, ok. I know what you are thinking. I find someone to talk to him later. He will be notified that you are not going to the meeting. What a hassle."

Modesty had a lot of pent-up frustrations but she could not quarrel with her directly. She could only say, "Thank you, Ms. Barton."

Aurora acknowledged her words lazily. She lifted her head to look at the door of the lounge, signalling to Modesty that she should leave.

After exiting the lounge, Modesty stood in the same spot for a moment and walked towards the staircase with her phone.

Although Arthur had some fame and did not have a very poor reputation, it wasn't his first time he had cheated for someone in a contest. Moreover, he was notorious for toying with women with his cheap tricks.

Modesty stood on the staircase and dialled Adolph's number. However, his phone was turned off.

Modesty couldn't help but frown. After thinking for a long time, she dialled her home number but nobody answered the phone.

Modesty felt very irritated. What were they doing?

They usually talked a good game, but when something happened, nobody was there.

.....

Stella stayed in the bathroom for ten minutes and left when someone entered the bathroom.

After taking a couple of steps, she saw a man smoking on the balcony.

Clarence met her gaze and lifted his brows slightly. He flicked ash from his cigarette gently and said in a magnetic voice, "I thought that you fainted in there."

"...Didn't you have something to do and couldn't come?"

"Is there anything more important than you?"

Stella raised her hand to touch her brows and walked towards him.

Clarence stubbed out half of the cigarette remaining, "Are you very nervous?"

Stella denied, "How do you know?"

"Your facial expression has already betrayed you, baby." Clarence flicked her forehead, "Your furrowed brows could kill a fly."

Stella reached out to touch her brows instinctively but she heard the man's low-pitched laughter.

He played a joke on her.

Stella punched his chest and said angrily, "You are joking with me at this point of time?"

The corners of Clarence's mouth quirked up, "I just want to make you less nervous."

Stella leaned against the wall beside him and closed her eyes, "I am not nervous because of the contest."

Since the incident with Chan, although she had been adjusting herself to the current situation, she still could not sleep well these days. She could not get in contact with Adolph and moreover, she didn't know what Charles would do next.

"You should not be worried about other matters. The contest is your battlefield."

After listening to Clarence, Stella was quite surprised as she didn't expect Clarence to speak these words.

A moment later, she suddenly spoke, "Clarence Conrad, if I win this contest, can you gift me something?"

Clarence lifted his brows, "Of course. Not to mention one gift, I will gift you whatever you desire."

Stella looked at him and said in a steady pace, "I just want an honest reply from you."

Meeting her direct and compelling gaze, Clarence looked calm and said slowly, "Everything I have said to you is true. If this is what you want, it will work out in my favour, won't it?"

Stella paused for a while, "Just pretend that I have never said that."

The wretched man was tight-lipped.

Soon, it was time for the contest to start.

Stella said, "I am going to the venue. The contest will last for three hours. You should attend to your work."

Clarence said, "I will accompany you outside."

"No need for that. You will only affect my performance."

Clarence could not think of a reply.

After she had finished talking, Stella turned around and headed towards the venue.

The designers who had originally participated in the previous round did not leave. They sat in their seats as if they wanted to wait to witness the birth of the champion with their own eyes.

Stella, Modesty and Charlotte entered their respective glass rooms one by one under the staff's orders.

Although the glass rooms were transparent, they were well soundproofed and hence, the contestants could not hear any noise from outside the rooms.

Furthermore, the walls of the rooms were made of special glass. People outside the rooms could see what was inside the rooms, but those inside the rooms could not see anything outside the rooms. That

way, not only the openness of the competition was ensured, but also the designers would not be affected by external influences.

After all the contestants had entered their rooms, the timer on the table was started.

Holding their breaths, everyone outside the rooms watched the contest. Modesty and Charlotte began to move their pens one after the other. Stella was the only contestant who stood in the room while staring at the paper. She seemed to be thinking about something.

Some spectators couldn't help but discuss softly, "The organizers did not announce the theme of the finals this time. The contestants have to rely on themselves to guess the theme. It is indeed quite difficult. Luck will become a huge factor of success. The one who is incapable of winning the contest can become the champion by accident. Whoever guesses the right theme will win the contest."

"It seems that Modesty and Charlotte are quite confident. I guess that they have already figured out the hidden theme. However, Ms. Radomil is acting as if she does not any clues about the theme."

"In my opinion, Modesty will definitely become the champion. If you think about it, Modesty studied in Paris for three years and learned from Robert in person. In regard to Ms. Radomil, she is a gifted designer. But in overall, her works are too mediocre and mainstream. It will be difficult for her to be recognized as a high-class designer. She will not succeed internationally."

When everyone was having a lively discussion, a man who was at the side said coldly, "In your eyes, if someone didn't go to Paris to hone their skills, her works will be inferior to those who studied there?"

"Hey, brother, this is not my own opinion. Paris is considered as a heaven for designers. Every designer has aspired to go there. When a designer studies there, she will broaden her horizons and gain new knowledge. Therefore, she will be more capable than an average designer. Not going to Paris was a great loss to Ms. Radomil. Anyway, I think that she will not be able to defeat Modesty this time."

After the reporter had finished talking, he finally noticed that the crowd around him fell silent. Everyone around him lowered their heads to minimize their presence. They were afraid of meeting his gaze.

The reporter seemed to have realized something. He turned around stiffly and saw the person sitting behind him. The person was the president of Conrad Group who was renowned for arguing with online haters and doting on his wife.

The reporter was shocked to the core.

Chapter 377-As time passed by, Stella finally started writing after about forty minutes.

The nervous people watching outside heaved a sigh of relief in unison.

Clarence sat in his seat with his legs crossed, watching this scene silently.

Stella wasn't designing something new in the room but instead drawing a piece that she had done before.

That time, the necklace that she had sent to the charity dinner held by the Jason family had disappeared. And she didn't know where it had gone till now.

Moreover, there was no topic for this competition.

From the competition rules at the beginning, to the progression later, and now to the final round, it had revealed a message overall. That was to break the boundaries and not just stick to any subject. The courage to innovate was the key.

So, what it meant was that no matter what the contestants turned in, it was all in line with the title.

Furthermore, that pocket watch necklace had never been shown in any public place other than to Stanford.

If anyone questioned her, it would mean that the stolen necklace was in that person's hand.

However, Stella had still altered some of the intricate details that were hard to notice the difference other than herself.

The three hours were soon up, and Stella stopped drawing, letting out a breath.

After the staff had taken away their work, Stella and the girls left the room separately.

The judges who had been sitting in their seats also got up and went into the meeting room.

Before Aurora left, she gave Stella a look and hummed as if to say wait and see.

On the other hand, Phoebe behaved much more calmly, maintaining her condescending image.

When Stella was about to go to Clarence, she found him sitting in the press area while the original reporters had all gathered and stood in the corner, looking around and doing their best to lower their presence.

Stella was puzzled.

Clarence walked over to her, "What are you looking at?"

"Why are they..."

Clarence didn't even turn his head as he said slowly, "Maybe they're uncomfortable after sitting for a long time."

After a pause, he grabbed Stella's hand, "Leave them alone. Let's go to eat."

After spending a long time inside, Stella was indeed hungry and said, "The contest isn't over yet."

Clarence said, "It will take an hour for the results to come out. There's no point just sitting here and wait."

That was also true.

"Let's go then."

It caused an uproar at the scene for them to leave like that.

And it seemed that they were confident in this match.

However, Stella didn't feel much confident. She just thought that there was nothing else she could do since the work had already been handed in. So, instead of staying here to wait for the result, it would be better to have a meal and return later.

As she ate, Stella asked, "How was Chan doing at your place over the past two days?"

Clarence filled her cup with water, "Well, he's fine and doing good."

"I mean how was his injury..."

"It's not like he had hurt his bone and joints, not to mention that it was someone else who got beaten up and not him. He had recovered long ago."

Speaking of this, Stella frowned, "Still no news from Adolph?"

Clarence said, "If he was that easy to find, would he still be alive until now?"

Stella was silent and didn't deny this.

Clarence added, "I've told you not to worry about these things. I'll take care of it."

"But you're in a mess yourself."

"What's messy about me?"

"Hasn't the Conrad family made another move recently?"

Otherwise, Clarence wouldn't be so busy.

Hearing this, he just smiled, "Nothing new. I'm used to it."

It was just a matter of holding a board meeting and making some unreasonable demands.

Seeing that Clarence was speaking light-heartedly, Stella was clear that this wouldn't be simple to deal with it.

After a while, she added, "Ms. Anderson..."

Clarence looked at her, "What's the matter?"

Stella looked away, "Nothing. I was just asking that when we are done with this period, can we go see her?"

"Sure."

Stella was just testing, but she didn't expect him to agree so quickly. So she was lost for words for a while. After a bit of silence, she got back to the topic, "What was Chan doing the past two days? Had he been staying and not going out?"

Clarence said, "Leaving early and coming back late."

Stella was puzzled.

Stella wondered, "What has he been doing?"

"It's fine as long as it's not something harmful."

Hearing his words, Stella knew that her worries were superfluous.

After the lesson learned last time, Chan probably would not act rashly again with Clarence by his side.

They finished their meal very quick, and when they returned, there were still fifteen minutes before the results were announced.

As soon as Stella sat down, the reporters wanted to come over for an interview.

Many people had placed their bets on Stella and Modesty as to who would win this time. Moreover, she had such a significant backing. Even if nobody said anything about it, they all felt that the organizers would more or less show respect to Clarence.

So, the winner would most likely be Stella.

And that was why they all came to interview her first.

Stella smiled faintly and responded politely, "Let's wait until the competition is over."

If the champion wasn't her, it would be awkward for her to accept this interview now.

The reporters left with regret seeing her refusal.

Clarence asked her in a low voice, "Having no confidence?"

"I just think it's better to be more modest." Stella said slowly, "What's more, it's not my fault to lose this match too. I'm just taking a bullet for you."

Clarence was puzzled.

Stella said, "I've heard that the rich and powerful are all very close to each other, especially those celebrity girls who usually like having afternoon tea and skin care those, right?"

"Yes."

"Then, do you think that the two women that you have offended will woo other ladies to target me together?"

Clarence pursed his lips slightly for a while before saying, "There's one that you have offended."

Stella hummed.

What a wretched man.

Clarence held her hand and said generously, "It's okay if you lose the competition. I'll take care of you forever."

Stella ignored him and took out her phone to reply to Sherry's message a few minutes ago.

No matter she won or lost in the end, she had put in all her effort.

So it was agreed before that once today's competition was over, everyone from the studio would go to dinner together.

After thinking about it, Stella sent another message to Winnie, asking if she was free tonight.

Chapter 378-It turned out that Stella's guess was correct. Including Phoebe and Aurora, all the rich ladies of City N invited to be judges gave Stella the lowest score.

The rest of the professional judges looked at each other and said nothing.

After all, these people's families were powerful and influential. So, no one would be bothered with them over this trivial matter.

After they had finished evaluating, the staff arranged for them to leave the venue orderly.

Before leaving, Aurora glanced at the other two judges, who nodded at her seamlessly.

She withdrew her gaze with a satisfied expression. It would be no way for that vixen to win this championship this time!

Phoebe, beside her, caught their small gestures and had a disdainful smile on her face.

It seemed apparent who the winner would be this time.

After leaving the conference room, Phoebe didn't want to stay there any longer and went straight away.

She had just gotten into the car when Charles's assistant called her, whispering, "Ms. Steward, the chairman wants you to come to the office."

Phoebe was impatient, "What's it?"

The assistant didn't say much and hung up the phone in a hurry.

Phoebe frowned, looking at the phone, and said to the driver, "Head to the company."

"Alright."

When Phoebe entered the company, she heard some of the employees gossiping about something. But, when they saw her, they quickly looked away and quieted down, scattering in all directions.

Phoebe's brows knitted tightly seeing this. She stopped one of the employees and asked displeasingly, "What are they talking about?"

The employee stammered, "This... Mr. Steward told us not to talk."

"Not even to me?"

"I... Ms. Steward, you'll know it when you see the chairman."

Phoebe held back her anger and got on the lift to go to Charles's office.

Phoebe pushed the door open after knocking on it outside, "Dad, what happened? I..."

Before Phoebe finished her words, she saw a man's smiling face.

She was no stranger to this man.

Donald waved his hand at her, "It's been a long time, Ms. Steward."

Phoebe said in a cold voice, "What are you doing here?"

Donald said, "Oh, here's the thing. I'm here on behalf of my client."

As he said that, he took out a pile of information documents from his briefcase.

Phoebe said blankly, "It's Stella who sent you here, right? What exactly does she want?"

"You may have misunderstood. There's nothing to do with her for me to come here." Donald sneered, "But, I'm quite interested in the problems between you and her. Let's talk in private sometime?"

"You..."

Donald pushed his phone in front of her, and a video was playing on it. The person in the video was precisely Bernice, who had been seriously injured and unconscious in a car accident.

She had already woken up, and she seemed to have good spirits apart from the gauze still wrapped around her head.

In the video, Bernice pointed out that she had become this because of Phoebe. She even said that Phoebe had instructed her to do many harmful things before. Although she didn't say it clear, anyone who had read the news would know that she was talking about Stella.

Phoebe's face changed instantly, with her lips moving, and she didn't know what to say for a moment.

Donald took back his phone, "I'm sorry. I accidentally put it on the Steward Group's official website when I was operating it previously. But, I've withdrawn it immediately. I believe the Steward Group's staff wouldn't spread it around, right?"

Although he apologized, he didn't seem to be filled with regret.

Halfway through, he even looked at Charles at his desk and said, "Am I right, Mr. Steward?"

Charles had a taut expression and said nothing.

He had clearly put in on the Steward Group's official website on purpose. Who could have been so careless to this extent?

Phoebe took a deep breath, "I don't know this person and I know nothing what she said."

Donald wasn't surprised by her answer. He just raised his brow, "Sure, Ms. Steward. You're right. I'm not here to press you. I'm just entrusted by the person concerned to go through the procedure. I

believe that you are not such a person. It's just that I have no reason to turn my clients away. But, don't worry. Even if she sues, she has no evidence or witnesses, and you will definitely win this lawsuit. And when I get the legal fees, I'll treat you to dinner."

Phoebe was obviously not as in a good mood as he was, with her hand clutching her skirt at her side.

Charles got up at this time and said, "Donald, when did you come back?"

Donald smiled and replied, "Just a few days ago."

Charles walked over to him and sat down, reaching for the teapot to pour himself a cup of tea, "You've been gone for so long this time, you should go home and keep your parents company. Don't they have any problem with you going out to work so soon?"

"Charles, as you know, I'm extremely hard to keep down. I like to find people to drink and have fun whenever I am free. Compared to that, my parents still prefer me to work properly."

Charles picked up the tea in front and took a sip, "It's a good thing to work. Just that you are the only son of your parents, you should go back and think about running the company after having fun outside."

"There's no rush. My dad is still fit and it's not too late to have more fun for a few years."

"I saw your dad last month and he's indeed looking good. However, for some matters, it's better to plan ahead before it's too late."

"You're right, Charles. Got it."

"Your father and I will have more time to come out for tea only after you take over the company. From now on, the company depends on the youngsters like you guys and we will have to take a step back

soon."

Seeing That Charles was starting to be emotional, Donald maintained his strict and courteous smile, "What are you talking about, Charles. You're still young and it's too early to think about this now."

"Phoebe is my only daughter. There are some things I have to think about for her in advance, otherwise..."

Donald was surprised, "Speaking of which, there's something I'm quite curious about. I've heard people say that Ms. Radomil is also your daughter. What's this about?"

Charles had a stiff face, knowing that he was intent on changing the subject. He put down his cup of tea, "It's just an accident from years ago. It's better not to mention it."

"An accident? Then you're quite fortunate to have such a daughter in the blink of an eye. And not only that, it might not be long before Clarence has to call you Dad."

As Donald just said this, there was an awkward silence in the office again.

Phoebe and Charles looked terrible.

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Chapter 379-Donald said guiltily again, “Did I accidentally say something wrong? Charles, you know that I’ve been away from City N for a long time and there are many things that I don’t know. So, I hope you don’t mind if I’ve offended.”

Charles said blandly, “It’s nothing. It’s all in the past.”

Donald looked at the time, “I have other things to do later, so I won’t stay too long. See you next time.”

With that, Donald nodded to them and left with a smile.

He felt relieved after leaving the Steward Group.

After getting into the car, Donald called Clarence, “I’ve done all the things that you asked me to do. When will you invite me to dinner?”

“What’s the hurry?”

“I can’t think properly without having good food.”

Clarence said, "Go eat on your own. I'll reimburse you."

He hung up the phone after saying that.

Donald was speechless.

He was such an ungrateful person.

On the other hand, the results of the competition were out.

And the final winner was Modesty.

Although Modesty was a well-liked contestant and had many supporters, the announcement of her being the winner still caused uproar in the crowd.

It was not a big deal for Stella to lose this, but rather a slap in the face for Clarence.

As the crowd cautiously turned their attention to the two, they looked normal, as if they were not surprised by the result.

On Modesty's side, ever since she was announced as the winner, many reporters had gathered around for interviews.

Stella said, "There's nothing more for us to do. Let's go."

Clarence raised his brow and leaned over to whisper in her ear.

Stella was speechless.

He was crazy.

What the wretched man just said was, "Since you didn't win the championship, I'll give you myself."

Clarence curled his lips and grabbed her hand, "Let's go."

They had just walked out of the venue when someone called out to Stella behind them.

Stella turned around and saw Charlotte walking over, who seemed nervous when seeing Clarence, "Mr. Conrad..."

Clarence only nodded slightly and said to Stella, "I'll wait for you in the car."

"Alright."

Only after he left did Charlotte let out a breath, "The competition is finally over. Do you have time to have dinner together?"

Stella said, "I've already got a date with my friend today. Let's do it next time."

"That's fine." Charlotte said, "Speaking of which, I'm still quite happy to have made it this far and gotten third place in this competition. I just feel sorry for you. You should have been the winner..."

Stella smiled hearing this, "There's nothing to be sorry about. It's normal to lose for not being as skilful as other."

Charlotte curled her lips, "Your work is much better than Modesty's. I think there's a problem with this year's judges and what the hell are they thinking about."

After saying that, Charlotte added, "But, it's okay. It's just a competition and it doesn't prove anything. I believe you will improve in the future."

Stella said, "Thank you."

Charlotte encouraged Stella and said, "I'll leave now then. See you next time. Bye."

"Bye."

Stella got into the car after watching her leave.

Clarence asked her, "Are you guys familiar?"

Stella said, "Not bad. We've talked twice before."

Clarence didn't say anything and let the driver head to the studio.

After a while, Stella said, "Wait... There's a place that I want to go."

After she said the address, Clarence frowned, "Why going there?"

"Just... a little matter. I'll just check it out. Don't worry about it."

Clarence asked, "Don't worry about it?"

Stella felt that it was pretty troublesome to explain to him. Seeing that the wretched man looked gloomy and seemed angry, she whispered, "I didn't mean that. Anyway, I'll talk to you later, okay?"

"Suit yourself."

Half an hour later, the car stopped in front of the hospital.

Stella said while opening the car door, "Wait for me here. I'll be back soon."

Stella had no clue rushing into the hospital. She could only go to the nurse's station and ask the nurse there.

It had been several days since Adolph had disappeared. Even if he needed to go into hiding for some reason, he would never have left Modesty's father behind.

Thinking about the name she saw on the medical records that day, Stella asked, "I'd like to know a patient called Eugene Parker, which ward is he staying in?"

The nurse searched on the computer and then frowned, "Who are you to him?"

"I'm... here to see him for a friend."

"Eugene has been dead for several days and his body was still in the morgue without any family members to claim it. So if you know his family, please tell them."

Stella widened her eyes in confusion hearing it, "When did it happen?"

The nurse told her the exact time of death.

Stella recalled that it was just an hour before Adolph called her that day.

So, by that time, Modesty's father had already...

Stella pursed her lips tightly. If she had known this was the case, she shouldn't have let Adolph come over to help her find Chan.

Seeing that Stella didn't say anything, the nurse reached out and waved her hand in front of Stella, "Ma'am?"

Stella came back to her senses, "I'm sorry."

After a while, she added, "Have you contacted his family?"

The nurse complained, "He said he had a daughter. We tried calling several times but couldn't get through. What kind of daughter is this? She didn't even come to see her father when he died."

Stella said, "Please contact her again. If... you still can't get through, then just follow the hospital's procedure. I'll pay for all the expenses."

The nurse nodded, "Then, come with me."

After leaving the hospital, Stella looked at the sky and was lost in thought for a moment.

She had a sudden thought that everything in this world was so unpredictable.

Modesty was still immersed in the joy of winning the championship but not knowing in the slightest that her father had already passed away.

Clarence walked up to her, "Done?"

"Yes. Let's go."

Clarence glanced behind her. It was not difficult to guess what she was doing here. He asked, "Any news of him?"

Stella shook her head, "Eugene had... passed away and his body was still in the morgue. It seems that Adolph hadn't come back and something must have happened."

“What if he ran away?”

“He won’t. No matter what happens, he will never leave Eugene here unattended.”

Clarence said faintly, “You do know him quite well.”

Stella was puzzled.

No way that he was jealous about this too?

She explained, “I know nothing about him, I just...”

“I’m not interested about it.”

“Oh.”

Stella glanced at him, curling her lips, “Still mad?”

Clarence said, “I’m not as petty as you are.”

He pulled open the car door, “Get in.”

Clarence walked up to her, “Done?” “Yes. Let’s go.” Clarence glanced behind her. It was not difficult to guess what she was doing here. He asked, “Any news of him?” Stella shook her head, “Eugene had... passed away and his body was still in the morgue. It seems that Adolph hadn’t come back and something must have happened.” “What if he ran away?” “He won’t. No matter what happens, he will never leave Eugene here unattended.” Clarence said faintly, “You do know him quite well.” Stella was puzzled. No way that he was jealous about this too? She explained, “I know nothing about him, I just...” “I’m not interested about it.” “Oh.” Stella glanced at him, curling her lips, “Still mad?” Clarence said, “I’m not as petty as you are.” He pulled open the car door, “Get in.”

Chapter 380-After the interview, a group of reporters left.

“Not bad, you didn’t humiliate me,” Robert said as he approached Modesty.

She claimed before, regardless of whether the contest was three years ago or today, that she was destined to be the champion.

This was her real talent.

“I’ve made a restaurant appointment in a hotel tonight to thank them and to discuss our collaboration,” Robert said, sweeping a glance at the organizer and panel judges.

Modesty nodded, “All right.”

Robert was summoned and departed.

“Ms. Barton,” Modesty called out as she looked around and spotted Aurora getting ready to depart.

“Yes?” Aurora asked, slightly irritated.

“I...”

Aurora said, “Oh yeah.” “Congratulations on your victory, do you feel like a champion?”

“Thank you for your help, about Arthur...” said Modesty, biting her lower lip.

Aurora gave a warm grin. “Arthur? Oh, and regarding him, do you believe he was the only one I was able to get rid of for you? It was the two over there that was the most difficult.”

When Modesty turned to where she was looking, her gaze fell on two well-known designers from the panel of judges.

“You mean?” she exclaimed, taken aback.

“I’m the reason you won, or else you would have been disqualified during the semifinal,” Aurora groaned. “Even though I despise her, she is a far better designer than you are. You are inexperienced and should gain more knowledge.” She said before she left.

Modesty grew pale as she peered at her back.

No... That wasn’t true...

Even though Arthur cheated for her in the semifinal, it was her skill that earned her the championship even without the help of Arthur!

Her designs were far superior to Stella’s!!

Her phone rang at this point, and she grimaced as she looked at the numbers on the screen before hanging up.

However, the same number called again, which irritated her. “Is this Ms. Parker, we are phoning from Benevolence & Trust Hospital...”

“Are you crazy? Please don’t contact me again!” She pressed harshly on the screen and hung up.

Arthur stepped up to her and purposefully hit her on the shoulders, warning her not to forget about their date tonight, before smiling and walked away.

After he left, “It’s time, let’s go,” Robert said as he approached. Modesty nodded despite feeling terrible inside.

...

Winnie responded quickly after receiving Stella's text. She came because she had some free time today.

Stella didn't invite Clarence because there were only ladies from the studio today, and none of them had brought boyfriends.

He was irritated and inquired, "Why can't I join?"

"We're a gathering of women, won't you feel weird or excluded?" Stella gently explained.

"No."

"... I believe you will."

"Don't overthink things," Clarence replied.

"Don't go," Stella said, biting her lower lip. "I'll treat you to a fantastic supper tomorrow, okay?"

Clarence paused when he heard that, "Is this your only offer?" he inquired.

"Do you have anything else in mind?"

"You must compensate me since you would not allow me to join today."

While everyone had arrived except Stella, there was still texting going on in the chat room.

She just wanted to get rid of Clarence since he was too clingy, so she went in close, bit his lips swiftly, and bolted.

Everyone had shown up.

“Where is Clarence?” Winnie wondered as Stella sat down. “Did he let you come by yourself?”

“It’s a gathering of ladies, why would he be here?” Stella blurted. “He’s busy at work too,” she added as another reason.

“Chan will be here, he won’t be alone,” Sherry said.

“You invited Chan?” Stella was taken aback.

“Yes. These women kept pushing me to invite him, so I did,” Sherry said softly.

“Did he say he’d come?”

“He’s on his way.”

“Okay,” Stella said.

Winnie retained a smile on her face as she sat silently.

Channing arrived after ten minutes.

His hands were unwrapped, and his forehead and chin were just bandaged.

The sole empty seat was next to Winnie, so he paused for a moment before taking a seat.

The females were enthralled by his look and began texting in the group.

“I suppose he’d improved his appearance!”

“Darn it, the family genetics are too good! I’m jealous!”

“That bandage pierced my heart, he’s just too attractive!”

“I’ve decided to quit my relationship with my partner tonight so that I can date this hottie!”

“Please figure out his preferred type tonight! For him, I’m willing to change!”

“We can do that, after all, didn’t Sherry say we’d go to karaoke later? Sisters, let’s go! We’ve got this!”

Except for a couple of them, everyone at that table was ecstatic.

Stella noted something different apart from that.

She turned to Channing after looking at Winnie.

They were sitting next to one other, yet there appeared to be a barrier between them.

Didn’t she ask Channing to call and apologize? Was it because he didn’t do it or because they were still upset with each other?

“Cheers for all the hard work and to celebrate Stella’s runner-up win!” Sherry, who hadn’t noticed anything, raised her glass.

Nobody could say anything.

Stella, on the other hand, smiled, knowing that all she wanted to do was shift the atmosphere while still consoling her differently. Putting aside her rivalry with Modesty, a runner-up finish in such a high-caliber competition was not awful at all.

In the middle of the meal, Stella and Winnie took a bathroom break and unintentionally ran into Modesty and Robert.

What a small world.