

Mr Conrad 381

Chapter 381-Robert insulted Winnie and Stella, saying, "You're celebrating here too?"

Stella made a nice and respectful gesture by nodding.

"Yeah, you're meant to be runner up," Robert sighed. "It's prudent to celebrate while you still have the chance since you might not have it again."

Winnie, in comparison to Stella, couldn't care less and crossed her arms in front of her chest. "This is not the place for a foreigner who can't even pronounce Chinese properly but uses it to scold people, didn't your instructor teach you how to speak properly?"

Robert's face was tightened as he glanced at her.

Winnie was well-known to him, and her endorsement posters and commercials could be found practically anywhere.

"Ms. Truman, there is no need to be disrespectful," Modesty protested.

"Who are you?" Winnie Truman asked.

Winnie interrupted without giving Modesty a chance to speak. "Never mind, I'm not interested in getting to know you and it doesn't affect me in any case. Furthermore, how am I rude? If you think I was talking about you, that's fine. I was just referring to some old hag who was disrespectful to junior."

"You..."

Stella fixed her gaze on Robert, "I respect you since you are a senior, but you made me realize something, like teacher like student. I don't mind losing today, but I genuinely hope that in the international arena, both of you could say the same thing."

After that, she left with Winnie.

"I still have something to say to them," Winnie stated in the restroom.

"Don't waste your time with jerks like them," Stella said.

It was ironic that she was celebrating here while her father's body was still in the hospital.

"Did you quarrel with Chan?" As she cleaned her hands, Stella inquired.

Winnie was taken aback by her question and responded, "No," after a brief hesitation.

"What was it about you two that made you look so awkward?"

"We're not close," Winnie said with a smile, "And it's natural for us to be awkward with each other."

"Aren't the two of you shooting a film together?" Stella questioned.

"Yes, but we don't work together too much because we're in different groups. You thought we were friends?" she continued as she dried her hands.

She wasn't sure about Winnie, but she was sure about Channing...

"Regardless," Stella said with a smile, "thank you for looking after Chan all this time."

"Don't bring it up." The paper ball was tossed into the trash by Winnie. "Oh yeah, did he say anything to you?" she inquired abruptly.

"What?" Stella seemed perplexed.

Winnie gulped her remarks as she realized she had no idea what was going on. "It's nothing I should be concerned about, perhaps he's looking for an opportunity to inform you."

Stella didn't ask any more questions after their talk ended.

On the walk back, they unexpectedly stumbled across Louis, the organizer.

"Ms. Radomil, might we have a word please?" Louis asked as he approached.

Stella turned to Winnie and nodded. "Please leave us."

"Okay."

Following Winnie's departure, Louis and Stella moved towards the porch.

"Your designs were amazing... we could only say that each judge has their preference," Louis said with a regretful expression.

"I understand, and thank you for giving me this opportunity," Stella said with a smile.

"Please have faith and you have a long way to go," Louis said, sighing. "A runner-up this time means nothing, true talent tells all."

"With your time permits, I would want to arrange a special counter to present your brand in this year's fashion week, it will highlight your works to the globe," Louis added after a brief conversation.

Stella was stunned, it was an once-in-a-lifetime chance.

A separate counter for her brand at an international fashion week was not something that any designer was given the chance to do. If she was offered this option as the contest's champion, it would be acceptable.

To put it another way, only the champion would be granted such a chance, however...

"Didn't I say champion or runner up means nothing?" Louis said, noticing her uncertainty. "I'm interested in a designer's talent as well as his or her potential. To me, you are the ideal candidate."

Stella couldn't say no to such a chance, but she wasn't sure she had enough time to prepare for fashion week.

The studio was now fairly busy, and she would have to devote more time and effort if she wanted to exploit this opportunity to promote her own brand.

She was frightened of losing both ends of the rope.

"It's fine, I'll prepare the contract and terms and conditions connected to this, and you still have a few days to think about it." Louis went on.

Stella breathed a sigh of relief as she said, "Thank you."

"I will not take up any more of your time, please consider it and inform me of your decision."

"Okay."

After they left, Modesty came out from the corner and turned off the recording.

As Stella entered the room, Sherry inquired, "What have you been up to? The food is quite cold."

"Just something."

After the meal, the gang got set to go to karaoke. "I won't be joining because I have to get up early tomorrow for work, but have fun," Winnie remarked.

"I..." said Channing, frowning.

"Didn't you say you're needed at the school just now?" Stella yanked him up.

Winnie turned and grinned as Channing bit his lip and took a few steps. "Don't worry, my driver is waiting for me below, have fun, people."

She then waved goodbye to Stella and Sherry, collected her bags, and walked away.

Channing froze in his footsteps.

"What's the matter with you? Didn't I ask you to apologize to her?" Stella inquired quietly.

Channing attempted to defend himself, but Sherry said, "Chan, do you need to go back to school?" Why? Are you not joining us to the karaoke?"

"No, he won't go back to school now," Stella said helplessly.

"Didn't you say you're needed at the school just now?" Stella yanked him up. Winnie turned and grinned as Channing bit his lip and took a few steps. "Don't worry, my driver is waiting for me below, have fun, people." She then waved goodbye to Stella and Sherry, collected her bags, and walked away. Channing froze in his footsteps. "What's the matter with you? Didn't I ask you to apologize to her?" Stella inquired quietly. Channing attempted to defend himself, but Sherry said, "Chan, do you need to go back to school?" Why? Are you not joining us to the karaoke?" "No, he won't go back to school now," Stella said helplessly.

Chapter 382-In the end, Channing declined to join them at the karaoke.

Stella sent Channing home and joined them later, while Sherry and the girls went to the karaoke.

“What have you been up to lately, Clarence mentioned you go out early and come home late?”

“Something.” After a little interval, Channing responded.

“Can you tell me what that is?”

He turned away silently.

Stella didn't pursue him because she knew he didn't want to tell. “No matter what happens, don't act on impulse again, remember that you are my brother, my only family in this world, no one is more precious to me than you.”

“How about Clarence?” After a moment, Channing questioned.

She was taken aback by the question. “Boyfriend is replaceable, but not brother,” she said with a smile.

“I swear I won't be rash, and I won't be used to threaten you again. Adolph and you...” he hesitated, frowning.

It was a difficult situation.

“He saved me once,” Stella remarked, “And I forgive him for his earlier mistakes. I phoned and paid him to search down Jeffrey.”

“Forgive?” Channing squinted even more.

“Adolph wouldn't have come to us if Jeffrey hadn't borrowed money from a loan shark,” Stella said. “Furthermore, Jeffrey planned everything, and Adolph merely wanted his money back.”

She despised both Jeffrey and Adolph.

But she couldn't blame Adolph anymore.

She couldn't tell whether Adolph was kind or bad, but she recognized humanity in him because of Modesty's father.

It was simply a matter of surviving in different ways.

Channing remained silent as he gazed out the window.

Stella said as she parked the car in front of Starry Lake Mansion, "You should go back to school after the weekend because you are almost fully recovered."

"Okay." Channing smiled and nodded.

"Do you want to come in?" he inquired as he got out of the car.

"No," Stella said as she gazed at that familiar place, smiled, and shook her head.

"Then it's goodbye."

"Goodbye."

Stella lingered after Channing had departed before driving away.

Starry Lake Mansion.

Channing walked into the living room as Clarence descended the stairs. "What have you been up to?"

"A gathering."

"What kind of gathering?" Clarence inquired, frowning.

"Didn't my sister invite you?" He stated that on purpose.

Clarence couldn't say anything.

"She just sent me back and left," Channing continued.

Clarence was irritated. After casting a peek at Channing, he returned upstairs.

Channing felt a lot better when he saw his unhappy expression.

Clarence reached for his phone, intending to call Stella, but decided against it.

She despised Starry Lake Mansion and refused to set foot inside.

Clarence tossed his phone on the sofa, massaged his nose, and gazed around the quiet room.

It was all thanks to him.

"Have you got it?" he asked after dialing Vincent's phone.

Vincent replied, "Not yet. That crafty fox hides him well, but Donald is running after him, I doubt he'll have time to visit Stella."

“Watch the hospital as well, don’t give him a chance.”

“Don’t worry, we’ve dispatched him.”

“The new project with the Steward Group had begun, the remainder would be handled by someone else. All we have to do now is make sure Charles and Phoebe don’t get in the way.” Clarence went on.

Vincent nodded and said, “OK.”

Clarence sat in the same location for a few moments after hanging up the phone before abruptly rising.

Channing emerged from his room downstairs, and he rushed into him. “Where are you going?”

Clarence claimed, “It’s none of your concern.”

It didn’t seem like he was going for Stella.

Was he seeing someone else?

He followed him around to see what was going on.

Clarence gazed into the black mirror reflection of the car behind him from inside the black Rolls Royce. After a few rounds, his lips lifted and he was gone.

Half an hour later, the car came to a halt in front of a common residential area.

When Clarence arrived, the baby was playing with his toys in the cradle, which were all soaked in his saliva.

His finger was covered in saliva as he poked the corner of his lips. He frowned as he quickly wiped it away.

"You've arrived," Dolores stated as she emerged from the kitchen.

"Are you by yourself?" Clarence threw the tissue away.

"Amanda went out for groceries."

"At this hour?"

"I sent her to the mall since the fridge is empty," Dolores explained.

Clarence said, "I'll send you to City C next week."

Dolores was taken aback. "Did Stella find this location?"

"She makes a big deal about wanting to visit you, so I'll bring her next week."

"When do you plan to tell her the truth?" Dolores sighed.

"After I get rid of Joanna," Clarence sat on the sofa.

"What happened to the baby after I left?" Dolores inquired.

"I'll have someone else look after him until your return," he said looking to the cradle.

"It appears to be the only option."

When the doorbell rang, Dolores assumed Amanda had returned, so she went to answer it, only to find an unfamiliar man standing there.

“Who you are?” Dolores inquired.

“I’ve come to see Clarence,” Channing explained.

He walked into the house without waiting for Dolores to answer.

Clarence was taken aback when he saw him, he had discovered this place after all.

If Channing hadn’t promised Stella not to behave rashly just now, his fist would have landed on Clarence’s face right now.

Amanda returned at this point “What exactly is going on? Dolores, why is the door so wide open?” she inquired quietly.

As soon as Channing noticed this, he grabbed Clarence’s collar, “Are you even a human being? What did you promise me?” Channing screamed angrily.

“Clarence, what is...” Dolores approached after closing the door.

“It’s all right,” Clarence said.

“Since you’re here,” he said to Channing, “I’ll tell you the truth.”

Amanda returned at this point “What exactly is going on? Dolores, why is the door so wide open?” she inquired quietly. As soon as Channing noticed this, he grabbed Clarence’s collar, “Are you even a human being? What did you promise me?” Channing screamed angrily. “Clarence, what is...” Dolores approached after closing the door. “It’s all right,” Clarence said. “Since you’re here,” he said to Channing, “I’ll tell you the truth.”

Chapter 383-Channing let go of Clarence. He was frowning and wanted to say something when he felt his finger held by something tender.

Channing stunned for a second before he looked down. He saw a child, probably a few months old, staring at him with his eyes widened. The child was laughing and babbling.

Channing lowered his voice unintentionally, "This is..."

Clarence sat on the couch and said, "My son, Noah."

Channing became angry again. He glared at Amanda, who didn't know what was going on. Amanda was startled by Channing, then she realized Channing got it wrong, so she quickly explained, "It's not what you think. I'm only here to take care of Noah."

Channing felt relieved. He looked at Clarence and asked, "What's going on?"

"I'll tell you everything if you promised not to tell Stella what you see today."

"Why are you afraid of her knowing what I see if you did nothing wrong?"

Clarence looked into Channing's eyes, "I don't want things to get complicated."

Dolores now knew the person who broke in just now wasn't a bad guy. She told Amanda, "Amanda, that's it for today. You can leave now."

Amanda nodded. She left the groceries at the dining table and left the place.

After the door closed, Dolores carried Noah from the couch, "It's time for him to have his milk. I'll leave the room for you guys."

When Dolores carried Noah into the room, he was looking over Dolores' shoulder at Channing. His hands were waving in the air as if he was talking.

Looking at the nose and eyes of Noah, an idea came into Channing's mind.

When Amanda told him that she was here to take care of Noah, this idea already lingered in Channing's mind, but it was a wild and unbelievable thought, so Channing threw the idea out of his head.

Channing looked surprised when he realized what he thought was true, "He is..."

Clarence raised his brows, "Yes."

"My sister didn't know?"

"She only knew about the existence of the child. She didn't know anything else."

Channing asked, "Why did you hide the truth from her?"

Clarence replied, "I've told you. I didn't want to make things more complicated than it is."

Channing raised his voice subconsciously, "But that's her child! You knew how sad she was for the baby, but you... Don't you think you're going too far?"

Clarence's expression changed, "Noah was a premature baby, and he has been going through back-to-back surgeries since he was born. How would you tell her if it was for you? Adding more pain on her when she's already in misery?"

Channing was stunned. He didn't know what to say. He paused for a while before he continued, "But he looked fine to me. Why did you still..."

"Did you tell her everything before you went looking for Jeffrey?"

Channing didn't reply to Clarence's question. Now he knew why Clarence did what he did.

The room was silent.

After a while, Clarence stood up, "Keep your promise, or else you won't hear Noah calling you his uncle."

Channing kept quiet.

Channing saw Clarence was about to walk out of the room. He turned around and looked at the room, "You're leaving now?"

Clarence asked, "Would you prefer to stay?"

Channing turned around and left with Clarence.

On their way back home, Channing asked, "You said he had multiple surgeries after he was born. How is he now then?"

"He's weak. Constantly feeling unwell. The doctors are visiting regularly for body checks."

"When he's going to recover?"

"Probably when he's older and have stronger immunity."

Channing frowned and remained silent after hearing about Noah's condition.

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On the other hand, a bunch of people started to leave the place after their karaoke session.

Sherry had some drinks, and she couldn't drive, so Stella was sending her home.

When they headed to Sherry's place, Sherry asked Stella, "Stella, what's your plan after?"

"Me?" Stella considered for a while before she replied, "I'm making the studio my priority."

Stella had been busy since the beginning of the year. Then there was the competition. Troubles kept occurring. Stella never really have the time to take care of the studio.

Sherry nodded, "I thought so. You see, our studio has made a name for itself in the country after a few months of effort, and we haven't done any publicity yet. After this, we will do some publicity stunts and get some influencers or celebrities to help to promote our brand. We'll become a big brand in the future."

Stella nodded, "Yes, we will."

"That's why I told you. It doesn't matter if you have the championship or not. It's nothing bad about being in the second place. You're always a champion to me. You're a legend!"

Stella chuckled, "Are you consoling me?"

Sherry blinked her eyes, "Oops."

"I'm fine. I knew this is coming. It's already a precious opportunity for me to even participate in a big competition like this. Plus, I've got a prize from the competition."

Sherry agreed so much with what Stella said. She nodded, "Yes, you're right! It was what I thought too. Take the opportunity to see it as an experience."

It wasn't a long journey from the karaoke place to Sherry's apartment. It was only about a ten-minute drive.

Sherry opened the car door, "Stella, I'll go home now. You drive safe and text me when you arrived home."

Stella stopped Sherry, "Sherry."

Stella sounded serious, so she got back into the car nervously, "Why, what happened?"

Stella told Sherry what Louis told her in the hotel earlier.

Sherry replied after a while, "Wait, I think I've drunk too much. Let me organize my thought. Oh, Louis. You're saying Louis wanted to give our brand a special slot in the international fashion week?"

"Yes," Stella said.

Sherry slapped her thigh. She was sober after hearing this news, "This is great! So great! Did you say yes?"

"No, I'm still considering if I should accept the offer."

"What's there to consider anymore? You see, I've told you. It doesn't matter what prize you won in that competition. You see, The Lord has great taste!"

Stella came clean about her worries, "The studio is taking designing orders now. If it's a special slot for our brand, it will need a lot of jewelleries in different designs. I'm afraid that I couldn't take care of so many things at the same time."

Sherry became calm, "It's true. There'll be too much on your plate."

After a while, Sherry came out with an idea, "Or maybe we can stop taking customization orders. We'll only design jewellery for our brand. Then you'll have more time to prepare for the fashion week."

"Stop taking customization orders?"

"Yes. Do you think it's doable? If it is, we are doing it."

Chapter 384-Stella had never thought about it before. What Sherry suggested reminded her of why they started their business. It was to come out with their own brand of jewellery. They were only accepting customization orders when they first started up their business.

If focusing on too many customization orders would take their time away from coming out with jewellery of their own brand, it will be like putting the cart before the horse.

Stella said, "You're right. Let me think about it."

Sherry patted Stella's shoulder, "It's good that you're thinking things this way. So, I'll go home now? See you tomorrow."

Stella nodded. Then she saw Sherry staggering. Stella asked again, "Do you need me to send you upstairs?"

"I'm fine. You've sent me to my lobby. All I need to is to hop into a lift," Sherry closed the door and waved at Stella, "Go home, and don't forget to call me when you arrived home."

"Sure."

Stella drove away after she made sure Sherry got into the building.

Sherry walked towards the lift and stood aside, waiting for it to come down from the higher floor after pressing the button. Slowly, she felt like the changing numbers on the monitor was getting blurred.

Sherry burped after a few seconds.

At the same time, she heard hurried footsteps from behind. Sherry turned around, but she was already in someone's arm before she could see the person.

Sherry was startled. She tried to struggle, and a lowered voice rose, "Still mad at me?"

"What?" Sherry thought.

Did she get so drunk that she started to have illusions?

Sherry carefully reached out her hand and pitched the man on his waist. Then she heard the man muffled in pain.

Oh, it wasn't an illusion.

Sherry pushed the man away and scolded him, "Are you si..."

Daniel looked at Sherry and said sincerely, "I'm sorry. It was my fault. I promise, there'll be no next time."

Sherry didn't know what Daniel was planning to do. At the same time, the lift door opened. Sherry didn't want to deal with Daniel, so she headed into the lift right away. What Sherry didn't expect was Daniel followed her into the lift.

Sherry frowned and wanted to continued scolding Daniel. However, another man walked into the lift.

Sherry had no choice but to swallow all the bad words she wanted to use on Daniel.

Daniel stood behind Sherry in the lift and tried pulling her sleeves and the strap of her bag.

As if they were close friends.

Sherry was feeling fed up. She pulled her bag in front of her and pulled her clothes tighter. Then she leaned against the wall of the lift.

Upon completing all actions, she saw the man looking at her when she raised her head.

The man looked away when he saw Sherry looking at her.

Sherry frowned even harder. It felt more disgusting than Daniel, who stood behind her.

Sherry quickly walked out of the lift the moment it arrived at her floor.

As expected, Daniel followed Sherry out of the lift, as well as the other man. The man stood afar from pretending he was looking for keys.

Sherry hesitated when she reached out her hand to open the door. These men didn't look like they were good people. Were they going to do anything if she opened her door now?

Daniel spoke when Sherry hesitated, "Babe, I'm here to apologize. Please let me in."

Sherry had goosebumps when she heard Daniel calling her baby. When she looked at Daniel, Daniel squinted his eyes and raised his chin to send Sherry a sign.

Sherry turned around and saw the man in the lift standing afar. She quickly opened the door and entered the house with Daniel.

After Sherry shut her door, the man in the lift stopped pretending that he was looking for keys. He looked at Sherry's door and slowly approached her unit.

After Sherry went into the house, she quickly took a bat she bought earlier for protection from her entryway then said to Daniel, "Stand there and don't move."

Daniel kept his hands in the air and raised his brow. He tried to show Sherry that he had no ill intentions.

Sherry was alerted, "What's wrong with you? And the man..."

Daniel put a finger on his lips and asked Sherry to stay quiet when he heard footsteps from outside.

Sherry looked at the door and picked up a slipper, then threw it to the door.

Daniel didn't expect Sherry to do what she did. He became nervous and dodged the slipper.

The slipper hit the door and created a loud noise. It startled the man who stood behind the door. He quickly stopped eavesdropping.

Sherry walked into her living room, but she kept the bat in her hand.

Sherry stood in the kitchen and asked coldly, "You can tell me what happened now."

Daniel said, "Alright. I apologize for what happened just now. That man was tailing me, and I have no choice but..."

"It's you he was tailing. What does that have to do with me? Why did you involve me in your trouble?"

Daniel smiled, "They were probably investigating why I opened my shop beside your studio."

Sherry was curious, "Why?"

"I..." Daniel looked at Sherry, "Let's ignore the reason why. I might need your help to put on an act for me later."

Sherry replied without thinking much, "I won't."

Daniel said slowly, "It's complicated. I'm not sure how to put it in words for you. But as for the moment, Ms. Radomil is in danger."

Sherry was confused. How did Stella got involved in whatever interest the man had?

Daniel patiently explained when he saw Sherry's confused look, "There are only two of you in the studio. I have to come for either one of you, don't I?"

Sherry muttered, "There are many young girls in our studio as well."

Daniel felt speechless.

Daniel paused a while before he continued, "I'm serious."

Sherry organized her thoughts, "You're saying that Stella was the reason why you opened your shop beside our studio?"

Daniel nodded and admitted.

"Why? You knew she is..."

"All I can tell you is that we have the same enemy. What I did was to protect Ms. Radomil, and I have no other intentions."

Sherry put down the bat in her hand and made it stand, "Then what are you doing now?"

Daniel smiled, "Let's get together."

Sherry stunned and raised the bat again.

Daniel explained, "What I meant was we put on an act and lead them into believing I opened my shop there for you. So it won't cause any harm to Ms. Radomil. I promise I won't disturb you after that. I will go as far as you want me to go."

Chapter 385-Sherry sat on the couch to consider Daniel's suggestion for quite some time. She looked down the ground and sat still.

Daniel was standing in front of her. He thought Sherry fell asleep at some point.

Daniel said carefully, "Maybe...you can try putting that bat down. It's quite scary."

Sherry held onto the bat even tighter after hearing Daniel's suggestion.

Daniel cleared his throat and took a step back.

After a while, Sherry asked, "The enemy you were saying. Are you talking about Charles?"

Daniel nodded.

Sherry questioned, "Phoebe and you..."

Daniel explained, "It was just a show. I have my reason to get close to her. She knew it, and she was using me as well."

Sherry asked after a while, "A show... Just like what we're doing?"

“It’s not the same thing,” Daniel said, “We are doing this for justice. It’s different.”

Sherry replied, “I see.”

After a few minutes, Daniel asked, “So, what do you think about my suggestion?”

Sherry wanted to confirm with Daniel, “Are you sure that they won’t harm Stella if I agreed to put on an act with you?”

“At least they couldn’t find a reason from me to threaten her. I’ll think of something if they try to find a reason from other aspects.”

Sherry frowned, “Who...are you? No, I meant, why did you come here?”

Daniel smiled, “I’ll tell you after our ‘act’.”

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When Stella got back to the Steward manor, she felt like the manor was covering in a depressing aura. All the maids avoided her, just like how they treated her when she first arrived in the manor.

When Stella walked into the living room, a maid came over, “Ms. Radomil, Mr. Steward asked for you in his study room.”

The maid quickly left Stella after she finished her sentence. She didn’t even wait for Stella to answer.

Stella stood still for a few seconds, then headed to Charles’ study room.

Stella knocked on the door and asked, “Mr. Steward, is there anything I can help you with?”

Charles raised his head from the pile of documents in front of him, "Sit."

Stella pouted and sat in front of Charles.

Charles pushed a document to Stella. Stella took a glance and saw it was a Bill of Indictment accusing Phoebe.

Stella smiled, "This is?"

Charles didn't answer her question, but instead, he said, "I knew you had conflicts with Phoebe because of Clarence, but no matter what, it's an internal matter between the Steward family. You

shouldn't make it a big deal."

Stella said, "I don't understand what you're saying, Mr. Steward. I wasn't the one who got accused in that Bill of Indictment. What does it have to do with me?"

"You are the reason why these started. You are going to clarify that the accusations in the Bill of Indictment are false. That should make the bill of indictment a useless piece of paper."

Stella now knew what Charles wanted. In fact, it was easy for Charles to handle a person like Bernice. However, Stella was involved in the case.

Charles knew many people were looking at Stella and him. He didn't dare to take the risk. That was why Charles wanted Stella to tell the people that Bernice's accusations were false.

As soon as Stella denied the accusations, it meant Bernice was lying. Then, Charles was going to do his tricks and made Bernice a liar who tried to blackmail them.

Well, that was a pretty good plan.

Stella said, "I've asked you before, Mr. Steward. Do you really think everything Ms. Steward did is exposable to the public? I always thought I am a victim in the case. I've never had the apologies I was supposed to have. So, why should I clarify for you?"

Charles told Stella, "Everything you said is resolvable in private. You have the responsibility to protect the reputation of the Steward family since you're one of us now."

"Don't flatter me, Mr. Steward. I stayed in the Steward manor, but I've never enjoyed any perks as a Steward. Why should I carry the responsibility then?"

Stella was hard to convince. Charles squinted his eyes, and his expression became serious.

After a while, Charles said, "Tell me what you want."

Stella chuckled, "You're so generous, Mr. Steward."

Stella took out the Equity Transfer Agreement she brought with her all the time and put it in front of Charles.

Charles quickly told Stella, "This is what I promised you. If this is what you wanted, I will sign these right away."

"No," Stella said, "I wanted to let you know that I would rather have something practical than holding shares of the Steward Group."

Charles frowned. He had a bad feeling about what Stella will say, "What do you want then?"

Stella pointed out a few locations, "I want these lands."

Charles raised his voice, "That's impossible."

All the lands Stella wanted was precious and expensive. Some of the lands were in the developing process by the Steward Group. If he gave the lands to Stella, it indicated that Stella will be the person that had the most say and rights in the projects.

Stella smiled, "It's fine if you don't agree with my conditions. I'm only telling you what I wanted. I've done my calculation. All these lands were only one-third of the Steward Group's assets. I think I deserve those."

"Don't talk big. You won't know how to use the lands if I give it to you. You are going to ruin the Steward Group in the long run."

"Don't worry, Mr. Steward. I know I didn't know anything about running a business. All I wanted was a few pieces of land. I won't involve myself in any of the projects. All I care about was the money."

Charles was dead silent after hearing what Stella said.

What Stella offered was to cash out the share. If all she wanted was the share, Charles knew how to keep Stella at bay, but the lands she wanted was something so solid that once she got them, they'll be under her name. If anything happened to the Steward Group and they needed to cash out the land or do anything about the projects on the land, they'll need Stella's permission and signature to proceed.

How could Charles agree to such a condition?

Stella wasn't in a hurry either. She slowly said, "Well, I'll leave you here to consider my suggestion. Don't rush. Take your time."

The person who was in a hurry was the person who got accused.

Stella stood up and left the study room once she finished what she had to say.

Charles looked even sulkier when he looked at the Equity Transfer Agreement in front of him.

When Stella was about to go into her room, Phoebe's voice rose behind her.

Stella turned around, "What's the matter, Ms. Steward?"

Phoebe said coldly, "You're the one who did this, aren't you?"

Stella smiled after hearing what Phoebe said, "If it helps to make you feel better, I'm fine with it. But..."

"What?"

Chapter 387-In the morning, when Stella arrived at the studio, she saw that Sherry had not arrived yet. So, she asked the young girls in the studio, "Has Sherry arrived?"

A young girl said, "No, in the past, she would be here at this time. What happened to her today?"

Stella said, "I'll call and ask."

When the phone was dialed, no one picked up.

Sherry went back drunk yesterday, and now she was not answering the phone. Stella was a little worried, so she went to take her car to go to Sherry's house and take a look. However, she just reached the door.

Then, she saw Sherry getting out from a Porsche, and the guy who got out from the driver's seat was Daniel.

Stella, "?"

What was the situation now? Was she blurred?

In addition to Stella astonished face, several other young girls in the studio came over and watched this scene with a gossipy look on their faces.

Sherry noticed their gaze and she became a little embarrassed. So, she sped up her steps and walked into the studio.

Daniel looked at her back and raised his eyebrow. Then he went into the piano room next door.

In the studio, before Stella could speak, the young girls rushed to Sherry and ask, "Sherry, why did you come with Daniel? What's the situation?"

"Yeah, are you dating each other? I remember that you tried hard to avoid seeing him the other day."

"What the hell is going on? Hurry up and tell us!"

Sherry's face flushed when they asked. It took her a long while to say hesitantly, "In fact, it's nothing. He is trying to woo me."

Everyone, "..."

She couldn't blame the other for not believing her. She was stammering when she said that.

She nudged the people in front of her, "Alright, alright. Stop gossiping. Go to work and work hard."

After saying this, she hid inside the lounge.

After Stella finished making coffee, she followed her in and closed the door of the lounge.

She sat on the sofa and looked at Sherry, who was shirking herself into a ball opposite her, “Sherry, what’s going on?”

Sherry popped her head out embarrassedly, “Just... Just as I just said, he’s trying to woo me.”

Stella didn’t have the slightest look of gossip on her face, she asked seriously, “Is he serious?”

“Who knows? He just said that anyway.” Sherry changed her posture into holding her legs, “Stella, don’t worry. Although he wanted to date me, I haven’t agreed yet.”

“I think you are not far from saying ‘yes’ to him.”

Sherry, “...”

She couldn’t help it. In order to prevent people from discovering, she needed to act fully. She also had to act like she was interested in him but refused to be with him.

However, maybe this was the chance for her to fulfill her dream as a scumbag, so that she could seduce him but refused to be with him.

Stella said, “Even if you want to be with him, don’t agree so quickly yet. There’s nothing obviously weird about him, but I just feel that he isn’t that reliable when it comes to a relationship.”

Sherry agreed and nodded, “I feel the same too.”

Then, Sherry questioned, “Eh, are you done considering about the matter we said yesterday?”

Stella nodded her head, “Almost.”

When Sherry heard what she said, she knew what her answer was, and she buckled up instantly, "Then I will tell the other customers that we will not accept custom orders. When the orders you have now are done, it is estimated that the time will be just right."

"Okay."

Stella got up, "Then I'll go back to the office first. Come and find me if you need anything."

"Okay, go."

After returning to the office, Stella hesitated for a moment and then decided to give Clarence a call.

Soon, the man's low voice came into her ears, "Babe, miss me so early?"

Stella, "..."

She said unpleasantly, "I guess you haven't woken up yet."

Clarence smiled, "What's the matter?"

Stella asked, "Did you ordered someone to go and sue Phoebe?"

After Channing's incident happened, she was very angry, but she was busy with the competition at the time. She wanted to wait for everything to be over and then think about how to use Bernice's incident to fight back, but she didn't expect Clarence to arrange everything in advance and hid it from her.

Clarence said slowly, "It has nothing much to do with me."

Stella didn't believe it, "Nothing much? How much is that related to you?"

“She wants to fight for her own rights, so I just introduced a lawyer to her.”

“Donald?”

“Yup.”

Stella finally understood. Now it seems that Donald’s sudden return to China was not a coincidence. Bernice had been conscious for quite some time. According to her personality, how could possibly allow herself to suffer such a great loss for nothing? She would definitely fight back against Phoebe until she was seriously punished.

As for Donald, although he was only a lawyer, his family was also a well-known figure in City N. Hence, Charles wouldn’t turn against him. Hence, he planned to start from her.

Clarence had started planning all of this so early, but she hadn’t noticed it at all.

Without hearing her response, Clarence said, “What condition did you offer Charles?”

Stella pursed her lips, “Sure enough, I can’t hide anything from you.”

“I directed the show. If I can’t even guess this, wouldn’t it be a waste of my time?”

“I asked him how much land he wants.”

“He agreed?”

Stella said, “He rejected.”

Clarence said indifferently, “It’s within my expectations. If he agreed to it so easily, then there must be a problem.”

“Anyway, I’m not the person who is anxious. So, let it progress slowly.”

“Donald’s side is clinging tightly onto this matter. Within three days, Charles will come and find you again.” After a pause, Clarence added, “When this matter is over, I will bring you out.”

Stella asked, “Where to?”

“Where you want to go?”

Before Stella could answer him, she heard several knocks on the door, followed by Nathan’s voice, “Mr. Conrad, the meeting will start soon.”

Clarence nodded and then said to Stella, “Wait for me after work.”

The corners of her lips lifted, “Okay.”

After hanging up the phone, Stella took out the business card that Louis gave her yesterday from her bag and dialed the number.

She said, “Hello Louis, this is Stella.”

When he heard her voice, Louis smiled, “I think I already know your answer.”

Stella smiled, “Thank you.”

She continued, “But I may need a little more time to prepare. I still have a lot of things to finish in the studio right now.”

“There’s no need to rush. It’s still a few months before Fashion Week anyway. You still have plenty of time to prepare.”

After they finished talking, Louis said he would send the contract to Stella once it was ready.

After hanging up the phone, Stella looked at the previously accepted orders and sighed. Then, she started to focus on her work.

—

Chapter 386-Stella stared at her and said word by word, “Without your preparation for this big show beforehand, how would there be an opportunity for me to perform myself?”

Phoebe’s expression changed instantly. Then, she sneered, “Don’t be complacent too early.”

“I’m not complacent at all. After all, what I’m doing now can’t be compared to what you’ve done.” Stella said indifferently, “Actually, I have always wanted to ask you something, but I feel that I’m asking knowingly. However, since we’ve already come to this point, I’ll just ask you casually, I hope that you won’t mind.”

Phoebe crossed her arms around her chest and looked indifferent, as if she wanted to see what Stella would say.

Stella said, “You are the one who told Annie about my pregnancy, aren’t you?”

Phoebe responded calmly, “According to what you’ve said, I guess you are determined that it was me who told her. So, no matter what I say, you will take it as me quibbling. However, I’m quite curious about one thing. Should we be ashamed about things like getting pregnant? It had been so long, but you actually come and question me about this now.”

“Pregnancy is indeed not a shameful thing, but sometimes, people are just too dark and sinful inside them. Hence, they are afraid to do things under the sun.”

Stella left this sentence and turned around. She directly entered the room.

Phoebe took a deep breath, and her expression was as cold as she could be.

She went back to her room and saw that her phone was vibrating. It was a call from an unfamiliar number.

Phoebe hung up irritably. After a while, the person called again.

She picked up the call and Modesty's voice came into her ears, "Ms. Steward, I am Modesty."

"What's up?"

Modesty said cautiously, "I know you hate Stella too, so I..."

Phoebe said indifferently, "You know?"

A sudden question made Modesty paused for a while. After a few seconds, she continued, "Before that in SG, although you didn't say it out, but I could feel it. But don't get me wrong, I'm not using this to threaten you. I have something in hand, and I think that you will be interested about it."

"Oh?" Phoebe sat on the sofa, "Maybe you have misunderstood me, I don't hate Stella a lot. Besides, she hasn't affected any of my interests. Hence, there is no reason for me to hate her. Are you trying to hurt her under the guise of me?"

Modesty bit her lips, "It's like that, Ms. Steward. I just think that someone like Stella doesn't deserve all of this at all. She doesn't deserve to be loved by Mr. Conrad, nor does she deserve to live in the Steward family's house, let alone..."

Phoebe continued her words, "Let alone being worthy to win the designer competition?"

Modesty did not answer. It was no doubt that she was acquiescing.

Phoebe spoke casually, "But the one who won the championship is you, isn't it? It seems that she really doesn't deserve it and she doesn't have that strength and ability to win."

"I'll let you listen to a recording, and you'll understand everything."

At the other end of the line, after a subtle noise, there came the conversation between Louis and Stella when they were at the hotel.

After listening to it, Phoebe did not give any reaction.

Modesty's voice couldn't help but get agitated a little, "The special show for the brand of the Fashion Week was originally belonged to the champion of the competition, but Louis deliberately gave her the opportunity. Doesn't you feel unfair?"

Phoebe said, "It's a competition, whoever takes it seriously will be the one who loses."

Modesty said again, "To let the organizer to make such a decision, I feel that this is because of one person."

"Who?"

"The CEO of the Conrad Group."

Phoebe said slowly, "Why did you say so?"

Modesty said, "The Conrad Group was originally the organizer of this competition, and when they were in SG, Mr. Conrad had been giving Stella all kinds of resources and opportunities in the fashion industry. I have the reason to suspect that the whole competition is the joint operation of the Conrad Group and the organizer. Hence, who is the champion does not matter at all, Stella is the person they want to promote."

“That’s the Conrad Group, you’d better not say anything without evidence.”

At the other end of the line, Modesty gripped the phone tightly, she thought that Phoebe would be angry with Stella when she brought Mr. Conrad out. After all, Phoebe was once the fiancée of Mr.

Conrad. But now, Mr. Conrad was back together with Stella. Modesty did not believe that anyone can bear this silently.

After a few seconds of silence, Modesty added, “The recording I have and the relationship between Stella and Mr. Conrad are the best evidence.”

Phoebe said, “What can you do even if there is evidence in your hand? You know that it was an under-table operation, it is difficult to find reporters to expose them. Moreover, the only media company that is not afraid of the Conrad Group is the Conrad’s own media company.”

Modesty did not speak for a moment, but she realized a few key words from Phoebe’s words. She needed to find a media company to expose this, and the company must not be afraid of Clarence.

Modesty frowned. She thought for a few seconds and then she suddenly understood what Phoebe meant.

Mr. Conrad had always been at odds with the Conrad family. If she wanted to expose this matter without involving herself, the best way was to give this recording to the Conrad family.

Without waiting for her to answer, Phoebe said, “Alright, I have told you everything you need to know. This matter has nothing to do with me. However, I advise you that it is better to keep this matter to yourself. Even without the support of the Conrad Group, do you think that Stella wouldn’t have the chance to hold a special show in Fashion Week?”

Modesty gritted her teeth, if that was the case, she would definitely not be reconciled!

She said, “Thank you, Ms. Steward, for reminding me this. I know what to do.”

Hearing the hung-up tone coming from the other end of the line, Phoebe put down the phone and stared at the screen. Then, the corner of her lips lifted.

She wanted to see how long Stella could be complacent.

Maybe she didn't have to make a move at all, Stella would have been punished by her own doings.

On the other side...

After hanging up the phone, Modesty was at a loss. She didn't know how to contact the Conrad family's people.

Moreover, when she exposed that Stella was kept by people from the Conrad family, she was already at feud with them.

Although she was acquitted, Adolph had been watched by them since then, and if she delivered herself to their door, she may be questioned by them about the reason of why she did this.

Modesty thought for a long time. She took the recorder and prepared several copies of the recording. She put into a box and went to another place. She took out a phone number that Adolph gave to her before and called a courier to send this to the Conrad family. She wrote on the box that it must be opened personally by Dempsey.

After she finished doing this, Modesty breathed a sigh of relief. She was just about to take a taxi home when she received a phone call.

Soon, Arthur's dissatisfied voice came from the phone, "I've been waiting for you all night, when are you coming?"

Modesty frowned in disgust and hung up directly. She blacklisted the number.

After thinking for a while, she called Adolph and her family again, but there was still no one answering the call.

Chapter 388-At the same time, at the Conrad family's house.

Dempsey just came out of the study; a servant hurriedly approached him with a package, "Master."

Dempsey glanced at the box in his hand and frowned, "What is this?"

"It was delivered last night, saying that ... it must be opened personally by you."

He snorted disdainfully, and then he walked to the sofa on his crutches and sat down. He said coldly, "Who is that to think he is worthy for me to open his parcel personally?"

The servant stood aside and dared not speak.

Dempsey said, "Take it and throw it away."

When the servant was about to leave the living room, Dempsey suddenly spoke again, "Wait."

The servant went back immediately.

Dempsey said, "You open it, I want to see what's inside."

The servant understood and opened the parcel in front of him.

There was only a voice recorder inside the box.

Dempsey lifted his chin and signaled the servant to play it.

After listening to the recording inside, Dempsey frowned, "What is this?"

The subordinate on his side said, "Ms. Radomil recently participated in a competition. This should be a conversation between her and the organizer of the competition."

Dempsey looked extremely unhappy, "Why are they sending me the recording of their conversation?"

The subordinate added, "The Conrad Group is the organizer of this competition. When the competition was held, there were many rumors that questioned the authenticity of this competition. They said that in order for Ms. Radomil to get the championship, Mr. Conrad told Ms. Radomil the rules of the competition in advance. But these were all rumors spread without actual evidence. At last, the one who got the championship of the competition was not Ms. Radomil, but someone else."

When he heard this, Dempsey's eyes slowly narrowed as he picked up the recorder and listened to it again.

Dempsey was such a smart person. After he heard the report from his men and hearing the contents of the recording, he instantly understood what the person who sent this to him was thinking.

He laughed coldly and threw the recorder aside, "In all these years of living, this is the first time someone dares to use me as a weapon."

However, with this recording, he only needed to do something, then Clarence's charge of using power for personal gain would be established, which was a good way to get the Conrad Group back.

He said to the subordinate, "Take this thing and send it to our people, they know what to release and what not to release."

The subordinate picked up the recorded, nodded his head and left.

Dempsey sat in the sofa. After a while, he said to the servant waiting at the side, "Go and find out who sent this thing. How daring his is to use me?! I want to see who has the guts to do this."

...

In the evening, Stella looked up from the pile of drafts and stretched out on the chair. As she looked to the window, she saw that it was already dark outside.

She picked up her phone and looked at it, it was nine o'clock.

Stella got up and looked around the studio, but she didn't see Clarence.

He said he wanted her to wait for him, how come he hasn't come yet?

Stella was about to call him, but she thought that he might be busy, so she gave up calling him.

She'd better go and find him herself.

After packing up her things and locking the door of the studio, Stella drove to the Conrad Group.

When she was halfway there, she suddenly received a call from Sherry, "Stella! Did you see the news on the internet?!"

Stella said, "I was driving. I didn't look at my phone, what's wrong?"

"Holy shit, I don't know which idiot recorded your conversation with Louis and now it's been put on the Internet. Many people are saying that this contest is held by Mr. Conrad in order to promote you. It has lost its fairness, and now Conrad Group's official social media has collapsed, a group of keyboard warriors kept yelling for them to come out and give an explanation."

Stella frowned, "When did it happen?"

“It was just half an hour ago, I just saw it. Where are you now? Have you gone back?”

“I’m on my way, ready to go and find Clarence.”

Sherry said, “What if you don’t go? I feel that the Conrad Group must in a total mess now, and you may not be able to see him if you go.”

Stella pursed her lips, “It’s okay, I’ll go take a look first, if I can’t see him then just forget it.”

After hanging up the phone, Stella opened Weibo and found that this matter had already been the number one in hot search list, and behind it was labelled a ‘hot’ word, which showed how great the influence was.

She clicked on the first video, which was a 30-second recording. The recording only consisted of the few sentences when Louis said he wanted to give her a special brand show.

The recording didn’t include the previous conversation and the words that she said she wanted to consider after Louis said that.

The comments below this video were vicious.

“Kkk, it’s absolutely unbelievable. Mr. Conrad’s wife-dominant image is sure to stand tall. He can even do such a thing for her. He really holds the banner of capitalism high enough.”

“As a designer, I’m really disgusted. If he is really desperate to promote her, he can just give her all the resources and promote her. Does he need to conduct such a big show? Is he trying to fool us all? Is he sick?”

“When Ms. Radomil participated in this competition, I felt that there must be something tricky in it. I didn’t expect it to be so, but I felt sorry for the designers who worked so hard to design something new. They didn’t expect it to be an under-table operation, and this wasted their energy to accompany them for the show.”

“This is really a big drama. When it comes to this, I have to admire Radomil. Even after a divorce, she can still fascinate the man. She can come a with a tutorial when she is free.”

In addition to these, there were a lot of people who came up to curse.

Stella took a light breath, put down the phone, stepped on the accelerator and drove faster towards the Conrad Group.

At this moment, the Conrad Group covered in a depressed atmosphere, and no one left the office.

Stella went directly to the elevator and walked to the door of the CEO’s office. She saw Nathan standing at the door silently, and asked, “What’s going on inside?”

Nathan whispered, “The chairman is here.”

Stella frowned. As soon as she wanted to speak, she heard a bang from inside, as if something had hit the wall.

Upon seeing this, Nathan took Stella to the nearby lounge, “Ms. Radomil, you can wait for Mr. Conrad here.”

Stella nodded and sat on the sofa.

Soon, Nathan poured her a cup of warm water.

Stella was silent for a while. Then, she asked, “Does this matter have a great impact on the Conrad Group?”

Nathan said, “This kind of fictitious thing normally wouldn’t have much impact on the company, and it only needs us to clarify. But you also know... The chairman has always wanted to replace Mr. Conrad, so...”

Although he hadn't finished speaking, Stella understood what he meant. Now it was undoubtedly the Conrad family trying to use this opportunity to deal with Clarence.

At this moment, Nathan's cell phone rang, and he said to Stella, "Ms. Radomil, I will go out first. If you need something, you can just call me."

"Okay."

Chapter 389-Stella waited in the restroom for over thirty minutes, constantly refreshing the news page.

The controversy had heated up to the point where self-proclaimed designers demanded an answer.

However, none of the designers who took part in the contest had an opinion.

The conversation was clearly manipulated; someone tried to make a big issue out of it.

Stella had grown tired of staring at the screen and had switched off her phone.

She woke up half an hour later as she heard someone approaching, it was Nathan.

"Ms. Radomil, Mr. Conrad is in an urgent meeting, it may take some time, why don't you return first..."

Stella said, "Okay," with a slight nod.

She'd be useless in any situation if she stayed here.

After sending Stella downstairs, Nathan rushed back.

Stella shifted her gaze to the illuminated tall skyscraper, frowning as she made a decision.

As soon as she got inside the car, Stella dialed Donald's phone. "Are you available to speak?"

"All right, where would you like to meet?" Donald was driving.

Stella chose a café close to his current location.

Stella and Donald got out of their vehicles almost at the same time ten minutes later.

As soon as he spotted her, Donald's brow furrowed. He was well aware of her purpose for this meeting.

"I saw the news, do you want to file a defamation lawsuit? However, in the current environment, it will have little impact." As they sat in the café, Donald began.

"I'd like to hear how the case against Phoebe is going," Stella said, shaking her head.

Donald was taken aback by her inquiry and took a breath. "Charles is attempting to intercede, but rest assured, it will not take me more than a week..."

"Tonight."

"What?" Donald was convinced he had misheard something.

"Send Phoebe a lawyer letter on Bernice's behalf, emphasizing that she was the one who told Bernice to cause a ruckus at my studio. She had even assaulted my younger brother, who is still in school."

In an instant, Donald grasped her meaning. Many issues developed related to projects in the Steward Group. Her goal was to shift the public's attention away to Phoebe's use of dirty techniques to attack her and attempt to ruin a university student. "Are you planning on using this as a distraction?"

Stella smiled and nodded. "Yes. Furthermore, one week is ample time for Charles to prepare fully, I want to catch him off guard."

“Charles will realize you are the brains behind it.”

“I’ve always been his adversary, even without this move, he’ll never treat me with kindness,” Stella smiled.

Stella was correct, and Donald concurred. When dealing with a cunning fox like Charles, being indecisive or frightened to offend him was tantamount to pleading for mercy.

“All right, I’ll be right back to the firm. The letter will be sent in an hour, okay?” Donald asked, looking at his watch.

“Yes. Thank you,” Stella said as he stood up.

“Don’t be concerned.” Donald took off.

Stella remained and dialed Louis’ number.

Louis was worried by the viral news online as well, and if he tried to explain himself, he would have no solid evidence to back up what was said online.

Self-explanation would be viewed as crocodile tears in such a situation.

The rumors have no basis in reality.

“Rest assured, Ms. Radomil, we are discussing a solution and will provide a suitable explanation,” the phone was answered.

Stella said, “I’ve bothered you. I’m curious as to who else was present at the dinner.”

“Do you imply the conversation was taped and leaked?” Louis was taken aback.

“No.” Stella took a pause. “Was there a judge who gave me a low grade that night at the dinner?”

Louis reflected on the previous evening’s meal.

Following the announcement of the results, Robert extended an invitation to the panel judges for dinner on behalf of Modesty, but some of them declined. Robert, himself, and the other two were among those who attended. The judges that voted for Stella were not in attendance.

Was it just a coincidence?

“If you are one of the judges, will you attend a celebration meal for the candidate that you did not vote for?” Stella asked as Louis remained mute.

He would not, Louis stunned.

It was because he would be ashamed of himself for voting for someone else and for the deserving candidate who lost.

He was also perplexed by Stella’s loss. The design of Modesty wasn’t horrible, but it wasn’t as good as Stella’s.

He accepted the offer because, as the organizer, he felt obligated to celebrate the winner.

Louis had a better understanding of the situation now.

Stella was certain she was correct. She didn’t have to guess who released the recording because there were only a few people in the restaurant that night.

She knew well what Modesty was made of.

She was mistaken in believing that winning or losing was the norm in a competition. What transpired next demonstrated that Modesty won through foul means, which was why she was concerned that the champion's opportunity may be taken away.

To put it another way, if Modesty had been the legitimate champion, none of this would have happened.

"I'll look into it further and report back to you," Louis said.

Was it just a coincidence? "If you are one of the judges, will you attend a celebration meal for the candidate that you did not vote for?" Stella asked as Louis remained mute. He would not, Louis stunned. It was because he would be ashamed of himself for voting for someone else and for the deserving candidate who lost. He was also perplexed by Stella's loss. The design of Modesty wasn't horrible, but it wasn't as good as Stella's. He accepted the offer because, as the organizer, he felt obligated to celebrate the winner. Louis had a better understanding of the situation now. Stella was certain she was correct. She didn't have to guess who released the recording because there were only a few people in the restaurant that night. She knew well what Modesty was made of. She was mistaken in believing that winning or losing was the norm in a competition. What transpired next demonstrated that Modesty won through foul means, which was why she was concerned that the champion's opportunity may be taken away. To put it another way, if Modesty had been the legitimate champion, none of this would have happened. "I'll look into it further and report back to you," Louis said.

Chapter 390-A legal letter sent to Phoebe Steward at half-past eleven at night, amid the online debate about the designer contest, caught everyone off guard.

It was first covered up, but around midnight, someone posted a comment claiming that the university student referenced in the letter was the provincial scholarship winner from the previous year.

Students began to criticize Phoebe for using such a ploy to damage a student's life when the comment was made public.

People also contacted the media to report on the situation.

Despite the fact that it was past midnight, the debate wave had not subsided, and more individuals were joining and participating in the comment section.

“Darn it, this is the actual face of capitalism, deleting viral content, in comparison to the designer contest issue, the Steward Group clearly acts out of guilt.”

“I concur with the previous commenter. The Conrad Group did not erase or attempt to conceal the issue in any way, perhaps we were mistaken about them.”

“Wasn't it you folks who made the snide remarks just now? A slew of unknown designers was writing derogatory remarks, the real designers who took part had not expressed an opinion at all, but a slew of miscellaneous was spouting nonsense.”

“I agree that some of them were a little too vicious, but if there had been any issues with the contest, the designers would have noticed and defended themselves.”

Some commented based solely on jealousy rather than fairness.

“To tell you the truth, I appreciate Ms. Radomil's designs. Her 'Puppy Love' Series was really popular, and I purchased all of them because I adored them.”

“I work for SG Jewelry, and Mr. Conrad planned to help Ms. Radomil by providing her with the best resources in the design area, but she turned it down right away. Those who said he staged the competition solely to make her famous were ludicrous.”

“Hmmm, I don't suppose Mr. Conrad is like that either. There's no need to take a big round, he'll just give Ms. Radomil what he wants.”

Apart from that, there were other unpleasant comments, although the situation had improved dramatically.

The discussion thread on Phoebe's side was full of harsh comments.

“Recently, there have been a lot of concerns with the Steward Group and she still intends to treat netizens like idiots? What a spoiled brat, she even harmed a university student.”

“Haha, I’m not surprised Phoebe did something like that. What good can we expect from her if she merely hides behind the executives during an issue involving someone’s life?”

“Jesus, I just realized the student is from our school, he’s such a fantastic kid, good-looking, and extremely nice!!!”

“Do you have a photo you’d like to share?”

Channing’s photo from the class was soon posted online.

“Damn it!!! Phoebe Steward, go to hell!!! She dared to victimize my future spouse!! What a scumbag!!”

“I’m going to claim him as my husband since he’s too nice looking!”

“Did the two above go insane?”

“Oh my god, what awful luck for a hottie preyed upon by Phoebe Steward!”

“With such an appearance, you could easily be a celebrity, why don’t you make your debut?” I’ll be your first and most ardent supporter!”

This had become the internet’s newest trending subject.

The stock price of Steward Group continued to plummet.

In the meantime, a lot was going on in the Conrad Group.

Nathan ran in as Dempsey Conrad was pushing an explanation from Clarence in front of all the shareholders. "Mr. Conrad, Master Conrad, the online argument has now been brought under control."

Not only Dempsey but also Clarence was taken aback by his statements.

"How did that happen?" Dempsey was curious.

He planned for the issue to be detonated, but it was instead controlled?

"Not by us...," he said. "However, the focus has shifted to a different subject," Nathan responded.

"What is the subject?" Dempsey frowned.

Nathan didn't go into great detail, but he did say it had something to do with the Steward.

Clarence said calmly at this point. "Do you think this meeting is still necessary?"

They were absolutely silent as they stared at each other.

"What happened to the Steward has nothing to do with us," Dempsey added, "but you still have an explanation to make."

"Do you want to hear my explanation?" Clarence gave a kind smile.

"What kind of explanation do you need from me?" he asked, casting a glance across the room. "Everything on the internet is just rumor, and you believed them? Why are you bothering me in the middle of the night with rumors that aren't true?"

Looking at him even made the shareholders feel embarrassed at this moment.

“Rumors were never unfounded, otherwise, why would you dismiss the champion in favor of the runner-up? It’s all your doing, isn’t it?” said Dempsey.

“Other than the fact that she is the actual and legitimate champion, what might be the reason? If I want to, I could give her the entire Conrad Group, a separate counter to exhibit her brand is nothing,” Clarence said nonchalantly.

Everyone in the conference room felt their pulses quickened as he spoke.

Dempsey, as expected, lost his cool and slammed his palm against the table. “Are you even aware of what you said? You’re absurd...”

Clarence, on the other hand, was as tranquil as a cat. “I’m simply making a joke about the entire Conrad Group, I offered her half but she turned it down.”

Hearing that, Dempsey fell a few steps backwards, as if he was about to pass out the next second.

“What happened to the Steward has nothing to do with us,” Dempsey added, “but you still have an explanation to make.” “Do you want to hear my explanation?” Clarence gave a kind smile. “What kind of explanation do you need from me?” he asked, casting a glance across the room. “Everything on the internet is just rumor, and you believed them? Why are you bothering me in the middle of the night with rumors that aren’t true?” Looking at him even made the shareholders feel embarrassed at this moment. “Rumors were never unfounded, otherwise, why would you dismiss the champion in favor of the runner-up? It’s all your doing, isn’t it?” said Dempsey. “Other than the fact that she is the actual and legitimate champion, what might be the reason? If I want to, I could give her the entire Conrad Group, a separate counter to exhibit her brand is nothing,” Clarence said nonchalantly. Everyone in the conference room felt their pulses quickened as he spoke. Dempsey, as expected, lost his cool and slammed his palm against the table. “Are you even aware of what you said? You’re absurd...” Clarence, on the other hand, was as tranquil as a cat. “I’m simply making a joke about the entire Conrad Group, I offered her half but she turned it down.” Hearing that, Dempsey fell a few steps backwards, as if he was about to pass out the next second.