

Mr Conrad 391

Chapter 391-Stella directly came back to her bedroom after coming back to the Steward family. No matter how noisy it was outside, she didn't come out of her room again.

Many people would find tonight hard.

When Stella prepared to put down her phone and take a shower, she found Channing's information was exposed on the Internet by someone.

Stella knitted her brows and called Donald.

Donald was also bewildered. He said, "I didn't arrange this. Maybe it's a coincidence."

After ending the call, Stella pondered for a while and then called Channing.

The call was answered soon. Stella asked in a low voice, "Chan, have you come back to school?"

Channing replied with a nasal sound and said, "Yep, I come back this afternoon."

"Have you seen the news on the Internet?"

"I saw it."

Stella said, "Don't care about it. Everything will calm down after tonight."

Channing replied, "I see."

He paused and then asked, "What's the situation at your side?"

“Not bad. Everything is within my plan. There won’t be any accident.”

Right at this moment, Stella’s phone rang. She took a glance at the caller ID, “Let’s stop here now. You just need to pay attention to your study.”

The call was from Sherry. When Stella answered the call, she heard Sherry’s excited voice, “Stella, had you seen the breaking news on Weibo? Phoebe’s evil doings are finally exposed. They’re all criticizing her on the Internet. It’s so heartening!”

“I saw it.” Stella asked, “Haven’t you gone to bed?”

“How can I fall asleep after knowing this exciting thing? Oh gosh, I’m so...”

There came a man’s voice before Sherry could finish her words, “Can you talk about this tomorrow? I have some questions to ask you.”

Sherry was rendered speechless, while Stella was confused.

She suddenly felt like the world was not real. Stella took a glance at her phone. It was really 12 o’clock.

They were still together late at night?

Before Stella could pull herself together, Daniel had snatched Sherry’s phone. He said in a calm voice, “Ms. Radomil, may I ask you a question?”

Stella replied, “What’s it?”

“Are you the one behind the news of Phoebe?”

“Yes.”

Daniel continued, “Have you ever thought of the possible consequence? Charles won’t let go of you easily.”

Stella replied, “I’ve thought and I’m clear that even though I didn’t do that, Charles never plans to let go of me.”

Daniel was choked and was lost for words when he heard it.

They had been working hard to distance Stella from the conflict with Charles, hoping that it would make her safer. But they didn’t expect that she would get herself involved in this drastic grudge.

Stella said, “In addition, I can get the things I want by doing this. So all in all, it’s beneficial to me.”

Daniel spoke several other seconds. Sherry grabbed her phone and got a word in, “By the way, I saw Channing on the news. They created a new tag for him alone, asking him to be a star. What does Channing think of this? If he decides to be a star, I will be the chairman of his fans group!”

Winnie asked Stella about this before, but Stella hadn’t found an opportunity to ask Channing yet. She said, “I don’t know. It depends on himself.”

“It will be so great if Channing decides to be a star. He has good performance in study and looks so handsome. Awe... many girls will compete with me later.”

Daniel, “?”

Stella also realized this problem, but she didn’t ask why Sherry was still with Daniel late in night. She coughed and said, “It’s late now. I will go to take a shower. You... go to bed early.”

“Okay. See you tomorrow.”

When Sherry put her phone into her pocket, Daniel stood up, "I have to go too."

Sherry took a glance at the clock and finally realized that it was so late. She quickly nodded her head, "Hurry up and leave."

Daniel, "..."

Was he so unwelcomed?

Daniel got into his car after leaving Sherry's home. When seeing the familiar black car behind his car from the rear-view mirror, his expression uncontrollably turned colder.

How endless! The Steward Group had such a big problem tonight, wasn't it enough to attract their attention.

Daniel pressed the accelerator hard and the car drove at a high speed in the dark night.

The men following Daniel didn't expect that Daniel would suddenly speed up and hurried followed him.

But Daniel drove like he was 'walking a dog'. He made circles around the city center and suddenly drove into a ramp and disappeared in their vision quickly.

When he drove to the next cross, Daniel directly got out of the car and got into a black Volkswagen car that was parked by the roadside. A person got out of the Volkswagen car, took the car key from Daniel and drove Daniel's car back.

The man following Daniel had a foreboding when Daniel disappeared in their vision and hurriedly drove towards the direction of Daniel's home.

When they saw that the car had been parked in the garage, they finally heaved a sigh of relief.

On the other side...

Daniel directly came to find William.

When he opened the door, Aaron ran over, "Daniel."

Daniel randomly rubbed his hair, "Why don't you sleep? It's late now."

Aaron turned his head and fixed his eyes on the news on the tablet PC.

Daniel could tell what he was looking without even needing to guess it. He grabbed the tablet PC, "Go to bed now. Why do you look at this?"

Right at this moment, William walked out of the studio. Seeing this, Aaron grabbed back the tablet PC and ran back to his bedroom.

William's expression was hideous and there was vaguely a touch of coldness. He asked, "Did you get in touch with her?"

Daniel nodded his head, "She has her own plan and I couldn't persuade her."

Sitting on the sofa, William rubbed his eyebrows, looking so tired and helpless.

Daniel sat opposite to him, "Please don't be so worried. At least Mr. Thomas is there and Charles won't dare to do something to her openly."

"He doesn't dare to harm her openly, but what about secretly?"

Thinking of the conflict between Jeffrey and Channing last time, Daniel didn't speak again.

After a while, William asked, "Have you found out Jeffrey?"

Daniel shook his head, "Nope. I guess he must have been taken away by Charles' men."

"Jeffrey is now under Charles' control, and he will be a bomb sooner or later."

Leaning against the sofa, William closed his eyes, "I hope so."

After a short while of silence, Daniel said tentatively, "As far as I'm concerned, we'd better tell Ms. Radomil about the truth under such circumstance. If she learns about the truth, she will not act rashly if there's a similar problem later."

William said in a flat tone, "No need."

He didn't know how to face Stella and her younger brother.

Chapter 392-When Stella walked out of the washroom after taking a shower and dried her hair, she noticed that her phone that was thrown on the bed was vibrating. She immediately got onto the bed and as expected, it was a call from Clarence.

When she answered the call, the man's low voice sounded from the other end of the phone, "You haven't gone to bed?"

Stella replied, "Not yet."

She paused and then asked, "I can't fall asleep."

It was true. Many things happened tonight and she couldn't fall asleep.

Clarence said, "You miss me so much so you're sleepless?"

Stella, "..."

He was so frivolous!

Stella asked, "How's the situation at your side?"

Clarence replied in a flat tone, "I just finished the meeting of directors. Rest assured. They can't do anything to me."

"But this matter is so serious now. The Conrad family..."

"They were the one who planned this and they were quite complacent of it. It was also them who blew up this affair."

Stella was stunned when she heard the words, "The Conrad family planned this? But shouldn't it be Modesty who recorded it?"

Clarence wasn't surprised when hearing this and said, "I have to compliment that she's somehow smart and knows to find a scapegoat."

"Do you mean that it was Modesty who made a voice recording, but she was afraid that she might offend you? Therefore, she turned to the Conrad family."

The outsiders all knew that Dempsey and Clarence were the father and son on the surface, but they were indeed enemies who tried best to plot against each other. Especially Dempsey, he tried to plot against Clarence for several times and they were all in vain. Now he was trying all possible means to get something on Clarence.

Modesty was smart. She was so bold that she even schemed against Dempsey.

Stella continued after a short while of silence, "Now that we know who the one behind all these is, what should we do to cope with it?"

"Don't be so hurried." Clarence said slowly, "Wait for two more days."

"Okay."

If she guessed it right, Clarence wanted to carry out his plan by making use of this affair.

Clarence asked, "Did Charles come to find you?"

"Nope."

"Just wait. He will come to find you tomorrow morning at latest."

Stella nodded her head. She also thought that this affair would be more serious tomorrow night after tonight's fermentation.

If Charles wanted to end this matter before it became more serious and minimize its negative effect, he could at most wait until tomorrow morning.

Stella asked, "Are you still in the company?"

Clarence replied with a nasal sound, "Many affairs are delayed today and I haven't handled them."

"Oh, they will you have to work overnight?"

"Will you come here to accompany me?"

Stella replied, "Oh, I suddenly become sleepy. Bye."

Stella lay face down on the bed for a while after ending the call and then walked into the washroom to dry her hair.

She took a glance at the clock and found it was already one o'clock in the morning. It was unrealistic for her to go out now.

But... That wretched man had a bad habit- he would always forget to have a meal when he was busy.

Lying onto the bed, Stella ordered a takeaway for him.

After that, she recalled that Nathan was his assistant and had many affairs to deal with every day, so she ordered a takeaway for Nathan too.

After that, Stella opened the Weibo and found that the topic about Channing was still heated and many people were still criticizing Phoebe.

It seemed like many people would be sleepless tonight.

As the evening wore on, the surroundings became quieter and quieter and she could only hear the rustle of the leaves occasionally.

After a short while, there came the raining sound.

And the temperature in the room became lower.

Looking at the dark night outside of the window, Stella thought of the night when the bloody Adolph showed up in her studio and Eugene who lay in the mortuary lonely.

After a long while, Stella heaved a gentle sigh. This time, she didn't owe them anything. Therefore, she would not show mercy to them again.

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This rainy night was destined to be not calm.

After sending the recording pen to the Conrad family, Modesty had been paying attention to the news on the Internet. When the recording was exposed, she secretly heaved a sigh of relief, feeling unprecedentedly satisfied.

Many people knew about this affair now and it even got the Conrad Group involved. The organizer and the Conrad family would assert that the contents in the recording were deceitful to disassociate themselves from this matter. In this case, Stella would lose the opportunity to have a special performance.

Modesty waited for the whole night, yet the organizer and the Conrad Group still didn't clarify this matter and what she got in the end was the scandals about Phoebe.

Modesty became a bit flustered when seeing the news about Phoebe becoming more heated than the news about Stella.

Right at this moment, her phone suddenly rang. Looking at the stranger number on the phone, Phoebe thought it was a call from Adolph. She hurriedly answered the call as if she had grabbed a life-saving straw, "Adolph, I..."

"Oh?"

When hearing the frivolous male voice from the other end of the phone, Modesty knitted her brows, "How comes it's you?"

Arthur said, "Why can't it be me? I asked you to come to my room in the hotel. Why don't you come?"

Modesty retorted, "Are you insane? I've given you that I should give you. Why should I come there?"

Arthur laughed, "Don't regard me as an outsider. You've give me that you should give me? But I haven't gotten the thing that I really want. I will give you the last chance. Come to the hotel right now. Otherwise, don't blame me if I disclose your scandals later."

Modesty tightened her clenched fist on the phone. Suppressing her anger, she asked, "Do I have any scandal?"

"Oh, our cooperation was just finished, yet you forget it so soon." Arthur said slowly, "It doesn't matter even though you forget it. I don't mind reminding you."

"No need." Modesty took a deep breath, "You said it was just cooperation. Shouldn't you shut up after getting the money?"

"Yes, you're right. I should shut up after getting the money. But it's just the reward for helping you in the competition. But I didn't get any reward from the affair of bribing the two judges to help you get the champion."

Modesty retorted in a cold voice, "It was not me who bribed the judges. It was Aurora..."

Arthur said, "She bribed the judges for the sake of you, right? And you're the one who won the championship. It was not me, nor Ms. Barton, right?"

"Are you using this to threaten me?"

"How can it be a threat? I've told you that we're the same kind of people and I just want to have more profound communication with you." Arthur added, "I've sent you the address of the hotel and my room number. If you don't show up in an hour..."

Arthur said as if he was talking to himself, "They're enthusiastically discussing this competition on the Internet. I believe that many media is willing to buy this exclusive news at a high price. Looks like I will get a large sum of money again."

Gritting her teeth, Modesty pressed the screen with great force and ended the call.

She stood in the room for several minutes and then called Adolph, yet still failed to connect the call.

Clenching her fists tightly, Modesty took a glance at the fruit knife on the table and put it into her bag. She changed her clothes and walked out of the room.

Chapter 393-In the late night, the rain became bigger and bigger. Browsing the news on the Internet, Modesty felt so bothered.

When the car stopped in front of the hotel, she got off the car and quickly walked towards the hotel with an umbrella.

She used the umbrella to hide her face all the way and even didn't close it in the life.

Standing in front of the room and Arthur told her before, Modesty reached out to press the doorbell.

The door was opened soon. Arthur only wrapped his lower body with a bath towel. When seeing Modesty, he said with evil intention, "Nice. You arrive so quickly."

Modesty looked at him coldly, "What the hell do you want?"

Arthur studied her from top to toe and said, "Come in first. How boring it will be if we just stand here."

Modesty only closed the umbrella after walking into the room. She put it in a corner.

Arthur walked towards the wine cabinet while saying, "Take a seat."

Modesty had been landing her gaze on him when she sat down on the sofa in the living room.

After a short wine, Arthur walked over with two glasses of red wine and put one of them in front of Modesty, "No matter what, I have to congratulate you for winning the championship."

When speaking, Arthur picked up the glass of red wine for Modesty.

Modesty knitted her brows. Suppressing the disgust and hatred in her heart, she took the glass from Arthur and took a sip under his gaze.

Arthur looked at her with satisfaction.

Modesty put the glass on the table, "You can tell me how much you want. I will try my best to satisfy you."

"Nope." Arthur raised his chin and gulped down the red wine in his glass. He then sat beside Modesty, "If what I want is money, I won't ask you to come here. Ms. Barton has a lot of money. I ask you here to talk about our private affair."

When speaking, he put his hand on Modesty's thigh.

Modesty abruptly stood up, "Behave yourself!"

Arthur burst into laughter. But at the next moment, he suddenly changed his expression and said coldly, "You come to my room, and ask me to behave myself?"

"I come here because..."

Modesty suddenly felt her surroundings blurry.

Sitting on the sofa, Arthur curled his lips into a ferocious smile.

Modesty had a foreboding. Shivering, she rummaged her bag, took out the fruit knife and uncontrollably stammered in a shaking voice, "Don't... Don't come over. Otherwise, I will..."

Arthur was not enraged. Instead, he chuckled, "Oh, seems you come here with some preparation. I underestimated you before."

Modesty became dizzy and dizzy, even finding it difficult to maintain her balance.

Arthur grabbed her knife effortlessly and pressed her onto the sofa violently, "Now that this's the case, I won't show mercy to you."

At the beginning, Modesty still struggled out of the instinct, but when she felt the sharp pain from her private part, she stared at the ceiling dully, feeling her mind blank.

She could only hear the man's disgusting heavy breathes.

Several hours later, the medicine in the wine finally lost its efficacy. Trembling all over, Modesty propped herself up from the ground, casually grabbed a cloth to cover her breasts and then took out her phone in an attempt to call the police.

Sitting beside her, Arthur narrowed his eyes and lit a cigarette, "Sue me if you want to."

When speaking, he threw a phone to Modesty, "The evidence is in the phone. You can sue me if you like."

Modesty bit her lower lip with great force. She didn't expect that he would video it.

Arthur breathed out smoke and then continued, "After all I don't have too much courage. If the police interrogate me, I will get nervous and may tell them about your unrepresentable transaction. It doesn't matter to me. But you're different. It was not easy for you to win the championship of the Young Designers' Contest. It will be a pity that someone will replace you to be the champion."

Modesty was silent for a long time, and then she began to wear her clothes quietly.

When she left, Arthur said, "Rest assured. As long as you can come to me whenever I call you, I won't disclose this video or our transaction on the contest to others."

Modesty stiffened. Her hands that were placed on both sides were clenched into fists, yet she could only suppress her anger and leave.

Arthur's rampant laughter sounded from behind.

After leaving the hotel, Modesty didn't come back to the house that she was living in now. Instead, she came back to the old house, which was her real home.

Nevertheless, it was pouring with rain and the alley, which had always been water logged, was full of water now and she couldn't see the original alley.

Modesty walked along the alley. Her shoes and clothes had gotten wet.

Standing in front of her home, Modesty knocked at the door with great force. But the only reply she got was just the loud raining sound.

After a long while, the knocking sound finally woke up her neighbor. An old man, aged around seventy years old, wobbled out of his home. He recognized Modesty only after a long while, "Modesty, your father is not at home. Stop knocking at the door."

Modesty turned around and asked furiously, "Where did he go?"

"He got sick several days ago and was sent the hospital, yet he hasn't come back since then. It has been a long time."

"What about Adolph?"

“Adolph hasn’t come back again either after sending your father to the hospital.”

After finishing the words, the old man came back home.

Looking at the potted plant that was carefully cultivated by Eugene, Modesty became angrier and angrier. She landed a hard kick on the flowerpot. The flowerpot hit the wall and broke into pieces. The plant in the flowerpot was covered by soil and gradually lost its vitality.

The old man turned around when he heard the loud sound. He shook his head, clicked his tongue and then closed the door.

Modesty then went to Adolph’s home, trying to find out some clues about his whereabouts.

Only Adolph could help her fight against Arthur now.

She found the key that Adolph put under the windowsill. Only when she got into the house did she find out that the house was full of dusts. It seemed like Adolph hadn’t come back here for a long time.

Reluctant to leave without any gains, Modesty found a pen and a piece of paper and left a note to Adolph, asking him to contact her when he saw the note.

On the way back, Modesty turned around and took a glance at the building in the room. The odor of waste pervaded the surroundings.

She would not come back to here again!

...

Although Stella only slept for several hours, she felt more vigorous when she woke up.

It was still rainy outside of the windows and the whole sky was dark. She didn't know how long would this rain last.

Stella changed her clothes and went downstairs.

When she came to the living room, a maid hurriedly walked over, "Ms. Radomil, Master Steward asked you to come to his study when you wake up."

"I see."

Stella walked to the study and knocked at the door. Charles' cold voice sounded from inside, "Come in."

Stella walked into the study and said in a flat voice, "Mr. Steward, is there any matter?"

Charles looked towards her with a touch of gloominess in his eyes.

Maybe it was because he didn't sleep last night, the pretentious elegance and gentleness on his face was nowhere to be found now.

Meeting his eyes in the air, Stella didn't change her expression, showing no trace of cowardice.

After a while, Charles broke the silence, "You know the news on the Internet, right?"

Stella nodded her head, "It has attracted great public attention and many medias have reported it. Of course I've learned about it."

"Did you see it from the news?"

Stella asked, "Or where should I learn?"

Chapter 394-Charles snorted. Apparently he was not convinced.

Phoebe's news appeared on the Internet right after the disclosure of the matter between the Conrad Group and Stella. It was definitely contrived.

After a short while, Charles continued, "I can agree to the conditions you put forward before. But I have my conditions too."

Stella was not surprised at this answer. She smiled, "Mr. Steward, please tell me what it is."

Charles said, "I can only give half of the properties you want to you. You also know that the Steward Group in confronting many challenges now. Moreover, its stock price plummeted because of Phoebe's scandal. This is what I can give you. It's the maximum that I can give you."

Stella licked her lips expressionlessly. She didn't reply as she was waiting for Charles' rest words.

Charles continued, "Except for this, you should give me a letter of assurance which assures that you will not intervene in any projects of the Steward Group. I will also promise to you that you will get all the benefits that you deserve to get."

When speaking, Charles took out a document that he printed in advance and pushed it to Steward. There was Charles' signature and the Steward Group's seal on the last page of the document.

Stella took a glance at the document and then lifted her head again, "I can agree to it, Mr. Steward. But I hope you will not bother my brother again. This is my last condition. Moreover, Ms. Steward must apologize to my brother. The things she did have greatly impacted my brother's study and life. If you don't agree to this, even though I can let pass this matter, it will be hard for me to face my brother thereafter."

Charles narrowed his eyes. After a while, he said, "But you should clear that she will only apologize to him in private."

"I know. I just need Ms. Steward to apologize to my brother in person. I don't mind others."

Charles didn't speak again. It was acquiescence.

Stella said, "Mr. Steward, I know that you're a man of your word. You won't get back on your words, right? Comparing to you, I'm so mean."

When speaking, Stella put a recording pen on the table.

Seeing this, Charles' expression changed dramatically.

Stella said with difficulty, "I have no choice. I was fooled by this trick by someone yesterday. I should be smart and put it down to experience. But Mr. Steward, as long as you don't go back on your words, this recording will be useless."

After finishing the words, Stella turned off the recording pen, picked up the pen on the table and signed her name on the last page of the document. She then opened the inkpad and pressed her fingerprint on the paper.

After that, Stella picked up the document and recording pen and stood up, "Mr. Steward, please rest assured. I will handle this matter properly."

When Stella walked out of the studio, she saw Phoebe standing outside of the door. Her expression was so hideous. Apparently, Phoebe had heard the conversation.

Stella smiled at her, "Ms. Steward, good morning."

Phoebe gritted her teeth, "Do you think that you will get the Steward Group by doing this?"

"I never think so. After all, the Steward family has a great fortune and this is just a small part of it. But as the old saying goes, we should enjoy our when we can."

After finishing the words, Stella left quickly without paying any attention to Phoebe's expression.

When Stella appeared in her vision, Phoebe clenched her fists, reluctant to admit defeat. She walked into the study, "Dad, how can you agree to her conditions so easily?"

Charles stood up and stood in front of the windows with his hands behind his back. He replied in an indifferent voice, "Those things are not important. We can give her since she wants them."

"But..."

"Phoebe," Charles interrupted her, "You should reflect on yourself. You were so careless when doing those things. You left some evidence and were then threatened."

Phoebe was suddenly lost for words and lowered her head.

Charles continued, "Does the matter of the Conrad Group yesterday have something to do with you?"

"I..."

Phoebe stammered. After a long while, she replied, "Dad, please rest assured. They will not be able to find out my relationship with that matter."

"That's good."

After a moment, Charles said, "Let's stop here."

Phoebe then left the studied.

At the same time, Charles' phone rang. When he answered the call, his subordinate's low voice sounded from the other end of the phone, "Master, the man that we brought back last time runs away."

Charles narrowed his eyes gloomily, "How long has it been?"

"Less than ten minutes."

"Go find him. You don't need to bring him back again. Directly kill him."

"Okay."

...

It had been raining when Stella drove to her studio. Stella took a glance at the document on the passenger seat and slightly pressed her lips together.

Since she had gotten the things she wanted now, she should clarify Phoebe's scandals on the Internet.

However, she was not in a hurry as Charles didn't give her a time limit. She just needed to finish this task today.

When she arrived at the studio, she found that her employees were having a heated discussion on the news on the Internet. But the strange thing was that they were standing at the door when discussing it.

Stella asked, "Why are you standing here?"

The girls shook their heads simultaneously, "This place is cool."

Seeing this, Stella took a glance into the studio. Combining with their reactions, Stella figured out something. She raised her brows and smiled, "Go into the studio. It's still raining outside."

After finishing the words, she walked into the studio.

Stella pushed open the door of the office and saw Clarence sitting on the sofa with his eyes closed. It seemed like he was sleeping.

Stella closed the door gently, walked to Clarence, picked up the blanket beside the sofa and gently put it on Clarence.

Stella maintained the posture after finishing this. She slightly leaned forwards and fixed her eyes on him.

She guessed this wretched man must have not slept last night because there were two light dark circles below his eyes.

Stella studied him for a while, and then she suddenly leaned forward and landed a kiss on his thin lips.

But she didn't expect that when she ended the kiss and prepared to stand up, the man in front of her suddenly opened his black eyes.

Stella, "..."

Clarence fixed his black eyes on her and asked in a low husky voice, "Did you kiss me secretly?"

"I..."

Before Stella could give an explanation, her wrist was grabbed by him. At the next moment, she fell into the man's embrace.

Clarence looked askance at her, "You can kiss me above board if you want to. Why did you kiss me secretly? I won't mock at you."

Stella's eyelids jumped. She thought she had made an unwise decision just now.

Seeing that she was silent, Clarence rubbed her shoulder with his chin and said in a husky voice, "Why don't you kiss me now? Then I have to kiss you, okay."

It was not a question. Instead, it was a notification.

After finishing the words, he bit her lips. The kiss carried his message for Stella and he slowly deepened the kiss.

Stella patted his chest, wanting to tell him that they were now in the office and reminding him that it would be awkward if someone came to the office at this moment.

But Clarence ignored it. He clasped the back of her hand and pressed her onto the sofa while kissing her.

Seeing that she was silent, Clarence rubbed her shoulder with his chin and said in a husky voice, "Why don't you kiss me now? Then I have to kiss you, Okay." It was not a question. Instead, it was a notification. After finishing the words, he bit her lips. The kiss carried his message for Stella and he slowly deepened the kiss. Stella patted his chest, wanting to tell him that they were now in the office and reminding him that it would be awkward if someone came to the office at this moment. But Clarence ignored it. He clasped the back of her hand and pressed her onto the sofa while kissing her.

Chapter 395-The reality proved that Stella's worry was reasonable.

When hearing the knocking sound at the door, Stella pushed away the man on top of her with great force and abruptly got up and sat on the sofa.

Right at this moment, the door of the office was opened.

There came Sherry's voice, "Stella, you..."

Sherry paused when she saw Stella sitting on the sofa with her clothes messy and her face red.

A man was sitting on the ground in front of Stella with one of his legs crossed. He looked towards Sherry while licking his teeth.

Sherry immediately sensed a dangerous signal. She hurriedly closed the door and said quickly, "Oh, it's so weird. Why is Stella not here?"

Stella, "..."

How ridiculous!

When the door was closed, Clarence looked towards Stella and kept down his voice, "Go on?"

Stella stood up sulkily, "Go on your ass. I have to work now."

She sat down in front of the computer, pressed the power button to turn on the computer and took out a small mirror in an attempt to refine her make-up. But when she saw her reflection in the mirror, she had an impulse to cut Clarence into pieces.

No wonder that when Sherry saw her just now, her expression became so weird.

Stella quickly smoothed her clothes, took out a tissue to wipe away the lipstick around her mouth corners and fixed her make-up.

Sitting on the safe box behind Stella, Clarence grabbed the arms of the chair and swiveled the chair to force Stella to face him, "Are you so busy with your work that you even have no time to accompany me?"

Stella put down her lipstick, "Of course I'm so busy. If I don't work harder, those people would gossip that I depend on you to get the achievements I have today."

Clarence raised his brows, "Is it awful to depend on me? I can give everything to you if you want."

“Thank you. I don’t want it.”

Stella exerted some force in an attempt to revolve the chair back. But Clarence didn’t intend to loosen his grip.

Stella heaved a sigh. All right, just let it be.

She asked, “Have you eaten the breakfast?”

“Not yet.”

Stella said seriously, “Have a rest on the sofa. I will order a takeout for you. It will arrive soon.”

Clarence, “...”

Seeing his slightly pressed lips, Stella couldn’t help but chuckle, “Just a joke. I haven’t eaten yet either. Let’s go out together.”

Clarence stared at him and narrowed his black eyes dangerously, “You dare to fool me now, hmm?”

Seeing that he intended to do something to her again, Stella hurriedly dodged him. She stood up and coughed, “All right, let’s go. I’m hungry.”

Before leaving the office, Stella checked again and again to make sure that there was no weird point on her.

When she walked out of the office, she found that there were several guests in the studio. The employees didn’t stand outside of the door than. Instead, they had begun to work. But Sherry wasn’t present.

Stella guessed she was in the neighboring house.

On the way, Clarence asked her, "Did Charles come to find you?"

Stella gently nodded her head, "He negotiated with me and only gave half of the properties I required before."

Clarence said in a flat tone, "This is like the way of doing things of that foxy man."

"But I required Phoebe to apologize to Channing?"

"Did he agree?"

Stella said, "He had to agree. This matter has attracted great intention and the matter related to Channing was the main reason."

Clarence asked, "Are you sure that he will keep his promise?"

"Of course," Stella blinked her eyes and turned around to look at him, "I recorded our conversation."

Clarence chuckled and reached out to rub her head, "Looks like the loss you suffered last time is meaningful."

Stella pouted. After a short while of silence, she asked, "How will you handle with Modesty?"

"It's not her turn yet. I will get back on them one by one."

Stella knew that he planned to handle with the Conrad family first.

She asked again, "I've contacted the organizer of the competition and they're investigating that matter now. Probably they will give us a result soon. As for Modesty, once her cheating in the competition is exposed, her career will be ruined."

Clarence commented, "She should have thought of the possible consequences before deciding to do these things."

Stella nodded her head. She didn't sympathize with Modesty at all. It was just that she felt it pitiful.

Whenever she thought of Modesty, she would uncontrollably think of the other person.

Stella asked, "Is there any news of Adolph?"

"Nope." Clarence continued, "Vincent is investigating it. Rest assured. He would not die even if Charles dies."

It made sense.

Adolph had gone through numerous hardships since childhood and had experienced many dangerous situations ever since he grew up. He had his own rules of living. As long as he wanted to live, few people in the world would be able to kill him.

After having the breakfast, Clarence sent Stella back to the studio and said, "I will be busy in the next few days. Tell me if you miss me and I will find time to find you. Don't feel embarrassed."

Stella, "..."

He was so ridiculous!

Clarence curled his lips into a smile. Before leaving, he gently kissed her forehead.

He then turned around and left. Sherry suddenly appeared. She couldn't help but tsk, "Oh, you two begin to show affection publicly early in the morning."

Stella's temples thumped. She turned around and said, "You..."

Sherry hurriedly raised her hands, "I didn't see anything. It was a comment on the TV drama I watched just now."

Stella didn't plan to talk about this topic with her. She pulled Sherry into the office, "I didn't have time to ask you before. Why were you still together with Daniel late in last night? Didn't you say that you haven't accepted his love?"

Sherry didn't expect that she would suddenly ask this question. A touch of unnatural emotion flashed across her face. She then sat onto the sofa and stammered, "Er... actually it's nothing special. He sent me home and drank a glass of water at my home."

"How could he drink until 12 o'clock?"

Sherry tried to cover it, "Nothing. It was just that we talked about poems and life."

Stella, "..."

Sherry had an impulse to slap herself when she realized what she said just now. What the hell was she talking about?"

Stella heaved a sigh, "I have no opinion on Daniel. I just feel that you should wait for several days even though you really like him."

Sherry hurriedly nodded her head, "I see. Rest assured. I know what I should do."

Stella prepared to say something else and moved her lips. But she suddenly realized that their conversation now was like how Sherry persuaded her before she decided to be with Clarence.

This world was really like a circle.

When thinking of this, Stella felt it hard to persuade Sherry again.

But Sherry was spirited. She leaned forwards with excitement, “Stella, did you see the news on the Internet? They’re all scolding at Phoebe. I felt so excited when I browsed the comments. After seeing those comments, I finally realized how gentle I was when I scolded at other people. I was not mean enough. But I learned from those people and now I will continue to criticize her. Phoebe must have not expected this. The public image that she took great efforts to build before was ruined overnight. This is the karma!”

Seeing this, Stella also took out her phone and sent a message to Donald.”

Chapter 396-They didn’t reduce the criticism on Phoebe until the afternoon. Instead, more and more people posted negative comments on Phoebe and the stock price of the Steward Group kept dropping down.

Right at the moment, a media found Phoebe entered a law firm under disguise and shot photos.

Two hours later, Phoebe’s attorney agent released a post, saying that all the news on the Internet was fictitious and it was all slanders. He called for them to stop spreading rumors. Otherwise, they would probe into their legal responsibilities.

After that post, Stella also posted a statement on the official Weibo account of her studio. She said that it was true that Bernice once sought troubles for her studio and even the things happened to Channing were real. But no evidence showed that they had anything to do with Phoebe.

The statement was the end of this matter.

As for other matters, they were not something that she should be bothered.

It was enough to do so.

After that, some people stood up to disclose some secrets. They asserted that they were Bernice's neighbors, friends, or some people who had other relationships with Bernice.

In the end, an influencer analyzed that Bernice earned money through swindle and some other wicked means in usual times. She estimated that Bernice must have noticed Stella's studio long time ago, but failing to get the money she wanted after making a fuss, Bernice shifted her target at Phoebe and planned this large-scale blackmail.

As a matter of fact, they were all fooled by Bernice.

After being the breaking news for several hours, this matter gradually became less heated, which indicated the end of this matter.

But the public didn't stop discussing this matter.

"I have to say that the capitalists are so capable that they solve this matter with a few words. But I'm not convinced."

"I don't believe in it either. If there was only one person to accuse Phoebe, I may be convinced if they tell me that it was a blackmailing targeting at Phoebe. But two people had accused her. I didn't forget the matter of Selina before. Does Phoebe think that we're all fools?"

"That's true. I also remember the matter of Selina. She went to Ms. Radomil's studio to make a fuss too. But later, when seeing that the Steward Group was suffering a great crisis, Selina couldn't bear it any longer and exposed it."

"But why did Ms. Radomil clarify it for Phoebe? It doesn't make sense. Ms. Radomil's backer is the Conrad Group. Will the Conrad Group be afraid of the Steward Group?"

"I think this is not a matter about who fears who. The relationship between the Conrad Group and the Steward Group is quite complicated. The Conrad Group had an engagement with Phoebe before, right? But Mr. Conrad cancelled the engagement later. But the most shocking thing was that Phoebe engaged

with Mr. Conrad's brother short after that. As for the inner stories behind this... Emm, I can't make it clear."

"Mr. Conrad has a brother? I'm so shocked!"

"I think Ms. Radomil's statement is not a clarification. Have you read her post carefully? She said 'no evidence'. What does this mean? She didn't directly say that those things have nothing to do with Phoebe and implicated that Phoebe is so cunning."

"I also think so. Judging from Phoebe's photos that were taken when she attended the activities, although she had been smiling, I think her smiles are so pretentious. Now that she tries to plot against Ms. Radomil again and again, how will she leave any evidence?"

"This woman is so horrifying. I won't believe in it no matter how she explains it. If Bernice just wanted to get money from Ms. Radomil by making a fuss in her studio, why did she ask her daughter to come to find Ms. Radomil's brother? Bernice is not capable enough to find out their relationship, right?"

"Hahaha, it doesn't matter. It's enough as long as we can see through their tricks. After all, they're so rich that they can suppress this matter and it's useless no matter what we comment. I just want to see when the Steward Group will go bankrupt. At that time, Phoebe won't be so rampant."

...

Although the public had been discussing this matter, it never became a top 10 search again.

When the Steward Group faced the crisis last time, they shifted the blame to several C-level managers. Like that time, this matter was also dropped.

...

In Stella's studio...

Stella had told Sherry before posting the statement. Sherry also supported her to do some, telling her that it was not late to have her revenge later.

Sherry was so happy when seeing that many people were still scolding at Phoebe.

Browsing the comments, Sherry enjoyed the milk tea and asked, "By the way, Stella, the problem of Phoebe is solved. What about that of the Young Designers' Contest?"

When hearing the words, Stella's hand that was grabbing the pen paused. She answered, "Wait for several days."

Sherry hiccupped, "I think Modesty must be the person behind that matter. There're no doubts. Except for her, I can't think of any other person who would do that immoral thing. Maybe she planned it together with Phoebe. They're all evil."

Stella moved her lips trying to say something after Phoebe finished her words. But there came some knocking sounds from the door. A girl popped out her head from behind the door, "Sherry, Stella, there're some journalists outside. They said they want to interview you."

Many journalists came here this afternoon. Sherry refused it without a second thought, "Refuse them."

Stella added, "Tell them I'm not in the studio if anyone comes here."

The girl nodded her head, closed the door and left.

Sherry heaved a sigh and lay onto the sofa again, "Human being can't be too outstanding. Otherwise, troubles will come to find you."

Stella smiled. She didn't say anything.

Those journalists wanted to interview her for the matter related to the Young Designers' Contest or for the matter related to Phoebe.

No matter on which matter, they wished to dig out some breaking inside stories from Stella.

After a while, Stella took out a document from her bag, "Sherry, I have to go out now. Probably I won't come back tonight."

Sherry replied, "Okay. Where are you going?"

Stella lowered her head and took a glance at the document, "The law firm."

Although she had signed on the document, she still wanted to confirm it with Donald. Moreover, she felt worried to keep the document by herself.

After leaving the studio, Stella directly came to find Donald and gave him the document.

Donald read the document, "This document has no problem. You will be a rich woman, congratulations."

Stella, "..."

Clarence and his friends had similar characteristics.

Stella paused and then asked, "Do you know the current situation of the Conrad Group?"

Although Clarence was so calm when discussing it with her, Stella knew that he didn't tell her all of the truth.

Leaning against the chair, Donald overlapped her hands, "Dempsey took the advantage to arrange his men into the company before, but now Clarence is dismissing them. Moreover, many senior employees are also involved in this matter and they hid themselves well in usual times. Everyone in the Conrad Group is nervous now. Tsk, Dempsey suffers a great loss.'

“Then... what about Clarence?”

Stella lowered her head and took a glance at the document, “The law firm.” Although she had signed on the document, she still wanted to confirm it with Donald. Moreover, she felt worried to keep the document by herself. After leaving the studio, Stella directly came to find Donald and gave him the document. Donald read the document, “This document has no problem. You will be a rich woman, congratulations.” Stella, “...” Clarence and his friends had similar characteristics. Stella paused and then asked, “Do you know the current situation of the Conrad Group?” Although Clarence was so calm when discussing it with her, Stella knew that he didn’t tell her all of the truth. Leaning against the chair, Donald overlapped her hands, “Dempsey took the advantage to arrange his men into the company before, but now Clarence is dismissing them. Moreover, many senior employees are also involved in this matter and they hid themselves well in usual times. Everyone in the Conrad Group is nervous now. Tsk, Dempsey suffers a great loss.’ “Then... what about Clarence?”

Chapter 397-Clarence must have been affected by this matter. However, he managed to reduce the impact to the minimum last night and even turned the tables overnight. Now Dempsey could not use the matter related to the Young Designers’ Contest to suppress him again.

However, the ill fame would still be there if they didn’t clarify this matter.

After leaving the law firm, Stella directly went to the Conrad Group.

When she arrived there, Clarence just finished a meeting. The whole building was shrouded in gloominess and all the staffs were holding their breath.

Failing to find Nathan, Stella directly walked to the CEO’s office. She reached out and gently knocked at the door.

Clarence was reading documents in front of the office desk. Stella didn’t know whether he had heard the knocking or nor.

Stella walked into the office lightly, cleared her throat and said in a righteously tone, “Mr. Conrad, would you like a cup of coffee?”

Clarence replied in a cold voice without even lifting his head, "Don't you know?"

"Then should I prepare dinner for you?"

Clarence was a bit stunned when he heard the words and slowly lifted his head. When seeing Stella, the coldness in his black eyes was gradually replaced by warmth, "When did you come?"

"I just arrived here." Stella sat opposite to him and asked, "So do you plan to drink coffee in place of meal again?"

Clarence lowered his head, quickly signed his name on the document and replied with a nasal sound. He then added, "It's so boring to eat alone."

Stella couldn't help but ask, "They why didn't you recognize my voice when I asked you whether you would like a cup of coffee and recognized my voice when I asked you about the dinner?"

Clarence replied in a flat tone, "I hired my assistants with high salaries. Generally they won't ask me two silly questions in concession."

Stella, "..."

Damn you, wretched man!

Clarence said, "Wait for several minutes."

"Okay."

Then there were only sounds of leafing through documents and the stroking sounds of the pen in the room.

Stella felt it a bit boring and began to play with the display on the desk.

When she was enjoying it, she suddenly noticed a photo on frame on the desk with her mouth corners.

“ ... ”

Inside the photo frame was the photo they took in the Yue Lao Temple.

That wretched man gave her an ugly photo frame and changed a good-looking one for himself.

Humph!

Ten minutes later, Clarence finally put down the documents and lifted his head, “Let’s go.”

Stella was a bit confused when she heard the words, “Where are we going?”

“Don’t you want to have dinner with me?”

Stella pouted, “I’m not here to have dinner with you.”

Clarence asked her with a nasal sound.

Stella opened her bag and took out the document, “Charles gave this to me. I came to Donald and asked him to examine it for me, and he told me it had no problem. But as I’m living in the Steward family now, it’s inconvenient for me to keep this document.”

Clarence curled his lips into a smile, “So you want me to keep it?”

Stella replied with a serious tone, “Nope. I plan to open a safe box in the bank.”

“Is it safer than being kept by me?”

Stella was not in a mood to talk rubbish with him. She put the document on the desk and pushed it towards Clarence, “Please keep it for me. I still have no idea about how to use it temporarily. Or you may use it if it’s useful to you.”

Clarence landed his gaze on the document and then looked towards Stella with surging emotions in his eyes, “Is there such a good thing?”

His gaze was direct and burning and Stella didn’t dare to look into his eyes. She looked askance and coughed, “After all... after all... You want to fight against the Conrad family and it also has been my wish. Just regard it as my contribution.”

Clarence chuckled when he heard the words, “Well, since you’ve said these words, I will receive it.”

Clarence put the document into a drawer and locked the drawer. He then raised his brows, “Can we go out for dinner now?”

Stella suddenly said after a short while of silence, “I want to visit Ms. Anderson.”

Clarence was not surprised by her answer. He picked up his jacket and stood up, “Let’s go.”

At the beginning, Stella thought that Clarence meant to go out for dinner.

Although she told him that she wanted to visit Dolores, she didn’t mean to visit her right away. They could schedule it later.

She was stunned when the helicopter appeared in front of them.

This...

Meeting her shocking eyes in the air, Clarence asked, "Didn't you say that you want to visit her?"

"But I meant to visit her when you solve these problems, not..."

"That's not important. Since the helicopter is here, let's get into it."

With a confused expression, Stella was then pulled into the helicopter by Clarence.

After a short while, there came a loud sound from above and the helicopter slowly took off.

Clarence lowered his head to take a glance at his wrist watch and then pulled Stella into his arms, "It will take several hours. Have a rest now."

Stella moved her lips trying to say something, yet gave up at the next moment.

Charles and Phoebe didn't want to see her now, so it was good if she didn't come back. They wouldn't be able to bother her and she didn't need to care about their moods either.

...

At the same time, when Modesty was at home, she received a phone call from Arthur.

Arthur said, "As routines, don't let me wait for you."

Modesty tightened her grip on the phone and asked, "Are you done?"

"Oh, what are you saying? Am I done? Aren't we partners? Or do you want to show the video to the police. I've copied the video into several CDs. I can send one to you if you want it."

Modesty directly ended the call. She took a deep breath, changed her clothes and walked out of the house.

On the way, she tried to contact Adolph for several times, yet none of her calls was connected.

Right at this moment, she suddenly found that someone was following her.

Modesty abruptly turned around, yet didn't find anything.

She withdrew her lines of sights and continued to walk forwards. But gradually, she heard more footsteps, which meant that several people were following behind her.

Modesty became so nervous. When seeing the convenience store in front of her, she rushed over and panted at the door.

The shop assistant and the other guests looked towards her with weird expressions.

Modesty finally heaved a sigh of relief when seeing other people. She bought a bottle of water, took a seat in the convenience store and then called Arthur, "Some people are following me. I can't..."

"It's okay. If you can't come here, I will post the video on the Internet."

Modesty gritted her teeth resentfully.

After sitting in the store for several minutes, Modesty took out her phone and called a taxi.

The taxi arrived at the convenience store soon.

Modesty walked out of the store restlessly. But when she got into the car, the car door was pulled open again and she got into the car quickly.

Seeing this, the driver asked, "Do you know him?"

Although the man beside her was wearing a peaked cap, Modesty still recognized him with a glance. She felt happy and replied hurriedly, "Yep, I know him."

Chapter 398-As the driver had doubted them, Modesty didn't talk to Adolph again to avoid unnecessary troubles. Adolph also lowered his head all the way with the hat covering half of his face.

When they arrived at the destination, they got out of the car one by one.

Modesty followed Adolph and Adolph stopped on an intersection near the hotel. There was no person in the surroundings.

When he turned around, Modesty hurriedly asked, "Adolph, have you seen the note I left to you?"

Adolph nodded his head, "What happened?"

Modesty replied anxiously, "Where have you been during this period? And where's my father? He hasn't come back for a long time."

"Modesty, your father..."

"Never mind. This is not important. We can talk about this later." Modesty interrupted him and continued, "Adolph, I have a big problem now. Please help me. You're the only one who can help me."

Adolph swallowed the words that he wanted to say, "What's it?"

Ten minutes later...

When preparing red wine in the room of the hotel, Arthur heard the doorbell. He put down the glass and walked to the door while humming, "You're so quick..."

Before he could finish the words, he saw a man in black standing at the door.

Arthur knitted his brows tightly, "Who are you looking for?"

Right at this moment, the man slowly lifted his head, his eyes full of coldness and killing intentions.

Arthur sensed a hint of trouble. But when he prepared to shout for help, the man landed a kick on his belly. Arthur hit onto the wall and then fell onto the ground.

Covering his belly, he felt the sharp pain and couldn't utter a syllable.

Adolph closed the door, grabbed his hair and dragged him into the room. Arthur's screams were gradually covered by the music in the room.

From the kick, Arthur knew deep down that he could not win the man if he wanted to fight against him and hurriedly begged for his mercy, "Are you hired by that bitch Modesty? How much does she pay you? I will double it, nope, triple it. I will give you no matter how much you want."

Adolph casually grabbed an ashtray from the table and slammed it on Arthur's head without hesitation.

Arthur, who tried to negotiate with Adolph just now, was suddenly silent and fell onto the ground.

Adolph picked up his phone from the sofa, examined the whole room, found out several CDs and then quickly left the room.

Modesty had been waiting for him downstairs. She felt it the most torturing moment in her life.

When Adolph finally went out of the hotel, Modesty hurriedly stood up and asked nervously, "Adolph, how's it?"

Adolph produced a phone and several CDs from his pocket and handed them to Modesty.

Shivering, Modesty took the things from him, "Are these all?"

"These are all."

Modesty heaved a sigh of relief. At the next moment, she seemed to recall something and asked, "Have you seen the contents?"

Adolph shook his head, "Nope."

"That's great."

When Modesty put the things into her bag, she noticed Adolph was bleeding. She subconsciously took a step backwards with shock and horror all over her face.

Adolph lowered his head and took a glance, "It's from my wounds."

Modesty asked, "Did... did those people follow me because of you?"

"They probably have found out our relationship. They follow you in an attempt to catch me."

Modesty abruptly widened her eyes, "They why did you come to find me? What should I do if they know that we've met?"

Adolph moved his lips trying to say something, but he was suddenly lost for words.

Modesty looked around and urged him, "Hurry up to leave. Don't come to find me again."

After finishing the words, she noticed that Adolph was still motionless and became more anxious as she was afraid that they would find out they were still in touch with each other. She was in a hurry to leave.

"Modesty." Adolph stooped her. Looking at her back, he asked, "Don't you care about your father's condition?"

Modesty had been restless recently. Although Adolph solved Arthur for her, before she could relieve, she learned that Adolph had brought her a bigger problem, so she was quite angry now. "Why should I

care about him? I'm so busy with my own troubles? Who can concern about me?"

Adolph didn't speak. Modesty left in a hurry.

After coming back home, she smashed Arthur's phone and the CDs into pieces. It was like she had vented some of her anger by doing this.

Now since Arthur had died and these evidences were ruined, no one would be able to threaten her again.

But she didn't expect that Arthur had managed to dodge Adolph's critical strike and survived.

Arthur passed out. After an hour, he woke up. Fighting down the sharp pain from his body, he wanted to find his phone to call the police, but failed.

Placing his hand on the wall to support himself, he groped and walked out of the room. He could vaguely saw a person in the front, but before he could utter a syllable, he fell onto the ground.

The staff of the hotel was freaked out when seeing his bloody face. Not daring to waste a single moment, he hurriedly called the ambulance and the police.

...

At ten o'clock in the evening, the helicopter landed in the Cloud City.

Stella opened her eyes in a daze and checked the time. She then found that it had been several hours.

She left Clarence's arms and twisted her neck.

She had to admit that she had had a good sleep over the past several years.

A car had been waiting for them beside the helicopter.

After getting into the car and looking at the sceneries that flashed across the windows, Stella yawned and asked, "Aren't there many matters to deal with in your company? You suddenly come here. Will it have any impact on your work?"

Clarence netted her fingers, played her hand and replied in a low, charming and husky voice, "Even an iron man needs rest."

"The cost of this rest is too high. We could as well have a sleep at home."

"Didn't you say you want to visit her?"

"It's just that..."

Stella found that she was indefensible on this matter and since she could not win the argument with Clarence, she decided to drop this topic.

The car arrived at Dolores' domicile twenty minutes later.

After getting out of the car, Stella found that this detached house was quiet. There was a garden as well as a small vegetable farm.

It was indeed a good place to live in.

Seeing that she was still standing on the spot, Clarence asked in a low voice, "Why are you just standing here?"

"I'm pondering whether Ms. Anderson has gone to bed or not."

Clarence replied, "Not yet. I called her before coming here."

"Well."

Actually she was pondering the other matter. If she saw that little boy here, then her guess before might be right.

But if she didn't see him here, it could only prove how foolish her guess was.

Seeing that she was lowering her head seeming to be pondering something, Clarence licked his lips secretly. He directly held up her hand and led her into the house.

Stella pulled herself back to reality. Her hand that was held by Clarence uncontrollably broke out into cold sweats.

This way was not that long. But Stella held her breath when taking every step.

Her assumption and suspicion would be confirmed soon.

Chapter 399-There came the fragrance of rice and dishes from inside the house.

Hearing the footsteps at the door, Dolores walked out of the house, "Stella, Clare, take a seat first. The meal will be ready soon."

Stella said, "Ms. Anderson, let me help you."

After finishing the words, she took off her coat, handed it to Clarence and then walked into the kitchen.

Clarence took the coat from her and raised his brows.

Dolores said, "You don't need to help me. I will finish it soon."

"You must have gone to bed at this point of time in usual times. It's so late now, yet we still come to bother you."

"It's not a big deal. I live here alone and no one can talk to me in usual times. I'm so happy that you can visit me."

"Ms. Anderson, are you living here alone?"

Dolores replied as if she hadn't noticed anything weird, "Yeah, what's the matter?"

Stella smiled and shook her head, "Nothing. It's just that I remember Ms. Beckham told me she wanted to live with you, so I think you two..."

"Evelyn?" Dolores took out some chopsticks while saying, "You also know that Evelyn can't bear boring life. This place is too quiet for her. She bought a package tour for the olds and went to travel after living here for a period. She's now having a good time."

Stella didn't ask any question when she heard this.

As expected, she had thought too much.

After the meal, Dolores said, "It's late now. I've cleaned the room. You two shall go upstairs and have a rest."

As she had had a sleep on the way here, Stella was sleepless now. She gathered the plates and bowls, "Ms. Anderson, you may go to bed now. I will wash these."

"Okay."

Dolores came back to her bedroom after finishing the words.

Stella gathered the dishes and took them to the kitchen. When she prepared to wash the dishes, the bowl in her hand was snatched.

Clarence said, "Go to the sofa. I will wash it."

Stella didn't want to dampen her mood and prayed for these dishes in her heart.

She then walked out of the kitchen and sat on the sofa. In five minutes, she heard the breaking sounds of two dishes.

One was from a plate and the other was from a spoon.

Stella had been accustomed to it and she didn't even lift her head.

Twenty minutes later, Clarence finally walked out of the kitchen with a gloomy face.

Stella complimented him sincerely, "It's good. At least you just broke one plate and a spoon today."

“Shut up.”

Stella uncontrollably curled her lips into her smile, feeling her mood improved.

Clarence took off his necktie with one hand, “I will go to take a shower.”

Only then did Stella realize that his shirt was half wet.

He was so awesome that he could even get himself messy while washing the dishes.

“Wait...” Stella hurriedly stopped him, “Is there only one room left?”

Clarence took several steps and turned around to look at her, “Or else?”

Stella couldn't help but pout. She had expected this.

When Clarence went upstairs, Stella was still sitting on the sofa with her arms around her knees. She was looking out of the windows, seeming to be pondering something.

Right at this moment, the door of a bedroom was pushed opened and Dolores walked out of the room, “Oh, you haven't slept yet.”

Stella pulled herself together, “Ms. Anderson.”

Dolores sat beside her, “Is your work arduous recently? You've lost so much weight.”

Stella smiled, “It's the summer so I need to lose my weight.”

“Nonsense. You're already so slim, is it necessary for you to lose weight?”

Stella asked, "Ms. Anderson, you live here alone. Are you accustomed to it?"

Dolores replied in a flat tone, "I've been living alone for a long time. It's the same no matter in where I'm living. I've accustomed to it."

This made sense.

After a short while, Stella asked, "Ms. Anderson, have you been living here after leaving Anqiao Street?"

Dolores replied after a short while of paused, "I once lived in the other place."

Stella's eyes suddenly lit up, "Where?"

"Still in Aqock. But I was not accustomed to it and I moved to this place."

The lights in Stella's eyes gradually became dim. Several seconds later, she nodded her head and sat, "Actually Aqock is a bit noisy. Anqiao Street is the quietest place."

Dolores replied with a nasal sound, "What about you? The news has attracted great attention on the Internet. Does it have any impact on you?"

Stella replied, "It doesn't have a great impact to me. It's just that it's so noisy that troubles come to me one by one, seeming to have no end."

"You can sort out those things one by one slowly. There will be an end one day."

Stella said, "Ms. Anderson, would you like to move back to City N and live with us when all these matters are solved?"

Dolores smiled, "I will decide it later."

Stella although understood the habit of living alone. Although sometimes she might feel lonely, it was better than facing those annoying things in life.

Therefore, sometimes it was good to live alone.

Dolores stood up, "All right, I have to go to bed now. You should go to bed early do. You will come back to City N early in the next morning, right?"

Stella nodded her head, "I see. Good night, Ms. Anderson."

When Dolores came back to her bedroom, Stella also went upstairs. When she just opened the door, she saw Clarence walking out of the washroom with wet black hair.

Their eyes met in the air.

Stella, "..."

She asked in disbelief, "Why are you naked?"

"My clothes are wet."

He replied righteously.

Stella's ears got red, "Can't you... can't you find a cloth to cover it?"

Clarence asked, "Which part haven't you seen?"

Unable to outspoke him, Stella directly walked into the washroom.

Although she didn't bring clothes for changing either, at least her clothes were dry and she could still wear them after taking a shower. It didn't matter even though it was a bit dirty, as it was better than wearing nothing like that wretched man.

When Stella walked out after taking a shower, she found Clarence had lain on the bed.

Stella's eyelids twitched. She didn't want to sleep with him.

She lay down on the edge of the bed, trying her best to keep a distance away from Clarence.

But after a short while, a hot body clung to her.

The man's breathes landed on her heard when he said in a husky and charming voice, "Why are you still wearing these clothes?"

Stella tried to withstand it and said, "I didn't change my clothes."

"Then you should take off them. They're odorous."

Stella clenched her clothes tightly to stop his action, "You will not smell it as long as you're not so close to me."

Clarence, "..."

He cajoled her in a low voice, "I will not smell it if you take off your clothes."

Stella knew what he wanted to do. She knitted her brows and said in a low voice, "Do you want to have sex here? Come on, we have nothing here."

Clarence kissed her forehead, "Isn't it good for us to have another baby?"

"That's not good."

"Why?"

Stella turned her back to him, "I don't want to give birth to a baby."

Clarence pulled her back, "But you like kids, right?"

Stella replied after a short while of silence, "That's different. Although I like kids, what matters if I can't protect the baby well? If I give birth to a baby just because of I like kids regardless of the possible consequence, such a behavior is very irresponsible."

"Is it that serious?"

Stella couldn't help but kick him when hearing his casual tone, "Give birth to one if you want a baby so much."

Stella replied after a short while of silence, "That's different. Although I like kids, what matters if I can't protect the baby well? If I give birth to a baby just because of I like kids regardless of the possible consequence, such a behavior is very irresponsible." "Is it that serious?" Stella couldn't help but kick him when hearing his casual tone, "Give birth to one if you want a baby so much."

Chapter 400-Stella woke up at six o'clock in the next morning. She opened her eyes and looked at the dark sky, seeming to be pondering something.

She thought over it for the whole night, yet still couldn't understand why Clarence would bring her to visit his mother at this point of time.

It was impossible that it was simply because of her words.

Before, whenever she told him that she wanted to visit Dolores, Clarence would shift the topic. But this time he directly brought her here.

Stella really couldn't figure out what Clarence was thinking.

Feeling sleepless, Stella was absent-minded for a while. Then she lifted the quilt and got off the bed, preparing to go to the garden downstairs.

When she closed the door, Clarence slowly opened his eyes.

The sky gradually became bright. When Stella went to the garden, the sky was a bit overcast and she could vaguely see the road.

She sat on a swing and swung casually.

The air here was quite fresh. Sometimes when there was a breeze, Stella could smell the fragrance of flowers.

Many things had happened during this period and Stella was nervous every day. She felt it good to sit on a swing with a blank mind.

She sat there for an hour and the sky became brighter.

Stella took a glance at her phone and thought it was time to get into the house. She then walked into the kitchen to prepare breakfast.

They had to come back to City N after the breakfast and they would arrive there at noon at the soonest.

When Dolores got up, she found that Stella had prepared the breakfast and asked, "Stella, why don't you sleep for a longer while?"

Stella replied with a smile, "I had a good sleep last night and I couldn't fall asleep again after waking up."

Dolores said, "Leave the rest matters to me. Go upstairs and wake up Clare."

"Okay."

Stella immediately went upstairs. When she pushed open the door, she found that Clarence was wearing his shirt.

Stella, "?"

She took a glance at the shirt on the sofa and asked, "Didn't you say that you didn't bring clothes for changing here?"

"I lied to you, but you believed it."

Wretched man, damn you!

Clarence curled his lips into a smile, picked up the necktie aside, walked to Stella and raised his brows, "Can you help me?"

Stella sneered, "You also wore a necktie when I was not by your side."

Clarence curled his lips into a smile, leaned forwards and whispered into her ear, "Of course I can wear it by myself. It's just that the expression doesn't feel that good."

Stella recalled the scenes of that night and immediately blushed. She anxiously grabbed the necktie from him, randomly tied it, gritted her teeth and said in a low voice, "Can you not be that annoying?"

Stella still had a red face when she went downstairs.

Seeing this, Dolores asked, "Stella, what's wrong? Did you catch a cold because of your thin clothes? This place has large temperature difference between morning and evening. Have you taken pills?"

Stella hurriedly waved her hands, "No need. It's just that..."

She couldn't find an excuse at the moment and could only step heavily on the culprit Clarence.

Clarence said without any expressional change, "She's good. She would bluish when she's excited."

Dolores was confused, "Excited?"

Clarence said slowly, "Maybe she was so excited when she opened her eyes and saw such an outstanding and perfect boyfriend."

Dolores, "..."

Stella, "..."

Oh gosh, she wished so much that she could be as cheeky as him, in that case, she would not be so embarrassed that she even wanted to hide herself under the table.

Dolores coughed and directly ignored that topic, "Well, you almost finish the breakfast. Hurry up to set off. It's late now."

Stella hurriedly nodded her head, "I will go upstairs to package up my things."

It was an excuse for her to leave this awkward place.

Dolores lifted her head and watched her disappeared on the stairs. Then she asked in a low voice, "How's the little baby?"

Clarence put down his glass and replied slowly, "He's good."

He paused and then said, "I will arrange some men to send you back this afternoon."

Dolores heaved a sigh silently, "You're so..."

She paused and shook her head helpless and then gathered the dishes and walked into the kitchen.

Sitting at the dining table, Clarence licked his teeth.

He specially brought Stella here and her suspicions before must have disappeared.

At least they would disappear for a period as long as there was no accident.

Clarence pinched his nose bridge, his facial features looking cold.

After a short while, Stella went downstairs with her luggage, "I finish it. Let's go."

She ran to the door of the kitchen and said to Dolores, "Ms. Anderson, we will leave now. Please take care of yourself."

Dolores nodded her head, "Rest assured."

After their leaving, Dolores walked out of the kitchen and began to throw the things in the refrigerator into the trash can.

Stella had a strange feeling that it took less time for them to come back and the helicopter landed in City N soon.

Clarence directly sent her back to her studio and rubbed her head, "Then I will go now?"

Stella nodded her head, "Will you come back to the company directly?"

"Yes."

Stella reached out to pull open the car door, "Come back quickly. I..."

Before he could finish her words, she was pulled back by Clarence. He leaned forwards, leaned a kiss on her lips and tasted it for a while. Then he let go of her and said with satisfaction, "Go back."

Stella curled her lips into a smile, got off the car and left.

The driver asked, "Mr. Conrad, are we coming back to the company?"

Looking at Stella's back, Clarence replied, "Go to the other place first."

The driver understood it immediately, "Okay."

When Stella walked into the studio, Sherry hurriedly followed her into the office and asked, "Stella, where have you been?"

Stella sat onto the chair, "I went to the other city. What's the matter?"

Sherry said in a low voice, "Charles came to find you this morning. I guess it's because he's not satisfied with the statement you post yesterday and wants our studio to post a new statement. Luckily you were not here. But be careful when you come back to the Steward family today. He looked gloomy and I'm afraid that he will make use of every chance to go hard on you."

“It’s okay.” Stella replied, “He has never been kind to me.”

It seemed like it was a wise choice as she didn’t come back to the Steward family last night; otherwise, Charles would have required her to post a new statement. Luckily she was not present last night.

Now as it had been dragged for a long time, it was meaningless even if she posted a new statement now.

Sitting beside her, Sherry put her head on the desk and heaved a sigh, “How long will you live in the Steward family. Nope, I should ask you when you will expose Charles and Phoebe’s real faces.”

Stella paused when she heard the words and her smile gradually disappeared.

Not to mention the fact Steward family that had a deep-rooted foundation, Charles alone was hard to deal with. From the things he did in the past, she could tell that he was extremely thoughtful, scheming and prudent.

It was hard to get something on him unless he gave the show away or unless there was certain evidence. Otherwise, she could not shake his status at all.

Even Cameron could not directly offend Charles. It was enough to prove that Charles was powerful.