

## Mr Conrad 401

Chapter 401-On the other side...

When Clarence opened the door, only Channing was watching the little boy. Amanda was nowhere to be found.

He glanced at the stroller and whispered, "Is he asleep?"

Channing nodded, "He just fell asleep a while ago."

Clarence said, "When Amanda comes back, you have to go back to school."

Channing replied, "I see."

Obviously Channing didn't take his words to his heart. He fixed his eyes on the little boy who was sleeping soundly.

After a while, he asked, "When are you going to tell my sister?"

"You will know when it's the right time."

Channing frowned, seeming to want to say something, but right at this moment, Amanda came back home and opened the door.

Amanda nodded at Clarence, "Mr. Conrad."

She then nodded slightly to Channing to greet him.

Clarence stood up. When he prepared to leave, Amanda suddenly stopped him.

He turned and motioned her to continue.

Amanda hesitated for a long time before speaking, "Mr. Conrad, when will Ms. Anderson come back?"

"This afternoon. She will arrive at six o'clock at the latest." After a pause, Clarence added, "Do you have any matter?"

Amanda waved her hand quickly, "No, no, it's just a casual question. I'm afraid that no one will take care of the child as sometimes I have to go out to buy vegetables and meat for meals. It's a bit inconvenient..."

Clarence said, "If you need anything, call them to send it over."

In fact, Amanda was very nervous when she asked the question just now. Because Clarence had told her a long time ago not to go up if it was unnecessary and that if she needed anything at home, she could ask his men to send the things over.

At the beginning, Amanda worked according to his instructions and she seldom went out. But... until she met Logan, she would find an excuse to go out frequently. She went out three days a time before, but now once a day.

Seeing that Clarence didn't scold at her, Amanda finally heaved a sigh of relief, "Okay."

Clarence looked towards Channing, "Let's go."

After going downstairs, Channing asked, "Where did you find this person? Is she reliable? You let her take care of the child alone, will there be any..."

Clarence asked indifferently, "Alone?"

Without waiting for Channing to reply, he glanced around and said, "There are my men inside and outside here, but you didn't see them. She is only responsible for taking care of that little brat, and other things will be handled by my men outside. "

Channing, "..."

Little brat?

How could he comment his own son as a little brat?

Clarence glanced at the time and said impatiently, "Hurry up and get in the car. I'll take you to school. I have things to deal with."

Channing said, "You don't need to send me. I have something to deal with too, so I won't go to school."

After saying these words, Channing turned around and left.

Clarence directly got into the car and said with no emotion in his tone, "I asked you to check what Amanda is doing recently before. Is there any progress?"

Nathan replied, "Amanda...is probably in love. Our men followed her and saw her walking hand in hand with a man for several times. She dated with that man every time when she went out."

Clarence's men have reported to him a long time ago that Amanda often went out recently.

But Amanda was the person he picked, and there would be absolutely no problem with her.

Hearing this, Clarence hummed, "Find another suitable baby-sitter."

Nathan replied, "I've been looking for it, but there are some uncertain factors more or less, and I am afraid that Mrs. Conrad will suddenly..."

“I will let them meet again before Amanda leaves and tell Stella that they are going to immigrate to the other country.”

Nathan couldn't help but sigh in his heart. Mr. Conrad's trick is really awesome. And for a mother, this was so cruel.

Nathan didn't know whether if Stella would forgive Clarence again after knowing the truth.

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At the upstairs...

When Clarence and Channing left, Amanda quickly took out her mobile phone and walked to the bedroom to make a phone call, “Hey, I should be able to come out tonight, but I'm not sure yet. I'll send you a message later.”

On the other side of the phone, Logan said, “We haven't seen each other for almost a week, Amanda, or may you quit your job? I can support your life.”

Amanda scolded him in whisper, “What are you talking about? My employer helped me before. I don't work here for money. But I heard from them last time that I can leave when this matter is solved. It will be a short period, half a year at most.”

Logan said again, “But I miss you so much. How about this? You can take the baby to the park and we will meet there.”

Amanda refused without a second thought, “No, this...”

“Amada, children can't always stay at home, and occasionally they have to go out to get some sun. You see, the weather is so good today. It's okay to walk out, right? What's more, children just need to get more sun to replenish calcium.”

She would take the little boy out frequently in the past, but it was accompanied by Dolores. As long as Dolores was present, she just needed to follow beside them.

Amanda had never taken the child out by herself.

She hesitated for a while, then said, "Well then, but I have to ask my employer."

"Okay, remember to send me a message if he agrees."

They then ended the call. Amanda didn't dare to ask Clarence directly. Instead, she called his subordinate who had been guarding outside of the house. This person was sent by Clarence, and he was always in charge of their affairs.

Hearing that she wanted to take the child out to sunbathe, Maxwell didn't think too much of it. Today's sun was really good. So he agreed to it without a second thought.

Getting his approval, Amanda felt quite happy in her heart. She put down her phone and went to change her clothes. After preparing the little boy's milk powder, hot water and diapers, she pushed the stroller out.

But just after taking several steps, she heard the footsteps from behind. She immediately knew that Maxwell was following her.

Every time when they took the little boy out, Maxwell would follow them from a distance to ensure their safety. Amanda had been accustomed to it.

However, when Maxwell didn't pay attention to her, Amanda took the advantage and sent Logan a message, telling him not to come to find her and that she would find an opportunity to meet him later.

The park was very big, and there were parents who brought their children out to play everywhere.

Amanda found a bench under the shade of the tree and then little boy out of the stroller and played with him.

After a while, Amanda's phone vibrated for several times. She took out her phone to take a glance, slowly put the little baby back into the stroller and then sent a message to Maxwell, telling him that she

wanted to go to the toilet and asking him to take care of the baby for her.

Maxwell quickly walked over from behind the bush, "You can go now."

Amanda said, "Thank you, I'll be back soon."

When she ran to the corner, Amanda saw Logan walking towards her. She hurriedly grabbed his arm and kept down her voice to the lowest, "Did I tell you to stand there and wait for me? Why did you come over?"

Logan took a glance at the place that she stayed just now from afar and narrowed his eyes. He then withdrew his lines of sights and put his arm around her shoulders, "I want to see you as soon as possible."

Chapter 402-Amanda turned her head and took a glance. After making sure that Maxwell hadn't noticed them, she pulled Logan away.

She then sat on a bench. Logan bought two drinks and sat next to her, "Shall we go to the movie later?"

Amanda took the drink and shook her head, "I can only stay with you for ten minutes at most, and then I will have to go back."

Logan frowned, seeming to be a little dissatisfied, "Why are you in such a hurry?"

"I have no choice." Amada replied, "Or maybe we can go to see a movie tonight. I may go out at that time."

Logan said, "You can go out frequently before, right? What happened recently?"

Amada took a sip of the drink and slowly said, "Ms. Anderson went to the other city, and I am now taking care of the child alone, so I can't leave him. But she will be back this afternoon."

"Ms. Anderson?" Logan asked seeming to be pondering something. "Is she also employed to take care of the baby?"

Amanda moved her lips when she heard the words, but she was suddenly lost for words and said vaguely, "Nope. She's..."

She paused and then continued, "All in all, I will be free when Ms. Anderson comes back."

Logan didn't probe into it again as he was afraid that it would cause her suspicion if he kept asking this. He smiled and took out his phone, "Which movie would you like to watch? I will book the tickets in advance."

Amanda leaned forwards and selected the last one on the page, "This one. But you'd better book it later. We can talk about this when Ms. Anderson comes back."

"Okay."

They sat there for several minutes. Amanda took a glance at her watch and hurriedly stood up, "I have to go."

She looked around yet didn't see a trash can.

Logan reached out thoughtfully, "Give it to me. I will throw it later."

Amanda let out a bright smile, lowered her head and landed a kiss on his cheek, "Then I will leave first. See you tonight."

“See you tonight.”

Where Amanda disappeared in his vision, the smile on Logan’s face gradually disappeared. He clenched the empty drink bottle with his eyes full of schemes.

If his guess was right, the ‘Ms. Anderson’ that Amanda mentioned just now was Clarence’s biological mother.

But the outsiders had thought that his mother had died. He didn’t expect that she was still alive.

Clarence asked his biological mother to take care of that baby. It seemed like his guess was right.

Logan seemed to think of something. He put down the two drink bottles, stood up and walked towards the direction that Amanda left just now.

When he got closed, he hid himself behind a tree. His eyes became more unfathomable when he stared at the man beside Amanda. He then took out his phone and took several photos.

Maxwell seemed to sense something and quickly turned around.

Logan quickly withdrew his lines of sights and hid behind a tree.

Amanda looked towards Maxwell, “What’s wrong?”

Having not found any weird point, Maxwell replied in a calm voice, “Nothing. We have been out for a while. Let’s go back.”

Amanda nodded her head, “Okay.”



As Maxwell also found him just now, Logan didn't dare to follow them closely.

He pondered for several seconds and walked to his car. He planned to wait for them in front of the entrance of the community in advance.

It was not the first time for Logan to come to find Amanda ever since they moved here, so he knew which entrance they would get in when they came back.

However, Amanda and Maxell pushed the stroller out to sunbathe and they didn't drive. They walked back slowly.

When they came back, Logan had been waiting downstairs for twenty minutes.

He noticed that the man that accompanied Amanda before was following her and had been keeping a proper distance with her. They entered the community soon.

Several minutes later, the man walked out of the community and got into an off-roader that was parked by the roadside. He didn't get off the car again.

Logan remembered the license number of the car and deliberately drove past the off-roader. When driving past it, he took a glance into the car and found that there was more than one person in the car.

When he left, a man in the car said, "Maxwell, this car seems to belong to Amanda's boyfriend."

Maxwell took a glance from the rear-view mirror and replied with a nasal sound.

Recalling what happened today, Maxwell knitted his brows. He could roughly guess why Amanda suddenly suggested taking the baby out for sunbathing today.

His subordinate asked, "Should we report this to Mr. Conrad?"

Maxwell replied, "It's useless even though we report it. Mr. Conrad is looking for the other baby-sitter."

Several seconds later, Maxwell added, "Pay more attention during this period. There can't be any accident."

"Okay."

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At four o'clock in the studio...

When Stella was drawing designs, her phone that was placed on the desk vibrated.

She picked up her phone and found it was a call from Louis.

Louis asked her, "Ms. Radomil, we find out other conditions during the investigation. Is it convenient for you to come here now?"

Taking a glance at the design drawing that was almost finished, Stella nodded her head, "Okay."

After ending the call, she put her phone into her pocket, picked up her bag and left.

On the way there, her phone rang again.

It was from a strange number.

Stella hurriedly stopped by the roadside and answered the call, "Hello?"

But there were only the noises of electricity from the other end of the phone and she didn't hear anyone speaking.

Stella clenched her phone and asked again, "Are you Adolph?"

There was still no reply.

Before Stella could ask again, the call was ended.

Looking at the screen that gradually became dim, Stella heaved a sigh silently.

It looked like it was just a nuisance call.

She put down her phone and started the car again.

When arriving at Louis' office, Stella stood in front of the door and reached out to knock at the door.

Louis' sound soon came from inside, "Come in please."

Stella pushed open the door and greeted him.

Louis pointed at the chair opposite to the office desk, "Ms. Radomil, please take a seat first."

Stella sat down and then asked in a gentle voice, "Is there any result on the matter of that competition?"

Louis clasped his hands and put them on the desk. He knitted his brows tightly and heaved a sigh, "I had a conversation with the two judges during these two days. But they all told me that they

wouldn't help Modesty cheat in the contest. They're all famous in the international community and Robert has been guaranteeing for them and Modesty, so I..."

Stella understood what he meant. She smiled and said, "It doesn't matter. Sorry to bother you. I will investigate the rest matters."

Both she and Louis had no certain evidence now. If they accused the judges who had high social status based on their suspicion, it would be disadvantage to them and they couldn't persuade the others either.

Louis continued, "I asked you to come here not simply because of this matter. Ms. Radomil, do you remember the rules of the semi-final competition?"

Stella didn't expect that he would suddenly mention the semi-final competition and was stunned for a while. She then replied, "I remember."

Louis said, "The semi-final competition required ten designers to complete the correspondent design according to the number they drew by lot."

"Does it have any problem?"

Louis nodded his head seriously, "Yes."

Chapter 403-The semi-final competition had been a past and they all paid their attention to the result and designs of the final competition.

But there were many accidents.

Therefore, Louis found out all the designs in the preliminary completion and the semi-final competition last night and studied them carefully.

Then he did find out something fishy.

He pushed two designs to Stella. The designer's signatures on the two drawings were all blurred.

Louis asked Stella, "Can you see any problems from the two works?"

Stella took the drawings and studied them carefully.

One of the drawings had a distinct personal style. Its lines were smooth and heavy. Apparently, it was from a male designer.

As for the drawing beside it, although it had some slight differences with the above-mentioned drawing, its lines were comparatively soft and it seemed like it also contained other elements. Even so, it still couldn't hide the designer's distinct personal style.

Like the drawing of that male designer, this drawing blended the techniques and skills of the other person. But apparently, this was not what he was good at and the style presented by the design made people feel somehow uncomfortable.

Stella studied them for a longer while and said slowly, "The two designers were drawn from the same person, right?"

Louis asked, "How did you find it?"

Stella pointed at the first drawing, "This designer has a distinct personal style. Moreover, he's very smart and he's an outstanding designer. His design contains his own unique tricks both in style and contents. And as for the other drawing, although the style is slightly different from the other one, it still contains his unique designing tricks."

Stella put down the drawing and continued, "Nevertheless, it's hard to find out this under general situation. But if you put the two drawings together and are careful enough, you will find out the problem."

Louis nodded his head with satisfaction and then tore away the stickers on the signatures of the two drawings.

Stella was a bit stunned when she saw the names.

Louis pointed at the drawing that Stella first studied and said, "This is Arthur's."

He then pointed at the other drawing, "And this is Modesty's. I think I don't need to analyze it as you must have guessed it."

Stella opened her mouth. A thought popped into her mind, but she felt it incredible.

How bold Modesty was! Nope, that was not true. She asked Arthur to help her cheat in the competition and gut was not the only thing needed.

Louis continued, "Rest assured. It's intolerable to cheat in the contest. We've tried to contact Arthur, but his phone is powered off and we can't get in touch with him. If necessary, we will go through judicial processes to ensure the fairness of the competition."

Stella slightly nodded her head, "Thank you."

Louis said, "You're welcome. Actually we should be held mainly responsible as there's cheating behavior in the contest. Ms. Radomil, although I said that the ranking in the competition can't represent anything, you should be the champion."

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After leaving Louis' office, Stella got into the car and fixed her eyes aimless in the front, seeming to be pondering something.

Originally she thought that although Modesty was proud, at least she loved designing. But she didn't expect that Modesty would do such kind of thing just for winning the competition.

When Stella came back to the studio, she saw Emmett who was having a call at the door.

When seeing Stella, Emmett talked something into the phone, ended the call and quickly put his phone back into his pocket, "Stella."

Stella smiled, "When did you come here?"

"I've been here for a while." Fearing that Stella would misunderstand it, Emmett hurriedly explained, "Stella, actually I'm not here to find you today. Someone wants to meet you."

In the lounge, Cameron was chatting with Sherry with a bright smile on his face.

Cameron looked over when he heard the sounds from the door, his smile becoming brighter, "Stella is back."

Stella slightly nodded her head, "Mr. Thomas."

Seeing this, Sherry stood up, "Stella, you may talk with this mister. I will go out fist."

Looking at her back, Cameron smiled, "This girl is so funny."

Emmett didn't walk into the lounge. He closed the door from outside.

Stella sat opposite to Cameron, "Sorry to keep you waiting for me for so long. I was delayed by something just now."

"Oh, it doesn't matter. I felt boring and walked around. Then I suddenly decided to visit you." Cameron continued, "Stella, do Charles and Phoebe seek troubles for you again?"

Stella shook her head, "They're busy with their own problems recently. I guess they don't have the vigor to go hard on me now."

Cameron said with satisfaction, "I heard from Emmett about those things. Stella, you're decisive and brave, just like your mother."

Stella curled her lips into a smile when she heard the words.

Cameron heaved a sigh and continued, "It's a pity that we haven't found her tomb grave yet."

Stella replied after a while, "Many only one person in this world knows about it."

"Do you mean..."

Stella nodded her head, "I'm now looking for him. But probably he's under Charles control now."

Cameron couldn't help but knit his brows when hearing the words, "If that's the case, it will be more complicated. But rest assured. Charles won't dare to act rashly now. He will at most regard him as his last bargaining chip."

Cameron continued quickly, "I will not beat around the bush. I come here to tell you an important thing."

Stella had also guessed it. She said, "Mr. Thomas, please."

Cameron said, "The 60th anniversary of the establishment of the Steward Group will be held next month. Maybe Charles will not tell you about this, but you must take part in it. You must take this opportunity to force Charles to admit that you're the only daughter of the Steward family."

"But..." Stella said, "Although Charles agreed me to live in the Steward family, he doesn't intend to have a DNA test. Probably he wants to keep a balance so that he can maintain the current situation. I guess he won't give up on Phoebe."

"Don't worry about this." Cameron said in a deep voice, "He has no choice since the situation has progressed to what it is now."



Stella pressed her lips together. He knew that Cameron would take actions soon.

She asked softly, "What should I do?"

Cameron said, "You don't need to do anything. You just need to protect yourself before the anniversary of the Steward Group."

Stella nodded her head, "Okay."

After finishing the words, Cameron stood up, "I've said what I want to say. Then I will leave first. Stella, I have to repeat my words. Although Charles doesn't dare to harm you openly, you still have to be careful on every matter. He will probably do something desperate if he's cornered."

Chapter 404- Standing in the piano room on the second floor, Daniel watched Cameron leaving and then took a glance at the black car that was parked by the roadside. He licked his teeth and took out his phone.

An hour later, a staff of a flower store sent over a bunch of flowers.

Daniel received the flowers and walked to the neighbor with the bunch of flowers.

Seeing this, the girls in the flower store cheered.

Sherry, who was stretching her arms lazily, immediately blushed. Before she could speak, Daniel said, "Would you like to have dinner with me tonight?"

Sherry took the bunch of flowers from him, yet she was not in a hurry to agree to it, "Don't you believe in the Buddha today?"

Daniel, "..."

He coughed and pulled Sherry into the lounge behind, "Where's Ms. Radomil?"

Sherry had expected that he was not here to find her. She pouted her lips as a signal towards the office and said, "She's inside."

Daniel turned around and looked out. After making sure that those people didn't follow him here, he said in whisper, "I will come to find her for a talk."

Sherry replied, "Okay."

Daniel then walked into Stella's office.

Holding the bunch of roses, Sherry curled her lips into a smile and lowered her head, seeming to be pondering something.

In the office...

When hearing the knocking sound on the door, Stella said, "Come in please." She lifted her head and then saw Daniel.

Stella asked, "Is there any matter?"

Daniel said, "I saw Mr. Thomas just now. He came to find you, right?"

Stella gently nodded her head, "He told me about the anniversary of the Steward Group."

"Did he say anything else?"

"He also mentioned Jeffrey. I guess that Jeffrey is no under control of Charles."

Daniel said, "We investigated it and also found it. But rest assured. We will find out his location as soon as possible."

Stella tilted her head, "We?"

Sensing the trap in her words, Daniel reacted quickly, "I, Emmett and Mr. Thomas."

Stella smiled and put down her pen, "Actually, after getting alone with you for several days, I'm more and more confused about one thing."

Daniel subconsciously asked, "What's it?"

"Why do you help me? Because Charles is our common family? Or because of some other reasons?"

She would believe in Daniel's explanation before. After all, before she went to the bidding to find Charles, she didn't have too many contacts with Daniel and the only favor Daniel did for her was to help her get the invitation letter of the bidding.

However, ever since that, she could clearly feel Daniel's extraordinary concern and help for her.

But she knew deep down that this kind of concern was definitely not love.

As for the exact reason, Stella couldn't figure it out.

Moreover, for several times, Emmett swallowed his words although he wanted to tell her something.

Daniel also chuckled, "It's because we've been friends. Isn't it normal for me to help my friend?"

Before Stella could say something, Daniel continued, "Although you may think that we're still not friends, but as far as I'm concerned, as you're Emmett's friend, I will regard you as my friend too."

Stella, "..."

What a ridiculous explanation. It was more ridiculous than Clarence's.

After a long while, Stella said, "I guess that you must have something to do with that accident, right?"

Daniel pretended to be confused, "What accident?"

Stella replied with a serious tone, "The explosion in the Steward family twenty years ago."

"Oh, that explosion, I've heard of it." Daniel continued, "But I was only several years old at that time. Later, when investigating the Steward Group, I found out something about that accident, but that was not all."

Stella fixed her eyes on him for a long while, trying to find out something fishy from his expression. But maybe it was because Daniel was good at hiding her real emotion, or maybe it was because she had thought too much of it, she failed to find out anything.

Stella said, "Never mind."

Daniel silently heaved a sigh of relief, "Ms. Radomil, then I will leave first."

"Hold on." Stella stopped her, "I asked you before about your feelings for Sherry. Do you remember your answer?"

Daniel, "..."

He didn't remember it at all.

Stella continued, "I know that a person may change his mind as time goes by. But I hope that you can treat Sherry well if you really like her. Don't act like you did before again."

Daniel chuckled, "Rest assured. I see."

Looking at his back, Stella still felt worried.

Sherry had a relationship with that scumbag Liam before and now she finally walked out of the shadow. If she fell into the trap of another scumbag who was better in pretense right after that, she would probably feel hopeless in love in the rest of her life.

When thinking of this, Stella also walked out of the office.

In the lounge...

Holding the bunch of roses, Sherry still had a blank mind. When hearing the sound from the door, she immediately came back to her own senses. She put down the flowered, stood up and subconsciously asked, "Do you finish the talk?"

Daniel replied with a nasal sound. He landed his gaze on the roses that Sherry put down just now and said, "It's late now. Shall we go for a meal?"

Sherry was stunned when she heard the words, "You come to find Stella, right?"

"Yeah, but we've finished the talk." Daniel lifted his long leg, walked to Sherry and kept down his voice, "Didn't we agree to go out for a meal just now?"

Sherry thought that it was just his excuse.

She hadn't expected that he was serious.

She coughed to maintain her last reserve and reason, "I haven't gotten off work. Let's talk about this later."

Daniel curled his lips into a smile, "I will wait for you outside."

Sherry replied perfunctorily, "Okay. I see."

Before leaving, Daniel turned around and took a glance at the roses, "Do you like them?"

Sherry was confused, "What?"

"Seems like you like them. If you don't like them, I will come to the other flower store next time."

Sherry said in a low voice, "What... what's the difference? Is there any difference no matter which store you buy the flowers?"

Daniel raised his brows, "Then I will think that you like them."

Sherry blushed due to his question. She reached out and wanted to push him out, "Flowers are ordinary. Why should I like them? Let's go, I have to deal with something now."

When they left the lounge, Stella, who had been studying them secretly, finally heaved a sigh of relief.

It seemed like they were getting along well, right?

She rubbed her nose and came back to her office.

Sitting in front of the office desk, Stella began to sort out her drawings and then she found the pocket watch necklace she designed before.

After pondering for a while, she saved the original drawing and then modified the details according to the ideas she got on the Young Designers' Contest. Then she put the modified drawing onto the piles of drawings that she prepared to send to manufacturing factory for production.

Leaning against the chair and looking at the starry sky out of the window, Stella thought of the garden in front of Dolores' house. She clicked the desk with her pen.

Several minutes later, she suddenly got an inspiration and she took out a new drawing paper.

Chapter 405-Stella came back to the Steward family at now. When she prepared to come upstairs, Charles walked out from the study and said expressionlessly, "I remember I told you before that the Steward family has its own rules. Since you're now living here, you should abide to its rules."

Stella said with a smile, "Mr. Steward, you're right. It's my bad that I don't have a good memory and forget it. But thanks to you reminder, I will definitely remember it this time."

Charles pulled his face when he heard the words.

Stella continued, "Mr. Steward, I've clarified that matter as you wish. When will you fulfill your promise?"

Charles said, "Do you think that your clarification is worthy?"

"Mr. Steward, I feel wrong when hearing you say so." Stella said with an innocent expression and talked irresponsibly with a serious face, "I asked a top-class attorney to write the statement for me. He told me that considering the statement would be posted not on behalf of myself, but on behalf of the whole studio, so I should think over it to reduce the influence to every party to minimum. After consideration and thinking over every word, I posted such an official statement."

She easily shifted the blame to Donald.

Charles knitted his brows. Stella didn't know whether he believed in her words or not, but all in all, his expression was still hideous.

Stella continued, "Mr. Steward, I'm still running my own store. This matter has attracted numerous attentions on the Internet. No matter what, those people are defending me. If I side Ms. Steward openly, they will become unsatisfied with me. Initially many people doubt that I was bribed or threatened. If I do so, I'll only prove their assumptions."

"Mr. Steward, you're also a businessman and I think you can understand why I chose to post such a statement."

Charles narrowed his eyes. He underestimated her before and hadn't expected that she was so scheming.

He sneered, "Looks like many people are backing you and they've provided some good advices to you."

Stella replied, "Not that many. I knew them in work and life. Of course I'm inferior to Ms. Steward as she can achieve everything by money."

Charles knew that she was implying happened before. With a cold face, he came back to his room without saying a word again.

When there came the sound of door closing, Stella withdrew her lines of sights. The smile on her face gradually disappeared as she walked upstairs.

Early in the next morning, when Stella just arrived at the studio, she received many messages. Before she could take a glance of them, Sherry rushed into the studio, panting, "Stella, good news, good news!"

Stella asked tentatively, "Is the mall having a 20% discount for all goods?"

Sherry, "..."



Sherry said, "What no sense are you talking about? Haven't seen the news on Weibo?"

"I prepare to browse it. What's the matter?"

"Arthur Barnett, the one who took part in the Young Designers' Contest. Do you remember him?"

Stella nodded her head, "I remember. What's wrong with him?"

Sherry said, "He posted a Weibo twenty minutes ago, accusing Modesty of cheating in the completion. He also posted the evidence of the transfer from Modesty. Moreover, he said that the reason why Modesty could win the championship of the Young Designers' Contest was that she bribed the two judges! What's more, he directly pointed out the two judges' names."

Stella paused when she heard the words.

She talked about this matter with Louis last night. And it was solved so quickly?

Right at this moment, Stella's phone rang. It was a call from Louis.

But Louis told her that he didn't know in advance about Arthur's post. Moreover, he hadn't gotten in touch with him.

When Stella ended the call, Sherry continued, "Stella, oh new, he published a new post on Weibo."

When seeing Arthur's post, many people who criticized Stella before doubted the authenticity of his post, and some people even put forward some conspiracy assumptions, thinking that Arthur tried to restore Phoebe's reputation by shifting the blame to Modesty as he had been bribed by the Conrad Group.

But Arthur had prepared for these doubts. He directly posted the voice recording he recorded in the car when Modesty came to him and asked him to help her cheat in the contest.

The recording clearly recorded Modesty's words. He asked Arthur to intimate her style to create a design according to the requirements of the semi-final competition.

Arthur posed another post right after this. It was a photo taken when he was sent to the hospital. In the photo, he was bleeding. Moreover, there was also a medical record from the doctor.

Arthur claimed that Modesty tried to murder him because she wanted to eliminate all evidence and witness. After surviving from the murder, Arthur realized that he couldn't hold the candle to the devil and help Modesty any longer, so he decided to expose Modesty's real face and thoroughly reform himself and start a new life later.

The three consecutives pushed this matter to the climax.

The organizer of the contest and the official account of the Conrad Group successively published a post, saying that they were paying great attention to this matter and that they would call the police to deal with this matter.

After browsing these posts, Sherry heaved a long sigh, "What's that old saying? Oh, good and evil will always be rewarded, and it is only a question of time. Phoebe and Modesty's evildoings are exposed successively, it's really cheering!"

Stella supported her cheek with one hand and said slowly, "Normally, Modesty is a prudent person. Now that she has given Arthur a large sum of money, how would she murder him just for eliminating evidence and witness? Moreover, she herself is not a match for Arthur. Unless..."

Stella suddenly realized something and abruptly paused.

Sherry didn't find out anything weird. She said, "They two must have some other secret transactions. I guess that they must have had a conflict and therefore they fought against each other. Leave it alone. It has nothing to do with us and we can just stand by and watch the show."

Stella came to her own sense and nodded her head as if she had thought of something.

An hour later, Modesty also published a post on Weibo.

But to their surprises, she admitted that she had cheated in the contest and that she asked Arthur to help her just because of her selfish wish. She apologized to the organizer of the competition for having impacting the fairness of the competition and said that she would give up the ranking and reward.

But except for these, she refused to admit the accusation of bribing the judges and murdering Arthur, claiming that Arthur tried to frame her because he thought he didn't get enough remuneration from her.

They had few fans, yet all of their fans argued excitedly on the Internet.

What a show!

But Stella didn't want to pay attention to the process any longer, she just wanted to wait for the result.

Nevertheless...

She pondered for a while and decided to come to the hospital to visit Arthur in the afternoon.

If what Arthur said was true, then the one who attacked him before was probably Adolph.

Modesty was prudent and what's more, she was afraid of bearing any responsibility. Therefore, it was impossible for her to take such a huge risk to hire someone to murder Arthur.

Moreover, Arthur was 1.8 meters high and was strong. Few people would be able to injure him seriously with only one blow.

Then there would be only one possibility.

Chapter 406-After arriving at the hospital, Stella asked a nurse about which ward Arthur was in. She thanked the nurse and then walked towards the direction.

Some police officers were recording Arthur's words in his ward.

Seeing this, Stella decided not to walk in and waited at the door.

Twenty minutes later, the police officers left.

Stella knocked at the door. At the next moment, Arthur's impatient voice sounded from inside, "Haven't I made it clear. What else..."

Before he finished his words, Stella showed up in front of her.

The fretfulness on Arthur's face immediately disappeared. He narrowed his eyes and asked meaningfully, "How comes it's you?"

Stella said, "I come here to ask you a question."

"It's related to the Young Designers' Contest, right?" Arthur said, "What I said is true. I helped Modesty cheat in the competition and she bribed the judges. There are certain evidences."

Stella smiled and sat on the sofa of the ward, "Since you've said so, I want to ask you a question. Based on Modesty's experience and social status, she can at most bribe you. How could she bribe the two judges?"

Arthur had prepared an explanation for her doubts. He said, "You also know that Robert is her teacher. Robert has a good relationship with the two judges, plus that he has been wishing that Modesty would win the competition so that she would not disgrace him, it's just a piece of cake for Robert to help her bribe the judges."

“Oh, based on your words, if Robert wishes Modesty to win the contest, how would he tell you that he’s bribed the other two judges?”

Arthur didn’t expect that she would ask this. But he quickly reacted, “Of course I misheard it. Walls have ears.”

Stella continued, “Do you want to say that Modesty wanted to kill you because she found that you had known that they bribed the judges.”

Arthur couldn’t find a proper explanation for this question before. But hearing Stella’s question, he made use of it and said, “Yeah, that’s the case. That bitch is so crazy and wants to be famous. She even used such an evil trick. If not so, you should be the champion of this contest. I really feel pitiful for you.”

Stella raised her brows. She didn’t know which part of his words was true and which part was falsehood.

Several seconds later, Stella spoke again. She didn’t beat around the bush with him and came straight to the point, “Do you remember how the person who injured you before looks like?”

The police officers also asked this question just now.

Arthur narrowed his eyes. There was a touch of suspicion in his eyes. “Why do you ask this?”

Stella replied in a flat tone, “Modesty has plotted against me secretly for numerous times before this. I want to know whether the person she hired to injure you is the person that hurt me before.”

Arthur didn’t doubt this. All the designers in the design community knew that Modesty had a poor relationship with Stella. It wouldn’t take great effort if they wanted to know what Modesty had done in SG.

Arthur thought that Stella was at his side and said, “He wore a hat and I couldn’t see his face clearly, but...”

He knitted his brows, trying to memorizing that man's appearance.

Stella asked, "He has a scar on his face, right? From his left eye to his chin."

When hearing her reminder, Arthur hurriedly nodded his head, "Yeah, that's it! That's it!"

After getting the answer, Stella didn't plan to stay here any longer. She stood up and prepared to leave.

Arthur stopped her, "If you want to know any news about Modesty, please feel free to come to me. I will try my best to be cooperative."

Stella turned around and took a glance at him when she heard the words, "You should thank god for being still alive."

After finishing the words, she directly left the ward.

Looking at her back, Arthur snorted and then took out a newly-bought phone from under his pillow. He clicked the documents that he stored on the cloud storage before, his smile becoming more and more ferocious. He had uploaded the videos onto the cloud storage. This was enough to ruin Modesty.

...

After leaving the hospital, Stella drove back. But she was absent-minded all the way.

Judging from the current situation, the one that attacked Arthur that day must be Adolph.

It meant that Adolph probably had managed to escape from Charles' confinement.

But where was Adolph now?

If she wanted to find Jeffrey, she must find Adolph first.

When thinking of this, Stella stepped on the brake and made a U-turn.

...

Modesty had been brought to the police for regular inquiry.

But no matter what the police officers asked, she still refused to admit that she had attacked Arthur.

The surveillance video of the hotel and the fingerprints left in the room all couldn't be the evidence pointing to her.

But as she was a suspect at present, she could not leave the police directly. She needed a bail.

Modesty called Robert. But just as the phone rang, it was hung up soon.

Modesty was stunned and called him again.

But his time, it showed that she couldn't connect him.

Unwilling to accept this, Modesty tried again and again, yet the results were the same.

She bit her lower lip hard. She had no choice and dialed the number of her phone. But she didn't know that the one who could answer the call had left this world.

Listening to the busy tone which seemed to never stop, Modesty finally had a mental breakdown. She slammed her phone onto the wall.

When the phone fell down, a person slowly appeared in her vision.

Stella looked at her calmly with coldness in her eyes.

...

Modesty didn't expect that when she was cornered, the one who bailed her out of the police would be Stella.

After walking out of police, Stella stopped, turned around and looked at Modesty, "I just have one question."

Modesty clenched her fists tightly and remained silent.

Stella continued, "Where's Adolph?"

Modesty replied after a long while of silence, "I... I don't know."

Stella said coldly, "I can walk into the police now and tell them that the one who attacked Arthur before was Adolph. What do you think of the possibility of you being bailed out from the police again?"

Modesty's face became stiff and she was gradually overwhelmed by horror.

She bit her lower lip, "I... I really don't know it. After that day, I told him not to come to find me again."

Stella couldn't help but let out a chuckle, "He has helped you a lot. And this is what you return to him?"

"Did I have any choice? He and I are the different kinds of people. Moreover, he had been followed by some men that day. He knew that he might put me in danger, yet he still came to find me." Modesty got excited, "Moreover, what did he help me? He even didn't handle Arthur well. Look at what I'm suffering now. It's all because of him!"



“You’re so good at finding excuses. Haven’t you ever blamed yourself for all of these?”

Modesty shouted desperately, her eyes red, “I’m under such a situation and you don’t need to satirize at me now. I admit that I cheated in the Young Designers’ Contest. But many people hate you. Do you

think that you will be the champion if I haven’t played the trick?”

Chapter 407-Stella knew that Modesty could not understand her no matter what she said.

She said in a flat tone, “You’re right. Many people hate me. And I can’t let everyone like me either. But now, the one who’s afraid at every moment because of the evil doing she did in the past is not me.”

After finishing the words, Stella got into the car that was parked aside and left.

On the way back, Stella received a call from Clarence.

The man’s low voice sounded from the phone, “When will you get off the work tonight?”

Stella replied, “I don’t know. I’m outside now.”

“Where did you go?”

“I went out to deal with something.”

Several seconds later, Clarence said, “Wait for me in the studio after getting off the work.”

Stella replied, “I see.”

When she put down her phone, she saw a friending application on her WeChat with a remark ‘Arthur Barnett’.

Seeing this, Stella uncontrollably knitted her brows and directly deleted the application.

She could tell that he was not a good person with a single glance.

He said he wanted to reform himself and start a new life, but why didn't he donate the money he got from Modesty?

When waiting for the green light, Stella's phone vibrated again. She answered the call and found it was a phone fraud.

"Congratulations, our company is holding a new lottery. You're so lucky that..."

Stella had ended the call before the person at the other end could finish his words.

Fixing her eyes on her phone, she pondered for several seconds. It occurred that the green light lit and Stella started the car and drove past the intersection. She then parked her car by the roadside, found the strange number that called her two days ago and then called back.

But there was still no response.

Stella put down her phone and heaved a sigh. She didn't know whether she had thought too much of it.

If it was Adolph, he would probably contact her again.

...

As the police didn't have the evidence to prove that it was Modesty who hired someone to attack Arthur and the surveillance camera also hadn't shot Adolph's face, the argument between Modesty and Arthur could only come to a conclusion.

But the organizer of the Young Designers' Contest quickly announced two results: one was to cancel all of Modesty's scores in the competition; another was to forbid Arthur and Modesty to take part in any designers' competitions and fashion activities forever.

After canceling Modesty's scores, the organizer of the contest published another post, which were Stella's designs in the preliminary, semi-final and final competitions, and attached her scores.

Stella deserved the championship.

Many people expressed their opinions under the post.

"Finally she's vindicated. I've commented before that judging from Ms. Radomil's ability, she should be the champion. But someone spread the rumor that she was hyped up by Mr. Conrad. Are those who spread that rumor blind?"

"But those who create the rumor are so bold. Are they gambling with their lives? They even got the Conrad Group involved. I can just say that they're incredible."

"But according to the things happened recently, I think you can guess who the person that spread rumors is, right?"

"Hahaha, it's unnecessary to guess it. I just read Arthur's post. He published a new post and directly showed some evidence pointing at Modesty."

"So this matter begins because Modesty is jealous of Ms. Radomil. She bribed Arthur first and then the judges. But she didn't expect that her strength was not in league with it. Seeing that the special performance, which should belong to the champion, was given to Ms. Radomil, she became more jealous and there came that voice recording."

"Oh my, your analysis is right. Modesty has been having a conflict with Ms. Radomil. It started when they were in SG. My friend is an employee of SG and he discloses many inside stories to me."

"Please tell me."

“Please tell me too.”

“Please tell me too.”

“Please tell me too.”

“By the way, I think that Modesty is not that capable. Although Arthur is disgusting, he’s somehow famous in the design community. How much should Modesty cost if she wanted to bribe him? Does she have that much money? Moreover, the two judges are all top-class designers in the design community. How could she bribe them easily?”

“It’s true that Modesty is so inferior to these people, but she has a teacher. If it was Robert to bribe them, I think it’s feasible.”

“Oh my, I didn’t expect that Robert is this kind of people. So disgusting!”

“God help, he’s regarded as the godfather of fashion. I suggest the organizer of the contest to publish him too. They should strike his name off the lists of designers, just like the punishment on Modesty and Arthur.”

“Why is this person so disgusting? The old saying is true – when the above behave wrongly, the below will do the same.”

When the criticism on the Internet was gradually spreading from Arthur and Modesty to Robert, he hurriedly posted a statement on the official account of his studio.

In the statement, he said that he was also unconscious of what Modesty had done.

He expressed that he would respect the results from the organizer of the contest and said he felt so distressed as he didn’t expected that Modesty would be such kind of people.

He regretted having accepted her as his apprentice and announced that he would not have any relationship with Modesty from now on.

However, when this statement was posted, many people were still questioning Robert.

After all, it was not within Modesty's capacity to bribe the two judges.

When they were discussed it enthusiastically on the Internet, the organizer of the contest published a post again, claiming that Robert had nothing to do with this matter. As for the bribing, they would continue to investigate it and give the public a satisfactory result.

Up to now, the matter related to the Young Designers' Contest came to an end.

When seeing the news on the Internet, Modesty swept the computer and draft papers on her desk onto the ground.

After venting her anger, she found an old phone among the messy things. She randomly found a SIM card, put it into the phone and hurriedly called a number. A lazy voice sounded from the other end of the phone, "Who are you?"

Modesty felt happy when she heard her voice, "Ms. Barton, Ms. Barton, it's me... Modesty Parker. Have you seen the news on the Internet? What should I do now?"

Aurora replied impatiently, "It's your own business. Does it have anything to do with me?"

Modesty bit her lower lip hard, "How can it be my own business? I listened to your instruction before and did those things. Moreover, it was you who bribed Arthur Barnett and the two judges... That's it. Ms. Barton, I didn't tell anyone about this. But can you give me a hand? I really have no choice now."

"Don't blab. It's just that I felt you interesting when meeting you in the competition and had some small talks with you. Why does it become an instruction? And as for the Arthur B... whatever, you mentioned just now, I don't know him."

“But Ms. Barton, I...”

The phone was hung up before Modesty finished her words.

Chapter 408-In the evening, when Stella walked out of her office, the girls in her studio happened to prepare to get off the work.

They greeted Stella, “Stella, we will come home now.”

Stella nodded her head with a smile, “See you tomorrow.”

After the girls’ leaving, Stella looked at Sherry who was standing aside with a backpack on her back. She uncontrollably raised her brows and asked, “What are you...”

Sherry coughed to cover her embarrassment, “I’m not doing anything. Just having an exercise.”

Stella walked to the tearoom to pour some water and said with a smile, “Are you going to date Daniel?”

Sherry walked to her and leaned against the wall, “No...Nope.”

She lowered her head to buckle the belt of her backpack, “It’s just that we’re going to have a meal together.”

Stella picked up her glass, took a sip of the water and took a glance at the man who was waiting outside, “Hurry up. He’s waiting for you.”

Sherry looked over following her gaze, her lips uncontrollably twitched. She pondered for a while and said, “Stella, there’s no matter in the studio. Would you like to go with us?”

Stella replied, “No, thanks. Cla...Clarence will come to find me later.”

A knowing expression appeared on Sherry's face when she heard the reply. She then said sensibly, "Then I will not bother you. I will leave first, goodbye."

Stella nodded her head, "Be careful."

After Sherry's leaving, Stella closed the glass door. When she prepared to walk into the studio, she saw someone in the car in the opposite street was watching her.

The car had been parked at that place long time ago.

Sensing Stella's gaze, the person in the car quickly withdrew his lines of sights, started the car and followed Daniel's car to leave.

Seeing this, Stella slightly pressed her lips together.

If her guess was right, the one in the car should be Charles' subordinate.

Stella came back to her office, put the glass of water on the desk and then picked up her painting pencil. She pondered for a long while, yet didn't draw anything in the end.

She only wrote down several names on the drawing paper.

Charles Steward, Phoebe Steward, Daniel, Cameron Carter and Mr. Moore who gave the key to the storage house to her before and disappeared after that...

Looking at the names on the paper, Stella pondered for a while and added a name: William.

Although William seemed to have no relationship with the whole matter, he had some relationships with the above-mentioned people.

Stella recalled the day when she came to Cameron's house together with Emmett. It seemed like William and Emmett didn't know each other and they simply greeted each other lightly.

This was so strange. Emmett was so close with Cameron, and it seemed like William also had a good relationship with Cameron that how it appeared on the surface.

With their relationships with Cameron, they had many opportunities to meet each other.

There could be only two explanations for this. Maybe Emmett and William were not familiar with each other, or maybe they pretended to be unfamiliar with each other.

Emmett, Daniel and Cameron had a shared purpose, which was to fight against Charles.

As for William, although he looked like a person who had nothing to do with this matter, he coincidentally won the bidding of the Steward Group's project.

Combing these things, it was difficult for her to believe that William came here just for developing the domestic market.

However how hard she tried, Stella still couldn't figure out anything. Fretful, she blotted out all the names on the paper.

Right at this moment, a man's low voice sounded by her ear, "What are you writing?"

Being caught off guard, Stella was startled and subconsciously leaned backwards, yet only leaned onto the man's hot chest.

Clarence curled his lips into a smile and took the advantage to put his arm around her shoulders.

Stella, "..."



This wretched man must have done it purposely.

Clarence asked, "Have you eaten?"

"Didn't you ask me to wait for you?"

Clarence raised his brows, "Let's go."

Stella packaged up her things, tore down the paper with the names on it, crumpled it up into a ball and threw it into the trash can.

When having dinner, Stella asked, "I saw the statement posted by the Conrad Group today. What do you think of it?"

"Are you mentioning the cheating in the contest, or the matter of bribing the judge?"

Stella was confused and asked, "Aren't they the same thing?"

Clarence added some water into her glass, "Originally it's the same thing. But now it was handled as two matters."

"What do you mean?"

"Someone accused Modesty of cheating in the contest and bribing the judges. There's evidence to prove that she has cheated in the contest. But as for bribing the judges, from the current situation, it seems like an oral accusation and there's no evidence. Moreover, the two judges refuse to admit it. Therefore, it can only be regarded as two matters."

Stella couldn't help but frown when she heard the words, "It's true that there's no direct evidence to prove that Modesty has bribed the judges. But I still believe that Modesty doesn't have the ability to bribe them. As for Robert, the organizer of the contest has investigated him and they found that he didn't do that..."

Clarence said slowly, "Now that it was not something she is able to do, we should not waste time on her any longer."

Stella was stunned. Several seconds later, she suddenly understood what he meant.

That was it. She almost forgot that Phoebe and Aurora also took part in the Young Designers' Contest.

Stella asked, "Phoebe and Aurora, which one would do that?"

"Both of them are suspects." Clarence paused and then continued, "But the Barton Group has a subsidiary company that engages in fashion and it has a deep cooperation with the two judges."

Stella understood all when she heard the words.

Aurora was the one behind this.

It was not simply about bribing the judges. Because of the company's cooperation with the two judges, no one would find any problem in the articles of their contracts or the capital intercourse between the two parties. This was the reason why Louis didn't find it.

Thinking of this, Stella couldn't help but click her tongue.

Clarence asked, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing. I just feel that Mr. Conrad is so charming."

Clarence, "?"

As Stella was almost full, she stood up and said, "I'm full. I'll leave first."

Clarence licked his teeth and followed her out.

When Stella pulled open the door to the driver's seat, she found Clarence had seated himself on the passenger seat.

Stella, "..."

She got into the car sulkily and asked, "Mr. Conrad, what are you doing?"

Clarence replied without any expressional change, "Send you back."

Stella didn't want to talk with him. She sat into the car and pulled the seatbelt, but Clarence suddenly leaned forwards.

Stella subconsciously moved backwards, "What... what do you want to do?"

Clarence clasped her hand, buckled the seatbelt for her and said in a charming voice, "To buckle the seatbelt for you. Or what do you want me to do?"

Looking at his face that was so close to hers, Stella suddenly felt hot. She coughed, winded down the window and pushed his chest, "Sit properly. You've blocked my sight."

When speaking, she looked towards the rear-view mirror on her right as if what she said was true.

She then started the car.

Clarence replied without any expressional change, "Send you back." Stella didn't want to talk with him. She sat into the car and pulled the seatbelt, but Clarence suddenly leaned forwards. Stella subconsciously moved backwards, "What... what do you want to do?" Clarence clasped her hand, buckled the seatbelt for her and said in a charming voice, "To buckle the seatbelt for you. Or what do you want me to do?" Looking at his face that was so close to hers, Stella suddenly felt hot. She coughed,

winded down the window and pushed his chest, "Sit properly. You've blocked my sight." When speaking, she looked towards the rear-view mirror on her right as if what she said was true. She then started the car.

Chapter 409-A week later, Stella officially signed a contract with Louis. The special brand performance would be held in September, which was six months later. So she had enough time to make preparation.

After the signing ceremony, Louis sent Stella to the door and said with pity, "I didn't expect that there were many accidents in this contest. As for the two judges... Ms. Radomil, please feel free to contact me if you need my favor in the future."

Although they were clear that the two judges didn't ensure the fairness of the contest, they still couldn't find out any evidence to prove that they had been bribed in the contest. So this matter could only end up like this.

Stella smiled lightly, "You're so courteous. No matter what, I should thank you for giving me this opportunity."

Louis said, "The chance is not given by me. It's what you initially deserved."

They exchanged several sentences and then Stella left.

Looking at her back, Louis' eyes were full of praise.

Soon after Stella came back to her studio, an unexpected guest came.

Arthur still had a gauze bandage on his head, but this didn't hinder him from looking around impolitely.

When seeing Stella, he immediately wore a smile, "As for Modesty, what's your next plan?"

Stella looked at him blandly. She didn't ask her employee to pour a glass of water for Arthur; instead, she asked, "What do you mean?"

Arthur leaned against the sofa and stretched his arms on the back of the sofa, "Come on, I'm not an outsider. Modesty had brought many troubles to you. Will you let go of her easily?"

"Whether to let go of her, it's my own business. Does it have anything to do with you?"

Arthur didn't feel embarrassed when hearing her unreserved words. Instead, he said with a smile, "Of course it has something to do with me. Look, I'm now living so miserably because of her, so we have a shared enemy. How about this? I propose you to discuss with me on how to plot against Phoebe so that she will not be able to stage a comeback in the rest of her life."

Stella relied, "You've been dismissed from the design community. But comparing to this, what you care more is to plot against Modesty?"

"Alas," Arthur waved his hands as if he didn't care about it, "It's not a big deal. Does it matter even though they cancelled my qualification as a designer? Many people will still ask me to design for them with a great reward and they're now queening up for the chance. Who will care about that? It's okay as long as I can still earn money."

"Looks like you've earned a lot from this matter."

Arthur chuckled, "Of course, it's a gamble of my career. If there wasn't enough reward, who would agree to do this?"

When speaking, he looked around Stella's studio again, "I have to say that your studio looks good. I'm also pondering of opening my studio recently. Do you have any good suggestion? Do you consider having a franchised store? Rest assured, I will give you the dividend you deserve."

Stella looked at him silently, "Looks like Aurora is quite generous."

"That's..."

Arthur suddenly paused and there was a slight change in his expression.

He coughed, "Who did you mention just not?"

Stella spoke slowly, "Aurora. Do you forget her so soon?"

"Ms... Ms. Barton, right? Seems like she was a specially-invited judge of the contest. I remember her. Of course I remember her."

Stella smiled. She didn't probe into this topic and just said, "I will go on with my work if you don't have any matter. Sorry, I can't see you off."

"Don't be in a hurry." Arthur stopped her, "I'm serious on the franchised store. You can consider it. Let's add each other's WeChat account first, and we may discuss it in detail later."

"Sorry, I'm not interested in it."

After finishing the words, Stella stood up and directly walked into her office.

Looking at her back, Arthur narrowed his eyes.

This woman was beautiful, smart and characteristic. Most importantly, she was Clarence's woman.

If he could get her, he was sure that Stella would be more interesting than that bitch Modesty.

After leaving the studio, Arthur got into the car and prepared to come home. He sneered as he suddenly thought of something and typed a new address on the navigation system.

...

Modesty had been locking herself at home for several days. At present, Robert, Phoebe and Aurora all abandoned her.

She even couldn't get in touch with Adolph.

It seemed like she was abandoned by the whole world.

In a trance, she seemed to hear the ringing of doorbell.

Modesty lifted her head in the darkness and looked towards the door blankly.

The doorbell was still ringing. It was not her illusion.

Modesty hurriedly propped herself up from the ground. She said while opening the door, "Adolph, I know that you will never abandon me. Last time I..."

Before she could finish the words, she found that the one standing at the door was not Adolph but the other person.

She widened her eyes in horror. Flustered, she wanted to close the door. However, before she could take any action, Arthur had broken into her house. He grabbed her hair and pulled her into the house.

Modesty screamed desperately. But at the next moment, Arthur squeezed her throat with great force and her face instantly got red due to breathlessness.

Arthur's look was so ferocious. When she was about to die, he finally let go of her.

However, before Modesty could take a breath, a hard slap landed on her face.

Arthur cursed, "Damn you little bitch. How dare you hire that man to kill me? Who do you think you're? I was so lucky that I didn't die. From now on, I will let you suffer."

He rammed something into the mouth, picked up the packaging tape on the table to tie her hands and then tore apart her clothes rudely. He then mercilessly thrust his penis into her private part and rode on her violently.

Modesty widened her eyes, yet she couldn't even utter a syllable. Tears streamed down her cheeks.

When this was over, Arthur tossed her onto the ground and directly walked towards her bedroom.

Modesty finally pulled herself together and struggled to stand up, "What do you want to do? Get out of my house. You can't..."

Before she could finish the words, a hard slap landed on her face again and Modesty fell onto the ground because of the force.

Arthur walked around her bedroom without scruples and threw all the trophies and the award-winning works that Modesty cherished a lot onto the ground. He then stepped on them hard.

In an instant, all the valuable things in Modesty's bedroom were broken into pieces.

Modesty glared at Arthur fiercely, "Karma will come to you."

After venting his anger, Arthur stood in front of her, took out his phone and displayed a video. He said complacently and furiously, "Did you think that all the videos were ruined? Expectantly, I still have their copies."

Watching at herself in the video, Modesty couldn't help but scream.

But what she got was only Arthur's complacent laughter.



Modesty suddenly stood up and pounced towards Arthur like crazy. But she was not a match for him in strength. Arthur directly tossed her down. When she fell onto the ground, Arthur strode over her body and spat on her while cursing, "What a back luck."

After Arthur's leaving, Modesty was still lying on the ground feebly for a long time. She looked at the front blankly.

After Arthur's leaving, Modesty was still lying on the ground feebly for a long time. She looked at the front blankly.

Chapter 410-In Stella's studio...

After Arthur's leaving, Sherry walked into the office and asked with her brows knitted, "Is that person the evil one who's now having a conflict with Modesty?"

Stella slowly nodded her head.

"Oh my," Sherry pulled a chair and sat beside Stella, "Why does he come to you? Moreover, look at him, he looks so complacent. Those who don't know about the truth will think that he wasn't disqualified by the design community, instead, he was mounted and hung on the wall like a famous picture."

Stella said, "Probably he wants to add fuel to the fire when seeing that I plan to fight against Modesty."

Sherry couldn't help but click her tongue, "Although I think Modesty deserves whatever she's suffering now, that Arthur Barnett is an evil person too. All in all, whenever I think of his look, my hair will stand up. It's so disgusting."

After pondering for a while, Sherry asked again, "By the way, you came to meet Louis today, right? What do they plan to deal with the two judges?"

Stella leaned against the chair and said slowly, "We have no evidence so far. So it can only end up like that."

“What? How can you let go of them so easily?”

Stella chuckled, “Rest assured. As long as they had done it, they won’t be able to escape from the punishment. The truth will be revealed one day.”

Sherry nodded her head in approval, “That’s it. It’s reasonable.”

Stella stretched her arms lazily, “Well, let’s start working.”

“Then I will go out. Call me if you have any problem.”

“Okay.”

After Sherry’s leaving, Stella prepared to begin drawing. But her phone that was placed on the table vibrated.

She picked up her phone, took a glance and found it was a junk message.

Stella put down her phone and pressed her eyebrows.

Two hours later, there came a knocking on the door. Stella lifted her head and said, “Come in please.”

Sherry pushed open the door with several jewelry boxes in her hand. She put them onto the desk while saying, “Stella, we sent the design drawings to the manufacturing factory last time and these’re the jewelries they produced. They’re all finished. Have an examination on them to see if there’re any problems. If there’s no problem with them, I will contact our customers to come here to take the jewelries.”

Hearing her words, Stella put down her drawing pencil and opened the jewelry boxes one by one. After examining all the jewelries, she said, “There’s no problem. You may call the customers to come over.”

“Okay.”

When Sherry was about to go out, a girl ran into the office with a jewelry case, “Sherry, a box is left in the car.”

Sherry patted her head, “Oh, that’s it. I almost lost it.”

She took the jewelry box from the girl and then handed it to Stella, “Have an examination on this.”

Stella opened the box. Looking at the necklace in the box, she was stunned for a moment.

Seeing this, Sherry asked in a low voice, “Stella, what’s wrong? Is there any problem?”

“Nothing.” Stella shook her head with a smile, “This is a necklace I designed before and I sent the drawing to the factory too.”

Looking at the necklace in the box, Sherry suddenly thought of something. She asked tentatively, “Is this the necklace you designed for the charity party before? And it was lost later, right?”

Stella replied, “It’s based on that design. I modified it according to the aspiration I got in this contest.”

Sherry finally figured it out and said, “No wonder. But this necklace looks so good. Are you inspired by that pocket watch?”

Stella pressed her lips together and lightly nodded her head.

Seeing this, Sherry decided not to probe into this and said, “Stella, may we have dinner together tonight?”

“What?”

“You got the championship, Phoebe’s real face was exposed, Modesty and Arthur are now fighting against each other, and you signed the contract of the special brand performance. Four good things to celebrate for! Shall we celebrate them together?”

Stella pondered for a while and said, “Okay. Who else will come?”

Sherry blinked at her knowingly, “Rest assured. I’ve invited your Mr. Conrad.”

Hearing the words, Stella’s ears uncontrollably got red. She coughed, “My... My Mr. Conrad? What nonsense are you talking?”

“Alright, alright, he’s not yours.” Sherry continued, “By the way, I also invited Channing and Winnie. Who else do you want to invite?”

Stella replied, “Invite Daniel too.”

Stella chuckled, “Didn’t he send you back every evening? Today can’t be an exception.”

“But...”

“It doesn’t matter. Just invite him. He does have helped me a lot.”

Sherry cleared her throat, “All right. But it seems like he’s not in the piano room now. I will call him and ask him.”

“Okay.”

When the door of the office was closed, Stella withdrew the lowest drawer, took out a box and opened it, and then took out the pocket watch and put it on the desk.

She found Charles through this pocket watch.

But Charles's identity was fabricated and maybe her biological father had died long time ago.

Maybe this was the last thing he left in this world.

Stella studied it for a long while, put the pocket watch into the box together with the necklace that was sent here just now and then put them into the drawer.

When Stella walked out of her office, she found that Sherry was waiting for her on the sofa.

She said, "Sherry, I finish my work. Let's go."

Sherry stood up and said, "Let's go."

When they walked to the door of the studio, a black Rolls-Royce stopped by the roadside.

Sherry sensibly ran to her own car, "Stella, I've sent the address of the restaurant to you phone. See you at the entrance of the restaurant later."

Before Stella could say something, Sherry had disappeared in her vision.

Stella withdrew her lines of sights and walked to the Rolls-Royce. Clarence winded down the window and tilted his head towards her, "Get into the car."

Stella pulled open the door. When she prepared to get into the car, she found a bunch of flowers on the seat.

She couldn't help but smile as she didn't expect that this wretched man was quite romantic.

Clarence put the flowers aside for her. Stella then got into the car and closed the door.

Stella said, "Sherry said she has sent Nathan the address. We're not at the same direction. Why do you still come here?"

Clarence curled his lips into a smile, "Because I want to see you in advance."

The smile on Stella's face became brighter. She took the roses from him and held them in her arms. Stella lowered her head to sniff the flowers. She then suddenly lifted her head, looked towards Clarence and asked with her brows knitted, "Did you do anything sorry to me?"

Clarence was confused.

"You never think of gifting me flowers before."

Clarence moved his thin lips and slowly spit out a word, "Never?"

Stella looked at him, feeling that what he really wanted to say was 'you brute'.

But thinking over it, it was true that this wretched man did gift her flowers for several times before.

But he seldom gifted flowers to her. Only once or twice, she remembered.

"All right. Forget it."

Clarence curled his finger and flipped her forehead, "You brute."

Stella didn't want to argue with him. With the flowers in her arms, she winded down the window to appreciate the sceneries outside.