

## **Mr Conrad 421**

Chapter 421-Things ended predictably. The birthday party ended unhappily ahead of schedule.

Many of the guests who were invited to Aurora's birthday party were respected figures in the business world. After such a commotion, each of them had their own ideas about the matter.

When she was leaving the venue, Stella turned around and glanced at Aurora's father who had a pale face. She asked the man beside her softly, "Do you know what is going on?"

The corners of Clarence's mouth quirked up, "No. But I know someone who is aware about this."

Stella was puzzled, "Who is it?"

After they exited the banquet hall, William walked up to them, "Mr. Conrad, Ms. Radomil."

Stella nodded at him in greeting, "Mr. William."

Clarence said calmly, "After such a big incident with the Barton family, it might affect future collaborations between both parties. Is Mr. William just going to leave?"

William laughed and answered with ease, "After all, this is someone else's family matters. I will not be a help to them even if I have stayed."

"Is that so?"

William did not reply his question anymore and looked at Stella instead, "Does Ms. Radomil have any arrangements tonight?"

Stella did not know what he meant by asking this. After her mind had gone blank for a few seconds, she gently shook her head, "No."

“Then let me treat Ms. Radomil and Mr. Conrad to some beverages.”

Stella opened her mouth and turned her head to look at Clarence before she spoke. The latter lifted his brows.

It meant that he agreed to go.

Stella replied, “Sure.”

Although she had only met William for a few times and did not have a good understanding of him, William and Clarence had collaborated in the past. They might want to talk about something that was inconvenient to be discussed between the two of them and so they needed her presence in their discussion.

On the top floor of the hotel, there was an open-air soft drink bar.

They found a table at a quiet corner. After sitting down, Stella said, “I will go to the bathroom. The two of you can talk.”

Who knew that just after she had gotten up, Clarence held her wrist, “Don’t you want to know what the incident tonight is all about? You can go later.”

When a waiter was taking their orders from William, Stella took advantage of the situation to sit down and ask softly, “Didn’t the two of you have something to discuss?”

Clarence replied, “Who told you that I have something to discuss with him?”

“Then...”

At that moment, William spoke, “Ms. Radomil, what do you like to drink?”

Stella took a look at the menu, "Two glasses of grape juice, half sugar, thank you."

The waiter acknowledged her words and left.

Clarence was gently tapping his long and slender finger on the table. The corners of Clarence's thin lips turned upwards.

William had a glance at Clarence before looking at Stella again and slowly said, "I just heard that Ms. Radomil is curious about what happened to the Barton family tonight."

Stella pursed her lips and nodded her head gently.

If this incident was done by Clarence, she could still figure out the reason.

However, Clarence said he was just there to watch the drama.

In that case, what happened to the Barton family today was very fishy.

Stella paused for a while and then said, "Based on Mr. William's words, you are clear about what the incident tonight is all about?"

William replied, "I cannot say that I am fully clear about it, but I heard of a rumor by chance. I previously thought that it was false and did not take it seriously. However, I have no choice but to believe in it today."

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At the same time, at the other side.

After all the guests had left, Aurora threw a fit and smashed everything that could be smashed in the hotel.

However, she was not able to vent out all her anger despite doing that.

She needed to know the cause and effect of this matter. She had to figure out what was going on.

Aurora exited the banquet hall and stopped a hotel staff in his tracks, "Have you seen my father? Do you know where he is?"

The staff said, "No...No..."

Aurora pushed him away at once, "Good-for-nothing!"

The staff backed to the side. He was angry but didn't dare to speak anything.

Aurora searched the hotel for her father for a long time and found his father's assistant in front of the door of the lounge.

Aurora was about to go in, but the assistant stopped her, "Ms. Barton, the chairman has ordered that nobody can enter the lounge."

Aurora frowned unhappily, "Does this instruction apply to me?"

"Well..."

Aurora shoved him out of the way with one hand, "Stay out of the way, useless idiot!"

While speaking, she turned the knob of the door of the lounge and pushed the door with force.

The door slammed into the wall with a loud bang.

Aurora's father turned around and furrowed his brows, "Aurora, what are you doing again?"

Aurora ignored him and stared at the other woman in the room fiercely, "What is this crazy woman doing here! Tell her to get out!"

The woman looked at Aurora. She was in tears and was filled with sorrow, "Aurora, I am really your mother..."

"You shut up, shut up, shut up!"

Aurora dashed towards the woman as if she had lost her mind, but her father held her back.

Aurora's father said sternly in a deep voice, "Aurora, calm down."

"How am I supposed to calm down? Dad, are you just going to let this crazy woman slander me?"

"You need to stop calling her a crazy woman." Aurora's father turned his gaze towards the woman who was sitting on the sofa and let out an inaudible sigh, "She is indeed your biological mother."

Aurora widened her eyes incredulously, "What are you saying?"

More than twenty years ago, Aurora's mother really wanted to have a child although she was diagnosed with infertility. Aurora's father adopted several children privately, but there were no family bonds between the children and Aurora's mother, no matter how hard they tried.

Aurora's father had no choice but to send the children back.

Shortly after that, Aurora's mother came up with an idea. She would find a woman on behalf of her husband.

Once the woman was pregnant, she would announce to the public that she was pregnant. After the child was born, the child would become her rightful child. She would regard the child as their own biological child and treat her properly.

At first, Aurora's father strongly disagreed with the idea. But Aurora's mother kept on pestering and coaxing him into carrying out her plan. Moreover, the woman Aurora's mother found for him was young,

beautiful, gentle and considerate. In the heat of the moment, he did something stupid.

In less than a month, the woman was pregnant.

And the child conceived by the woman was Aurora.

After ten months, the child was born. According to the previous agreement, Aurora's mother should give a sum of money to the woman and then she would disappear from their sight.

Unexpectedly, Aurora's father developed different feelings towards the woman after they had spent time together for months. He found all kinds of excuses so that the woman could stay for a longer time.

Even though he had never said it verbally, Aurora's mother could notice his intentions. When he went on a business trip, she took advantage of the situation to send the woman away overnight.

From then on, they had never seen each other.

This incident became Aurora's father's biggest concern that had been troubling him for a long time.

After Aurora's mother had passed away, he made many attempts to find the woman but to no avail.

He initially thought that she didn't exist in this world anymore.

After listening to the whole story, Aurora laughed coldly, "You expect me to believe you after listening to your words? I can tell you that there is no way that I will believe in this. Never!"

Chapter 422-After listening to the whole story, Stella's mind went blank for a few seconds. She then said, "This matter should have been kept under wraps. Moreover, so many years have passed so nobody would mention it again. How did Mr. William...know about this?"

Just when she asked this question, the waiter brought the beverages to their table.

William smiled faintly and did not answer her question. He raised the cup and took a sip of his coffee.

Clarence said calmly, "Mr. William used to live in City N."

His words reminded Stella.

This incident happened more than twenty years ago. It was most likely that William knew about it at that time.

Even if this incident happened more than twenty years ago, it would not be announced to the public. The only ones who were aware of it were either people who were related to it or people who knew them.

Which one of it was William?

But at least, the fact that William knew the incident in such detail confirmed that his identity was definitely not simple at that time.

Just when Stella was lost in thought, Clarence spoke again, "But I am also quite curious about how Mr. William would know so many details."

William put down his coffee cup and slowly said, "It was because my wife and Mrs. Barton were considered as friends. My wife learned about her fake pregnancy by chance. When I heard people mentioning about a few bits and pieces of the incident, I simply guessed the rest of it after that."

Clarence replied, "Unexpectedly, Mr. William's guess is quite accurate."

"I can only say that I am quite lucky."

Listening to their conversation, Stella was quite confused, "Then...since Aurora's biological mother had left the Barton family for such a long time, why would she suddenly come back? Furthermore, she chose to show herself on a day like today. I don't think that she is a stupid person and should have known that her appearance this time would have serious effects on Aurora."

William looked into the distance and there were no emotions on his face, "Maybe it was only a coincidence."

Clarence said slowly in a steady pace, "Mr. William is right. If she didn't scheme against you, she might not have the chance to know that her real mother is someone else in her life, and perhaps there would be no such coincidence."

After listening to that, Stella was even more confused. Was that how a coincidence was originally explained?

"Then Aurora's father and biological mother..."

"He is not innocent. If he didn't turn a blind eye to Aurora's acts, he would not receive retribution. In regard to her biological mother, do you think she suddenly appeared after she had disappeared so many years ago with no special reason?"

While speaking, Clarence took the glass in front of Stella, took a gulp of the cold drink and said slowly, "He is not the only one who has a daughter. Am I right, Mr. William?"



Stella did not pay attention to what he said at the end and looked at the cold drink in his hand instead, "Don't you have your own drink? Why are you drinking my drink?"

"Your drink is sweeter."

Stella could not think of a reply.

William also could not think of a reply.

Directly ignoring Clarence's question just now, William raised his hands and pressed his temples, "It's late. I still have some work to do."

He paused for a while and added, "I will send Ms. Radomil home."

Stella probably didn't expect William to say that. She froze for a while and shook her head, "No need for that. Clarence will send me home."

William nodded slightly, "Then I'll take my leave."

After William had left, Stella withdrew her gaze and looked at Clarence silently.

Clarence met her gaze, and his gaze became even deeper.

A few seconds later, he suddenly came closer to Stella.

Stella backed away, "What are you doing?"

Clarence leaned back in his seat and said in a composed manner, "Didn't you say that when a couple look at each other, they cannot resist the temptation to share a kiss?"

After listening to him, Stella's whole face noticeably reddened and lowered her head to bite the straw. She mumbled, "I just randomly saw this on a website online."

"Is that so? Why do I think that it makes quite a bit of sense?"

Stella didn't want to talk nonsense with him and changed the subject straight away, "Regarding the things mentioned by William and you, what do they mean?"

Clarence raised his eyebrows, "What?"

"I always sense that there is a hidden meaning behind your words. I don't really understand your words."

The corners of Clarence's mouth quirked up, "You don't understand but that is the point. Even if you understand these matters, you will not gain any benefits."

Stella curled her lip and said, "But I understand one thing."

"Hmm?"

"You said that Aurora's biological mother suddenly appeared after she had disappeared so many years ago. Did someone sought her out and brought her to the venue? What is he aiming for? Money?"

Clarence replied slowly, "I don't know that much."

Stella answered, "Then you can mention the things you know."

Clarence said, "Are we not going home tonight?"

Stella didn't reply to his question.

She turned her head away, "Forget about it if you are unwilling to talk. I don't really want to know anyway."

Clarence continued, "Charles is not in the country these days. Even if you don't return, there will be no problems."

"How do you..."

Stella originally wanted to ask how he knew about it. But she thought that it was an unnecessary question before she finished her question. He always kept a close watch on Charles and therefore, he certainly knew about it long ago.

After giving it some thought, she then asked, "Then do you know Charles's purpose of going abroad?"

Clarence replied, "The answer to this question is the same as the one just now."

Stella's gaze towards him was filled with discontent and distaste.

After a long time, she stammered, "I didn't bring any clothes or toiletries with me."

Clarence asked, "Is this also your reason?"

Stella pursed her lips and only had one request, "We are not going to Starry Lake Mansion."

Charles was not in the country and Phoebe had set up a trap for her. It just so happened that she did not really want to return to that place.

Clarence replied with almost no hesitation, "Ok."

On the way, Stella couldn't help but to ask, "Can you tell me now?"

Clarence answered in a steady pace, "What is all the hurry? We have a whole night to talk. We can talk slowly."

When he said the words "talk slowly", Stella always had a feeling that he paused for a while and seemed to be indicating something else.

Huh, that wretched man with an ulterior motive.

Not long after that, the black Rolls Royce stopped in the basement of the residential area.

After going upstairs, Clarence poured a glass of water for her, took a set of his clothes from the bedroom and gave it to her, "Wear this first. I will have someone send clothes to you tomorrow."

Stella nodded, took the clothes and went into the bathroom.

Even though Clarence seldom lived here, the place was fully equipped.

After taking a shower, Stella found a hair dryer to blow-dry her hair until it was half dry and looked at the bathroom again. She planned to buy some personal essentials before returning to this place tomorrow.

She didn't know how long Charles would be away. If everything went well, she would stay here for these few days.

When Stella exited the room, Clarence was phoning someone in front of the French windows. She vaguely heard that the topic of the conversation seemed to be related to the demolition of Anqiao Street.

She sat with her legs crossed, took out her phone and sent a message to Sherry to briefly explain the situation today.

After sending the message to her, she hugged her knees again, blinked her eyes and looked at Clarence's back.

Huh, that wretched man with an ulterior motive. Not long after that, the black Rolls Royce stopped in the basement of the residential area. After going upstairs, Clarence poured a glass of water for her, took a set of his clothes from the bedroom and gave it to her, "Wear this first. I will have someone send clothes to you tomorrow." Stella nodded, took the clothes and went into the bathroom. Even though Clarence seldom lived here, the place was fully equipped. After taking a shower, Stella found a hair dryer to blow-dry her hair until it was half dry and looked at the bathroom again. She planned to buy some personal essentials before returning to this place tomorrow. She didn't know how long Charles would be away. If everything went well, she would stay here for these few days. When Stella exited the room, Clarence was phoning someone in front of the French windows. She vaguely heard that the topic of the conversation seemed to be related to the demolition of Angiao Street. She sat with her legs crossed, took out her phone and sent a message to Sherry to briefly explain the situation today. After sending the message to her, she hugged her knees again, blinked her eyes and looked at Clarence's back.

Chapter 423-Ten minutes later, Clarence ended the call.

He walked up to Stella and stood beside her. Then, he took a lock of her hair with a curled finger and asked softly, "Why didn't you dry your hair completely?"

Stella replied, "My hair is quite long so it is very troublesome to dry it completely. It will dry naturally."

"Wait here."

Clarence withdrew his hand, turned and entered the bathroom.

Soon, he came back with a hair dryer and stood behind her. After setting the wind speed and temperature to medium mode, he gently blew her hair, "Next time, remember to dry your hair completely. If your hair is too long, you can cut it shorter."

Stella was at a loss for words.

She didn't know what to say at that moment.

The sound of the working hair dryer was minimal. There was almost no extra noise.

Stella said, "Mr. Conrad."

"Hmm?"

"Can you tell me about Aurora's biological mother now?"

The corners of Clarence lips turned upwards, "Didn't you say that you don't want to know?"

Stella gritted her teeth and turned her head to glare at him.

That wretched man behaved innocently even though he got the advantage over her!

It was getting harder for Clarence to resist the temptation to laugh. Seeing that her hair was almost dry, he put the hair dryer aside, "Fine. I was teasing you."

Stella said, "What is going on?"

Clarence sat beside her and said slowly, "After leaving the Barton family, Aurora's biological mother married a man and had a son. Some time ago, her son was arrested for fighting and causing a commotion. Therefore, she urgently needs a large sum of money to solve this matter now."

Before that, when Stella heard Clarence's words in the soft drink bar, she roughly guessed that Aurora's biological mother was aiming for money.

Clarence continued, "But she didn't keep still all these years. After being sent away, she carried out many different plans and tried to gain more money from the Barton family. Although Mrs. Barton was mentally unstable, she handled these matters efficiently so that no further problems would arise."

“After a few attempts, Aurora’s biological mother gave up the idea. The reason why she came to make a scene at Aurora’s birthday party this time was because she learned that Mrs. Barton had passed away a few years ago.”

After she had listened to Clarence, Stella remained silent for a while and said, “Then how did she get this news?”

Clarence placed his hand on her shoulder and slowly said, “Maybe it’s just a coincidence.”

Stella was unconvinced, “Is it really a coincidence?”

Clarence met her skeptical gaze and laughed silently, “This really has nothing to do with me. When Aurora was born, I had not yet entered the Conrad family. As you said, these old matters were kept well hidden. Only a few people know about this and it will not be easy to uncover the truth.”

Stella acknowledged his words and did not ask further about it.

For this matter, Clarence had absolutely no reason to hide it from her.

Since he had already said that he was not involved in this matter, he definitely did not do anything.

But if this matter was regarded as a coincidence, it was too unrealistic.

Just when Stella was lost in thought, Clarence got up.

Stella instinctively reached out and held his hand, “Where are you going?”

“I am going to take a bath.” Clarence leaned over with his other hand propped on the armrest behind her. Gazing at her, he said ambiguously in a low-pitched and husky voice, “Don’t be in such a hurry, baby.”

She hurriedly let go of him, "Who...who is in a hurry. I have not finished asking."

Clarence smiled and ruffled her hair, "Wait for me to come out. We will talk later."

After pausing for a while, he added, "I am in a hurry."

Stella did not reply to his words.

Just when Clarence entered the bathroom, Stella's phone rang. It was Sherry who dialled her number.

After picking up the phone, Sherry said, "Oh my god, oh my god! This is fantastic! Tell me the whole story in detail again!"

Through the phone, Stella told her what happened tonight again in detail.

After listening to Stella, Sherry said excitedly, "Who exactly did all of this? Is it really not Mr. Conrad who does good deeds without leaving his name?"

"It's not him."

"Then this can only mean that Aurora deserved it. Divine beings are also helping us." Sherry then added, "A daily question, when will Phoebe receive this kind of retribution?"

Stella paused for a while and suddenly said, "Is Daniel next to you?"

"He just sent me home. He already left. What is the matter? Do you need him to do something?"

Stella replied, "Never mind. It is nothing."



The incident with Aurora was definitely not a coincidence. It was also definitely not divine beings who were helping them.

She was the only one who had disputes with Aurora recently.

Moreover, the fact that the person behind all of this was able to find Aurora's biological mother showed that he had a certain amount of wealth and power.

Based on current situation, since Clarence didn't do all of this, the only person she could think of was Daniel.

Although he always refused to reveal the actual reason of helping her, he did help her with a lot of things.

After chatting with Sherry for a while, Stella heard that the shower sounds in the bathroom stopped. She lowered her voice hastily, "Let's leave things as they are today. We will talk about things tomorrow. I am hanging up now. Bye!"

Putting away the phone, Stella got up. She was about to go to the bedroom when the bathroom door opened.

Stella turned her head, "Why are you so fast?"

Clarence answered, "Fast?"

Stella did not reply to him.

Clarence casually raked his hair which was still dripping wet with his fingers, walked up to her and handed Stella the hair dryer beside him, "Help me dry my hair."

Stella couldn't help but to mutter under her breath, "If you do something for me, I will need to do something for you. You really cannot bear any losses."

Due to her soft voice and the sound of working hair dryer, Clarence could not clearly hear what she said, "What?"

"Nothing."

While blow-drying his hair, Stella was moving his hair around.

Clarence said, "What are you finding?"

"I am finding signs of middle-aged balding."

Clarence acknowledged her words questioningly.

He breathed in and asked in a low-pitched voice, "Did you find it?"

Stella seemed to be quite disappointed, "No."

The quality of that wretched man's hair was better than hers.

Stella turned off the hair dryer, "All done."

Stella pulled out the plug of the hair dryer. Just when she was about to put the hair dryer back in the bathroom, her wrist was grabbed by the man. It caught her off guard and she fell into the man's arms in the next moment.

Clarence wrapped his arms around her waist, "Didn't you say you still have something to ask? Go on."

Stella raised her hand, "I will put this..."

Clarence took the hair dryer in her hand and threw it to the side, "Don't be bothered about it."

Stella slowly directed her gaze from the hair dryer towards his face, coughed and said seriously, "You do know Charles's reason for going abroad, don't you?"

"I do know the reason."

"What...is the reason?"

Clarence said calmly, "He is transferring his assets."

Stella did not expect to hear this answer and couldn't help but to widen her eyes, "Really?"

"Yes, or else why would he choose to leave the country at this time?"

Stella frowned, "Then if we wait for him to transfer all of his assets away from his account, we cannot take action against him when we find anything useful from him?"

Clarence replied, "No. This only means that the Steward Group won't last for much longer."

Chapter 424-Stella thought that the Steward Group was not largely affected compared to the past. But after listening to Clarence, she realized that the Steward Group was not as transparent as she had expected.

It seemed that the current Steward Group was an empty shell company and had a fake appearance.

Thinking about it, she said, "But isn't the Steward Group collaborating with William? This is a big project. Can Charles leave as he pleases?"

Clarence replied, "To Charles, this is not just a simple project, but his last cover-up."

Stella asked, "What does that mean?"

"As long as this project is running normally, nobody will suspect that the Steward Group won't last for much longer. Charles can also take the opportunity of collaborating with William to transfer his money abroad rightfully. When his plan is completed, he can leave straight away. As for how the project ends up, he doesn't even care."

Stella furrowed her brows, "Does that mean he is going to leave the mess to William?"

"That is pretty much it."

"Then..."

Reading her thoughts, Clarence said calmly, "You can rest assured. William has his own plans."

After listening to Clarence, Stella pursed her lips and gently nodded her head.

As she was lost in thought, she didn't even notice that the man's hand had lifted her shirt and was exploring what was under her shirt.

"By the way, I have always felt..."

After she had said half of her sentence, Stella finally noticed Clarence's movements. She lowered her head to look at it, met his gaze at once and glared at him.

Clarence lowered his head and bit her neck. He said in a low-pitched and husky voice, 'Is there something else?'

Before Stella could open her mouth to speak, Clarence pressed his lips against hers.

After a long kiss, Clarence placed a kiss at the center of her forehead between her brows, "If you want to talk about something, we will do it tomorrow. I won't run away. Ok?"

Stella didn't reply to his words.

Clarence acted like an uncivilized person for the whole night.

In the end, Stella was so tired that she fell asleep as soon as her head hit the pillow.

Clarence leaned down to kiss the center of her forehead between her brows. He then covered her with a blanket and went out of the bedroom.

Standing in the living room, Clarence dialed Maxwell's number, "Recently, Stella will stay here. Tell them not to go out and wait for a few days."

"Yes."

After hanging up the phone, Clarence looked at the night view through the window. He remained silent for a while and then dialed Vincent's number, "How is it going?"

Vincent replied, "Still making a fuss. I guess that tonight will not be a peaceful night. But William is very capable. He actually knew about this and acted appropriately to the situation. He used extreme measures. I suppose that Aurora does not have the spirit to plot against someone anymore."

Clarence said slowly in a steady pace, "After that air crash, Charles and Lyndon were able to snatch the Steward Group back from a group of people who were having their eye on it and resolved the crisis of being near bankruptcy. Based on these achievements, their capabilities are evident."

"Indeed. If it wasn't for that conspiracy twenty years ago, the Steward Group would never be in this today's situation."

“The reason why someone had successfully schemed against him was because he never thought that the people closest to him would one day betray him and leave his family in ruins.”

Vincent knew the person Clarence had mentioned without a second thought.

After a while, Vincent then said, “Although Charles is not in the country, he would certainly notice that this thing is deliberately done after he has returned to the country.”

“He can hardly protect himself now. He no longer has the effort to care about the Barton family. Even if he finds out that something is wrong, it is already too late.”

Vincent said, “They have been preparing for the plan for a long time. They are finally going into action.”

Clarence then added, “Is there still no news about Jeffrey?”

“No, but I did find something interesting.” Vincent said, “Charles’s men had been following Modesty for some time.”

Clarence frowned slightly, “What do they want to achieve by following her?”

“I guess that Adolph have escaped. They found out the relationship between Adolph and Modesty, so they followed her to find traces of Adolph.”

Clarence was silent for a moment and suddenly said, “What is the old man doing these days?”

Vincent probably did not expect him to ask this. He answered after pausing for a few seconds, “I guess that he is figuring out how to make a comeback.”

“Since he has a lot of time on his hands, send him a present.”

“What kind of present?”

Clarence said with no emotion, "Regarding that incident in which a reporter had infiltrated the Conrad family and that recording incident not long ago, he definitely won't let go of these matters without doing anything."

Vincent understood what he meant, "Sure. I will go and arrange it now."

After ending the call, Clarence stood in the same place for a while and seemed to be thinking about something.

Ten minutes later, he returned to the bedroom and looked at the woman who was sleeping soundly. With the corners of his lips turned upwards, he turned off the bedside lamp and take her into his arms.

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The Conrad family, eight o'clock in the morning.

After Dempsey had gone downstairs from the second floor, one of his staff went inside the room hurriedly and whispered to him.

After listening to him, Dempsey frowned deeply, "Did she do all of this?"

The staff nodded, "Yes."

Dempsey hammered the floor strongly with his walking stick, "Bring me the person! Now!"

After the staff had left, a servant pushed Justin who was in his wheelchair into the room. Justin saw Dempsey's angry face and said warmly, "Father, did something happen?"

Dempsey sat on the sofa and said angrily, "The person who sent the recording pen here is the same person who got the reporter to infiltrate the Conrad family! She was too audacious. She didn't take me into account at all!"

Justin said, "All of this happened in the past."

"In the past? Do you know how much damage I have suffered because of these two incidents?" Dempsey looked cold and hostile, "If the Conrad family isn't present, the Conrad Group would already be Clarence's possession!"

Justin let out an inaudible sign, "Clarence is also your son. Why do you always have so much animosity towards him?"

Dempsey snorted, "Only those who can be controlled are called sons. Those who cannot be controlled can only be enemies."

Justin did not say anything anymore.

An hour later, Modesty was brought into the room.

Standing in front of Dempsey, she was panic-stricken. Her hands were tightly twisted together. She wanted to say something, but she couldn't even make a sound.

Dempsey looked at her up and down twice, "Are you Modesty Parker?"

Stammering, she answered, "Yes...Yes..."

Dempsey threw the recording pen in front of her, "Is this thing yours?"

Modesty clenched her teeth. Not daring to answer his question, her whole body was trembling.

Dempsey said sternly, "Are you deaf or mute? I am asking you a question!"



Modesty was instantly frightened and fell to the ground. After a long time, she then found her voice, "It's...It's mine..."

Dempsey laughed coldly and banged heavily on the table, "You have the guts. You dared to scheme against me!"

Modesty clenched her teeth. Not daring to answer his question, her whole body was trembling. Dempsey said sternly, "Are you deaf or mute? I am asking you a question!" Modesty was instantly frightened and fell to the ground. After a long time, she then found her voice, "It's...It's mine..." Dempsey laughed coldly and banged heavily on the table, "You have the guts. You dared to scheme against me!"

Chapter 425-Modesty looked pale. Moving her lips, she explained, "No...it's not like that, I don't have the intention of doing that... I just want..."

"What do you want?" Dempsey narrowed his eyes, "As I see it, you are afraid to offend Clarence, so you want me to take this responsibility for you!"

As he roared at Modesty, she felt that she seemed to stop breathing. She trembled uncontrollably and did not know what to say next.

At that moment, Justin appeared behind her and said slowly, "Don't be afraid. If you want to say something, stand up first."

Modesty's mind went blank for a moment. When she turned her head, her pupils noticeably dilated and constricted. But she still didn't dare to move.

Justin gave a chuckle, leaned down and extended his hand to Modesty.

Modesty's gaze fell on his palm. After hesitating for a long time, she tentatively held his hand and slowly stood up.

At the same time, Dempsey said in an unsatisfied tone, "Justin, don't always waste your kindness on places that don't deserve it."

Justin replied, "There may be some misunderstanding in this matter. The last time we checked the identity of the person who ordered the reporter to infiltrate the Conrad family, wasn't the person a man?"

"I guess that he is her accomplice!"

Justin looked at Modesty, "There's still time, so tell us what is going on. Don't worry. If you didn't do it, we will definitely not make your life difficult."

Modesty stood beside him and bit her lower lip strongly. After a long time, she said, "I didn't do it...I don't know what is going on either, really..."

Dempsey hammered the floor strongly with his walking stick and scolded loudly, "There is concrete evidence. You are still denying responsibility!"

Modesty was frightened and hid behind Justin instinctively. She said hurriedly, "This really has nothing to do with me, but I know the man who approached the reporter last...last time. He has been...has been..."

"What has he been doing?"

"He has been helping Stella to do things." After making up her mind to continue lying, Modesty was more composed instead, "Moreover, he was also the one who took Stella away from the Conrad family at the beginning. I don't know how he has become my accomplice. It is most likely that I have offended Stella at the designers' contest this time, and she has deliberately said this in order to get back at me..."

After hearing her words, Dempsey narrowed his eyes and did not speak for a moment.

On the day that Stella left the Conrad family, there was indeed a man in the car.

After further investigation, the man was not one of Clarence's men.

If what she said was true, then the incident in which the reporter infiltrated the Conrad family was planned by Stella!

He didn't expect that women to have such clever tricks that could even fool him!

After thinking about it for some time, Dempsey asked, "How do you explain the incident involving the recording pen?"

Compared to his previous voice, his current voice was much softer.

Modesty gritted her teeth. Since she had already started this, she would continue to do it, "It was...Ms. Steward who instructed me to do so."

Dempsey frowned, "Ms. Steward? Which Ms. Steward?"

"The young lady of the Steward Group, Phoebe Steward."

"How did you know her?"

Modesty clenched her fist and spoke, "Just like Stella, I was a designer in SG Jewelry Magazine. At that time when Ms. Steward was not yet engaged to Mr. Conrad, she already knew that Stella was Mr. Conrad's ex-wife, so she deliberately got close to Stella. She often used me to deal with Stella."

Dempsey said, "The bribery of judges in the designers' contest was ordered by Phoebe?"

"No. That was done by Aurora Barton."

"Aurora Barton? How did she get involved again?"

Modesty breathed in, "Aurora was holding a grudge because Mr. Conrad had rejected her, so she wanted to deal with Stella. She asked me to bribe the judges for her. But she casted me aside after she had achieved her goal. After I had done as I was told, she didn't care about my situation. As a result, I took the recording pen to Ms. Steward. She instructed me to say that the only person who is not afraid to offend Mr. Conrad is Master Conrad, so she told me to come to you."

She had been driven into a corner anyway. Since Aurora and Phoebe had kicked her aside, she would just make reckless decisions to make matters worse by implicating them all. If she was going to be in trouble, she would not let them rest easy.

After listening to Modesty's words, Dempsey snorted coldly, "One is smarter than the other indeed."

Justin said slowly, "If that engagement didn't happen, these things would not happen. From Phoebe's perspective, she didn't do anything wrong."

"At this point of time, you are still defending her. Do you know what situation the Conrad family is in now because of her?"

Justin replied, "As long as you pull back from your plans in time, Clarence will show mercy to us."

Dempsey sneered, "I pull back from my plans in time? Don't forget how Stella lost her child! Do you think Clarence will let your mother off the hook?"

Justin didn't say anything anymore.

Dempsey got up and went upstairs with the help of his walking stick. Before he left, he took a look at his men, "Take care of this."

Modesty took a few steps backwards and was afraid again.

Justin raised his hand to stop Dempsey's men from taking any actions and looked at Modesty, "I will send you out."

Modesty looked at him uncertainly. But when she saw that the men who were about to step forward had retreated to their original positions, she felt that her heart seemed to have started beating again.

Justin maneuvered his wheelchair and went out of the house. Modesty saw his movements and hurriedly followed after him.

After reaching the garden, Modesty couldn't help but to say, "Thank you."

Justin said calmly, "No need to thank me."

"You and Mr. Conrad..."

"I am his brother."

After hearing his words, Modesty was quite surprised, "Does Mr. Conrad have a brother?"

After she had finished saying the sentence, the wheelchair stopped moving.

Modesty turned her head, realized that she had said the wrong thing and hurriedly said, "I'm sorry. Before this, I just never heard of ..."

Justin looked at the rising sun in the distance. There were no emotions on his fair face.

Modesty stood beside him and didn't dare to speak.

After some time, Justin then said, "Just now, you said that the person who took Stella away had been helping her to do things before?"

After her mind had gone blank for a moment, Modesty nodded while pinching the hem of her shirt.

“Do you know that person?”

“I only...know a little about him. I am not very familiar with him.”

Justin acknowledged her words and turned his head to look at her, “You know that Stella had a miscarriage in a car accident because she got into that car, don’t you? The one who drove the car was that person.”

Stammering, Modesty replied, “I am not really sure.”

“It’s fine if you don’t know about this.” Justin added, “Then, can you tell me the person’s name and place of residence?”

Modesty opened her mouth but didn’t make a sound.

She had an intuition that if she told him Adolph’s information, the man in front of her, who seemed as gentle as a lamb, would not have mercy on Adolph.

Justin gave a chuckle, “Are you unwilling to tell me?”

For no reason, a chill went down her spine although the sun had clearly risen. Modesty hurriedly opened her mouth and told him all the information she knew about Adol

Chapter 426-When Stella woke up, she found the sun outside was so bright.

She turned over her body and groped for her phone with her eyes closed.

When she saw the time, she abruptly sat up on the bed. ‘Why it was suddenly eleven o’clock?’ She asked herself.

Stella hurriedly got out of the bed. When she opened the door of her bedroom, she saw Clarence walking towards her with a bag in his hand, "Awake?"

Stella said with regrets, "When did wake up? Why didn't wake me up?"

"You were in sound sleep. So I want to let you sleep for a more while."

"But I'm late!"

Clarence asked, "Aren't you off today?"

Stella, "..."

She suddenly calmed down herself.

That was it.

Today was Sunday.

She had been working for several consecutive recently and she almost came to the studio every day. Therefore, she almost forgot she still had Sunday.

Yawning, Stella walked into her bedroom, "Then I will go back to sleep."

Clarence wrapped her waist from behind, "Don't go to bed again. It's rare for you to have a day off. Shall we go out for a date?"

Stella turned around and asked, "Will we go to see a movie again? Oh come on."

Clarence, "..."

Seeing this, Stella curled her lips into a smile as her mood was greatly improved. Her sleepiness was all gone. Stella took the bag that had a dress in it from him and walked into the bedroom.

However, just as she began to change her cloth, the door was opened.

Stella hastily covered her chest with the dress and spoke unhappily, "Why don't you knock at the door before coming in?"

Clarence said, "If you think that you're taken advantage by me, I can show you my naked body too."

When speaking, he began to unbutton his shirt.

Stella, "..."

She hurriedly stopped him, "Stopp!!!"

Stella turned her back to him and hurriedly tried to put on her cloth.

However, the buckles of her bra seemed to be against her and she couldn't buckle it no matter how hard she tried.

Right at this moment, the man's low voice sounded from behind, "Do you need my help?"

Stella surrendered to the reality.

Her ears got red as she said, "Hurry up."

Clarence raised his brows and buckled her bra effortlessly.



But before he could take action again, Stella had already ran away from him and put on the dress.

After dressing up, Stella asked, "Where are we going?"

"To a painting exhibition."

"When will it begin?"

Clarence took a glance at the clock and then replied, "It still has enough time left. We can set off after having lunch."

When Stella was washing up herself, the phone that was thrown onto the sofa by Clarence before rang. He picked up the phone and walked out of the bedroom to answer it, "Say it."

"Mr. Conrad, Dempsey confronted Modesty face to face. But Modesty refused that she had done those things and shifted all the blames onto Adolph, Phoebe and Aurora."

Clarence chuckled as if he was not surprised.

The person at the other end of the phone continued, "Initially, Dempsey intended to arrange his men to get rid of Modesty, but..."

"But what?"

"He was stopped by Young Master Justin."

Clarence replied in a bland tone, "I see."

"Shall we continue to keep an eye on Modesty?"

Clarence said in a flat tone, "No need. She has betrayed Phoebe and Aurora. Do you think that they are people to be trifled with?"

Since Modesty had got Phoebe and Aurora involved, Dempsey would definitely not swallow this grievance. He wouldn't let go of them easily, no matter it be Phoebe or Aurora.

As for Modesty, she would have to confront Arthur.

When Clarence just put the phone into his pocket, Stella walked out of the bathroom, "What's the matter?"

She seemed to hear to familiar names just now.

"Nothing." Clarence then asked, "Are you ready?"

Stella replied, "Yep."

...

As today was Sunday, many people also came to this painting exhibition, which added some boisterousness to this quiet art place.

Stella and Clarence walked around. After a while, Stella pointed at a painting in surprise, "This one, oh, I also saw this when I came here last time. I didn't expect that I can still see it after many years."

Clarence tilted his head and asked, "Have you been here?"

Stella blinked her eyes and then withdrew her gaze guilt-stricken, "Y...Yep."

"When?"

“When I was in university.”

Clarence asked again, “With Horace?”

Stella smiled at him. She didn’t answer this question and walked forward.

Clarence gritted his teeth and caught up with her.

He spoke in a bland tone, “I didn’t expect that you were quite free in university.”

Stella suddenly had a feeling that the whole exhibition hall was full of jealousy. She curled her lips and said, “Not that free. But even though I was busy, I should still find some time to date the person that I have a crush on.”

Clarence sneered. He didn’t spoke again.

They continued to walk forward. Several minutes later, Stella suddenly saw a familiar person not far away, and that person also found her soon.

Sherry ran over, “Stella, had I known that you would come to this painting exhibition too, I would have invited you to come with me together. I thought you would have a rest at home today.”

Stella smiled awkwardly, “We decided to come here on the spur of the moment. Did you come with Daniel?”

Sherry looked backwards and subconsciously pouted, “Yep. But he was nowhere to be found after coming to this hall. Now that he’s so busy, he shouldn’t have agreed to come with me. I can’t find him now. How annoying!”

Sherry paused and then continued, “Oh, by the way, do you remember that we skipped the class and came to a painting exhibition in the junior year? I remember you were so fond of a painting back then. I

saw that painting just now.”

Just as Sherry finished her words, the man’s voice suddenly sounded from beside, “Skipping the class?”

Sherry hurriedly turned around, “Mr. Conrad, you also came here.”

Stella coughed and tried to pull Sherry away. But Sherry didn’t understand her suggestion and shivered, “We skipped the class several years ago. Are you going to blame us now?”

Clarence suddenly chuckled when he heard the words, “It’s just a casual question. Except for you two, did anyone go with you?”

“As for skipping the class, of course the less participant, the harder it would be for the teacher to find it. Who would skip the class in group?” Sherry’s voice became lower and lower. She touched her neck and asked Stella in whisper, “What’s wrong with Mr. Conrad. He’s so horrifying now...”

Stella wished so much that she could find a crack on the ground to hide herself.

She just wanted to joke at this wretched man.

But she didn’t expect that she would suffer the consequence so quickly.

Clarence said, “I have to go out to deal with something now. I will be back soon.”

After his leaving, Sherry couldn’t help but click her tongue, “Men are all the same. When women ask them to hang out together, they would find an excuse to leave.”

Stella heaved a sighed silently. She thought it was worse than sleeping at home.

Sherry withdrew her lines of sight and looked towards Stella, "By the way, Stella, that Arthur Barnett called me this morning."

Stella knitted her brows and asked, "He called you?"

"Yep. Seems like it's still for the cooperation and franchise. I though he must have something wrong with his brain and hung up the phone directly.

Stella pressed her lips together, "I guess he came to find you because I had been ignoring him."

Sherry said, "But why does he suddenly stop fighting against Modesty? I've been waiting for the follow-ups."

Stella knitted her brows and asked, "He called you?" "Yep. Seems like it's still for the cooperation and franchise. | though he must have something wrong with his brain and hung up the phone directly. Stella pressed her lips together, "]" guess he came to find you because | had been ignoring him." Sherry said, "But why does he suddenly stop fighting against Modesty? I've been waiting for the follow- ups.

Chapter 427-Stella had been focused on Aurora recently and she didn't pay attention to Modesty and Arthur.

However, since Aurora had fallen out with the two judges, if this matter was exposed to the public's attention again, Modesty and Arthur would not be able to keep out of it.

Right at this moment, Daniel suddenly appeared and asked, "Oh, Ms. Radomil is also here."

Stella pulled herself together and nodded her head with a smile.

Daniel continued, "I heard of the thing happened last night. Congratulations, Ms. Radomil."

"Why do you congratulate me?"

“Aurora plotted against you and now many of her scandals that happened several years ago were exposed. This is the karma.”

Sherry, who stood aside, couldn't help but whisper when she heard this, “Looks like you really believe in the Buddhism. You even know karma.”

Daniel, “ ...”

Stella pressed her lips into a straight line, trying her best to suppress her laughter.

After a while, Stella asked, “I'm curious. Does the thing happened last night have anything to do with you?”

Daniel was confused, “We?”

“Aurora's biological mother was found by Clarence. I think that except for him, only you will help me.”

Daniel said, “I'm so happy that Ms. Radomil can trust me like this. But it's pitiful that I didn't know this matter in advance.”

Stella was not convinced, “Really?”

Daniel coughed and shifted the topic, “Mr. Radomil, are you here alone?”

“I came with Clarence. But he had to deal with something and went out. He will be back soon.”

Just as Stella finished the words, Clarence walked over in strides, followed by two staffs of the painting exhibition who were carrying a painting that was packaged in a oiled paper.

Stella was confused, “What's...”

Clarence said slowly, "You were fascinated by that painting several years ago, right?"

He leaned forwards and whispered near her ear, "Bring it back and reminisce about the scene when you dated the one you had a crush on."

Stella, "..."

Bah, this wretched was so cheeky!

Seeing this, Sherry had an impulse to slap herself. Why did she mention that? She was seeking for their PDA for herself.

When they walked out of the painting exhibition, it was already four o'clock in the afternoon.

Stella wanted to buy some daily supplies and pulled Sherry to a shopping mall.

Clarence and Daniel followed behind them at a proper distance.

Daniel said, "Mr. Conrad, I didn't expect to see such an easy-going aspect of you."

With one hand in his pocket, Clarence replied in an indifferent tone, "Why don't you pay attention to other matter?"

"Mr. Conrad, do you mean..."

"You deliberately approached Stella. I can ignore this. But if you bring Emmett to her again, don't blame me for telling her everything."

Daniel smiled awkwardly, "Mr. Conrad, don't joke at me. The thing happened yesterday is just an accident."

"Whatever."

Since they had mentioned this, Daniel decided to come straight to the point, "Mr. Conrad, actually I've been curious about a question. Why did you help us to cover this matter?"

Clarence sneered, "You think too much of it now."

Daniel, "?"

Looking at Stella's back, Clarence said in a calm voice, "She has been yearning for a peaceful life. So far, many things have happened, which had already made her feel very tired. She will get more tired if she has to face other matter."

"Mr. Conrad, you consider Ms. Radomil a lot. But I don't know when she learns about everything, whether she will thank you for keeping these matters secrets from her or not."

Clarence looked askance at him when he heard the words, "What do you know?"

Daniel chuckled, "I know nothing. It's just a casual talk. Mr. Conrad, when are you going to reveal all the truth to Ms. Radomil?"

Clarence replied in a cold voice, "Take care of your own business."

When Stella was picking things, Sherry turned around and stole a glance at the two men following behind them. She asked in a low voice, "What are they talking about? Why do I feel that they're going to have a fight?"

Stella also took a glance when she heard the words, "Not a good thing, I guess."



Sherry picked up a package of junk food and said emotionally, "I never dream of that one day I would go shopping in a supermarket together with you and that, oh no, the two wretched men."

Stella chuckled, "Everything in the world is inconstant. We can't expect many things."

"By the way, when you divorced Clarence back then, I felt so happy and celebrated with you for escaping the tomb of marriage. But you will get into that marriage tomb short after that."

Stella, "..."

"Can you change another word to describe it?"

Sherry was cheered up. She nudged Stella, "I've been curious of a question. You've been with Clarence for a long time, right? When are you going to remarry him?"

Stella's hand that was holding a thing froze in the air. Several seconds later, she smiled, "You just said that I just escaped the tomb of marriage? Why am I in a hurry to get back to the tomb?"

"That's it. The way you two get along with each other now is good. If you have some problems in your relationship, you can just break up. But if you get married, you may think that it will be a pass if you can

endure it. It will be more complicated if you have a child..."

Sherry suddenly paused as she realized she shouldn't have said those words.

She turned her head to steal a glance at Stella, trying to see her reaction. But Stella, who was holding a box of yogurt, acted as if she didn't hear the words.

Sherry secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

Luckily...

Stella said, "This yogurt has a discount of 'buy one get one free'. You take one two."

Sherry hurriedly nodded her head, "Okay."

Although Clarence's apartment had basically comprehensive equipment, his refrigerator was empty.

Since Stella was free recently and that she hadn't cooked for a long time, she bought many food materials.

Sherry looked at her eagerly, "I really miss the time when I lived together with you. I've been having take-out food for a long period."

Stella said, "I remember that Daniel can cook."

That was true. Daniel borrowed her soy sauce back then.

Sherry laughed sarcastically, "He can cook? Cook cans?"

Stella chuckled, "Have you been in a relationship? Or are you still in the flirting phase?"

Sherry felt a headache when mentioning this.

Daniel required her to act with him before so that Charles' men would believe that he opened a piano studio beside their studio for Sherry.

But for many times, he would still act when no one was watching them.

Sherry often couldn't distinguish whether he was acting or not.

Sherry waved her hands, "Never mind. I feel unhappy when mentioning him. I would rather eat cans."

Sherry took a glance at the food materials in the shopping cart and raised her brows, "How about this? You may come back with me tonight and I will cook for you."

Sherry turned around and took a glance at Clarence, "No thanks. Comparing to eat the dishes you cook, I cherish my life more. You two rarely have time to stay together with each other, I will not be the third wheel between you."

Daniel required her to act with him before so that Charles' men would believe that he opened a piano studio beside their studio for Sherry. But for many times, he would still act when no one was watching them. Sherry often couldn't distinguish whether he was acting or not. Sherry waved her hands, "Never mind. I feel unhappy when mentioning him. I would rather eat cans." Sherry took a glance at the food materials in the shopping cart and raised her brows, "How about this? You may come back with me tonight and I will cook for you." Sherry turned around and took a glance at Clarence, "No thanks. Comparing to eat the dishes you cook, I cherish my life more. You two rarely have time to stay together with each other, I will not be the third wheel between you."

Chapter 428-When Stella and Clarence came back, the staff of the painting exhibition had sent the painting to the apartment. And Nathan's subordinate also had sent many of Stella's clothes here.

Looking at the wardrobe that was full of her clothes, Stella turned around in disbelief, "I will only live here for several days. It's so ridiculous to bring many clothes here."

Clarence took a glance at her, "Many? I think it's not enough."

Stella, "..."

Was he insane?

Clarence sat onto the sofa and said slowly, "Will you just live here for several days? Will you not come here again?"

Stella was a bit bewildered by his question. She answered after a short while of silence, "N...Nope."

"Then is there any other problem?"

Stella pouted. She knew that she would never persuade him.

Stella walked into the kitchen and put the things she bought in the supermarket into the refrigerator one by one.

The empty refrigerator was soon filled with food materials.

It made people feel like home.

Stella was a bit stunned when realizing this, but she uncontrollably curled her lips into a smile.

It looked warm.

Right at this moment, Clarence suddenly walked over and wrapped her waist from behind. He put his chin on her shoulder and asked, "Can you not come back to the Steward family and just live here?"

Stella moved her lips and said, "But I haven't..." Find out anything.

"You've done will. You've made great contribution to the crisis that the Steward Group is facing now."

"Really?"

Why did she feel it implausible?

Clarence slightly raised his brows, "Of course. Will I get any advantage by lying to you?"

Stella said, "Ask your conscientiousness first. Can you still repeat the words?"

Clarence, "..."

Stella pondered for a while. The anniversary of the Steward Group was coming and she had a foreboding that there would be a big event.

Moreover, since she had got a part of the Stewards Group's property from Charles. Therefore, her journey to the Steward family was not in vain.

As for Charles' study, she couldn't get into it no matter how hard she tried. Before the study had a luck, and now Phoebe and Charles was waiting for her in an attempt to get something on her.

Now that she couldn't get into the study, nor could she find out any useful things, it would be meaningless for her to stay there anymore.

After a short while, Stella said, "I have to come back to deal with a thing. When that matter is solved, I will move out from the Steward family."

Clarence knitted his brows with dissatisfaction, "What's it?"

Stella felt breathless in his tight embrace. She took away his hands and said, "Charles promised me that he will let Phoebe apologize to Channing. But now Charles is not here and Phoebe will definitely renege on it. Therefore, I have to wait until Charles comes back."

Clarence curled his finger and flipped Stella's forehead, "You only attach great importance to these trivial matters?"

"Why is it trivial? Channing is my brother. Of course I should protect him."

"When will you protect me?"

Stella asked, "Do you need my protection?"

Clarence replied righteously, "I can't fall asleep when I sleep alone at night and I need your company."

Stella gritted her teeth and picked up the kitchen knife aside."

Clarence slightly curled his thin lips into a smile. He lowered his head and quickly landed a kiss on her cheek and then left the kitchen in strides.

Stella stayed in the kitchen and cooked several dishes.

During that period, Clarence asked her whether she needed his help or not, but was directly driven out of the kitchen by Stella.

Stella thought that she herself could handle it as it was simply a meal for two persons.

When they finished the dinner, it was already eight o'clock.

Stella hadn't eaten this much for a long time and she was a bit full. After washing the dishes, she walked out of the kitchen, "Clarence, I want to go downstairs to have a walk. Would you like to come with me?"

Clarence took a glance at the clock and said, "I have an audio conference five minutes later. You can go downstairs first. I will come to find you when it's finished."

"Okay."

When Stella was about to leave the house, Clarence walked over with a coat, "It's chilling in the evening. Take a coat with you."

Stella took the coat from him, "I see. I will go first."

Although Stella had been here for several times, she had never walked around in the community, so the surroundings were quite strange to her.

After walking for several minutes, Stella saw an artificial lake in the frond and many parents were playing with their children by the roadside.

Stella walked over, leaned against the handrail beside the lake and closed her eyes.

The night breezes gently blew over her face, carrying the torridity of the summer.

After staying by the lake for about half an hour, Stella thought that she had almost digested what she ate tonight. Seeing that Clarence still hadn't come to find her, she guessed that he must be still busy with his walk and prepared to come back.

When she was about to reach the downstairs of Clarence's apartment, Stella suddenly saw a familiar figure. She called his name with uncertainty, "Chan?"

The person paused and then slowly turned around.

Stella quickened her pace as she walked over, "It's really you. Why are you here?"

Channing pressed his thin lips together, "I come here to find someone."

"Find someone? To find Clarence?"

Channing could only nod his head.

Stella said, "Why didn't you tell us in advance? If we have known that you will come, we would have waited for you for the dinner."

Channing replied, "I walked past here and decided to visit him on the spur of the moment."

Stella nodded her head and said, "Why do you find him?"

Channing was a person who wasn't good at lying. Fearing that Stella would sense something if they continue this topic, he didn't reply the question.

Stella had already felt it strange just now. Seeing that Channing didn't answer her question, she felt it more doubtful.

She couldn't figure out why Channing came to find Clarence. Moreover, he paid a special visit here as his school was so far away from this community and therefore he wouldn't walk past here.

She felt it fishy when thinking over it.

"You..."

When Stella wanted to ask some more questions, a voice sounded from behind, "He comes here for the matter related to Winnie."

Stella turned around and saw Clarence standing not far away from them.

Clarence walked over in strides and looked towards Channing, "I've sent you the address. You can find her by yourself."

Channing spoke after a long while, "Okay."

He said after a short while of silence, "I have to deal with something now. So I have to go first."



Stella nodded her head, "Okay."

After Channing's leaving, Stella looked towards Clarence with inquiry, "Why does he want to find Winnie?"

Clarence looked down at her, "What do you think?"

Oh my, Channing took action so quickly. And he even came to Winnie's home!

Stella continued, "He especially came to find you simply for this matter."

Clarence put one hand in his pocket and asked, "Don't you know your brother well? Couldn't you see that he was embarrassed? Coming to find me is just his excuse."

Stella murmured to herself, "I knew that he was embarrassed, so I didn't ask him too many question just now."

Clarence held up her hand with the other hand, "All right. Do you want to continue to walk around? If you don't want to, we will come home."

"Oh wait, Clarence, I have a question."

"What's it?"

"Do you think that Winnie will fall in love with a man who's younger than her?"

Clarence raised his brows, "Younger?"

Stella glared at him, "Yep, he's younger than her!"

What was in this wretched man's mind?

Clarence curled his lips into a smile, "I'm not clear of it. I can ask her later."

"Oh no, no need. Won't it be exposed if you ask her?"

Chapter 429-Channing only stopped when he walked out of the community.

He turned around and took a glance and then slightly pressed his lips together.

Maxwell quickly walked over, "Mr. Conrad said that Ms. Radomil will live here for several days. Please don't come to visit little young master during this period."

Channing replied, "I see."

If he knew that Stella was here, he wouldn't have come today.

After Maxwell's leaving, Channing's phone vibrated. He took out his phone and found that Clarence really sent him an address.

Channing reached out into his pocket and took out his ear buds that he had powered off.

He had been busy recently and he hadn't called Winnie yet.

After several seconds of silence, he made a phone call to Winnie, "Are you home?"

Winnie replied, "I just came back. What's the matter? By the way, I will go to a place near your school tomorrow. Is it convenient for me to find you? I want to take back my ear buds."

"No need. I will send them to you right now."

Winnie, “?”

Before she could refuse it, the call had been ended.

On the other side, looking at the screen that gradually became dim, Winnie uncontrollably widened her eyes. Come on, was that little boy really coming here?

After coming back home, she changed her clothes into pajamas after removing her make-up and taking a shower.

Winnie ran out of the washroom and walked into her bedroom. She found a dress and changed it and then sat down in front of the dressing table and hurriedly began to put on make-up.

Around forty minutes later, she finally dressed up herself. Before she could heave a sigh of relief, she heard the doorbell.

Winnie thought that the barbecue she ordered was delivered and ran to the door barefooted, “I’m coming...”

When she opened the door and saw the person standing at the door, she was completely dumbfounded.

Channing asked, “May I come in?”

Winnie subconsciously moved aside, making a way for him to come in.

Oh gosh, when Channing told her that he would send the ear buds over, she thought that he would send them to the downstairs and then call her. How did he know the exact address of her house?

Channing walked past her and came to the living room.

When he stopped, Winnie finally realized that she hadn't cleaned the messy table. She closed the door and quickly rushed over. When cleaning the wastes on the table, she smiled awkwardly, "I ate little today. So I..."

Channing curled his lips into an inexplicable smile, "Don't you want to eat them?"

"What?"

Channing landed his gaze onto the box of fried chicken and then continued, "Many are left."

Winnie lowered her head, seeming to be a bit remorseful, "No...Nope. I don't have a good appetite. It's just for satisfying my eager for it. But I've been full."

After finishing the words, Winnie cleaned the table as soonest as possible. She took a glance at the fried chicken at her hand and felt in a dilemma about whether to throw it or not. In the end, she put in into the refrigerator when Channing didn't pay attention to her.

When she was finished, she realized she hadn't poured some water for Channing and asked, "What would you like to drink?"

"Anything."

Winnie took a glance at the refrigerator, took out a bottle of soft drink and handed it to him, "Is this okay?"

Channing nodded his head, took out her ear buds from his pocket and handed them to her.

Winnie reached out to take the ear buds. When the tips of her fingers touched his palm, she shivered slightly and uncontrollably.

She asked, "Do you have a cold? Why is your body burning hot?"

Channing replied, "Nope. I'm just heaty."

Winnie, "..."

She coughed, took back her ear buds and put them on the dining table.

The house was then prevailed by silence.

Winnie moved her lips, yet she didn't know what to say. So in the end she remained silent.

Channing withdrew his hands and said, "Then I will leave first. Go to bed early."

Winnie instantly nodded her head when she heard the words, "Okay. Be careful when you come back."

Channing licked his lips. When he just turned around, the doorbell rang.

Winnie uncontrollably widened her eyes as if it was a horrible enemy.

Without a second thought, she lifted her hand and pulled Channing, "I suddenly think that I will feel sorry if you leave like this as this is the first time to come to my house. How's this? May you come in and go to the toilet?"

Channing, "?"

Winnie pushed him into the study, "I have many books in the study. Pick some books and take them back if you like any of them."

After pushing Channing into the study, Winnie closed the door and ran to the door of the living room. She said to the take-away deliverer and said, "I'm sorry. I don't want this now. May I treat you this?"

The delivered was confused and said, "I can't accept this. I..."

"It doesn't matter. You're welcome. Thank you for your hard work."

"Miss, thank you for your kindness. But what you ordered is barbecue. And I can't eat spicy food."

Winnie, "..."

She could only take the food silently. She then said, "Thanks for your hard work. Please be careful when coming back."

When Winnie came back to the living room with the bag of food, Channing had walked out of the study.

Seeing this, Winnie decided not to struggle again, "Haha, the food is delivered at the right time. Would you like to eat them with me?"

"Okay."

Winnie regretted it when she realized what she had said. She didn't expect that Channing would agree to it.

She could only put the barbecue on the table. She then walked to the refrigerator and took out the fired chicken.

Channing sat opposite to her and took out his phone, "What else do you want to eat?"

Winnie, who just gulped down a mouthful of drink, was choked. She waved her hands, "No need, no need. These are enough."

She was busy with taking pictures for the magazine today and was so tired and hungry. When she came back, she ordered a fried chicken. But just as she had taken only two bites, she received Channing's call.

After the farce, she became hungrier.

Now that this was the case, Winnie decided not to maintain her image as a celebrity and began to enjoy the food even though Channing was present.

After a short while, she found Channing didn't eat anything. She put down the barbecued food in her hand and asked with guilty, "Why don't you eat?"

"I'm afraid that these are not enough for you."

Winnie, "..."

She was choked again.

See, seems like she had left many poor impressions on this little boy.

When Winnie wanted to pick up her drink, she found that she had finished it.

Right at this moment, Channing opened the bottle of soft drink in front of him and pushed it to Winnie.

"Thank you."

Winnie lifted her chin and took several sips consecutively. Only then did she feel more comfortable.

Several seconds later, Winnie suddenly asked, "How did you know my address?"

Channing replied slowly, "Clarence told me."

Winnie secretly gritted her teeth. What a wicked businessman!

Channing took a glance at the clock and said, "You can go on. I have to leave first."

Winnie said, "Be careful on the road."

"Okay. I will still send a message to you when I arrive."

"Er, it's unnece..."

Channing stood up, "Bye."

Winnie sent him to the door and waved her hand at him, "Goodbye."

Channing nodded his head and said, "Good night."

Winnie closed the door and walked to the dining table. Looking at the half bottle of soft drink, the scene when he opened the bottle with his hands that had clear and symmetrical knuckles popped into her mind.

When thinking of this, Winnie hurriedly shook her head, trying to shake this ridiculous idea out of her mind.

Channing was only a nineteen-year-old university student. What the hell was she thinking?

Chapter 430-Stella lived in Clarence's apartment for several days. Without being bothered by Charles and Phoebe, Stella felt quite relaxed even though sometimes Clarence was annoying.

When learning that Charles had come back, Stella also came back to the Steward family on that day.



Just as she entered the house, Phoebe's cold voice sounded, "You really take my home as a hotel where you can come and go at will?"

Stella smiled lightly, "Ms. Steward, you misunderstand me. I never mean this. It's just that not everyone can be as lucky as like you. Ms. Steward, you can stay at home every day and you don't need to do anything. You can even invite your friends to have an afternoon tea when you're boring. But I'm not as lucky as you. I have to run here and there for my work. Mr. Steward, you can understand me on this point, right?"

When Stella was speaking, Charles occurred to walk downstairs from the second floor.

He said, "Do you mean that you were not in City N during the past days?"

"Of course not. Because of my work, I got off the work late every day. Fearing that I might bother Ms. Steward when she was having a rest, I lived in the other place recently."

Charles didn't say anything else. He took a glance at Phoebe, hinting her to come back to her bedroom.

Of course Phoebe wouldn't accept this. When she was about to say something, Stella spoke, "By the way, Mr. Steward, I've fulfilled what I've promised you. When will you fulfill your promise?"

Charles asked, "What promise?"

Stella had expected that he would not agree to it easily. She said with a smile, "Mr. Steward, great wits have short memories. It's normal that you've forgotten it. You promised before that as long as I could clarify that all the things happened before had nothing to do with Ms. Steward, you will let Ms. Steward apologize brother."

Stella paused and then continued, "Mr. Steward, do you remember it now?"

Before Charles could say something, Phoebe said with a cold face, "Impossible!"

Stella looked towards Charles while maintaining the smile on her face, "Mr. Steward, do you think so?"

Phoebe hurriedly called him, "Dad..."

"Phoebe," Charles interrupted her and then asked Stella, "How do you want her to apologize to your brother?"

Stella said, "Although this matter can't be exposed to the public, my brother can't suffer those grievances in vain. Therefore, I invited Mr. Thomas to witness it. Mr. Steward, if you don't have any objection, let's set the time on tomorrow. It's the weekend and my brother will be free."

Charles knitted his brows and he was probably dissatisfied that Stella would invite Cameron to be a witness. He didn't reply to it instantly.

Phoebe said, "Stella Radomil, enough is enough. Don't go too far!"

"Ms. Steward, your words are so interesting. Who's the one who has gone too far?" Stella's expression uncontrollably turned cold and even her tone was tinged with a touch of coldness, "Ms. Steward, if you have any dissatisfaction, you can target at me. Have my brother offended you? Why did you use that obscene trick on him? Ms. Steward, do you think what you did is so lofty so that others should praise it?"

Phoebe's expression changed from pale to red alternatively under Stella's criticism. She moved her lips, yet still couldn't utter a syllable after a long while.

Right at this moment, Charles' voice sounded, "It's useless to continue this topic. You shall arrange the time and venue."

"Mr. Steward, then I will thank you in advance."

After finishing the words, Stella smiled at Charles, turned around and went upstairs.

Phoebe looked towards Charles in disbelief, "Dad, are you really letting me apologize to her brother? I..."

Charles lifted his hand to interrupt her, "It's just an apology. It's not a big deal."

"Why isn't it a big deal? I won't agree to it!"

Charles took a glance at her and said, "Come to my study."

They then came to the study. Before Phoebe could say something to refuse it, Charles said in a deep voice, "Didn't you tell me before that you didn't involve in the matter of the Young Designers' Contest?"

Phoebe was dumbfounded when she heard the question. She said after a long while, "I... I didn't."

Charles sat down in front of the desk and said with a cold and ferocious expression, "Although at present the Conrad Group is mostly under Clarence's control, since the other members of the Conrad family can still fight against Clarence until now, do you think that Dempsey doesn't have his force and men?"

It was the first time that Charles talked to Phoebe in such a tone. Phoebe's face turned pale, "I... I..."

She still couldn't utter a complete sentence after a long while.

Originally, Charles planned to come back several days later. However, the Conrad family had been seeking troubles for him recently and he had no choice. He came back hurriedly although the affairs abroad hadn't been solved.

The other members of the Conrad family were different from Clarence. He had known Dempsey for many years and Dempsey knew many of his secrets that other people didn't know.

Even though for the time being, based on Dempsey's force, he would not be able to do anything to the Steward Group. But there was an old saying – slight negligence may lead to greater disaster.

He had to guard against this possibility in this critical and sensitive period.

Charles said in a tired tone, "All right. Don't bring trouble to me again. Be obedient and apologize to him."

Phoebe bit her lower lip, daring not to retort this again.

After coming back to her bedroom, Phoebe took out her phone and dialed Modesty.

When the call was received, she said in a cold voice, "Did you betray me?"

Modesty paused and said, "Ms. Steward, I don't know what you mean?"

Phoebe said in a cold voice, "Since this matter has progressed to what it is now, you don't need to act in front of me again."

"Ms. Steward, I really don't know what you're talking about. I've been under such a miserable condition and it's unnecessary for me to pretend anything again."

"It's better to be like this. If I find out that you were the backstabber, don't blame me for being cruel."

When Phoebe was about to end the call, Modesty's voice sounded from the other end of the phone, "Ms. Steward, I'm not the backstabber, but you. I've been taken the blame for you for many times from the very beginning. You were envious of Stella, but you didn't dare to say it out loudly. Instead, you deliberately stimulated me and asked me to do those things for you. When you did these things, have you ever thought that you would suffer the consequences one day?"

"As expected, it was you."

Modesty continued, "So what? Does it matter no matter it was done by me or not? I've lost everything because of you and become how I look like today. We can go to hell together at worst!"

After finishing the words, Modesty directly hung up the phone.

Hearing the busy tones from the other end of the phone, Phoebe gritted her teeth tightly.

On the other side...

Modesty put down her phone and continued to package up her things.

She had sold this house and planned to start her new life in the other place.

Just as she had packaged up all the things, there came a string of doorbells. Stella thought that it was the men from the moving company and hurriedly opened the door.

But the one standing at the door was the drunken Arthur.

Modesty was instantly freaked out. She wanted to close the door, but it was too late.

Arthur hiccupped and forcibly broke into the house. Looking at the suitcases in the house, he burst into laughter, "Yo, where are you going to move to? I can give you a ride."