

Mr Conrad 431

Chapter 431-They decided to meet on in a private club on the next day. As Stella had mentioned this to Cameron in advance, Cameron immediately agreed to it when she mentioned this again.

In the morning, when Stella left the Stewards' Mansion, Charles and Phoebe hadn't gone downstairs. Therefore, she wrote down the address of appointment and asked a maid to give it to them.

Since Charles had agreed to it under yesterday's situation, he would definitely not suddenly go back on his words.

After leaving the Stewards' Mansion, Stella directly went to Channing's school.

Channing received her phone call and then went to the gate of the school, "Why are you here?"

Stella said, "You don't have any class today, right? I will bring you to a place."

"It's on weekend. I have no class."

"All right. Get into the car."

Originally, Channing wanted to tell her that he had to deal with some other matters. But he pressed her thin lips together and didn't say anything in the end.

On the way, Stella asked, "How's your relationship with Winnie?"

Channing asked, "What?"

"Didn't you come to her home last week? Wasn't there any progress?"

Channing, "..."

After a long while, he said in a low voice, "What progress do you expect?"

He had never thought of having something with Winnie.

Stella knew her brother best than anyone else. Sensing his dejection, she said in a soft voice, "Don't be dejected. It seems like Winnie never says that she won't accept to have a relationship with a man younger than her. How about this? I will ask her about this when I' free."

"No thanks." Channing looked out of the window, "My mind is not on this matter now."

Stella asked, "Then what are you thinking? Your study?"

The moment she uttered the words, she realized that she was really a negative example.

Channing was focused on his study, yet she instigated him to have a relationship.

"..." Channing said, "Nope. I'm busy with some other matters."

"Does it matters? You can keep a balance between study and dating. Moreover, you're into her, right? Just try it."

Channing finally withdrew his lines of sights and asked, "How do you know?"

Stella pointed at her eyes, "I'm your sister. Even Clarence has perceived it, how can't I know it?"

"Have you told her?"

"Of course not. I'm now asking about your opinion."

Channing recalled the scenes when he met with Winnie recently. After a long while, he said, "Let's talk about this later."

Stella raised her brows, "Okay."

Channing looked out of the window and then asked, "Where are we going?"

"Go to an appointment with Charles and Phoebe."

Channing knitted his brows when he heard the words, "Why do we come to meet with them?"

Stella explained it slowly, "I required Phoebe to apologize to you in person, and they agreed to it."

Channing pressed his lips together and then said, "You don't need to do so. I just wish that..." You can live a happy life.

"Of course it's necessary. I can't allow you to be aggrieved. Otherwise, they may think that we're easy to be trifled with."

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When they arrived at the club, they found that Cameron had arrived there. He was sitting at a table and drinking tea lazily.

Stella pushed open the door of the private room and said, "Mr. Thomas, sorry for keep you waiting."

Cameron replied with a smile, "It doesn't matter. I just arrived here not long ago."

As he spoke, he looked towards the person behind Stella and studied him from top and toe, "Is this your brother?"

Stella nodded her head and said to Channing, "Chan, this is Mr. Thomas."

Channing slightly nodded his head at him and greeted, "Mr. Thomas."

Cameron withdrew his lines of sights. He put two cups opposite to his cup and poured tea into them one by one, "Come here and take a seat."

After they seated themselves, Cameron looked towards Channing again, "Young boy, how old are you?"

"Nineteen."

"You're still a university student, right? Which grade are you in?"

"I'm a freshman."

Cameron picked up his tea cup and nodded his head graciously with satisfaction, "I heard that you have good performance in study and the grades you got in the national college entrance examination ranked the first in your province."

Cameron still remembered that there was a small episode on this matter.

Someone bought an admission letter to the university. But that person was so insensible that he bought the admission letter of Channing, the person who got the highest grades in the national college entrance examination among the whole province.

Later, the admission letter was returned to its original owner.

This matter happened several months ago. Normally Cameron would not have any interest in matters like this. But he didn't expect that the person who got the highest grades among the whole province would be the young boy in front of him. This boy somehow looked like Miranda.

Proverb had it that daughters are always like their fathers while sons are always like their mothers.

Stella looked a bit like her biological father. But as for this young boy, Cameron was not sure of it.

When thinking of this, Cameron secretly heaved a sigh.

After exchanging several sentences, Stella also found that Cameron had been fixing his eyes on Channing. Knowing that maybe it was because of her mother, Stella said, "I will let the waiters to make a pot of tea."

When she prepared to stand up, the door of the private room was opened.

But the one coming was not Phoebe, but a maid of the Steward family.

The maid spoke gingerly, "Ms. Radomil, Ms. Steward had a car accident on the way here. She's sent to the hospital..."

Stella groaned an answer in a bland voice and then asked, "Where did she get hurt?"

"I don't know yet. But she bled a lot and it was quite serious."

Stella said, "Now that this is the case, I have to go to the hospital to visit her."

The maid hurriedly said, "No... No need..."

Stella thought that Charles wouldn't suddenly go back on his words, but she didn't expect that Phoebe would act miserably to win sympathy.

Tee maid walked over with a box, "Ms. Radomil, Ms. Steward instructed me to give this thing to you."

Stella took the box from the maid and then opened it. The thing inside was the pocket watch necklace she designed for the charity party before.

Initially, she thought that it was hidden by Modesty, but she didn't expect that it had been kept by Phoebe.

Seeing that Stella still remained silent, the maid could only brace herself and continued, "Ms...Ms. Steward said that she picked up this thing beside a trash can several months ago. She found these when she sorted out her things last night and found that your name was engraved on the necklace. She thought that maybe this is yours, so she..."

Stella shut the lid and said, "Seems like Ms. Steward is good at picking things others lost."

Stella knew that Phoebe wanted to let her regard this necklace as her apology.

It made sense. Phoebe was so arrogant that she wouldn't want to apologize to Channing because she thought it a humiliation.

Cameron waved at the maid who was standing aide, gesturing her to leave.

When the door of the private room was closed again, Cameron said, "Stella, you don't need to be angry at the Stewards. It's not worthy. Since they've done those evildoings, they will suffer the consequences one day."

Stella put down the box, smiled and then lightly nodded her head.

Cameron then said to Channing, "You too. You shall wait patiently for several more days."

Channing didn't have any objection to it and said, "Okay."

Then they began to drink tea. After a while, Cameron stood up, "All right, I will not bother you. I will go back first."

Stella said, "Let me send you off."

"Just send me to the downstairs. My driver is waiting for me there."

Stella sent Cameron downstairs and watched him getting into the car. When the car disappeared in her vision, Stella withdrew her gaze and said, "Let me send you back to the school."

Channing shook his head, "No need. I have to deal with some matters now."

"Where are you going? Let me give you a ride."

Channing spoke after a short while of silence, "I have been keeping this matter a secret to yo

Chapter 432-Seeing that Channing suddenly became serious, Stella also said in a serious tone, "Spill the beans. I'm listening to it."

"I signed a contract with a film company."

Apparently, Stella hadn't expected this. She was stunned for a while and then asked, "When did you sign it?"

Channing replied, "Several days ago. Initially, I plan to tell you about this in the future, but..."

Stella fixed her eyes on him, "But you're afraid that I will oppose to it, right?"

Channing didn't reply because Stella's words were right.

Stella chuckled and then patted his shoulder, "Rest assured. I won't have any objection to it. No matter what you plan to do, as long as it's something you want to do, I will support you."

She then continued, "Sherry once told me that she will be the chairman of you fans group if you become a star."

Stella suddenly thought of something and said, "By the way, Winnie also told me that she kept a secret for you to me, but it would be better for you to tell me this by yourself. Was she mentioning this matter?"

Channing nodded his head, "Probably."

"Well. But I still have a condition." Stella said in a serious tone, "No matter it be dating or be filming, you can't let it affect your study."

"I know. I won't."

Stella rested assured when she heard the promise. Channing had been performing well in study since childhood, so she didn't need to worry about his study.

After Channing's leaving, Stella got into the car and then made a phone call to Nathan, asking him to find out which hospital Phoebe was in. When she got the address from Nathan, she directly drove to the hospital.

In the hospital...

The doctor bandaged the wound for Phoebe and then warned her, "Don't touch the water in the next few days. Come here to change your medicine two days later."

Phoebe knitted her brows and stood up impatiently, "I see."

She walked out of the doctor's office with her hand lifted. But just as she had taken several steps, she saw Stella who was not far away from her.

Phoebe sneered, "Are you here to see by yourself whether I was really injured or not?"

Stella replied in a bland tone, "Ms. Steward, you're also clear that when you want to act, you have to make it real to convince others. Therefore, you did such a cruel thing to yourself."

When Phoebe prepared to say something, Stella continued, "I should buy some firecrackers to celebrate it."

Phoebe gritted her teeth, "Do you think that you can win me by this means. Stella Radomil, sometimes I really appreciate you. In the past, Clarence detested you a lot that he evened asked you to abort your child. But now you fall in love with him again. Won't you feel it disgusting?"

Stella didn't change her expression and said, "I also want to ask you, Ms. Steward. Apparently you look down upon me, but you still pretend to be kind to me, won't you feel it disgusting?"

Before Phoebe could reply, Stella continued, "Ms. Steward, you always say that if it was not because of me, you would have married Clarence. Therefore, you take me as your enemy from the very beginning. But if my guess is right, Ms. Steward, you look down on Clarence deep in your heart, right? You think that he's an illegitimate child and that he doesn't deserve a legitimate daughter from a noble family like you."

Phoebe's expression changed. She pressed her lips together and didn't reply.

"But Ms. Steward, do you think everything you possess now is legal?"

"What do you mean?"

Stella said with a smile, "Nothing. I have to leave first as I have to deal with something. Ms. Steward, have a good rest."

Phoebe watched her back with an indifferent expression.

When Stella walked out of the hospital and prepared to leave, she accidentally bumped into a person.

Justin looked towards her with a gentle smile, "Stella, long time no see."

Stella greeted him, "Mr. Conrad."

"Why do you come to the hospital? Do you feel uncomfortable?"

"Nope. I... I come here to deal with something." Stella paused and then asked, "Are you sick?"

Justin put his hands on his knees, lowered his head to take a glance and then replied, "Not a big deal. It's an old illness. Although I can't stand up now, it would still feel painful twice or three times in a year."

Justin then looked up at her, "If you're not busy now, maybe we can find a place and take a seat."

Stella slightly nodded her head, "Okay."

Sitting in a café, Justin asked, "How are you recently?"

Stella curled her lips into a light smile, "Nothing special. It's almost the same like the past."

Justin took a sip of the coffee, "I heard that you fall in love with Clarence again."

"Yes."

Justin smiled, "That's good. I know Clarence well. He's sharp-toned in speech yet soft in heart. He has been into you long time ago."

After Justin came to apologize to her after the car accident, they hadn't seen each other for a long time.

Stella had complicated attitude towards Justin. On the one hand, Justin was once good to her and few people had shown kindness to her; on the other hand, his mother was the person who plotted against her and caused her to lose her child.

After a long while, Justin continued, "I've also heard some of the stories between you and the Steward family. What's your plan at present? Do you need my help?"

Stella shook her head when she heard the words, "No need. I've decided to move out of the Stewards' Mansion."

Justin seemed to be a bit surprised, "Why?"

"Maybe it's because no one in the Steward family welcome me. So I don't plan to stay there. Moreover, I came to the Steward family for the sake of money. Now that I've gotten the thing I want, it's almost time for me to leave."

"Stella, you're not that kind of people."

Stella chuckled, "Maybe it's just because I'm good at pretending. In the past when I was poor, I didn't dare to dream of anything. But now, since I've tasted the pleasure of being rich, I learn about the importance of money. You can't do anything without money."

After a short while, Stella's phone rang. It was a call from Clarence.

She took a glance and then said to Justin, "I have to go to my studio to deal with something. I have to leave now."

Justin nodded his head, "Goodbye."

Stella curled her lips into a light smile, stood up and left.

When she walked out of the café, her phone stopped ringing.

Stella walked towards her car while calling back Clarence.

When the call was received, Clarence's voice sounded, "Are you still in the hospital?"

"I just walked out of it and prepare to come back to my studio. What's the matter?"

Clarence said slowly, "Is your problem solved?"

Stella replied, "Barely. It can only be like this."

"Then shall I come to pick you up?"

Stella, "..."

No wonder.

No wonder that this wretched man suddenly called her.

Stella got into the car and said, "Come tomorrow morning. I have to package up my things after coming back tonight."

Clarence agreed to it right away, "Okay."

Stella curled her lips into a light smile. After a short while of silence, she said, "I... I bumped into you're your brother just now."

“Justin Conrad?”

“Yep. It seemed like he had something wrong with his legs and he came to the hospital for a check-up.”

Clarence frowned, “What did he say to you?”

Stella heaved a sigh, “Nothing. It was just a small talk.”

Chapter 433-When Stella came back to the Stewards’ Mansion at night, Charles was in his study.

She walked to the study and then knocked on the door. Then there came Charles’ voice, “Come in.”

Charles asked when seeing Stella, “What’s wrong. Are you dissatisfied with Phoebe’s apology today?”

Stella said, “Ms. Steward didn’t show up. How can I be satisfied or dissatisfied with it?”

Charles narrowed his eyes when he heard the words. Apparently, he had known what happened today.

Stella continued, “But Mr. Steward, please rest assured. I come to find you for the other matter.”

Charles asked, “What’s it?”

“I plan to move out of the Stewards’ Mansion.”

Charles didn’t expect that she would suddenly mention this. He knitted his brows, seeming to be pondering something.

Stella continued in a composed voice, "I've considered it carefully recently. The Steward's Mansion is an unfamiliar place for me. Now that I can't recall what happened in my childhood, it's unnecessary for me to stay here."

Charles replied after a short while of silence, "Now that you insist on leaving, I won't stop you. But the anniversary celebration of the Steward Group will be held several days later. You may leave when the celebration is over."

Stella knitted her brows and slightly pressed her lips together.

As expected, Charles was plotting something by taking advantage of the anniversary celebration.

Seeing that Stella was silent, Charles asked, "What's wrong? You've lived here for a long time. I'm just asking you to live here for several more days. Do you think that I can do anything to you?"

Stella smiled lightly, "Mr. Steward, you think too much of it. It's just that I didn't expect you would invite me to the anniversary celebration."

Stella replied in a flat tone, "You said you're Miranda's daughter. So you should take part in the anniversary celebration of the Steward Group."

"Now that this is the case, I won't decline it anymore."

Stella then came back to her bedroom. She rubbed her cheeks which were with muscle soreness. She had been wearing a fake smile for the whole day, and it was somehow tiresome.

She turned her neck left and right, picked up her clothes and then walked into the bathroom for a shower.

Just as she came out of the bathroom, she saw her phone, which was thrown onto the bed by her before, was glimmering.

Stella lay face down on the bed and answered the call, "Hello?"

Clarence asked, "Have you packaged up your things?"

"Haven't..." Stella licked her lips and then continued, "Can you wait for several more days?"

"Didn't we agree on it?"

Stella turned over and said, "Charles didn't allow me to leave and asked me to wait until the end of the anniversary celebration of the Steward Group."

Clarence's voice immediately turned cold, "Did you agree to it?"

"He didn't give me the chance to refuse it."

"Package up your things. I will come to pick you up tomorrow."

Hearing his overbearing voice, Stella said, "No need. It's just several days."

"Stella Radomil!" Clarence's voice became louder, "Do you think that he keeps you for a good thing?"

Stella replied in a gentle voice, "I know that it will not be a good thing. So I have to stay here."

They were not clear of Charles' current plan. Therefore, only by staying here could she know about his dynamics.

Moreover, now that Charles had asked her to stay, it meant that he would not let go of her easily. If Clarence forcibly took her away, it would only declare the conflict of the two parties. Charles was like a wolf in sheep's clothing. If he was cornered, he might do something extremely wicked.

Stella continued, "All right, I will take good care of myself. Didn't you tell me that since you're by my side, Charles won't do anything to me?"

"Do you believe it?"

Stella, "..."

Clarence continued, "It was in the past. Aren't you clear of the current situation?"

"Well, I see." Stella thought that his worry made sense, and she didn't want to continue this topic. "I will bring my important things tomorrow. As for the clothes, it doesn't matter whether I will take them away or not. Is this okay?"

"Not bad."

Stella yawned as she was a bit sleepy, "Then I will go to bed first. Good night."

In the late night, there came some thunders and a heavy rain.

Stella was woken up by a nightmare. When she opened her eyes, she found that the curtains were blown open by the wind and rains fell into her bedroom.

She got up and prepared to close the windows. But she saw Charles getting into a car and leaving.

It was so late now and it was raining heavily. Where was he going?

Stella knitted her brows. When the lights of the car lit up, she immediately hid behind the windows.

Only until the lights of the car disappeared in her vision did Stella turn around. She watched the car driving out of the gate of the Stewards' Mansion.

Stella sat back onto the bed and took a glance of the clock. It was 3:30 a.m.

She pondered for a while and then put on a coat, picked up her phone and stood up.

She thought that Phoebe might not know that Charles would go out in the midnight. So probably she would not guard against her.

But Stella could tell without thinking of it that the door of the study must have been locked.

Stella walked to Charles' bedroom and gently pushed opened the door.

After making sure that there was no surveillance camera in the bedroom, Stella turned on the flashlight of her phone and began to check the bedroom.

Charles was very prudent. There was no document on the desk of his bedroom except several books.

Stella checked the whole room, yet found no clue

When she prepared to leave, she saw a painting which was hung on the wall in front of her.

Several fragmentary memories instantly flashed across her mind. But she couldn't recall anything.

Stella walked over and gently put her hand on the frame of the painting. She then closed her eyes.

Several seconds later, she opened her eyes, put her phone into her pocket and then took the painting down the wall.

There was a secret compartment behind the painting. But it had a coded lock.

Stella looked towards the painting again. A string of numbers flashed across her mind. After pondering for two seconds, she put in some numbers tentatively. Then the coded lock was opened.

Stella took out a box from the compartment.

There was a pocket watch which was half burned in the box.

Stella hurriedly took out her phone and took a picture.

When she prepared to study the other things in the box, the lights of a car flashed across the windows.

Charles came back.

Stella hastily put the box back into the compartment, hung the painting onto the wall and then quickly came back to her bedroom and locked the door.

After this, she heard some footsteps from the corridor.

Stella heaved a long sigh and sat onto the bed. Only now did she realize that her back was wet by sweats.

After Charles came back to her bedroom, there didn't come any sound. Nor did he go out again.

He went out for twenty minutes at most just now. Did he suddenly change his plan? Or could it be that the place he went was not far away from here?

Lying on the bed, Stella turned on her phone and found the picture she took just now.

Luckily her phone had the function of taking picture at night and she could see it clearly.

Half of the pocket watch was intact, and half of it was distorted by the fire.

Stella recalled the purchase history she found in that warehouse. Her biological father bought two pocket watches back then.

She kept one of the pocket watches, and as for the other...

It was probably kept by Charles.

Stella put down her phone and closed her eyes. But those fragmentary memories kept flashing across her mind.

It was raining the whole night and Stella was also sleepless for the whole night.

Chapter 434-At 7 a.m., Stella got out of the bed.

She didn't bring too many things here and all the important documents were in the study. Therefore, she put some other things into her bag and left as usual.

It was still raining outside of the windows. The temperature, which was originally supposed to increase, dropped due to rain.

When slowly driving out of the Stewards' Mansion, Stella turned around and took a glance.

This place was originally her house, but now it became the domicile of her foe.

She would come back when everything was over several days later.

She would console the spirits of her parents with the disclosure of the truth.

After a short while, she received a phone call from Clarence.

Stella answered the call, "I've left the Stewards' Mansion."

Clarence's mood seemed to be enhanced when he heard the words. He said, "I will come to pick you up tonight."

"I see."

This wretched man was really clingy.

Stella put down her phone and before the smile on her face disappeared, a person suddenly rushed over from the roadside. Stella hurriedly stepped on the brake.

When the car was stopped steadily, Stella prepared to open the door and get out of the car to see what was happening. But the door to the passenger seat was suddenly pulled open. At the next moment, there came a low voice, "Hurry up."

Stella turned to look at him. Although the man was wearing a peaked cap and half of his face was covered by the cloth, Stella still recognized him with a single glance.

She pressed her lips tighter and then stepped on the accelerator.

One minute later, several men chased here, but they didn't find anything.

One of them said, "I will come back to report to Master. You guys shall keep on finding him."

Ten minutes later, Charles showed up in his study with a trace of ferociousness in his eyes, "Repeat your words!"

His subordinate lowered his head and repeated, "Not long ago, we found that the person who ran away before have been following us. It's our negligence. He found the place where Jeffrey was arrested. Moreover..."

Charles asked in a cold voice, "What else?"

"When we were chasing after him, we found... we found that he probably had gotten into Ms. Radomil's car."

Charles knitted his brows tightly, "Stella Radomil? Are you sure?"

His subordinate replied, "I checked the surveillance videos before coming here. Only Ms. Radomil drove out of the Stewards' Mansion during this period. Moreover, we've rummaged the whole area, but that man seemed to have disappeared into the thin air. So I suspect that he left by taking Ms. Radomil's car."

Charles said in a deep voice after pondering for a while, "Arrange our men to watch Stella and see whether she has any abnormal behavior or not today."

"Shall we change the place for arresting Jeffrey?"

"How can we change it? Clarence's subordinates have been paying great attention to us. Except for him, some other people..." Charles narrowed his eyes and paused. He then said, "Keep an eye on Stella first. We will talk about other matters later."

His subordinate left after receiving the instruction.

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Stella drove the car for a long distance and then stopped by the roadside. Looking at Adolph's abdomen which was bleeding, she said, "You..."

Adolph said, "I found Jeffrey's whereabouts."

Stella was stunned. Several seconds later, she said, "I met with Modesty before. She told me that she had seen you several days ago."

Adolph nodded his head, "They've been hunting for me, so I didn't come to find you again. Moreover, after my escape, they changed the place for arresting Jeffrey. I followed them for several days and finally found out Jeffrey's whereabouts."

According to his words, it seemed like Charles went out to see Jeffrey last night.

But Stella didn't know what they had discussed.

Stella pulled herself back to the reality and fell his gaze onto Adolph's wound again, "I see. Let me send you to the hospital first."

Adolph paused as he was surprised. He then asked, "Aren't you going to find Jeffrey?"

"I will plan it later. It will be too sudden if we go there now. They have found you, so Charles will definitely have some precautionary measures. He won't give him to us easily.

When seeing that Stella was about to start the car, Adolph said, "I can't go to the hospital."

Stella was also clear why he couldn't go to the hospital.

However, before she could say something, Adolph handed a phone to her, "I will get out of the car here. When you decide to come to find Jeffrey, call me by the number in this phone."

Before he got off the car, Stella asked, "Have you come to find Modesty recently?"

Adolph replied, "Nope. I won't come to find her again."

He paused before continuing, "Thank you for dealing with Eugene's funeral arrangements."

Stella chuckled, "You're also helping me."

Adolph didn't reply. He pushed open the door, lowered his cap and then quickly disappeared into the crowd.

Stella withdrew her lines of sights and started the car again.

When she arrived at her studio, there was still some time for the working time. The door of the piano studio next to her studio was still closed. But Stella found that the black car, which had been parked on the opposite road to watch Daniel, had been there.

If she remembered it correctly, this car would be parked there after Daniel came to the piano studio.

So were they keeping an eye on her now?

Stella took out the keys to open the door of the studio and then went to the cashier desk and sort out the bills of the past several days.

After a short while, the girls and Sherry arrived at the studio one by one. They greeted Stella, "Stella, good morning."

Stella looked up with a smile and greeted, "Good morning."

Sherry walked over while yawning, "Stella, you come here so early today."

Stella replied, "I felt sleepless. Didn't Daniel send you here?"

"I don't know. He called me this morning, telling me that he had to deal with something. So I come here by myself."

“Did he tell you what it is?”

Sherry shook her head, “Nope.”

Just as Sherry finished her words, Stella found that the employees of the piano studio also arrived at the door. It seemed like it would be opened as usual.

Stella said, “Sherry, then I will come back to my office first. If Daniel comes here later, please tell him to come to find you. I want to ask him several questions.”

“Okay.”

After walking into her office, Stella closed the door and took out the pocket watch from the lowest drawer. She then took out her phone and found the picture she took last night to compare the two pocket watches. As expected, they were of the same type.

Stella studied them for a while and then took out the necklace that Phoebe gave her yesterday. She put the three things together, seeming to be pondering something.

At noon, Sherry rushed into the office, “Oh my god, Stella, have you seen the news?”

Stella, who was drawing design, lifted her head, “Nope. Is there any subsequence of the matter that Aurora bribed the two judges?”

“It’s not about that.” Sherry put her phone in front of Stella, “Have a look. The police salvaged a man’s dead body from the river this morning. It seems like he’s Arthur Barnett.”

Stella uncontrollably widened her eyes when she heard the words. She hurriedly took the phone from Phoebe to take a glance.

There was no photo attached to the news and the news only briefly described the clues found on the dead body.

As Arthur was somehow famous, when the news was released, some people quickly found out his information.

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Chapter 435-The report released by the police stated that Arthur died the night before and his dead body was thrown into the lake. If it was not because last night's heavy rain, which brought up his body and carried it along the river, they would only find it several days later.

Arthur's head was hit heavily before and there were many stabbing wounds on his body, deep and shallow. It could be told that this was a revengeful murder.

But they hadn't found out the exact deadly wound

When Stella was reading the news, Sherry's voice sounded from aside. She sighed emotionally, "Stella, see, human beings can't do too many evildeings; otherwise, they will suffer the consequences in the end. But after a second thought, I think this is really horrifying. That person called me several days ago, but today he has become a dead body."

Stella put down her phone. She was suddenly lost for words.

After a short while of silence, Stella suddenly broke the silence, "Where's Modesty?"

"I don't know." Sherry pondered for a while and then continued, "Do you think that he's killed By Modesty? This is impossible. Arthur is robust, so Modesty is not a match for him, not to mention throwing his dead body into the river. There's no doubt that it requires great strength. I guess the murder is a man who has similar bodily form with Arthur."

Stella also thought this guess reasonable. If it wasn't that she bumped into Adolph this morning and that he told her he hadn't met with Modesty recently, Stella would still think that Modesty was the most suspicious person when she saw the news.

But according to the current situation, Modesty could by no means kill Arthur and throw away his dead body by herself without Adolph's help.

Sherry continued, "Now that Arthur has died, why there isn't any progress of the matter of bribing the judges? They're so patient. If I were them, I would have chosen a desperate fighting against Aurora."

Stella said, "Let's wait."

The two judges had too many benefit entanglements with the Barton Group and they were not that impulsive. Even though they wanted to seek revenge on Aurora, they wouldn't allow their benefits to suffer a loss.

As for Aurora, her life was also not that satisfactory recently. Ever since the appearance of her biological mother, her father insisted on let that woman live into the Bartons' Mansion regardless of how Aurora cried miserably. And it seemed like he wanted to marry her.

Aurora's birthday party was a big event and many journalists were invited. Now people in the whole City N had learned about this. Aurora felt it shameful to go out and stayed in the Bartons' Mansion all day long, cursing at her mother and throwing things to show her resistance.

The whole Bartons' Mansion was in a mess because of Aurora.

After noon, Daniel finally came to the studio lazily with a bunch of red roses in his arms.

The employees of the studio were not surprised when seeing this.

But Sherry still couldn't help but feel awkward. She directly pulled him to the door of Stella's office and said, "Stella is waiting for you inside."

Daniel handed the roses to her and raised his brows, "I will come out soon. Tonight I..."

Sherry pushed him into the office, "Hurry up. Don't be sluggish."

Daniel, "..."

When Stella was studying Arthur's news, she heard a loud voice. When she lifted her head, she saw Daniel being pushed into the office.

Stella curled her lips into a smile, "What an extraordinary way."

Daniel coughed, "Sherry told me that you're looking for me. What's the matter?"

Stella pressed her lips together, "Do you see the car parked outside?"

"I saw it. It has been following me. But not knowing why, when I woke up today, I didn't see it. I thought it has disappeared in my life, but I didn't expect that it comes here in advance and waits for me here."

It was in this case that he had the chance to deal with a matter.

Stella said, "I guess they're here to watch me."

The smile on Daniel's face immediately disappeared when he heard the words, "What's going on?"

"I told Charles last night that I plan to move out of the Stewards' Mansion."

“What did he say?”

Stella replied, “He denied it and let me wait until the end of the anniversary celebration of the Steward Group.”

Daniel knitted his brows, “He must have some conspiracies. Don’t listen to him. Leave that place right away.”

Stella nodded her head, “Originally I planned to do so, but...”

She paused and then added, “I bumped into Adolph this morning. He told me that they hide Jeffrey in a place that’s not far away from the Stewards’ Mansion.”

Even though she didn’t utter the rest words, Daniel could still guess it.

He asked, “Do you plan to stay there until find out Jeffrey’s exact whereabouts?”

Stella slightly pressed her lips together, “They have arrested Jeffrey for a long time, so definitely they must have met for more than once. I don’t know that Jeffrey has told him, nor do I know what he wants to do by taking advantage of Jeffrey. But I know that he must have a big plan on the anniversary celebration of the Steward Group and Jeffrey will be his biggest bargain chip.”

“But you must be clear that you’re Charles’ target no matter what he wants to do by taking advantage of Jeffrey.”

“So I plan to stay there. Maybe I will find out some other clues.”

Daniel asked, “Have you gotten Mr. Conrad’s agreement?”

Stella moved her lips trying to something, yet was lost for words.

Clarence was still looking forward to come here to pick her up tonight.

She hadn't figured out how she should tell him about this.

Daniel continued, "See, you also know that he won't allow you to do such a dangerous thing. So please drop the idea. Now that you've found out Jeffrey's whereabouts, we'll definitely find him."

Stella asked, "We?"

Daniel realized that he had had a slip of the tongue. He laughed awkwardly, "I... I... and Mr. Conrad. I believe that he must have been trying to find out Jeffrey's whereabouts."

Stella said slowly, "Clarence investigates Jeffrey for the sake of me. But seems like it's unnecessary for you to do so."

Before Daniel could justify for himself, Stella continued, "Even though we're friends, it's abnormal for you to do so. What do you think of it?"

She didn't give him any chance to justify himself.

Daniel pondered for several seconds and then sighed silently, "Actually this is the case. Emmett wanted to give you a hand, but he was afraid that you may refuse his help and at the same time that Mr. Conrad will be unhappy. So he asked me to take care of you. Then aren't your problems mine?"

Stella smiled, "It's more unnecessary if it's because of Emmett. Originally he has helped me a lot before and I feel quite thankful, but I don't know how I can return his favors. I don't want to owe him."

"Er..."

"No matter what, I want to thank you for your kindness. I will handle this by myself."

Daniel felt it inappropriate to say anything else when he heard the words. He could only nod his head. When he walked to the door, he turned around and walked back to Stella, "You'd better discuss it with Mr. Conrad. I think that he won't allow you to take the risk."

After Daniel's leaving, Stella heaved a sigh and looked out of the windows.

It was true that Clarence wouldn't agree to it.

Stella took a glance at the clock and quickly handled the tasks to be finished. She then stood up and walked out of the studio, preparing to go to the Conrad Group.

After driving for several miles, she found that the black car which was parked opposite to her studio was following her.

Her guess was right.

Chapter 436-After arriving at the entrance of Conrad Tower, instead of going upstairs right away, Stella went to a dessert shop to buy some pastries for takeout. Then she went to the CEO's office.

When she arrived, Clarence was in a meeting.

Nathan said, "Ms. Radomil, the meeting will last another half an hour. Please have a seat and wait for a moment."

Stella smiled at him, "Okay. Thanks."

She took a dessert out of the bag and handed it to him, "I bought a lot of them. This is for you, Nathan."

Nathan probably didn't expect that Stella would also buy him a pastry while visiting Mr. Conrad here. He said in surprise, "Thank you so much, Ms. Radomil."

As he spoke, he reached out to take it over.

Right then, another assistant knocked on the door. Nathan was informed to deal with the documents delivered to this floor.

He coughed and hurriedly said, "Ms. Radomil, I must go back to work now. If you need any help, please do let me know."

Stella nodded, "Sure."

After Nathan was gone, Stella sat on the sofa for a while, browsing news on her cell phone. Shortly after, she felt quite sleepy.

Last night, she didn't sleep at all. Now the sleepiness was attacking her, and she found it so difficult to open her eyes. Soon, she fell asleep.

When Clarence entered the office after coming out of the conference room, he saw the woman napping on the sofa.

He instantly paused his pace.

The two senior executives behind him also stopped walking. However, their sight was blocked by Clarence, so they didn't know what was going on in the office.

Clarence looked back at them and said flatly, "Go back to your work first. Come back in an hour."

The two senior executives understood and left right away.

Clarence closed the door, strode into the office.

He sat down next to Stella. He wanted to wake her up, but when he saw the dark circles under her eyes, he realized that she must have not slept very well.

Loosening his necktie with one hand, Clarence took off his suit jacket and covered her with it. Then he picked up the documents on the tea table, starting to read.

Stella had napped for four hours. When she woke up, it was already dark outside.

She stretched, yawning. Her hands touched something.

Then she heard the man's indifferent voice, "What did you do last night?"

Stella raised her head, only to find Clarence was reading documents while sitting next to her.

She sat up slowly, feeling quite dizzy. However, she didn't forget to flatter him, "I missed you too much so I couldn't sleep at all."

Clarence looked at her, raising his eyebrows, "For real?"

"Of course not."

Clarence was speechless.

After napping for so long, Stella felt hungry. She reached out to get a cupcake and ate it.

Watching her for a while, Clarence suddenly asked, "Did you buy the pastries for yourself?"

Stella swallowed the food before answering, "You can't finish them all, can you? I'm sharing your burden."

As she spoke, she reached out her hand again.

Clarence grabbed her wrist, "Put it down. I can finish them all."

Stella choked up.

Inwardly, she cursed him for being so petty.

She nestled back on the sofa, looking ahead aimlessly in a daze. It seemed that she hadn't sobered up completely.

Clarence asked, "Aren't you busy in the studio today?"

"Yes, I was quite busy."

"Why didn't you come over?"

Stella looked at him, blinking, "I missed you."

Clarence laughed out. He put his arm behind her on the sofa, licking his lips, "What trouble have you made?"

Stella curled her lips, "I'm not a kid anymore. What trouble can I make?"

She moved a bit. When Clarence didn't pay attention, she picked up a cupcake again. This time, she didn't eat it herself. Instead, she put it next to his mouth, "This is quite yummy. Have a try."

Clarence bent down his head and took a bite expressionlessly.

Stella looked at him expectantly, "How do you like..."

Before she finished asking, her lips were sealed by him.

Clarence's tip of the tongue reached into her lips. Wrapping his hand around her waist, he lifted her and put her to sit on his lap. With one hand pressing the back of her head, he deepened this kiss.

Stella could hardly breathe while being kissed by him. She slightly pressed his chest as an objection.

A moment later, Clarence released her. He whispered in a low and hoarse tone in her ear, "What do you think?"

Stella's mind was still blank, "What?"

"Didn't you ask me if I like it?"

Stella repeated his words inwardly and finally understood what he meant. She couldn't help blushing.

She clicked her tongue secretly. 'He's so disgusting!' she thought to herself.

Clarence asked slowly, "What on earth do you want to tell me?"

"I..."

"Ehn?"

Stella licked her lips.

They had kissed, he had eaten the cupcake, and she had flattered him. Hence, the foreshadowing went on very well.

She said in a low voice, "Well... I want to discuss with you again about moving out from the Stewards' Mansion."

Clarence said, "That's not negotiable."

"I haven't told you anything yet."

"Haven't you told me clearly?"

Stella still didn't give up, "Well... I've considered carefully. I indeed want to move out and live with you, but it's not a proper time right now."

Clarence snorted, "Are you making up to me after disappointing me?"

Stella ignored his question. She continued, "I know if I continued staying in the Stewards' Mansion, there would be no benefit for me at all. But I'm not a woman who gives up halfway. I must carry what I'm doing to the end, right?"

"Since you do want to carry everything to the end, why did you divorce me back then?"

Stella choked up.

She was shocked that Clarence could connect those matters together. They were indeed different, weren't they?

Clarence released her. He stood up and walked to the desk, "Wait for a moment. I still have something to deal with."

"Oh, I see. In that case, I should go now..."

"I dared you to go."

Stella looked at the leftover desserts on the tea table. She regretted buying them now.

She moved to Clarence slowly. Lying prone on the desk, she watched him deal with the documents without a blink.

After a few seconds, she suddenly uttered his name, "Mr. Conrad."

"Yes?"

"You are kind of handsome."

Clarence didn't raise his head at all. He answered flatly, "I know it."

Stella took a deep breath. She wasn't in the mood to talk any longer.

When she heard the sound that Clarence put down the pen, she looked over at him, "Done?"

Clarence hummed to answer. Then he said, "Let's go home."

"In fact... There's another thing I want to tell you."

Clarence leaned against his chair, looking at her expressionlessly as if he was waiting for her to make other ridiculous excuses.

However, Stella looked quite solemn, "I know where Charles Steward has been hiding Jeffrey Radomil. When I've found Jeffrey Radomil, I'll move out."

"If you've found him, what's next?"

"I..." Stella thought for a moment and continued, "I believe once Jeffrey Radomil has lost his value, Charles Steward will definitely kill him, but I still want to ask Jeffrey Radomil some questions."

Clarence asked, "What questions?"

Stella said lightly, "I wanted to know where my mother's graveyard is and if Chan is his biological son."

The man's slender fingers knocked on the desk. He asked slowly, "Do you think he would answer you honestly?"

Chapter 437-Stella also doubted this question before, but if she just simply gave up without trying, she would feel more reluctant. Also, she would feel sorry for Chan.

After a while, she answered, "Even if he's not willing to tell me, I can get some information from him. Besides, only when I continue staying in the Stewards' Mansion will I know what Charles Steward's next plan will be."

Clarence stared at her in silence, slightly pressing his thin lips.

Stella looking into his eyes without any intention to retreat.

She continued, "I'll always keep in touch with you. If I felt anything dangerous, I wouldn't continue staying there any longer. I'll leave there immediately. Does it work?"

A moment later, Clarence stood up, "Let's go."

Seeing that, Stella heaved a sigh silently.

She felt that her effort was in vain after negotiating with him for so long.

Before she spoke, Clarence said, "Remember what you've promised me. Don't forget... you still have a younger brother to raise."

Stella said, "Chan can make money himself. He doesn't need me..."

Before she finished her words, Clarence cast her a cold glance. She immediately shushed.

On the way driving to the Stewards' Mansion, Clarence didn't speak at all. He remained expressionless, and Stella couldn't tell his emotion at all.

Stella asked tentatively, "Are you mad?"

"Ehn."

Stella was silent.

He admitted it way too directly.

She muttered, "Don't you always deny that you are not so narrow-minded as I am?"

Clarence asked, "Have you admitted that you are narrow-minded?"

She thought for a moment and answered, "I'm narrow-minded so you are the only one in my mind."

Clarence didn't utter a word.

With his tongue tip pressing his teeth, he asked calmly, "Where have you learned this kind of nonsense?"

Stella answered rigorously, "I learned it from you."

Ignoring her, Clarence continued driving in silence.

Stella tried to find a subject, "Have you read the news today?"

"Nope."

"Arthur Barnett died."

"I don't know him."

"He's the designer who helped Modesty Parker cheat in the contest and said that she had bribed the judges."

Clarence answered flatly, "I see."

Stella took a deep breath and continued, "According to the police's current investigation, he was murdered by his enemy. However, the only person that he had a grudge with recently is Modesty Parker, but there is a huge physical gap between them. I don't think it was Modesty Parker who did it."

"Probably it was not because of his recent grudge."

Stella nodded, "That man is quite frivolous, immoral, and wicked. I guess he has a lot of enemies."

Clarence responded, "Ehn."

He only uttered a single word.

Stella wasn't in the mood to continue the conversation with him. She closed her eyes and started napping.

Clarence turned around to glance at her. His thin lips moved as if he wanted to speak something, but finally, he gave up.

After half an hour, the car was pulled over at the gate of the Stewards' Mansion.

Clarence unbuckled the seat belt and got off.

Stella walked to him, "Will Nathan come to pick you up?"

"Ehn."

Stella looked at him expressionlessly, "Clarence Conrad."

He looked up at her, "Ehn?"

"Go ahead waiting here alone!"

After finishing her words, Stella bent over and sat in the car. Without any stop, she drove the car into the gate of the Stewards' Mansion.

Clarence's eyebrows twitched. He looked down at his wristwatch. Nathan set off five minutes later than they did, so he was supposed to arrive soon.

Standing on the roadside, he pulled out a box of cigarettes and picked one up to bite between his lips. When he was about to light it up, a white car was parked next to him.

Phoebe pushed the door open and showed up in front of him, "Hi, Clarence. Why are you here alone? Where is Ms. Radomil?"

Clarence put away the cigarette, casting her an indifferent glance, "Cut the crap."

Phoebe laughed out, "Can't I just chitchat with you?"

"What should we chitchat then? About when I'm going to get married or whether you would attend the wedding of Stella and mine?"

Phoebe pressed her lips tightly, obviously becoming quite annoyed.

After a long while, she said, "After all, we grew up together. Over the years, you always treat me in this way."

Clarence said, "I treat everyone in this way."

"I don't think you treat Ms. Radomil so."

"You can't compare to her."

Phoebe was amused. She said, "I've never understood what on earth of her made you like her."

"You don't need to understand," Clarence cast her a glance and said flatly, "Ms. Steward, you'd better think about yourself more."

While Clarence was speaking, the black Rolls-Royce had parked in front of them.

Phoebe stood motionlessly, watching him get in the car and leave.

She closed her eyes, looking colder and colder.

Meanwhile, the Stewards' Mansion.

After Stella walked upstairs, someone immediately walked to the study and reported her status to Charles.

After listening to the report. Charles asked, "Has she met anyone else?"

"We started to watch her after she arrived at her studio, so I'm not sure about her activities before that..."

Charles waved his hand impatiently, "Got it."

After his subordinate left, Phoebe entered the study, "Dad."

"What's the matter?"

She bit her bottom lip, "I didn't do well on the matter last time, so someone caught something on me."

Charles stood up and walked to the window, "Forget it. It's already past."

Phoebe continued, "The servant told me Stella Radomil wanted to move out of our house, but you didn't agree. Why..."

"Phoebe," Charles interrupted her, "Have you seen the wisteria in the garden?"

Phoebe followed his gaze and peered out of the window, "Yes, I have."

"Although you can see it, if you want to cut it off, you must pass through this window and walk for a distance. However, if you cut it off ahead and put it in a basin ahead of time, you can reach out and touch it at any time."

Phoebe understood what he meant and knew that he wanted to control Stella more conveniently. However, she still frowned, "But..."

"Pack up your belongings. After the anniversary ceremony, we'll move to Australia. In the future, you wouldn't need to meet her again."

Phoebe was taken aback, "Won't we come back anymore?"

Charles said, "Not necessarily. You should know the current status of Steward Group. The things you've done in the previous months also raised uproars in public. Although we tried to clarify them, we can't control others' mouths. I've already had a good arrangement in Australia. We can go there directly."

"Then... What about those things given to Stella Radomil earlier? Don't we need to get them back?"

Charles chuckled, "Since she wanted them so much, just let her have them. However, she'd better have the capability to keep them."

It seemed that Phoebe still wanted to ask something, but Charles turned around, "All right. Pack your important stuff. We'll leave after the anniversary ceremony. Don't tell anyone about our plan of going to Australia. After arriving there, you don't need to keep in touch with your friends as well."

Chapter 438-At noon the next day, Stella suddenly got a phone call, which was from the police station. The policeman said that Arthur went to Stella's studio before he died and also contacted her several times, so they wanted to ask her about some information to see if they could find any clue.

After hanging up the phone, Stella stood up, picked up her purse, and walked out of the office.

Seeing her, Sherry asked, "Stella, where are you going?"

Stella answered, "Just now, the police station called me. They said Arthur Barnett came to our studio before and had some conflicts with me, so they asked me to cooperate with their investigation."

Sherry frowned, "Why did they call you? You are a victim!"

Stella smiled faintly, "It's alright. Just a written record. I'll be back soon."

"Okay. If you need any help, call me."

"Sure."

After Stella arrived at the police station, a policeman asked her about her identity. Then he asked about her relationship with Arthur. Finally, he asked when she had met Arthur for the last time.

Stella answered honestly.

After the record was done, the policeman nodded, "Thank you for your cooperation, Ms. Radomil."

"You are welcome." Stella paused and asked, "May I know... how the investigation is going now?"

When the policeman wanted to answer, Stella saw Modesty show up at the police station.

She cast Stella a glance and walked over. She said, "I'm Modesty Parker. I came here for the record."

The policeman said to Stella, "Okay, that's all for today. If there's any investigation result, we'll inform you in the future."

"Okay. Thanks a lot, Sir."

The policeman looked over at Modesty, "Please follow me."

Modesty hummed, following him to leave as calm as usual.

Looking at her receding figure, Stella slightly pressed her lips, lost in thought.

After walking out of the police station, Stella didn't leave immediately. Instead, she waited outside.

Modesty didn't come out until an hour later.

Different from Stella, Modesty had a conflict with Arthur which was known by the public. Also, Arthur claimed that Modesty had hired someone to attack him before, which caused him to lie in the hospital for several days.

Hence, the death of Arthur made Modesty a key suspect.

However, just like what Stella had guessed – it could be only an adult man who could kill Arthur and dump his dead body. Not to mention to kill Arthur, Modesty could never win against him under any circumstance.

When the policeman questioned Modesty about the event that she hired someone to attack Arthur, she still answered in the same way as before. She denied that it had anything to do with her. Instead, she said it was Arthur who kept harassing her. He slandered her after he had failed.

Besides, there was no evidence to support Arthur's claim, and the police also found out that Arthur had immoral behaviors according to their investigation, which matched what Modesty had said. After the

inquiry, they set her free.

When Modesty walked out of the police station, she saw Stella standing not far away.

Clenching her fists tightly, Modesty didn't look as calm as she entered the police station earlier.

She asked ironically, "Are you happy now?"

Stella asked slowly, "What should I be happy about?"

"Arthur Barnett died, and I became the key suspect. Your revenge has been taken for the incident of the design contest."

Stella laughed in silence, "What are you talking about? You sound as if I've killed him and blamed it on you. Besides, if you didn't kill him, why are you so worried?"

When Modesty heard her words, her expression slightly changed. She returned calmly, "I was just saying."

Stella looked at her. Suddenly, she asked, "Have you met Adolph Miller recently?"

Modesty immediately became alert, "Why are you asking about him?"

"Nothing. I happened to want to find him. Just asking."

"I don't know anything. Don't ask me. Arthur's death has nothing to do with me."

Stella said in a cold tone, "If you've met him, just say yes. If not, just say no. What do you mean by answering so vaguely?"

Modesty squeezed words between her teeth, "I've told you I have nothing to do with him. Don't ask me anymore!"

After finishing her words, she bypassed Stella, wanting to leave.

Stella stood there motionlessly for a few seconds. She turned around, gazed at her receding figure, and asked in a low voice, "You have something to do with Arthur Barnett's death, don't you?"

Moreover, Stella was certain that Modesty wanted to push the blame to Adolph.

Last time, when Stella mentioned Adolph to Modesty, the latter looked annoyed, complaining that Adolph hadn't taught Arthur a lesson.

However, today, Modesty looked alert.

The police would sooner or later find out the relationship between Modesty and Adolph. If Modesty looked the same and answered their questions in the same way, Stella wondered what the police would think. Would they believe that she truly didn't know Adolph or she was covering him?

Modesty slightly stiffed. Looking back at Stella, she gritted her teeth, "Stella, even if you hate me, you don't need to push such a big blame on me."

Stella said, "Do you want to tell me that although you didn't do anything in person, Arthur deserved it, and the man who has killed him had enforced justice on behalf of Heaven? If this man was a wanted man by the police, it would be wonderful, wouldn't it?"

"Since you said so, I must ask what you meant by saying so. Yes, I know Adolph Miller. We grew up together, but I was abroad for three years, so I didn't know what he had done, which had nothing to do with me. Since I got to know he wasn't a good man, I never contacted him again. But you always mentioned him to him again and again. You even made excuses for him. I'm afraid it's you who have killed Arthur Barnett and tries to push the blame on me."

While she spoke, Modesty dared not to look into Stella's eyes. She kept looking away.

Seeing that, Stella smiled, "Your words make sense, but I must remind you about the reason why he is wanted. Do you really think you will get rid of it after pushing all the blames on him?"

Modesty said in a cold tone, "I don't know what you are talking about. I'll admit whatever I've done, but for the things I've never done, you can't blame me for them."

Stella didn't want to continue talking to her. After taking a few steps, she suddenly recalled something and turned around to look at Modesty, "Do you know your father has passed away?"

Modesty probably had never expected to hear this news from her. Her expression changed dramatically, "Stella Radomil, how can you be so vicious? Firstly you pushed the blame for the murder on me. Now you are cursing me. You..."

Stella added, "He had died for at least a month. I'm telling you the news, but you blame me for cursing you. Modesty Parker, what a filial daughter you are!"

After finishing her words, Stella didn't stop at all. She bent over, sat in the car, and left.

Modesty watched her car roar away. Her lips parted and she wanted to speak something but failed to utter a sound.

She was still shocked about the news that her father had died.

She denied believing it.

She believed that Stella, the vicious woman, must be lying.

Modesty pulled out her cell phone and wanted to dial the number of her parents' house, but she stopped.

She just thought that it was good if her father truly had passed away. At least, there would be no one holding her back and making her be disdained by others in this world.

Chapter 439-As soon as Stella went back to the studio, Sherry trotted over, pulling her into the lounge, "How did it go? What did the police say? Is there any result?"

Stella shook her head, "Not yet. They just asked me what happened."

Sherry clicked her tongue, "It seems Arthur Barnett has offended a lot of people. It should be quite difficult to find out the murderer in a short time."

Stella happened to be a bit thirsty. She turned around and picked up a glass to get some water. She said slowly, "I also met Modesty Parker in the police station."

"Modesty Parker? Why was she there?"

"Same as me, doing the record." Stella took a few sips of the water and continued, "But, I always feel..."

Sherry asked, "What do you feel?"

Stella returned to her senses, shaking her head, "Nothing. We'd better wait for the investigation result disclosed by the police."

Sherry said, "Oh, by the way, Doreen and I want to hang out in the bar we went to last time. Why don't you join us? Let's relax. I also invited Daniel. Would you like to invite that wretched man?"

"Better not. He's angry with me recently."

Since last night till now, the wretched didn't send her a message or called her. In the morning, she sent him a message to greet him, but he didn't answer her at all.

Sherry said directly, "All right. Just ignore him, then. We'll enjoy ourselves more without him."

Stella exhaled, "Forget it. You guys have fun. I need to deal with the design drafts. I'm still behind the schedule."

Upon hearing it, Sherry didn't insist, "Okay. Don't work too late. Go home early."

Stella said with a smile, "Okay, I will."

For the whole afternoon, Stella stayed in the office and finished several drafts.

After finishing the last one today, she stretched. It was already dark outside. She checked the time – it was eleven o'clock in the evening.

Stella didn't expect that it turned out to be so late.

She picked up her cell phone and checked. The wretched man still hadn't replied to her message.

What a petty man!

Stella packed her belongings. While walking out of the office, she called Nathan.

After the call was connected, Nathan asked, "Hi, Ms. Radomil. What's wrong?"

Stella asked, "Is Clarence still in the company?"

"Yes, he is. Mr. Conrad is still in a meeting. He has been quite busy recently. He has been in meetings for a whole day."

Stella asked again, "Where did he stay in the past few days, Starry Lake Mansion or his apartment downtown?"

Nathan probably had no idea why she was asking about it. He recalled that Stella didn't like Starry Lake Mansion, so he tentatively answered, "I guess it's his apartment downtown."

"I got it. Thanks. Please go back to your work."

After hanging up the phone, Stella locked the door of her studio, driving towards Clarence's apartment downtown.

After ten minutes, Clarence came out of the conference room.

Nathan followed him immediately, "Excuse me, Mr. Conrad. Mrs. Conrad called just now."

Clarence asked indifferently, "What did she say?"

"She asked... if you are still in the company." As a qualified and outstanding assistant, Nathan also repeated his answer, "I told her you are still in a meeting and you've been in meetings for a whole day."

Clarence recalled that Stella had sent him a greeting this morning, which he hadn't replied to yet.

He pulled out his cell phone and looked over at Nathan, "Is that all?"

"Yes..." Suddenly, Nathan recalled something, "Mrs. Conrad also asked if you went back to Starry Lake Mansion or your apartment downtown."

Upon hearing it, Clarence slightly frowned, "What did you tell her?"

"I said the apartment downtown."

Pressing his thin lips, Clarence paused his pace. Suddenly, he turned around and walked into the elevator.

On the way, he called Stella several times, but she didn't answer.

He ordered the driver in a cold tone, "Speed up."

Stella had muted her cell phone while drawing her design draft in the afternoon, and she forgot to turn on the volume earlier. Also, she had been driving, so she didn't notice that there were incoming calls.

After she parked in the underground parking lot of the apartment, Stella looked back, only to find that the black car was still following her.

Ignoring them, she got off the car and walked into the apartment.

It was quite late now. There was nearly no one in the community. It was extremely quiet.

When Stella just arrived at the entrance of the apartment, she faintly saw a familiar figure in front. She was taken aback. With widened eyes, she wanted to see the figure more clearly.

However, the light was a bit dim, and she couldn't verify if that figure was the person she knew.

Without any hesitation, she rushed to follow the person.

Stella was getting closer and closer to the figure. When she was about to call the person to verify, Clarence suddenly showed up in front of her.

He almost ran over, and he was panting now.

Stella looked at him in confusion.

Clarence looked calm. He asked in his ever-cold tone, "Why are you here?"

"I'm just passing by."

After that, Stella recalled the figure just now. She pushed away Clarence, but the figure in front had vanished.

Clarence asked flatly, "Which route did you take so you can pass by my apartment?"

Upon realizing that he was speaking ironically, Stella answered seriously, "Probably I was blind."

When she was about to turn away, her arm was grabbed by him.

She heard his calm voice, "You are blind. Why are you still so bold to run around?"

Stella choked up.

He added, "In this case, you should beg me for help. Probably I'll send you home."

"I'd rather call the police for help. It's more reliable."

Clarence said, "Are you sure you don't want to beg me?"

"Yes!"

Clarence said, "Okay. Come home with me then."

Stella was impressed.

Clarence moved his grip on her arm, holding her fingers.

Stella closed her eyes, "You'd better know when to stop. Aren't we fighting now?"

"When did it happen?"

Clarence ignored her, pulling her downstairs.

He made her feel that he wouldn't allow her to escape since she had come to him herself.

After entering the elevator, Stella wanted to pull out her hand, but she failed after trying several times. Hence, she could only give up.

Looking at the changing numbers, Stella suddenly said, "Just now, I seemed to have seen Amanda Byron. Is she also living here?"

Clarence glanced at her and said indifferently, "You truly should go check up your eyes."

Stella snorted, "If it weren't that you suddenly appeared and blocked my sight, I would have verified if that was her or not. The person looked like her a lot from the back.

"Have you been working on your draft in the whole afternoon?"

"What? Yes, I have..."

"You've over-used your eyes. It's normal you had the illusion. You don't need to worry."

Stella wasn't worried.

Noticing that the wretched man kept teasing her, Stella didn't want to talk to him any longer. She focused on how to get rid of his grip.

However, when she succeeded a bit, she was pulled into his arms.

Clarence whispered in her ear, "There's surveillance in the elevator. Stop touching me."

Stella completely choked up.

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Chapter 440-Meanwhile, the Stewards' Mansion.

Charles received a call from his subordinate, who reported that Stella had gone to Clarence's apartment. He asked them to keep an eye on her.

After hanging up the phone, Charles peered out of the window. He stood up, walked out of the study, and sat in the car that was parked in the garden.

The place where Jeffrey was locked up was a warehouse that was not far away from the Stewards' Mansion. In the past, it was used to store some old junk. In the recent few years, it was abandoned. Usually, no one would pass by this place. Hence, after Adolph had run away, Charles moved Jeffrey here.

In the warehouse, Jeffrey was lying on a single bed. Not far from him, a movie was played on an old TV.

It wasn't a messy place nor a clean one.

Food junks and newspapers were everywhere on the table and the floor.

Occasionally, a cleaner would come to clean up.

With his broken leg on the bed, Jeffrey was humming a song in leisure as if he didn't feel upset about being locked up here at all.

Shortly after, the door of the compartment was open. The slight of the street lamps fell in.

Jeffrey suddenly sat up, squinting at the person who entered.

Charles walked into the warehouse, and his bodyguard behind him immediately turned on the light.

Jeffrey could hardly open his eyes in the dazzling light. Raising his arm, he blocked it.

Charles cast a glance at his bodyguard, and the latter understood. He turned around, left, and closed the door of the warehouse.

Charles walked to Jeffrey, sitting on the sofa opposite, "Have you made up your mind?"

Jeffrey giggled. His fingers rubbed and made a posture to mean the money, "Haven't I told you? As long as you could give me this much money, I'll answer whatever you want to ask."

"You are quite greedy."

"I have to. I've been raising a money-losing proposition since her childhood. Finally, she married someone and could lead a good life. How could I know she was an ungrateful woman? She doesn't want to give me a penny at all. I must rely on myself."

Charles said slowly, "Aren't you afraid even you could get the money but you are unable to spend it?"

Jeffrey answered carelessly, "I don't care. Just give me the money. Even if I'll die, I must die with the money in my arms. I'll try my best to find better parents in my next life."

Charles snorted, "You are quite philosophical."

“Hee hee... As long as you give me the money, everything will be fine.” Jeffrey added, “You won’t suffer a loss. Besides, I still have something for you. As long as I got the money, I’ll be like a dead person and vanish in front of you. I’ll never show up in front of you again. If you don’t give it to me, you can’t blame me to expose your secret.”

Clarence remained calm, “What secret do I have?”

Jeffrey’s face, which was burned by the fire, twisted under the dim yellow light of the warehouse. His smile became creepy, “You are not Charles Steward. Even if you are trying your best to imitate him, you are not him.”

Charles squinted, a murderous light flashing through his eyes.

Jeffrey said, “Since I dared to answer you, I’m not afraid you will kill me. As for the man who has escaped a few days ago, you should still remember him. I’ve already told him about this secret. Once I died, he would disclose this secret in public. But, If I got the money, I’ll split it with him. Anyone smart would like to do the deal. What do you say?”

“Will others believe you as long as you said I’m not?”

“Of course I have the evidence.” Jeffrey grinned, “The evidence is in my wife’s graveyard. Charles Steward had never expected that his wife would marry me one day. Hahaha... When I die, I’ll tell him about it. I look forward to seeing his expression. It must be awesome!”

Charles stood up, looking at him as if he was looking at something dead, “One more question, if you answer me, I’ll give you whatever you want.”

Jeffrey was quite generous, “Let alone just one question, even if you ask me a hundred, I’ll answer you.”

“Who is the father of Stella’s younger brother?”

Upon hearing it, Jeffrey looked as if he had heard a joke. The scars on his face became more ferocious, "Of course I am."

Charles asked, "Are you sure?"

"Well, your money isn't enough for me to answer this question." Jeffrey showed him another number with his fingers, "Give me this amount as an extra, I'll tell you."

Charles didn't speak again. He left with a cold look.

Jeffrey leisurely lay back to the bed. Looking at Charles's receding figure, he yelled, "Turn off the light."

Only the sound of closing the door of the warehouse responded to him.

Jeffrey could only drag his broken leg to turn off the light himself.

He peered out through the crack of the door, only to find that Charles sat in the car and left.

Jeffrey spat in his direction.

Inwardly, he cursed about this faker.

Jeffrey was always hiding from the usurers, so he knew how to lie. Just now, he said he had told Adolph the secret, which was fake. He even believed that he couldn't make as much money as he expected. How would he be willing to split it with another man?

...

Back to the apartment, Stella drank a glass of water, feeling starved.

From the afternoon until now, she hadn't eaten anything.

She opened the fridge, only to find the ingredients that she had bought last time.

She decided to make do with them.

At least, she could make some food.

While she was getting some water, Clarence showed up behind her. He wrapped around her waist gently, "How did you know I haven't had dinner?" he asked.

Stella was amused.

She said, "I'm cooking for myself."

Clarence raised his eyebrows, "Aren't you on a diet so you don't have dinner?"

Stella indeed had said that before. Occasionally, if she had some snacks in the afternoon, she wouldn't feel hungry at night. Then she wouldn't be on diet in the evening.

"I was just saying. Don't take it so seriously."

She answered in the way that the wretched man always spoke to her.

Clarence said, "Okay, I see. If you say you don't want it, it means you want it actually."

Before Stella could retort him, he pulled over her shoulder, opened his mouth, and bit on her lips.

Feeling the pain, Stella wanted to push him away. Clarence grabbed her raised waist, pressing her against the marble worktop.

After the long kiss ended, Stella panted, "You are too annoying. I'm still cooking. Leave me alone!"

Clarence curled up his lips. He took a step back and left her some space.

Stella turned around. After a moment, she said suddenly, "You said Amanda Bryon and her family will move abroad. Have they left already?"

Clarence leaned against the wall next to her and answered indifferently, "Not yet."

Stella looked over at him, asking in confusion, "Why not?"

"Haven't I told you before? It's not that easy to migrate abroad. They're still waiting for the paperwork."

Stella withdrew her gaze, "I see. You've told me so affirmatively back then. I thought they would leave pretty soon."

"Do you want them to leave or not?"