

Mr Conrad 441

Chapter 441-Stella said, "Could you stop asking me such inexplicable and ambiguous questions?"

"Ehn?"

Taking a deep breath, Stella looked at him again, "You made me feel that I'm the birth mother of that baby."

This was the first time that Stella made it so clear to him.

Before today, she had tried several times.

However, after getting his answer, she denied her guesses.

She wondered what was in Clarence's mind as he extremely loved to ask her such questions.

Clarence gazed at her with his black eyes. After a few seconds, he chuckled, "What are you thinking about? Since you like that little bastard so much, I could become his godfather, so in the future, you can always meet him.

After a moment of silence, Stella said, "Not necessarily, but thank you."

Clarence said, "You don't have to answer me so hurriedly. You can consider it and reply to me after you've made up your mind."

When he finished speaking, his phone started ringing. He walked out of the kitchen to answer the phone.

Stella put the pot on the stove and turned on the gas, staring at the red and blue fire in a daze.

After a while, she suddenly felt a pain in her eyes.

She guessed probably she had been overused her eyes for real.

She rubbed her eyes, looked away, and started cutting the vegetables.

Clarence couldn't always mention the baby to her for no reason. She could guess two reasons.

One was the same as she had guessed.

If so, since a long time ago, Clarence had been deceiving her and always pretended to be calm.

The second possibility was that he knew how much she liked that baby, so he wanted to use the baby to make it up for her.

As she thought, she became absent-minded again. However, she forgot to put down the kitchen knife in her hand. Her finger was cut.

When she felt the sharp pain, Stella came back to her senses immediately. However, the knife was way too sharp, which had cut her flesh. Red blood started to flow out.

Immediately, she turned on the tap and washed the wound with cold water.

After answering the phone call, Clarence walked in. Seeing the blood on the kitchen knife and the cutting board, he frowned and strode over, "Did you cut your hand?"

Stella hummed, "Please get me a band-aid. It's not a big wound. I..."

Before she finished her words, Clarence had turned off the tap, grabbed her wrist, and pulled her to the sofa.

“Sit down.”

He turned around, took out the first-aid kit under the tea table, and found the iodophor and cotton swabs, starting to sterilize her wound.

“Hiss...” Stella felt the pain, “Be gentle.”

The man pressed his thin lips slightly. He acted softly and continued, “I’ll take you to the hospital to see a doctor tomorrow.”

“It’s just a small cut. Not necessary.”

“For checking up your eyes.”

Stella was rendered speechless.

Inwardly, she cursed him to go to hell.

He could never speak appropriately.

After dealing with her wound, Clarence pasted a band-aid on it.

Stella stood up and was about to walk to the kitchen. Clarence said, “Leave it to me. You just stay here.”

“I’d better not...”

Stella felt quite sorry for the pot, bowls, and tableware in the kitchen.

Clarence cast her a cold glance as if he was asking whether she was doubting him.

Stella said, "All right. All right. You can just turn off the gas. I'll order some takeouts. I suddenly want to eat the barbecue."

Upon hearing it, Clarence didn't insist. He walked to the kitchen and turned off the gas.

Stella noticed his movements in the kitchen. Before she could ask him to leave everything there, she heard a cracking sound.

She kept silent, couldn't help wondering how could he smash things whenever he entered the kitchen.

Anyway, the smashed things couldn't be saved, so Stella didn't want to nag about him. She pulled out her cell phone to order some takeouts. Thinking that Clarence didn't eat spicy food, nor did he like barbecue or hotpot dishes, and he had a stomach problem, she ordered some light dishes.

It was quite late when they got home. When the takeouts were delivered, it would be half-past twelve at midnight.

While waiting for the takeout, Stella took her pajamas to take a shower.

When she arrived at the door of the bathroom, Clarence walked out of the kitchen, standing in front of her.

Stella was confused.

He asked indifferently, "Aren't you injured? Do you need my help?"

Stella didn't answer.

She directly shut him off outside the bathroom.

Clarence licked his lips, walking back to the living room.

Sitting on the sofa, he pulled out his phone and dialed a number.

Soon, Maxwell's voice was heard on the phone, "Mr. Conrad, it seems that Amanda Byron was seen by Ms. Radomil."

Clarence hummed indifferently, "Problem resolved," he said.

"Is Ms. Radomil always staying here recently? Shall I move them to another place?"

Clarence raised his hand to pinch the nose bridge, "Don't rush. Let me think about it."

Maxwell answered, "Okay."

"Has Amanda Byron always met her boyfriend recently?"

"She went to meet him tonight. Then she was seen by Ms. Radomil. She didn't meet him in the past few days."

Last week, Stella was also staying here, but Amanda and Dolores didn't go out. Amanda went to see her boyfriend after several days, which shouldn't be a problem.

"I see. Keep an eye on her," Clarence said, "I don't have time to go visit them recently. Take good care of them."

Maxwell answered, "Yes, Mr. Conrad."

After hanging up the phone, Clarence bent down his head and looked at his shirt, which was half-wet. He went back to the bedroom and took his pajamas, breaking into the bathroom directly.

When he was walking in, Stella was washing her hair. With the bubbles on her eyes, she couldn't open them. Upon hearing the sound of the door opening, she hurriedly asked, "What are you doing?"

Clarence stood next to her, unbuttoning the buttons on his shirt, "Take a shower."

Stella was speechless.

Obviously, he didn't only want to take a shower.

After Stella washed away the bubbles on her head, she didn't want to put on the shower gel at all. She grabbed the towel and was about to go out. However, after taking a few steps, she was held back. Clarence whispered in her ears, "You haven't finished showering yet."

"I..."

"I'll help you. You are welcome."

...

In the end, everything that happened in the bathroom was ended by the doorbell.

Stella was too exhausted to move. She kicked Clarence, "Get the takeout."

Clarence raised his eyebrows slightly. Putting on his pajamas, he walked out of the bathroom to get the takeout.

Stella showered again. Then she slowly put on her pajamas.

She had been hungry earlier. Now her physical strength was spent, so she became more starved. Soon, she finished eating the barbecued food. Moreover, she started drooling at the food in front of Clarence.

Clarence said slowly, "You can tell me if you want to eat anything. I will let you have some."

Stella didn't try to be polite to him. She pulled the dishes to her directly, "I bought them. What's wrong if I want to have some?"

She was afraid that Clarence couldn't have enough, so she had ordered plenty of dishes, which were enough for them both to have.

Clarence looked at her, curling up his lips. Suddenly he asked, "Don't you feel it's more convenient to stay with me than staying in any other place?"

"Not really."

Chapter 442-After being "tortured" for a whole night, Stella didn't get up until half-past ten the next morning.

It wasn't early, so she didn't go to the studio directly. Instead, she went back to the Stewards' Mansion.

When she drove to the intersection where she had met Adolph, Stella thought for a few seconds. Immediately, she turned the steering wheel and drove slowly along that road.

However, she only saw lawns along the road. There was no place for a human to stay at all.

To the end of the road, Stella saw a small lane next to the iron fence, leading in the distance. When she was about to check on it, two men walked out from the lane.

Stella had met one of them in the Stewards' Mansion before.

She didn't continue parking over there, driving back along the road that she came over.

It turned out that Jeffrey should have been locked up here.

Arriving at the Stewards' Mansion, Stella just walked on the stairs. Phoebe came out from her bedroom. Looking at Stella, she snorted.

"It seems you've stayed outside overnight. Do you come back to change your clothes?"

Stella said indifferently, "I've already changed my clothes. Ms. Steward, thank you for your concern."

As she spoke, she turned around and walked to her bedroom.

Phoebe gazed at her receding figure, pressing her lips while walking downstairs.

After getting in the car, the driver asked, "Miss, where are we going?"

Phoebe told him an address. She looked over at Stella's car that was parked nearby, lost in thought.

Half an hour later, in a cafe.

Aurora came over with a handbag on her arm. She looked quite annoyed and said rudely, "I'm extremely annoyed recently. Why did you ask me out?"

Phoebe took a sip of the coffee and said calmly, "I know you are annoyed, so I want you to relax here. What's wrong about it?"

Aurora sat opposite her and didn't speak for a moment.

Her friends that she had known before either mocked her or hid from her.

Phoebe was the first friend who asked her out after that incident had happened.

Aurora ordered a drink, "Just directly speak if you want to tell me anything. I don't have the patience to beat around the bush with you."

Phoebe put down the coffee mug, "You should drink something to get rid of the heat of your inner body."

Aurora snapped, "That bitch insisted on staying in our house instead of leaving. My father likes her so much as if he's blind. How can I relieve the heat by just a drink?"

"Aurora, you are quite smart usually, but why can't you do anything when such a thing happens to you?"

"What do you mean?"

Phoebe smiled, "In fact, it's quite simple to kick that woman out. She has left your father for so many years. Was she always alone? Even if she doesn't have a child, she must have married before. As long

as you can find a man who had a relationship with her before and let him make a fuss in your father's presence, how will your father still be willing to keep that woman stay?"

Upon hearing it, Aurora frowned. It was indeed a good idea.

Earlier, she only made a fuss with her father and hit and cursed that woman, which made her father felt sorrier for that woman and dislike her more.

After thinking for a moment, Aurora said, "Okay. I'll ask someone to look into the matter after I go home. If that works, I owe you a favor."

Phoebe said, "We are a friend. That's what friends are for. Please don't mention it."

Aurora added, "Since you asked me out, I don't think you just wanted to help me. If you want me to help you, please let me know. I'll try my best."

Phoebe picked up the small spoon and stirred the coffee gently. She said flatly, "You know Modesty Parker, don't you?"

Upon hearing her question, Aurora became alert immediately, "What do you mean?"

The matter that Modesty had bribed the judges of the contest was quite influential, but it was a grudge between her and Arthur. Aurora had made arrangements ahead of time so that she wouldn't be dragged into the mere.

Besides, things that happened among them shouldn't be known by Phoebe.

Phoebe said, "Relax. We're on the same boat. I asked you the question because I've found something."

"What is it?"

"Do you know why that woman suddenly went to you and why almost everyone is hiding from you?"

Upon hearing it, Aurora frowned again, "Why?"

Phoebe curled up her lips, "It's because Modesty Parker had ratted you out."

"Impossible! She wouldn't be so bold! Besides, if Clarence Conrad knew I've done that thing, he would so easily..."

As she spoke, Aurora paused, frowning more deeply, "Do you mean Modesty Parker ratted me out to Clarence Conrad, and Clarence Conrad found that woman to take revenge on me on purpose?"

“You should ask Modesty Parker for details. As far as I know, she ratted out to Dempsey Conrad. As for whether he has told Clarence about it, I have no idea. If you don’t believe me, you can go home and ask your father if recently the Conrad family has suppressed the Barton Group.”

Aurora was also clear – Conrad Group and the Conrad family were different. The former meant Clarence and the latter meant Dempsey.

She said, “But, even if I did bribe the judges, I did it for dealing with Stella Radomil. Why would the Conrad family target me?”

Phoebe said, “Don’t you know what a big loss that the Conrad family has suffered? Of course, Dempsey Conrad must vent his anger. Hence, he found Modesty Parker who gave him the recorder, and Modesty Parker ratted you out for passing the buck.”

The more Aurora listened to her, the more confused she got, “How did you know the recorder was given to Dempsey Conrad by Modesty Parker?”

Phoebe answered, “I have my information channel. If you don’t believe me, I can’t do anything.”

How could Aurora not believe her? She always sensed something wrong when that woman showed up.

Immediately, she stood up and snapped, “I’ll go teach Modesty Parker a lesson!”

Phoebe didn’t stop her. Leaning against her chair, she picked up the coffee mug and took a sip, gazing at her receding figure.

Since Modesty wanted everyone to be doomed and even dragged her into the mere, Phoebe wouldn’t let go of her so easily.

Now, she made Aurora teach Modesty a lesson, which was an excellent choice.

Out of the cafe, Aurora directly told her driver to drive to Modesty's apartment. However, she pressed the doorbell for a long time, but no one answered the door.

Aurora yelled at the door, "Modesty Parker, you are truly something! How dare you trick me! You'd better die behind the door and never come out. Don't show up in front of me again. Otherwise, you are so doomed!"

Because of her yell, the neighbors next door opened the door and watched the scene in curiosity.

Aurora glared at the neighbor, "What are you looking at? Something rotten is staying in this room. She deserved to go to hell!"

On the back way home, she hired a private detective. Upon what Phoebe had told her, she asked the detective to find out what that woman had been doing over the years.

How could Aurora not believe her? She always sensed something wrong when that woman showed up. Immediately, she stood up and snapped, "I'll go teach Modesty Parker a lesson!" Phoebe didn't stop her. Leaning against her chair, she picked up the coffee mug and took a sip, gazing at her receding figure. Since Modesty wanted everyone to be doomed and even dragged her into the mere, Phoebe wouldn't let go of her so easily. Now, she made Aurora teach Modesty a lesson, which was an excellent choice. Out of the cafe, Aurora directly told her driver to drive to Modesty's apartment. However, she pressed the doorbell for a long time, but no one answered the door. Aurora yelled at the door, "Modesty Parker, you are truly something! How dare you trick me! You'd better die behind the door and never come out. Don't show up in front of me again. Otherwise, you are so doomed!" Because of her yell, the neighbors next door opened the door and watched the scene in curiosity. Aurora glared at the neighbor, "What are you looking at? Something rotten is staying in this room. She deserved to go to hell!" On the back way home, she hired a private detective. Upon what Phoebe had told her, she asked the detective to find out what that woman had been doing over the years.

Chapter 443-In fact, Stella didn't have anything special to deal with when going back to the Steward's Mansion. Last night, she went to stay in Clarence's apartment, and she was afraid that Charles would worry she wouldn't come home since he was suspicious. Hence, she made this trip with the stalkers behind.

It was a good thing, though. She accidentally found where Charles had been locking up Jeffrey.

She kept it in mind.

After going out of her room, Stella took a few steps and was attracted by Charles's bedroom door.

Her intuition told her that there was something more important besides the pocket watch in that safe.

However, she has been sneaked in once. She was lucky at that time. Now she couldn't take the risk again.

Stella came back to her senses and turned away.

When arriving at the studio, Stella found that Daniel was also there. With a smile, she greeted people in the studio and walked into her office.

Taking the chance, Sherry got rid of Daniel and followed Stella into the office.

Stella had just sat down when seeing her enter. She asked, "What's up?"

Sherry lay prone on the desk opposite her, heaving a sigh, "I don't know. I just felt he's so annoying out of no reason."

Stella asked, "Annoying?"

Sherry nodded in confirmation, "Yep. Annoying."

"What kind of annoying feeling?"

"It's just..." Sherry thought for a moment, "Whenever he approaches me closer, I felt annoyed. When he speaks to me, I felt annoyed as well. When he treats me well, I felt more annoyed."

Stella smiled and said slowly, "I have experienced the same as you before."

Sherry's eyes lit up, feeling that finally, someone knew how she felt, "When was it?"

"When Clarence started to go after me."

Sherry was silent.

In fact, Stella had to admit that she felt annoyed because Clarence made her mood messy. On one hand, she wanted to distance herself from him as much as possible. On the other hand, she couldn't help falling in love with him because of what he had done for her.

Hence, she felt so annoyed.

However, Sherry thought it was because that she truly had a crush on Daniel but was afraid to be hurt. Hence, she had such a conflicted feeling when Daniel actively approached her.

Sherry fiddled with the ornaments on her desk, heaving another sigh, "I just don't think he's a reliable man."

Daniel had a lot of secrets, so Stella didn't plan to convince Sherry.

Besides, love was complicated indeed.

Probably for some reason, they could be together suddenly.

After a while, Sherry added, "By the way, what's been Chan up to recently. He seems to be quite busy."

Stella said, "I forgot to tell you. He has signed a contract with an entertainment company."

Sherry immediately became interested, "For real?"

Stella nodded, "Yep. For a long time already."

"Which company did he sign the contract with? Is it run by Conrad Group?"

"Should ... not be. I didn't ask him the exact company name. If it is, Clarence would have told me."

Sherry asked again, "So, is Chan playing in dramas or movies or something else?"

Stella answered, "I don't think so. I asked him not to impact his study."

"That's awesome!" Sherry said excitedly, "Chan is so handsome. It's a pity if he didn't work in the entertainment business. Your family members are all good-looking. Now Clarence is also one of them. Honestly, the wretched man is truly good-looking. If you have children in the future, I wonder how good-looking they would be. I must be their only godmother!"

Upon hearing it, Stella faintly smiled, "Okay."

Sherry sensed that Stella sounded a bit down. It wasn't until then did she realize that she shouldn't have mentioned it. She coughed and comforted Stella, "Stella, let the bygones be bygones. Please don't overthink it. Anyway, Clarence and you have been reconciled. You'll have children in the future."

Stella said, "Probably."

Sherry didn't continue discussing such a sad topic. She changed the subject immediately.

Soon, there were knocks on the door. They heard Daniel's voice.

Upon hearing it, Sherry whispered to Stella, "Don't let him come in."

Stella nodded. Then she asked towards the door, "What's the matter?"

Daniel answered, "I want to talk to Sherry."

Stella said, "She's not in."

Daniel was confused.

He witnessed her enter the office just now.

Stella kept lying, "She didn't feel very well, so I asked her to go home. You can talk to her tomorrow."

There was silence outside the door.

After a long while, they heard Daniel's voice again, "Okay."

Hearing that his footsteps went farther and farther, Sherry breathed a sigh of relief.

Stella said, "I'm going to draw the drafts. You can stay here longer. I'm afraid that he hasn't left yet."

Sherry also thought so. She pulled out her cell phone and read the news, "Okay, go ahead. I won't be holding you up."

After a long while, Stella raised her head, only to find that Sherry had fallen asleep.

Stella also stretched, planning to take a nap.

When she just thought so, her phone started ringing. Staring at the strange number, she walked out of her office. After entering the lounge, she swiped to answer, "Hello? Who is that?"

There was only silence from the other end of the line.

Stella checked her phone to confirm the call had been connected. Then she pressed the phone next to her ear again, "If you don't speak, I'll hang up now."

After a few seconds, she heard a voice, "It's me."

Stella had never expected that Modesty would have called her.

She asked indifferently, "What's the matter?"

"I can help you identify that Aurora Barton has bribed the judges and set you up, but you must agree to a condition."

"What condition?"

"Give me some money and help me leave City N," said Modesty, "I know you can do it now."

She was still the suspect of killing Arthur. If relying on herself, she couldn't leave the town at all.

If she had left, she would be charged with murder for sure.

Upon hearing it, Stella felt amused, "Why should I?"

Modesty said, "Besides Aurora Barton, I have the evidence that Phoebe Steward set you up. I believe those are enough."

Stella said, "Just save those things. I don't need them."

Probably, she hadn't expected that Stella would answer her like this, Modesty was in a panic, "They have done those evil things to you. Don't you want to dose them with their own physiques?"

"You know what your current behavior is called?" Stella said calmly, "It's truly called dosing you with your own physique. No matter the evidence that Aurora Barton has bribed the judges or the things that

Phoebe Steward has done, I have them all. Thank you for your kindness. I don't need anything from you."

"Stella Radomil," Modesty squeezed words between her teeth, "I know Adolph Miller has helped you a lot. For his sake, can't you just help me once?"

Chapter 444-Stella wondered who shameless Modesty was to speak those words.

Leaning against the door next to her, she said indifferently, "I don't know what's in your mind when you negotiating with me. No matter for whose sake, I'm not gonna help you. I've been merciful for you as I haven't told the police about the words you said at the gate of the police station."

Modesty said fiercely, "Stella Radomil, you'll regret it for sure!"

Stella smiled, "Okay. I'll wait and see."

Soon, the beeps were hard on the phone.

Stella put away her phone. She wasn't in the mood to nap, so she made a coffee and went back to the office.

Sherry had woken up, yawning while peering out of the window in a daze. Seeing that Stella entered, Sherry rubbed her eyes, "Stella, where have you been?"

Stella said, "I was a bit sleepy, so I made a mug of coffee. Do you want it?"

Sherry nodded.

Stella handed the mug to her and went to the lounge to make a new one.

After drinking the coffee, Sherry was sitting there, waiting to get excited by the caffeine.

A moment later, she finally stood up, feeling spirited, "Stella, I'm a bit hungry. I'm going to get some snacks. What do you want?"

Stella said, "Anything. I'm not picky."

"Okay. I'll buy whatever I like."

Sherry stretched. Out of the studio, she walked towards the shopping mall nearby.

After she only took a few steps, Daniel followed her, "Hi! What a coincidence!"

Sherry was speechless.

Her mouth corners twitched, "Our stores are next to each other. That's truly coincident."

Daniel raised his brows. Without speaking anything more, he followed her into the shopping mall.

Sherry went to the dessert house in the basement. After she bought a few pastries, she went to the snack store to buy some snacks.

All the way, Daniel had been following her. He also suggested, "Buy this one. I saw its commercial on TV before. It should be quite tasty."

Sherry didn't answer him.

Daniel put two bags of the snack into her shopping basket. Then he looked aside, "That one is nice too. You girls should like it."

As he spoke, he fetched a few bags and put them in the basket again.

Sherry choked up.

She turned around and looked at him, "Daniel, what on earth are you doing here?"

"Shopping with you."

Sherry poked out her head and looked around, "Those stalkers haven't stalked us. Don't fake it. Bye!"

In fact, the stalkers didn't only follow them this time, but also they stopped stalking Daniel already, as Sherry had found out. However, Daniel always appeared around her from time to time as usual and always sent her home. That was why she felt annoyed.

He had been acting too much.

Daniel smiled. He didn't answer but continued helping her choose the snack.

In the end, under his gaze, Sherry got a few canned food. While paying the bill, she asked the saleswoman for an extra sack. Then she put the canned food in the sack and gave it to him, "They are for you. Just take it. Thank you for accompanying me."

Daniel was speechless.

Seeing that he didn't want to take it over, Sherry directly pressed the sack into his arms and turned away.

Daniel held the sack and followed her, "Sherry, are you still angry with me?"

While walking, Sherry said, "Why should I be angry with you? Besides, you are not my boyfriend. Why should I keep remembering what happened last year till now?"

"Then what are you doing..."

Sherry said seriously, "I remember you like them. If you don't like them, it's alright. Give them back to me."

When she reached out to grab the sack, Daniel dodged.

Sherry said, "Oh, you look so reluctant. It seems you still like them."

"Not really," Daniel tried hard to explain, "I like them. It was just because those can food at that time would reach their expiration date. It's shameful to waste food, right?"

Sherry put a wry smile, keeping walking forward without speaking.

Unexpectedly, she encountered a stupid jerk.

Liam stopped in front of her as if he also hadn't expected to encounter her here. In a daze, he called, "Sherry?"

Sherry was so sickened when seeing him. She directly said, "The wrong person."

Inwardly, she cursed him.

Sherry wanted to bypass him, but Liam pulled her arm, "Are you staying nearby here? No wonder I couldn't find you at all."

Sherry pulled out her hand forcibly. She said impatiently, "Why are you looking for me?"

Liam instantly became lonely, "Sherry, I was wrong. It was all my fault. I've also cut ties with that woman clearly. Let's restart, all right? Don't you want to get married? I can go with you now..."

"What the fuck is wrong with you? Liam Keith, you are the most disgusting and shameless man I've ever seen my in life. I don't want to insult the garbage can by calling you a scumbag. You cheated on me first. Why are you pretending to still love me deeply? Fuck off!"

Liam looked annoyed instantly. When he was about to spoke again, a man suddenly appeared next to Sherry. He put his arm on Sherry's shoulder naturally and asked in a gentle tone, "Honey, who are you speaking to?"

Sherry instantly felt the goosebumps. However, since she was in front of the scumbag Liam, she didn't push Daniel away. She answered, "Probably a homeless. He said something quite inexplicable to me."

"Sherry, you..."

Daniel looked over at Liam and asked indifferently, "Do you need any help?"

Liam was half-head shorter than Daniel. Besides, Daniel was mixed-race. His features were with sharp outlines. After Daniel cast Liam a glance, the latter's temperament became weaker.

Daniel took over the bag in Sherry's hand, put down his hand on her shoulder, and grabbed her hand with it, "Let's go home. I'll cook for you."

Upon hearing his intimate tone, Sherry tried hard not to pull out her hand. She followed him to leave.

Liam turned around to gaze at their receding figures, gritting his teeth reluctantly.

Out of the mall, Sherry pulled her hand out, wiping the sweat off her palm on her trousers. She looked away awkwardly, "Thank you so much just now."

Daniel asked, "For what?"

Sherry parted her lips, and she also didn't know what to thank him for. Hence, she didn't answer.

However, Daniel was silent for a while and asked, "Is that man your ex-boyfriend?"

"Nope."

Daniel was puzzled.

Sherry sneered, "He's someone waiting for me to worship him at his graveyard."

Daniel was silent.

He pressed a fist on his lips, coughing. Suddenly, he felt that Sherry was quite merciful for him.

Chapter 445-After Sherry arrived at the studio, she shared the snacks with the girls first. Then she took the rest to Stella's office. Sitting down and lying prone on the desk, she heaved a sigh deeply again.

Seeing that, Stella asked, "What's the matter?"

Upon mentioning it, Sherry went furious, "I met Liam Keith."

Stella also frowned, "Why did you meet him so suddenly?"

Sherry said in depression, "I don't know. Probably it's not my day today. How could I meet an asshole today?"

"What did he do to you?"

"Nothing. He begged me to forgive him. I scolded him. However..."

Stella tilted her head, waiting for Sherry to finish her words.

Sherry rubbed her hair to a messy, "Forget it. All are annoying."

As she spoke, she opened a bag of snacks. When she was about to eat some, she found it was one of the snacks that Daniel chose.

Sherry looked at other snacks again. For a moment, she believed that she needed to be rescued in the emergency room.

She wondered what kind of damned fate it was – all the rest bags were snacks chosen by Daniel.

She said in disappointment, "I don't want to eat them."

Seeing that, Stella smiled. She picked up the phone, "What do you want to eat. I'll order some takeouts."

Sherry said, "I want to eat hotpot. Let's go to a hotpot restaurant after knocking off, shall we?"

"Sure."

...

After a few peaceful days, the anniversary of Steward Group finally came.

In the morning, when Stella went out, Charles said, "It'll start at six in the evening. You can go there directly."

Stella smiled faintly, "Okay."

After she left, Charles looked over at Phoebe, "Have you packed up everything?"

Phoebe nodded, "Yes, Dad."

Charles added, "Put your belongings in the trunk. We'll directly leave."

After finishing his words, Charles was about to stand up. Phoebe stopped him, "Dad, aren't we coming back in the future for real?"

"No, we won't."

After answering her question, he walked into the study.

Phoebe pressed her lips, walking slowly out of the living room.

One of her bodyguards saw her and immediately walked up to her, "Hi, Miss."

Phoebe said, "Do as I said."

The bodyguard nodded, striding away.

Looking in distance, Phoebe suddenly burst into laughter.

She wanted to see who could help Stella this time.

In the study, Charles picked up a few documents on the desk. He looked over at the contract that was signed with Stella earlier, sneering.

Since Stella wanted them, he would give her all, including the whole Steward Group.

Before leaving, Charles looked back at the books that had occupied the whole study, his eyes becoming more gloomy.

All things in the study were put according to the real Charles Steward's habit because Charles didn't want others to find any flaws. But now, he didn't need them all.

After today, he finally could tear off the disgusting mask on his face and return to himself.

Out of the Stewards' Mansion, Charles went to the warehouse. Sitting in the car, he said to a bodyguard, "Take him out."

The bodyguard answered. Jeffrey was immediately dragged out of the warehouse. He kept yelling, "Where will you take me to? Where's the money you promised me?"

Charles pressed down the car window, tossing a check to him.

Jeffrey broke free from the bodyguard that was gripping him. He picked up the check from the ground as if he was picking up a treasure. He grinned, "This is the first time in my life seeing so much money."

As he spoke, he counted the zeros on the check that dazzled him.

Charles asked, "Have you confirmed? If so, get in the car."

Jeffrey held the check and approached him outside the window. He was still worried, "Is this a lip service? What if I can't cash out any money?"

Charles said calmly, "This is a check of Steward Group. Do you think a big company like Steward Group can't even pay such money?"

"Okay, I'll believe you... No... I'll believe Steward Group once."

He knew that Steward Group's headquarter was in a building with dozens of stories. Besides, Charles's name was written on the check. He didn't think Charles would be able to repudiate it.

Before leaving, Charles reminded him, "You must remember what you should say. If you said one single wrong word, I must ask my men to burn this check to you in front of your tombstone."

"Hee hee hee... No worries. I know. I promise what I'll say would satisfy you."

...

While Stella was on the way, she received a call from Clarence, who said that he would come to her studio to pick her up in the afternoon.

When she arrived at the studio, Daniel also walked over. He also talked with her about the anniversary ceremony of Steward Group.

All of them knew that Charles would have a big move, but they didn't know what on earth Charles would do. Besides, now he had Jeffrey in his hand.

Daniel said, "Please don't worry. We have our plan as well. No matter what he plans to do, his true face will be exposed..."

Upon hearing it, Stella looked over at him.

Daniel almost bit his tongue. Recalling the lesson last time, he added, "Mr. Conrad and I, I meant."

Stella said, "I didn't know you guys are so close.'

Daniel let out a hollow laugh, "Well, we're not close, but just... we have the same goals."

Stella was silent for a moment. Suddenly, she asked, "After tonight's event is over, could you please tell me who exactly 'you guys' are and your purposes to be against Charles Steward?"

"Well..."

"I'm not in a rush. There will be a whole day before the evening. You can think it over carefully," said Stella, "My intuition told me, 'you guys' should be people relevant to the explosion twenty years ago, but I don't know who exactly you are. After that explosion, I lost my memories. Probably, I've forgotten someone important."

As she spoke, Stella smiled, "However, most of the time, my intuition doesn't work well. Probably I've overthought."

Daniel didn't know what to say either. Fortunately, he heard Sherry's voice, so he made an excuse and walk out.

While Stella started to have breakfast, she heard the message tone of her phone on the desk. It was a text message from an unknown number: "Got it."

She read it and put down the cell phone, taking a sip of the soybean milk.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, Clarence showed up in the studio.

Stella asked when seeing him, "Why so early?"

Clarence looked at her, "Early?"

Stella knew that she would need to get dressed, but she didn't think it would take that long. She said, "Please wait for a moment. I'll be ready soon."

Clarence looked at the draft she was drawing, knocking the desk with his slender fingers, lost in thought.

After a moment, Stella raised her head, "I'm ready. You..."

Clarence gazed at her with his black eyes, "Don't you feel you owe me something?"

"What?"

Clarence's finger fell on her draft book, "If you need a model, I can make a day to accompany you."

Stella choked up.

Later, she said, "No, thanks."

Clarence said in an irresistible tone, "No, you need me."

At three o'clock in the afternoon, Clarence showed up in the studio. Stella asked when seeing him, "Why so early?" Clarence looked at her, "Early?" Stella knew that she would need to get dressed, but she didn't think it would take that long. She said, "Please wait for a moment. I'll be ready soon." Clarence looked at the draft she was drawing, knocking the desk with his slender fingers, lost in thought. After a moment, Stella raised her head, "I'm ready. You..." Clarence gazed at her with his black eyes, "Don't you feel you owe me something?" "What?" Clarence's finger fell on her draft book, "If you need a model, I can make a day to accompany you." Stella choked up. Later, she said, "No, thanks." Clarence said in an irresistible tone, "No, you need me."

Chapter 446-At six o'clock in the evening, a black Rolls-Royce stopped in front of the hotel.

Clarence got off, walked around to the other side, pulled the door of the car open, and reached out to the woman sitting inside, slightly raising his eyebrows.

Stella curved up her lips slightly. Putting her hand in his palm, she got off while holding the hemline of her dress.

She was wearing a light purple dress tonight, which made her skin look more fair and smooth. On her neck, there was a dedicated necklace and the pendant was the shape of a pocket watch.

After Stella stood next to Clarence, the man gave her his hand.

She took it gently.

Then they walked into the hotel together.

A lot of guests had witnessed the scene, starting to discuss with each other.

“Are they Mr. Conrad and his ex... ex-girlfriend?”

“I heard that she’s good-looking. This is the first time I have met her. She’s prettier than the movie stars.”

“It seemed they are a good match. Why did they divorce?”

“Of course for those same old stories – back then, she managed to marry into the Conrad family by her fake pregnancy. Everyone has known about it. They must divorce for this reason as well.”

“I don’t agree. If so, why did Mr. Conrad keep a high profile when chasing after her earlier?”

“You are so ignorant. Mr. Conrad’s ex-wife had legendary life experiences. I heard that she was sold into Twilight Club before.” The man who was speaking lowered his voice, “It seemed she was sold by her father. Then she met Mr. Conrad. Then things happened between a man and a woman happened between them. After one night, she went to the Conrad family.”

“But, you still didn’t answer why Mr. Conrad started chasing after her again.”

The man continued, “Don’t worry. I haven’t finished yet. Do you remember last year Mr. Conrad and Phoebe Steward called off their engagement? It’s said that the Steward family disdains him as he’s an illegitimate son and doesn’t deserve the daughter of their family, so they canceled the engagement with him.”

Right then, a voice suddenly was heard, “Then?”

“Then, coincidentally, Mr. Conrad’s ex-wife went to find Charles Steward with some keepsake, declaiming that he was Charles Steward’s biological daughter who has missed for many years. Although Charles Steward didn’t believe her, she had his latest wife’s relic as well as with Mr. Thomas’s guarantee. Hence, Charles Steward took her in the Stewards’ Mansion for some reason.”

The man paused and then continued, “Hence, if his ex-wife was the real daughter of the Steward family, how couldn’t Mr. Conrad be interested? As long as he could marry her, Steward Group would fall into his hands, wouldn’t it? It had to say that Mr. Conrad does have a long-term vision. He has easily obtained Steward Group.”

After he finished speaking, he found guests around him had kept silent for a long time. Others who were gathering around him took a few steps back and distanced themselves from him. The atmosphere fell into a dead silence.

The man turned around stiffly, seeing a face with a faint smile.

Vincent said slowly, “That’s a good story.”

“Hi, Mr... Mr. James.”

“If Clarence knew you’ve made such an encouraging story for him, he might also applaud for it as well.”

The man’s expression was stiffened, “I... I also heard it from others. It’s not made by me. I didn’t mean to slander Mr. Conrad in private. I was just...”

Donald approached him and said friendly, “Spreading rumors can make you be sentenced to a maximum of three years. If you need my help, I’ll give you a discount.”

The man couldn’t utter a word.

In the banquet hall.

After Stella and Clarence arrived, they saw Charles talking to Cameron. They went over and greeted them, “Good evening, Mr. Thomas. Good evening, Mr. Steward.”

Cameron nodded with a smile. When looking over at Clarence, he didn’t seem to be quite happy, “Hi, Mr. Conrad. You are here as well.”

Clarence was puzzled, wondering if he shouldn’t have been here.

Right then, Emmett also arrived, standing next to Cameron.

Clarence said indifferently, “We are going to use the restroom. Please excuse us.”

After that, he dragged Stella away.

Taking a few steps, Stella said, “Why are you taking me to the restroom with you? I don’t need to use it.”

Clarence cast her a glance, “Do you want to stay with Emmett Carter alone?”

Stella was speechless.

She didn't expect that Clarence would be so jealous.

Besides, if she stayed, they wouldn't stay alone. There were hundreds of guests in the banquet hall. Even if she wanted to stay with him alone, it wouldn't be possible.

In fact, Clarence didn't go to the restroom at all. He had just found an excuse, taking her to a less crowded corner.

Stella asked, "Do you plan to avoid me from meeting Emmett in the future?"

After a pause, she was afraid that Clarence would misunderstand her, so she added, "On such kind of occasions today."

Clarence grabbed a glass of champagne. He said slowly, "If not necessary, you can't meet him. Haven't you already discussed your wedding?"

Stella let out a hollow laugh, "It happened such a long time ago. How come you still remember it so clearly?"

It was said that women liked to dig up the past, and so did men, didn't they?

Clarence took a sip of the champagne, "I can remember things that happened tens of thousand years ago. You and..."

Before he almost spoke out that name, Clarence pressed his lips and stopped.

Stella couldn't help smiling, realizing how much he was jealous – he even didn't want to mention that name.

Actually, Horace and she had already ended as early as three years ago. Even after she divorced, she had never expected to be with him. She wondered why the wretched man was so petty.

Stella said, "I'm staying in the same house with your ex-fiancee, but I never give any remarks, do I?"

Clarence said indifferently, "Whom am I doing that for then?"

"Think you are quite reasonable huh?"

"Of course."

As they were speaking, Vincent and Donald walked over, "Stop arguing. There are new rumors tonight."

Clarence glanced at him, "What nonsense are you talking about?"

Vincent answered, "Nothing. I just heard a story about how you became Stella's boyfriend again."

Donald waved his hand at Stella, "Hi, long time no see. Please come to me if you want to divorce in the future. Free of charge."

Both Clarence and Stella were speechless.

When everyone was enjoying socializing, the anniversary ceremony of Steward Group officially started. Charles also walked to the stage. He talked about the company culture, development, and some official lines. The guests applauded.

Vincent said slowly, "The good show will start soon."

Clarence echoed indifferently, "He's not the only one who directs the show tonight."

Upon hearing their words, Stella pressed her lips. Her gaze fell on Charles.

Chapter 447-Under everyone's gaze, Charles continued steadily, "As for what has happened to Steward Group recently, I guess all of you are quite curious. I'm also curious about one thing – after the explosion happened twenty years ago, what on earth had happened, and is Phoebe my biological daughter? Hence, I spent a lot of time and effort on the investigation. Finally, I found a key person."

As he finished speaking, Jeffrey walked out, accompanied by two bodyguards.

It should be the first time for Jeffrey to attend such an event. However, he didn't feel weird or uncomfortable at all. Instead, with a bright smile, he said hello to people who were looking at him.

Charles continued, "Ms. Radomil used to bring me a relic of my latest wife and told me it was something from her mother. And this man standing here is her father who has brought her up. He's the only one who knows the truth and if Ms. Radomil's mother was my wife died in the accident."

Off the stage, Donald whispered, "It seems he wants to indicate the relic and your words were fake upon Jeffrey's confirmation, so he could kick you out of the Stewards' Mansion."

Stella said, "It seemed so probably."

Not far from here, Cameron was also watching the scene solemnly while pressing on his walking stick.

Charles added, "I'm quite curious about the whole thing. However, before the truth is revealed, I also want to make another announcement. No matter what the result would be, no matter if Phoebe or Ms. Radomil is my daughter, I would give the whole Steward Group to my biological daughter."

Upon hearing it, all guests started discussing.

Charles made a wise move – as long as he had bribed Stella's gambler father, even if Stella was Charles's biological daughter, once Jeffrey denied, Steward Group would fall in Phoebe's hand. Stella couldn't get anything but also could be blamed.

However, in that case, some were confused – if Stella was truly his biological daughter, what would his purpose be by doing this? Would it be because that he loved his adopted daughter than his biological one all over the years, so he didn't care about Stella at all?

To say the least, about the relic and birth mother, if Stella had made the story just for the wealth and fame of the Steward family, she would lose all standing and reputation right here tonight.

Others also knew who her backer was now. So they guessed if Charles was going to get up in the grudge with Conrad Group.

No matter what his plan was, as long as he had made the decision, all the guests were confused.

Under all the gazes, Jeffrey walked to Charles and stood next to him. Rubbing his hands and glancing through the off stage, he grinned, "I've never imagined that I could get a chance to talk to so many rich people... It's off-topic. This man... Mr. Steward invited me here to ask what happened twenty years ago and if Stella is my or his biological daughter. It's no doubt. I've brought up my daughter. Look how pretty she is. Of course, she's my good daughter."

Jeffrey paused a bit to look at all kinds of expressions of the audience. Instantly, he felt himself a focus. He had never been so proud. Standing upright, he continued, "But...unfortunately, she's not my biological daughter."

He started to ring the bell sadly, "I remember it was a dark night. On my way home, I saw a mother and her daughter faint in the bush on the roadside. Out of kindness, I saved them. I wanted to call the police and help them find their family, but the woman said that a bad man was looking for them, so she stopped me from calling the police. I couldn't do anything but only keep them, raising them from then on."

A guest off stage questioned, "Lyndon Steward died in the explosion, and Mr. Steward woke up after a coma for three months. It was reported on the news at that time. Why didn't they go back to the

Stewards' Mansion after that but vanished?"

Jeffrey's smile twisted more, "What else would be the reason? It was because she fell in love with me and was unwilling to go back."

"Bullshit!"

"You can ask around if I bullshit or not. She also gave birth to my son. My son is the top..."

"Shut up!"

A female's cold voice ran out.

No one noticed when Stella had been standing opposite Jeffrey.

Jeffrey looked over at her and said in a flattery tone, "My good daughter, I had raised you for so many years. If I had known that your biological father is someone famous, I would have sent you home earlier, so that you didn't need to suffer with us."

Stella ignored him completely. She said to Charles, "Mr. Steward, now you've got the answer you want. Why do you still keep him here?"

Jeffrey frowned, seemingly quite unhappy, "How can you talk to me like that? I've raised you for so many years. Now you've found a rich father, so you don't want to admit me as your father, do you?"

Meanwhile, Charles also raised his hand to hint at his bodyguard to take Jeffrey off stage.

Jeffrey kept cursing and nagging, but he didn't stay longer. Soon, he vanished in others' sight.

The banquet hall fell into a deadly silence.

No one on the scene expected to hear what Jeffrey had said – he had admitted that Stella was the biological daughter of the Steward family.

They wondered if Charles's announcement earlier still counted.

Why others kept guessing, Charles said, "For what happened in the past, I felt so sorry and ashamed. If I could spend more effort to find Miranda and our daughter, things wouldn't have come to this end, and Stella wouldn't have suffered for so many years."

Stella looked at him coldly, curling up her lips into a sneer.

Charles added, "I won't go back on my word just now. I won't break my promise. To make up to Stella, I'll hand the whole Steward Group to her. She could do whatever she wants to it. From now on, I'll never be involved in anything about Steward Group."

As soon as he finished speaking, there was another uproar among the guests.

It turned out to be so different from what they had expected. The development of this matter turned quite abruptly.

When Charles was about to step off the stage, Stella said indifferently, "Excuse me, Mr. Steward. I have a question."

Charles said, "Stella, you should change the way to call me. If you have any questions, we can have a private talk. I also want to talk to you."

Stella smiled, "Not necessarily. Let's talk here. I believe all guests would also be curious about the thing I asked."

Charles stood with a slight frown without a trace. Then he returned to normal, "Go ahead."

"Since I vanished with my mother together that year, where was Ms. Phoebe Steward from? I was already seven that year. Mr. Steward, did you mistake her for me?"

Chapter 448-Upon hearing the question, Charles didn't have much change in his expression. He answered calmly, "Since you asked so, I'd like to tell you all about it – I've adopted Phoebe. After I lay in the hospital for three months and woke up, all my family had disappeared in that explosion.

"I looked for you in all the orphanages in town. I thought that your mother and you had died. Right then, I met Phoebe. She was the same age as you. For some reason, she was abandoned by her parents. She looked quite pitiful, so I adopted her. Shortly after I took her home, she got seriously sick. After waking up, she forgot everything.

"Over the years, I've been treating Phoebe as my biological daughter. I don't want her to know about this matter, and neither have I told anyone about it. When you showed up with Miranda's relic, I insisted on thinking that Phoebe is my daughter because I didn't believe you. I also didn't want to break Phoebe's heart. However, since your foster father has confirmed, I have no reason to disbelieve you."

Upon hearing his answer, all the guests off stage didn't look surprised. They expected to see more reversed things.

After Charles finished his words, he looked over at Stella, "Any other questions?"

Stella said indifferently, "As for what kind of man Jeffrey Radomil is, I guess you have already investigated, haven't you, Mr. Steward?"

Charles squinted and didn't answer.

"He's a gambler, chased by usurers every day, and full of lies. Mr. Steward, how could you believe him so simply? Aren't you afraid that we both are working together to get Steward Group?"

After a long while, Charles heaved a sigh in silence, "Stella, I know you still hate me now. No matter what I explain, it doesn't work. I can't wish that you would forgive me. As long as you are happy."

"Mr. Steward, please stop saying that," Stella said, "I have something that you must be quite interested in."

Stella raised a Kraft paper bag and smiled, "There's a DNA test result in this bag. Mr. Steward, would you like to take a look."

Charles didn't know what was in her mind, "Stella, why don't we find a place to have a talk."

Right then, an old man's voice sounded in the crowd, "What kind of DNA test is it? Please show me."

Cameron walked over to Stella while clutching the walking stick. Taking over the Kraft paper bag, he pulled out the paper and read through it. With a deep frown, he handed it to Charles, "What's your explanation to this?"

Charles looked annoyed. However, he still kept calm and took it over.

It was the DNA test between Phoebe and him, which was done twenty years ago.

It was the copy in his house.

Charles answered calmly, "I don't know what happened. I've never done such a test before."

Cameron asked, "So you mean this is fake, don't you?"

"That's the only possibility."

Stella raised her hand and loosened her fist slightly, a metal chain falling, "How about this? Mr. Steward, do you still want to say you don't know what is going on?"

A half-burned pocket watch was shown in front of everyone.

Charles's expression changed. His lips parted. He was about to speak something but swallowed his words back.

Seeing that, Cameron frowned, "Stella, give it to me, please."

Stella withdrew her hand and handed it over.

Cameron looked at it carefully, frowning more deeply, "Have you brought that one that belonged to your mother?"

"Yes, I have."

Stella opened her purse and gave another pocket watch to Cameron.

Cameron held each one with a hand, comparing. After a while, he said, "Those two pocket watches were customized by Charles back then. I'm absolutely certain. Although one of them has been badly burned, there are some traces."

Upon hearing Cameron's confirmation, Stella looked over at Charles, "Mr. Steward, what's your explanation to them? This pocket watch and the DNA test were all found in the safe of your bedroom. Do you want to deny both belong to you?"

Even if Charles could deny the DNA test, he couldn't deny the watch absolutely.

If he denied it, it meant that he wasn't the real Charles Steward.

In a hurry, he adjusted his mood and answered calmly, "As you've seen, this pocket watch has been burned so badly. In the explosion twenty years ago, the pocket watch was lost. I don't know where it came from. As for the safe, I don't know what happened. I never have a safe in my bedroom."

Stella said, "We can send someone to check if there's any safe in your room."

Right after she finished her words, one of Charles's men rushed in. With a nervous look, he said, "Mr. Steward, bad news. Just now I got a call from the mansion, they said... they said..."

Charles said, "Speak it directly. Don't hesitate."

The man immediately continued, "They said the house is on fire. It's burning now."

Upon hearing it, all the guests were shocked.

Charles waved his hand and said to Stella, "Stella, is this what you want?"

Stella parted her lips. For a moment, she didn't know what to speak.

She had never expected that the Stewards' Mansion would be on fire, and it happened so coincidentally right at this moment. It made others think that she deliberately slandered her as if she was destroying the evidence.

Charles said again, "I do appreciate you all attending the anniversary ceremony of Steward Group. I've said whatever I should say today. Something happened to my house. I must go home. Please excuse me."

After finishing his words, Charles rushed down the stage, heading to the gate. When he was about to reach the gate, a man's voice was heard behind his back, "Wait, Mr. Steward."

A dark light flashed through Charles's eyes. He paused for a few seconds and turned around, "Hi, Mr. William, is there anything else I can do for you?"

William approached him with a gentle smile, "Mr. Steward, I've heard you talking so much. I'm quite curious about one thing."

"We can talk later. My house is on fire now. I'm in a hurry..."

“Putting out the fire needs professional firefighters to deal with. If you rushed back, you can do nothing, Mr. Steward.”

Before Charles responded, William added, “Mr. Steward, you said you would give Steward Group to Ms. Radomil completely. May I understand that no matter what happens to Steward Group, Ms. Radomil will be responsible for it?”

“That’s quite interesting. As far as I know, recently, Steward Group is suffering a huge loss. Even several months ago, a huge amount of money was gone. Currently, although Steward Group still looks development, it’s already an empty shell. Once the shell is ruined, Steward Group will bear hundreds of billions of liabilities. Under such a circumstance, Mr. Steward, you have handed Steward Group to Ms. Radomil, do you mean you want her to bear the liabilities for you?”

Chapter 449-Charles frowned, “I don’t know what you are talking about. Steward Group is running very well. We don’t have any liabilities. The reason that I gave it to her is that she’s my daughter. She should inherit Steward Group.”

Right then, Clarence approached them from nowhere. He said in an indifferent tone, “Why haven’t we seen Ms. Steward tonight? For such a big event as the anniversary of Steward Group, she should attend it.”

Charles stood with both hands at his back, “Phoebe doesn’t feel well. She’s taking a rest upstairs.”

“Really? Could you send someone to ask her to come downstairs? I want to ask her about something.”

Charles turned to look at him, “I’ve told you she doesn’t feel well.”

Clarence said, “Does Ms. Steward not feel well, or could she not accept that her identity as the daughter of the Steward family was fake? She has snatched it from someone else.”

“Phoebe was adopted by me. She didn’t know anything about this matter. I admit that I felt sorry for Stella, but I’ve already given her Steward Group. Mr. Conrad, please don’t be so merciless.”

“What’s the current situation with Steward Group now? Do you need me to repeat it?”

Before Charles spoke, a video clip was playing on the screen on the stage.

In the video, the information about the accident that happened in Steward Group was playing.

Most of the guests who attended the ceremony tonight were quite sensitive to the finance and numbers. After reading through a few pages, they sensed what the problems were.

The number of the project wasn’t correct. There was a huge gap. A huge amount of money had been missing.

Besides, for such a huge project, without the huge amount of funding, it still went on as usual. It could be seen that how bad the materials had been used.

In the photos shown on the screen, a lot of orders of the materials and the capital transactions were signed by Charles.

Hence, this incident wasn’t the same as Steward Group announced – it was the fault of several senior executives. Instead, Charles had known every detail of this project.

Meanwhile, some news reporters sneaked into the crowd. They started filming and photographing the screen.

A lot of guests wondered who could capture so many confidential things.

“My father captured those documents. He’s the project manager of Steward Group. After he founds those documents, he managed to capture the evidence. However, before he exposed them, he was murdered by Charles Steward. Besides, they announced that my father had died from an accident in the project. In fact, he killed my father!”

In the banquet hall, a child’s voice suddenly rang out. A boy pointed at Charles, his face full of hatred.

Stella followed the voice and found the boy was the one who Sherry had known online.

Charles withdrew his gaze. He looked over at William with unconcealed ruthlessness, "It turns out to be you, sure enough."

William smiled, "I just cooperate with Steward Group. To guarantee my interest, I went to look into the matter. Much to my surprise, Steward Group has such a huge loophole. I'm quite worried about this

situation. That's why I came to ask you about it, Mr. Steward."

"Who the hell are you?"

"Me? I'm just an ordinary businessman."

Charles snorted, "Things have come this far. You'd better stop acting in front of me. You all are working together, aren't you? I should have found it out earlier."

Cameron walked over clutching his walking stick. He said with a solemn look, "You'd better stop acting, Lyndon Steward. How long do you want to fake?"

Upon hearing it, an uproar was raised in the quiet banquet hall.

"Did I mishear anything? Lyndon Steward? Didn't he reap the fruits of his actions and die in the explosion twenty years ago?"

"Exactly. He has died for a long time. How could he suddenly be reborn? What's Mr. Thomas talking about?"

"Ah... I rang the bell – Lyndon Steward and Charles Steward were twin brothers. They looked almost the same. Hence, the man in front of us is actually Lyndon Steward instead of Charles Steward!"

“What’s the situation now? I got goosebumps!”

Upon hearing others’ loud discussions, Charles kept calm. He said indifferently, “Mr. Thomas, I don’t know what you are talking about.”

“Don’t you know? No. You know it very well,” said Cameron, “The DNA test report just now is for Phoebe and you. After the explosion, you don’t think that you could successfully fake Charles Steward,

because you had too many flaws. Hence, you put a lot of effort to find your illegitimate daughter, who was the same age as Stella. Then you replaced Stella with her.”

“I’ve said I adopted Phoebe. She’s not my illegitimate daughter. That’s nonsense!”

“Do you dare to take her to the hospital for the DNA test now?” Cameron paced the floor with his walking stick and snapped, “You dare not! You are afraid that the test result would show Phoebe is your biological daughter. You are more afraid that the test result will show you are not the real Charles Steward. That’s why you were willing to have the DNA test with Stella.”

Clarence asked slowly, “Mr. Steward, do you have any explanation?”

Charles Steward said, “You are all making stories and putting me on a false charge. You have so many people in the union. I can’t retort you all.”

Right then, Nathan came over, “Excuse me, Mr. Conrad. It’s resolved.”

Clarence hummed flatly. Then he added, “Mr. Steward, good news – the fire of the Stewards’ Mansion has been put out. Except for a sofa, other things are not damaged. It’s not a big loss. As for the safe mentioned just now, can we verify it now?”

Charles sneered, taking a few steps back, “You all are awesome. I don’t have any comment.”

Suddenly, a big explosion was heard on the chandelier of the ceiling in the banquet hall. Instantly, all the lights were out. Darkness covered everything.

Guests let out exclams. No one could tell who the guests were around them.

Stella was pushed to somewhere by the crowd. She felt that her back was bumped fiercely. Losing balance, before she fell to the ground, she felt that she fell into a familiar embrace. Meanwhile, her

wrist was grabbed.

Clarence was holding her. She wondered who was gripping her wrist.

A few seconds later, the emergency lamps were on. Stella felt the other party had withdrawn the hand that gripped her. While the light was on, she faintly saw William leave.

Clarence said above her head, "At this time, you should have stared at me with gratefulness and affection. What are you staring at now?"

Stella didn't answer.

She withdrew her gaze, "You'd better remain silent."

As soon as the wretched man spoke, he ruined the atmosphere.

When all of them came back to their senses, they found Charles... no, Lyndon Steward, was missing.

wrist was grabbed. Clarence was holding her. She wondered who was gripping her wrist. A few seconds later, the emergency lamps were on. Stella felt the other party had withdrawn the hand that gripped her. While the light was on, she faintly saw William leave. Clarence said above her head, "At this time, you should have stared at me with gratefulness and affection. What are you staring at now?" Stella didn't answer. She withdrew her gaze, "You'd better remain silent." As soon as the wretched man

spoke, he ruined the atmosphere. When all of them came back to their senses, they found Charles... no, Lyndon Steward, was missing.

Chapter 450-After getting into the car, Lyndon pulled down his tie with gloominess written all over his face. He asked, "Where's Phoebe?"

The driver replied, "Ms. Steward is on the way there."

Lyndon turned around to take a glance and then said restlessly, "Quicker."

The things happened tonight were actually out of his expectation. Initially he had planned to give the Steward Group to Stella and let her assume all the subsequent liabilities. He even asked someone to set fire in the Stewards' Mansion, but he didn't expect that many things out of his expectation would happen.

The driver took a glance at the rear-view mirror and his tone of voice subconsciously became nervous. "Chairman, several cars have been following us."

Lyndon knitted his brows tightly. He didn't expect that they would be able to chase after them so soon.

He ordered in a cold voice, "Drive to the overpass."

"Aren't we going to the airport?"

"Nope." Lyndon narrowed his eyes and then asked, "Go to the helicopter hardstand."

"But what about Ms. Steward?"

Lyndon interrupted him, "I can't take this into consideration now."

The driver didn't speak again. He stepped on the accelerator and drove to the overpass.

The driver of the car following them didn't expect this and lost track of them. But the other cars following behind caught up them again.

Seeing this situation, Lyndon was clutched by a foreboding.

It seemed like them had arranged a tight encirclement.

...

In the airport...

Phoebe was waiting for them in the VIP waiting room. She took out her phone impatiently to check the time, but when she unlocked her phone, she received a news notification.

When seeing the words 'Steward Group', she hurriedly clicked the news.

The news exposed all the things happened at the anniversary celebration of the Steward Group and it even pointed out in the end that the current chairman of the Steward Group might not be Charles, but Lyndon who was supposed to die in the explosion twenty years ago.

Phoebe abruptly widened her eyes. She carefully read the whole news. Except for the report of the relevant projects of the Steward Group, only one sentence mentioned Charles and Lyndon.

Phoebe hurriedly dialed Lyndon, but she couldn't connect him.

She instantly felt all her hair standing up and all the flowing blood in her body seemed to be frozen.

Phoebe clenched her phone tightly and quickly stood up.

Her subordinate asked, “Ms. Steward, what’s the matter?”

Phoebe pulled herself back to the reality, trying to remain calm, “Nothing. I want to go to the toilet.”

Her subordinate nodded his head, “We will board the plane in twenty minutes. Please come back as soon as possible.”

Phoebe groaned an answer and then left with her phone.

After taking several steps, she turned around and took a glance at her subordinate who was waiting for her in the room. She suddenly shifted her direction and walked out of the airport.

It was such a big event, yet she couldn’t get through to her dad. Therefore, she couldn’t leave as scheduled.

As expected, two minutes after Phoebe’s leaving, a group of people walked over and detained Phoebe and her luggage.

...

In the hotel...

When the emergency light lit up, the crowd became nervous. Stella left Clarence’s embrace and found Aaron who was hiding in a corner, “Are you alright?”

Aaron hid the hatred on his face and smiled at her, “Hey beautiful lady, we meet again...”

Before he could finish the words, someone grabbed his collar from behind and distanced him from Stella.

Clarence's flat voice sounded, "It's fine for you to call her lady. Why did you add the adjective randomly?"

Aaron struggled out of his confinement with dissatisfaction and hid himself behind Stella, "It's the truth that she's beautiful. Was I wrong?"

Clarence narrowed his black eyes and landed his gaze on Aaron's arm which was wrapped around Stella's. He warned him, "Come here."

"No!" Aaron looked up at Stella, "Stella, help me. This mister is so horrifying. He sent me back and beat me up last time."

Clarence said, "If you don't come here, do you believe that I will beat you up here?"

Stella felt dizzy by their argument. She reached out to pull Clarence, "All right, enough. Didn't you see that he was frightened?"

Stella turned around and rubbed Aaron's head, "It's fine now. You..."

Initially Stella wanted to ask Aaron why he was here, but she suddenly recalled the scene when he accused Lyndon just now. She moved her lips and was suddenly lost for words.

Aaron replied, "Stella, my name is Aaron White and then all call me Aaron. You can also call me so."

Looking at him, Stella curled her lips into a smile, "Who did you come with?"

Aaron rolled his eyes, subconsciously let go of Stella and took several steps backward. It seemed like he didn't want to answer this question.

Seeing this, Stella didn't probe into this question. She looked towards Clarence and said, "This matter is almost over, right?"

Clarence replied with a nasal sound.

“Then let’s go.” Stella then said to Aaron, “Let us send you back, okay?”

Aaron nodded his head, “Okay.”

Clarence knitted his brows. He controlled his temper and didn’t say anything.

At this time, the guests in the banquet hall had almost left.

When Stella took Aaron to the door, she saw Emmett walking towards them.

Emmett stopped in front of them, “Stella.”

When speaking, he landed his gaze on Aaron, “I come to pick him up.”

Disappointed, Aaron lowered his head and walked to Emmett slowly, “Stella, Emmett will send me back. I can’t come back with you.”

Clarence shot a glance at him and said in a flat tone, “Focus on your study after coming back and mind your words.”

Aaron, who looked dejected just now, instantly stuck out his tongue towards Clarence. He then turned around and ran away.

Emmett chuckled, “Mr. Conrad, Stella, I will leave first.”

Stella nodded her head and waved at him. “Good bye.”

Unexpected, the moment she lifted her hand, it was pulled down by Clarence and wrapped by his big palm.

Stella, "..."

Was it necessary?

Luckily, Emmett didn't say anything. He turned around and left with Aaron.

Stella turned around and looked at Clarence expressionlessly, "It's fine even though you require me not to meet Emmett again. Why did you bully a child?"

"Did I bully him? Didn't you see how arrogant he was?"

Stella didn't want to argue with him on this matter. After a short while of silence, she suddenly realized a thing, "Emmett brought him here, which meant that he must have been there. So it was not a coincidence that Aaron came to Sherry for a contact method before?"

"Now you finally realize how scheming that little kid is."

Stella was still bewildered, "But why did he come to Sherry? Sherry doesn't have too much to do with this matter..."

She abruptly paused as she realized something.

If Aaron didn't approach Sherry with a purpose, then it was probable that his target was she herself.

Lyndon killed Aaron's father. So at that time, he came to her because he thought she was Charles' daughter?