

Mr Conrad 561

Chapter 561-In the Conrad Group...

Vincent James pushed open the door of the office and said while walking into the office, "Nathan told me that you're looking for me for some matters."

Sitting in front of the office desk, Clarence said without even looking up, "Wait for a minute."

Vincent sat down on the sofa in repose with his eyes closed.

Both Clarence and Vincent hadn't had a good rest over the past few days.

Ten minutes later, Clarence walked towards him and sat down, "I remember that you're from Riverside City."

Vincent slowly opened his eyes when he heard the words, "Yes. What's the matter?"

Clarence asked, "How much do you know about the James family?"

Vincent was stunned as he didn't expect him to ask this question. He then replied, "Why do you suddenly..."

"This matter probably has something to do with that family in Riverside City."

"Do you mean the matter that the baby was taken back to the Conrad family?" Vincent knitted his brows, "I think it doesn't make sense. What's the reason for the James family to do this?"

Clarence said faintly, "No matter whether this matter was planned by them or not, based on the current situation, it's safe to say that the James family must have something to do with it."

Vincent asked after a short while of silence, "What do you want to know?"

"Everything you know."

Vincent said slowly, "The James family has lived in Riverside City for generations. Along with the family's development and expansion, some of its descendants engaged in commerce, some of them engaged in police and some became soldiers. The family gradually became the biggest family in Riverside and became incomparable both in wealth and power."

"However, the James family has an unwritten rule: the descendants of the family are not allowed to leave Riverside lifetime. If one chooses to leave the city, it will be regarded as cutting the ties with the James family and that person is not allowed to step into Riverside again. The James family will not care about it no matter that person will live happily or die miserably."

"But the family was so big that it gradually developed many branches along with its history and the kinship was therefore weakened. As they didn't take the rule seriously, that unwritten rule was gradually forgotten. However, I heard that the lineal descendants of the James family are still abiding by that rule." Vincent added.

Clarence just looked at him silently.

Vincent was bewildered.

He explained, "Don't think too much. I'm not a member of the James family. My parents went to City N and settled here many years ago and I don't have any relatives or friends in Riverside. It's meaningless for me to come back to the city."

Clarence slowly tapped his knees with his fingers, "Go on."

"Where were we just now? Oh...Bancroft James, the patriarch of the James family, had passed away. The one taking charge of the family now is Darnell James, Bancroft's grandson. I haven't seen him, but there have been many rumors about Darnell over the years. Anyway... Don't provoke him if it's unnecessary."

Clarence asked, "Is that all?"

Vincent threw up his hand, "That's all."

At the next moment, he continued, "To be honest, although I haven't seen Darnell before, I'm sure that this matter must have nothing to do with the James family. Riverside is far away from City N and Darnell won't provoke you and seek troubles for himself."

Right at this moment, Maxwell walked into the office. "Mr. Conrad, he confessed everything. Ms. Anderson and Little Noah are in the backyard of the Conrads' Mansion."

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In the hospital...

Although Sherry was very scared, she had made up her mind.

Sitting on a chair with her eyes closed, she grabbed Stella's hand tightly.

The TV next to them was playing the report of a piece of news.

"Early in this morning, someone found a woman's dead body under the bridge. According to the investigation, the victim's surname is Byron and she died at 15:19 yesterday. This case is still under investigation and we will report the follow-up later. Now let's come to the next news..."

After a short while, a nurse called Sherry's name, "Sherry Perry."

Sherry subconsciously stood up.

The nurse said, "Follow me, please. I will lead you to have the examination."

Sherry took a deep breath and then stepped forward.

Stella grabbed her hand, "Sherry..."

Sherry smiled and comforted her, though she was the one who needed consolation the most, "It's okay. It's just a small operation and it will be finished in a blink of the eye."

Stella felt it hard to force a smile.

When Sherry left the room, Stella took out her phone to check the time.

She sent a message to Daniel before coming to the hospital, telling him that Sherry came to the hospital and asked him to make the decision. He should come here if he wanted to keep the child, of course, he didn't have to come here if he didn't want the child.

Now it seemed that Sherry's hunch was true.

Daniel would probably not game.

Stella heaved a sigh. When she prepared to put her phone back into her pocket, a piece of news suddenly popped out.

It was about a murder case.

Stella pressed her temples. She didn't know why there were many frenzied and cruel people in this world.

Sherry finished the examination soon and the result should the indicators were all normal, which meant she could have an operation.

Stella sent her to the operation room. She didn't know what she should say.

Sherry, on the contrary, felt much relieved when being sent here. "They said it will be done soon. Stella, just wait for me outside and I will go out soon. Let's have a hot pot tonight."

Stella's eyes became red. She smiled bitterly and complained, "Are you a fool. You're not allowed to eat that."

"Alas, what a pity. I have a good appetite now."

The nurse urged her, "Please come in."

Sherry replied, "Okay."

She waved at Stella, "Wait for me on the bench. See you later."

When Sherry was sent into the operation room, Stella lowered her head and heaved a long sigh.

Stella turned around. When she prepared to go out to buy some water, she noticed a person was hopping around in the hall.

Stella quickly walked over, "Daniel."

Daniel turned around, panting, "Where's Sherry."

Stella pointed at the operation room, "There."

Daniel immediately ran towards the room.

Stella hurriedly followed him.

When Daniel ran to the operation room, he found the door had been closed.

Daniel banged the door, "Sherry! Sherry Perry, who allowed you to come here? Go out!"

The noise caused many people's attention and they surrounded Daniel to watch the show.

A nurse walked over, "What are you doing? Don't you know you're in the hospital?"

Daniel slightly pressed his thin lips together and his whole body tensed up.

Stella said, "Don't be so anxious. She was just sent into the room and the operation probably hasn't started."

She turned around to look at the nurse, "My friend is in the operation room. Can you please let her come out?"

Seeing that Daniel would not give up easily and fearing that he would continue to make a fuss, the nurse replied, "I will go in and ask about her opinion."

"Thank you."

The nurse came out two minutes later, "The patient sent into the room just now has finished the operation."

Stella asked in astonishment, "But she was just sent into the operation room five minutes ago..."

"I don't know. Anyway, the operation has been done."

Daniel murmured to himself, "It's my bad. If I have made up my mind early, this would not happen."

The onlookers discussed in whispers. In their eyes, this was a typical show of a playboy's regret and it was quite interesting and worthy to watch it.???

Chapter 562-When Sherry walked out of the toilet, she found many people were standing at the door of the operation room, seeming to be watching a show and discussing it. Sherry, who was quite upset just now, was immediately cheered up. She hurriedly squeezed into the crowd in an attempt to figure out what was happening.

But when she stopped in front of the crowd, she surprisingly noticed Daniel and was then nailed on the spot.

Stella was the first one to notice Sherry. She heaved a sigh of relief and walked towards Sherry, "Sherry, where have you been just now?"

Sherry withdrew her gaze and replied, "Oh, I was so nervous just now and wanted to go to the toilet. The nurse told me I can go to the toilet first..."

Before she could finish the explanation, Daniel walked over in strides, clasped her shoulders, moved his thin lips and said in a husky voice, "Don't have the operation."

Sherry looked up at him. Being scared by his expression, her mind complexly went blank. She looked towards Stella for help, "But... But I've paid for the operation."

When Daniel prepared to say something, he found the onlookers became more excited because of Sherry's appearance and they discussed it passionately.

Daniel took a deep breath, held up Sherry's hand and pulled her out of the hospital.

Sherry didn't expect that she would become the heroine of that ludicrous show.

Stella looked down at Sherry's surgical drape in her hand, curled her lips into a smile, tore the drape into pieces and threw them into a trash can.

When she walked out of the hospital, she found Sherry and Daniel were nowhere to be found.

Stella took a glance at the time and found it was not that late. She could go to the Steward Group.

However, when she arrived at the company, she found the building was surrounded by many people and a police van was parked not far away from the company.

Stella parked her car, walked past the crowd and entered the company's building. There were also many employees in the hall, seeming to be discussing something in whispers.

Stella stood behind them and asked, "What happened?"

One employee turned around and prepared to answer the question. But when seeing Stella, he immediately adjusted his expression, "Ms. Radomil."

Hearing the greeting, the other employees all shut up.

Stella replied with a nasal sound and repeated the question, "What happened?"

Someone replied, "It was reported this morning that a girl was killed. The police came to our company to investigate that case just now. I heard that the murderer is one of our employees.

Stella slightly frowned. Was it caused by Armand again?

Right at this moment, someone exclaimed, "They came out!"

As the doors of the lift were slowly opened, Stella saw two police officers walking out of the lift with a man.

It was Logan Johnson.

With a pale face, Logan looked a bit messy and dejected.

Although the police hadn't found out any tangible proof so far, being taken away by the police as a suspect was undoubtedly an infringement of his dignity.

When Logan walked past Stella, he paused. It seemed like he wanted to say something, but he didn't utter a syllable in the end.

After Logan got into the police van with the officers, the onlookers gradually left. But their discussions became more heated.

"I never expect it would be Mr. Johnson. He doesn't seem like a person who would do that thing."

"I think so. Mr. Johnson is always kind to others and he's always smiling. When I worked overtime in the company alone, he came over and asked me whether if I would like him to give me a ride several times. I feel scared when thinking of the scenes now."

"Wait, why did he kill that girl? There must be a reason."

"I saw a comment on the Internet. It seems that that woman is his girlfriend. I guess they quarrelled before and he killed her in a fit of pique."

"But I remember Mr. Johnson has married and he has two children. When did he have a girlfriend?"

"How can I know this? But to be honest, that girl is so unlucky and her experience is miserable. She's only in her twenties. I heard she was once an employee of the Conrad Group."

"OMG! Conrad Group? Then Ms. Radomil..."

Someone realized that Stella was still in the hall and hurriedly interrupted her. They then quickly left.

Stella was nailed on the spot, knitting her brows more tightly.

An employee of the Conrad Group?

Logan's girlfriend?

Stella was suddenly clutched by an inexplicable gush of emotion. The strong restlessness conquered her heart, making her feel breathless.

"Ms. Radomil."

Samuel's voice sounded from behind.

Stella turned around.

Samuel asked, "You know the matter related to Logan, right?"

Stella nodded her head, "Go to the police station with me."

"Okay."

On the way to the police station, Samuel handed a document to Stella, "Ms. Radomil, when I came back to my office this afternoon, I found this document on my desk."

Stella took it from Samuel and opened the Kraft bag.

The document was about the evil things Armand had done over the years, including bribes, embezzlement, smuggling and drug trafficking.

Every of his crime was listed in detail.

The more Stella read, the more serious her expression became. "Who gave this to you?" asked Stella.

Samuel replied, "I don't know. When I came back, I found it on my desk."

Stella put the document back into the Kraft bag. No wonder that Clarence asked her not to probe into Armand's crimes, it turned out that he was much more immoral than she had imagined.

He would do anything as long as it could help him earn money regardless of whether it was illegal or not.

Moreover, Armand laundered money several times through the Steward Group's account several times and then transferred the money into his account through legitimate transfers.

In this case, the Steward Group would become his accomplice.

And Lyndon, the former chairman of the company, must know about these.

Stella snorted when thinking of this.

No wonder that Lyndon would abandon such a big company without reluctance before escaping to a foreign country, it turned out that this company was hopeless.

They were all immoral.

Stella dialed Clarence, but he didn't answer her call.

She then dialed Nathan, yet there was still no response.

This was not a good sign.

She pondered for a while and then dialed Vincent.

There was no response either.

Stella winded down the car window. She had a hunch that a big event was impending.

When they arrived at the police station, they were told that the officers were interrogating Logan in the interrogation room.

Logan inquired about the progress and then reported to Stella, "Ms. Radomil, the police officer said the victim's background is a bit sophisticated and they can't tell me anything before the investigation result of this case comes out."

"Sophisticated?"

"Yes."

Stella didn't probe into this matter and said, "Let's go."

After getting out of the police station, Stella suddenly stopped as she recalled the news she heard today.

The victim's surname was Byron.

And her background was sophisticated.

She was an employee of the Conrad Group.

And she was in her twenties.

Stella abruptly turned around and walked into the police station. She stopped in front of the officer who was sorting out the documents of the case and asked anxiously, "Excuse me, is the victim's name Amanda Bryon?"

The police officer looked up at her, "Are you her friend?"

Stella moved her lips trying to say something, yet suddenly felt her throat tight and her mind, which had been tensed up, suddenly went blank.

The officer stood up, "If you're really her friend, I can take you to see her. And I also hope you can provide some useful clues to us."

Stella immediately figured it out when she heard the words.

The victim was Amanda.

She stepped backwards and her waist hit the desk. Stella clasped the edge of the desk tightly, her face ghastly.?????

Chapter 563-Noticing her wired expression, Samuel walked over and asked, "Ms. Radomil, what's wrong?"

Stella shook her head and bit the tip of her tongue with great force to regain her composure and rationality, "Go to the Conrad family and see what Clarence is doing. If you see him, tell him that Amanda was killed and ask him to come here. If you can't see him..."

Stella took a deep breath and then continued, "If you can't see him, go back home directly."

After Samuel's leaving, Stella, though was still trembling slightly, suppressed her scare and said to the police officer, "Can you please take me to see... her corpse."

“Follow me.”

They then went to the mortuary morgue. When the white cloth was lifted, Stella felt breathless when looking at the familiar face.

The police officer asked, “We’re trying to contact her family. Do you know their numbers?”

Stella replied in a husky voice, “I don’t know.”

“Have you seen his boyfriend? How’s their relationship? Did they quarrel with each other in usual times?”

After a while of silence, Stella shook her head.

She only knew some shallow information about Amanda.

Exactly, those shallow understandings were not true.

She only knew that her name was Amanda Bryon.

Her stories and her families were all fabricated by them.

They lied to her.

Stella suddenly felt it ridiculous. She never expected that her assumptions would be proved by this means one day.

After leaving the mortuary morgue, Stella looked at the sun outside, feeling it unprecedentedly dazzling.

The police officers finished interrogating Logan.

Although Logan insisted on denying it and asserted that Amanda had been missed for several days and that he couldn't get through to her, the police had received an anonymous report that the last person Amanda met before missing was Logan.

At the same time, when examining her corpse, the forensic scientist found some residues of the other person's tissue on Amanda's teeth, which matched the teeth mark on the back of Logan's right hand.

They were now waiting for the report from the laboratory and then they could convict Logan.

Stella sat by the door of the police station and only until the sky turned dark did she receive a call from Samuel.

Right at this moment, Logan was taken out of the interrogation room and he was about to be arrested.

When he saw Stella, he curled his lips into a weird smile, "Ms. Radomil."

Stella looked towards him expressionlessly.

Logan turned his head to look at the police officer, "I want to talk with him. Can you give me several minutes?"

The officer looked towards him and then at Stella. When seeing Stella nodding her head, he walked aside.

Logan asked, "Ms. Radomil, you must know Amanda, right? After all, she had taken care of your child for a long time."

Stella didn't change her expression as she asked, "What do you want to say?"

“Alas, I used to be a man with insights, but I didn’t expect I would suffer this one day. Now that they abandoned me right after that and framed me, I think I should do you a favor. Ms. Radomil, I can tell you that your child is probably in danger.”

Stella instantly clenched her fists, “What did you do to him?”

Logan chuckled, “Ms. Radomil, you wronged me. I’m not that capable to do anything harmful to the future heir of the Conrad Group. Naturally, it was done by a person who was able to do that.”

Stella pressed her lips into a straight line when she heard the words, coldness gathering in her eyes.

“Ms. Radomil, you’d better go there as soon as possible. Otherwise, I’m afraid that you will even fail to reach him before he dies.”

Stella didn’t reply. She turned around and quickly left.

She had been stepping on the accelerator on the way to the Conrads’ Mansion.

She trembled all over, maybe because of the fright, or maybe because of anger.

Clarence actually lied to her.

She had been fooled by him like a stupid.

She believed in his hogwash again and again.

He told her numerous times that she could believe him.

But what did she get in the end?

No wonder Clarence also commented her as foolish. It was true.

When Stella arrived at the Conrad's Mansion, the gates of the mansion were opened and there was no one in the surroundings.

Stella directly drove the car to the main house and stopped in front of it.

Only Joanna, who wrapped her arms in front of her chest, was in the living hall.

Joanna smiled when she saw Stella, "What a rare guest. I thought you would not step into this mansion in the rest of your life."

Stella ignored her. She went upstairs and checked the rooms one by one.

Joanna said in a flat tone, "Don't waste your time. The one you want to find is not in the house."

Stella finally realized that the house was strangely quiet. Except for Joanna, there was not even a maid in the house.

Stella then turned around. When she prepared to walk out of the house, Joanna blocked her way, "Why don't you ask me what happened today?"

Stella looked at her and said in a cold voice, "Fuck off."

Joanna was stunned and her expression was changed slightly. She didn't expect Stella would talk to her so impolitely.

However, before she could come to her sense, Stella had directly walked to the door.

"hold on." Joanna sneered, "Is this your way to talk to your senior?"

Stella was amused. She turned around to look at her, "I took you as my senior in the past because I thought you were Clarence's mother. But it turns out that you're not his mother. Moreover, the things you did were so immoral. Why should I respect you like respecting a senior?"

"You..."

"You're right. I have no couth and it's impossible to change my inborn vulgarity and bad qualities. Why do you have to annoy me now? I just asked you to fuck off. I've shown you some respect as I didn't curse at your families."

Stella continued, "By the way, I was a coward as I didn't want to cause any trouble. Nor did I dare to offend the Conrads before. But this time, I will pull you into hell too if my child has an accident. You have a son, so I think you can understand how I feel now."

Joanna had never seen Stella being so tough and overbearing. She was stunned and remained silent.

When Stella finished the words, she didn't waste time on Joanna any longer and directly left the house.

When she walked to the garden and prepared to get into her car, she vaguely heard some sounds from the distance and it seemed like there was a commotion.

Stella looked over following the sound and found it was from the backyard.

Although she had lived in Conrad's Mansion for a period, she had never been to the backyard.

But there seemed to be an inexplicable force that drove her to go there to have a look.

She had a hunch that both Clarence and the baby were in the backyard.

Stella ran over without hesitation.

It suddenly began to drizzle. It was almost summer, but Stella still felt it icy-cold when the rain fell on her face.

After running for a while, Stella finally came close to the source of the sounds.

Her guess was right: Clarence was in the backyard. And Dempsey was standing opposite to him.

Both of them had many subordinates gathering behind them. The ambience was so strenuous.

Stella looked around and decided not to walk over. She found a place to hide and held her breath.

It would not have any function if she directly came over; instead, it would only make the thing more sophisticated. She should make the next plan after making clear of the situation.????

Chapter 564-Banging his crutch on the ground, Dempsey pulled a long face, "You've been making a fuss here for the whole afternoon. What the hell do you want to do?"

Clarence replied nonchalantly, "Aren't you clear of what I want to do?"

"I'm not clear of it! What I know is just that you become more and more unruly! You broke into the house with many of your men without even informing me. Do you want to be a laughing stock of the whole city?"

"Laughing stock?" Clarence sneered, "The things you did are actually laughing stocks."

Dempsey didn't deny it since Clarence had known about the truth. "What I did is good for both you and the Conrad family!" retorted Dempsey.

Clarence replied, "Rest assured. When you pass away, I will put your spirit tablet into the ancestral hall of our family. I want you to see how the Conrad family is gradually doomed because of your delicate plans."

Dempsey cursed furiously, "You... What an unfilial son!"

"Aren't you accustomed to it since I've always been like this?"

Dempsey suppressed his anger and snorted coldly, "I've expected this. You've been disobedient since childhood. The most regretful thing in my life is to bring you back to the Conrad family."

"It's true that it doesn't feel good to push yourself into hell."

Dempsey withheld his furiousness and continued, "Now that this is the case, I should make it clear with you now. You know what I want. That kid is a descendant of the Conrad family after all, so I won't harm him. On the contrary, I will give him everything and make him the heir of the Conrad family."

Clarence remained silent and looked at him expressionlessly.

Dempsey continued, "Believe me. You will not lose in this transaction. He's your son, so you will give him the Conrad Group in the future, right? Then what's the difference? Moreover, I can only live for several more years. When I die, he will only be several years old. You can take him back at that time. In this case, you can not only stabilize your status in the Conrad Group but also take control of the Conrad family effortlessly. Is there any disadvantage of doing so?"

Clarence said slowly, "You've done many evil things, yet you still think you can live for several more years?"

Dempsey was not angered. Instead, he chuckled, "You're still so young. If I'm afraid of karma, I would not talk to you here today."

"Haven't you finished your craps?"

Dempsey paused and then pulled a long face, "Drop that idea. I won't allow you to take him away, unless on my dead body."

Clarence curled his lips into a smirk, "Are you threatening me, or giving me the chance?"

Dempsey held his crutch, remaining silent.

Right at this moment, someone brought the unconscious Dolores out of the room.

Dempsey said without even turning around, "If you're willing to make a concession, I can make a compromise too. You can take her away. Otherwise, you'll not be able to see her for the rest of your life."

Dempsey tried to find Dolores for today's situation.

It seemed like his decision was right.

Clarence's expression turned colder, yet he remained silent.

Dempsey said, "You can make clear what is more important. Let me keep the child and I will give him the best life. But if you insist on taking him away, none of us will benefit. Your mother allowed me to take you back to the Conrad family before for the sake of your future. She didn't want you to stay in that place with her, which would curb your development. Her insights are more profound than yours."

Clarence sneered, "So this is the way how you threatened her before?"

"That's not a threat. Wise people always have a wise choice."

"Yes? But maybe I have to disappoint you."

Clarence slightly raised his hand and the men who stood behind him immediately moved.

Dempsey's expression turned serious. He didn't expect that neither the stick nor the carrot worked on Clarence.

He said furiously, "Do you know where you are now? Do you want to fight against me here?"

"You forced me to do so."

When Dempsey prepared to say something, he heard the cries of the baby from behind.

He hurriedly turned around, only to see the babysitter running out of the house with the baby in her arms, "The baby keeps crying. I can't console him..."

Dempsey criticized her in a stern voice, "Just let it be. Why do you go out of the house? Go back!"

Before he could finish his words, Clarence's man had walked over and blocked the door.

The babysitter took two steps backwards and hugged the baby tightly in her arms.

Dempsey looked towards Clarence, "You'd better not act rashly unless you want them to die."

Clarence said, "If they have an accident, the Conrad family will disappear in City N tonight."

Dempsey tried to calm down himself. A while later, he spoke again, "Consider my proposal. As you said, I can live for just a few more years. Does it matter to you to wait for several years?"

"You're right. But why should I consider it? Since you can live for just a few more years, why can't you die tonight?"

Being irritated, Dempsey gritted his teeth and almost crushed his crutch.

This unfilial and unruly son!

Stella, who hid not far away, didn't have any mood to observe whether if they would find because her attention was all on the baby.

She felt that the baby's cry was getting down.

She moved forwards. With the lights, she saw the scene more clearly. Stella uncontrollably widened her eyes.

When everyone was not paying attention to her, the babysitter secretly covered the baby's mouth and nose.

The baby's cry became so weak.

Seeing this, Stella gritted her teeth. Regardless of any possible consequences, she rushed over and snatched the baby into her arms when everyone was so shocked to react.

Being caught out of the guard, the babysitter only realized that someone had snatched the baby from her a while later.

However, when this happened, one of Dempsey's men moved and a gunshot broke the silent night.

Stella hugged the baby tightly and closed her eyes.

But the pain didn't hit her as she had imagined as someone had embraced her into his arms. At the next moment, a moan sounded near her ear.

The men in the surroundings all became nervous.

Dempsey banged his crutch on the ground, "Stop! Who allows you to do that?"

Even if he wanted to get rid of Clarence, he would not choose this point. Moreover, the baby was still here. He wouldn't allow his efforts to be in vain.

Once they began to fight, Dempsey could by no means make up for it.

Holding the baby in her arms, Stella panted slightly. Breezes blew past her ears.

When she was clutched by fear, Clarence's voice sounded. "Did you get hurt?"

Stella subconsciously shook her head and then lowered her head to look at the baby.

The baby's face had become red, but his cry became louder.

Stella, who had been worrying about the baby, finally felt relieved. ??????????????????

Chapter 565-Seeing this, Dempsey knitted his brows tightly. He turned his head to look at the babysitter, only to see the panic on her face. The babysitter slumped onto the ground, "It's none of my business. I didn't mean to do it. It was Madame Conrad who instructed me to do so."

Dempsey was stunned, "What did you say?"

The babysitter said in a trembling voice, "It was Madame Conrad who asked me to do so. She asked me to smother the kid in front of you. I... I was just carrying out her order."

Even Dempsey was clutched by chillness when he heard the words.

She wanted to smother the baby in front of them.

How vicious she was that she could think of such a cruel mean?

Clarence let go of Stella and said in an extremely cold voice, "Oh, I forget her."

Dempsey was not well-grounded on this matter, so he didn't say anything. Pulling a long face, he quickly walked towards the front house with the support of his crutch.

Dempsey's men followed him to leave.

Stella stood over there with her lips being pressed into a line. It was hard to read her inner thought through her expression.

Right at this moment, Vincent walked over with two doctors. One of them had an examination on Dolores, and one of them prepared to give the baby a check-up.

Stella dodged him and hugged the baby tightly in her embrace.

The doctor looked towards Clarence. Clarence then said to Stella in a soft voice, "He keeps crying, so let the doctor examine his condition."

Stella looked up at him. When their eyes met in the air, Clarence only found thick vigilance and defense in her eyes.

Clarence stiffened and moved his thin lips trying to say something, yet he couldn't even utter a syllable.

Stella walked past him and stopped in front of the doctor, "Can I hold him when you're having the examination?"

The doctor nodded and then began to examine the baby's condition.

Seeing this scene, Nathan and Vincent exchanged a glance and they all noticed sympathy in the other person's eyes.

Clarence was completely doomed this time.

Vincent coughed, took a step forward and said to Clarence, "I got a piece of news just now. Amanda died. She was killed by Logan."

Clarence was dumbfounded for a while and he seemed to be at a loss temporarily. He spoke after a while of silence, "I see."

Clarence continued, "Take care of the things here. I will go there to have a look."

Vincent grabbed his arm, "Wait, don't be impulsive. Let's wait and see how Dempsey will deal with it."

"Okay."

After Clarence's leaving, Vincent retreated his hands and then found her palm was wet. He spread his hand and found the blood on his palm.

Vincent was startled. He wanted to stop Clarence, yet only to find he had gone far. He could only watch him disappearing into the night.

As for Dolores, the doctor examined her condition and concluded that she was injected with a kind of drug. Luckily, the dosage was small and she would wake up soon.

The baby gradually stopped crying in Stella's arms and sobbed from time to time.

The doctor put down the auscultator, "He was probably started. Luckily he was not suffocated because of your timely rescue. If you show up a while later, he might have been in danger."

Stella tightened the embrace of the baby when she heard the words and her back broke out into cold sweats unknowingly.

Nathan walked over, "Ms. Radomil..."

Stella didn't say anything when she saw Nathan and simply walked away with the baby in her arms.

Nathan was rendered speechless.

They were really doomed this time.

Several minutes later, there came some noises from the backdoor.

Channing ran over quickly.

And Emmett also came with him.

When Channing saw the bloodstains on the ground, he looked towards Stella, "Did you get hurt?"

Stella shook her head, "I'm fine."

Emmett looked around with his brows slightly furrowed.

It was easy to guess what had happened just now.

Seeing this, Vincent said to Nathan, "I think there won't be any other problems here. You shall take care of Clarence's mother and I will go to the hospital. I can stop him if he really loses control of himself."

Nathan nodded his head, "Okay."

The men in the surroundings also left along with Vincent's leave.

Stella closed her eyes and suddenly broke the silence, "Chan, give me a hand."

Channing immediately lifted his hands to support Stella.

Only then did he realize that Stella was trembling all over. It seemed like she couldn't maintain her balance.

Emmett also walked over, "Stella, let me take you to leave."

Stella gently shook her head, "No thanks."

After a short while, when she recovered from it, she handed the child to Channing, "Take care of the baby. You can't let go of him before I come back, nor can you give him to anyone."

Nathan lowered his head with guilty.

Channing frowned, "Where are you going?"

Stella replied, "I will settle this matter."

Emmett called her name, "Stella..."

"I can go there myself."

...

Sitting on the sofa, Joanna curled her lips into a smirk when she heard the gunshot from afar. She looked relaxed and pleased.

After a long while, there came some footsteps from the door.

Then there came Dempsey's cold and stern voice, "Are you crazy?"

Joanna looked towards him and said in a composed voice, "What's wrong with it? Now that you can't control Clarence no matter how hard you try, I can do you a favor and prevent possible threats. Does it have any problems?"

Dempsey was so furious that he shivered all over, "Looks like you're completely crazy. Why did you have to offend Clarence? Do you know that he even wanted to kill me tonight? Do you think he will let go of you?"

Joanna gathered the shawl on her shoulders and didn't change her expression. "Didn't he want to kill me a long time ago?" asked Joanna.

"That's true. But have you ever thought of why he didn't kill you? If not for Justin, do you think you can still live until now? You would have..."

"To be honest, I wanted to die a long time ago. My son suffered a lot and I knew the most how bitter he felt. But you still tortured him by taking Clarence back to Conrad's Mansion. Wasn't it the same as telling him that he was a good for nothing? Clarence grew up together with Justin. He could run and jump and he gradually took over the Conrad Group. Do you know what it means to Justin – it's a kind of tremendous pain and suffering."

Dempsey retorted, "You're so extreme. Justin has never thought so."

Joanna sneered, "It's because he's so silly that he really takes that illegitimate son as his brother. What else can I do? I can only pave the road to success for him and do everything that he's supposed to do for him."

Dempsey was a bit helpless. He waved his hand, "Hurry up to leave. They can resist his men for some time. Don't come back after leaving. I will send Justin abroad several days later, and you..."

“Why do I have to leave? Clarence wants to kill me, right? Then just let him do it. Even if I have to die, he will not have a happy and careless life.”

Only her death could trigger the development of her plan.

Dempsey subconsciously shook his head, not knowing what to say at the moment.

Right at this moment, a man hurriedly ran into the house, “Master Conrad, Young Master Clarence is coming.”

Dempsey frowned tightly, “Hurry up and ask Justin to come back.”

Justin went to the hospital for an examination this afternoon and he hadn’t come back.

Only Justin could stop Clarence for the time being.????????

Chapter 566-Just as Dempsey had finished his words, Clarence showed up at the door.

His voice was icy-cold, “Now that you want to die, why don’t you dig a hole and bury yourself into the tomb? Looks like it aggrieves you to let you alive.”

A trace of disdain and sarcasm flashed across Joanna’s face when she saw Clarence, “Even if I have to die, I should create some values. At least I can’t let you take over the Conrad family like this.”

“You don’t have any value when you’re alive. Do you expect to create any value after death?”

Joanna’s eyes turned cold as she couldn’t remain her composure, “Clarence, cut the craps. Just do it if you want to kill me. I’m not afraid of you.”

Clarence slowly curled his lips into a smile, yet his eyes still looked icy-cold.

He uttered words by word, "Killing you will only soil my hands."

Joanna's expression was changed dramatically. "What do you mean?" asked Joanna.

"The things you did will let you be imprisoned for decades. I don't know whether if you can leave the prison alive. Why do I have to kill you personally?" Clarence continued calmly, "You have been spoiled Annie since childhood. She couldn't bear life in prison. I guess you will not be accustomed to it either."

Joanna thought of Annie's miserable appearance and held her breath. Several seconds later, she suddenly burst into laughter, "Clarence, oh Clarence, I've been thinking that you're a person who can't be trifled with over the years. But it turns out you're a coward who's afraid of many things. You don't even dare to kill me, huh?"

"You have to know that I once planned to kill Stella and that bastard son. What a pity it is that they were so lucky that they didn't die in that accident. However, I swear that once I'm alive, no matter where I am, I will not let go of them. All these will not have an end unless I die. You can wait and see their dead bodies one day."

The smile on Clarence's face disappeared bit by bit with thick killing intentions gathering his eyes.

Dempsey said to his men, "There's something wrong with her brain. Take her upstairs for a rest."

Before his men could get close to her, Joanna stood up and pushed them away, "Hahaha, I'm crazy? Yep, I'm crazy! I became crazy when Justin had that car accident and when you took this illegitimate son back to the family! I'm not afraid of death!"

Joanna then looked towards Clarence and said, "I remember you're never a mercy man. What's wrong with you? What are you afraid of? Kill me if you have the guts! I tried to kill your wife and your son, yet you don't have the guts to seek revenge for them. How ridiculous! Maybe only yourself is the most important one in your heart."

Clarence remained silent and expressionlessly snatched Maxwell's gun and slowly loaded the gun.

Dempsey widened his eyes, "Clarence, are you crazy too?"

Clarence said calmly, "She's true. She should have died earlier."

He lifted his hand and pointed at Joanna.

Dempsey took two steps backwards and hardly held his crutch. He ordered in a stern voice, "Hurry up to stop him."

However, Clarence had triggered the gun before those men could stop him. At the same time, there came a soft female voice from behind, "Clarence."

Bang!

The porcelain on the wall broke into pieces.

He didn't shoot Joanna in the end.

Joanna was dumbfounded for several seconds. She then turned around and looked at the pieces scattered on the ground.

Clarence said, "You talked so much just now, hoping that I can kill you personally. Sorry, I disappointed you."

After finishing the words, he threw the gun to Maxwell, yet he didn't turn around.

Joanna had planned for this for a long time, but she didn't expect that Clarence would choose not to kill her.

According to her anticipation, Clarence should hate her a lot.

But he was still not trapped under such a condition.

Joanna chuckled. Maybe she was laughing at Clarence, or maybe she was laughing at herself.

However, when everyone was heaving a sigh of relief, Joanna suddenly grabbed the dagger on the table.

Before Stella could see what was happening in the house, a person dashed to her and blocked the possible danger for her.

Stella moved her lips trying to say something, yet she couldn't utter even a syllable.

Dempsey said anxiously, "What do you want to do? Do you think today's commotion is not breaking enough? Why do you act like this? What do you expect Justin to face other people in the future?"

Joanna said sarcastically, "Do you think Justin will feel ashamed for having me as his mother? Or do you regret to bring up such an ungrateful son?"

After finishing the words, Joanna looked towards Clarence resentfully, "Remember it, Justin is my son. He's never been your brother! You will only be enemies since today because it's you who force me to die."

Before finishing the words, Joanna pointed the dagger at herself and stabbed it into her chest with great force.

Seeing this scene, Dempsey passed out.

Stella wanted to walk over when she heard the sounds, but a hand covered her eyes.

The man said in a low voice, "Don't watch it."

Stella stood on the spot. She recalled what Joanna said just now. Associating it with the sounds she heard just now, it was easy for her to guess what had happened in the house.

Right at this moment, a gentle voice sounded from behind, "Clarence, why are there many people? What happened?"

Stella felt the hand that was covering her eyes stiffened for a moment.

A thunder sounded outside and then there came the heavy rain.

Justin came over on the wheelchair. Before Clarence could answer his question, he saw Joanna who was lying in a pool of blood with her eyes widened and Dempsey who had fainted and fell onto the ground.

Justin's smile stiffened and his eyes became blank.

Clarence closed his eyes and turned around, "Call the ambulance."

"Clarence," Justin stopped him.

Clarence gently pushed Stella forward and said to Maxwell, "Take her away first."

Noticing his right hand which was soaked in blood, Maxwell exclaimed in shock, "Mr. Conrad."

"Go."

Stella turned around to look at him, her eyes crimson red.

Clarence smiled lightly at her.

When Maxwell took Stella out of the house, Clarence withdrew his gaze.

In the house...

Justin had crawled to Joanna and his wheelchair was left behind. He held up Joanna's hand and asked with sobs, "What... What happened? How did it come to this?"

The only reply he got was Joanna's widened eyes.

She had died and didn't have a single faint breath.

Justin sat beside her, holding her hands which were gradually getting cold. His strength was drained out of his body bit by bit.

Clarence walked over. It was hard to read his mood from his tone of voice. "She said it was me who forced her to die and required you to seek revenge on me. I won't deny it. I can seek revenge on her, so of course, you can also seek revenge on me."

Looking at Joanna's dead body, Justin murmured, "I'm crippled. What can I do to you? Clarence, she owes you and now you're even."

"She doesn't owe me anything, so do you. She chose to die. Therefore, you don't have to feel guilty to me. Likewise, I won't feel sorry to you for her death."

Justin smiled in dismay, "It's good." [REDACTED]

Chapter 567-When Dolores came back to the backyard, Dolores had woken up.

Holding the baby who was in sound sleep in his arms, Channing was staring at Nathan.

Stella walked over, "Ms. Anderson."

Dolores was stunned when she saw Stella. It seemed like she was not totally conscious. Maybe it was because she didn't expect to see Stella here.

"Stella..."

Stella asked, "Do you feel better?"

Dolores nodded her head, "I just feel a bit dizzy. Nothing else. You..."

"Clarence is in the front house. Joanna had committed suicide."

Dolores was dumbfounded and was suddenly lost for words.

Channing frowned, "She committed suicide? She should have a more serious punishment."

Stella felt a bit tired. Looking at the rain outside which was getting heavier and heavier, she didn't want to stay here any longer. "Ms. Anderson, then I have to leave first. They will send you back," said Stella.

Dolores stood up, "Stella, where are you going?"

"I will go back... Er, I will find a place to live in temporarily." Stella looked towards the baby, "Ms. Anderson, thank you for taking care of the baby during this period."

Dolores immediately understood what Stella planned to do when she heard the words.

This day finally came.

She and Clarence had kept it a secret from Stella for so long. She didn't have the qualification to take care of the child anymore.

When Stella took a step forward, Nathan walked over, "Ms. Radomil, let me give you a ride."

Stella looked at him expressionlessly and said in a flat tone, "No thanks."

"Ms. Radomil..."

"I hope you will not investigate where I'm living in or whom I meet up with again. Just show some respect to each other. Now I don't want to see any of you."

Nathan was lost for words.

As a matter of fact, Stella was not talking to him; instead, she wanted him to deliver the words to Clarence.

Stella took the baby from Channing and held him in her arms.

Emmett had been waiting for them outside. When Stella walked over, he opened the car door.

Channing slightly nodded at Dolores and then left.

Watching the black car disappear into the rain, Nathan asked, "Ms. Anderson, what should we do now."

Dolores sighed emotionally, "We should give her some time."

Dolores paused and then added, "By the way, where is Amanda? Is she rescued?"

Nathan replied, "She died."

Dolores was frozen, "She died?"

Nathan nodded his head, "She tried to escape from the Conrad's Mansion to report the situation, but was then caught back."

Nathan didn't mention the details, but Dolores was clear about what would happen next.

She closed her eyes, feeling a surge of tiredness and helplessness.

Right at this moment, Maxwell hurried over, "Ms. Anderson, let me send you back."

"Where is Clare?"

"Mr. Conrad passed out when he left the front house. Mr. James has sent him to the hospital."

Dolores was taken aback, "He fainted?"

Maxwell replied, "Mr. Conrad got a gunshot on his arm a while ago and he lost a lot of blood."

"Send me to the hospital."

This night was destined to be turmoil.

On the other side...

Looking at the baby who was sleeping soundly in her arms and was sucking his fingers, Stella gradually curled her lips into a smile.

Luckily, there was still time.

The baby almost died in front of her.

She finally performed the responsibility that a mother should take.

Right at this moment, Channing handed her a tissue.

Stella asked in confusion, "What's the matter."

"Wipe your face."

Stella subconsciously touched her face. Only then did she realize that tears were all over her face.

Channing said, "If you're worrying about Clarence, you can go there to have a look."

Stella wiped away the tears on her face, yet tears kept streaming down her cheeks.

She said in a flat, calm voice, "I'm not a doctor. Is it useful even if I go there?"

When Clarence hugged her before, she heard his stuffy moan.

She knew he got hurt, but she didn't know where the wound was.

Channing asked, "Do you hate him?"

Stella didn't reply. Instead, she said to Emmett who was driving the car, "Find a hotel and let us get out of the car."

Emmett pressed her lips together and groaned an answer.

No one in the car spoke again.

Half an hour later, the black car slowly drove into the underground parking lot of a high-end apartment.

Emmett took them upstairs and opened the door, "It's raining outside, so it's inconvenient to come to a hotel. This was prepared for William before and it will be safe for you to live here. If you don't want to live here, I will find a new place for you tomorrow."

Stella didn't complain about it and thanked him, "Thank you."

Emmett continued, "I've asked my men to buy some supplies for babies and deliver them here. They will be delivered soon."

Stella nodded her head, "Okay."

Emmett looked towards Channing, "Then I will leave first. You shall accompany her here."

"Let me send you downstairs."

After their leaving, Stella held up the baby, found a bedroom and gently put the baby on the bed.

The baby grabbed a button of her cloth and refused to let go. He began to babble again.

Stella gently patted his back. When the baby had completely fallen into a sound sleep, Stella walked out of the bedroom.

Channing was sitting on the sofa and the supplies sent by Emmett's men were piled up in the living room.

Stella said, "It's late now. You can go to the bed."

Channing pressed his lips into a straight line, "I've been keeping one thing a secret from you."

Stella paused when she heard the words as she recalled something. Several seconds later, she asked, "You learned about this a long time ago, right?"

Channing replied, "I thought he cheated you before and followed him secretly."

Without any expressional change, Stella sat down opposite to him, "Go on."

Channing continued, "Actually, he didn't mean to keep it a secret from you. It's because the child had poor health when he was just given birth and the doctors would give them notice of critical condition several times a week. The baby had illness, serious or light, continuously. He didn't want you to face frustration after giving you the hope."

"Did he tell you about this?"

Channing nodded his head after a while of silence.

"Does the child always get sick recently?"

Channing replied, "It seems like his health has been improved in recent months. It's just that he would sometimes catch a cold, but the doctor said it was normal."

Stella said in a flat tone, "Now that this is the case, why didn't he tell me?"

Channing moved his lips trying to answer the question, yet was suddenly lost for words.

Stella said, "I know what you meant. You don't need to make an explanation for him. I've asked him about this numerous times, yet he would lie to me with various excuses every time. I could never get an honest answer or learn about the truth from him."

"But..."

"I've given him numerous chances." Stella took a deep breath as if she was trying to control her emotions, "Do you know if I didn't go to the Conrad's Mansion today, or if I didn't show up in time, the baby would have been smothered."

"You said he doesn't want me to face frustration after giving you the hope, but what's the current situation? If the baby died in Conrad's Mansion today, will he keep it a secret from me for the rest of his life? Will he take it as if the baby had died in that car accident?"

Chapter 568-The baby woke up at the midnight. Stella nursed him, changed his diaper and then consoled him to sleep again.

It was still raining heavily outside and it showed no signal of stopping.

Wrapping her arms around her knees, Stella sat on the bed and stared blankly at the raindrops that gathered on the windows, seeming to be pondering something.

After a long while, Stella stood up and gently walked out of the bedroom.

When she walked to the door, Channing walked out of the other bedroom, "Where are you going?"

Stella paused and then replied, "I will go downstairs to buy something. You can go to the bed."

Channing replied with a nasal sound. He took a glance at the heavy rain outside and chose not to reveal her lie.

Stella changed her shoes and said, "Help me take care of the baby. He will only wake up once during the night and he will probably not wake up again. But... Anyway, I will come back soon."

"I see. You can leave. Remember to bring an umbrella."

Stella pressed her lips together. She didn't say anything else and just opened the door and left.

After getting downstairs, Stella walked for a long distance before finally hailing a taxi at the cross street.

After arriving at the hospital, Stella directly came to the nurse station. When she prepared to ask the nurse about Clarence's condition, Nathan's voice sounded from behind, "Ms. Radomil."

They entered a lift and Stella asked, "How's his condition?"

"Mr. Conrad was just sent out of the operation room and the anaesthetic is still effective. But Ms. Radomil, please rest assured. His life is not in danger."

Stella replied nonchalantly with a nasal sound and fixed her eyes on the ascending number of the lift.

Nathan hesitated and then made up his mind to try the last time, "Ms. Radomil, the reason why Mr. Conrad didn't tell you about this was that he didn't want you to worry about..."

Stella turned her head to look at Nathan without any change in her expression, "Do you know what your current behavior is like?"

Nathan was bewildered.

"You're like a clay idol fording a river. You can hardly save yourself, so I suggest you don't worry about other people's affairs."

Nathan was rendered speechless.

He shouldn't have brought about this topic.

When they arrived at the door of the ward, Stella was not in a hurry to enter the ward. She looked into the ward through the glass on the door.

The words that Clarence said to her when she was hospitalized popped out of her mind.

She also thought of his birthday wish.

Stella chuckled. Clarence knew that he could no longer keep it a secret from her, so he played those tricks and wanted her to forgive him later.

Seeing this, Nathan chose not to stay here or bother her and silently walked away.

Stella leaned her body against the door and entered the ward after a while.

It was the first time for her to see Clarence lying on the hospital bed like this over the years.

He was totally different from his usual self.

Stella quietly landed her gaze on his right arm which was wrapped by the gauze.

After a long while, Stella turned around and left the ward.

When she walked to the lift, a person called her name from behind, "Stella."

Stella turned around, "Ms. Anderson."

Dolores said, "It's still raining outside. Let Nathan give you a ride.

Nathan immediately walked over the moment Dolores finished her words.

Stella nodded her head as an agreement after a while of silence.

On the way back, Stella leaned her head against the car window and looked out of the window silently.

Being taught a lesson just now, Nathan didn't dare to talk to Stella again. He remained silent all the way.

Stella prepared to get out of the car when they arrived downstairs and Nathan hurriedly said, "Ms. Radomil, please rest assured. I will not tell Mr. Conrad about your current domicile."

Stella looked towards him expressionlessly, "Then I should thank you."

"It's what I should do. You're welcome."

"I have to go home. You can go back."

Actually, Stella was very clear that it was easy for Clarence to investigate her tracks. Even though she required them not to probe into her whereabouts, they wouldn't obey it.

When Stella went back home, it was already five o'clock in the morning.

Stella pushed open the door of the bedroom and found Channing was sitting beside the bed and looking at the baby on the bed.

Stella asked, "Why don't you sleep?"

Channing replied, "I can't fall asleep."

“Well, the day is breaking and you have to go to school later. Hurry up to have a rest.”

Channing stood up and walked to Stella, “I’ve asked for a leave.”

They walked out of the bedroom and Stella closed the door, “Why did you ask for a leave?”

“It’s inconvenient for you to take care of the baby alone. I will help you to find a house.”

Although he didn’t ask anything, he was clear that Stella would not live with Clarence shortly.

Stella was stunned when she heard the words. After a long while, she gently nodded her head, “Okay.”

They would only stay here tonight and they had to find a new house later.

Stella asked several seconds later, “How come you came with Emmett today?”

Stella called Channing before coming to Conrad’s Mansion, telling him to call the police if she didn’t go out of the mansion an hour later.

Channing replied, “I called Daniel after receiving your call, yet he couldn’t come as he had to deal with some important matter. Therefore, he asked Emmett to come with me.”

“I see. You can go to the bed now. I will come back.”

After coming back to the bedroom, Stella closed the door, sat on the carpet and fixed her eyes on the baby, not willing to shift her gaze.

She associated all the memories and details of the past several months. It seemed like she was so close to the truth several times and every time she could almost find out the truth.

But she missed the truth again and again.

From now on, no matter what happened, she would not let go of the baby.

No one could snatch the baby from her again.

It rained for the whole night.

And Stella sat by the bedside for the whole night.

The baby woke up at eight o'clock and began to babble and wave his small hands excitedly.

Stella held him into her arms and walked to the kitchen to boil some water and make milk for the baby.

Several minutes later, there came a knocking sound from the door.

When Stella just opened the door, Sherry rushed into the house and asked anxiously, "Stella, are you okay? I heard from Daniel that you came to the Conrad's Mansion yesterday. Did they do anything to you? Where's Clarence? Why do you live here alone? Whose house is it?"

Stella was amused by her question and didn't know how to answer them. She just said, "Rest assured. I'm alright. Look, I'm good."

Sherry heaved a sigh of relief when she heard the answer and then found the baby in Stella's arms.

The baby was looking at her curiously with his round, big eyes widened.

Sherry was shocked, "This..."

Sherry chuckled, "My son."

Sherry came to her own sense and said dully, "He grows so quickly. Is he the baby that you..."

Stella nodded her head, "Yes."

"Oh my gosh!"

Sherry eagerly reached out, "Can I hug him?"

The baby didn't have too much weight, so Stella directly put him into Sherry's arms.

After holding the baby, Sherry stiffened and not dared to move.

Stella chuckled, "Don't be so nervous. Relax."

"He's so small. I'm afraid that I would accidentally hurt him."

Daniel walked over and put one hand on Sherry's shoulder, "Let's enter the house first."

Stella said, "I prepared to go out to buy breakfast. What would you like to eat?"

Right at this moment, Channing walked out of the bedroom, "Let me buy it. It's still raining outside."

Chapter 569-At the same time...

In the hospital...

Clarence woke up at half past seven and looked around.

Only Dolores and Nathan were in the ward, and Stella was not here.

Nathan walked over, "Mr. Conrad, how do you feel?"

Clarence said in a calm yet husky voice, "I'm fine."

Nathan helped him lift the bed and said, "I will ask the doctor to come over."

After Nathan's leaving, Dolores walked over and sat on the sofa beside the bed, "Stella took away the baby."

Clarence was not surprised by it and replied with a nasal sound.

Dolores heaved a light sigh and asked, "What do you plan to do next?"

"Let's talk about it later."

He was now hospitalized and couldn't do anything.

Clarence paused and then asked, "Did she or the baby get hurt?"

"The baby was startled, but it was not a big problem. But as for Stella... I think she might have a serious mental problem. I heard from Nathan that the babysitter arranged by Joanna would have smothered the baby if Stella didn't show up in time."

Clarence gently closed his eyes, "It's my negligence."

He knew why Dempsey wanted to keep the baby, so he never thought of the possibility that someone would hurt the child.

Moreover, they attempted to kill the child in front of him.

When rethinking this matter, Clarence figured out that Joanna had prepared to die at that time.

This was the reason why she had no scruples.

Dolores continued, "It's the best situation that the child is all right. As for other matters... You will have to live in the hospital for several days, and it can give Stella some time to calm down herself."

Clarence said in a husky voice, "She will probably not forgive me."

He could still remember what Stella said to him before and he knew deep down about her personality.

Originally, he planned to tell Stella about the truth after saving the child from Conrad's Mansion. At least he could have a glimmer of a chance to justify for himself in this case. How could he know that things would progress out of his anticipation?

Dolores said, "I can't help you in this matter. Good luck to you."

Nathan walked into the ward with a doctor after a while.

After examining Clarence's condition, the doctor couldn't help but criticize, "You're so audacious that you delayed it for long after being shot. If you came to the hospital several minutes later, your arm would be crippled."

Clarence replied, "Maybe it's because I have good luck."

"That's true."

Dolores said, "I will go out to buy breakfast for you."

After the doctor and Dolores left the ward, Clarence asked, "What's the condition outside?"

Nathan replied, "Master Conrad has woken up, but his condition is not good. He can only roll his eyes. The doctor said he suffered a cerebral infarction due to the stimulation and he could only be paralyzed on the bed for the rest of his life."

Clarence didn't have any reaction and simply asked in a calm voice, "What's the condition in the Conrad's Mansion?"

"It rained for the whole night and Joanna's corpse was only carried away this morning." Nathan continued, "The news of the accident last night was suppressed and it didn't spread out."

"Send some men to keep an eye on the Conrads. Joanna's suicide was not an impulsive action. She had been planning for it." Clarence said in a cold voice, "Now that she could even sacrifice her life, it means there is a bigger conspiracy behind this. Keep an eye on all the people in the Conrad family, including those maids, servants, drivers and security guards. Don't miss anyone. Investigate it right away if anyone contact with a stranger."

"Okay." Nathan then asked, "Then... What about Young Master Justin?"

Clarence pressed his thin lips together. After a while of silence, he instructed, "Let our men follow him. It's inconvenient for him to go anywhere. Give him a hand if he has any problems, but remember, don't let him find them."

"Okay."

Before leaving, Nathan suddenly thought of something and reported, "By the way, Mr. Conrad, Stella came to see you before."

Clarence paused and then asked, "When?"

“About two or three o’clock. But she didn’t stay for long and left soon.”

Clarence’s hands which were placed on the quilt were slightly clenched into fists, “What did she say?”

“She satirized me.” Nathan replied, “Ms. Radomil compared me to a clay idol fording a river and asked me not to involve in your affairs.”

Clarence was rendered speechless.

Nathan said in a low voice, “Mr. Conrad, Ms. Radomil also blames me for this matter. I’m afraid that you...”

Clarence shot a cold glance at him and Nathan immediately left the ward.

Short after Nathan’s leaving, Vincent walked into the ward.

Looking at Clarence, he clicked his tongue, “You’re so valiant. You almost lost your arm.”

Clarence closed his eyes, not wanting to give him a reply.

Vincent continued, “I’ve found out the details. Amanda managed to escape from Conrad’s Mansion that night, but she bumped into Logan and was then taken back. Dempsey didn’t believe in Logan and required him to kill Amanda. But he didn’t expect that Amanda’s corpse would be found under the bridge the next morning and that the police would find out the murderer soon. If my guess is right, it shall be Logan who told Stella that the baby was in the Conrad’s Mansion.”

Clarence opened his eyes after several seconds and asked, “Where is Logan?”

“Amanda bit his hand before and they found Logan’s skin tissue in her teeth. The evidence is irrefutable and this case will come to trial soon.”

Clarence asked, "Don't you feel it weird?"

Vincent nodded his head, "It's indeed weird. If Dempsey required Logan to kill Amanda personally because he didn't trust him, now that Logan had followed his order, it meant he had temporarily made clear of his standpoint. Under that condition, he would not report the secret to you. Even if Dempsey wanted to go back on his words, he wouldn't choose that point because if Logan was caught by the police, he would try his best to get Dempsey involved to save himself. Dempsey wouldn't seek troubles for himself."

Clarence said, "Amanda's corpse was not revealed by Dempsey's men."

Vincent knitted his brows, "Do you mean that there's a person behind this?"

"I have to guard against Joanna because of her death. Although we have gotten rid of her men, we still don't know who has been backing up Joanna so far."

"Er... Even if someone was backing up Joanna, how could she do that in Dempsey's territory? What benefits could she get from this if Dempsey heard about Amanda's death before we came to the Conrad's Mansion?"

"This is the ingenious point of this plot. It's interlocking and every part was just appropriate." Clarence continued, "Moreover, Joanna was resolute to die last night. She tried to anger me and stimulated me to kill her, but she didn't expect that I was not trapped. So she chose to commit suicide in the end."

Vincent suddenly felt his hair standing up, "What the heck did she want to do?"

Clarence sneered, "She wanted to plant a seed of hatred in my heart and Justin's heart. As long as she dies, I and Justin would not be as intimate as we were before."

"So Justin was also a part of her plot. But wasn't she afraid that you would get rid of Justin to prevent possible risks?"

"Joanna knows this aspect of me better than you do."

Vincent was stunned and then he quickly figured it out.

Joanna probably was sure that Clarence would not kill Justin no matter what happened. Therefore, she planned this plot without any scruples.☒

Chapter 570-Two days later, Justin held a funeral for Joanna without announcing her death to the death and took Dempsey, who was paralyzed and could only move his eyes, back to Conrad's Mansion.

After that, he ordered to close the gate of Conrad's Mansion. No one was allowed to get out of the house, nor could anyone enter the house.

The media got news about this from somewhere and began to blab it all over the Internet, saying that Clarence killed Joanna and paralyzed Dempsey to stabilize his position in the Conrad Group and take control of the Conrad family.

The news of Justin holding a funeral for Joanna also spread like wildfire.

They began to discuss Clarence's identity as an illegitimate son again, which was a cogent reason for him to kill Joanna.

This matter arose numerous rumors and guesses overnight.

Someone said Joanna was killed by this illegitimate son who wrecked her family; someone said Clarence had been planning this for a long time and Joanna was not his only target, Clarence also wanted to kill Dempsey and Justin so that no one would be able to post a threat on his status again.

Someone even said Clarence plotted the car accident twenty years ago so that he could be taken back to the Conrad family. The accident caused Justin, the former heir of the Conrad family, to lose his legs and the Conrad family had no choice but to take Clarence back to the family.

The Conrad Group didn't respond to these rumors.

This triggered a more heated discussion on the Internet.

“It has been so long, yet the Conrad Group still doesn’t release an announcement. Are they guilt-stricken?”

“Of course they’re guilt sickened. When there were rumors about that designer, the Conrad Group would immediately release an announcement to clarify it to back her up. I guess they flinch this time.”

“If this is true, then Clarence is really a terrible man. He dissed those keyboard warriors before and I thought he was a rare good man who pampered his wife a lot.”

“Oh, nowadays, every star has a persona. Those capitalists who forge celebrities have a more profound understanding of persona. If he’s really a good man who pampers his wife a lot, he would not have many scandals back then. They even got divorced before.”

“Take it easy. Welcome to the world of the rich. Just take the grudges among the rich as a show. Come on, are you expecting any follow-ups?”

“I think we shouldn’t conclude now. The Conrad Group hasn’t released an announcement. It’ll be interesting if there’s a big reversal. Will you apologize for your words later?”

“She’s died and they held a funeral for here. How can there be a reversal? Will she jump out of her tomb?”

“Wow, are you guys hired by those rich to clarify their innocence. I broaden my horizon today.”

A small part of people insisted on waiting for the truth, but their comments were engulfed by other people’s opinions soon.

The discussion on the Internet was still heated. The journalists couldn’t find Clarence, so they went to the Steward Group to look for Stella.

Nevertheless, Stella didn't show up either.

When hearing this good news, Armand hurriedly found those journalists and told them that he was willing to have an interview.

As Armand was not only a substantial shareholder but also a C-level manager in the company, naturally he must know many inside stories. Therefore, those journalists scrambled to interview him.

A journalist asked, "Mr. Bernard, do you think the rumors that go virus on the Internet are true?"

With his hands on his back, Armand replied with a serious expression, "Actually I shouldn't talk about other people's domestic affairs. Since it has become a matter that everyone in society pays great attention to, I have to express my opinion. According to the news I heard, Madame Conrad had died and it's said that she died miserably."

"Rumor has it that she was killed by the CEO of the Conrad Group. What do you think of it?"

"As for this question, I can't conclude it as I didn't witness it myself. But I've met Mr. Conrad several times before and I felt he has a bad temper and I felt afraid whenever seeing him. I heard several times that he doesn't have a good relationship with his family. It's within my expectation even if he really did that."

Although he didn't directly say it out, it was very obvious that he was suggesting Joanna was probably killed by Clarence.

Another journalist asked, "Ms. Radomil is now in charge of the Conrad Group and she's Mr. Conrad's ex-wife. Mr. Conrad also recognized her as his girlfriend and protected her in the public. What's the Steward Group's opinion on and counter methods for this matter?"

Armand said in a righteous tone, "The Steward Group is a big company with a good reputation, so we won't go along with such an evil person. I believe all the people in the Steward Group have the same opinion. As for Ms. Radomil, she's just a woman and I won't blame her for being blind by love and not being able to figure out the truth."

After finishing the words, Armand continued, "Ladies and gentlemen, since you're all here today, I want to clarify a rumor about me. I..."

Before he could finish the words, someone in the crowd shouted, "The Conrad Group holds a news conference. Hurry up to go there."

The journalists scrambled out in an instant.

Standing on the spot, Armand pulled a long face.

Both the police and an unknown force had been keeping a close eye on him recently and he couldn't leave City N. Moreover, many of his businesses were affected.

Originally, he planned to take this chance to clarify his innocence and added fuel to Clarence's condition. Never had he expected that he couldn't finish his words.

His assistant walked over, "Mr. Bernard, they've found out irrefutable evidence for Logan's case to prove that Logan was the murderer."

Armand narrowed his eyes, "Did he say anything else?"

"I've asked them about our matters. Logan didn't say anything and just hoped he could be bailed. Mr. Bernard, should we..."

Armand snorted, "He wants to be bailed after killing someone? What a simple mind. Can you find a way to shift the responsibility of my case to him? I'm fucking annoyed. I want to leave the city, but I can't. It will only create troubles if I stay here."

"I guess... It's not that easy. Unless we can provide some direct evidence; otherwise, the police will still keep a close eye on you."

Armand cursed and then sneered, "But they deserve it. They wanted to harm me, yet only to get themselves in trouble. I don't believe that Clarence can still be so powerful after this trouble. With Clarence as her backer, it's just a piece of cake for me to make some troubles for Stella."

"Should we take action now?"

"Don't be in a hurry. If we take action now, isn't it equal to tell them I'm the person behind this?"

Armand said, "Let's go. Let's see how they will justify for themselves on the news conference."

After getting into the car, Armand's assistant reported, "Mr. Bernard, I received a call from the police and they told me Logan wanted to meet you up."

Armand knitted his brows tightly, "Why does he want to meet me up?"

"They didn't tell me about the details. Should we go there?"

Since Logan had worked for Armand for many years, he had gotten something on Armand, more or less.

What Armand was afraid of was that Logan would disregard anything and get him involved when he was cornered. In that case, he would have to suffer a loss.