

Mr Conrad 651

Chapter 651-Probably Channing's gaze was way too cold. The man, Chassell, shivered somehow.

It seemed that Channing could genuinely walk the talk.

Chassell didn't fear if he and Winnie would be taken to the police station, as it would be Winnie's reputation to be ruined, which wouldn't have any impact on him. However, if this unknown actor would be taken to the police station with him instead. Chassell would be disgraced.

Scandals with women were good things for him, but fighting was not.

Besides, he was undergoing a vital business negotiation right now.

Chassell tidied his collar up, spit the blood, and sneered. He said fiercely, "I look forward to it!"

After that, he sat in the car next to him.

The security guards saw him leave, so they released Channing. One of them said to Channing, "Young man, you should talk nicely to others. Don't be so reckless. You should still be a college student, right? What if he called the police to arrest you?"

Channing was silent for a few seconds. Then he said, "That jerk was waiting at my girlfriend's door at midnight. He wanted to harass her."

The security guards gaped, "What?"

One of them said in anger, "If I had known it earlier, I wouldn't stop you. You should beat him up!"

"He looks decent. What a beast under a human's skin!" one echoed.

“What a loser!”

“Beast!”

“Scumbag!”

Channing looked over at them and said, “If you see him next time, could you please inform me?”

The security guards were outraged and said, “Don’t worry, young man. We’re on shifts. We’ll remember his appearance and will tell other guards tomorrow. He will not be able to enter this community again!”

“Thank you so much.”

“You are welcome. That’s our duty. Don’t you want to call the police?”

Channing explained, “My girlfriend’s work will be impacted if I call the police. I believe he won’t be so arrogant after tonight. In the future, once you’ve seen him, please inform me.”

On security guard patted him on the shoulder, heaving a sigh, “I got it. For making a living, it’s quite difficult for your girlfriend as well. How can she have such a boss? She should look for other job opportunities. You are a responsible man. If I were you, I wouldn’t be so brave.”

Another security guard said, “Okay, young man. You can count on us for your girlfriend’s safety.”

Before Channing left, he gave them his phone number and the cigarettes he bought from the convenience store.

Sitting in the car, he turned around and looked at the community. His eyes darkened.

If it weren’t that he saw Winnie’s lipstick, he dared not to imagine what would happen next.

Channing gripped the steering wheel more and more tightly. After a long while, he withdrew his gaze and dialled Maxwell's number.

He briefed Maxwell about what happened just now and asked if he knew who that man was.

Maxwell said, "I guess you are referring to Chassell."

"Who is he?"

"He's Winnie's ex-boyfriend. A few years ago, Winnie just got famous. A lot of men chased after her. Chassell was one of them. He was the most active one. No woman could resist."

Channing pressed his lips and asked, "Then?"

"Then... One month after Winnie became his girlfriend, Chassell's wife exposed their affair. She said Winnie was the mistress and ruined her family. Chassell and his wife were childhood sweethearts. They got married a long time ago but live in different cities. Hence, no one in City N knew Chassell had been married already.

"After this scandal, Winnie immediately broke up with him and held a press conference to apologize. However, Chassell's wife wasn't willing to forgive her. She worked with a lot of media agencies to suppress Winnie. During that period, all the netizens were scolding Winnie. She also stopped working in the entertainment business for a while. Three years ago, she won different prizes for her role in a movie and began popular again."

Channing said, "The man tonight is a true scumbag. I know it must be him."

Maxwell said, "Chassell and his wife are from influential families. Otherwise, they wouldn't be able to ban Winnie. I hope you haven't offended him."

"Nothing serious. I just beat him up," said Channing.

Maxwell was shocked.

“It’s not a big problem, though. I’ll investigate on this matter that he went to find Winnie again. I’ll call you back,” he said.

“Okay. Thanks.”

...

Winnie was sitting next to the sofa, holding her knees in a daze. After a long while, she finally came back to her senses.

She picked up the phone and checked the time. It was more than an hour after Channing was gone.

Winnie found his caller ID in her contact list. When she was about to tap to call him, she hesitated. Then she withdrew and tapped the chatting box with him. She sent him a message, asking him if he had arrived home.

Channing didn’t reply to her. Winnie put down the phone and walked to the bathroom.

After taking a shower, she unlocked her phone screen again.

Channing replied to her ten minutes earlier, saying he had arrived home.

Sitting on the sofa, Winnie typed some words. After typing a big paragraph, she deleted them all.

She repeatedly did it. Then she lay down on the sofa.

There were still posts online about the previous affair between Chassell and her. Her anti-fans constantly attacked her with it.

Channing didn't pay much attention to what happened in the entertainment business. Otherwise, he would have known it a long time ago.

Winnie didn't think she could hide it from him.

However, she also didn't think her explanation would make any sense.

For some reason, she subconsciously didn't want Channing to know about her lousy past.

Lying prone on the sofa, Winnie heaved a sigh and picked up the phone again.

Winnie: "We'll shoot for the program again tomorrow. You should sleep early. Good night."

After sending it to Channing, she walked back to her bedroom and fell on the bed, feeling exhausted.

...

The next morning.

Freya walked into Chassell's office. Staring at him, she smiled and asked, "Mr. Barret, did you encounter a gangster when hanging out last night?"

Chassell was annoyed, "It's my business."

Freya smiled, "Oops. I'm sorry for that. Let's continue talking about the cooperation."

Chassell said, "I've looked into Conrad Group's project of New Coast. It's not difficult for me to win the cooperation. In other words, I can do it myself. Why would I have to work with you?"

Freya sat down opposite him, crossed her legs, and lit up a cigarette, "Mr. Barret, it's indeed not a problem for you to do that. I also heard you have some tricks when doing business. Clarence Conrad hates such a kind of businessman the most. Do you think he would let you go once he found what you did secretly?"

"All businessmen have their own tricks. Do you think Clarence Conrad is an innocent man? He has stabilized his CEO position of Conrad Group and ruined the Conrad family in only a few years." ☒

Chapter 652-Freya raised her eyebrows, flickering the ash, "Mr. Barret, I agree with you. You and Clarence Conrad are two birds of a feather. However..."

Chassell asked, "However?"

"However, you are a crow, but he's an eagle."

Before Chassell blew up, Frey continued talking business, "Please don't be mad, Mr. Barret. I'm not here deliberately making fun of you. You've underestimated Clarence Conrad. Mr. Barret, since you plan to gain cooperation with Conrad Group alone, you should be fully prepared, right? I promise our cooperation could provide you with the highest profit."

Chassell squinted at her. After a moment of silence, he said, "I can work with you, but I have to conditions."

"Tell me, please."

"I want seventy per cent of the project profit," said Chassell.

Freya smiled, "It's not a problem. How about the other condition?"

Chassell answered, "I want to meet your boss."

Freya's smile was stiffened, fading away gradually.

Chassell knocked on the desk with his pen, "Why? Since we'll cooperate, does the person behind you still want to hide?"

"That's not the case. His identification is quite special. We're afraid it would bring you unnecessary trouble, Mr. Barret," Freya explained.

"Do I look like I've never experienced any trouble before?" Chassell said and put down the pen. He leaned against the back of his chair, "If you even can't agree to such a condition to show your sincerity, I don't think we must cooperate. I can look for another sincere partner."

Freya put out the cigarette butt, "All right. I fully understand what you mean, Mr. Barret. I'll pass your message to my boss."

"I look forward to your good news, then."

Out of Chassell's company, Freya went back to the hotel.

Caesar asked, "What did he say?"

"He wants to see you. Or he wouldn't work with us."

Caesar curled up his lips into a smile, "Of course, he wants to save himself another way out."

"Do you want to meet him?" asked Freya.

Caesar, sitting on the sofa, said, "I remember he has a private jewellery exhibition centre."

Freya lit up a cigar, "It seems so. His mother used to be a jewellery collector. She has collected a lot of jewellery. After she passed away, Chassell put her collection in the exhibition centre."

"Ask him to put the exhibition in public and invite people from all walks of life to see the exhibition. Besides, he must send the invitations to all jewellery designers."

"What's your plan?"

"Both Stella Radomil or Clarence Conrad is quite cautious. Elaine stays with them as well. We can't approach them by normal means. Instead, we may cause suspicions. Hence, we must create opportunities to meet them. Otherwise, it'll take a long time for us to wait for the news."

"I see. I'll reply to Chassell now."

When Chassell heard their conditions, his face darkened.

He compared the pros and cons. Reluctantly, he said yes and asked his subordinates to deal with this matter.

Three days later, an invitation card was sent to Stella.

Sherry approached and asked in curiosity, "What's that?"

Stella opened the invitation card and took a look, "It seemed to be a private collector who wants to put his jewellery collection to a public exhibition. A lot of jewellery designers have been invited."

Sherry said, "That's a good thing. Is it a charity?"

Elaine chimed in while drinking milk tea, "The rich are always like this. When they are idle, they will show off their collections to satisfy their vanity."

“How did you know so clearly?”

“Because my dad used to do the same things. He often invited his friends to appreciate his collected paintings and antiques. Those things fully occupied our basement.”

Stella and Sherry were shocked, exchanging a glance with each other.

It was so lovely to be rich. Wealth meant happiness.

Sherry asked, “Will you go, Stella?”

“I haven’t decided yet.”

Recently, her design inspiration had dried out. She often had no idea what she was drawing.

Right now, there was a jewellery exhibition with a few pieces of jewellery that she had heard for a long time.

For an opportunity to take a closer look at them, she could hardly refuse as a jewellery designer.

Sherry could read her mind, “You should go. You must be quite bored when staying in the office all day long. It’s good for you to go out to see something new. Your mind would also be refreshed.”

Stella checked the time on the invitation card. It would be on Saturday, two days later.

She nodded in agreement, “Okay.”

Elaine widened her eyes expectantly, “May I go with you?”

Stella smiled and said, "Sure. Come with me."

Sherry said, "I won't join you then. Recently, the little fellow in my belly has been quite naughty. He might not feel comfortable when I went to a crowded place."

Stella said, "Okay. You should take a rest at home at the weekend."

In the evening, Stella told Clarence about the exhibition during bedtime.

Clarence hummed gently, "Buy the jewellery you like. I'll pay for the bill."

Stella curled up her lips into a smile, "That's a personal collection. They are not for sale."

"That's because the person who wants to buy them hasn't offered enough money. Everything could be done by money in this world," said Clarence.

Stella was speechless.

That was Mr. Conrad's true remark. Money could make friends.

Stella closed her eyes, "Let's sleep."

Clarence asked, "Have you decided where to go?"

"Not yet. There are still several days. Don't rush."

Clarence was speechless.

He thought it for a while but still didn't realize what he had said earlier offended her.

After a moment of silence, he said, "You'll be on period soon, right?"

Stella opened her eyes, "How can you remember it so clearly?"

"Because you always blew up on me before that."

While chatting, Clarence's hand reached into her pyjamas. He said in a low voice, "Carpe diem, baby."

Before Stella uttered a word, her lips were sealed by his.

It was midnight when they ended.

Stella came out of the bathroom. She sat at the desk, sleeplessly.

Clarence walked to her, "The wedding gown designer sent me two new designs. You can check if you like either of them. If not, ask her to send us more."

Stella looked over at him, "I can understand why so many people curse you behind your back."

Clarence looked at her in silence.

Stella continued, "If you were my client, I would rather quit my job."

Clarence bent over and pinched her chin, squinting, "I dare you to repeat it."

Stella smiled, curving her eyes, "I'm praising you."

Then she picked up her tablet, "I'll take a look at the design drafts. Honestly speaking, I've been serving my client for such a long time. It feels so good to be a client sometimes."????????

Chapter 653-At two o'clock in Saturday afternoon...

Stella and Elaine arrived at the entrance of the exhibition centre according to the address on the invitation card.

As Stella expected, a lot of designers had received the invitation cards. When she got out of the car, she saw a lot of familiar faces.

Besides, a lot of female stars attended the exhibition, too, including Flora.

Flora got down and walked into the exhibition centre, surrounded by a group of bodyguards. She didn't look around, so she didn't see Stella and Elaine.

Seeing that, Elaine asked curiously, "Can't she see the light? Why do they have to surround her every time?"

Stella smiled and said, "Probably."

Elaine felt sorry for Flora, "How pitiful," she remarked.

Stella said, "All right. Let's go in."

Since the jewellery exhibition centre was private, it was medium-sized, enough to hold dozens of guests.

The lights in the exhibition centre were cool-coloured, quite dim. Each piece of jewellery was placed in a showcase with gentle light at the bottom.

A staff member was standing next to each showcase, answering questions from the invited designers.

Stella knew the origins of almost all the jewellery, but it was her first time to see them in her life.

Elaine stopped in front of a showcase, staring at the jewellery inside. She said, "Stella, this one is gorgeous."

Stella walked over, only to find a ring in the showcase. It was not so luxurious as others with a neat design. Except for pink gem in the middle, there were no other gems on it. However, its design was exquisite.

Whether a person knew about the jewellery design or not, they would be attracted by it.

The staff member noticed they were pretty interested, so he said, "Ladies, you do have good taste. This was the favourite ring of our madam when she was alive. She was reluctant to wear it."

Stella gazed at the ring and asked, "Could you please tell us about its history?"

"Of course," the staff member said, "However, about the ring's history, our madam didn't tell us many details. I can give you some accurate information, though."

"Sure."

The staff member continued, "Madam said it was a ring from a rich young man. He used it to propose to his girlfriend. It was a customized ring. The pink gem on this ring is quite rare, meaning 'I want to give you a lifetime romance'. A lot of people envied that girl.

"Later, there was a charity auction. Men and women from wealthy families were unwilling to donate valuable things, so the charity auction was almost stopped. The girl who was proposed discussed with her husband and decided to donate this ring.

"That lady said since her husband, and she had been happy already, she was willing to let the ring help those people who needed happiness more than she did.

“No one expected that she was willing to donate this priceless ring. Hence, those hypocritical rich men and women also donated something to the charity auction, so the activity was held finally.

“In the end, our madam bought this ring. She often said this was not only a ring but also a sign of love. An unlucky person might not be able to encounter such love in their whole lifetime.”

Elaine concentrated when listening to the staff member. After he finished speaking, she said enviously, “They must be leading a happy life now. Thirty years ago... Their children should have been married as well.”

The staff member said with concerns, “Probably even God envied this kind of love. More than twenty years ago, an accident happened to their family. Their family of three died in an explosion.”

Upon hearing it, Stella was startled.

Elaine also looked shocked, “How could it happen?”

The staff member shook his head, “I don’t know much about the details. I heard it from our madam.”

When Elaine was about to ask something again, she heard a man’s voice at her back, “Hello, Elaine? Ms. Radomil?”

Elaine looked back, “Hi, Uncle...”

Caesar looked at her, “Why are you crying?”

Elaine wiped her eyes, only to find her tears. She whispered, “I just heard the origin of this ring. It’s a touching story.”

Caesar smiled, “Little girl.”

Stella closed her eyes aside. After taking a deep breath, she slowly turned around, "Hi, Mr. James," she greeted him.

Caesar noticed that her eyes were reddened. He asked, "Ms. Radomil, are you also touched by this story?"

Stella put a wry smile but didn't answer.

The staff member bowed at them politely and stood aside.

Elaine asked, "Uncle, why are you here?"

Caesar answered, "I heard there's a jewellery exhibition here today, so I dropped by. I didn't expect I could meet you both here."

After a pause, he continued, "I've just arrived. Let's take a look together?"

Elaine nodded, "Sure."

Caesar gestured to let Stella and Elaine walk in front.

For the following time, Stella had been absent-minded always. She wasn't interested in other pieces at the jewellery exhibition at all.

Suddenly, a staff member bumped into her when passing by.

Stella lost her balance and fell. Someone helped her up, "Are you all right, Ms. Radomil?"

She returned to her senses and stood up immediately, "I'm fine. Thanks."

Caesar withdrew his hand in mid-air, "Ms. Radomil, you look a bit pale. Do you need some fresh air?"

Stella nodded, "Let me get some fresh air outside. Please take care of Elaine, Mr. James. Thank you."

"You are welcome, Ms. Radomil. Elaine is my niece. I should take care of her."

Stella nodded and informed Elaine that she would wait for her outside. Then she strode out of the exhibition centre.

The bright sunshine was so dazzling outside. She could hardly open her eyes.

Stella stood at the spot for a while. She wanted to buy some water, but there was no convenience store or supermarket nearby at all. She must drive out.

Stella checked the time, decided to wait for Elaine first.

When she had just found a place to sit, Caesar also came out. He walked to her.

A staff member of the exhibition centre was following him.

Caesar asked, "Hi, Ms. Radomil. Are you feeling better now?"

Stella answered, "Yes, I'm much better."

Caesar said, "I asked the staff inside for a glass of water."

As he spoke, the staff member walked up to Stella and put down the tray in front of her.

Stella hesitated for a moment before picking it up, "Thank you so much," she said.

The staff member left. Stella took a sip of the water, "Where is Elaine?" she asked.

"Elaine is a grownup. Please don't worry about her, Ms. Radomil."

Chapter 654-Stella didn't speak again while holding the glass.

Caesar looked at the bench and asked, "Would you mind if I sat down here?"

Stella said, "Of course. It's a public bench."

Caesar tidied his clothes and sat down, "Ms. Radomil, you are a jewellery designer. I guess you must be pretty familiar with the jewellery in the exhibition."

"Mr. James, you've thought highly of me indeed. I haven't seen most of them before." After a pause, she asked, "Mr. James, has your car been repaired?"

Caesar answered, "Yes, it has. There was only a scratch on the painting. Not a big deal. Ms. Radomil, please don't take it to your heart."

After a moment of silence, Stella suddenly said, "Mr. James, I remember you said you came to City N because something had happened to Riverside City earlier. I wonder if you have got the information you wanted."

Caesar probably hadn't expected that she was so straightforward. After a few seconds, he laughed and said, "Ms. Radomil, your words seem to have implications."

Stella said, "I just don't think it's necessary to beat around the bush. Mr. James, we both know who has something to do with the incident in Riverside City. Since you came to town with the purpose, I believe I must get an answer from you."

“Yes, Ms. Radomil, you are right. I came to City N to know more details. So far, I’ve found almost all the information I need. I also have answers to my questions earlier.

“However, please don’t worry, Ms. Radomil. I came to City N not targeting Conrad Group or Clarence Conrad. I have a plan to develop my business here. Hence, I came to town for cooperation negotiation as well. Recently, I’m negotiating with a few companies. When it’s done, I’ll leave City N,” said Caesar.

Stella pressed her lips slightly, “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to send you away.”

Caesar put on a gentle smile, “I understand. I know after you’ve experienced so many ups and downs, you are quite alert to strangers, Ms. Radomil. It happens. After I leave City N, the only thing that worries me will be Elaine. She’s not willing to go back to Riverside City, so I’m afraid you need to take care of her for another period, Ms. Radomil.”

After they sat outside for a while, they heard noises from the exhibition center.

Thinking that Elaine was still inside, Stella immediately stood up and walked in, aiming to find out what was happening.

As soon as she arrived at the entrance, she heard the onlookers discussing.

“This little girl must be Winnie Truman’s fan. Flora has done it obviously, but she still bit the bait. How tricky Flora is! Even Winnie Truman would hide from her.”

“This girl is too young. However, she’s a true fan of Winnie Truman. She’s so bold. If it were another girl, how dare she argue with Flora in front of so many people?”

“Exactly. In this aspect, I envy Winnie Truman a lot. I also want such a kind of fans.”

Stella glanced at the two women next to her, who were both actresses. Although they were not famous, they often appeared in a lot of soap operas.

She guessed that the little girl they mentioned must be Elaine.

Stella quickened her pace and walked in.

After taking a few steps, she heard Flora's voice from the onlookers, "The netizens are still discussing this matter online. What's the use of your argument with me? I didn't ask her to be a man's mistress."

Elaine wasn't good at such an enigmatical argument. However, Stella could hear that she was pretty angry from her tone, "Bullshit! She's not that kind of person. You are just... just..."

Elaine tried her best to recall the words that Sherry cursed Flora that night but failed. Hence, she had to use the most polite words, "You are just jealous of her."

Flora heaved a sigh, "Little girl, I understand how you feel as her fan. But I don't need to be jealous of her on this matter. When you choose your idol, you must distinguish between right and wrong and have basic morality. You can't ignore your three outlooks just because of your idol."

Right after Flora finished speaking, Stella squeezed in among the onlookers.

She stopped Elaine, who was quite anxious and looked over at Flora. She asked in a cold tone, "Is your morality let you trouble such a young girl in front of so many people?"

Seeing her, Flora looked less arrogant. However, she insisted, "You might not know what happened. I was chatting with my friends, but she came to me and argued with me. I feel quite ashamed to talk about such a thing in so many people. How come I'm troubling her with it?"

"Ms. Alvin, you are here to work, aren't you? Did you deliberately ask for leave just because you wanted to gossip with your friends here?"

"I'm here to see the jewellery exhibition. I'm not so idle to gossip about the low-level things."

Stella said expressionlessly, "I see. Hence, you got a day off from the crew for the jewellery exhibition here. After coming in, you completely ignored the jewellery and deliberately brought up those controversial topics in her presence."

"I..."

Flora was rendered speechless. For a moment, she couldn't utter any word to retort.

She came to this jewellery exhibition because she got to know that this exhibition centre belonged to Chassell Barret.

She wanted to hype the old news, so the man involved in the scandal must be there.

That was why Flora came over to look for chances. While she was wandering around, she encountered one of Winnie's friends who had barbecue food with her. Elaine looked pure-minded and young, so Flora believed that it was quite easy to use her.

That was why she targeted Elaine.

All the stars in the exhibition knew that Flora couldn't get along with Winnie and could tell that Flora had done it on purpose, but they had nothing to do with this matter. They all watched the fun.

Much to their surprise, Stella exposed Flora's purpose directly, embarrassing her so much.

They thought that Flora would fight back, but she tolerated it.

Right then, Chassell squeezed among the crowd and stood in front of them. He asked, "What happened?"

Flora smiled. 'Good timing,' she thought to herself.

Holding her arms, she said slowly, "Nothing serious. This young girl seems to be Winnie's fan. She's against me because of her. Mr. Barret, why don't you tell her if I've slandered Winnie?"

Chassell cast her a glance and looked at Elaine. He said in a deep tone, "Winnie and I used to be in love, but it happened in the past. It's not her fault. I'm responsible for it. Hence, if you want to blame someone, you should blame me. Don't scold her."

Chapter 655-Upon hearing Chassell's words, the onlookers instantly kept silent in a weird way.

On the surface, he was putting on good words for Winnie. However, he implied that Winnie used to be his mistress.

For a moment, the stars on the scene became more excited.

This kind of news would cause an uproar online for sure.

Stella looked at Chassell and said indifferently, "Of course, it's your responsibility. Now you know it's your fault, why don't you kneel and expiate your sin? Why are you still hypocritically talking about nonsense here?"

Chassell's expression changed dramatically. When he was about to retort, Caesar walked out and said, "Ms. Radomil, Elaine, you can leave. Leave this matter to me."

Elaine was about to speak something, but Stella pulled her to stop. They walked towards the exit.

Judging from the scene, Stella knew that Flora was fully prepared to come here, and the man also did it on purpose. If they kept arguing, the matter would become more complicated. In the end, Winnie had to bear the blame.

That was why Stella decided to let it go.

Chassell looked at Caesar, swallowing the words that were at the tip of his tongue. He looked pretty annoyed.

He turned around and said to his subordinates, "Let's dismiss the exhibition now. Arrange them to leave the centre."

The staff answered and started working.

Flora seldom saw Chassell before. If it weren't for Winnie's scandal several years ago, she wouldn't be able to talk to such a man who was married but still fool around.

Holding her arms across her chest, she snorted and left the scene with the crowd.

When people were almost gone, the staff nodded at Chassell and left the exhibition centre.

Soon, only Caesar and Chassell were left there.

Chassell was quite unhappy, "Why did you do it, Mr. James?" he asked.

Caesar put his hands in his trousers pockets, looking annoyed as well. A trace of cold light flashed through his eyes behind the gold-framed glasses, "Mr. Barret, I actually want to ask you why you put on such a show."

Chassell frowned, "Didn't you request me to hold the jewellery exhibition? I've done everything as you ordered. Mr. James, I can't understand what you meant."

At the beginning of this jewellery exhibition, he had met Caesar. They confirmed the intention of cooperation with each other, but much to his surprise, Caesar would have questioned him in this way.

Caesar said impolitely, "I have my plan to let you hold the jewellery exhibition. Why did you put on such a show? I'm not interested in your personal affairs at all. However, since you've done it, do you know you may lose the opportunity to cooperate with Conrad Group?"

Upon hearing it, Chassell looked happier, "Mr. James, please don't worry about it. Winnie Truman is an actress under Conrad Group, but she's just nobody. She works for Conrad Group. Clarence Conrad won't fall out with me because of her."

Caesar suddenly chuckled. He pushed up the glass and said, "Mr. Barret, it's always a good thing to be so confident. However, if you know Clarence Conrad just a little, you wouldn't have said so. He didn't mind falling out with anyone. He even could ruin the Conrad family overnight. Who do you think you are?"

Although Caesar's remark was quite sharp and ruthless, Chassell had to admit that what he said made sense.

After a moment of silence, Chassell said, "This mess was caused by Flora because she couldn't get along with Winnie. The topic of the trends will disappear soon. Clarence Conrad shouldn't blame me for that."

Caesar heaved a sigh, "Mr. Barret, honestly speaking, I have to reconsider if I should work with you. It seems you still don't know what you've done wrong."

Chassell didn't want to beat around the bush with him any longer, "Mr. James, please get straight to your point."

"Mr. Barret, before cooperating with a company, don't you look into the background information of your future partner and the relevant personnel?"

"I..."

"If you had done an investigation carefully, you would know the woman who was standing in front of you earlier was Clarence Conrad's wife." Caesar's tone turned cold, "Did you always think I was sharing the unimportant scandals with you all the time?"

Chassell was startled for a few seconds, trying to recall the scene earlier.

Caesar continued, "Mr. Barret, you said you've looked into Clarence Conrad's background. What have you found? Did you just find what he eats and drinks every day?"

Chassell looked annoyed, but he couldn't utter any word to answer.

For the matter that Clarence divorced his ex-wife and was reconciled with her, he often heard the gossips, but he didn't take it seriously.

Seeing that someone was arguing with Flora about Winnie's matter, thinking about his experience at Winnie's department, naturally, he wanted to add fuel to the flame.

He had never expected that the woman happened to be Clarence's wife.

Chassell said, "If she had the pillow talk to Clarence Conrad, I would..."

Caesar snapped coldly, "Mr. Barret, you need to use your brain when doing things in the future. Otherwise, I have to wonder what made you come so far in the business field."

Chassell knew that it was his fault, so he had to suppress his anger.

He asked, "What should we do now?"

Caesar squinted. His gaze bypassed Chassell. He was lost in thought.

Out of the exhibition hall, Stella pulled Elaine aside. Seeing that she was still furious, Stella gently said, "It's alright. They purposed said so because they saw you pissed."

Elaine's eyes reddened, "But... But Winnie isn't that kind of person..."

Stella smiled, rubbing her head, "I know. I agree with you. She's just jealous of Winnie. Since you know it's jealousy, you don't need to argue with her any longer, right?"

Elaine pouted, nodding reluctantly.

Right then, the crowd came out of the exhibition hall, including Flora.

She cast a complacent glance at them and immediately withdrew her gaze. Then she sat in her car and left.

Seeing that, Stella pressed her lips. She pulled out the cell phone and dialled Nathan's number, telling him what had happened earlier in the exhibition centre.

Stella said, "She deliberately mentioned such a matter in Elaine's presence. I don't think she just wanted to argue with Elaine. The video or audio clip should be uploaded online soon."

"I see, Ms. Radomil. I'll deal with this matter right now. Are you all right?" asked Nathan.

"I'm fine. I'm out of the centre now."

"Okay."

After hanging up the phone, Stella saw Caesar come out of the exhibition centre.

He said, "Ms. Radomil, Elaine, the matter is settled."

Stella put away the phone, "Mr. James, do you know that man just now?"

"Not really. I met him at a business dinner a few days ago. I've seen him once," said Caesar.

Elaine was quite angry. She said, "Uncle, that man is disgusting. Don't make friends with him."

Caesar smiled, "Okay. I'll listen to you."

Chapter 656-It turned out that Stella was right, Flora was prepared when she came. She had arranged her assistant to record in the crowd when she set eyes on Elaine.

So before they left the exhibition hall, the audio of the conversation between Flora and Elaine, as well as Chassell's response to the matter, had already been uploaded to the Internet.

In addition, Flora had arranged a group of Internet ghostwriters and marketing accounts in advance. Hence, the matter was widely spread in an instant.

After Nathan picked up Stella's call to deal with it, the matter had become a hot topic on the Internet.

#The timeline of Winnie as a mistress#

#The man's response after three years#

#Thoughts about Winnie as a mistress#

With Flora's help, these topics become hot searched topics on the top of the list.

The people in the comment section had an intense discussion. The Internet ghostwriters led the conversation and Winnie's fan tried to clarify the matter.

In that instance, the whole world seemed to be discussing this matter.

Winnie's position in the entertainment industry wasn't the same as Stella. She couldn't withdraw all these topics that had caused controversy and topicality, otherwise, people would think that she cannot refute, which was equivalent to acquiescence.

Once she missed this opportunity, she would have a hard time clarifying this matter again.

Nathan had other jobs to do, so he directly handed it over to the public relations department.

On the other side, Winnie was still recording the show. The recording was called to a halt, and her assistant called her out.

On the way to the lounge, the assistant briefly told her what happened today, and said that the public relations department of the Conrad Group had sent someone over.

Winnie listened and raised an eyebrow, "Why is Mr. Conrad so kind this time?"

"I... I don't know, maybe he changed his nature... Now is not the time to talk about this. Winnie, what should we do now?"

Seeing her assistant's anxious face, Winnie said in a relaxed tone, "Relax, this is not the first time for me to face this kind of problem. A clean hand wants no washing."

The assistant thought about it for a while and felt that she was right.

Three years ago, it was such a difficult situation, let alone now.

When she was about to reach the lounge, Winnie's phone rang, and when she saw that it was Stella calling. She said to the assistant, "Go in first, I'll pick up a call."

"Okay."

"I saw it. The PR department has sent someone to find me." Stella pursed her lips before saying, "sorry, this matter started because of us."

Stella told Winnie about the details of what happened at the exhibition hall.

After hearing this, Winnie couldn't help but laugh, "There's no need to apologize for this. It's not a big deal! Flora has been displeased with me long ago, she will do anything to get the opportunity to reveal this matter. It's just sooner or later."

"As for Chassell ... he has no intention to let me go. When the two come together, nothing good can come from them."

Stella said, "So, what are you going to do now?"

"Let's see what the PR department has to say. You really shouldn't blame yourself. I'm actually quite thankful for that little sister, I didn't expect her to be so brave and refuted Flora. Now, the whole City N knows that I have such a supportive fan, I'll be so proud to tell everyone."

Stella smiled, "Okay. Go and talk to the PR department first. Let me know if you have any information or if you need any help."

"Okay, I'll go in first."

Winnie hung up the phone and went into the lounge. She saw the head of the public relations department, greeted them casually and sat down. They had known each other for a long time, so there was no need to be too polite.

The person in charge said, "I've already understood the details on my way here. This incident was deliberately provoked by someone. The voice in the audio was edited. Do you have anyone suspicious?"

Winnie said lightly, "Flora."

The person in charge was not surprised when she heard this answer. Flora had been trying to accuse Winnie several times before, so they had experience in dealing with it already.

Winnie saw the person in charge nodded, and she said, "Do I need you to hold a conference to respond to this matter?"

The person in charge said, "No, you have already responded to this matter three years ago. It's useless to say too much. The primary thing to do now is to be able to prove that the other person in the other person in the audio is Flora so that the public's opinion will be changed and the focus will no longer be on the current topic."

Winnie paused for a moment and frowned slightly, "You mean, you want to direct the topic to her and prove that she is the one who deliberately reveal this incident. She made the fans from both sides quarrel. With that, the current topic will slowly be forgotten?"

The person in charge pushed her glasses and said, "That's what I mean."

Winnie didn't say anything, but she obviously disagreed with this statement.

She didn't want her fans to be brought into this stupid matter.

The person in charge saw her expressions and continued, "I'll put it in a bad way, to solve the root problem of this matter, you have to prove that the relationship between you and Chassell. You did get together. Although you said that you did not even know that he had a wife, but you were once in a relationship of lovers. This boundary can be ambiguous. I can believe you, so does Mr. Conrad. Moreover, your fans will believe you too."

"But, you still can't take out any strong evidence to prove this matter."

After hearing these words, Winnie felt a little powerless and couldn't refute it because it was the truth.

If she could produce evidence to prove this, she would have done so three years ago.

The person in charge continued, "So now the most powerful and fastest solution is this, Flora's fan base and national base are quite high. If we can tell everyone that this matter is manipulated by her, then everyone's attention will not be on the matter of whether you are a mistress or not. This topic will quietly drop out from the hot search list."

Winnie paused for a while and said, "Let me think about it."

'Suppress the topic... but it still exists,' thought Winnie.

The person in charge took a glance at the time, "It's 6 p.m. you have to tell me the answer by 11,30 p.m. tonight. During this period, I'll prepare a statement according to what we've talked about, as well as the evidence about Flora is the one who planned all this."

Winnie nodded, "I understand."

The person in charge got up, opened the door and left.

Winnie sat in the lounge for almost 20 minutes before walking out slowly.

Just as she reached the door, she saw an upright figure leaving at the end of the corridor.

Before Winnie had time to look closely, the assistant came over and said, "Winnie, I've already taken leave from the program team. Let's go back now."

Winnie withdrew her gaze and walked. A few steps later, she spoke suddenly, "Where is Channing?"

The assistant looked bewildered: "I don't know, I haven't seen him since the show recording was suspended."

Chapter 657- Leaving the filming studio, Winnie went straight back home.

The assistant spoke tentatively, "Winnie, why not if I stay here with you?"

Winnie smiled and shook her head, "I'm really fine. I'll be just fine after a shower and a nap. I can have a good reason to skip work too. That's nice."

“So...”

“You can also take it as a day off and go have some fun.”

With this kind of situation now, the assistant didn't have the mood to have fun. But as she saw Winnie's expression, it wasn't appropriate for her to say anything more. So she left reluctantly and said, “So, I'll leave first. You can call me anytime.”

Winnie nodded and sent her to the door, “Be careful on the way back.”

The assistant turned around and waved at Winnie.

After the assistant went into the elevator, Winnie withdrew her gaze, closed the door and headed for the living room. She collapsed onto the sofa lazily.

After dazing for a while, Winnie took out her phone and flipped through the online comments.

Although her fans were still doing their best to defend her and help her clarify, it was just like what the person in charge had said this afternoon. She had been in a relationship with Chassell before and the boundaries were quite ambiguous at this point.

She could do it with a clear conscience, but for the outside world, there was no convincing power.

Now Flora and Chassell were in this together, and they even brought so many innocent people in, could she still have a clear conscience?

There was no way to ignore the remarks from the outside world.

Thinking of this, Winnie put down her phone and sat up. She couldn't just do anything about it.

She changed her clothes, put on a hat and a mask, took the car keys, and went into the underground garage.

When she arrived at Chassell's company, the receptionist said, "Mr. Barret went out ten minutes ago."

Winnie said, "Did he say where he went?"

"I'm not sure about this."

Winnie pursed her lips, said thanks and went out of the company.

At this moment, the sun was setting and the afterglow was reflected onto the ground, forming a shadow on the ground.

She walked aimlessly on the road until it was getting dark and the street was lit up by the street lamps one by one.

The pedestrians on the road were in a hurry, all seeming to be rushing to get home.

She walked from one street to another, not knowing where she was supposed to go.

After a long time, she sat down on a bench and took out her phone. It was already 11 p.m.

She still hadn't thought of an idea.

But what could she do about it?

Winnie let out a breath and edited a post. She wanted to prepare this and to post it after the PR department posted the clarification. With this, the impact could also be reduced to a minimum.

Winnie held the phone and waited for the time to pass.

At 11.30 p.m., the Conrad Group's public relations department posted a post using her team's official account.

However, the content was not an accusation against Flora, but it was a clarification of the online rumour about her being a mistress, which did not mention a single word about Flora.

Winnie refreshed the page and found that the official account of the City N newspaper posted a recording five minutes ago. Rather than saying it as a recording, it should be considered as an interview.

The person being interviewed was Chassell's ex-wife, the one who accused her of destroying their family and uniting many media to suppress her.

In the interview, Chassell's ex-wife said, "Before Chassell and I got married, he liked to have affairs outside, but I chose to ignore it because I was lazy to care about him. But he actually took advantage of my inattention and got together with an actress. He was so generous to her and always pretending to look so deeply in love. This made me upset."

The reporter asked, "So the truth is that he hid his marriage from the outside world, and that's why he was so reckless in courting others?"

"Have you ever seen a cheating man that would tell you how unethical he is?" Chassell's ex-wife said, "I guess I was just too angry at first. I warned him several times but he would not listen. So I looked for someone to expose them."

"Before that, did you look for Winnie and tell her about the situation?"

"Why should I tell her? Besides, thanks to her great influence, it was only during that time that Chassell got scared and came back obediently. Otherwise, he would not be so good for so many years."

"Then you also know that Winnie is actually innocent in this matter, and she is also a victim, right?"

“What does this have to do with me? I just need to get what I want.”

Although Chassell’s ex-wife didn’t admit it directly, the full story was told in this interview.

The audio of this interview was instantly topped on the first of the hot search list.

Winnie quit the page and dialed the number of the person in charge.

After the call was answered, she hurriedly spoke, “The interview sent by the City N newspaper is your...”

The person in charge said, “It’s not us. I don’t know what the situation is, but I received a notice from the assistant’s office, asking me to send this statement directly.”

“Nathan?”

“Yes.” The person in charge added, “You can repost the post from the City N newspaper’s account now.”

Winnie said, “Okay, I got it, thanks.”

When she hung up the phone, she was about to call Nathan, but she found one more thing on the hot search list.

It was Chassell’s apology letter.

He admitted that when he first court Winnie, he deliberately concealed the fact that he was married, and although he gave Winnie many things, Winnie didn’t accept anything from him and returned them all.

At the end of the letter, he expressed his feeling. He said that he was too deeply in love with Winnie, only then he made such a mistake. Now, he was sincerely apologizing to Winnie, but also to all those who were hurt because of this matter.

Winnie looked at this pure and sincere apology and felt a little confused. So, this was the power of money, right?

It was just that even if Mr. Conrad intervened in this matter, he would not do things up to this level...

With doubts in her heart, Winnie called Nathan.

Nathan knew her intention and explained, "It was a madam who instructed me to do so, and the reporter from the City N newspaper was also contacted by her."

"Stella?"

"Yes." Nathan continued, "Madam is quite upset about this matter, so she has been thinking of a solution this afternoon."

As he said, Nathan said with emotions, "It was madam's idea. She thought of finding Chassell's ex-wife and gave him a surprise. He was too shocked and became speechless. I guess he's jumping with anger now."

"But he apologized..."

Nathan did not get what she meant, "What?"

Winnie repeated, "He apologized just a few minutes ago."

"How could he possibly have this kind of consciousness?"

Winnie also found it strange too. Listening to Nathan's tone, it should not be their doing either.

As for Stella's side, since she had approached Chassell's ex-wife, she didn't take the extra step of going to Chassell's side.

Winnie knew what kind of person he was. He couldn't send an apology letter so quickly.

Chapter 658-On the other hand, after Stella saw the clarification audio sent by the City N newspaper, she called Daphne and thanked her.

Just after the call ended, Winnie called her.

Winnie said, "Thank you for what you've done today."

Stella smiled and said, "You're welcome, I didn't do anything. I just acted as the middle man."

Winnie really admired her when she thought of this. She could not help but ask, "How did you think of contacting Chassell's ex-wife? You even let her come out and clarify for me. Three years ago, my team contacted her too, but she showed a bad attitude at that time."

"In the afternoon, I had someone check on Chassell and found that one of the several projects under the Steward Group was working with his ex-wife's company, so I called her. She is now divorced with Chassell, and she can tell what is more important now."

"Awesome, so did you contacted the City N newspaper too?"

Stella said, "I knew a reporter from City N newspaper before, I felt that she is quite nice, but she also has a strong sense of justice. From my point of view, instead of sending more clarification letters, let's just invite famous and authoritative media to report this matter. It will be more convincing."

Winnie smiled, "Thank you so much! I will treat you a meal when I finish recording the show."

"Sure."

At the other end of the line, Winnie paused and hesitated for a few seconds before asking, "You didn't look for Chassell, right?"

Stella said, "No, when I met him at the exhibition hall today, I knew he didn't have any good intentions, so it was just a waste of time to look for him. What's wrong?"

"Nothing, it's just that Chassell just posted an apology letter."

"Could it be Clarence who ordered someone to do it?"

"I asked Nathan, he's not sure... Forget it, it's not a big deal. I'll hang up now."

Stella said, "Okay, bye."

After hanging up the phone. Stella picked up her phone and she really saw Chassell's apology letter on the hot search list.

If Stella hadn't seen him in the afternoon, she would have felt that this apology letter was filled with sincerity. He might have a profound realization of his mistakes and wished to change his behaviour in the future.

...

Stella hung up the phone and was about to take a shower when she heard a movement from outside the door.

It was Clarence who came back.

She got up and walked to the living room, "I bought ramen today. Do you want to eat? I'll cook it for you."

Clarence took off his suit and threw it into the sofa. He tugged his tie while approaching her.

Seeing this, Stella couldn't help but back up, her body was soon leaning against the wall, "What... What are you doing?"

Clarence looked at her with his deep, dark eyes. He spoke in a low voice, "What have you done today?"

"I went to the jewellery exhibition hall, and... and many more, what are you referring to?"

Clarence lifted her chin gently and spoke slowly, "I heard someone say that Mrs. Conrad is so good in speaking and eloquent, which made Chassell and Flora dumbfounded by your speech. No wonder they said that I'm afraid of my wife."

Stella was speechless.

She coughed and said emotionless, "This is just my normal performance."

Clarence lowered his head and bit her lips. When she moaned in pain, only then did he let go of her, "Haven't I told you to run as far as possible when you encounter such things? Why do you involve yourself in it instead?"

"There are so many people, they can't do anything to me."

"They can't do anything to you in front of so many people, but you know what they will do in private. It is better to offend a gentleman than a villain."

Stella knew that Clarence did not want her to jump into any trap and become a target.

She did not argue and nodded, "Okay, I understand."

Clarence bent his finger and flicked her forehead, "You always say so but you would not do so. Next time, you would still do the same."

Stella was speechless.

He was good at guessing.

It was not that she wanted to care about that matter.

It was just that the situation today, Elaine and Winnie were bullied, how could she possibly turn a blind eye to it?

Clarence knew what she was thinking, he whispered, "I'm not ordering you to just sit and watch, it was just that you must be able to ensure your safety before helping others."

Stella nodded, "I know."

"... Forget it, just do whatever you want, you have me."

Stella smiled. Obviously, she liked that a lot. She pushed his shoulders and said, "Okay, go and take a shower, I'll cook ramen for you."

Clarence walked towards the bathroom, "Bring my clothes in for me."

"Okay, go and shower first."

Stella turned around, boiled some water, took Clarence's clothes and placed them outside of the bathroom door. After that, she went back to the refrigerator to get the ramen.

When she just finished cooking, Clarence came out of the bathroom with his hair still dripping with water.

Stella said, "By the way, I've invited Chan and Winnie to come over for a meal tomorrow, are you coming back?"

Clarence paused for a moment and spoke, "Chan agreed?"

"Yes." Stella turned her head around to look at him, "What's wrong?"

Clarence raised his eyebrows and pulled out a chair to sit down, "Nothing."

Stella looked at him, "Is there something you're hiding from me?"

Clarence put up his hands to show his innocence, "It has nothing to do with me. Since Channing will come tomorrow, you can ask him then."

Stella pursed her lips, "Take your time to eat, I'm going to bed."

When she took a step, Clarence held her wrist and spoke with intention, "Actually, you can also pay to unlock it in advance."

Stella said, "...No, thank you."

Chapter 659-Although Stella rejected Clarence's idea of pay to unlock, she still guessed a rough outline as she lay in bed.

Just as Winnie said, Chassell couldn't have suddenly issued an apology statement.

However, for this matter, Clarence didn't instruct Nathan to handle it. So why did he specifically mention Channing to her at this timing?

If she guessed correctly, Channing must have gone to look for Chassell.

However, how did he manage to convince Chassell to issue the apology statement? She could only wait until tomorrow to ask him.

Someone suddenly hugged Stella from behind while she was still lost in her thoughts.

Clarence said, "You are not sleeping yet?"

"I'm going to..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Clarence kissed her. After the kiss was over, he said in a low and hoarse voice, "You don't have to sleep if you can't sleep. Hmm?"

Stella was speechless.

Who said she couldn't fall asleep?

The temperature in the room gradually rose.

Stella suddenly thought of something. She asked while gasping, "Are you coming back for dinner tomorrow?"

"No. You guys can eat first."

"Didn't you say that... it is almost over?"

Clarence answered her with a gentle hum and kissed her fingers, "The board meeting is three days later."

Stella didn't continue to ask and just wrapped her arms around his neck.

It suddenly rained after midnight. Until the next morning, the sky was still foggy, drizzling with scattered raindrops.

When Winnie arrived at the program recording site, Flora was already waiting there. Compared to before, she was surprisingly quiet today. After taking a glance at Winnie, she immediately withdrew her gaze and looked down at her phone.

Winnie's assistant whispered, "Flora must be scared to death now. That bastard and his ex-wife have come out one after another to clarify and apologize. As for her, the troublemaker, she didn't benefit from it but instead got implicated by that incident."

"At least she will keep quiet for a while."

After Winnie said that, she looked around, looking for Channing.

She withdrew her gaze. As she picked up her phone, her assistant asked, "Ms. Truman, are you looking for Channing?"

Winnie was stunned for a moment, "I..."

The words hanging on her lips, she didn't know what to say.

The assistant said, "I heard a staff member say that he had injuries on his face when we came in. The director took him to the makeup artist to see if he could cover it."

Winnie subconsciously frowned, "How did he get hurt?"

"I don't know either. Maybe—"

Just as the assistant spoke, Channing and the director came over.

The makeup only covered the bruises on his face, but the injuries on the corners of his mouth and his nose bridge were still obvious.

The director went to discuss with several cameramen about how to shoot later.

After shooting for a few weeks, Channing had become the main force of the team.

He came today to talk to the director about the situation and intended to take a leave of absence.

The director was okay with his leave of absence from the shooting. However, he felt that Channing's injuries were still manageable and didn't think that he needed to be absent from the shooting.

After discussing with the other staff members, the director decided to take some photos first. After that, they would leak a few photos to the public. If the audience had a big reaction, they would post-process the videos.

And soon, the program recording began.

Several times, Winnie's mind would drift off when she looked at Channing.

The crew thought that she was still affected by the incident yesterday. They didn't say much but just stopped for a few minutes to let them rest.

Winnie walked aside, let out a breath, and picked up the water glass.

The assistant whispered, "Ms. Truman, are you feeling uncomfortable?"

Winnie pinched her nose bridge, "It's nothing."

When she finished the glass of water, the assistant took the glass over, "I'll go and get you some warm water."

Just as her assistant left, Channing walked over and stood in front of her. He pursed his thin lips as if he wanted to say something.

Winnie met his eyes, "What is it?"

After a while, Channing only said, "My sister asked me to tell you to go have dinner with her tonight."

Winnie nodded, "Okay, got it."

Channing didn't say anything more. Just as he turned around and was about to leave, Winnie stopped him instead.

She said, "The injuries on your face... What happened? Did you get into a fight?"

Channing turned his head back, "It's nothing. I just met two punks last night when I was on my way back."

"This... It's too dangerous. You should directly call the police next time if you encounter this kind of situation."

"Okay."

After a few minutes, the recording started again.

...

In the afternoon, Stella, Sherry, and Elaine went to the supermarket to buy ingredients.

Elaine pushed the shopping cart and walked in front. One could see she was in great joy even by looking at her back.

Stella noticed that Sherry was a little distracted. She asked, "What's wrong?"

Hearing her question, Sherry let out a long breath and shook her head, "It's nothing."

"Did something happen to Daniel?"

"No, it's... I guess it's my problem. I'm always imagining things. I couldn't get in contact with him for a few days already."

"Have you asked Emmett?"

Sherry said, "No, I haven't. I'm afraid that if Daniel is really be busy with something, and I specifically find Emmett for some trivia, it would be inappropriate."

Stella said, "Then you can just wait. I don't think anything will happen to him."

Sherry sighed again, "Let's stop talking about this. Aren't you going out with Mr. Conrad? Have you decided where?"

"Yes. It's a small island near Semporna."

"Not bad. You can look at the sea and enjoy the breeze. There are relatively few people there too, and it's quiet. When are you both leaving?"

"It should be next weekend."

Clarence said that the board meeting would be three days later. After that, with some packing, he could just leave directly.

Sherry said, "Then you should go and have fun. Just let me deal with the things here."

Stella laughed, "There is still so much work here. We will probably just stay there for a few days and come back."

After they got the ingredients, Stella received a photo from Archer while they were on the way back.

In the photo, Noah had grown up a little. He was crawling happily on the playmat, with a pile of toys in front of him, smiling happily.

Stella chuckled and replied Archer. Then, she lowered the car window and looked at the passing scenery outside the car.

In the distance, the sunset dyed half the sky red.

Every day seemed to feel like this as if the days ahead of her were full of hope and light.

Winnie and Channing arrived together at eight.

Sherry's gaze stopped for a few seconds on Channing's face, then she immediately stood up, "What happened? Did you get into a fight? Who did this!"

Channing moved his head away, "It's nothing. Just a small scratch."

"What do you mean by that? Your face is marred! Your female fans will be so distressed when they see this. You—"

Stella came out from the kitchen, "It's still okay. It's doesn't look that bad."

Elaine, who was hugging a pillow aside, said seriously, "Still very handsome."

As soon as she said that, everyone in the house looked at her.

Elaine's face blushed, and she stuttered, "I... What I mean is, he looks more handsome after getting hurt. No... that's not it... I mean, it doesn't matter even if he's hurt..."

Chapter 660-Seeing her desperately trying to explain, Stella laughed, "Okay, dinner will be ready soon. Channing, come help me in the kitchen."

Channing nodded, "Okay."

Elaine finally breathed a sigh of relief and felt alive again as she watched the two of them walk towards the kitchen.

At the side, Sherry tried to ease the situation so that Elaine wouldn't be so awkward. She gestured Winnie and talked about what happened on the Internet these two days.

In the kitchen, Stella passed the potatoes to Channing and asked him to peel it.

As Channing went to get a knife, Stella suddenly asked him, "Did you go find Chassell?"

Channing froze for a moment, and then denied, "I didn't."

"Then how did you get the injuries on your face?"

"It has nothing to do with him."

Stella glanced at the living room and slowly said, "Winnie is also asking me about this. Maybe we would even discuss it during dinner. Are you sure you don't want to tell me the truth?"

Channing didn't say anything.

He remained silent for a few seconds. Then, he turned around and started to peel the potatoes, indirectly confirming what Stella speculated was true.

Stella still wanted to ask Channing if he had hit Chassell. However, it was already an obvious fact, seeing the injuries on his face.

She asked, "Where is Chassell right now?"

"In the hospital."

"Not bad. He can still issue an apology statement from the hospital. This means he's still alive."

Channing lowered his head and didn't speak.

Stella asked again, "How did you find him?"

"I've met him before. I called him, and he went to the underground parking lot."

"He didn't bring any bodyguards? Didn't he call the police?"

"Maxwell was there too."

Stella went silent for a while, "So it was a group fight?"

Stella couldn't imagine the scene. Channing, Maxwell, and Maxwell's subordinates were all in their twenties and thirties. How could they still do such a thing?

Even though Chassell deserved it, she wouldn't advocate such a way.

Channing said, "No. I fought him alone."

Yesterday, when Chassell went to the underground parking lot, he was punched before he could see anyone.

As the bodyguards was about to move forward, they were stopped by him.

Chassell's dignity as a man arose, probably at the thought of the insult of being beaten unilaterally a few days ago.

He raised his hand and signalled his men to leave it alone. Then, he took off his jacket and swung his arms, looking as if he was ready for a big battle to recover some of his lost dignity.

In the beginning, Chassell was still able to fight back. However, in the end, he could only wretchedly protect his head.

Channing's strike was firm and precise, almost aiming at Chassell's weakest every time on every hit.

His voice was cold, "I've warned you to stay away from her."

Chassell couldn't even finish a complete sentence but only let out some muffled grunts.

His bodyguards saw this. As they were about to step forward, several people appeared and stopped them.

Maxwell pulled the furious Channing away, "Enough! If you go on, he's going to die!"

Thus, saving the life of Chassell.

Looking at the ferocity and gloom in Channing's eyes, there were a few seconds where Chassell thought that he had really taken a trip from the edge of hell. He was really frightened.

He was helped up by his bodyguards, coughing while trying to call the police.

Maxwell came up to him with a phone, "Mr. Barret, you have a call from Mr. Conrad."

Hearing this, Stella almost understood what happened. No wonder Nathan didn't know anything about this when Winnie asked him about it.

Seeing that Channing went to find Chassell, Maxwell must have sensed something was off. So he followed Channing and called Clarence at the same time.

That's why Clarence told her to pay to unlock. The plot had indeed... unfolded out of her expectations.

Stella looked at Channing, "Have you ever thought what would happen to you if Maxwell didn't arrive and Chassell really called the police? If this case is filed, you may get expelled from school."

"I wouldn't get sentenced for this case. At worst, the school will give me a serious warning. After that, I can just participate in a few more competitions to revoke the punishment by winning some big honors for the school."

Stella was speechless.

She nearly forgot. Channing knew more than she did in this regard.

She said, "So you only went find him after planning all this?"

Channing stopped talking again.

Stella didn't know whether to be angry or laugh at that moment. He had actually planned his retreat beforehand.

Stella thought for a while but still said, "Chan, I'm not saying that you are wrong about this matter. However, you don't know what kind of person Chassell is; therefore, you shouldn't be so impulsive. Now he's lying in the hospital and can't do anything to you. But when he recovers, can you be sure that he won't retaliate against you? Next time when you encounter something like this, maybe try for a different approach."

Channing said, "There's only one way to deal with someone like him."

He would only have scruples when he is truly afraid.

Channing said again, "I'm not afraid of him retaliating against me. As long as he can't beat me to death, I..."

Before he could finish saying, Stella hit him on the head, "Peel your potato."

"Oh."

Stella turned around and cut the vegetables.

The reason why she didn't continue was that she suddenly realized the things she was saying now were exactly the same as what Clarence had said to her last night.

She sighed, but at the same time felt funny.

No wonder Sherry always said that she and Channing were obviously siblings. Their temperaments and personalities were exactly the same.

Since that was the case, what's her ground to persuade Channing?

He knew very well what would happen when he proceeded to do all this and had already thought of what would happen next, as well as how to wind it up.

...

After dinner, Channing and Winnie left together.

When they got downstairs, Winnie said, "Let me send you home."

"No, it's okay. My home is out of your way."

Winnie was silent for a few seconds, "You said that it was on the way last time when you sent me home."

Channing paused slightly, then said with his face unchanged, "The place last time was not that comfortable. I've just moved yesterday."

Winnie didn't know how to reply to that.

She looked at the time, "I've nothing to do anyway after I go back. I can send you even if it's a detour."

Channing slightly pursed his lips, "It's okay. I live far away."

"How far can it be? Do we need to cross cities?"

Channing said, "I'm not going home now. I still have something to do."

The elevator stopped, and Winnie walked out, "I can send you as long as it's in City N. Get in the car."

Channing hesitated for a moment on the spot, and then only followed behind her.

In the car, the driver asked, "Where do you want to go?"

Winnie looked at Channing, who said, "Go to the Conrad Group."

The car remained quiet along the way. The stereo was playing a few songs that Winnie would listen to usually.

After some time, Winnie suddenly asked, "What kind of girls do you like?"

Channing obviously didn't expect her to ask this. He froze for a moment before saying, "What?"

"Last time I heard your sister say that you have a crush on someone. What is she like? Is she from your school?"

"No."

"From the school nearby?"

"Nope."

"Then..."

Channing interrupted her, "You don't know her."

Winnie smiled, "I'm just a little curious as to why you like her."