

Mr Conrad 661

Chapter 661-After a long time, Channing spoke, "She's very beautiful."

Winnie was waiting for his next words, but he did not go on to say anything for a long time.

She asked, "That's it?"

"Yes," Channing looked at her seriously, "You should have felt it, I'm a superficial person."

Winnie was speechless.

He was not superficial, but perfunctory.

Winnie opened her mouth and just as she was about to say something, the car stopped at the entrance of Conrad Tower.

Channing got up and opened the car door, "I'll leave first, goodbye."

Winnie waved at him, "Bye."

After the car door was closed, Channing walked towards Conrad Tower.

Winnie was leaning on the car window and looking at his back. She slowly took her eyes off him and spoke to the driver, "Let's go."

Meanwhile, in Conrad Tower.

Nathan brought in a pile of documents, "Mr. Conrad, it's all here."

Clarence asked, "Has the board of directors been notified?"

"Yes. However, there have been turbulences within Conrad Group. They should know this well."

"Good," Clarence asked, "Has Justin been contacted?"

"Yes, but Young Master Justin said that he had recently found a doctor for the chairman and the treatment had a preliminary good outcome and he intended to come back after some more time."

Clarence put down his pen and walked to the floor-to-ceiling window with one hand in his pocket, looking out at the scenery, "You go to Canada now and deal with it properly before the board meeting."

Nathan said, "But if it's in vain even after I go, then..."

"He'll come back."

Nathan nodded, "Alright."

After saying that, he turned around and left.

Shortly after Nathan left, Channing opened the door of the president's office.

Clarence turned his head, "Why are you here?"

"I'm just taking a look around."

Clarence strode to the sofa and sat on it, "Did you tell your elder sister everything?"

Channing knew what he was asking about and nodded.

Clarence said, "Maxwell is watching Chassell. Nothing will happen again, So, don't worry about it."

Pausing for a moment, Channing replied, "Thanks."

Clarence raised his eyebrows slightly, "Could you try addressing me brother-in-law once?"

Channing was speechless.

He said, "I'm leaving now."

Clarence got up, "You can stay as long as you want. I'm going back."

Hearing his words, Channing sat there, not moving.

Clarence took his suit and left straight away.

Channing sat in the office for half an hour. He got up and went downstairs after making sure Winnie should have arrived home.

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On Monday, after taking some modelling pictures with Sherry, Stella returned to the office and intended to modify the recent design again.

Not long after she sat down, she heard a sudden buzz outside.

Stella put down the pen. When she was about to go out to take a look, there was a knock on the office door. Elaine brought her a bag, "Stella, this is for you."

Although Sherry often ordered afternoon tea for everyone, judging by the logo on the paper bag, it was obviously beyond what they could afford.

Elaine then added, "My uncle came to see me and bought me a lot of food. Stella, what else do you want, I'll bring it in for you."

Stella slightly froze, "Your uncle is here?"

"Yes." While saying that, Elaine added, "However, I told him that you were busy with work so he won't come in and disturb you."

Stella glanced at the drawings behind her and then looked at the paper bag on the table, "I'm done with my work. Let's go out together."

In the studio, a group of young women was surrounding Caesar and taking turn to ask him questions. It was perhaps because they were curious about Elaine's rich and gentlemanly uncle who suddenly appeared.

Caesar had always been smiling and responding with courtesy and decorum.

Seeing them come out, he nodded slightly at Stella, "Ms. Radomil."

"Mr. James."

At this time, customers came into the studio and the group of young women dispersed at once. Elaine also returned to her post. She looked more reliable and mature now.

Stella spoke, "Mr. James, this way please."

After reaching the lounge, Stella asked, "What would Mr. James like to drink?"

“Tea.”

Stella checked the cabinet, “Sorry, we only have this kind of teabag here. Is oolong tea okay for you?”

Caesar responded, “Yes.”

Stella added hot water, turned around and put it in front of him.

Caesar said, “Thank you.”

Stella responded, “I’m the one who should thank Mr. James. You specifically come here and have brought so much food.”

“No problem, Ms. Radomil. I’m here to see Elaine. She’s young and doesn’t know what is the thing that she should and shouldn’t do. I’m here to treat her colleagues to some food in case she doesn’t speak politely and offends them. So, they may do me a favour and won’t bother with Elaine.”

“Your concern is unnecessary, Mr. James. Elaine gets along with them very well here.”

Caesar smiled and pushed his glasses with his hand, “Really? If that’s the case, I’m not worried anymore.”

After saying that, Caesar took out a box from his pocket, put it on the coffee table and pushed it towards Stella, “By the way, last time I saw that Ms. Radomil quite liked this thing so I bought it. Take a look, Ms. Radomil.”

Hearing this, Stella froze. She picked up the box in front of her and it was the ring she saw at the jewelry exhibition.

Astounded, Stella asked, “Aren’t the things at the jewelry exhibition not for sale to the public?”

“Originally it was, but I discussed it with the person in charge of the exhibition and he decided to sell it to me eventually. After all, doing Ms. Radomil a favor is much more valuable than this ring itself.”

Chassell was now lying in the hospital so he was undoubtedly not the one who wanted to do her a favor. Therefore, the person must be Caesar.

Stella put down the ring box, “I don’t quite get what Mr. James means.”

“Well. I originally had a project that was under negotiation with Mr. Barret but two days ago he was suddenly hospitalized and the deal was put on hold indefinitely. I thought that my trip to City N couldn’t be futile. I heard that Conrad Group had a project in New Coast and may I know if I have the honor to be involved in it?”

Stella smiled, “Mr. James may have misunderstood. This is a jewelry studio. I don’t know much about Conrad Group nor the project in New Coast. It isn’t my specialty either.”

Caesar pushed the frame and smiled, “I was being abrupt, please don’t mind, Ms. Radomil.”

“I definitely won’t, Mr. James.”

Caesar got up, “Since so, I’m leaving now. Just accept this ring as a little token of my appreciation on our first meeting, Ms. Radomil. After all, in terms of certain origins, we can be considered family.”

Stella knew that he was referring to the relationship in Riverside City.

Stella also got up, “Thank you for your kindness, Mr. James. However, there is no need to give me such a gift. It’s too expensive. How much is this ring, I’ll transfer the money back to you.”

Caesar said, “How about this, just treat it as a gift from me to Elaine. Before she gets married, Ms. Radomil will keep it for her, is that okay?”

Chapter 662-This was a reason she couldn’t say no to.

Stella looked at the ring on the coffee table and did not say anything.

Caesar added, "If Elaine knew about this, she would also want Ms. Radomil to keep it for her first."

At this time, Caesar's phone rang. He glanced at the caller ID, "Ms. Radomil, I'll leave first then."

Seeing Caesar come out, Elaine went over and asked, "Uncle, you're leaving?"

Caesar nodded, "Behave yourself, okay? I may not have the opportunity to visit you in the future."

Bewildered, Elaine asked, "Why?"

"I've finished my task in City N. It's time to leave."

"Ah..." Elaine's face was full of reluctance, "There are many interesting places in City N to visit. Won't you stay a few more days?"

Caesar chuckled, "Elaine, I'm not here to have fun. You too should go home after a while, don't make your father worry."

Elaine pouted, "Okay."

Caesar patted her head and turned around to walk out of the studio.

On the side, a young woman in the studio asked, "Elaine, how old is your uncle. He looks so young."

Elaine thought for a moment, "He should be almost forty. He is ten years younger than my father."

“Oh my god! Almost forty! I can’t tell at all. He is wearing really well!”

Whilst they were talking, Stella abruptly came out of the lounge and trotted after Caesar.

When Caesar was about to get in the car, Stella called him, “Mr. James.”

Caesar turned back and said gently, “Is there any matter, Ms. Radomil?”

Stella handed him the ring box in her hand, “It’s inappropriate to let me keep this thing. If Mr. James wants to give it to Elaine, please give it to her personally.”

Caesar was obviously a bit surprised. He paused for a moment before saying, “Is Ms. Radomil worried about owing me a favor?”

Stella smiled, “I can’t afford to repay this favor from Mr. James, so I naturally don’t need to worry about owing it. I just feel that I don’t deserve it.”

After saying that, Stella put the ring box in his hand and nodded at him. She then turned around and went back to the studio.

Caesar looked at her back while his fingers were rubbing the ring box. He slowly narrowed his eyes.

In the hotel.

Freya who was wearing a bathrobe was leaning lazily against the sofa. Her chestnut curly hair was hanging behind her shoulders and there was a cigar between her fingers.

Seeing Caesar come back, she gently exhaled a mouthful of smoke and said mockingly, “How, you failed, right? I told you, she is very alert.”

Caesar was sitting opposite her. He took off the gold-rimmed glasses and wiped the lenses, "Is that so, I think she's a sincere person."

He had also heard the legend about Clarence's ex-wife, who was profit-oriented, calculating and determined to get married to Clarence by foul means.

That day at the jewelry exhibition, Caesar could tell at a glance that she had some unusual feelings for this ring. So, when Chassell ruined the original plan, he bought it.

He thought Stella would accept it directly but surprisingly, she gave it back to him.

This was indeed something out of his expectation.

Freya snickered, "That is Clarence's woman. She can't be touched. You don't have any thoughts about her, do you?"

Caesar stopped pondering and put on his glasses again. He took a cigar, lit it and said indifferently, "How is the matter that I had you investigate?"

Freya replied, "I've found out the original owner of that ring is Charles Steward's wife. At the jewelry exhibition, Stella should also know about it and that's why she paid special attention to this ring."

Hearing this, Caesar opened the ring box, took out the ring and observed it carefully, "I see."

"You don't need to try finding any more breakthroughs from Stella. I just got the news that Clarence sent someone to Canada to pick up Justin. He is probably going to hand over the company to Justin."

Caesar looked askance, "Is it confirmed?"

"The board meeting of Conrad Group will be held two days later and Clarence sent someone to pick up Justin at this time. What other reason can there be?"

Caesar put down the ring, took a puff at the cigar and laughed, "Clarence really never disappoints me."

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Two days later.

When Clarence just came out of the bathroom, he saw Stella sitting on the bed and h looking at the front with bleary eyes. She was not completely awake.

He walked over and rubbed her hair, "Why do you wake up so early."

Stella yawned, pulled Clarence's arm and stood slowly on the bed. She then fell into his arms.

It was rare to see her make such an intimate action. Clarence subconsciously embraced her and reached out to pat her back. He whispered, "What's wrong?"

Stella buried her face in his shoulder, "Have you changed your clothes, let me wear the tie for you."

"You got up just for this?"

Stella replied a vague muffled "yes".

Clarence looked at her with a gentle gaze. After a few seconds of silence, he carried her in his arms and went into the cloakroom, "Pick a set?"

Stella did not want to choose. When she was being carried by him, her eyes were still closed, "Aren't all your clothes of the same color? What can I choose."

"Then what color would you like me to wear?"

“Pink.”

Clarence was speechless.

Clarence carried her with one arm, took the suit and shirt and sat on the sofa in the cloakroom, “Help me change.”

Stella finally opened her eyes. I just said I wanted to help you wear the tie, when...”

“Since you’re up, don’t waste it.”

Stella wanted to ignore him.

Clarence glanced at the time and whispered in her ear, “Hurry up baby, I’ll be late.”

After saying that, he quickly took off his pajamas and put the shirt into Stella’s hand.

Fine.

Imagining how horrible it would be for Clarence to be late for the board meeting today because of such a thing, Stella was completely awake.

She could only give in.

After buttoning up the last button of his shirt, Stella turned around, opened the glass drawer, took out a tie and helped him wear it.

Half an hour had passed.

Stella finished tying the tie and got up while saying, “Done, it’s getting late, you can go...”

Before she finished her words, she was pulled back.

Clarence clasped her head and his tongue pried open her lips and moved straight in.

Stella was not awake so her head was dizzy. Being kissed by him like this, her legs got even weaker. Her hands wrapped around his shoulders to prevent herself from falling.

Fortunately, the kiss did not last long. Clarence quickly let go of her and carried her back to the bed. He leant down to kiss her forehead, "Go back to sleep. I'm leaving."

Chapter 663-Clarence took a step forward, but someone stopped him by holding his hand.

He turned around and saw Stella silently staring at him.

Clarence held Stella's hand and said, "Don't worry. Everything will be over today."

"What do you want to have for dinner? I'll make it for you."

Clarence smiled mischievously, "I liked everything you made."

Stella smiled and covered her face with the blanket. She muttered, "Stop it."

"It's true."

Stella let go of Clarence, "Alright, alright. Go now."

Clarence headed to the door, but he returned and kissed Stella on her lips, "Wait for me to come home."

"I will."

After Clarence left, Stella lay on the bed with her eyes closed, but she wasn't sleepy anymore.

Stella sat up from the bed and scratched her head. Then, she took her cell phone to see what time it was.

It was seven-thirty in the morning.

Stella yawned and got out of bed.

When Sherry and Elaine arrived at Stella's house at nine o'clock in the morning, they were surprised to see a table full of delicate and delicious breakfast.

Sherry asked, "What's the celebration?"

Stella walked out from the kitchen and replied, "There's no celebration. It's just that the fridge is full of food, and I don't want to waste them."

Elaine said, "But we can't finish all these."

"It's alright. Just take whatever you want you to eat, then I'll pack the rest up and take it to our studio," Stella then put down what she was holding and headed into the kitchen again, "Oh, you guys should have dinner outside tonight. You can even order food delivery if you want."

"What..."

Sherry quickly nudged Elaine.

Sherry replied, "Sure! I could show Elaine around our campus as well. There's a lot of good food there."

Stella nodded, "Alright."

After Stella walked into the kitchen, Sherry scolded Elaine, "You silly girl. Stella and Clarence are going to date tonight. Do you want to be the third wheel?"

Only then did Elaine realize how silly she was. She covered her mouth as a sign of regret in saying the wrong thing.

Sherry patted Elaine's shoulder, "We should come back at late night, and try to be as sneaky as possible so that Stella and Clarence aren't disturbed."

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In the Conrad Group.

It wasn't even the operating hour, but all the staff had arrived in the office. It felt pretty tense.

Every pantry was filled with people gossiping around.

"What do you think the board wants this time? I've heard something, but they felt like rumours."

"Is it about Mr. Conrad's resignation? I've heard those too. It didn't seem possible though."

"Why not? Didn't you know what happened to the Conrad Group lately? Mr. Conrad brought the person-in-charge from different branches back. Plus, there were changes in a few major ongoing projects. I've even heard that the share of the company..."

"Shh! Don't spread the rumours."

"Who's going to take over the Conrad Group if Mr. Conrad resigned?"

"Didn't Mr. Conrad have a brother? Could he be the one taking over the company?"

"But I heard that he is in a wheelchair? He wasn't even involved in any previous project. It doesn't feel right if he's the one taking over the company."

"But we won't have any say in this."

“True. All these guessing are useless anyway. We’ll know about it after the board meeting today.”

“You’re not wrong, but the Conrad Group would be a little unstable if Mr. Conrad resigned.”

“I don’t want Mr. Conrad to resign.”

“Me too...”

At the same time, in the CEO’s office.

The assistant knocked on the door and entered the room. He said, “Mr. Conrad, the board members are here.”

Clarence nodded and glanced at his watch, “How long till Nathan gets here?”

“Mr. Lance just got off the plane. It’s going to take around half an hour to reach here.”

“Alright. Prepare the necessary documents and bring them to the meeting room. I’ll be there in ten minutes.”

“Sure.”

The board members were discussing and gossiping in the meeting room.

They were all working under Clarence after Clarence got rid of Dempsey Conrad’s people.

These people got the news about Clarence’s resignation a few days ago, and most of them didn’t agree with it.

Some of them were trained by Clarence since they got hired, and some of them used to work under Dempsey but now they're helping Clarence.

Witnessing the development of the company, all the board members were clear that Clarence was the key to success for Conrad Group.

The share price of the Conrad Group would definitely drop once Clarence resigned. No one could survive the wave.

The fate of Conrad Group lay with Clarence.

The board members started to express their rejections of Clarence's resignation when he walked into the meeting room.

Clarence sat on his chair and listened quietly without stopping them.

The board members went on and on for about five minutes before they stopped to grab a glass of water.

Clarence then said calmly, "Are you all done talking yet?"

An older board member told Clarence, "We're done, and we hope that Mr. Conrad would take our opinions seriously."

Clarence said, "I've made up my mind. There'll be no changes."

"You..."

Clarence continued, "Everything is well-arranged for after I leave the company. All the projects will go on as usual. There'll be no harm to all your profits."

Some board members tried to cover their embarrassment by coughing, “What are you saying? It’s not what we meant.”

“Everyone likes profits. I knew why you all stand with me from the beginning,” Clarence placed his hand on the desk and continued calmly, “I believe some of you wasn’t very happy with me being an illegitimate child, and you all thought that I was going to ruin the company’s reputation.”

It was exactly what some of the older board members thought.

They used to feel unhappy with Clarence because of his origin, but all they did was gossip behind his back. After all, who’d give up on thick profits? The profits Clarence gave them was way better than that in Dempsey’s time.

Suddenly, one of the board members who previously kept quiet said, “The fact that Mr. Conrad held this position long enough proved that one’s status doesn’t define his capabilities.”

Then, the rest of the board members chimed in, “Yes, it’s just a status. It meant nothing. Plus, you’re the only person left in the Conrad family. The company will lack a leader if you resign.”

Clarence replied, “You should remember that I have a brother.”

The board members stopped talking and looked at each other.

Chapter 664-All the board members had their opinion about what Clarence said, but they didn’t dare to voice out.

People only got to know about Justin recently. Plus, he didn’t seem fit to be the director of Conrad Group, considering his health condition.

The board members weren’t doubting Justin’s capabilities, but they didn’t want to put Conrad Group at risk.

After a while, one of the board members voiced out, "Mr. Conrad, Mr. Justin had never been involved in any of our projects before. It didn't seem reasonable to put him in the position for now."

"Nathan and the assistants will spare no efforts to assist him."

"But..."

The door of the meeting room was pushed open before any of the board members could say anything else.

Justin was sitting in the wheelchair and got pushed into the meeting room.

Nathan walked to Clarence and stood beside him, "Mr. Conrad."

Clarence nodded and stared in front.

Justin wore a warm smile, "Long time no see, Clarence."

Clarence stood up and pushed Justin's wheelchair next to his seat.

None of the board members dared to speak.

Justin asked, "Clarence, can I speak with you privately?"

Clarence replied, "Wait till this end."

"Cla..."

"Did Nathan tell you about it?"

Justin sighed, "Yes, but I didn't think it's a wise decision."

Clarence said, "Many people thought it wasn't a wise choice when I first stepped on this position."

Clarence took the documents on the desk and put down them in front of Justin one by one.

"This is the Company Equity Transfer Agreement."

"This is the Financial and Capital Turnover Report of the company in these ten years."

"This is the company's development plan for the next two quarters."

"These are the ongoing projects."

"Nathan is going to explain the other documents to you after the board meeting."

The atmosphere of the meeting room got gloomier as Clarence spoke. In the end, Clarence was the only one talking in the meeting room.

Clarence looked up as he put down the last document file. He glanced at everyone in the room, "Alright, I'm no longer the director of Conrad Group from this second onwards, and I will never step foot in the company ever again. Best of luck to you all."

Then, Clarence turned and left without hesitation.

Justin stopped Clarence when he was about to walk out of the room, "Clarence."

Clarence didn't turn around. Instead, he told Justin directly, "I'll wait for you in the office."

Soon, Clarence walked out of everyone's sight.

Justin looked around the meeting room and said, "Hello, fellow board members. I'm very new to managing a company. I would appreciate it if you could help me out in it"

"Ah, Young Master Justin. It'd be our pleasure."

"Yes, yes. We'll definitely help you out if you need us."

The board meeting ended after the socializing session.

There was nothing Clarence wanted to take away other than a photo frame.

Clarence stood in front of the window and looked outside. He seemed expressionless. No one knew what he was thinking based on his expression.

After a while, Justin's voice rose from behind, "Clarence."

Clarence turned around. He walked toward the couch and sat down, "How's life in Canada?"

"It's fine for me, but father hadn't gotten used to the weather there. He had rashes all over his body, but he's getting better."

Clarence said, "It's not easy to get used to another place when he's been staying in City N for so many years."

Justin said, "It's good that we came back. The doctor said it'd be better for his health when he's at a place he felt familiar. It seemed like I made a bad choice back then."

Clarence smiled, "Bad choice or not. You'll only know it after you made it."

“What are you going to do next?”

“I’ll travel around with Stella and propose to her at the right time. I’m planning for a wedding before year-end.”

Justine smiled relaxingly, “You guys stick together after all these years and after everything you guys have been through. Let me know when’s the date for your wedding reception. I’ll be there to witness it.”

Clarence looked at Justin, and he seemed cold, “I don’t think so.”

Justin’s smile froze, “Clarence, you...”

“I’ve told you this when Joanna died. We’re even now. I’m giving back the Conrad Group, and that should be the end of everything.”

“I don’t understand what you mean.”

“It doesn’t matter if you understand or not. I will not dig further into what happened in the past, and I won’t look into the plots and conspiracies. All I wanted for the rest of my life is to live without all these events. I want my wife to stay beside me, and my son to grow up healthily.”

Justin paused and forced a smile, “What do you think I did?”

“I don’t think you did anything, but we should know what Joanna meant before she passed away.”

“Clarence, she’s dead. You...”

“Yes, she’s dead, but these kinds of stuff would never end,” Clarence replied calmly, “Which is why I hope that we could put this to an end today.”

Justin frowned and remained silent.

Clarence continued, "You're the reason Joanna did what she did."

Justin sighed, "I know what you meant now. Don't worry. I'll find those people. I'll deal with whatever she had left behind."

Clarence stood up and took the photo frame with him, "The Conrad Group is in your hand now."

"Clarence, do you still see me as your big brother?"

Clarence stopped, but he didn't turn around.

He replied, "You'll always be my big brother if you still think of me as your little brother."

Then, Clarence left the office.

Justin got himself together and moved his wheelchair to the window.

What a strategic location the Conrad Group was located. Justin could oversee the whole city from the office.

After a while, Nathan knocked on the door and walked into the office. He brought some documents with him, "Young Master Justin, these needed your approval."

Justin turned his wheelchair around and looked at Nathan. He smiled warmly at Nathan and said, "You've been working with Clarence for quite some time, right? I might need to trouble you pretty often in the future."

"Please don't say that, Young Master Justin. It's my job to assist you," Nathan paused and continued, "Is there anything you need? If not, I'll..."

“Please bring me the Financial Report and the files of the ongoing projects.”

“Sure.”

Justin continued, “How’re the branches doing?”

Nathan replied, “Mr. Clarence had asked them to come back and report on their data and statistics before. I’ll go and get you the files now.”

“It’s fine,” Justin said, “Get all the person-in-charge of every branch to come back to Conrad Group for a meeting at three o’clock later.”

Chapter 665-In the studio, Stella was sitting in front of her desk with one of her hands supporting her chin. She was gazing at the piercing sunlight outside the studio, and she seemed to be lost in her thoughts.

She wondered what was going on with Clarence’s side, and she couldn’t know whether the directors’ meeting was going well as planned.

Time was slowly ticking away, and the sun was hanging in the middle of the sky. The heat shrouded the whole city and made it a scorching hot place.

Just as Stella was standing up and about to make some coffee for herself, she saw some people outside her studio slowly forming a crowd when she reached the door. They seemed to be engaged in some heated discussion.

The girls in the studio were attracted by this commotion as they all craned their neck, wanting to find out what was happening.

Stella put down her glass of water and slowly walked out of her studio, almost involuntarily.

As she passed through the passing crowd, she saw a man who was dressed in white shirt and black pants standing by a black car. He was holding a bouquet of fiery red rose in his arm.

Under the glow of sunlight, his expression appeared a little nonchalant and lazy.

When Stella got a good look at him, she couldn't help but get stunned.

Clarence met her eyes and raised his brows slightly. He began to move his feet and walk to where she was. He handed her the flower, "This beautiful lady, do I have the honor to have lunch with you today?"

There was immediately an explosion of noise around them as the crowd started to clamor and whistle. They were guessing about Clarence's identity as one of those domineering CEOs who was pursuing his sweet and demure wife.

Stella's face swiftly flushed bright red. She didn't know whether it was caused by the hot weather or because she was so embarrassed.

She took over the roses quickly and dragged Clarence all the way back to her office.

Clarence had a faint smile playing around his lips, and instead of being led, he held her hand and took the lead.

The girls in the studio all drooped their heads, pretending not to see this scene.

On the other hand, outside the studio, the surrounding crowd had dispersed, seeing that the protagonists were no longer there.

After entering the office, Stella put the flower on one side and shut the door. She turned to him and said, "You..."

Before she could say anything, a huge hand grasped her waist. Clarence was pushing her against the door, and he was rubbing her chin lightly with his fingers, "This beautiful lady, you still haven't answered my question."

Stella pushed him slightly with her face blushed, "Stop messing with me."

Clarence replied, "Then I will take that as a yes."

Stella's lips couldn't help but curl up. She looked up at him and asked, "Didn't you say that you can only come back at night?"

"Allow me to correct you. You only asked me about what I want to eat tonight."

Stella was rendered speechless.

This bastard really knew how to play with words.

She stayed silent for a few seconds before replying, "Then... The board meeting has already ended?"

Clarence tucked a few strands of her hair to the back of her ear and mumbled softly, "Everything is done."

Stella didn't continue the conversation as she wrapped her arms around his waist and stuck her face on his chest.

Clarence looked downwards and chuckled, "What are you doing? Although I like you being the one taking the initiative, I..."

Stella interrupted her, "Nothing. Stop talking."

Clarence's gaze became soft and gentle as he proceeded to hug her.

After some time, he repeated, "Everything's over."

Stella closed her eyes and replied, "Yes, I know that."

When things finally came to an end, all she needed to do now was to wait for the little one to gain full recovery. Then, they could finally be together forever. There wouldn't be any nonsense or trifles interfering with their lives.

At noon, after finishing their lunch, Stella sat in front of her desk to continue her design. Clarence was simply reading a book by her side.

The atmosphere was quiet and peaceful.

When it was three in the afternoon, someone knocked on the office door.

One of the girls peeked into the office and whispered, "Ms. Radomil, someone is looking for Mr. Conrad."

Stella looked up at her and then at Clarence.

Clarence continued to read his book and didn't provide any response. He simply said, "I won't see anyone."

Stella added, "Just tell that person that he's busy. He doesn't have time."

The girl nodded and then left.

Stella went back to focus on her draft.

If her guess was correct, it must be one of those Conrads who had come looking for him.

After some time, the girl came knocking at the door again, "Ms. Radomil, another one is here for..."

Clarence replied with the same thing, "Not seeing anyone."

The whole afternoon, visitors kept coming for Clarence, but none of them were able to meet him.

Later on, the news about Clarence's departure from the Conrad Group finally spread like wildfire and became a hot topic on the internet. People somehow acquired the information that Clarence was at Stella's studio. There were more and more people who came knocking.

Besides those from the Conrad Group, numerous reporters came too after hearing that Clarence had resigned from the president's position. They all came in the hopes of getting their hands on first-hand news.

However, no one was able to meet Clarence face to face.

Stella mulled over this situation and came to the conclusion that she couldn't simply continue her business today. So, she ended business hours earlier than usual and allowed her employees to go off work and get back home.

For the others who came visiting much later, not only were they not able to meet Clarence, they couldn't even get into her studio.

While on the way back home, Clarence apologized, "I'm sorry, everything happens because of me."

Stella was driving as she answered, "It's alright. It just so happens that everyone is busy during this period of time, and I am trying to find a chance for them to rest which is to no avail."

Clarence swooped in and his voice suddenly lowered, "Do you mean that I am not disturbing your work progress?"

Stella never thought that he would have this kind of awareness, so she comforted him, "Not at all. I can work on my design anywhere, and I can continue it at home now..."

"If that's the case, let's go now."

Stella was confused, "Where are we going?"

"Didn't you decide on the place already? Semporna."

They coincidentally reached a traffic junction, and Stella stopped the car and turned her head around, "Didn't you say that we will only go during the weekends?"

Clarence mused, "Plans always fall behind changes."

"I don't even have anything prepared yet..."

"Go pack up your necessities when you get back home. Leave the rest to me."

Stella protested, "But..."

"Only when we were gone, those people would stop flocking to your studio and disturbing your business."

Stella gave this some thought and decided that he was right. She then nodded, "Alright."

After getting back home, Stella began to pack up her stuff.

When she was tidying up the wardrobe, she suddenly saw that blue and white striped shirt which was bought for her by Clarence when he went on a business trip to Malaysia.

At that time when they divorced, she thought that Clarence would have discarded this piece of clothing.

A smile bloomed over Stella's face as she packed that up into her luggage too.

Not long after, Clarence came in and asked, "Are you all packed up?"

Stella answered, "Almost done. Is time almost up?"

"Not at all. Take your time. We can go whenever we want." Clarence walked to her side and took over the shirt she was holding, "Besides these, do you have anything else that you need to bring?"

Stella recalled a few other pieces and ran back to the bedroom.

After packing up everything, when they departed, Stella called Sherry and Elaine to tell them about her absence. She would come back after a week.☒

Chapter 666-When they reached the airport, Stella finally realized what Clarence had meant when he said that they could depart anytime they wanted.

He asked one of the workers in the airport, "What's the destination of the flight that is going to depart the soonest?"

The worker replied, "It's headed to Ireland. The plane is checking in and about to fly."

"Here, this way."

The worker acknowledged them and led them into the VIP lane.

Stella was walking alongside Clarence. She whispered, "Aren't we going to Semporna?"

Clarence's lips curled a bit, but he continued to hold her hand, saying nothing.

Behind here, there were a few tourists who recognized them. They all took out their phones to take photos.

In just half an hour, a news headline popped up—

#Conrad Group Ex-President Taking His fiancée To Vacation In Ireland. The loving couples are holding hands in the airport, getting all romantci!#

...

At the same time, in a hotel.

Jon put down his phone and chuckled, "I can't believe that Clarence is willing to let go of the Conrad Group just like that and let it fall into other's hands."

Freya was swirling a glass of wine in her hand. After taking a sip, she remarked slowly, "To be able to make this decision so easily, this is indeed something out of our calculation. It seems that all of our efforts in the past is going to waste."

"Although we are always sure of our goal and have been sticking to our plan, who would think that he would really give up on the Conrad Group. This move of his is indeed unexpected."

While the two of them were chatting, Caesar was standing by a bed, and he was smoking a cigar. He blew out a ring of smoke, and his eyes were half-closed.

After some time, he only turned around and joined in, "You guys indeed didn't expect him to do this, because in your eyes, Conrad is always hard to deal with. Only those who really understand him can design this trap effectively. All of the calculations would have been within his grasp."

The moment he said that, Freya and Jon stopped talking. Their initially relaxed expression was now grim.

It seemed that their collaborator here wouldn't be such an easy pushover.

From City N to Riverside City and back to City N, the engagement of each and every one of them was necessary.

They couldn't deny that the one holding the key of the whole plan was that man.

That man was simply watching the carrying out of the plan in silence. He was composed, cool and calculating to the degree that it was terrifying.

No matter what went down in the middle of the plan, he would somehow be able to steer things into his direction.

Even the final outcome and Clarence's decision was within his expectation.

Such a collaborator would induce fear in others.

Jon seemed to have lost his celebratory mood at this point. He came up with an excuse to dismiss himself.

Freya looked at Caesar, "Should we make our move now?"

Caesar was seated opposite her, and he was holding a glass of wine. He said without rushing, "No need for that. The way things are developing now, it's in our favor. Furthermore, our cooperation is still in effect. That man hasn't got what he wanted yet."

As he said that, Caesar stressed his words, "We all are going in the direction of a mutual goal."

"But what if... when things are all said and done, he suddenly turns back against you?"

Caesar flashed a nonchalant smile, “Darnell James is not a pushover in any sense of the word. When they grapple with each other and both suffer damage, that is when I can finally reap the spoils.”

Freya lit up a cigar and narrowed her eyes, “If you never told him the truth seven years ago, there is no way we could enjoy such a fantastic show now.”

Caesar simply smiled as a response and he raised his glass and gulped down all of his wine.

...

When the plane arrived at the Berlin airport, it was precisely eight at night. The whole city was lit up magnificently.

When they exited from the airport, a man came up to them, “Mr. Conrad, everything is in place.”

Clarence nodded and turned to ask Stella, “Are you hungry? Shall we have something?”

Stella replied, “I’m good. Where are we going now?”

“New Zealand.” Clarence answered, “If you’re not hungry, let’s just eat in the plane later.”

“Aren’t we going Semporna now?”

“We will. But before we go there, there’s a place I want to take you to.”

“Okay.”

Half an hour later, they headed to New Zealand on a private plane.

The steward served them some food on the plane before she took a bow and left.

There were a plethora of food getting served. Stella happened to be hungry too.

They had flied for three hours. After enjoying the food, she couldn't help but feel tired.

However, the advantage of a private plane was that there were beds available. They could just sleep anytime they wanted.

The moment she closed her eyes, Clarence cuddled around her and whispered. He sounded somewhat apologetic, "We are taking some detour. By the time you wake up, we will be arriving in no time."

Stella mumbled some response and put her hand on his waist, "Got it."

Ireland, Semporna or whatever it was, it was just a smokescreen.

The place they were going now was their true destination.

She wasn't that stuck up on whether they were going to Semporna. It was just that when Clarence asked her to look for a vacation spot, after some researching she simply found that there was a beautiful little island in Semporna. The place looked serene, which was the perfect resort for relaxation.

Clarence planted a deep kiss on her forehead, "Sleep now."

Stella stirred in his embrace and replied, "Good night."

"Good night."

Stella was able to have a good sleep tonight. By the time she opened her eyes and checked her phone, ten hours had already passed.

Clarence was nowhere in the suite too.

She let out a yawn and scratched her head. After washing up in the washroom and splattering some cold water on her face, she returned to the suite and opened the window shades. She sat by the window and began with her design.

Not long after, the door opened and Clarence's voice sounded, "When did you wake up?"

Stella looked up and stretched her neck for a little, "Half an hour ago, I guess."

Clarence walked to her and poured her a glass of water, "What would you like to eat?"

"Anything will do."

"Give me a minute."

Clarence gave her the water and exited the room again. After a few minutes, he brought her some breakfast, "We are three hours away from landing."

Stella nodded, "Good."

After gobbling up her breakfast, Stella felt that her energy finally returned. She looked at Clarence who was reading a book with his laptop turned on. Her head tilted, but she said nothing.

As if noticing her gaze, Clarence looked at her and met her eyes, "What's wrong?"

Stella replied, "Nothing really. I just suddenly feel that if you wear glasses, you would look great too."

Clarence closed his book and replied lazily, "I would look great?"

She never noticed this, but he gave off an aura like a refined scum sometimes.

Clarence's features were cold and distant, but basically perfect. If he were to wear gold-rimmed glasses, he would completely take on the look.

The catch was that he didn't open his mouth to talk.

Stella didn't know where her thoughts were bringing her, and her face suddenly reddened. She turned back and muttered, "Never mind."

Clarence smiled mischievously and walked to her side. He bent towards her and said in a hoarse voice, "I never thought that someone like this is your type. Hmm?"

Chapter 667-After three hours, the plane landed in Christchurch of New Zealand.

When the phone signal returned, Stella received many messages.

Sherry sent her a screenshot of the piece of news about their trip to Ireland.

Besides that, Sherry also bombarded her with some messages, asking Stella whether her trip was fun.

Stella replied that they were only switching planes in Ireland. They were no longer there.

After replying to Sherry, Stella saw other messages which were mostly greetings mixed with some messages trying to find out about Clarence's situation.

Those messages weren't urgent.

After sending out some short replies, she logged out of the application and just as she was about to turn off her phone, she found that Emmett Carter had tried to call her roughly ten hours or so ago.

That should be the time when she was still on the plane to Ireland. When she was in Ireland, she didn't turn on her phone.

It had been some time since Emmett and her had talked, and she couldn't figure out the reason he would be trying to call her.

Just as she was wondering whether she should call back, Clarence said, "We are staying here tonight. We will go to Tekapo tomorrow."

Stella responded briefly and turned off her phone in the end.

Clarence saw the name on her screen and licked his teeth silently. He then asked nonchalantly, "Are there many people looking for you?"

"There are some, but it's fine now. I have dealt with it."

Clarence continued, "Those who are looking for you at this timing all have their own schemes. You can just block them."

Stella replied, "Not all of them are like that. They are simply concerned with you."

"Concerned with me?"

"Yeah."

"If that's the case, why don't they call me?"

Stella didn't know how to answer him.

By then she only realized that Clarence was talking about Emmett, not those other friends looking for her on chats.

Stella held back her laugh and said seriously, "You should find out the reason yourself."

Clarence snorted and stopped talking to her anymore.

Stella's lips curled into a bigger smile as she retrieved her gaze and directed it outside the car window.

Christchurch is the third largest city in New Zealand, second only to Auckland and Wellington, and is the largest city in the South Island of New Zealand. It is called "the Garden City".

Christchurch is a distinctly English city, and it is said to be the most English city outside the UK.

On the streets, there were buildings which were built in nineteenth-century with elegant design.

After reaching their hotel, the man who welcomed them at the Ireland airport was there too. He took over their luggage and disappeared as fast as he appeared.

Stella stood on the balcony and gazed out at the streets. She shut her eyes and enjoyed the soothing breeze in the air.

It was indeed so relaxing to go on a vacation.

Clarence wrapped his arms around her from behind and held onto the railing on the balcony. He cooed into her ears, "Do you love this place?"

Stella said while opening her eyes, "You should just suggest this place long ago. Why did you even ask me to choose a place?"

Clarence raised his brows slightly, "You can choose anywhere you want to go. I simply want to bring you here. They don't interfere with each other."

"I..."

"Haven't I said before? Women always love to hold grudges. If we were to travel and we somehow went to a place you don't really like, you will bite on it forever."

Stella was speechless.

Wasn't he a little out of line now?

Clarence added, "Don't you want to take a bath after a whole day of being on planes?"

"How can I go take a bath if you don't let go of me?"

"We will do it together."

...

After their bath, the sun was just setting. The sun reflected on the surface of the lake not far away, and the whole city was shrouded in huge shadows everywhere.

Clarence asked her, "Are you tired? If you are not, let's go take a stroll."

Stella was not tired at all because she felt a little upset after getting tortured by this bastard back in the bathroom.

However, since they were already here, it would be a waste to not go out and have a walk.

She replied, "Wait a minute. Let me get changed."

It was almost night time, and in contrast to the warmth during day time, the night breeze was a little chilly.

While walking on the streets in a foreign country, the moon seemed to be very different too.

Compared to the vibrant night life in City N, there were barely any people on the streets here. The whole city seemed to be in tranquility.

They could even enjoy themselves and relax just by taking a stroll on the streets.

Under the glow of street lamps, they would bump into a street artist playing violin occasionally.

The music was lento and tender, and it slowly traversed across the empty, seemingly endless street.

Stella was holding Clarence's hand. She whispered, "Have you been here before?"

"Yes."

"When was that?"

"Three years ago."

It had been four years since their marriage, and at that time when Clarence last visited this place, it must be when they had been married for just a year.

Clarence continued, "When I was on a business trip in Auckland at that time, I heard about a special place which drew me here."

Stella asked with her head tilted, "What's so special about it?"

"You will see tomorrow."

"Is that the place you wanted to bring me all along?"

Clarence curled his lips, "Yes."

The way he was describing it successfully perked up Stella's curiosity.

What kind of special place it could be that made such a cold-blooded Clarence three years ago even bother to pay a visit.

After returning to the hotel, Stella suddenly had a spur of inspiration. She took out her draft book and sat on the carpet and began drawing.

Clarence didn't understand what she was doing.

He sat beside her and said, "We are in vacation now. Shouldn't you do something that's related to vacation?"

Stella didn't raise her head as she replied, "You should catch up on sleep during vacation. Go sleep now."

Clarence said nothing.

After saying that, Stella stopped talking and giving him anymore attention. She focused totally on her design and was oblivious to her surroundings.

After some time, Clarence received a call, "Mr. Conrad, that person has arrived."

Clarence mumbled a yes and stole a glance at Stella who was focused on drawing. He said, "Wait for me at the meeting room."

He walked to the door and wrote something on a slip of paper. He stuck it on a cup next to Stella before heading out of the room.

Stella was done with her first draft and she decided to stretch herself and walk around. Just as she was about to drink water from the cup, she saw the note on it.

Clarence wrote, "I am heading out for a while. I will come back later. If you're hungry, ring the service."

Stella was indeed hungry. She put down the note and ordered some food, and then she lied down on the sofa and turned on her phone.

After two days of the news spreading on the internet, there were still many people talking about Clarence's resignation from the Conrad Group. Some were speculating about the future development of the group, and they thought that without Clarence at the helm, the group had a high possibility to go downhill.

Upon this analysis, there were people who objected it too, saying that the current Conrad Group could be where they were today because of the cumulative efforts of the predecessors. Clarence was simply standing on a giant's shoulder and reaping the rewards. In other words, the impact of his absence on the group wasn't that big.

Among those voices of objection, most of them cited that Clarence was still an illegitimate son in the end. In a way, he was going to drag the name of the group into the mud and they were of the opinion that after his departure, the Group could only get better.

Chapter 668-Stella quitted looking at her phone. She closed all the pages and locked it. Staring at Noah who smiled happily on the lock screen, her lips curved and she felt much better.

She wanted to go to Riverside City after she went back.

Although she could not meet Noah, it was good to see him from distance.

After a while, Stella was tired. She looked at the time; it was quite late. She went to bed without waiting for Clarence.

At midnight, she felt that someone hugged her while she was in asleep.

Probably it was because she had slept too much these two days, she woke up early in the morning the next day.

She sat straight slowly and saw the sun rising up from distance. The sunlight fell on Clarence's face through the gap of the curtain. He frowned slightly.

Stella used her hand to block the light.

She looked at the man who slept soundly beside her, lowered her head and kissed his lips gently.

After a while, Stella got out of her blanket and went down the bed. She pulled the curtain tightly close, and then entered the bathroom.

The door was opened when she was brushing her teeth.

Glancing at the man who showed a sleepy face, she rinsed her mouth and asked, "Why do you get up so early? Go back to sleep."

Although she was not aware of the time as she had fallen asleep last night, she could feel that Clarence came back quite late.

Clarence said with his coarse voice, "I dreamed that someone kissed me secretly and I can't sleep anymore."

Stella was speechless.

She drew back her gaze and pretended to be fixating on brushing her teeth.

Clarence hugged her from behind and whispered, "Why don't you ask me who kissed me in my dream?"

Stella bit her toothbrush and mumbled, "Why would I know about your dream?"

"The girl in my dream is pretty."

"Oh."

"Aren't you jealous?"

Stella said with a calm expression, "Why should I be jealous? A dream is always opposite to the real world. You dreamed that someone kissed you that means no one will do that in the real world."

Clarence rubbed her neck and said smilingly, "Is it?"

Stella was rendered bashful and nudged him with her elbow, "I'm brushing my teeth. Get out of the way."

Clarence released her and kissed her face instantly while she was off guard, he said, "I hope I can be wakened by this dream every day."

Stella was speechless.

Before Stella hit him, Clarence left the bathroom first.

After eating breakfast, they went downstairs. The man who picked them up when they reached Ireland had been waiting downstairs.

He nodded at them slightly, "Mr. Conrad, Mrs. Conrad."

After getting into the car, Clarence said to Stella, "It takes three to four hours. Just sleep if you feel tired."

Stella was not tired at all. She was energetic.

She opened the window along the way.

The view along the journey was breath-taking. The air was fresh too.

Cows and goats could be seen by the road. Besides, there were many wild animals too.

The experience was fresh and exciting.

Out of the blue, she felt that the place where Clarence wanted to bring her to was a Shangri-la.

It had been afternoon when they reached the town of Tekapo. Not many people were seen in the town as the weather was too hot.

The place was quieter than Christchurch.

The buildings around created a romantic atmosphere, making it look like a fairy tale world.

Soon, the car parked in front of a small house.

Stella opened the car door eagerly, for she wanted to see the town closely.

Clarence walked beside her, "Do you like this place?"

Stella nodded, "Yes, I do."

If she knew this place before, her first choice must be here.

It was so pretty. The sky was so blue that she had ever seen anything like it. Inhaled was the pure fresh air.

Clarence curved his lips, "You will like it even more at night. Let's go in and eat first."

After saying that, he walked forwards.

Stella drew back her attention and followed him.

There were two middle-aged women waiting in the house. The dining table was full of food.

After they went in, the two middle-aged women bowed slightly. They talked in a language that Stella could not understand, which might be the local language.

Clarence's husky voice was heard, very pleasant to the ear, "Thanks."

The two women left with a smile.

Stella asked him softly, "Do you understand what they say?"

Clarence walked towards the dining table and sat down, "I don't understand but it is always good to be polite so that others would at least bear with us."

Stella was amused.

“Who could bear him?” she thought.

Clarence said, “Taste it. If you don’t like the food, ask them to prepare something else for you.”

Stella walked towards him and sat opposite him, “Now you’re not worried about they can’t bear you?”

Clarence raised his brow, “If it’s for you, I’m willing to sacrifice my reputation.”

“Shut up.”

Stella took the cutlery in front of her and cut the food into smaller pieces.

The taste was weird but it was still acceptable.

The more she ate, the more tasty she felt.

The corner of Clarence’s mouth turned up when he saw her enjoying the food.

After eating the lunch, Clarence said, “It is so hot now. Let’s take a nap and go out in the afternoon.”

Once he said that, Stella felt a bit sleepy and yawned.

She felt like eating and sleeping are the only two things occupying this trip.

Their room was on the second floor. Their luggage had been taken upstairs when they were eating.

Stella said while lying on the bed, “How many days do we stay here?”

“I plan to stay here for two days. If you like it here, we can stay a few days more.”

Stella hesitated and said, “Are we still going to Semporna?”

Clarence asked, “Why not?”

Stella did not speak. She felt that he had many things to do.

She turned around and closed her eyes. She said, “I just worry that the time is not enough.”

“Don’t you have Sherry in your studio?”

“Yes, but...”

“What do you usually do in your studio?”

“Drawing my design.”

Clarence said slowly, “Then why should you worry about the time?”

Stella didn’t know how to answer that.

After a while, she realized what he meant.

Although most of the time she just let the staff to handle the stuff in the studio, she would help out there occasionally.

Stella took a deep breath and closed her eyes tighter. She did not want to bother with him anymore.

After a few seconds, Clarence's voice was heard, "Alright, since you are worried about it, I will ask Nathan to watch it out."

Stella said, "Doesn't he need to work?"

"Nathan is my subordinate. He does not belong to the Conrad Group," Clarence said calmly, "He will leave once he finishes all the handover stuff within this week."

Stella was stunned, "Then he..."

"He is gonna be jobless, so he desperately needs your job. Can you consider it?"

Chapter 669-When Stella woke up, the sun out there had become less glaring.

The people of the town started to show up.

Stella was in an excited mood. She got up and put on light makeup and lipstick. She turned around and said to Clarence who leaned against the door and looked at her, "I am ready, let's go."

Clarence smiled, "So pretty."

Stella was immune to his sweet talk. She brushed her hair, "Thank you, I know."

Clarence curved up his lips, "Let's go."

The weather was just about right at the moment, sunny but not too hot. The townspeople greeted them warmly.

Stella smiled and greeted them too.

The town was not that big. They had finished visiting it after a while.

Lake Tekapo was located not far from the town. It was a place secluded from the earthly world. The calm and clear lake reflected the snow-capped Southern Alps.

There were a few townspeople and tourists fishing around the emerald green lake.

The whole landscape was picturesque.

Stella took out her phone to take photos. After that, she turned around and looked at Clarence.

Clarence understood her immediately. He took her phone and raised his chin, "Go there, I help you snap photos."

Stella ran towards the lakeside and made a V sign to the camera.

After snapping a few photos, she felt something went wrong.

She trusted him to take photos for her just now, what?!

Stella walked towards him and took the phone from his hand. She turned on the camera grid and said to Clarence, "My figure should be in these four boxes if you take photos of my half body."

After that, she pointed at the phone for him, "These four and those four."

Clarence looked at her with in a weird way. He moved his lips, like he wanted to speak but stopped on second thought.

After a while, he said, "Do you want to take half or full body?"

Stella felt that he did not get what she meant just now.

Forget it.

Stella answered, "Both are fine."

Clarence took the phone, "Go there."

Stella went back to the lakeside again. She thought that it was not a bad thing to shoot more. She must be able to choose one from 100 photos.

After a while, a tourist passed by them.

Clarence stopped him and asked him to take a few photos for them.

The bearded foreigner smiled and answered, "Of course."

Clarence passed the phone to him and walked towards Stella.

Stella wanted to say something but Clarence hugged her waist and muttered softly, "Look at the camera, baby."

When she was still studying at university, Sherry liked to take photos everywhere with Stella. So, she had become an expert in posing in front of the camera.

However, she was good at solo posing but it was the first time she took a photo with others. She felt a bit awkward.

Clarence could sense her uneasiness and he whispered by her ear, "Be natural a bit. It is not a wedding photo. No need to be so nervous."

A-ha.

Her hand pinched on his waist.

Stella smiled broadly when she heard him grunt.

The uneasiness disappeared after that.

Stella raised her head and met his black eyes. She raised her chin arrogantly.

Clarence looked at her and curved his lips. His black eyes were glowing with gentleness.

The tourist had snapped dozens of photos of the moment.

Clarence walked towards him and got the phone back, "Thanks."

The tourist shrugged and complimented, "Your girlfriend is so beautiful. Is she a star?"

Clarence turned around and looked at Stella who approached them, he said slowly, "It's my wife. She's a jewelry designer."

"Oh, that's great."

Stella heard their conversation and smiled at the guy. She thanked him.

After that, the man waved goodbye to them.

Stella flipped through the photos. The tourist was holding an SLR, suggesting that he must be a professional photographer. He took every photo nicely.

Surprisingly, the photos that Clarence took were nice as well. They were totally beyond her expectation.

He took in both portrait and photo modes.

She liked every one of the photos.

Stella praised him, "You're photos are quite nice."

Clarence put one of his hands in his pocket and walked forwards. He said leisurely, "I have learnt shooting before."

Oh.

No wonder Clarence would look at her in that weird way before. He felt he was insulted.

Stella walked towards him, "You know how to play the guitar, play golf and rock climbing, and now photography... Is there anything you don't know?"

"Are you suggesting that you worship me?"

"Very funny," Stella said. "I just wonder. It is normal that you know how to climb the rock and play golf as they are something required in the business community. However, things like guitar playing and photography are just the kind of stuff that rich guys who have nothing to do would get involved in. How come you have time to learn them?"

"Because I'm capable."

Damn.

Clarence said, "Those you mention are what my father asked me to learn. As for the other skills, sometimes I just want to switch to another mindset when I got tired."

Stella could not help but admit that Clarence was indeed smart and capable.

No wonder so many people hated him but they could do nothing about him.

After walking for a while, they noticed the sunset reflected on the lake.

Stella said, "Should we go back now?"

Clarence looked at a place from distance, "There is a church, don't you want to visit it?"

Stella looked over there and she could see the outline of the church. It was a beautiful church.

She said, "Let's go."

The sun had just set and there was still some time before dark.

They walked along the lake to reach the church.

When they almost reached the church, Stella found that she had stepped on a carpet made of petals.

The surrounding was decorated. It looked so wonderful in the afterglow.

Stella said, "We'd better don't go inside. There might be people having a wedding."

Clarence looked at her, "Have you seen any church holding a wedding at night?"

"Hmmm..."

Stella was about to say more but he held her hand and walked towards the church.????????

Chapter 670-The front of the church was covered with flowers.

The last ray of the sunset was seen from distance.

Clarence released her hand and said slowly, "You have said that you will get the marriage certificate with me. Is the promise still valid?"

Stella looked at him. After a while, she realized what he wanted to do.

She had expected Clarence to make a proposal but she did not expect him to arrange such a romantic proposal.

Stella did not know why her throat was choked and she felt a sense of sourness from her nose, "You rejected me last time."

"So, I am here to make it up," Clarence said and got down on his one knee. He took out a ring from his pocket, "Give me one more chance, would you?"

Stella's eyes were reddened. She nodded slightly, "Yes."

When Stella was in Riverside City, she had forgiven all the past and gotten over them.

It seemed to be a mistake for her to meet Clarence from the beginning.

She had tried to use her strength and bravery to remedy the mistake.

She thought that their relationship would end on the day they got divorced.

However, the divorce was just a beginning.

She did not know Clarence clearly in the past. However, after one year, she could clearly know that Clarence was not that complicated. He was just a determined man who held firmly on to his principle and belief.

The outsiders and the Conrad family always judged Clarence with their bias, that was why they would think that it was hard to deal with him and that he was so frightening.

Although he lived in such a tricky environment, the innermost part of him was still clean and soft.

It was a place that no one could reach.

However, she reached there now.

Clarence put the ring on her finger and stood up. He hugged her in his arms and smiled, "Can I call you Mrs. Conrad now?"

Stella sniffed, "Nope, wait until we get the marriage certificate."

"Ok, it's up to you."

Stella murmured softly in his arms, "Is that why you brought me here?"

Clarence released her slowly, "Not really."

After saying that, he stood aside and Stella could see a wider view.

Clarence talked with a coarse voice, "This is what I want to give you."

The sky was full of twinkling stars.

One by one, they were bright and twinkling. It seemed like they could touch the stars once they raised their hands.

Stella looked up at the surrounding. Little stars were twinkling in her pretty eyes.

Clarence's voice rang, "This place is one of the 'Dark-sky Preserves' in the world."

Stella raised her hand subconsciously. She had never seen such a splendor before.

Every star looked so near to her and they occupied the entire night sky.

Clarence raised his hand in front of her, "Let me show you a magic."

Stella thought that he made a proposal just now. Struggling in her heart for a while, she turned to stare at him, stunned, "You know magic as well?"

Clarence raised his brow and asked her, "Which star do you like? I will pick for you."

Stella pointed at the brightest star, "That one."

Clarence closed his hand which were put in front of her and shook it slightly. The next second, a necklace with a star dangled in front of her from his hand.

Stella was dumbfounded. She remembered that he did not hold anything in his hand just now.

Clarence withdrew his hand and helped her to put it on, "You can continue to fix your adoring gaze on me."

Stella was speechless.

She lowered her head and looked at the shining necklace, "When did you buy it?"

"When I decided to bring you here."

"Are you so confident that I will accept your proposal?"

Clarence sat on the floor and pulled her to his side, "I am not sure whether you will accept my proposal but I am sure you'll like this place."

At least the necklace could be gifted to her even though the ring was not.

It would still be a trip of its worth.

Stella nodded and looked at the starry sky, "You're right."

After a while, Stella seemed to have recalled something and asked, "You mentioned that when you had a business trip in Auckland, you heard about a place. Is this the place?"

"Yes. After the business is dealt with, I came here."

Stella was curious, "Why? You don't seem to be a person who likes stars."

Clarence looked at her and said unhurriedly, "I like the interstellar space."

Stella's face was flushed when she met Clarence's dark and quiet eyes. She realized the meaning of his words and she dodged her sight from him. She looked at another place unnaturally and coughed, "I mean I didn't expect that you are an astrophile."

Clarence said, "You think too much. I am not an astrophile."

After a while, he said, "I only like stars, especially the one in front of me."

Stella got used to his sudden sweet talk but still this was too much for her to handle. She said with a flushed face, "Shush..."

Before she could finish her words, he held her chin and kissed her.

Stella's mouth was blocked. She responded to his kiss and closed her eyes slowly.

The starry sky was their backdrop.

After kissing, Stella leaned against his chest, "You came here three years ago?"

Clarence held her hand and lowered his head to look at the ring on her finger. He was satisfied with it and nodded.

Stella said, "Didn't you hate me at that time? Why did you come here?"

Clarence let out a small gasp.

He said, "Do you want to rake up the past at this moment?"

Stella corrected him, "This is not raking up the past. I am just curious why you came here since you hated me back then."

Clarence hesitated and said, "I didn't hate you."

Stella knew that what he said was true. Or else, he would not bring some souvenirs for her every time he came back from a business trip during those years.

Clarence just did not know how to express himself at that time. Furthermore, he was under the impression that she pretended to be pregnant and forced him to marry her. He thought that she was the kind of woman who would use all means to get what she wanted.

Stella had introspected about the matter. She did make some mistakes as well.

It was good if she could explain to him clearly in the beginning.

But it was no point to regret it.

However, at first, she did not know how complicated was the situation of the Conrad family. Whether she was pregnant or not actually didn't even matter. Dempsey just needed a person who could control Clarence. She also didn't know the reason why Clarence suspected that she was not pregnant was because Joanna had dealt with the people who knew the truth.

All the stuff accumulated and caused them to have an unfortunate marriage for three years.

Clarence continued, "When I came here for the first time, I decided that I must bring you here once in my lifetime."