

Mr Conrad 731

Chapter 731-Biting her bottom lip, Elaine shed tears when listening to him. She retorted in a low voice, "But... But these kinds of things are not for reasoning. Didn't you cry when Grandpa Bancroft left?"

"No, I didn't."

Elaine looked at him in disbelief with her tearful eyes. Probably, she had never expected that he was so cold-hearted.

Darnell looked down to check his watch. "The jet will land in half an hour. If you want to cry, you can do it now. But you must know tears are the most useless things in this world. Crying can't resolve any problems."

Elaine choked. She didn't cry out. Turning around, she trotted into the bedroom, locked from the inside, lay prone on the bed, and cried sadly.

Half an hour later, the jet landed in the private airport on time.

On the way to the hospital, Elaine leaned against the car window with reddish eyes, sobbing from time to time.

A lot of reporters were gathering at the door of the hospital. They heard about Hilbert's sickness from nowhere, so they waited at the door for the latest news.

Outside and inside the hospital, members of the James family with different intentions came and go.

The black car was parked at the side door of the hospital, where several vehicles had been parked. None of them wanted to be interrupted by the reporters.

Elaine got down the car and rushed to the hospital. After she rushed a few steps, she heard a man's voice behind.

“Stop.”

Elaine looked back and said between sobs, “What...”

Seeing Darnell walk towards her, she subconsciously stepped back.

Darnell said, “Stand still. Don’t move.”

Elaine immediately stood there motionlessly.

Darnell took off his suit jacket and put it on her shoulders. Then he walked forward.

Elaine was taken aback, looking down at herself. It wasn’t until then did she realize that she was still wearing pajamas.

She wrapped herself with the jacket, followed Darnell, and strode in.

A lot of people were gathered outside the ward.

When Darnell appeared, the tense atmosphere became even tenser.

Seeing Elaine behind him, they had different expressions.

Right then, Franklin walked out of the ward.

Elaine walked to him, ready to be hit. “Dad...”

However, Franklin didn't blow up on her. He said, "Go ahead to meet your great-grandfather for the last time."

Elaine's tears that were just held back now started to drop again. She hurriedly walked into the ward.

In the war, Hilbert was lying on the bed as if he were sleeping.

Elaine squatted down and couldn't help sobbing. "Great-grandpa..."

Hilbert opened his eyes a bit. His lips parted. "Elaine."

Elaine couldn't catch her breath while weeping. "Great-grandpa, it's my bad. I shouldn't have sneaked to City N secretly. I'll be obedient in the future. Please don't go..."

Hilbert looked delighted. In difficulty, he raised his hand and patted her head. He wheezed difficultly, "Good... you are back..."

The next second, she heard the long beep from the electrocardiograph nearby.

"Great-grandpa!"

...

The sunshine was radiant at noon. It fell through the French Window, heating up the room.

Stella was awake because of the heat of the sunshine.

She sat up on the bed, turning her neck. She felt sore all over her body, as well as a migraine from drinking wine.

The pain is killing her.

She pulled out her cell phone and checked the time. It was five minutes to twelve.

Clarence was seen nowhere.

Stella lifted the quilt. When she was about to get up, the bedroom door was open. Clarence came in.

She rubbed her eyes. "It's so late now. Why didn't you wake me..."

Clarence interrupted her, "Get ready. We'll go to Riverside City this afternoon."

Stella was taken aback, looking over at him. "Didn't you say we would go there this weekend?"

Clarence walked to her. "The plan is changed. Hilbert James passed away. We can't wait until the weekend."

"When did it happen?"

"This morning."

"Elaine..."

"Last night, Darnell picked her up. When Hilbert passed away, she was with him."

Stella heaved a sigh slightly. Fortunately, Elaine had rushed back in time. Otherwise, it would be the biggest regret in her life.

While getting off the bed, she said, "Let's hurry up..."

Stepping on the floor, Stella's legs were weakened. She almost lost her balance.

Clarence reached out to help her up.

Stella turned to glare at him, the culprit!

Clarence looked away and made an excuse. "This is a sudden incident beyond control. You can't blame me for that."

Stella said crossly, "Have some mercy on poor me, okay?"

Entering the bathroom, Stella took a hot shower and tidied herself up. Finally, she felt the soreness and tiredness fade away from her body.

She didn't know how long she would stay in Riverside City this time. Back to the apartment, she packed up and put a few clothes into the suitcase.

After that, it was still early, so Stella went to the studio.

Clarence also needed to deal with something in Steward Group. He would come to pick her up after he had done it.

The studio.

Seeing Stella, Sherry put down her work and followed her to the office. "Stella, good you've come. Can you get in touch with Elaine? I went to see her this morning, but no one was there. I called her, but she didn't answer. Has anything happened?"

Stella nodded. "Yes. Her grandfather passed away. She went back to Riverside City last night."

Sherry didn't expect to hear such an answer. She was taken aback and then sighed in silence.

Stella added, "Clarence and I will also fly to Riverside City later this afternoon. I don't know when we will come back."

Sherry said, "Please go ahead. Leave everything here to me. No worries."

Stella pressed her draft book into her bag. After a few seconds of silence, she continued, "Sherry, I have something to tell you."

"Yes?"

Stella looked at her. "It's about Daniel. Clarence has sent someone to look into his matter. It's not like what you've seen. Although I don't know what the relationship between him and that woman is, I'm sure she has controlled Daniel."

Upon hearing it, Sherry waved her hand and said with a weak smile, "I know you want to comfort me. He's so tall and strong. That woman is almost the same height as us. How could it be possible..."

"They found syringes inside the house, in which the ingredients of knock-out drugs were found. Besides..." Stella paused a few seconds before she continued, "Daniel has been injured and not recovered yet. It's easy for a woman to control him under such a circumstance."

Sherry still couldn't believe it. "But, when I saw him last time, he looked pretty well. I couldn't tell he was injured at all."

Stella pulled out her phone and tabbed to open the photo of the blackmail, showing it to Sherry.

She added, "Since Daniel escaped from Lyndon Steward's place, it has only been less than half a month. His wounds couldn't be recovered so soon." [REDACTED]

Chapter 732-Sherry took Stella's phone, and the smile on her face faded little by little.

On the screen, Daniel was blindfolded and gaged, his body covered with bloody wounds.

There were injuries on his shoulders, chest, and waist...

Sherry recalled that though it was hot, Daniel wore long sleeves that night.

He must be wearing it to cover his wounds.

After a while, she returned the phone to Stella and said casually, "Okay. In that case, I feel a little bit better in my heart."

"Sherry..." Stella hesitated.

Sherry put on a smile. "Well, I know what you want to say. I am clear about my relationship with him. We are not even boyfriend and girlfriend to each other. In the past, I did not feel anything wrong about it. But now I realize that he and I come from different worlds. It's time for us to say goodbye to each other. But I do hope that he is safe and sound. After all, we are still friends."

Stella did not say anything else. She knew it was Sherry's own choice, just like what Clarence said.

Sherry added, "Just go to Riverside City without worry. I will take care of things here."

Stella nodded. "Help me keep an eye on Channing. I am afraid he will go to Chassell."

"All right. He will start school in a few days. And I will pay attention to him. If there is any news, I will tell you immediately," Sherry said.

After sending Stella to the door, Sherry asked, "Will Elaine come back?"

Stella looked ahead and replied, "I... I don't know."

...

On the private plane to Riverside City, Stella kept looking out of the window and pondering.

Clarence gently pinched her nose. "What's wrong?"

She retrieved her thoughts. "I was thinking since those elders and Hilbert died, and the James family is completely under control of Darnell, so maybe Ms. Anderson could..."

He replied, "After the death of Hilbert, the James family will only be in bigger chaos."

"Why?"

"Although most of the elders who opposed Darnell died, their families are still alive and secretly making contact with Caesar. In the past, these people dared not to do such things because Hilbert is still in charge. But now without any control, the multiple forces once hidden in the James family will surface."

"I thought Darnell had took care of those people already?" she asked.

"The ones he took care of were just some reckless minions, the easiest part."

Hearing his words, she understood.

With people like Caesar who tried to make things worse in the James family, she wondered what the future of Riverside City would be like.

She looked up suddenly and said, "In that case, Ms. Anderson and the child..."

“Don’t worry. They are focusing on Hilbert’s funeral now. So we still have time.”

She instantly felt relieved a bit.

Since he had said so, he must have made arrangements.

Two hours later, the plane finally landed.

Sitting in the car, she felt a little nervous even breathing. “Archer said he did not allow us to see the kid for fear that the separation later would make him feel worse. But now Riverside City is no longer safe, so can I go see him and take him back to City N?”

He stroked her hair and said softly, “Yes.”

A big smile spread on her face.

After being separated for so long, she finally got to see her baby.

Seeing her so happy, he pursed his thin lips but did not make a sound.

Well, he would talk about it in the future if there was a chance.

After more than an hour, their car slowly got on the way to the house on the hill side.

It was a quiet place with refreshing air.

She got off the car, hurriedly walked inside and as soon as she entered the villa, she saw Archer come out.

He waved at her. “It’s been a long time.”

She nodded and asked quickly, "Where is Noah?"

"He is having a treatment. Do you want to go take a look?"

She pursed her lips slightly. "Okay."

The third floor of the villa was changed into a laboratory. Although it was not exactly like the large laboratory in Riverside City, this one was equally well-equipped.

A few doctors were doing their own thing.

Archer took her and Clarence to the door of the treatment room. "You stay here and watch him. No need to go in."

In the treatment room, the little boy looked taller than in the photos Archer sent her. He was sitting in the bed, letting the doctor do the job obediently. Seemed like he had gotten used to it.

She felt heartbroken as she watched, and asked with a trembling voice, "How long should this treatment last?"

"It's hard to say. Two to three years. Or maybe ten to twenty years."

She closed her eyes, subconsciously grabbing Clarence's arm.

He immediately took her into his arms for comfort.

At this time, the boy in the treatment room had noticed them and turned his head to look over, showing a big smile and a few cute little teeth.

Archer smiled in the direction of him and waved at him.

When the boy was carried away by the doctor for another treatment, Archer said, "Let's go. It will still take an hour."

She shook her head, her eyes reddened. "I will stay here."

Clarence held her shoulders and pulled her forward. "It's useless for you to stay here and you will only disturb the doctor."

She then was taken away by him just like that.

Archer followed them as well.

When they reached downstairs, Clarence's phone rang and he went out to answer the call.

Archer sat in the sofa and looked at Stella. "See? I told you not to come, and now you are like this. As the attending doctor, it wasn't easy for me to make the choice of allowing you here, you know?"

She took a deep breath and adjusted her emotions. "Aren't you going back to James Mansion?"

"Are you referring to the death of doyen?" he asked in reply.

She nodded.

He said, "He is over ninety years old. It's fortunate that he felt little pain when he died. It was actually a happen ending since he died of old age. Whether I go back or not does not matter. He has so many children and grandchildren. As long as Elaine goes back, it's enough."

Then he added, "Besides, I am the attending doctor here. How can I go absent just like this?"

“Aren’t there other doctors here? If you are staying here because of...”

“I lied. It doesn’t have much to do with my duty here. You should know that my whereabouts are being monitored by many people in the James family. Once I leave here and get discovered, everyone in this villa will suffer.”

Upon hearing his words, she could not help but frown.

Riverside City at the moment was so frightening.

He said, “Don’t worry. So far at least we are all safe here.”

Chapter 733-Not long after, a doctor came to call Archer to see the lab data.

He got up and said to Stella, “You just go around first. I will tell them and let them bring the boy down later when he is done with his treatment.”

She nodded. “Okay.”

After he left, she sat in the sofa for a while and then walked around the house since Clarence had not come back yet.

Behind the house, there was a large garden.

She went into the garden and felt a cool breeze with the fresh smell of flowers and plants.

This was indeed a better place to live than the city.

After standing for a while, she found a bench and sat down, staring into the distance.

Soon someone approached her and sat next to her.

She thought it was Clarence and subconsciously turned her head and said, "You..."

When she saw the person's face, she froze at first and then exclaimed in surprise, "Ms. Anderson."

It was Dolores Anderson. "You have been sitting here for a while. What are you thinking about?"

Stella looked ahead again with her eyelashes slightly drooping. "Nothing. I just got caught up in my head."

"Are you still worried about the child?" Dolores asked.

"I know he is fine here with you and Archer. And he is slowly recovering. I just feel... that I haven't fulfilled my duty as a mother since he was born. I spent little time with him and I could not do anything with his illness," Stella replied.

Dolores replied, "He was born prematurely and since then he has been in a dismal condition. And before things got any better, something unexpected happened. But Stella, these are not your fault. I had always wanted to tell you this but didn't have an opportunity."

She added, "I know you had a hard time carrying this child and suffered a lot, but you did your best as a mother to give birth to him in such a difficult situation instead of giving him up. We all want our child to be born healthy and grow up peacefully, but there are always some people who try to ruin our life. If someone is to blame, it is the fault of Clarence and me. We should not have kept it from you, and you, as the mother of the child, have the right to know."

Stella stared at her toes and murmured, "I thought the same thing before, but later I also understood that in a situation like that, it might not be good for him if I knew the child's existence. I wasn't able to take care of him back then. So Clarence was right."

Dolores sighed and gently patted her shoulder. "Since things are in the past, you should stop thinking about it. The future will only get better from now on."

Stella let out a breath. Yes, the worst days had passed, and the situation was looking up.

Her child was getting better and healthier day by day.

Thinking about this, she turned her head and smiled at Dolores. "Thank you, Ms. Anderson."

"No need to thank me. As long as you don't blame me, it's enough for me."

Stella hugged Dolores' arm and said with a pout, "You raised my child up into a chubby little meatball. How can I blame you? I don't even know how to express my thanks enough."

Dolores laughed, took her hand and looked away.

When Clarence walked to the garden, he saw them sitting together and chatting happily.

He did not go near but leaned on the porch with a slight smile, his lips curled up.

After some time, he felt some weight on his leg with a soft nudge.

He looked down and saw a little boy who could barely walk steadily hugging his leg. So he squatted down and scratched the baby's chin. "Do you know me, little thing?"

The little boy was obviously a bit scared by him, looking at him with his big watery eyes and taking two steps backward clumsily. With his mouth pouting, it seemed that he could cry out immediately.

Clarence said, "No crying."

The boy seemed to have understood, sobbing and looking at him with an aggrieved face.

Clarence glanced towards Stella and Dolores and lowered his voice, "If you cry, I will be miserable later."

The little boy seemed no longer interested in him and wanted to go to the garden.

But he fell on the ground after taking two or three steps. Without crying, he simply turned his head to look at Clarence.

The female doctor who sent him over wanted to go forward to help, but was stopped by Archer who followed behind.

He said, "There is nothing we can do here, so go do something else."

Clarence squatted in front the child and said, "Get up on your own."

The little guy got up from the ground quickly, and after taking a wobbly step, he looked at Clarence again, his eyelashes fluttering.

Clarence understood his meaning. "Do you want me to take you there?"

The little one waved his hand and mumbled some vague syllables, probably agreeing to his words.

Clarence gave a small smile and said, "Call me."

The boy tilted his head, not understanding what he was saying.

Clarence slowly repeated, "Call me daddy."

Just as he finished speaking, the boy narrowed his eyes and clapped his little hands, showing two cute little teeth. "Da...Da..."

Clarence was satisfied. "Not bad. You are more obedient than your mother."

After that, he took the boy in his arms with one hand and walked into the garden.

Stella was chatting with Dolores and suddenly notice a shadow cast down next to her.

She looked up and instantly saw an adorable little face.

She immediately smiled with sparkled eyes, reaching out her hands.

The little guy also stretched out his hands towards her and leaned forward, getting into her arms.

The moment she hugged him, she felt that the empty space in her heart was finally filled.

Her child had grown a lot taller and heavier.

Seeing this, Dolores got up and said, "It's getting late. You two have a rest here. I will go make dinner. What do you want to eat?"

Stella hugged the boy while saying, "Anything is fine."

Dolores then looked at Clarence who also replied, "Me too."

"Alright then."

After Dolores left, Clarence sat next to Stella and asked, "What were you talking about just now?"

She replied, "We are talking bad things about you."

He got speechless for a moment and then said slowly, "No wonder you are so happy."

She smiled slightly and looked at the little guy in her arms. "Baby, do you still recognize Mommy?"

The boy grabbed a strand of her hair with a happy smile. "Ma...Ma..."

Clarence asked on the side, "What about me?"

The boy looked at him pouting and turned his head away to the other side.

Clarence was simply speechless.

The boy was exactly like his mother! So unpredictable!????

Chapter 734-Probably due to the treatment, the little boy soon got sleepy and tired. He lay in Stella's arms and fell asleep in no time.

She gently hugged him and asked Clarence, "It took you so long to answer the call. Is there something wrong?"

He casually rested his hands on the bench behind her and said lightly, "Nathan called and said something about Daniel."

"Well, what is it?" she asked.

"It's a bit complicated. If you are interested, wait for him to tell you about the details," he replied.

She pouted and thought about it before saying, "So is he in City N or has he left?"

"He is in City N, but it will still take some time to find out clues about him," he said.

She simply replied, "Oh, okay."

Since she had been holding the baby, she felt a bit numb on her right shoulder. Moving a bit, she wanted to change her posture.

Seeing this, he directly took the child over. "I will hold him."

She looked at the little one lying in his arms with a chubby face and found the scene extraordinarily harmonious at this moment.

She curled up her lips without withdrawing her eyes. "He has grown up a lot in these few months."

He replied, "Is that so? I think he has not grown that much."

She did not bother to pay attention to him. Getting the boy back again, she got up and walked to the house. "I will put him in bed so that he can sleep more comfortably."

He flicked the folds on his clothes and followed behind her.

After entering the house, a maid took them to a room on the second floor.

This must be Dolores' room. There was a crib next to the bed and a crawling mat on the ground as well as something to assist walking.

She put the child in the crib and covered his belly with a blanket. Then she sat next to him and just stayed with him, unable to move her gaze from him.

Clarence watched them from the doorway for a while before turning around and going downstairs to the kitchen.

Dolores was chopping vegetables, and when she saw him coming down, she asked, "Is the child asleep?"

He sat across from her and replied, "Yes. Stella is staying with him."

She said, "Stella and the child have been separated for too long. No mother can accept this kind of thing. Although she did not say it out, she must feel great sadness in her heart."

"I know," he replied.

"What's your next plan?" she asked.

He was silent for a few seconds. "Riverside City is no longer safe."

She understood his meaning, "City N is no better than Riverside City."

He remained silent with his thin lips pursed slightly.

"I originally thought that after Joanna's death, these things would be over. But now it seems that this is just the beginning," she said.

After a long while, he said, "It will end."

She sighed, "The child suffered the most."

After a while, she added, "Has the date of doyen's funeral been chosen?"

He replied, "The day after tomorrow."

She said, "After all, I am no longer a member of the James family, so I won't go to the funeral; I should avoid causing unnecessary disputes."

He said, "Darnell said that as long as you are willing to return to the James family, you can do so at any time."

She shook her head and smiled. "No need. I made the choice myself in the first place. Besides this, it has been so many years and your grandpa has already passed away. So it does not matter whether I go back or not."

He asked, "Do you regret it?"

"I have nothing to regret. The only thing I feel guilty about is..." she said.

He said with a light voice, "It's all in the past."

She looked at him. "It's best if you can let go. And please understand that this was not your grandfather's fault, so don't blame him."

...

The little child loved to move and run at his age. After dinner, he pulled Stella and went towards the garden. Although he kept toddling and fell down several times, he still loved to try walking on his own with passion.

When he was tired of playing, it was already 9:30 pm.

She then carried him into the bathroom to take a bath.

He sat in the bath tub naked, picked up the duck floating in the water and said to her, "Duck, duck."

She nudged his nose, smiled and picked up another small toy in the tub. "What about this one?"

"Piggy," he said.

She asked, "Do you like duck or piggy?"

He held the pig in his left hand and the duck in his right hand. Finally, he raised his right hand and narrowed his eyes. "Duck, duck!"

After she finished bathing him, she realized that the bath towel was left outside, so she turned her head and shouted, "Clarence, give me the bath towel."

Soon Clarence came in with the bath towel and covered the child with it.

She could not help but frown. "Be gentle."

She pulled the bath towel off the boy who giggled as if he had discovered a new exciting thing.

She covered him again with the towel and then pulled it off.

He laughed out loud every time she did this. It seemed he enjoyed playing like this.

But he was still naked. For fear he would catch a cold, she did not play with him for too long. Instead, she hurriedly dried the water on him, helped him put on clothes and carried him back to the bedroom.

After he got to the bed, he seemed to become more spirited, crawling all over the bed. Finally, he pulled up his own clothes and barely covered half of his face. But soon he pulled the clothes off and smiled at her.

She understood what he meant. But she had just given him a bath and had sweat all over her body.

So she turned her head to look at Clarence. "Come and play with him. I will go and take a bath."

He replied, "Since he is going to sleep soon. What's the point of playing now?"

Though he said so, he still walked over with his long legs.

She made one last request to him, "Don't make him cry."

He raised his eyebrows slightly and said in an ambiguous way, "I only make you cry sometimes."

She got speechless.

What was wrong with him?!

He smiled wickedly and sat next to the child.

As soon as the little boy saw him, he turned around, facing him with his butt and quickly crawled away.

She took her pajamas out from the suitcase and prepared to take a quick shower.

During her shower, she was worried that Clarence might make the child cry, so she finished her shower in two or three minutes.

However, what she feared did not happen.

Clarence was sitting on the floor, playing the boring game repeatedly with the child using one corner of the quilt.

It was a funny scene.

She walked over and picked up the child, holding back her laughter. "Okay, you go take a bath. I will put him to bed."

He got up and asked, "Is he sleeping here?"

She replied, "I don't know if he will be obedient tonight. I will try first. Ms. Anderson said if he cries in the middle of the night, she will carry him over."

He paused and suddenly whispered to her ears, "If he cries in the middle of the night, it should have nothing to do with me."

She was rendered speechless again. [REDACTED]

Chapter 735-Not long after, the little guy who was tired of playing finally went to sleep.

Stella gently put him on the bed and turned her head to look at Clarence next to her.

He met her gaze and asked, "What's wrong?"

"I thought about it. And what you said has a point," she said.

He smiled slightly and was about to come over and carry the little one to Dolores when she added, "So you can sleep on the sofa tonight."

It was his turn to become speechless.

She did not even give him time to refuse, sat directly on the bed and turned off the light.

The room instantly got dim with only bright moonlight shining quietly on the floor through the window.

The little guy was sleeping soundly.

Soon he seemed to feel a bit too warm and kicked off the quilt on his body.

She pulled a corner of the quilt and covered his belly with it.

Lying on the bed, she looked at him silently.

Just staying with him like this was a great satisfaction for her.

She did not know when she fell asleep, and when she woke up again, she heard his babbling around.

Instantly, she wanted to sit up. However, before she could make a move, she felt a hand reaching out behind her. Clarence patted the baby on the shoulder not too gently and whispered, "No crying."

She did not know what to say.

Maybe shocked or comforted, after making a few indistinct sounds, the baby turned over to her and fell asleep again.

She was silent for a few seconds and secretly felt amazed at the blood relationship.

How simple but marvelous!

Soon Clarence lay down again and habitually wrapped his arms around her waist.

In the dark, she smiled softly, closed her eyes and went back to sleep.

The next morning when she was still in a daze, she felt something moving around her hand.

She slowly opened her eyes and saw the little guy holding a small toy and playing there by himself.

Seeing her awake, he put down the toy and crawled over, touching her face. "Ma... Ma..."

She hugged him and kissed his little face. "Good morning, my dear."

He giggled twice, as if he was responding to her words.

She thought he must be hungry since he was awake so early. So she was about to get up but was held back.

She turned her head and whispered to Clarence, "Just go back to sleep. I will feed him first."

He asked with tiredness in his voice, "What time is it?"

She slept in the middle of the bed with the baby on her right and Clarence on her left. And she did not know where her phone was.

Looking at the sun that was still rising, she guessed, "It should be around seven or eight."

At this time, the little guy crawled to Clarence, waving his little hand and slapping Clarence's face without hesitation. "Piggy!"

She got stunned with silence. Clarence also froze.

Then he opened his eyes and looked at the little boy with a trace of threat in his eyes.

The little guy seemed to have sensed the danger and quickly crawled back to her again, falling into her arms directly.

She bit her lower lip, holding back her laughter, carried the boy and went out of the bedroom quickly.

After the door got closed, he slowly sat up, wincing.

The little guy hit him quite hard.

...

Downstairs in the kitchen, Dolores was already making breakfast. Seeing Stella come down with the baby in her arms, she said, "Give the baby to me. You go back to sleep for a while more."

Stella shook her head. "I went to bed early last night and rested well."

She then added, "Ms. Anderson, you go rest and I will do it."

Dolores said, "No need. Put him in his own dining chair and play with him for a while. The eggs will be ready in two minutes."

Stella replied, "Okay."

She turned around and walked out of the kitchen. Just as she put the little guy down, she heard Archer's voice from behind her, "Good morning."

She looked to him and saw him sitting at the dining table with a heavy yawn. Obviously, he was still quite sleepy.

She handed a small toy to the little guy and asked Archer, "Since you are so tired, why don't you sleep more?"

He replied with a drowsy face, "If I am late, I won't have any food to eat."

There was also a kitchen on the third floor for the doctors in the laboratory. They could have three meals a day.

But he chose to come to Dolores every day for food. Dolores was fine with it. As long as he could come on time, she would prepare food for him. Otherwise, he would not have anything to eat.

Stella had already known Dolores' character well when they were at Anqiao Street.

She said, "I really didn't expect that you're the kind of guy who would get up early for a meal."

"Your words are a bit harsh. Is this an ordinary meal? I come every day because Ms. Anderson's cooking is so good that I can't miss even one meal," he replied.

She was speechless.

When did he learn to flatter someone like this?!

At this time, Dolores came out from the kitchen. It seemed that she was used to seeing Archer here. She put the steamed eggs for the little guy in front of Stella and said to Archer, "Don't flatter me. Take your bowl and get something to eat."

He laughed, got up and said, "Okay."

When Stella picked up the egg, the little boy sitting next to her already understood that it was time to eat, so he put down his toy and waited obediently.

Noticing that the egg was still a little hot, she blew on it and then went for the bib.

She had just fed the little one a few bites of egg when Clarence came downstairs and sat next to her.

She asked, "Why are you up?"

He looked at the little boy beside her with an expressive gaze. "Do you think I can keep on sleeping?"

She coughed, blocking his line of sight, and said, "It's good to get up early. Since the air is fresh in the morning, you can go out for a walk. It's good for your health."

At this time, Dolores and Archer came out of the kitchen one after the other and put the breakfast and tableware on the table.

Dolores said to her, "Stella, just eat first. I will feed the little one."

Stella replied, "No need. He is well-behaved. It won't take long to finish eating. And I am not very hungry, so I will eat later."

Dolores then sat down and said to Clarence, "You hurry up and eat. After that, you play with the child so that Stella can eat."

He raised his eyebrows slightly and said, "Okay."

Archer darted his glances from Stella who was feeding the child to Clarence. Suddenly, he asked, "Aren't you planning to have another baby?"

Hearing this, Stella paused for a second when feeding the baby without saying anything.

Clarence raised his eyes and met Archer's gaze, saying coldly, "Can't you even stop talking when having your meal?"

Archer probably realized that he had said something he shouldn't say, so he kept silent until breakfast was over.

Chapter 736-After Stella fed the little guy, Clarence directly carried him away.

Stella remembered what had happened in the morning and said uneasily, "Don't make him cry."

He replied, "You should tell him not to bully me."

After saying that, he carried the little one with one hand and walked towards the garden.

The boy lay on his back, looking at Stella with a sad face.

Dolores said, "Don't worry. He knows what to do."

Stella withdrew her eyes and smiled in silence. "I know."

Clarence was tough on the outside but soft on the inside.

After finishing her food, Stella was going to wash the dishes when Archer coughed and said, "Well, you come with me for a moment. I want to talk to you about something."

She replied, "Let me wash..."

Dolores took the bowl from her and said, "Go ahead and leave it to me."

After that, she turned around and went into the kitchen.

Stella withdrew her eyes, wiped her hands, followed him out and asked in a small voice, "What's wrong?"

He touched his neck. "If I said something wrong just now, I'm sorry."

She smiled. "It's okay."

He added, "But what I said is true. You can try to have another baby. The umbilical cord blood of a newborn baby contains plenty of stem cells which are the seeds of life. They will turn into various cells, like blood cells, nerve cells, bone cells and so on. Cord blood has hematopoietic stem cells that can help rebuild the body's hematopoietic and immune systems and can be used for hematopoietic stem cell transplants. It is useful the treatment and there may be unexpected surprises."

She got stunned for a second. "Really?"

He nodded. "Yes. We have tried all the other methods. Now there is only this one left."

Her eyes lit up with hope, but then dimmed down again. She asked with uncertainty, "Can you find it from the cord blood bank?"

"I am doing it now. But the possibility of rejection will be quite high. Even if we find a match, it will not work best for him, so..." he paused.

She lowered her head and muttered, "That's why cord blood that comes from his siblings is the best for his treatment."

He nodded, "That's right."

After saying that, he got closer to her and said in a mysterious way, "Is something wrong with Clarence? Tell me and I can give him a few injections so that he can recover and regain his former glory."

She did not know what to say.

His sounded like those fake doctors in some bad TV commercials.

She forced a smile. "I had a miscarriage once and did not recover well. When I was pregnant with this child, I had an examination and the doctor told me that my health was not good and it would be difficult for me to get pregnant again."

He frowned. "Is there such a thing?" After a short while, he added, "I can do a test for you."

The result soon came out. Looking at Archer's face who was reading the report, and she understood everything. She pursed her lips.

A few moments later, he spoke, "The doctor who examined you was right. But this kind of thing was not one hundred percent definite. As long as you nurse your health well, you still have a good chance of getting pregnant."

"What should I do?" she asked.

"Take medicine, receive injections, do more excises, go to bed early and rise up early, reduce work and rest well."

She asked, "How long will it take?"

"This is not an easy thing. Nobody can say for sure. And medication and injections could be quite torturing. So how about you discuss it with Clarence..."

"No need to discuss. I can do it." She looked at the two figures in the garden and murmured, "This is the only thing I can do."

He said, "Okay. Then I will go and dispense your medicine first."

She withdrew her gaze and said, "Don't tell Clarence about this. I will find a chance to talk to him."

"Okay. It will take a few days for me to prepare the medicine, so there is no hurry,"

He glanced at his phone. "I am going to the lab first. Bring the child up for treatment at 9:30."

She nodded. "Okay."

After he went upstairs, she stood in the same place for a while. Then she went back to her room, took out a sketchbook from the bag, and flipped through the sketches page by page.

After some time, she closed the sketchbook and stood by the window.

In the garden, the little guy was tottering. Clarence squatted next to him and he did not seem so focused. However, every time the little one was about to fall, Clarence always placed his hand behind him.

The little guy ran very happily. When he was unable to stand steadily, he would lean on Clarence's leg, adjusted his posture and continued to move forward.

It was a strangely harmonious scene.

It seemed more like a tacit understanding between the two.

She looked at them and showed a slight smile. Then she took out her phone and made a call.

"Hello, Louis. This is Ms. Radomil. I am sorry to disturb you. I want to talk to you about the fashion week I mentioned before."

...

In the garden, the sunlight was a bit blinding.

The little guy probably got hot playing, and turned around to leave.

After taking two steps, he hugged Clarence's leg, tilted his head and looked at him, not moving.

Clarence bent down and scratched his little chin. "Do you want me to hug you?"

The boy narrowed his eyes and showed him a big smile, slurring, "Hug..."

"Now you are playing cute at me?" Clarence asked.

The little one did not understand him and just hugged his leg without letting go. It was obvious that he was tired and wanted to be pampered.

Clarence picked him up with one hand and carried him in his arms. Without taking a few steps, his phone rang.

He freed one hand to answer the call. "What is it?"

Maxwell on the other end of the phone said, "Mr. Conrad, I just received news that Caesar has left City N and gone to Riverside City."

Clarence asked, "Did something else happen in City N?"

"No. Everything is normal."

"What about Chassell?"

"He is desperate. Nobody is helping him now, so things will soon get bigger."

"Keep an eye on him to prevent further troubles."

Maxwell added, "Mr. Conrad, there is one more thing."

Hearing him stammering, Clarence said, "Don't say it if there is no need."

Maxwell was silent for a while.

Then he said quickly, "Someone from the Conrad family came this morning and said he wanted to see you."

"What for?"

"He would not tell me the details but simply asked to see you. I told him that you went to Riverside City. He wished that you can call him after you get back to City N. He said he had something important to discuss with you. And he looked quite anxious." Maxwell continued, "After he left, I checked his information. He is not Young Master Justin's man."

Chapter 737-Meanwhile in City N.

Sherry received a call from Stella soon as she arrived at the studio. "Stella, is everything alright over there? Did you see the baby?" She asked.

"Everything is fine, I'll video call you in a moment. He can walk now," Stella replied.

"He'll be calling my name soon then. Tell him my name! He'll know his auntie." Sherry said excitedly.

Stella laughed, "Sure." She continued after pausing for a few seconds, "How's thing going with you and Brandon?"

Sherry threw herself onto the sofa after she entered Stella's office and let out a long sigh, "I'm seeing him now, aside from other things, he's an ideal life partner. He's mature, reliable, kind to his parents,

has a stable job and vision of his own. He's not a mama boy and pretty easy going with things, no wonder my mom likes him so much."

She continued, "I might fall for him after seeing and getting to know him further. Relationship needs time anyway."

Stella pursed her lips. Sherry had a point, as she and Daniel were not destined to be a couple, it was wiser to cut the chords now and start over with someone else.

After a moment, Stella spoke, "Sherry, there is something I need to tell you."

"Spill the bean."

Stella held the mobile and said slowly, "I'm planning to give up the fashion week."

Sherry was stunned, "Why? This is a once in a blue moon opportunity for you."

Stella then told her everything that Archer said to her.

She apologized softly, "I'm sorry, I don't have a choice, the fashion week is about three months away, I can't wait that long to start caring and conditioning my body, the sooner I resolve this, the less would the little one suffer."

Sherry replied, "Why are you apologizing, you silly? I understand you completely. I'm fine with it, just feeling a little sad knowing how much effort you've put into your work and finally there is a chance to shine... But it's alright, there is always a chance for those who are well prepared. We could still go higher after you've regained your health and the little one recovered. The future is full of possibilities."

"Thank you," Stella said in a quiet voice.

Sherry and her established the studio from scratch. Though she was the designer, she couldn't have had the chance to focus solely on designing if Sherry wasn't there to help handle all the other stuff.

The fashion week was not only a chance for herself, but also a chance to put their brand and name to fame.

Not only her but everyone else had contributed a lot to this. But they were forced to give up because of her.

Sherry added, "Hey, we're friends. If it wasn't for you, I'm still only an employee at SG Jewelry, working my fingers to the bone. Unlike now, I'm a boss of my own, free and happy. Our studio is quite busy lately, giving up the fashion week will lighten our workload. But have you told the organizer about this?"

Stella nodded, "I called Louis earlier, he asked me to reconsider and get back to him two days later, but I've decided."

"Cool, since you've decided not to take part, we should rearrange our work schedules. We shall discuss when you get back here."

"Okay, Sherry..."

Sherry interrupted her, "Stop saying thank you or apologizing."

Stella smiled, "Got it."

After they hung up, Sherry put down the phone and was ready for work. But someone else called.

She looked at the incoming call, hesitated and answer, "Hi Emmett, anything I can help you with?"

"Are you available now for a chat?" Emmett on the other side asked.

In the afternoon, the two met at the restaurant opposite the studio.

Sherry took the menu and gave it to Emmett, "It was always you who pay the bills, so let me treat you today. Though it's just a simple meal, please don't mind."

"Of course I won't," said Emmett.

He swept a glance at the menu roughly, ordered two dishes, "This will do," he said as he returned the menu to the waiter.

He turned to Sherry after the waiter left. "Sherry, I want to talk to you about Daniel..."

Sherry smiled and interrupted, "Emmett, I'm glad to chat about anything with you for old time's sake, but I'm not interested in talking about someone else or anything related to that."

Emmett paused for a while before he continued, "I wish there isn't any misunderstanding between both of you."

"I know what are you trying to say. Stella told me." Sherry took a sip of water, "I have to admit that I was saddened by what I saw that night and couldn't stop blaming him repeatedly in my heart, but I've let go of it now. You know well that we were not brought together by love. This relationship was nothing but just my wishful thinking, whilst he happened to have a tiny bit of feelings for me."

"It's not entirely like this..."

"We are adults and I never intended for him to be responsible on anything." She shrugged and continued, "Perhaps this is destiny, destiny had it all prearranged. It is only a short relationship, I was nothing but one of his many girlfriends, no ... not even girlfriend. Anyway, I had a relationship with Liam and broke up, but life goes on."

Emmett held the glass in his hand in silence.

After quite a while, he said, "I just hope that both of you will not be separated due to some misunderstanding, since you like each other."

"I used to share the same thought. But Emmett, will you be able to accept if your girlfriend wants to be with you but never get married? Even if you do, what about your parents? I lost my mind because of my feelings for him, but I realize now that the reality is different than what I think." Sherry explained.

"I'm not from a wealthy family but my parents still value traditions. I won't disagree or question Daniel's point of view but I can't walk the path with him. This is what I think now."

Emmett remained silent for quite some time before he managed a smile, "Alright, I understand your thought now. Sorry for interrupting today."

Sherry said, "I know you are concerned about me, so no need to apologize. This meal is still on me today. In addition, I'll send you an invitation to my wedding. Don't forget to prepare a huge wedding gift."

"Sure, I'll definitely be there," Emmett smiled.

At this moment, their dishes were served.

"I need to go to the washroom," Sherry excused herself.

She closed her eyes slowly after a few steps and the smile on her face faded away.

Sometimes, we can convince everyone else with lies, but we can't make ourself believe it.????????

Chapter 738-After lunch, Sherry parted with Emmett and headed back to the studio.

A girl came to her with a bouquet of roses soon as she stepped in, "Sherry, flowers for you."

Sherry took the roses and opened the card on them.

The girl was curious, "Is Daniel back? I haven't seen him around for quite some time."

Sherry looked at the card and smiled, "Not from him."

"Huh? Well then..."

Sherry held the flowers and stroke her hair, "I have more than one admirer."

"Alright, get back to work now," she added.

The lady sensed something unusual and hurried back to work.

Sherry went back to her office, put the flower aside, rested her chin on her hands and gazed out of the window as she let out a long sigh.

Her wish came true; she had a new relationship now. But it didn't bring much joy as she expected though.

Whatever, let it be. Let's go with the flow.

Sherry reached for her mobile and began scrolling. Winnie and Conrad Group mutually agreed to terminate their contract half an hour ago; all her contracted jobs and endorsement agreements will also be canceled within the agreed period.

Lots of media accounts online said Winnie might sign with other companies that offered better terms compared to the Conrad Group; some others said that she intended to establish her own company and build her own entertainment empire.

There were all different kinds of opinions.

While it was rumored that Conrad Group signed a contract with a famous influencer, insiders from the entertainment world anticipated that she would replace Winnie shortly.

Sherry was speechless reading all this gossips. When she was about to sign out, a new trend popped up on the search.

[Winnie's new variety show is scheduled to be broadcast soon]

Winnie was a well-known celebrity, any hot topic related to her should be at least one of the top three on What's Trending. But now due to some unknown reasons, this topic appeared only on the bottom of the trending list.

Sherry clicked and read the content. Apart from promotional content from the recording team and their fans, there were quite lots of negative comments too, claiming that there was a high possibility that the show would be canceled because of the issue between Winnie and the Conrad Group.

Sherry made a call to Winnie. She was still dealing with some issues with the working team. So far, all works were still on schedule and it was nothing like what was written online.

After chatting for a while, Sherry asked, "Is that scumbag still harassing you lately?"

"No, Nathan said he can barely take care of himself, and I don't have to worry about him."

"Very well then."

Stella asked her to keep an eye on Channing. As long as Chassell that bastard didn't do anything, there should be nothing to be worried about.

Winnie added, "Let's meet up after I'm done with everything, and ask Stella to come along."

"Stella and Mr. Conrad went to Riverside City. We don't know when they'll come back, let's wait after she is back," Sherry told her.

"Did something happen at Riverside City?"

“Elaine’s great-grandpa passed away and Stella’s child is there too, so they went back together.”

“I see, let’s wait after she comes back then,” Winnie said.

Though Donald Shawn helped a lot with her termination of contract, she felt awkward treating him for a meal alone, so she wanted to ask Stella and the rest to join, but the timing didn’t allow that; hence, she decided to postpone it.

Sherry let out a dry cough, “Err... Can I ask you something?”

“Sure.”

“Did you contact Channing lately?” Afraid that she might misinterpret, Sherry quickly added, “I didn’t mean anything, I know the variety show is going to be broadcast soon, so I’m just curious if both of you have any other project together.”

Winnie paused and said, “All promotional contents had been shot, so there should be no more collaboration between us.”

“I see, I’m just curious. He needs to go back to school a few days later. I’m worried if his job will affect his studies,” Sherry explained.

“It should be fine.”

“Okay then, please get back to work, take care.”

“Okay, bye.” Winnie looked out at the window, sunken into thought after hanging up the call.

Her assistant waved her hand in front of her, “Winnie?”

Winnie pulled herself back to reality, "Is it done?"

"Yes, let's go," the assistant replied.

Winnie stood up, "Let's go."

Only this assistant who had joined her team less than six months ago left with her, while the rest of the members chose to stay.

Winnie never looked back after she stepped out of the company.

...

In the afternoon, the child was in the treatment room. Stella let out a long sigh looking at the pile of designing drafts in front of her. "Clarence," she called.

"Yes?"

"Did you read the news?"

"Which one?"

"The Conrad Group officially terminated their contract with Winnie."

"Yes, I saw that."

"Do you think what they're saying online will come true?" Stella said slowly, holding her pen.

Clarence paused for a few seconds, put down his laptop, walked over and gently pinched her earlobe, "Why are you thinking so much? Aren't you busy?"

“Something is not right,” Stella said.

“Like what?”

“Your brother...Justin, what exactly does he wants?”

Justin took over Conrad Group. It was understandable that he would slowly replace Clarence’s employees with his people.

It was a normal transition for any company.

But what happened lately did not seem right. That included the collaboration between Justin and Caesar and also Chassell.

If Chassell’s horrible deeds weren’t exposed in front of everyone that night, Justin wouldn’t have abolished their collaboration.

Recalling the incident that night, it seemed Justin was forced to do so.

Clarence had all information about what kind of a person Chassell was. Though Justin took over the Conrad Group later, Nathan must have given him details about Chassell as well, but Justin chose to ignore that.

The incident with the James family became the talk of the town, though Justin didn’t mind and didn’t believe what happened, he should have at least investigated and verified the truth, instead of disregarding the incident, pretending nothing happened and continuing his collaboration with Caesar.

Not only this was completely unreasonable, but it was also... unbelievable.

Clarence raised his brow, “I thought you were stuck on your design seeing you frowned upon here. Why are you thinking about all this?”

Stella turned to him, "You didn't renew the contract with Winnie because you have foreseen the current situation, did you?"

Clarence pulled back his hands, "Spend more time on work, you'll achieve better."

Stella turned speechless. She sensed that Clarence was obviously avoiding her questions. In other words, her assumptions were correct.??????

Chapter 739-Elaine locked herself in her room since she was discharged from the hospital. She didn't eat anything at all.

Her father Franklin called her twice but she was oddly determined and stubborn this time. He was busy after Hilbert's death, and he didn't have much time to look after Elaine now.

He thought everything would be fine after a while.

Elaine lied on her bed, crying herself to sleep. When she woke up, she started crying again.

She looked haggard like a half-dead person.

If she hadn't rushed to City N without proper consideration, Sherry wouldn't have lost her baby.

Great-grandpa was good to her and loved her so much, but she didn't get to spend more time with him, didn't even get the chance to speak to him before he left this world.

She didn't know how much time had passed before someone knocked on her door again. She forced herself to speak weakly, "I'm not eating, leave me alone..."

Before she could finish, a cold voice from a man was heard, "Open the door now. You have one minute."

Elaine was startled. She wanted to get up but had no energy to do so after two days without food. Hence, she threw herself back on the bed.

On second thought, why would she still be threatened by his words? She was already home.

This was her home. There was nothing he could do to her.

Elaine shut her eyes again and covered herself entirely with the blanket, sobbing underneath.

She heard some noise from the door after a short while.

Elaine removed the blanket and looked in that direction with her misty eyes. She could barely open her eyes against the glares of light.

She realized something after a few seconds. Where was the door?

At this moment, a maid hurried in with a tray of food, "Have some food, Ms. James," she said worriedly.

Elaine was still punishing herself. "No," she said stubbornly.

"Force it down her throat, as much as you can," the man said.

Elaine was puzzled. She looked at the door again but the man was no longer there.

The maid helped her up, "Please eat something. Doyen's funeral is scheduled in the evening. You can't even step out from the house in this condition."

Elaine mumbled in confusion, "Today is great-grandpa's funeral?"

"Yes, Sir James is busy because of this. That's why he sent Master Darnell over to get you."

Elaine lowered her head in silence.

The maid walked over with the congee, "Don't be too stubborn Ms. James. Doyen passed away in old age and peacefully. He didn't suffer much. You should be glad for him on that."

Elaine began weeping uncontrollably again talking about this, "But... I..."

"Death is an unavoidable stage in life. Don't be too upset about that. I'm sure he would want you to live a happy and carefree life like before."

No one knew if Elaine had accepted the advice, but she swallowed down the congee, weeping.

After the meal, she went for a shower while the maid brought her a black dress for the funeral.

Elaine rubbed her reddened and swollen eyes as she walked down the stairs.

Darnell was sitting downstairs. At the sight of her, he stood up and strode out without a word.

Elaine hurried out, following behind him.

Outside the house, Elaine walked towards the passenger seat at the front like usual, she saw Darnell open the door of the driver's seat when her hand landed on the handle.

Elaine froze with her hand in the air. She didn't know whether to proceed or not.

Darnell who was already in the car turned to her casually.

Without waiting for him to speak, Elaine went in, seated and pulled the seatbelt, "I'm done!"

But things went a bit messy. She failed to fasten the seatbelt even after a few attempts.

Darnell lost his patience, he leaned towards her, took the seatbelt from her hands and buckled it.

Elaine, on the other hand, leaned back against the seat to keep a distance from him.

While they were on their way, Elaine called softly, "Darnell..." with her hands grabbing tightly on the seatbelt.

Darnell said casually without turning to her, "Yes."

"Will there be a crowd attending the funeral?"

"Yes."

"Will them...," Elaine's voice went hushed, "Urge me to marry you?"

Darnell paused for a few seconds, "Is there any other thing you think of apart from this?"

Elaine pressed her lips, "That's because many others want me to marry you, great-grandpa, dad, and the elders, too many of them. They will be satisfied once I married you, will they?"

Darnell glanced at her, "Are you planning to sacrifice yourself again?"

Elaine's head lowered, "Honestly, there isn't much I could do. If marrying you could let great-grandpa rest in peace and lifted my father's worries, I don't mind..."

"I'm not interested in you," Darnell interrupted her.

“Okay,” Elaine replied. She rolled down the window and dazed out blankly in silence throughout the journey.

The car finally stopped half an hour later.

Elaine unfastened the seatbelt and went down.

At the entrance, there were family members of the James, a crowd of media and people who came to mourn for Hilbert’s passing.

Elaine was surrounded by people expressing their condolences the moment she appeared.

She was awkward in front of the camera. Her eyes reddened and she didn’t know what to say.

Someone held her hand and pulled her away from the crowd while she was at a lost.

“Who was that? Is he a member of the James?”

“I’ve never seen him in the James family, he...”

“Wait a minute, isn’t he the Master of the Riverside? I saw him from afar once...”

“What?!”

Darnell had never appeared publicly. No one knew how he looked like apart from the James family.

It was also hard to believe that the legendary Master of the Riverside walked past them just now.

There were fewer outsiders inside the hall.

Elaine saw a familiar figure in the crowd, her eyes sparkled and she stormed toward to hug her, "Stella!"

Stella took a step backward due to her force, "Are you alright?" She asked, patting her back.

Elaine sobbed, "Yes... I thought I would never see you again..."

While tears gathered in her eyes, a man said with a cold voice, "Let go of her and stand properly."❏❏

Chapter 740-Elaine released Stella unwillingly and took a step backward and quickly held Stella's hands tightly, looking sad.

Stella stroke her hair, looked at her red swollen eyes and asked softly, "You looked skinnier. Have you not eaten anything these few days?"

"No appetite... But I had some before coming here."

Stella let out a quiet sigh not knowing what to say to her. "Let's go," she finally said, holding her hand.

Elaine looked up and realized Darnell had disappeared from around her.

They arrived in the main hall and saw Hilbert's portrait placed in the center, looking amiable.

Elaine's nose tingled when she saw the portrait. She followed behind Clarence and Stella to pay her respect to Hilbert, muttering, "Great-grandpa, I'll be obedient and listen to dad from now on and won't ever make him angry again."

She then took her last bow and bid goodbye.

After that, they headed towards the room beside the hall and heard noises coming from outside.

Stella turned around and saw someone walking in slowly across the crowd.

It was Caesar James.

The James families were startled by his sudden appearance. Some were even frightened as everyone thought he died ten years ago.

Caesar ignored the gazes of people around and walked straight to Elaine, smiling, "Elaine."

Elaine stared at him and felt terrified. She quickly took a step backward and hid behind Stella.

Caesar pushed his glasses into place. His smile widened when he looked towards Stella, "Ms. Radomil and Mr. Conrad are here too."

"Compared to us, you seem to be less welcome here," Clarence said casually.

"No one is welcome to a ceremony like this," Caesar replied.

He then went in front of Hilbert's portrait and pay his respect slovenly.

His behavior was extremely rude in others' eyes.

The elders frowned upon his rudeness, "How could you..."

Caesar couldn't care less. He took out a napkin, wiped his fingers and turned to them, "Only the living cares about rules, not the dead."

His words infuriated the man who spoke just now. He trembled holding his walking stick. Elaine hurried up to help. She looked at Caesar and shouted, "You are too over the line, uncle!"

Caesar smiled, "You are still too young to understand it, Elaine. You'll agree with me when you grow older."

"Since you dislike following the rules and have no respect for the dead, why waste time attending the funeral?" Stella denounced.

Caesar looked to her, "Such a good question Ms. Radomil. I'm here today not for the funeral; it's just time for me to come back after leaving the James family for so long."

Stella opened her mouth but her words were stopped by a pull from Clarence.

"Don't waste your breath on him," he whispered.

Caesar was eagerly waiting for someone to start a fight with him. The fiercer the fight, the happier he got.

Franklin came from the room beside the hall, his face darkened when he saw Caesar, "What are you doing here?"

Caesar greeted him with a smile, "Long time no see, Franklin."

Franklin swept a glance at the surrounding people, many of them were whispering about the sudden appearance of Caesar today.

He frowned slightly as his face darkened.

After a moment, he said, "Let's talk in the room beside."

Caesar disagreed, "No, we can talk here. I believe everyone here wants to know how I came back alive from death."

He looked at Clarence as he spoke, "Or who is this man standing right here, what is his identity and why do he and Darnell resemble each other."

Knowing what he was about to say, Franklin shouted angrily, "Stop the nonsense!"

Caesar was calm, "I'm just filling up the blanks for everyone here. Every single word I uttered is true. Franklin, are you trying to stop me from telling the truth, hoping that this secret will be buried together with Hilbert?"

With such a scene created by Caesar, the crowd filling the main hall became bigger, almost all the members of the James arrived.

Caesar turned to him, "What I'm about to tell is a secret incident that happened twenty years ago."

"I believe everyone here is well aware that Dolores, the daughter of the previous Master of Riverside, Bancroft, willingly removed herself from the James family tree and disowned herself from the family for the sake of her forbidden love. As the Master of Riverside, Bancroft was supposed to be the role model but what had he done?"

"He discovered after sending someone to investigate at City N that his daughter's forbidden love was nothing but an affair with a married man, and she even gave birth to a son out of wedlock. To make the Conrad's accept that bastard, he plotted a car accident and caused the eldest son who is the initial heir of the Conrad to spend his entire life in a wheelchair."

Stella held Clarence's hand in silence.

Caesar continued, "Due to his selfishness, not only did he violate the rules of the James family for the sake of a person who had been removed from the family tree; he also caused harm to the innocent and destroyed our family name. I wish to ask, is such a person qualified to be the Master of Riverside?"

Someone in the crowd voiced up, "But... Bancroft is dead. The current Master is..."

Caesar enraged, "He is dead, so we should just forget about what he had done?"

One of the elders said, "Yes he was wrong and if you would like to seek justice, you may go to Darnell. This is your grandpa's funeral. It's inappropriate of you to speak about this now..."

"I'm sure he's well aware of what Bancroft did twenty years ago. I think he kept it hidden intentionally. The James had committed such severe crime. None of them is innocent!"

"That's enough! What is the meaning of telling all this here? Stop making a scene!" Franklin yelled out.

Caesar laughed, "Oh Franklin, I almost forgot that you were one of the many who committed the crime too. So I have a question, does the family rules and moral teachings you always speak about actually mean anything to you? Since you were able to do such a shameless act that put shame on the family, are you not ashamed?"

"You are angry now just because you are no exception, kicked out after being a disgrace to the family."

Caesar turned his head following the voice, his grin widened and he said casually, "Don't use me as a shield, Mr. Conrad. We are talking about you. How do you feel about snatching away things that belonged to your brother from another mother? Stepping on his broken legs and living his life, how does it feel?"