

Mr Conrad 771

Chapter 771-After shooting the commercial, they still had to take promo photos.

All day long, they hadn't finished shooting by 10:30 pm.

Seeing that it was getting late, Stella came up to Sherry and asked, "Does Chan still need to shoot?"

Sherry flipped through the shooting schedule, "I think that's it. He's almost done with his shots."

Stella said, "Then I'll let him go back first. He has class tomorrow."

"Alright, let him go back." With that, Sherry waved his hand toward Channing and said, "Goodbye, little handsome."

After Channing walked into the dressing room, he changed his clothes and hung them on the hanger next to him.

He had just come out of the dressing room when he saw Stella standing at the door.

Stella asked, "What happened to you and Winnie?"

Channing replied, "What?"

Stella said, "You two looked weird during the shooting. There was something wrong with the atmosphere."

Channing averted his gaze to the side and looked away, "Nothing."

"Did you confess your love to her and get rejected?"

Channing remained silent.

Seeing that he avoided answering, Stella assumed that this should be the case.

Channing said, "I didn't confess."

"Then what's going on?"

While walking forward, Channing said, "She knows about it."

Stella went out side by side with him and remained silent for a moment before continuing, "You didn't seem to not want her to know either."

Channing didn't say anything and tacitly admitted.

Stella sighed, yes, people who fell in love with someone couldn't hide their affection in the eyes, but also couldn't help but want to be closer to the one.

Especially for the case of Chassell, there was no way Channing would let it go just because Winnie might find out.

Winnie would know about this sooner or later.

After walking to the doorway, Stella added, "And how did you guys talk about it?"

The rain had been continuing pattering outdoors, and unlike before, it was a bit chilly.

It looked like autumn was just around the corner.

Channing answered, "We didn't say anything, let's discuss this at another time."

Even he himself didn't know what the future would be like.

Stella was silent for a few seconds and just said, "Let's take a cab."

However, probably because it was raining and their shooting location was a bit remote, no driver came.

Channing put away his phone, "There's a subway station ahead, I'll walk there."

Stella stopped him. "That subway station is almost two kilometers away. It's raining so hard that if you walk there, you'll catch a cold tomorrow. Let's wait a little longer. If there's still no driver answering, I'll send you back later."

Channing took a look at the night rain, couldn't help but think of something.

At that moment, a laid-back male voice came from the side, "Can't get a cab?"

Stella turned her head, and only then did she realize that Clarence had arrived at some point. His Rolls Royce was parked not far behind them.

For some reason, she thought he sounded quite mischievous.

Clarence stood next to Stella and said to Channing in a good mood, "Call me brother-in-law, then I'll have the driver take you back."

Channing was rendered speechless.

So did Stella.

Channing withdrew his gaze and looked at Stella, "I have to go."

With that, he was ready to rush into the rain.

Clarence said, "Stop."

Channing looked back at Clarence.

Clarence added, "If you don't call me brother-in-law, don't you want to hear my son call you uncle either."

Channing replied, "Let's wait until he has learned to speak."

After the words, Channing left directly.

Stella was trying so hard to hold back her laughter, tugging on the corner of Clarence's coat.

Clarence looked at her with dissatisfaction, "Why don't you scold him?"

Stella tried to stay calm, "Scold him for what? I think...he has a point and he can't take the loss..."

Clarence encircled her waist and dragged her into his arms, his black eyes narrowed dangerously as he said in a husky voice, "Then aren't you at a big loss?"

Stella suddenly thought of the scenes where she had been forced or tricked by him to call him "Honey" and a blush crept over her face.

She nudged Clarence gently and whispered, "Stop it, we're outside."

Clarence swept his gaze around, and after seeing that there was no one nearby, he lowered his head and gave her a kiss on the lips. "Go back and make it up to me."

Stella was confused.

What did she owe him that she had to make up to him?

Clarence lifted his legs and walked toward the studio, "Let's go."

Stella walked behind him.

In the studio, everyone was taking a break and enjoying bubble tea and late-night snacks.

As soon as Clarence and Stella came in, the invisible air pressure immediately silenced all of the staff who had been laughing and joking happily.

Sherry and Winnie spoke up one after another, trying to make the situation even more awkward.

Sherry said, "Mr. Conrad, thanks for buying the bubble tea!"

Winnie said, "Mr. Conrad, thanks for buying the food!"

Clarence was speechless.

With the two of them taking the lead, a group of staff members had also echoed their comments.

Clarence was obviously not used to this kind of atmosphere. He twitched his eyebrows as a pair of cold eyes swept over them.

But the two initiators immediately slipped away.

With such an interruption, the atmosphere, which was tense just now, instantly eased down again.

The staff were all eating and doing their own thing.

Stella walked toward Sherry and stood beside her. "Sherry, can you pass me the photo that Chan took at the beginning?"

Sherry said, "No problem."

She added, "I'll develop the photos tomorrow and give you a copy as well."

Stella nodded gently, "Alright."

Speaking of which, Sherry said to Winnie, "Chan is handsome, isn't he? He certainly won't embarrass you as your partner."

After two seconds of silence, Winnie let out a dry laugh.

Stella coughed and diverted the subject, "How much longer will it take to finish shooting?"

Sherry said, "Take a ten-minute break and then continue shooting. I think we should be able to finish by one o'clock."

Stella nodded gently, "Alright."

Sherry thought for a moment and said, "Stella, you may go back with Mr. Conrad now. We have nothing more to do here, we will go back directly after the shooting."

"Let me wait for you guys and leave together."

Sherry spat out her tongue and whispered, "Actually, I want you to take Mr. Conrad away. Everyone is quite nervous with his presence."

Stella turned her head to glance at Clarence and instantly got her message. Clarence was like a boss coming here to inspect the employees, sitting there with an indifferent and expressionless face, making people feel twitchy.

Stella chuckled, "Well, I've got to go."

After saying goodbye to Sherry and Winnie, Stella left with Clarence.

Clarence said, "Didn't you say you wanted to stay longer?"

Stella said in a lazy tone, "Thanks to Mr. Conrad, of course."

Clarence raised his eyebrows slightly. "In that case, shouldn't you thank me properly?"

Stella wanted to roll her eyes.

This man really couldn't be flattered, otherwise he would be too complacent with himself.

Shortly after getting into the car, Stella's phone vibrated a few times and it was Sherry who sent her the photos.

Chapter 772-Stella unlocked her phone and clicked open the photos one by one.

Sherry also sandwiched a few private photos at the end, which were photos of Channing and Winnie together.

They looked surprisingly well-matched standing together, even the meticulously decorated backdrop behind them looked less impressive.

When Stella got home, she changed her shoes and went into the bedroom. After that, she took out the photo album from the bookcase, went back to the sofa, got out her phone, and carefully compared the looks of William and Channing.

Clarence walked over and sat next to her, wrapping his arms around her waist, "What are you doing?"

Stella wriggled and was a little annoyed, "Stop it, I have serious business."

Clarence's gaze fell on the photo album and the phone in her hands, and he knew what she was doing with just one sweeping glance.

After repeatedly comparing them, Stella then said to Clarence, "Look, didn't Channing and my dad look very alike when they were young?"

"Really? I thought they were pretty much the same."

Stella doubted it.

She didn't understand, "What do you mean by pretty much the same?"

Clarence took the photo album in her hand and flipped through it casually. "It means that good-looking people all have the same characteristics."

Wut?

Clarence continued, "Of course, I'm different from them."

Wut again?

She grumbled, "Do you dare to say this in front of my dad?"

Clarence froze for a moment and resigned himself to silence.

Stella took the photo album back and muttered in a low voice, "But I don't think Chan looks like the young Jeffrey, why?"

"Have you seen pictures of Jeffrey when he was young?"

"...No."

"That's it."

Stella didn't give up and said, "But you really don't think their eyebrows and profiles are very similar? Was there a problem with the last DNA test...?"

Clarence said, "What you should be thinking about now is not this."

Stella was momentarily fooled by him, "Then..."

Clarence caressed the back of her neck with his hand and kissed her slowly. "You want to have another child, then you should always take action."

Before Stella could make a sound, she was carried into the room.

The rain outside the window kept falling, and even got progressively heavier.

The raindrops smashed on the glass with a constant dull sound and a heavy mist slowly arose.

Clarence kissed Stella's fingers fondly and his eyes fell on her arm inadvertently.

The skin there felt clearly different from the rest.

It appeared to have a few pinholes left on it.

Clarence's movements gradually slowed down as he whispered, "What is going on here?"

As Stella gasped for air, she followed his line of sight and looked over. In her daze, a thought instantly flashed through her mind, then she said indifferently, "I was bitten by mosquitos, and it was too itchy so I scratched."

"Is this what a mosquito bite looks like?"

"Yeah, those mosquitoes are tiny. It's your fault for planting so many flowers and plants next to the studio. There will be a lot of mosquitoes in summer."

Stella felt that this shirking of responsibility was perfect.

Clarence was speechless.

He was silent for a few seconds, leaned down and kissed her forehead and softened his tone of voice, "My bad."

When Stella heard his tone, she wondered if she had just gone a little too far with what she had said; after all, those plants were ornamental.

Furthermore, it was just an excuse that she fabricated.

She said, "Actually...it's not a big deal. Generally, the mosquitoes can't get in by closing the window screen. I just...accidentally opened the window screen..."

Clarence said, "Then you should reflect on yourself."

She thought, 'This man really will take a mile if I give him an inch.'

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After Stella fell asleep, Clarence tucked her in and walked to the balcony.

He took out his phone and opened the results of the paternity test Nathan had sent him half a month ago.

Clarence looked at the test results and slightly narrowed his black eyes, not knowing what he was thinking.

After a while, he put away his phone and turned to leave the room.

At midnight, Stella felt a coolness on her arm through the mist of sleep, and she vaguely smelled a fresh herbal fragrance.

She opened her eyes slightly, looked at the man sitting on the bedside, resisted her sleepiness and asked in a soft voice, "What are you doing?"

Clarence whispered, "Didn't you say you were bitten by mosquitoes? Don't scratch it in the future, rub some ointment on it. Bring it to the office tomorrow, it can also repel mosquitoes."

When Stella heard these words, she froze for a moment and her sleepiness dissipated considerably.

Clarence put down the ointment in his hand, turned off the wall lamp at the head of the bed, and laid down beside her again, bringing her into his arms, "Okay, let's go back to sleep."

Stella leaned her head against his chest, and only after a moment did she open her mouth softly, "Clarence."

"What?"

"Would you despise me if...I can't have a baby in the future?"

Clarence embraced her. "It doesn't matter if you can't have a child. And we already have one, right?"

Stella asked again, "What if we didn't even have a child, will you divorce me?"

"Such assumptions are invalid for facts that already exist."

Stella couldn't refute his words.

Couldn't he say something delightful to coax her? She thought to herself.

As Stella was about to turn around and sleep, Clarence's voice continued to reach her ears, "I remember I said that I don't like children much, I only like you."

The corners of Stella's lips lifted as she said, "But if I remember correctly, what you said at the time was that you didn't like children at all, so how did it turn out that you don't like them much now?"

"Is that what I said?"

Stella said decisively, "Yes! Then why did you change your attitude?"

Clarence said slowly, "It's because the child was born to you."

The smile on the corner of Stella's mouth couldn't help but widen, and her mood improved.

She closed her eyes, "Okay, I get it, let's go to sleep."

Clarence asked, "That's all?"

"What else?"

"What about the promised rewards?"

Stella was rendered speechless.

She opened her eyes, "What you just said wasn't meant to please me only, was it?"

"No, I'm telling the truth." Clarence said, "But these two things are not relevant to each other."

Stella pouted and thought, 'Forget it, he did please me by saying that.'

In order to sleep early, Stella raised her head and imprinted a kiss on his thin lips, "Done."

"Not enough."

"Don't push your luck. Sleep now. I have to get up early tomorrow."

Clarence asked, "You still have a shooting tomorrow?"

Stella replied, "Yeah, we're going to shoot on location."

"It's still raining."

“Let’s see if the rain stops tomorrow morning, if not, the shoot may have to be postponed.”

Stella was really sleepy and yawned as she spoke.

She even couldn’t resist closing her eyes.

Clarence rubbed her head, “Well, let’s get some sleep.”

Stella whispered, “Good night.”

“Good night.”

The rain continued to pound on the windows outside.

It rained all night long.

Chapter 773—Although the rain had stopped the next morning, the set couldn’t be used because it had rained for an entire day.

They had no choice but to delay the filming and redecorate the entire set again.

When Stella opened her bag after she reached her office, she realized that Clarence had unknowingly placed a tube of ointment into her bag.

She took the ointment out and opened it to take a whiff before she placed it by the window.

She felt relaxed as she was surrounded by the fresh floral scent after the rain had stopped and it was paired with subtle herbal hints from the ointment. Her mood was light and happy the whole morning.

Sherry came in the afternoon and said, "Stella, I've already sent the edited pictures to you. Choose your favorite picture to be used in the teaser so we can gain some traction from the public."

Stella put down the drawing pen in her hand. "Alright, I'll look at it now."

Sherry said as Stella was looking through the pictures, "Stella, what fragrance did you use in your house? It smells so nice."

Stella looked at the ointment beside her and gave a smile, "It's to keep the mosquitoes away."

"What?" Sherry glanced at her surroundings, "Are there mosquitoes here?"

"There'll be a few bugs occasionally, but it's not a big deal."

Sherry sighed in relief, "That's good. I was worried about this before, but I forgot because I haven't seen mosquitoes in your office before."

Stella replied, "There are quite a few bugs outside, but I've always kept the windows close. I'm sure this place would've been infested with bugs by now if I left them open."

She finally decided on a photo.

And she said, "Let's use this one."

The beautiful face of Winnie were shown clearly while for Channing, only his profile could be seen.

It was perfect.

Sherry stood up and said, "Alright, I'll make the arrangements."

“Sherry,” Stella called out to her.

Sherry looked back, “What’s the matter?”

Stella hesitated for a moment before she said, “Have you developed the photos that were taken yesterday?”

“Only some of it. They’re at my office right now, I’ll bring them to you later.”

Stella replied, “It’s alright. I’ll go with you.”

As she said that, she took out something from her bag before she left with Sherry.

There were already quite a few photos that were hanging on the wall of Sherry’s office.

Some of them were taken yesterday.

Stella took down one of Channing’s photos and looked at it silently.

Sherry walked up to her and said, “Stella, do you have something on your mind?”

Stella looked up and paused for a moment before she let out a sound of confusion.

Sherry said, “I feel that you’ve been acting strange since yesterday. Is it because there are some problems with Channing’s photos?”

Stella shook her head, “No, that’s not it.”

“Then...”

“I suddenly realized that Channing... resembles my father when he was young.”

Sherry halted and exclaimed in shock, “Really?!”

Stella bit on her lip gently and found a picture on her phone. She placed it next to Channing’s photo and said to Sherry, “Here, take a look.”

Sherry took the phone and furrowed her eyebrows together as she compared both pictures carefully. As she looked at them, her eyes widened in shock, “What the fuck?! They really look alike! I know it! I don’t think Channing is Jeffrey’s son after all and he must be... He must have the same father as you!”

Stella was silent for a few moments, “It seems that you feel that way as well. However, Clarence said yesterday that they looked pretty much the same.”

Sherry had the same doubts as Stella, “Uh? What does he mean by that?”

Stella replied, “He said that all good-looking guys look the same.”

Sherry was speechless when she heard this. She said, “Nah. I don’t think so. Channing and your father have the same eyes and their features are similar as well.”

She looked at the pictures closely again, “But Mr. Conrad has a point as well. All good-looking people will look somewhat similar, and this picture of your father was taken at least 20 years ago. I don’t think

we should jump to conclusions.”

Stella sighed softly by the side upon hearing that.

Anyway, that made sense as well.

There were a lot of doppelgangers in this world who weren't related to each other at all.

But it was too great of a coincidence for this to happen between William and Channing.

However...

Clarence had clearly done a DNA test on them before this as well.

He wouldn't hide this matter from her, right?

Sherry said after a moment, "Why don't you send these pictures of Channing to your father? I'm sure he'll know more than we do on this matter."

Stella replied, "I've thought of this, but... it may not be true. You know what my father thinks of Channing because of Jeffrey... I think it's better to confirm our suspicions first before we tell him about this."

Sherry nodded, "That's right, I think it's better to take things slow as well. Uhm... what are your plans now?"

Stella said, "I want them to go for another DNA test."

"It's easy for Channing to do that, but it's going to be difficult for your father since he's in London. Besides, we can't let him find out about this or things will be even more complicated."

Stella lowered her head, "You're right, that's why I haven't decided on what I should do yet."

After a moment of silence, Sherry said hesitantly, "Why don't... you go to Daniel? He should have a solution. He even asked me about Channing's matter when you returned to the Steward's mansion. I think he is quite concerned about this as well."

Stella replied, "But he's still in the hospital now because he was severely wounded. I don't think he'll return to London anytime soon. I don't think his subordinates would be able to get William's DNA even if he asks his men to handle this matter."

"What about Emmett? Isn't he one of your father's men?"

Stella muttered, "Nah, I don't want to ask him for help."

Although Stella didn't explain what happened that night, Sherry understood that Emmett had pursued Stella for a very long time, and now...

It would be a wise choice for them to be apart and they shouldn't be in contact with each other.

Stella continued, "I'll think of another way. Since it's something that happened such a long time ago, there's no need to rush. Besides, I think my father will return to City N soon and it'll be easier for them to go for a DNA test by then."

Sherry nodded, "Alright, we should just wait for now."

Stella took the picture and thought for a moment, "Sherry, I have to go out in the afternoon. Call me if anything happens."

Sherry replied, "I see. Alright."

After she had finished speaking, she bluntly asked, "Where are you going then?"

Stella paused for a few moments and the words were on the tip of her tongue, but she stayed silent in the end.

Actually, she wanted to visit Daniel in the hospital.

She wanted to know if he had recovered from his injuries, and she also went for the sake of Emmett's words. Although she didn't believe it, she wanted to clear Clarence's name and she didn't want Emmett to simply taint his reputation.

Sherry seemed to understand after she saw Stella's expression.

She immediately said, "Alright."

Stella paused for a few moments and the words were on the tip of her tongue, but she stayed silent in the end. Actually, she wanted to visit Daniel in the hospital. She wanted to know if he had recovered from his injuries, and she also went for the sake of Emmett's words. Although she didn't believe it, she wanted to clear Clarence's name and she didn't want Emmett to simply taint his reputation. Sherry seemed to understand after she saw Stella's expression. She immediately said, "Alright."

Chapter 774-Stella bought some fruits and supplements on the way to the hospital.

The doctor was changing Daniel's dressing when she arrived at the ward.

So, she sat on the bench by the door while she waited.

After a while, Emmett walked up to her, "Hey, Stella."

Stella looked at him and gave him a faint smile while she asked, "Aren't you going to the company?"

"Yeah, I'm going now."

Emmett paused for a moment after he said that. "I'm sorry for the things I said that night. I didn't think things through."

Stella replied, "You don't have to apologize to me. It's just as you said, and you should apologize to Clarence if the result of the investigation says that he isn't involved in the matter."

Emmett's expression became troubled, but he stayed silent.

His gaze was on the ring on her finger.

He said in a strangled voice after a moment, "Did he propose to you?"

Stella nodded, "Yeah, we've been engaged for over a month."

Emmett said, "I see. Congratulations."

"Thank you," replied Stella.

At this time, the doctor came out after the bandages were changed.

Emmett said, "Okay then. Stella, I'll head back to the company first."

"Alright."

Stella brought the things into the ward after Emmett left.

Daniel was sitting on the bed. Although he still looked pale, his condition was much better than before.

He said when he saw Stella, "Hi, Ms. Radomil."

Stella put down the things. "I came to see how you're doing."

Daniel smiled, "Ah, I'm alright, I'm still alive though."

“The doctor said that you’d better not move around too much. If you need anything or any help, please give me a call.”

The corners of Daniel’s lips quirked up and he looked like he wanted to ask something, but he swallowed his words in the end.

Stella understood what he wanted to say, so she sat on the chair by his bedside, “Are you worried about Sherry? She’s completely fine now.”

“How did she have the miscarriage? Can you tell me the details?”

Stella only told him the story in brief when they were on the way to the hospital.

These days, the only thing he could think of was this as he lay on the hospital bed.

Stella narrated the entire story to Daniel again. She told him how Sherry followed along out of worry when Elaine was taken away by Caesar, as well as Sherry’s condition after her miscarriage.

Daniel said coldly after he heard the entire story, “Where is Caesar now?”

“He’s dead,” Stella paused and continued, “At least that’s how it seems because no one managed to find his body.”

Daniel replied, “Did he die in Riverside City?”

Stella nodded, “Yes.”

“Alright, got it.”

Stella said after a while, “Actually, I came here today because of something else.”

Daniel replied, "You can just tell me. I'll definitely tell you everything I know about it."

"I want to know every single detail after you were taken away because you were noticed by Lyndon's men, and... after Amanda took you away."

Daniel was somewhat confused, "Why are you asking about this?"

Stella went straight to the point. "I don't know why, but Emmett suspects that Clarence is involved in this matter."

"Uh... You should be clear that Emmett holds some hostility towards Mr. Conrad."

"I know, but I can't sit by and watch if he suspects Clarence. What if someone brings up this matter again and Clarence has to take up the blame for it? Besides... If Amanda really went missing in City N, I may have a way to find her."

Daniel paused after he heard this, "Is what you said true?"

Stella nodded, "Of course, I indeed have my ways."

Daniel pondered for a moment before he spoke hesitantly.

Everything was as they had predicted. However, Stella realized that there were still some aspects she wasn't sure about after she heard Daniel's explanation.

Furthermore, Jon wasn't the only person that Lyndon contacted.

There was someone else.

However, both Lyndon and Jon had never mentioned that person's name before.

Based on their conversations and actions, that person should be the real mastermind behind the schemes.

Lyndon was probably saved and hidden by this person in the past.

Daniel could escape in the end because they saw how he was heavily wounded when they came to N city. They didn't bother putting much effort into dealing with him either.

After Daniel ran away, he didn't even have the chance to contact Emmett.

That was before he bumped into Amanda.

After that, he was drugged by her and placed under her control.

Amanda was smart and she knew that a lot of people were looking for her, so she went to the safest place she could find.

Even if everyone scoured the streets to find her, they would never think of going to her house.

However, Daniel didn't expect that Sherry would suddenly show up.

Stella said when she heard this. "If I'm guessing correctly, she must've intended to hurt Sherry at that time."

Daniel didn't deny it, "Her target has always been me and she was afraid of causing trouble for herself."

He had always felt guilty towards Amanda after Alfie's death.

Although he could accept it if she wanted to hurt him, he would never let her hurt another person.

Amanda was very clear about this.

This was the reason why she stopped when Daniel tried to block her that night.

Besides, as a woman, Amanda understood that Sherry must have thought that Daniel was doing something fishy with her in the bedroom when she saw the scene.

Women would lose their rationality in these kinds of situations.

Since Daniel had been discovered, this matter couldn't be hidden under wraps any longer.

That was why she brought Daniel to another place when Sherry left.

During this period, Amanda changed locations several times to avoid Daniel from being found.

Daniel said, "Since this was Amanda's first time coming to City N, she wouldn't be familiar with this place at all. It would be impossible for her to carry out this plan alone. However, we don't know all the details right now. You shouldn't be too worried since Emmett just made an honest mistake."

Stella replied, "You have a point. She could never make it to this point by herself, and there must be someone helping her in City N. This person has the capabilities to escape the prying eyes of Emmett and his men. However, have you ever wondered how Amanda was able to find you immediately?"

Daniel didn't quite understand. "Ms. Radomil, I don't really get your..."

"I have a guess. The reason why you managed to escape from Lyndon was because he had schemed with Amanda. It's possible that they were willing to give you to her in exchange for her help."

Daniel frowned and stayed silent.

Stella continued, "Emmett said that Amanda is a very skilled doctor, but she often gets involved in clandestine matters like this."

"I'll definitely find her if she's still in City N."

"My suspicions can finally be confirmed once I get my hands on her."

Chapter 775-After coming out of the hospital, Stella went directly to an address according to the navigation instructions.

Adolph had left an address to her when he had taken his leave back then, saying that if she encountered any problems, she would find him there.

Half an hour later, the car stopped outside a small alley.

The entrance of the alley was too narrow for the car to drive in. So Stella asked the driver to park by the roadside.

Although it was daytime, quite a few delinquent teenagers were standing at the entrance of the alley, smoking leisurely. Upon seeing Stella, they frivolously whistled a few times.

On the sides of the alley, there stood a few women, smoking and wearing revealing clothes and heavy makeup.

From this, Stella could imagine what it would be like here at night.

Before Stella could walk further, a woman smiled and shouted at her, "Girl, are you looking for a job?"

Stella paused slightly in her steps and turned to her direction.

Seeing this, the woman smiled more brightly, "You found me right. What kind of job are you looking for? I can help you with it. You look so beautiful. For sure, you..."

Stella interrupted her, "I want to inquire with you about someone."

Hearing this, the woman put away her smile and wasn't as enthusiastic as she was just now, saying awkwardly, "Oh."

Stella turned over her bag and took out a necklace from it, saying, "This is for you."

The woman looked at the beautifully wrapped-up necklace which seemed to be worth a lot of money, grinning again, "Are you asking about someone? Okay, I know everyone on this street. Who is it?"

Stella said, "Adolph Miller."

At that, the woman's face changed. And she became more alert, asking, "What do you want from him?"

"He told me to come here to find him if I need anything."

The woman said, "What's your name?"

"Stella Radomil."

The woman turned around and went into the house, saying, "Wait here."

"Okay."

After going back to the house, the woman took out her cell phone and dialed a number, telling the one over the phone the situation on her side, only to be told, "I never heard of this name."

“She looks pretty. Judging from how she is dressed, she seems to be rich. She shouldn’t be here for nothing.”

The one over the phone was silent for a few seconds before saying, “Adolph is at the underground casino. Take her there.”

Stella stood at the door for a few minutes, quietly observing the surroundings.

Not long after, the woman came out from inside, wearing the necklace that Stella had given to her just now around her neck.

As she walked, she said, “Let’s go. I’ll take you there.”

On the way, the woman asked Stella, “Girl, what is your relationship with Adolph?”

Stella answered, “We are friends.”

The woman was a bit surprised, asking, “I am surprised that he has a friend like you.”

Stella smiled without saying anything.

The woman was curious about her, asking, “What do you do for a living?”

“I am a designer.”

“Then what brand is that necklace you gave me just now? It’s quite beautiful. It should be expensive, right?”

Stella said, “I designed it myself. It’s not expensive.”

The woman couldn't envy her more, saying, "Then you're amazing. I like your style. Can I buy necklaces from you in the future?"

Stella took out a business card from her bag and handed it over to her, saying, "Yes, this is the address of my studio. If you need anything, go there directly."

The woman took the business card over and read the name of the studio out of her mouth, "Starry Sky Studio."

Then she added, "The name also sounds nice."

Soon, Stella followed her right into an underground casino.

The casino was noisy and smokey.

After they entered it, two men whistled, "Catrina, you are here for business again."

The woman called Catrina waved her hand, scolding them, "Don't talk nonsense. This girl is a friend of Adolph's. Shush if you still want to live."

Hearing this, the two men instantly adjusted their expressions, saying nothing further.

At the largest table in the casino, there sat Adolph. The scar on his face was shocking, rendering him appalling and terrible.

After Catrina gave a word to the man standing next to her, the man told them to wait here and went next to Adolph, whispering something to him.

Adolph twitched his eyebrows and raised his eyes to look over, only to see a dense crowd.

He turned back and gave a few instructions to the man. Then the man immediately nodded and left.

The man walked to the front of Stella and Catrina, saying to Stella, "Ms. Radomil, I will take you to a lounge. Adolph will come over right away."

Stella said, "Okay."

As soon as she took a few steps, Catrina was about to follow her, only to be stopped by the man, "You can go back."

Catrina pouted, stopped in her tracks, and went to the side of a gambling table.

The man took Stella to a lounge and brought her a bottle of water before leaving.

It wasn't a lounge at all. Instead, it was a small storage room with gray lighting and a damp smell in the air.

The environment here was harsh. But it was much better than that outside.

Stella took out her cell phone and found that Sherry had sent her a message twenty minutes ago, asking when she was going back.

Stella replied to her message, saying that she had gone out for a trip and might not be back within another hour or two.

Hardly did she send the message when someone pushed the door to the lounge open.

Adolph walked in and waved his hand, dispelling the unpleasant smell in the room, "The environment here is not very good. Let's go out and talk."

Stella said, "It's okay, let's talk here."

It would be troublesome to go to another place. And it would take time.

Adolph sat opposite her, saying, "Then say it."

Stella said, "I want to find someone. But she is very smart, hanging out on all kinds of occasions frequently. Using the normal way, I can't find her."

Adolph understood what she meant, saying, "Is there a photo of her?"

Stella shook her head, "No. But she, a foreigner, only came to City N recently. And she possesses medicine skills. Once she appears, people will find her intruding."

Adolph smiled and frowned slightly, "A foreign woman who knows the art of medicine?"

"Yes. Have you heard of her?"

"A few days ago, I heard that a foreign woman was appearing in the major casinos and winning a lot of money. But as for whether she was specifically the one you are looking for, I have to inquire about it."

Stella said, "Her name is Amanda. Contact me if you have any information about her."

Adolph gave her a phone number, saying, "This is my current phone number. Call me directly if you need anything instead of coming here anymore."

Stella was stunned for a moment. Then she understood what he meant, smiling slightly, "Thank you."

She then got up, "Then I'll leave first."

Adolph said, "I'll walk you out. After all, this is a messy place."

“Okay.”

After following Adolph out of the underground casino, Stellar found the air outside much fresher.

Seeing that she was with Adolph, the young men who had been flirtatiously whistling at the entrance of the alley dispersed.

They seemed to be afraid that Adolph would make things difficult for them.

After arriving at the front of the car, Adolph said, “I’m going to check it now and will get an update tomorrow at the latest. Do you... want to know her whereabouts or see her in person?”

“Yes. Have you heard of her?” “A few days ago, I heard that a foreign woman was appearing in the major casinos and winning a lot of money. But as for whether she was specifically the one you are looking for, I have to inquire about it.” Stella said, “Her name is Amanda. Contact me if you have any information about her.” Adolph gave her a phone number, saying, “This is my current phone number. Call me directly if you need anything instead of coming here anymore.” Stella was stunned for a moment. Then she understood what he meant, smiling slightly, “Thank you.” She then got up, “Then I’ll leave first.” Adolph said, “I’ll walk you out. After all, this is a messy place.” “Okay.” After following Adolph out of the underground casino, Stellar found the air outside much fresher. Seeing that she was with Adolph, the young men who had been flirtatiously whistling at the entrance of the alley dispersed. They seemed to be afraid that Adolph would make things difficult for them. After arriving at the front of the car, Adolph said, “I’m going to check it now and will get an update tomorrow at the latest. Do you... want to know her whereabouts or see her in person?”

Chapter 777-As soon as she spoke, a weird silence blanketed the table.

Brandon looked annoyed, and his face stiffened.

The woman cast a glance at Sherry in provocation and turned away.

After she was gone, Brandon said, “Sherry...”

Sherry smiled. "Your friend?"

Brandon picked up his water and took a sip to ease his nervousness and embarrassment.

He explained, "I can explain. I delivered something to her house yesterday and unintentionally left my pen there. Nothing happened between us."

Sherry picked up her chopsticks and said, "It's alright. I understand. Go on eating."

Brandon's lips parted. He still wanted to speak but noticed that Sherry didn't have any interest in listening to him. Hence, he kept silent.

They didn't talk during dinner.

After dinner, Brandon's phone rang as soon as they walked out of the restaurant.

He checked the caller ID, frowning deeply. Then he pressed the phone into his pocket.

He said, "Sherry, let me drive you home."

As soon as he finished his words, the woman showed up not far away from them. She was holding her phone to make a call.

Brandon's phone kept vibrating.

Sherry took a look at the woman. "It seems you're still quite busy. I won't hold you up for long. Bye."

"Sherry."

Brandon grabbed her arm after Sherry took a step.

He said, "I'm sorry for what happened today. I..."

Sherry looked back, seeing that he wanted to say something but hesitated. She answered, "No worries. I won't tell your parents about this matter."

Brandon breathed a sigh of relief upon hearing it. He let go of her. "I'll deal with it and explain it to you later."

Sherry smiled and waved him goodbye. Then she hailed a cab to leave.

In the car, she saw Brandon walk to that woman, who had a complacent smile on her face.

Sherry exhaled and withdrew her gaze.

She knew Brandon was still in touch with his ex-girlfriend.

However, her own relationship was also a mess, just like him. They dated to please their parents.

Hence, she didn't mind it at all.

However, she could tell it was Brandon's ex-girlfriend wanting to come to the restaurant for dinner. To memorize their past love or make up for his regret, he brought Sherry here.

That went a bit too far.

Sherry could accept to date him to get to know him more.

However, she couldn't accept that she would be treated as a substitute.

She felt offended.

Back home, to vent her anger, Sherry bought a lot of barbecue skewers from a food stall downstairs.

She wanted to share the food and beers with Stella. Before knocking on Stella's door, she recalled Clarence's ice-berg face, so she decided not to disturb them.

However, after eating them all and drinking the beer, she had tummy trouble. At midnight, she suffered from diarrhea and vomiting.

In order not to delay the filming the following day, Sherry tried her best to get up and hailed a cab to the hospital.

When the driver asked her which hospital, Sherry couldn't utter any word because of the pain. Her mind was also in a mess. She answered, "Whatever. Just as near as possible..."

Shortly after, the taxi stopped in front of a hospital.

Sherry raised her head and checked on the entrance, more sweat oozing on her forehead. She said with a pale face, "Mister, can you drive me to another hospital?"

The driver answered, "Miss, I'm afraid not. You look bad. You'd better hurry up and go inside."

"I..."

Before Sherry finished her words, the driver helped her get off, escort her into the hospital, and handed her to a nurse before leaving.

The nurse asked Sherry about her symptoms and immediately put her on a drip. She said, "It's so late now. Why don't you call your family over to accompany you?"

Sherry waved her hand to refuse weakly. "I'm fine. Not that serious. I feel much better after the drip."

The nurse didn't know how to react.

Sherry added, "How long will the drip take? I need to work tomorrow."

The nurse answered, "Probably four to five hours. It'll stop in the early morning. Miss, you should ask for a day off."

"Not necessary. The work has been planned. It's my own fault. Alas..." As she spoke, Sherry regretted it a lot. "Thank you so much. I can be with myself here."

The nurse nodded. "Okay. Call me if you need any help."

"Sure."

After the nurse was gone, Sherry leaned against the chair and heaved a sigh.

If the filming tomorrow were affected by her, she would beat herself up.

Sherry looked around. There were only a few patients in the hall for the infusion, which was far away from the inpatient department.

She believed that there would be 0.1% of possibility for her to encounter Daniel.

In fact, she believed the possibility should be zero.

Sherry felt relaxed. She looked up at the drip bottle, tolerated the colic pain, and closed her eyes for a nap.

Shortly after, the medicine took effect.

Sherry felt much better.

She estimated the time and set up the alarms on her cell phone to wake her up every half an hour. Then she closed her eyes again.

Gradually, she fell asleep.

In a daze, she felt someone sit down next to her.

She was covered with something.

Sherry scratched her cheek and tilted her head.

A hand supported her head and moved her gently.

The next second, she leaned against a man's broad shoulder.

Probably, she had been troubled for almost the whole night. Sherry slept quite soundly. She was woken up by the nurse.

She opened her eyes and looked around blankly. The nurse said, "The infusion is done. If you are feeling well, you can go home now."

Sherry returned to her senses and yawned. "Thanks."

The nurse said, "You are welcome. Make sure to have some light dishes in the following days. Don't eat spicy or greasy food. Don't drink alcohol. These are the pills to take. If your tummy hurts, just take a pill."

Sherry nodded. "Okay. I will."

She walked out of the hospital, looking at the rising sun. She stretched and felt her neck was sore.

After taking a few steps, she realized that her alarms didn't ring at all.

Sherry pulled out her phone and checked on the alarms, feeling so confused when seeing them all be turned off.

Chapter 776-By the time Stella went back to the studio, it had been dark.

After taking the processed silhouette out and confirming with Stella for the release time and content copy, Sherry smelled a smell of smoke on her body and couldn't help but ask, "Stella, where did you go afterward?"

Stella said, "I went to find Adolph."

"Adolph Miller?"

Stella nodded gently, "I wanted him to help me find someone."

Sherry was a bit scared, saying, "The place where Adolph is staying is rather dodgy. Weren't you afraid when you went there just now?"

Stella smiled, "Not at all. I grew up in a place like that when I was a child."

The nearby surroundings of the place where they had lived before were similar to where she had been today.

Every time she went home after getting off school, she would inevitably pass by there.

The women standing on the street teased her frequently. And she was no less threatened by the gangsters.

But the women teasing her would also curse and drive the drunken men away who stood in her way.

The gangsters who threatened her would also push her home with a small cart when she fell and hurt her leg.

Only after she went to junior high school was the area demolished.

So she knew very well that no one would want to live there for a long time unless they were forced to do so for a living.

Smiling, Sherry didn't continue. She quickly brought up another topic, "I checked the weather tomorrow. It is gonna be sunny. So the photos should look quite nice."

Stella said, "I won't go with you tomorrow. I'm going back early this evening to cook. Donald has been complaining for many days. After you are done, come to my home with Winnie. Call me if there's anything."

"OK," Sherry paused, adding, "Then... Should I call Chan as well?"

Stella was silent for a few seconds before saying, "This time, no need."

With what happened between Chan and Winnie, they'd better not bump into each other on such an occasion.

The two of them should handle their affairs first.

Stella said again, "Have you contacted the models?"

Sherry responded, "Yes. I've contacted two backups. No more issues will occur this time."

At this time, there was a knock on the door of the office.

A young girl in the studio said, "Sherry, your boyfriend is here to pick you up."

Sherry smiled less brightly. And she turned back, saying, "I know. Ask him to wait for me outside for a while."

The little girl agreed and left.

Stella flipped open the draft book in front of her, saying, "Well, it's late. Go eat."

Sherry said, "What about you? When are you going back?"

Noticing the smell of smoke on her body, Stella found that it was indeed strong.

If Clarence came back and smelled it, he would lecture her again.

She said, "I'll revise this draft and get ready to go home."

"Okay." Sherry said, "Then I'm leaving."

Stella nodded: "Okay."

Sherry went back to the office to fetch her bag and left the studio.

Holding a bouquet in his hands, Brandon was waiting for her not far away.

Sherry walked over, saying, "Sorry. I just finished my work, making you wait for too long."

Brandon smiled, "It's okay."

With that, he handed her the flowers in his hands, "It's for you."

Feeling stunned, Sherry didn't take it over for a moment, hesitantly saying, "It is not a holiday today, right?"

Brandon said, "No, it's just that I saw this bouquet on my way here, thinking that they look quite beautiful and you will like them. Of course, I am here to apologize to you."

Sherry was confused, asking, "Apologizing to me?"

Brandon said, "I worked overtime late last night, failing to come to pick you up."

Sherry laughed, "Well, in fact, I worked overtime for shooting yesterday. And I wasn't in the studio. Fortunately, you didn't come. Otherwise, you would have come in vain."

After she finished her words, neither of them spoke again.

Both of them felt slightly awkward.

A few moments later, Sherry reached out and took the flowers over, saying, "Thank you, they are indeed quite beautiful. I like them very much."

Brandon smiled, "It's good if you like it."

Sherry walked while saying, "What are we going to eat today?"

"My friend recommended a Japanese restaurant to me. It is said that the food there tastes delicious. And the ingredients are directly transported from Japan. Go try it?"

Sherry said, "Will the food there be too expensive?"

Working in a state-owned enterprise, Brandon had a stable job and yet didn't earn a high salary.

He had been treating Sherry to free meals all these times, for which she was embarrassed.

So she had mentioned that they could treat each other to a meal by turns.

But Brandon dismissed it, saying that a meal wouldn't cost him much money.

It wasn't appropriate for her to say anything else, so she could only give him some gifts of a similar price as that of a meal.

But if the ingredients were transported from Japan, the meal should cost them at least a few thousand dollars.

Brandon said, "It's okay. My friend is a regular customer there. He can give us a discount."

Seeing that he was eager to eat there, Sherry nodded, "Okay, let's go here then."

At worst, she would go dutch with him then.

When they arrived at the Japanese restaurant which Brandon recommended, Sherry put down the flowers in her hands, saying, "Order first. I'm going to the bathroom."

Brandon said, "Okay."

Upon coming out of the bathroom, Sherry saw a woman applying lipstick there.

The woman was wearing a tight burgundy dress with curly hair. And her makeup rendered her flashy and beautiful.

Sherry looked at her in the mirror, smiling politely.

However, the woman grunted, put away her lipstick, and left.

Sherry was speechless, thinking, "What the hell! She is much more detestable than Madison!"

She walked back while sending a voice message to Stella, "Unexpectedly, she ignored me! This is the first time I've met someone who is even more rude and annoying than Madison. I swear that I will never say anything bad about Madison again!"

By the time she finished sending the voice message, she had been back to her position.

After she was seated, Brandon asked, "I ordered the dishes. What would you like to drink?"

She ordered a cold drink.

The waiter took the order and left.

Brandon initiated a conversation, "You told me before that you are going to find a spokesperson for your studio. Did you film a commercial endorsement yesterday?"

Sherry nodded, "Yes. We originally wanted to shoot today as well. However, because of the rain before, it was postponed to tomorrow."

“Then tomorrow, you...”

Before Brandon could finish his words, someone stood next to them.

Sherry looked up and saw that it was the woman she had met just now in the bathroom.

As Brandon saw her, his face changed.

The woman, on the contrary, smiled and said to Brandon, “Is she your girlfriend?”

Between her words, there was a bit of disdain and mockery.

Brandon responded gloomily, “What do you want?”

“Nothing.” The woman took out a pen from her bag, adding, “You left this at my house last night.”

The waiter took the order and left. Brandon initiated a conversation, “You told me before that you are going to find a spokesperson for your studio. Did you film a commercial endorsement yesterday?” Sherry nodded, “Yes. We originally wanted to shoot today as well. However, because of the rain before, it was postponed to tomorrow.” “Then tomorrow, you...” Before Brandon could finish his words, someone stood next to them. Sherry looked up and saw that it was the woman she had met just now in the bathroom. As Brandon saw her, his face changed. The woman, on the contrary, smiled and said to Brandon, “Is she your girlfriend?” Between her words, there was a bit of disdain and mockery. Brandon responded gloomily, “What do you want?” “Nothing.” The woman took out a pen from her bag, adding, “You left this at my house last night.”

Chapter 778-On the way back home, Sherry couldn't figure out what had happened.

She remembered setting up all the alarms and double-checking it before sleeping.

Also, she couldn't recall she had ever turned them off.

As soon as she walked out of the elevator, she saw Stella going out to the fresh market.

Stella asked, "Where have you been so early, Sherry?"

Sherry didn't want to worry her, so she moved her joints and answered, "I went out for jogging, quite sweaty. I need to take a shower."

"Wait," Stella stopped her. She looked at the label on her sleeve and frowned. "Did you jog in the hospital?" she asked.

Only then did Sherry realize that she forgot to deal with the "evidence".

She tore the label off and fiddled with it in the hand. "Haha... Nothing serious. My stomach suddenly hurt at midnight, so I went to the hospital for an infusion. I'm fine now. Look at me. I'm so lively."

Stella asked, "What did you eat? How come you had tummy trouble?"

"Well... It's a long story," said Sherry, "Remember the woman I told you last night? The woman I met in the ladies' room turned out to be Brandon's ex-girlfriend."

She told Stella what had happened last night and added, "Probably the Japanese cuisine didn't agree with the barbecue. I didn't have such a problem when having barbecue skewers before..."

Stella said crossly, "That's not the point at all. Brandon has gone too far. How can you let him go so easily and pretend as if nothing has happened?"

Sherry murmured, "After all, he was hit by Daniel. I felt sorry for him. So, it's even..."

"It's different. You should talk to Brandon directly. If he keeps such an ambiguous relationship with his ex-girlfriend all the time, you'd better break up with him as soon as possible. He's not the only man in this world. If your parents know it, they'll support you."

“All right. All right. I got it. I’ll talk to him after the filming. But, Stella, something weird happened. Last night, when I was in the hospital, I remembered setting up the alarms. When I woke up this morning, all the alarms were turned off. How creepy!”

After a moment of silence, Stella asked, “Which hospital did you go to?”

Sherry paused a bit. “Although... I don’t think it’s possible. The hall for infusion was in a different place from the inpatient department. Besides, it had been two or three o’clock when I arrived at the hospital. He couldn’t be wandering around the place without sleeping at that time.”

Stella said, “I remember when you were pregnant, you said Daniel had bound your cell phone number with a certain method. As long as you would register in a hospital, he could receive a text message.”

Sherry was silent and enlightened.

She recalled. It happened before Daniel had gone back to London.

He had been quite busy during that time, so he didn’t have time to go to the hospital with her. He was afraid that she couldn’t take care of herself or something might happen to the baby, but Sherry wouldn’t tell him, so he did it.

Although Sherry complained about him for that, she felt delighted.

After experiencing so many things, she had already forgotten about this matter.

Hence, she wasn’t dreaming that someone was with her last night.

She was shocked.

Stella watched her gape there, from being shocked to confused and to bewildered...

She said, "Sherry, you'd better rest at home this morning. I'll ask Donald to deal with the filming. You can go to the set directly this afternoon."

Sherry subconsciously nodded, although she wasn't actually listening to what Stella said as she was still in shock.

Stella entered the password to unlock her door and pulled her in. "All right. Take a rest. I'll buy you breakfast."

After Stella left, Sherry sat down on the sofa and still didn't return to her senses.

She realized that Daniel didn't only accompanied her for a whole night but also turned off her alarms.

Besides, when he left, he didn't leave any traces.

She wondered why he did it, to let her not misunderstand him or what else?

Sherry's tummy was fine now, but she felt a migraine.

Shortly after, Stella came back with some congee. She asked Sherry to take a nap, but Sherry couldn't fall asleep at all. She was even spirited.

Stella had called Donald to keep an eye on the studio. Sherry went to the supermarket with Stella after breakfast.

In the supermarket, Sherry pushed a shopping cart and asked, "Stella, did Mr. Conrad scold you last night?"

Stella picked up a bag of seasoning and put it into the shopping cart, shaking her head. "No, he didn't. I went back home early last night. When Clarence came home, I had already finished washing my clothes."

“That’s good then. Who on earth did you ask Adolph Miller to find? Any progress?”

Stella paused and answered, “The woman who has kidnapped Daniel.”

Sherry was taken by a start.

She was impressed by her ability to choose the subject.

Now, she had to talk about Daniel again.

After a few seconds of silence, Sherry asked, “Why are you looking for her?”

Stella briefed her on the situation and added, “Adolph Miller is more familiar with some places than we do. If I want to find someone in those places, he’s the best choice.”

Sherry nodded in agreement. She heaved a sigh. “I didn’t expect that Adolph Miller wasn’t a bad man.”

Stella replied, “He just wanted to pay back the favor he owed me.”

In the end, they bought a lot of ingredients.

After putting them into the refrigerator, Stella and Sherry went to the studio together.

As soon as they entered, a staff member rushed to them, “Sherry, Stella...”

Noticing she looked pale, Stella asked, “Anything happened?”

The staff member nodded. "Half an hour ago, a guest walked in. She kept being picky at our jewelry. She's so arrogant that a lot of customers have been sent away."

Sherry followed her gaze.

Sure enough, it was Brandon's ex-girlfriend.

The woman was standing there holding a necklace in disdain; she seemed to be looking down at everything around her.

Sherry walked over and let the staff member go back to her work. She asked, "Any problem?"

The woman met her eyes. With a smile, she said, "No problem. I've heard this jewelry store is quite popular, so I came over to check on you. Everything is just 'meh'. Sure enough, how could these shabby jewelries compare to the luxury brands? Some people should have better self-knowledge. Don't be so shameless as to steal others' things. Don't embarrass yourself."

Chapter 779-Sherry looked at her expressionlessly. "I can tell you are sick. You should go to a mental hospital. Stop making trouble out of nothing."

The woman tossed the necklace onto the ground casually. "Your store is open to customers. Customers are entitled to be picky. What, you're afraid? If you can't stand my comments, you'd better go home. Don't make a fool of yourself."

Before Sherry retorted, Stella walked to her.

She said coldly, "Pick it up."

Looking into her eyes, the woman folded her arms and said in disdain, "Who are you? Who do you think you are..."

Stella picked up the coffee next to her and splashed it onto the woman's face.

“Ah!” she exclaimed.

Coffee dripped from her hair.

Instantly, all the customers’ attention was attracted

The woman trembled in anger. “Damn it... Fuck!”

Stella said calmly, “I repeat. Pick it up.”

The woman looked up, only to find so many people were gazing at her. She felt highly embarrassed.

Gripping her purse, she wanted to leave.

However, as the woman had just taken a step, Sherry blocked her way. “Weren’t you so puffed up just now? Are you deaf?”

The woman hooted, “You are just an illegal store. I’ll report you!”

Stella said, “All right. I’ll wait.”

The woman’s way had been blocked and couldn’t leave at all.

Gritting her teeth, she squatted down quickly and picked the necklace up. Then she smashed it onto the counter with a loud bang and strode away with the purse in her hands.

Stella turned around and said to her employees, “Please clean this up.”

The staff members answered. Some of them got a mop, and some dismissed the onlookers.

Stella pulled Sherry into her office and asked, "Is she Brandon's ex-girlfriend?"

Sherry nodded slightly. "Yes. I didn't expect her to come here. I'm sorry, Stella..."

Stella said crossly, "Why do you apologize to me? You'd better talk to Brandon."

Upon hearing it, Sherry pressed her lips tightly. "I'll call him now."

"Have you thought about how to tell him?"

"I..."

Stella said, "The girls have recorded down the scene. You'd better send the video clips directly to Brandon. You don't need to waste time on saying other things."

Sherry also didn't want to waste her time. It wasn't necessary to argue with him.

She returned to the office and directly forwarded the video clips to Brandon without texts. Then she put away her phone and started working.

An hour later, Sherry was about to leave the studio with the cameras and other equipment for shooting. Brandon arrived in a hurry.

Evidently, he ran over. Looking anxious and panicked, he said, "Sherry, may I talk to you in private, please?"

Sherry checked her phone, only to find a lot of missed calls from him.

Brandon added hurriedly, "Only five minutes. Five minutes will be fine."

Sherry passed the equipment to her assistant. "Please wait for me in the car."

After the staff members left, Brandon continued, "I'm sorry for what happened today. I didn't know she would come to find you. I apologize on her behalf. Sherry, I..."

Sherry interrupted him, "No need. May I know why she knew where our studio is?"

Brandon's face stiffened.

Sherry added, "You must have met her quite often after we started dating. I guess you have told her everything."

"Yes..." Brandon stammered, "We had met a few times. It's not like what you think. She and I..."

Sherry shrugged and said casually, "I know. You just can't let go of her. When your heart was softened, you went to accompany her. You two just chitchatted and drank, recalling the good old times. I can understand how painful you are because you can't be with her. But, you must respect me. I'm not

something you two can start a conversation with. I'm not the substitute for you to memorize your past love. In fact, the Japanese cuisine last night sucked."

"Sherry..."

Sherry said directly, "I believe it made sense your parents were unwilling to let you be with her. A woman like her can never bring you peace at home."

Probably, her words poked Brandon's sore spot. He frowned. "You don't have to speak so harshly."

Sherry smiled, "Do I sound as harsh as your ex-girlfriend when she was in our studio earlier?"

“She’s born like that. Besides, you didn’t suffer any loss. You poured the coffee on her.”

Sherry wasn’t surprised. She said, “You did receive the complaint so fast.”

Brandon said, “I’ve scolded her. I promise she will never come to your studio. Sherry, I...”

Sherry said, “Let’s end here. I don’t want to meet such ridiculous people any longer. Let’s break up.”

Brandon frowned more deeply. “I disagree.”

As he spoke, he softened his tone, “It’s an accident. I won’t meet her again. She won’t come to bother you either.”

Sherry looked at him expressionlessly, “Brandon, let’s end it peacefully. You know why we’ve decided to date. It seems we don’t fit each other.”

“Please give me one more chance,” Brandon said, “Besides, we are almost the same. I don’t mind your past, or you’re still in touch with your ex-boyfriend. So...”

“So I should not mind it when your ex-girlfriend made trouble in my studio, insulted me in public, and humiliated my friend’s design?”

Brandon said, “I’ve apologized to you on this matter. I’ve also taught her a lesson. She’ll never show up in front of you again in the future.”

With a smile, Sherry said, “You’re unwilling to break up because of your parents, right? You are using me as your shield, so you can meet her freely. In the beginning, you said you wouldn’t mind about my past, but actually, you found a way out for yourself. You don’t mind mine, so I can’t mind yours.”

Before Brandon still wanted to say something, Sherry directly interrupted, “Time’s up. That’s it. We don’t have much progress in the past few weeks, but you are not that lousy. I want to end it peacefully

with you. After all, I've met enough scumbags before. If you keep pestering me, I'll send the video clips to your parents directly."

Brandon shushed instantly.

It seemed that he was so scared to let his parents know that he was still in touch with his ex-girlfriend.

Sherry turned around and sat in the car quickly.

Chapter 780-Meanwhile, Steward Group.

Nathan sent the file to Clarence and said, "Mr. Conrad, Maxwell called just now. The Conrad family sent someone here again."

Clarence didn't raise his head. "I don't want to see them."

This was the second time someone from the Conrad family wanted to see Clarence since he had come back from Riverside City.

Nathan answered. After a hesitation, he said, "The man said your father is dying and wants to see you for the last time."

Clarence paused when turning a page. Looking over at Nathan, he said, "Why? Can he come back to life after meeting me?"

Nathan was speechless.

Why did he even bother.

When Nathan was about to leave, Clarence said, "Let him in."

Nathan was taken aback for a moment before returning to his senses. He nodded and said, "Okay, Mr. Conrad."

Ten minutes later, a mid-aged man was let in.

As soon as seeing Clarence, he greeted, "Good day, Young Master Clarence..."

Clarence remembered him. He always followed Dempsey in the past but hadn't shown up for years.

It seemed his father had made himself a way out.

Clarence's expression didn't change. "Cut it out. Straight to the point."

The mid-aged man knelt in front of him and said in sobs, "Young Master Clarence, please help Master Conrad. He's been jailed in Conrads' Mansion, living in Hell."

"You should let him end his life directly instead of coming to me."

The mid-aged man said, "Although Master Conrad had made a lot of mistakes to harm you, he's still your father. Do you have the heart to see him suffer so much?"

Clarence answered indifferently, "Of course. It's called karma."

"But... But..."

"Enough. Cut the crap. Tell me what I want to hear."

The mid-aged man rolled his eyes in silence.

However, he knew Clarence didn't agree to meet him because of Dempsey.

What Clarence wanted to hear was something that he hadn't known yet.

The mid-aged man said, "I... I used to meet Mr. Steward, oh, to be exact, Lyndon Steward, in the backyard of the Conrad family. He talked with Young Master Justin about something that happened twenty years ago..."

Clarence just looked at him impassively.

The mid-aged felt pressure and continued, "Twenty years ago, the Steward family's accident and Lyndon Steward's success was all because of Master Conrad's support..."

Right then, Steward Group was famous. Charles and his wife were an envied couple in City N.

Dempsey was ambitious, aiming to develop his power. Steward Group became a thorn in his side.

At a banquet, he met Lyndon and talked to him for a bit. He could tell how vicious and jealous Lyndon was with a glimpse.

They didn't discuss a plan, but they knew what kind of person each other was. Hence, they colluded with a tacit understanding.

However, this matter had a huge impact. Dempsey had never shown up in person but used other power to help Lyndon achieve his goal.

Probably, his karma had started back then.

Dempsey was entirely concentrated on it, so he didn't know that Riverside City had sent someone over to City N.

Several forces gathered in City N, making huge chaos.

Hence, Justin had a car accident.

Dempsey looked into the matter, but he dared not to continue. If he had done it, he would expose what he had done during that period. The Perez family twenty years ago was still influential.

If they had known Dempsey helped Lyndon do such secret things, the whole Conrad family would be doomed.

Hence, Dempsey had to make it look like an accident. To distract the Perez family's attention on Justin's car accident, he took Clarence back and let Joanna vented all her hatred on Clarence.

Several years later, Lyndon had completely replaced Charles.

Dempsey had no energy to look back on the matter because of the accident and his failure to control Clarence.

Besides, Steward Group didn't develop so fast and well after it had fallen into Lyndon's hands, so it couldn't become an obstacle in his plan.

When Clarence looked up again, his eyes were icy. "It seemed he had done a lot of evil deeds."

"Sir, Master Conrad did it for Conrad Group. Besides, even he hadn't helped Lyndon Steward, Charles Steward would still be killed by his brother sooner or later. It wasn't Master's fault at all..."

Seeing that Clarence was still silent, the mid-aged man gritted his teeth and added, "Young Master Justin should have known those matters since a long time ago. He knew the truth about his accident and the James family much earlier than we can imagine, so he mistreats Master Conrad..."

"Didn't he deserve it?" Clarence looked over at Nathan. "Send him away."

“Young Master!” the mid-aged man yelled. “Even though Master Conrad has made so many mistakes, he never wanted to harm your son. He always wanted to educate that boy as the future heir of the Conrad family. But, some people hated that little baby. He’s your biological son. Do you want to let go of them so easily?”

Clarence cast a frosty glance at him.

The temperature of the office instantly dropped.

Nathan’s expression changed slightly. He reminded the mid-aged man, “You can’t bullsh*t without any evidence.”

“I have evidence! I have evidence!” the mid-aged man yelled. “When Young Master Justin took Master Conrad to Canada for his medical treatment, they met a female doctor. Master Conrad overheard

that...”

Clarence asked in a bone-chilling tone, “What did he overhear?”

“The woman asked Young Master Justin, ‘Did it succeed? I’ve upgraded the injection. Its effect should be awesome.’” The mid-aged man yelled while weeping, “I’m telling the truth. Master Conrad heard it in person. He also heard that the woman said there were other injections and asked if Young Master Justin wanted them all. The latter said no, so she tossed all of them into the trash can. It was Master Conrad... He risked his life to pick up the bottle back and hid them.

“Sir, Master had the bottle. As long as you save him, you can get the evidence. In that case, Young Master Justin couldn’t deny it anymore. You can also take the chance to ask him to give you back Conrad Group. Master will definitely take your side.”

Clarence’s face tightened with a stern look. He didn’t speak.

The mid-aged man still kept yelling, but Nathan directly took him out.

“Young Master, please think twice! No matter how much you hate Master, you must take revenge. It’s your son. You should get back what’s supposed to belong to you...”