

Mr Conrad 781

Chapter 781-After Nathan had taken him away, he returned to the office. Looking at the man standing in front of the French window, he said in a low voice, "Excuse me, Mr. Conrad..."

Clarence didn't react. He peered out of the window coldly and expressionlessly.

When Nathan nodded slightly and was about to leave, Clarence suddenly asked, "Do you think he's telling the truth?"

Nathan was silent for a few seconds and answered, "No matter what he said, he had a purpose. Mr. Conrad, you can just ignore him."

Clarence asked flatly, "Ignore him?"

"They just want to save your father, so they came to beg you. He said those words to provoke you, so you would become an enemy with Young Master Justin. Then, their goal would be achieved."

"But you know he has told the truth, right?"

Nathan immediately shushed.

This subject was always Clarence's taboo.

Since Joanna died, many things had happened in City N and Riverside City. All those matters had been far beyond Joanna's control.

If she could make such a fuss, she wouldn't have committed suicide to intensify the hatred between Clarence and Justin.

In the beginning, Clarence had thought that Joanna was in touch with Riverside City. However, the investigation showed that she had no idea about the James family's existence.

Besides, before Joanna committed suicide, she asked the nanny to strangle the baby in front of all people.

Whether the baby had been killed or not, neither Clarence nor Dempsey would spare her.

At that time, she wanted to die so determinedly.

She believed she wouldn't suffer a loss if she could make the baby die with her.

That was her plan.

If she had given the baby the injection, she wouldn't need to commit suicide at all. She could only wait until the baby's disease to break out. If she could watch them be worried but fail to do anything, she would definitely get her kicks and vent her anger.

The investigation of the injection led the clue to Riverside City.

In other words, the injection had opened a door for the investigation, leading them to find what was behind it.

The person who had given him a window wanted to urge Clarence to look into the truth of twenty years ago.

In fact, they should have faintly known who the manipulator was.

However, Clarence asked them to stop the investigation.

He believed that it was enough.

After a moment, Clarence said, "Do you think I'm too selfish?"

Nathan didn't know how to answer, so he kept silent.

Clarence wasn't actually asking for his opinion either. He continued flatly, "I'm afraid if we continue the investigation, Stella will know it. She used to firmly believe that Justin was the only decent man in the Conrad family. He was the only warmth that she had felt in the Mansion. However, if she knows Justin was the culprit of everything, what will she think? And I also have my own intention. Sometimes, I wonder if what I've found is all wrong. I want to wait longer and hope to see a favorable turn. Not only Stella, but he also used to make me see the sunshine in that disgusting mansion."

Clarence had thought he knew Justin well as they stayed in the same house over two decades.

However, the Justin Conrad that Clarence knew well had been living with a mask.

At least, when Clarence was firstly taken back to the Conrad family, Justin had treated him sincerely.

Nathan had been working for Clarence for so many years. This was the first time that he heard Clarence speak so many words from the bottom of his heart.

The critical point was that Nathan wasn't good at dealing with such a situation.

After a long while, Nathan uttered a few words while nodding, "It's indeed..."

Clarence cast him a cold glance. "Get out."

Nathan immediately answered, "Okay."

After he took a few steps, Clarence said, "Stop."

Nathan looked back, "Yes, Mr. Conrad?"

Clarence said, "Keep an eye on the man who has just left. Don't let him talk to Stella."

Nathan was taken aback, and then he understood what Clarence meant.

Dempsey must want to get rid of Justin so eagerly now. Hence, he had sent his men to Clarence several times. This time, the person was rejected again, so he would change his target soon.

They didn't only have the evidence of Justin's evil deeds but also the truth about the Steward family's disaster.

Hence, they would absolutely go to find Stella.

Immediately, Nathan said, "I'll call Maxwell now."

After he was gone, Clarence sat at his desk again.

A moment later, he dialed a phone number.

He said, "When Justin Conrad went to Canada, he met a female doctor. She was the one who upgraded the injection."

On the other end of the line, Darnell said, "A female doctor?"

Clarence continued, "I've sent my men to look into the matter in Canada and will get the result soon."

Darnell said, "Not necessary. I roughly know who the female doctor is."

Darnell gathered more than a dozen top doctors in his lab, so he had heard something about Amanda before.

Although her medical skills were advanced, her character was twisted. She didn't apply her talent and skills to the righteous things but to some evil deeds.

There were a lot of female doctors in this world.

However, Amanda should be the only one capable of upgrading the injection while intending to do the shitty business.

After receiving the news from Darnell, Clarence let Nathan find out where Amanda was. Soon, he got to know that she was staying in City N.

Nathan said, "Mr. Conrad, this woman should be the one who had kidnapped Daniel."

Clarence squinted. Pressing his thin lips, he didn't speak.

Nathan could also tell that this was a trap set up quite long ago.

It also explained why Lyndon Steward had been saved.

Nathan added, "Mr. Conrad, I also found that Amanda often goes to the underworld casinos, but..."

"But what?"

"Since yesterday, someone was looking for her. She must have known it and didn't go to the casinos again."

Clarence raised his head to look at him, losing his patience.

Nathan immediately added, "It was Adolph Miller."

Clarence frowned. "Stella?"

Nathan nodded. "Mrs. Conrad went to find Adolph Miller yesterday afternoon. She must have asked him for help find Amanda. I suppose Mrs. Conrad haven't suspected anything yet, but she did this only for Daniel..."

Clarence kept silent for a while and said, "Let Maxwell go there in person. Make sure to find her before Adolph Miller does."

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Chapter 782-On the other side, when it was around five o'clock in the afternoon, Stella called Sherry on the phone.

When she heard that the filming went well and would end at probably seven in the evening, Stella was relieved. She went back home, preparing for dinner.

As soon as she arrived at the downstairs of her apartment, she received a call from an unknown number.

Stella swiped to answer and heard Adolph's voice. "I've found where she's staying. She's pretty cautious, keeping her curtain down all the time. I can catch her in the evening."

Pinching her phone, Stella said, "Okay. I got it. I can't go to see you in the evening. I'll give you an address and number. You can take her directly over to that address."

After hanging up the phone, Stella sent Daniel's number and the hospital address to Adolph.

It had been a grudge between Daniel and Amanda, but she wanted to find the woman because Clarence was involved somehow.

Hence, she just wanted to hand her to Daniel.

After she returned home, Stella took out the ingredients bought today and started cooking.

She rinsed all the ingredients, put the chopped ones into the pot, and turned on the gas. Then she stood up and stretched a bit.

The sun was setting. The sunshine fell into the kitchen through the window.

Stella checked the time. It had been half-past six.

She picked up her phone and checked on the photos that Sherry sent her.

The filming should be finished in two to three hours.

Stella walked to the balcony and took down the hung clothes.

While she was folding them, she heard footsteps from the porch.

She looked up at the man walking to her in surprise. "Why are you home so early today?"

Clarence sat next to her and hummed gently. "I went to your studio, but you weren't there."

"I thought you would finish work at eight, so I didn't tell you..."

Since they had come back from Riverside City, the earliest that Clarence could arrive home was at nine in the evening.

Stella told him that she would invite Donald and Sherry over for dinner and asked him to make it earlier. Clarence wasn't sure back then.

However, she had never expected that he would come home so early.

Clarence asked, "Did you go to see Adolph Miller yesterday?"

Stella was surprised, keeping silent.

She didn't answer his question. Instead, she lowered her head to sniff the folded clothes.

She wondered if the wretched man's nose was so sensitive.

She had washed the clothes twice, so they weren't supposed to have any cigarette smell.

Looking at the shock and confusion in her eyes, Clarence confirmed his guess and asked, "What are you thinking about?"

Stella hurriedly put down the clothes. "Nothing. How did you know?"

"The only way to prevent people from knowing is not to do it."

Stella curled her lips. "Please keep this line to yourself."

Clarence raised his eyebrows. He probably lacked the confidence to retort, so he was silent.

After a while, he asked, "Why do you want to find Amanda?"

Stella continued to fold the clothes. "Emmett said once I found her, I would know who's behind, and the truth would come out. Anyway... It's easy for Adolph to find her, so I asked him for help."

Clarence paused. "Did you do it for me?"

"Not really. For myself," she answered.

Clarence was confused.

Stella explained, "I told Emmett so affirmatively that I trusted you, so I should look into this matter. If it has something with you for real, I'll be embarrassed. I must take..."

Clarence pinched her cheek with one hand, approached her, and whispered, "Can't you say something nice?"

Stella slapped his hand off. "I've learned it from you..."

Before she finished her words, Clarence lowered his head and bit her lips.

After a moment, he let go of her and said, "I learned it from you."

Stella was speechless.

"If you talk nicer in the future, I'll also give you a reward," he added.

With a blushed face, Stella got out of his embrace and stammered, "I... I don't want such a reward..."

Everything spoken by him sounded so brazen.

Stella stood up and pressed the folded clothes into his arms. "Put them into the cloakroom. I'll start cooking."

Clarence smiled, and his eyes were full of amusement.

Stella walked into the kitchen, put the rice in the steamer, chopped the vegetables, and make sauces.

Soon, Clarence appeared behind her back.

Stella turned around and asked, "Did you take a shower?"

Clarence answered, "Yes."

Stella said, "Go out of the kitchen. I'll start frying now. There will be smokes."

When she was about to open the fridge, he grabbed her hand.

She looked into his eyes. "What's wrong?"

Clarence said, "I recall I've promised you never to hide anything from you."

Stella said, "I've been used to ti..."

She knew Clarence had always been busy dealing with all kinds of things, so he couldn't tell her everything.

Besides, she knew that she had known the things that she was supposed to know.

She was angry with him because he had hidden something from her because she didn't know while her baby was alive.

Other things were not so critical as this matter.

Her current wish was quite simple. As long as the little fellow could be safe and healthy, she had no other thoughts and expectations.

Clarence said, "Sometimes, I don't want to hold out on you, but I just don't know how to tell you about them."

Stella answered solemnly, "You can write them down," she added tentatively, "Or, draw them down?"

Clarence withdrew his hand and put it into his pocket. "Go ahead to cook."

Stella stared at him and said after a moment of silence, "Well, since you've said that, I can give you a chance. However, we should be equal. I should also have such a chance."

Clarence frowned and got the critical point instantly. "You're hiding something from me?"

"Sometimes, I don't want to hold out on you, but I just don't know how to tell you about them," Stella replied to him with exactly the same line that he had just said.

Clarence was speechless.

He said, "You can write or draw it down."

Stella was suddenly amused by their meaningless chitchat. She pushed him out of the kitchen. "All right. Stop messing around. I'm cooking now. The guests will arrive soon. I don't want to keep them waiting."

Clarence stood outside the kitchen and looked at her back, rubbing between his eyebrows.

Right then, his phone rang.

It was a call from Maxwell.

Clarence went to the balcony and swiped to answer it. "Speak."

Maxwell said, "Mr. Conrad, we've found her clue. Now we're waiting for her to come out from her house."

Clarence said, "Adolph Miller should be there already. You must hide from him when capturing the target. Don't let him discover your traces."

Clarence stood outside the kitchen and looked at her back, rubbing between his eyebrows. Right then, his phone rang. It was a call from Maxwell. Clarence went to the balcony and swiped to answer it. "Speak." Maxwell said, "Mr. Conrad, we've found her clue. Now we're waiting for her to come out from her house." Clarence said, "Adolph Miller should be there already. You must hide from him when capturing the target. Don't let him discover your traces."

Chapter 783-At the same time, an apartment.

Amanda stood at the window, looking down through the gap in the curtain.

Sure enough, there were a lot of suspicious faces.

And these guys, they were blocking all the passages through which she could leave.

Seeing this, Amanda could not help feeling edgy and paced back and forth across the room.

She had been preparing to leave City N since last night, when words got out that someone had spotted her, but she didn't think they'd find her here so soon.

If she was right, as soon as it went dark, these guys would make a move.

Amanda took out her cell phone, made a few calls, opened the closet and began to disguise herself.

Half an hour later, a group of young motorcyclists yelling and whooping appeared outside the apartment all of a sudden.

Here, though not in downtown, there were still many people coming and going due to the fact that it was peak hours when people get off work. When they saw this scene, they all frowned and dodged.

The group showed no intention of leaving, but hung around the apartment on their bikes, deliberately causing chaos.

The subordinate next to Adolph Miller said, "Mr. Miller, they are from Mr. Holton."

Amanda had been hanging around in underground casinos recently, and those underground casinos were mostly run by Tyler Holton, so it was not surprising that she would know him.

Those people were involved in all kinds of crimes and illegal deeds such as pornography, gambling and drug abuse, as long as they were paid well, there was nothing they could not do.

Adolph said in a deep voice, "Leave them alone, and keep eyes on the apartment. She should come out in no time."

"But Mr. Miller, since this is the person that Mr. Holton wants to protect, are we..."

"Don't talk nonsense, just go back if you're afraid."

Fortunately, there were policemen patrolling nearby, and the noise here soon attracted them.

In addition, many residents called the police, and the rest of the police arrived one after another.

In the midst of all this chaos, a person dressed like a maintenance worker walked out of the apartment.

In spite of her deliberate disguise, her hands with the toolbox gave her away.

Adolph spotted her at first sight and immediately followed.

At almost the same time, Maxwell also walked towards Amanda from another direction.

Even with her hat pressed down, Amanda was keenly aware of the two men who came from the left and the right. When they were a few meters away from her, she suddenly turned her direction and sped off toward the parked motorbike on the side of the road. Then she stepped on the accelerator and rapidly drove away.

There happened to be a motorbike parked next to Adolph, so he quickly followed.

Maxwell remembered Clarence's instructions, and didn't dare to get too close to Adolph, so he pressed his earphones and said to the person guarding outside: "She's out, wearing a gray jumpsuit, dressed like a maintenance worker."

Amanda knew that there must be others waiting for her, so she ran towards a crowded place not caring if anyone got hurt.

Everywhere she went, there was screaming.

When she was crossing an intersection, she saw two black cars approaching her, so she turned around and slammed into the high school students who were waiting for the red light.

One car was forced to steer away, blocking in front of her and the high school students.

Seeing this, Amanda smiled with satisfaction. She made a turn quickly, and merged into the traffic.

The other car was still following her, but the traffic was a bit congested for it to move as flexibly as the motorbike. Within seconds she was out of sight.

Amanda didn't stop. She was so confident about herself that she thought she had managed to ditch her pursuers. Or, by this point, she didn't care about anything other than her own life.

She was on her motorbike, heading straight to the destination.

Far away, Adolph looked at her back, slowly stopped, and looked up to her destination, frowning tightly.

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On the other side, Stella had just finished cooking the last dish, walked to the living room, picked up the phone, and called Sherry.

Stella asked, "Sherry, where are you?"

Sherry answered, "We are on the way back and stuck in traffic here. It might need a while."

"Is Donald with you?"

"Yeah." Sherry paused, then tentatively asked, "Has Mr. Conrad come back?"

Stella glanced at the man sitting next to her and said, "Yes, he has."

Sherry said, "Then you guys should eat without us, don't let Mr. Conrad wait too long..."

"It's okay. He always works late without eating anything from noon to midnight. He won't starve to death."

Clarence was speechless.

On the other side of the phone, Sherry held back a smile and said, "The traffic seems to be better now. We will be there in half an hour at most."

"All right, be careful on the way."

As soon as Stella put away her phone, Clarence grabbed her wrist and pulled her down.

He whispered, "What did you just say?"

Stella sat on his lap and argued for reasons, "Did I say anything wrong? Every time I talk to you about this, you don't take it seriously. What can I do?"

Hardly had Stella finished her words when their phones on the coffee table rang simultaneously.

Stella turned her head and looked over. There was a call from Maxwell on his phone.

While Clarence looked at hers, it turned out to be an unfamiliar number.

Probably it's Adolph Miller.

Neither of them moved until the phone screen went dark.

Stella was silent for a few seconds and asked, "Why don't you answer the phone?"

Clarence asked instead of answer, "What about you?"

She knew that although there were things that required Adolph's help, Clarence still disliked that she had contact with him. He didn't say anything this time, but if she answered Adolph's call on his face, he would definitely not be happy about it.

"Then do we need to go to separate rooms?"

When Stella got up, about to go to the bedroom, she was pulled back into his arms.

Clarence said, "Don't. Let's eat."

"But Sherry and the others haven't..."

Clarence said without expression, "I'm going to starve to death."

Stella went silent.

All right.

Stella entered the kitchen, ready to serve him something to eat first.

She walked a few steps, and when she looked back, she saw him pick up the phone.

Stella tilted her head; why did she feel like she was fooled?

However, he didn't call Maxwell back either.

Whenever he did not answer, Maxwell would not call him again, instead he would send him a short message to explain the matter.

Looking at the message sent by Maxwell, Clarence's look grew colder.

After a while, he clenched his phone, got up and said to Stella, "I'm going out."

Stella was stunned, realizing something was happening, but she just said, "Be careful."

Clarence hummed, then turned back after a few steps, and said in a low voice, "Don't answer Adolph's call. When I get back, I will tell you everything."

She nodded slightly and said yes.

Chapter 784-Conrad's Mansion

As soon as Justin came out of Dempsey Conrad's room, a man hurried over and said, "Young Master Justin, something has happened."

Despite the man told Justin the news in a lower voice, the look on his face did not change. He just turned his wheelchair forward and asked lightly, "Why would Clarence suddenly go to her?"

The man looked at the room behind him and said, "Master Conrad's men have come to the Mansion today."

Hearing this, Justin smiled, "I see."

He never prevented Dempsey's men from going to Clarence.

On the contrary, he encouraged them.

In the living room, Amanda was wandering around.

Seeing Justin coming over, she said, "I didn't expect you to have a hobby of collecting antiques."

He smiled gently and said, "You can have some if you like."

Amanda, obviously not expecting this answer, raised her eyebrows slightly with interest.

She sat on the couch and said, "I know you didn't want us to come here, but I was helpless this time. The places I usually go to have been exposed, so I had to come to you."

The gentle smile on his face did not fade. He asked a servant to serve her a cup of tea. "As you can see, I am just a cripple and cannot help you much."

"I just need you to help me get out of City N. I'm sure you'll find a way. No one can do anything to me when I get out of here."

"Have you managed to do everything you want?"

There was a trace of hatred showing on Amanda's face, "As long as he is alive, this is not over."

"You had plenty of chances to kill him." Justin said.

"But by killing him, wouldn't it be a gain for him?" Amanda said, laughing again, "I learned that from you. There's nothing more enjoyable than to leave the person you hate the most to torture, to let him wander on the edge of death, and to make him neither live nor die."

Justin just smiled and did not answer.

Amanda obviously didn't come here to discuss with him how to torture the enemy. So, she asked directly, "When can I leave here?"

Justin said, "No hurry. Judging from the accident today, the situation is pretty serious now."

Amanda was about to say something when Justin added, "Since you already know that my place is the safest and this is your only choice for now, you shouldn't doubt your safety here."

That's true.

"I see."

As soon as Amanda finished speaking, a guy hurried in and said, "Young Master Justin, Young Master Clarence is back..."

Amanda was startled, before she could speak, Justin said, "Harris, take her upstairs."

The man waiting by his side answered, "Yes."

The moment Amanda was taken upstairs, Clarence appeared in the living room.

Justin looked at him and asked with a smile, "Clarence, what's brought you back today?"

Clarence looked around, sat on the opposite side and replied, "Nothing, just passing by."

"I see." Justin moved his wheelchair to the coffee table and offered him tea, "Here."

Clarence looked at the teacup on the coffee table and said, "You had a visitor?"

Justin looked to the side and spoke slowly, "Yes, but he didn't stay."

"What was so urgent that made him leave before finishing the tea?"

Justin smiled, "We were just talking about something in the company which are not so important. Maybe he felt it's too uncomfortable to stay here."

Clarence's expression remained unchanged and did not answer.

Justin asked, "How are you and Stella recently?"

"Good."

"I heard that her studio has hired Winnie Truman to be the brand ambassador. After the advertisement is released, her brand will definitely get better and better. She's a talented designer and I'm truly happy for her that her talent is finally being recognized."

Clarence's lips twitched, and his smile was a little cold. He said, "You always have better judgement on these things than me."

"You're too close to the subject, and fresh eyes never hurts. You had been prejudiced against her before." Justin sighed.

Clarence said, "It's not that I had a prejudice against her, but that everyone in the Conrad family looked down on her, except you."

"I just believed what I saw."

"In Stella's mind, you are the only good person in the Conrad family, and the only one who treats her sincerely." Clarence spoke in a flat tone. "Even though Joanna Perez hurt her many times and even almost killed her by causing her miscarriage, she never blamed you once for any of these."

When Justin heard this, he still kept the smile on his face. He said, "Stella is a very kind girl. Fortunately, you two finally got together."

Clarence said, "So many things happened after Joanna Perez's death, but she never, ever doubted that you might be involved."

“Clarence, I don’t quite understand what you’re implying.” Justin’s hand which were holding the teapot paused for a second, “Do you think those things have something to do with me?”

Clarence said indifferently, “People from the Conrad family came to me today which you should have known.”

Justin pretended to be surprised and asked, “Is it true? I...I didn’t know before.”

After a pause, he said, “It should be father who wants to see you. Go upstairs and see him.”

Clarence asked, “Do I need to see him?”

Justin said, “He is now paralyzed in bed, except for a pair of eyes that can move, he can’t even speak. Although I don’t know what his men said when they came to you, but...”

And he said with his lips curled up, “Perhaps seeing him yourself will get you reassured.”

“I didn’t come here to see him. Whether he is alive or dead, it has nothing to do with me. It doesn’t matter whether I believe it or not what he said.”

“Then you came here for...” Justin sighed silently.

Clarence said directly, “Give me the person.”

At this time, Harris came down from the second floor and said, “Young Master, a woman just jumped in from the window and tried to attack Master Conrad. I have already dealt with her.”

Justin looked at Clarence and said slowly, “Do you mean... this person?”

Just as he was talking, Amanda’s body was carried downstairs.

When Clarence saw this scene, he suddenly smiled.

Justin said to Harris, "Check the neighborhood for anyone suspicious, in case that she has accomplice."

Harris nodded and left.

Justin looked at Amanda's body and heaved a sigh, "Although I don't know what you want to do with her, but since you came here yourself, it seems that she should be very important to you and you could take her away."

"No need."

He withdrew his gaze and muttered, "There are too many dead people in this room, which could cause you bad luck. You should find a new place."

Then he left without looking back.

Chapter 785-They arrived at nine o'clock. Seeing Clarence's absence, Sherry asked, "Stella, where is Mr. Conrad?"

Stella answered, "He has something to do all of a sudden, so he went out."

"What's the matter?"

"I don't know. He didn't say."

On the way back, Donald also got the message saying that Maxwell had done something, which had caused a commotion.

Stella put the hot dishes on the table and said, "Let's eat first."

Winnie rubbed her stomach and said, "Yeah, I'm starving to death."

In order to shoot commercials in the past few days, she only ate a little fruit and vegetables, and did not dare eat more.

She was so hungry on the way back that she ate a cream cake.

That's why she felt guilty.

Thankfully the commercial was finally done, and her body management didn't have to be so strict.

After sitting down, Donald asked Stella, "Why didn't your brother come?" It seemed like he could always rub it in, so did he this time.

Stella went silent for a while and said, "He's having classes so I didn't call him."

Donald said regretfully, "Your brother is very clever. I appreciate him very much. There are few people I appreciate, among which he could be counted as the top one. Ah, does he have a girlfriend? I have a

cousin studying abroad, whose IQ is a little lower than me, but her grades are pretty good. She is young and energetic..."

Sherry coughed, picked up the juice in front of her and said, "Mr. Shawn has been working so hard during this period. May I propose a toast to you?"

He was obviously very pleased to such flattering words and waved his hand saying it's nothing.

That way, Sherry shifted his attention easily so that no one continue this topic.

Stella quietly looked at Winnie and found that her facial expression was just the same; she seemed to be concentrating on calculating the calories of the food in front of her.

After dinner, it was late, and they left one after another.

Sherry volunteered to help Stella wash dishes, while Stella pushed her out of the kitchen and said, "You are tired today. Just go home and have a good rest."

Sherry stretched her sore arm. Seeing that Stella was determined, she didn't insist any more, took her own things and said, "Well, I'm leaving. Go to bed early when you are done, good night."

Stella said back with a smile, "Good night."

After Sherry left, Stella washed the dishes, cleaned the kitchen, and mopped the floor all over the house, but Clarence had not returned yet.

She sat on the sofa, looked at the phone in front of her, slowly leaned against the back of the sofa, and let out a sigh of relief.

She had promised Clarence before he left.

So, she was not going to ask what had been going on out there.

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When Sherry returned to the next door, she immediately went to take a shower. As soon as she came out and was about to lie down on the sofa and watch TV for a while, her phone started ringing.

This was the fifth time her mother has called her today.

She had been busy working before, so she ignored it.

But if she didn't pick it up this time, it seemed like that her mother would rush to City N to interrogate her.

Sherry picked up her phone, swiped to answer the call, turned on the loudspeaker in case her mother would shout in her ear, and threw the phone aside.

At the other end of the phone, her mother asked in an unexpectedly calm voice, "Why didn't you answer the phone?"

"Mom, I had been working today and didn't check my phone."

After a short while, Sherry asked, "Why did you call me?"

Her mother asked, "Are you still with Brandon Chang?"

"What?"

Hearing this question, Sherry didn't know how to reply for a moment.

She didn't know what she really meant.

Her mother said, "If you really didn't like him, just broke up. I went to nose about him in the past two days and found that he is not a good man in relations. His family introduced him many girls, but none of

them work out. Do you know why?"

Sherry followed her words, "Wh...why?"

At this point, her mother was a little indignant and explained, "He has an ex-girlfriend, who is not so decent either... In short, Brandon was dead set on her. No matter what his parents said, he insisted to be together with her. It was only when his mother was hospitalized for half a month because of her, he finally made compromises. But while he was dating other girls, he was still attached to that woman. A man like that will surely be a scourge to you."

Sherry felt relieved, "So that's why you're calling me. I thought..."

"Thought what? You haven't answered your phone for such a whole day, not to mention you are outside alone. Your father and I are worried about you. If you didn't answer this time, I would have to call the police."

Sherry took a pillow, held it in her arms with a warm smile, and said, "Mom, don't worry, I'm fine. I've told you that I live with my friend, and she takes really good care of me."

Her mother added, "Didn't you say she was married? Are you still clinging to her?"

Sherry went silent again.

"Well," she said, "You wouldn't understand their situation. In fact, I was going to tell you that I have broken up with Brandon just today."

Her mother frowned, "Did he bring it up or did you?"

"It was me of course. What right he has to broke up with me? That woman was making a scene right to my face..."

She spoke so quickly that she almost slipped her tongue.

But even so, her mother sensed something, "Ok, I know, it's a good thing. But this matter will not be over so easily. I'll get even with them, just wait and see. They've gone too far by introducing us this wretched man."

“Mom.” Sherry called her, and added with a smile, “Thank you.”

Her mother got goosebumps and hurriedly said, “Don’t thank me. It’s not over for you. Brandon Chang is one thing, but you still have to find a boyfriend. Look at Stella, she is married and has got a kid.”

Hearing her cliché again, Sherry quickly interrupted, “Hey, mom... I have a bad connection here, I’ll talk to you another day, bye.”

Then she hung up the phone immediately.

Sherry then opened Facebook and saw that Brandon had been sending her messages and trying to apologize.

She directly blocked and deleted all his contacts. Out of sight, out of mind.

This thing can finally be over.

Sherry put down her phone, closed her eyes and lay on the sofa. Because the air conditioner was running, she felt a bit cold and pulled a small blanket on.

Suddenly, the vague memory of the night before became clear.

Sherry slowly opened her eyes again and stared at the ceiling blankly.

Chapter 786-Stella was waiting for Clarence so late that she could barely open her eyes. But she eventually gave up because Clarence still hadn’t returned yet.

She heated up the herbal soup, drank it, and then went to sleep.

When she had just gotten in the bed for a while, a sound outside the door woke her up.

Stella slowly sat up and rubbed her eyes.

Clarence entered the bedroom and whispered, "Still awake?"

Stella's voice sounded tired, "I was about to fall asleep. But you came back and the sound woke me up."

Clarence walked up to her and rubbed her head gently, "Sorry for waking you up. Now you may sleep soundly."

Stella pouted her mouth, "You haven't told me yet."

Clarence bit his thin lips slightly. He fell into silence for a while, "What about I tell you tomorrow?"

If he told her everything, she might have trouble falling asleep.

Stella wanted to kick his ass, "Are you fooling around with me on purpose?"

No one could bear the feeling of being kept in suspense, when the truth was one step away.

"You really want to know?"

Stella really wanted to punch him.

She said crossly, "Didn't you say that you will tell me when you come back?"

Clarence didn't say anything, he just took her in his arms.

Stella leaned her head on his chest, waiting quietly without urging.

She didn't know how long it took. But eventually the man's low voice sounded, "Do you remember what happened after the death of Joanna Perez?"

Stella nodded, "Noah got sick, and the James family was involved. All the affairs of the James family were revealed..."

What happened in the past few months could be summed up in a few sentences. But the whole process was so terrifying.

Especially the time when the little one first showed symptoms, she didn't even dare recall those days.

Every time she thought about it, she was too painful to breathe.

Clarence said, "Do you think that a dead person is capable of doing this?"

Stella was stunned, a little puzzled, "But I remember she said before dying..."

"She did say those things. But Joanna didn't have that much power. If she had the ability to turn the James family upside down, she would have turned against me early."

Stella bit her lips slightly without saying anything.

She seemed to gradually understand the reason why Clarence tried so hard to persuade her rather than just told her the truth directly.

In City N, Clarence had many enemies, but there were few people who actually knew what happened between him and the Conrad family, or got to know the existence of the James family.

Thinking of this, someone was leading them to find out the truth about the James family.

This person clearly knew the truth, but he didn't reveal it himself. He asked them to investigate it by themselves instead. Clarence could tell that he had only one purpose.

What he wanted was not how Clarence would react to the truth, but the guilt inside Clarence while seeking the truth.

And Clarence's final choice should be in his expectation.

That man knew Clarence very well.

And after this incident, he would get what he had planned easily without a fight.

After a while, Clarence continued, "It's Justin Conrad."

Even though she had known the answer in her mind already, Stella still felt choked when she heard this. Her hand on the bed couldn't help but grabbed Clarence's arm tightly.

Stella didn't need to ask Clarence whether he was sure about the conclusion.

She knew better than anyone that how important Justin was in Clarence's mind.

Now that he spoke out Justin's name, it proved that...

He was absolutely sure.

A strange feeling rushed to her throat. Stella's voice choked. After a long time, she finally asked, "When did he...when did he know...about those affairs of the James family?"

Clarence said gently, "The James family tried their best to cover it up. No one knows these except for Bancroft James and Hilbert James. But Caesar James, he was the one who grew up with Hilbert

James.”

Stella paused, “So... it’s Caesar. He might have overheard them discussing about this a long time ago, but he didn’t take it seriously until he was expelled from the James family. For coincidence or other reason, he remembered this secret again, and he went for Justin.”

At that time, Caesar was probably thinking that everyone should go down with him since he was having a hard time. He even wanted to expose the whole disgusting affairs of the James family.

Probably from that time on, Justin put away the gentleness and kindness within his heart. Step by step, he started his seven-year revenge plan.

Clarence said, “This should be the truth.”

Stella didn’t know what to say at the moment, she could just hold Clarence’s hand and lower her eyes.

In fact, from Justin’s point of view, he just wanted to get revenge from those who had hurt him.

Both the Conrad family and the James family, they were the culprits who caused him to be disabled for life and lived the rest of his life on a wheelchair.

But.....

Clarence hugged her and planted a kiss on her forehead, “I know.”

Hearing his answer, Stella realized that she actually said out loud what she was thinking.

However, the child was innocent.

She couldn't imagine how Justin told them to do this with a gentle expression and smile on his face.

The little one tried so hard to survive the car accident and grew up healthy. Before she even had the chance to take good care of him, Justin pushed the boy into the endless darkness again.

While Stella was thinking about that, her eyes started to swell with tears, and she choked up, "Did he admit all these?"

"No." Clarence said, "But there are evidences from my old man."

"What evidence?"

Clarence said slowly, "Oh, by the way, I know that you've asked Adolph Miller to find Amanda. She is also the doctor who helped Justin do the strengthened nutrition injection. From the beginning, it was Justin who rescued Lyndon Steward and planned the whole thing. Now that Amanda is dead, there is no proof."

Stella opened her mouth, feeling too weak to say anything.

It seemed that she no longer cared about how Amanda met Justin, what deal Amanda made with Justin, or how Amanda died and all the other bullshit.

All of these meant nothing to her now.

Her child had been put under threats of these people since the first cell of him come into being.

Each of them had their purpose.

All of them were thinking about trading the little boy's life for their own benefits.

No matter Joanna Perez, Dempsey Conrad, or...Justin, they were all the same.

The little boy was just a tool for them to use for their revenge.

Stella also understood why Clarence didn't want her to give birth to the baby.

If she had foreseen such a result, she would not have insisted on it.

Clarence knew what she was thinking. He hugged her gently and comforted, "Come on, isn't everything getting better now? Don't dwell on the things in the past. I can deal with them. Leave the rest to me."

Stella also understood why Clarence didn't want her to give birth to the baby. If she had foreseen such a result, she would not have insisted on it. Clarence knew what she was thinking. He hugged her gently and comforted, "Come on, isn't everything getting better now? Don't dwell on the things in the past. I can deal with them. Leave the rest to me."

Chapter 787-In the Conrad mansion...

After Clarence left, Justin looked at the corpse next to him and said lightly, "Get rid of this."

His men responded, "Yes."

Lying on the ground, Amanda's eyes popped out in an uncanny way. But her pupils had lost the focus.

She didn't seem to believe that she would actually die like this.

Justin pushed his wheelchair and returned to Dempsey Conrad's room.

He turned on the light and dispelled the darkness in the room.

On the bed, Dempsey almost choked up. Maybe because he heard the conversation downstairs or maybe because some other reasons, he struggled so hard to get up to say something.

Justin looked at him, his tone so calm, "You should have heard it. Clarence had come here."

Dempsey made an unpleasant wheezing noise in his throat, as if he was scolding him.

Justin smiled indifferently, "I never tried to prevent him from getting you out of here. I even asked him to come up to visit you. But he didn't even want to see you. What else can I do?"

Dempsey stared at the son who he hardly paid attention to in the past.

He had imagined that what Clarence would do to him after he gained his power one day and knew about the truth. But he never expected that he would be confined inside this room by this son. How could Justin, who always put on a gentle smile on his face and tried his best to settle the conflicts of Conrad family, do such a terrible thing to him? Locking him up in a lightless room where all the windows were sealed?

Justin continued, "I don't know what you had told Clarence. But I can tell that it's nothing good about me anyway. I don't care whoever you can use under your control, and I have never stopped you from letting him send out messages. Or maybe this is just your imagination that Clarence really didn't know anything?"

Dempsey's eyes widened, with shock and anger in his eyes.

Justin smiled and continued, "If you have a clear understanding of why you ended up like this instead of complaining about it, you should know that whatever Clarence wants to do, nothing can stop him from getting his job done. He not only knows what I have done, but also... knows what else I am about to do. But he didn't completely go to war with me. Do you know why?"

Under Dempsey's muddy and hateful gaze, Justin slowly said, "Because, in his heart, no matter what I do, I am still his elder brother. And, thanks to you, he will always feel guilty for me. If it weren't for him, I wouldn't have been disabled and turned into this. But as for you, in his deep mind, he never regarded you as a father even a little bit."

As his voice fell, Dempsey propped up his body, grabbed an ornament on the bedside cupboard, and threw it at him. This exhausted all his strength

But his body had reached its limit. Even with all his strength, the ornament went off course and rolled down to Justin's feet.

Justin didn't run away or avoid, just watched this with a smile on his face.

Using his broken and hoarse voice, Dempsey squeezed out two words with all his strength, "You... Motherfucker!"

"It seems that you are recovering pretty well."

When Dempsey heard the words, his pupils shrank sharply.

Justin smiled, didn't want to stay here anymore. He simply turned his wheelchair away.

Soon after he left, a doctor came in, pressed Dempsey's arm and gave him an injection, ignoring the painful struggle Dempsey made.

Dempsey fell back onto the bed, staring at the dark ceiling.

This time, he really couldn't move anymore.

Half an hour later, the news of Amanda's death reached Jon.

Christian Atwood paced back and forth. His anxious mood couldn't be relieved, "First was Caesar, then came Amanda. I don't think he intends to partner with us at all. He wants to kill us all!"

Jon said unhurriedly, "Why are you so panic? Are you a member of the James family?"

Christian went silent, "No."

"Did you get discovered by Clarence and broke into the Conrad mansion without permission?"

Christian was speechless, "I didn't do any of those."

Jon said, "Then you're fine."

Freya, who had been keeping silent, finally spoke in a cold voice, "Caesar have left the James family for a long time. He killed him purely to shut his mouth up once for all."

Christian did not say anything, but nodded in agreement.

All the people here gather together for money.

Apart from Caesar and Amanda, even Lyndon Steward, who has joined them at the beginning, was also killed by plan.

Who knew which of them would be the next?

Justin seemed to be a gentleman, but he was the one who would go as far as he could to achieve his goal.

It seemed that the revenge he wanted was not to get what he deserved, but to make everyone go down with him.

Jon said slowly, "Why are you worrying about this? As long as you don't provoke him, he won't do anything to you for the time being."

Christian was still worried, "But boss..."

Jon glanced at him, and the latter shut his mouth immediately.

But Freya didn't have such patience. She originally worked for Caesar, and it's impossible for her to help them after Caesar's death.

As soon as she got up, Jon said, "If you are leaving City N, then I won't say anything. But if you have any other plans against us, I can only send you one last ride."

Freya sneered, "I didn't expect you to be so devoted."

"Honestly, I don't think I am devoted. It's all business. I get the job done, and I can take my money."

Freya ignored him and left.

After she left, Christian said, "Boss, judging from the current situation, she shouldn't intend to hide the secret from Clarence anymore."

Jon smiled, "Of course, even if she wanted to hide it, it will get out eventually."

It's time for the final contest.

He wanted to see, what would happen to Clarence and Justin in the end.

After a while, Jon looked sideways and said, "Did you find Caesar's body?"

Christian said, "Not yet...there's no news from the James family."

Jon crossed his legs, "Do you think Caesar would die so easily?"

It has been ten years since Caesar left the James family. Not only did he build his own business empire, but also set up the whole plan with Justin.

He was almost sure that in the past few years, Caesar has been setting up these traps for Justin.

It was impossible for Caesar trust Justin entirely. He must have backup plans.

Caesar was definitely not as stupid as he seemed.

After so many years of scheming, how could he let himself fall into the trap of the James family so easily.

Christian said, "But even if he is still alive, it is absolutely impossible for him to leave Riverside City. Darnell James will find him sooner or later."

Jon said, "Tell me, is there any direct conflicts between Darnell and Caesar?"

Christian was stunned, "What do you mean?"

"Nothing. I'm just a little curious about Darnell. I was wondering what the legendary Master of Riverside would be like."

Christian was stunned, "What do you mean?" "Nothing. I'm just a little curious about Darnell. | was wondering what the legendary Master of Riverside would be like."

Chapter 788-After the shooting was done, Stella was responsible for the rest of publicity and promotion. Meanwhile, the online warm-up was also going quite smoothly.

But Sherry could still tell that Stella was not that happy.

She often looked at the scenery outside the window in a daze. No one could tell what she was thinking since she had been sitting there for the whole afternoon.

After Sherry was done with what she was doing, she walked to her and called, "Stella, Stella?"

Hearing someone calling her, Stella finally retracted her thoughts and confronted her gaze, "Yes? What's the matter?"

Sherry replied, "Nothing serious. I am just ordering afternoon tea. What do you want?"

Stella said, "I don't have much of an appetite. You go ahead."

Sherry didn't leave in a hurry, but sat down and asked in a quiet voice, "Did you quarrel with Mr. Conrad?"

Upon hearing this, Stella paused and shook her head slightly, "No."

"Then... Did some happen to Channing?"

Stella continued to shake her head.

Sherry asked tentatively, "Then what's wrong? What can I help you?"

Words were at the tip of her tongue, but Stella didn't know how to tell her the whole story, all these things. It was complicated and embarrassing.

She just rubbed her eyebrows, "It's nothing, maybe it's because I haven't rested well recently."

Sherry suddenly remembered that she was getting ready for pregnancy. She smiled knowingly, "I know you're trying to have another baby, but you have to pay attention to your body. Mr. Conard is too indulged in this."

Stella didn't know how she came to such a conclusion.

In order to prevent Sherry from talking any more nonsense, Stella got up and sent her out. And then she shut herself in the office, watching the sun setting in the distance.

After a long time, she retracted her gaze and stared at the empty draft book.

She hadn't drawn anything for several days.

When it was about to get off work, the medicine that Archer sent to her arrived, including the medicine for Sherry.

After returning home, Stella put the medicine in the refrigerator and send Sherry's medicine to her with the box.

She said to Sherry, "This is the medicine for a week. The medicine needs to be kept at a low temperature. It can be stored in the refrigerator. Three times a day. After you finish them, Archer will send the rest of the medicine in the treatment."

Sherry nodded, "I see, please do send my gratitude to him."

Stella continued, "I have already told him about your mother's condition, but he has been a bit busy lately. Your mother's body also needs to recuperate slowly, and you may need to wait for a while."

"Sure. No hurry. We can wait."

"Okay, then, I'll go back first."

“Stella.” Sherry stopped her and asked suspiciously, “You really didn’t quarrel with Clarence, did you?”

Stella laughed, “Of course not.”

“If he bullies you, just tell me, I’ll help you...help you scold him!”

“Don’t worry, you don’t know who is the bully here.”

Sherry was in awe of her instantly and couldn’t help but give her a thumb up, “You are so awesome.”

It seemed that she was the only one who could actually “suppress” Clarence.

Stella smiled, “Well, I really have to go now. He’ll be back for dinner in a while, I need to cook.”

“Right. Bye then!”

After Stella left, Sherry organized the refrigerator and put the medicine box in.

She cleared out many expired items in the refrigerator.

Most of them were bought while Daniel was still here.

All of these were fresh food and the shelf life was only a few days.

Sherry threw everything into the trash can, and then strolled downstairs to throw them away.

When she came back, she happened to be in the same elevator with Clarence.

Sherry stood at the back, looking at the grim man in front of her. She tried to speak a few times, but she held back her words.

Clarence glanced at her, "You want to say something?"

Sherry laughed, "Good evening, Mr. Conard. Are you going home?"

Clarence didn't speak. The way he looked at Sherry had fully revealed how stupid Sherry's question was at the moment.

The reason why Sherry wanted to talk but failed was because she thought it was a personal matter between Stella and Clarence. She couldn't say anything to them, and Stella had already said that there was no quarrel.

But... she was really worried about Stella because she was not in the right mood in the past two days.

Sherry was in a dilemma.

Soon, the elevator stopped.

Clarence didn't go out immediately, just watched the elevator door open and slowly close again.

He spoke, "Is something wrong with Stella?"

"Huh?" Hearing his words, Sherry replied, "Ah...it's not a big deal. It's just that, Stella looked a bit down these days. Even I could tell that she had lost weight. She said it's because she didn't have a good rest. But I don't think this is the truth..."

While talking, Sherry murmured again, "Even back then when she was preparing for the Fashion Week, she stayed up all night to get the design drafts done, and she would still look better than now. Since we aren't doing Fashion Week and she is still taking medicine to recuperate her body. Why is she getting worse?"

Clarence frowned slightly, "What?"

Sherry immediately looked up, "Stella wasn't in the right mood."

"The next sentence."

"She wasn't going to Fashion Week?"

Clarence bit his thin lips slightly, and he was silent for two seconds before saying, "The next sentence."

Sherry thought about it carefully, and tentatively said, "She was taking medicine to recuperate her body?"

Clarence's voice was a little cold, "When did she started to take medicine?"

"Well... it's been a while."

Sherry was a little confused. Didn't Clarence know about this?

Clarence said, "Have you met her doctor?"

Sherry was even more confused, "I haven't met the doctor who sent her medicine. Um...the one from the James family. Stella said it's the doctor who's also taking care of the little one..."

Clarence pressed the elevator's door button, and strode out without a word.

Sherry scratched her eyebrows. Damn. Did she say something wrong?

She walked to the door of her room. Thinking about the look on Clarence's face just now, she was still a bit worried. She walked to their door and pressed her ears against it tightly.

No quarreling, please. She prayed.

Inside the department...

Stella had just cut the vegetables and was about to turn on the stove when she heard the sound of door opening.

She glanced out of the kitchen and said to Clarence, "You go take a shower first. The dinner ready when you're out..."

Before she could finish her words, Clarence had already walked up to her.

Looking at the man's solemn eyes, Stella whispered, "What's the matter?"

Clarence looked at her pointed chin and suddenly realized that Sherry was right, she had lost weight recently.

He raised his hand and touched her neck with his big palm. His voice was very low, "Are you feeling uncomfortable?"

Stella was stunned, "No..."

"Then how come you've lost weight?"

Upon hearing the words, Stella subconsciously looked away, avoiding his gaze.

Chapter 789-Stella also didn't know if she had become thinner recently. However, due to the medicines that she had been taking daily, plus other messy stuff, she didn't have much appetite.

After a few seconds, she found an excuse, "I'm trying to lose weight. It seems that it did work. Haha..."

As she spoke, Stella met with Clarence's gaze again. He pursed his thin lips and maintained a serious face even when she joked.

He looked kind of scary.

Stella poked his chest and said in a small voice, "What is it? Don't you want to eat?"

After a while, Clarence only said, "You said that you're hiding something from me before. Tell me what it is."

Stella paused for a moment before she withdrew her finger, "But you were also hiding something from me..."

"I've already told you. Now it's your turn."

Stella had actually forgotten about this.

She turned around and took the dinner plate, "It's not something serious, not very shocking or terrifying. It's just... I don't want to talk about it now."

Clarence gripped her wrist, "Why aren't you joining the fashion week?"

Stella heard what he said and kept quiet for a few seconds. Then, she turned around and looked at him, "Too many things happened recently. It's going to be too rushed for me. I don't want to tire myself, so I'm not going..."

"Do you think I believe that?"

Stella let out a sigh and replied jokingly, "Believe it or not."

Clarence obviously didn't intend to joke with her. His expression was cold and solemn, "Speak."

Stella hadn't seen him like this for a long time. If it was because she wouldn't go to join the fashion week, he shouldn't be that angry.

After thinking about it, Stella suddenly realized something, "Did you meet Sherry? What did she tell you?"

Clarence said, "No need to mention her. Talk about yourself."

Stella probably had been suffering from the medications and injections during this period. Her appetite wasn't good either. Therefore, she had been suppressing some kind of hidden anxiety and anger.

And now, seeing his bad attitude and tone towards her, her temper instantly came up. She threw the things in her hand, "If you don't want to eat then forget it. It's not like I'm begging to serve you."

After saying that, she threw Clarence's hand away and walked straight back to the bedroom.

Clarence looked at her figure with a headache. As he was about to follow her behind, he saw the ice crumbs that were cleared out from the trash can and suddenly thought of the box that Stella had blocked from his sight not long ago.

He slightly frowned, turned around, and opened the refrigerator.

Other than some fresh fruits and vegetables, in the innermost corner was a white foam box.

...

After returning to the bedroom, Stella collapsed on the bed and closed her eyes.

She felt a kind of emotion running wild in her chest, undulating.

It felt as if there was a fire in her heart.

Extremely annoying.

Stella pulled up the blanket and covered her head to sleep.

After some time, when she was still in a daze in her sleep, she felt someone hugging her from behind.

Despite the fact that she was still asleep, Stella didn't forget to be angry. She kicked him away and moved her body forward.

Soon, the person behind her came up to her back again, hugging her a little tighter than just now, pressing his long legs against her so that she couldn't move anymore.

Stella woke up with anger.

She said unhappily, "Let go of me."

Clarence whispered to her, "I'm sorry. It's my fault."

Stella said, "You only realize this now?"

"I'm sorry for my attitude just now. Babe, don't be angry, okay?"

Stella still didn't want to pay attention to him.

Clarence said, "Let's get up and eat."

"I'm not hungry."

"But I'm hungry."

"It's none of my business that you're hungry."

Clarence stopped talking and directly carried her up.

Stella let out a cry of surprise, turned, and stared at him, "What are you doing!"

Clarence directly carried her out of the bedroom. The dining table was full of Stella's favorite food.

Although she didn't have much appetite lately, after seeing these foods, Stella felt a little hungry.

Clarence placed her on the chair, "Eat quickly. It's going to get cold soon."

Stella pouted, "Did you ask Nathan to get this?"

Clarence sat opposite her and said lightly, "I went to buy it myself."

Upon hearing that, Stella's hand that was holding cutlery paused for a moment.

He bought them himself?

Stella looked at the food on the table. It was all oily and spicy food. These foods could only be found in smaller restaurants.

It was hard to imagine a germaphobe and picky person like him would run several places just to buy food for her.

Furthermore, among them were many of those that Clarence had forbidden her to eat before.

It was right that a person should eat something they like when they are unhappy.

After eating, Stella felt much better. She even let out a burp.

Clarence pulled a tissue to wipe her lips, "Is it good?"

"It's fine." Stella took the tissue from his hand and wiped herself. "Seeing that you're quite sincere about your apology, I'll forgive you."

Clarence smiled, "Really?"

Stella said, "Barely. After all, I'm not an unreasonable person."

Clarence said, "If that's so, let's have a good chat."

Stella was speechless.

Why was he so persistent?

She turned her head, "I don't want to chat."

Clarence sat beside her and took her hand. Stella wanted to pull her hand back, but her fingers were tightly clasped, and couldn't resist him.

Clarence said, "I know what you're thinking. But you have to listen to what I have to say first."

He continued slowly, "Archer had told me about the cord blood."

Hearing this, Stella turned her head abruptly, "Why did he..."

"Regarding this matter, you shouldn't have hidden it from me." Clarence's eyes stared at her, "How long do you think you can hide it from me? A few months, or a lifetime?"

His tone was slow and gentle, mixed with some anger and helplessness. Stella couldn't help but choke a little, feeling a little wronged. Tears rolled down her cheeks, "That's not what I mean. I said I don't want to talk about it now. But you kept on asking... What can you do even if you know? There's no other solution now isn't it..."

Clarence pulled her to his arms and comforted her in a low voice, "It's okay. It's all my fault."

Stella choked, "It was your fault in the first place."

Clarence gently patted her back, "Did you think that I wouldn't agree to you in doing this? Is that why you didn't want to tell me?"

Stella didn't say anything else. She just buried her head in his chest, sobbing in a low voice.

Clarence said, "This matter is inherently risky. Moreover, no one will know what is the final result. The reason why I didn't agree is that I didn't want you to suffer only to hope in vain."

"But it would be irresponsible to just give up without even trying."

"I'm the irresponsible one, not you. You shouldn't feel guilty about it."

Stella knew what he was referring to. She said in a stifled voice, "Don't talk about this. I only want the little one to get better as soon as possible. You are supposed to handle the rest."

Chapter 790-Clarence hummed, "Yes, I know."

Stella huffed a few times and said again, "That's why we should do whatever we can, okay?"

Clarence hugged her and didn't say anything.

After a long while, he said, "Okay."

Clarence knew that even if he didn't agree, Stella wouldn't give up because of him.

For this, she even drop the opportunity to go to the fashion week.

She would only silently continue to take medicine and injections in places where he couldn't see.

If that was the case, it was better for him to shoulder the pressure together with her.

Archer said that Stella's bad mood and poor appetite were the after-effects of the medication and injections.

She could only overcome it by herself. There was no other way.

At a later stage, the emotional ups and downs would only get more and more serious.

Therefore, what she needed was not someone to advise her on what she should do, but someone who could be by her side and help her relieve the sufferings.

If there hadn't been so much going on lately, he wouldn't have been so negligent about her change to this point.

She was the one sleeping beside him every night. But in the end, Archer was the one who remind him about this.

Seeing that she had successfully persuaded him, Stella let out a breath of relief.

She looked up at him. Her eyes were still red from the cry just now, looking a little foggy, brimming with moisture.

Clarence's eyebrows frowned a little.

In this world, no one else knew more about his physical changes than Stella.

She grabbed his tie, pulling him forward a little.

Clarence met her eyes. His voice was a little hoarse, "What are you doing?"

Stella said, "Still pretending?"

Clarence's black eyes were full of smiles. He didn't say anything else and directly lowered his head to kiss her. He effortlessly picked her up and went back to the bedroom.

Stella removed his tie and threw it on the floor.

The next second, she was pressed onto the bed.

Clarence raised his eyes and his gaze fell on her arm.

There were a few more red dots than before.

At that time, Stella lied to him that those were mosquito bites.

Thinking about this, he lightly bit her on the neck.

Stella let out a muffled sound. But she didn't want to spoil the mood, so she stopped herself from cursing out.

But she wouldn't let this go that easily.

She removed his shirt and unbuckled belt, moving her hands along his muscular waist, down from his abdomen.

Clarence's body suddenly tensed up.

For countless nights before, this was a thing that he had to coax and cheat Stella to do.

This was the first time she took such an initiative.

Without waiting for Clarence to say anything, Stella moved her fingers slowly at her own pace.

Her fingers were soft, and her actions were tender.

Clarence uncontrollably swallowed his saliva. Beads of sweat rolled from his forehead, dripping onto her shoulder.

He pressed his thin lips against her ears, speaking with a low and hoarse voice, "Babe, faster."

But Stella said, "No."

Instead, she deliberately slowed down her movements as if she was getting back at him for what he had done today.

Clarence was out of words.

He finally couldn't take it anymore. He got up and bit her lips, increasing his force, lighting fires all over her body with his palm.

In an instant, he took the lead away from her.

Before she could react, Stella's hand was clasped by him.

She had personally pushed the situation to an uncontrollable point.

In the past, whenever Stella could not take it anymore, she would call out "hubby" to him so that he could be gentler. However today, it was of no use even if she hugged Clarence's neck and called out all night long.

She instantly regretted seducing him just now.

When everything was over, it was already late.

She had just closed her eyes and suddenly felt some itching on her arm. Clarence's thin lips were a bit warm, but his actions were very gentle.

Clarence was kissing at that spot.

Her sleepiness was raging, and Stella didn't have the strength to talk anymore.

Before she fell asleep, only one thought flashed through her mind. No matter what the reason was, her choice always seemed to be worth it.

After she fell into a deep sleep, Clarence took her into his arms and stared out the window.

The night sky was quiet and cold.

After a long while, he finally made a decision.

...

The next day at noon, Stella arrived at the studio with a heavy pace and a sleepy face.

Seeing her like that, Sherry immediately came up to her, "Stella, you..."

Halfway through, her words came to a screeching halt.

Even though Stella looked a little exhausted, her face looked quite rosy.

Although the bite marks on her neck were very faint, they looked extraordinarily ambiguous.

At a glance, she immediately understood what happened last night.

Stella met with her gaze, "What's up?"

Sherry laughed a few times, "No, nothing. I was going to ask if you had fought with Mr. Conrad last night. But from the looks of it, it seems like that the two of you... fought vigorously."

Stella was speechless.

Sherry said again, "By the way, last night I met Mr. Conrad in the elevator. It seems that he doesn't know you're taking the medicine. Didn't you tell him?"

Stella slumped on the table and said weakly, "I didn't tell him about the cord blood before because he wouldn't agree if he knew. So, I didn't tell him about me taking the medicine in fear that he might get suspicious."

Hearing that, Sherry's eyes abruptly widened up, "Then does that mean that I've inadvertently spilled the beans?"

"It's okay," Stella said, "Even if you didn't say it, I couldn't hide it for long. It's good that he knows now, so I won't have to hide every day for fear of being discovered by him."

Hearing what Stella said, Sherry couldn't help but frown, "Stella, does this medicine have any effect on your body?"

Otherwise, she wouldn't have hidden it from Clarence.

Hearing her worry, Stella sat up straight and laughed, "No, the medicine is to nurse my health. How will it affect me? The reason why I didn't tell him is... you know, he's sometimes quite annoying. Plus, a lot of things are happening at the company now. Even if I had told him about this, he wouldn't be able to help me. I might as well keep it from him for some peace."

Sherry felt that it was not that simple. However, since Stella wasn't willing to say, she didn't ask further.

At this moment, Stella's phone suddenly rang. She glanced at the caller ID. It was Daniel calling.

Sherry also saw it. She immediately stood up, "I'm going out first."

Stella nodded, "Okay."

With the sound of the door closing, Stella answered the call.

Daniel said, "Ms. Radomil, we found Amanda. But... she's dead."

Stella lowered her head, "I already knew."

After going through depression these few days, she also forgot about this matter.

Listening to Stella talking about entanglement between Justin and Amanda, the person on the other side of the phone also went silent for a long time.

Daniel obviously didn't expect the actual story would turn out to be so eye-popping.

Stella said, "Please pass this message to Emmett. I'm not going to him anymore."

Daniel figured out what she meant.

What Stella wanted was for Emmett to apologize to Clarence.