

Mr Conrad 811

Chapter 811-Sherry bought gifts for Stella, Winnie, Channing, and those employees at the studio.

She took out her phone and looked at the time. It was seven o'clock.

It was almost time to board the plane.

Soon Sherry was on the plane back to City N.

She sat by the window, looked out into the night, and pondering.

She had indeed been hasty this trip.

But then again, something unexpected had happened.

She was a little impulsive but not really regretful.

In that situation, hearing him say those words, it would be a lie to say that she was not moved.

What was more, one was supposed to face his desires head-on. There was nothing to run away from it.

But she also knew very well that even if Daniel liked her, it wouldn't change anything.

She knew he stuck to the non-marriage doctrine and had never felt that she was different from his previous girlfriends.

Whoever believed in such a thing as letting a womanizer get married was a fool.

Even though she was now rebelling against her family for not getting married, she knew in her heart that she would, in the end, get married.

So there was no need for her to waste any more extra emotions.

It was enough to be happy for a short while. How nice to keep it simple!

The plane rose into the air and everything drowned out by the rumbling engine.

Sherry closed her eyes and drifted into sleep.

...

In City N.

When Clarence arrived home at 8.30 pm, Stella had just come out of the shower.

Clarence raised an eyebrow and stepped forward to wrap his arms around her waist, "You did know I was coming home?"

Stella pushed against his chest, "Stop it. The food is in the pot for you. Go and eat it yourself. I'm going to bed."

"What time is it?"

"Sherry's flight arrives tomorrow morning at three. I'm going to pick her up."

Clarence was silent for two seconds, "Let Nathan go."

Stella said, "No, I'll go. Nathan doesn't know her very well and it's awkward."

“I’ll go then.”

Stella was speechless.

She said, “It’s more awkward for you to go, okay?”

Clarence said, “I’ll go with you.”

Stella was about to say something when Clarence said, “Do you think I’ll let you drive so far away to the airport in the middle of the night?”

Hearing his words, Stella choked.

That was true.

Clarence let her go, “Well, go to bed. I’ll call you when it’s time.”

Stella looked at him and thought for a moment before saying, “Why don’t... you send someone with me? You should get some rest.”

“That’s fine. I can’t sleep while you’re gone.”

Stella could not help but smile at this perfectly normal remark. She did not hurry to go to sleep, but went to the kitchen to bring out the dishes for him, “You should eat first.”

While Clarence was eating, Stella went to her room. She lay down on her bed and prepared for sleep.

But it was so early that she couldn’t fall asleep.

When Clarence went in, he saw her tossing and turning in bed.

He walked over to the bed and leaned down to prop himself on the side of her shoulder, then said in a very low voice, "You couldn't sleep?"

Stella opened her eyes, and she was a little discouraged, "Well ... what time is it?"

"Half-past nine."

It had been an hour since she lied down.

Clarence lifted her quilt and lowered his head to kiss her, "Just stay awake since you can't sleep."

Stella quickly took his hand, "We have to leave at two. There's no time..."

"There's still time. Just once."

Stella was speechless.

The truth was, she could never trust a man's word, especially Clarence's.

By the time they had finished making love, it was almost twelve o'clock.

Clarence asked her, "Can you sleep now?"

"... I'm not sleepy."

"Let's go on then?"

Stella whispered, "Aren't you afraid of getting sexhausted?"

Clarence remained flirtatious. "It's alright. We do this for the baby."

Stella was silent at the mention of it.

She had been taking the medicine for so long, and they had had sex almost every night ...

But there was still no sign of pregnancy.

Although Archer had said that there was no rush in such things.

But... even with all the reassurance she could give herself, she could not be at peace.

Seeing that she didn't say anything, Clarence knew what she was thinking and put his arm around her, "Have you ever thought about the possibility that the reason you're not pregnant is that we haven't tried hard enough? Let's do it a few more times so the chances are bigger."

Stella didn't bother with him and turned off the light, "I want to sleep!"

It was getting late, and with all the exercise she had just done, Stella soon fell asleep.

But she felt as if Clarence had called her just as she closed her eyes.

Stella rolled over and buried herself in his chest, then muttered, "I want to sleep some more."

Clarence rubbed her head gently, "It's half-past two."

Stella seemed to be too drowsy to answer.

After thirty seconds, she suddenly sat up from Clarence's arms. She felt a little dizzy, "What time did you just say it was?"

"Half-past two." Clarence pulled her back again, "If you're very sleepy, I'll let Nathan go."

Stella got out of bed as she got dressed, "No need. I'll go by myself."

Just as she was looking around for her underwear, Clarence reached out and handed it over.

Okay...

She took it and put it on quickly.

On the way out, Clarence got her a jacket.

Normally it took forty minutes to go to the airport from home.

At this time of night, there were no people and few cars, so it was just about three o'clock when she arrived.

On the way, Stella couldn't resist and took a nap in the car.

When the car arrived at the airport, Stella yawned and called Sherry, "Sherry, are you out yet?"

Sherry said, "I just got my luggage. I'll be right out."

"Okay, we'll wait for you here in the car park."

“We...” Sherry said tentatively, “Mr. Conrad isn’t coming, is he?”

Stella explained, “He said he didn’t feel comfortable with me driving alone at night, so... he came.”

“It’s fine. What an honor it is for me to have Mr. Conrad pick me up himself! I’ll be out in a minute!”

Stella smiled, “Take your time.”

After hanging up the phone, Clarence lowered the window and asked gently, “I remember she’s only gone for a few days. How come she’s back so soon?”

Stella said, “She said she wasn’t feeling very well over there and was homesick.”

Clarence raised an eyebrow and turned his head to look at her, “You believe what she said?”

Stella cocked her head, “What do you mean?”

Clarence said, “I heard that she and Daniel went to a photography exhibition and didn’t come back all night.”

Stella was puzzled. “So she was hiding from Daniel?”

Clarence said, “I’m not sure about that. You’d have to ask her yourself.”

Stella paused and suddenly smiled. No wonder Sherry came back all of a sudden.

So it was because of this.

Chapter 812-Within a few minutes, Sherry came out with her suitcase.

As she got into the car, she said, "Stella, Mr. Conrad, I'm sorry to make you come and pick me up in the middle of the night."

Stella said, "It's okay. Are you hungry? Shall we have something to eat before we go back?"

Sherry said, "No, I'm not hungry. Let's go straight back and get some more sleep."

Stella thought so. She had been on the plane for so long that she definitely wanted to rest.

She said to Clarence, "Come on."

Once back at department, Sherry grabbed Stella by the arm and kept winking at her.

But Stella didn't react for a moment.

When even Clarence noticed it and turned his head, Sherry rushed to say, "Stella, I've got a present for you. Come and get it."

Immediately afterwards, she said to Clarence, "Mr. Conrad, I'll talk to Stella for a few minutes and bring her back soon."

Clarence gave her a nonchalant look and then said to Stella, "Don't take too long. You have to go to the studio tomorrow."

Stella nodded, "I know. You go to bed first."

Clarence turned, opened the door, and went in.

Sherry pulled Stella and went to her place, then closed the door behind her before saying, "Stella, I've got the stuff. Now what do we do?"

Stella pursed her lips gently, "I'll send it for testing tomorrow."

"I think that's a bit risky." Sherry said, "That's what I think. When your dad first got the paternity test done, he must have been very careful, but in this case, something still went wrong. What does that mean? It means that someone doesn't want your dad to recognize Chan!"

At those words, Stella's brow furrowed. She had never really thought about it, but when Sherry said that, she thought it make sense.

And Sherry had spent the last ten hours or so on the plane mulling it over. The more she thought about it, the more she realized that this was the way it should be.

Sherry continued, "Whether it's you, or Clarence, or your dad, there are a lot of eyes on you guys. They'll know every time you guys make a move. But I am different. I was supposed to stay out of it, and no one knew exactly what I was doing in London this time. Naturally, they wouldn't be keeping an eye on me."

Stella said, "But if it's like you say and you're going to do this identification, you're also vulnerable to danger if they find out. I ..."

Sherry pulled her, "It's okay. I'll go back to see my parents tomorrow. I have an uncle who works in the hospital. I'll get his help and there won't be any accidents."

Stella frowned a little deeper. What Sherry had said was not a bad idea.

She had just returned from London and it seemed perfectly normal to bring gifts and go back to see her parents. No one would bother to follow her and suspect her.

City N was in a very precarious situation at the moment, and her and Clarence's every move was indeed being watched.

If Chan's true identity was revealed at this point, it would most likely cause him trouble.

It would be most appropriate to leave this matter to Sherry.

After a long moment, Stella nodded gently, "You should be careful."

"Don't worry. My hometown is a small city, and no one will pay attention to it."

Having finished the business, Sherry unpacked her suitcase and took out all the gifts for Stella, Channing, and Winnie. "I'm going back tomorrow. You can give them to me. I want to spend a few days with my parents this time. As soon as the results come in, I'll call you and let you know."

Stella said, "Okay, so when are you leaving tomorrow? I'll see you off."

Sherry sat cross-legged on the sofa, "No, I don't need to. I'll just take a taxi to the airport myself. By the way, I'll give you the spare key to the studio. I'm afraid I'll lose it with me."

Sherry rummaged through her backpack and there was none.

She searched her shirt pocket again out of habit, and a rectangular object, which had fallen out and landed quietly in front of them.

The room fell dead silent.

Sherry blushed. She immediately picked it up and stuffed it back into her shirt pocket, "Well... This brand was doing a promotion in the airport. It's a giveaway..."

Stella spoke slowly, "I heard that you two went to a photography exhibition together and stayed out all night."

“That... was because the car broke down on the road. We managed to find a hotel to and contacted someone to come fix the car, and there was heavy rain, so... We had to stay there for the night.”

“So, this was brought back from the hotel?”

Sherry was speechless.

She knew she couldn't hide it anymore, so she simply picked up a pillow and hugged it in her arms, then mumbled, “I couldn't resist having a little drink and it was raining. The atmosphere and the mood were right. As you know, this sort of thing is just out of your hands sometimes.”

Stella coughed, not feeling quite right about the subject.

She said, “Well, I'm just asking. It's your private business, anyway. I'll go back first.”

Sherry nodded, “Okay, just get back. Mr. Conrad's going to complain about me later. It was hard for him to get over that last time.”

Stella smiled and got up, “I'm off. You get some rest.”

“Good night.”

“Good night.”

After Stella left, Sherry slumped onto the sofa and stared straight ahead for a moment.

She wasn't sure if it was because she'd slept too long on the plane or because of jet lag, but she didn't feel sleepy at all.

She was very refreshed.

Sherry took out her camera and went through the photos one by one.

On the way towards the motel, Daniel had somehow got into the picture, and there were several shots of his back and face.

Sherry looked at the photos several times and wanted to delete them, but then she hesitated to press the delete button.

After a long time, she put the camera down again.

Sherry took out her phone and booked a ticket home for tomorrow at 2 pm, and she was about to go into the bathroom to take a shower when her phone rang.

It was a call from abroad.

A little confused, Sherry slowly sat down and picked up, "Hello?"

On the other end of the line, the woman said, "Hello, this is Lina. Do you remember me?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, our photography exhibition ends in three days, but you haven't sent me your photos yet. Don't you still want to participate in this exhibition?"

"No, no." Sherry rubbed her temples, "I'm really sorry. I've been a bit busy for the past two days and forgot about it. Is it okay if I send it to you now?"

"Yes, I'll give you an email address later. You can send it directly to this address."

Sherry said, "Okay, thanks."

Lina said, "I'll be waiting for your works then."

"Wait..."

"Wait..."

Chapter 813-On the other end of the phone, Lina said, "What's wrong?"

Sherry paused for a few seconds before saying, "Nothing, thank you."

Hanging up the phone, she switched on her computer and sorted through the photos.

Sherry had meant to ask Lina how she had found her phone number, but it seemed that she shouldn't take the trouble to ask.

After selecting the most satisfying photos she had taken and sending them over, Sherry closed the computer and went into the bathroom.

When she got out of the shower, Sherry couldn't sleep and cleaned up the house. Before long, a faint glow tinted the sky in the distance.

She sat down in front of her computer and worked on the pictures she hadn't finished retouching.

It was a knock at the door that connected her with the outside world again.

Stella had thought Stella was still asleep when she left this morning, so she hadn't called her. But she couldn't let Sherry stay asleep just like that, so she ordered her lunch online.

Sherry took the paper bag from the deliveryman and sat down as she messaged Stella.

Her eyes widened as she caught sight of the time on her computer screensaver.

It was almost twelve o'clock!

Her plane would take off at 2 pm.

Sherry quickly ate her lunch, fixed her hair, and didn't have time to pack her clothes, so she grabbed the suitcase she'd brought back from London, hastily stuffed two more clothes in it and left.

By the time she arrived at the airport, it was already a little past one o'clock.

She was running wild the whole time, from check-in to safety inspection.

And she finally managed to get on the plane just before it took off.

As the plane taxied, Sherry sent a message to her mother before turning off her phone and leaning against the window.

It was probably because she hadn't slept for so long and after a whole morning of working and a desperate run, she finally felt sleepy at this point.

She slept until the plane landed.

City N was only a three-hour flight away from her home.

When she got off the plane, Sherry yawned as she walked outside, while turning on her phone and clicking on the voice message from her mother.

“Why did you come back so suddenly and not tell me earlier? Your dad and I were going to visit you at City N in a few days. But are you on the plane now? I think you’ll arrive in time for dinner, right? What would you like to eat? I’ll ask your dad to get it and make it for you tonight.”

Sherry also sent a voice message, “Mom, I just got off the plane. I’ll just eat whatever you cook.”

After thinking for a while, Sherry continued, “Mom, have you been in touch with Uncle Bennett lately? Can you ask him to come over for dinner tonight? I have to ask him for a favor.”

Not long after this message was sent, her mother called, “What do you want with Uncle Bennett?”

Sherry reached out to stop the taxi, “I have something to see him about. I’ll tell you more when I get back.”

“Your father was playing chess with him yesterday. Uncle Bennett is working the night shift today, so he can’t come over for dinner. If you need anything, just look for him directly at the hospital tomorrow.”

“Okay, I know.”

Her mother added, “Sherry, the son of a friend in our neighborhood is a university teacher who gets off work early and has time to come over for dinner. How about asking him to join us?”

Sherry was speechless.

She said, “If you really ask him to come, I’ll buy a plane ticket and leave now.”

“Okay, I won’t call him. I’ve made your favorite steak. Hurry back and don’t get delayed on the way.”

“Got it. I’m already in the car. See you later, bye.”

Hanging up the phone, Sherry let out a long breath.

She had a hunch that nothing good would happen when she came back this time ...

She might as well hurry up and finish her business and leave.

There was a bit of traffic on the way home, and it was just about 7 pm when Sherry arrived home.

She opened the door, "Mom and Dad, I'm going back ..."

Before she could finish her sentence, she saw a man standing in front of her.

The man was about five feet five and she couldn't tell whether he was strong or fat, but he looked like a nice and honest fella.

Sherry said, "You are..."

The man greeted, "Hello, my name is Elliot Ford. You're Mrs. Perry's daughter, right?"

The corner of Sherry's mouth twitched and she nodded in response, "Hello."

At this time, Mrs. Perry came out of the kitchen, "Sherry, you're back. This is Elliot. He's very nice. When I went to the supermarket just now, I bought too much stuff, so he helped me carry them back without saying a word. If it wasn't for him, I would have broken my leg again."

She turned to Elliot, "Thank you for today. Please stay for dinner."

Before Elliot could answer, Sherry immediately said, "My mother's cooking is not good. You'd better not try it, lest you get sick from eating it."

She had already said that, so Elliot couldn't stay any longer. "Mrs. Perry, sorry. I have to leave first."

He nodded towards Sherry before he left.

Sherry walked him to the door, "Thank you for today."

Closing the door behind her, Mrs. Perry said unkindly, "How could you say that about me!"

Sherry said, "You're blaming me? I've told you not to introduce me to anyone."

"Okay, okay, I did this for the sake of you. Elliot is a nice kid. His parents live in our neighborhood. I know him very well. He's a university teacher and has a stable job. Isn't he good enough?"

Sherry could barely breathe and couldn't even speak.

That's not about whether he was good enough or not.

At that moment, Sherry's father came from the living room and said to his wife, "Why are you quarrelling again? Your soup is still cooking."

Mrs. Perry jumped with a start and ran to the kitchen in a hurry. "Oh, my soup!"

Mr. Perry pulled Sherry away, "Don't bother with your mother. At her age, many people are expecting grandchildren. Some people's daughters are having their second and third children. She is anxious to see that you don't even have a boyfriend yet."

When he mentioned this, Sherry said after a moment of silence, "If she really likes children so much, can't I just adopt one?"

Mr. Perry patted her on the shoulder, "What are you talking about? I won't urge you. It's just that if there's a suitable one, you can try to get along with him. We've asked around about Elliot. He's only had one girlfriend, and he doesn't have any bad history. He's honest, and gives all the money he earns to his mother. Moreover, He's home whenever he's on holiday and doesn't go out and play around."

“But I like to go out and play around.”

Mr. Perry didn't know how to reply to that.

Sherry sat down on the sofa, “Don't worry about me. I know what I'm doing.”

After a while, her father said, “If you don't like Elliot, then you can find someone else. Tell me instead, what type do you like?”

Sherry picked up an orange on the coffee table and peeled it, while saying casually, “I like a handsome man who can play music, preferably a mixed-race man, so that our baby will be cuter.”

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Chapter 814-After dinner, Sherry nestled on the sofa to watch TV.

When Mrs. Perry passed by her room, she saw the suitcase on the floor and the clothes inside in a mess, so she shouted, “Are those clothes of yours clean or dirty? Should I wash them for you?”

Sherry put a piece of fruit in her mouth, “Leave it there. I'll wash them myself later.”

“Wash them yourself? By the time you remember to wash your clothes, you probably won't have any to wear.” Mrs. Perry nagged as she took out all the clothes from her suitcase and carried them to the balcony.

Within two minutes, as Sherry was watching, Mrs. Perry's voice suddenly came out, and it was much more serious, “Sherry, come here.”

Sherry pressed the pause button while going over, “What's wrong?”

Mrs. Perry was standing in front of the washing machine, with her pile of dirty clothes in front of her.

Sherry was confused, "Mom, what's wrong?"

Mrs. Perry turned her head to look at her and spoke in a serious voice, "Sherry, tell me honestly, have you had a boyfriend lately?"

"No. I ..." Sherry's eyes fell on the dress in Mrs. Perry's hand, and all of a sudden the alarm went off in her head.

It was the same dress she had worn back to City N yesterday and...

Memories flashed back.

Shoot.

She only had the memory of putting that into her shirt pocket while talking to Stella, but no memory of throwing it away ...

Just as she was lost in thought and looked very somber, Mrs. Perry hit her heavily and said through clenched teeth, "Look what you did. You don't even have a boyfriend, then what are you doing carrying this around with you!"

The next second, the rectangular box reappeared in her hand.

Sherry almost lost her breath. When she met Mrs. Perry's angry eyes, she hurriedly spoke, "Mom, let me explain. Someone gave it to me ... when I was at the airport. It was a promotion campaign. It's not what you think ..."

Mrs. Perry held her temper and said, "Do you take me for a three-year-old child? There are only two left in the box. It's clearly used..."

She couldn't continue her words.

Sherry's face turned red, and she squeezed the box tightly, wishing she could bump herself into the wall.

Mrs. Perry lowered her voice and added, "I don't even dare to tell your father about this. Tell me honestly, did you have a boyfriend abroad? How is that person? How long have you known each other? Is he reliable?"

Sherry stammered, "Mom, you're asking so many questions."

"You can just answer them one by one. You..." Mrs. Perry stopped mid-sentence and suddenly remembered something. Her eyes widened, "I remember you went abroad alone?"

"Ah... right."

Mrs. Perry realized that something was wrong, and the anger that she had just suppressed rose up. She reached out to grab Sherry. "You are really... wild! You're a girl. How could you do such things!"

Naturally, Sherry couldn't just stand there and let her mother catch her. She ran back to her room as she ducked, "Mom and Dad, I'm going to bed. See you tomorrow!"

Seeing this, Mr. Perry stopped his wife, "Why did you start a fight? Can't you guys just talk calmly?"

"You don't even know that she..."

"What's wrong with her?"

Mrs. Perry was furious and pushed Mr. Perry away. She sat on the sofa and felt a headache.

Sherry went back to her room and looked at the box, the “culprit” in her hand, gritting her teeth. She wanted to just throw it in the bin but was afraid her parents would see it tomorrow.

It was like a hot potato now, and she couldn’t throw it away or keep it.

She pulled open the drawer and shoved the box into the very inside.

“Daniel! You jerk! You better not show up in front of me again!”

...

The next morning, Sherry sneaked out of the house before her parents were up and went to the hospital.

After hearing her reason for coming, Uncle Bennett took the sample in her hand, “Don’t worry. I will definitely get this done for you.”

Sherry said, “Uncle Bennett, when can I get the identification results?”

“Well, it usually took five working days. If you need it urgently, I can get a friend to help. You can come over tomorrow night.”

Sherry handed over what she had bought as well, “Thanks, Uncle Bennett.”

The two of them exchanged pleasantries for a while before Sherry left the hospital.

The sun was warm and not as hot as in summer.

Sherry stretched herself. Then, she headed to the mall and bought a lot of things for her parents, especially her mother.

On her way back, she met Elliot down the block.

Elliot greeted her, "What a coincidence! We meet again."

Sherry gave an awkward smile, "Are you going out?"

"Yes, I have a class this afternoon. I have to go over now."

That was pretty much the end of the greeting.

Sherry nodded gently and took a step to the side, "Bye then. I won't bother you."

Elliot looked at her and spoke a little coyly, "I heard your mom mention you before and saw your picture. I um... quite like you. Can you give me your contact information?"

Sherry politely declined, "No need for that. I'm leaving in a couple of days. We haven't..."

"Wait a minute, Elliot, I'll give you her number now."

At this time, Mrs. Perry walked over from the side, took out her phone from her bag, and patted Sherry again, "Give me your phone."

Sherry frowned, "Mom, I ..."

Mrs. Perry glared at her, "Hurry up!"

Sherry didn't want to argue with her, so she could only reluctantly hand over her phone.

After adding the contact information, Mrs. Perry smiled again and said to Elliot, "Alright, I won't delay you anymore. You should go to work now."

"Okay, bye." As he spoke, he waved at Sherry again and ran away with his head down.

Mrs. Perry withdrew her eyes and handed the phone back to Sherry, "Look how polite Elliot is! He's a nice fella!"

Sherry snapped, "If you like him so much, just adopt him as your godson."

Mrs. Perry turned her head and said in exasperation, "Shut up, about yesterday's matter, it's not over yet. Don't go anywhere for the next few days, spend more time with Elliot and go to his school for a walk. Look at all those young girls in there, so you can have a sense of crisis! You're a grownup, yet you still make me worry about you!"

Sherry twitched her lips and was about to say something when Mrs. Perry added, "Your father was found to have high blood pressure some time ago, and his heart is not good. He didn't want me to tell you about it, but with the way you are, if I don't tell you, I'm really afraid you'll piss him to death one day. You should think about it. We won't force you to get married, but if there is a suitable one, you could at least try to start a relationship. Do you really want me and your father to die with everlasting regret?"

Chapter 815-Sherry frowned, "Mom, don't say that ..."

Mrs. Perry waved her hand, "I don't want to talk to you anymore. I've already said what I need to say anyway, and what to do next is up to you."

Back at home, Sherry was much quieter.

Mrs. Perry was cooking in the kitchen, and she was standing on the balcony when she received a message from Elliot.

Elliot texted: Did you have a hard time just now? I'm sorry. I didn't expect Mrs. Perry to show up out of the blue either ...

Sherry took a deep breath and adjusted her mood as she typed her reply.

Sherry texted: Nothing, what time do you get off work in the afternoon? Can I come to your school for a walk?

Elliot texted: I'm getting off at five. You can come straight over.

Sherry texted: Okay.

During dinner, Mr. Perry saw her sulking and asked, "Sherry, what's wrong with you? You went to ask Uncle Bennett for help this morning, right? Didn't things work out?"

Sherry shook her head before saying again, "No, Uncle Bennett is quite nice and nothing is wrong. I just ..."

Mrs. Perry continued, "She just didn't sleep well last night. Forget about her. Let's eat."

Mr. Perry continued, "Then go in and take a nap after dinner, and when you wake up, go and have fun with your friends. You haven't been back for a while either."

Sherry let out a breath, "No need. I've got a date with Elliot this afternoon and I'm going to hang out at his school."

Mrs. Perry and Mr. Perry both paused, and after exchanging glances for a moment, Mrs. Perry eased her tone, "Dating is good. In terms of being a partner, Elliot is better in every way than Brandon... Anyway, it's a good thing that you chose him. Don't you worry!"

Sherry had wanted to try to get along with Elliot because she wanted to make them happy, but before she even started, her mother mentioned marriage, so the rebellious feeling in her heart rose up again.

She whispered, "Who said I was going on a date with him? There are so many boys in the university. I can find one there."

Seeing that his wife was about to get angry again, Mr. Perry hastened to persuade her, "Okay, okay, let's eat."

Sherry also felt that it had gone too far by saying such words in front of them and muttered, "I'm just kidding."

Mrs. Perry grunted, "You'd better be!"

After dinner, Sherry went to her room and took a nap.

It wasn't even three o'clock when she was pulled up by her mother, "Aren't you going to see Elliot? Hurry up!"

Sherry narrowed her eyes, "It's still early. He doesn't get off work until five. I'll just leave at 4:30."

"It's not early! Aren't you going to put on your makeup? You're dragging your feet, and by the time you're done putting on your makeup, it'll be too late!"

Mrs. Perry yanked her up from the bed and stared at her intently.

Sherry had no choice but to put on a simple make-up.

Mrs. Perry was satisfied, "That's more like it! This is my daughter. So beautiful!"

Sherry retorted, "I am not your daughter. I'm a fool for you to have grandchildren."

Mrs. Perry hit her, "How can you talk like that?"

Sherry put her things away, "I'm leaving."

"Wait." Mrs. Perry came up next to her and whispered, "You didn't put that thing in your bag, did you?"

Sherry froze for two seconds before yelling, "Mum!"

How could she still have that in her bag!

Mrs. Perry said, "I was worried about you. In case Elliot sees it. You would leave a bad impression on him."

Sherry didn't want to pay any attention to her and quickly walked away.

When she arrived at school, it was only half-past four.

Sherry had nothing else to do, so she wandered around the campus.

Everywhere she looked, there were couples holding hands and smiling sweetly at each other.

There were also plenty of boys sweating on the basketball court.

Sherry stopped and watched, and couldn't help but feel ...

Ah, how nice to be young!

It wasn't long before a boy ran up to her and said as he panted, "Hey, can I have your phone number?"

Sherry turned her head and looked around before pointing uncertainly at herself, "Me?"

The boy nodded and asked tentatively, "Is that inconvenient?"

Sherry smiled, "I'm 25, not your classmate anymore."

At this time, Elliot also walked over, "Sherry, there you are."

Sherry said, "I saw that you were still off work, so I took a casual walk."

Seeing this, the boy's face turned a little red, and he quickly said sorry and ran away. The sound of him talking to his teammates came from a distance, "That's Mr. Ford's girlfriend! I've been screwed by you guys!"

Elliot said, "So ... let's keep walking around?"

Sherry nodded, "Okay."

The two of them walked side by side through the campus and chatted casually.

Occasionally, there would be students greeting Elliot. He seemed to be quite well-liked at the school.

Elliot said, "I heard from your mother that you had a boyfriend for a few years before. How did you break up?"

Sherry said, "He cheated on me, and I found out, so we broke up."

Elliot sighed, "I had a girlfriend before, but my mother said her job wasn't good, so we broke up too."

The corner of Sherry's mouth twitched and she didn't comment.

"I remember you were working as a photographer at City N, right? How are you getting on over there? Have you ever considered coming back to work?"

"I haven't considered it for the moment. I'm doing quite well over there."

Hearing this, Elliot seemed a little embarrassed.

Sherry asked, "Did your mother say that she wanted you to stay here and find a girlfriend with a stable job?"

"That's what my mum said ... but my mum also likes you very much. If we get married, she supports your career too, but we'd have to have a baby first ..."

His mother's exact words were, "The job of taking pictures can be done anywhere. With a child restraining her, she can't run to places as far as City N, and naturally, she will return to her family."

Sherry laughed and didn't comment on that, but she just said, "By the way, my mother hasn't told you about me yet, has she?"

"She said ..."

"She knows just some of it. There's a lot she doesn't know." Sherry continued, "I've only had one boyfriend, but I have a lover and we've slept together. I was with him two days ago too. We can go get a marriage license tomorrow if you and your mother are okay with it."

Elliot stopped in his tracks, and his face turned stiff.

Sherry looked back, "What's wrong?"

Elliot said, "I... suddenly remembered I have to go to the director's office. Sorry about that! Bye!"

Sherry looked at his back, crossed her arms, and raised an eyebrow.

Well, she had tried to make contact with him and she had expressed her strong desire to get married.

The mission was over.

Sherry wandered around the school alone again and had enough of appreciating the young, vibrant boys before heading home.

No sooner had she arrived home than she received a thrashing from Mrs. Perry.

Mrs. Perry asked, "Didn't you go on a date with Elliot? What were you babbling about with him!"

Chapter 816-Half an hour ago, Mrs. Perry received a phone call from Elliot's mother.

Her tone was bad, and she even said, "My son is up for grabs by so many women, and there's no need for him to want a slut who has lost her virginity!"

Mrs. Perry was so angry that she hung up the phone before she could retort.

She was about to go out and argue with them when she calmed down.

Sherry pulled her to sit on the sofa, "I'm just being honest. I can't hide it from him."

Mrs. Perry froze for a few seconds to realize what she was referring to. "But you can't just ... say that."

"Do I have to wait until I'm married before I tell him?"

Mrs. Perry sat there and remained silent with a long face.

Sherry put her arm around her, "Okay, mum. Don't be angry. If this one isn't okay, let's try the next one. You've found a lot of dates for me, haven't you? I'll meet them one by one in the next few days. I won't leave until I've met them all."

Mrs. Perry thought about it and was still angry, "Look at what you've done. Are you trying to embarrass me? She ..."

"What do you care about them? We just live our own life. Not to mention how overbearing Elliot's mother is! Do you really think I can have a good life if I marry Elliot?"

Mrs. Perry didn't want to talk to her and went to bed.

Sherry also went back to her room, took out her phone, and sent a message to Elliot.

She texted: I'm telling you this based on the honesty rule in a blind date. I don't want to hear about this from a third person other than you and your mother. You are a university teacher, and I believe you care more about reputation than I do. I make my own decisions about my own life and it has nothing to do with anyone else. My parents are old and I don't want them to hear any gossip. In short, if I don't have a good time, you won't have a good time either.

It took ten minutes for Elliot to reply.

Elliot texted: Okay.

Sherry replied with a smiley face, but just as she sent it, she saw Elliot had already blocked her.

Sherry smiled wryly, dropped her phone, and collapsed on the bed.

Mrs. Perry still didn't want to talk to her at all and didn't even come out to ear.

Mr. Perry only knew that she and Elliot had broken up, but not knowing the specifics. He reassured Sherry that the next one would be better.

After suffering a night and a day of cold stares at home, Sherry received a call from Uncle Bennett and rushed to the hospital.

Uncle Bennett gave her the report of the identification results and Sherry held her breath, "Uncle Bennett, how... is it?"

Uncle Bennett smiled, "Open it and take a look."

Sherry opened the paper bag, and she had never been so nervous.

The obvious answer to that very question was at hand...

Sherry pulled out the paper and carefully looked at the test results on it.

It was a ninety-nine percent match.

The moment she saw the figure, she instantly gasped and leaned against the wall. Tears welled up in her eyes.

Sure enough...

Their suspicions were correct. Chan was William's child and shared the same mother and father as Stella!

Uncle Bennett saw this and said, "Sherry, is it convenient for me to ask who you are doing this for?"

Sherry adjusted her thoughts and put the paper back, "It's for a friend of mine. She's not available at the moment, so ..."

“By the looks of you, that should be good news. Go tell your friend.”

Sherry nodded, “Thanks, Uncle Bennett!”

She hurriedly took out her phone and took a picture of the identification result and sent it to Stella.

Sherry texted: That’s great!

And she added: I knew it! I am so happy!

In the distance, Maxwell stood behind the wall watching the scene, then quietly retreated and took out his phone to dial a number.

Maxwell said, “Mr. Conrad, Miss Perry has got the identification results. Madam should know soon.”

On the other end of the line, Clarence said indifferently, “Okay, you can come back.”

...

On the other side, City N.

Stella’s phone vibrated several times in quick succession. She picked it up and saw that it was messages from Sherry.

Even though she was prepared for it, her hand still trembled as she tapped on the picture.

On seeing the final result of the paternity test, she suddenly smiled.

That was how it should have been.

Chan was her real brother and had nothing to do with Jeffrey.

Stella stared at the picture for a long time before finally snapping out of it. She made a call to Channing, "Chan, if you don't have class tonight, come over for dinner."

"It's not the weekend. What's going on?"

"Nothing. I just miss you. Come over. I'll make your favorite dish."

Channing was speechless.

He fell silent for a moment before saying, "Okay."

Stella had just hung up the phone when Clarence called her.

Clarence whispered, "Are you busy?"

"No, why?"

Clarence chuckled, "You sound so happy. What's going on?"

Stella rolled her eyes and tapped her nose with her paintbrush, then said with a smile, "I won't tell you for now."

"Well, just wait until I get back." Clarence said, "I'm working late tonight. You don't have to wait for me to have dinner."

"Got it. I've asked Chan to come over for dinner tonight. I'll save some for you."

It was good that he wasn't coming back, so she could talk to Chan alone.

Clarence said, "Okay."

Putting her phone away, Stella got up and went to the supermarket to buy food.

...

Sherry was in a good mood after getting the results and bought a lot of snacks at the supermarket downstairs.

As soon as she opened the door, she saw another pair of men's shoes outside the door.

So fast? Did her mother set her up on another blind date?

In the living room, the sound of conversation came from time to time.

Her mother's laughter, in particular, was a little contrived and shy.

Sherry swore she'd never heard her mother make such a sound before.

She walked in tentatively, "Mom and Dad, you ..."

She was halfway through her sentence when her eyes widened open. Holy shit!

When Mrs. Perry saw her, she got up and came over to pull her. With a smile on her face, she said softly, "Sherry, you're back. I'd like to introduce you to Daniel, who brought me home after my foot got injured on the road. He's very handsome."

Then, she looked at Daniel with a smile on her face, "Daniel, this is my daughter, Sherry. Isn't she beautiful? I'm not fooling you, right?"

Daniel got up, and said very politely, "She is indeed very pretty."

He looked at Sherry, raised an eyebrow, and extended his hand, "Miss Perry, how do you do? My name is Daniel and it's nice to meet you."

Sherry gasped and couldn't help but step back.

Mrs. Perry pulled her back, lifted her arm, and extended her hand towards Daniel, "What are you staring at? He's saying hello to you!"

Before Sherry could withdraw her hand, Daniel had already moved forward and taken her hand, and the corner of his lips curled up.

Sherry felt a thunderbolt hit her head and she froze in place.

Is he crazy? Or has she gone mad?

Chapter 817-Seeing Sherry standing there with a shocked look on her face, Mrs. Perry explained to Daniel, "Sherry is not usually like this. She just... gets shy when she sees a handsome man like you. Please don't mind."

Daniel withdrew his hand and chuckled, "I don't mind. It's an honor to be liked by Miss Perry."

"You..."

Sherry was just about to say something when Mrs. Perry pulled her along and said to Mr. Perry, "Old man, keep Daniel company for a chat. Sherry and I are going to make dinner."

With that, she dragged Sherry into the kitchen.

Mrs. Perry took the bag in her hand and looked at it, "Why did you buy so many snacks instead of eating on time?"

Sherry came back to her senses, "Mom, he ..."

"Well, I'm really not lying to you this time. You know I have a bad leg and it's been a long time. It was Daniel who took the initiative to help me and said he would take me home." Mrs. Perry put down the bag and said, "No matter how eager I am to have grandchildren, I won't let you just marry a man I found on the road. Do you really think I'm treating you like a tool for getting grandchildren?"

Sherry was silent, "I didn't mean that. It's... just that he doesn't look like a good guy at first glance, yet you just brought him home?"

Mrs. Perry said while picking vegetables, "You've hit the nail on the head. I thought he was a liar at first too, but when I thought about it, how could there be such a good-looking liar? What's more, what would he do to me at my age? At most, he was trying to trick me into joining a membership of a who-know-what company. How much can it cost? It's worth it to get scammed."

Sherry was speechless.

She finally knew who she had inherited from.

Sherry helped Mrs. Perry with the dishes, "Haven't you heard? The more handsome a man is, the better he is at tricking people. Be careful that he cheats you out of your savings."

"Do you think I've never watched TV? The original saying is clearly 'The prettier the woman, the more she will cheat'." Mrs. Perry continued, "Besides, your father and I have all our savings set aside for your wedding. If you don't get married, are we going to bring our savings to the coffin? It might as well be better to let him cheat us. At least I'm willing to do it."

What...

What did she have to do with this?

She really didn't know how to retort.

Mrs. Perry looked outside and saw Daniel and Mr. Perry chatting happily, then turned back and lowered her voice, "Seriously, your father and I have already figured out his situation. Let's not talk about whether he's a liar or not, but I think you'll like him for sure!"

Sherry said lazily, "You've got the wrong idea. I definitely don't like him."

Mrs. Perry said, "You don't know that, do you? If I told you about it, you would think it was amazing too. Daniel is actually a musician and can play everything from cello to piano. The most important thing is that he is mixed-race. Look how handsome he is!"

"Wait a minute..."

Something didn't seem right.

Mrs. Perry interrupted her, "What are you waiting for? At first, when your father told me about your criteria for choosing a spouse, I thought you were deliberately giving me a hard time. Where can we find you according to your criteria? But fate is so coincidental. And here he is! Tell me, where else in the world would you find a second person who fits all the criteria to appear before you?"

Sherry suddenly felt a headache. She had just said it casually the night before. How would she possibly have thought...

Mrs. Perry added, "I won't push you this time, but he's the type you like. If you miss him, I won't have much to look forward to from you. It might as well let him cheat me and your dad out of our savings and we'll give up the idea of getting you married."

Mrs. Perry handed her the fruit plate in her hand, "All right, don't stay here with me. Take this out and find a chance to talk to him."

Sherry looked down. Hadn't they just been talking? When did the fruit get cut...

She shook her head violently and felt very befuddled now, like she was dreaming.

Sherry was pushed out of the kitchen by Mrs. Perry. She carried the fruit plate and walked slowly over to the sofa and placed it in front of Daniel.

In the kitchen, Mrs. Perry winked at Mr. Perry, who understood and hurriedly got up, "Sherry, you and Daniel can have a talk. I'll go downstairs to get some wine."

Soon, only the two of them were left in the living room.

Sherry stood there and looked at Daniel expressionlessly. She was just about to say something when she saw her mother leaning against the kitchen doorway eavesdropping.

Sherry quickly walked over and closed the kitchen door behind her.

Mrs. Perry's voice came from inside, "Well, I'm not listening. I won't listen."

Sherry walked over to Daniel again and glanced at the balcony, "Let's go there and talk."

Daniel got up and followed her.

Just as Sherry stood, she turned around sharply, took a deep breath, and said in a low voice, "What are you doing in my house!"

Daniel looked at her and spoke slowly, "Your mother has a injured foot. I couldn't just leave her on the street."

“Did you approach her on purpose?”

“I was looking for a chance to greet her, and it was unexpected that she hurt her foot.”

Sherry’s brows furrowed, “Why did you want to greet her? No... Weren’t you in London? What are you doing here all of a sudden?”

Daniel replied frankly, “I’ve come to hold you responsible.”

“What...” Sherry was puzzled, “Responsible for what?”

Daniel took a step forward and pressed closer to her, then spoke one word at a time, “I don’t think that single adults are allowed to do whatever they want. And I’ve never regarded what we have together as a one-night stand.”

Sherry subconsciously took two steps back until she was against the wall. She barely kept her composure, “That’s true. It was two nights, after all.”

Daniel’s lips twitched.

Sherry looked up at him, “Let’s make it clear. I know what your attitude is to love, and I’m sure I’m not the only one you’ve had one-night stands with. Okay, as you said, you didn’t take that as a one-night stand, and I’m fine with it. But you ...”

“What do you think I am?” Daniel interrupted her, “I’m someone who’s used to having a one-night stand with anyone I want?”

Sherry was silent for a few seconds, “I didn’t say that.”

Daniel pursed his lips and explained in a low voice, “I never had a one-night stand before.”

Now that he'd said it, Sherry believed it.

She'd heard Emmett say that Daniel just didn't take love too seriously, but he definitely didn't mess around and still treated every brief love affair responsibly.

They hadn't separated until both parties had lost interest.

"But what difference does it make if all those girlfriends of yours are for sex without love..."

"At least, none of them were one-night stands in my eyes." Daniel stared at her, "So, you're responsible for me."

Sherry was confused.

What?

Chapter 818-At this time, Mr. Perry came back from shopping and when he saw the two of them on the balcony, he said, "Sherry, how can you entertain the guest like that? What are you doing standing on the balcony?"

Sherry was momentarily speechless, "I ..."

Daniel looked back and explained with a smile, "Uncle, it's me who wants to stand here for a while."

As they spoke, the kitchen door opened. Mrs. Perry said, "It's almost time to eat. Sherry, come and get the plates."

Sherry replied, and as she passed Daniel, she whispered, "Don't talk nonsense in front of my parents. Just finish eating and leave!"

Daniel raised an eyebrow and didn't reply to her.

Sherry went into the kitchen and was just getting the dishes when Mrs. Perry came over and said, "How was your conversation?"

"Not so good."

Mrs. Perry didn't believe her, "You're hiding on the balcony and whispering. How could that be no so good?"

Sherry didn't bother to talk to her, so she took the dishes and went out.

In a short while, the food was ready.

Mrs. Perry wiped her hands and sat down with a look of anticipation and apprehension, "Daniel, I don't know what you like to eat, so I've made my special dish. See if you can get used to it."

Sherry sat next to Daniel and said nonchalantly, "He likes canned food, not these."

Daniel was speechless.

Mrs. Perry's face stiffened, "What are you talking about? How can canned food be used to serve guests? You're always talking nonsense."

"It's true. I'm not talking nonsense. He's from another country, and his eating habits are different from ours."

Hearing her say so, Mrs. Perry was somewhat convinced and looked at Daniel, "Well... We are not in the habit of eating canned food. I'll ask your uncle to go buy it now."

Daniel said, "Thank you, Mrs. Perry. Don't bother. There is less to eat abroad and most of the time I can only eat canned food. In fact, I prefer to eat home-cooked food."

On hearing this, Mrs. Perry felt sorry for him and quickly got him a lot of food, "What a poor boy! Come on, eat. I can't promise you anything else while you're with us, but the home-cooked food is sure to be enough for you. Just come over whenever you want to eat. I'll make it for you anytime."

Sherry choked instantly, "Mum!"

"Knock it off! I told you to eat more home-cooked food, but you had to order takeaway. You don't like my cooking, so I don't cook for you." With that, she looked at Daniel, who was eating the food, and said expectantly, "How is it? Is it good?"

Daniel put down the chopsticks and nodded, "It's delicious. Your cooking is the best I've ever seen."

Mrs. Perry was instantly delighted by the compliment.

Shelly just rolled her eyes at him. How on earth could he say something like that against his heart?

He was so fake.

Mrs. Perry ignored her and continued to get food for Daniel, "Just eat more. Next time, if there's anything you want to eat, you can just tell me. There's no need to be polite."

Mr. Perry took out the wine he had just bought, "Daniel, would you like to have some?"

Daniel nodded, "Yes, thanks, sir."

Mr. Perry had thought that people like him would drink champagne and red wine. The smile on his face grew as he watched him drink liquor without the slightest reluctance or refusal, and continued to pour him a glass, "It's been a long time since I've found someone to drink with. I was looking forward to Sherry bringing a boyfriend back, but now it looks like that's probably out of the question."

Daniel said, "Mr. Perry, if you want a drink in the future, you can call me. I have two bottles of liquor from a friend. I'll bring them to you next time."

With that, he added, "But it's best to drink sensibly. You still have to take care of your health."

In this way, Mr. Perry and Mrs. Perry were both satisfied with him to the extreme.

Sherry propped her hand on the table and stroked her forehead as she picked up her phone and sent messages to Stella to express her anger.

Meanwhile, at City N.

Stella was cooking in the kitchen while her phone, placed on the sofa, vibrated like crazy.

Channing saw it and said, "Someone's sending you messages."

Stella said, "Why don't you help me bring the phone in?"

Channing went to the kitchen, handed the phone to Stella, and took the chopping knife from her.

Stella pulled a piece of paper and wiped her hands as she unlocked the phone.

It was full of messages from Sherry.

Sherry texted: I'm going crazy. Daniel actually found his way to my house!

Sherry texted: What's wrong with him? He's actually talking to my parents.

Sherry texted: What do you think he's trying to do? He also asked me to be responsible for him. Why don't I just give him my life!

Sherry texted: I don't understand! I don't understand it at all!

Sherry texted: I feel like I'm in a dream right now. He's obviously in London. How come he's here after I've left?

Sherry texted: I think he did it on purpose! I must have irritated him by pretending not to remember, and he came here on purpose to make me embarrassed!

There were many more messages, which were all complaints about Daniel.

Stella smiled and put her phone aside after replying to some of these.

Channing asked her, "Is something wrong?"

Stella said, "No, Daniel's gone to Sherry's house."

Hearing this, Channing paused for a moment, "He's pretty fast."

"Aren't you fast too?"

"What?"

"You're going to hide it from me?"

Channing was silent for a few seconds, knowing what she was referring to.

After a moment, he said, "I didn't plan to hide it from you. I just didn't know what to say. And ..."

Stella said, "And you think that Winnie wouldn't want you to tell anyone."

Channing drooped his head, didn't say anything and acquiesced.

After a long time, he continued, "She hasn't said yes to me yet."

"But you know in your heart that she likes you."

Channing nodded gently.

Stella sorted the vegetables next to her, "Take your time. She's a few years older than you and naturally has a lot more concerns. When she's figured it out, she'll talk to you."

"I know. I won't push her."

Stella spoke suddenly, "Chan."

Channing looked at her, "What's wrong?"

"There's something I wasn't gonna tell you, but... whatever the circumstances, Jeffrey should not be a thorn in the flesh to you. He's him and you're you."

Channing lowered his head again, and his voice got even quieter, "I know."

Stella stared at him. No one knew her little brother better than she did.

She had thought that by taking that step towards Winnie, Channing had also spared himself.

But now it seemed he was still emotionally fettered.

He was just trying to redeem himself and running towards the light.

He was still living in the abyss.

Jeffrey was like a nightmare for him and always trapping him in the still of night.

Stella said, "Chan, I have something to tell you."

"Jeffrey is not your real father. He's not related to you in any way."

Chapter 819-As Stella finished, there was no longer any sound in the entire kitchen.

Everything went silent.

Channing kept his head drooped and Stella couldn't see what emotion he was in.

Stella pursed her lips, "Chan, I ..."

Channing paused for a moment before continuing to chop vegetables, then said in an indifferent tone, "You don't have to comfort me. I'm used to it."

Stella said, "I'm not trying to comfort you. I've had a paternity test and William is your ..."

"As far as I'm concerned, it's all over when Jeffrey died. It doesn't matter who my real father is."

At those words, Stella froze. She still wanted to say something, but Channing had already turned on the stove to fry.

It muffled all the other sounds.

Stella knew that he didn't want to discuss the subject any further.

Throughout all those torturing and painful moments, from childhood to Jeffrey's death, Channing spent every day and night wishing he wasn't Jeffrey's son.

That thought seemed to be his hope to live, but luck did not come to him, nor did it favor him.

Especially when it became clear that everything that had happened to Stella was because of Jeffrey, and his hatred towards Jeffrey was displaced by self-hatred.

If only someone had told him back then that Jeffrey was not his real father, it would have been relief and redemption for him.

But what's the use of it now?

Stella knew in her heart that even though she had no memories of her childhood, she could feel the affection of William being her father.

But Chan was different. He had never had a real sense of fatherly love since he was born.

William was also a complete stranger to him.

It was even because of Jeffrey that William almost hurt him back then...

This disconnection and hatred, although unspoken, Chan actually knew.

He had just been pretending that nothing had happened so as not to make things difficult for her.

Stella closed her eye and suddenly didn't know what she should say.

During the meal, neither of them spoke again on the subject.

Channing said, "Isn't Clarence coming back for dinner?"

Stella said as she sipped her soup, "He's busy and won't be back until late night."

"How are things in Riverside City? How is the kid?"

Stella nodded, "Fine. It shouldn't be long before you see him."

It was almost two months since they had returned from Riverside City.

The three months they had agreed on were almost up.

Stella added, "What about at your school? Are there any more fans pestering you?"

Channing said, "The school talked to me and told me not to worry about it. They'll arrange for someone to take care of it."

"That's good. You might as well study hard. It's your sophomore year and you don't have much time left in school."

Speaking of this, Stella was quite nostalgic.

Back then when in school, although she had to work several part-time jobs every day, all that was bothering her was how to get rid of Jeffrey as soon as possible.

Unlike now, she seemed to have many, many more problems to deal with on a daily basis.

After dinner, Channing went straight back to school.

Stella tidied up the house and then sat down on the sofa.

When Clarence came back at eleven, he saw her staring at her phone, then walked over to her, "What's wrong?"

Stella hastily looked up and put her phone aside, "Nothing... Have you eaten yet? If you haven't eaten, I'll go get some food for you..."

"I've eaten." Clarence loosened his tie with one hand and sat next to her, "Didn't you ask Channing to come over? He's gone?"

Stella nodded gently, "Yes."

"What did you say to him?"

Stella hung her head, seemingly a little demoralized.

She had thought she would be happy to get the paternity test results, but now it didn't seem that way.

Clarence lifted her chin, "You're not happy?"

She looked frustrated, "No."

"You were happy this afternoon. Did Channing piss you off? I'll go teach him a lesson."

Clarence said, and prepared to get up.

Stella reached out and pulled him back, “No, what are you thinking? He didn’t piss me off and I’m not...”

She didn’t know what to say for a moment.

Clarence rubbed her head, “If it’s not him, then tell me and I’ll fix it for you.”

Stella was silent for a moment before she said, “Do you remember... what I told you earlier about how I thought Chan looked just like the young William?”

Clarence raised an eyebrow slightly, “So?”

“Actually, Sherry’s not just going to London this time for the photography exhibition. She... was there to get William’s DNA and then redo the paternity test with Chan. The results showed a ninety-nine percent match.”

“You told Channing?”

“Well...” Stella whispered, “But you know, all that’s happened in the past and Chan is having a hard time accepting the results right now. I don’t know what to do anymore and I’m afraid to tell William.”

Clarence said, “You’re afraid to tell William because Channing refuses to talk about this and you’re afraid William will blame himself and feel bad because of his past actions and thoughts?”

Stella continued to nod and added, “If only I had gone for the paternity test earlier, they wouldn’t have ...”

“It’s not your responsibility.” Clarence said, “William went for a paternity test and got a result that was contrary to it. It was a mistake on their part. If you hadn’t insisted on having it done again, they would have just keep on living with the mistake.”

Stella froze, “Yeah, William did take a paternity test. Why ...”

If someone around Clarence had been messing around and confusing things, what about William? Not many people knew who William was at that time and he was definitely going to get the person he trusted most to do the job.

So was it Daniel, or was it Emmett who did the paternity test?

Or maybe it was someone she didn't know?

Stella hurriedly picked up her phone and was about to call William when she suddenly recalled what Sherry had said.

Since the paternity test William took turned out to be erroneous, it meant that someone close to him did not want him to know Chan was his son.

In the end, Stella didn't call.

She sent a message to Sherry before putting the phone down and taking a deep breath.

When Stella looked up again, she saw Clarence leaning back on the couch and looking at her.

Stella was confused.

Clarence said, "Did you work it out?"

"Not really. Just ..." Stella stared at him and was suddenly a little puzzled, "Why were you not surprised when I said Chan was William's son?"

Clarence looked calm and said slowly, "Didn't you say that Channing looked a lot like William when he was younger? Besides, I never felt that Jeffrey could have had a son like this."

Chapter 820-Stella didn't believe what he said. Curling her lips, she said, "That's not what you said last time."

"Didn't I?"

"No, you didn't."

"You must have made a mistake."

Stella was about to retort, but her lips were sealed by his.

Clarence wrapped his arms around her waist and said in a deep tone, "We shall do what we ought to do now, Babe."

Stella was wordless.

...

On the other side, Sherry sat at the table in disappointment, watching her father chatting with Daniel with interest.

She tried several times to interrupt them, but her mother stopped her.

Mrs. Perry said in a low voice, "Your father hasn't been so happy for a long time. Don't ruin his mood."

Sherry said, "The doctor reminded him not to drink. He..."

"You should know your father well. That's his only hobby. He hasn't drunk for a long time. Besides, I'm watching him. I know when to stop him. Don't worry."

Sherry failed, only browsing her phone to kill time.

While talking to Sherry's father, Daniel turned to look at her. His smile faded.

He could tell she had run out of her patience.

He had come to town without telling her ahead. Since his goal had been achieved, Daniel believed that he should not overdo it.

He withdrew his gaze and stood up. "Mr. and Mrs. Perry. It's getting late. I should go now."

Mr. Perry checked the time on his phone — it was eleven in the evening.

He stood up. "Okay. Be careful when going back. Where do you stay?"

Daniel said, "Not far from here. It'll take no time to arrive."

Sherry's mother said, "Daniel, remember what I said? If you want to have the homemade dishes, come over at any time. Make yourself home."

Daniel smiled. "I remember it. Thank you, Mrs. Perry."

Mrs. Perry smiled delightfully and looked over at Sherry. "Sherry, why don't you walk Daniel out? Your father is drunk. I'll take care of him."

Sherry hummed, picked up her phone, and walked to the door.

Looking at her receding figure, Mrs. Perry said to Daniel, "Please don't mind her. She's not like this usually."

Daniel said, "I know. Bye, Mr. and Mrs. Perry."

Then he nodded at them before following Sherry in a hurry.

After they were gone, Mrs. Perry said in satisfaction, "This is my first time seeing such a handsome and well-mannered boy. He's much better than Elliot. Sherry deserves this a man like this."

Mr. Perry said, "But it seems Sherry doesn't like him much. Daniel is indeed a good boy. I like him."

Mrs. Perry glared at him. "What do you know? Girls should be reserved. She can't just her emotion so openly when meeting a man for the first time! Besides, he's exactly Sherry's type. Now, she has met a man fitting all her requirements. She's so lucky. I don't think she would let go of this chance."

"All right. All right. But our opinions don't matter. She must agree."

Mrs. Perry said mysteriously, "You know what? Sherry must have a crush on him. Just wait for Daniel to become your son-in-law."

Mr. Perry asked in confusion, "How did you know?"

"If Sherry doesn't have a crush on him, how could she remember he was fond of canned food? They just met each other, right, but she already knew what he liked. Don't you think she has feelings for him?"

Mr. Perry was shocked. "Oh, I see."

Mrs. Perry said complacently. "Am I right? Just wait and see. Probably we'll have a grandson next year."

...

Downstairs.

Sherry said with a stern look, "Just go home. Don't come to bother my parents. Don't mind what they have said."

Daniel paused his pace. "Why?"

Sherry laughed in anger. How cheeky he was.

She turned to look at him. "I've told you my parents are just common people. They're not as open-minded as you regarding marriage. They hope the man I date will marry me. Hence, you..."

Daniel said, "If I don't want to marry you, why did I come to meet your parents?"

"What?"

Daniel pursed his lips and said steadily, "I know I've made a lot of mistakes before. I kept letting you down. But I swear I do love you. It's true."

Sherry had experienced ups and downs, so she didn't fall into such a honey trap.

She calmed down and said, "They also don't accept flash marriage or flash divorce, either."

Daniel was wordless.

He asked, "Am I not worth trusting?"

Sherry smiled. "I trust you. It's just I'm well aware of what you want. All you want is the constant sense of newness and a partner that you can break up with peacefully."

“You said you loved me. Probably you do, but how long will it last? After you’ve lost interest in me, you can fall in love with another girl quickly. But I can’t find another man so soon. I’ve lost the courage to love a man. I no longer want to be in a relationship without future.”

Daniel stared at her and said softly, “I understand what you mean. In a word, you don’t think I love you enough or I can make you feel secure.”

Sherry was taken aback, amazed by his conclusion.

Daniel added, “I never make promises easily. However, as long as I make my promise, I’ll never go back on my word.”

“You are still young. How do you know if in the future...”

“Are you willing to gamble it with me?” Daniel added, “No matter who you’ll marry, the future is unpredictable. Since then, why can’t you choose me to get married? At least, we like each other.”

Sherry gaped. For a moment, she didn’t know how to retort.

It seemed to make sense.

Right then, they hear a man’s voice. “Sherry?”

Sherry returned to her senses and turned around.

Elliot was standing nearby while holding a garbage sack, looking at them expressionlessly.

Sherry asked, “What’s the matter?”

Elliot walked over. “I recognized you from your figure.”

Then he looked at Daniel up and down. "Who is this..."

He seemed to question her. Sherry was amused. She said rudely, "It's none of your business. Should I explain it to you or what?"

Elliot's expression changed. He made an excuse. "We're neighbors. As a girl, you're out here alone. I shall look out for you, right?"

"Oh. I didn't expect you to care about me so much. You must have pressed the wrong button to delete me from your contact list."