

Mr Conrad 821

Chapter 821-As soon as Sherry finished speaking, Elliot looked helplessly awkward.

He had to admit that Sherry was good-looking, and he liked her.

However, no matter how much he liked her, he couldn't marry a woman in an ambiguous relationship with another man. Hence, he told his mother about Sherry's past and quickly deleted her from his contact.

Much to his surprise, it had been only one day, Sherry had a new boyfriend. They seemed to have progressed a lot, and they were even talk about getting married?

Due to some male pride or what, he called out to her.

Elliot couldn't compose himself after Sherry mocked him. He said ironically, "You have too many men around you. Of course, you don't need me to take care of you."

Then, he looked over at Daniel and said in a compassionate tone, "Sherry has told you already, hasn't she? She has been entangled with a man for a long time. They also hang out together pretty often. Dude, you'd better take a look at other women instead and find a clean girl to get married to. Otherwise, you'll be a cuckold."

Sherry found that a man who's ordinary but overconfident, would always show his ugly side after his true colors had been exposed, just like Liam Keith and Elliot Ford.

Sherry wondered how come she had met such scumbags.

However, before she spoke, Daniel said indifferently, "Really?"

Elliot thought that Daniel had believed him. Before he continued, Daniel said affectionately, "But, I fell in love with Sherry at first sight. I must marry her. As long as she's willing to be my wife, I can do

anything.”

Sherry was speechless.

She wondered if Daniel had lost his mind.

Elliot’s expression changed. “Dude, you...”

Daniel looked at him and said coldly, “I believe as long as I love her deeply and treat her well, she’ll love me one day. Otherwise, if I can’t move her, it means I’m not charming enough and can’t compare to the man she loves. What do you think?”

Elliot tightened his pinch on the garbage sack, blushing. However, he couldn’t utter any word to retort him.

Daniel walked up and patted him on his shoulder. “Thank you so much, Dude. Thank you for telling me there’s such a powerful competitor. I must try my best to win Sherry’s heart. When we get married, I’ll invite you to be my groomsman.”

Then he held Sherry’s hand and left.

Elliot was standing motionlessly. The man’s tone and attitude were not rude just now, but Elliot felt as if he had slapped him in the face. He felt embarrassed and ashamed.

Out of the community, Sherry pulled out her hand. “Why did you say those words to him?” she asked.

Daniel paused his pace, raising his eyebrows. “Should I tell him directly I was the man you’ve been entangled with? It works. We can go back now and tell him. I’m afraid you may find it difficult to explain to your mom later, though.”

Mentioning it, Sherry ground her teeth. "Now you know that. Why didn't you think about it when shoving that thing into my hands?"

Daniel looked over at her. Although she didn't make it clear, he realized what she meant.

He asked, "Did you bring it home?"

Sherry blushed.

"How did I know? I wrapped it in a T-shirt. When my mother did the laundry..."

Daniel instantly turned around and walked back.

Sherry stopped him hurriedly. "What are you doing?"

Daniel said, "I want to tell the truth to your mother. Probably, we can get married tomorrow."

Sherry said, "You'd better not go too far."

Daniel looked back at her with a smile. "Have you agreed?"

"Me? No way... I didn't say anything," Sherry stammered. "All right. All right. Hurry up and go back to your hotel. I'm going home now."

Daniel asked, "Aren't you afraid that man would wait for you downstairs?"

Sherry frowned. "Why would he do that? Wait for me to scold him?"

"Don't ever underestimate how crazy a man could be if he loved you but couldn't win your heart."

Sherry was wordless.

She wondered if he was implying himself.

Elliot was a mama's boy, a mediocre person who got above himself. However, he was a college lecturer, so he cared about his dignity. Probably, he would mock her, but he could hardly do anything crazy.

Besides, security guards were patrolling her community. She didn't think there would be any safety problem.

Seeing that she hadn't been convinced, Daniel changed his tactic. "I feel dizzy. Can you accompany me back to the hotel?"

Sherry said, "I can help you hail a cab. You took good care of me in London, after all."

Daniel smiled. "Right. I took care of you in bed as well."

Sherry glared at him. "Shut up!"

When she pulled out her phone to hail a cab, she received a message from Stella.

She glanced at it and frowned, slowly putting away the phone.

Daniel asked, "What? Are you worried about me?"

Sherry coughed. "Yeah. I'd better walk you back. If you vomit in the taxi, you'll be sent to the police station."

Daniel shrugged, having no comment.

Although he didn't know what had changed her mind, he didn't care about the reason. He looked upon the result.

He said, "Let's go."

From Sherry's community to his hotel, they would walk for more than twenty minutes.

They walked shoulder by shoulder in silence.

After a while, Sherry chose a subject. "Well... I don't quite understand."

Daniel said, "What is it?"

Sherry answered, "You've asked me about Channing before, remember? We also talked about Jeffrey Radomil."

Daniel nodded. "Yeah."

"Then, do you think..." Sherry looked at him and asked, "Chan looks like Jeffrey Radomil?"

Daniel paused for a while. He answered, "I don't know much about Jeffrey Radomil, so I'm not sure."

"But, judging only by their appearances, do you think they look like each other?"

Daniel was silent for a few seconds before answering, "No, they don't."

Sherry said, "I think so, too. A man like Jeffrey can't have an outstanding son like Chan. Coincidentally, Stella showed me the photo album of her childhood. I discovered that her father looked similar to Chan when he was young. Have you seen that photo before?"

“No.”

“When we go back to City N, you can take a look. By the way, has Mr. William done the DNA test with Chan? Has it been confirmed he’s not Chan’s biological father?”

Daniel asked, “Why do you suddenly ask me about this?”

Sherry looked at him innocently. “We’re chatting, aren’t we? I just chose a subject to chat with you. If you don’t want to talk about it, forget it. I’m going home.”

Chapter 822-Sherry was about to turn away, Daniel pulled her. “No. We can continue chatting. What else would you like to chat about?”

Sherry turned to look at him, rolling her eyes. She put her hands in the pockets. “You haven’t answered my question yet.”

Daniel said, “In the DNA test earlier, the result showed Channing is not blood-related to Mr. William. However, I agree with you. If there’s another chance, they can do it again.”

Sherry didn’t answer.

It seemed that the conversation had come back to the starting point.

She kept walking while saying casually, “How likely is it that this paternity test result was wrong? Besides, this matter should be important to Mr. William. You must be quite cautious when doing it, right?”

Daniel pressed his lips in silence.

Sherry looked over at him. “Can you answer a question? Don’t lie to me.”

She sounded unusually serious.

Daniel looked into her eyes and said, "All right."

Sherry asked, "Did you help them do the paternity test?"

"No, I didn't."

Sherry smiled, looking ahead. "Okay. That's my question."

Daniel slightly frowned, feeling that she had gotten onto something.

He said, "Sherry, do you..."

Sherry paused and pointed at the building in front. "It's your hotel, isn't it? We've arrived."

Daniel turned to look. They had arrived indeed.

Sherry waved at him. "I'm heading home now. Good night."

After she took a few steps, Daniel followed her.

Sherry was confused.

Daniel said, "It's almost midnight. It's not safe for you to go home alone."

Sherry was wordless. "Why didn't you think of that earlier? You asked..."

“I’ll escort you home.”

Sherry was speechless.

She had a reason to believe he had done it purposely.

However, Daniel evidently had become quiet when walking Sherry back home. He lowered his head, lost in thought.

Sherry was relaxed.

The way back seemed to be relatively shorter.

Soon, they arrived at the gate. Sherry said, “All right. I’m...”

“Sherry,” Daniel interrupted her.

“Yes?” Sherry asked.

Daniel continued, “The paternity test, there was a mistake in the process, but it can be explained. Can you please not tell Ms. Radomil for now?”

Sherry looked solemn. “So, you’ve admitted it.”

“What did I admit?”

“You’ve admitted rigging the result.”

Daniel shook his head. “No. It’s not like what you think.”

Sherry asked, "Then, what is it?"

"I can't tell you clearly for the time being. May I explain it to you after returning City N?"

Sherry looked at him. "You don't need to explain it to me. Like you said just now, you weren't the one who had done the test. I trust you. However, you must know whether Chan is Mr. William's biological son. You should know also that for Chan, it's not just a matter of a falsified paternity test report."

Daniel frowned more deeply.

Sherry added, "I don't understand your plans and schemes and what not. However, you should know how evil Jeffrey Radomil had been at that time, what he had said to Chan, and what was the impact and torture on Chan."

After that, Sherry waved at him. "I'm going upstairs. Just go back to your hotel."

Looking at her receding figure, Daniel didn't speak.

He was correct. Sherry hadn't only known the truth but also had solid evidence. Otherwise, she wouldn't have said so.

Daniel exhaled. He turned around and dialed a phone number.

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After arriving home, Sherry rejected her mother who wanted to chat with her. She entered her bedroom, slumped on the bed, and pulled out her cell phone. She planned to call Stella, but it was too late. Hence, she messaged Stella instead.

After lying for a while, she put down the phone and went to get some water.

Seeing the person sitting in the living room, Sherry asked, "Haven't you gone to bed yet, Mom?"

Mrs. Perry answered while patting her legs to relax, "I've sent your father to bed earlier. I want to take a rest."

Sherry walked over with a glass of water. "Do your legs hurt again?"

"Nothing serious. You know I have the old sickness. I'll feel better after resting." Mrs. Perry let her sit down. "You've been out with Daniel for a long time. What did you talk about?"

Sherry curled her lips, put down the water glass, and massaged her mother's shoulders. "Mom, do you like him a lot?"

Mrs. Perry heaved a sigh. "It doesn't matter whether I like him or not. The most important is whether you like him. He fits your requirements. Otherwise, your father and I won't..."

Sherry knew her mother didn't want her to miss such an ideal man.

She said, "Don't you think he's unreliable? He looked like a playboy. Aren't you afraid he would dump me shortly after we get married?"

"I dare him!" Mrs. Perry said, "My daughter is so pretty. Who will have the heart to dump you? Your ex-boyfriends are blind."

She grabbed hold of Sherry's hand and added, "Sherry, listen to me. Whether you are in love or in a marriage, you both should invest your efforts in the relationship. Even if a man treats you so well at the beginning, you can't trust him. It takes time for you to know his true colors. I don't mean to hang on Daniel forever. If you don't like him, I won't push you. Do not compromise so easily"

Sherry lowered her head in silence.

Mrs. Perry patted her. "All right. If you don't have anything to deal with, you should go back to City N tomorrow. You don't need to be here with your father and me. We both are fine. You can't delay your work."

Sherry hugged her, playing at being cute. "I don't want to go back."

Mrs. Perry smiled. "That's OK. If you don't want to go back, we'll support you."

Sherry rubbed against her in her arms. "You are awesome, Mom!"

"Am I not the person who treats you as a tool to have a grandson?"

"I... I said that in anger."

Mrs. Perry held her shoulders and said, "I don't mean to have a grandson. I hope you'll have someone to accompany and protect you. Your father and I are so far away from you. If you encountered a man like Liam Keith or Brandon Chang again, what can you do?"

Sherry whispered, "In fact, I have plenty of friends in City N. They take good care of me."

"But your friends will have their beloved men or women, their own families, and lives. Except for your husband, no one can be with you all the time."

Her words made sense.

They poked Sherry's sore spot in her heart.

Leaning against her mother's shoulder, Sherry said, "Mom, in fact... I have a crush on a man

Chapter 823-Before going to bed, Stella received Sherry's message.

She told Stella that Daniel didn't do the DNA test.

Hence, Stella knew there was only one possibility.

She put down her phone and lay on the bed with her eyes opened, lost in thought.

Clarence asked, "Are you sleepless?"

Stella returned to her senses. "Not really. I just can't understand something."

Clarence wrapped around her waist. "If you can't understand it, just stop thinking. When it's time, you'll have the answer naturally."

"But..."

"It's quite late now. Go to sleep."

Stella hummed to answer obediently. However, she was still sleepless.

Clarence had expected that. He patted her back gently.

Probably, his silent comfort had worked, or she was exhausted. Anyways, Stella soon felt sleepy.

The following morning, before the alarm clock rang, she heard some noises.

Stella opened her eyes in a daze and asked in a sleepy tone, "Why do you get up so early today?"

Clarence tied his necktie, walked to the bed, bent over, and pecked on her forehead. "I'll attend a bidding meeting today. It's still early. You can sleep in a bit."

Stella hummed. Wrapping her arms around his neck, she pecked on his lips. "Wish you good luck."

Clarence curled up his lips into a smile, rubbing her hair. "Go back to sleep."

Soon, Stella heard the door close.

She turned, ready to go back to sleep.

However, she couldn't fall asleep at all. The longer she lay there, the more sobered she became.

A few minutes later, she opened her eyes, lifted the quilt, and got off the bed.

After breakfast, she heated the herbal soup with a pot. Standing next to the stove, Stella was lost in thought.

She couldn't understand why Emmett had done it.

If it was because he targeted Clarence earlier, she could understand. However, for Chan...

Right then, the herbal soup was boiled. There was steam.

Stella returned to her senses all of a sudden. She turned off the gas and pulled a piece of kitchen tissue to wipe off the water on the stove.

Recently, she had been used to drinking herbal soup without vomiting. It was like drinking water to her now.

When she arrived at her studio, as soon as Stella sat down, an employee sent her the bills and receipts of the previous day.

Sherry wasn't in the studio in the past few days, so Stella was in charge of them.

After checking the numbers, it was noon.

Stella stretched, ready to go for lunch. There were a few knocks on the office door. "Excuse me, Stella. A mister wants to see you."

Stella asked casually, "Who is he?"

"It's... your friend. He came to our studio before. Mr. Cater."

Upon hearing it, Stella looked solemn. She stood up and opened the door. "Where is he?"

The girl answered, "Waiting for you in the lounge."

Stella said, "Okay. I got it. Please go back to your work."

The girl answered and left.

Stella walked to the lounge and knocked on the door gently. Then she pushed the door open and entered.

In the lounge, Emmett almost stood up immediately when hearing the knocks. He looked over at the door. "Hi, Stella..."

Stella closed the door and asked indifferently, "What's the matter?"

Emmett said, "I'm here to make an apology."

"For what?"

Emmett's face stiffened as if he didn't know where to start.

Stella said, "In fact, I also have some questions to ask you. Since you haven't thought of what to say, I'll speak first."

Emmett nodded. "Okay."

Stella looked at him and said bluntly, "I've done the paternity test for Chan and my father again. The result shows there's a 99% chance that they're blood-related. I'm curious to know why the previous test result was incorrect. I believe you can give me the answer."

Emmett pressed his lips. "I'm sorry, Stella. It's my fault. I came to you for this matter as well. I... I don't know how to explain. I'm terribly sorry, and I'm willing to do anything to make up for it."

Stella smiled, but her voice was colder than usual. "You shouldn't apologize to me but Chan. Besides, how can you make it up for him?"

Emmett said hurriedly, "I can explain everything to Chan and Mr. William in person. They..."

"Emmett Carter," Stella interrupted him, "What matters isn't only the result of the paternity test. You don't know what Jeffrey Radomil's existence meant for Chan and me. I won't blame you for that. If Chan were Jeffrey's son for real, I would accept it. However..."

"I know what you meant, Stella. I know you guys suffered a lot because of that scumbag. I'm terribly sorry..."

Stella laughed. "Since you know it, may I know why you've done it?"

Emmett stood motionlessly, blushing. However, he couldn't answer her question.

Stella turned to open the door. "I can tell you're unwilling to explain. It doesn't matter. You don't need to tell my father or Chan about this matter. I don't want you to harm them again. Besides..."

She paused before continuing, "I hope you not to come to me again. I don't want to see you."

Then, she opened the door and left directly.

Looking at her receding future, Emmett muttered, "Stella..."

Stella didn't look back.

She didn't want to argue with Emmett again. The harm had been caused.

It made no sense to remark anything.

Emmett didn't leave the lounge until standing there for several minutes. He drove to the hospital where his mother worked with.

In the hospital, his mother came out of the office. Seeing him in the corridor with a pale face, she asked in surprise, "Emmett, didn't you go to work today? Do you not feel well?"

Emmett looked at the nurse behind her and said, "Mom, I have something to ask you."

The nurse was quite sensible. She said, "I'm going back to the station."

Emmett's mother nodded and led him to the garden outside the building. "What's the matter?"

Emmett pressed his lips and said, "A few months ago, I asked you to do a paternity test for me. Do you remember the result?"

When his mother heard his words, her expression changed slightly. She looked away and said, "As you said, it was several months ago. I'm busy every day. How can I remember it?"

"I've asked you to do this test for me only. Can't you remember it for real?"

Emmett's mother frowned. "Why do you suddenly ask me about this?"

Emmett didn't answer immediately. He opened a folder and pulled two documents out, handing them to her. "This copy was from you several months ago. And this one was from my friend, done two days ago. The results were completely different. Mom, why did you do that?"

Emmett's mother turned around. "Stop asking."

"Now it has come so far. Aren't you willing to tell me the truth? I don't want to investigate you or make any wild guesses. Please. Tell me the truth."

Chapter 824-Meanwhile, Steward Group.

Nathan brought in a file. "Excuse me, Mr. Conrad. The bidding documents for this afternoon have been ready."

Clarence hummed to answer and took the document over, only to find Nathan was still standing there.

He said, "What happened? Speak."

Nathan answered, "Mr. Carter went to Ms. Radomil earlier. It seemed their conversation ended unhappily."

Clarence wasn't surprised at this result. He lowered his head to read through the document. "Would you be happy if this happened to you?"

Nathan clicked his tongue. He had to admit Mr. Conrad was competent.

He hadn't done anything, but it seemed his goal had been achieved.

Instantly, the conflict between Stella and Emmett had been brought to the highest.

His rival in love was so doomed.

Clarence looked up. "How's your investigation going?"

Nathan returned to his senses and said, "I've found something. Mr. Carter's mother used to be a close friend of Ms. Radomil's mother. However, for some reason, after Ms. Radomil's parents got married, the two ladies were distanced. Shortly after, Mrs. Carter married Mr. Carter's father. Mr. Carter's father got along with Ms. Radomil's parents, in fact. Rumors has it that he had feelings for..."

Clarence asked, "Is that all?"

Nathan nodded. "Yes, that's what I've found so far. After all, it happened two or three decades ago. It was related to the last generation. Hence, it's not easy to confirm."

"Aren't the people involved still alive? Go ahead to confirm with them."

Nathan was confused. "People involved? Mr. Carter's mother?"

"No matter his father or mother, just talk to the one that would more likely give you an answer."

Nathan nodded. "I got it, Mr. Conrad."

Clarence asked, "When will the bidding start?"

Nathan checked the time. "At three in the afternoon. There are still one hour forty minutes left. We can set off at two o'clock."

"Okay. Go back to your work."

Nathan answered and left the office.

According to the current investigation, Clarence didn't think Emmett's mother would tell the truth.

Hence, they could work on his father instead.

In the hospital.

Emmett couldn't get the truth from his mother.

His mother said, "Since you've got the test result, you should do whatever you ought to. You can also file a complaint against me in the hospital. I admit I've made a mistake in the test. I accept whatever punishment from the hospital."

Emmett frowned. "Mom..."

"All right. I can't talk to you anymore. I must go back to work."

Then she turned away.

Emmett stood there motionlessly, feeling extremely helpless that he had never felt before.

He didn't want to do that to his mother.

He wondered why.

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At the studio.

Stella sat at her desk for a long while. She kept fiddling with the ornaments beside her.

She didn't draw a brush on the draft paper in front of her.

While she was lost in thought, her shoulder was patted. "What are you thinking of?"

Stella turned around and gasped, "Sherry?"

Sherry opened her suitcase, and started to take out some of the things and place them on the desk. "My mother asked me to give them to you."

"Why are you back? Didn't you say you wished to accompany your parents for more days?"

Sherry sat on the sofa, heaving a sigh. "Alas... My mother has sent me back. She said whenever seeing me, she wanted to urge me to get married. Out of sight, out of mind. Hence, I ran away."

Stella smiled. "What about Daniel? He went to find you, didn't he?"

Sherry curled her lips. "Why should I care about him? I've gone. He can stay there however he likes."

"Aren't you afraid he will revisit your parents?"

“If he really loves to go to my parents’ house, he can become my parents’ godson. They like him a lot, anyway.”

Stella said, “Cut out the nonsense.”

Sherry opened her bag and pulled something out. “By the way, this is the test result..”

Stella took it over. She lowered her head, feeling upset.

Sherry knew Stella invited Chan for dinner last night. She asked, “What happened? Did Chan say something?”

Stella put away the test result. “He said everything had ended after Jeffrey had died. It’s not important who his father is.”

Sherry could imagine this scene, actually.

She heaved a sigh. After a while, she asked, “What do you plan to do now? Will you tell your father?”

Stella shook her head. “I don’t want to tell him for the time being. I want to wait for Chan’s reaction. He needs time to accept it. Otherwise, my father will be upset and blaming himself after knowing Chan’s attitude.”

Sherry scratched her hair and asked gingerly, “Then... Emmett Carter...”

“He came to me at noon and apologized to me. He didn’t say anything else, though.”

When Sherry asked Daniel that question, she had expected him to tell Emmett.

She said, "This matter is quite confusing. I still can't understand why Emmett had done it. He wouldn't benefit from it, would he? Mr. William trusts him so much."

"I don't know, either," Stella said in a low voice. "However, it's not important now. I just wonder what Chan should do."

Sherry said, "Chan always knows what he wants, especially on this matter. I don't think it's easy to resolve."

Stella said, "My father will come back to City N soon. Once I imagine the scene when they met, I feel... horrified."

Hence, she wished that everything could be resolved before that.

However, it wouldn't be that easy.

When thinking about that scene, Sherry felt panicked.

Hence, she could understand how worried and hesitant Stella was now.

Sherry thought for a few seconds. "We can... ask Winnie for help."

Stella raised her head in a daze. She had never thought of that earlier.

Sherry added, "Think about it. Chan has been against this matter already. No matter you or I tell him, Chan would resist it. He won't think about this problem calmly. However, Winnie is different. Her goal isn't so evident as ours. She can raise the topic to Chan more easily. Besides, I guess... Chan probably will listen to her."

"But, she and Chan haven't.."

“Isn’t that good? They could become closer due to this matter. I’m sure Chan will be delighted.”

“Will Winnie agree?”

Sherry smiled mysteriously. “Winnie has a crush on Chan, but she didn’t dare to face her real thought. However, she will definitely agree to help him overcome his psychological disorder.”

As she spoke, Sherry picked up her phone and said, “I’m gonna call her now.”

Chapter 826-Clarence smiled silently and looked up at him. “That’s interesting. You don’t ask your mother what she does, instead asking me?”

Emmett’s face stiffened and he gritted his teeth before saying, “I went to her, but she wouldn’t tell me. And... As her son, I don’t want to investigate her.”

“So, Mr. Carter is asking me to investigate your mother for you?”

Emmett did not speak, but nodded his head with difficulty.

Clarence said blandly, “I can do that on one condition.”

“What’s the condition?”

“Don’t show up in front of Stella in the future.”

Emmett took a breath and said, “You don’t need to talk about this again. She has already talked to me before.”

Clarence smiled quietly without saying anything.

After a few seconds, he said again, "One more thing, since Mr. Carter has asked me to help you look into this, no matter what method I use, who I talk to and what result I get in the end, you have no right to interfere."

At this point, he had no other choice.

It wasn't that he was trying to exonerate himself or anything, but that if it got out to William, his mother...

What he could do is trying his best to restore the truth of this matter and find out why his mother did it so that he can help her deal with the aftermath.

Before leaving, Emmett said, "I have one last question for you."

Clarence said, "Go ahead."

Emmett asked, "I always feel that you are very hostile towards me. I know it's because I like Stella. But obviously Horace Jason mean more in her heart compared to me. You don't seem to have much hostility towards him."

Clarence's expression remained unchanged. "That's because Horace Jason is more decent than you, and he knows what he should do and what he shouldn't. He doesn't even bother to use the tricks you played."

As Clarence's voice fell, Emmett's face turned pale again, and even his body was a little shaken.

He admitted that he had deliberately slandered Clarence in order to be with Stella.

But he was desperate at that time.

It seemed that in a relationship, playing some naughty little tricks wouldn't hurt.

But he lost all he had.

After a long while, Emmett said, "When this is over, I will go to Canada and won't be back in recent years."

After speaking, he turned around and left, even his back appeared to be a bit sad and lonely.

It looked a little pitiful inevitable.

Nathan stepped forward when he saw this, with sympathy on his face and said, "Mr. Conrad..."

Clarence glanced at him, "Do you want to go to Canada with him?"

Nathan gathered himself up instantly and said, "Let's go up."

...

When it was time to get off work in the evening, Sherry was discussing with Stella what they were going to eat for dinner. But as soon as she closed the studio door, she saw an uninvited guest standing not far away.

Sherry was speechless and then said, "Why are you here again."

Daniel took a moment and said, "Actually, I'm here to see Stella."

Sherry, "..."

Stella instantly knew why he came to her without thinking over.

She said, "Let's go to dinner, my treat."

Twenty minutes later, they were sitting in a Chinese restaurant.

Stella finished her order, and gave the menu to the waiter. Then she looked at Daniel and said, "How is your injury? Are you feeling better?"

Daniel took a cup of water to drink and nodded. "Nothing serious."

"What about my father, how is he?"

"He is doing fine, less busy than before, but still a lot is going on because the headquarters is moving back to City N."

Stella said, "How much longer would it take?"

"At a normal pace, it could be the end of the year. If it was delayed, should be early next year." Daniel said.

She pursed her lips lightly, thinking there were almost four months before the end of the year.

Daniel coughed and glanced at Sherry quietly. It seemed that he wants to say something and was seeking her help, but Sherry directly looked away and ignored him.

Daniel couldn't help but was silent for a while before saying, "Ms. Radomil, I want to explain something to you about Emmett..."

"Emmett has already come to me today, and he has explained everything pretty clear."

Daniel shook his head. "He didn't make it clear, this was not his intention, he..."

Stella interrupted him and said calmly, "Even if it wasn't his intention, the mistake has already been made, isn't it? Or maybe you can tell me that it had nothing to do with anyone, except that the doctor, while doing a paternity test, mixed up the DNA sample and accidentally caused this result. That's the only explanation I can accept."

Daniel said nothing.

Stella said again, "I don't want to talk about this anymore. I'm very tired, so just let it be. What we should do now is planning for the future."

"I will talk to William."

Stella shook her head and said, "You don't have to talk to him. I've already asked Chan about his feelings. He felt quite shitty. There is no hurry in this matter."

When Daniel wanted to say more, Stella said, "Don't go to Chan either. I know my brother the best. At such times, the more others try to persuade him, the more he will reject and dislike him."

"This matter has nothing to do with you in essence, and you don't need to feel guilty for it. But I understand that as a friend of Emmett, you want to speak and explain for him. But as for me, the injuries that Chan has suffered cannot be easily smoothed out by such explanations."

"I don't care about anyone else. I only care about my brother."

Hearing her words, Daniel was speechless. He wanted to speak several times, but only to find he couldn't refute anything.

At this time, the dishes came up one after another.

Stella's tone returned as usual. "Let's eat, I have been here with Sherry before, and it tastes good."

Daniel was really impressed.

Women were fickle as expected.

They could have several attitudes in different scenarios.

After dinner, Stella went to the bathroom.

Sherry and Daniel stood outside the restaurant waiting for her.

Sherry said, "Don't take to heart what Stella said just now."

Daniel was stunned for a moment and asked, "What?"

Sherry said, "I said, she is not targeting you. It's just that she has always cared about Chan. Maybe because she's always gentle and mild, so you didn't see that she was actually furious about it at this

time. Don't mention this in front of her again. She will find her own way."

Daniel pursed his lips. "I see."

He said again, "Is Channing Radomil awfully rejective?"

Sherry nodded. "Actually, it is understandable. After all, his father was Jeffrey Radomil since he was born, and naturally he has no feelings for William."

Chapter 827-Back home, Stella saw two packages.

At the same time as she opened it, Archer James's voice message was sent over.

Archer said, "A new course of medicine has been sent to you, as well as your friend's mother's medicine, which should have arrived."

When Archer said this, the little guy must be beside him, because Stella could hear baby's babbles from time to time.

Stella dialed a video back directly.

She said to Archer, "I have already received the medicine, thank you."

After Archer said "you're welcome", he put the phone camera in front of the little guy.

The little guy was at an age when he was full of freshness and curiosity about everything, and seeing Stella's face, he stretched out two small hands to take the phone, and shouted vaguely, "Mama..."

He was a little thinner than the last time they met, but in a healthy way, and his facial features had become more defined.

A bit like Clarence.

Eyebrows were like hers.

Stella looked at him with a light smile on her face and said, "Honey, haven't you slept yet?"

The little guy's head shook like a rattle in an instant: "No, I want to play with duck duck..."

Stella understood his words, which meant he needed to take a shower before going to bed.

She whispered, "Where's grandma?"

The little guy probably didn't understand what she meant, just tilted his little head and followed her words: "Grandma..."

Archer said beside him, "She is washing his clothes."

After Stella chatted with the little guy for more than 30 minutes, it was time for him to take a bath.

Dolores said on the other end of the line, "Say goodbye to mommy."

The little guy said in a sweet voice: "Byee, Mama..."

Although he still couldn't speak clearly, it was much better than before.

Stella waved to him, "Goodbye my dear."

After hanging up the phone, Stella let out a long sigh of relief.

The little guy's voice seemed to be still circling in her mind, lingering for a long time.

Hang in there a little bit longer and she could take him by her side.

After adjusting her mood, Stella put the medicine in the refrigerator and took the remaining box to the next door.

When she went over, Sherry just came out of the shower. Seeing her holding a box, Sherry asked, "Stella, what is this?"

Stella replied, "This is the medicine for auntie. You can send it to her tomorrow morning."

Sherry walked over quickly, a little surprised, "It's so fast, I thought it would take some time."

She took the foam box from her arms and put it on the dining table, "You know what. This doctor's medicine actually works. After taking it for a few days, I feel much better and my stomach doesn't hurt anymore."

Stella said, "If you could quit drinking and continue to take the medicine for a while, the effect will be better."

Sherry scratched her nose, and she mumbled, "It's just that when I'm in a bad mood, I need alcohol to numb myself."

Stella smiled, "Okay, when you're out of medicine, I will let him send it to you more."

A smile returned to Sherry's face, "Stella, you are the best."

Stella said, "Okay, I'll go back first, you should rest early after running back and forth for several days."

Stella nodded, "Good night."

Although she has been running around for the past few days, she actually slept pretty well at home, without feeling too tired.

But she got up early to catch the plane today, and she was a little sleepy at the moment.

"Good night."

After Stella left, she put the foam box in the refrigerator, made an appointment for the express delivery at the earliest time tomorrow, and then turned off the lights and lay on the bed to go to sleep.

...

And Stella went back to the next door. When she was going to take a bath, she somehow took out her phone planning to call Clarence, only to see several news.

It's all about the bidding this afternoon.

When it came to Clarence and Justin, the two brothers, each title was more eye-catching than another.

At first glance, the screen is full of exclamation points.

Stella glanced over the press release roughly and understood what was going on.

Regarding the project of the New Coast, she seemed to have heard Clarence talk about it.

Very complicated.

Stella knew that he should be very busy today, so she didn't bother him, but opened the refrigerator and made the black chicken stew in the pot before entering the bathroom.

After taking a bath, taking medicine, and getting an injection, it was getting late.

She was lying on the bed, looking at the ceiling but couldn't sleep.

Only a small wall lamp was turned on in the bedroom, which was emitting warm and soft light.

It seemed as if every time she closed her eyes, Jeffrey's vicious words would echo in her ears.

Haunting her.

And so she was, let alone Chan.

Stella sighed silently and stared out the window in a daze.

She tossed and turned in bed for most of the night, and when she took out her phone, she found that it was half past one in the morning.

Still couldn't sleep.

She simply sat up and rubbed her bloated head.

At this time, the smell of chicken soup had already come in through the crack of the bedroom door.

She lifted the quilt and got up, put on a dress, and walked to the kitchen.

Then she uncovered the pan and poked the meat with chopsticks, the meat was already stewed.

She turned off the stove, took out the insulation barrels, filled it with chicken soup, and went out the door.

Stella arrived at two-twenty in the morning.

Standing downstairs, she looked up and saw that the lights on several floors were still on.

She went in with that insulation barrel.

From the lobby to the floor of the president's office, no one was seen on the road.

Stella went directly to the office, Clarence's jacket was placed on the sofa, no one was there.

He should be at a meeting.

She sat on the sofa and put the barrels on the coffee table.

Maybe it was because of the tossing for a while, or a reassuring smell, a trace of sleepiness gradually came up to her.

Stella yawned, leaned on the sofa, and began to feel sleepy.

When Clarence came back, she was curling up on the sofa, sleeping.

He paused and said to Nathan, who was behind him, "You can get off work now."

Just as Nathan was about to say something, he noticed the person inside, so he left.

Clarence turned around and closed the door of the office, walked slowly to the sofa, squatted down with one knee bent, picked up the jacket next to her, and gently covered her.

Probably sensing his arrival, Stella grabbed his hand subconsciously and rubbed her head on the back of his.

Seeing this, he smiled and leaned over to kiss her lips, and sat on the side.

The light rain started to fall outside the window at some point, and the air was a bit humid and cold.

It was starting to cool down.

He put down the documents in his hand and held her in his arms.

Stella murmured unconsciously, "Clarence..."

He hummed softly and patted her back, "I'm here. Go back to sleep."

She hugged his waist and slept soundly.

Chapter 825-Half an hour before the bidding, the room was full of people. Almost half of the reporters of City N have attended.

It could be seen how eye-catching the New Coast project of Conrad Group was.

One of the reporters asked, "I heard Mr. Conrad would come to this bidding, right?"

After a moment of silence, another person asked, "Which Mr. Conrad?"

Everyone knew there were two Mr. Conrads in the Conrad Group. One had left, and the other one was the current president.

No matter which one of them would come to this bidding, it would be a headline in the newspapers tomorrow.

If the former attended it, this bidding would become more wonderful, causing more terror.

If the latter attended it, although there was less expectation, there would be many juicy things to write about if he would be in charge of such a giant project.

The reporter who asked the first question answered, "Of course... Clarence Conrad. Haven't you heard about it?"

"I heard some rumors, but they sound so fake. Hasn't he quitted Conrad Group already? Why would he come to the bidding of Conrad Group?"

“Although he had left Conrad Group, he’s the president of Steward Group now. Besides, he also controls Complex Corporation and Southwest. Do you think he would give up the New Coast project?”

Upon hearing his words, others inhaled.

No matter the Steward Group, which had gone through ups and downs and have now returned to a normal track, or Complex Corporation and Southwest, which were world-renowned with strong economic strength, all of them would need enough land to realize their ambitions.

Even one of the companies was enough to share the New Coast project with Conrad Group, not to mention there were three.

The reporters looked through the hundreds of companies that attended the bidding, feeling they had foreseen their failures already.

Based on Clarence’s style, since he would come to the bidding, he wouldn’t return empty-handed. Besides, if he aimed at something, he wouldn’t share it with others.

Moreover, rumors always said that Justin’s accident had benefited Clarence and wondered if there was any connection.

If the two brothers met in such a circumstance, they wondered if they would have a fight.

The bidding meeting must be quite a show today.

Clarence showed up at 2:55 when they were discussing heatedly and expecting eagerly.

All the cameras were snapping crazily.

Clarence kept expressionless, walking directly to the front row and sitting down.

Two minutes before the bidding started, Justin entered from the other door, being pushed by his assistant.

Seeing Clarence, Justin spoke to his assistant. The wheelchair changed the direction and was pushed towards Clarence.

Justin said with a smile, "You are also here, Clarence."

Next to Clarence, Nathan nodded at Justin. "Good day, Young Master Justin."

Justin still smiled. "Sure enough, you are more delighted when working for Clarence than for me."

Nathan looked awkward. He lowered his head in silence.

Clarence said flatly, "Don't you have an assistant? If he stayed, he wouldn't do anything."

Nathan worked for Clarence, so Justin would never assign him to the important matters, nor would he let Nathan know the confidential information.

Justin sighed. "I know, but Nathan had worked for Conrad Group for many years. I feel sorry for him."

Right then, a staff member came over. Bending over, he said, "Mr. Conrad, the bidding is about to start."

Justin nodded and said to Clarence, "I'll go there, Clarence. Call me if you need any help."

"Sure."

Soon, the bidding started.

The atmosphere gradually tensed up.

Clarence raised the plate for each project. A lot of companies were already restless.

Although they had been prepared to take small projects when seeing Clarence show up, they realized that Clarence was unwilling to share any minor project with them.

Two hours later, the bidding finished.

All representatives left with paled faces.

As soon as Clarence stood up, Justin operated his wheelchair to come over. Reaching his hand to Clarence, he said with a warm smile, "Clarence, I'm glad to work with you."

Clarence looked down at him and said, "You won't disappoint."

Justin's hand paused in midair. He didn't feel awkward. Withdrawing it slowly, he said, "Of course. I've been looking forward to working with you together."

Clarence said, "I'm busy. Please excuse me."

Then he nodded at Justin slightly and turned away.

The assistant behind Justin said coldly, "He's way too arrogant."

Justin still smiled. Clenching his hands on his lap, he said expressionlessly, "Isn't he always like this?"

"But, you are his older brother. He..."

"If he doesn't respect me as his older brother, do you think I can still sit here safe and sound?" Justin said, "Don't argue for those trifles. We have more important things to deal with."

The assistant nodded, pushing Justin to leave.

Other companies left while complaining to each other about Clarence.

The reporters were the most excited ones. The bidding today was the first time in history, more eye-catching than they had imagined.

Even the photos Clarence and Justin were talking to each other could occupy the headlines for several days, not to mention others.

Out of the hall, Nathan said, "Mr. Conrad, all done."

Clarence hummed. "Go back to the company."

Half an hour later, the black car stopped downstairs of Steward Group.

As soon as Clarence took a few steps, a figure appeared in front to block his way.

Seeing him, Clarence asked calmly, "Mr. Carter, what can I do for you?"

Emmett looked pale. Pressing his lips, he answered, "I want to talk to you in private."

Nathan sensibly took a few steps backward, guarding them aside.

Clarence said flatly, "Now you can speak."

Emmett clenched his fists and took a deep breath. "Last time, you talked to me about the paternity test result of Mr. William and Channing Radomil. I..."

He paused before finishing his words.

It seemed it was difficult for him to continue.

Clarence looked down at his wristwatch, feeling out of patience.

He said, "Mr. Carter, if you haven't figured out how to say it, you can come to me next time."

"Clarence Conrad," Emmett stopped him. "You must know something behind that matter. Can you please tell me?"

Chapter 828-In the morning, while Sherry was still dreaming, she was awakened by the doorbell.

She buried her head in the quilt, trying to block out the sound, but the doorbell didn't seem to stop but continued to ring.

She picked up the phone and checked the time, and saw that the courier called her twenty minutes ago.

After rolling on the bed several times, she reluctantly got up.

She held her breath, walked to the door dizzily, opened the door and said, "I'm sorry, I fell asleep. I didn't hear..."

"Morning."

As the voice of the incoming person rang out, Sherry paused for a while, and instantly came to her senses.

She rubbed her eyes, looked at the person in front of her, and said incredulously, "Why is it you?"

Daniel didn't understand very well, and looked sideways, "Apart from me, who else?"

"I..."

She picked up the phone again, and saw that the courier sent her a text message, saying that she had not answered the phone, and he would go to another place to deliver the parcel and come back later.

She took a breath, looked at Daniel again, and asked angrily in an instant, "Why are you here?"

Daniel lifted the paper bag in front of him and said, "I'm bringing you breakfast."

Sherry, "..."

"Not to mention whether this breakfast is necessary, don't you have my password? Why do you have to wake me up and open the door for you?"

Daniel said, "Considering our current relationship, I think it would be impolite for me to enter your house directly."

Was it polite to wake her up?

Daniel said, "Eat your breakfast before going to bed."

Sherry said, "Thank you, no need."

Just as she was about to close the door, Daniel reached out and blocked the door, "Your mother explained to me that you have a habit of skipping breakfast. She asked me to watch you eat every morning."

What?

Is she not awake? Why did she not have the slightest impression that he had talked to her mother about it the other day when he came to her house?

Seeing her doubts, Daniel said, "Yesterday, after you left, I came to your house again."

"I thought I told you to..."

Daniel said, "It was your father who called and asked me to come over. They told me to take good care of you when you returned to City N."

Sherry said, "Oh, they just wanted to bring me and you closer, you don't need to pay attention to this. You will not meet in the future anyway, there is no need..."

Daniel asked, "Did you say something to your mother?"

Sherry was confused and asked in return, "What?"

"I thought yesterday, when she looked at me, there was some killing intent in her eyes, and she was not that kind to me anymore."

Sherry really felt that she has not woken up and was a little confused.

She had told her mother the night before that there was someone she liked, but she didn't say anything specific, just said that although she liked that person very much, they couldn't be together. He was a celibatarian.

Just these scattered pieces, and she absolutely didn't say that the person was Daniel.

She looked at him suspiciously, "You must be lying to me, right?"

Daniel raised his eyebrows, "What did I lie to you for? They told me to watch you eat breakfast and take good care of you. If you don't eat, I'll call your father and say that my task has not been completed."

She quickly took the breakfast from him, "I'll eat it myself, thank you! Your task is complete."

While speaking, she immediately closed the door.

Daniel was dumbstruck, well kind of, by the slam.

After standing at the door for a while, he rubbed his nose and left.

This kind of thing has to be done slowly and not in a hurry.

Inside the house, Sherry was sitting on the sofa, calling her mother while eating breakfast.

After the call was connected, she said cautiously, "Mom, what are you doing?"

Her mother said, "I'm exercising outside. Spit it out!"

Sherry took a bite of the sandwich and said, "Uh, Daniel came to bring me breakfast just now. He said it was because of you and dad. You need to tell him not to come. It's not nice to bother others."

Her mother took the phone and walked to a quieter place, "What's the trouble? He did what he was willing to do. It was not that I forced him with a knife."

That tone, sure enough...

Sherry hesitated and said, "Mom, you..."

“Okay, stop.” Her mother got angry when she said this, “You really thought you can deceive your mother as deceiving a child. There was someone you like, and the standard of your blind date is someone who is tall, someone who can play music, and needs to be mixed race. And then suddenly there was just one who is suitable in every aspect, and he appeared in front of me and your father. Think about it with your brain and anyone can figure it out.”

“It seemed like you already knew.”

Her mother said, “Of course I know! You think I’m your dad who is so happy all day long and really think he’s the one for you. He tries his best to match you up.”

“Then... you didn’t tell him?”

She said angrily, “How can I tell him that the person you like is Daniel, and he is a celibatarian, and that you two are not together just keep things vague, which will definitely drive your father crazy.”

Sherry whispers, “Then let’s not tell him.”

On the other end of the line, her mother lowered her voice and asked, “Your... Was it with him?”

She didn’t get it at the moment and asked, “What?”

Her mother said, “The thing in your clothes!”

Sherry blushed instantly and shouted, “Mom!”

Hearing her voice, her mother also had an answer in her heart.

Her mother was so angry that she didn’t want to speak. Then she said, “Okay, okay, I’m the one who should be mad. Sometimes I envy your dad who doesn’t know anything. He even regarded Daniel as his rare drinking buddy and they chatted so happily. He couldn’t put down the two bottles of wine that Daniel brought him yesterday, and he almost went to sleep with it at night.”

She added, "I warn you, tell him clearly, if he is really the kind of person who doesn't want to get married and only wants to play with you, stay away from him as soon as possible and don't see him again."

"Actually, I was far away from him and it was you brought him home again..."

"I... I didn't know that back then! Anyway, I don't think he's reliable, so you have to find someone else to make him give up."

"I know. I'll take care of it."

Her mother sighed heavily. "I just don't know what to say to you. Obviously, you are such a beautiful and nice girl. But you always meet bad boys. I have to find a good one for you this time."

"Mom, don't introduce others to me. This kind of thing is kind of strange. The more anxious you are, the harder you will find good ones. Maybe when you give up, surprises will come inadvertently."

Her mother sneered, ignored her, and hung up the phone directly.

Chapter 829-Due to the activity the night before, Winnie Truman didn't get home until the early hours of the morning.

When Winnie opened her eyes the next day, it was already noon.

It was raining lightly outside the window, heralding the arrival of autumn.

She stretched, took out her phone and checked the time, it was half past twelve.

Saturday.

There was no other message on the phone except for a few later itineraries sent to her by the assistant.

These days, whenever Channing had no class at night, or had nothing else to do, he would come to her.

There was no message this Saturday.

Winnie sat up slowly, looked at the chat box with Channing, and remembered that the call Stella and Sherry made to her yesterday.

In fact, Channing had not come to her for two or three days.

It should be right after what they said happened.

She got up to wash, and when she went to the cloakroom, she glanced at the rows of skirts, and finally her eyes fell on the pink sweater.

Perfect for this weather.

Winnie put on her clothes, sat in front of the vanity mirror, put on a light makeup, and put on a high ponytail, looking instantly several years younger.

She leaned closer to the mirror and made sure there were no fine lines at the corners of her eyes before she took out her phone and went out.

The road was slippery on a rainy day, so she took a taxi instead of driving.

Forty minutes later, when the bus stopped at the school gate, Winnie got off the bus and dialed Channing's number.

The phone was only connected when it was about to end.

Channing's voice was low and hoarse, "Hello?"

Winnie paused. "Are you... are you still sleeping?"

"No." There was a slight noise on the other end of the phone, and then his voice became clearer, "What's wrong?"

Winnie said, "Are you at school? I... just passed by the gate of your school. Would you like to have lunch together?"

Channing was quiet for a few seconds before saying, "Yes, find a place to sit and wait for me for a while."

Winnie thought it was something else he needed to do in his school, so she said, "Okay, I'll wait for you here at the bus stop."

After hanging up the phone, Winnie stood there for a while before sitting on the bench.

After a while, two girls with umbrellas came over. While waiting for the bus, they turned their heads to look at her several times, and then murmured to each other.

It seemed that they recognized her, but because of her mask and wearing, they couldn't be sure.

Soon, the two of them came over and asked tentatively, "Hello, are you Winnie?"

She kept a polite smile. "Do you also think I look like her? Several people have said so."

One of the girls was relieved and said to her friend, "Well, I mean, how could it be possible that Winnie Truman is here alone."

Her friend asked, "Are you a freshman? I haven't seen you before."

Another girl said, "Yes, you really look like her. You must be very beautiful too!"

Winnie tilted her head and said with a smile, "Thank you."

At this time, the bus they were waiting for came.

Winnie waved goodbye to them.

After they left, the smile on her face widened.

Freshman?

Pink clothes really have the magical function of making people look younger.

Because of such a small episode, Winnie had always been in a good mood, and even considered this continuous drizzle a lot more pleasing to the eye.

Across the street, after Channing got off the bus, he saw a pink figure on the bus stop from a distance.

She sat on the bench with her hands behind her, and her white sneakers lightly stepped on the ground.

For a moment, it was as if a light had come into his dead heart.

Like the first time he saw her in front of a convenience store years ago.

So long that no one remembers.

When the traffic light turned green, Channing strode toward her.

Just as she watched the cars speeding past one after another on the street, she suddenly felt someone was looking at her.

She turned her head and looked at the boy who was standing there at some point.

His clothes and hair were wet because of the rain, and his face was sickly pale.

Winnie was stunned and asked, "Didn't you bring an umbrella?"

Channing said, "I forgot."

Before she could say anything, Channing said, "What would you like to eat?"

Winnie stood up and opened the umbrella she brought. "This is your school. Whatever you recommend."

Channing coughed before saying, "Okay."

He turned around and was about to go out when Winnie grabbed him, "It's easy to catch a cold like this, why don't you go back to the dormitory and change your clothes first..."

Before she could finish speaking, she felt that the arm she was holding was very hot.

Winnie frowned. "You had a fever?"

Channing looked sideways and said no.

Winnie didn't believe it, she stood on tiptoe and touched his forehead.

Indeed, as expected.

“You...”

Channing raised his hand and held her wrist, staring at her, and said, “Don’t get so close to me. I have poor self-control.”

She pretended not to hear that and said, “You already have a cold, don’t go to lunch. You should go back to the dormitory to change clothes and take some medicine.”

Channing said, “I have no clothes in my dormitory.”

Then she remembered that he had rented a house. “Then go back to the place you rented.”

“But you haven’t had lunch.”

“We can order some takeout. The rain is getting heavier, and it’s troublesome to find a place to eat.”

Channing pursed his lips lightly, saying nothing.

While talking, a taxi just happened to pass by.

Winnie raised her hand to stop it, and then took great effort to lift the umbrella over Channing’s head saying, “You go first, I...”

Before she could finish speaking, Channing had already taken the umbrella from her hand and led her to the car.

Seeing this, Winnie got into the car directly without hesitation.

Soon, Channing also got up, put away the umbrella and told the driver the address.

The place he rented was not far from the school, and within ten minutes, the car stopped downstairs.

After getting off the car, her eyes fell on the pharmacy and she asked, "Is there any medicine at home? If not, I will buy some."

Channing held the umbrella and said in a hoarse voice, "Yes."

Winnie looked back and said, "Let's go up then."

The rain is now much heavier than when they got into the car.

After the door was opened, the whole room was filled with a dull smell because the windows were not opened on rainy days, and the curtains were not drawn.

The books on the table are a bit messy.

The last time she came here, it was not like this at all.

The room was clean and bright at that time.

He turned on the light, coughed again, walked over and opened the window.

A cool breeze came in, mixed with a few drops of icy rain.

The air was much better.

When he was clearing the coffee table, Winnie took the things in his hand. "Go take a shower first and change your wet clothes, otherwise the cold will get worse."

Channing said in a low voice, "Okay."

When he was clearing the coffee table, Winnie took the things in his hand. "Go take a shower first and change your wet clothes, otherwise the cold will get worse." Channing said in a low voice, "Okay."

Chapter 830-After Channing entered the bathroom, Winnie took out her phone, ordered some porridge and light food, and sat in front of the sofa again, sorting out the books on the coffee table.

After cleaning up, she looked around, and her eyes fell on the bed in his bedroom.

A corner of the quilt was lifted, and the slippers were still beside the bed.

If she guessed correctly, it should be when she called him that he got up and hurried to school.

So, he didn't have time to clean up at home.

That is to say, he was not at school at all at that time.

He was sick and lying on the bed.

Winnie sighed silently, and didn't know whether it was right or not to come to him at this time.

When Channing came out of the shower, she had already cleaned up the living room.

Channing picked up the phone asking, "What do you want to eat?"

Winnie said, "I have already ordered."

After speaking, she added, "Where's the medicine in your house? I searched around and couldn't find it."

He opened the cabinet under the coffee table and said after a moment, "I forgot I'd finished all the pills."

Winnie got up. "Then I'll go downstairs and buy some."

Channing grabbed her wrist and said, "No, I'll go."

Winnie, "..."

Why on earth did the two of them rush to buy some medicine when it can be bought on the takeout platform directly?

Winnie said, "If I make the order now, it should be delivered after eating."

Channing said okay.

He responded, holding her hand, but didn't take it back.

She couldn't help lowering her head. The place he held in his palm was very warm.

For a while, the two of them didn't speak, only the sound of raindrops hitting the balcony from time to time outside the window.

After a while, Channing's Adam's apple slid slightly. He looked away, released her hand, and sat on the other side of the sofa, "I have a cold, and you need to stay away from me."

No one knew he said this to whom, her or himself.

Winnie said, "If I don't call you, are you going to just lie in bed like this, without eating or taking medicine."

Channing said, "I don't want to move."

Winnie sat down as well and took a pillow in her arms. "You seemed to be so energetic and robust when you were beating Chassell Barret. Why don't you want to move now, are you exhausted?"

Hearing this, he laughed silently without refuting.

Winnie said again, "If your sister sees you like this, she must be very worried."

"Don't tell her."

"Okay, I'm not going to tell her."

Winnie opened the drawer that Channing had just opened, found out the thermometer, and measured it in his ear.

Almost thirty-eight degrees.

She added, "The fever is running pretty bad. You really don't take your body seriously."

Channing's voice was very low, "It will be all right in two days."

She put down the thermometer and wanted to find some fruit to supplement him with vitamins, but found that the refrigerator was empty, with only a few cans of beer.

There's not even a takeout bag in the house.

Winnie turned to look at him, frowning. "How many days have you not eaten?"

Channing said, "I didn't eat just this one day."

She didn't believe it, took out her phone and ordered medicine, and then bought a bunch of fruits and fresh vegetables in the fresh supermarket.

If she was still hesitating whether it was right or wrong to come to him just now, she now was thinking that if she hadn't come, he might be able to let himself just die in this room.

Fortunately, she came today.

After she walked around the living room, she couldn't find anything to eat. So, she could only go back to the sofa and said to Channing, "Why don't you sleep for a while, and I'll call you when the meal

arrives."

Because of the rain, the rider was also slow. The rider only arrived at the store for now, and she didn't know when it will be delivered.

Channing leaned over and looked at her without saying a word.

Winnie was a little uncomfortable looking at him. She touched her nose and felt a little embarrassed. "Is it weird that I dress like this?"

Channing's thin lips moved slightly, and his tone was slow, "No, it's beautiful."

Winnie probably didn't expect to hear such straightforward praise from him, and was stunned for a while, then her face flushed slightly.

She stammered, "Then... then what are you looking at?"

"I was thinking, if I infect you with a cold, will it delay your work?"

Winnie said, "No, I'm being pretty idle these days without any activities. Don't worry, we're not in a high- incidence influenza season , and it's not that easy..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Channing had already leaned in and kissed her with his palm behind her ear.

Her pupils dilated slightly, and the hand on her lap moved, but she didn't reach out to push him.

Fortunately, this kiss was just a slight touch, and he didn't intend to go further. He soon let go of her and asked in a low voice, "Would you be angry then?"

He's got this "act first and apologize later" thing figured out.

She pressed him back on the sofa, "If you are sick, just rest for a while."

She quickly picked up the phone beside her and looked at it.

The rider was a kilometer away from her.

Fifteen minutes left.

Winnie stood up and tried to find something to do for herself, so as to break the ambiguous atmosphere, "Drink some water first, I'll go to boil some."

Channing looked at her back with a smile on his face.

She took more than ten minutes to boil the water, took her time to come out of the kitchen, put the water of the right temperature in front of him, and the doorbell rang just in time.

She reflexively turned and ran to the door, took the takeout and said thank you, then turned back and put the things she bought on the table, taking them out one by one.

Then she said, "You can't eat too greasy food when you have a cold. Eat these first, take the medicine for a while, then sleep, wake up and eat some fruit to supplement vitamins, and you will be better tomorrow."

Channing asked, "Will you leave when I fall asleep?"

Winnie opened the lid of the food box and put it in front of him. "I'll leave when you feel better. If the fever doesn't subside today, I'll have to take you to the hospital."

He said nothing and lowered his head to eat porridge.

After tossing around for a long time, she was also hungry. She had to control her sugar intake. She couldn't eat things like porridge, so she opened the vegetable salad next to her.

When they were eating, medicine and fruit arrived.

She kept a few fruits that they were going to eat for a while, and then put the rest in the refrigerator.

By the time she returned to the living room, Channing had already finished eating and packed up the trash.

Winnie picked up the medicine on the side and looked at it: "It's all taken half an hour after meals, why don't you take a break and read a book?"

Channing said, "I feel dizzy and I don't want to read."

For a top student like him to say he didn't want to read, it seemed that his head was really dizzy.

She said, "Then you can go to the bedroom to rest, and I will bring you the medicine in a while."

He looked at her, paused, and said, "Are you afraid of staying with me?"

Shoot, he finally realized that.

When they were eating, medicine and fruit arrived. She kept a few fruits that they were going to eat for a while, and then put the rest in the refrigerator. By the time she returned to the living room, Channing had already finished eating and packed up the trash. Winnie picked up the medicine on the side and looked at it: "It's all taken half an hour after meals, why don't you take a break and read a book?" Channing said, "I feel dizzy and I don't want to read." For a top student like him to say he didn't want to read, it seemed that his head was really dizzy. She said, "Then you can go to the bedroom to rest, and I will bring you the medicine in a while." He looked at her, paused, and said, "Are you afraid of staying with me?" Shoot, he finally realized that.