

Mr Conrad 831

Chapter 831-After a short silence, Winnie's cell phone rang.

She quickly seized this golden opportunity and went to the balcony to answer the phone, "Hello?"

Her assistant said, "Winnie, we have received an invitation to a private reception next Saturday, should I just decline it as before?"

Winnie coughed and said, "First, tell me the specific process."

On the other end of the line, the assistant was a little confused, "The specific process?"

"Yes." The look on her face was serious. "How will they arrange it? What time does the event start? Let's talk about it in detail."

"It's just..."

The assistant read the invitation letter, word by word.

Winnie listened, nodded her head and echoed from time to time.

And then they talked about other work.

When she could not find anything to talk, she secretly turned around and saw that he was no longer on the sofa and the bedroom door was closed. She finally relieved.

The assistant said, "Then I'll reply to them. Are you going to attend?"

Winnie retracted her thoughts and said, "No need, just decline it."

The assistant was speechless for a while and said ok.

After hanging up the phone, Winnie sat on the sofa, her eyes fell on the books in front of her.

The Spirit of The Laws, Das Kapital, The Wealth of Nations, Advanced Calculus...

No wonder Channing said he didn't want to read the book, she just read the title of the book, and her head was already dizzy.

Nearby, the medicine has been taken.

Winnie leaned back, found a comfortable place to lie down, took out her phone and checked it boringly.

Outside the rain was beating against the window, thin and soft.

It had a hypnotic effect.

Soon she began to doze off.

She set an alarm clock for thirty minutes later, and prepared to nap for a while.

After she had fallen asleep for a few minutes, Channing came out of his bedroom and stood there for two seconds. Then he went back to his room and took a thin quilt and put it over her.

He bent one leg and squatted in front of her, looking at her quietly.

As time passed by, the whole house was quiet, except for the sound of breathing, only the dull and noisy sound of rain.

Half an hour later, the phone next to her vibrated gently.

Winnie groped to turn off the alarm clock, and when she opened her eyes and was about to get up, she saw Channing sitting on the carpet under the sofa with Das Kapital in his hand.

She rubbed her eyes and asked, "When did you come out? Don't you sleep?"

He closed the book and turned to look at her. "I can't sleep."

Winnie sat up, trying to see if his fever was gone, she stretched out her hand and placed it directly on his forehead.

It seems to be hotter.

Probably because of the rain at noon.

She lifted the quilt and said, "That won't work, I'll take you to the hospital. Let's not make it worse."

Channing took her wrist and said, "Just take some more pills and I will be ok."

"But you..."

"You can stay here with me if you don't trust me."

Winnie, "..."

That's his intention.

Channing let go of her and continued to read. "The rain won't stop for a while; I'll send you away if you want to leave."

Winnie said “ok,” is this little brat threatening her?

If he went out and got caught in the wind and rain, the cold would only get worse.

But staying like this...

It always felt weird somehow.

Probably catching her discomfort, he flipped through the book and said lightly, “I won’t do anything to you, I don’t want to infect you with a cold.”

Maybe it was because she just woke up, she said casually, “Right, otherwise you would’ve stuck out your tongue just now.”

When he looked over, Winnie immediately grabbed a book and opened it to cover her face.

Was she crazy! What was that about!

After the sound of flipping the book came again, she let out a sigh of relief, and her eyes finally focused on the book in front of her.

What was this string of numbers?

She quietly removed the book from her face.

Advanced Calculus...

Winnie was so embarrassed

Forget it.

She took a pillow and sat there, looking at Channing from time to time, she hesitated several times.

In fact, she really had no experience in dealing with this kind of thing, and seeing him today, needless to say, she also knew how important this matter is in his heart.

Maybe as soon as she opened her mouth, she would step directly on his bottom line.

So, she's still thinking about it.

How can she start this topic with the most euphemistic, most casual, and most natural words?

But she couldn't figure it out.

Just when Winnie had given up and started to empty her mind, he said, "You have looked at me twenty-five times, if it wasn't because you wanted to kiss me, then you should have something to say to me."

Winnie looked at him slowly, just in time to meet the boy's quiet eyes.

She pursed her lips and started to say, "I went to the studio yesterday and saw your sister."

Channing hummed and motioned for her to continue.

She said, "I chatted with her, and she also... told me something."

His expression didn't change at all, and he just looked at her.

Although he didn't say anything, she looked at his calm eyes, feeling her heart beat faster. Her whole person was getting more nervous, and her hand on the pillow involuntarily clenched. She did not know what to say.

After a while, Channing said, "I remember you told me that whatever Jeffrey Radomil did have nothing to do with me. We are different."

She was stunned and nodded. "Yes..."

Channing said again, "To me, that is enough."

After speaking, he withdrew his sight and continued to read.

Winnie understood what he meant.

It's just that...

Winnie stared at his side face and spoke softly, "If that's the case, why did you shut yourself up at home alone these days? You didn't eat or drink, and you didn't even care if you were sick."

Channing paused and lowered his head without saying anything.

She continued, "I actually quite understand you, that person is like a stranger to you, and in the past ten or twenty years, your hatred for Jeffrey Radomil has been accumulating in your heart. That hate has been tormenting you."

"Especially what he did to your sister, you also bear the guilt and pain. Even if he died, it never dissipated a little bit, so now that you know the truth, you can't accept this huge contrast for a while."

His lips tensed, and his eyes darkened.

Winnie sat next to him, and her voice became softer. "You don't have to hate anyone, and you don't have to torture yourself, no matter who your father is. It doesn't matter. You're just yourself, not someone's accessory."

Chapter 832-It rained all afternoon, with no sign of stopping.

Channing was reading a book on the sofa, while Winnie was browsing Twitter for a while and then turned to look at her script.

It grew dark outside.

Winnie got up, went to the window, and stretched. Then, she looked outside the window.

Because of the rain, the road was heavily congested with traffic jams.

Suddenly, the light in the room was on.

Winnie turned her head and saw that Channing was heading towards the kitchen. Channing asked, "What do you want to eat?"

Winnie picked up her phone. "I'll order takeout."

Channing opened the refrigerator and took out the vegetables Winnie bought at noon. "It's supper time, so it will take at least an hour to get the food delivered. I'd better cook myself."

On second thoughts, Winnie walked to him and said, "You are ill, so you need to rest. We can order from a restaurant close to us."

Channing turned his head and looked at her. "No. Just sit down and wait for a while."

Seeing this, Winnie knew that he wouldn't negotiate, so she said, "Okay." Then, Winnie walked back to the living room.

Sitting on the sofa, Winnie put her head in her hands and looked at Channing's back, deep in thought.

Although Winnie always said that she could imagine how Channing's past was like, she hadn't experienced what had happened to him.

Two years ago, when filming, she felt unwell after being soaked in cold water. In order not to delay the whole process, she didn't say anything but completed the filming.

After returning home, she was bedridden for many days. She felt dizzy, uncomfortable, sick, and limp. She did not want to do anything.

Channing was ill now, but he didn't take it seriously at all.

After half an hour, Channing walked out of the kitchen and put the dishes on the table, with chicken breasts, corn, sweet potatoes, and some other vegetables.

Winnie froze and looked up at him in disbelief.

Channing said, "You ate little at noon. I added only a little oil to them, so they won't affect your diet."

"What about... you?"

"I made some vegetable porridge." Channing added, "Do you want one more sweet potato?"

Winnie said, "No, these are enough."

Channing nodded and returned to the kitchen.

As an actress, Winnie has to keep slim, so she ate corn and chicken breasts all year round. She was tired of them.

Nonetheless, what Channing made looked and smelt delicious.

Winnie walked to the table and wanted to peel the sweet potato, but it was too hot. She put it back at once and rubbed her fingers on her earlobes.

Channing walked out of the kitchen with porridge. Seeing this, he quickly walked to her. After putting the porridge on the table, he kneeled on one knee, grabbed her hand, and examined it. Seeing that it was not burned, he said, "You can eat the others before it cooled down."

Winnie nodded and pulled out her hand.

Channing didn't say anything but handed her the chopsticks on the coffee table.

Winnie took them and looked at the porridge in front of him. "Is this all you're going to eat?"

Channing said, "There's a sweet potato left in the pot."

As he spoke, he had picked up the sweet potato in the dish.

Winnie was attracted by his hands.

Channing's hands are well-defined with clear veins. They looked attractive even when peeling a sweet potato.

When Winnie looked at Channing's hand in a daze, Channing had got the sweet potato peeled. He handed it to her and asked, "What's wrong?"

Winnie hurriedly recovered from her thoughts, took the sweet potato, and took a bite of it. "Thank you."

With a smile, Channing stood up and poured her another glass of water.

After eating the sweet potato, Winnie pushed the corn to Channing. "Take this. I can't eat them all. You can't just eat porridge."

Channing did not say anything but nodded.

After supper, Channing got up and decided to wash the dishes. Winnie stopped him at once. "I'll do that. You should take a break and take the medicine."

With that, Winnie immediately picked up the dishes and took them into the kitchen.

After staring at her back for a while, Channing looked at the thermometer.

Winnie seldom cooked at home, let alone washed dishes. Thus, she had a hard time washing the dishes. When she finished, most of her hoodie was wet, and even the cuffs were no exception.

She wiped the water with a paper towel, walked to the living room, and poured a glass of water for Channing.

Winnie sat next to Channing and put her hand on his forehead. Her brow furrowed right away.

Channing's forehead remained very hot, but it might be because he had just finished some porridge.

Winnie decided to ask Channing to take the temperature later.

She asked, "Where is your hairdryer? My sleeves are wet."

Channing said, "It's in the bathroom. I'll get it for you."

Hardly had he finished speaking when he coughed.

Winnie said, "No, you just sit here. I will get it myself. Remember to take the medicine on time."

"Got it."

In the bathroom, the hairdryer was hanging on the wall.

Winnie took it down, pointed it at her cuff, and turned it on.

Nevertheless, the wind was too soft, so it would take a long time to dry her cuffs.

Winnie yawned. When she wanted to change the gear, she sneezed.

She looked at herself in the mirror and felt a little dizzy.

She didn't want to be sick.

Suddenly, Channing walked in and said to her, "Change your clothes."

Winnie turned her head to look at him and was a little worried.

Seeing through what she was thinking, Channing chuckled and took a step forward. "I didn't want to infect you with a cold, but if you do catch it..."

“Shut up!” Winnie interrupted him with a flushed face, stammering, “At your age, you should concentrate on your study rather than....”

With an evil smile, Channing slowly said, “I’ve studied well enough, so I am expanding my knowledge in other areas.”

Words failed Winnie.

When she was thinking about how to refute him, Channing turned around and got a T-shirt for her from the bedroom.

He said, “Don’t worry. I won’t do anything if you don’t like it.”

Winnie pouted, took that T-shirt, and said, “You never asked for my consent before kissing me. You always...”

Channing smiled. “Sorry. I won’t forget next time.”

Winnie rarely saw Channing smile, but he had smiled twice in just a few minutes.

How alluring!

Winnie immediately closed the door and locked it.

Channing’s voice came from outside, “You can use whatever you see.”

Winnie answered and turned on the shower.

She took off her half-soaked hoodie, took off her headband, and had her hair in a bun, ready to take a shower.

Chapter 833-In the bedroom, Channing took a quilt from the closet and went out. When he passed by the bathroom, he could not help but stop.

The glass door was covered with a film of steam, so Channing couldn't look Winnie clearly through the door.

After taking a glance, he looked away at once and swallowed.

In a daze for a few seconds, he quickly walked away.

Channing closed the window, put the quilt on the sofa, and lay down on it.

He put his arms behind his head, casually took a book, and flipped through it. However, he couldn't focus on it.

As the noise of water kept coming from the bathroom, Channing couldn't stop thinking about what he had seen just now.

His heart beat increasingly faster, and he was burning with desire.

He took a deep breath, put the book over his face, and closed his eyes.

When Winnie finished the shower, she wanted to hang the hoodie. Nonetheless, most part of the hoodie was wet and it smelt bad with the dish soap.

On second thoughts, she washed the hoodie, decided to buy a new one online, and got it delivered. Anyway, she could almost buy anything online.

After the hoodie was washed, Winnie found a hanger and thought the hoodie smelt quite good now.

It had a faint fragrance, which she always smelt on Channing's body.

Just as Winnie was about to get out of the bathroom, she looked at herself in the mirror.

She was five feet and six inches tall, so she was taller than many women. Nevertheless, Channing's T-shirt looked floppy on her.

Then, she looked at the jeans.

She was satisfied with the jeans.

Although they are a little bigger for her, they didn't look weird at all.

Otherwise, she would be very embarrassed.

When Winnie got out of the bathroom, she saw that Channing was lying on the sofa, face covered with a book.

When she saw the quilt, she guessed he decided to sleep on the sofa tonight.

Winnie sat across from him, picked up the thermometer on the coffee table, and asked, "Have you taken your medicine?"

"Yes."

Channing said in a muffled voice.

Winnie said, "Then you should take the temperature."

After two seconds of silence, Channing removed the book away.

Winnie leaned over, put the thermometer next to his ear, and took a look at it. She frowned when she saw it was 103.46°F.

Why did it get more serious?

Winnie wanted to put her hand on his forehead but was stopped.

Channing grabbed her wrist and said, "I feel much better now."

His voice was very hoarse, so Winnie didn't buy it. "I think you need to see a doctor."

Hearing this, Channing said, "It's still raining, and I have just taken the medicine. I think the fever should go down tomorrow morning."

Winnie thought it was reasonable. It would take some time for the medicine to take effect.

Besides, Channing looked very reluctant to go to the hospital.

Winnie put down the thermometer. "If the fever doesn't go down tomorrow morning, you must go to see a doctor."

Channing let go of her wrist, swallowed, and said in a dry voice, "Okay."

Then, he fell silent. Winnie did the same and looked away.

Channing was seriously ill and refused to go to the hospital, so Winnie couldn't leave. She kind of trusted Channing. Although he was not old, he knew what he shouldn't do.

Winnie was a few years older than him, so she thought she was more experienced than him in social relationships and dating. However, since Winnie had known Channing's crush for her, he always took the initiative.

He secretly protected her and directly got himself involved with her life. She was overwhelmed by what he did for her.

She loved this distinguished boy.

After a long time, a slight breeze woke Winnie up from her thoughts. She said to Channing, "It's late. You should go to bed in your bedroom."

Channing looked at her. "What about you?"

Winnie said, "I'll sleep on the sofa while you should sleep in the bedroom."

Channing said, "No."

Winnie got up. "Well, stop being a gentleman. You will get sicker if you sleep here."

As she spoke, she reached out to pull Channing and lift the quilt.

Channing was caught off guard, so when he wanted to tug the quilt, it was too late.

Before Winnie could finish her words, she saw the bulge on his crotch.

The room fell silent again, but the mood was different.

In the air, Winnie and Channing lunged at each other. The beating of their hearts echoed through the room.

What happened just now turned on both of them.

Like wildly growing vines, their desire was nearly out of control.

Winnie was silent for a few seconds. She pretended that nothing had happened and gave the quilt to Channing, "You'd better sleep here, I..."

She wanted to turn around and leave, only to find that her wrist was grabbed.

Channing looked at her and his dark eyes were burning with lust. Winnie didn't even dare look him in the eye.

His hand was so hot that she was trembling all over her body.

Winnie said, "You..."

Channing asked in a hoarse voice, "Can I kiss you?"

Winnie's eyelashes trembled. She was in silence.

She didn't know what to say.

She was afraid that they would be out of control after the kiss.

Even though she knew she couldn't do that, she found it was difficult for her to refuse.

She even wanted to try it.

Channing had put his life and future on the line for her, so she couldn't refuse him.

In these seconds, Winnie thought of Chassell and the doormen who took extra care of her because of Channing. She even recalled that Channing had stayed downstairs all night.

Haunted by these, Winnie felt a little dizzy.

However, she sobered up when Channing was sucking her tongue.

Winnie found herself lying on the sofa.

Channing, who she thought was a gentleman, was like a beast now. Winnie could even feel his hot breath on her ear.

Channing kept kissing her fair neck, which was burning.

Just as Winnie grabbed his clothes with both hands and closed her eyes, he suddenly stopped.

Under the light, Winnie opened her eyes and looked at him. With tears welling up in her eyes, her lips were red and swollen.

Channing looked away and sat up. As he swallowed, he said in a husky voice, "You can go to sleep in the bedroom.

Chapter 834-Winnie's mind was blank. The loose T-shirt slipped off her shoulders, showing two hickeys on her collarbone. She kept breathing heavily.

She licked her lips, slowly sat up, and kept the weaves on the T-shirt tight. She wanted to say something but felt that her throat was a little dry, so she picked up a glass of water and drank a few mouthfuls.

Winnie coughed. "You go to the bedroom. I'll be fine here..."

Before she could finish her words, her wrist was grabbed.

Channing directly pulled her into the bedroom.

Even when Winnie was pressed on the bed and wrapped up tightly, she didn't figure out what was going on.

It was different from what she had thought.

She turned her head and saw that Channing was lying with his back to her. Winnie couldn't help but ask, "Do you feel cold?"

Channing replied, "No. I feel very hot."

After staring at the ceiling for a few seconds, Winnie turned around, got rid of the quilt, and covered Winnie with it.

Channing didn't move, but Winnie could feel that he was trembling.

After covering him with the quilt, Winnie put her hand on his waist.

Channing froze and heard her soft and muffled voice, "Be good."

Winnie closed her eyes, lifted his clothes, caressed his abs, and put her hand into his sweatpants.

When she held his private part, Channing groaned.

Winnie's voice was shaking. "Don't say anything. Just be quiet."

She thought she must be crazy. Her head asked her to stop, but she was overwhelmed by instinct. She lost her mind.

She knew why Channing had stopped. He would never force her to do anything she didn't like.

But that's what made her feel sorry and guilty for him. She loved him even more.

She was willing to do anything for him.

In the darkness, everything should have been silent, but the rain kept tapping on the windows, dull and noisy.

To a certain extent, it covered up Channing's and Winnie's heavy breaths.

In the darkness, Channing kept his eyes open. His forehead was covered with sweat and every vein on his neck bulged.

Finally, he got an orgasm.

Winnie heaved a sigh of relief because her hand was numb. She gradually calmed down.

She withdrew her hand and found that she was sweaty all over her body.

She needed to take a shower again.

She lifted the quilt. "I'll go to take a shower. And you ... clean up yourself."

After a long time, Channing said in a hoarse voice, "Okay."

Winnie ran into the bathroom and turned the shower on.

With the evaporation of water vapor, she was flushed.

The shyness spread all over her body.

Winnie finished the shower as fast as she could. She ran to the living room, lay down on the sofa, and covered her head with the quilt.

In the bedroom, when Channing heard the noise outside, he threw the tissue into the trash and took a set of clothes from the closet.

When he went out, he saw that Winnie wrapped herself into a ball on the sofa.

Channing pursed his lips and opened his eyes. Before he could say something, Winnie's voice came out from under the quilt, "If you're naughty again, I'll take a taxi home."

After looking at her for a few minutes, Channing laughed silently to himself, turned around, and went into the bathroom.

Until the sound of water came from the bathroom, Winnie pulled down the quilt and heaved a sigh of relief.

What happened tonight was the craziest thing she had ever done in her life.

...

In the morning, Stella opened her eyes and saw the drizzle outside.

It had rained for almost two days and it got colder and colder.

Stella picked up her phone, looked at the time, and found it was 9 a.m.

When she wanted to get up, her waist was hugged. Clarence said in a low and muffled voice, "You don't have to get up so early."

It was Sunday today, and they were both at home.

Besides, a rainy day is a perfect time to sleep.

Furthermore, Clarence didn't sleep well last night, so Stella agreed.

She turned around, buried her head into his arms, and closed her eyes.

When they got up, it was almost noon.

In the bathroom, while washing up, Stella said, "I want to ask Channing to come over for dinner tonight."

Clarence said, "He came two days ago."

"You know what happened that day. It is Sunday today, so we all don't need to work. If possible, I want you to talk with him. I think you can persuade him."

Clarence raised his eyebrows, "Didn't you tell me to speak less before? Why do you think so highly of me now?"

Stella rinsed her mouth. "Sherry and I don't know what to say. I also asked Winnie for help, but I don't know if she succeeds. Anyway, I have no choice."

Clarence was lost for words.

Stella pushed him out of the way. After washing her face, she went out of the bathroom and picked up her phone to dial Channing's number.

It rang for a long time before it was answered.

Stella was just about to speak when a weak female voice came from the other end of the phone, "Hello..."

Stella paused and asked tentatively, "Winnie?"

"..."

After a few seconds of silence, the phone was hung up.

Stella stared at her phone and raised her eyebrows.

After about five minutes later, her phone rang.

Channing's voice came from the other end, "What's wrong?"

Stella poured water while saying, "Nothing serious. Would do you like to come over for dinner tonight?"

A few seconds later, Channing said, "Yes."

Stella added, "You can ask Winnie to come with you so that I don't need to call her again."

Channing answered, "Got it."

After hanging up the phone, Stella texted Sherry and asked her to come over for dinner.

On second thoughts, Stella decided not to call Daniel.

She was afraid that Daniel would remind Channing of William.

It was not a good time to talk about this.

However, Stella didn't expect that Daniel was sitting next to Sherry now.

When Sherry texted Stella, she said to Daniel, "My parents ask you to serve me breakfast, but it's noon."

Daniel inadvertently glanced at her phone screen, looked away, and coughed before saying, "Because I'm too responsible. Now that they ask me to look after you, I'm willing to serve you breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Besides, it is raining outside, so it will take a long time to get food delivered."

"But I can eat at Stella's home."

"Clarence will drive you out."

Words failed Sherry.

She looked up at Daniel and thought he was right.

Daniel pushed the lunch box closer to her, "Take it, or it will get cold."

Sherry pouted. On second thoughts, she didn't want to waste the food.

She put down her phone and opened the lunch box.

The food inside looked so tasty and they were all her favorites.

Sherry had just taken a bite when Daniel asked, "Can I go with you tonight?"

Chapter 835-In the rented room, Winnie didn't even want to wash her face. With all her stuff in hand, she intended to take on her shoes and leave right now.

Leaning against the shoe cabinet, Channing said, "Stella wants to invite you to the dinner tonight."

Her cheeks flushed, Winnie said, "I won't go. You tell her I won't be available tonight for I have to fly to another city to attend an activity this afternoon."

She felt she was in bad luck. She had been befuddled for the whole night. To make it worse, she even picked up Channing's phone to answer a call from Stella. She failed to realize it wasn't her phone!

As a result, now she was ashamed to meet Stella.

How could she explain the situation to her?

She came to persuade him to accept William. But what she actually did was give Channing a jerk-off.

Alas, extremely embarrassing indeed.

Noticing that she had put on her shoes, Channing said, "I will see you off."

Winnie declined, "You don't have to. You've just begun to get better."

Halting for a second, she still gave him the advice anyway, "After having lunch you should take the medicine again. And in Stella's place you should have something bland."

She had paid great efforts in hope of his early recovery. She was unwilling to make his illness get more serious.

Channing fixed his eyes on her calmly without a word.

Feeling a bit embarrassed, Winnie murmured, "What... What happened?"

Channing said slowly, "Then are you available tonight?"

Winnie was silent.

"You don't have any class tomorrow?"

"No class in the morning."

Now it was Winnie's turn to remain speechless.

If it was someone else, she would definitely decline his invitation.

However, for it was Channing, it was beyond her capability to do the same.

Most importantly, she was also eager to be with him.

Maybe the interactions last night had made it clearer how intimate the relationship between them was.

His words inspired in mind a desire to always stay with him.

She had never had such a feeling before.

It wasn't until a few seconds later did Winnie mumbled, "Then if you still have some time after dinner, we can meet at my home. Don't forget to take your medicine."

Hearing her answer, a smile gradually climbed on Channing's face, "I won't."

Winnie coughed to make herself look more serious, "Then I'm leaving now."

The moment she turned back; a hand was placed on her waist.

Channing pressed her on the door gently with a hand holding her head and then he lowered his head to kiss her.

After a while, he stood back a bit, but his face was still close to her forehead. His breath heavy and his voice hoarse, he whispered, "See you then."

Being silent for a while, Winnie ran away through the door.

The last two minutes had already made her regret accepting his invitation.

The words "see you then" indicated a hint of suppressed desire and love in Channing's mind, which was quite enchanting.

The coming night was tinted with a sense of veiled beauty and charm.

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4.00 p.m.

Stella and Clarence was on their way home after they had finished their shopping in supermarket. And they saw Daniel standing in front of the door of their house. He seemed to have been waiting here for a long time.

Daniel greeted them with a smile, "Hello, Ms. Radomil and Mr. Conrad."

"So, Sherry isn't home?" asked Stella.

Daniel was quite honest with this question, "She is at home. She just kicked me out."

No sooner did he finished than Clarence gave out a short chortle.

But the sound was quite distinct in the empty, quite corridor.

Stella felt a bit embarrassed.

She gave a warning glare to the curious bystander the before she coughed and said to Daniel, "Maybe you should go back home today.

Daniel nodded and stared at the shopping bag on Clarence's hand, "You've bought a lot of food. Is Ms. Radomil going to cook tonight?"

Winnie was silent.

She somewhat realized what he might be implying.

Without an answer, Daniel continued, "May I have the honor to have dinner together with you?"

"No, you may not," declined Clarence.

Daniel knew how Clarence would reply. So, with no change on his face, he still smiled politely, "It doesn't matter. I will still stand here waiting then."

He looked pretty pity despite the seemingly relaxed smile on his face.

Before Stella could say anything to comfort him, she was taken back home by Clarence with her hand held in his.

With the door closed behind them, Clarence said to her, "Just leave him alone."

"But..."

"Don't you see that he was seeking your sympathy under the disguise of a poor guy?"

Stella shrugged, saying while putting on the slippers, "Why would he do that? He's a good man. If he was really seeking my sympathy on purpose, he was still better than the sophisticated men who are

adept at dealing with girls. Mind you, those men may even be reluctant to admit using tricks against girls."

Clarence was stunned.

He put the shopping bag on the table before he nodded, "Indeed. You mean Emmett Carter, right?"

Stella didn't respond to his joke. She took the food they bought and headed to the kitchen.

Half an hour later, the doorbell rang.

Stella said from the kitchen, "Clarence, open the door please."

With his long legs crossed, Clarence was still checking the files before him on the sofa, "If it was one of our guests tonight, he or she will know the code of our door."

That was right indeed.

Sherry and Channing both knew the code of the lock.

Then the doorbell rang again.

This time before Stella could say anything to him, Clarence stood up to open the door.

It was Channing.

Clarence opened the door for him, and strode towards the sofa, saying, "I thought you know the code."

Channing had a glimpse outside, asked without answering his question, "What is he standing outside for?"

Sitting on the sofa again, Clarence said, "You can give him a chair."

Channing turned back and said calmly, "If you are kicked out of this house again, I will put extra locks on the door."

Clarence halted for a second before he frowned and glared at Clarence, "You are such a polite boy, aren't you?"

Clarence replied, "I'm just saying something that is likely to happen. You've been kicked out for many times, right? The guy standing outside just reminds me of you."

With a faint sneer of anger, Clarence stared at him coldly.

He said slowly, "Seemingly you are on your 'supposed' brother's side. Then let him in."

Hearing that, Channing's face turned cold.

Daniel was the adopted son of William and he was older than Stella and Channing. Therefore, Daniel was technically their elder brother.

So, Clarence must have said the word "supposed" on purpose.

In the kitchen, Stella was cutting vegetables. Now she had got a bit tired of the quarrel in the living room.

She couldn't help doubting whether it was right to let Clarence to have a talk with Channing.

He shouldn't have been so straightforward!

Now they were both getting a little angry. The what's next?

In the living room, Clarence continued, "Then why don't you open the door now?"

Channing had a glimpse at him jokingly, "You and Stella haven't had a wedding, right?"

"So?"

"Then I won't let you in by then."

Clarence couldn't say anything.

There was no doubt that Channing could do what he said. He might even replace the door with a bullet-proof one.

Chapter 836-Daniel had been standing outside the door for an hour. He really felt his leg sour.

In fact, Sherry didn't kick him out. What actually happened was that when he said he wanted to attend tonight's dinner party, Sherry asked him to seek the agreement of Stella and Clarence himself.

He knew Stella very much. If Clarence refused to let him in, Stella would feel sympathetic for him since he had been standing here for a long time.

But he was somewhat exhausted now.

When Sherry got out and noticed he was still standing there, she said surprisedly, "Why are you still here?"

"They refused to let me in," replied Daniel.

Sherry said thoughtfully, "Well, then you keep waiting here. I will get in the room."

Without a word, Daniel heaved a sigh.

Before the door, Sherry turned back to look at him, "If you get tired, you may well have a rest in my room. You know Stella refused to let you in for a reason. She won't let you in anyway."

"I'm all right. Don't bother."

Sherry nodded and rang the doorbell.

It was Stella who opened the door.

Looking at her, Daniel put on a friendly smile.

Stella smiled awkwardly before she closed the door promptly.

Then she whispered to Sherry, "What is he doing? He wants to get in my place or yours?"

Sherry shrugged and had a secret glimpse at Channing, who was sitting on the sofa, "I think he may have the same intention as we do."

It was actually quite simple. Daniel was the adopted son of William and also a friend of Emmett Carter. Plus, the mistake in the paternity test report was made by Emmett.

That's why he wanted to make it up for Channing. For one thing, it was his duty to do so. For another, the mistake was made by his friend. Only when Channing have forgiven Emmett would William forgive him.

Stella felt a little bit confused, "Maybe you are right. But keeping waiting at the door might not be a good choice..."

Sherry whispered, "So how does Channing think of it?"

Stella sneered, "He has just finished his quarrel with Clarence."

Sherry was astonished by what she said.

Clarence and Channing?

She had just missed such a dramatic scene!

Having been whispering to each other for a while, they looked away from each other as Channing turned back to look at them.

Stella got back to the kitchen.

Sherry walked towards Channing calmly as if nothing had happened. She looked around and asked curiously, "Isn't Winnie with you, Channing?"

"Winnie said she had an activity to attend in the evening. She had to leave the city this afternoon." replied Channing.

Before Sherry could reply, Channing asked, "You won't let him in?"

Sherry was stunned, "Me?"

Clarence said coldly, "It won't be me anyway."

Sherry was a bit confused. Stella had just told her that they were in a quarrel. Now they were both going at her.

How come? Did she look like a pushover?

Halting for a second, Sherry looked at Channing and said tentatively, "Then... shall I let him in?"

Channing said slowly, "Up to you."

Sherry instantly stood up to open the door and said to the man waiting out there.

Daniel looked at her confusedly.

With his arm in hand, Sherry whispered to him, "It was Channing who let you in. Be careful of your words in there."

Seeing her suddenly get closer, Daniel halted his breath and stared at her fascinatedly.

Her eyelashes were long and thick and they shivered enchantingly as she spoke.

Daniel asked, "So, what's your answer to my request?"

Sherry was stunned a bit, "You mean ..."

How quick did he change the topic!

Daniel said slowly, "About our marriage."

Sherry was speechless.

She got her hands off him and tried to close the door instantly, "You'd better remain where you are."

Daniel stopped her and squeezed through the door.

"Thank you very much!"

Sherry was speechless. It was indeed an embarrassing reply.

Daniel walked into the living room, greeting Clarence and Channing with seeming calm.

All that seemed normal. But Sherry sensed much stress in the air.

She promptly turned away and then headed to the kitchen to help Stella.

Stella had just heard what Channing said. Now she was also nervous, quietly listening what happened in the living room.

Although it was actually Sherry who opened the door for Daniel, Channing did let him in even when he knew the relationship between Daniel and William, which meant he was not as upset with the situation as they had imagined.

After a moment of silence, Daniel started a topic, "It is said Mr. Conrad had participated in the New Coast project?"

Clarence replied to him. Then a discussion began in the living room, breaking the silence which was reigning the room.

Sherry and Stella both heaved a sigh of relief.

Sherry was helping Stella wash the vegetables. She murmured to Stella, "When Daniel first came in, I thought they were going to fight at any moment."

Stella smiled and said, "I heard you asked Channing why Winnie didn't come."

Sherry nodded, "He said Winnie had left the city to attend an activity."

Hearing this, Stella raised her eyebrows and didn't comment on that.

Sherry was also a little surprised at what she had said. She was just trying to change a topic for fear that Channing would realize she and Stella was talking about him. Surprisingly Channing could give her an answer.

A sense of cunning flashed in Sherry's eyes. She said curiously, "Their relationship has made much progress, right? Tell me something about it."

Stella said, "I'm not sure, either. But it was Winnie who answered the phone when I called Channing."

Sherry was seized by excitement, "I've told you that, right? Our trick works!"

Stella looked outside and whispered, "Have you noticed that Channing is in a better mood than before?"

Sherry said, "A little bit, perhaps. But I couldn't tell. Plus, he caught a cold, didn't he? I heard he spoke with a twang."

"Yes, he did. But he seemed too energetic to be a patient."

Sherry sighed, "It's fantastic to be young. No medication is needed when you get sick. You just need a romantic relationship."

Stella smiled and had a glimpse outside, "You can also seek medication from a romantic relationship."

"No, I can't," said Sherry, "Romantic relationship is just romantic relationship. He wants to get married with me. But I don't want marriage."

Sherry continued, "Only few playboys would end up becoming loyal husbands. They just want to have a rest before another relationship."

Stella was speechless.

Probably she was right.

Stella asked, "Then what will you do?"

Sherry shook her head and heaved a sigh, "My mom had known. She urged me to find a decent boyfriend, not him."

Sherry sighed, "It's fantastic to be young. No medication is needed when you get sick. You just need a romantic relationship." Stella smiled and had a glimpse outside, "You can also seek medication from a romantic relationship." "No, I can't," said Sherry, "Romantic relationship is just romantic relationship. He wants to get married with me. But I don't want marriage." Sherry continued, "Only few playboys would end up becoming loyal husbands. They just want to have a rest before another relationship." Stella was speechless. Probably she was right. Stella asked, "Then what will you do?" Sherry shook her head and heaved a sigh, "My mom had known. She urged me to find a decent boyfriend, not him."

Chapter 837-At the table, the atmosphere was not quite harmonious. But it was not so nervous either.

Sherry accidentally ate a piece of hot pepper and thus had to get a cup of water. But before she reached out her hand Daniel had already handed a cup of water to her.

Sherry had no choice but to accept his assistance and drunk a lot of water. She was in such a hurry that she coughed.

Daniel patted her back and whispered slowly, "Don't get that hurry when drinking water."

After that, he picked two chunks of pumpkin for her, "Those will make you feel better."

Sherry put the cup down. But before she was able to say anything, she noticed the others were all staring at them.

As she looked at them, Clarence and Channing both looked away instantly yet calmly while Stella chose to lower her hand and focus on her bowl.

Sherry felt quite embarrassed.

Her face was flushed all over and she felt her brain was as hot as a volcano.

In the past when Stella and Clarence were showing their love for each other, she just felt envy. But this time when it was her turn, she felt rather embarrassed.

Sherry said to Daniel in a low voice, "Just mind your own business!"

Daniel was confused. He had no idea how he annoyed her. Maybe she didn't like pumpkins?

In his memory, she showed no hatred towards pumpkins.

After dinner, Sherry chose to wash the dishes. Daniel also followed her into the kitchen. Seeing that, Stella secretly walked out of the kitchen.

She took Channing to the balcony and asked him gently, "You caught a cold?"

Channing nodded, "I've taken the medicine. Don't worry."

Stella stared at him speechlessly.

Channing rarely got sick either as a child or as an adult. But every time he got sick it was because he was affected by his bad emotions.

Channing coughed and turned back to fix his eyes on the raining sky, "It has been cold recently. You should take good care of yourself."

Stella changed the topic, "Yesterday Winnie went to look after you?"

Channing halted and said, "It was you that asked her to come, right?"

Stella bit her lips gently before she nodded.

Channing bent over to lean on the railing casually. "I know what you want to say. But you don't have to. I've been saying to myself that Jeffrey was dead and I was salvaged. But it isn't until now do I realize that what shackles me is not him, but the hatred buried in my mind."

"I loathed him when I was a child. I hated the fact that I was his son. I hated what he did. I felt all the things about him were disgusting. I was also scared. I was possessed by the fear that I may become someone like him someday."

"After he had just been dead, I dreamed of him every night. In my dreams, he told me that I can never get rid of him. Even if he had died, in my veins run the blood as filthy as his because I was the only

relative of his."

"I felt as if he got into my body and became the dark side of me. I'm afraid he will get control of me someday and make me a second Jeffrey."

Stella said worriedly, "Channing..."

She knew Channing had been living under the shadow of Jeffrey. To make it worse, when he found Jeffrey was not his natural father, he felt as if he had lost his last hope about his life.

Stella knew him very much. If she hadn't made it clear to him, he might have isolated himself from her as he would think he was of the same kind as Jeffrey.

Channing continued, "It is good to know I have no blood relation with him. At least I don't have to think I would end up becoming him. Moreover..."

He halted; his face devoured by the darkness of the night. Then he said, "You might have found that I'm not close to them. When I saw her body at the funeral, I didn't feel sad at all. They are just strangers to me."

After a while. Stella said, "I knew. I won't force you to do that from now on."

Channing said, "You just keep yourself who you are. You don't have to change. Nor do you have to isolate yourself from them for my sake."

Stella knew he was referring to Daniel.

She halted before she told him, "William will get back to City N recently."

By then they would only meet each other more often. They just couldn't avoid him.

Channing said, "I have no intention to avoid him. I just don't know what to say. And I'm afraid you will be in such a dilemma between William and me."

Stella took a deep breath and said, "Maybe we can discuss it later."

A solution might naturally emerge by then.

So far William knew nothing about it and he had not met Channing.

What she said now would not make anything better.

Channing took a look at the clock, "It's quite late. I have to go now."

Stella said, "It is still raining out there and you've caught a cold. I will drive you home."

Channing declined, "Don't bother. I will get a cab..."

Before he finished his words, a cold gust of wind rose and made him cough.

Suddenly, someone said behind them, "I will drive him home." It was Clarence.

Stella turned back to see him leaning against the wall behind them. She had no idea how long he had been standing there.

In the living room, Sherry and Daniel were cleaning the table with two dusters while having constant look at them.

Clarence took a look at Channing before he strode towards the door, "Let's go."

Channing followed him without a word.

After the door closed behind them, Stella heaved a sigh silently.

She headed to the table and said to the couple there, "Just leave the table alone or it will be as reflective as a mirror."

Sherry put down the duster in hand and smiled awkwardly.

Before Daniel could say anything, Stella said, "You must have heard what he said."

After a few seconds, Daniel said slowly, "Then about William ..."

"I will consider how to let him know."

Daniel said, "Maybe it is Emmett that should have a talk with William though it couldn't make up much. But at least ..."

Stella knew what he meant. Though he couldn't make it up, it was Emmett's fault after all.

She also didn't know how to inform William that Channing was his son but as he hadn't met William since he was a child, he'd rather live alone than accept you as his father.

Daniel added, "I promise this time he will definitely give the paternity test report to William in person and make it all clear to him."

Stella started to get tired of it so she nodded, "Okay."

Sherry noticed she was quite exhausted so she gave a hint to Daniel by pulling him, "Let's go."

Daniel put down what he held in hand and nodded to Stella before he left together with Sherry.

The room fell into silence again.

Sitting on the sofa, Stella heaved another sigh.

She used to think she knew Channing very much. But now she found she didn't.

If she should have stayed with him longer when Jefferey died, he might not get that depressed.

Chapter 838-After driving for a few minutes, Clarence said indifferently, "I've heard what you said on the balcony."

Channing said calmly, "Well, it is the first time I know someone who is so proud of his eavesdropping."

Clarence was also composed, "It's my home. It was not eavesdropping anyway."

Channing didn't reply.

Clarence continued, "I understand what you said. And I know why you would make those choices. But what you fail to realize is that we are born independent. The emotions are endowed by those around us. You may think they are strangers simply because you have never talked to them."

Channing was silent.

Clarence added, "For example, your nephew was a stranger to you before you met him. You try to make friends with him just because in your mind, he is your family."

"That's different."

"There is no difference. You feel he is a stranger to you simply because in the past two decades William failed to shoulder his responsibility as a father," Clarence continued, "Likewise, in your mind, it is because Stella doesn't want to see her child that I don't let her meet her child, isn't it?"

Channing frowned and his hand gradually clenched into fists on his knees.

Clarence said, "I'm not giving you a lesson. What happened has happened. You may well try to accept the situation rather than resist it. It won't cost you anything. But you can have what you failed to have in the past."

Channing said, "I don't need those."

"Do you know what I said when Stella was pregnant?" Clarence said calmly, "I said I thought the kid was a burden and I didn't want him. But when I actually sensed his existence, a different feeling welled up in my mind."

"In your life, you only have Jeffrey as your father, who brought you all your agony and sad memories. You are afraid that you would become someone like him in future, right? But why aren't you afraid you would become a father like him?"

"I won't."

Clarence laughed. Channing had no idea what he was laughing at.

Clarence said, "I used to think I wouldn't either."

Channing was made speechless by his words.

Clarence tapped the wheel with his finger gently and said, "I said those to you only because Stella is upset by what happened. I just want you to understand that you need to know what you want. If you still prefer leading a lonely life, you can well forget what I said. I think you may end up finding what you need is a real family."

After a while, Channing took a look at the road in front of him and said, "We are not on the way to my place."

Clarence said, "I am heading to Winnie's place."

Channing halted. Then he murmured, "You know everything, don't you?"

Clarence raised his eyebrows, "Once you are in my position, you can know everything too."

Clarence didn't say anything from then on. He just looked away and fixed his eyes on the scenery beyond the window.

Half an hour later, the car stopped at the gate of the housing estate.

Clarence said, "I have an umbrella in the trunk. Take it."

Channing said quietly, "No, thanks."

Then he opened the door and strode into the housing estate.

Clarence stared at the view of his back and smiled. A wise boy.

If it were him, he wouldn't take the umbrella either.

...

Upstairs.

Winnie had just finished her Yoga practice. When she was about to apply a facial mask, she chose a normal moisturizing one because she didn't want to let Channing see her face covered all over with dried mud again.

She covered her face with the facial mask and then had her room cleaned and organized.

She felt something was wrong though the cleaner had made all the things neat in the room.

She walked around the bedroom and bathroom to check if everything was all right. Then she heaved a sigh of relief.

After a while, the doorbell rang.

She responded and ran into the bath room. She took off her facial mask to wash her face and then she used a tissue to dry her face. After that, she ran to open the door, "Wait for a second."

It was Channing standing outside, his clothes and hair a little wet.

Though it was raining merely slightly outside, it was really uncomfortable to get wet.

Winnie put him in, "Didn't you take an umbrella?"

“I forgot.”

Winnie got a little bit angry, “I’ve told you to take medicine on time to get well earlier. Now you’ve just been better but you get wet again. Then when will you ...”

Channing bit his lips gently and said, “Can I use your bathroom?”

After halting for two seconds, Winnie said, “Go ahead. But I have no clothes suitable for you.”

“I have given my T-shirt to you last night.”

Winnie was silent.

She almost forgot it.

She waved to Channing, “You take a shower first before I get your shirt for you.”

Channing nodded.

Winnie walked to the laundry. The cleaner had come here this afternoon to wash all the clothes.

Her washing machine was capable of doing washing and drying at the same time. So now several pieces of clothes had been folded and placed there.

Winnie came over to find out the T-shirt. But as she came to the bathroom’s door with it in hand, she heard the sound of showering from the room.

Winnie was stunned.

So fast.

Winnie coughed and knocked the door, "I've put the clothes in front of the door."

There was no response.

She had no idea whether he had heard it or not.

Winnie looked around and fetched a small stool to put his clothes on it. Then she put the stool at the door of the bathroom to ensure Channing could notice it as soon as he came out.

Winnie sat back on the sofa. To distract herself from the fact that Channing was having a shower in her bathroom, she turned on the television to find a TV show to watch.

But it didn't occur to her that what showed on the screen was the reality show she and Channing participated in.

Just before she wanted to switch the channel, she found on the screen Channing was staring at her.

And she also looked back at him affectionately.

Staring at the screen, she cupped her face in hands. She was wondering why she hadn't found that the interactions between them were so indicative of the love between them.

Maybe that's why more and more people who shipped Channing and her as a couple, and also that's why more and more trolls were cursing her online.

But if she were a fan of Channing who had been dreaming of becoming his girlfriend or who was concerned with his career, she would also get angry when she thought Channing seemed to have a romantic relationship with a woman a few years older than him.

But she was now really possessed by her desire for him. But for the fact that she was sober enough to dump Chassell Barret, she would have doubted whether she was quite easy to fall in love.

As she was indulged in her thoughts, the door of the bathroom opened.

Winnie said while watching the TV, "The clothes has been placed at the door. You can ..."

"It is a little wet."

The voice was really close.

Winnie couldn't help looking around and as she did it, her mind was instantly reigned by impulse and excitement."

He was naked!

Channing was quite tall and lean. There is no extra fat on his body and the lines of his waist was beautifully well-defined which suggested strength.

Standing there with the T-shirt in hand, he did nothing but stare at her quietly.

Chapter 839-Winnie looked away from him and stared at the clothes, "The T-shirt is wet. But the last time I touched it was still..."

Before she finished, she saw some water stains on the cloth.

Winnie fetched the cloth and murmured, "What have you done to it?"

Channing answered in a low voice, "I have no idea."

In the past Winnie would let him put it on. He was a young man after all.

But this time he caught a cold, and it had been cold recently.

She put the cloth on her arm and said to Channing, "You just sit there. I will dry it with a blower."

Channing nodded.

Winnie walked towards the bathroom. But before she entered it, she stopped and strode to the bedroom quietly. With a thin blanket she came out and handed it to him, "Take it on."

Channing took it and was about to put it aside. But as Winnie was staring at him, he unfolded blanket and put it on his shoulder silently.

But there was still nothing to cover his front.

Winnie got closer and pulled the corners of the blanket to make it fit him tightly before she said contently, "Great. Now you sit here until I come out."

Channing looked at her, "Any rewards?"

Winnie was made confused by his words. Looking at his black eyes she was seized by a sense of tranquility mixed with her desire and passion.

After a while she realized what he was implying. The she got a little bit flushed and said, "I will have the cloth dried for you. That's the reward!"

Then she entered the bathroom quickly and turned on the blower.

There were only a few water stains on the cloth and the cloth was not as wet as the hoodie she wore last night.

A few minutes later the cloth had gotten quite warm.

Winnie unfolded the cloth and touched it with her face. Only after she was sure it was completely dry did she handed it out to Channing, "You put it on first. I will wash the one you took off."

After putting the wet cloth into the washing machine, Winnie stood up and clapped her hands. Now he didn't need to worry about that.

Wait...

Why did she wash the clothes for him, and now he had one more cloth left here?

Winnie stood in the laundry for a few seconds and she got a bit headache.

Well, at least it would be better than a naked boy standing before her.

When she got back to the living room, Channing had put on his cloth and was sitting there watching the television.

Winnie couldn't help fixing her eyes on the screen, on which the show was still going on.

She rushed to turn the TV off.

But she was tripped by the carpet and fell onto his legs.

Winnie was stunned for a few seconds before she turned back to accidentally met Channing's eyes, which were extremely enchanting.

Channing raised his eyebrows. Maybe he wanted to ask what she was doing.

Winnie laughed awkwardly and promptly grabbed the remote controller to turn the TV off. But when she was about to rise from his body, she felt a hand was placed on her waist.

Channing looked beyond the window. He seemed really focused.

Then he murmured hoarsely, "Don't move."

Winnie was stunned.

Young boy and his pent-up libido.

She didn't dare to move and chose to lay on his legs motionlessly. Then she felt her body numb.

After a while, Winnie finally whispered, "Haven't you finished?"

Channing looked at her affectionately and mumbled, "You've known it last night, haven't you?"

Winnie buried her head in the pillow and remained silent.

After quite a while, Channing held her wrist in hand and lifted her up.

Winnie combed her disheveled hair with her hand and coughed, "Have you taken the medicine?"

"Not yet."

Winnie stood up, "Then I will boil water for you. You should go to bed after taking the medicine. You will get better when you get up tomorrow morning. And you can attend your class by then."

In the kitchen, Winnie touched her flushed cheeks. She felt even her breath was hot.

She was in fact a few years older than Channing. But seemingly he was the more sophisticated lover.

Should she be more experienced in romantic relationships, she could not resist his magic.

After the water was boiled, Winnie waited until it was cooled a bit and gave a cup of water to Winnie.

Winnie sat on the sofa beside him and took a look at the clock. It was almost ten o'clock.

As he had taken the medicine and put down the cup. She said tentatively, "I drive you home or you get a cab?"

Channing remained quite calm and threw the package of the medicine into the dustbin, "Up to you."

Winnie stood up instantly, "Then let's go."

Channing stopped her, "I mean I will leave tomorrow morning."

Before she could utter a word Winnie felt her arm was pulled by him and she consequently fell on Channing's legs.

Her eyes wide open, Winnie murmured, "You ..."

Channing hugged her by her waist and fixed his deep-black eyes on her half-opened lips, saying, "Is that okay?"

What did he mean by "is that okay?"

The corner of her lips moved and before she was able to say anything, he lowered his head to give her a kiss.

Her hand on his shoulder couldn't help but clenching. Gradually, she embraced Channing by his neck.

After a while, Channing put her on the sofa. But he only kissed her from her lips to her neck, with one hand on her back and another on her waist. He did not do anything further.

Winnie breathed heavily. Hearing the sound of rain outside, she whispered to him, "The rain gets more heavily outside."

Channing nodded and said after halting for a second, "According the weather report, tomorrow will be sunny."

Winnie was a little surprised, "Really?"

She thought the rain would last for days.

"Perhaps."

Hesitating for a second, Winnie finally asked, "Have they say anything to you at dinner?"

"They did." Replied Channing.

"Then how do you think of it?"

"I have no idea," Channing said slowly, "It might be my fault. But I could not persuade me to accept a stranger as my father."

Winnie shook her head, "You're wrong. Stella doesn't mean that. She just wants you to accept him. After all, apart from her, William is the only family of you."

Channing said, "the word 'father' has been a negative one for me since I was a child."

That's why Clarence would say those words to him.

Jeffrey, or anyone else, had failed to give him a sense of family.

So, he had never needed a father and he wouldn't need a father in future.

Winnie stoked his back gently and whispered to him, "You can insist on what you think. But you don't have to refuse to accept others' kindness. Doubtlessly a family can give you warmth and a sense of belonging."

Chapter 840-For a long time, Channing didn't say anything as he hugged her.

Winnie didn't want to spoil the mood either. But honestly, when there was a bed, could they not squeeze on the sofa?

She whispered, "It's getting late. Why don't you go inside and sleep?"

Channing said, "I can come in and sleep with you if you agree."

Winnie was speechless.

Then it was better not to.

She said, "I'll get you two more quilts."

With that, Winnie tried to get up.

But Channing didn't move, as if he wasn't going to just let her go.

Winnie was puzzled.

Channing stared at her with dark eyes, "Last night ..."

Realizing what he was going to say, Winnie immediately said, "Don't say anything! I thought I told you not to say anything!"

Channing curled his lips covertly, "I know. I won't say anything."

Winnie breathed a sigh of relief, but before she could catch her breath, he had kissed her again.

He was all the more daring than before, kissing and touching her recklessly.

Winnie breathed heavily. When he pushed up her shirt and lowered his head, she tried to reach out to push him but felt numb from the top of her head to her fingertips.

She had absolutely no strength.

Finally, just as she was muddling through, feeling like she was going to disconnect from the world, the clear touch expanded her nerves, making it seem as if the perception of her every organ had expanded hundreds of times.

Channing's kiss landed on her ear. He nibbled gently at her earlobe while his voice was low and hoarse.

"I told you that I won't force you."

"But I want to make you comfortable, too."

Winnie felt defenseless, just being led by him.

Even her breathing slowly faltered.

After a long time, her breathing subsided and even the sound of the rain outside the window seemed to have diminished.

Winnie pushed him away and ran into the bathroom with her face flushed.

Channing pulled two sheets of paper and slowly wiped his fingers. With the tip of his tongue against his upper jaw, he looked down at his trousers, picked up the remaining half cup of water that had cooled, and tilted his head back to drink it down.

...

After three days of continuous rain, Monday was indeed a good day.

It was just that the temperature had dropped a lot compared to what it was before.

Emmett stood across the studio and watched quietly.

Daniel put his hand on his shoulder, "You've been standing for almost an hour. You might as well go inside and say hello."

Emmett shook his head, and said in a hoarse voice, "She said she didn't want to see me again."

"Why don't you find a chance to explain it to her?"

Emmett couldn't help laughing, "That won't be necessary. It's like Stella said that the mistake has been made and it's my problem. What's the point of me explaining? Besides, there's no way I can put the whole blame on my mother."

Daniel frowned, "Didn't you ask Clarence to look into it for you? Have you heard anything yet?"

"Not yet." Emmett said, "I've thought about it over the last few days and it really doesn't seem to matter why anymore. What can I do if I know?"

With that, Emmett turned his head to look at him, "I'm leaving this time and I don't think I'll be back for nearly a few years. I have to trouble you to visit my parents when you're free. I know my mother has done something wrong, but ... she is my mother after all."

Daniel said, "I know. Don't worry."

Emmett said, "I'm off then. I'll leave everything here to you."

Daniel said, "Have a good trip. Let me know when you get there."

Emmett nodded and got into his car to leave.

When he had gone, Daniel withdrew his eyes and walked towards the studio.

Sherry was in the studio taking pictures. The light was good today, and the photos taken by the window were great.

Apart from the ones that Winnie had endorsed, there were still some details of the finished pictures that needed to be taken.

However, because of the official endorsement, orders doubled both online and at the studio. The stockroom here was almost full and the studio, which used to be spacious, was getting narrower and narrower.

As the staff became more and more numerous, they had to look around to see if there was anything or anyone else next to them when they landed their feet.

Daniel didn't go in, but leaned against the wall and watched quietly.

Sherry was usually playful and humorous, but when it came to work, she became serious and rigorous. Her hair was held in place with a clip at the back of her head, with a few strands falling down to her fair neck.

The soft sunlight fell on the side of her face, making her look even more beautiful.

Daniel had no idea how long he had stood there while his eyes lingered on her face and did not move away.

Sherry, probably aware of a gaze that had been following her, turned her head to look over.

Daniel was standing a short distance away. He was tall and erect and stood out in the crowded room.

He was staring at her intently with deep eyes.

Sherry couldn't help but be stunned for a moment, feeling her heart beating uncontrollably fast.

He was ... quite good-looking.

There was no denying that with his good looks, Daniel was striking everywhere he went and looked like a playboy at first glance. And because he was of mixed race, he had a natural knack for attracting girls.

So she never thought that she had that ability to make him love only her.

The way he felt about her now was just a passing fancy.

Sherry handed the camera in her hand to her assistant and walked over towards him, "What brings you here?"

Daniel slowly stood up straight and said in a slow voice, "Can I buy you dinner?"

Sherry said, "Sorry, I have a date."

Daniel frowned, "With who?"

"Just a friend."

"A man or a woman?"

"Man."

"I'm going too."

Sherry said, "If you want to go, just go. I can't stop you. You've got legs."

Seeing her unconcerned attitude, Daniel tried to say something else while Sherry clapped her hands towards the staff behind her, "Stop chatting. Get on with the shoot."

With that, Sherry took over the camera and got back into work.

Daniel couldn't join in at all and felt a drumming in his temples at the thought of her going to dinner with another man for the evening.

He turned, exited the photo studio, and went to the adjacent room.

Stella was outside setting up the displays with the girls. When she saw him approaching with a stern face, she told the girls to leave.

Stella said, "Why do you look like that? Did you and Sherry have a fight?"

Daniel took a breath and asked, "She said she was going to dinner with a guy tonight. Do you know about this?"

Stella put down what she was holding, "I heard her say it at lunch. I think it was a high school friend who came to City N on a business trip and was looking for her for dinner."

"Why would he want to see her alone for dinner?"

Stella thought about it, "I guess when a man asks a woman to dinner alone, it's mostly because he has a crush on her and wants to have further development with her."

With that, Sherry took over the camera and got back into work. Daniel couldn't join in at all and felt a drumming in his temples at the thought of her going to dinner with another man for the evening. He turned, exited the photo studio, and went to the adjacent room. Stella was outside setting up the displays with the girls. When she saw him approaching with a stern face, she told the girls to leave. Stella said, "Why do you look like that? Did you and Sherry have a fight?" Daniel took a breath and asked, "She said she was going to dinner with a guy tonight. Do you know about this?" Stella put down what she was holding, "I heard her say it at lunch. I think it was a high school friend who came to City N on a business trip and was looking for her for dinner." "Why would he want to see her alone for dinner?" Stella thought about it, "I guess when a man asks a woman to dinner alone, it's mostly because he has a crush on her and wants to have further development with her."