

Mr Conrad 841

Chapter 841-When it was time to leave work, Sherry came from the studio next door, put her camera down, said goodbye to Stella, and left.

Outside the studio, Daniel was sitting in his car and when he saw her coming out, he immediately drove after her.

Sherry was not driving today because of the traffic restrictions. She was standing on the side of the road about to take a taxi when she saw a white Bentley pull up in front of her.

Daniel lowered the window and said to her, "Get in."

Seeing that there was a queue for the taxi, Sherry didn't hesitate to pull the door open and got in, then typed in the navigation, "Here, please."

As it was rush hour, the road was a bit congested, so the car drove for a while and stopped for a while.

Daniel turned his head to look at her and saw that she was holding her phone, smiling and chatting with someone.

He coughed, tapped his fingers on the steering wheel, and spoke slowly, "You're close to that man?"

Sherry replied without looking up, "Not bad. We were supposed to go to the same university, but his family made him study abroad. He only came back last year and we haven't seen each other for a long time."

Daniel nodded, then looked ahead at the congested street and said indifferently, "Since you haven't seen him for so long, he must have changed a lot and is not the same person you knew. So you should keep your distance."

Sherry said, "We haven't even met. How do you know he's not the same person I used to know? Although he's been abroad for the past few years, we do talk occasionally. I think he's fine, just like he was."

Daniel snorted, not saying anything.

Soon the driveway was clear.

Twenty minutes later, the car stopped in front of a kebab shop.

Sherry had just unbuckled her seatbelt when she saw Daniel had already pulled open the car door.

He was faster than she was.

Sherry was speechless.

Once inside the kebab shop, Daniel frowned at the smell of the fumes.

At that moment, a boy in a floral shirt sat in his seat and waved at Sherry from a distance, "Sherry, here."

Sherry looked over and then a smile appeared on her face as she waved back at him and walked over.

Daniel saw this and followed behind her.

The boy stood up and gave Sherry a big hug, "How many years has it been since we've seen each other? You're getting prettier and ..."

Before he could finish the last word, he was forcibly pulled away by Daniel.

Daniel stood next to him, tugged his arm with one hand, and pulled Sherry behind him with the other, "Talking is enough. What are you doing with your hands?"

The boy looked at him with a puzzled look and asked Sherry, "Your boyfriend?"

Sherry shrugged and shook her head, "No."

The boy looked at them and probably understood what was going on, then gently punched Daniel in the chest, "You're so cool, dude. I can't believe you actually chased after her all the way here."

Daniel's frown tightened and he pulled his hand away, looking cold and sullen.

The boy was clearly not bothered by his nonchalance and simply said to Sherry, "You'd better introduce him. What should I call him?"

Sherry said, "Daniel."

She pointed the boy to Daniel again, "This is Damien Martens."

Damien scratched his brow, "Come on, have a seat."

Sherry was just about to walk towards Damien when Daniel pulled her back. He told her to take the inside seat, while he then sat next to her.

Damien also obediently sat opposite them and waved towards the waiter, "Hey waiter."

When ordering, Damien said, "I remember that your favorite food is steak and pork chops, right? I'll order them straight away then."

Sherry was just about to nod when Daniel said, "She doesn't eat these."

Sherry was puzzled.

Daniel continued with a serious face, "She's on a diet and doesn't eat these."

Sherry took the menu from Damien and ticked off the steak as she said, "Who told you I'm on a diet, and who do you see on a diet that comes to eat roast meat?"

With that, Sherry asked Damien, "What would you like to eat?"

Damien took a sip of the water, glanced at Daniel, and smiled at Sherry, "It's okay. I like whatever you like to eat."

As expected, Daniel's face turned even gloomier.

Sherry ordered her food and gave the menu to the waiter. The two started talking about the old days, getting happier and happier.

Daniel sat next to them, completely unable to interrupt, and could only drink water.

Not long after, when the food came up, he got up and went to the washroom.

Damien looked at his back and asked Sherry, "What's going on with you guys? You're flirting with him?"

Sherry was speechless.

She said, "What are you talking about? Who's flirting with him? He's more like flirting with me."

Damien shook his head, "I don't understand."

Sherry thought for a moment and asked in a lowered voice, "From your experience of being abroad for so many years, do you think it's possible for a guy like him to get married?"

"It looks like there should be no shortage of girls around him." Damien said, "Let me tell you, foreigners like him are the most cunning. He knows he's handsome and attractive, and he's got a knack for coaxing girls. Be careful, don't be fooled by him."

Sherry exhaled and casually fiddled the cutlery, "Yeah, I think so too."

Damien added, "But I've known handsome foreign guys who are devoted and affectionate to their girlfriends. It depends on how he treats you. You can just play with him. It's all about having fun anyway, and you don't lose out."

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

Damien continued, "Hey, I was just going to ask how you ended up settling with Liam, that idiot?"

Sherry said lazily, "Just broke up. He harassed me for a while, but then he disappeared."

Damien said, "Luckily, he didn't bother you anymore. If I'd been at City N, I'd have beaten him up and taken it out for you."

Sherry's mind drifted away as she spoke of this.

The time Liam Keith came to see her, Daniel had beaten him up too.

To be honest, it was pretty cool.

At this moment, Daniel came back.

As the conversation had just been about Liam, Damien didn't continue the topic in front of him and kept his mouth shut.

Sherry also kept her head down and smiled.

It was like these two had just talked about something ashamed, and then stopped talking when they saw him coming.

And it was as if he had crashed through their flirtation and secret.

For the rest of the meal, Daniel sat there with a cold face and didn't say a word, and rarely even drank water.

Neither of them was affected by him and ate happily.

Damien even asked in a whisper, "Does your friend not like roast meat?"

Sherry said, "He has different tastes from us. He likes ... something French."

She still saved face for Daniel and didn't say canned food.

Chapter 842-After finishing their meal, when Damien went to settle the bill, he was told that it had already been settled.

Damien looked at Daniel and raised his chin at him, "Thanks, I'll buy you a drink sometime."

Daniel ignored him and simply said to Sherry, "This meal is on me, and it has nothing to do with him."

So it didn't count as him treating her alone.

The other two went silent.

Walking to the entrance of the kebab shop, Damien stretched and said to Sherry, "I have a date with other friends tonight, so I'll leave first."

Sherry waved at him, "See you next time."

Damien glanced at Daniel, who was standing next to her, and gave Sherry a wink.

Sherry didn't react and was confused.

Damien then held her hand and lowered his head to kiss the back of her hand, "I went abroad for so many years and didn't bring back any gifts for you. I'll just give you a foreign social etiquette."

Before Daniel could react, he quickly let go of her hand and strode down the stairs, then waved to Sherry without looking back, "I'm leaving."

His floral shirt flapped in the wind.

Daniel grimaced and took a silk scarf out of his pocket, lifted her hand, and wiped the back of it, "I told you that he's no good. He's clearly molesting you on purpose."

Sherry looked down, "So what? Didn't he say that it's social etiquette abroad? Don't talk nonsense if you don't understand."

Daniel instantly laughed in exasperation, "I don't understand?"

Sherry shut up and decided not to argue with him on the subject. She withdrew her hand and stretched, "Thanks for the ride. I've got other dates too, so I'll be off."

Daniel said, "Who are you going to see again?"

Sherry blinked, "Someone... who's been very nice to me and has always looked after me, and who I really like."

Daniel felt his temples throb, "You can't go!"

How had he not noticed before that she had so many guys around her?

Or one that she liked a lot.

"You're weird. Why can't I go?"

Daniel was just about to say something when he saw people coming and going nearby, and even a few gossip girls had stopped to look at them.

Daniel sulked and pulled her down the steps without a word, then shoved her into the car.

Sherry said, "I really had something to deal with. You ..."

Without waiting for her to finish, Daniel had leaned over, propped one hand on the car door, pressed the other against the backrest of the seat behind her, and kissed her fiercely.

Sherry was clearly not expecting him to make such a move here and couldn't help but stare at him in disbelief.

She was just about to reach out and push him when he had already pried her teeth open. His breath swept across her mouth, and he was obviously angry.

Sherry slowly withdrew her hand.

After the long kiss, Daniel stepped back a little and spoke in a firm tone, "This is what you call social etiquette. Do you want to know more? I can teach you."

Sherry was speechless.

Thanks, but she wasn't interested.

Also, which country had a social etiquette of tongue kissing?

Daniel closed the car door and quickly walked to the driver's seat, pulled it open, and sat in it.

All the way home, his face was cold. It was obvious that he was really angry.

Sherry looked down and was thinking about something.

Half an hour later, the car was parked under the community.

Sherry unbuckled her seatbelt and was just about to get out of the car when she noticed the door snapped shut and locked.

She turned her head, "You..."

All the rest of her words were trapped in her throat.

Daniel stroked her neck with his palm. Unlike the forceful kiss earlier, this time he was clearly gradual, gentle but dominant.

Inch by inch, he invaded her mouth.

There was not much air in the car, so it became even thinner when they kissed passionately.

Their hormones seemed to be ignited and they were horny.

Daniel stepped back a little but didn't let go of her and whispered, "I said for you to think about marrying me, not for you to think about who you're marrying."

Sherry was speechless.

So he was jealous with the behavior tonight?

Her lips parted and her eyelashes fluttered a little, "Is the reason you want to marry me that... I was once pregnant with your child?"

She couldn't remember where she had heard that men all had different complexes.

First love complexes, first night complexes, for example. All these women were different for them.

Sherry thought about it for a long time and couldn't understand why Daniel, a hedonistic womanizer, and a non-maritalist, would suddenly propose to marry her.

Was this, in his opinion, another way of making up for her?

Daniel pursed his thin lips as he said slowly, "I don't deny that there is such a reason. But since we had our first night, I've been thinking about what our relationship really is. All I can say is that the arrival of that child helped me make my choice."

"I'm even grateful for that. Without that child, it might have taken me a long time to realize how much I liked you."

Faced with this passionate confession from him, Sherry said quite nonchalantly, "Have you told all your girlfriends that they all mean something different to you?"

Daniel was speechless.

He was silent for a split second, wanting to say something but stop on a second thought.

He had never been as earnest with any of his previous girlfriends as he had been with her. At best, they saw eye-to-eye, had feelings for each other, and got together right away. When that passion had gone, they broke up and that was it.

There were also women who didn't want to break up with him, but he could have fixed it by sending her two more bags.

In that case, he did seem pretty bad.

That was why he didn't say it, lest he made it worse.

Even if he didn't say it, Sherry knew exactly what he was like in the past.

In all conscience, he was handsome, well-built, a veteran of love affairs, and also experienced, and sex with him was also ... quite comfortable.

Damien was right. She should be as happy as she could be. She wasn't losing out anyway and even gained.

Even if she were to find a male prostitute out there, the price would be hundreds of thousands of dollars a night, and it wouldn't be as good as him in every way.

With that in mind, Sherry didn't want to dwell on his past love affairs and changed the subject, "I'm a bit hungry. Shall we go for a snack?"

Daniel's mind was filled with images of she and Damien eating, talking, and laughing, and he said, "I see you ate quite a lot just now."

She was exasperated, "Forget it!"

Sherry went to pull the car door, but when she tried, she found the car was still locked.

She turned around, crossed right over Daniel, and reached for the button.

Daniel looked down at her and his Adam's apple rolled, "What do you want to eat? I can make it for you."

Sherry said, "Can't I order takeaway? Do I want you to make it for me?"

Sherry finished, sat back in her seat, and went back to pulling the car door. This time, she opened the door smoothly and got right out of the car.

With that in mind, Sherry didn't want to dwell on his past love affairs and changed the subject, "I'm a bit hungry. Shall we go for a snack?" Daniel's mind was filled with images of she and Damien eating, talking, and laughing, and he said, "I see you ate quite a lot just now." She was exasperated, "Forget it!" Sherry went to pull the car door, but when she tried, she found the car was still locked. She turned around, crossed right over Daniel, and reached for the button. Daniel looked down at her and his Adam's apple rolled, "What do you want to eat? I can make it for you. Sherry said, "Can't I order takeaway? Do I want you to make it for me?" Sherry finished, sat back in her seat, and went back to pulling the car door. This time, she opened the door smoothly and got right out of the car.

Chapter 843-Under the department building, Clarence was about to get out of the car when he saw Sherry and Daniel not far away and frowned.

Seeing him sitting down again, Nathan asked, "Mr. Conrad?"

Clarence said, "Where's Stella?"

Nathan said, "Mrs. Conrad left the studio half an hour ago and went over to Chauncey Road."

Stella had told him this morning that the studio was getting so crowded now that sometimes it was even impossible to turn around. She was going with Sherry in the evening to see the new place.

Now Sherry was here with Daniel, which meant that she was over there alone.

Clarence said, "Go to Chauncey Road."

Nathan responded, "Okay."

Meanwhile, at Chauncey Road.

The agent was giving Stella an enthusiastic introduction, "Ms. Radomil, this place has two floors, with a total area of over 500 square meters. There is no problem with using it. This space has been previously rented for various film and painting exhibitions and is in a perfect location in a commercial center with good transport links to get to and from."

Stella nodded as she listened, then stood by the window and looked outside. The street was lit up, bright and bustling.

A year ago, she would never have thought that she would be able to come to a place like this to choose a new address for her studio.

The agent continued, "And it's a detached building, so it's easy to get in and out while still meeting the privacy requirements. Either way, it's perfect for you."

After walking up and down the two floors, Stella said, "I still have to talk to my friend. She can't make it today."

The agent said, "Sure, when will your friend be available and I'll bring her over to take a look?"

Stella said, "I'll let you know later."

The agent answered and then took another call.

He said to Stella, "Ms. Radomil, I have a few more things to do, so I'll leave you to it. You can continue to hang out here and just pull that outer door shut when you leave."

"Okay, thanks."

After the agent left, Stella wandered around again, took pictures, and sent them to Sherry.

Looking at Daniel's expression this afternoon, she didn't need to think about it to know that Sherry wouldn't be able to come in the evening.

Stella was a little tired from her walk and sat down on the sofa, admiring the two paintings in front of her.

Although this place was located in the center of the shopping street, she didn't know whether it was because the soundproof was too good or something else, it didn't seem noisy at all, but quiet and comfortable.

No wonder all those film and painting exhibitions were held here before.

Just as she was looking at the painting in front of her, a low male voice came from beside her, "You like it?"

Stella suddenly reacted and turned her head to look at the man sitting next to her, "What are you doing here?"

Clarence folded his long, slender legs and rested his arm casually on the backrest of the sofa behind her, "I saw Sherry and Daniel and guessed you were here alone."

Stella raised an eyebrow, "You saw them? How was it?"

“How about what?”

“Just how was the... atmosphere?”

“Not bad.” Clarence said, “They didn’t get into a fight.”

Uh, right.

Clarence lifted a strand of hair from her shoulder, “How was this place?”

Stella said, “It was okay. The place is quite large and well located. It can be used as a store below and a warehouse above. I’ve just checked it out and there’s also room for two photo studios, which is also convenient for Sherry to work in.”

“What about you?”

“Me?” Stella said, “I quite like it here. It’s just that I don’t know why but I’ve always had a feeling that it wasn’t quite real. I still feel a bit more at ease and secure in that place.”

Clarence said slowly, “Because that’s where all your dreams started.”

He continued, “If you feel uncomfortable with it all of a sudden, you can keep the current place and just move the store over here.”

Stella thought he had a point. Although a new place was needed, the current place didn’t have to be completely abandoned.

It could be the first shop that Starry Sky Studio officially opened. And the real headquarters would still be in the same place as before.

Stella looked at him and smiled, "Besides, there's still greenery around there that some philanthropist planted."

Clarence was speechless.

He cupped her chin and kissed her, then said in a muffled voice, "You don't like it?"

The smile on Stella's face widened, "I love it."

Despite her occasional complaints about the mosquitoes in the summer, the flowers outside brought her relaxation and pleasure every day.

She really liked it.

Clarence looked at the painting next to her, "You wanna buy this?"

Stella said, "No, I'm not looking at that. I'm just quite emotional. I can't imagine that one day I'll open my studio in this place."

In the past, just the rent would have been too much for her to think about.

But now, thankfully, even paying the rent wasn't that terrible.

The studio had made a bit of money this year.

So far, even after all the expenses and Winnie and Sherry's share of the profits, everyone was getting quite a bit of money.

After a while, Clarence asked her, "You're really not going to Fashion Week?"

Stella shook her head gently, "I'd rather talk about it later. I know it's a rare opportunity, but there's so much to do every day that I can't spare the energy at all."

Clarence rubbed her head gently and pulled her into his arms without saying anything.

It was a long time before Stella said, "Emmett's gone to London today."

"He came to see you?"

"He stood outside the studio for over an hour without coming in, but I saw him."

Later when Daniel came over, he also told her that Emmett had left for London.

Clarence said, "You're afraid William will know?"

Stella looked down slightly, "I was afraid my dad ..."

Knowing what she wanted to say, Clarence put his arm around her shoulders, "Don't worry, William has been through so much. He can handle this. What's more, it's a good thing for him, isn't it?"

"But you know what Chan's attitude is."

"Even if he has this attitude now and doesn't accept it this year, next year, or even ten years, he is not a machine after all, but a human being with feelings. Give him time and a chance, and he will gradually accept it."

Stella sighed, "Let's hope that time comes sooner rather than later."

Clarence said, "Don't think about it anymore. Let's go home, shall we?"

Stella got up and looked around again, "I'm sure I'll rent this place. I'll just ask Sherry to come over tomorrow and have a look."

"It's fine if you've seen it. She won't have a problem with it."

Stella smiled, "Let's go home."

Chapter 844-Just after she arrived home, Sherry received a message from Stella.

She apologized as she replied.

Daniel accidentally saw the message and paused for a moment before saying, "The person you're meeting tonight is Ms. Radomil?"

Sherry looked at him angrily, "Who else would it be?"

Stella still had a little bit of the design left to finish, so they had an appointment where she went to see Damien first, and then went straight over to see the place.

However, after being distracted by Daniel, not only did she not have a few words with Damien, but she also delayed the matter for the evening.

Daniel sheepishly averted his eyes and looked elsewhere, "I'll go and see what's in the fridge."

He went into the kitchen and opened the fridge. Apart from some fruit, all he saw was a foam box.

Thinking it was vegetables that were stored, Daniel opened it and looked in.

Inside were only a few bags of herbs.

He frowned and picked up a bag. He had just turned to ask when Sherry had come running over.

They looked at each other for a few seconds before Sherry took the bag from his hand and put it back into the foam box, then muttered in a low voice, "I told you I don't need you to make dinner for me. I'll order takeaway."

Daniel looked at his empty hand and asked, "Are you drinking herbal soup?"

Sherry closed the fridge door as she said, "Nothing. It's just herbs to regulate my body."

Daniel's frown deepened, "Are you drinking this because you had a miscarriage ..."

Knowing what he was thinking, Sherry poured herself a glass of water and sipped it, "No. I'm just thinking of toning up because I stay up late a lot and don't exercise much. It's not what you think."

Daniel leaned over the fridge to look at her, not saying anything.

Sherry met his eyes and felt a little awkward, "What are you looking at me like that ... for?"

Daniel said, "Actually, all I have to do is take the medicine to a doctor by which I can figure out immediately what it's used for."

Sherry was silent and put down her glass of water, "It's just for nursing my body. It's all the same."

There was no paralysis from the alcohol at the moment, and Sherry didn't want to discuss such issues with him. She pushed him out of the kitchen, "Well, don't you stand here. You can sit there if you want to stay for a snack, or go back to your own place if you don't."

Out of the kitchen, Daniel looked back at her several times. His lips parted, but he didn't know what to say.

Sherry took out her phone and ordered something casually. Just as she finished ordering, her phone vibrated.

The message was from Damien.

Damien texted: Just now at dinner, I thought he looked familiar, so I went back to my friend and asked around. You see it's him, right?

He also posted a photo of a promotional image from Daniel's worldwide tour.

Damien texted: He's supposed to be more likable to girls than we thought. A few girls I know are fans of his. I've heard that each of his previous girlfriends was more beautiful and hotter than the last.

Sherry was speechless.

Damien texted: Seriously, you can just hang out with a man like that, but you can't be serious. You won't be able to handle him.

Sherry looked at the last sentence on her phone, lowered her eyes, and was thinking about something.

Damien was still typing something but didn't send it for a long time.

Two minutes later, seven or eight photos were sent over in unison.

There were girls of different races, but it was undeniable that they were all beautiful and charming.

There were even some selfies of girls with half of Daniel's face behind them as he was playing the piano or talking on the phone, or reading a book.

Damien was probably a little inconsiderate, but he just wanted Sherry to recognize how unreliable Daniel was, and that she should never fall in love with him.

Although there were no intimate photos of them together, Sherry felt a strange feeling when she saw the sweet smiling faces, as if she couldn't catch her breath.

She poured a new glass of water, tilted her head, and drank it in one gulp before putting it down heavily and walking to the living room.

Daniel was sitting there and searching for something with his phone. Seeing Sherry approaching aggressively, he couldn't help but lean into the sofa a little.

Sherry stood in front of him and grabbed him by the collar.

Daniel froze, thinking that Sherry finally couldn't resist trying to beat him up.

That was alright.

But instead, she lowered her head and kissed him without a word.

Daniel's pupils contracted and his hands froze in mid-air. Obviously, he hadn't reacted.

Perhaps because he had just seen that she was drinking medicine because of the miscarriage, he was hesitant to make the next move.

Sherry bit his tongue hard, "What are you pretending?"

Daniel finally came to his sense and his voice was a little husky, "I thought you were going to eat."

Sherry muttered, "I'm not hungry."

She ordered a snack because he hadn't eaten anything all night.

He didn't even appreciate it, but he said she ate too much!

The more Sherry thought about it, the angrier she became, and hated him for being so insensitive. Then she let go of his collar right away.

Forget it.

She was just about to get up when he wrapped his arms around her waist.

Daniel put her on the sofa and kissed her again.

The room gradually heated up, and even her breath was burning.

When he reached the final step, Daniel paused and braced his hands on her side. He panted, "Do you have condoms at home?"

Sherry paused, "No."

She lived on her own. Why would she keep condoms in the house?

The first time she'd had sex with him, she'd gone and bought the pill afterward.

Daniel pursed his lips as he rolled over and got off the couch, "I'll go get it then."

Sherry didn't say anything and just silently pulled up the shirt that had slipped off her shoulders.

Daniel was fast and his goal was obvious. He walked straight to the supermarket shelf, took a box, then hesitated for a few seconds before taking two more boxes and placing them together at the checkout counter.

The convenience store was staffed by a young girl who worked part-time on the night shift, and with Daniel's good looks, it was easy to make people imagine his competence in bed. She blushed when she saw that he had taken so many boxes of condoms.

Daniel noticed her look and coughed with one hand against his lips before making no explanation and quickly left after settling the bill.

He was waiting for the lift when he came across the takeaway Sherry had ordered.

He took it from the deliveryman and strode into the lift.

Inside, Sherry had taken a shower, was wearing loose short sleeves, and had secured her hair at the back of her head with a clip.

Opening the door, Daniel looked at her as he restrained his desire, "The takeaway has arrived. Do you want..."

Sherry's face was still flushed. He wasn't sure if it was because of the steam in the bathroom or what. She walked over to him, lifted his shirt, ran her fingertips over his abs, stood on tiptoes and bit at his Adam's apple, "Come on!"

Chapter 845-On the floor of the living room, clothes were scattered everywhere.

On a tea table was the takeaway left neglected, which had long cooled off.

The bedside lamp, radiating amorously swaying light, projected on the wall, where two silhouettes were tangling vigorously.

After a long while, all this came to a stop.

Sherry lay prone on the bed, wet with perspiration, yet unwilling to make a single movement, just took out her cellphone, swiping casually.

Daniel tied the condom expertly into a knot and threw it into the trashcan. "When are we getting married?" he asked.

Sherry paused and turned to him with a confused look on her face, "Getting what?"

Daniel repeated with misgivings, "Married."

"Marry who?"

Knowing that she was doing this on purpose, Daniel pursed his lips, his gaze fixed on her.

Perchance triggered with a little uneasiness by his eyes, Sherry shifted her attention back to the phone, with much resemblance to a cheating philanderer who denied his deeds after what happened, "I've got no intention of getting married now, and you are welcome to find someone else to tie the knot, if you would like to."

Daniel couldn't believe it.

He was on the verge of bursting into laughter when he was supposed be pissed off, "Aren't your parents always urging you to find a partner?"

"Yeah, but I don't necessarily need to get married. You just meet with them to see if there is a proper one. I still want to play around for some time. It's so great to be single that you can change your boyfriend anytime you like."

"Now I am getting the idea of why you are such a bigot of non-marriage. It would be troublesome dealing with a divorce after marriage. I might as well pick up some guys while I'm still vernal, and taste the fun of the world.

Daniel gritted his teeth and threw a question, "So am I treated as your boyfriend or something to make booty call for?"

“It doesn’t matter,” said Sherry. “Anyway, we go separate ways in the end. Whether it’s a boyfriend, or...”

Before she could finish, Daniel came up behind her, his teeth biting on the her thin shoulder, “Okay, I know what you want.”

For this time, without any foreplay before penetration, in the same gesture did Sherry give a stuffy snort. Her hand clenching the cellphone shivered, her head forced to be raised up and her breathing more ragged.

Daniel seized her phone and threw it aside, his jaw being taut on his rather upsettingly sullen face.

It was much more force exerted on this turn that Sherry, involuntarily clutching the sheet beneath, was undertaking.

The hair clip behind her head was unknowingly taken off by the man. Her medium-long hair dangled down, in the midst of which were a few strands of hair, sweated and pasted behind the ear.

After a while, Sherry suddenly realized something was going wrong. She turned to the man and asked, “Are you not wearing it?”

Daniel propped himself up with hands at her body sides, his eyes dodging down. There was no eye-contact but a soft affirmative “hmm”.

Sherry was just about to speak, when she felt his strength being suddenly intensified.

The words were on the tip of her tongue, in a voice on the brink of turning into scream. Intermittently were they released, “No... You can’t. No way until you put it on... Um!”

She felt herself falling into a torrentially surging sea.

Every wave smacking into her almost overwhelmed this girl.

She was about to lose her breath when the wave was, all at once halted eventually.

At the very juncture, Daniel pulled it out.

He admitted that those words had really gotten himself a bit out of his own hand.

It even came to himself that a possible re-pregnancy could help get rid of all the messes in her mind and let her be with him ever after.

But that was what a scoundrel would think. He would have slapped himself so hard if the crime had been actually committed.

She had been suffering so much due to him before, and was still taking medicine for recuperation.

He was such a jerk.

Sherry, on the other side, knowing nothing about how much he was mentally struggling and repentant, just took a soothing breath, bent down to pick up the hair claw on the ground, and went into the bathroom clipping her hair, "I'll go take a shower. I have work to do tomorrow."

For his behavior just now, she did not give much concern, Men likes doing it with their bare thing, which may allegedly proffer more pleasure.

She would have made him stop, lest he had not retreated himself from inside.

It's comfortable though, but no more babies allowed for the time being.

When Sherry was in the bathroom, Daniel sat down on the edge of bed, puffing out a long breath, and hastily began restoring everything to the former state.

He turned around with a glance at the wetly disorderly sheet, got up and opened the wardrobe, so as to seek out a fresh one for exchange.

It was just when Sherry finished her shower with the thought of cleansing the sheet that she caught the sight of an already nice and neat one.

From the kitchen came a faint noise of something.

She paced slowly over, her sight glued to the man in the kitchen, "What are you doing?"

Put on a pair of pants only, Daniel, with the upper half in nude, was to dispose the takeout package, saying, "Just a little hungry. Would you like some?"

If he had not expressly reminded Sherry of the lure of spice from the takeout, she would not have been feeling that starving for food as well.

On the occasion of such strenuous "exercise" taken, the ingested at dinner had already been digested.

Gently nodded Sherry, "Why not."

Soon the takeaway was reprocessed and heated up.

For what it was already too late at night, she simply stuffed her stomach with few bites, for fear of gaining weight.

Daniel's inquiry of such a limited amount was rewarded with a casual answer, "I'm on a diet."

He said, "On a barbecue diet?"

That was really a sharp attack.

None the less she didn't continue to eat. Daniel finished all the rest.

It was not until the clock nearly struck one in the morning did Sherry get back on the bed.

It had been an idling experience, on which all the nighttime was wasted.

She put down her phone, switched off the lamp and was ready for bed when Daniel walked in and closed the bedroom door passingly.

"Why are you in here?"

"Sleep," Daniel made a frankly self-possessed answer.

"I thought you were sleeping on the couch."

During her pregnancy, Daniel had been attending to her here, sleeping on the couch evenings.

So now she was taking it for granted that the couch is where he ought to rest himself.

Daniel, "I have been of service all night long to you and now I do deserve not even a bed sharing?"

Alright, just let it pass.

Sherry remained silent for a little while and said "Don't you say... that word."

With this to her mind did the man bear much more appearance of a male prostitute.

It was, on earth, something from which both can acquire the mutual luxury.

Daniel, however, without any speech, went forthright to the bed and lay down.

Sherry moved aside, and pulled up the quilt over herself, leaving half the room for the man.

“Is there... any business, for which you came to see Ms. Radomil tonight?” Asked Daniel.

“The studio is not spatial enough for our work now, so I got to look for a new site.” She replied.

“Where are you going to move?”

“I haven’t decided yet. What Stella sent to me tonight seemed good. It’s pretty much settled.”

Scarcely would Daniel like to speak more, when Sherry turned over her side and said, “It’s getting too late. I need to sleep.”

Chapter 846-London, England.

Straight did he head for the headquarters of Complex, when Emmett got off the plane.

There is a time difference between London and City N, the former of which is eight hours ahead. It was just coming to an end of the day for the company, when employees were slowly leaving in droves.

The assistant in the secretary office replied his enquiries about William, suggesting that there would be half an hour before the adjournment of meeting.

Emmett nodded and came to William’s office, waiting for him.

Half an hour later, William appeared in the office, followed by several senior executives, reporting their work.

Having Emmett in sight, William said something to the executives, who thus nodded and left.

William walked over to him, "What's the sudden arrival for?"

Hereupon, Emmett rose himself and stood up face-to-face with William, lips tucked, permeated silence for a while.

William frowned at his odd expression, "Is there something wrong with Stella?"

Emmett shook his head, handed him the kraft bag on the tea table, and spoke tardily, "You asked me before to check the origin of Channing Radomil. The previous findings suggesting that his birth record was one and a half years after Stella's mom had been separated from you, and the paternity test with you, have both manifested that there is no blood relationship between you two."

William checked the files handed over with his head down, composure worn on his face. "Why are you bringing this up abruptly?"

Emmett replied, "Because I have recently found out... the paternity test could have been a fake. In regard of the birth record, I also double-checked it with the doctor who delivered him, that the confirmed date of birth was seven months after Stella's mother had parted with you. That is to say..."

"Channing, is your own flesh and blood."

William raised up his head all of a sudden, his gaze fastened on him, and elevated himself in a rocketing way. Unconsciously did he turn up the voice, "What did you say?"

Taking a breath, Emmett continued, "I've asked the doctor. She said Chen was born full term, which means Stella's mother was already pregnant with him before the separation from you. The birth record was mistaken insomuch as there had been a fire accident in the archives of the clinic, while the burned

all became refilled. Maybe it was either the memory of staff that served poorly with a wrong time, or a deliberate action by Channing...”

“Someone has purportedly claimed for his roaming in the vicinity of the clinic during the time when it was on fire. Either in relieving the accident of that day, or in the subsequent reconstruction, he was actively involved. So he had a great chance to do this when the records were being back tracked.”

William clenched the file bag in his hand, swiftly ripped the string off and then drew out the paternity test.

It said, 99% matched.

William casted the sight on Emmett again, his facial muscle tensed, with chilly ruthlessness looming over in his eyes. In a grave tone did he say, “Give me a reason.”

The reason for that erroneous paternity test was in need.

Emmett said, “Excuse me... I was being cursory. I should have been paying more careful attention with more rounds of tests.”

William assumed a poker face and stared at him without a single word. His eyes, however, were compellingly forceful.

To Emmett, the impression of an uncle with ever-lasting tenderness and a smile on his face, had long since vanished.

He also had lucid knowledge of how, over the years, his uncle William had crept out from the abyss, and how much he had paid for vengeance.

Without the huge funding chain replenished by William, Star Ferry Technology could not have been founded.

Neither he nor Daniel dared encounter him without a certain amount of awe and fear on many occasions.

William was seated again and his voice turned cold, "I understand you should know better than to provide me with that hasty result. Emmett, I'll give you one more chance to tell me the reason."

Before he was to utter something, William continued, "Don't push me to do it myself."

The last added sentence is a warning and on the meanwhile a sort of menace.

There was a bit of stiffness in Emmett's voice, "No matter what it was, I shall bear all the liability for the case."

William watched him in silence.

The ticking sound of the clock enveloped the silent and stifling office.

A long while had passed, that William raised his hand and kneaded his eyebrows with an exhaustive looking, and said, "Do they know about this?"

Emmett nodded, "Yes."

The office was sealed off by silence again, after the interchange of info.

He spoke, "I am willing to bear all the consequences and responsibilities for this matter. Please, don't look any further into it."

...

The next morning when Stella woke up, she saw there, on her cellphone, was a missed call made at 3 am.

It was William.

And it was dialed up for only two seconds before being hung up.

Even in the case that she did not pick up this call, Stella could still genuinely sense the helplessness and incapability of William at the other end of the phone.

Conrad, catching her in sight of being in a daze with her cellphone, thus asked, "What happened?"

She paused the reverie and replied, "It was the call from my dad."

"Why don't you call him back?"

"It's midnight there. I'd better wait till noon ..."

The man said, "You really think that he can fall asleep now?"

Stella was silent.

It was palpable to Conrad that she did not dare to make the call rather than being reluctant to.

She was having misgivings about how she would inform William of Channing's attitude.

Once the call was made, there would be no evasion of the topic.

Therefore, she was hesitating.

"If you have no idea about the way of telling him, I will be of full assistance," said Conrad.

Stella held his hand and shook her head, "I'll do it."

The man kissed her on the middle forehead, "I am taking some breakfast home. Anything you like?"

"Donuts and almond milk."

"Okay."

It was not until Conrad put on his clothes and left, did she sit on the edge of bed, with a grip on her cellphone, take a few deep breaths, and then make the phone call.

The other side was connected before it could ring for more than twice.

Neither released even a word for short while.

After a few seconds of silence, Stella spoke, "You have known it ..."

"Emmett told me about everything," William said.

He went on after a pause, "Does he ... know anything about this?"

Stella answered, "I've told Chan about it."

William was not assured of Channing's attitude, before this phone call was made, yet was growing more certain of his foreboding through the sense of her stammering manner.

If things had really gone well, she would not have given such a response.

So long a while has passed before William lightly suspired, his voice saturated with tiredness. "If I had had any knowledge of your mother's pregnancy, I could have done something."

Perchance all the occurrences dating back to twenty years ago would not have been engendered either.

"This was not your fault," Stella said. "No one would have expected this result."

"At first I wanted to come back and see him," Willem said, "but I've been contemplating on it all night, so that I'd better wait until he becomes less resistant."

"Dad, don't worry. I'll try to make a breakthrough with Chan."

"It's all right. He ought to be given some time of adaptation. Wait till I get back."

Stella replied, "Yeah, the die is cast. Just don't be too sad. Chan will gradually grow to accept it."

Chapter 847-When Daniel was on the way to buy breakfast, he happened to bump into Clarence, who came back home with breakfast.

They met at the entrance, exchanging a glance with each other.

Daniel said calmly, "Morning, Mr. Conrad."

Clarence replied, "You act pretty fast."

Daniel raised his eyebrows and said proudly, "Compared to you, Mr. Conrad, I agree."

Clarence snorted, not in the mood to retort.

Daniel looked at the food in his hands, resting a hand on his waist. "Mr. Conrad, you've bought too much food. Can you finish it all? Why don't you share some with me?"

Clarence entered the passcode to unlock the door. "Go buy it yourself."

With a loud bang, he smashed the door close.

Daniel was wordless.

Stella had already tidied up herself when Clarence walked into the living room. She was drinking a glass of water in the dining room.

She looked over at Clarence. "Who were you talking to at the door?"

"A beggar."

Stella was confused.

Clarence paused a bit and completed his words. "It's Daniel. He asked me to share the breakfast with him. I rejected him."

Stella was amused.

His short conclusion did make sense.

Clarence put the food on the dining table. Stella said, "You've bought a lot. We can't finish them all. I'll share some with Sherry."

Clarence didn't refuse again this time. He hummed to agree.

Stella felt quite amazed. While picking up the food, she asked, "Why didn't you give it to Daniel earlier?"

"I bought them myself. Why would I let him take advantage of me? He must go by himself. I guess he's arrived downstairs."

Stella felt amused again.

Taking the food, she knocked on the next door.

However, Sherry was still sleeping probably. There was no response from the apartment.

Stella entered the passcode and walked. Looking in the direction of the open bedroom, she said, "Sherry, I brought you some food for breakfast. Call Daniel to let him not buy anything more."

A few seconds later, Sherry trotted out of the bedroom barefoot. With a slightly blushed face, she stammered, "Stella, why... why are you here?"

Stella answered, "I brought you breakfast."

Then she added, "Call Daniel back. I didn't take my phone with me."

Sherry asked tentatively, "How did you know he was here?"

"Clarence met him at the entrance on the way back just now."

Sherry was wordless.

Stella turned to look at her, only to find Sherry looked sleepy as she kept yawning. She said, "You should sleep in after breakfast, honey. You can go to work later this morning."

Upon hearing her words, Sherry became spirited instantly. “No, thanks, Stella. I’m not sleepy at all. I can go to work after breakfast.”

She sounded so determined, afraid Stella would think she had done something last night that exhausted her.

Although she was unwilling to admit it, she had been ratted out by the mess in the living room and the bite marks on her body.

Stella smiled and didn’t continue this subject. She said, “I need to go now. Hurry up and eat the food when it’s still warm. Remember to call Daniel back.”

Sherry nodded. “Sure. Thanks, Stella.”

When receiving Sherry’s call, Daniel had arrived at the breakfast shop and told the owner what he wanted to order.

After hanging up the phone, he kept silent for a few seconds and said to the owner, “I’m sorry. I don’t want them.”

The owner threw him an unfriendly glance while putting down the milk.

Daniel coughed and apologized again before turning away quickly.

...

In the afternoon, Sherry was idle, so she went to take a look at the new studio with Stella.

When she entered the door, she said in amazement, “I knew it’s massive when seeing the photos that you sent to me. I didn’t expect this is one time larger than I had imagined.”

Stella said, "There's space upstairs as well. I've taken a look. We can have two individual photo studios."

"For real?"

Sherry's eyes lit up. Her current photo studio was too small. She had longed for having a bigger one for a long time.

Stella nodded. "Go ahead and check it on upstairs."

While walking, Sherry said, "I've never dreamed about having a studio in this kind of location. When I first started my career in photography, it was good enough for me to be an independent photographer. I had never thought about those things."

Stella said, "I thought the same as you yesterday."

Sherry said, "Anyway, we've worked hard to achieve this. Without you, there wouldn't be me."

"What are you talking about? We're in this together, aren't we?"

Sherry giggled. "Finally, we kept the promise of getting rich and famous together."

Standing in front of the French window of the second floor, they could see a long street lined with shops on both sides.

The sunlight shone through the window, almost illuminating the whole room.

It was warm and bright.

Sherry asked, "Let's rent this one."

Stella agreed, "Sure. I'll call the agent over to sign the contract."

When signing the contract, Donald heard it from nowhere and came to join the fun.

He was wearing a tailored suit and a glass of golden-rimmed glasses. He held a pen with his law firm's logo.

When Donald was reading the contract, the agent stood aside with trembling hands, afraid there might be something wrong with the contract.

Fortunately, Donald only found a few tiny problems. The agent agreed to put it in the additional conditions.

Then the agent called the client to confirm the conditions. The other party agreed.

Soon, the contract was signed.

It was a ten-year lease.

After the agent was gone, Stella asked, "Why are you here, Donald?"

Donald put away his pen. "I'm the half business partner of your studio. Of course, I should attend such an important occasion."

Sherry asked in confusion, "Since when did you become a half partner?"

Donald answered, "Without me, could the publicity, promotion, and commercial go so smoothly?"

Sherry clicked her tongue and didn't retort.

Without him, neither she nor Stella could do those things alone.

Donald looked around and said happily, "This place is pretty nice. After the remodeling, it'll be eye-catching."

Sherry pointed out the sun outside. "Isn't it eye-catching enough?"

Donald was wordless.

Stella chimed in, "All right. What do you want? Tell us directly."

Donald was always worry-free, enjoying the freedom a lot. If there hadn't been any issue, he wouldn't have come to her.

Since Stella exposed his intention, Donald pushed up the glass on his nose bridge. "Are you familiar with the report surnamed Aldrich in City N Press?"

Stella said, "Sort of. Why?"

Donald asked, "Can you ask her on my behalf that whether she plans to beat me? Otherwise, why does she often show up in front of me without saying anything?"

Stella and Sherry gaped at him.

Donald put away his pen. "I'm the half business partner of your studio. Of course, I should attend such an important occasion." Sherry asked in confusion, "Since when did you become a half partner?" Donald answered, "Without me, could the publicity, promotion, and commercial go so smoothly?" Sherry clicked her tongue and didn't retort. Without him, neither she nor Stella could do those things alone. Donald looked around and said happily, "This place is pretty nice. After the remodeling, it'll be eye-catching." Sherry pointed out the sun outside. "Isn't it eye-catching enough?" Donald was wordless. Stella chimed in, "All right. What do you want? Tell us directly." Donald was always worry-free, enjoying the freedom a lot. If there hadn't been any issue, he wouldn't have come to her. Since Stella exposed his intention, Donald pushed up the glass on his nose bridge. "Are you familiar with the report surnamed

Aldrich in City N Press?” Stella said, “Sort of. Why?” Donald asked, “Can you ask her on my behalf that whether she plans to beat me? Otherwise, why does she often show up in front of me without saying anything? Stella and Sherry gaped at him.

Chapter 848-Stella was also curious. With Donald’s EQ, how did he become the top lawyer in the business?

Sherry asked, “Have you had a girlfriend before, Donald?”

Donald sneered. “Are you kidding me? I’m a well-known lady killer.”

Stella tried hard to hold back her laughter. “I’ll ask her about it and let you know later.”

Donald tidied up his cuffs, feeling much better.

He said, “I’m headed up. Call me if you need any help.”

“Okay.”

After Donald left, Sherry looked at Stella thoughtfully. “Does Daphne have a crush on him?”

Stella said, “They haven’t met much. I don’t think so. But when they first met, Daphne defended him. She must have known him before that.”

At that time, Stella was in the police station, almost being slandered by Armand Bernard. Daphne Aldrich defended her.

Later, several scandals, including Winnie’s rumors, were also handled by Daphne to declare in City N Press.

Stella said, “I’m idle later, so I’ll invite her for coffee. I’ve been too busy to thank her earlier.”

Sherry nodded. "Sure. I'll contact the remodeling companies and make appointments with them to come over. Then they can draft the design."

They separated soon.

Stella called Daphne. After confirming the latter was in the newsagent, Stella invited her to meet at the coffee shop downstairs of the agent.

Shortly after she sat down, Daphne came in. "Hi, Ms. Radomil. Sorry for keeping you waiting."

Stella said, "That's OK. What would you like to drink?"

Daphne said to the waitress, "A cup of iced Americano, please. Thanks."

After she sat down, she asked Stella, "Ms. Radomil, is there anything I can do for you?"

Stella pulled out a box from her bag and pushed it to her. "You've helped me a lot earlier, but I didn't have a chance to thank you."

Seeing that, Daphne pushed it back hurriedly. "You are welcome, Ms. Radomil. I'm afraid I can't accept it. I'm a journalist, so I'll write whatever I've seen. We pursue the truth and report the truth. In fact, I should thank you. You've provided me with many chances to report exclusive news. My boss gave me a big bonus last month."

Stella smiled. "Please keep it, Daphne. It's the jewelry from my studio, my appreciation for you."

Upon hearing her insist, Daphne couldn't reject again.

She also knew how popular the jewelry from Starry Sky Studio was. Winnie was their spokeswoman. Hence, their business value was extremely high.

After a hesitation, Daphne took the box over and said, "Thank you, Ms. Radomil. If you are free this evening, may I have the pleasure to dine with you?"

Stella said, "I'd love to, but unfortunately, I need to go back to my studio later."

After a pause, she told Daphne why she had come to her. "Well, I do have a question for you."

Daphne nodded. "Please go ahead, Ms. Radomil."

Stella picked up the milk in front of her and took a sip. After sorting out the wording in her mind, she said, "It's... Is there any misunderstanding between you and Donald? He said you often went to see him recently but didn't speak at all. He asked if he had done anything to offend you."

"I see. Well..."

Daphne looked a bit disappointed. She wanted to answer but hesitated a few times.

Stella said, "If it's inconvenient to answer, it's all right. I'm just asking."

"Not really." Daphne scratched her head. "I just don't know how to explain. The inside story is quite complicated."

After a hesitation, she said solemnly, "Ms. Radomil, can you promise to keep it secret for the time being? In fact, I should have come to you for this matter instead of Mr. Shawn."

Stella nodded in agreement. "Sure. Please go ahead."

Daphne said, "Here is the thing. You should know the New Coast project of Conrad Group, right? I'm following it up for future reports. However, I sensed something wrong with this project somehow."

Stella frowned. "Something wrong with it?"

Daphne lowered her voice. "Yes. For such a big project that has a wide-ranged bidding, they accepted all kinds of companies. Besides, they didn't seem to have conducted a background check on any of them. I looked into those companies. Some of them had financial problems, and some were going bankrupt. However, they successfully joined the New Coast project.

"Such kind of thing had never happened in Conrad Group before.

"Besides, I also looked into the construction material company for this project. It's a foreign company, but I couldn't find any business license. I also asked my friends abroad. They also failed to find anything about this company.

"I went to see Mr. Shawn and wanted to inform him about this matter. He could probably help me go inside the New Coast project for an investigation. However..."

Stella was taken aback by her words. After a while, she said, "You went to see Donald because you trusted him, but you were afraid of dragging him into the trouble, right? The New Coast project of Conrad Group could impact the new economic circle in Asia. It has a wide impact. If not careful enough, you'll get into serious trouble,"

Daphne nodded. She continued, "Ms. Radomil, I told you about this because your husband used to be the president of Conrad Group. He's also in the New Coast project. With his business acumen, he should have noticed that some actions taken by Conrad Group are abnormal. In other words... Can you tell Mr. Conrad to give me a chance of investigation?"

Stella knew Daphne told her those things because Daphne trusted her. She also believed that Clarence had nothing to do with those matters.

Clarence told her before that Justin would make new moves.

However, she hadn't expected that Justin put the target in the New Coast project.

After a long while, Stella said, "Please don't panic, Daphne. I probably know what's going on."

Daphne was confused. "What?"

Stella pressed her lips and said, "There are some personal grudges involved. Please don't worry. With Clarence, nothing will happen to this project."

Now she understood why Clarence insisted on joining this project.

Clarence might have known the problems mentioned by Daphne. Hence, he had joined the project and tried his best to stop Justin.

However, this project was way too massive, involving the capital chain of hundreds of trillion dollars.

Once Justin made any move, it was very likely that both sides would lose.

The situation wouldn't be good.

Looking at Daphne, Stella said, "Daphne, listen. This matter is more dangerous than you could imagine. Please stop your investigation."

Chapter 849-On the way back to the studio, Stella had been absentminded.

After arriving at her studio, when Sherry discussed the remodeling matter with her, Stella didn't listen at all.

Noticing her mood wasn't good, Sherry stopped and asked, "Stella? Stella?"

Stella suddenly returned to her senses. "Yes?"

Sherry asked, "Has Daphne told you anything?"

She boldly guessed. "Is Daphne the half-sister of Donald from a different mother, or from a different father? Would it be an incest?"

Stella didn't know how to reply to that.

She was amused. "No... It's not because of them. Some other things."

Seeing that Stella was unwilling to tell her, Sherry didn't insist on asking. She said, "Well, I'll make my own decision on the remodeling then. I'll show you the drafts later."

Stella nodded. "Sure. Thank you so much, Sherry."

Sherry patted her on the shoulder. "Don't mention it. Please go home and have a rest. Leave the studio to me."

Stella nodded in agreement. "Okay. I happen to have something to deal with."

She wanted to go to Steward Group.

When Stella arrived at the president's office, Clarence was in a meeting.

His assistant gave her a glass of water and left.

Stella sat for a while, feeling bored. She stood up and walked around. Then she saw a data analysis report on Clarence's desk.

She picked it up and browsed but couldn't understand anything.

Then she put it down and saw photo frames next to it.

There was their group photo at Yue Lao Temple.

Earlier, when she went to Conrad Group, she had seen it in Clarence's office as well.

She hadn't expected him to take the photo here.

There was another photo on which Stella held Noah with a bright smile. She could tell that Clarence had taken it secretly.

She couldn't remember when it happened. However, judging from the surroundings, she could tell they were in the private villa of Riverside City.

Stella gazed at Noah without a blink.

When Clarence entered his office, he saw the scene.

He strode to her and wrapped his arms around her waist. "When did you arrive?" he asked.

Seeing that, Nathan left the office in silence and closed the door.

Stella turned to look at him. "Not long ago. Have you finished the meeting? Are you still busy? Would you like to eat something?"

Clarence answered, "I need to deal with a few files. Let's talk later."

He asked, "Have you signed the contract?"

Stella knew Donald had told him.

She nodded slightly. "Yep. We've contacted the interior design companies already."

She put down the photo frame and added, "Please go back to your work. I'll wait for you to go home together."

Clarence pecked her behind her ear. "I'm not in a hurry. Tell me why you came to me."

Stella was shocked, wondering if her intention was too evident.

She turned around and asked slowly, "What's your plan for the New Coast project?"

Clarence probably hadn't expected her to mention this suddenly. Raising his eyebrows, he asked, "Hmm?"

Stella explained, "I heard there were many problems with this project. I know it was done purposely by your bro... Justin Conrad, but you should have ways to deal with them. I shouldn't have asked you so, but..."

However, as she said to Daphne, it was way too dangerous.

She didn't think even Clarence would get rid of the trouble easily.

Besides, she had a feeling that Justin wasn't afraid of letting Clarence join the project. Instead, he was thrilled.

It meant that Justin had already set up traps to wait for Clarence in the project.

No matter what those traps would be, once there was something wrong with the project, it was a fatal thing.

Clarence knew what she was worried about. Stroking the back of her neck slightly, he said, "I'll be fine. Don't you believe me?"

Stella looked at him. "But, Justin has been reckless already. I'm afraid..."

"No worries. Things wouldn't go that far."

His voice was gentle and low, utterly different from usual.

Stella's heart sank. It meant that even Clarence himself didn't know how things would go in the future.

As he said before, he wouldn't do anything uncertain.

For a matter like this before, if it didn't harm his interest, he wouldn't take care of it.

However, he had to take care of this matter this time.

Clarence pulled her into his arms and said steadily, "As long as you are safe, I'll be fine."

Stella wrapped her arms around his waist. All she could do right now was not to trouble him.

After a while, there were a few knocks on the door. Nathan said, "Excuse me, Mr. Conrad. Two files need your signature immediately..."

Instantly, she withdrew from Clarence's arms and adjusted her mood. "Then... Go back to your work. I'll wait for you."

If it hadn't been something urgent, Nathan wouldn't knock on the door now.

Clarence laughed in silence and said, "All right."

While he was working, Stella sat on the sofa, browsing Noah's photos from Archer.

Noah grew up gradually along with her browse.

While she was staring at the photos, she received a message from Donald: ?

Stella replied to him: ?

Donald: Any feedback? I'll decide whether to hire a bodyguard home.

Stella was speechless.

She replied: I asked her. It has nothing to do with you.

Donald: I'm confused.

Stella: Have you met Daphne before?

Donald: Why?

Stella: She seems to trust you a lot. It's not like blind worshipping.

Donald: Don't you know a handsome man is born easygoing and attractive to others? Then others can trust me easily.

Stella: Thank you for your narcissistic explanation.

Donald replied to her with a smiley face emoji.

Stella was relatively idle, so she started exchanging emojis with him to kill time.

Sherry had sent her quite a lot of funny emojis.

A few minutes later, Stella put down the phone, feeling exhausted.

Right then, Clarence asked, "Are you sleepy?"

Stella was about to say no, but she yawned.

Clarence walked over, took off his suit jacket, and put it on her. "Take a nap. I'll wake you up when leaving."

Stella nodded and lay down on the sofa.

Clarence rubbed her hair, turned around to pick up the files on the desk, and walked out.

Nathan immediately took them over. "Thank you, Mr. Conrad."

Clarence said, "Send the quarterly reports of all departments to my office."

Nathan answered. When he was about to leave, Clarence added, "Well, I'll wait for you here. Hurry up."

Sherry had sent her quite a lot of funny emojis. A few minutes later, Stella put down the phone, feeling exhausted. Right then, Clarence asked, "Are you sleepy?" Stella was about to say no, but she yawned. Clarence walked over, took off his suit jacket, and put it on her. "Take a nap. I'll wake you up when leaving." Stella nodded and lay down on the sofa. Clarence rubbed her hair, turned around to pick up the files on the desk, and walked out. Nathan immediately took them over. "Thank you, Mr. Conrad." Clarence said, "Send the quarterly reports of all departments to my office." Nathan answered. When he was about to leave, Clarence added, "Well, I'll wait for you here. Hurry up."

Chapter 850-One month later, the temperature gradually dropped. It was the early winter in City N.

The fallen ginkgo leaves covered the whole street. With the wind and drizzling, it brought a chill.

The modeling of the new studio was ongoing. According to their original plan, they could move in by the end of this month.

Probably it was because of the temperature drop. Stella had been feeling dizzy and sickened in the past few days. She was pretty spiritless.

It didn't feel so serious as having a cold. Hence, she didn't want to take any medicine.

However, she had no appetite, feeling weakened.

Sherry was idle in one afternoon, so she went to Stella's office, eating snacks while nestling on the sofa. "Stella, have you noticed this winter isn't cold?" she asked while munching.

Stella lowered her head to draw the draft. "It seems so, but this isn't the coldest period of time."

Sherry said, "Right. The doctor's medicine works. I've stopped taking it for a while, but I still feel spirited. My mother also said her legs didn't ache anymore... Gee... This plum is too sour."

While she spoke, she spat a green plum with a frown.

Stella looked back at her and then look at the plums on her desk. "Is it sour? I think it's just all right."

Sherry immediately pressed some food into her mouth to get rid of the sourness. While shivering, she said, "My teeth ache because of it. It's too sour."

Stella put her pen and walked over. Then she took out a plum from the bag in front of Sherry and put it into her mouth.

She thought it was just OK, not sour at all.

Seeing that she looked so calm while having it, Sherry swallowed her saliva.

She took a piece of chocolate, but her teeth ached again because of the sweetness. Covering her cheek, she said, "There must be something wrong with my teeth. I need to see a dentist recently."

Stella also pulled out a piece of chocolate and took a bite. After a few seconds of silence, she said, "It's not your tooth problem. This chocolate is way too sweet."

She couldn't even swallow it. Being it over, she spat it into the trash can.

Sherry checked the chocolate brand and tossed it away. "I won't buy this anymore. It's getting sweeter and sweeter."

On the way back home in the evening, Stella passed by the convenience store downstairs. She hesitated for a while but still bought a few bags of green plums.

She seemed to be addicted to this fruit recently.

Since she didn't have much appetite and Clarence wouldn't come home for dinner, Stella ate some fruit and yogurt before continuing to work on the draft on the tea table.

Unconsciously, she finished the green plums.

When Clarence came home, she was sitting in front of the sofa with her legs crossed. Her chin was pressed on the pen. She tilted her head, lost in thought.

He walked over, sat on the sofa, and glanced through the fruit plate on the tea table. "Did you have this for dinner?" he asked.

Stella munching the green plums and muffled, "I was not hungry."

"What did you have for lunch?"

"I went to have steamed rice in a clay pot with Sherry." As she spoke, she turned to look at him. "Have you had dinner? If not, I'll cook for you."

Clarence answered in a low voice, "I've had it."

Stella turned to spit the plum kernel and opened another bag. She raised her head, only to find Clarence was looking at her in silence.

She thought he also wanted to have one, so she generously passed the plum in front of him.

Clarence raised his eyebrows, lowered his head, and ate it.

Then he couldn't speak at all.

Stella could tell how his expression changed dramatically. He frowned slightly, his Adam's apple kept bobbing, and blue veins popped on his neck.

She asked in a low voice, "Don't you like it?"

Clarence spat the plum kernel. His tongue tip pressed his upper jaw in soreness. Looking at her sincerely, he asked friendly, "Have I done anything to offend you?"

Stella was wordless.

She asked, "Is it too sour? But I feel it's just all right. Sherry also said it was sour earlier. I thought she just didn't like sour food."

Clarence said, "It was so sour that I thought you aimed to kill your husband."

Stella was amused. She picked one for herself. "I don't have many left. Now I don't need to share them with you."

Clarence picked up the water glass from the tea table, raised his head, and gulped down to wash away the sourness. He asked, "Aren't you going to bed?"

Stella said, "Go ahead to take a shower. I still have a bit of work left. I'll go to bed after modifying it."

Seeing her pick up another plum, Clarence said, "Don't overeat. Your teeth will ache."

Stella answered, "I know. Go take a shower."

Clarence approached her, pecked her on the lips, and stood up to go to the bathroom.

Her lips had a faint sourness but tasted sweet.

After Stella finished modifying the draft, she almost finished all the green plums on the table.

No wonder she had no appetite recently. She guessed probably she had eaten too many snacks.

In a trance, she felt toothache.

She hurried to brush her teeth.

When Stella entered the bathroom, Clarence happened to put on his pajamas.

Seeing her enter, Clarence raised his eyebrows. "If I had known you couldn't wait, I wouldn't put my clothes on."

Stella was wordless.

She pushed him out of the bathroom. "Go to bed. I'm brushing my teeth."

Stella was afraid of toothache, so she brushed her teeth twice deliberately. After the sourness disappeared from her mouth, she rinsed and washed her face.

When sleeping, Clarence wrapped his arms around her waist and pressed his chin on her forehead. "You seemed to have lost weight recently," he remarked.

Stella said, "I don't notice it..."

However, she indeed had a worse appetite recently.

Clarence asked, "Are you still taking Archer's medicine?"

Stella hummed gently.

"Stop it. All medicines are harmful."

Stella didn't speak. She had been taking medicine for several months, but she was still not pregnant.

Probably she could feel easier after stopping taking it.

She decided to continue to take it after a certain period of time.

After a long while, she answered, "I see."

The following morning, when Stella passed by the convenience store. She looked at the plums in there and wanted to buy some, but she gave up after a thought.

It would cause toothache if she had too much.

Besides, she might have a better appetite without taking snacks.

Winnie had the plan to shoot for photos of the new products. Shortly after Stella had arrived at the studio, she came.

The last time Stella called Chan, the call was answered by Winnie. This was the first time Stella met Winnie after that had happened more than a month ago.

Looking at her, Winnie looked a bit uneasy. She dared not to look into Stella's eyes and stammered, "When... when will the shooting start?"

Stella said, "Sherry has gone to the new studio to check the remodeling. She'll be back in half an hour."

Winnie nodded. "Okay. I'll put on makeup first."

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