

Mr Conrad 861

Chapter 861-The bail of Channing did not run smoothly.

The media may have got the information from someone and now there were a large number of journalists waiting eagerly outside the police office.

Seemingly if Channing managed to get out of the gate of the police office, they would produce articles criticizing the manipulation of the police system by the rich as soon as possible.

Facing the pressure from both sides, the police chief was concerned so much so that he felt like retiring instantly.

Looking at Clarence who was sitting on the sofa, the chief finally opened his mouth cautiously, "Mr. Conrad, I think you've noticed the situation outside. Maybe you can have your younger brother staying here for some days until all has settled down. Then I will send him to you on my own."

There was no change on Clarence's face. He just said coldly, "Sir, I have no intention to put you in a dilemma. But I'm just curious about why someone like Chassell Barret who was under a prison sentence could be bailed. And I can't help but wonder why an excellent student with no criminal record who has not been judged guilty yet and has made great contribution to our country could not be bailed."

"Ah ..." The Chief looked quite embarrassed, "Don't worry, Mr. Conrad. I will make it clear why Chassell Barret could be bailed and inform you as quickly as I can. But you know how powerful the media is nowadays. I know you don't want to make a big deal out of this case. So ... maybe you can wait for a few days."

The Chief continued, "And Chassell is still in the ICU now. If after a few days he woke up, it would turn into a case of intentional injury and the situation would get better. By then the journalists could do almost nothing about it no matter how they exaggerate what has happened. Am I right Mr. Conrad?"

A sense of concern welled up on Clarence's face and he became speechless.

Indeed, he should not bail Channing today. Otherwise, Stella would definitely know what happened.

Noticing Clarence's attitude having become less aggressive, The Chief instantly stood up and said, "I will definitely take good care of your younger brother."

Clarence said, "I hope you could make it clear as soon as possible why Chassell Barret could be bailed."

"I'm on it."

Winnie had been waiting in the hall. Now seeing Clarence coming over, she instantly walked to him and said with one hand clenched in another, "Mr. Conrad, can he be bailed?"

Clarence stopped, "No."

He had a glimpse at the journalists outside and said, "You wait here until the journalists have all left."

Winnie opened her mouth but failed to utter a single sound.

She wanted to ask Clarence why Channing could not be bailed.

But if someone as prominent as Clarence couldn't make the situation better, then there was no need to ask anymore.

And then Donald came out.

Winnie looked at him. Before she could say anything, Donald shook his head and pushed his gold-rimmed glasses up his nose, "Not good. He seemed to be reluctant to cooperate."

Winnie asked, "Then... can I meet him?"

Donald said, "Yes, you can. But he was unwilling to meet you."

Winnie was stunned, "Are you sure of that?"

Donald coughed, "You may get me wrong. I don't mean it literally. It's just..."

He was not adept at explaining things like that. He was afraid that Winnie may misunderstand what he said.

When he was talking to Channing, he could judge from Channing's attitude and words that the photos did not affect his love for her.

But now he had no idea how to face her, nor did he know what to say to her. By no means did he want to let her see he was confined to such a place.

A boy of Channing's kind had his own pride.

He had glimpse at Donald, "I'm leaving now. You are in charge here."

After that, Clarence walked away directly.

Winnie was standing there silently. After a while she looked at Donald, "May I have a conversation with you in private?"

In the corridor of the police office, Winnie said in a hoarse voice with her phone held tight in hands, "How would Channing be judged in court?"

Donald replied, "It depends on whether Chassell Barret would make it. If he dies, then Channing would become a murder. He will be sentenced fixed-term imprisonment of not less than three years but not more than 10 years. But if f Barret is alive, the lawsuit will be easier to win."

Winnie said, "But shouldn't the judgement be based on that fact that it was Chassell Barret who started the quarrel?"

Donald asked, "Have you seen the videos online?"

Winnie shook her head.

Donald fumbled out his phone and showed a video to her.

Donald said, "It's the original video going viral online. Obviously, Chassell did not even try to fight back. So ... so according to what is shown in this video, even if Chassell won't die, it will be almost impossible for Channing to be acquitted."

Winnie frowned, "But obviously it was Chassell Barret who kept talking. He was deliberately trying to provoke him."

"It is quite difficult unless Channing is willing to repeat what Chassell Barret said to him in court. And ..."

Winnie said hurriedly, "And what? You mean evidence? I have the picture Chassell Barret sent me. He tried to threaten me. I can prove it."

Donald halted for a few seconds before he said, "The pictures in your phone can only prove that Chassell Barret tried to threaten you or harass you. But that's not enough. As to crucial evidence ..."

Winnie said, "Crucial evidence? I would definitely find it!"

Donald said, "No, you can't. The evidence had been burnt by Channing."

Some other videos showed that Chassell Barret took out a stack of photos out of his bag and after that Channing instantly began to beat him with all his strength.

Only with the video and the pictures at hand would they have the possibility to win the lawsuit.

Otherwise, the evidence provided by Winnie could not

Winnie was stunned, "What do you mean?"

As the things had happened and Winnie was the victim and witness in this case, Donald decided not to hide the truth from her, "Channing would do that because Chassell Barret showed a stack of pictures to him..."

Winnie was unable to stand upright and couldn't help but lean back against the wall. Tears began to trickle down her cheeks.

So, the son of bitch had more than one picture of that kind and Channing must have seen those pictures.

Donald said, "I have no intention to invade your privacy. But may I ask you, do you know anything about the pictures?"

Winnie buried her face in her hands with much agony. She said with quiver in her voice, "I have no idea. They must have been taken in a sneak way. I've never seen those pictures before ..."

Luckily, the picture was taken after she fell asleep. There was at least nothing worse.

But it failed to make things better.

Donald Shawn said, "Here is my advice. You should call the police first and then file a lawsuit against Chassell Barret. But before that you need to provide evidence. So, the picture would be inevitably seen by the court."

Chapter 862-Donald continued, "You should think it over. After all Channing would rather burn the photos to protect you than use them as the evidence to defend himself in court."

After Donald left, Winnie covered her face with her hands. She leaned against the cold wall and fell slowly onto the ground. She crouched at the corner and cried with her face buried in her arms.

Why ...

For a long while, what audible in the corridor was just the sound of sobbing.

Finally, Winnie leaned against the wall to help herself stand up, her eyes red and her cheeks covered all over with traces of tears.

She wiped off the tears on face and walked directly into the hall. She found a police officer who was at work, "I have a case to report."

Instantly, the whole hall was reigned by silence.

Apart from police men here, other people in the hall such as suspects or victims all turned to look at her and then they recognized her.

As the people around were about to take out his phone to take photos of her, Donald walked over and hid her behind him. He said to the police officer standing nearby, "My client has a certain amount of public influence. Shall we take the statement in a separate room?"

He nodded and led them to leave the hall.

Donald whispered to Winnie, "You don't have to be nervous. By then you should be honest with all the questions asked by the police officer. I will handle the rest of it."

Winnie nodded. Though her face was still pale and her eyes were red and swollen, a sense of determination had climbed on her face.

In the room, the police man asked her, "What kind of case is it?"

Sitting on the sofa, Winnie answered with her hands clenched, "A man called Chassell Barret had threatened me for several times. The guard of the neighborhood I lived in and the surveillance tape at the gate can testify my words."

He said, "Apart from this, is there anything else you want to report?"

Halted for seconds and she had herself in control and said with quiver in her voice, "He took a photo secretly on which I am naked. And..."

Noticing her hesitance, the police officer asked, "What's the relationship between you and Chassell Barret?"

Winnie closed her eyes and took a deep breath before she said, "I was in a romantic relationship with him two years ago. But later when I know he had got married, I broke up with him instantly."

"So, Chassell Barret is actually your ex-boyfriend?"

"Yes."

The police man continued, "Since the man you mentioned is involved in another case, I have to ask what the relationship between you and Channing Radomil is?"

With her hands on knees clenched all the more tightly, she felt as if she were unable to utter a word.

She didn't know how to reply. Nor did she know what kind of answer would be to Channing's advantage.

Donald opened his mouth, "My client is the victim in this case while Chassell Barret who is now in the ICU is actually the victim in Channing's case. But in my opinion given the fact that Chassell Barret was bailed even after he was under a jail sentence, neither my client nor Channing Radomil should be the culprit to blame."

“Of course, as a lawyer, I should not say that Chassell Barret deserves it. But I want you to hand over a well-organized report to the prosecutor. And today’s record should also be present in court.”

...

Stella had been sneezing the whole afternoon. And she was somehow quite upset.

Or at least that’s the impression she left on Sherry Perry when Sherry came over to give something to her.

Sherry sat beside her and asked, “Do you feel indisposed, Stella?”

Stella rubbed her nose and replied, “Maybe a little. I feel I have caught a cold.”

Sherry said, “Then you should be careful. You are in pregnancy. A cold may make you suffer a lot.”

Sherry picked up the cup, “I will give you a cup of boiled water. It is good for you.”

Stella smiled, “Thank you.”

As sherry had gone to get the water, Stella took out her phone and checked the Twitter trends. There was nothing but something weird and ridiculous, just as usual.

And there was nothing special.

Having put down her phone, Stella sudden felt her nose a bit stuffed up.

Maybe she had really caught a cold.

Soon, Sherry got back with a cup of water in hand, “Here it is. Drink it as it is still hot. You should drink another a few cups this afternoon. And at night you should take a foot bath and sleep as early as possible. And tomorrow morning you will get better.

Stella took the cup with a smile on her face.

With her hand on the table to support her face, she stared at the ginkgo leaves blown down from the trees by a gust of wind, “Winter is coming. Another year will pass.”

Stella also fixed her eyes on the leaves with the cup in hand, which was still warm, “Yeah, how time flies.”

Indeed, how time flies.

As they were staring at the landscape of early winter beyond the window, Daniel walked in hastily.

Sherry didn’t close the door of Stella’s office so Daniel walked inside directly.

Sherry looked back and saw her, “You...”

Daniel smiled and said to Stella, “Ms. Radomil, may I have the honor to invite you to dinner this evening?”

Stella halted for a second, and looked at Sherry confusedly, “Dinner?”

Daniel nodded, “Yes. I’ve treated by you for several times. Now it’s my turn.”

“Oh, that’s okay. But ...”

“If you are available this evening then may I take it that you agreed?”

Stella stared at Daniel and then looked at Sherry, wondering if they began another round of quarrel.

So, Daniel was in fact invite her to play the role of a peacemaker.

Sherry was also confused. She shrugged to show Stella that she had no idea what Daniel was doing.

Stella replied, "Okay, I'll go."

"Then ..." Daniel sat down, "You don't mind me sitting here waiting for you until you come off work, right?"

The two girls were both speechless.

Sherry touched his shoes with her foot slightly, "What are you doing?"

Daniel's answer was quite honest, "Now there are only a few hours before dinner. So, I don't want to exhaust myself by commuting between here and my place."

Sherry thought there must be something wrong about him.

Suddenly Sherry's phone rang.

She unlocked her phone and found it was one of her friends who sent her a few photos.

And there was also a message read, "Sherry, I remember he is the younger brother of you friend, right?"

The blurry photos made Sherry replied a question mark.

The other one continued, "It looks as if he has beaten someone to death. Those photos have gone viral online. Do you know him?"

Staring at the words, she had a feeling that she was unable not understand it.

She magnified the picture to ensure the guy on the screen was Channing. She was stunned by what she saw and opened her mouth unconsciously, "Stella ..."

Stella turned back, "What happened?"

The other one continued, "It looks as if he has beaten someone to death. Those photos have gone viral online. Do you know him?" Staring at the words, she had a feeling that she was unable not understand it. She magnified the picture to ensure the guy on the screen was Channing. She was stunned by what she saw and opened her mouth unconsciously, "Stella ..." Stella turned back, "What happened?"

Chapter 863-The whole office was devoured by a sense of weird silence.

With her phone in hand, Sherry stared at the guy in front of her.

He is really crazy, yes.

Stella was speechless.

She picked up the cup and stood up. She coughed and said, "I'm getting some water."

And she closed the door behind her carefully.

Sherry finally realized what had happened. She pushed Daniel away promptly, "You such a ..."

She was so angry that she could not utter a single word. How could he kiss her in Stella's presence?

Daniel wiped off the lipstick at the corner of her mouth, "Calm down, please. I have something to tell you."

Sherry got flushed. She felt so embarrassed that her eyes had got quite hot.

If he failed to give her a reason for what he did, she would definitely have him killed!

For fear that Stella would return soon, Daniel said quickly, "I came here for a reason. I've seen the message your friend sent you. It is real. The man on the picture is Channing Radomil. He was now arrested and Mr. Conrad had all the information blocked. So, the thing hasn't been widely spread on the Internet. I came here to ensure Ms. Radomil won't see those messages. And I am also here to seek your help."

Sherry was thinking over what he said and she failed to have a clear understanding, "Wait ... Channing? You said he had beaten someone to death?"

Daniel replied, "Right. It was Chassell Barret. But he hasn't died yet and is now in the ICU. You know how the media would exaggerate the situation. Yet it's a real problem even if Chassell Barret would finally be alive. Channing may be judged guilty anyway. So, we should not let Ms. Radomil know it."

The name Chassell Barret made it all clear.

The son of bitch!

Finally, Jeffrey Radomil the bastard had been dead. But now another emerged ...

Sherry asked, "You said you are seeking my help?"

Daniel nodded, "You are the most likely one to take her phone. You should not let her see the message."

Sherry remembered there had already been someone who sent her message to ask whether the one on the picture was Channing or not ...

She stood up hurriedly and took a deep breath as she saw the phone on the desk. She picked it up quickly.

What's the password...?

Sherry tried a few wrong passwords.

She turned back to ask Daniel, "Do you remember the birthday of her child?"

He didn't know obviously.

He took out the phone to call Clarence and got a date.

Finally, the phone was unlocked.

As she expected, there had been a few messages asking her about Channing.

She quickly deleted all those messages. But new ones just kept popping out.

Sherry shook her head, "No ... that's not possible. So many people are asking about Channing."

Daniel frowned, "We need to keep her from getting the phone."

Gazing at him, Sherry got an idea.

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Before Stella got to the tea room, she got to the toilet deliberately. She walked extremely slowly on purpose to give some time for the couple to finish their quarrel.

But outside the door of her office, she heard a terrible thud from the inside.

Sherry shouted, "I don't want to see you again. Get out!"

Daniel sounded also angry, "Yeah, yeah, as you wish. I don't want to see you either!"

A few seconds later, the door was opened from the inside violently.

Daniel walked out with a cold face. Seeing Stella, he nodded to her hastily before he strode away.

Stella heaved a deep sigh.

Sherry got out at this time, her eyes quite red, "Just leave him alone and let him go. I don't want to see him again."

Staring at her, Stella asked worriedly, "What happened? You looked fine just before."

Sherry didn't say anything. Tears just kept trickling down her cheeks.

Stella didn't ask anything else. She pulled her into the office and let her sit on the sofa. She handed her a piece of tissue, "That's all right now. Just leave him alone."

Sherry sobbed, "Don't go with him this evening. Have dinner with me."

Stella patted her on the back, "Okay, I will be with you."

After a while, Sherry said in a low voice, "I'm fine now. You can just return to your work. I just want to stay with you."

"Okay."

Sitting before the desk again, Stella picked up her pen to engage herself in designing.

The clocking was ticking and soon the night fell.

Stella raised her head to move a neck a bit, "Let's go."

She stood up to find her parcel and phone. But there was nothing beside the desk.

Stella looked for it around and then said to Sherry, "Sherry, could give me a phone call, please? I don't know where to find my phone."

Sherry fumbled out her phone under the sofa. She had a glimpse at her while dialing the number. Then she was ready and pretended to be quite surprised, "Oh, no."

Stella turned back to ask, "What happened?"

Sherry put down her phone and headed to the corner to find a phone which was completely broken into pieces.

Like a poor and obedient girl, she handed over the phone with two hands, "Sorry, Stella. I was so angry with Daniel that I threw the phone at him. But by then I failed to realize that it was your phone ..."

Stella was speechless.

She took the phone, which could hardly be recognized as a phone, and halted for some seconds before she said, "That's okay."

Sherry said instantly, "I'll buy you a new one. If I buy a new phone now online, you will receive it tomorrow morning."

Stella said, "You don't have to. We can have dinner in a restaurant of a shopping mall. And then I can buy a new one there."

With Stella's arm in arms, Sherry said like a poor little girl, "But I want to eat the food cooked by you. The phone can be bought online and you may even receive it this evening."

Stella was not the type of person who could get crazy in absence of a cell phone. And online purchasing was indeed very convenient nowadays. So, she nodded, "Then let's go home first."

Sherry had enough ingredients for dinner in her home. So, they had no need to do some shopping in the supermarket.

While Stella was cooking, Sherry came over with her phone in hand, "Stella, maybe you should give Clarence a phone call to inform him that you are here? Otherwise, he may get worried."

"Thank you then. May I have your phone please?"

Stella wiped her hands and dialed Clarence's number using Sherry's phone.

Sherry heaved a deep sigh.

When she gave her phone to Stella, she had deleted all the social media apps on the phone for fear that the messages sent by someone else might inform Stella of Channing's case.

It was Nathan who answered the phone. He said, "Ma'am, Mr. Conrad was in a meeting. Is there anything I need to tell him?"

When she gave her phone to Stella, she had deleted all the social media apps on the phone for fear that the messages sent by someone else might inform Stella of Channing's case. It was Nathan who answered the phone. He said, "Ma'am, Mr. Conrad was in a meeting. Is there anything I need to tell him?"

Chapter 864-Stella said, "Nothing. I just want him to know that I'm safe at Sherry's house, and my phone isn't working."

"Okay, I'll pass it on to Mr. Conrad." Nathan paused before speaking over the phone, "Mrs. Conrad, Mr. Conrad has a meeting tonight, and he won't be home till late. So, you should rest early without him."

In the hospital.

Nathan walked over and handed the phone back to Clarence, "Mrs. Conrad seemed good."

Clarence gave a short, low reply and put the phone back in his pocket.

The blinding flash of light in the emergency room shone through a few feet away.

Chassell had been in there for several hours, and the surgery was not over yet.

Clarence turned his head and asked lightly, "How is the case going?"

"Winnie has filed a lawsuit against Chassell this afternoon. The cops have abundant proof of Chassell's violation against Winnie." Nathan said, "And Mr. Shawn said vital evidence had been lost. It is barely possible to win the case unless there are any new developments."

"What about Channing?"

Nathan continued, "The crowd of journalists had dismissed half an hour ago, and Channing temporarily stayed in the police department."

Clarence ordered, "Dig out how Chassell was released on bail. Don't let any suspects slip under your eyes."

Nathan replied to him, "I've settled it all with the City N Press's journalist. She agreed to put the New Coast project on air. But Mr. Conrad ... it can help Young Master Justin. I'm afraid that we will end up with nothing."

...

Clarence stayed composed. "I don't care. I've prepared for the battle since long ago."

"Then ... how about Mrs. Conrad?"

After a while, Clarence said, "I'll send her to Riverside City tomorrow morning."

Nathan said concernedly, "But I'm afraid that Mrs. Conrad will get suspicious."

"How long do you think we can lie to her? Stella is smart. I guess we have done our best if we can hide the truth until tomorrow morning."

Nathan fell into silence.

In today's network era, news traveled fast. It was hard to sweep things under the rug.

Clarence gave a cold, curt reply and drifted his gaze to the emergency room. "As long as Chassell can survive tonight, everything will be much easier."

Nathan gave a simple nod. "I'm going to arrange the other things first."

Clarence sat on the chair in the corridor. His expression was distant, and no one knew what he was thinking.

Winnie arrived.

Daniel came a little later than Winnie.

None of them would expect to see this happen. They were gathering outside the emergency room because of a scumbag, praying for his safety.

At half-past ten, the lights in the emergency room finally went off.

The doctor took off his mask and came out, looking at the few people waiting outside with gloomy faces. After a pause, he said, "Are you family members of the patient?"

Winnie said, "We hate him."

The doctor was struck dumb.

Clarence asked, "Is he still alive?"

The doctor said with a nod, "The patient is out of the woods now, but he was in serious condition: broken ribs and damaged internal organs. He is held in the intensive care unit. If he can survive within 72 hours, then he will be fine. So, the following 72 hours are critical, and you'd better stay with him, talk to him. That will help awaken the unconscious brain and speed the recovery."

There was a long silence.

Winnie felt it a little ridiculous. She hated Chassell and wished him dead. But now, Winnie had to help him to stay alive.

After a few seconds' hesitations, Winnie followed the doctor out.

Only Daniel and Clarence were in the corridor.

Daniel looked at him. "What now?"

Clarence said, "Does William know about it?"

Daniel shook his head. "I haven't told him. He would immediately return if he knew. Then Ms. Radomil might know about this."

Clarence said, "You can tell him now. I will send Stella to Riverside City tomorrow morning."

"What about Channing?"

"He's not my son."

Daniel was speechless.

Clarence turned back while leaving. "Oh, a little heads-up. Remind him that Channing fights his life for this person. If he wants to mend things with Channing, tell him not to waste time."

Daniel heaved a quiet sigh and said, "Okay."

After Clarence left, Daniel fished out his phone and dialed the number.

...

At eleven o'clock in the evening, an article titled "Conrad Group was demanded to explain for the New Coast's shocking loopholes" instantly swept the Internet.

The article listed and analyzed several biggest problems with the New Coast project with detailed graphs and numbers.

The outline was clear and organized.

At the same time, the police circulated a notice about Winnie's case. The police built a case on Chassell for violating others' privacy and defamation others, and launched a legal investigation on Chassell.

But the Conrad Group's juicy news had seized the public's attention. People seldom talk about Winnie's case.

Some people caught the news but quickly swiped it away. They knew nothing more than Chassell was a scumbag who deserved to be in jail. Some left comments down there, "I shall not trouble my sleep over it even if he dies in jail. You're awesome! It's brave to speak out for yourself! Never show a scumbag your mercy!"

Conrad Group's news indeed stirred up big waves in public.

Hundreds of large and small companies around Asia had been incorporated into the plan. And it was vital to the establishment and development of the new economic zone. That meant it was related to everyone's interests.

The public anger instantly pumped up. They demanded a reasonable explanation from Conrad Group.

Several large partnership companies were dragged into this muddy pool.

Steward Group couldn't get away with this.

The phone kept ringing throughout the Conrad Group building.

They were from different partnership companies and media.

The assistant knocked on the door, "Mr. Conrad, I found it. The reporter of this article is Daphne, working at City N Press, and she held a grudge with Stella."

Justin sat there, his hands clasped together on the desk, and gaped at the article on the computer screen silently.

The assistant said, "Mr. Conrad, should I take care of that reporter?"

Justin leaned back after a long time, and a brief smile crossed his face. "Leave it."

"She is just telling the truth, isn't it?"

Justin turned around, "How's Chassell?"

The assistant reported, "I just got the news. He's in the intensive care unit."

Justin said, "Well, what a pity. I think it would be better if he died."

The assistant knew Justin's intention. "I will go take care of it now."

"Make Jon go. I guess it won't take any longer for my brother to make the next move. Keep your eyes on that."

Chapter 865-On the other side.

After dinner, Sherry turned off the lights and pulled Stella down to watch a movie together.

It was a classic Hong Kong comedy movie of the nineties.

Sherry had watched it many times, but she always found it interesting.

Stella sat beside her quietly.

The movie ended at almost eleven in the evening.

As Stella yawned, Sherry picked up her phone and suggested tentatively, "I forgot to get you a new phone. How about I order one now?"

Stella rubbed her eyes and said, "Let's wait until tomorrow. It's quite late now, and I'm a little sleepy."

Sherry thought for a while and offered, "Well... perhaps you can sleep here? We haven't slept in one bed for a long time."

Stella paused and gave a gentle nod because Clarence would not come home tonight.

They lay on the bed. Sherry said, "Stella, have you thought about taking a break? Like taking a vacation or something?"

Stella was confused, "What?"

"Well..." Sherry fidgeted her fingers over the quilt, whispering, "You're pregnant, so I think you might need a good rest. Well, do you remember the place you went to with Clarence last time? Maybe you can go there. It must be helpful for the baby."

Stella made a disapproving grunt. "It's too far away. I don't think I can suffer such a long trip. Do you want to go there? I'll go with you when the baby is delivered."

Sherry stammered, "Okay, good."

Sherry would say something, but she stopped as Stella was sleepy. Sherry gently patted Stella's back, "Good night."

Stella mumbled, "Good night."

Ten or twenty minutes later, Sherry gently lifted the blanket and got out of bed after making sure Stella was asleep.

She stood outside the living room and dialed Daniel's number. She talked in a low voice, "How's it now?"

Daniel said, "Chassell's surgery is over. He's in the intensive care unit and still in danger. Winnie stays with him."

Sherry frowned, "What about ... Channing?"

"He is still at the police station. There're two days away from his bail."

Sherry lowered her voice and said, "But I can't hold it any longer. Tomorrow morning is the best I can do. I'm almost running out of excuses to hold her phone. Stella will certainly get suspicious if I do it again."

Daniel replied to her, "Don't worry. She'll be on the way to Riverside City tomorrow morning."

Sherry breathed a sigh of relief and continued, "But what about Channing if Clarence left..."

"I contacted William. He should be on the plane now."

Sherry opened her mouth to say something and then closed it.

Daniel said, "I have something to deal with. Have some rest. Everything will be fine."

Sherry said, "Okay..."

As she got off the phone, Sherry slowly squatted down on the ground and let out a long breath.

Last night they were having a happy dinner in Stella's house, but no one would expect to see such a drastic change within one day.

After a while, Sherry grasped her phone in her hands and hesitated to give Winnie a call.

After all, no one would feel worse than Winnie now.

Sherry knew Winnie's feeling. If Liam was lying on an intensive care bed, she would have pulled his oxygen tube. But Winnie couldn't. She had no choice other than to pray for Chassell's safety.

Life sucked.

After thinking for a long time, Sherry sent a message to Winnie and typed down a few comforting words. She also told Winnie that Stella was safe here.

After ten minutes, Winnie texted back, "thank you."

Sherry gave a quiet sigh, got up, and returned to the bedroom.

...

At the Steward Group.

After Nathan received a phone call, his expression slightly changed. He hurried to the president's office, knocked on the door, and entered, "Mr. Conrad."

Clarence raised his eyes to him. He said with a poker face, "What?"

Nathan explained, "I got the news. There was a fire in Mrs. Conrad's new studio, and two construction workers did ... not escape."

Clarence gripped the pen in silence. His face stiffened as if there was a layer of frost on it.

Nathan hadn't had this panic feeling for a long time. He felt like his neck was not part of his body.

He continued, "The update is that the firemen have been on the site."

After a pause, he added, "Mr. Conrad, do you want to send someone over?"

A moment later, Clarence said, "No. We just need to call the police. Call Daniel and tell him to keep close with Chassell no matter what happens. If Chassell dies, I will send him down with that stupid."

Nathan answered, "Okay."

Clarence pursed his lips. "Have you settled with the trip to Riverside City tomorrow morning?"

"Yes. The Young Master Justin didn't find out."

Clarence's lips sealed into an evil smile, "Why don't you tell him? He is desperate to know that."

...

Downstairs at the Steward Group.

Jon sat in the car and watched Nathan get in the car next to him.

The man next to Jon asked, "Should we follow him?"

Jon looked at the brightly lit building. He guessed Clarence would not come out again. "Let's go. There must be something very odd about this if he leaves now."

Soon, they followed Nathan's car.

The two black cars galloped away in the distance on the overpass.

Half an hour later, Nathan's car stopped outside Clarence's private landing field.

The staff was waiting for him there.

After Nathan got out of the car, the staff greeted him, "Mr. Lance, everything is ready. When will Mr. Conrad come over tomorrow?"

Nathan walked inside as he spoke. "At eight in the morning. Mr. Conrad asked me to check out everything. Have you checked the breakfast recipe?"

"Yes ...

Their voices trailed away in the distance.

Jon sat in the car with the windows half down, enjoying the scene outside.

Clarence indeed made a quick move, and this was how he secretly sent Stella away.

But was it that easy?

Jon dialed Justin's number and filled him with the updates. After that, he wheeled up the window.

About an hour, Jon hadn't seen Nathan come out, so he had a bad feeling.

Jon asked, "Are there any other exits here?"

Chapter 866-This night, apart from Stella, no one almost stayed up the whole night.

At half-past seven in the morning, the Conrad Group finally posted a statement based on the various questions throughout the Internet.

The statement made an apology to the partner companies and the public. And it declared that these loopholes resulted from negligence that existed in the early stage of the project. The Group will rectify the situation and give everyone an explanation as soon as possible.

Everyone grasped the key point of this statement.

"The project was in its early stage."

As it's known, this project was founded by Clarence.

The statement simply put all the blame on Clarence, and they had nothing to do with the problems. And the Conrad Group was trying to fix it.

In other words, the Conrad Group was tidying up Clarence's mess.

Although it was an early morning, the online discussion of this matter had gone viral. Several media sites quickly uploaded a report, which was soon reposted onto those major social websites.

Justin sat in the car, witnessing the number of comments skyrocketing up in a few minutes on the phone. His brows creased into a smile.

His assistant's voice came from the front, "Mr. Conrad, the hospital is heavily guarded these days. They even searched the doctors going in and out. We can't do anything."

Justin remained composure, busy browsing one new article after another. He lightly said, "Isn't he still in the intensive care unit? We still have time."

Justin continued as he put away the phone. "After today's news, do you think Clarence still cares about him?"

The assistant gave a simple nod. "I will take care of it as soon as possible."

Justin made a short reply and looked out the window. "When will we get there?"

"Ten minutes," The assistant replied to him, "Our men are guarding the landing field, but Clarence hasn't shown up yet."

Justin gave a dry laugh. He put the phone against his jaw and said pitifully. "Honestly, I didn't expect it to happen so fast. Well, I will miss the fake brotherhood between us."

The assistant raised his voice several notches. "He owed you for this. Now it's time to pay you back. I believe that the old lady would be very pleased to see this if she were here."

Justin did not say anything, but a wide smile faded away on his face, replaced by the icy stare.

Soon, the car stopped outside the landing field.

Clarence's car arrived almost at the same time as they did.

It was Seven fifty-five.

The assistant wheeled Justin out of the car. He sat in a wheelchair, watching Clarence supporting Stella, and spoke with a smile, "Clarence, Stella, what a small world."

Clarence slowly turned around, and when he saw Justin, he did not look surprised.

Stella followed Clarence out of the car, but she wore a mask, a thick knitted cap, and a scarf wrapping her neck. Other than a pair of eyes, Stella was fully geared. It was almost impossible to recognize her.

Clarence stood in front of her.

Justin smiled slightly, "I heard that you were planning to send Stella away from City N. I'm afraid that I won't see her again, so I especially come to see her off."

There wasn't any emotion in Clarence's eyes. "Why won't we meet each other? Oh, only if you're dead."

The assistant behind Justin frowned upon Clarence and wanted to move forward, but Justin waved him to back off.

Justin said, "Well, you might be right. You know, I'm getting worse. Maybe I will sleep and never wake up one day."

Clarence said lightly, "So, anything else?"

Justin paused and glanced at Stella behind him. He suddenly said, "Well, just out of curiosity, what happened to Stella?"

"Well, you know, she is a fragile pregnant woman now."

A look of inward illumination came into Justin's eyes, and he said, "Oh, that's why I saw Winnie in the trending topic a few days ago."

Clarence said, "You mind if I take Stella to go?"

"Clarence," Justin called him, "I saw the news that Stella's brother had trouble. Has it been done? Do you need my help?"

Clarence said in a frosty tone, "We're fine."

He wanted to leave with Stella as soon as possible.

Justin stopped him, "How about this? I know you want to send Stella to a quiet place. I know a place in the City N's suburb. It's a chill and relaxing hot spring resort. Why not send her there?"

Clarence repeated in a cold voice, "We're fine."

Justin furrowed his brows helplessly, "Clarence, I do not mean to stop you, but ... you might see the news about the Conrad Group last night. I just took over the New Coast project, so I get absolutely nowhere looking into it. And now I have to face such a big bomb. I wonder if you can come back to help me? Maybe we can take care of these problems together?"

Clarence said, "About the New Coast project, I already asked Nathan to give you all the information before I left. As for the rest, I can't do anything about it."

Before Justin continued, Clarence added, "Oh right, I forgot to tell you. I'm used to saving copies for almost every project. If you want to check on the problems, I can have someone deliver the copy to verify with you one by one. What do you think?"

The smile on Justin's face froze, his hands clasped together, and he fell into silence.

The sunrise of early winter was later than the summer. The day was slightly breaking at eight o'clock.

The ferocious winds were roaring past the landing field. It was deadly quiet that only the rustling sound of the leaves in the breeze could be heard.

Clarence gave Justin a blank stare. "I thought we were square if I gave you the Conrad Group. But now, it seems you want more than this."

Justin kept a smile on his face. "I'm a cripple. What am I going to do with the Conrad Group?"

"So, what do you want? My life?"

Justin heaved a sigh and said, "Clarence, we shouldn't have talked like this."

Clarence gave a bitter smile, "Then what should I say? Should I thank you for what you've done?"

"I helped you find the truth you've been looking for and even found your family. Isn't that good?"

Clarence's eyes flared as he walked towards Justin. He raised his voice. "You could have just told me this ..."

Clarence walked up to, grabbed his collar, and glared at him. He ripped off Justin's hypocrisy by his words. "You should not play dirty and put it on a child who is only a few months old."

Chapter 867-With Clarence grabbing his collar, Justin's whole body was slightly lifted up by the movement.

Nevertheless, the smile on his face did not fade at all. He said gently, "Clarence, before you asked me this, you should've asked your grandfather first. It was Nolan Conrad who abandoned you and your mother. Why should I take the consequences?"

Clarence loosened his grip for a moment, and his face was gloomy.

Justin continued, "The doctor said that your son's disease can be cured. There was a person in Riverside City who had basically recovered in two or three years."

Clarence said coldly, "You think two or three years is too short, so you asked them to develop an enhanced version of poison."

Justin's smile became even brighter, "You do know me. I believe you'd still try your best to cure him. But I am disabled for life."

He said that flatly. It seemed that he was talking about someone else's business. You can't even feel any trace of complaint or hatred from his words.

There was only the pleasure of revenge left.

Clarence let go off him, straightened the wrinkles on his clothes, and said slowly, "At least for so many years, you finally told me the truth once."

"I did regard you as my own brother."

Clarence didn't speak, but took a few steps back, "Go back now., I won't leave City N as you wish."

Hearing this, Justin's smile disappeared.

It shouldn't be so smooth.

Meanwhile, the assistant who had been waiting behind him answered a phone call, and his facial expression changed. He strode over, leaned to Justin's ears and whispered, "Mr. Conrad, someone broke into Conrad's Mansion and took away..."

Before he finished his words, Justin had understood what had happened.

Justin looked back at Clarence, "I didn't expect you to do that."

He glanced at the woman who stood not far away and hadn't spoken a word all the time, "She's not Stella, right?"

The woman slowly took off her mask and hat. It was Sherry.

Justin smiled and heaved a sigh, "Classic Clarence. You can't stand suffering a little loss, or you will get twice back to it."

"Isn't that what you're doing now?" Clarence just stared at him expressionlessly. "Whenever you want revenge, you can come to me, but you shouldn't hurt the others, especially the people I care about."

As he finished, he turned around and got on the car.

Sherry quickly followed.

Soon, the black car drove away.

The assistant came forward, "Mr. Conrad..."

Justin grinned, "Don't worry, he's in a mess and he doesn't have time for me."

...

Stella slept well that night, and when she woke up, Sherry was no longer there.

She habitually stretched her hand to the bedside table and fumbled for her phone. She didn't know what time it was.

Stella looked out at the bright sky and thought it was time for Clarence to be back, so she sat up and got out of bed.

As soon as she walked out of the bedroom, she saw a pink figure rushing towards her, and it stopped in an emergency half a meter away from her.

“Stella, I miss you so much!!”

For a moment, Stella thought she hadn't woken up.

She halted halfway at her yawn and it took her a while to finally utter a word, “Elaine...”

Elaine held her hand and jumped happily on the spot. “Stella, do you miss me?”

Stella smiled. “Yes. Why are you here? Does your father know?”

“My father...”

Before Elaine answered, Archer stepped forward and pulled her aside. “She followed me stealthily, and as for her dad... I think he should've known now.”

Sneaking away again?

Elaine pouted, “What, Stella, don't listen to him! I asked great grandpa. He and uncle... and Darnell both have agreed!”

Elaine stuck her tongue out at Archer and made a face.

Archer threw a grimace back at her.

Stella laughed when she saw it. They were so childish.

But now that Archer's here, could it be that...

Stella jerked up her head and looked into the living room.

Archer understood what she was thinking. He said, "Just the two of us."

"Why are you two here?" she asked.

Archer, "For traveling."

Elaine, "To eat delicious food!"

Stella knew Archer would not leave the little boy alone in Riverside City and came all the way here for nothing. She frowned. "Is something wrong?"

Archer walked to the couch and sat down. "It's nothing, just your husband was worried about you, so he asked me, a rising star in the medical field, to babysit you and take care of your daily life. Don't forget to pay the wages."

That did sound like something Clarence would do.

Stella pulled Elaine over to Archer and sat down. "He didn't tell me that, and I would have refused if I knew. He asked you to come because when we went to get tested, the doctor said something about my condition and... I'll be all right if I am careful."

Archer picked up an orange from the table and started peeling. "It has been quite a bumpy road for you to have this baby," he said. "You need to be careful, but not just be careful. You have to be calm, can't

be angry, can't be emotional."

"I know. The doctor told me that."

Archer put a piece of orange in his mouth as he turned to her. "The most important thing is that you have to be able to control yourself and improve your psychological endurance.

Stella's lips twitched, "How to do that?"

Archer pulled a file out of his bag. "I've got an emotion test here. Have a try?"

Stella, "OK..."

Archer opened the document and spoke in a serious voice, "First question, which of the following situation will make you angrier: Working overtime every day without pay and your boss just gives you empty promises, or, your boss has taken the credit for your hard work?"

Stella answered earnestly, "The former."

"Then what about these two. Your boss gives you empty promises, or, your work is plagiarized and the plagiarist publicly taunts you as inferior to him or her?"

"Plagiarism."

Archer continued, "Okay. Being plagiarized or your husband cheats on you with your best friend?"

Stella was rendered speechless.

She was silent for a while and said, "Can you change the question? It's weird..."

Archer said seriously, "No, how can you change the test? It's a very common thing in life. The more common it is, the more likely it will stimulate your emotions."

Stella let her imagination run for a few moments before it got herself a bit too uncomfortable.

She said, "That must be the latter..."

Archer continued, "Um, well. What about, your husband cheats on you versus your brother gets into a fight and is expelled from school?"

Stella paused. "My brother won't get into a fight or be expelled from school."

"Your husband won't have an affair with your best friend either. It's just hypothetically speaking. Aren't we doing a test now?"

Chapter 868-Stella pursed her lips for a few moments before answering, "The latter."

Archer tutted, "If your husband knows that his cheating can't even compare with your brother's fight, how sad would he be."

Hearing Archer say so, Stella inevitably felt a bit guilty and retorted in a low voice, "Isn't... Isn't that what you said, it's all hypothetical!"

Then she threatened, "Don't tell Clarence! You have to have professional ethics as a doctor!"

Archer raised his hand and made an OK sign perfunctorily. He went to the next question, "Which makes you angrier: Your brother is expelled from school or your brother is taken into custody after fighting?"

Stella looked at him and said in a calm tone "I think it is you who make me angrier."

Archer didn't know what to say to that.

Stella almost snapped, "Why do you have to take my brother for example? Has he ever offended you?"

Archer replied, "Isn't this to make your emotions stack up gradually? So I have to find something that can really stimulate you. I can't just ask you whether the fight between two stray dogs downstairs or the quarrel between uncle and aunt would make you more pissed, right?"

Stella hesitated. There's a point in what he said.

Stella frowned and thought for a moment, but she couldn't tell which would make her jump.

Archer continued, "If you can't pick one, imagine this. Your brother is expelled from school and taken to the police station for fighting, and he may even be sentenced to jail."

And he added, "Take your time. How are you feeling now?"

Stella's temple couldn't help throbbing and she said, "Thanks to your question. I already want to beat someone."

Archer handed her half of the oranges left in his hand, "Take your time. Eat this first."

After Stella swallowed the orange, Archer said slowly, "Next, our emotion test is going to the next level. Are you ready?"

What the hell? Like this was not enough already!

Archer said, "If I tell you that, among your husband's affair and your brother's fighting, one is true and the other is false. Which one sounds more acceptable to you?"

"Neither."

"Okay, okay, just hang in there for me. If these two happen at the same time, you are betrayed by your husband and your best friend. Then your brother gets into prison for beating them, and he won't be out for the next few years."

Maybe the gradual level-up method did work. Stella now could even think about that scene in complete calmness. She just felt something stuck in her heart and bugging her.

At this time, Archer quickly said, "Well, I lied to you. Your husband didn't cheat, and your best friend didn't betray you. The test is over."

This emotion test was really challenging.

But just when Stella breathed out and felt relieved, Archer continued, "But your brother is really in detention at the police station now."

Stella's smile stiffened, "What do you mean?"

Archer raised his eyebrow, "It means... literally."

Due to the test just now, Stella can maintain a calm state of mind in the face of this, and she said, "Is the test not over yet?"

But Archer looked serious and didn't mean to joke at all.

"It's over. Didn't I just say that one of the two hypotheses is true and the other is false?"

Stella closed her eyes and slowly recalled what had happened in the past two days.

Yesterday afternoon, Daniel suddenly came to the studio to ask her for dinner, and then Sherry called her. She should want to say something...

The vibe between them was very good at first, but then Sherry had a big fight with Daniel and even smashed Stella's mobile phone by mistake.

Last night Sherry kept holding her so that she forgot to buy a mobile phone after watching a movie... She didn't receive any news from the outside.

Clarence didn't come back all night.

Seeing that she was not looking well, Elaine asked, "Stella, are you okay?"

Stella slowly opened her eyes, her eyelashes trembled and she breathed out, "I'm fine."

Although there seemed to be emotions running around in her chest, it was not so violent.

It was within her control.

She looked at Archer again and asked, "So, this emotion test is to pave the way for this?"

Archer said, "Yep. Your husband asked me to let you accept it step by step. He said your brother was very important to you. If you suddenly knew that something happened to him, you would be too emotional."

Stella pursed her lips and felt a little dizzy.

She said, "Now, what's going on outside?"

Archer said, "I don't know. I came right after I got off the plane. I didn't even have a meal."

After quite a while, Stella said to Elaine, "Elaine, give me your phone."

Elaine quickly handed it over.

Stella logged in on her Twitter account and saw the first trending news was about Conrad Group.

She flipped down the trending list. There was nothing related to Chan, but she found Winnie's name on it.

Stella clicked in and the news was about suing Chassell.

Seeing that, the guess in her mind was confirmed again.

Except for Chassell, Chan can't be so impulsive to fight with people.

But wasn't Chassell in prison? How did he...

Stella exited the page and wanted to call Clarence, just when the door to the room was opened.

Sherry poked her head in and felt guilty when looking at Stella's eyes, "Stella, you're awake."

Stella stood up and asked, "Where have you been?"

Sherry handed her the paper bag. "I went out to buy you a phone."

Stella opened her mouth and wanted to say something, but just whispered, "I have known everything."

Sherry paused and turned to Elaine.

The latter nodded at her.

"Stella, Are you... okay?"

Stella said, "It's all right. It's useless to say that now. Do you know any other news?"

Sherry said, "Daniel told me that your father has been back and he might have arrived now. As for Chan... Clarence has been there, but some media reporters waited at the police station as soon as they received the news. So he didn't bring Chan out. After the limelight subsides in a few days, it should be OK."

"Where's Chassell?"

"He's... he's in the ICU and hasn't completely survived the danger. Winnie and Daniel are in the hospital."

Stella was silent and then said, "I see."

Sherry just wanted to say something, but Stella interrupted her, "Then I'll go back first. I have to get changed and go to the studio."

"Stella..."

Stella looked at the two people in the living room and turned to Sherry, "They haven't eaten yet. Please order some food for them."

Sherry nodded. Before Stella left, she quickly handed her the new mobile phone.

Chapter 869-Stella's original mobile phone was also in it, and there was a SIM card.

Stella said, "Thank you."

Looking at her back, Sherry was not at ease.

Archer got up and said, "Leave her alone for a while. She probably needs some quietness now."

Sherry turned his head. "Who are you?"

Elaine immediately introduced to her, "He's my cousin, Archer, a doctor."

Sherry suddenly realized, "It's you. I haven't thanked you yet. What do you want to eat? It's my treat!"

...

Back next door, Stella slowly sat on the sofa, put her phone on the tea table, closed her eyes and took a deep breath.

She could only keep reminding herself that anxiety would not help solve anything. Clarence was trying to find a way, and her father also was on his way back.

Now all she could do was to control her emotions and protect the child in her belly.

But no matter how hard she tried to control it, tears still trickled down her face.

At this time, someone opened the door.

Stella turned quickly and wiped the tears on her face.

But soon, she realized that wasn't Sherry.

The footsteps sounded different.

Stella turned her head, her eyes still red, "You're back."

Clarence sat next to her and gently hugged her, "Well, I'm back."

Stella grabbed his clothes, breathed a few times to hold back her tears, “What’s going on?”

“Chassell was released on bail. He went to Channing and deliberately provoked him.”

“But... Isn’t he convicted? Why can he be released on bail?”

“There will be an answer soon.”

Stella asked in a quiet voice, “Is Justin involved?”

Clarence didn’t speak but just hugged her, “I wanted to take you to Riverside City...”

“I’m not going. I want to be with you.”

Clarence smiled, “I knew you would say that. You’re not going. Just stay with me.”

And he was afraid of any accidents on the road.

In Riverside City, people associated with Justin have not been completely eradicated.

With her by his side, he can feel at ease.

Stella leaned in his arms and said, “You didn’t come back last night, so you were busy with that?”

“Not entirely.”

Stella suddenly remembered the news she saw just now on Twitter, which was related to Conrad Group.

“What will you do next?” she asked.

“I don’t know. Just want to sleep.”

Stella pushed him, “Go back to your room and sleep. It’s uncomfortable to sleep here.”

Clarence was still holding her. “No, I’ll just take a nap.”

His voice sounded weary, so Stella didn’t speak again.

After a while, Clarence’s breathing became calm and even.

The two leaned back on the sofa until the sun slowly rose high up in the sky.

Stella slept very well last night, so she was very awake now. In addition, she had something in her mind and got caught up with her own thoughts.

But in the end, her state of mind cooled down.

She didn’t know how long it had been when Clarence’s phone rang.

Stella snapped out of it and quickly fumbled for his phone. Seeing that it was Nathan calling, she answered the phone and whispered, “He’s sleeping. I’ll ask him to call you later.”

Nathan said OK.

Stella hung up. When she turned her head, she saw that Clarence was awake and he was looking at her.

Stella put the phone down and said, “Why don’t you get some more sleep?”

Clarence tilted his head and planted a kiss on her forehead, "That's OK, I'll take a shower."

"I'll make you something to eat."

"OK."

After Clarence went into the bathroom, Stella walked the kitchen and made a simple breakfast.

While waiting for the water to boil, Stella went to the living room, took out the new mobile phone Sherry bought for her, and put her original SIM card into it.

After a simple setting, she put her mobile phone on the tea table and waited for the data synchronization on the mobile phone.

In the kitchen, the water was just boiling.

At dinner, Clarence said, "Your father is back."

Stella nodded, "Sherry has told me."

"What else did she tell you?"

"She said Chassell is in the ICU now, Winnie and Daniel are there, and Chan can be released on bail in two days."

Clarence said, "As long as Chassell doesn't die, he'll be fine."

Stella's eyes drooped and lips pursed for a moment before she said, "He will stay alive. The bad people often live longer, huh? Jeffrey was able to survive in prison at that time. They are almost the same."

Clarence said, "You are right."

"Well, eat quickly. The food is getting cold. I have to go to the studio later."

After dinner, Clarence took the initiative to wash the dishes.

Stella was surprised that she didn't hear the sound of plates smashing on the floor.

It seemed that he had learned his lesson after breaking many plates.

She went to the bedroom and changed her clothes. On her, she said, "Archer and Elaine are here. What to do with them? Let them live next door?"

Clarence just came over, stopped her at the bedroom door and wrapped his arm around her waist, "I want to discuss something with you."

"What?"

"You go to the Stewards' Mansion with them."

Stella was stunned, "Where?"

...

After Lyndon Steward set fire to the Stewards' Mansion and fled, the ruins seemed to have been forgotten and ignored.

When everyone didn't notice, the Stewards' Mansion was rebuilt again.

The Stewards' Mansion had been rebuilt twice. The first time was more than 20 years ago, Lyndon tried to erase the trace of Charles Steward's family who once lived there.

In this reconstruction, Clarence restored the Stewards' Mansion as it was 20 years ago.

Standing in front of the garden and looking at this place, Stella's face was full of astonishment and surprise, "When did you..."

Clarence replied, "I was afraid your father wouldn't agree with me marrying you. This was supposed to be a betrothal gift."

"But how did you manage to rebuild it completely the same as it were?"

Before, Cameron Thomas took her here and told her what this place used to be like in details.

But She didn't expect that what once existed only in words would one day appear in front of her as something tangible.

Clarence led her inside, "I found the architects of the original mansion. But some of the things were added by your father later, so I found the people who had been to the mansion more than 20 years ago and the servants. I pieced their descriptions together and voilà, the building should look exactly like the Stewards' Mansion."

Stella didn't expect that Clarence, whose schedule was crammed, would still have time to do it.

And she didn't have a faintest clue about this at all.

In the house, Clarence continued, "Although the appearance has been restored to a certain extent, the interior is still designed according to the current practicability and comfort. It will be more comfortable to live. But your room and your parents' room are kept exactly as it was."

Chapter 870-Stella followed Clarence to tour around the house. Then she heard Sherry's voice from downstairs, "Stella, we're here."

In this situation, Stella felt worried about letting Sherry live there alone, so she asked her to move here together.

There weren't many people in the Stewards' Mansion, but they had plenty of rooms here.

Just like the Conrad's house.

As soon as she was about to get downstairs, Clarence held her by her waist.

Stella was confused, "What do you want to do?"

Clarence raised his eyebrows slightly, "Don't you want to have a look at our room?"

"I'll see it later. It's OK to come back at night. I won't leave."

"Sherry won't leave either."

Stella was amused.

So she was taken into the next room by the man with an attempt.

...

Sherry stood downstairs, looked around the house, and couldn't help exclaim, "I'd never dreamed that one day I could live in such a big house. Thank god I'm still young."

Elaine was very interested in the garden outside, especially the rattan swing, which she was eager to try.

Archer sat on the sofa and slowly closed his eyes.

When Stella and Clarence came down, it was ten minutes later.

One's face turned slightly red while the other looked very calm. Everything was normal except for a faint tooth mark on his lower lip.

Elaine was the only one who wasn't aware of what they were doing just now. She ran over and happily and took Stella's hand, "Stella, is this your house? It's so beautiful! I like the swing outside."

Stella stroke her hair. "Go play."

Elaine's eyes lit up, "Really?"

"Yes."

Elaine immediately rush out to play with the swing.

Stella coughed and pulled Sherry's suitcase, "I..."

Sherry pulled the suitcase back and walked next to her, "Is there a room downstairs?"

"Yes."

"Then I'd better live downstairs. I afraid that I will become the third wheel accidentally."

Stella, "Alright..."

There were five rooms downstairs. Sherry chose her favorite one, "Then I'll live here. I think the one next to mine is also good. Elaine can live there. I'll bring her here later."

Stella nodded, "OK."

Sherry jumped onto the big bed, turned over and said to Stella, "It's great here. The room is bigger than that of a five-star hotel, and there's fresh air and the scenery."

Stella sat next to her, "You can stay here forever if you like."

Sherry said, "I'd better not. I don't want to see you display of affection every day."

Stella smiled, "Clarence and I will probably move out in a couple of months."

"Where are you moving to?"

"Starry Lake Mansion." Stella said, "The house is ready there. Originally I wanted to wait for Noah to move in together. But now, I'll probably move in after I give birth to this baby."

Sherry said, "Since you're moving, I have no reason to stay here, right?"

Stella looked out the window at the garden and said with a smile, "In fact, this house should be my father's, and Daniel is his adopted son. Isn't it normal for you to live here after you get married?"

Hearing this, Sherry's face and neck brushed scarlet. She pulled over the quilt to cover her face, "Who says I'm going to marry him!"

Stella said, "Don't you like it here? If you marry him, you can live here all the time."

Sherry rolled, "Then I don't want to marry him. The house is too big. If you're not here, it's unbearable for me to live alone. I'd better leave it to others."

Stella patted her, "Alright. You can sort out your things. I'll go now."

When she returned to the living room, Stella didn't see Clarence, but she saw Archer lean back on the sofa and he seemed to be asleep.

She walked over and whispered, "You'd better to go to the room to sleep. It's easy to catch a cold like this."

Archer opened his bleary eyes, "It's time for lunch?"

Stella snickered, "You can find a room to sleep. Food will be ready when you wake up."

Archer yawned, got up with his suitcase and walked towards the opposite direction to Sherry's room.

But Archer reminded her that this place was so big and there were quite some guests here now. She had to hire two servants.

As soon as Stella had this idea, Clarence showed up. He said to Stella, "I have to leave first. Do you want to stay here or I send you to the studio?"

Stella said, "You go first. I'll unpack my things and go to the studio with Sherry this afternoon."

Clarence looked at his wristwatch and said, "Alisa should be coming soon. Don't worry about cooking. Leave it to her."

Stella looked at him and tilted her head.

"What's the matter?"

“Nothing. I was just thinking about hiring helpers, and you have made arrangements already.”

Clarence smiled, leaned over and kissed her on the lips. “See you later.”

When Elaine walked in, she saw this. She covered her face with her hands, but she peeked through her fingers.

After the kiss, Clarence let go of Stella, turned around and walked a few steps, stopped in front of Elaine, and put his hand on his head. “Don’t make any trouble, or I’ll send you right back to Riverside City.”

Elaine responded crossly, “I know!”

After Clarence left, Stella said, “Elaine, I’ll show you to your room.”

“Well, Is my room next to your room?”

Stella paused, “My room is on the second floor, but yours is next to Sherry. If you want to come to the second floor, you can come, I...”

Elaine immediately said, “I can sleep next to Sherry.”

After settling everyone in, Stella went up to the second floor, opened several suitcases on the floor and began to get her things out one by one.

This was not the room where she came to live in the Stewards’ Mansion before. The whole color tone was warm, tinted with a light pink which was to her liking.

But that was very different from Clarence’s style, which was simple, almost minimalist.

When Stella had sorted her stuff and went downstairs, she smelled the aroma of food.

Alisa had arrived.

Hearing footsteps, Alisa came out of the kitchen, "Good afternoon, Mrs. Conrad."

"Good afternoon, Alisa!"

"Just wait a minute. Lunch will be ready soon."