

## Mr Conrad 871

Chapter 871-In the hospital, Daniel was standing outside the ward, and Winnie sitting, both staring at the man in the intensive care unit through a layer of glass.

Because they didn't sleep all night, their eyes were blood-shot already.

Not long ago, the doctor came to check Chassell and said that at present, the vital signs were still stable. If there was no accident on the way, he should be able to get out of the woods.

After a while, someone came and whispered something to Daniel.

This evening, they have dealt with several groups of people who wanted to sneak into the hospital.

This was the fifth batch.

Daniel nodded. After the man left, he asked Winnie, "You want to go get some sleep? I can stay here."

Winnie shook her head. She had to see Chassell wake up.

Daniel didn't say anything, just leaned against the wall with his chest and waited as the clock ticked.

After a while, the lights in the corridor suddenly went off.

Winnie quickly stood up. "What's wrong?"

Daniel looked at the ICU. The circuit inside was separate from the general circuit of the hospital, so the lights and equipment were still functioning.

He said calmly, "Don't worry, you stand at the door of the ward and don't let anyone in."

Winnie ran to the door, clutching the handle, her hands trembling.

Daniel took out his cell phone and made a call. No one answered.

His face looked grim. It seemed that the previous failures had consumed all their patience.

They were determined to let Chassell die in the hospital at any cost.

The whole corridor was in near-complete darkness; only a faint light from the ICU remained.

Soon, hurry footsteps resounded through the corridor.

Seemed like quite a number of had arrived.

Daniel put away his cell phone and whispered to Winnie, "I may not be able to take care of you later. You..."

Winnie said, "Don't worry about me. I'll stay here. I won't let them in even if I die."

Daniel didn't have time to answer before the man came at him.

He threw a kick on the person's leg.

The fight begun.

Winnie leaned against the door and couldn't see the situation at all. She could only hear the sound of fighting in the dark.

She gripped the door handle tighter. She smelled blood.

Almost at the same time, someone came from the other side.

When they came to open the door, they probably didn't expect someone else to block here. They just paused for a moment and forcefully tried to pull Winnie's arm away.

But the person had more strength than they expected.

They didn't have much time at that moment.

A man increased his force, but even so, he didn't pull her away much.

It was as if her body had taken root in the door, and she would never leave.

The man was so angry that he hit her on the body and face, "Let go!"

Winnie clenched her teeth and her mouth was full of the salty smell of rust, "No way!"

In the dark, there was noise and chaos.

The man's strength was so great that Winnie didn't even know how she persevered. She only knew that once she released the door handle, Channing's life will be ruined.

So she couldn't loosen her grip, and she couldn't move half a step away.

Suddenly, the lights were on again.

Winnie saw the face of the angry man in front of her.

It was Justin's assistant, Harris.

With the lights on, many people stormed into the corridor.

Harris took a vicious glance at Winnie, looked at the people coming from the other end, and jumped over the window to leave without hesitation.

As for the people he brought, some escaped in the chaos, and some were detained by Daniel's men.

Daniel was also injured. He frowned, wiped the blood on the corner of his mouth and looked at Winnie.

She leaned against the door. Her hair was messy, half of her face was swollen. she was panting slightly, and her eyes seemed to have no focus.

When she saw that she seemed to be safe, she slid down against the door slowly, and her wrist was still hanging on the handle, and it was bleeding so much.

Daniel was about to move forward when he heard footsteps behind him.

He turned his head.

It's William.

William stood in front of Daniel with a serious look and glanced at Winnie at the door.

After a long time, he said to the assistant behind him, "Call the doctor."

Daniel asked, "Have you been to the police station?"

William looked back at him. "Not yet. I got off the plane and came here directly. It's too late if I went there."

William added, "Take care of it yourself. I'll go to the police station and come back later."

Daniel nodded.

William left and the doctor arrived at once.

A nurse went to help Winnie, but Winnie was full of vigilance and flinched from the nurse's touch.

Daniel walked over and just wanted to speak, but his movement tore the wound. He hissed. "It's all right. Thanks to you, Chassell is still alive."

Winnie was very happy, but tears fell down her cheeks unconsciously.

The nurse helped her up and let her sit in the chair beside. The doctor began to examine her and apply medicine.

Daniel turned around and found that William had left the man he brought with him here.

He was just about to check the window at the end of the corridor when Winnie suddenly said, "That man is Justin's assistant."

Daniel turned his head. "What?"

Winnie repeated, "The man who just wanted to go in is Justin's assistant. His name is Harris. I saw him in Conrad Group before."

Daniel said, "Are you sure about this?"

Winnie nodded, "I am sure. I saw his face clearly."

"In that case, it will be much simpler."

Although they didn't have any evidence to convict Justin directly.

But Winnie's injuries and her charges would be enough to arrest Justin's assistant.

Daniel said, "OK, you deal with the wound first. After that, go home and have a rest."

Winnie still shook her head. "I'm not leaving."

Daniel remained silent for a few seconds before saying, "I don't mean to drive you away, but... that was Channing's father who just came here. After he goes to the police station, he'll be back. It doesn't seem very appropriate for you to meet here."

Winnie paused, drooped her head and looked quiet.

"I see. I'll leave in a minute."

Daniel said, "Don't worry. I'll keep an eye on Chassell. If he wakes up, I'll tell you immediately."

Winnie said, "Thank you."

"You're welcome. You're Sherry's friend."

Winnie looked at him, "I want to thank you for saving Chassell's life."

Only in this way can Channing be saved.

Daniel smiled, "In that case, there is no need to thank me at all, right?"

Chapter 873-Winnie chose to go home directly after she left the hospital.

She fixed her eyes outside the window throughout the way home, and there was no light in her eyes.

Before the door, she input the password but before she pushed the door open, the door was opened from the inside.

It was her assistant. She looked at Winnie worriedly, "Where have you been, Ms. Truman? I have been unable to contact you since last night when I saw your messages. And you were not at home. So, you ..."

The assistant then suddenly noticed her swollen face and the thick bandage around her wrist, "Ms. Truman, Chassell the bastard has threatened you again, right? I will call the police!"

Winnie stopped her and squeezed these words out of her throat, "I've called the police. That's okay. I will have a sleep and then it would be fine."

"But you..."

Winnie put a faint smile on her face, "Don't bother. You can just go home right now."

Then she walked slowly into the bedroom and closed the door behind her before she collapsed onto the bed.

Though she had stood awake for a whole day and night and she was now literally exhausted, she could not fall asleep.

The moment she closed her eyes, she saw the picture in which Channing was taken away by the police.

It was quite stifling.

Tears began to trickle down her cheeks silently, her hands pressed on her heart heavily.

Soon, she burst out crying and she felt as if her throat were strained and herself strangled.

She just lied there as if she were dead, not knowing how long she had been there and when the night fell.

She felt as if she had been devoured by darkness.

A few hours later, she felt the door of her room was opened. And someone was calling her.

Later, silence reigned her room again. Sound of cooking and then smell of foods began to be sent over through the door.

When she sat up, she felt herself dazzled.

With her body leaning against the wall, she walked out slowly towards the living room.

Sherry was sitting on the sofa and waved to her, "You finally wake up."

Winnie greeted her before she looked at the kitchen.

It was Stella who was cooking there.

Winnie was stunned a bit, "Why are you here?"



With a pot of fish soup in hand, Stella headed out of the kitchen, "Your assistant found us in the studio. She said you were in bad condition and she was quite worried about you."

A sense of embarrassment climbed on Winnie's face. She said awkwardly, "It's nothing. I can just have a good sleep and I will be better."

Sherry said, "We took the temperature of you. You've got a fever. You should take good care of yourself or your wound will get infected."

Stella said, "You should eat something first and then take some medicine before you sleep."

Staring at the foods on the table, Winnie said with her eyelashes quivering, "Thank you ..."

Sherry stood up and helped her to sit before the table, "Let's get started. I also feel hungry before those dishes."

Winnie tried to reach the fork and knife, but the intense pain on her wrist stopped her.

Noticing that, Stella scooped a bowlful of soup and placed the bowl before her. Then she put a spoon into the bowl.

Sherry had known what happened today from Daniel, and she also informed Stella.

Stella called Winnie for several times, but her phone had been turned off all the time.

That's when Winnie's assistant came to find them.

Winnie had been lowering her head during the meal. She had difficulty in picking the food so Stella and Sherry just kept helping her.

She remained silent and she ate whatever they picked for her.

After the meal, Winnie stood up and tried to clean the table. Sherry instantly stopped her, "I will handle this. You just have a rest on the sofa.

Stella helped Winnie to sit on the sofa. Seeing the wound on her face and the corner of her mouth, Stella took the iodophor and cotton swabs which they had just bought.

Winnie said with her head lowered, "The doctor said I should go there every second day."

"Then Sherry and I will pick you up the day after tomorrow. You should take good care of yourself at home and keep your wound dry. Call me if you need."

Winnie looked away and fixed her eyes on the carpet, "Don't bother. I will have myself accompanied by my assistant."

"All right. Then we will visit you then."

Winnie bit her lips a bit and halted for a second before she said, "Don't you hate me?"

Stella threw the swabs into the dustbin, "Why should I?"

"It was I that make Channing ..."

"I've told you that you don't have to mind what others think about your relationship. Channing was indeed in trouble. I was worried too. But I won't be angry at you because you are also a victim in this case. Plus, it has been proved that you mean a lot to him."

Stella smiled at her, "But if you want me to play the role of a vicious sister who tries to break you up, I can meet your requirement. I've become interested in acting these days."

Sherry heard that as she walked out of the kitchen.

Stella really sounded like a cruel sister.

Winnie shook her head and took a deep breath. Seemingly she wanted to say something, but she didn't.

Stella knew Winnie could not forgive herself right now so she patted her shoulder and said, "Don't bother. Channing will be free soon. I promise you."

Sherry walked over and sat on the other side of Winnie, "OK. You should listen what Stella had said. I've been informed that Chassell was quite well now. He won't die. Though he deserves to die."

Winnie knew they were comforting her. But she could not feel happy anyway.

After resting for a while, Sherry stood up and boiled a pot of water for Winnie.

Winnie took some medicine and lied on the bed.

Then Stella turned away to say to Sherry, "You can leave now. I will stay here to look after Winnie."

Sherry said, "I should stay. You're pregnant. If Clarence knew I leave you here, he would have me killed."

Before Stella could say anything, Winnie said, "You don't have to stay here. I can take care of myself."

"No."

Stella and Sherry said simultaneously.

Halting for a second, Winnie said, "Then I will call my assistant."

Stella nodded, "That's okay."

They waited until the assistant came. Stella gave her some tips and told her what was left in the refrigerator. Then she left together with Sherry.

On the way home, Sherry said, "I may be illusioned to think that Winnie may want to break up with Channing."

Staring at the scenery outside the window, Stella said slowly, "It's hard for her to start the relationship. Now she may think it was she who ruined Channing's future."

Sherry sighed, "I know it's difficult. But if I were her, I would feel all the same. Channing is such an excellent boy. But those photos ..."

"Just let it go. It's their choice anyway. We should do our best indeed. But the choice is made by them anyway."

Chapter 872-William and Cameron Thomas almost arrived at the gate of the police office at the same time.

With his arm held in his servant's arms, Cameron strode towards William and said, "It's really a big problem! You should inform me earlier."

William took his arms to support him, "You've been in poor health for a long time. I don't want to bother you."

"I'm not bothered. Dealing with this case won't take much time," Cameron walked inside together with him and sighed, "It has never occurred to me that Channing is the child of Miranda, but I did think he looks quite like you. Maybe that is what we call destiny."

William bit his lips, "I failed to take good care of them."

Cameron sighed, "Don't say that. We should take him out first."

Entering the gate, a police man came over to ask how he can help them.

Supported by a walking stick, Cameron said, "I'm Cameron Thomas. I want to see Chief Hammond."

Guessing that William and Cameron may be of some distinguished background, the officer immediately ran away to fetch Chief Hammond.

Soon, Chief Hammond walked here hastily.

He said to Cameron cap in hand, "Mr. Thomas, what breeze of good fortune has blown you here?"

Cameron was quite prestigious in City N. Most people at William's age had listened to the lectures delivered by him when they were young so they often regarded him as their mentor.

And Chief Hammond was one of them.

Cameron said calmly, "I came here for a reason."

With his arm in arms, Chief Hammond led Cameron to the chief's office, "We'd better have a talk in my office."

William didn't follow them and went outside to have a phone call.

After they had left, a few police officers began to discuss with each other in a low voice.

"Why did Mr. Thomas suddenly come here?"

"Is there any case involving the powerful or the rich?"

“The boy we arrested yesterday is said to be the younger brother of Mr. Conrad.”

“But he is actually the younger brother-in-law of Mr. Conrad. And I’ve never heard there is any intimate relationship between Mr. Thomas and the Conrad’s family.”

“But there is certainly no other case than that one which could make it necessary for Mr. Thomas to come here in person.”

“I don’t know how the boy would be judged. It all depends on whether Chassell Barret could make it or not.”

“If I were Chassell, I would rather die. If he makes it, he will definitely be sent to jail again. I heard he has also threatened Winnie Truman. Then he won’t get out in this two or three decades.”

“Maybe that is why Chassell chose to find Channing Radomil. He would rather have the boy dying with him than end up living a hopeless life in jail.”

In the chief’s office.

Knowing the purpose of Cameron, Chief Hammond seemed to be in a pickle, “I also want to free him, Mr. Thomas. Mr. Conrad came yesterday for the same purpose. But the journalists were still waiting eagerly out there. Maybe a few days later would be better?”

Cameron said in a low voice, “I heard it was the man called Chassell who tried to provoke him in the campus. Channing is a good kid and he is also excellent in academic studies. He is popular among his teachers and classmates. Chassell is the only enemy of him. You should not bully such a good person.”

Chief Hammond said, “You’re right, Mr. Thomas. I’ve also done some investigation and I know what kind of person he is. But you know, we have to go through all these procedures. Don’t bother, Mr. Thomas. After the journalists have all gone, I will definitely send the boy back to you intact. And after the case ended, I will have his name cleared.

“As for the case of Chassell, we have initiated the internal investigation. We will have all those involved in the bail of him interrogated.”

With his walking stick in hand, Cameron remained silent.

Chief Hammond was right. Though Chassell deserved to die, he should be judged by the law.

So, Cameron stood up and said, “I don’t want to make it hard for you. But the kid is the son of one of my friends. You should keep a keen eye on this case. He deserves a bright future.”

Chief Hammond halted for a second. Channing Radomil was the brother-in-law of Mr. Conrad and also the son of Mr. Thomas’ friend.

What a boy.

But who was the friend Mr. Thomas mentioned?

Cameron asked before he left, “Can we meet the boy?”

Chief Hammond nodded, “Of course, Mr. Thomas.”

As Chief Hammond led Cameron out with his arm in hands, William also walked in after finishing his phone call.

With Cameron’ words in mind, Chief Hammond take a few more glances at William closely.

He was a stranger to him definitely.

Cameron turned back to say, “You could handle your own business now. We can be led to the boy by someone else.”

Chief Hammond did have something else to do. So, he sent someone else to guide the gentlemen.

Outside the lounge, Cameron stopped, "I won't get in. You should have a good talk with him. He is just as stubborn as Miranda and Stella."

William nodded, "I know."

In the lounge, sitting on a single bed, Channing was staring at the window. Seemingly he was indulged in his own wondering.

He was not cuffed but he was confined to this narrow room.

Yet he would never regret what he had done.

At this moment, the door was opened. He thought it were the police officers who were sent to interrogate him so he asked, "So he died?"

"Not yet."

It was a low voice of a man.

Channing turned away and he frowned a bit.

William closed the door behind him before he headed to Channing. He pulled out the chair before the desk and sat down. He looked at Channing squarely, "You want him to die, don't you?"

Channing looked away and remained silent with his eyelids lowered.



William continued, "You've grown up. You should know what has been involved in the case. He indeed deserves to die. But you should leave him to the law. You are not a vigilante."

Channing said in a cold voice, "But the law allowed him to get out of the jail."

This time it was William's turn to remain silent.

Obviously, Channing had no intention to talk about this issue anymore. He began to lie on the bed with his back facing William.

William said, "I've seen your girlfriend in the hospital."

Channing frowned. He bit his lips with his hands clenched into fists.

"She is willing to guard the wardroom for you day and night," William said, "If you want to see her again, you should get out of the room. You may think of yourself as a brave boy who fears nothing. But actually, you are the only person who is moved by yourself."

"Those who worry about you are still waiting outside. They will spare no efforts to have you freed."

Channing remained silent.

"A real man should take his own responsibility, which means he should protect his families and his lover. But he will not bother the others, nor will he let the those under his protection suffer life-long agony and self-accusation."

"Do you think you act like a real man?"

William stood up, "You will be free in three days. Before that, you should make it clear what you really want and the meaning of your behavior."

Chapter 874-When Stella and Sherry arrived at the Steward's Mansion, Clarence and Archer James were not there. Only Elaine James was playing a swing while shooting the night landscape of the garden.

Seeing the arrival of the ladies, she ran over to them directly, "Stella! Sherry! You are back!"

Stella asked, "Where are Archer and Clarence?"

"They have just left."

"Did they say where they went?"

Elaine said, "No, they didn't. But Clarence did let me to remind you to sleep early, not to wait for him."

Stella nodded, "I know. But it's late now. You should go to bed, dear."

"Oh," Elaine said, "A boy came to visit us a few hours ago. I don't know him, but the guard didn't stop him so I guess he is a friend of yours. Seemingly he had just had a fight with someone. His face was covered all over with wounds."

Stella and Sherry looked at each other, Sherry asked, "Is he an Amerasian who was quite handsome?"

Elaine nodded, "Is he a friend of yours?"

Sherry coughed, "No... I'm a bit tired right now. I want to have a rest in my room."

After that, she got back to her room in a hurry.

Elaine stared at Stella confusedly. The latter smiled faintly, "I will introduce him to you tomorrow. You should go to bed now. It's a bit late."

With her hand holding her phone before her chest, Elaine said, "I still want to stay here for a second."

Stella said, "I noticed that you were shooting something. Are you going to send the video to your dad?"

"Uh..." Elaine got a little bit flushed before she mumbled, "Yes. I... I am going to send it to dad."

Stella said, "Well, then you could stay here for a while but no for too long. It's cold here."

"Okay. I won't."

"Good night."

After Stella left, Elaine sent the video she had just shot to someone.

But that someone didn't reply.

Elaine checked the chat history and found that he also did not reply to the last several messages she had sent him, which made her pout.

To make it worse, what he replied was nothing but one or two words.

It was not hard to tell that they were just perfunctory replies.

He acted like an elder to her who was too busy to take those "childish" messages seriously.

Elaine sat back to the swing with her hands down on legs. With her toes stroking the ground softly, she began to play the swing in a disappointed way.

...

The moment Sherry opened the door of her bedroom, the words of Elaine welled up in her mind. Then she stopped.

Daniel must know that Stella and Clarence lived on the first floor. So, he wouldn't choose to bother them, which meant it was quite possible that he was now living on the ground floor.

Sherry knocked on the door of the two empty rooms on the ground floor.

And there was no reply.

After a while of hesitation, she opened the door of one of the two rooms in a sudden.

Daniel was right in the room. With a piece of bandage in his mouth, he was trying to change the dressings by himself. The moment Sherry opened the door, Daniel looked upward to look at her eyes squarely.

The two were both stunned.

Sherry fixed her eyes on him unconsciously. On his body, one wound was interwoven with another. New wounds and large area of bruises can be easily visible.

It was the first time for Sherry to see those wounds clearly under light.

Daniel spitted the bandage out of his mouth. He quickly put on his clothes and said softly, "Did I scare you?"

Sherry shook her head and closed the door behind her, "Are you trying to change the dressing on your own?"

Daniel nodded, "What's up?"

Sherry was speechless.

She found herself unable to answer the question.

Sherry looked around and said, "Nothing happened. I'm just taking a look around. It's really a big room."

Daniel said, "If you like it, I can exchange my room with you."

Sherry was speechless.

Was his brain also injured?

She didn't want to take his joke seriously and walked over to him to take off his clothes.

Daniel dodged and held her wrist in hand unconsciously. A sense of surprise welled up in her eyes and his Adam's apple jumped a bit, "May be next time. It will hurt tonight."

She was flushed a bit, "I just want to take a look at your wounds. I didn't mean ..."

Daniel let her hand go and said, "Oh."

"You got such a dirty mind, boy," Sherry reached out to get the medicine and bandage nearby, "Hurry up. I will change dressing for you."

Without a word, Daniel quickly took off his shirt.

Sherry turned back to find a strong and naked body of a man, which made her face all the more red.

She pretended to be serious, "Just turn back. I will handle the wounds on your back first."

After he turned back, Sherry sprayed the medicine onto the bruise near his shoulder and then stroked the bruise gently to spread the medicine.

After a while, she felt her palm quite hot.

Apart from that one near his shoulder, there were also other bruises on his back.

The scars on his back also appeared before her eyes.

Sherry murmured, "Thank you for what you have done."

"For what?"

"It's just ... Channing is like a younger brother of mine. You got wounded for him. I must thank you for that."

Daniel smiled warmly, "It's confusing for me that you all come to thank me for that."

Sherry was bewildered by his words, "We should thank you for that, shouldn't we?"

Daniel turned back suddenly, which scared Sherry a bit. She said immediately, "What ... what are you doing? I haven't finished yet."

Facing her squarely, he pointed at the bleeding wound on his chest, "Mind you, you should handle this first. Otherwise, I will die."

The cut was actually not large and only two to three centimeters deep. But it was quite scary anyway since it was covered all over with dry blood.

Sherry nodded repeatedly and put the spray bottle aside. Then she took the medicine which was used to stop bleeding and some cotton swabs. She bent over to apply the medicine on his cut. Then she frowned and said, "Is that made by a knife?"

Daniel leant aback a bit and put his hands on the bed to support him. With his eyes fixed on her, he mumbled, "Yep."

Sherry blew the cut softly to ease his pain while changing dressing for him. That made her feel quite uncomfortable as if it were she who get wounded.

After she finished, Sherry found the piece of bandage he spitted onto the bed and gradually wrapped his cut with it.

Sherry said, "What did the doctor say to you? You should not make the cut wet and ..."

Daniel opened his mouth slowly, "The doctor said I was fine. I'm getting used to it. If I end up lying in the hospital like Chassell, it's okay for me either."

Sherry was speechless.

Maybe his brain was injured too.

Having had the cut taped up, Sherry said, "When you get to the hospital to have a reexamination, you should also check if your brain is alright. Maybe it was injured too."

Before she stood up, Daniel quickly held by her waist.

His lips touched hers promptly before Sherry could do anything.

Since he was covered all over by wounds, Sherry couldn't find a place on him to place her hands on to stop him.

Sherry blew the cut softly to ease his pain while changing dressing for him. That made her feel quite uncomfortable as if it were she who get wounded. After she finished, Sherry found the piece of bandage he spitted onto the bed and gradually wrapped his cut with it. Sherry said, "What did the doctor say to you? You should not make the cut wet and ..." Daniel opened his mouth slowly, "The doctor said I was fine. I'm getting used to it. If I end up lying in the hospital like Chassell, it's okay for me either." Sherry was speechless. Maybe his brain was injured too. Having had the cut taped up, Sherry said, "When you get to the hospital to have a reexamination, you should also check if your brain is alright. Maybe it was injured too." Before she stood up, Daniel quickly held by her waist. His lips touched hers promptly before Sherry could do anything. Since he was covered all over by wounds, Sherry couldn't find a place on him to place her hands on to stop him.

Chapter 875-After halting for a second, she finally held him by his neck.

Daniel quickly hugged her tightly to let her sit on his legs. Then she felt the hem of her dress were lifted before he fondled her by the waist.

As the scene in the room got more and more romantic, the door was opened suddenly, "Sherry, you may get into the wrong room. I didn't ..."

It was Elaine who was standing at the door. Seeing what happened before her, she was quite stunned with her eyes wide open.

Sherry suddenly got back to the real life and jumped off his lap before she pushed him at his shoulders unconsciously.

Daniel frowned and heaved a slight sigh.

She wanted to explain the situation to Elaine, but then she realized she accidentally touched his wounds. She didn't know whether she should first check whether he was okay or talk to Elaine.

Sherry didn't know what to do now and apologized, "I'm so sorry! Are you okay?"



At the door, Elaine covered her eyes with her hands hastily and murmured, "I didn't mean to bother you. You two just go ahead..."

As she closed the door, she couldn't help having a few glimpses at them.

There was such a mess in the room.

When Sherry looked out, she found the door was already closed.

Sherry was silent.

She got a bit flushed, "If you are alright, I will get back to my room."

Daniel stroked his shoulders gently, "It hurts."

After she was sure that the bandage wasn't wet by the blood, she heaved a sigh of relief, "A few days later your will be better."

Daniel said, "I remember you said you want to thank me."

"And I remember you said that I don't have to."

"Did I?"

Sherry knew what he said was actually "It's confusing for me that you all come to thank me for that." But in her mind those words were tantamount to "You don't have to."

Daniel said in a seemingly sincere way, "For my part, if you really want to thank me, it's impolite for me to refuse."

“No, it’s not.”

Daniel ignored her words directly and held her by the wrist, “Help me to get to the bathroom, okay?”

Maybe now he couldn’t take care of himself.

Without a word, she helped him stand up and led him to the bathroom.

Sherry turned on the hot water switch and had the towel wet with hot water before she gave it to him. Then she squeezed toothpaste out of a tube.

Daniel looked confusedly at her.

Sherry asked him while preparing, “I think you want to brush your teeth and wash your face.”

Sitting on the toilet lid, Daniel stretched his long legs freely, “I do. But I cannot raise my arm.”

Sherry looked at the large area of bruise on his right shoulder and pointed at his left hand, “Your left hand is alright.”

Daniel lowered his head to point at the 5-centimeter-long cut on his chest, “It hurts.”

Sherry was speechless.

She felt she was like his nursing assistant.

Sherry put down the toothbrush and took the towel to rub his face gently. She used the towel to clean his body softly while gently avoid touching the wounds and bruises.

As she bent over to rub his belly, her head was quite close to the cut on his chest. Daniel could feel her breath and he got a bit uncomfortable.

His Adam's apple jumped and he looked away. His eyes accidentally fell on the mirror, on which a gorgeous girl was taking care of him meticulously, her eyes showing a sense of earnestness and her move extremely careful since she was afraid of touching his cut.

Daniel tilted his head unconsciously and the shadows of them interwove with each other on the wall, looking as if they were kissing.

When Sherry raised her head, her head struck on his jaw.

Before she could rub her forehead, she felt the long fingers of Daniel were stroking her head. He said in a low and enchanting voice, "Sorry."

Apart from his handsome appearance, Daniel still got his own charm in some other aspects. When he said something in a husky voice, he sounded really sexy.

Sherry's ears got red and she put down the towel, "That's okay. You can do the rest yourself. I'm leaving now."

As she turned away, she found herself pulled to stop by the boy behind her.

Sherry turned back, "You..."

Daniel had already stood up to pressed her on the mirror softly.

He lowered his head to kiss her lips again, his tongue prizing up her teeth gently.

Their heavy breath made the mirror covered all over by a thin layer of mist.

After the deep kiss, Daniel had already unhooked her bra and then he began to gnaw her shoulder gently.

Sherry got a bit dazzled and enchanted, but she tried to be sober, "You... you can't..."

Daniel said hoarsely, "We can have a try."

"I mean your cut will get opened," over this, Sherry got quite sober. She closed the zip on her clothes and said, "And there are no condoms here."

With his eyebrows jumping a bit, Daniel got closer to her to make her know what he had in mind right now.

He whispered to her, "Shall I get out to buy some?"

Sherry was scared to treble by his words, "Are you crazy? We are not in our apartment right now. They will know what we are doing."

He halted for a second before he asked, "If we don't use a condom ..."

"No way!"

Sherry squeezed herself out of the space between the mirror and Daniel. She put on her bra and adjusted her clothes before she said, "You deal with your own business. I will get back to my room."

After that, she ran to the door hastily.

Seeing her back, Daniel rubbed his nose regretfully.

Now he knew why it was bad to get wounded.

...

On her way back to her room, Sherry found Elaine crouching at her door. Seemingly she was immersed in her own thoughts.

Sherry walked to over to her and asked, "What are you doing here, Elaine? It's time for bed now, dear."

Elaine raised her head to look at her before she stood up against the wall. Self-accusation was written all over on his face. She said after a while of silence, "I'm so sorry..."

Sherry though she was referring to the embarrassing moment a few minutes earlier. She stumbled, "That... that was not what you think. He got wounded and I was changing dressing for him. That's why I have to take off his clothes. Don't you think we are doing something else!"

Elaine nodded, "I won't. I knew you were just kissing, not having the time to have sex."

Sherry was speechless.

She coughed and opened the door, "Let's get in first."

Elaine was following her with one hand clenched in another behind her, "Is that man your boyfriend?"

Sherry halted for a few seconds and said, "You can say so."

With her mouth slightly opened, Elaine seemed to have something to say. But finally, she remained silent.

Sherry found her a bit weird and asked, "Do you feel disposed? Or you miss your home?"

Elaine said, "I'm fine. It's just... Can I sleep together with you tonight?"

Sherry agreed, "Of course. I'm going to take a shower first."

"Then I will fetch my clothes!"

Chapter 876-Stella just could not fall asleep.

Maybe it was due to the strange environment that she couldn't help thinking about the reasons why Channing acted so brutally. Though she had had a cup of hot milk, she just kept getting more and more agitated.

Then she chose to get up and stroll in the room, trying to calm herself down.

As she was taking a deep breathe, she heard the door opened.

It was Clarence. Seeing what she was doing, he asked, "Are you hungry?"

Stella shook her head, "No, I am not hungry. I just couldn't fall asleep."

Clarence loosened his tie with one hand and threw it onto the sofa before he walked over to her and patted her head softly, "Just because I'm not with you?"

Stella smiled and pushed him gently, "Well, you should take a shower first. Have you had dinner yet? I will make something for you."

"No, you don't have to. I will take a shower first." Clarence turned away and took the lid of a small box on the bedside table. In the box there was a wood cube and Clarence dripped one or two drops of oil which was used to soothe the nerves.

A faint fragrance of wood was sent over immediately, conveying a sense of coolness and calmness.

And it was quite comfortable to smell.

Stella took out some clothes from the wardrobe. Clarence took those clothes and gave her a gentle kiss before she said slowly, "You don't have to wait for me. You should go to bed early."

Stella nodded, "I know."

Seeing Clarence headed into the bathroom, Stella lied back on the bed. Maybe the oil worked. She finally felt a little sleepy.

She yawned and closed her eyes slowly.

After a while, she found herself in a warm embrace.

Stella was still conscious right now. She mumbled. "Elaine said you had gone out together with Archer ..."

With Stella in arms, Clarence halted for a second before he said, "I led him to meet someone."

Stella nodded. She didn't ask who the one was. She remained silent for a while before she said, "My father called me this evening. He has been back and has met Channing. But he didn't tell me what he said to Channing."

Clarence said, "You don't have to worry. He knows what he is doing."

Stella nodded in his arms, "I hope this time William and Channing can get closer."

Clarence patted her back and said, "They will. Don't bother."

The sound of Stella's breath got more and more stable. After a while, she fell asleep.

...

In the Conrads' Mansion.

Sitting in Dempsey Conrad's room, Justin stared at the empty bed. Seemingly he was wondering something.

Harris got closer to him and said, "Mr. Conrad, I will take Mr. Conrad back soon."

Justin got back from his wondering and said opening his mouth slowly, "You don't have to. They have noticed you when you got to the hospital."

Harris gritted his teeth, "It's my fault. I ..."

In the morning when Dempsey Conrad was taken by Clarence's men, Harris was afraid that their action would put Justin in a disadvantaged position. And he had no idea about the situation of Chassell. To ensure Justin's safety, he chose to act immediately on his own.

Though he had prepared well, he was a bit late. Their men had come.

If it were not for the woman, Chassell must have been dead now!

Justin said, "Did you show up before them?"

"The woman was the only one who noticed me. I will have her killed."

Justin maintained a poker face, "Let Jon do it. The woman has seen you. If you missed the target again, you won't be back."



Harris lowered his head without a word.

Justin drove his wheelchair and headed outside, “Now not even a fly would get in Chassell’s room. Don’t waste more time on him. We should try another way around.”

Harris ran over to help her, “You mean ... Stella Radomil?”

“Two workers have been dead in the new studio. But no information on such a piece of sensational news is available online. We can work on it and I want you to be responsible for that.”

“But Clarence still got Master Conrad in hand. And news reports on the New Coast Project have already rendered us in a disadvantaged position. I’m afraid ...”

“He will die soon. He is of no use to Clarence even if he was in his hand,” Justin smiled, “And I’m not the man who cares most about the project.”

The partners were the ones who were most worried.

Justin continued, “Although we haven’t reached our goal, what we have done is enough to have them anxious.”

After all the money invested could not be retrieved.

“But apart from Steward Group, Clarence also owns another two multinational companies, Complex and Southwest. If Steward Group is involved in the case and the group ends up bankrupt, the other two he owns can still run smoothly.”

Justin smiled faintly, “He won’t let Steward Group go bankrupt in his hands. Don’t you forget that the two companies have had financial interactions with Steward Group.”

He’s right. One had invested in Steward Group and the other been in strategic cooperation with Steward Group.

If Steward Group was involved in the New Coast Project, the other two companies would definitely fail to remain intact.

Should in Clarence's mind Steward Group was something that could be discarded easily, it was hard for Justin to fight against him.

But in fact, Steward Group really meant a lot to Clarence.

It was because Clarence had his own thoughts and concerns that Justin could have all those people involved dead with him together through the New Coast Project.

After Harris had told him what he had to do on the phone, Jon remained for a few seconds before he asked, "So in your mind, the sudden death of a super star in her home in midnight is something that can be easily neglected by the general public?"

Harris said, "She have many reasons to commit suicide. She was harassed by Chassell. She suffered cyber-violence. Channing was arrested for her. She can't forgive herself and commits suicide. It's simple, isn't it?"

"Do you think someone as smart as Clarence Conrad would fail to realize what really happened?"

"It's none of your business. You just take care of what I told you."

After that, Harris hung up the phone.

Christian Atwood was standing beside him. He frowned and said, "As a secretary, he is too arrogant. Even Justin won't dare to speak to you like that."

Jon sneered, "Indeed, Justin won't talk to me like that. He is not a man of that kind. But if you think he respects me, you are wrong. For him, I am nothing but a gun which would be abandoned anytime."

“So... we don't have to cooperate with them, right?”

Jon was originally a man collecting and selling information and intelligence. He used to take the money and leave quickly regardless of what he had done to other people.

But since his cooperation with Justin began, he got involved more and more deeply.

Justin got the evidence which could prove what he had done those years. The cruel man wouldn't let him go readily.

Plus, even someone as cruel and cunning as Amanda ended up killed by him immediately.

Now even if Justin would let him go, Clarence wouldn't forgive him.

It's a dead end anyway.

But if Justin won in the end, he could get what he wanted. That's why he finally decided to fight for his own survival.

Justin got the evidence which could prove what he had done those years. The cruel man wouldn't let him go readily. Plus, even someone as cruel and cunning as Amanda ended up killed by him immediately. Now even if Justin would let him go, Clarence wouldn't forgive him. It's a dead end anyway. But if Justin won in the end, he could get what he wanted. That's why he finally decided to fight for his own survival.

Chapter 877-Winnie fell asleep after taking her pills, and her assistance slept on a couch in the living room. It was very quiet. After midnight, someone sneaked in.

The assistance suddenly felt a glimmer while she turned over. She opened her eyes and was surprised to see that there was a man so she screamed.

Winnie was woken up by the shout. She turned the light on and ran to living room.

Then she saw her assistance sitting on the couch, looking at a man.

After hearing someone coming, the man turned back and waved to her: "Hi, it's been a long time."

Winnie asked: "Vincent James?"

It really had been a long time.

The assistance did know him. She suddenly rose up, ran to Winnie and whispered in alarm: "Winnie, did you know him?"

Winnie nodded: "he is a friend of Mr. Conrad."

Then her assistance was confused: "Which Mr. Conrad?"

At the moment, Vincent James was too tired to sit on the couch: "The one more ruthless."

The assistance whispered: "Both of them are pretty ruthless."

Vincent made no answer, because she was right.

"Fiona, please close the door." She pressed her fingers into her temples.

Then she sat opposite: "what are you doing here?"

"I've heard you have seen what the face of Justin Conrad's assistance?"

Winnie answered yes.

“You must be careful not to get yourself killed.” Vincent threw his hands open, “I suggest you report the case to police in the morning. Even if that man can get arrested and detained for only two days, you still buy yourself some time.”

“I know,” she paused, then said, “why...”

“Clarence Conrad asked me for a look. He said if you were killed after Channing Radomil goes out, it was possible he risked his life. But Justin Conrad was not as weak as Chassell Barret. Channing Radomil was no match for him and may come to a bad end.”

Winnie looked down without any word.

Then Vincent stood up and looked at doors and windows: “Be careful these dates. You knew you’re in a difficult position. Justin Conrad has already laid hands on Clarence, which indicated that he was no longer masked and is now acting recklessly.”

Then he continued: “You can go to the Stewards’ Mansion?”

Winnie puzzled: “The Stewards’ Mansion?”

“Stella and her friends are all living here, as well as Sherry and the girl from the James family. You can live together and it is safer.”

Winnie shook her head: “Thanks.”

After Vincent’s leaving, Winnie sat on the couch for a while and went to police not until dawn.

In the morning, Harris was arrested by police the moment he arrived at office.

All workers seeing it muttered.

Half an hour later, the news about Stella's new studio where there was a fire and two workers died became a trending topic online.

The interview about the family of the dead men and an apology from Starry Sky studio had released before things got worse, drawing people's attention away from the trolls on Twitter.

In the interview, the relatives said that they received condolence and compensation soon after the accident, which was totally different from what the news said, that the studio did not take responsibility and tried to hush down the matter.

Starry Sky studio apologized for this incident and announced that they would pay compensation to the families and guarantee they live a normal life in the future. In addition, this might not be an accident but purposeful arson according to the words of other workers.

So, the whole case was left to police.

At the same time, the news about the assistance of the CEO of Conrad Group taken away by police was spread on the internet as well.

People were confused by all these that had happened.

In the studio, Sherry sat on a couch, read the apology, and then put down phone. She looked up at the ceiling and heaved a heavy sigh: "What the hell! Some people are just malicious!"

Stella only looked at her phone without replying.

Clarence had told her about this in the morning.

Also, it was he who handled it.

It was already over while she even didn't know how it happened.

She just signed, looking outside and thinking nothing.

Then she suddenly went away while Sherry continued to skim through the comments.

“Sherry, I need to go out for a while.”

Sherry gave a little start for an instant, and then asked: “Where are you going? You need me to accompany you?”

“No thanks. I’ll be back soon.”

Stella directly went to Conrad Group.

A lot of new faces here.

The unfamiliar receptionist stopped her and asked seriously: “Do you have an appointment?”

Stella said to her: “No, but you can call the assistant office and ask them whether the CEO is willing to see me.”

The receptionist asked about her name then called the assistance office.

Half a minute later, she put down the phone and told Stella, “Mr. Conrad agreed to let you in,” she glanced at the man behind her, Maxwell, and added: “but only you.”

Maxwell said: “No.”

Stella turned back to him: “Just stay here. I’ll be ok.”

“But, Mr. Conrad commanded me to follow you all the time.”

Stella smiled: "It's ok."

She looked around and spoke: "So many people see me here. He's not gonna eat me, right?"

Her words had caught much attention.

Quite a few who had recognize her were whispering to each other.

The receptionist said: "Ms. Radomil, this way please."

Maxwell could only to wait there.

Stella felt nervous in the elevator.

She had come here many times.

Although it looked similar to what it had been, there was something here now that somehow disgusted her.

The current Conrad Group was more terrifying than the previous Steward Group when under Lyndon Steward's control.

She could sense corruption and even death here.

Chapter 878-After Stella got out of the elevator, she was taken by a assistant into CEO office.

In the office, Justin was sitting in front of a tea table, reading documents.



Hearing the knock on the door, he looked up and smiled, "Stella, it's been so long."

Stella just nodded.

Justin told the assistant, "Serve Ms. Radomil a cup of tea."

After the assistant left. Justin put down files and asked Stella to sit down.

Stella went to sit in front of him.

"Stella, I've been busy recently and didn't find the time to pay a visit. How are you and Clarenc..." said Justin softly.

Stella interrupted him flatly, "You set up my brother."

It was not a question, but a statement.

Justin smiled with a little distress and confusion, "I've heard what happened to your brother. It seems he had conflicts with Chassell Barret. One was hurt and sent to the hospital and the other to the police station. I don't understand what you mean. What does that have to do with me?"

"Chassell Barret should have been in jail. If it weren't for you who bailed him out, he wouldn't have gone to find Chan?" said Stella.

"Stella, it's only your guess." replied Justin.

Stella knew he was implying that she had no evidence.

But Justin got the thing done so flawlessly, he wouldn't have left any trace behind.

So she continued, "I know why you did this. But no matter Chan or the two dead workers, they are innocent! You shouldn't have revenge on them."

Justin only smiled.

He pulled a blanket covering his legs, "Did Clarence know you are here?"

"It doesn't whether he knows or not."

Justin smiled, "If he knew, he wouldn't allow this. He has already thought I'm the bad guy."

He paused and added, "Do you think so too?"

Stella remained calm, "Clarence and I regarded you as the only one who was different in the Conrad family."

"The Conrad family?" Justin laughed, leaning back in the wheel chair, and signed, "it's the Conrad family where breeds my hatred. Growing up in a family like that, how good can I be?"

"You should live a happy life, not living in hatred."

"You may forget, since the accident I have been confined to a wheelchair, and my life no longer belongs to me."

Stella was lost for words.

Justin pushed himself to the floor-to-ceiling window and spoke, "In the last 20 years or so, I had never blamed anyone for this traffic accident. I only told myself, it was my destiny. After Clarence came home, my mother hated and insulted him. Whenever she beat and scorned him, I always stood in front of him to protect him. My mother had told me that Clarence came home to compete with me for the family

assets. At that point, I thought it was harder for me to live than death. Money didn't mean anything to me, I was still condemned to a wheelchair."

"In those years, I had no hope and did not want to see anyone. I didn't want them to look at me with sympathy and pity. The Conrad family, like hell, had trapped me there."

"I also envied Clarence that he could go out of the Conrad family and pursued what he liked, and wasn't affected by gossips."

"Until Caesar James came to tell me my miserable life was caused by Clarence's grandfather. In order to take Clarence to the Conrad family, his grandfather set me up and wanted me out of the way. Unfortunately, I didn't die, only disabled."

Then he turned back to her and the smile on his face turned even bigger, "Stella, if you were me, could you accept all of these?"

Stella frowned, "You can take revenge on the James family, on anyone who hurt you. But not the innocent ones."

"Innocent? Who?" Justin replied, "I only paid them back in their own coin. Why all of you see me as the bad guy? What about the ones who hurt me?"

"No..."

"Lyndon Steward made all the efforts to get what did not belong to him, even having his own parents and your mother killed. Shouldn't he die?"

"So his death was in your plan."

Justin chuckled, "Why? His death was no good to me. It was only a gift for you, do you like it?"

Stella asked, "Why did you kill Caesar James?"

“He is too reckless and impulsive.” Justin added, “I had indeed chosen the wrong ally. If I had known he would be defeated by Darnell James so easily, I wouldn’t have wasted so much time on him.

“What about my kid?”

He turned back to look at her for a while, then signed, “Stella, you know, your kid shouldn’t have been born in the first place. However, to a certain extent, he had shouldered part of the pain for you

Stella clenched her fist and glowered at him, “Did you do this to avenge your mother’s death?”

Justin smiled, “Certainly not. That’s her own choice. She thought she could use her death to induce me to hate Clarence and thus live my life in the way she had wanted.”

Stella frowned and suddenly realized something, “Before her death, you already knew her plan, but you did not stop her. You just watch her suicide?”

The smile slightly faded on Justin’s face, “In those years, she was the same as me, trapped in the Conrad family and manipulated by hatred and jealousy. She hated Clarence but couldn’t kill him. She even didn’t find the relation of the James family. She had lost the will to live in this world.”

Stella gaped. She found the man in front of her totally unfamiliar.

She had thought he was only against them, and had never expected that Joanna Perez’s death was also a part of his plan.

Justin continued, “Since you have asked, I could tell you the whole story. The medicine bottle Clarence found in her room, I put it there.”

Stella asked, “Why did you kill Caesar James?” “He is too reckless and impulsive.” Justin added, “I had indeed chosen the wrong ally. If I had known he would be defeated by Darnell James so easily, I wouldn’t have wasted so much time on him. “What about my kid?” He turned back to look at her for a while, then signed, “Stella, you know, your kid shouldn’t have been born in the first place. However, to a

certain extent, he had shouldered part of the pain for you Stella clenched her fist and glowered at him, "Did you do this to avenge your mother's death?" Justin smiled, "Certainly not. That's her own choice. She thought she could use her death to induce me to hate Clarence and thus live my life in the way she had wanted." Stella frowned and suddenly realized something, "Before her death, you already knew her plan, but you did not stop her. You just watch her suicide?" The smile slightly faded on Justin's face, "In those years, she was the same as me, trapped in the Conrad family and manipulated by hatred and jealousy. She hated Clarence but couldn't kill him. She even didn't find the relation of the James family. She had lost the will to live in this world." Stella gaped. She found the man in front of her totally unfamiliar. She had thought he was only against them, and had never expected that Joanna Perez's death was also a part of his plan. Justin continued, "Since you have asked, I could tell you the whole story. The medicine bottle Clarence found in her room, I put it there."

Chapter 879-When Clarence got the call from Maxwell, he just came out from meeting room.

He replied, "I got it."

He got off the phone then went to an elevator and asked Nathan, "Go to the police to handle the subsequent matters."

Nathan replied, "Okay."

Clarence went down and drove to Conrad Tower.

While he arrived at Conrad Tower, Stella and Maxwell just came out.

Clarence got off and strode to Stella, then hugged her tightly.

Stella was stunned, "What's wrong with you?"

Clarence stroke her hair and glanced at the people peeking in front of Conrad Tower, "Get in the car first."

While Clarence helped her with a seat belt, Stella looked at the floor and whispered, "I should have told you. But I think you are busy these days and I don't want to bother you. Also, if I told you, you wouldn't let me go, so..."

Clarence gave a gentle flick on her forehead, "Did you get what you want?"

He knew she definitely would go there.

Stella nodded, "Those things were all done by him, including Lyndon Steward's accidental fall and Joanna Perez's suicide."

She also guessed that Dempsey Conrad's sickness was more or less related to him as well.

Clarence simply said, "I'll send you back."

Stella looked at him and asked, "Can Chan be bailed today?"

"I guess so."

"Can I..."

"It would be better for your father to pick him up."

Stella leaned back. She knew he was right.

William had been dealing with the matter of Channing, including handling the press.

It was a good opportunity to narrow the distance between her father and Chan.

Stella looked outside . Clarence didn't know what she was thinking about.

After a while, she suddenly said, "I want to go to the new studio and have a look."

Clarence said ok.

Half an hour later, they pull over the high street.

The building, which used to be bright and shiny, was currently dark and burnt.

Although it had been cleaned up, it was far away from the way it had been.

Clarence lowered the window and held her hands, looking outside, "Several days later, this place will be restored."

Stella suddenly asked, "What about the two dead workers..."

"Don't worry. I had made arrangements about it and given compensation to the families.

Stella closed her eyes and felt pity about that.

No one wished to be involved in such an accident.

Compensation was only a way to remedy it as best as they could.

She sighed. When would this end?

How many innocent people would be involved?

Clarence understood what she was worrying, so he held her tight.

But soon this would be over.

...

Elaine was back in her previous position. Since she was young, beautiful, innocent and cute, she was a delight to everyone, whether the other girls in the studio or the clients.

When Sherry came back from the photo studio, she found Elaine was doing a good job at the checkout and was polite to everyone, no arrogance in her manner.

While Elaine saw Sherry, she ran to greet her after giving a word to the person next to her. "Sherry, are you done?"

Sherry nodded and handed the camera to her assistant, "Did Stella come back?"

"No." It was getting dark outside, then Elaine continued, "Sherry, let's have dinner. It's on me."

Sherry, "Let me foot the bill. What do you want to eat?"

Elaine tapped her phone, "My father didn't freeze my credit card this time. I have enough money!"

Sherry poured herself a glass of water in the break room, then she turned back and replied, "Alright then!"

Elaine smiled even brighter, "Why not ask your boyfriend?"

Sherry choked by the suggestion, "No. Just the two of us. We can call Stella."

Elaine accepted it and asked again, "Shall we invite Winnie?"



Sherry guessed Winnie may feel better after hanging out for a couple of hours, so she called her. But Winnie sounded weak and declined, "I won't join you this time. Have fun."

"You feel better?"

"Yes, much better."

Sherry heard some noise before she told her to have a good rest, "You aren't at home?"

Winnie replied, "I have some work to do. Don't worry. I'm all right."

Sherry didn't doubt and hung up after advising her to take care of herself.

Later, Stella told them she was with Clarence and would go home, not coming to the studio.

Then only Elaine and Sherry went out for dinner.

After a meal, Elaine suggested shopping.

Sherry was shocked by the number on the price tags. Even she didn't lack money, she was not rich enough to squander.

While Elaine was hectic to buy such expensive goods. She asked to pack all the things which Sherry had a look on.

While it was time to check out, Sherry stopped her, "Why do you buy these for me?"

Elaine replied, "Because I'm rich."

Then Elaine took the chance to pay the bills when Sherry was not looking, and took her to the next store.

Thinking of the hesitation Elaine had last night, and her question about Daniel, Sherry had kinda guessed what she was thinking.

Sherry pulled her to the side, "Elaine, it had all passed. It was not your fault. So you don't need to feel sorry about that."

Elaine still felt sorry. She looked down, "But you lost the baby. If I hadn't gone with my uncle, you wouldn't be in trouble."

Sherry gave her a hug and reassured her, "I accept your apology. But we should come out. You have already sent me a lot of gifts, like those Stella brought from Riverside City and what you bought me today. I even have no room to place them.

Elaine immediately said, "Then I'll buy you a house!"

Sherry didn't know what to say to that. She could only answer sincerely, "Give me time to think about it."

Sherry was shocked by the number on the price tags. Even she didn't lack money, she was not rich enough to squander. While Elaine was hectic to buy such expensive goods. She asked to pack all the things which Sherry had a look on. While it was time to check out, Sherry stopped her, "Why do you buy these for me?" Elaine replied, "Because I'm rich." Then Elaine took the chance to pay the bills when Sherry was not looking, and took her to the next store. Thinking of the hesitation Elaine had last night, and her question about Daniel, Sherry had kinda guessed what she was thinking. Sherry pulled her to the side, "Elaine, it had all passed. It was not your fault. So you don't need to feel sorry about that." Elaine still felt sorry. She looked down, "But you lost the baby. If I hadn't gone with my uncle, you wouldn't be in trouble." Sherry gave her a hug and reassured her, "I accept your apology. But we should come out. You have already sent me a lot of gifts, like those Stella brought from Riverside City and what you bought me today. I even have no room to place them. Elaine immediately said, "Then I'll buy you a house!" Sherry didn't know what to say to that. She could only answer sincerely, "Give me time to think about it."

Chapter 880-When she managed to soothe Elaine's emotions, Sherry took Elaine back to the Steward's Mansion.

While arriving at the door, Elaine saw Daniel getting out and gave Sherry a look of "I won't be the third wheel" then ran away.

Daniel was confused, "What's wrong with her?"

Sherry answered sheepishly, "No...nothing. Where are you going? It's so dark."

"I wanna see Chassell Barret." Daniel paused, "do you want to come with me?"

Sherry was surprised by his suggestion, "O...okay."

Chassell Barret still didn't wake up, but was out of danger already.

Sherry stood at the door and had a look inside. Then she turned back to ask Daniel, "You had been guarding here before?"

Daniel said yes and sat down in a chair, "For them, his is better dead than alive. So they make all efforts to kill him, in order to blame his death on Channing."

Sherry sat near him and she didn't know what to say.

After a while, she asked, "How about Chan?"

Outside the police station, journals all left due to the effort of Cameron Thomas and William.

In contrast, the project of Conrad Group in New Coast became a trending topic.

Quite a few media raced to scoop more juicy details, or otherwise they would lag behind.

However, there was no more new information about Channing Radomil and Chassell Barret.

It couldn't attract any more attention when nothing new was released for a long time. So the media lost interests. The journalists who had been crowding outside hospital now all left.

Chief Hammond looked out the window and was relieved. He could finally enjoy a nice cuppa.

It was finally settled.

Thirty minutes later, William came to the police station for a bail.

Chief Hammond appointed someone to take Channing from the restroom and told them the precautions during bail, then letting them go.

William asked him to leave while Channing looked outside, seemingly pondering.

William looked along the line of sight of Channing and said, "Although there is only a wall between here and outside, the wall can still separate you from the whole world if you make one big mistake."

Channing spoke, as if talking to himself as well, "It won't happen again."

He would spare no chance for Chassell Barret to approach Winnie again.

On the way home, William said, "I've been to your school. Your teacher has told me there is an opportunity for you to study in Oxford. You have time to think about it until next Friday."

Channing looked indifferently outside, "It's my business."

“But for now, if you stay in the country, it’s not good for both you and your girlfriend. You aren’t mature enough to make a wise decision both in life and love.” William paused, “I’m not belittling you. Right now, you’re at an age of impulsiveness. Several years later, when you look back, you will find there are wiser choices that you could’ve made.”

Channing closed his eyes, indicating he didn’t want to continue the conversation.

William spoke again after a while, “I’m sorry about the past 20 years. I know whatever I said doesn’t make any difference. I’ll try my best to make amends. If you have any opinions, you can tell me. If you don’t want to go abroad, we can discuss about it. I’m only giving you suggestions, and you don’t have to follow my words. If you don’t regret about your choices and are able to protect yourself and the ones you care about, I won’t stop you.”

Channing still made no answer. Then William also kept quiet and looked outside.

He knew there was a gap between them which couldn’t be narrowed in a few days. He couldn’t rush it.

Half an hour later, they arrived at the Steward Mansion.

Stella and Clarence had been waiting for them. Stella walked to Channing and watched him closely as soon as he got off, “Are you hurt? You got skinnier. Did you eat anything in there?”

Channing murmured, “I had. I’m fine.”

Stella finally heaved a sigh, “Let’s go in. Have dinner, take a shower then go to sleep, okay?”

Channing didn’t move but took a look inside.

Clarence gave him a side-glance, “Why are you still standing here? Shall I invite you to go in?”

Channing perceived his dissatisfaction. He then entered.

Stella stared at his back and then turned to William, "Dad, is Chan..."

William smiled, "nothing, let's go in."

Stella and Clarence had already had a meal. But it was embarrassing it there were only Channing and William sitting at the dinner table.

So Stella prepared to join them. However, Clarence stopped her, "Archer James wants to see you."

Stella was confused, "When did he say that? Why does he want to see me?"

"You recently have a poor appetite, let him check."

Then he took her away.

There were only William and Channing in the living room.

William scanned across the food on the table and memorized what Channing like.

However, Channing intended to leave after taking only a few bites.

William said, "Your sister made all these for you. If you don't want her to worry, have some more. You've heard that she doesn't feel well these days."

Channing stood there for a few seconds, and then sat down again.

William continued, "It was not safe these days. Your sister and her friends all live there. I know you're unwilling to be here. There is a car outside. You can let the driver take you or drive the car yourself to anywhere you want after the meal. But don't forget to keep in contact with me."

So Stella prepared to join them. However, Clarence stopped her, "Archer James wants to see you." Stella was confused, "When did he say that? Why does he want to see me?" "You recently have a poor appetite, let him check." Then he took her away. There were only William and Channing in the living room. William scanned across the food on the table and memorized what Channing like. However, Channing intended to leave after taking only a few bites. William said, "Your sister made all these for you. If you don't want her to worry, have some more. You've heard that she doesn't feel well these days." Channing stood there for a few seconds, and then sat down again. William continued, "It was not safe these days. Your sister and her friends all live there. | Know you're unwilling to be here. There is a car outside. You can let the driver take you or drive the car yourself to anywhere you want after the meal. But don't forget to keep in contact with me."