

Mr Conrad 901

Chapter 901-On the second floor, Clarence did not go back to the room, he went to the open balcony.

The raindrops kept falling on the water, splashing countless ripples.

No pause.

In the heavy and dark rain, Clarence's eyes fell on somewhere. His eyesight was hidden in the half-bright and half-dark light, and no emotions could be seen.

After a long time, when he returned to the bedroom, Stella was already asleep.

He walked over and left kisses between her eyebrows with a little chill.

Probably feeling a little cold, Stella subconsciously shrank her neck and tried to bury her face under the quilt.

Clarence gently rubbed her head, and then went into the bathroom.

After a few rainy days, the temperature of the whole city dropped sharply. Any cold wind blew would become cold and piercing.

It had already been late winter.

Stella didn't know whether the pregnant woman's temperature was too high or the effect of taking medicine to nurse her body, Clarence wrapped her like a croissant every day, or she wouldn't go out.

There was still no news from Adolph.

When Channing arrived at London, he called.

And he said nothing then.

After drawing the design, Stella got up and took the cup to the tea room. Seeing that Elaine was getting more and more familiar with the studio's business, and Sherry was also taking pictures of the items, she couldn't help but smile.

She felt that this winter was no longer as cold as before.

Seeing her, Sherry put away his camera and walked over. "Stella, are you done with your work?"

Stella nodded. "Come out for a walk. Let's pick some hot water."

Sherry followed. Just as she was about to speak, her phone rang.

She looked at the caller ID, turned around to answer the phone, and lowered her voice. "I'm busy. What's wrong?"

On the other end of the phone came Daniel's voice, "It's raining these days, and there are not many guests in the studio. What are you doing?"

Next to her, Stella raised her eyebrows, took the water, leaned against the wall, picked up the cup, and took a sip.

Daniel's voice continued, "Haven't you told Miss Radomil yet? If you don't know what to say, I'll tell her."

Sherry held her mobile phone and whispered, "You said it's raining these days. Why are you in such a hurry? Let's talk about it when the rain stops."

Now, it was Daniel's turn to be silent.

Sherry said, "Okay, that's it. Let's talk about it later."

She quickly hung up the phone. When she turned around, she met Stella's smiling eyes.

Sherry coughed and put away his mobile phone. "Well, it's... an agent. He always calls me. So annoying."

Stella put down the glass and said, "I heard it. It's Daniel. What do you want to say to me?"

Hearing this, Sherry couldn't help licking her lips, she didn't shift the topic anymore. She said directly, "It's just... Daniel said that he asked me to move to live with him. After thinking about it, I think... it's okay."

Sherry continued, "I haven't said anything because I have a lot of things to do recently. I didn't find an opportunity. Then it rained for a few days, and it's troublesome to move here. I wanted to wait until the weather was better."

Stella smiled. "Sure. You can move away whenever you want. I trust him, he can take care of you."

Sherry also leaned against her and said, "Anyway... just let it go. It's good."

In the evening, Daniel came to pick up Sherry.

Sherry wanted to have dinner with Stella and Elaine, but both of them refused to be the third wheel.

Daniel nodded with a smile, and left with Sherry.

After they left, Elaine locked the door of the studio, clapped her hands, opened the umbrella, and raised it on Stella's head. "Sister, let's go too."

On the way back, Stella said casually, "It seems that I haven't seen Archer recently. Do you know what he is busy with?"

Elaine shook her head. "I don't know. Sister, what can I do for you?"

"Nothing."

She just felt that Archer didn't know anyone in City N, so perhaps he didn't have any social activities every day.

When Stella and Elaine returned to the Steward family, Archer had just returned.

Stella looked at the bloodstains on his clothes and was stunned. "What happened to you..."

Archer followed her gaze and looked as usual. "Oh, nothing. I accidentally stained it when I was eating."

Elaine was greatly shocked and seemed to understand something. "As expected, the rumors are false. The person who treats blood as wine is not Darnell James, but you!"

He looked at Elaine and encouraged her, "I appreciate your sense of humor very much and keep it. I'll go back to my room to take a shower first."

"Wait!"

Stella stopped him and took two steps forward. "What's the hell going on?"

Archer rolled his eyes and was about to answer, but a figure came in.

Archer simply threw the question away. "You can ask him."

After that, he took advantage of Stella's turn to escape from the scene quickly.

Clarence saw Stella standing still and looking at him. He stepped forward and asked, "What's wrong?"

As the representative of the class, Elaine explained further, "Archer has stained some blood. He said that it was accidentally stained when he ate. Did you eat with him?"

Clarence was a bit speechless.

He glanced at Elaine and said, "Go back to your room."

Elaine pouted, turned her back to him, and quietly made a face. She waved goodbye to Stella. "Sister, I'll go to sleep first. Good night."

"Good night." After answering Elaine, Stella looked at Clarence again. She couldn't help grabbing his sleeve and frowning. "Are you..."

Clarence held her in his arms and patted her back gently. "It's fine. Nothing happened. Don't worry."

Stella grabbed the clothes around his waist and lowered her voice. "Then... whose blood is it?"

Clarence was silent for a few seconds, and whispered a few words in her ear.

Hearing this, Stella's eyes instantly widened. She came from his embrace with a shocked look.

Clarence's lips curled up. "Are you relieved now?"

"But... will it be dangerous for you?"

“No. Trust me.”

When Stella was about to say something, Clarence held her hand and said, “It’s a little cold. How about go upstairs and take a shower?”

She took a few steps back. “I suddenly remember that I still have something to do with Elaine. You go first...”

Before she could finish her words, her waist was held by him.

Since she was pregnant, though her wretched man had been obedient to the doctor and restrained a lot, but every time she took a shower, he always had ways to have fun with her.

Clarence pressed his thin lips against her ear. “We’ll talk tomorrow, darling.”

Chapter 902-At Conrads’ Mansion.

Justin Conrad was reading in the living room when a subordinate hurried in. “Young Master Justin, I just knew that Adolph Miller was dead.”

He stopped flipping through the book and looked up. “For sure?”

“I’ve sent someone to investigate. Absolutely true.” His subordinate continued, “The police have been keeping a close watch on him during these days. Our people didn’t find an opportunity to kill him, and today...”

Justin said lightly, “Since we didn’t find an opportunity before, why did we go smoothly today?”

His subordinate didn’t know how to answer for a moment, “I...”

“Check it again. I want to see his dead body.”

The subordinate nodded and left.

Modesty Parker came out of the kitchen with water, squatted beside Justin, handed the water over, and said softly, "Time for you to take medicine."

Justin didn't take it, but looked down at her and asked, "Do you think he's dead?"

Modesty Parker put down the water, turned around to get the medicine, and said, "He's just a useless man. How can he be your opponent? Everything is under your control. He naturally..."

Justin suddenly leaned over and grabbed her chin with his pale fingers. He narrowed her eyes and asked, "Have you gone to find Stella Radomil?"

Hearing this, Modesty Parker's eyes flickered a few times. She moved her lips but could not say anything.

"Had I warned you not to act rashly without my orders?" Even though Justin's eyes were cold, his voice was still gentle. "Then, tell me, what did you say to her?"

Feeling the hand on her chin getting heavier, Modesty began to panic from the bottom of her heart and hurriedly said, "I didn't say anything! She guessed it herself..."

Justin continued slowly, "What?"

"She guessed that I'm yours, and... and it's you who helped me get rid of Arthur Barnett's body..."

"Only these?"

Modesty nodded hard, "That's all! I swear..."

Looking at her frightened face, Justin smiled again. He grabbed her chin and rubbed her head gently. "Did I scare you?"

Modesty tried her best to control the trembling all over her body. "No... no.

.. I heard from Harris that you have completely been angry with them. I thought I could go and find her... But please don't worry, I didn't let her see my face. It won't affect your plan..."

"It's not the time to make sure everything goes well. Any small mistakes will lead to a complete loss. Do you understand?"

Perhaps because of his comfort, Modesty gradually calmed down. She nodded and leaned on her knees obediently. "It's all my fault. I promise... there won't be a next time."

Justin said, "You can stay here these days and wait until..."

Justin looked out of the window, the smile on his face deepened, and stopped talking.

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A few days later, the sky cleared out finally.

However, even if the sun hanging high in the air, it could not sweep away the chill that swept through the whole city.

On the other side of the new studio, the relevant matters related to the fire had been dealt with and began the renovation.

The agent was probably afraid that Stella would cancel the contract because of the murder. He called and asked if they should choose a new place, but Stella refused.

Everything would go according to the original plan.

However, there were a few more lines of words on the stone wall outside the new studio.

In order to commemorate and recall the two workers who died in the accident.

In the morning, Sherry went to have a look at the decoration. After communicating with the decoration team, she returned to the studio. She showed the photos of the progress of the decoration to Stella and said, "At this speed, it will definitely end before the New Year."

Stella flipped through the photos. Today's great sun made the environment and view of the new studio especially good, more spacious and brighter.

After reading it, Stella returned the phone to Sherry and said, "Then we could move in after the Spring Festival."

"I think it should be the right time." Sherry looked around and said, "I used to dislike this narrow place, but when I thought of moving it over, I was reluctant."

As she spoke, her eyes stopped on the baby's breath outside and she sighed, "Especially the romance that carries the personal support of some philanthropist."

Stella also looked out and seemed to think of something. She smiled.

A few seconds later, she turned to look at Sherry. "You're moving today, right?"

Although she said that she was moving, in fact, she only brought a suitcase with her to the Steward family.

That's all.

She still had to move from the apartment she rented.

Sherry tugged at her hand, feeling a little reluctant to part with her, "I just realized my wish to live next door with you. How about..."

Stella smiled and said, "I will not go back there. When I bring Noah back from Riverside City, I will go back to Starry Lake Mansion and live there. At that time, you can come over and stay there for a long time."

Sherry curled her lips. "You don't want me to live long but to sleep forever. I really want to live there. But Clarence won't agree."

"How can it be so exaggerated? Didn't you see it too? He is actually good, only a bit mean occasionally."

Sherry patted her on the shoulder. "I envy you who has been blinded by love."

Stella smiled grumpily and pushed her. She looked at the person standing outside the door and said, "Well, you'd better go quickly. He had been waiting for you for a long time."

Sherry turned around, she saw Daniel standing at the door, raising his eyebrows at her.

After leaving the studio, Sherry said, "I need to go back to the Steward family first, I..."

Daniel opened the trunk and said, "I've already brought all your things out."

Sherry was a bit confused.

His action was really quick.

Daniel closed the trunk again, opened the passenger door, and stuffed her in, "Now I'll go to the apartment with you and pack up the rest."

Before Sherry could say anything, he had already closed the door and walked to the driver's seat.

On the way back to the apartment, the sun had been shining brightly, making them unable to open their eyes.

Sherry rolled down the window and closed her eyes to enjoy the rare sunshine.

However, before she could enjoy a minute, Daniel closed the car window suddenly.

Sherry turned to look at him.

Daniel drove the car, and said seriously, "It's windy outside. You'll have a headache if you blow it for a long time."

Sherry smacked her lips. It was indeed quite cold.

"Forget it. I can bask in the sun."

She leaned over and opened the door of the car. Soon, the whole car was filled in rhythmic music.

Daniel saw her swaying along with the music. She was in a good mood.

The sun shone brightly on her face. lightnoveldaily.com

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Chapter 903-In the apartment, Sherry put her things into the box one by one and could not help sighing with emotion.

In the past two years, she had moved home several times.

Daniel helped her pack up. When he saw that almost all the things were taken out, he suddenly said, "In fact, I wanted to ask you before, where did all the things I gave you go?"

His words directly pulled Sherry back from her sad mood.

When Sherry threw it away at that time, she was self-righteous. Now, in the face of his sincere question, she was a little embarrassed to speak.

She said, "It's... right here. Maybe there are too many things covered up. Some things are like this. The more you want to find, the more you can't find them. But when you don't have hope, they will naturally come out."

Daniel was silent for a moment, "Did you throw them away?"

Sherry opened her mouth, and several excuses came to her mouth, but she swallowed them back.

In the end, she gave up, "...Yes."

She simply admitted it.

Daniel didn't say anything else. He just sealed the box with tape and carried it downstairs. "Forget it. I'll buy for you again."

Looking at his back, Sherry felt a bit embarrassed.

But at that time, how could she have imagined that their relationship would come to this stage?

If she learned it, she would leave some room for herself to do things in the future.

Just for the future lessons.

After putting the last thing into the cardboard box, everything in the room had been completely packed up.

Looking at the several large cardboard boxes on the ground, Sherry let out her sigh of relief.

It seemed that she hadn't lived here for long, but there were so many things.

She put her phone in her pocket, and went out with a box in her arms.

As soon as she walked to the elevator, Daniel came back and took the box from her arms.

Sherry quickly said, "Let me hold this. You can go..."

Daniel said, "Go inside and sit down. I'll tell you when finishing moving."

"It's okay. I can move faster with you."

"Sit down." After a pause, Daniel said, "Just leave it to me."

Before Sherry could answer, he had held the cardboard box in his arms and turned to enter the elevator again.

Sherry looked at her empty hand and could not help smiling.

If she guessed correctly, the sentence that Daniel had not completed should be “I don’t have the habit of letting women do such a thing”.

He was probably afraid that she would say that he was too experienced, so he changed his words.

When she was with Liam Keith before, he either complained that he was too tired or said that he was too busy with work and transferred money to her, asking her to find someone else to help.

But obviously, the way that he was too busy was just drinking with his friends outside.

Sherry returned to the room, and burned a pot of water.

In fact, Daniel could not only defeat Liam Keith s in terms of emotional experience, but also in all aspects, no matter in terms of character, appearance, talent, or other aspects.

When Sherry was looking at the boiling water, Daniel came back.

Just as he was carrying another big box, Sherry walked over and said, “Leave there. I’ve called the moving company. Let them move later.”

Daniel said, “Not much left. I can move it.”

Sherry took his hand and said, “Your injury hasn’t fully recovered yet. Be careful, or it will crack again.”

Daniel put down the box and looked down at her. “Do you... want to have a look?”

Sherry did not respond for a while. “What?”

“My wound.”

Under the burning gaze of Daniel, she straightened her back and stammered, "Okay..."

Daniel pursed his lips, and walked towards the door.

Sherry took a deep breath and suddenly felt a little hot. She pulled her sweater at the collar.

She picked up the hot kettle, and was about to pour water into it when the door closed.

By the time she raised her head, Daniel had already turned around and walked up to her. He held the back of her head with his hand and lowered his head to kiss her deeply.

Sherry was unprepared and hummed suddenly.

Daniel took over the hot kettle in her hand, put it on the dining table, and then kissed her on the sofa.

His movements were very fast and powerful, giving no chance for her to refuse at all.

When Sherry could breathe, she gasped and asked, "What... what are you doing in the daytime?"

Daniel held her with both hands and exposed his upper body. He stared at her and said, "Don't you want to see my wound?"

Sherry glanced at his chest briefly. "Sure. It's already scabbed and won't crack again."

She hurriedly said, "Finished. There's no problem. Put on your clothes..."

Before she could finish her words, her lips were blocked again.

After a while, Daniel's hoarse voice sounded beside her ear. "When will the moving company arrive?"

Sherry was stunned by his kiss and could only vaguely say, "There should be a while.

My appointment time is before half past four..."

Daniel looked at his wristwatch, it was 3:45 p.m.

He said, "That's enough. I'll try to be faster."

How shameless he was!

But he did really a good job at the bed.

And his penis was great.

A playboy, worthy of being remembered by countless women.

Noticing that she was distracted, then Daniel held her finger tighter. "What are you thinking?"

Sherry snorted and refused to show weakness. "I'm thinking about your ex-girlfriends. They must never forget you."

It was hard to tell whether she was praising or scolding him.

He could only answer her with action.

Before long, Sherry's phone rang. It was a call from the staff of the moving company. They asked her if she was at home. They were downstairs.

Sherry was stunned and looked at the time. It was only about four o'clock. She could only lower her voice. "I'm still packing up... You can come up later."

Then they asked, "How long will it take?"

Sherry glared at the person on her body, signaling him to hurry up.

The latter seemed to have done it on purpose. She didn't know if he was taking revenge on her, but he even slowed down his action.

But it was getting heavier.

Sherry could only grit her teeth and calm down. "Half... an hour. I'm sorry."

"Okay, never mind."

After hanging up the phone, Sherry couldn't bear it anymore. "Didn't you say you should be faster?"

Daniel gasped for breath, "As you said, try my best."

Daniel continued, "In order to make you not forget me, I have to work harder."

Now, Sherry was very regretful. lightnoveldaily.com

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Chapter 904-When the car stopped, Sherry looked out of the window and said, "Where it is..."

It was not the house that Daniel rented next door.

Daniel unfastened the seat belt and explained, "The environment here is much better and the house is bigger."

As Sherry got out of the car, she whispered, "We're the only two who live here, not all your ex-girlfriends. Why need to be so big?"

His eyebrows twitched, very speechless.

This was probably the retribution.

Sherry was holding her handbag, and Daniel was dragging her suitcase. The staff of the moving company followed them, and went upstairs one after another.

When they entered the room, all they saw was the setting sun.

On the flat floor, there was a 270 degree panoramic floor-to-ceiling window. No matter where they looked from, the scenery was excellent.

Because of the good weather, standing here, they could faintly see the coastline in the distance. The sparkling light was still a little dazzling.

It was her love room in her dream.

Sherry turned her head and asked Daniel, "How much is the rent here for a month? It's quite expensive. I'll share it with you..."

Daniel took the box from the staffs and put it on the ground. He took time to say, "Do you think that I asked you to move here to live with me because I can't afford the rent?"

Sherry walked over and helped. "No, I just like this place too much."

Hmm?

“Because I like it so much that I cannot get it without paying anything. It feels like a dream. It’s unreal. If one day we break up, you can drive me away. But if we share the rent, it will guarantee my safety.”

As soon as Sherry said this, even the staff of the moving company laughed.

They put down the last box of things and said to Sherry, “Miss Perry, your things are all here. You can pay directly on the line.”

Facing the sudden embarrassment, Sherry nodded calmly. “Okay, thank you so much for your hard work.”

After the people of the moving company left, Daniel casually put his arm on the shelf next to him and said, “In fact, if you are worried that I will force you to go out, the marriage certificate will be effective and can protect you more fully.”

Sherry cut off the transparent tape on the box with a knife and began to sort things out. “That’s not certain. If you rape me or cheat on me after marriage, I would be hurt. So it’s better to share the rent. At worst, it’s better to pay a month’s penalty than losing my life.”

Daniel looked at her without blinking. Later, he suddenly laughed.

Sherry turned around, looking at his face full of doubts. “What are you laughing at?”

Daniel walked over and sat next to her. “You might be disappointed. I didn’t rent this house. I bought it.”

Sherry couldn’t help but widen her eyes. “What the fuck?”

Daniel continued, “And... it’s under your name, but what you said just now was reasonable. Although I won’t abuse you or cheat, in order to stop you from having these messy thoughts, you should take some

time to go to the house and sign it. In this way, this house will be your personal property. You don't have to worry about being driven out by me."

Sherry was stunned. "Oh no..."

"This should be better to protect you than renting a contract."

Sherry came to her senses after a long while, and it was hard to accept for a while. How could this house, which was hundreds of square meters in the downtown area and worth tens of millions of yuan, become hers...

Although she had some savings now, this dream was still quite ridiculous.

Sherry gradually calmed down and was about to say something when Daniel said, "You don't have to refuse me in a hurry. This was the wedding room I prepared for us. It should be yours."

His words were reasonable, which made Sherry speechless again.

After a moment of silence, she said, "Then I still cannot..."

Daniel said, "I think we shouldn't waste our time arguing about this. Right?"

Daniel leaned over and moved a little closer. He placed his hand on her neck, gently rubbed his ear, and whispered, "Shall we continue with what we haven't done this afternoon?"

As soon as he finished his words, he kissed her directly.

The setting sun in the distance was slowly going down.

Then, the last glimmer of light in the room faded away.

But it was not dark, but was enveloped by the light and shadow of the city.

As soon as Stella came out of the bathroom, she heard a knock on the door.

She wiped her hair as she walked over. When she opened the door and saw Elaine standing outside, she asked, "What's wrong, Elaine?"

Elaine looked inside and asked, "Stella, is Clarence back?"

Stella took a step back, "Not yet. Come in."

Elaine let out a sigh of relief, and her cautious footsteps instantly became cheerful.

Elaine sat on the sofa. "I heard that Sherry moved away. Where did she go?"

Stella sat opposite her, "Move to live with Daniel."

"Really?" Elaine suddenly understood and replied, "That's good. They live together, and they should soon have a little baby."

Stella paused before saying, "Elaine, are you still blaming yourself for what happened before?"

Elaine smiled. "Sherry told me that we should look forward, so I..."

After her words, she still looked a little sad.

Stella actually understood what she was thinking. Since things had already happened, neither Elaine nor Sherry could really let it go.

But life was so long that we couldn't stay here forever and should continue to go on.

After all, it left a wound there.

Elaine took another breath and said seriously, "I will always be good to Sherry. When she has a baby, I will also be good to her."

Stella rubbed her head. "That's enough. As long as you remember it."

Elaine nodded. "I will."

At this time, the door sounded.

Elaine immediately jumped up like a rabbit. "I'll go first. Good night!"

"Good night."

Clarence glanced at the figure who quickly slipped away. He loosened his tie with one hand and looked at Stella, "Why did she come to see you?"

Stella said, "Nothing, she asked me about Sherry."

Then, she explained further, "Sherry moved out today, she lived with Daniel."

Clarence slightly raised his eyebrows and said, "Good."

"You think so, right?"

"That way, she wouldn't have so much time to disturb us."

Stella didn't know what to say to that...

Chapter 905-Clarence pulled her over, picked up the towel next to the sofa, and gently wiped her hair, "Why did you come out without drying?"

Stella said, "I'm about to blow my hair."

"Let me help you."

After entering the bathroom, Clarence took out the electric breeze and put it on the socket. After adjusting the temperature and wind power, he put it on top of her head and combed her hair bit by bit.

Unlike before, when he first blew her hair, Stella always had a lot of hair torn off by him. The most appropriate word to describe it was as a crime scene.

But Clarence was getting more and more familiar with it, even more comfortable than her blowing.

Stella raised her head and looked at his thin cheeks and clearer outline. She said, "You seem to have lost weight recently."

Clarence asked in a low voice, "What?"

Stella asked again, "Did you not eat something in the company?"

Clarence smiled silently. "I ate, of course."

Stella curled her lips. "Of course not."

She knew him well. He was always busy, so he didn't know how to eat.

Although she had reminded Nathan many times, But Clarence was the one that if you didn't feed him the food, he would at most eat only a little.

Stella said, "Alisa has sent me nutritious meals every day recently. Let her prepare you one too."

Clarence said, "No."

"Why?"

Clarence looked down at her and said slowly, "After eating so many nutritious meals, you were still like before."

She whispered, "How can this be the same? I have a baby in my belly. He needs to absorb nutrients to grow up quickly."

Clarence put his hand on her belly and lowered his voice. "Will he hear us?"

Stella smiled. "Still early. It hasn't taken shape yet. We have to wait at least a few months."

Speaking of this, Stella added, "Sherry said that I'm pregnant this time and like sour food so much. Maybe he is also a boy."

Clarence asked, "Any scientific basis?"

"No." Stella said, "But I don't think so. When I was pregnant with Noah, I liked spicy food. In other words, he should be a 'girl'."

"Then that should be the opposite."

Stella asked him, "Do you like girls?"

Clarence looked at her lower abdomen and thought about it seriously.

If it was a little girl with a miniature Stella.

Not bad.

The smile on Stella's face widened when she saw that he was deep in thought with a frown. She reached out to pick up the hair dryer and turned it off.

She said, "Well, I'm ready to sleep. You can take a shower."

Just as Stella was about to leave, Clarence grabbed her wrist and said, "Is there any ways to help you pregnant with a girl. I'll make a wish."

Who just said that there was no superstition or scientific evidence?

After making love with Clarence in the bathroom for more than half a day, Stella was very sleepy. When she was lying in bed and about to sleep, her cell phone suddenly rang.

It was from her wedding dress designer who said that all the wedding dresses had been made and asked her when she had time to try them on at Italy.

Stella fell silent and put her hand on his lower abdomen. "I should not have time recently. Let's talk about it after a few months."

The designer was a little surprised. "Mr. Conrad told me that your wedding is at the end of the year, so I made it as quick as possible."

Stella said, "There were some mistakes on the way. It shall be postponed."

“Okay, then please contact me when you have time. I’ll send you the wedding photo first.”

“Thanks.”

After hanging up the phone, Stella let out a sigh of relief, the phone vibrated several times.

It was a wedding photo sent by the designer, which was very beautiful.

Every detail was designed according to her preferences.

Just as Stella was lost in thought while looking at the picture, Clarence came out of the bathroom, “What are you looking at?”

Stella quickly turned off the phone screen and put it on the bedside table. “Nothing, go to sleep.”

Seeing this, Clarence raised his eyebrows. When he was about to walk to the bedside, his phone, which was thrown on the sofa, rang.

He turned around, then answered the phone.

Stella buried her head under the quilt.

Two minutes later, the bed sank.

Then, she suddenly fell into a warm embrace, and the man’s low voice sounded in her ear, “I’m sorry.”

Stella looked up at him and asked, “How do you know?”

Clarence held her hand and said gently, "When it's over, I'll definitely give you a grand wedding."

Stella hugged his waist with her hands and put her little face on his chest. "You don't have to apologize to me. Originally it will take a long time to plan a wedding. What's more, I am pregnant now, so I can't wear the arranged wedding dress."

She continued, "So after I give birth to the baby, I will try my best to reduce the previous weight."

Clarence said, "You don't have to lose weight. I'll let them change."

"No, I must lose my weight!" Stella said seriously, "You don't understand. Wearing the wedding dress is a driving force for a woman."

Clarence was silent for a moment. "Then you can do it."

Stella closed her eyes. "Okay, go to sleep."

Clarence's warm lips fell between her eyebrows. "Good night."

The next morning, Sherry dragged her tired body to the studio at noon.

Elaine greeted her. "Good morning, Sherry."

She answered weakly, "Morning."

Seeing this, Elaine asked with concern, "Sherry, are you not feeling well? Did you not sleep well last night?"

Sherry touched her neck unnaturally and said vaguely, "I moved yesterday and packed up all night. I'm a little tired..."

Elaine said, "Yes, I've forgotten about it. Have you finished? Shall I help you tonight?"

Sherry quickly said, "No need, I've packed up."

At this time, guests came to the work room. Sherry said to Elaine, "You don't have to worry about me. Hurry up."

Elaine responded and jumped over.

Sherry finally breathed a sigh of relief. Just as she was about to go back to her office and rest for a while, she heard a loud bang outside.

Hearing this voice, Stella came out of the office and she looked at Sherry.

When they were about to go out to check, Maxwell hurried inside.

Stella asked, "What happened?"

Maxwell said, "Don't worry, madam. We've already dealt with it."

In fact, since the opening of the studio, it had been troubled from time to time.

However, every time before they entered the studio, they would be cleaned up.

But this time, the mess was the biggest.

It was most likely ordered by Justin.

Chapter 906-A few days later, Stella finally received her first pregnancy check.

Although she did not say anything during the examination, but she was very nervous.

Until the doctor got the results of the examination, he said to her, "All the indicators are normal. It seems stabilized, but we can't take it lightly, especially in the first three months. Don't do any fierce exercise."

When he said the last word, the experienced doctor glanced at the man next to Stella.

Stella blushed and stood up with the report in her hand. "I... I know. Thank you, doctor."

After that, she left with Clarence quickly.

After leaving the office, Clarence stopped and looked back.

Stella could tell from his face that he was determined to argue something. She gently pulled him and said, "Well, the doctor just reminded us to be careful. He didn't mean anything else."

Clarence looked at her and said sincerely, "Darling, I'm wronged."

She whispered, "Really? You have no points in your heart."

Hearing this, Clarence raised his eyebrows slightly and asked in a low and magnetic voice, "So for example?"

As his words fell, loads of indescribable images flashed across Stella's mind. Every time he wanted to make unreasonable requests, he would use such a tone to tempt her.

Stella ignored him, and turned around, saying, "I'm going back to the studio."

Clarence held her hand, "Don't go back. We haven't had a date for a long time."

Stella turned to look at him, "Aren't you busy today?"

"Even a donkey, it still needs to rest."

It was the first time Stella had heard someone describe himself like this.

However, it was not surprising that was said by him.

Before the smile on Stella's face could spread, Clarence took her hand and walked forward. "So, you also have to take a break occasionally. Don't be so tired."

So the wretched man was talking about her?

The corners of Clarence's lips curled up imperceptibly. When someone came over, he gently pulled her into his arms and moved to the other side.

Stella curled her lips. Forget it, forgive him this time.

After leaving the hospital, it was a bit dark and foggy.

Stella looked at the weather forecast and it said it would snow at night.

Clarence fastened her seat belt, "Have you decided what to eat?"

Stella said, "It may snow at night. Elaine and Archer are both here. Let's buy some dishes and go back to cook hot pot. Sherry and Daniel..."

“No.”

Clarence looked up at her, opened his lips slightly, and slowly said, “The date refers to only two people participating in the activities. In general, hug, kiss, and do...”

Stella raised her hand to cover his mouth and said with a smile, “Well, let’s go.”

Clarence looked up with a smile in his deep eyes.

In the end, Stella felt that there were fewer people eating hot pot. Moreover, Clarence didn’t eat spicy food, which was equivalent to her eating alone. It was a waste to eat too much.

Then she chose the soup pot.

The soup was warm.

When they were eating, Clarence saw her constantly putting millet in the bowl, so he couldn’t help saying, “Don’t put too much.”

Stella dipped it with chopsticks and put it in her mouth. “I don’t think it tastes spicy.”

Clarence thought of how she ate green plums before, she also didn’t feel sour at all.

He said, “I forgot to ask the doctor today. Will pregnancy make your taste get lost?”

Stella snapped, “Eat your meal!”

It seemed that Sherry was right that day. Love really had blinded her eyes.

How bad her wretched man was!

At this time, the manager of the restaurant came over and said, “Madam, many guests in our store have reacted it was too spicy before, so this batch is slightly spicy. If you don’t think it’s spicy enough, we can change it for you.”

Stella looked up and said to him, “Thank you. I think it’s okay.”

The manager nodded. “Then I wish you a pleasant meal.”

After the manager left, Stella looked at Clarence and proudly raised her chin at him, as if to say, “Look, it’s not my problem, but this millet is really not spicy...”

Seeing this, Clarence deepened his smile and he placed the soup in front of her.

After dinner, they went to watch the movie again.

After watching the movie, they walked down the elevator in the mall layer by layer.

The whole process of the date was extremely planned.

Stella didn’t want to select clothes at all. The wardrobes at home had never been worn. Every season, Clarence would send the latest one to her.

But when she saw a children’s clothing store, she pulled Clarence in.

She had just called Ms. Anderson last night. She said that Noah had grown a lot taller and that he could no longer wear his previous clothes.

After all, children changed at an amazing speed every day.

Therefore, Stella chose a lot of clothes for him. When she turned around, she saw that Clarence was standing in the girls' clothes area, with many little girls' clothes in his hands.

She walked over and asked him, "What are you doing?"

Clarence picked up a pair of girl's shoes that he was looking at and asked for her opinion, "Is it beautiful?"

Stella looked at the butterfly knot covering the whole shoes. It was indeed a man's aesthetic standard.

She put down the shoes and smiled apologetically at the salesperson, who understood and left.

Stella said to Clarence, "Why are you looking at this? What if I'm not pregnant with a girl?"

Clarence answered naturally, "We shall be well prepared."

"But it's too early for us to prepare these shoes."

Clarence turned around to get it. "In the future, there will be a day when she can wear it."

Stella took his hand and said, "When a child was three years old, she already had her own aesthetic standard. She would think that you were picked out of dirt and ugly."

Stella took him to pay the bill. She wanted to put the things that Clarence chose back, but under his insistence, Stella finally compromised.

"That's fine. Except for the pair of shoes just now, other ones were not bad."

She seriously suspected that the shoes were the stagnant products in the store.

After leaving the children's clothing store, Stella touched her lower abdomen and found it a little funny. If she was not pregnant with a girl, she would feel sorry for Clarence's persistence to these things.

As soon as they arrived at the basement, Clarence's phone rang.

He held something in both hands and said to Stella, "Help me pick the phone up."

Stella took out his mobile phone from his pocket and looked at the caller ID, "It's from Nathan."

Clarence nodded and opened the trunk. "Pick it up."

Stella clicked on the screen. After the call was connected, the voice of Nathan sounded, "Mr. Conrad, there's just news that Dempsey Conrad is dying. He probably won't... be able to survive tonight."

Chapter 907-The basement was very quiet. Although Nathan's voice was not loud, there was a faint echo back.

Stella turned around, and looked at Clarence.

He should have heard it.

But Clarence's expression did not change. After putting all the things in, he closed the trunk, took the mobile phone from Stella, and said lightly, "Got it."

After that, he hung up the call.

Clarence said to Stella, "Get in the car, let's go back."

After leaving the basement, a strong chill came in.

Clarence raised the temperature of the air conditioner in the car and asked her, "Cold?"

Stella sat in the passenger seat, holding the seat belt with both hands, and shook her head gently. "No, I'm fine."

There was a traffic jam on their way back. The light from the traffic lights was particularly lively in the quiet night.

The passing streets were filled with hurried footsteps.

Everyone was rushing to their home.

Only the car was very quiet.

After a while, Stella said, "Don't you want to visit him?"

Clarence looked out of the window and said lightly, "No, I won't."

Stella was silent for a moment before saying, "Because of me?"

"No, dear." Clarence explained, "I rescued him from Conrad's Mansion was because that I want to deal with Justin. And that's all."

Stella pursed her lips and smiled. She said slowly, "In fact, I quite understand this feeling. At first, I thought that when Jeffrey died in prison, although I hated him to the core, I still took his ashes. I saw him for the last time and watched his unbearable life end with my own eyes."

At that time, she did not know that Jeffrey Radomil was not her biological father.

That feeling was hard to describe.

She didn't know whether Clarence should go or not, but she could feel that if he didn't go tonight, that would be something that he would never be able to calm down, with his whole life.

Though he hated Dempsey Conrad so much.

Clarence held the steering wheel, pursed his lips, and said nothing.

After a while, Stella said with ease, "Take me there. I want to bid farewell to him."

The corner of Clarence's mouth twitched, as he looked at her.

Stella said, "Well, go ahead. If you don't go, we will think about it all night. We won't be able to sleep, and we will feel more relieved about what happened in the past."

After a long while, Clarence said in a low voice, "Okay..."

Dempsey was arranged in a private villa by Clarence, and there were many people guarding inside and outside.

When Stella and Clarence went in, Archer had taken off the needle on the back of Dempsey's hand. The whole room was extremely quiet.

Dempsey was lying on the bed, with half of her turbid eyes open. His eyes were sunken and the face was pale. He was no longer in high spirits and looked dignified without anger.

His mouth kept moving as if was saying something, but his voice was too low and chaotic to be heard clearly.

Stella was stunned to view him like this.

Although she knew that Dempsey was dying, she did not expect to watch this...

Clarence pulled her behind him to block her sight.

Archer wiped his hands while looking at them, "I thought you wouldn't come."

Clarence looked at the infusion bottle he took off, "How long will it take?"

Archer glanced at the person on the bed and said, "It's almost near the time. He's holding on for the last breath. I guess he's waiting for you."

At this time, Dempsey seemed to have sensed Clarence's presence. He looked over with difficulty and stretched out his skinny hand with difficulty. His mouth moved even more violently, and he seemed to be a little excited.

Archer said, "He seems to want to tell you something."

Clarence pursed his lips. After exchanging glances with Stella, he walked over, bent one knee, and squatted in front of him.

Dempsey grabbed his arm and kept making some sounds. He wanted to say something, but he couldn't.

Clarence looked at him calmly with a pair of black eyes, "The reason why I came to see you for the last time is not to see you off, but to see how you end up suffering."

Dempsey held his arm tighter, but his arm was still light and powerless.

At this moment, his turbid eyes were filled with tears.

Clarence continued saying to him indifferently, "You have done too many bad things in your life. Some people died because of you and their families were separated. You have come to this day, that's your retribution.

"Since you're waiting for me, you should be mentally prepared. I will not put in any good words, and you can't find a way out. After death without regret, you should leave with the guilt and regret for everyone, and pray for it and atone for your sins."

The sound in Dempsey's throat was stopped, his hand on Clarence was also pulled down, and he looked up without focus.

His whole life's experience was like a flash in front of him, fleeting.

A few seconds later, like what said by Clarence, he slowly closed his eyes with regret.

Archer looked at the right time and wrote it down on the record book next to him.

While writing, he asked Clarence, "Do you want to tell Aunt James?"

Clarence slowly got up from the bedside, "Whatever."

He walked up to Stella and took her hand, "Let's go home."

Stella nodded and followed him to go out.

It was unknown when the snow began to fall. It was flying all over the sky, dotted with countless light spots for the dark night.

After leaving the courtyard, Clarence suddenly stopped.

Not far away, Justin sat in a wheelchair, putting his hands on his knees, and looked at them with a smile.

He said slowly, "Clare, Stella."

Stella looked at him, and said nothing.

Justin sighed. "It's not easy to find this place. But I didn't expect it to be the last time to send him off."

Clarence's face did not change. "Then you can stay here and slowly recall the past."

Then, he left with Stella.

After a while, Archer also came out. He glanced at Justin, who was sitting in a wheelchair, he secretly clicked his tongue.

Soon, Clarence's staffs withdrew.

The large courtyard suddenly became quiet and empty.

Justin raised his hand, and his men behind him understood and pushed him in.

In the room, Dempsey was lying on the hospital bed, without breathing.

Justin clasped his hands and stared at him quietly.

After a long time, the subordinate behind him asked, "Young Master Justin?"

Justin said, "Clare was too kind to him. He died so gracefully."

“Dempsey is stubborn all his life. Before he died, he couldn’t even take care of himself. So, this result was...”

Hearing this, Justin sneered and said, “This is not enough.”

His men kept quiet, and didn’t say anything.

Justin turned around in the wheelchair and ordered, “Take his corpse away and go to my mother’s grave.”

Chapter 908-In the garden, Elaine was squatting on the ground, drawing a thin layer of snow on the ground with a small wooden bar.

However, the snow was not heavy enough. It took a long time to collect a small pile of them.

In her memory, it seldom snowed in Riverside City. Sometimes it sleeted. But the snowflakes would almost thawed before it fell to the ground. It was different in City N that the snowflakes hung all over the branch.

Elaine took out her mobile phone. After taking a few photos of the snow scene, she sent it out.

Elaine, “It’s snowing!”

On the other side, it was still silent.

There was only her nagging on the screen.

Although he rarely replied to her messages, Elaine was always happy to share all the happy things she had encountered in City N.

Before long, two black cars drove into the gate of the Steward family.

Seeing this, Elaine quickly put away her phone and got up to look at it.

After getting out of the car, Clarence strode to the other side, opened the door, held Stella's hand, and helped her down.

Just as Elaine was about to go forward, Archer got out of the car behind and grabbed her shoulder. "What are you going to do?"

Elaine said, "I'm going to play with my sister."

"Why plays in the middle of the night? Go back to sleep."

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

Stella also looked over and saw her standing in the snow. "Elaine, aren't you cold?"

Elaine smiled and covered her face with her hand. "I'm not cold."

Stella said, "Remember to take a hot shower when you go back later. Don't catch a cold."

Elaine nodded. "I see. Good night, Stella!"

"Good night."

Back in the room, Clarence helped Stella to take off the scarf and said, "Go take a shower first."

Stella blinked and looked at him. "I'm a little hungry."

Clarence asked, "What do you want to eat?"

"Whatever."

Clarence nodded. "Go take a shower. I'll ask Alisa to make it for you."

Stella said, "Okay."

Clarence put her scarf on the sofa and turned to leave the bedroom.

...

In the kitchen, as soon as Alisa started making supper, Archer came over and said, "Give me some."

Alisa replied, "Well, got it."

Archer turned his head, looked at the man next to him, and then looked out of the room.

Clarence was walking forward.

Archer followed behind him. After standing at the door, he slowly said, "The test results of the lab are out. The poison... is on the surface inside the bottle. Noah also had a general physical checkup. Nothing wrong with him. His blood specimen left there for another blood tests."

Clarence answered, "There will be news coming back from Canada in two days."

Archer continued, "If the situation is not clear, I may go back to Riverside City. I will send another person here."

After a while, Clarence said, "Don't bother. I'll contact the private doctor if anything happens. She'll be worried if we made a big change."

Archer nodded. "You are right."

The snow was getting heavier, and the sound of the cold wind could even be heard.

The garden had been covered with a layer of snow.

Elaine squatted on the ground, making a snow man which was made by two snow balls as big as a golf with a small stick inserting in the top one.

She looked down at it, and her hand, which holding the phone, was red with cold. But she didn't seem to feel cold and waited stubbornly for something.

Clarence glanced at her and asked, "When did she start acting like this?"

Archer touched the back of his neck, feeling cold and hungry. He yawned and said, "I don't know. I put all my attention on your son. How can I have time to pay attention to it?"

At this time, Alisa's voice came from inside. "The meal is ready."

Clarence looked away and said to Archer, "Take her with you when you return to Riverside City."

Upstairs, Stella came out after taking a shower and saw that Elaine was still squatting in the garden. When she was about to go downstairs, Clarence came in with supper.

He asked, "Are you going out?"

"It's snowing heavily. Elaine has been..."

“Don’t worry about her. She will go back if she feels cold.”

Stella was still worried. “But...”

Clarence put down the tray, walked to the window, opened it, and said coldly, “Elaine.”

Hearing his sound, Elaine turned around in surprise and looked around, only to find the man standing by the window on the second floor.

Clarence said, “I’ll count to three. You would better disappear from my sight before I done, or I’ll send you back to Riverside City tonight.”

Before Clarence could start counting, Elaine immediately stood up and dashed into the room.

Clarence closed the window and turned to look at Stella. “Okay, let’s eat.”

Stella couldn’t help but asked. “You know what you look like. The kind of bully... who can shake the city. Once you appear, all the people around you will run away.”

Clarence raised her eyebrows slightly and said slowly, “So you were caught because you ran too slowly?”

“... I supposed so.”

It was snowing outside. After eating a bowl of tasty tomato egg noodles, he felt much more comfortable.

Stella also ate all the noodles. When she put down the bowl, Clarence said, “I can see that you are really hungry.”

Stella curled her lips. "Didn't you ask Alisa to cook a bowl for you?"

"I'm not hungry." With that, he loosened his tie and walked to the bathroom. "You're too full. Don't sleep yet. Get up and walk around."

Stella answered and stood up to move. After a while, she put the bowl into the tray, took it downstairs to wash, and warmed a glass of milk before took it back to the bedroom.

She knew that Clarence definitely couldn't sleep well tonight. A glass of hot milk could more or less did some help on relaxing.

Lying on the bed, Stella turned on his mobile phone and saw that a lot of friends had posted snow photos in the WhatsApp, some were making their love public. Every one of them was immersed in joy.

This winter still came.

When Clarence came out, Stella put down her mobile phone.

She looked up and said, "Drink the milk quickly. It's almost cold."

Clarence came over, picked up the cup next to the bedside table, raised his head and drank. His Adam's apple bobbed up and down as he swallowed.

Stella felt a little hot when she saw this.

After Clarence put down the glass, she asked, "Is it tasty?"

Clarence said, "All milk taste like this. Is it..."

While he was talking, Stella had already sat up on her knees and kissed him on the corner of his mouth. She gently stuck out the tip of her tongue and licked his lips.

Clarence's hand, which was hanging by her side, instantly grabbed her waist.

With burning eyes, he looked down at her and asked, "What are you doing?"

Stella smiled brightly. "It's another brand. Let me have a try."

Chapter 909-The snow outside the window continued falling, which made the branches bend down.

The heating system was on in the room, and the temperature was going up.

Clarence's grip on her waist tightened, but he let go of it immediately for fear of harming the baby in her belly.

Seeing the cunning look in her eyes, his Adam's apple bobbed. He slowly raised his hand and stroked her ear. And said in a low, hoarse voice, "Did the doctor tell you that pregnancy takes ten months, not a lifetime?"

Stella was about to retreat when being pulled into his arms.

Clarence lowered his head and leaned against her nose. Her breath was warm. "I'll remember this first."

As he spoke, his lips brushed past hers.

The touch made Stella's fingertips tremble, but she said stubbornly, "Let's see whether you can hold on for ten months first."

Clarence said reasonably, "There are only eight months left."

He continued. "Have you forgotten what the doctor said? Your situation is special. You should have the cesarean as soon as possible before the child growing too big.

"In this way, there are only five to six months left at most."

Stella couldn't find a single word to refute.

He must be a time counting master.

Stella gently pounded his chest. "I won't bother you anymore. Go to sleep."

However, Clarence did not let her go. He finally bit her lips and put his hands into her hair, rubbing the tender skin behind her ear.

Stella almost couldn't breathe because of his possessive kiss.

After a long time, Clarence finally let go of her. He said with dissatisfaction of desire. "Sleep."

In the past, he would always let her use her hand.

She didn't know if the doctor's words worked that he didn't bother her anymore today.

Lying in his arms, Stella rubbed against him with satisfaction and closed her eyes. "Good night."

Clarence held her in his arms and rested his chin on her head. He said calmly, "I thought you wanted me not to fall in sleep tonight."

"That 'good night' was for myself."

Soon, the room became quiet again, leaving only the light sound of breathing.

Clarence said in a low voice, "Good night."

Stella replied softly, "Good night, I wish you a good dream."

"What is a good dream?"

"A dream of me."

Clarence smiled lightly as he hugged her even tighter.

...

At the same time, it was snowing at the grave.

Justin was sitting in a wheelchair. One of his men stood next to him, holding an umbrella for him.

Not far ahead, a skinny man was kneeling in front of the tombstone. His back and head drooped feebly, and his body was covered with a thick layer of snow. He had been kneeling for at least half an hour.

His subordinate said, "Young Master Justin, it's windy here. Let's go back."

Justin did not answer, but looked at the scene in front of him coldly.

After a long time, he smiled with happy of revenge.

He said slowly, "He might not expect that he would end up like this before he did those things."

His subordinate stood silently, not daring to respond.

Justin looked at the tombstone with a cold and numb expression.

The next day, when Nathan brought the news, Clarence and Stella were having breakfast.

Stella frowned and did not know what to say.

Clarence looked calm and didn't feel surprised.

On the contrary, Archer clicked his tongue and sighed, "I always learned from the rumors that Darnell James was terrible enough, but I didn't expect that Young Master Justin was even more terrible."

Elaine retorted, "Rumors are all fake. But he isn't..."

Archer put a piece of bread in his mouth and looked at Elaine. "Don't you remember? Who refused to marry him because he drank blood?"

Elaine blushed. "I... I..."

After thinking for a long time, she couldn't think of a way to defend herself.

How long ago had that happened? Now she felt that she herself looked like an idiot when she recalled it.

Perhaps, life was made up of many social death moments when you looked back in your growth.

Elaine muttered, "Even if I didn't refuse to marry him, he wouldn't marry me."

Archer agreed. "You finally have a clear understanding of yourself."

Just as they were bickering, Stella looked at Nathan and asked, "Is the body still in the cemetery?"

Nathan nodded. "Yes. Young Master Justin sent someone to guard there."

Stella pursed her lips gently and said to Clarence, "Send the body to the cremated and bury it."

Clarence nodded and turned to look at Nathan. He slightly raised his chin and motioned for him to do it.

Nathan immediately left.

At the dinner table, Elaine and Archer stopped talking and felt a little sad.

Clarence looked as calm as usual and said lightly, "I'll take you to the studio after breakfast."

Stella nodded. "Okay."

Elaine was very cautious and did not get in the same car. Instead, she asked the driver to send her away with another one.

Just as she was about to get in the car, Archer stopped her.

Elaine turned around. "What's wrong?"

Archer looked at the car which Clarence took, and said after it was out of his sight, "I'll go back to Riverside City in a few days. You come with me."

Elaine's eyes lit up but soon dimmed again. She pouted and said, "I won't go back."

"You didn't quarrel with your father. Why don't you go back?"

“My father and great-grandfather finally agreed to let me come to City N. What if they don’t let me come here anymore after I go back?”

“I didn’t think they will.”

Elaine thought for a while and said, “Then you’re back in Riverside City. Will you come back?”

Archer put one hand in his pants pocket and said casually, “Of course I will.”

Elaine’s eyes lit up again. “When?”

“After thirty to fifty years.”

What?

Archer continued, “I’ll go back for just a few days. Once I finished my work, I will come back. Will you back or not?”

Elaine wanted to go back, but she had a reason not to go back.

She hesitated for a long time and couldn’t make a choice.

Archer said, “Well, well. Anyway, there are still a few days left. You can have enough fun. Let’s talk about it later.”

Elaine said, “OK, then I’ll go to work first.”

Archer waved at her and turned to walk into the room.

Elaine sat in the car and took out her mobile phone from her bag. Looking at the message that had not been replied, she felt more unhappy.

“In fact,” she thought...

It was good to go back. At least she could ask him in person why he always ignored her.

“I am not...” “very annoying, am I?”

Thinking of this, Elaine thought of what Archer had just said at the dinner table.

“Well, at that time, I am annoying.”

Chapter 910-At noon, when Stella went out of the office and was about to have some water, Sherry stopped her and glanced at Elaine. “What’s wrong with her? She was absent-minded all morning?”

In front of the cashier, Elaine hung her head and typed the keyboard mechanically. She was not as enthusiastic as she used to be.

Instead, she sighed now and then.

Stella shook her head. “I don’t know. She has been like this since last night.”

Sherry touched the chin and analyzed, “A typical acting of losing love...”

With this, she suddenly widened her eyes. “Could it be that she knows about Chan and Winnie?”

Stella said, “I don’t think so. She has never met Chan when she came to City N this time. Besides, it could not be called “love” either. Just a favorable impression of a boy, like which was between boys and girls in their teenage when they met.”

Sherry thought what she said made sense. "That's right. Who doesn't like handsome guys?"

But she soon remembered another question.

Sherry said again, "But if it weren't for Chan, who would it be? After she came to City N, she worked with us every day. I haven't seen her contact with other boys."

After a pause, Sherry was shocked again. "Does she love Clarence again?"

Stella, "..."

She walked to the tea room, put down her cup, turned to Sherry who followed her in, and said, "Impossible. She would rather keep a long distance from Clarence. Once she sees him, she run away

as fast as a rabbit."

Sherry was puzzled. "That's strange."

Stella turned around to take the water. "You'll know when you ask later."

As expected, while eating, Elaine sat between them, feeling more and more guilty under their gaze.

She said tentatively, "Stella, Sherry, you..."

Sherry took the lead and asked, "Do you have a boyfriend?"

Elaine was surprised. "No."

"Then why are you unhappy all morning?"

Elaine said, "Well..."

She looked a little sad. "Archer said that he would go back to Riverside City in a few days and asked me to go back with him. But I want to go back and see... my father and great-grandfather. However, I am afraid that they won't let me come here anymore."

Stella was stunned. "Archer is going back to Riverside City? Did something happen there?"

"I don't think so. He said he would come back in a few days. Maybe he just wants to go back to visit his family."

Stella curled her lips slightly and did not speak for a moment.

"Archer hasn't been here for long before he suddenly left. Does he just want to see his family?"

"Or, does Noah..."

Sherry continued to say to Elaine, "Then go back and come with him. Your father and great-grandfather dote on you so much. It will definitely work if you beg them sincerely."

Hearing this, Elaine blinked her eyes. She was quite eager to have a try.

Then, Sherry came closer and whispered, "Tell me secretly, do you have a boyfriend?"

Being asked in such a mysterious and ambiguous manner, Elaine blushed. "No... no, I really don't."

Sherry observed her expression and faintly got an answer. "So there's someone you like?"

Elaine blushed more and lowered her head.

Sherry clicked the tongue. A girl fell in love for the first time, so shy.

She asked further, "Who is it? Do we know him?"

"He... he..." Elaine organized her words. "You don't know, nor have you seen him, but, but he..."

Seeing that she wanted to say something but stopped on second thought, Stella stopped thinking and said hesitantly, "Could it be Darnell James?"

Sherry was a bit confused.

There was a strange silence in the room.

After a while, Elaine nodded with embarrassment.

What a strange story with twists and turns!

Sherry also found it incredible. "Is... is he..."

She had originally wanted to ask whether he was that rumored terrible evil, but when she was about to speak, she felt that it was inappropriate. She thought about it carefully and said, "Is he that Darnell James who looks very similar to Clarence, and the one you... you should call him uncle?"

Elaine corrected her strictly, "I should call him uncle according to etiquette and seniority. But in fact, we are not related by blood."

"You are right, that's right. Didn't your father and great-grandfather ask you to marry him? I remember that you were very opposed to it, and you even escaped marriage to City N."

She lowered her head, clasped her fingers, and began to criticize herself. "At that time, I was too willful, and... I was also unreasonable. He should hate me very much."

Stella asked, "Then how did you... suddenly love him?"

Stella still remembered that when she was in Riverside City, Elaine still had a lot of prejudice against Darnell, and she liked her second uncle more.

It seemed that it had not been a few months.

Moreover, they should cancel the engagement after that.

Sherry also began to gossip. "Yes, yes, yes, how did things develop? Tell me."

On the few days after the engagement was canceled, Elaine was really happy from the bottom of her heart. She felt that she no longer needed to be bound by these old family rules. She no longer had the marriage arranged by others. She could bravely and freely find her true love.

She and Darnell James would probably never meet again in the future.

But not long after, she went to the restaurant with her friend and happened to meet him there.

Darnell had never shown up in public, so his friends didn't know who he was. They just pulled Elaine and screamed excitedly that he was so handsome and charming, and tried to ask for his phone number.

Elaine had been working hard to fight against this arranged marriage, so she neglected this. She didn't know whether she was infected by her friend's excitement, or she suddenly felt that his appearance was really in line with her taste.

When her friend went to ask for the phone number, she was stopped by Darnell James's men as expected.

When he heard the voice, he looked at her for two seconds, and then looked at her friend. He whispered to his subordinate next to him, then got up and left.

Then, when they went to pay the bill, someone had already paid it for them.

Her friend screamed again, "Did you see that? He just looked at me. He must be interested in me, or he wouldn't have paid for us!"

Hearing this, Elaine felt a little unhappy.

She couldn't tell exactly what was wrong.

When she went back that night, she lay on the bed and couldn't fall asleep. The scene he looked at her in the restaurant came to her mind all over the night.

He looked calm, gentle, but somewhat distant.