

## **Mr Conrad 931**

Chapter 931-At this time, the ship also gradually docked.

Adolph turned and strode out.

Modesty was looking at the sea; her face became more and more contorted, and stretched out her hand to grasp something.

She braced herself against the railing, and her body went further and further down.

Until you heard a poof, there was no sign of her at the stern.

A wave came over the sea and regained its calm.

On the shore, Stella and Darnell stood there until Adolph was in sight, and then she let out a breath of relief.

When Adolph came near, she said, "Did you see her?"

Adolph nodded. "Everything I wanted to say has been said."

At that moment, there was a loud whistle.

The cruise ship was docking.

Darnell said to Adolph, "Get her out of here and get back to City N when you can."

Stella pressed her lips together and her gaze fell on the ship.

She knew that Justin was meticulous and had been planning and arranging for so long, so he would definitely not place his final bet on Modesty.

So, he must have a backup plan.

Stella nodded gently. "Be careful," she said

Darnell said, "Clarence will be fine."

Stella smiled weakly. "You, too. Whether it's Clarence, or you, get home safe. Someone's waiting for you."

Darnell did not speak but ordered two men to follow Stella and Adolph, lifting his legs and walking towards the front.

Stella stood there for a few minutes before retracting her gaze.

There's only so much she can do.

Up ahead, it's their war, the Conrad family, the James family, the past grudge.

Stella said slowly, "Let's go."

They just left, the people on the cruise ship came down, looked at the broken wall, their faces filled with pain and anger, now their images are all gone, all yelled at Clarence to give them an explanation.

Clarence stood before them, his tone was indifferent, "What can I say to you?"

Someone shouted, "You started the New Coast project. We have hundreds of companies in it. Now, what do you want us to do? You can walk away. What about Us? We can't pay for it with everything we have!"

With one hand in his pants pocket, Clarence's expression didn't change in the slightest, "What makes you think I could walk away? I've also invested in the New Coast Project."

"You'd be lying to us with a half-dead Steward Group, and if it weren't for you..."

"What if it wasn't me?" Clarence looked coldly at the one who spoke, "Did I put a knife to your neck and forced you into this project?"

The person who was teased by him was speechless for a moment, unable to say a word for a long time.

Clarence continued, "I remember when I brought the Steward Group into the program, you used to insult me behind my back for splitting a lot of your profits, and now you're blaming me for using the Steward Group to trick you into joining the program?"

When these words came out, the whole room was silent.

After a while, someone whispered, "After all, you planned this project in the first place. If it weren't for you, we wouldn't add more investment after you."

"When I left the Conrad Group, I made it very clear that I had nothing to do with it after I left."

"Whether it's related or not, you shouldn't have used such vicious tactics against us, Clarence, we may have offended you in the past, but do you have any idea what it means when you destroy this project? It's a huge blow to the entire financial and economic circle! When we get back, even if we lose everything, we won't spare you!"

Clarence smiled. "So you still think you can get out of here?"

In his words, the crowd looked at each other in surprise.

There are hundreds of them here, all powerful people in City N and all over Asia, and Clarence wants them all to die here?

One of the older men had a sullen face. "Clarence, don't be so arrogant. You don't know what you're doing, keeping us here! Or do you think you alone can silence us all?"

"Of course, I don't. Besides, I'm not the one who brought you here. What do I have to do with your death?"

They realized that they hadn't seen Justin since they got off the boat.

The brothers, one moment this, the other moment that.

What the hell is going on here?

At this point, a male voice came from a short distance, "Clare is right. If you are so serious about this project, then don't go."

The crowd looked back and saw Justin in a wheelchair, surrounded by a group of men, holding his hands together, looking at them with amusement.

Justin looked at Clarence; a smile appeared on his face. "Clare, if only you were as cold-hearted as they see you, but you were kind to everyone. You had nothing to do with their death, but you insisted on involving it."

Clarence met his gaze, his face as cold as ever.

Justin continues, "I think you've been avoiding me by coming here early, trying to figure out what I did here, but you're disappointed. There's nothing left here but this stuff. The bomb was hidden in the cruise ship."

The crowd was stunned at the words, slowly all in shock and fear.

Justin smiled. "It was just an appetizer. What do you think our chances are of surviving the explosion of this cruise ship?"

This cruise ship had tens of thousands of tons of weight if the hull of the ship all had hidden explosives.

Then...

The tsunami caused by the explosion was definitely no less than level 10.

It would be a miracle if any one of them survived.

Justin was trying to take them all with him!

If Clarence had this idea, they probably wouldn't believe it, Clarence has a wife and kids, he's just going to destroy the New Coast project to get back at them, and he's not going to do anything crazy like that.

But Justin was different. He had been with the Conrad family for 20 years, and he never left.

He was a cripple. He was not happy. No one would care if he was dead!

Someone shouted in a trembling voice, "Justin, what do we have to do with this feud between you and your brother? Why should we..."

Justin said slowly, "There's no way. If anything, you all are in bad luck."

As he spoke, he looked back at Clarence and smiled. "I had something ready in Riverside City, too. Clare, do you want to say a final goodbye to the kid?"

Without waiting for Clarence to speak, he continued to himself, "But you will see each other soon, and there is no point in saying goodbye. Oh, and Stella too, you set me up, and it worked. But do you think she will open the box with her last hope?"

Chapter 932-The once calm sea, in an instant, up the turbulent tide.

There was a storm coming.

Just then, out of nowhere, a shot rang out.

With the already panicked crowd, instantly screaming one after another, fleeing around, the scene was chaotic to the extreme.

Clarence stood where he was, peering through the crowd at Justin, whose smile was still flat, only to be pushed away by his underlings.

Nathan hurried over to Clarence and said, "Mr. Conrad, it was the man of the Young Master Justin."

"He's going to the ship to detonate the bomb," Clarence said

Nathan's eyes widened slightly, and before he could speak, Clarence was already taking his steps in the direction of Justin's departure.

"Mr. Conrad..."

Clarence didn't look back. "Stay here with your men. If I don't come back..."

His voice was buried by the surrounding cries.

Nathan paused for two seconds, then gritted his teeth and followed.

When Clarence got to the cruise ship, he saw a bunch of Justin's guys.

They were blocking it. They were obviously not letting anyone in.

Clarence looked at the men coldly and said rudely, "Fuck off."

A group of men was unmoved, each with a gun in their hands.

But soon, with Darnell on the scene, the tables were turned.

Darnell glanced down and said, "I got this."

Clarence acknowledged him and strode forward on his long legs.

Justin's men tried to stop him, but they were controlled by Darnell's man and took their guns.

Their icy expressions changed.

They didn't even see how he did it.

When they got on the ship, there was no one around.

Clarence whispered, "Split up."

Nathan responded, raised his hand, and the men behind him scattered.

The entire ship was four stories tall, and Justin was nowhere to be seen.

Clarence watched the choppy sea, his thin lips pressed together, and finally walked up to the top deck.

Justin was there.

He sat in his wheelchair, his hands clasped, looking calm and gentle as if he had been waiting for him for a long time.

Justin spoke slowly, still smiling. "Clare, you're here."

Clarence walked up to him step by step. "Isn't that enough?"

"Everything I've done, you guessed it," Justin said. "I've been planning this for so long, and I've got nothing. What do you think is enough for me?"

"You hurt so many innocent people just to satisfy your hate-ridden heart by subjecting them to the same fate as you. After all these years, do you really think this is revenge?"

"Of course not." Justin looked at the crowd in the distance, "What do you get for revenge? You get nothing. Wouldn't it be nice to be able to walk freely without them in City N, to be able to turn City N into another Riverside City, and have them all listen to you? Whoever disobeys will be killed."

As Justin spoke, a deeper smile came over his face. "Clare, this is my last gift to you as a brother. Don't You Like It?"

Clarence looked at him. "I told you, I just want my family to be safe."

Upon hearing this, Justin said with regret, "If you want to receive a gift, you will have to pay the price."

"I know you have the power to get out of here, and I'm not going to stand in your way, but these people, why not let them die here?"



"I really don't understand you," he said, laughing. "You always act like you don't care about anyone or anything. Why do you care

about them now?"

Clarence stood in front of him and said lightly, "You're wrong. I'm not here for them. I told you, I don't care if they live or die."

The smile on Justin's face faded. "Oh, I forgot, you're here to avenge your child. It's just a shame you'll never see him again."

"No word from your men yet?"

When he said that, Justin paused for a few seconds and looked at him, the curve of his mouth disappearing.

Clarence said, "The truth is, you don't want to take these people with you, you want me to spend the rest of my life in pain and hatred. You set all this up just to get my attention and get Darnell out of Riverside City."

Clarence glanced around. "If you really put everyone in your hands in here, you're going to risk everything, and we're going to die at sea. But you, as usual, laid your eyes on the boy, and sent half the men to Riverside City."

Justin's not talking.

Clarence went on, "There is no new toxin, right?"

Justin caught his eye and chuckled.

Clarence said, "The old man was under your surveillance the whole time, and you knew | was going to rescue him, so before that, you had a chance to swap out the vial he took from Amanda, and you deliberately misled me into going to Canada to find Amanda's things. To give you one more chip."

Justin said, "Do you think | would have missed the opportunity to kill him if | could give him the nutrition shot?"

"If there was a new toxin, you wouldn't have gone through the trouble of sending someone to Riverside City."

After a while, Justin looked back, turned his wheelchair, and looked out at the ocean. "You're right. I'll just wait for the toxin to kick in."

Clarence stood beside him, also looking into the distance.

It was as if the two were standing in the Conrad family garden years ago, chatting away.

Clarence said, "You did give me a gift. | should thank you."

Justin's face suddenly changed.

"You're right. You had the chance to inject him with the toxin while you were on the nutrition shot, but you didn't."

Justin chuckled noncommittally.

Clarence said, "After 20 years, it's time to put an end to this feud."

As soon as he said that, Justin felt like he had a gun in his hand.

Clarence took a few steps back and stood a meter away from him. "I started this, so | shall finish it."

Justin slowly raised the gun, his eyes narrowed. "You don't think | will kill you?"

Clarence smiled. "You just said there is a price to pay for the gift. If you think killing that child will make you forget your hatred, | might as well trade my life for his."

Bam!

Bam!

Chapter 933-Onshore, Darnell's men and Justin's men were fighting when they heard a shot from the distant cruise ship.

All the fighting stopped in an instant.

Darnell turned to look at the cruise ship as it pulled away at some point, a little frown on his face.

Almost at the same time, Slade James once again quickly overpowered all of Justin's men.

"Master of Riverside," said Slade.

Darnell glanced at the others and said, "Keep an eye on them."

With that, he walked on his long legs to the other side of the bank.

There are two yachts parked there.

On the cruise ship, Nathan's pupils shrink as he heard the shot, and he races to the top deck.

“Mr. Conrad!”

No sooner had they left the hatch than Clarence raised his hand slightly.

Nathan stopped immediately, breathing heavily, feeling the wind at sea fierce and raging.

Clarence stood there, blood dripping down his right arm onto the deck.

Justin pointed a gun at him with a cruel, crazy smile. “Do you know what I hate the most in my life?”

Clarence looked at him calmly, did not answer, and did not move an inch.

Justin continued, “What I hate most in my life is that I’m a cripple, and I’m going to spend the rest of my life in a wheelchair. If you want this to end, you might as well find out what it’s like to be a cripple before you die. How about that?”

Right after Justin said that another bullet hit Clarence in the right leg.

Clarence swung back and forth, but he didn’t move.

The next second, Justin’s gun was aimed at his heart.

Nathan couldn’t watch anymore and was about to step forward when he felt a figure cross over him and run next to him.

Stella throws her arms out in front of Clarence, breathing so violently that her voice trembles, “If this is not enough for you, then kill me...”

Clarence, his jaw clenched as he saw her, pulled her aside with his left hand and lowered his voice. “What’s the matter with you? Go back.”

Stella caught his unsteady figure and held him, watching him, tears streaming down her face. "I'm not leaving. You promised me that nothing would happen. You'll be safe. You lied to me again..." Clarence smiled at her and ruffled her hair. "Take care of the kids for me." Stella sobbed and shook her head. "I won't, Clarence, you big liar, bastard, bastard, I'll never forgive

you..." Clarence tilted his head and whispered, "Nathan, take her away." Nathan said, "Mr. Conrad..." "Take her away!" Nathan gritted his teeth, put his hands on Stella's shoulder, and led her away from there. Clarence looked back at Justin and pointed to his heart. "Go ahead." "That was a touching scene," he said with a laugh. As he spoke, his muzzle was deflected toward Stella. Clarence's pupils contracted rapidly, and he said, "Justin!" Justin said, "Your relationship, which I've watched, has come this far. If you die, she's not going to survive, so let me do the work for you." Clarence strode over, took the muzzle of his gun, pressed it to his chest, and said, word for word, "I said, take it out on me." Justin said, "What makes you think one life is going to make me let go of my hate?" Clarence stared at him. "You don't have a choice." Justin smiled. "Really?" He said slowly, "Now that you know, what I want is for you to spend the rest of your life in pain and hatred. How can I do that by killing you?" Clarence heard this, and his brow furrowed. Justin let go of the gun, "I've been planning this for years, and you still beat me," he said quietly. "I have nothing to say, while I cannot let you live your life in hatred, but I can let you live your life in my shadow, in guilt and remorse." After those words, his hand on the wheelchair moved slightly, and the wheelchair suddenly backed up and crashed through the railing of the side of the ship, falling towards the sea.

Clarence reacted quickly and immediately moved forward, pouncing on the deck and grabbing his wrist in the air. The wheelchair dropped into the sea with a splash. Justin clearly didn't expect Clarence to save him. "I thought you weren't afraid of these threats," he said, looking up. The vein on Clarence's forehead popped up. "Cut the crap," he said, "Your revenge is over. It's my turn." Justin laughed, "I'm dead, and you get your revenge." Clarence turned his head and shouted, "Pull him up!" Justin just calmly said, "Clare, will you please call me Brother one last time." Clarence did not speak, the corners of his lips pressed together, and he held his hand with all his strength. On the deck came the sound of hurried footsteps. Justin said again, "I don't regret what I've done. I've been in a wheelchair for so many years; I hardly went out of the Conrad family. But now, instead, I've made a mess of City N, made so many people miserable because of me. It's worth living." With that, he raised his sagging hand and ripped away Clarence's. Then, like a kite with a broken string, he fell straight into the sea. Clarence's eyes red and voice hoarse, "Brother—" Justin closed his eyes, with a gentle smile on his lips. In an instant, he was submerged by the sea. Twenty years ago, Justin was born with a golden spoon, smart, kind, and gentle. He didn't inherit anything bad from his parents, a rare pride of nature. However, such a person, as if jealous by God, everything was taken away from him. From then on, his life was in a downward spiral, and just when he was about to give up on himself.

The family, however, came a boy. This boy, this little brother, in his bleak life, had given him a glimmer of hope to live.

Chapter 934-The wind howled violently, hurting every inch of your skin.

Felt like it was trying to freeze your limbs.

Stella broke free from Nathan's hand and ran to pick up Clarence, whose blood was staining the deck.

Every breath she took was filled with fear.

Stella knelt down in front of Clarence, her hands stained with his blood; her hands holding his face, her voice trembled. "Clarence, listen to me. Don't listen to anything he says. We'll be fine. You've paid your debt to him. You hear me?"

Clarence looked at her, his dark eyes closed.

A teardrop falls silent.

Stella held him in her arms, trying to calm him down, but her mind was unable to think, and she was shaking all over.

A moment later, Clarence put his hand around her waist in a low voice, unable to detect any emotion, "I'm fine. Don't be afraid."

Stella could no longer contain her sobs. "How could I not be afraid? If you... If you die, I will marry someone else and take your children with me, and ask them to call someone else Daddy."

Clarence laughed, but his voice grew weaker. "I'm okay with Horace, but not Emmett. However, if you really like him..."

At the end of the sentence, he could only make some air sounds.

Stella cried even harder and shouted, "Where's the doctor! Why hasn't the doctor come yet?"

At this time, the figure of the doctor finally appeared on the deck in a hurry.

Clarence was laid flat on the floor and first aid was administered.

Nathan stepped forward and helped Stella up, his eyes were also red, "Ma'am, Mr. Conrad will be fine."

Stella could barely stand and she staggered.

She turned her head, looked at the raging sea, and felt dizziness in her head.

The next second, she lost all consciousness and collapsed.

Nathan quickly caught her and shouted, "Doctor, get a doctor!"

When Darnell arrived, the deck was a mess, covered in blood.

The only thing missing was Justin's body.

He looked at the gaping hole on the side of the ship, his brow furrowed slightly.

Darnell asked his men behind him, "How much longer to City N?"

The man said, "Half an hour at the earliest."

Darnell acknowledged him; his eyes fell back on Clarence, the corners of his lips pursed straight.

Two days later.

Stella popped her eyes open and sat up for an instant.

“Stella, you’re finally awake. I’ll call the Doctor...”

She was about to ring the nurse’s bell when Stella grabbed her hand and eagerly asked, “Where’s Clarence?”

Sherry patted her back. “Don’t worry, don’t worry. He’s in the next room.”

Stella lifted up the covers and said, “I’m going to find him.”

Sherry pulls her back. “The Doctor said that you were so scared, you could have lost the baby, you need to stay in bed, and I will let you know as soon as he wakes up.”

Stella bit her lip as she remembered the sight of him covered in blood and burst into tears. “What did the Doctor Say? Was he hurt badly...?”

“Yes.

.. it was quite serious, one shot to the arm and leg. But the doctor also said that thanks to the timely treatment and the avoidance of vital organs, the critical period had passed.”

“Did they say when he would wake up?”

Sherry shook her head. “No.” Then she continued, “You sit tight and wait, now that the critical period has passed, it must be a matter of time before he wakes up, can’t have you waiting for him to wake up and you pass out during the process.”



Stella sat on the bed, her head hanging slightly.

Sherry went to unscrew the lid of the thermos next to her. "I figured you'd be up by now. I made you some chicken porridge this morning. Have some. It'll help you get your strength back."

Stella didn't have much of an appetite, but thinking she had a little guy to feed; she perked up and ate half of her meal. Sherry saw that she couldn't eat anymore, so she put away her bowl. "When you get hungry, just tell me. I'll have Alisa make your favorite food and send it to you."

Stella leaned against the head of the bed before she spoke in a hushed voice. "Sherry, how is it out there?"

Sherry knew that she was asking about that day and made her bed, sitting next to her, she said, "I heard that the police came over soon after your return, but said that the cruise ship you were on had explosives on it, and no one dared to take it, but the police could not spare boats that could hold hundreds of people to pick them up.

"There were reporters who followed the police and covered the story, but you didn't see all those once glory capitalists coming bank with their dirty faces and their profanities." Stella paused for a moment before saying, "Did they find Justin's body?"

"No, this morning they said they found a woman's body, but the fish had eaten her face-off, and the body was swollen. The coroner's office is examining it, it could be Modesty," she said, "she deserved to die for what she did.

Sherry added, "Well, what's the matter with you guys? I've only heard a few words from Nathan, and it's terrifying. Did you and Clarence Plan this in advance?"

Stella whispered, "When I went to see Modesty, I thought she was strange, a person who has such a high opinion of herself that she would trample everyone under her feet. There was no reason to cover up her whole face, only to hide something." She just couldn't figure out what it was.

It wasn't long before Justin's men found a way to kill Adolph while he was in prison, and that's when Clarence rescued Adolph. But Adolph was hurt, too. Vincent did it.

That's why she saw Archer's sleeve covered in blood the other day at the Steward's family.

When Adolph woke up, Stella went to see him once and learned from him why he took the fall for Harris.

Before that, Modesty showed up, called him a few times, asked him out, and he said no.

But suddenly, a group of men burst into the casino, and Adolph was taken away.

At the Conrad family, he saw Stella.

Adolph was not aware of the feud between Justin and Clarence, and Justin recalled that he and Jeffrey had been partners in the sale of Stella to Twilight Club and told him that it was time for him to pay the debt.

Adolph did not think much of it; he owed it to Stella and gave in to their request.

He didn't know it was a conspiracy until Clarence rescued him.

Well, if that's the case, then whoever was in the Conrad family was definitely not Stella.

When Sherry heard this, her eyes couldn't help but widened, "So it was... Modesty Parker? She had a plastic surgery to make herself look you?"

Chapter 935-Stella nodded gently. "So we thought that if Justin had gone this far, he would want to do more than just use Adolph for Modesty."

"The other day, when Justin called you..."

Stella smiled weakly and lowered her eyes. "He's ready to kill us all, and he wouldn't spare me."

They knew Justin would try to blackmail her into going to the party.

If Stella hadn't gone, Justin would have had other plans, and it would have been better for their next plan and let Justin believe that he had things under control.

So, at her insistence, Clarence arranged for Adolph to sneak onto the cruise ship and secure Justin's room.

Sherry felt a tingle when she thought about it and added, "But the other day, after Justin called you, I saw your reaction, and it didn't seem fake. Noah..."

Stella said, "Clarence really didn't tell me about Noah's poisoning."

To this day, she did take it in stride.

What was the point? Noah was not going to get better any faster even if she was in a hurry.

It's Justin's way of getting under her skin.

After a while, the doctor came and gave Stella the same advice after her examination, "Take a good rest these days, if there is no need and it is better not to get out of bed."

Sherry nodded. "I'll make sure she's taken care of."

After the Doctor left, Sherry looked at the time and said, "Stella, would you like some fruit?"

Stella shook her head and went back to bed. "I'm tired and want to go back to sleep."

“OK.” Sherry answered, and then pulled up the quilt for her, “Then you sleep well, I will accompany you here.”

When Stella fell asleep, Sherry looked up and saw a figure outside the door.

She took one look at Stella and slipped out.

Daniel said, “I heard the doctor say that she...”

Sherry gave him a “Shush” sign, pulled the door shut, and pulled him aside for a few steps before she said, “She just fell asleep. How’d it go with Clarence?”

“He didn’t wake up. The Doctor said he lost a lot of blood. It’s not good. copy right hot novel pub

Sherry frowned. “What can I do? I’m afraid to tell Stella the truth, she would be so worried.”

Daniel said, “Darnell said Archer would be here tonight.”

Sherry exhales and nudges Daniel. “Go ahead; I’m afraid Stella will wake up later. If you hear anything from Clarence, send me a message.”

Daniel looked at the dark circle under her eyes. “You go back to sleep. I’ll watch.”

“It’s okay. I need to stay with Stella. I’ll sleep on the couch if I’m tired.”

Just as Sherry was about to return to the room, Daniel suddenly took her in his arms and would not let her go.

Sherry froze and whispered, “What are you doing?”

Daniel held her tighter. “Nothing, I was just thinking, what would you do if it were me in there?”

Sherry said seriously, “Your worries are completely unnecessary. I will move on to the next one seamlessly.”

Daniel chuckled. “You better.”

Only now did he realize what a wonderful and happy thing it was for him to be alive and to hold her like that.

When Sherry returned to the room, Stella was still asleep, and she exhaled a little, leaned back on the couch, and yawned. In bed, Stella buries her head under the covers, and tears fell silent into the pillow.

Soon it was getting dark and the night was falling.

Stella slept in a daze, feeling like she was in the middle of a volcano, hot and burning.

Next to her ears was Sherry’s urgent voice.

During the mess, a doctor came to check her, take her temperature and change her IV.

She seemed to stay awake, knowing what they were saying and doing, but she couldn’t keep her eyes open.

Just wandering in a chaotic, lightless world.

She didn’t know how long it took, but when she was conscious again, it felt like something was holding her finger, soft and comfortable.

Stella finally opened her eyes in a daze, and all she could see was a chubby little face.

When he saw Stella woke up, he gave a toothy grin and said, "Mum!"

As Stella tried to sit up, Sherry rushed over, lifted the bed for her, and touched her forehead, "Stella, how are you, feeling okay?"

Stella's voice was hoarse, "OK, I... How long have I been asleep?"

"You had a high fever. You slept all day and all night. You scared me to death."

Stella smiled at her. "I'm fine."

Then she looked over at Noah, who was standing next to her, she was confused for a moment.

After a while, she looked up and asked Sherry, "Sherry, am I still dreaming?"

Sherry let out a laugh. "You're really burning up. Your son is here, really. Don't you believe it?"

With that, Sherry reached out and pinched on Noah's smooth and bouncy face.

Noah reached for her hand, pursed his lips, then turned to Stella and told her, "Mommy, bad, bad..."

Stella, with a smile on her face, was finally convinced that what she was seeing was real.

She took Noah into her arms and patted him on the back, her nose a little red. "Baby, mommy misses you so much."

Noah was soft in her arms, real and warm.

Then the door opened and Dolores came in.

“Stella, you are awake,” she said

Stella let go of Noah, sniffed, and wiped the tears from her eyes. “Mom...”

Dolores put the thermos on the nightstand and held the bowl. “I just made you some chicken soup,” she said.

Sherry did not want to disturb the family, just about to leave, Dolores’s voice came, “Sherry, you should also have some, these days you are here to take care of Stella, thank you.”

Sherry stopped and smiled. “There is some for me?”

Dolores handed her the soup. “I made a lot of it, there are plenty?”

“Thank you, Aunty!”

Dolores smiled and went to get Stella some soup.

Stella took the Soup Bowl, it was still hot, and blew on it before she said, “Mom, when did you get back to City N?” Dolores took Noah who was next to her, put him in the stroller by the bed, prepared to feed him, and replied, “We arrived last night, and you were running a fever, it was good that you are fine now.”

Stella said silently, “So... Have you seen Clarence? How is he?”

Chapter 936-Dolores put a bib on Noah and said, “Doctor said that he was getting better.”

Stella turned to Sherry, who nodded at her.

“Did the doctor say when he would wake up?”

Seeing that Sherry was awkward, Dolores said, “He will wake up one day. Sooner or later. Just let him get more rest.”

After saying that, she reminded Stella, “The soup is getting cold.”

Stella answered lightly and finished it.

Sherry sighed a long breath of relief, standing aside.

Fortunately, Dolores was sophisticated.

It seemed that tempers and characters were genetic, more or less.

It was Noah’s nap time after lunch.

Lying down beside Stella, he raised his little butt and clutched her fingers, sleeping soundly.

Stella gazed at him with full of tenderness in her eyes.

This day, which she had been waiting, finally came.

Stella told Dolores to leave with Noah in the evening. Worrying about Stella, Sherry wanted to stay but got refused. “I feel better. No worries. I won’t go out. Go back and have a rest.”

Sherry looked haggard for taking care of Stella these days.



She struggled, and Stella added, "I can ring the nurse if something happens here. Come to me tomorrow."

"Okay. Don't restrain yourself. Call the nurses when you feel unwell."

"I will."

Sherry prepared everything Stella would need well in a handy place.

The ward was quiet after the door closed.

Stella leaned against the bed head, looking out in a daze.

The night came in tranquillity.

She lifted the quilt, went to the washroom, and then went out slowly.

Standing outside the beside ward, she felt heartbroken seeing the man on the bed through the window in the door.

She opened the door and stepped in.

Clarence breathed lightly with his handsome face looking pale. He was thinner than before in a more detailed profile.

Stella walked over, held his hands, and dissolved into crying. "It's been three days.

Why don't you wake up? didn't you tell me you'd be okay?"

No one answered.

She put his hands on her face, choking. "They don't tell me how serious your condition is, but how could I not know? I saw you bleeding a lot. As soon as I closed my eyes, I saw you kept bleeding. I really..."

She was too sobbing to finish her words.

Clarence was always unruffled in her memory.

She was used to his sharp tongue and his hidden tenderness. Although he always acted disdainfully, he would eventually deal with all her troubles.

The past showed again in her mind. She wiped her tears and said, "I will give birth to the baby. If you are still faint, I will let mom bring up the baby, and I will accompany you to death."

After a long and scattered tell, Stella fell asleep at the edge of the bed.

Clarence gradually opened his eyes and tried to touch Stella's head after a long time, saying in a vague and hoarse tone. "I haven't seen you in a wedding dress. How can I let you die with me?"

Stella saw the familiar eyes when she woke up the following day.

She was astonished, staring at Clarence for a while, wondering it was a dream or reality. Until he greeted in a low voice, "Morning."

Like every usual morning before.

Stella immediately sat up, panicked and surprised. "Am I dreaming? You are awake. Where is the doctor? I will call the doctor."

Clarence smiled and grabbed her wrist. "I'm fine. The doctor has come and checked." Stella looked at him blankly, pinching his waist in hesitation eventually.

He snorted, complainina painfully in a lower voice.

“Do you want to kill me?”

Pouncing to him, Stella cried and laughed. “I want to know if I am dreaming.”

Clarence hugged her waist and patted her back lightly. “I’m real. No worries.”

Stella calmed down after a while and pushed him away hard. “Okay. I can go now that you wake up.”  
Clarence was confused.

Women were fickle.

He grasped her wrist while she was going to leave.

He coaxed in an aggrieved tone. “I thought you weren’t mad at me anymore.”

Stella replied without any expression. “I was not mad. Too angry is unhealthy. What if I die from my fury?”

She got rid of his hand and left while she said.

He wanted to chase her, but his wound hurt when he lifted the quilt.

Sensing it, Stella turned and frowned. “Don’t do much useless ado. Just lie down, okay?” Clarence rubbed the gash on his right arm, looking at her. “I have to coax you. You are mad.” “Don’t be sillv. I won’t foraiive vou.

I will go to Emmett when you die.”

“Didn’t you say you will accompany me?” Clarence chuckled.

Stella startled. She didn’t expect that he heard what she said the previous night.

She took a breath. “You heard wrong. I didn’t say that. I said...”

Stella didn’t want to finish her words.

She threatened, “You’d better stay here until discharge. Don’t appear around me. I don’t want to see you.”

After that, she left with the door slammed hard.

Clarence leaned back on the bed head, regretting waking up.

Archer pushed the door and scoffed within two minutes, “Did the bomb explode? I felt a burst of anger from afar.”

“What about giving me another shot?”

“I won’t. Just stay and have a good rest. Her anger will fade away when you recover.” Clarence snorted. “That’s why you have no girlfriend.”

Archer was speechless.

Was it relevant?

Clarence continued. “Give you a free lesson. You can’t wait for girls to calm themselves down, or else you will lose them.

Chapter 937-Stella lived well these days with a much more normal status. She gained some weight, and her face looked a little round than before.

Besides, Noah was with her, so she was in a good mood.

Soon, the doctor said that she could be discharged because she recovered better than expected.

Stella packed to go home this night.

Sherry coughed as she folded the clothes. "You just go back like this? Not wanna take a look at Clarence?"

Stella answered. "I'm not the doctor. He won't recover even if I go and see him."

She looked out of the window. "It's a sunny day. Let's go shopping later to buy some clothes for Noah. He seems to be taller."

"Okay." Sherry hesitated. "Then where we go back to? The Steward family or...."

Stella almost forgot it if Sherry did not mention it.

She stopped and considered. It's too big to live comfortably and not convenient for traffic. Everything is fine now. Let's move back to the apartment."

At this time, someone appeared outside.

Sherry found it and then carried Noah immediately. "I'll take him out to bask first. Take your time."

Before Stella could answer, she saw Sherry go out with Noah quickly.

She averted her eyes, finding Clarence unsurprisingly.

He wore the patient uniform with his right hand hanging on his chest and his left hand holding a drip stand, walking to her slowly.

Stella lowered her head and put the clothes in the bag as if she had not seen him.

Clarence sat on the bed and looked at her. "Congratulations."

"Thank you." Stella responded with no emotion.

He gripped her wrist. "Look the person in the eye when you say thank you; otherwise, you are not sincere."

Stella didn't say anything.

She took the pillow aside and patted it on him.

"Is this sincere enough?"

Clarence immediately covered his wound and pretended to frown in pain, "You can't murder your husband even if you're angry. It seems to have split open. Can you take a look?"

He unbuttoned his clothes.

Stella threw down the pillow, ignoring him. "Stop acting. I'm not stupid. I didn't touch your wound at all."

Clarence raised his eyebrows, finding it didn't work. He took her hand, rubbing it lightly. "You look prettier these two days."

Stella got rid of his hand and almost laughed out by his words. "Why didn't Justin shoot on your mouth?"

Clarence was serious. "I should thank him."

Stella didn't say anything.

Clarence suddenly pulled her into his arms, and his nose tip pressed against hers. "Or else, how can I kiss you?"

Stella was too shy to say something.

Before she could refuse, Clarence had kissed her lips deeply.

She could feel that he was weak.

Sure enough, he came over as soon as the doctor agreed with him to move around.

Stella could push him away with just a gentle push.

However, she didn't do it.

Instead, she clenched his neck and kissed him back.

It was so unexpected to Clarence that he paused for a second.

Taking advantage of his daze, Stella moved her lips down and nibbled on his throat knot. Clarence's eyes narrowed, and his hand on her waist clenched.

"Baby, wait..."

Ignoring him, Stella licked it lightly with her tongue tip.

Clarence's jaw tensed instantly, his throat knot rolled, and each side of the forehead showed blue veins

Sensing his erection, Stella stopped kissing and stepped back, carrying her bag and saying lightly. "This is my thanks. Sincere or not?"

Clarence looked at her incredulously, "Hmm?"

Stella smiled and waved, "I'll go first. Wish you recover well. Bye."

After that, she left.

Seeing her back, Clarence gritted his teeth. "Come back!"

Stella showed a grimace to him and closed the door directly.

Clarence was speechless.

Seeing the little tent on his crotch, he took a deep breath and felt terrible.

Half an hour later, he left the ward with the drip stand and a cold face.

Darnell and Archer came to see him. Archer said, "I told you not to mess with her, now you know how scary a woman can be when she's angry."



Clarence looked sideways at Archer, who smiled immediately to show his blessing.

Darnell said, "I'm going back to Riverside City tonight when they entered."

Clarence considered a while on the bed and asked, "Have you found the body?"

"No, but there was no sign of the boat sailing around that day. He could hardly survive," Archer added. "I checked the cruise, the railing on the board that Justin fell from altered in advance. He

had no intent to live."

Clarence was silent and said, "He has long since given up on living."

Justin had been "dead" since he knew the truth from Caesar.

Darnell said, "Archer will stay here to deal with the rest problems.

Clarence nodded and said suddenly, "I heard from Archer that Franklin would send Elaine to study in Switzerland."

Archer looked around, pretending to know nothing about it.

Darnell glanced at him and said, "Why ask me? It's non of my business but her problems." "Well."

"Gonna go," Darnell said.

Archer was going to see him off but stopped because of his glance.

It was safer to stay with Clarence now.

After Darnell left, Clarence asked, "How long the treatment will take?"

Archer thought that he was asking about Noah. "It is barely over in Riverside City, and it is much simpler now."

Clarence interrupted. "I'm asking about me."

Archer was speechless.

He answered, "I think you could be discharged any day now. You look so energetic." Clarence was silent, looking down on his thigh, which was bleeding.

As a doctor, Archer was annoyed to see a patient ignoring the medical advice, who moved casually, causing the wound to split. "I told you to sit in a wheelchair. Why don't you listen to me? Happy now?"

Clarence was silent at his accusation but closed his eyes. "It's not because I walk."

"Could it be that you did some intense..."

"Shut up."

Archer was speechless.

"How did he know?" Clarence thought.

Chapter 938-Stella took Noah and Dolores back to the apartment she had rented before discharge.

Dolores always had no opinion about her decision. She just sorted out the things Stella took back, “Don’t you go shopping? Go ahead. I’ll clean up the house.”

Stella said, “Mom, go with us.”

“I’m fine. Take your time.” Dolores said, “I have to buy some vegetables in the market later. Although you are discharged, you have to supplement more nutrition.”

Stella nodded, “Okay, we go then.”

Dolores admonished, “Be careful. Watch your step.”

Sherry said, “Don’t worry, I’ll keep a good eye on her and promise to take care of her.”

Dolores smiled and patted her arm, “Come over for dinner tonight.”

“Okay! I’ve long heard from Stella that you are cooking well, so I finally have the chance to try it today!”

The afternoon sun was bright, shining lazily on the surrounding landscape, and the snow was gradually melting.

Noah was sitting in the stroller, happily waving his little hands and babbling incessantly with his mouth.

Although his pronunciation was much clearer, Stella had to guess what he wanted to say most of the time.

Sherry tilted her head and stretched comfortably, “Where are we going?”

Stella said, “Let’s go to the mall next to the studio, so we can check the studio.”

“Okay, but we have to walk for a while. Do you want to take a taxi?”

“No need. I always walk there before.”

Sherry smiled: “I’m afraid you’ve just been discharged that you will be tired.”

Stella also smiled: “It’s okay to stroll.”

They had walked this road many times.

But only this time, it was a little different.

As if they had never been so relaxing.

The number of pedestrians increased because of the sunny weather, and some people sat by the flower beds, enjoying this rare moment.

The snow melted, and the ginkgo leaves slowly showed up.

The whole street was beautiful under the sunlight.

The girls in the studio wanted to greet Stella when they heard from Sherry that Stella was sick.

Still, when they saw her pushing the stroller in, their eyes were instantly attracted to Noah, and they gathered around to see him.

Noah was not shy, giggling.

Stella asked them to take care of him for a while. She went into the office, putting the sketchbook and some documents in her bag.

She wanted to stay at home with Noah these days.

Sherry dealt with the work that was delayed. It was an hour later when they got to the mall.

Stella originally wanted to buy a few clothes for Noah. Still, unexpectedly, Sherry was more irrational than she was and bought everything she saw Noah could wear

Stella pulled her, "It's enough. He has a lot of clothes."

It was a rare experience of being rich for Sherry, so she was joyful, "He can't wear them anymore."

She handed the card to the cashier, "Pack them all. I'll give you an address later. Please send them over."

After buying Noah's clothes, Sherry and Stella casually walked around the mall.

When they passed a men's clothing shop, Stella suddenly stopped and said, "Go in and take a look?"

Sherry said, "Do you want to buy for your Mr. Conrad?"

Stella chuckled, "Since we see this shop, you have looked at it a dozen times. You want to buy it for Daniel, right?"

Sherry sheepishly averted her eyes, "No."

Stella took her hand, "Let's go.

We are shopping anyway."

Into the store, Stella feed Noah water, and Sherry selected clothes thoughtfully.

Daniel had actually given her a lot of gifts. Cups, pillows, and potted plants, not the bigger ones.

As if the roses were free, he often bought them to the studio.

Thinking of this, Sherry found that she had bought nothing for him.

She chose a few pieces, handed them to the shop assistant, and looked at Stella, "Are you really ignoring Clarence?"

Stella played with Noah, "He is in the hospital. Why should I care about him?"

Sherry sat next to her. "You didn't know that when he fainted, I was so scared but did not dare tell you the truth, afraid that something bad would happen if you were emotionai."

Stella said, "Don't worry, with his mouth, the king of hell will find him annoying."

Sherry said, "You did not say so when you were in the hospital. Someone was crying sadder than anyone else."

Stella didn't answer.

The assistant came over with a bag, "Madam, your card and clothes."

Sherry took it, said thank you, and left with Stella.

Stella saw that there was a women's clothing shop not far away. "Do you want to go there?"

Sherry shook her head without hesitation. "No, it is expensive."

Stella was speechless.

She looked back at the men's clothing store and said, "I see that you didn't even look at the tags, and you didn't hesitate to pay for them just now."

Sherry said nothing.

She stammered, "The gift is different. I'm fine with anything, as long as comfortable."

She added, "You don't know that Daniel is too fastidious about his food and clothing."

Stella laughed and pushed the stroller forward, "Now you know how good Clarence is."

Sherry nodded, "He is charming if he does not speak."

"What a good person, but has a sharp tongue." She added after a while.

Stella laughed, "I'll find a chance to poison him dumb."

"Great. 'my mute husband' is quite exciting."

Stella said nothing.

They chatted and joked while arriving at the children's area. It was not convenient for pregnant Stella to go inside, so Sherry brought Noah in.

Stella sat on the bench outside, smiling at the scene, her eyes curved into a crescent.

Her ideal life had finally come at this moment.

Chapter 939-Stella stayed at home in the following days, occasionally drawing design drafts, most of the time, playing with Noah.

With Dolores's care, she gained two pounds since she was discharged. Still, despite a slight bulge in her belly and a rosy complexion, she had thin arms and legs, and her pregnancy vomiting was minimal.

Dolores said while cleaning vegetables in the living room, "You look better than the previous pregnancy."

Stella took Noah's toy and was kidding him, smiled and said, "At that time, as soon as I opened my eyes, I was worried about today's life. Whether I could still wake up tomorrow like today? I feel that so many things had not been done."

"It should be blamed on Clarence."

Stella strongly agreed, "Then, when discharged, let him go live alone."

Dolores smiled, "Okay."

The doorbell rang. Dolores put down the dishes and went to open the door.

It was Sherry.

Ever since she had eaten Dolores's cooking, she came here with Daniel every night after work to have dinner.

She carried the dessert she had just bought on the way, "We're here again for dinner."

Daniel stood behind her and greeted them.



Dolores smiled, "Come in."

Sherry passed the things to Dolores and ran off to Stella and Noah.

Dolores went into the kitchen, cut up the fruit, and brought out the snacks on a plate to put them on the coffee table, "Eat something first if you're hungry. It takes a while for the meal to be ready."

Daniel got up, "Let me help you."

"No, just sit down. I'll call you later."

Sherry smiled nicely, "Thank you, Dolores."

After Dolores went into the kitchen, Sherry said to Stella, "We just went to the new studio. It's almost renovated. It's being cleaned to move in after New Year's Day."

"Then I'll go to the studio with you tomorrow. There are still a lot of things to organize."

"No need." Sherry sat on the soft cushion of the carpet, "Daniel and I can do it. Just rest at home more days, and go directly to the new studio when it's settled."

Daniel echoed, "Yes, leave it to us."

At that moment, a voice came from the TV.

"A week ago, the New Coast project, founded and invested by the Conrad Group, had a major accident, resulting in heavy economic losses for many business groups. The head of it, Justin Conrad,

fell into the sea by accident. According to the police search results, nobody has been found to do not exclude the possibility that he has died.”

“The following will be the tracking reports for the New Coast project follow-up treatment and the future development of the Conrad Group. City N Press reporter, Daphne.”

Stella’s eyes fell on the TV screen, and no one knew what she was thinking.

Sherry ate a piece of fruit and asked Daniel, “Is the body completely untraceable? Have you searched all the places near the seaside? Could he be still alive?”

“We have searched all the places we can unless the waves wash him to a place we do not know, but the possibility is slight. Moreover, he can’t survive with his physical condition, which can not last long.”

Sherry nodded, “Right, ordinary people who fall into the sea for so many days have little possibility of survival, let alone him.” “The police have identified the woman’s body found in the sea as Modesty, but someone went to take the body away two days ago,” Sherry added.

Stella retracted her thoughts and was silent before saying, “Adolph?”

Daniel said: “No, it’s a woman.”

Stella considered, “It should be Katrina.”

With her characteristic, Modesty had no friends around, so Adolph was the only one who would care about her.

Not long after, Dolores came out with dishes and called them to eat.

After dinner, Sherry posted on Instagram. [Bum meals off auntie again, super delicious!]

With pictures of dessert, dishes, and a selfie.

Daniel forced his way into the selfie, showing half of his face.

The space in the middle was Stella, Noah and Dolores.

It was equalled to a group photo.

Clarence was handling documents in the hospital when Nathan, sitting not far away, laughed out suddenly.

Clarence stared at him expressionlessly.

After Nathan realized it, he immediately put away his phone, stopped smiling, and spoke strictly, "Mr. Conrad, I have organized the information. The rest of them will be sent to you tomorrow morning."

Clarence didn't say anything but waved his hand, indicating that he would hurry up leaving.

Nathan quickly picked up his things and fled.

Fortunately, Mr. Conrad had not seen the pictures that Sherry posted; otherwise, it would not be a ward but an atomic bomb research base in a moment.

After Nathan left, Donald, swooping in, took a screenshot of Sherry's post and sent it to Clarence.

Donald: [Let me see, who is missing in this family photo?]

Donald: (Oh, it's you.)

Clarence was speechless.

He frowned and clicked on Sherry's post, then zoomed in on that selfie.

The outline of Stella and Noah was a little blurry, but it was easy to see that they were happy.

A scene of joy and happiness.

He took a deep breath, called Archer and said in a cold voice: "I want a discharge."

"Which gunshot wound patient have you seen discharged in one week?"

"This is what you stay in City N for?"

Archer said nothing.

Clarence really had a sharp tongue.

He checked the condition of Clarence's wound. "Wait another week."

"Tomorrow at the latest."

Archer complained, "Is it you or me lying here?"

And then, he added, "Okay, okay, I know you want to see your wife and son, leave it to me. I'm sure that you will see them tomorrow morning."

Clarence raised his eyebrows slightly and agreed.

So, before Stella went to bed, she received a call from Archer.

“Come to the hospital with Noah to do a checkup tomorrow.”

Stella was puzzled: “Didn’t he just finish a checkup over in Riverside City? Why again?”

Archer replied firmly, “A test missed last time, so this time to make up for it.”

“Okay, I see. What time?”

Nelvana ae

After hanging up, Archer said to Clarence, “It’s done.”

Chapter 940-At ten o’clock the following day, Stella arrived at the hospital with Noah.

Archer directly carried Noah into Clarence’s ward.

Stella watched Archer pinching Noah’s face and his arms lightly.

She was speechless.

Two minutes later, Archer stood upright and clapped his hands, “It’s done.”

“Is this the check you said you missed?”

Archer lifted his chin towards her, “My private inspection, that’s not something ordinary people can have.”

Ignoring him, Stella knew who he was conspiring with to trick her into coming here.

Clarence sat on the sofa aside and watched them, smiled, and said to Noah standing next to Archer, "Come here."

Noah looked at him, blinked, and tilted his head, seemingly wondering who he was.

Clarence's voice slowed down, "Come here, daddy will give you a hug."

Hearing this, Noah stepped towards him, wobbling.

But just as Clarence was about to pick him up with his left hand, Noah took a flower out of the vase on the coffee table. He ran towards Stella, lying on her lap, happily saying, "Mom, flower."

Clarence was embarrassed.

Seeing this, Stella touched his head and took the flower, "Thank you, baby."

When Noah saw that she liked it, his smile expanded, and he turned around again and trotted off to get one back to Stella.

But when he turned back for the third time, he found that the vase had moved and was firmly placed on the arm of the sofa.

Noah stood on his tiptoes to reach for it, but he wasn't tall enough to get it.

Clarence sat there, looking at him, "Do you want me to help you?"

Noah turned his head, big eyes looking at him momentarily, seeking his help.

Clarence said, "Call me daddy."

Noah was obviously reluctant, pouted, and reached out to get the vase by himself.

Seeing this, Clarence slowly moved the vase further away.

Noah struggled and hummed.

Stella said, "Are you happy to make him cry?"

"Am I making him cry? He ignored me when I asked him if he needed help. What can I do?"

Stella quickly picked up the vase and handed it to Noah. "Take it, baby."

Noah held the vase in his arms, smiled, pulled out a flower from it, and was about to turn around and take it to Stella when he found that she was no longer behind him but sitting in the arms of the man in front of him.

Stella did not expect Clarence to pull her to sit on his lap in front of Noah. Because of the pregnancy, she did not dare to struggle but only pushed him, "Are you stupid? We are going back."

Clarence held her waist and said in a low voice, "Don't move. The wound is going to split."

Stella saw his frown, which was not like pretending, and lowered her head.

She was sitting right on his thigh.

The place where he was shot.

She glared at him, "You know you're injured but still want to fool around."

“It’s your fault. You didn’t come to see me.”

Stella took a breath, got up, looked at the blood on his leg, turned to look for Archer to deal with it, but not knowing when he had slipped away.

“There is gauze and medicine over there. Just change it.”

Stella walked over and brought the things over to him, “Do it yourself.”

She was about to leave when he pulled her wrist, “How can I?”

“The wound is on the leg, not...”

Before Stella could finish her sentence, he lowered his eyes to indicate his right hand that was still hanging, “I can’t.” Stella was speechless.

Next to them, Noah was lying on the sofa, tilting his head and looking at them curiously.

When she turned back, Stella took the toy to him and saw that Clarence had taken off his pants.

Stella said, “Can you be normal? The child is here.”

Clarence spoke slowly, “It’s just a dressing change. What are you thinking?”

“Dressing change doesn’t mean to take off your pants!”

The pants were so loose that they could be rolled up.

She did not believe that Clarence had taken off his pants several times.



Clarence sat there frankly, "Just do it."

Stella wouldn't care about him if Noah wasn't right next to him.

She untied the blood-soaked gauze and knotted it down.

Just as she was about to take the medicine attached to the wound, Clarence suddenly said, "Just wrap around it with gauze. Stella looked at him, "Don't you want a dressing change?"

"T lied to you. It had been done, so just change the gauze."

Stella didn't believe it. It was useless to change the gauze since it was bleeding.

She reached out again, but Clarence snatched the toy out of Noah's hand before she could touch him.

Noah paused for two seconds, grunted in aggrievance, looked at Stella with tears filling his eyes.

Stella was annoyed.

She held back her temper and looked at Clarence, "What are you doing?"

"He doesn't call me dad."

"He won't call you since you bully him."

She turned to coax Noah. Clarence had already been wrapping his wound when she looked back.

Seeing this, Stella did not say anything, sat directly opposite him, took the gauze, finished wrapping it and tied a knot. "If you want to be discharged early, stop torturing yourself. It's unworthy."

Clarence gazed at her smiled, "Worried about me?"

Stella answered nothing but brought Noah down from the sofa, "Baby, we are going home."

Noah took her hand and jumped off.

Watching them walk a few steps, Clarence was about to get up when Steliadian turned her head and warned, "If your wound split again, I won't help you anymore."

He sat there with his eyebrows raised slightly.

Stella said to Noah, "Say bye to daddy."

Noah looked at Clarence under her guidance and waved his little hand, "Bye-bye, Daddy."

Stella gently touched his head, "Let's go."

They slowly walked out of the ward.

Clarence slowly leaned back on the sofa with a gentle smile, looking at their backs.