

Mr Conrad 941

Chapter 941-After leaving the hospital, Stella took Noah to the new studio.

Sherry happened to be there sorting out the decorative ornaments. She turned around and said, "Hey, Stella."

Stella nodded, finding it was bright and clean. "Has the cleaning been done?"

"Yes, but the cameras and equipment will be delivered these days, so we have to clean again later."

"Thank you for your hard work."

"Never mind. The thought of this being my dream studio is a constant source of energy for me every day, not to mention that I have Daniel to help me, so I don't feel tired at all!"

"Is Daniel here too?"

"Yes, he's inside installing shelves." Sherry pushed Noah's stroller, pulling Stella to go outside, "There is formaldehyde. Do not stay here too long."

Stella stood in the open space outside the studio and smiled.

Her eyes fell on the wall in front of her unconsciously.

It was the renovator's name who had died accidentally in the fire.

Obviously, it was not that long ago, but it felt like a long time ago.

Sherry's voice rang out, "You took Noah to the hospital today for a checkup. What did the doctor say?"

Stella retrieved her thoughts and chuckled, "No checkup. Clarence and Archer deliberately tricked us over."

"Tut-tut." Sherry knew that her pictures aroused someone.

After sitting outside for a while, Sherry said, "I'm going in. You go home. It's cold."

"Okay."

Stella went straight back to her apartment.

It was getting colder. She was afraid that Noah would catch a cold.

Noah played in the living room when Dolores was cooking in the afternoon. Stella stood at the kitchen door and whispered, "Mom, could you make more dishes?"

Dolores turned back, "Do you have other friends coming?"

"No, just...I can bring some to Clarence."

"He doesn't like my cooking, and there are private customized nutritional meals at the hospital, much better than what I make."

Stella smiled, remembering Dolores's previous words that Clarence said that eating her cooking was better than eating tree bark when he was a child.

After a while, Dolores said, "I've made fish soup. You can bring it to him tonight."

"Me?"

“It doesn’t matter if you don’t want to. I just don’t care about him.

Stella was speechless.

Dolores was indeed the biological mother.

“Okay. I will.”

Nathan was reporting to Clarence when Stella reappeared at the hospital in the evening.

Both of them were stunned seeing her in.

Instantly, Nathan said, “ I’ll leave first.”

Clarence nodded and handed him the document.

While Nathan left, Stella put the thermos on the bedside table, “You are so busy.”

Clarence smiled and pulled her, “Why did you come over?”

Stella said with no expression, “Mom asked me to bring you soup. I’m going back.”

She wanted to leave, but Clarence didn’t let go of her hand.

He pulled her a little closer with a slight force. “Did she ask you to come here, or did you come yourself?” “Do I look like I want to come here?”

Clarence gazed at her and observed. “Yes.”

Stella said nothing.

Ignoring him, she unscrewed the thermos lid and poured the fish soup into a small bowl. "Drink it. It will get cold." "Did you drink it?"

"What am I drinking this for? It's helpful to heal the wound."

"All the same, a supplemental."

Stella was tired of the fish soup the other day, and today Dolores made her a rib soup, so she was not interested in it. "Just drink.

Don't care about me."

Clarence was speechless.

"Baby, your temper is getting bigger."

Stellan smiled at him perfunctorily. "Learned from you."

Clarence said nothing.

It was snowing outside while they were talking.

The sky was white.

The cold wind seemed to be bitter.

Stella walked over, closed the window, and closed the curtains again.

When she looked back, Clarence had finished his fish soup.

'I'm leaving. Go to bed early. You are sick. Can't you rest for two days?'

Clarence knew that she was annoyed about him still working. When she came over to get the thermos bucket, he gently pulled her into his arms and whispered, "Or you stay and supervise me? Don't go back tonight."

Stella pushed him, "Are you a child who needs to be supervised?"

Clarence raised his eyebrows, "As long as you stay, I can be anything."

Without waiting for her to answer, he said, "it's snowing so heavily, and the road is slippery. I'm worried about you." "So no one walks outside when it snows?"

"They go their own way. It has nothing to do with me."

'I've been with Noah these past few nights.

He'll be upset if I don't go back."

"If you go back, I will also be upset."

Stelia felt speechless.

She almost laughed. Clarence was getting shameful.

Clarence put his hand around her waist with no intention of letting go of her.

After running around quite a lot today, it was snowing and cold outside, so Stella didn't want to move. She simply pushed Clarence. "Make way."

Clarence immediately made room for her.

The bed was big enough for them to sleep on.

Clarence put his arm around her and played with her finger, "Didn't you bring the ring again?"

Stella glanced at him, "I'm afraid to hurt Noah."

Clarence was not satisfied, "Is he that delicate?"

"The child did not come out of your belly. Of course, you do not understand."

Clarence was afraid that the topic would again develop towards an uncontrollable place, so he fell silent. Stella tilted her head to look at him, "Do you feel that my fingers seem thicker?"

"No."

Stella said thoughtfully, "Really, I heard that their fingers would be thicker when people are pregnant. I felt a bit of effort when wearing a ring two days ago."

Clarence looked down and met her eyes, "Do you have pregnancy syndrome? Always paranoid."

Stella compressed her lips and felt that his words seemed to be a little bit true.

Since she was pregnant, she always had a bee in her bonnet, worrying about some inexplicable things.

Chapter 942-The day Clarence was discharged happened to be New Year's Eve, and the streets were lively.

Stella frowned and said in the car, "Archer has said that you'd better stay in the hospital for a while longer. It's only been a few days."

Clarence didn't care much but held her hand, "I'm fine."

Stella originally wanted to say "Bullshit" but gave up.

Clarence had been in the hospital for almost a month, and if it were her, she would have had difficulty holding it in.

However, Archer said that Clarence recovered well, living with them, so any problems could be dealt with in time.

Clarence looked at her sideways smiled, reaching out to pinch her nose, "I don't want you to run around."

Ignoring him, Stella got rid of his hand and looked out.

The plaza not far away seemed to have a New Year's Eve concert, gathering many people.

It was very lively.

Back at the flat, Dolores had just put Noah to sleep.

"Do you want something to eat? I'll go make it."

Stella smiled, "Yes, I'm hungry."

"Wait for a while. It will be ready soon."

Stella replied and then looked at Clarence, "What are you doing standing here?"

Clarence didn't answer.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, you can sleep next door. Sherry and Daniel have moved out, knowing that you love tidy. I had someone change all the things inside."

He sat down on the sofa and spoke slowly, "How thoughtful of you."

Stella raised her eyebrows and sat next to him, "That's not what I meant. Mom said for you to introspect why I'm in a much better mood this pregnancy than last time."

Clarence was speechless.

He wanted to say something, but in the end, he gave up.

Women, all the time, could find all kinds of reasons to rake up old grievances.

She felt much better when Stella saw how he desperately wanted to retort but couldn't say anything. She walked happily to the kitchen, "Mom, I'll help you."

Clarence's phone rang at this time. He checked the caller ID, got up and walked towards the door.

Vincent's voice sounded, "Justin's people in Riverside City have been cleared out, but...."

"Say the result."

“There has been no whereabouts of Harris. According to Justin’s men, Harris had disappeared five minutes before they moved. It looks like he should have sensed that it was a trap.”

“He is Justin’s most trusted person. He could not have escaped alone when he heard the news that Justin had fallen into the sea. He should have already returned to City N.”

“Then I will return tomorrow.”

Although Justin’s plan was all but lost, the matter was far from settled.

Whether Harris or Jon, who had escaped in the chaos, were not good people.

Justin had ruined the New Coast project, leaving the Conrad Group in a mess.

The current Conrad Group had undoubtedly become the Steward Group that lost in Lyndon’s hand.

The impact was even more vast.

Clarence hung up, pressed his lips together, and looked. No one knew what he was thinking.

...

When Stella came out of the kitchen, she saw that Clarence was no longer in the living room and not in the bedroom.

He was uncharacteristically obedient today.

What a rare occurrence.

Dolores's voice sounded, "Food is ready."

"Coming."

Stella answered and shut the bedroom door to not disturb Noah.

She looked at the food on the table and said, "I can't eat this much. You can share half of it in the thermos. I'll take it over to Clarence later."

Dolores smiled, "Okay."

Stella ate quickly and carried the thermos bucket to the next door.

As soon as she pushed the door open, she heard Clarence on the phone and faintly listened to the "Conrad Group".

Sensing the door open, Clarence whispered something, put away the phone and looked at Stella. He fixed on the thermos bucket with his eyebrows raised slightly.

Stella put the things on the table. "It's Dolores who's afraid you'll be hungry. Hurry up and eat."

Clarence walked over, pulled out a chair and sat opposite her.

Stella handed him the spoon, but she said, "Are you going back to the Conrad Group?"

Clarence paused slightly. "Why do you ask?"

"Although I'm not interested in financial news, its situation recently is getting worse, which is definitely not what you want to see."

“It had nothing to do with me since I left.”

“That’s true, though.”

He made it what it was today, step by step.

Under the suppression of Dempsey and the covet from the outside.

In such internal and external troubles, how much effort he took to get to where he was now, no one knew better than him.

Stella looked at him and continued, “Although the Conrad Group named Conrad, it was not the original one.”

Clarence’s voice was low. “Hmm?”

“When I went to the Steward Group to take over that mess, you fully supported me and let me do what I wanted to do, and I still say the same thing now. No matter what you do, I will support you.”

Clarence smiled lightly, “I’m not as selfless as you think. The lives of others are none of my business.”

Stella smiled and pushed the thermos bucket, “Let’s eat.”

She knew that Clarence would definitely go back, and he wouldn’t leave the company in that state unattended.

She only wanted him to recover first.

After a while, Stella checked the time. “It’s late. I’m going back to bed. Good night.”

Clarence took her hand as she got up, "Sleep here."

Stella didn't answer.

She knew he wouldn't change.

Stella was just about to speak when he pulled her into his arms, and along with the sound of fireworks outside was his low magnetic voice. "Happy New Year, baby."

She was surprised and looked at the fantastic fireworks. "It's not even early in the morning yet."

As she spoke, she suddenly thought of something, "Did you arrange this?"

Clarence put his arm around her and looked out. "Apologies need some sincerity."

"But aren't fireworks not allowed in the city?"

"I applied for it a few days ago, and it was approved for today is New Year's Eve."

Stella said nothing.

It was fabulous to be wealthy.

Clarence tilted his head to look at her, "So, can you forgive me now?"

The corner of Stella's lips curved up in a smile, and her eyes fell back on the fireworks outside. "Depends on my mood."

"Then how is your mood now?"

“Sort of.”

Clarence clinched her, circling her into his arms, “Hmm?”

Chapter 943-Stella’s eyes curved into a crescent moon as she hugged his neck. She raised her head and pressed it against his thin lips, her breath gentle. “Happy New Year.”

Clarence’s pupils reflected the colorful fireworks outside the window. He stared at her, his gaze gradually burning.

It was impossible for Stella not to know what he meant.

She pushed him and whispered, “Hey, your injury hasn’t healed yet. What are you thinking about...”

Before Stella could finish her words, her lips were sealed.

Clarence stroked the back of her neck with his palm, his lips and tongue encroaching on her.

When they reached the bedroom, Clarence placed her on the bed and rubbed his nose against hers. “I calculated the time. It has been three months.”

Stella was speechless.

His mind was all about these messy things. It would be strange if he could rest well.

“The doctor said no.”

Clarence’s eyebrows moved slightly as if he wanted to say something.

Stella looked at him, afraid that he would say, 'I asked Archer, and he said yes.'

She quickly swept her eyes down. "Mr. Conrad, do you think you can do it?"

He had even got shot in the leg.

Clarence lowered his voice a little. "Let's give it a try."

Stella snapped, "Yeah right!"

Between the two of them, one was a pregnant woman, and the other got injured.

How could he have thought of that?

Just as Stella was about to get up, Clarence grabbed her wrist and pushed her back. "Be reasonable. How long do you think I can endure after you treated me like that in the hospital?"

"You deserve it."

Hearing this, Clarence's tone softened a little. "Yes, I deserve it. But since you have forgiven me, shouldn't you compensate me a little?"

He was impossible, wasn't he?

This person could make sense of anything.

Clarence's fingers slowly clasped her hands, playing them one by one. His gaze immediately met hers, and his eyebrows moved slightly. His intentions were obvious.

"I don't want it," Stella refused.

She thought that Clarence would not let her go just like that, but a few seconds later, he fell sideways on the bed.

Just when Stella thought that he was sinking into anger, he said in a muffled voice, "There are at most five months left."

Stella remembered Clarence had said last time that she would have a C-section in seven months' time.

So had he taken into account the time she would spend on confinement?

She couldn't help but feel that it was a little funny.

She moved. "Then go to sleep. I'm going back."

Clarence murmured in a low voice.

Stella walked to the bedroom door and turned to look at the person lying on the bed. The corners of her lips pressed down.

Clarence sat up and was about to take a shower when he noticed her gaze.

"Not leaving?" Clarence asked.

Stella asked, "What are you doing?"

The tip of Clarence's tongue pressed against his teeth, and his left hand propped up on the bed. His eyes narrowed slightly. "What do you think?"

Stella did not speak. Instead of pulling the door back, she slowly closed it.

“Are you really not leaving?”

“Cut the crap.”

Stella walked in front of him, lowered her head, kissed him, and knelt down beside him.

Clarence’s pupils shrank. Taking advantage of the time when Stella was taking a breath, he said,

“Again? If you continue like this, I really...”

Stella ignored him and kissed his lips again. Her hand also went down and pulled his shirt out of his pants.

She rarely took the initiative.

It had almost always been Clarence.

The temperature in the bedroom gradually rose. Clarence put his hand on her waist and was very willing to cooperate with her every step.

But when Stella’s lips left his lips and slowly went down, his smiling eyes became dark and deep.

Sensing her intentions, he grabbed her shoulder and said in a low voice, “No need.”

Even when she was first pregnant, Clarence had never made such a request.

Stella raised her head and looked at him. Her eyes were wet and her face was slightly red. She had probably never done such a thing before and she had taken the initiative. She had already been embarrassed, but she was suddenly stopped by him. She did not know whether to advance or retreat.

Clarence leaned over and kissed her lips. After kissing her gently for a while, he released her.

“Alright, go to sleep.”

This time, it was Stella’s turn to hold his arm. Her beautiful eyes were wet and she looked at him without a word.

As she lowered her head again, Clarence’s Adam’s apple rolled violently, and every inch of his muscles tensed up. The hand that was placed on the bed was also clenched into a fist. The suppressed breathing was especially clear in the empty bedroom.

She really could take his life.

After an unknown period of time, everything quieted down.

Stella choked and coughed a few times. Clarence quickly pulled out a piece of paper to wipe the corners of her mouth and pursed his lips. “I’ll get you some water.”

She felt a burning pain in her throat and a fishy smell. She didn’t even have the strength to speak.

Soon, Clarence came back after pouring the water. Stella took it and went to the bathroom to rinse her mouth.

Because the discomfort in her throat had always existed, she wanted to vomit. She retched several times, but she didn’t vomit.

Clarence stood beside her and gently patted her back. “Do you want to eat sour food? I’ll go buy it for you.”

Stella wanted to roll her eyes.

She turned her head and glared at him. Her voice was a little hoarse. "Your fault!"

Clarence did not refute and gladly accepted her accusation.

After a while, when she finished rinsing her mouth, he said again, "Are you feeling better?"

Stella muttered softly, "Alright, alright. You can leave now. I want to take a shower."

"Together."

"Get out."

Clarence was silent for two seconds. For the first time, he agreed to her request. "Okay."

Stella couldn't help but secretly let out a "tsk" sound. As expected, a man was willing to do anything for you after he was satisfied.

After the bathroom door was closed, Stella turned on the shower and let out a light breath.

She had not had any other choice. The atmosphere had been pushed to that extent. If she had retreated, that dog man Clarence might use it against her from time to time in the future.

Who knew what he could say.

Stella was already quite tired, so she did not wash her hair. She simply took a shower and went out.

In the bedroom, Clarence had already cleaned up the mess and changed into a new set of clothes.

When he saw Stella come out, he said, "I heated up a glass of milk for you. It's ready now."

"Oh." Stella walked to the bedside table and picked up the glass of milk.

After drinking it, she suddenly remembered that the refrigerator here should have been empty. Where had he gotten the milk?

Stella turned her head and was a little confused.

Clarence sensed her confusion and said, "I went over to get it."

"What?" Stella asked.

Had he been to the next door at this time?

Clarence said calmly, "I told Mom that you would sleep here."

Chapter 944-After New Year's Day, the new studio was officially renovated, and the old studio's things were moved over one after another.

When there was not much left, the store seemed to have returned to its original empty appearance.

Recently, they not only had to open for business, but they also had to tidy up things. Everyone had worked hard. Before the new studio officially opened, Stella and Sherry simply gave the employees a few days off, with the salary paid as usual.

Standing in the studio, Sherry stretched and sighed, "This is the place where our dream began. Now that we are leaving, I am quite reluctant."

Stella smiled and packed up her things on the desk. "I forgot to tell you that Clarence has bought this place. We can come back anytime."

Sherry was confused.

It did not make sense.

Before leaving, Stella turned around and looked at this place. "How time flies! Unknowingly, a year has passed."

Sherry took the cardboard box in her hand and sighed, "Yes, it's the beginning of another year."

The two of them left the studio together. Sherry carried the cardboard box and placed it on the back seat of the car.

When Stella locked the door, a soft voice came from beside her, "Ms. Radomil."

Stella turned around and smiled. "Daphne."

Daphne Aldrich looked at the empty studio inside the glass door and was a little surprised. "You are..."

Stella said, "I am moving to a new studio."

After a pause, she added, "Why did you come to me?"

Daphne nodded. "If not for Ms. Radomil, I wouldn't have been able to follow up on New Coast's project. I'm here to thank you on purpose today."

Stella said, "You're welcome. I know you've been busy with this matter recently, and I haven't called you. Is there any progress now?"

Daphne sighed. "Ms. Radomil should know what Justin had done to New Coast's project when he was with Conrad Group, causing almost irreparable losses. Conrad Group is now in a mess, no longer the same as when Mr. Conrad was there..."

Then, she changed the topic. "But I received news this morning that Conrad Group seemed to have suddenly changed. The entire company was silent and no longer relaxed. Did Mr. Conrad go back?"

Hearing this, Stella raised her eyebrows and did not answer directly.

This morning, Clarence did go to Conrad Group.

Seeing that she did not speak, Daphne guessed a little.

She said, "Don't worry, Ms. Radomil. I'm just asking. I won't report it. I know that Mr. Conrad had already left Conrad Group. This mess was not in his charge... You and Mr. Conrad are both good people."

Stella smiled. "There is no such thing as a good person. He only did what he wanted to do, just like you."

Daphne said, "I'm a reporter, and I do my own things."

At this moment, Sherry came over and greeted Daphne, asking if she wanted to go out for dinner together.

Daphne shook her head. "I still have to go back to the newspaper office. You guys can go. I won't disturb you. Ms. Radomil, Miss Perry, goodbye."

Stella waved at her. "Goodbye."

After Daphne left, Sherry looked at her back and said, "Is she still following and reporting about Justin?"

Stella said, "Yes, she was the one who first found out about the problem with New Coast's project and began to investigate it."

Sherry said, "I have seen her reports and interviews. She has always been at the forefront. Every word she says is perfect, and back then Justin had been criticized as if he was nothing. Fortunately, Justin is dead. Otherwise, according to his character, I am really worried that he will make a move on Daphne Aldrich."

Hearing this, Stella was stunned and slightly pursed her lips.

Now that Justin's body had not been found, although everyone said that he was already dead...

But even if he was still alive, the person he wanted to take revenge on the most was still them and the James family. He would not do anything to a reporter.

Even so, after getting in the car, Stella still sent a message to Daphne, asking her to be careful during this period of time.

Soon, Daphne sent her an "OK" emoji and told her not to worry.

When Daphne returned to the newspaper office, she had been sorting out the relevant reports about the New Coast project. With the death of Justin, this project seemed to end here. There was no need to continue digging deeper. Now, everyone's eyes were focused on the impact of the New Coast project and the life and death of the Conrad Group.

After tidying up, it was almost eleven o'clock.

Daphne yawned, took her bag and phone, and went downstairs.

The place where she rented a house was not far from the company and she usually walked back.

Daphne Aldrich had just taken a few steps when she remembered the message Stella sent her in the afternoon and decided to take a taxi.

She stood at the intersection and was waiting for the driver when a hand suddenly fell on her shoulder.

Daphne screamed in fear and without thinking, she turned around and smashed him with her bag.

Then a muffled groan was heard. "You really want to hit me."

This voice was very familiar.

Daphne was stunned for a few seconds. She looked up and was even more surprised. "Mr. Shawn?"

Donald Shawn touched his forehead that had been smashed by her. Seeing that there was a trace of blood, he could not help but hiss, "Is there a brick in your bag?"

Daphne finally came to her senses and repeatedly apologized, "Sorry, sorry. I didn't know it was you. I thought..."

"What did you think? Robbery?"

Daphne smiled awkwardly. "Shall I take you to the hospital?"

Donald withdrew his hand and took out a handkerchief from his suit pocket to wipe away the blood in his hand. "No need. What are you doing here?"

"Ah? My news agency is here. I was just about to take a taxi home, but I didn't expect to meet Mr. Shawn," Daphne said.

Donald turned around and saw the words "City N Press" not far away.

Daphne felt that Donald should not be for her, so she asked, "Why is Mr. Shawn here?"

“I was dealing with a case in front, and I just saw you standing by the roadside. Did you get a taxi? Shall I give you a lift?”

Daphne waved her hand. “Thank you, Mr. Shawn. I am waiting for the driver.”

Donald said, “Alright, then I’ll leave first.”

Daphne asked very sincerely, “Are you sure you don’t need to go to the hospital to take a check?”

“There’s no need. A band-aid will do. Bye.”

He raised his hand towards Daphne, turned around, and walked towards the black car parked by the roadside.

Daphne exhaled, picked up her phone, and wanted to see where the driver was.

But at this time, footsteps came from behind again.

Daphne turned around and said, “Mr. Shawn, you... Who are you?”

Chapter 945-The man in front of her had a sinister and ruthless expression, and his eyes were filled with dense killing intent.

Seeing this, Daphne Aldrich couldn’t help but take a few steps back, clenching the bag in her hand tightly. “What the hell are you...”

Before she finished speaking, the man raised his hand and instantly grabbed her neck.

Daphne tried her best to push his hand away. She struggled with all her might and said in a weak voice, “Help...help!”

However, it was already midnight. There were no pedestrians on the street. In addition, the surrounding light was dim. Her cry for help had no effect at all.

Daphne gradually stopped struggling and slowly closed her eyes. Just as she felt that her brain was short of oxygen and was about to die here, there was the sound of a car braking behind her.

The man in front of her gave her an extremely unwilling look. Then, he withdrew his hand and forcefully threw her to the ground. Then, he turned around and strode away. Soon, his figure was submerged in the darkness.

Donald ran to Daphne's side and helped her up. Then, he looked in the direction that the man had left and frowned tightly. "Are you alright?"

Daphne coughed violently, her face flushed red. It took her a long time to catch her breath and she shook her head.

Donald grabbed her shoulder and helped her up. "I'll send you back."

As he spoke, he supported Daphne and opened the door to the co-pilot's seat.

After Daphne sat in the car, she held her neck and breathed heavily.

Donald went to the other side and sat in the driver's seat. He wrung a bottle of water and handed it to her.

Daphne took it and took a few sips. She coughed violently again.

Donald patted her back and pursed his lips before saying, "Did you see the face of that person clearly?"

Daphne held the water bottle and raised her arm to wipe the water stains on the corner of her mouth. It seemed that she had not recovered from the fear of almost dying just now. She said with a trembling voice, "I... I saw it, but I can't describe it..."

"It's okay. I'll send you back first and have a good rest."

On the way, Daphne leaned against the window all the time. Her eyes were closed and her eyelashes were wet.

It seemed that she was really frightened.

Seeing this, Donald slowed down the car a lot.

When they arrived at Daphne's house, Donald slowly said, "We're here."

Daphne opened her eyes, sniffed, and said, "Thank you, Mr. Shawn."

After that, she opened the car door and went out. As her feet just stepped on the ground, she stumbled. Fortunately, she quickly held the car door and did not fall down.

Donald unfastened the seat belt and walked over to support her. "I'll send you up."

Daphne nodded and said, "Thank you."

After getting out of the lift, Daphne took out her key to open the door.

However, her hands were shaking so much that they could not even reach the door.

Donald held her hand, took the key, and opened the door easily. "Let's go in."

Daphne looked at him and was stunned for a moment. It was only when Donald's voice sounded that she came back to her senses and quickly withdrew her gaze.

After entering the living room, Donald placed her on the sofa and found the water dispenser to get her a cup of hot water.

Daphne held the cup with both hands and her eyelashes were half-hanging. She quietly drank the water.

Donald pulled up his pants and sat on the single sofa by her side. "Do you want to find a friend to accompany you tonight?"

Daphne put down the cup, shook her head, took a deep breath, and smiled. "It's okay. Thank you, Mr. Shawn. I'll be fine after a short nap."

"You're welcome. If I had sent you home directly, these things wouldn't have happened."

Hearing him begin to blame himself, Daphne couldn't help but open her eyes wide and wave her hand. "No, no, if not for Mr. Shawn, I might have... I really thanked you tonight."

"You're welcome. As long as you're fine." Donald took out his phone, took out a photo, and placed it in front of Daphne. "Is this the person who attacked you?"

Daphne carefully identified it. Although the light was very dark, she could never forget the man's vicious eyes.

It was him.

"It's him."

Donald's expression turned serious as he took his phone back. "This person is Justin's subordinate."

As soon as he said this, Daphne understood the reason.

It should be related to the fact that she had been following and reporting on New Coast's project.

She frowned and said, "But isn't Justin already dead? Why is his subordinate..."

Donald said, "This person is Justin's most capable subordinate. He is ruthless. We have been looking for his whereabouts."

After a pause, he continued, "Why don't you stop reporting this for now? It's quite dangerous."

Daphne pursed her lips and her gaze was firm. "My original intention as a reporter was to reveal the truth. Even if I don't report it, there will be other reporters reporting it. If we all submit because of fear, over time, no one will dare to reveal the truth."

Donald was a little surprised when he heard this. He raised his eyebrows slightly, probably not expecting her to say this.

After two seconds, Daphne looked at him again and said, "Mr. Shawn, you don't have to worry about me. I will pay more attention in the future. Besides, Justin and his subordinates are all being wanted by the police. He will definitely not dare to come to me again."

"Since you say so, I won't persuade you. If there is anything, you can call me."

With that, Donald handed the phone to Daphne again. "Save your number."

Daphne was stunned. She slowly took the phone and entered her number.

Donald took it back and dialed her number. "This is mine."

Daphne took out her vibrating phone and glanced at it.

Donald got up and said, "Then I will go first. Remember to lock the doors and windows when you go to bed."

"Mr. Shawn..."

Donald turned around. "Is there anything else?"

Daphne pointed at the wound on his forehead that was about to form scabs. "Let me disinfect you. Don't get infected."

Donald raised his eyebrows and sat down again. "Okay."

Daphne took out a medical box from under the coffee table, found an iodine and cotton swab, stood in front of him, and cleaned the wound.

Her breathing and movements were very light as if she was afraid of hurting him. Like a feather, she swept it over his eyebrows.

Donald licked his lips without a trace and looked away.

Soon, Daphne pasted the Band-aid on his wound. "It's done."

Donald coughed and stood up. "Then I'm leaving. Goodbye."

Daphne sent him to the door. When Donald went out, she could not help but say again, "Mr. Shawn."

Donald turned around.

Daphne smiled and said to him, "Thank you for saving me again."

Donald was stunned. Again?

Chapter 946-Before he could ask, Daphne had already waved at him and closed the door.

Donald could not help but turn his head, slightly puzzled.

He remembered that the first time he met Daphne was at the police station.

Had he saved her before?

Donald touched the back of his head and entered the lift without thinking too much.

After getting in the car, Donald fastened his seat belt and called Clarence, "I just saw Harris. He was near City N Press."

Clarence said, "Are you sure it was him?"

"I've shown it to Daphne Aldrich. I'm sure," Donald said, "But since he has his eyes on Daphne, he definitely won't let it go so easily. As long as we send people to follow her, we will definitely be able to catch him."

Clarence replied with an "Hm".

Donald said again, "Why don't you let Vincent go over? Ordinary people can't deal with Harris."

"Vincent has other things to do."

Donald calculated, "Or Maxwell?"

“Maxwell needs to protect Stella.”

Donald frowned and tapped the steering wheel with one hand. “Then who are you going to send?”

Clarence said indifferently, “Aren’t you quite free?”

“What?” Donald Shawn asked.

He said, “No, I still have work to do.”

“It just so happens that the client of your new case is close to City N Press.”

Donald rolled his eyes.

What a wicked poacher!

Donald thought for a moment and said, “Do you think it was Justin who ordered him to do this?”

“No. If Justin was by his side, he wouldn’t have let him act rashly.”

“That’s true. Justin doesn’t need to argue with a small reporter. According to this, Harris is acting alone, so Justin is still...”

Clarence said, “I will send two people over. If you are worried, you can follow them yourself.”

Donald said, “Hey, you are a very strange guy. When did I say that I was worried? I was just saying that if you want to catch Harris, you have to...”

Halfway through his words, the phone had been hung up.

Donald cursed at his phone and lowered the window again. He looked at the neighborhood next door and felt a little agitated for some reason.

They had only met a few times, but today, after seeing how she had pretended to be strong when she was obviously very afraid, it would be a lie to say that she did not feel any heartache.

However, Daphne was a serious person. She was clean and honest. She also had a responsible heart of society and a virtuous heart of the public. How could he provoke a girl who was good in every way?

Donald threw his phone in the passenger seat. Just as he was about to drive away, he saw something next to him glowing under the light.

He turned sideways and picked it up.

It was a pen cap with a key chain attached to it, which had been made into a pendant.

Donald looked at it carefully. On the pen cap, there was a smiling face drawn with black paint strokes.

This pen cap was very ordinary, which could be bought at any office supplies shop.

And no matter how one looked at it, it did not look like a pendant that a girl would like.

Since it had been so well-preserved, was it something that belonged to her first love?

Donald opened the trunk of the car seat and put it inside, preparing to return it to her when he had the chance next time.

On the other side.

Stella came out of the bathroom and heard Clarence talking on the phone. She mentioned Justin's name.

She walked over and said, "What's wrong?"

Clarence put away his phone. "Harris went to find that reporter."

Hearing this, Stella couldn't help but widen her eyes. She had been worried about this matter today, but she didn't expect it to be so soon...

She hurriedly said, "How is Daphne?"

"Donald happened to be nearby and saved her."

Stella breathed a sigh of relief. She turned around to look for her cell phone and called Daphne to ask what was going on.

Daphne briefly explained to her, "Ms. Radomil, fortunately, you had reminded me. Otherwise, if I were to walk home tonight, the consequences would be unimaginable."

Stella said, "It's good that you are fine. But Daphne, it is really dangerous. Think about it, it's best if you don't report anything related to New Coast's project anymore."

"Mr. Shawn also told me that, but I feel that I am a reporter. Just like what Ms. Radomil said, I just did what I should do. I can't retreat because of fear. This is against my intention to be a reporter."

As she spoke, she said in a relaxed manner, "With today's lesson, I will be even more careful. Ms. Radomil doesn't have to worry about me."

Hearing her say this, Stella could no longer persuade her. "You must be careful. If there is anything, you can call me."

Daphne smiled and said, "Mr. Shawn also asked me to call him. It's good to know you people."

Stella also smiled. "Rest early."

"Okay, goodbye, Ms. Radomil."

After hanging up, Stella sat on the sofa and exhaled.

Clarence walked over and sat beside her. "Are you still worried?"

Stella nodded. "When Harris was in the hospital, he almost killed Winnie. I was really afraid that he would..."

"I have sent people to protect her. Donald Shawn will also go."

"Donald Shawn?"

As soon as she finished speaking, the corners of Stella's lips couldn't help but curl up.

She had previously felt that Daphne seemed to have known Donald for a long time, but Donald had no impression of her at all.

Now, it seemed that there should be an answer soon.

Stella didn't dwell on this question any longer and continued, "How was your day with Conrad Group today?"

Clarence said, "It's worse than I thought."

During Justin's reign, he had hardly cared about other projects and companies except for the project of New Coast.

This had led to many people taking advantage of the loophole.

Right now, Conrad Group's account was a complete mess.

The current Conrad Group was already in debt of billions because of the negative news and the matter of Justin.

But fortunately, it had a good foundation. Even if it suffered a huge loss because of the project of New Coast, it could still be saved.

If they let it go, it would only make the situation worse and worse.

Once Conrad Group declared bankruptcy, it would have an immeasurable impact on the economic situation of City N and even the entire Asia.

Stella leaned in his arms and whispered, "You can definitely do it."

Clarence chuckled. "You trust me so much?"

"Because you are Clarence."

A stubborn and soft-hearted dog man.

The smile on Clarence's lips gradually faded and his voice was very low. "There are a lot of things that I can't do."

Stella said, "It's rare for you to be so modest."

Clarence leaned closer, the tip of his nose against hers. "There are some aspects in which you can be modest, but there are some in which you can't. Can I let you know tonight?"

Stella smiled and pushed him away. "No, I'm going to sleep."

Chapter 947-After taking a shower, Daphne Aldrich began to tidy up her things. Halfway through, she suddenly found that the pendant in her bag was gone.

She had searched all the possible places, but found nothing.

Daphne fell on the sofa, her eyes a little dull.

It should have fallen when she was attacked tonight.

She had had the pen cap with her since she was in high school. For so many years, she had never lost it.

After staring blankly for a while, she gritted her teeth and suddenly got up. She found hot pepper spray from the drawer and the small weapon that she had bought to protect herself in times of danger. She grabbed her phone and ran out.

She had run all the way to the door of the newspaper office and searched all the places where she had just been. However, she didn't find it.

When she returned home, she was full of frustration.

This thing, in many years, had brought her courage without fear.

It was her light and faith.

She never expected that it would be lost in a hurry.

It seemed that she could not find it no matter what.

Lying on the bed, she tossed and turned, unable to fall asleep. The moment she closed her eyes, it was that pair of terrifying eyes that made her feel despair and suffocation.

Daphne sat up abruptly again. When she opened her phone, she accidentally touched the call log.

She tried to search for the latest number in WeChat.

Found it.

She looked at it for a long time, but she did not click to add it to her contact list.

Some people had seemed to be far away from her. Suddenly, one day, when he was so close to her, she felt that it was so unreal.

She put down her phone, fell back on the bed, and closed her eyes.

The next day, when she arrived at the news agency, her colleague said, "Daphne, did you stay up late to work again yesterday? You even have dark circles under your eyes. Aren't you working too hard?"

The corners of Daphne Aldrich's mouth twitched. Her smile was dry. "No, I didn't rest well last night."

At this time, someone said, "Daphne, the chief editor wants you to go to his office."

Daphne responded and went to the office to knock on the door.

After she entered, the chief editor said, "Daphne, have you been investigating the project of New Coast recently?"

Daphne nodded. "I don't think this will end with Justin's death. There are still many things we can explore. I..."

"There is nothing left to write about it now. The rest of the news media have placed their focus on Conrad Group and Clarence. No one will care about what Justin has done."

Daphne frowned. "But..."

The chief editor pushed the document in front of her. "Here, there is an exclusive for domestic violence. The client is in the building next to ours. You can follow and report it."

Daphne lowered her head and did not speak.

"Daphne, the person involved is a famous great painter. His influence is extraordinary. This exclusive is what many people want to get. If you hadn't brought back such big news for our newspaper company, it wouldn't have been your turn. You should follow this well. It will definitely be explosive news."

"But I don't want to follow this. I still want to work with New Coast."

The chief editor said in a deep voice, "It's already in the past. The one I want you to report is a social topic that attracts widespread attention. This painter is usually amiable and gentlemanly in front of the public."

"I received news this morning. He told the police that his wife had died in an accident, which had nothing to do with him. Isn't this worth investigating? Don't you want to get the justice and truth for the dead?"

When Daphne heard this, her expression loosened. She slowly reached out to take the information in front of her.

The chief editor said, "That's right. People should look ahead and move on..."

Daphne looked at him and said, "Chief Editor, I can follow this news, but I still want to continue investigating the New Coast project at the same time. I promise that it won't affect this report."

Seeing that she still insisted, the chief editor did not want to drag her down. He waved his hand and said, "You can do whatever you want. as long as you don't delay your work."

A smile appeared on Daphne Aldrich's face. "Thank you, Chief Editor."

After she left, the chief editor suddenly remembered something. "By the way, the lawyer invited for this case is..."

Daphne Aldrich's figure could no longer be seen, so he took back the rest of his words.

The reason why Daphne was allowed to follow this case was not only because he did not want her to continue working on New Coast's project. Another reason was that the lawyer invited by the other party was famous in the circle for being very difficult to deal with. Only Daphne Aldrich could find out the truth.

Daphne returned to her seat and moved the information about New Coast's project to the side. She opened the one that the chief editor had just given her.

This artist was called Steve Billings. He was in his early forties and had never been successful when he was young. The paintings he drew had also been looked down upon by others. When he met his wife, who was like a muse in his inspiration, she instantly stimulated his potential. The painting of his wife made him famous overnight.

Over the past few years, many paintings of his had been sold at a high price.

Other than his paintings, the relationship between him and his wife had once become a topic of concern for people.

Every time he attended an event, Steve would take care of his wife in every way possible. It could be seen that the two of them were very sweet and happy.

Over time, Steve had been known as a good husband.

Now that his wife had suddenly died, Steve had been suspected of having killed his wife.

Such a contrast in the image was indeed inconceivable.

After reading through Steve's past experiences and the photos of his wife, Daphne felt that there were a few photos in which his wife had strange expressions. It was indeed worth investigating.

Her intuition told her that it was not as simple as domestic violence.

Daphne called Steve. "Hello, Mr. Billings. I am City N Press reporter, Daphne Aldrich. If you have time in the afternoon, can I have an interview with you?"

On the other side of the line, Steve's voice was sad, but he agreed readily. "Yes."

After Daphne confirmed the time to meet him, she put away her phone.

In such a short time, he had been ready to face the reporters. It seemed that this person was more difficult to deal with than she had imagined.

Daphne turned on the computer and continued to search for information about Steve and his wife, trying to get more clues.

Nowadays, there were too many sanctimonious and gentle people who were complete devils by nature.

Chapter 948-Daphne received Stella's call as soon as she arrived at the press at 2 p.m.

“What’s wrong, Ms. Radomil?”

“Nothing. I come to see you.”

Daphne froze at the words, looking around and finding Stella not far away.

She quickly put away her phone and ran over, asked in surprise with a smile, “Why are you here?”

“I happened to be passing by here, you....”

Stella’s eyes fell on her neck.

Daphne had worn a scarf to cover her apparent pinch wound. Still, it scattered in her haste to run over just now, so Stella saw it immediately at a glance.

Noticing her gaze, Daphne pulled the scarf upwards easily, “It’s nothing big. It doesn’t hurt at all.”

Stella said softly, “Sorry.”

“Why are you...?”

“It all started because of Justin. We are totally responsible.”

Daphne waved. “Don’t think like that. I’m grateful to you for offering me the news. As a journalist, there’s nothing more enjoyable for us than getting first-hand information.”

Stella smiled, “I was going to invite you for dinner, but you seem busy.”

“Well, the editor-in-chief has a new story for me to follow, which is not far from here. I’ll treat you next time.”

“It’s okay. What matters is your safety.” Stella looked behind and continued, “We’ve been looking for Harris, so our men will keep you safe while looking for a chance to catch him.”

Stella pondered all night and decided to talk to Daphne about it. Otherwise, she would be scared if two strange boys followed her.

Hearing this, Daphne nodded lightly. “Alright. I will cooperate with you to catch him as soon as possible. Thus, I will get exclusive break news.”

Stella smiled, hugged her and said in a slow voice, “No matter what happens, your safety is the most important. Protect yourself to have more time to do things you want to.”

Daphne faintly froze at her words, then she patted her, “Thank you. I will.”

Stella let her go a moment later, “Alright, I won’t bother you. Get to work.”

Daphne checked the time, which was indeed a bit late. She waved at Stella as she ran, shouting, “Goodbye!”

As she left, the two men also immediately followed her.

After Stella got into the car, Clarence asked, “Relieved now?”

She smiled at him, “You came because you worried about it, right?”

Clarence held her hand, “I’m worried about you.”

“Don’t be silly. I know you well.”

Although Daphne had investigated the problems of the New Coast on her own and dug it out by asking Stella, it was Clarence who had given Stella a lot of the inside information at first.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have been at the forefront.

Clarence would never let an innocent person be implicated because of him.

Stella looked out and said with emotion, "Daphne is the most righteous and impulsive girl I've ever seen."

"You were also quite impulsive. Otherwise, how could you have persevered until you met me?"

Stella was speechless.

What nonsense was he talking about?

Clarence continued, "I regret that I didn't meet you before then."

Before Jeffrey owed a million dollars to loan sharks, she was a girl who loved life and was full of hope for the future and even had the opportunity to study in Paris.

Whereas all were ruined by Jeffrey and him.

Stella tilted her head to look at him. "Why are you suddenly getting melodramatic?"

Clarence was silent.

He coughed with one hand against his lips and said to the driver, "Let's go."

The driver immediately responded.

Stella snickered. It was easy for him to say sweet words, but he was implicit when he talked about his deepest true feelings.

He would be shy.

Clarence was articulate when he expressed himself.

...

Daphne arrived at Steve Billings's studio and registered. Then the receptionist said, "Wait a moment, Steve is talking to the lawyer."

Daphne nodded. "Okay."

She sat down on the sofa next to her and looked through the interview outline.

After waiting for a few minutes, the receptionist called her, "You can go in now."

Daphne thanked her and then walked into the office under the guidance of the receptionist.

"Hello, I'm a reporter from the City N Press."

Halfway through her words, she found another person in the room, and her eyes widened slightly with surprise.

The remaining words drowned soundlessly in her throat.

Donald was also surprised to see her, "How did you...."

Steve observed them and pushed his glasses. "Do you know each other?"

Donald took off the gold-rimmed glasses and said indifferently, "We've contacted a few times because of work, but not familiar."

Daphne was tongue-tied and finally nodded gently, "Yes."

Donald said, "That's all for now, then. I have things to do."

Steve ordered the receptionist to see Donald off for him.

Then he turned to Daphne, "This way, please."

Daphne nodded slightly and sat down, trying her best to control not to look at Donald.

After the door closed, Steve said, "Sorry to keep you waiting. Would you like a cup of coffee?"

Daphne took out her recorder, "I'm fine. Let's get started."

Steve smiled and nodded, "Okay."

Daphne asked the questions according to the outline, but Steve always answered with ease and without revealing anything.

He acted sad and regretful about his wife's death.

It seemed he was innocent.

After the interview finished, Daphne stood up. "Thank you for your cooperation. I will send you the script for checking, and I will publish it only after you are sure."

Steve shook with her. "Thank you."

Daphne smiled lightly. "A pleasure. I'm just reporting the facts."

Steve was stunned before he said, "You are right."

Chapter 949-After Daphne left the building, she was immediately pulled to a less crowded place.

She asked in confusion, "Donald?"

Donald looked around before frowning and said, "Why are you here?"

Daphne pulled her backpack. "My editor-in-chief received an exclusive and asked me to trace it."

Saying of this, she hurriedly added. "Don't worry. I'm just doing my job. It will definitely not affect you."

Donald kept frowning. "I don't mean that, and I'm not skimmed off with you intentionally."

Daphne laughed. "I know you are strict and will not be interfered with by external factors, especially when working."

Donald answered nothing.

He wasn't as good as she said.

After a moment of silence, Donald asked, "Do you really want to follow this case?"

Daphne nodded. "The editor-in-chief assigns this. Steve..."

After a pause, Daphne hesitantly continued, "Are you going to argue for his innocence in court?"

Donald set his mouth in a grim line, "Sorry, I can't tell you this."

Daphne immediately said, "It's okay. I was just casually asking."

After thinking about it, Daphne said, "According to the police investigation and the interview I just did, I think there's something wrong with him."

Donald said slowly, knowing what she meant, "He is my client."

Daphne understood his intention.

Defending one's client was the most basic professionalism of a lawyer.

While nodding her head, Daphne said, "Then I know, just like what Donald said, let's do our own work."

When Donald pulled her back, she was about to leave, "Are you sure that Steve killed his wife?"

"No. I'll leave it to the police to investigate. I'm just responsible for finding out more hidden truths."

"Since you have decided that Steve is suspicious, whether he is the murder or not, you should stop investigating."

Daphne did not understand. "Why?"

Donald lowered his voice. "Have you thought that what if his wife's death is related to him? What will he do to you if you insist on this matter?"

Hearing this, Daphne tilted her head and smiled. "Can I perceive your words as that you are telling me the truth is what I thought about?"

Donald was stunned, and his grip on her arm loosened, not expecting to be trapped by her like this.

Daphne laughed, "Don't worry. This is just a private chat. I will investigate the truth on my own."

As she spoke, her phone rang.

She answered it and waved at Donald. "I'll leave first. Bye."

Donald stood in place, touched his eyebrows, and took a long breath.

Back in the car, Donald took something from the storage box but saw the pendant of Daphne.

He looked out, and there was no longer any Daphne around.

Donald picked up the pen cap again and looked at it carefully under the sunlight, wondering what was so special about it?

...

In the evening, after Daphne finished meeting friends of Steve's wife, she saw from afar an upright figure, half leaning in front of the car at her apartment, looking through the phone.

Daphne jogged over. "Donald, are you waiting for me?"

Donald lifted his head, put away his phone, and glanced at the two people following behind her.

Waiting for Daphne to stand before him, Donald said, "Just got off work?"

"Ah, right. Have you eaten yet? I'll treat you, if not, to thank you for saving me yesterday."

Donald didn't refuse. "Okay."

"Around here are some simple, fast food. Is it okay if we go somewhere far away?"

"Fast food is fine."

Daphne took him to a restaurant that she often went to, and after they had ordered, Donald was about to pay when Daphne had already checked first. "It was agreed that it's my treat."

Donald smiled and didn't say anything.

The heating was on, and it was a little hot.

Sitting on the seat, Daphne subconsciously tugged at her scarf.

Donald's eyes fell on the scar on her neck, and concerned, "Did you go to the hospital today?"

Meeting his gaze and realizing what he was talking about, she pulled the scarf up and smiled, "I'm okay. I applied for ointment yesterday. It will be fine in a couple of days."

As she said that, she looked at the corner of Donald's forehead and pointed, "Does it still hurt?"

Donald originally wanted to deny it, but he somehow changed, "A little."

A flash of self-condemnation appeared on Daphne's face, "Then it's better to go to the hospital."

At this time, the waiter served their food.

"It's not necessary to go to the hospital. You can help me treat the wound if you are free."

Daphne agreed without thinking, "I'm free."

Donald's smiled lightly, "Let's eat."

While eating, Donald noticed no cilantro in Daphne's bowl. "Don't you eat cilantro?"

"I'm allergic to cilantro, and the boss here remembers that, so he won't put it in for me every time."

It was rare that people would be allergic to cilantro.

Donald tilted his head sideways, and a voice that he had heard somewhere, at some point, suddenly came to mind, "I can't eat cilantro. I'll be allergic."

It seemed that it was not the first time?

He couldn't recall.

However, he would not forget a girl like Daphne once he met her.

Was it a drinking party?

The lights were dim, so it was expected that he couldn't see the face.

What kind of drinking party would have cilantro?

Apart from those occasions, how could he have connections with her and save her? Or was it the time he went to Sydney last year on business? But he would remember well if he had met a compatriot there.

Seeing Donald thinking about something as if lost in thought, Daphne asked, "Is it not delicious?"

Donald stopped recalling, "No, it is not bad."

Hearing that he had approved of the restaurant she liked, Daphne couldn't resist smiling, feeling subtle.

Chapter 950-After eating, they slowly went back home.

Daphne told him to sit on the sofa and went to get iodine volts under the coffee table, intending to disinfect his wound.

Just as she removed his band-aid, she heard him ask, "Have you ever been to Sydney?"

Daphne froze in confusion. "No. "

She looked at the scabbed wound as she spoke, asking, "How does it hurt? I see that the wound seems to be recovering. If it still hurts badly, could it be a concussion?"

Donald was silent.

He said thoughtfully, "It's fine. It doesn't hurt that much. Just do it casually."

Despite what he said, Daphne gave him all-around disinfection before reapplying the band-aid and said solemnly, "If you're still in pain tomorrow, go to the hospital."

Donald nodded, and as Daphne turned to throw the swab, he asked again, "Have we met before? I mean, earlier than when we met at the police station."

Daphne paused, turned her head and smiled, "I don't think so."

"Then why did you say I saved you twice last night?"

Daphne fell silent.

Donald explained, "You are four or five years younger than me. We are neither in the same class, in the same year, nor in the same school. You can't have had a crush on me when you were a student, right?"

Daphne said nothing.

Donald was a little surprised.

Did he guess correctly?

Daphne averted her eyes, "No, we didn't even go to the same school. How could I have had a crush on you?"

Donald was curious, his arm crossed over his lap, leaning slightly and gazing at her, "Then tell me, why did you say I saved you?"

He would not give up until Daphne told the truth.

Daphne hesitated and struggled before she whispered, "It was a long, long time ago. It was probably a trivial thing for you that you definitely don't remember, but it encourages me to live."

Seeing that Daphne was unwilling to say more, Donald did not push her but stepped back and took out something to her, "This is yours, right?"

Daphne's eyes instantly lit up when she saw the pen cap, and she took it with surprise. "Why do you have it? I thought..."

"I picked it up in the car."

Daphne clutched it and smiled brighter.

Seeing her reaction, Donald couldn't help but ask, "First love's stuff?"

"What?"

After Daphne realized what he was talking about, she became relaxed. She was relieved as she stared at the pen cap and slowly said, "There was once someone who lit up my world like a beam of light when I was most desperate.

He was the one who told me that there are people who walk fearlessly for the sake of justice in their hearts despite obstacles. After the darkness of night, light always comes. He tells me to insist and stick to the truth I believe in."

Donald asked, "So you were inspired by this pen cap to be a journalist to report the truth even if it is dangerous?"

"Sort of. Many times when I couldn't hold on, as soon as I saw it, I would remember the words he once said to me."

Donald nodded slowly. "Anyone who can say such words is not a good person. Maybe some moral hypocrite. Don't believe it."

Daphne was speechless.

She retorted in a low voice, "He's not."

Donald leaned back on the sofa with his arm on the armrest and lazily said, "He told you to stick to the truth you believe in but didn't tell you how to save yourself in danger while pursuing the truth. What is this if not a hypocrite who only talks empty words."

Seeing that Daphne wanted to say something, he continued unhurriedly, "When you were injured, did he come to rescue you? No, so he is the worst. Nothing is more important than one's own life. Nothing is worth risking your life for."

Daphne didn't retort again but smiled.

He really didn't remember.

After a while, Donald got up, "Alright. It's late. I'm gonna go. Get to bed early and close the doors and windows."

Daphne led him to the door and waved goodbye.

Donald got into the lift, "Alright, goodbye."

When the lift door was about to close, Daphne said, "He actually came to save me."

Donald didn't hear it clearly, "Yes?"

The lift doors closed at the same time.

Donald stood in the lift, trying to recall what her words were.

His phone rang when he got in the car. It was a friend asking him to go for a drink.

Donald was annoyed at the moment. "No, I'm not going."

"Really? I had a hard time asking people to come here. All hot girls. All your type."

Donald put on his seat belt and casually asked, "What is my type?"

"Big breasts, thin waist, white skin, long legs, sweet voice. I know you well, dude. How can I be wrong?"

Donald was speechless.

He scolded lowly. "Am I so superficial?"

As Donald spoke, another face came to mind. Clean, defiant, and challenging.

Compared to Donald's previous girlfriends, Daphne was not so pretty but ordinary in all conscience. However, after spending time with her, he found that she was extraordinary and comfortable. The more he looked at her, the prettier she was.

"Be quick. Come or not?"

Donald exhaled and cleared his chaotic thoughts, "Come, but I have a case now. Just grab a couple of drinks and then leave. No fooling around."

"Fine. What case can bother you? not to mention that it's after hours. There are many people tonight. Why don't you call Clarence and Vincent? I haven't seen them for a long time."

Donald laughed, "If Clarence came here today, his wife would not let him go home tonight. Vincent has something to do. Maybe next time."

“Clarence is now famous for being hen-pecked. Not fits his character.”

“When you meet a girl who makes you unable to take your eyes off her, you won’t be as a playboy as now.”

“Then it’s better if I don’t meet one.”