

Mr Conrad 951

Chapter 951-Clarence was taking a bath in the evening, and Stella had just drunk milk and was preparing for bed when the doorbell rang.

She walked over to open the door and was surprised to see Donald standing outside, "It's so late. Why are you here?"

"Where is Clarence?"

"He's in the shower. What's wrong?"

"Nothing. I came by to see you guys."

Stella was speechless.

She smiled and turned sideways, "Come in."

Stella went to pour him a glass of water. Donald sat on the sofa and saw nothing of children there, so he asked, "Where is your son?"

"In the next room. He's already asleep."

"Well."

Stella sat opposite and looked at the band-aid on the corner of his forehead, "What happened to your head?"

Donald touched it, "Nothing. I accidentally bumped it."

At this time, Clarence came out of the bathroom, glanced at Donald and approached, "What are you doing here?"

Stella yawned lightly, for she was a bit sleepy, "You guys can talk. I'll go to bed first."

Clarence's voice was low. "Okay."

After Stella went to her bedroom, Donald immediately complained, "What the hell were you thinking? Ask only two people to catch Harris?"

Clarence sat opposite with his legs crossed, "So?"

Donald frowned, "Harris has already struck out at Daphne once, which means he's been eyeing her for many days. She's in a hazardous situation now."

"Since you're so worried about her, why did you come to me? Shouldn't you stay by her side?"

Donald was instantly tongue-tied.

Clarence got up. "Want me to drive you?"

Donald said nothing.

He got up and said, "Two people are not enough. You know how cruel Harris is if something happens to Daphne...."

Donald immediately shut up with Clarence's glance.

Back to the bedroom, seeing Stella still sitting on the bed, Clarence said, "Still up?"

Stella put down the sketchbook. "Has Donald left?"

"Yes."

"He came for Daphne, right?"

Clarence sat next to her in silence.

Stella smiled, "So you didn't tell him the truth."

Since they wanted to catch Harris, how could they only send two people?

Those two were explicitly protecting her safety.

If she had guessed correctly, Vincent had already led people and planted them in the places where Daphne would often go.

Clarence pinched her nose. "Quite clever."

"Alright, get to bed. You have to go to the hospital tomorrow to get a dressing change."

Lying on the bed, Clarence put his hand over her slightly bulging belly and whispered, "When will we feel it?"

"It's still a while away. Four or five months. Maybe five or six months later."

"Soon."

Stella gently held his hand. "Yes. It was only a month or two left."

Once this winter was over, the baby would be born when spring came.

“Have you thought of a name yet?”

Stella shook her head, “I don’t know if it’s a boy or a girl yet. We’ll see when it’s born.”

After a pause, Stella added, “Or I leave it to you. You’ll think of something better than me.”

Clarence laughed soundlessly, “So modest?”

“I’m showing respect. I’ll take my time thinking about it if you refuse.”

Clarence pulled her into his arms with his jaw resting against her forehead, “Whatever the name is, I want you to be safe and sound and stay by my side forever.”

“That’s unlikely.”

“Why?”

Stella whispered, “Children will have their own lives when they grow up, and sooner or later, they will leave us, so the only one who can stay by your side forever is me.”

Clarence raised his eyebrows and hugged her tightly, “Having you is enough.”

...

When Donald returned home, he went straight into his study. Today, he found some details similar to the several lawsuits he had participated in before, so he went to the bookshelf to look for information.

The shelf was full of cases that he had handled over the years.

He was looking through the information he wanted, one by one, when his fingers suddenly stopped.

Henry Aldrich.

He pulled the file out.

Even though almost ten years had passed and his memory was vague, the name was deeply engraved in his mind.

Donald sat at his desk, flipping through the file as if a door of memory had opened wide.

Henry Aldrich was a company's treasurer, honest and sincere, treating everyone with kindness and a smile.

However, no one expected that such a person would be accused of having an affair with his boss's wife and embezzling tens of millions of dollars of public money.

Most of his colleagues and neighbors cursed the family when the news came out, saying they had never expected him to be such a hypocritical and hateful person.

After the incident, Henry begged for help everywhere and tried every possible way. Still, he was not robust and wealthy, and even all the lawyers he sought were bribed by the company's owner just after he left.

At that time, Henry was at his wits' end. What was waiting for him was not only a colossal debt but also a prison sentence.

He had the idea of asking for death.

It was when he was about to commit suicide that he met Donald.

Donald had just graduated from university and had taken on several cases, all of which he had won beautifully.

After learning about Henry's situation, he took on the case despite the advice of his predecessors at the law firm.

It turned out that Donald's choice was correct. Henry was innocent, and the one who accused him was the company owner's wife. She had come up with the idea of finding a scapegoat because the company owner had embezzled public money.

The honest and unsupported Henry became their first choice.

Donald remembered that Henry seemed to have a daughter, who always wore a school uniform and looked at him from afar with hostile and wary eyes when he was investigating for evidence.

She felt as if he was like those lawyers who took the money and would eliminate the evidence collected.

Later, the lawsuit was won, and this little girl, standing in front of him, put away the hostility and wariness in her eyes and was full of gratitude.

She said, "Thank you. You are different from all of them."

Donald smiled indifferently and invited her. "Are you hungry? I will treat you to dinner."

Chapter 952-After Daphne took a shower, she sat in the living room, writing a press release based on her interview for Steve today.

However, she reached a plateau before she could get halfway through.

In Steve's interview, he described himself as a good husband who loved his wife and was responsive to her needs. Still, according to his wife's friend, Steve made it a rule that his wife could only go out with her friends once a month and no more than one hour per time.

In addition, Steve drove his wife to and from the house, not letting her stay a minute longer with her friend.

The friend said that Steve's wife, initially a friendly, cheerful and optimistic person, had slowly become sullen and uncommunicative since she married.

The wife of Steve was always seen to have bruises. However, she explained that she had accidentally bumped.

As time went on, the friend noticed something was wrong, but Steve's wife was tight-lipped about it.

After all, this was her family matter, so they didn't get involved too much.

Daphne stared at the computer while the recording continued to play, expressing Steve's grief at the unexpected death of his wife.

Facing such a Janus-faced person, how painful it must have been for his wife.

Not long after, Daphne heard the doorbell ring.

She hastily turned off the recorder and then pulled the door open, asking with surprise and confusion. "Donald?"

Donald said in a low voice, "Did I wake you up?"

Daphne glanced back at the computer, "No, I'm still working."

She took a step back, "Come in."

Daphne closed the door and said as she walked towards the sofa, "You're just in time. I was just thinking that if you have time, could you please give an interview about Steve's case?"

Donald sat on the sofa and looked at his wristwatch, "It's late. Are you sure?"

Daphne checked the time and realized it was pretty late, still a few minutes short of zero.

She apologized, "Sorry, I was so focused on my work. Can I make an appointment with you now?"

"It's not impossible now, but you have to answer a question."

Daphne slightly tilted her head, looking puzzled, gesturing for him to ask.

Donald glanced at the pendant on the coffee table, picked it up, and slowly said, "Whose is it?"

Daphne did not expect him to suddenly come over here in the middle of the night asking this, stunned before saying, "Why are you suddenly...."

Donald put away the pen cap and held it in his palm, saying firmly, "It should be mine if I remember correctly, right?"

The entire room fell silent.

Daphne's gaze dodged a few times, losing a train of thought.

A few years ago, her father had been slandered and had reached the point of no return, whether the lawyers or anyone else were unwilling to help them.

Daphne watched her father, who had been honest and kind, knelt in front of others countless times, and what he got were refusal and apathy.

She had grown up in a positive environment, but she had never imagined that the world could be so dark.

When her father left that day, he repeatedly told her to take care of herself and her mother and get into an excellent university, having a bright future no matter what happened.

Daphne could sense that her father was abnormal.

She tried her best to find a solution, but her strength was tiny, like a drop in the bucket.

When she was about to give up, her father brought back a boy who looked a few years older than her.

At first, Daphne felt that he was as bad as the previous lawyers, so she would always follow him not far away when he was investigating for evidence. Once he tried to destroy the evidence, she immediately...

What could she do? She couldn't do anything.

Daphne didn't expect that this boy, in court, would help her father overturn the case and clear their name.

After the trial, Daphne walked to where he had been and found a pen cap left on the floor. She picked it up and chased him out, wanting to return it and thank him again.

He treated her to a bowl of noodles near the courthouse.

He also told her,

“In this world, there are people who walk fearlessly for justice in their hearts despite obstacles. After the darkness of night, light always comes. To insist and stick to the truth you believe in.”

Since then, Daphne has been motivated to be a person who would always pass on the truth to society.

She looked at the boy in front of her, who had strong beliefs, and slowly clenched the pen cap, not wanting to give it back.

From then on, she remembered him for many years.

Seeing that Daphne did not say anything, Donald added, “Henry is your father, right?”

She gently nodded, “I didn’t mean to hide it from you. I just think this is just an insignificant case for you. You should have forgotten about it long ago, and I didn’t want to make you think I see you as a social ladder or something because of this.”

Donald laughed. “You said yesterday that I saved your life again, referring to your father’s matter?”

“At that time, our family was desperate. My father would have lost his hope for life if it wasn’t for you, so you were a life-saver for our family.”

“These are all things I should do as a lawyer.”

Daphne smiled, “No matter what, I have to thank you, without you, I wouldn’t have been who I am today.”

Donald raised his eyebrows slightly, “So, the moralistic hypocrite you talked about before is me?”

Daphne was awkward.

She hurriedly waved her hands, “I didn’t say that.”

Donald nodded, "I said it myself."

Daphne smiled brighter, "Whether it was a few years ago, your words are significant to me."

A few years ago, he had taught her to hold on to the truth of her beliefs.

A few years later, he taught her to protect herself while holding on to the truth of her beliefs.

Chapter 953-Staring at her, Donald lowered his head and smiled.

Although they made things clear, the air was awkward and silent.

For Daphne, Donald was once light in a dark world, and she had chased his footsteps to get to where she was now.

Because of the past communication, she would always choose to trust him unconditionally.

It was so subtle that she never thought about what precisely the emotion was.

Not long ago, Donald suddenly asked if she had a crush on him.

Was this a crush?

She couldn't say.

Daphne grabbed a pillow, put it in her arms to hide her nervousness, and tentatively said, "It's quite late. You have to work tomorrow. How about going back and rest?"

Donald coughed and looked up at her, "You're not doing the interview?"

Daphne remembered that there was an interview to be done. She looked back at the computer and hesitated, "No, it's so late today that it will disturb you."

Seeing her slightly red and bloodshot eyes, "I'm fine, but you should get some rest."

Realizing what he was referring to, Daphne subconsciously rubbed her eyes.

Donald got up, "You were scared last night. Have a good sleep today. My time is always reserved for you. Call me directly if you want an interview."

Daphne looked up at him, a little surprised. "Really?"

"Of course. Why would I lie to you?"

"Thank you."

Donald smiled, then raised the pen cap in front of her, "This is mine. I'll take it."

Daphne was slightly stunned and was about to say something when Donald continued, "Didn't I say that you can call me directly?"

Without waiting for Daphne to react, Donald had already left.

Daphne sat on the sofa and looked at his back, pausing for two seconds before smiling.

...

Daphne was busy going to the places for the next two days, meeting people related to Steve's wife, and checking her previous injury reports in the hospital.

It was evident that the injuries were man-made.

The doctor was helpless and even advised Steve's wife, but she smiled and refused, stating that it was an accidental wound.

Every time Steve accompanied her to the hospital, he went through the admission procedures and paid money, taking good care of her, gentle and tender.

If not seen her injuries, no one would have believed that he was the culprit.

With so much information gathered and arriving home at midnight every day, Daphne completely forgot about the interview with Donald.

This evening, Daphne sat in front of her computer, sorting out the information.

From the investigation alone in the past two days, one could see what a hypocrite and good actor Steve was.

His wife should have had a terrible time over the years.

From the conversation she had last time downstairs in Steve's studio, it seemed that Donald knew that Steve was not a good person, so why on earth would he help defend him? Could he be cheated by him?

Just as she was lost in thought, the overhead light suddenly dimmed.

Daphne picked up her phone to see if it had tripped.

She double-checked, but it hadn't.

Daphne went to the balcony window and looked out, finding the whole complex was dark.

The neighborhood she lived in was a bit old, the wiring was ageing, and occasionally it would trip two or three times a month.

Daphne didn't overthink it and planned to sleep.

When a knock sounded, she had just walked into the living room, "Miss Aldrich, are you okay?"

It should be the two guards protecting her, as Stella had said.

Over the past few days, Daphne had also briefly talked with them.

She walked to the door and was about to twist the handle when she stopped in vigilance and answered, "It's alright. The power goes out often. It will recover in the morning. Sorry for scaring you

guys."

The man outside seemed to be silent for a while before he said, "Alright."

"Thank you for your hard work."

Immediately afterwards, the man's voice continued, "It's too dark outside. Do you have a candle?"

Daphne's grip on the door handle tightened, feeling nervous.

The two men Stella had sent always followed her out of sight, never coming to talk to her first.

Although the power outage was accidental, according to the contact and understanding with them in the past two days, she felt that those two people would not come to her for candles.

Daphne withdrew her hand and immediately said, "Wait a minute. I'll go look for it."

After saying that, she turned around and tried to dial Stella's phone, her hand holding the phone, trembling from fear.

Perhaps the whole neighborhood was without electricity. The signal was feeble.

Daphne quickly walked to the balcony and finally caught a faint signal.

Just as she was about to dial out, the outside seemed to sense something was wrong, and the knocks gradually became heavier.

Daphne was startled, and her phone fell to the ground.

Her breathing became weaker, and she knelt to pick it up.

But there was no light around her, so she couldn't see where the phone was.

The loud knocking outside was ringing in her ears, scaring her.

Even the most substantial door could not withstand the wanton destruction of a powerful man, and soon it was shaking. For a moment, Daphne even heard the sound of the lock core being broken open.

She crouched on the balcony, covering her mouth and trying to shrink herself into a corner.

At that very moment, the phone suddenly rang.

The faint glow of the screen flickered and also revealed the balcony's location in the thick night.

The man's footsteps lurched and then gradually approached her.

Daphne bit her lower lip, and even her breathing stopped.

The man stood in front of the flickering phone, bending down to pick it up, and he said, "No need to hide. I can see you."

Daphne did not make a sound, nor did she move.

He definitely wouldn't still be standing there if he had seen her.

He must be trying to trick her.

Her position was supposed to be a visual dead end, and there were no lights, so he couldn't necessarily see her.

But...

The next second, the torchlight came on.

As expected, what she worried about came to her.

Just as the man was moving forward, a man suddenly rushed in and wrestled together with the man.

At the same time, Donald's voice sounded, "Hide and don't come out!"

Chapter 954-Daphne Aldrich huddled in the corner, shaking violently as she heard the sound of fighting outside.

She wanted to stand up and help Donald Shawn, but the light was too dim to tell where is Donald...

At this time, with a snap, the lights came on. The appliances in the house began to work again.

The mess in the whole house came into her view.

Daphne saw Donald being pushed to the ground by Harris. Without any hesitation, she picked up the metal ornament next to her and smashed it at the back of Harris' head.

This heavy strike stopped the movement of Harris' hands for a moment. But he then turned to look at her. With a fierce expression, his eyes were filled with killing intent.

Seeing this, Daphne couldn't help but take two steps back. But she didn't flinch. She then clenched the metal handle in her hand.

At the same time, there were hurried footsteps outside the door.

Harris quickly let go of Donald. He then jumped over Daphne and fled away.

Seeing this, Daphne threw away the stuff in her hand and went to help Donald. She could see blood overflowing from the corners of his mouth and bruises all over his face. She didn't know how to hold him with hands for a while, and was about to cry, "Mr.... Mr. Shawn, are you okay?"

Donald sat on the ground, with one leg bent and his hand supporting him on his knee. After he coughed for a while, he said, "It's okay."

As soon as he finished speaking, Vincent James rushed in with his men, glanced at the fluttering curtains, and then looked at Donald, "How is it?"

Donald looked up at him and licked the wound on the corner of his mouth, "If you come here later, you can directly burry my body for me."

Vincent glanced at Daphne next to him, and said calmly, "I've never seen you run so fast."

Donald didn't bother to pay attention to him, "Go to catch your suspect, don't mess around here."

"Okay, Mr. Shawn please take a good rest."

After Vincent rushed out with his men, Daphne quickly helped Donald to the sofa and then turned to find iodophor to clean his wounds.

Seeing her red eyes, Donald held her wrist, and his words slowed down gently, "Are you just scared?"

Daphne shook her head slightly, with tears in her eyes.

Donald said, "Is it because of my injury? It doesn't matter. It's just a tiny scratch."

Daphne didn't speak, sniffed and continued to sanitize him with a cotton swab.

Donald just stared at her like that, and suddenly uttered, "Didn't I ask you to call me? Why didn't you call me?"

Daphne thought he was talking about what happened just now, she whispered, "I wanted to, but there is no signal."

"I mean, I've been waiting for your call for the past two days."

Hearing this, Daphne paused the move of the cotton swab, her eyelashes drooping slightly, "Why are you waiting for me?"

Donald raised his eyebrows, "Didn't you say that you want to interview me?"

“I’ve been too busy these two days and I think I’ll deal with it in a few days...”

After sanitizing Donald’s wound, Daphne’s face was full of worry, “Mr. Shawn, do you have any injuries on your body? Shall I accompany you to the hospital?”

Donald said, “It’s really not necessary.”

While speaking, he looked at the door in the house which was kicked off, “You can’t live here, can you?”

Daphne followed his gaze and whispered, “I’m staying at the hotel tonight.”

“He is still going after you. The hotel is no safer than the home.”

With that reason, Daphne was a little dazed, not knowing where she should go.

Donald retracted his gaze, put his hand on the lips and coughed, “Otherwise, you can go to my place. At least it’s safe.”

Immediately afterwards, he was afraid that Daphne would misunderstand him. So he added quickly, “If you don’t trust me, I can stay in a hotel, or go to my friend’s place...”

“No need.” Daphne’s lips pursed lightly, “Then thank you for your help, Mr. Shawn.”

Hearing that she agreed, Donald slightly smiled without being noticed. He said with a serious face, “Then you... You can pack your stuff. It’s getting late.”

Daphne didn’t have much stuff. She just carried a suitcase with daily necessities, a change of clothes, as well as a computer with interview materials inside.

When she left, she looked at the broken door and the messy house, lost in her thoughts.

Donald took her suitcase, "Don't worry, I will have someone clean up after we leave."

Daphne nodded and followed him home.

...

At night, while Stella was almost fell asleep, she heard Clarence answering the phone.

After a while, she heard a rustle sound of him wearing clothes.

Stella opened her eyes and said hoarsely, "Are you going out?"

Clarence turned around, kissed her forehead lightly, and whispered, "I have something to do, just sleep, baby."

Stella grabbed his sleeves.

Clarence hasn't gone out at the middle of the night for a long, long time.

She was worried.

Aware of her intentions, Clarence smiled silently, "Don't worry. It's not a big deal. Vincent has caught Harris, and I'll go take a look."

Stella spirited herself up in an instant. She felt like she didn't even know whether she was dreaming or awake. She said in a daze, "He was caught?"

"Yeah."

“Then did he go to Daphne? How is Daphne?”

Clarence said, “She’s fine. Donald is staying with her.”

Hearing this, Stella breathed a sigh of relief.

Just as she let go of Clarence’s sleeves, he lay back.

Stella was taken aback, “Aren’t you going?”

Clarence put his arms around her, “If I go to check him, you won’t be able to sleep tonight. I’ll deal with it tomorrow.”

Despite that, Stella felt like she somehow couldn’t sleep at the moment.

Sometimes latter, she suddenly raised her head from Clarence’s arms, “I’ll go with you, I can’t ...”

“Sleep.”

She whispered coquettishly, “I really can’t sleep.”

Clarence reminded her, “Don’t forget that you’re pregnant. Why are you messing around in the middle of the night?”

Stella was speechless.

She muttered dissatisfiedly, “You have messed me around in the middle of the night before.”

Clarence was puzzled.

Just as he was about to say something, Stella turned around, "Okay, fine, let's sleep. I told Mom that I'm going to take the little guy to take pictures tomorrow morning."

Clarence wrapped his arms around her waist from behind, "Without me together?"

Stella was confused, "That will be a child portrait. How could you take part in it?"

After a long while, Clarence he replied, "Nothing."

After a while, Stella suddenly realized that maybe he wanted to take a family photo.

It's worth considering.

She whispered, "Clarence."

"Yeah?"

"Come and pick us up tomorrow."

Clarence hummed in a low voice. his voice was a little tired, "What time?"

Stella said, "Any time, you can call me when you're done, and I'll coordinate the time."

"That's terrific."

Feeling that Clarence was sleepy, Stella stopped talking.

She originally thought that when the baby was born, she would take the family photo together, but that would be the same when she was pregnant.

It is also meaningful to record the beauty of different time periods.

After a long while, Clarence he replied, "Nothing." After a while, Stella suddenly realized that maybe he wanted to take a family photo. It's worth considering. She whispered, "Clarence." "Yeah?" "Come and pick us up tomorrow." Clarence hummed in a low voice. his voice was a little tired, "What time?" Stella said, "Any time, you can call me when you're done, and I'll coordinate the time." "That's terrific." Feeling that Clarence was sleepy, Stella stopped talking. She originally thought that when the baby was born, she would take the family photo together, but that would be the same when she was pregnant. It is also meaningful to record the beauty of different time periods.

Chapter 955-Donald opened the door, took Daphne to the guest bedroom, and turned on the light, "You can sleep here. If you need anything, just tell me. It'll be my pleasure to help."

Daphne nodded, "Thank you Mr. Shawn."

Donald looked at her, with corners of his lips twitching, "Didn't I tell you not to be so reserved?"

Under his gaze, Daphne couldn't help but feel herself flushed. She looked sideways, opened her mouth as if she wanted to say something, but she couldn't say anything other than "thank you".

Seeing that she was still nervous, Donald pushed the suitcase in front of her, "Okay, it's getting late. I won't bother you. Just have a good sleep"

Daphne turned around and stammered, "Mr. Shawn, thank you...And good night..."

The smile deepened on Donald's face, "Good night."

While speaking, he closed the door of the guest bedroom.

Donald had just walked a few steps when the phone rang. It was Vincent.

He swiped and picked up the phone, "Have you caught him?"

Vincent said, "Yeah, we have captured him. How's your injury? Didn't you go to the hospital?"

As Donald walked to his room, he hissed in pain, "How can I go to hospital at this moment? It's too embarrassing."

Vincent sneered and said, "Knowing that it's beyond your capability, you still rush to confront him. Certainly, you will get beaten."

Donald untied his tie and threw it on the sofa, "You still think I'm such a savage just like you? I'm a gentleman, and Harris is Justin Conrad's best hitman. I should be grateful since I'm alive."

"Yes, Mr. Shawn is pampered. How can I put on a par with you."

"It's kind of mean for you to say that."

Vincent didn't bother to pay attention to him, "Fine, just handle it yourself."

Before he hung up the phone, Donald added, "Hey, are you and Clarence, are you reconciled?"

Vincent said helplessly, "You think we are still young kids? How can we reconciled just like that."

Hearing what he said, Donald was amused, "Don't you two behave like kiddos sometimes?"

"That's how Clarence chased his wife. I had never done that."

"It's about the same, in my opinion."

Vincent was disdain about it, "Then what's your behavior tonight? Infant kind of move?"

Donald was silent, "Is it interesting for two mature men to chat like this?"

"That's you who started it."

"I am just asking. Looking back at what happened in the James family, you didn't know how much risk I took to help you. I really don't know what's going on between you two even now."

Vincent said causally, "It's nothing. I have tons of story to tell. Just take care of yourself."

Donald curled his lips, hung up the phone. He then took off his shirt to check out the bruises on his body. He later grabbed the medicine for bruises and sprains, and rubbed it a few times.

After a simple treatment, he went to the cloakroom to get his pajamas. At that moment he remembered the expression of Daphne was about to cry when she treated the wound on his face. If she found the wound on his body, she could have felt guiltier.

Lying in bed, Donald stared at the ceiling, unable to fall asleep.

In the other room, Daphne also couldn't fall asleep.

She didn't know it's because of the sudden change of unfamiliar environment, or some other reason. She felt that her whole brain was very stimulated.

Especially when she thought about that Donald was in the room next to her, she couldn't control her mind to think about the bits and pieces of how they getting along. With that in her mind, she buried her head in the quilt.

For the entire night, she was in a daze, not knowing what she was thinking about.

...

The next morning, Clarence stood outside the house where Harris was locked, peered in through the glass on the door with no expression on his face.

Vincent stood next to him, "I have asked him. He didn't say anything, and I checked his recent traces. After he returned to City N, he has been living alone and has not contacted anyone, including Jon."

After a while, Clarence said, "Where has he been?"

"Except for the rental house where he was hiding, he followed Daphne almost all the time, looking for opportunities to attack."

"What about before he returned to City N?"

Vincent shook his head, "We can't find out. But there is news from the police. In the two days when Justin fell into the sea, someone saw him on the nearby shore. He doesn't seem to believe that Justin was dead and has been looking for his corpse."

There was no emotion in Clarence's voice, "That means, he doesn't even know if Justin is dead or alive."

As Clarence's word finished, Vincent finally understood that the reason why he wanted to capture Harris, was that he wanted to find out whether Justin was still in this world instead of dealing with the follow-up of the New Coast project.

Vincent was silent for a few seconds before saying, "Our men and the police have done many searches in the nearby waters. Either he made sufficient preparations in advance and escaped before the search, or..."

The remaining possibility, he did not utter out.

But everyone knew that.

It is very difficult for ordinary people to survive after falling into the sea, let alone Justin who is paralyzed.

With these answers, Clarence probably lost his interest in questioning Harris himself. He retracted his gaze and said, "Where's Jon?"

"I heard he had been seen in South Africa and Darnell James sent his men over."

Clarence didn't say anything, turned around and said, "Send him to the police station. And let the police take care of the rest."

Looking at Clarence's back and remembering what Donald said yesterday, Vincent responded and suddenly said, "Well..."

Clarence turned around. "Anything else?"

Words were on the lips, but couldn't get out.

Vincent said, "It's nothing... Donald...he seems to be seriously injured."

Clarence was inexplicable, "I'm not a doctor. Why are you telling me this?"

Vincent smiled somehow embarrassedly, shrugged his shoulders, indicating he was just saying.

"I am leaving."

Sitting in the car, Clarence dialed Stella's number. She asked, "You're done so soon? We haven't gone out yet. Maybe you can go to the office first and come back at noon?"

Clarence said, "It's okay, I'll be back to pick you up."

"No, no, Maxwell can send us there. If you are not busy, I will send you an address and you can go there directly."

"That's good."

Soon, Stella sent him the address.

Clarence glanced at the phone, put it away, and gave the driver the address.

Stella and Dolores were just getting out of the car when he arrived.

Clarence walked over and took the little guy from Dolores' arms, holding Stella in the other hand, "Let's go."

Stella leaned over to look at him with a bright smile on her face, "You don't need to go to the company today?"

"I can go there in the afternoon."

He has been very busy lately, and didn't even had time to accompany them.

The little guy seemed uncomfortable in Clarence's arms and kept trying to crawl over to Stella.

Clarence glanced down at him, "Don't move."

He immediately withdrew his hand, waited obediently. His mouth pouted, seemed aggrieved.

Chapter 956-Dolores said by their side, "How can you scare children like this?"

Clarence said, "You spoiled him too much in normal days."

"If I spoiled him. You are abusing him if you are the one take care of him."

Clarence was speechless.

Stella's smile lightened and she said right on time, "Come on guys. Let's go."

Entering the studio, Clarence looked at the two people not far away. He was silent for a moment, "Why are they here?"

Stella raised her eyebrows, "Sherry is the photographer I hired. We rented this venue."

Not far away from them. Sherry was adjusting the parameters of the camera. When she saw them arriving, she waved to them happily, "Ms. Anderson. Stella."

Clarence put the child on the ground. When the little guy saw the toy in front of him he ran over with his legs faltering.

Stella followed.

Daniel stood next to Sherry and said, "It'll be all right soon."

Stella responded, "It's okay, take your time."

Clarence strode over and glanced at Daniel, "Don't you even have your own business to do?"

Daniel was perplexed.

Aware of the meaning of Clarence's words, Daniel smiled and said slowly, "My daily business is to accompany Sherry. I am not as busy as Mr. Conrad. And I can still spend time with my wife and children."

At this time, Sherry got the camera settled, turned around and said to Daniel, "I think Mr. Conrad is right. Why are you always hanging around with me, since I won't escape?"

Just as Daniel was about to say something, Clarence said with a teasing expression, "Indeed."

Seeing that the conversation was developing to an uncontrollable outcome, Stella immediately said, "Sherry, are you ready? Let's start shooting."

Sherry said, "Okay, okay. Let's get started."

When taking pictures, the little guy seemed unfamiliar with the camera and he was not behaving naturally first. Fortunately, it was Sherry taking picture. He was more curious instead of afraid.

It didn't take long for him to turn into the right mood. Sherry took several sets of photos with him.

Stella stood by and took a lot of pictures with her phone.

In the end, the little guy was a little sleepy.

Sherry got up and said, "Okay, let's take another set of photos."

Clarence asked, "There's another set to shoot?"

Sherry turned around, looked at Clarence and then at Stella, tilted her head, "You didn't tell him?"

Stella smiled, "It's okay, you go to prepare first, we'll go over immediately."

"Okay, then I'll leave first."

As soon as Sherry left, Daniel immediately followed.

Dolores picked up the little guy and gave him some water to drink.

Clarence looked at Stella and raised his eyebrows slightly. "Are you hiding something from me?"

Stella smiled and said, "Didn't you say that I didn't prepare the photography for you last night? I added the filming on today."

Clarence looked at her in confusion.

Stella took his arm, "Let's go. Let's take some pictures."

The studio next door was much more mature than the colorful children's room just now.

Stella knew that Dolores and Clarence are not the kind of people who love the hilarious and luxury environment. So she specially asked the staff to set up this elegant and decent scenery here early in the morning. It seemed to be the right decision now.

Just when Stella was lost in her satisfaction. Clarence suddenly said, "I think we will be taking wedding photos when we stood in the studio."

Stella said after a moment of silence, "Isn't this better than wedding photos?"

"It's indeed good. It's just not the right sequence."

Stella couldn't help laughing, "Let's forget about all these sequences. We can shoot whatever we want."

Over there, Sherry was ready and she was calling them over to take pictures.

Dolores gave the child to Clarence, "You two can take the photos. And I won't take pictures."

Stella knew that Dolores didn't like taking photos, so she pulled her over to sit in front of the camera, "Mom, let's just take a picture, just one picture."

Dolores wanted to say something else but Sherry said, "Ms. Anderson, please look at the camera. Oh, yes. That's it, very good."

Being interrupted by her, Dolores saw that Clarence came over with the child in his arms.

Stella said, "Mum, you can hold the baby in your arms."

So, Dolores sat in the chair while Clarence and Stella standing behind.

Sherry watched the camera for a while, then tentatively said, "Mr. Conrad would you please smile?"

Clarence remained expressionless.

Stella turned to look at him. "Hey, you could just smile, as she said."

Clarence said, "I can't."

Stella said, "When we took the wedding photo, you smiled very happily."

"It's different."

“How’s this different?”

Clarence looked sideways and stared at her, “At that time, I only had you in my eyes.”

The implication was that there were too many people here disturbing him.

When he said this, Stella’s face blushed. Thinking that Dolores was still seating in front of her, she thought that Dolores must have heard it. She twisted his waist quietly, “Don’t say such things. Just take

the pictures.”

She was embarrassed and blushed. Even the tips of her ears were flushed. Seeing this, Clarence’s lips curled inadvertently.

He could tell that she was in a good move.

Sherry took this opportunity to take several pictures in a row.

After that, Clarence was quite cooperative. But Dolores was still not used to taking pictures. She had only taken some pictures then she wanted to leave. Just when she was about to get up and the family to take pictures, Stella said, “Sherry, come here with Daniel. Let’s take a picture together.”

Sherry was hesitated, “It’s not suitable for us to take family photos together.”

Stella said, “There’s nothing wrong about it, we’re a family.”

Hearing this, Daniel raised his eyebrows and said seriously, “Stella is right.”

Sherry rolled her eyes.

How could he agree with this?

Daniel could be counted as he was part of Stella's family, but she...That's too early.

Stella immediately asked the staff to find their photographer here to help them with photos.

Sherry was also dragged over by Daniel.

Clarence wrapped his arms around Stella's waist, watching the scene casually.

When everything was ready, the photographer from the studio also came.

They took a joint photo together.

After shooting this, Dolores really didn't want to take photos any more. Sherry also ran away fast and took back the camera from the photographer, "Stella, do you want to take another set?"

"Nah..."

"Yeah."

Stella turned to look at the man beside her, "Didn't you say that you don't want to take pictures?"

Clarence said unhurriedly, "I'm now interested."

"...Then you can get interested in something quite suddenly."

After the family of four took pictures for a while, the little guy was so tired that he had started to doze off. So Dolores took him aside.

With the two of them left, Stella felt somehow weird, "I think we are almost done today. I think we have taken enough picture..."

Clarence said, "We can keep taking photos and think of it as a rehearsal."

Stella didn't realize what he was talking about for a while, "What's the rehearsal?"

Chapter 957-Clarence's lips twitched a little. Instead of answering, he put his arms around her waist and looked at the camera.

Taking pictures almost took up the whole morning. By the time they were done, the little guy was already asleep in Dolores' arms.

Halfway through, Daniel said, "Auntie, you can give me the baby so that you can have a rest."

Dolores really felt that her arms are tired. So, she gave the little guy to Daniel and went to the bathroom.

The little guy was sleeping in Daniel's arms. It seemed so tiny and he sleep soundly.

Daniel hugged him carefully, for fear of waking him up.

Sherry turned around only to saw this.

Seeing this, she stunned for a moment, lost in her thought.

Stella looked at her and pursed her lips lightly. If it wasn't for the accident, Sherry's child would have been born at the moment.

Just when the studio fell into a brief silence, Clarence's voice came over faintly, "Finished?"

Hearing this, Sherry quickly put herself together, flipped through the photos, and replied, "Yeah, we are done here."

But it's not hard to tell that her tone was trembling.

Obviously, she was not in the right mood.

Stella looked at Clarence. She then sighed silently with her eyes looking down.

Clarence knew what she was thinking and gently stroke her head with his hand.

Stella said, "Sherry, let's go to lunch."

Sherry raised her head, put the camera in her bag, and said with a smile, "I am fine. I have to go back to do the photoshop. And do enjoy your lunch."

After she finished speaking, she took her bag and walked away without stopping.

It wasn't until she got out of the studio that Daniel finally realized that something was wrong with her.

Daniel was stunned for a few seconds before he saw Stella's eyes, who motioned for him to follow. He quickly put the little guy in Clarence's arms, and then strode out.

But outside the photo studio, there was not even a trace of Sherry.

Daniel looked around and keep searching. And finally, in the nearby alley, he heard some sobbing.

He paused slightly, leaned against the wall. He looked up at the sky instead of rush inside.

After a long while that no one can tell, the crying gradually stopped. He then walked over.

Hearing the footsteps, Sherry turned around to wipe her tears. She then noticed that it's Daniel and her voice was a little harsh, "I told you not to follow me all the time. Don't you have your own business to take care of?"

Daniel stood in front of her, "The most important thing for me right now is to be with you."

Sherry sniffed. "Come on, no one likes a clingy boyfriend."

Hearing the words "boyfriend" from her words, Daniel smiled and wipe away the tears on her face with his hand, "Then would you please consider the possibility of turning your boyfriend to a husband? Maybe I would have a sense of security won't be so attached to you after that."

Sherry really didn't expect that, he had the guts to say that she made him feel insecure.

She said, "You really tell a beautiful about how man would behave after they get married."

Daniel panicked, and he explained slowly, "I didn't mean that."

Seeing his sincere attitude, Sherry also apologized for her recklessness, "I just said it casually."

After speaking, she couldn't help but whisper, "Who is the insecure one between us?"

Her voice was low, but Daniel heard it too.

He said seriously, "It's all my fault."

Sherry didn't understand.

She looked at him in puzzle, "Why did you suddenly apologize? I didn't..."

Daniel was also very puzzled, "Then aren't you crying because I am not doing enough?"

Sherry tried her best to refute, "No, no one was crying... I just didn't sleep well last night, and my eyes were hurt by the wind. So my eyes..."

Before she finished speaking, her lips were suddenly sealed.

Daniel pushed her against the wall, with one hand behind her head and the other on the wall, leaving no space for her to cry.

Sherry really didn't expect that someone would kiss him halfway through the conversation. She was in a complete blank. She subconsciously opened her mouth trying to argue. But that just gave Daniel the opportunity to keep her deeper.

The whole alley was quiet. They could even hear the lively conversations on the street outside, as well as sound of the rising pedestrians.

Sherry's heart thumped like a drum as they approached.

She has always been a giant in words and a coward in action.

Even though she always said she wanted to be a Love Rat, she was just bluffing. She didn't have the courage and motivation to execute it.

She has only been in two serious relationships. One with Liam and the other with Daniel.

Sherry was still a little conservative about relationships.

She could often see the protagonist kissing recklessly on crowded streets in foreign movies. That's indeed romantic. But she has never had such a fantasy.

Just thinking about it would make her feel so embarrassed that she would be completely numb.

Although they were not kissing on the street now. But someone may come over to this place at any time, and take a picture with a mobile phone. This was an urgent crisis that they may be scolded on twitter.

The internet at the moment was horrible and full of combative will.

Sherry also didn't know how her thought drifted from a romantic kissing foreign movie to being bullied by the Internet. The thoughts in her mind were flowing in a tornado for a while.

She even thought she was out of her mind at one point.

Just when she was ready to be posted on the Internet and took all the bullied, Daniel slowly let go of her. He then gently panted on her shoulders and said with his low and hot voice, "Can you tell me, why are you crying now?"

Hearing this, Sherry lowered her eyes.

She would rather be bullied online.

Daniel pursed the corner of his lips slightly. Seeing that she didn't want to say anything, he didn't ask anything. But he simply took her hand, "Let's go to dinner."

Sherry was led away by him but still muttering in a low voice, "I need to go back and do the photoshop."

"You have to eat first. I will accompany you in the afternoon."

Sherry went silent, "Seriously, I don't mean anything. I'm just asking. Do you really have nothing else to do?"

Daniel said unhurriedly, "I have finished what I need to do in City N. As for the company... Now William won't be returning to here temporarily. So I'm not in a hurry."

Sherry, "Oh... I almost forgot the fact that you made Phoebe Steward fall in love with you by seducing her."

Daniel explained, "She and I had never been in a relationship and I have never seduced anyone."

A slight smile appeared on her face, and she said sternly, "Anyway, you have so many ex-girlfriends. She was no different from them. And I didn't say anything."

Daniel was speechless for a moment.

For no reason, Sherry felt a lot better. Even her steps were much lighter, "What shall we eat?"

Chapter 958-A few days later, the new studio officially started.

The brand "Starry Sky Studio" had already accumulated a certain group of fans. And the studio was set at a business center, so the studio has attracted a lot of new customers.

Because there was an event for the opening today, online orders have also surged besides the customers who come here offline.

The whole studio was in a busy atmosphere.

As the spokesperson of "Starry Sky Studio", Winnie Truman should have been there in person. But due to the enclosed filming of the crew and she could not ask for leave, she could only send over some flower baskets.

Standing in the office on the second floor, Sherry looked at the long rows of flower baskets outside the store, and said in a low voice, "These flower baskets may be ten times more than when our studio was founded."

Stella smiled. Some of these flower baskets were sent by friends and some were sent by previous customers.

If she hadn't told Clarence in advance that this was just a symbol, the flower baskets could even be lined up outside the street.

Stella said, "Let's go down there and take a look."

Sherry was a little worried, "Your dear Mr. Conrad specifically told me that you are not allowed to go to crowded places. What would happen if you fall over."

Now Stella's pregnancy was getting more obvious day by day. Besides Clarence is getting more and more careful, everyone around her are getting even more.

Stella said, "I am not that fragile. When I went to the maternity checkup yesterday, the doctor said that the little guy in my belly is healthy. It's not that you don't know about Clarence. Don't take his word seriously."

That being said, Sherry still followed her closely when she came downstairs, lest someone accidentally bump into her.

At this time, a voice sounded, "Hello, Ms. Radomil, Ms. Perry."

Stella turned around and smiled, "Daphne."

Daphne said, "I heard that your studio opened up today. Damn, your customer flow is so good that I almost couldn't get in."

Sherry nodded in agreement, "It's really crowded. Let's go outside to talk."

When they got outside the studio, it was a lot quieter in an instant.

Stella said to Daphne, "I've been busy with the studio these days, and I didn't have time to ask you. Are you still okay on that day? Did you get hurt?"

Daphne shook his head, "It's okay. Fortunately, Mr. Shawn showed up in time and save me. But he was seriously injured..."

"Nothing matters as long as you're okay." After a pause, Stella suddenly thought of something and asked, "Are you living with Donald now?"

Daphne said, "Yes, Mr. Shawn said Harris hasn't been captured yet. It's not safe for me to stay alone. And he asked me stay with him for a while."

Hearing this, Stella was stunned, and she couldn't help but look at Sherry.

Daphne didn't notice anything and continued, "Ms. Radomil, I've been thinking lately that should we set up a plan to lead him out? You guys don't have to worry about me. I really can handle this. I can protect myself."

Stella was silent for a while before saying, "Why don't I go back and discuss it with Clarence? I will then tell you our plan?"

Daphne nodded seriously, "Okay, looking forward to Ms. Radomil's plans!"

After she finished speaking, she got up and said, "I still have my job to do, so I'll go first. Goodbye, Ms. Radomil, Ms. Perry."

Sherry waved to her, "Goodbye..."

When she went far away, Sherry tutted, "What the hell is Donald doing? How could he lie to a girl like that!"

Stella raised her eyebrows, "He may come over in the afternoon. We can ask him"

Sure enough, speak of the devil... And Donald came over that afternoon.

When Donald came to see the half of what he had struggle for, he was scrutinized by two eyes.

Donald didn't understand.

Stella spoke first, "Daphne just came."

Donald was so smart that he knew what Stella meant in an instant. He coughed, "I was saying that...for her safety. If there is a Harris who tried to hurt her, there may also be someone else, right? Now Justin's people hasn't been all cleaned up yet."

Stella looked at him silently. As if she was saying "Nobody believe your bullshit."

Sherry said, "Mr. Shawn, what's in your mind exactly? If you don't love her, then you can't bother her."

"How can you say that, you don't know about our past. Well, I have the responsibility to protect her, and I can't leave her alone..."

He was probably not really confident. Donald's voice was getting lower and lower.

Stella said, "Speaking of this, I just want to ask. What happened between you before?"

Sherry also nodded her head trying to get some gossip, "I want to hear it too."

Donald simply recounted the what happened between Daphne and him back then.

Both Sherry and Stella sighed for a while. Stella was silent for a few seconds, "I thought you could only drink and be your playboy. I didn't expect that you would have such a justice move."

"Please, don't be so narrow-minded. At least I am a lawyer who has passed the judicial examination. These are basically what a lawyer should do. It's nothing I should be proud of."

Sherry couldn't help but said, "Well, has she had a crush on you since then?"

Speaking of this, Donald's expression turned serious, "I don't know."

If only things were that simple.

Intuition told him that Daphne was just grateful for him as a savior. There may be a trace of admiration and admiration for him.

But these things, all of these couldn't be considered as "love" or crash on him.

Stella said, "Okay, but the arrest of Harris will be made public by the police. You still have two days if you are lucky. Don't hide it from Daphne."

Sherry continued to echo, "Yeah, it's been a few days. You can let her go if there's no progress. There's no true happiness in a fake or forced relationship."

As soon as Donald thought about that Daphne was going to move out, he was inexplicably agitated. And his voice was a little dull, "I see, I'll tell her at night."

Stella got up and said, "Well, as long as you can handle it yourself."

Donald pursed his lips and said nothing.

After leaving the studio, Donald sat in the car and took out the pen cap pendant. He was lost in his mind while staring at the pen cap

After a while, he took out his phone, dialed Vincent's number, and said lazily, "Come out for a drink."

"In the afternoon? Are you alright?"

"Who said that we can't drink in the afternoon?"

Vincent said, "I don't have time."

Donald was puzzled, "Since Harris has been captured, what are you busy with? There's nothing you can do..."

Vincent didn't bother to pay attention to his word, "Justin's body hasn't been found yet. And the Conrad family is also in a mess. You can now tell me why I am busy..."

Donald was silent for two seconds, "How long has it been? Can you find someone that hasn't been found for so many days this afternoon? Or can you handle all these stuff in an afternoon?"

Vincent was annoyed, "Where?"

Donald said immediately, "The place we usually go."

Hanging up, Donald put the pen cap back into his suit pocket and drove away.

Chapter 959-When Vincent got there, Donald was already sitting at the bar. It seemed like he had drunk a lot.

The surroundings were completely empty and no one was there.

He walked over, sat next to Donald, ordered a glass of wine, and said casually, "Get dumped again?"

Donald couldn't accept his word, "Why the hell do you use the word 'again'?"

Vincent glanced at him. "Then tell me why are you drinking in the afternoon."

Donald turned to look at him. His arms were casually placed on the resting of the chair. He asked after think for a while, "Please tell me. If a girl is full of gratitude to you, she thinks that if it weren't for you, her whole life would be ruined. Do you think this can be thought to be 'love'?"

Vincent took the wine from the bartender, took a sip, and then answered indifferently with a question, "Think about the question from another perspective. If the person who is grateful to you is an old woman in her 40s or 50s, would you care about her attitude?"

Donald was like, what the hell?

He was speechless of the question.

Vincent said slowly, "It doesn't matter she loved you or not. You are the one that matters. How you want to get along with her? If you want to stay with her in the future, then pursuit her..."

Donald retracted his gaze and continued drinking, "You don't get it. It's not a question of whether I should pursuit her or not. Besides...she's not a playgirl."

Vincent sneered, "How can you think I don't understand this? Aren't you afraid of being rejected by her? You are afraid that she only regards you as a savior and has no feeling for you."

Donald, a rich boy, could get whatever he wanted since he was a child. Wherever he went, the girls would take the initiative to get close to him.

He has always been the leader in a relationship.

He really hadn't never seen him worried about something that was uncertain.

Donald said, "I'm not afraid of rejection, I'm..."

"Just don't want to ruined my image in her mind."

"Isn't that the same meaning?"

Donald didn't want to talk.

Vincent added, "Okay. Since you said that she is not a playgirl, then don't ask her for anything casually. Consider carefully that what you want is just a short relationship or you want to marry her. If you're just getting bored during this time and want to find someone to relax, then find those like-minded."

Donald was silent.

Did he look so unreliable?

Stella and Sherry had said so about him. Now Vincent said even more.

Vincent got up, raised his head and drank all the wine from the glass, "I've already said what I need to say. I am leaving."

"Hey, you haven't even stayed for even five minutes!"

"It's your honor to have me here talk nonsense with you for five minutes."

After speaking, Vincent turned and left.

Donald was the only one left on the bar.

...

In the evening, Daphne worked overtime and returned to Mr. Shawn's house at eleven o'clock.

She gently opened the door, and saw Donald sitting on the sofa in the living room. He was wearing the gold-rimmed glasses he usually wears at work and he was reading a book.

Daphne took off her shoes and walked over, whispering, "Hasn't Mr. Shawn sleep yet?"

Donald looked up at her, "Did you work overtime again today?"

Daphne nodded and said after a little while of silence, "Isn't that Steve Billings' case are going to trial? I'm still sorting out some document and information..."

Hearing this, Donald smiled, closed the book and said, "Judging from your word, you are determined to kill my job."

Daphne waved her hand, "No, no, I know that as a lawyer, Mr. Shawn has your own job to do. I just want to report the truth so that the public can know what kind of person Steve Billings is."

After a long while, Donald said, "If I win the case, then in your opinion, do you think you will continue to uphold your justice and belief? Or will you think I'm just a liar? Someone who would do anything even protect a murderer just for profits and reputation?"

Hearing what he said, Daphne was stunned for a long time, not knowing how to answer.

Donald was not in a hurry. He just waited for her quietly.

After a long time, Daphne said slowly, "Mr. Shawn is not a liar, and there is nothing wrong with what you taught me. No matter what Mr. Shawn chooses, it will not change the way I see you in my mind. You are the one who drag me out of desperate and tell me there's still hope in front when I am at my most hopeless moment. And you will forever be that one."

As she finished her word, Donald's brows moved slightly. He was momentarily relieved.

Daphne smiled, "Then I'll go wash up first. Goodnight, Mr. Shawn."

She was getting up when Donald grabbed her wrist.

Daphne paused, "Mr. Shawn...Is there anything else?"

Donald looked up at her. "Harris has been captured."

Daphne's eyes lit up, "Really? When?"

Donald didn't answer but asked, "So, are you moving out?"

Hearing this, the smile on Daphne's face froze. her voice became a little stuttering, "I can move out... Anytime you want... Sorry for disturbing Mr. Shawn recently. Tomorrow I'll..."

Donald interrupted her and continued, "I mean, if you don't want to go, you can stay here as long as you want."

Daphne was even more confused about what he meant. After thinking of a possibility quickly in her mind, she was full of uncertainty. She felt that even her breath was trembling, "Mr. Shawn..."

Donald said, "I've been thinking about a question today. The reason why you keep this pen cap is because you are grateful, or...you love me..."

Hearing the last few words, Daphne's face flushed in no time. She felt her ears were so hot. She hesitated, not knowing what to say for a while.

"If it's the answer is the latter, can you please stay?"

His voice was low, and he just looked at her like that. His dark eyes were burning hot and straightforward.

Daphne has been busy studying and working in recent years, but he is not an idiot about love.

She certainly understood what he meant.

After thinking and struggling for half minutes, she slowly sat down.

Donald looked at her, tilting his head slightly.

Daphne's face was flushed and her voice stuttered, "I... I'm not leaving."

A great smile gently appeared on Donald's face. He retracted the hand holding her wrist, "Okay, let's go to bed first. And I'll help you move over after you get off work tomorrow."

Daphne hurriedly said, "No, no, I don't have much stuff to move. I can just take a cab"

Since the accident at home, Daphne has gone to college alone. She has been alone wherever she went. She had long been used to doing everything by herself.

For things like moving home, she can just pack her luggage and order an Uber. She had already familiar with all these procedures.

Donald said, "Nah, I'll pick you up after you get off work tomorrow."

Before Daphne could answer, he got up and walked straight to the bedroom.

When he got to the door, he looked back at Daphne and whispered, "Good night."

A smile uncontrollably appeared on Daphne's face, "Good night, Mr. Shawn."

Chapter 960-A week later, the arrest of Harris was reported on the Internet.

With the exposure of everything about him, more insight about the New Coast project was exposed.

All press reports were written by Daphne Aldrich alone.

The whole topic was spread in City N again in an instant.

The leader of the press also praised her, "Yeah, good job. You really did a good job in manage to report both the case of Steve Billings and the follow-up of the arrest of Harris."

In the other end of the phone, Daphne smiled at his compliments, "Thank you, boss. The trial of Steve's case is about to start. I'll continue to do my job first."

"Okay. When the verdict comes out, notify me immediately. Let's see if we can get another headline today."

"OK."

Hanging up the phone, Daphne took a deep breath, turned around and walked into the courthouse.

She had just entered the hall when she saw Donald and the Prosecutor coming from the other side.

Donald, wearing a nicely tailored suit and gold-rimmed glasses, holding a briefcase in his hand, was whispering something to the prosecutor.

Seeing this, a smile gradually appeared on Daphne's face. She'd better not disturb his work.

She retracted her gaze and was about to turn around when Mr. Shawn looked over and said, "Daphne."

Daphne turned around and saw Donald strode toward her.

Donald said, "The trial is about to start. Where are you going?"

Daphne pointed to the vending machine next to her, "I'm going to buy a bottle of water."

Donald followed the direction of her finger, strode over, bought a bottle of water, unscrewed the bottle cap and handed it to her, "How is your article? Have you prepared it?"

Daphne took the water and said with a smile, "The article is ready. We'll see what outcome Mr. Shawn will bring to the case today."

Knowing that she was trying to get some information from him again, Donald slightly smiled and lowered his voice a little, "What I can tell you now is that the prosecution will charge Steve with domestic violence for death. But unfortunately, they will find out that he is not guilty for the charge."

Hearing this, Daphne was a little startled.

She murmured, "What do you mean by he's not guilty for domestic violence to death..."

Donald said, "You're very smart. You'll understand in the trial afterwards."

With that said, Donald glanced at the time, “You should have to re-prepare your news report. You can still finish the article if you want to deliver it after the trial.”

After he finished speaking, he stepped back with a smile on his face, then turned around and left.

Daphne looked at the half-opened bottle in front of her. Something suddenly flashed through her mind.

The information from the office had always been domestic violence, and she always felt that it's the correct direction of investigation. Steve, a savage baster, must have done such a thing, but...

He was the only one that know how his wife died.

And Donald must have gotten some more important clues from his conversation with Steve or the investigation or even evidence collection that she didn't know.

This subtle clue could have not even been discovered by the police.

Steve's wife died in the process of domestic violence from him, but she was not killed by domestic violence, so there was only one possibility...

She suicided because she couldn't stand it!

So, Mr. Shawn would succeed in this case, because the prosecution charged Steve with intentional homicide. But he wasn't guilty for murder or homicide.

No wonder Steve wasn't panic at all when she went to interview Steve. She now realized his reason.

Thinking of this, Daphne hurried forward.

The prosecutor looked at her back and said to Donald, “She is a reporter from City N Press, isn't she? I have seen her for a few times. Do you know her?”

An extremely bright smile appeared on Donald's face, "Well, I do know her. She's my girlfriend."

The prosecutor sighed, "Well, that's surprising. You are such a playboy. How dare you find a reporter working on reporting affair? Aren't you afraid of being exposed in the future?"

Donald said helplessly, "What are you thinking about? She is a good girl. I'm not that asshole."

"It's hard to tell," The prosecutor said. "Otherwise, tell me how will you defense him? I'll believe that you're not an asshole."

Donald straighten his face a little, "You'll know in a while."

The prosecutor pouted and said nothing.

Donald and his family were not short of money. So he would not take bribes to defend for some cases that he didn't even know whether his client was a bastard or not.

So when he took Steve's case this time, the whole business industry was shocked.

No one knew what he was thinking.

Ten minutes later, the trial officially began.

Steve sat in the courtroom, listening to the prosecutor's accusation against him, seeing the prosecutor lay out all the evidences and call up the witnesses.

Every testimony and evidence directly proved that Steve committed domestic violence to his wife several times when she was still alive.

These evidences were irrefutable, so Steve and Donald made no objection from beginning to end.

Until finally the judge asked, "Does the defendant have anything to say?"

Donald closed the documents in front of him, got up and said, "We refute all the accusation charged by the prosecution. The fatal injury of the deceased was..."

The following words were all his statements about the specific cause of Steve's wife's death. He then listed the forensic report, which corroborated the authenticity of his point of view.

The prosecution obviously did not expect that he would defend his client from this perspective and ignoring domestic violence itself.

The prosecution said, "My dear Presiding Judge, I disagree with the defendant's point of view. No matter what the fatal injury of the deceased was, it was all caused by this domestic violence, which also led to indirect death..."

Donald said, "Objection, my dear prosecution. What you are accusing is intentional homicide. So, the accusation is not convicted."

The atmosphere was tense in the court. Daphne sat in the auditorium, busy re-stating her script.

Steve watched the trial as it goes. A smile slowly appeared at the corners of his mouth.

Donald continued, "It is true that the actions of my client are indeed abhorrent, but it is the society that should be blamed. Why does the lady remain reluctant to speak up after being bullied? Why did she eventually suicide, giving up her young and precious life?"

"So, when dealing with domestic violence crimes, should we consider how we convict based on reality, rather than simple fines and warnings. For example, my client is famous and rich. If our sentence is effective to him, everyone presence and I won't need to stand here anymore."

Hearing his following words, Steve's expression slowly stiffened.

The prosecutor was silent for a long time before saying, "I have nothing to say."

They were in the wrong direction from the beginning.

The Presiding Judge said, "The prosecution's accusation of the defendant Steve for intentional homicide is not convicted. In view of the special circumstances of the case, the prosecution is allowed to re-gather the evidence, submit the new accusation. And the trial will continue at another day."

Offstage, Daphne finished writing the press release at the same time and send it to the office.

This way, there is absolutely no chance for Steve to turn over the case again.