

Mr Conrad 961

Chapter 961-At the same time, Daphne's report caused a huge uproar online.

Although Steve was not as popular as current superstars, he was not someone nameless. Even some of his paintings were so famous that have gone out of the industry and were widely spread online.

Many painters even regard Steve as their teacher. They respected him and envy the love story between him and his wife at the same time.

They could never imagine that he was such an inveterate person.

As the discussion increased, more and more people began to discuss about the incident.

In addition to the case of Steve itself, many people have begun to discuss domestic violence. Just like what Daphne said in the news and what the defense lawyer said in the trial, women should choose to stand out when they encounter such tragedy instead of compromising.

Domestic violence shouldn't just be warned or fined simply. If this worked, Steve's wife wouldn't choose to suicide, and there wouldn't be thousands of news stories like this throughout the year.

When Steve was taken away by the police for re-investigation, he took a deep look at Donald, "Mr. Shawn, you promised to help me."

When Donald met his gaze, his expression was extremely cold, "Didn't I help you win this lawsuit? The accusation of intentional homicide is not convicted. It's what you've done that lead you here, and there's nothing I can do."

Steve still wanted to say something, but he was taken away by force.

Donald turned around, happen to see Daphne running towards him.

He put one hand in his trouser pocket, "I read the report. Good job, my girl. What do you think we should eat later?"

Daphne stood up in front of him, gasping for breath, "I am sorry, I can't eat with you. The leader of our newspaper told me to go back. They are saying there will be a celebration party, and then the whole department would go together."

Donald was silent.

He tentatively said, "Can't you decline it?"

Daphne shook her head, seemed also a little regretful, "I am sorry, but I can't reject it."

She was already prepared to invite Mr. Shawn to dinner when the case was done.

She didn't expect that the leader would set up such celebration party.

Donald sighed silently but still didn't embarrass her, "Okay. Where's the party? I'll take you there."

Daphne waved her hand, "I won't bother you. I'll just take the subway..."

Before she could finish her word, Donald took her hand and said as he walked, "Your boyfriend is here, and how could he let you take the subway?"

Hearing this, Daphne was stunned for two seconds, lowered her head, and a bright smile gradually shined on her face.

In the past few days, they were all busy with their work, and they couldn't even have meal together.

So, as for the fact that Mr. Shawn had become her boyfriend, she would still be amazed by this. She sometime even felt that it's not real, like a dream.

After getting in the car, Donald asked her for the address and turned on the navigation, "When will the party end at night? I'll pick you up."

"It may be a little late... or you should go to bed first."

Donald looked at her, "However late it will be, just call me when it's over. By the way, such a lady staying alone outside could be risky, don't drink that much alcohols."

Daphne held the seat belt in both hands and nodded slowly, "I won't."

After arriving at the party, Daphne said, "Mr. Shawn, then I'll go in. Bye."

Donald raised his eyebrows, "See you tonight."

His voice was low and magnetic. These three words brought her an inexplicable and irresistible magical feeling.

Daphne blushed slightly, got out of the car, waved at him, turned around and ran into the restaurant.

As soon as she entered the private room, the sound of the gun salute exploded, and the colorful ribbons instantly fell from the rooftop.

A group of colleagues said, "Congratulations Daphne!"

The leader of the newspaper came over with the trophy and patted Daphne on the shoulder encouragingly, "Good job. Gaining two big news in one day. And both news was sensationally to the public. I am right about your potential."

Daphne took the trophy and smiled, "Thank you, boss, for your recognition. I am just doing my job."

Colleagues all coaxed, "Come on, let's toast to Daphne! We should thank her for bringing glory to our newspaper!"

Daphne didn't want to drink that much, but she couldn't hold back their enthusiasm... She could only drink the alcohol cup by cup.

After dinner, someone suggested to go to the Karaoke.

Daphne was a little drunk. She waved her hand and said, "You guys continue and have fun... I have to go home..."

"Daphne, we can go party tonight because of your news. If you go home, the party has to end."

"Yeah, come on. Let's go together. What's the point if we go to Karaoke without you?"

As her brain became more and more dizzy, Daphne refused more firmly, "My boyfriend is still waiting for me at home. Please enjoy yourselves. Bills on me."

As soon as these words came out, everyone looked at each other in dismay.

When did she have a boyfriend?

As they all know, Daphne is a workaholic. She was either interviewing or writing reports every day. How could she have time to socialize and even get a boyfriend?

Just when they were thinking that Daphne was just finding a reason to prevaricate, there was a knock on the door outside the room.

A man stood there, tall and slender, "Excuse me... Have you finished eating?"

When some female colleagues saw him, they couldn't help staring into him, thinking that he was probably a guest want to have the room. They quickly said, "We've done here. We will leave now..."

Just when someone was going to hold Daphne up, the man strode over, bent over, picked up Daphne who was a little drunk, and nodded to them, "Since you guys are done eating, I'll take my girlfriend first. Excuse me."

The group of people were instantly dumbfounded. This was Daphne's boyfriend? So handsome?

In their surprised expression, Donald held Daphne out without looking back.

Back at home, Donald put her on the sofa, went to prepare some honey water for her. Then he squatted in front of her, and stroked her face lightly, "Daphne, drink this."

Daphne seemed to come back to her consciousness a little. She looked at him with eyes half-opened, "Mr. Shawn..."

With a sense of guilty while she was saying, "I'm sorry. I promised you not to drink too much, but..."

"It's okay."

Donald has participated in such parties many times, and he certainly knew that the client will inevitably be drunk. That's why he would go in ahead of time to find her.

Daphne took the honey water from Donald and drank it with big gulps. Soon she had finished the whole bottle of water.

Donald retracted the cup, set it aside, leaned over to hug her, prepared to take her back to her room for sleep.

Daphne's eyes were open, looking at him up closely, feeling that her breath was getting much slower and hotter.

She suddenly uttered, "Mr. Shawn."

Donald thought she was uncomfortable, stopped the movement of his hand, turned around to look at her, "Huh?"

Daphne asked, "Are you my boyfriend?"

"It's not a dream."

Daphne heard this answer with a smile on her face, wrapped her arms around his neck, raised her head and kissed him on the lips.

Chapter 962-Donald obviously didn't expect her to do this. He was astonished for a second.

During this period, he was afraid that Daphne would think he was a playboy or she would thought that he had dirty intention of living with her.

Therefore, he never dared to make any move of crossing the line.

This indeed led to the fact that the relationship between them did not seem to have any actual changes and progress.

And this was also the first time for Daphne to fall in love with someone, and the first time to kiss a man initiatively.

Seeing that Donald had no respond, she thought that her abrupt move made him unhappy. She backed up a little, leaned on the sofa, and subconsciously licked her lips, which seemed to still have a smell that belonged to him.

Daphne blinked her eyes which were moist. Not knowing it's because of drunkenness or something else, she blushed.

Donald put his hands on the sofa behind her, with his black eyes staring at her, "Why don't you continue?"

Her voice stuttered, "I... I thought you don't like it..."

Before she could finish speaking, Donald kissed her lips.

After a sound of "uh", she stared at him with eyes wide opened for a moment.

Donald whispered, "Close your eyes."

After his reminder, she slowly closed her eyes.

Donald saw her reaction, little by little, until he finally pried her tongue open.

Perhaps she was braver than usual when she was drunk, Daphne instinctively responded.

Sensing her movement, Donald clasped the back of her head, took off the glasses, threw them aside, deepened his kiss.

Soon Daphne was out of breath.

Donald backed away slightly, then hugged her up and went into his bedroom.

He put her on the bed. But when he was about to take the next step, he met her eyes.

Daphne's eyes were always strong and bright, full of reason, as if carrying all her dreams and hopes.

Unconsciously, he was a little guilty.

Donald suddenly felt that he was taking advantage of her.

It's only been a week since they have been together. It's so fast in any reason.

And she was also drunk.

What if she woke up next morning and regret it?

Thinking of this, Donald quickly pulled up her scattered clothes and slowly got out of bed, "You...You can just sleep here, I'll go to the guest room."

He was about to leave when Daphne grabbed him and looked at him without saying a word.

Donald licked his lips and explained, "You're drunk, just go to sleep."

Daphne said, "I'm not drunk."

Donald was confused.

Daphne said seriously, "I'm used to living alone, and I know where my limit is. So I'll never drink it to the point of unconsciousness."

Donald waved tentatively in front of her and stretched out his finger, "What's the number?"

Daphne smiled and said again, "Mr. Shawn, I really know what I'm doing. I may not be as beautiful as your ex-girlfriends, nor as sexy as theirs. But I... I really..."

The words "I love you" were like adolescent romance, hovering between her lips but written in her eyes.

With just one glance, the unspoken words were revealed without any doubt.

Before moving in with Mr. Shawn, she never thought about this. Because she knew that they were not from the same world. After so many years, she could meet him again and make friends with him. She had thought it's the luckiest thing in her life.

But she could never imagine that she would become his girlfriend before she could know why...

During this week, she also felt the care and warmth she had never felt before,

It turned out that it's such a warm and happy feeling to someone waiting for you at home when you come home from work every day.

And that one was someone you have loved for many years.

Daphne didn't know if Donald was acting on his whim, or for other reason. But she never wanted anything from him. She just trusted him instinctively, without any doubt.

It turned out that he deserved it.

If Donald was really just fooling her around, he could have done something to her this week.

She wouldn't refuse,

But he didn't.

On the contrary, he respected her, and he was a real gentleman.

He seemed to be much more mature than the one she remembered.

He would no longer speak justice and bloody words like what he had said a few years ago. But he would engrave his belief deep in his mind and carry it out through his actions.

Much worthier of her love.

Daphne admitted that she's still a little drunk.

After hearing Donald say that he would pick her up however late, her heart seemed to have found a safe haven.

She drank a little more than usual.

She was dizzy all over. When she realized that he was saying that because he didn't want her to regret it the next morning. So, she was saying these words purely on instinct.

There was only the cold moonlight but no lights on in the bedroom. The faint moonlight came in from the floor-to-ceiling windows.

From the time she couldn't realize, Donald started to kiss her lips again. His fingers clasped her hands, taking her breath step by step.

As the wheezing in the room intensified, Donald paused slightly and asked her in a hoarse voice, "Does it hurt?"

Daphne felt sweat all over her back. Her brain was also intertwining between sobriety and chaos.

Her voice was dull and nasal, "A little..."

"Then I'll take it slow."

...

At the same time.

Stella woke up to find that Clarence was not around.

She took out her phone and checked the time. It was 2 a.m.

Is there anything wrong with the company?

Stella yawned, lifted the covers, and went to the bathroom.

As soon as she walked into the living room, she heard the faint cry of the little guy coming from next door.

She was stunned there. The sleepiness disappeared in an instant, and she hurried over.

She then saw Dolores and Clarence were both there as well as Archer James. The little guy was in Clarence's arms, crying wildly.

Stella said in a trembling voice, "What happened?"

Clarence handed the child to Archer, walked to her, stroked her head gently, and reassured, "It's no big deal. It's just a fever, and it have already taken medicine."

Stella's expression was full of tension, she looked at the little guy, and then looked at him, "Isn't it alright at night? Why did it suddenly... Is there something wrong? tell me, I can..."

Her whole body was trembling slightly.

Clarence held her in his arms, "It's really okay. Don't worry about it. It'll get better soon."

Stella suddenly remembered something, "The new toxin Justin said before, the box...the box is still with me..."

She came out of Clarence's arms and wanted to go get it, but Clarence grabbed her wrist.

He whispered, "Calm down please. It has nothing to do with the toxin, nor the box."

"Then... What's wrong with it?"

At this time, Archer's voice came, "His condition is more serious than before."

Clarence handed the child to Archer, walked to her, stroked her head gently, and reassured, "It's no big deal. It's just a fever, and it have already taken medicine." Stella's expression was full of tension, she looked at the little guy, and then looked at him, "Isn't it alright at night? Why did it suddenly... Is there something wrong? tell me, I can..." Her whole body was trembling slightly. Clarence held her in his arms, "It's really okay. Don't worry about it. It'll get better soon." Stella suddenly remembered something, "The new toxin Justin said before, the box...the box is still with me... She came out of Clarence's arms and wanted to go get it, but Clarence grabbed her wrist. He whispered, "Calm down please. It has nothing to do with the toxin, nor the box." "Then... What's wrong with it?" At this time, Archer's voice came, "His condition is more serious than before."

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"Then... What's wrong with it?"

At this time, Archer's voice came, "His condition is more serious than before."

These words, like a muffled thunder, stroke Stella's heart hard.

Her face turned pale in an instant. She murmured, "Isn't it saying that he's getting better? We have been treating it for so long in Riverside City..."

Clarence noticed the trembling of her body and held her hand tightly. "It's not as serious as you imagine, don't worry. Huh?"

The little guy was crying like this... How could Stella not be worried.

She only felt that her whole body had lost strength now. She might have fallen down at any time, if she hadn't leaned on Clarence.

At this time, the medicine probably went effected. And the little guy gradually stopped crying. He was now sobbing his eyes closed.

Dolores stepped forward and said to Archer, "Give me the child. I'll take him in to sleep."

After Dolores took the little guy into the bedroom, Stella looked at Archer, "What on earth is going on?"

Archer scratched his head, "Well, it's complicated. You know, no one can guarantee the effect of the treatment or something like that. There could be a chance of recurrence. Judging from the current symptoms, it is indeed more serious than before. But if you think about it from another perspective, it's also good news, right? We can at least know where the defect of previous treatment is, so that we can improve it, and provide a better treatment plan."

Stella closed her eyes, unable to say a word.

She knew that what Archer said was right, but she couldn't convince herself. They had just witnessed that the little guy was just getting better, and it had to continue the treatment endlessly.

With that treatment conducted day after day, it is difficult to accept even for an adult, let alone a child who didn't know anything.

Clarence frowned slightly and glanced at Archer, who immediately understood. Archer then said, "This... this treatment won't take a long time now... We can just make certain improvements on the basis of the previous one. Not to mention that you will deliver the baby within a few months. If the surgery goes on successfully, then there is no need to do any treatment after that. All you have to do now is to take good care of your body and give birth to a healthy child. "

After a long time, Stella asked in a low voice, "Then do you need to go back to Riverside City?"

"Nah."

It was Clarence who answered her.

He said slowly, "The equipment is all ready here, and you can receive treatment here."

Archer also said, "That's right. You still got me here. You can rest assured."

Stella lowered her head and said nothing.

Clarence took her by the shoulder. "Okay, just go back to sleep."

Stella looked up at him, "You go to sleep first, I want to be with him tonight."

Regarding the situation tonight, Clarence did not refuse, but whispered, "Have a good rest."

She nodded lightly, "I know."

After Clarence and Archer left, Stella opened the bedroom door and said in a low voice, "Mom, go to sleep. I'll accompany him."

The little guy had just fallen asleep on the bed. He still had tears on his face.

Dolores got up and walked up to her, "Stella, it will be fine."

Stella forced a smile, "Mom, I'm fine, I just want to accompany him."

Dolores sighed silently, patted her on the shoulder and left.

Stella sat on the edge of the bed, took the baby sheet next to her, and gently wiped the tears from the little guy's face.

The little guy seemed to sense something, stretched out his little hand, grabbed her fingers, and leaned into her arms.

Stella held him in her arms. He was such a tiny one that seemed to disappear with a touch.

It seemed that he has been sick all the time since he was born.

When he was born, he's weak because of premature birth. He then seemed much healthier later, but...

Stella took a deep breath, wiping the tears from her face.

Archer was right. The only thing she could do now was to take good care of her body and provide adequate nutrition for the child in her belly, so that the effect of umbilical cord blood can be maximized during surgery.

For a period of time after that, Stella ate a lot every day and never complained that she seemed to gain weight.

Sometimes, she often ate until she felt nausea, but she still forced herself to eat it all.

By the time she was six months pregnant, she had gained 20 pounds compared to pre-pregnancy.

She could tell that she has gained some weight. But her shape was not exaggeratedly fat. Her belly was much more obvious than the first time when she was pregnant with a child before.

At that time, basically no one could tell she was pregnant if she wore a loose sweater. But now even wearing a down jacket, it's obvious to tell that she's pregnant.

She also suffered from frequent waist soreness.

Every night, Clarence would gently massage her waist.

Clarence said, "The doctor said that the baby in your belly is already well nourished during the prenatal check-up today. You should eat less during this time, otherwise we will have to go through the caesarean in seven months."

Hearing this, Stella let out an "oh" and couldn't help laughing, "I've always heard that you told me to eat more. This is the first time I've heard from you to tell me eat less."

Clarence raised his eyebrows slightly, "If you can eat this much every day after giving birth, I am cool with that."

Stella was silent, "Do you think I eat too much?"

Clarence immediately replied, "No, you are doing a good job in taking in nutrition."

Seeing that he was so eager to please her, a bright smile couldn't help but appear on Stella's face. She put her hand on her stomach gently. The little guy in her belly would come out in a month.

During this period, Archer said that under this treatment, the little guy has stabilized and was getting better.

But under such repeated “healing and treating” cycles, she can only rest assured when the surgery has been conducted and the little guy is fully cured.

Just when Stella was in a trance, Clarence’s voice came, “Winnie Truman is back.”

Stella froze, “When?”

“She had just got off the plane this afternoon.”

Stella’s lips pursed. Since Winnie left, she has almost cut off contact with them. Though she was saying that she was in an enclosed filming, obviously, she tried to forget what had happened by isolating herself.

She said after a while, “Does she have any other work arrangements later?”

Clarence said while massaging her waist, “She’s not in the Conrad Group anymore. If you want to know anything, I’ll ask Nathan to check it out tomorrow.”

“No, I’m just asking.”

Clarence said, “Does it still hurt?”

Stella murmured, “Much better.”

Clarence pulled the quilt over her and put her in his arms, “Go to sleep.”

Stella murmured, "Much better." Clarence pulled the quilt over her and put her in his arms, "Go to sleep."

Chapter 964-Winnie went to the studio a week after returning to City N.

When she appeared in the studio, she was recognized by many fans. Many of them took pictures and posted on Twitter.

It also broke the rumors of she terminates the contract because she didn't attend the opening ceremony of the new studio two months ago.

Sherry Perry took her to the office, looked at her thin face and sighed, "Are you filming or working as a coolie these past few months?"

Hearing this, Winnie smiled.

The environment of the scene in this play was very harsh. She was suffering from dust and high wind every day. Yeah, she could say that she had been working as coolie in the past few months.

Winnie said, "I have no other work arrangements these days. If there is any new product that needs to be shot, you can come to me at any time."

Sherry nodded and said, "You came just in time today. A few products have just been finished, and I haven't had time to take the closed-up pictures. If you're available, help me try the shots."

"OK."

Sherry got up, "Then let's go. To the studio next door."

After walking a few steps behind her, Winnie said, "Stella, where's she? Didn't she come?"

Sherry said, "Stella usually accompanies the little guy to treatment in the morning, and only comes over after lunch."

Winnie nodded, didn't speak. No one knew what she was thinking.

Sherry was silent for two seconds before saying tentatively, "Haven't you let go of what happened before? Stella didn't hate or complain about you at all, and..."

Sherry hesitated, then continued, "And Channing is doing good over there. He has already participated in several key surveys."

Winnie chuckled, "That's good."

Sherry knew that it wasn't easy for her to say those words with a seemingly relaxed expression.

Well, there's not enough time.

After another two or three years, she would be able to let it go completely.

...

As soon as Stella arrived downstairs, she heard many people in the store discussing something excitedly.

A staff member walked up to her and whispered, "Ms. Stella, Winnie has just arrived and she is shooting upstairs."

Stella nodded. "Okay, I see."

Outside the studio, Stella saw that they were still shooting, and she didn't go in to disturb them. She sat on the sofa nearby instead.

Sherry was just trying out how the product would look like in the picture this time, and it didn't take much time.

When they came out, they could see Stella was sitting there.

Sherry said, "Stella, you came so early today."

Stella said, "The treatment finished early today."

She stood up by supporting the sofa and said, "Have you had lunch? Let's go together."

Sherry held her at the same time, "Okay, we're just about to eat."

Winnie stood aside, her eyes slightly looking down, "You guys can go. I still have something important to do. We can do it next time..."

Stella said, "No matter how busy your work is, you have to eat. Come on, just do it after lunch."

Just as Winnie was about to say something else, Sherry's also said, "There's no such thing that worthy of skipping lunch. Let's eat first."

Winnie couldn't run away the two of them. She could only agree without saying anything.

There was the commercial street downstairs, and it was also the peak time for lunch causing every café to be overcrowded.

They could only go further to have lunch.

Sherry held Stella by hand, looked at the overcrowded street and the crowd, and said a little melancholy, "We should have driven our car out. Stella, are still you okay? Shall we take a taxi?"

Stella was pregnant with huge belly. She indeed felt much more tired than usual when walking.

She said, "I am fine. Let's go ahead and take a look."

Winnie said, "There is a private restaurant in the mall over there. My friends and I have been there. There are not many people and it is quiet."

Stella said, "Okay, let's go then."

The shopping mall was very close to them, and it took them ten minutes to the restaurant.

Since this private restaurant had a membership system, there were much fewer people than other places, and it was quieter and more comfortable.

After checking out Winnie's membership, the staff took them to the corner booth.

Sherry took the menu, "Let's eat some bland food. Stella you..."

Stella held the teacup and stared at the spicy chicken diced on the menu very persistently, "I want spicy food."

Sherry didn't understand what she meant.

Winnie said tentatively, "Don't you like sour food before?"

Stella explained, "The taste changes in the middle and later stages of pregnancy. But I'm okay with sour now. I like both kind of food."

Sherry didn't dare to let her eat very spicy food. Eventually, most of the dishes were bland food.

Halfway through the meal, Sherry went out to answer the phone, leaving enough privacy for them.

As Sherry left, the warm atmosphere became a little awkward.

In the end, it was Stella who broke the silence and said, "How have you been during this time?"

Winnie nodded lightly. She then answered after a while, "Actually, I've always wanted to apologize to you in person."

Stella smiled and said, "I know that you still can't let it go in your heart. Even if I say I am cool with that for a thousand times. For you, you can't forgive yourself."

Winnie's lips pursed slightly, but she didn't speak.

How could she forgive herself after something like that happened?

Stella added, "I have told you, the relationship is between the two of you. Channing loves you. What he did is just what he should do as a man. As for the consequences, it's over now, isn't it? He will get better and better, and so will you."

"Channing's original intention to do these only comes from the fact that he wants to protect you. To him, he can give up everything for you. Therefore, even if you are separated, this relationship will always be sincere and warm. Just memorize all the beautiful time you spent together and let go of what's left."

"If you always burry yourself in the past, you could only feel the pain and misery."

After a long time, Winnie said, "Thank you, I understand."

Stella said, "No matter what happens to you and Channing in the future, we will always be friends."

Hearing what she said, Winnie felt there's tears rolling around in her eyes. She raised her head again, with tears in her eyes. Eventually she smiled at Stella in relief.

She had never cried since the day she cried after received the text message that Channing was leaving. In the past few months, no matter how hard the filming was, she did not let herself shed a single tear.

Apart from filming, she hardly communicated with people. She returned to the hotel to read and study after finishing filming.

She had never gone to crowded places, for fear of hearing rumors of someone hate or dislike her.

She didn't use her mobile phone for the fear of the endless vicious words on the Internet.

Winnie has been in the industry for so many years, and she had been used to those remarks. But whenever she saw vicious comments about Channing, she can't help but want to refute them.

But every time she finished typing and was ready to send it, she would eventually calm down.

Everything Channing had experienced was because of her.

She was not qualified to refute for him.

The only thing Winnie was happy about was that Channing finally chose to leave, to pursue his better future.

That's enough for her.

Chapter 965-When Sherry came back from the phone, the atmosphere has gone back to normal.

Stella and Winnie were chatting with each other casually. The atmosphere was much more relaxing. It's not as rigid and awkward as before.

After eating and sending Winnie away, Sherry took Stella's hand back to the studio and asked, "Stella, what did you say to Winnie during the meal? I think she looks much better."

Stella smiled, "It's nothing. It's all those old sayings anyway."

It just sounded different in different moods.

Sherry sighed, "Channing won't be back in two years. I wonder what they'll be like in the future."

Stella said, "Channing, he has been stubborn to what he set his mind to since he was a child."

Sherry couldn't help smacking her tongue, "When the time comes, she will be the one running away. He may be the one chasing her... They just can't get away from it."

Stella said, "By the way, the Spring Festival will be in a few days. Will Daniel go back with you?"

Mentioning of this, Sherry curled her lips, "My parents call me every day asking me to take him back. He has even prepared the New Year's gift. What do you think?"

Saying that, Sherry sighed again, "But once we go back, we will definitely be urged to get married. I really don't want to face that."

Stella was also very puzzled, "Aren't you and Daniel getting along well now? Why are you so rejected to marriage?"

"I'm not rejecting it... I just think that getting married seems to take on a lot of responsibilities. I feel that I no longer have the ability to bear the risk."

Stella paused for a moment before saying, "It really takes a long time to recover when you meet a scumbag."

When she was in love with Liam Keith, Sherry really wanted to get married and was ready to spend the rest of his life with him.

Both of them had visited their parents. They had bought a wedding house. In the stable relationship, she was waiting for him to propose every day.

But Liam cheated on her.

For the next period of time, everyone was immersed in the joy of the Spring Festival.

Sherry and Daniel went to their hometown for the New Year.

Stella and Clarence completely moved back to the Starry Lake Mansion with Dolores and their children.

Archer certainly followed them.

Over the past few months, the losses of Conrad Group caused by the New Coast project have gradually diminished.

Even if the public knew that it was Clarence handling everything behind the scenes, Conrad Group has never announced that Clarence has returned to Conrad Group.

Therefore, for the future development of Conrad Group, everyone was taking a wait-and-see attitude.

In the past few days of the New Year, Clarence did not go to the company but stayed at home which was hard to see.

But when the little guy sees him, the little guy either hid far away or faced him with his butt.

And Clarence's favorite sport was to make him cry in different ways, and then be scolded by Dolores and Stella in turns.

In the evening, Stella received a call from Daphne, saying that Donald had brought her home. She also said that Donald's parents were very nice. There's nothing like she had imagined. There's no throwing her a card and forcing her to leave their son or other types of drama.

Hanging up the phone, Stella sat there with a smile on her face.

Clarence came out of the bathroom and walked over. He happened to see her expression, "What's so funny?"

Stella looked up at him. "Daphne just told me that Donald took her home."

Clarence was not surprised when he heard this.

He said, "You know the reason why Donald didn't inherit his father's company, but came out and started his own law firm?"

Stella shook her head. She had never thought about it if Clarence didn't mention it. She indeed felt that it was a little unbelievable when he said that.

Donald, who doesn't usually seem to a serious person, would become another person when he was working. He could be so rigorous and serious?

According to common sense, he was already an old money. Even if he didn't work hard, he can live a life of his own will.

Clarence continued, "Because what he wants is the recognition of himself from others, instead of just calling him Mr. Shawn casually."

Stella understood in an instant.

It was precisely because Donald grew up in such a carefree environment that the people around him either complimented him or got close to him for his family's money.

Under such environment, it was extremely easy for people around him to ignore his own abilities.

But Daphne was different. Donald, in her eyes, was just Mr. Shawn, the light of her life that happened save her when she was desperate and helpless.

Because of him, she believed in justice and faith.

In her eyes, Donald was just Donald, not Mr. Shawn or some old money.

Sometimes, feelings didn't need to get along together for many years. A look or some detail could make someone understand whether the other is the person to spend the rest of their life.

This is probably the match of soul.

While Stella was lost in her thought, she suddenly felt the baby in her belly move.

She instantly retracted her thoughts and turned to look at Clarence, "The baby kicked me."

Clarence put his hand on her belly and whispered, "Where are you?"

Stella took his hand and moved, "A little to the left."

As soon as he put his hand on, Clarence felt a movement as if someone was kicking a drum.

He frowned slightly, "Does he kick so hard every time?"

The last time Stella had fetal movement, it was only a very slight reaction.

Stella leaned against his arms. She could feel that she was kicked too hard, and let out a sigh of relief, "No, this is the hardest kick..."

Clarence's thin lips pursed slightly, "When he comes out, I will definitely kick his ass."

Stella smiled, "Oh come on, now the little guys doesn't want to talk to you all day long. When you get old and sick, they will definitely call off your treatment and medicine."

As she said that, she whispered again, "With such a kick, I guess that it will a boy again this time."

Regarding the gender of the child, they had not asked the doctor to examine it yet.

It's like opening a blind box.

It's fine for them whether it's a boy or a girl.

Anyway, the little guy still has so many new clothes that he hasn't worn yet. The new-born children can wear whatever they want, regardless of gender.

Clarence hugged her and said nothing.

Whatever she gave birth to will do.

As long as she could be safe.

After a while, the little guy in his belly became quiet.

It may be tired of kicking.

After the Spring Festival, the weather gradually warmed up.

The hospital and Archer have settled that the caesarean section and the operation of the little guy would take place at the same time.

So, a week earlier, Stella took the child to the hospital.

The little guy was also curious about her belly and kept repeating "sister, sister" all day long.

Clarence agreed with him on this. Because of this, the father and son lived together in rare harmony for a few days.

The night before the operation, the little guy was taken away by Archer.

Stella also couldn't sleep all night.

Clarence hugged her and comforted her in a low voice, "Don't worry, the operation will succeed."

After the Spring Festival, the weather gradually warmed up. The hospital and Archer have settled that the caesarean section and the operation of the little guy would take place at the same time. So, a week earlier, Stella took the child to the hospital. The little guy was also curious about her belly and kept repeating "sister, sister" all day long. Clarence agreed with him on this. Because of this, the father and son lived together in rare harmony for a few days. The night before the operation, the little guy was taken away by Archer. Stella also couldn't sleep all night. Clarence hugged her and comforted her in a low voice, "Don't worry, the operation will succeed."

Chapter 966-Stella refused to let Clarence accompany her during the surgery.

He initially didn't want her to have a delivery, fearing she would be sick.

The operation was so bloody and painful.

She didn't want him to see.

Clarence had no need to blame himself since he had already been stressed.

Besides, she wanted to give birth to the baby.

Before going into the operating room, Stella took Clarence's hand seriously, "You can find a new girl if I die. As long as she is kind to my children."

Clarence laughed soundlessly, "Then I'll find one that maltreats them every day."

Stella's eyes widened incredulously, "How can you..."

He pinched her nose, "Don't overthink. Close your eyes and have a good sleep, then it will finish."

Stella reached out and looked at him with her tearful eyes.

It was doubtful that she wasn't scared when she would have an operation.

She was afraid all night that the surgery could fail in what ways.

Clarence leaned down, gently holding her in his arms and whispering, "Take it easy. I will be with you if it happens."

Stella had said similar words when he was injured and unconscious.

Even though she knew it was comfort, Stella still took it well and whispered, "What about the children?"

"How can we care about them when we're all dead? Just bring them to the orphanage."

Stella was speechless.

Her emotions instantly dissipated.

Stella pushed him away, "Alright. No more chat. I'm gonna go."

Clarence showed a slight smile and nodded, standing in place and seeing her off.

Immediately afterwards, Noah was pushed over as well.

He was lying on the hospital bed, looking around curiously, unaware of what was happening.

Clarence squatted next to him and rubbed his head, "Remember what daddy told you yesterday."

Noah recalled and said in an adenoidal voice. "I'm not scared. I'll sleep and wake up to see mummy and sister."

"Yes, that's right. You can see them when you wake up."

Noah clutched his finger, and for the first time, he shouted out clearly, "Daddy."

Clarence froze slightly and then softened his voice, "Good boy. Daddy is waiting for you here."

Soon, Noah went into the operating room.

Clarence got up and leaned against the wall, closing his eyes and exhaling.

Dolores saw that he was nervous, but she could only generally console him, "They will be fine."

Only after a long time did Clarence open his eyes with his voice hoarse and dry, "All they've suffered is because of me, but I can only wait outside. Unable to do anything."

"Stella didn't let you in because she didn't want you to blame yourself like this. None of this is your fault. You have tried your best."

Clarence lowered his head in silence.

Time passed, and the sun dispelled the mist and dimness of the early morning.

The sunlight shone all over the corridor.

However, the surgery continued.

In the afternoon, Sherry rushed in, "How's it going? Has Stella come out yet?"

Dolores shook her head, worrying, "She's been in for six or seven hours. I don't know how they are."

Daniel hurriedly followed Sherry.

They were both silent at Dolores's words and waited, looking at Clarence sitting slightly stiff not far away.

After another half an hour, the door finally opened.

Clarence stood up meanwhile.

A nurse came out holding the baby. "Congratulations. All three go well. The mother's anesthetic still works. I need a family member to come over with me and take her back to the ward."

Sherry was just about to say when she heard Clarence's voice come out, "I'll."

He didn't even glance at the baby and asked directly, "Which way?"

It was the first time the nurse had seen someone going to the wife without even looking at the child, so she gave the child to Dolores and hurriedly led Clarence over.

Dolores and the others looked at the child with their eyes closed after Clarence had left.

Sherry's eyes widened. "God. Twins. No wonder Stella's belly looks so big later."

Daniel was envious. "Two girls. How nice."

...

Stella was still asleep, lying quietly, pale and weak.

"Wait here. I'll go get the list."

Clarence nodded and walked quickly to Stella, holding her hand and whispering, "Baby, it's over."

Although Stella was not awake, she murmured when she heard someone talking to her.

Clarence's hanging heart dropped, and he leaned down to kiss her gently on the brow. "I love you."

The two children were already lying in their cots back in the ward.

Dolores had gone to the nurse asking about the precautions while Sherry and Daniel were standing by.

Clarence put Stella on the bed before looking at the crib, pausing before saying, "Why are there two?"

Sherry was speechless.

So was Daniel.

It must be the cruelest words the two little babies have ever heard since birth.

"The nurse had said it when she carried them out. You are so careless."

Clarence said nothing.

He looked down at his wristwatch and had no time to spend on the two babies.

"I have to go to the operating room. Leave this to you guys."

Daniel nodded, "Okay."

Although they were safe, Noah hadn't come out yet.

Clarence left directly in stride.

Not long after, Stella woke up.

Sherry sensed her movements and hurried over, "Are you feeling okay?"

Perhaps the anesthetic still took effect, she murmured, "Where's the baby?"

"Here they are. Twin girls. You're amazing!"

Stella smiled and asked, "Has Noah come out yet?"

Chapter 967-The operation lasted until late at night.

It was only at one in the morning that Archer came out, exhausted and weak, "The operation was successful, but the specifics depend on the subsequent recovery."

Clarence nodded and was silent for two seconds before saying, "Stella had twins."

Archer was puzzled, "Hasn't she told you yet?"

"No."

Ever since she knew that Noah was seriously ill, she had increased her food intake, resulting in her weight-gaining and a much rounder belly.

She had been in poor health when she was pregnant with her first child, and by the time the baby was born, she was even thinner.

Utterly different from now.

Therefore, it was unexpected to Clarence.

Archer smiled and left as fast as he could.

Clarence stood still for a while before going to Noah's ward.

He had just been pushed back in, still not awake from the anesthetic, lying quietly with his breathing almost inaudible.

The doctor who had operated on Noah walked in with Archer, "Excuse me."

Clarence retrieved his thoughts and said indifferently, "When will he wake up?"

"Tomorrow morning at the latest."

Clarence was silent and gently placed his hand over his head.

After spending half an hour in Noah's ward, Clarence went to Stella.

It was quiet since Sherry and Daniel had already left.

Stella had just finished feeding the two children, and Dolores was carrying them back into their cots.

Seeing him enter, Dolores whispered, "How's it going?"

Clarence closed the door. "It was a success."

"Then I'll go and take a look. You stay here. The twins are asleep after eating."

Clarence nodded, sat next to Stella and held her hand, saying in a low voice, "Still hurt?"

Stella sounded hoarse. "A little."

The painkiller had been ceased to practical, and the pain from the incision was getting more hurt.

Clarence leaned down and kissed the corner of her lips, "I will always be with you."

Stella looked at him, "Noah..."

"Don't worry. The operation was successful. He was sleeping sound."

Stella held his hand back with her tears welled up.

Finally, the day had come.

"Can I go to see him?"

"The doctor said you can't get out of bed yet, so I'll bring you over when the wounds have recovered."

Stella could only nod.

The twins would cry in the middle of the night, efficiently disturbing Noah, so they could only stay separately.

She glanced over towards the cot. "Did you see them? It's two girls."

Clarence softly answered, "When did you know that?"

Speaking of this, Stella was silent for a while.

He had just returned to Conrad Group, busy every day, so Dolores accompanied her to have two maternity check-ups.

The doctor told her that she was carrying twins back then.

Therefore, the risks were much higher.

She later talked about it with Archer, who said it was no big deal as long as nothing wrong happened before the delivery. The operation would take place on time after seven months.

Stella didn't tell Clarence and told Archer to keep the secret.

Otherwise, Clarence would be concerned. He already had been exhausted at work.

The number of children didn't matter after all.

Especially she found Clarence being nervous before she went into the operating room, so she didn't tell him the truth even then.

Now it was all over.

All three children were healthy.

Stella whispered, "You're going to have a fight with me now?"

Clarence was silent for seconds.

He slowed down his tone, "I didn't mean that. I just..."

Stella smiled, "I know. The child has been born. All that doesn't matter anymore."

Clarence compressed his lips together as he tightened his grip on her hand.

The pain and pressure she had endured were more than he had imagined.

Clarence pulled the quilt for her, "Just sleep."

Stella was too sleepy to respond clearly, "Good night."

...

A few days later, Stella could get out of bed and walk normally. There was nothing abnormal except for a slight pain in the wound, which was within tolerable limits.

She went next door to see Noah, who was awake and cooperative with the examination and medication.

He behaved well.

However, he was haggard because of the surgery.

Stella felt pitiful as she watched, and after he finished his check-ups, she gently held him in her arms, "Baby, does it hurt a lot?"

Noah opened his big eyes to look at her and pointed to his wound, "It won't hurt anymore if I blow wind on it."

Stella smiled with her eyes tearful. She leaned down slightly and exhaled at his wound.

Seeing that she was crying, Noah stretched out his little hand to hug her neck, "Mommy, don't cry."

Stella wiped her tears, "Okay, baby, tell mommy when you are uncomfortable, okay?"

Noah let go of her and said cutely, "Sister."

"Sister is sleeping. You eat. Mommy will bring them over later."

Stella said, turning around to get the chicken soup next to her.

Clarence took the bowl from her hand as she was about to feed Noah, "I'll do it. Have a rest."

Seeing him holding the spoon, Stella was worried, "Feed him in sips. He needs to eat slowly."

Clarence nodded and scooped up a spoonful into Noah's mouth.

Noah didn't get angry with him like he used to. Instead, he was obedient, eating one bite at a time.

It was rare and harmonious.

Seeing this, the corners of Stella's lips lifted into a smile.

When Clarence finished feeding, he put away the bowl and said to Stella, "You sit still. I'll go and bring them over."

"Okay."

After he left, Stella scratched Noah's chin, "Do you like daddy?"

Noah leaned into her arms, "I like mommy."

His tone was exactly the same as Clarence's.

Stella's smile was brighter as she rubbed his little head.

Soon, Clarence came over with the cot.

The two little girls were awake with their big eyes opened, looking curiously at their surroundings.

Clarence put them on the bed so that Noah could see them more clearly.

Seeing them, Noah stretched out his little hand. He tentatively poked them one by one on the face, and only after the smiles rose on their faces did he laugh, turning his head to look at Stella, joyful, "Sister!"

Chapter 968-The three kids got along well all afternoon.

The only thing that was not harmonious was that Stella was forcibly carried back to the ward by Clarence.

She muttered in annoyance, "What are you doing?"

"The doctor said that you should lie down and rest."

The words Stella had heard him say the most in the past few days was, "The doctor said."

After being placed on the bed, she said, "I haven't seen you so obedient to the doctor before."

Clarence raised his eyebrows, "It depends on the situation."

At this time, his phone rang. He glanced at the caller ID and went out of the ward.

Stella was half leaning on the bed, bored with her book.

Not long after, her phone also vibrated.

It was William.

Stella picked up, "Dad."

"How are you recovering?"

It was always Clarence who answered William's call.

This was the first time they had talked on the phone since she had given birth.

"Quite well. I've been able to get out of bed today."

"I bought you some nutritional food. It will be delivered tomorrow."

William had said he would come back earlier, but Stella stopped him.

Many people took care of her, whereas he had only Chan by his side.

Stella nodded gently and said tentatively, "Are you okay with Chan?"

William smiled, "The same as usual, spending more time at school. Don't worry. He's doing well, and his tutors value him."

Stella showed a smile.

William added, " I'm sorry I can't be with you. Tell me if there's anything you need."

"I'm fine, dad. I have Clarence, his mother, and Sherry around me. I'm happy. I will be here, waiting for you and Chan to come back together."

It was her only wish now.

When Clarence returned, Stella hung up just in time.

He walked over, "Who called?"

"My dad." Stella looked at him, "I just checked the call log. Did Chan call me too?"

"Yes. He called you when you were in the operating room and another when you were sleeping the day before yesterday."

Although Stella hadn't done anything these days, she felt busy and dizzy. She was about to dial Channing back when Clarence said, "Wait, let me tell you something first."

"Go ahead."

"Tomorrow, we'll be discharged and go to the post-pregnancy center."

Stella frowned, " We agreed not to go."

They hadn't been unified about it since before they had the baby.

Stella wanted to stay here with Noah, but Clarence wanted her to go to the post-pregnancy center to get comprehensive care and nutrition.

Clarence whispered, "I'm here."

"You have to go to the company, and then you'll have to rush about to the center and hospital. It will be very tiring."

Clarence laughed silently, "Make it up to me since you know I'm tired."

Stella felt speechless.

He always could deflect the subject.

There was a knock when Stella wanted to say something else.

"It's decided."

"You."

The next second, Daphne and Donald came in, who carried fruits and gifts and greeted them.

Stella stopped talking and said hi to them.

Daphne put down the things, "I should have come to you earlier, but I went back home a few days ago and just returned today."

As she spoke, Stella's eyes fell on the ring finger of her right hand, raising her eyebrows slightly, and then looked at Donald, who coughed with amusement.

Turbo relationship.

"It's alright. Are you guys engaged or married?"

Without waiting for Daphne to speak, Donald said, "We will get a license tomorrow."

Daphne blushed slightly and tried to change the subject, "Isn't the child with you?"

"It's next door. Clarence will lead you to see it."

Daphne was speechless.

She waved nervously, "Never mind."

Clarence checked the time, "I'll go and bring them over."

As soon as he left, Donald said, "Have a fight?"

"Yeah. Do you offer free divorce assistance?"

Donald was silent.

A woman in a quarrel couldn't be messed with.

He said slowly, "You are spoiled much by Clarence."

Stella said seriously to Daphne, ignoring him, "Don't believe in men's words. No matter how sincere they are before marriage, they are all the same after marriage, so don't be impulsive about getting married. Think carefully."

Donald immediately said, "You're a bit unkind."

Stella looked at him, "Aren't you? Always ask me if you can help me with my divorce lawsuit."

Donald didn't refute.

He finally knew why Clarence had chosen to leave.

An angry woman was too scary.

Donald coughed and said to Daphne, "I'll wait for you outside."

After saying that, he quickly went out of the ward.

Daphne held back her laughter and waited until she heard the sound of the door closing, "Thank you. I will think about it."

Stella only wanted to provoke Donald just now. How could they have come this far without thinking it over?

She smiled, "I was joking. Donald sometimes looks quite unreliable, but he is trustworthy."

Daphne nodded and asked, "Did you have a fight with Clarence?"

Stella laughed, "It's not really a quarrel. If it were, we'd be quarrelling eight hundred times a day."

Daphne whispered, "It's good that it's not. I heard that women will easily get postpartum depression after giving birth. You have to say it if you are unhappy. Don't endure."

Stella nodded gently, "Don't worry. I know."

They had a long chat in the ward.

While outside, Donald looked at Clarence sitting in the corridor, "Didn't you go to see the children?"

Clarence coldly glanced at him. Knowingly asking.

Donald sat next to him and sighed, "What a pity. I can't experience this kind of trouble you have. Daphne is..."

Clarence said expressionlessly, "Have you been sterilized?"

Donald was confused.

"Is this something that a human being can say?"

Clarence continued without mercy, "Otherwise, why can't you experience it?"

Donald couldn't retort him.

Chapter 969-The following day, after Clarence had completed the discharge formalities for Stella, the people from the post-pregnancy center arrived.

Only the twins and Dolores were in the ward.

Clarence's eyebrows twitched unnoticed, and he went next door.

Stella was sitting at the bedside, playing with a toy with Noah. They were so joyful.

Clarence leaned at the door and watched before walking in, taking the toy from Noah's hand, "It's bedtime."

Noah pouted and withdrew his hand, ignoring him.

Stella snatched the toy back, "It's not even noon yet. Why sleep?"

"What do children do if they don't sleep?"

The doctor had indeed explained that Noah should rest more.

He had already been playing all morning.

"Baby, you should rest for a while. Mommy will call you when it's time to eat."

Noah obediently answered and closed his eyes.

Stella pulled up the blanket for him and patted him gently.

After a while, Clarence said nicely, "Are you going to sit here until he is discharged?"

Stella didn't want to talk with him.

Clarence sat down next to her and put his arm around her shoulder, "It's okay if you don't want to go today, but you always have to go tomorrow, the day after..."

"I've said I don't want to..."

Clarence eased his tone, "I know you're worried about Noah, but don't forget, those two lying next door are our children."

Stella opened her mouth but could not say anything to refute.

Clarence continued, "If you go to recuperate, they can be taken better care of. They are so young. Can you bear to keep them in the hospital?"

"The operation has been successful. Your duty has been done. Leave the rest to the doctor."

Stella nodded in compromise after a long while.

However, she still waited until she had fed Noah his lunch and lulled him before going to the post-pregnancy center.

Dolores accompanied her the whole time, and Clarence stood there until she was about to get into the car. Then he wrapped her in his arms, "Don't worry, I'm here."

As the weather had not yet turned hot, the wind was tinged with a hint of coolness. Stella wore thickly a densely knitted hat and a scarf, revealing only two watery eyes.

She nodded, "Don't be too tired."

Clarence smiled and let go of her, watching the vehicle leave.

Dolores said as she sorted out the things when they arrived, "Now that you are here don't be paranoid. Your only mission now is to nurture your body."

Stella looked at the two children sleeping next to her and nodded with a smile, "Mom, I know."

Dolores knew her well and added, "You need rest, or you will get depression. You had been before... In a word, take it easy. Clarence, Archer, and so many doctors are around Noah. When you recover, Noah will also be fine."

However, how could Stella be relaxed?

She exhaled slightly, "I will adjust myself."

"That's right. You have suffered so long. Now the light comes soon."

Stella had completely adjusted to the situation by the end of the day.

After feeding the twins, she said, "Mum, there's a nurse here with us, so you can go back and rest."

Dolores had been with her recently, taking meticulous care of her almost every day.

Dolores put the baby back into the cot, "I'm fine. I'll just sleep on the sofa later."

The nurse aside said, "Don't worry. We are all professionals, would keep our eyes on her. Your daughter-in-law is filial."

Stella added, "Right, mum. Go back and bring me some clothes, by the way. I want to drink your fish soup."

Hearing her pampering, Dolores smiled, "Okay, you go to bed early at night. Don't overthink."

Stella agreed, "I know."

After Dolores left, Stella looked at the twins sleeping together in the cot and thought about what Clarence had said this afternoon.

She had never observed them so carefully since they were born.

Clarence was right, they were also her children, but she had given more attention to Noah.

Thinking about this, Stella couldn't resist letting out a long breath.

She indeed had an oversight.

The two little girls' skin had gone from wrinkled when they were first born to being increasingly pink and smooth.

They were like soft, sticky little dumplings.

Sometimes when Stella held them, she felt they had no bones and was afraid of hurting them.

After a few days, Winnie and Sherry came to see her, bringing gifts for the children.

Sherry looked around the room and sighed, "It's so big here. It's the first time I've seen such a big room in a post-pregnancy center."

Winnie teased the twins while saying, "Clarence is always prodigal."

Stella smiled as she sipped her soup and said to Sherry, "If you can get married and have a baby this year, I'll pay for this room."

Sherry was surprised.

Her voice instantly got much smaller, and she wasn't envious, "No, no, thank you."

And then she spoke out of the blue, "Look at you. You've given birth to two at once. How about giving me one?"

"Go and have your own."

“Didn’t you and Daniel go home together for New Year’s Eve and haven’t decided on a wedding yet?” Winnie said.

Sherry bristled, “They’ve all been arranged. I just need to be there on the day of the wedding.”

Immediately after, she continued, “When are you going to have the wedding?”

Stella paused, then laughed out, “How can I? I can’t even wear my wedding dress.”

Sherry was a bit regretful, “I thought we could have it together.”

Her parents felt that since they were getting married, the sooner the wedding was arranged, the better.

Daniel held the same opinion.

“Then tell me in advance when your wedding time is set, and I’ll put off work,” Winnie said.

“According to my parents and Daniel, it should be in May and June. By the way, your father... ”

Halfway through the sentence, Sherry instantly realized Winnie was still here and stopped abruptly.

“Go and have your own.” “Didn’t you and Daniel go home together for New Year’s Eve and haven’t decided on a wedding yet?” Winnie said. Sherry bristled, “They’ve all been arranged. I just need to be there on the day of the wedding.” Immediately after, she continued, “When are you going to have the wedding?” Stella paused, then laughed out, “How can I? I can’t even wear my wedding dress.” Sherry was a bit regretful, “I thought we could have it together.” Her parents felt that since they were getting married, the sooner the wedding was arranged, the better. Daniel held the same opinion. “Then tell me in advance when your wedding time is set, and I’ll put off work,” Winnie said. “According to my parents and Daniel, it should be in May and June. By the way, your father... ” Halfway through the sentence, Sherry instantly realized Winnie was still here and stopped abruptly.

Chapter 970-In fact, Sherry had no particular idea about the wedding.

It was as if she was put on the spot, obviously not intending to get married. Still, her parents kept talking about it when she returned to New Year, so she agreed to it in a daze.

As for the date, her parents were still considering it, and it will be in May or June.

For the wedding photos, she and Daniel went to Canada to take them last year, which she thought was enough, but Daniel didn't think it counted, so they went to Ireland.

In March, the weather in Ireland is balmy, and the sun is bright but not too harsh.

It was perfect for travelling and taking wedding photos.

Sherry said warily before getting off the plane, "Your ex-girlfriends are not here, right?"

Daniel was speechless.

He was silent for a moment, seemingly in thought.

After a moment, he was firm, "No."

Sherry didn't believe him. "It was you who wanted to take photos here, so if you meet your ex-girlfriend, why don't you two take it? I can make it happen."

Daniel took her hand and moved forward, "Don't be silly."

There were no other plans than to take wedding photos during this trip, so Daniel spent all day with Sherry going to many places.

With her camera, Sherry took many pictures of the scenery.

When she first learned photography, she hoped one day she would be able to walk with a loved one through every great sightsee and take pictures of it to commemorate.

She would see an album full of memories when she got older.

At one time, she thought that the person who could achieve her dreams would be Liam.

She had not expected that it would be someone who, at that time, had not yet appeared in her life.

Sherry turned her head, aimed her camera at the man answering the phone, raised her lips and pressed the shutter.

Daniel seemed aware of her gaze and turned sideways to look at her with his eyebrows raised slightly.

Sherry saw his lips move, and he exhaled a few syllables wordlessly.

Sherry's hand holding the camera paused.

Daniel smiled at her and continued talking on the phone.

The breeze was warm, and Sherry could only feel her heart beating violently.

What he was saying was,

"I Love you."

She admitted that she was a person who needed romance.

Daniel was another person who was good at creating romance. Of course, it could not be separated from the self-cultivation of a dandy.

Especially here, which was delightful, and his simple words were more gorgeous and radiant than all the scenery.

Until this moment, Sherry suddenly felt that being with him, even if they would eventually divorce, was much more meaningful than her past.

At least, every moment was vividly imprinted on her heart.

Not long after, Daniel came over, "It's windy. Let's go."

Sherry also finished photographing, so she nodded, put away her camera and left with him.

Daniel naturally took the camera, holding her hand as she walked away.

"We've been to so many places. Have you decided which scenery to use?"

Sherry raised her eyebrows, "Children need to make a choice, but I, as an adult, want them all."

Daniel didn't hesitate, "Then take them all."

Sherry felt touched.

Eventually, Sherry chose three places.

Otherwise, she would become the first person to be exhausted to death from taking wedding photos.

Stella successfully finished her post-pregnancy care and returned to the Starry Lake Mansion.

She had just entered the door when she felt some tender touch on her legs, "Mum!"

Stella lowered her head and looked at Noah. The smile on her face widened as she squatted down and rubbed his head, "Baby, when did you come back?"

Last night she asked Archer, who had said he wasn't sure and had to observe.

Clarence came out from behind, "This morning."

"So Archer is deliberately lying to me?"

Archer sat not far away and defended, "Your husband wanted to surprise you. Don't accuse me."

Stella smiled and jumped into Clarence's arms, hugging his waist, "Thank you."

Clarence whispered, "I always believe that actions are more practical than words."

Stella felt speechless.

She twisted his waist in a bit coquettish.

Clarence grinned and held her hand, "Welcome home, Mrs. Conrad."

When she came back, the tasks of taking care of the child seemed to have just begun.

Stella was well supplemented, resulting in a lot of milk.

Usually, people who were pregnant with twins didn't have enough milk. However, her twins ate little, causing her to feel up from time to time and need to use a breast pump to suck out the excess milk.

Breast milk was the best for nutrition, and she could save the excess and feed the babies at home.

In the evening, after feeding her two daughters, Stella felt that there was still some leftover, so she sat on the edge of the bed and used the breast pump skillfully.

Clarence returned to the bedroom and bumped to see the scene.

Seeing him at the door, Stella hurriedly turned back, ashamed and annoyed, "Didn't I tell you to come back later?"

Clarence stepped closer, "I have seen everything."

Stella muttered, "Is that the same?"

She hadn't long given birth and had to breastfeed. Although the nurses and Dolores had looked after her well, she had been lying in bed almost daily to feed the baby. Getting up and walking when she was tired, busy and out of sorts all day.

Clarence had to look after Noah at the hospital and go to the office. Stella had not even allowed him to go to the center, but he still went a few times, but every time, he was told to leave by Stella after an hour at most.

Therefore, he hadn't looked at her lovingly for a long time.

Concerned, he sat next to Stella, "It doesn't hurt?"

Thinking he asked about the wound, Stella said, "It stopped hurting a long time ago."

She suddenly noticed that his eyes were falling on her breasts halfway through her words.

Stella felt speechless.

Rascal.

Clarence lifted his chin to indicate and continued, "I meant this."

Stella put down the breast pump and turned sideways to him to get the tissue to wipe the excess milk. "It doesn't hurt as much as when the baby eats it."

Clarence held her wrist, "Don't wipe it."

Stella turned her head back, confused.

Clarence's knot rolled with his voice low and slow, "I wanna taste it."

Stella's face instantly turned red. What the hell was he doing? It was for babies.

Without waiting for her to refuse, Clarence leaned over and began to taste what he wanted.