

Read Novel Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1011 [Eleven Jewell]

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Stella looked at Keegan as if her eyes were asking, 'What nonsense did you tell Uncle Wenham when I was in the kitchen? When did I ever stand on that for half an hour?'

Keegan answered Wenham's question with a straight face. "Stella learned how to dance, so her muscles are more flexible. She can even stand on there for several hours.'

Stella was speechless.

Wenham had completely forgotten the pain in his calves as soon as he heard what Keegan said, and he hurriedly asked, "You learned how to dance before?"

So, Stella said, "Just for a few years when I was a kid. However, I don't really remember what I learned during the classes. I'm not good at it."

Wenham noted that down inwardly and continued asking, "A friend of mine told me that he watched you play the piano on a cruise party previously, and you were good.'

Stella replied humbly, "I'm not really good at it, and I can only play one or two pieces well. I'm nothing compared to your daughter."

Normally, a parent would modestly accept the compliment when somebody else praised his or her child, but Wenham's reaction was different. "It's very impressive that you could play two pieces well. Nobody is good at everything, isn't it?"

'Hm... that makes sense too.

'Stella, do you have any favorite food?" Wenham asked.

Stella paused for a moment. Wenham immediately realized that his question seemed a little abrupt, so he quickly explained, "You know that Trevor's grandparents are big fans of yours, right? They're coming over soon and they want to see you. I thought that it would be nice for us to have a meal together. However, I don't know what you like to eat and what ingredients to prepare."

Keegan was confused. 'Trevor's grandparents have been living in Salcator for so long, and they're coming all the way to Rivera just to see Stella?'

Keegan thought that Wenham's reason was a little far-fetched. It would be more convincing if Wenham said that they were coming to see Trevor's girlfriend instead.

'Is their whole family going to work together to steal Stella away from me?' Keegan became more alert as he thought about that.

Keegan interrupted before Stella could say anything, "Uncle Wenham, when will they be here? It's been so many years since I met them. I would also like to see them and extend my hospitality if it's possible."

Wenham frowned and he was very annoyed by Keegan interfering in his conversation with Stella. "It's a family gathering. I'm afraid that won't be possible."

'Family gathering?' Keegan repeated the two words and asked directly, "Isn't it a family meeting?"

Wenham kept quiet for a moment before he responded, "Is it wrong to bring Stella to my family gathering?"

Stella already did not feel like going and she immediately said after hearing Wenham's words, "Uncle Wenham, it's not appropriate for me to attend your family gathering. I'll pay them a visit personally to take a photo with Trevor's grandparents some other day. In that way, they won't have to travel all the way here at their age. I don't feel so good about it anyway."

Wenham started to panic a little after hearing that Stella would not be going.

He made a promise to Trevor's grandparents that he would take Stella there, and their trip here would be in vain if Stella could not be there. They had a very clear purpose-to bring Stella back into their family.

Wenham quickly said, "What's so inappropriate about that? Don't put so much pressure on yourself. They had planned on staying in Rivera for a short while anyway. After all, they have been aboard all these years, and they miss Trevor very much too. Since you're also in Rivera now, why don't you spend some time with them on behalf of Trevor? Aren't you two very close?"

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Wenham's face darkened. 'When did I say anything about canceling her jobs? Am I not asking for her opinions now?'

'Oh,' Keegan said before asking Stella, "Do you want to go?"

Obviously, Stella did not feel like participating in other people's family gatherings, so she said tactfully, "Uncle Wenham, I'll not be attending if it's a family gathering. Your family is not going to feel comfortable with an outsider among them too. I'll visit Trevor's grandparents some other time if they really want to see me."

Wenham did not like that idea at all. So, he said, "It's not really a family gathering. We're just going to have a meal together. It's nothing formal."

Stella replied softly, "Didn't you say that it's a family gathering and rejected Keegan from going?"

Wenham kept quiet for moment before he replied, "I... I just thought that he'd be too busy to come."

Keegan immediately chimed in, "I've not been busy lately. I can free up my schedule when Trevor's grandparents are here."

Wenham pursed his lips and said reluctantly, "Come along if you really have the time then.'

'Thanks for the invitation, Uncle Wenham.'" Keegan said.

Even though Wenham was unhappy about Keegan tagging along, it did not dampen his joy upon seeing Stella. With Luna as their common topic, Wenham was not worried that he would have nothing to talk about with Stella. He could not wait to find out everything about Stella in the past twenty-plus years, including her likes and dislikes, the schools she went to, what kind of hardships she suffered, and whether her parents treated her well...

However, none of these questions seemed to matter anymore as soon as he saw the bright smile on Stella's face.

It was the greatest blessing from above the fact that she could stand in front of him in good health. As for her hardships and sufferings in the past, Wenham was going to make up for them in the future.

But the things he talked about with Stella mainly revolved around Luna.

With his own explorations and Keegan's guidance, Stella knew literally everything about Luna, and she could explain each of its features in detail.

Wenham's affection for Stella grew even stronger when he saw how confidently she spoke about Luna.

Stella began asking more about Wenham's habits and personal preferences after talking about Luna.

She asked everything from what time Wenham would get out of bed and sleep at night to what time he would usually exercise and eat.

Wenham was surprised, but he answered all her questions anyway, wanting to communicate more with his daughter.

Stella said, "After you feed all this information to Luna, it'll be able to work as an alarm or even your personal assistant. I remember forgetting to bring a document with me after I left the house, and Luna sent it to me through remote scanning."

Wenham saw how much she talked and immediately handed her the cup of water beside him.

Stella took a sip and asked, "Uncle Wenham, what do you think of Luna?"

Wenham's mind was not on Luna, so he said offhandedly, "It's great. Luna is actually a lot better than what I've seen previously."

Stella put on a smile. "Keegan and his team put a lot of effort into developing Luna. It's probably more intelligent and advanced than its competitors in the global robotics industry."

"Oh, that's impressive."

Wenham became a little uninterested when he heard her mentioning Keegan.

However, Stella was very enthusiastic as her eyes widened. "Would you like to place a pre-order for one unit then?" She asked.

Wenham was taken aback.

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'It's going to be globally exclusive. Keegan hasn't started mass producing it yet, so if you want one, I'll get him to customize one for you. Don't worry about the price, I'm sure that he'll give you the best offer.' Stella paused before asking tentatively, "So, what's your decision?"

Wenham kept quiet. He did not expect Stella to only say so many things to him because she was just pitching Keegan's product.

Wenham's heart ached. He lamented inwardly, 'Why is my daughter so silly? She was left with nothing after the divorce, yet she's still helping that brat with his business?'

Stella figured that her intentions were too obvious after seeing Wenham's silence, so she cleared her throat and said, "I was just asking. You don't have to take it seriously."

Wenham could never have to heart to put his precious daughter in an awkward position, so he immediately said, "No, I was just thinking how many units I want."

Stella was shocked!

'Do you need them for any other purposes?'

Wenham replied, 'I'll have one at home, one at Trevor's grandparents' home, and another one at my office to look cool. So, at least three units.'

Stella's eyes sparkled. "Are you sure you want three?"

Wenham's mood brightened up too after hearing the excitement in Stella's voice. He nodded and said, 'I'll have three for now.'

Stella nudged Keegan. "Did you hearthat? Get it down now.'

Keegan glanced at Wenham and said flatly, "Sure. I'll get someone to contact you later. We're going to need an initial deposit."

Wenham paused. He looked back at Keegan as his smile faded slightly. "Don't worry about that. However, I have a question. Does Stella get a cut from this deal that she closed for you?"

Keegan paused and said slowly, "She can have the boss if she wants."

Wenham and Stella were speechless.

Stella was not sure if it was just her, but she felt like Wenham's got unhappier after Keegan said those words and left shortly after.

Keegan asked as soon as Wenham left, 'Did you feel like Uncle Wenham seemed to hate me a little?'

Stella gazed at him. 'That's because you couldn't stop talking. How could you keep interrupting when he was asking me questions? He's an elder, after all. It's not wrong for him to have a temper.'

Even though what Stella said made sense, it could not be applied to Wenham.

Wenham was not someone who could hide his emotions well.

Keegan could tell that his dissatisfaction toward him came from Stella.

He figured that Trevor's grandparents' visit to Rivera this time could probably be an opportunity to unravel the mystery in his heart.

Stella rested for the morning and went back to the set in the afternoon.

Felicity, on the other hand, finished writing her resignation letter too and sent it to the company's email. It was approved very soon later, and she was instructed to complete the resignation procedures as soon as possible.

After seeing how soon the company replied, Felicity could not help but wonder if there was someone on the other side of the computer just waiting for her resignation letter.

When Felicity got everything done, it was already eight. She knocked on the door of unit 902 while holding her bolster and a small blanket in her hands, ready to stay up late with Vermont to boost her rank.

However, no one answered the door after she knocked for some time. She called Vermont, who then told her to enter the house directly as he would be out in a while after showering.

Felicity asked, "What's the passcode?"

Vermont said, "Quit pretending. You've come here with me so many times. Haven't you seen me entering the passcode? You probably even know my bank card passcode."

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Felicity said, "I had to ask. What if something went missing and you blamed it on me?"

Vermont chuckled. "I'll just sell you to compensate my loss then."

Felicity scoffed. "Well, everything in your house has to go missing first then." She continued impatiently, "Hurry up. I still have to go to the company tomorrow morning. I can't stay for too long."

'Got it. Come on in."

Felicity hung up, entered the passcode, and went inside.

There was a faint fragrance inside, and a pot of butterfly orchids with green leaves and snowy petals emitted a pleasant aura at the entrance.

When she was changing her shoes, she subconsciously looked at the shoe cabinet. She saw several rows of men's shoes and she took the only pair of women's slippers inside. It was a pair of pink slippers with fluffy rabbit ears.

They were bought by Vermont after Felicity complained about his home slippers being too big and uncomfortable for her to walk in.

She even mocked Vermont's taste back then, but she realized that the design actually looked not bad after some time.

For some reason, she felt relieved after knowing that there was only a pair of women's slippers in the shoe cabinet.

She walked past the entrance and cautiously walked inside.

The house was neatly organized and there were several scented candles lit on the coffee table. The dining table had a vase with two roses, red and white each, giving a classy touch.

Vermont just knew how to enjoy the materialistic things in life.

Even though he lived alone, his house was always spotless.

Felicity initially thought that Vermont had a part-time maid who came regularly to clean his house. However, after getting close to him, she only found out that the part-time maid would only come every Wednesday and Saturday, which meant that Vermont took care of the cleaning for the other days.

Vermont had OCD, and he could not bear to see his house in a mess. When she fumbled through his collection of classic books, he would immediately start putting them back in place as soon as she messed the order up. He had to arrange every book at the same angle, and Felicity could never understand what that strange habit was of his about.

She placed a pillow behind her waist and sat cross-legged on the sofa. Then, she started logging into the game on her phone.

As soon as she logged in, she heard Vermont's voice coming from the bathroom.

'There are drinks in the fridge. Take whatever you want. Also, grab me two bottles of beer.'

'Okay,' Felicity said before putting down her phone and going to open the fridge.

The fridge was filled with alcohol, drinks, and bottled water. The only food inside was a slice of bread stuffed in the corner, and Felicity had no idea how long it had been there.

It had only been a little over one week since the last time and she could not figure out where all the food went. There was a supermarket right downstairs, and it was extremely convenient for him to just grab some groceries. 'How does he live like this?'

Felicity took out some drinks and two bottles of beer and closed the fridge door. She thought for a while, took her phone out, and called the owner of the supermarket downstairs.

After a while, the employee working the night shift at the supermarket came knocking at the door with bags of groceries in his hands.

Vermont has just done showering. He grabbed a towel and dried his hair with it before coming out in a bathrobe.

There was no one on the sofa, but he saw the panda bolster that Felicity would always hug and her little blanket all over the sofa.

He was still wondering where Felicity was when he heard some noise coming out of the kitchen.

Vermont dried his hair as he walked toward the kitchen.

In front of the fridge, he saw a tiny figure busily stuffing food inside.

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There were various types of vegetables, fruits, snacks, some frozen tacos, and ready-to-eat meatballs.

Vermont froze and stood there in place. He watched how quickly Felicity filled the previously empty fridge with all those foods.

He had multiple siblings. Even though he was the youngest one, he did not particularly receive the most attention from his parents.

He did not grow up with his parents by his side and he was not very close with his siblings either. Also, his parents often criticized him for the “bad habits” he developed while living in the countryside.

So, he moved out after getting into a university. In all these years, he had been living alone, and he would only return home for a day or two when there was a special occasion.

However, even those mere two days would be suffering for Vermont.

His parents would take pride in his achievements and boast about him to his relatives, thinking that their child had succeeded in life. However, they would not show him any concern at all. They did not care about the hardships he went through to get where he was, nor did they care about if he had eaten or rested well while busy working.

Not only that they would make a lot of comments about his lifestyle, but they would also urge him to settle down and start a family. Then, they would introduce some young ladies from different wealthy families to him. Also, they never seemed to notice that his fridge was always filled with alcohol when they took something from inside.

Perhaps they did notice, but they just did not care.

Even his exes who claimed to care about him would only verbally ask him how he was doing without actually doing anything to ensure his well-being.

Felicity was the only person who would always stuff Vermont’s fridge with so many things whenever she was there.

Although it was all bought with his money.

After putting the last item into the fridge, Felicity stood in front of it with both of her hands on her lips, finally feeling satisfied.

She closed the fridge door and saw a person standing at the entrance of the kitchen. She was startled and her heart almost jumped out of her chest.

'What's wrong with you? Why didn't you tell me that you were done? You scared me!'

Vermont was delighted when he saw the angry expression and big eyes on her face.

He crossed his arms and leaned against the fridge door. Then, he smirked and said, "Miss Bandit, I realized that even though you don't have a lot of feminine charms, you're a very virtuous woman. You can cook, do chores, and even play games with me. You're like a complete package.'

Felicity's eyelid twitched when she heard Vermont saying that she did not have a lot of feminine charms. "You look like a normal person, but why just can't anything nice come out of your mouth?"

She picked up the supermarket bags from the floor, bumped him out of her way, and left the kitchen.

Vermont rubbed the spot where she bumped into. Then, he chuckled and went after her. "I said so many things, yet that was the only thing you picked up on. I gave so many compliments.'

Felicity scoffed. 'I don't see that as a compliment at all. Weren't you just saying that other than cooking, I know nothing else? Would you be happy if I said the same thing to you?"

Vermont sat down beside her. "You're just twisting my words at this point. I was genuinely praising you. Aren't girls like you every man's ideal wife?"

Felicity glared at him. 'A person that can do chores, be slept with, and give birth to babies is every man's ideal maid."

Vermont was rendered speechless by Felicity's strong statement.

'This is pure stereotyping. Just because I appreciate a woman who can cook, it doesn't imply that she cannot pursue her own career. Cooking can be a passion for her without it being an obligation. I'm perfectly capable of living without someone cooking for me, and I value quality time spent with a partner, where we can both cook and enjoy meals together."

Felicity was taken aback for a moment and then responded, "Why do I get the impression that you only prefer women with large breasts who spend their time exclusively in nightclubs?"

Vermont was left speechless again.

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Vermont wanted to defend himself, but after thinking about it, he realized that all his exes fit Felicity's description.

So, he said, "Well, that'll just be a bonus on top."

Felicity glowered at him. "What a playboy!"

Vermont chuckled. "Isn't this a double standard? Don't you watch short videos of guys showing off their abs too? You like people with good figures just like me."

"How am I like you? I'm only watching them for inspiration, but you actually get your hands on them!"

The edge of Vermont's mouth twitched. "You looked at those men's abs for inspiration? What kind of script are you writing?"

Felicity put on a scornful look. "Are you implying that I write erotic stuff? I'm only watching those videos to sharpen my observational skills, okay?"

She continued proudly, "I'll tell you what. My new script's opening has been accepted, and they said they're going to sign the contract once I finish the entire script and there are no problems with it!"

Vermont felt happy too when he saw the excited look on her face. Then, he asked, "What is the story about?"

"It's a workplace drama." Felicity smiled as she spoke. "It mainly focuses on doctors. To be honest, Doctor Steven gave me a lot of inspiration and things to write about."

The smile on Vermont's face slowly faded away. "I see," he said nonchalantly before adding, "It's better not to write about professions like doctors that require a lot of specialized knowledge. You can make a mistake very easily. There are just too many workplace dramas that ended up badly in recent years."

Felicity was not worried at all. "Doctor Steven agreed to be my professional consultant. I can just ask him if I'm faced with any difficulties or issues related to the profession."

"Is the main character based on him?"

“Ah. Doctor Steven is already a deputy chief doctor despite his young age. I couldn’t think of any other people who have a better story to write about.”

The look on Vermont’s face looked worse. “I owned a few companies despite my young age too. Why don’t you write about me instead? Being an entrepreneur is so much more interesting than being a doctor.”

Felicity swept her gaze across him. “You? I’ve thought about it too, but you looked too much like a playboy. I would think of your countless exgirlfriends whenever I try to write something about you. People nowadays prefer a loyal protagonist. You and your eventful love life made it impossible for you to be a male lead in a modern drama.”

Vermont frowned. “Playboy?”

“Yeah. Just like a waiter in the Sapphire Clubhouse who has a seductive face that constantly wants to lure women into his bed.”

Vermont kept quiet for a moment before he said, “Are you calling me a gigolo?”

Felicity immediately said, “You said that yourself, not me.”

Vermont’s face darkened. “I’m not a fucking gigolo!”

Felicity realized that she might have gone too far with the way she described him after seeing Vermont’s upset expression. So, she quickly shook his arm and said, “Come on, don’t be angry. I just couldn’t find the right word to describe you. You’re actually pretty attractive. However, you just happen to give off a vibe of being a playboy who sleeps around with women and then dumps them.”

Vermont did not know what to say. “Thanks, but you’re not making me feel any better.”

Felicity could not help but laugh out loud after seeing his furrowed brow and unhappy expression.

Vermont glowered at her. “You still have the nerve to laugh?”

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Felicity said, “Come on, Mr. Snyder, be more like a gentleman. I didn’t get mad when you said that I lack feminine charm, right? Although you look like a playboy, you’re actually a very trustable friend. After all, I’m not dating you, so you being a playboy doesn’t affect me at all. We can still get along well as friends.”

Vermont paused. The phrase "I'm not dating you" sounded very particularly unpleasant to him as he suddenly felt a stifling sense of frustration inside.

He scrunched his face and said while gritting his teeth, 'Like I would be interested in dating you!'

Felicity did not notice that he was throwing a tantrum and thought that he was simply arguing with her as usual. So, she said playfully, "You're right. Mr. Snyder is known to have high standards for women. How could my short legs ever be good enough for him?"

Listening to her self-deprecating words that were meant to cheer him up, he felt even worse.

He thought to himself. 'Yeah. I have no idea why I would lower my standards to the point where I can't stop thinking about your short legs. Even worse, you're so oblivious that you can't tell that I have feelings for you.'

"Okay, okay. Stop being angry. I'll treat you to a Yostrainian meal after I receive my first payment. I'm going to take you to the newly opened Yostrainian restaurant in Northgate and order everything on the menu. I'm going to show that snobbish owner what I'm made of!"

Vermont suppressed his frustration and asked, 'How did that owner offend you?'

"He didn't really offend me, but he would always give me this weird look whenever I passed by his restaurant."

Felicity even started imitating him as she spoke.

"He would roll his eyes to the back of his head as if he was saying that I'm too poor to be eating there."

Vermont's frustration disappeared and he could not help but laugh. "You think that he looks down on you, yet you still want to spend money in his shop? Did he save you in your past life or something?"

Felicity paused. "I... I just want to show him that I'm not poor."

Vermont sat upright and leaned closer to her. Water droplets fell from his damp hair. Then, he lifted his dashing eyebrows and said with a smirk, "At this point, you're just giving him money. Not only that he'll continue to look down on you, but he'll probably think that you're an idiot too."

Felicity became unhappy upon hearing that. "Do you have a better idea then?"

Vermont's lips curved even more as his gaze turned cold. "If I were you, I'll start a funeral business right next to his shop. I'm going to sell mortuary supplies and blast mourning music all day long. I'm sure that his shop will be closed within a month.

"His store has a five-year lease contract worth about three million dollars per year. Assuming that his renovation costs another million dollars, in addition to other expenses, I can't even imagine how much money he'd lose. Even if he wanted to sell his business, it would be difficult with a funeral supply store next door.

Felicity responded, "You're wicked." She only wanted to embarrass the shop owner, yet Vermont planned to ruin his life instead.

But the landlord may not rent you a shop if you're going to start a funeral supply store there. He has to think about other potential tenants too, right?"

Vermont said, "I'll just rent all the other shops as long as I can teach the restaurant owner a lesson. I'm pretty sure that the landlord will be more than happy to do that."

'A rich man's revenge.' Felicity thought for a while and said, 'You're not going to be so mean to me if I ever offend you, right?'

Vermont smirked and pinched her cheek. "That's hard to say. So, you'd better show me some respect and stop being so violent to me."

Felicity immediately said, "I'm not that bold. You've got to be very tired after taking such a long shower. Let me give you a back massage."

Vermont looked at her and said, "Sure." Then, he took off his bathrobe, revealing his muscular body as he turned her back against her and said flatly, "Press harder. My back has been very stiff lately."

Felicity was speechless.

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'What? I didn't mean it!' Felicity's thoughts raced inwardly as she observed Vermont's well-defined back. "Does he really think we're that close?" Her heart pounded with a mixture of confusion and anticipation.

Despite being nearly the same height as Keegan, Vermont possessed a slightly leaner physique. However, once he removed his clothing, his well-defined muscles became

apparent. It was evident that he maintained a regular gym routine and was in excellent physical shape.

Felicity had spent a considerable amount of time working on set, witnessing numerous “impressive scenes.”

Especially in recent years, her company had been producing drama series targeting young adult audience, featuring mostly popular young heartthrobs.

Those guys had fair and soft skin. However, once they removed their clothes, many of them resembled boiled chickens, while others appeared skeletal.

While their bodies displayed some degree of muscle, it was primarily due to their slimness. When they wore the shirts provided by the production team, their narrow shoulders and slim waists made them resemble children wearing adult clothing, completely out of proportion.

Nevertheless, their loyal fans continued to shower them with praise for their “appealing” physiques, which led Felicity to question her own sense of aesthetics.

In the past, whenever a male actor had to film a scene revealing his upper body, everyone would eagerly gather to watch. However, times had changed. Nobody seemed interested in looking at broomsticks anymore.

Vermont was not bulky either, but he was very well-built. One could tell that he had an impressively low percentage of body fat and every muscle on his body was well-defined. He could easily be a live model for a medical school teaching human muscle. His figure was the kind that every normal person should be fond of, no matter age or gender.

“Quick, what are you waiting for?” Vermont said and snapped Felicity back from her thoughts.

She coughed and tried to mask her unrhythmic heartbeat before saying, “Coming.”

She stretched her fingers as she spoke. Then, she placed her hands on Vermont’s shoulders and started massaging him.

“Mr. Snyder, do you need me to press harder or does this feel okay?”

“Hm.” Vermont squinted and replied after a while. “Go harder.”

“Sure thing.”

Felicity began massaging harder as she asked, “Are we going to the office at the same time tomorrow?”

Vermont said with his eyes closed, "No. You go first, and I'll come later."

"Why? How am I going to embarrass them without you by my side?"

"You've got to make them proud and feel like their plan worked for a moment, thinking that they finally managed to make you resign. Then, I'll make an entrance to shock them. In that way, you'll feel a lot more satisfied." After saying this, he added disdainfully, "Are you really a scriptwriter? You don't seem to know anything about writing a satisfying revenge story."

Felicity scoffed. "That's not the genre I'm good at anyway."

She could not help but touch Vermont's back muscles as she spoke. "Tsk, look at this back. It's a shame that I don't have the cupping tools.

Otherwise, I wouldn't mind giving you a few cupping marks."

Vermont felt a little sore as he cleared his throat and said, "You know how to do cupping?"

Felicity immediately replied, "Are you underestimating me? What is it in the world that I can't do?"

Vermont paused. Then, he turned around and said. "I have cupping tools at home. Let me get them for you."

Felicity kept quiet.

Obviously, she knew nothing about cupping. She was just saying that because she needed an excuse to touch his muscles. She was not expecting him to actually have the tools at all.

Shortly after, Vermont returned with a full set of cupping tools and placed the box on the coffee table. Then, he said to Felicity, "Everything you need is in here, right?"

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Inside the box, there were not only cupping tools but also a back massager and essential oil.

Vermont was too lazy to go to the shop for a massage session sometimes, so he would call a masseur to come to his house. It was nothing surprising that he actually had all those things at home.

Felicity realized that she had gotten herself in trouble as bit the bullet and said, "I would've thought that you run a massage parlor if I don't know you."

"Cut the nonsense." Vermont threw her a lighter and said, "Come on, show me how good you are."

He lay flat on the sofa, exposing his entire back.

Felicity looked at the lighter, then the bottles and jars in the box. She thought about the last time she had cupping therapy and how the therapist did it. She felt like... it was not anything too difficult. 'I only have to do this, then this, and put the jar on his back, right? 'It doesn't require a lot of skills... I guess.'

'What are you waiting for?' Vermont urged her. "We're going to play games after this."

Felicity recollected herself. Then, she took a huge cotton swab and dipped it in alcohol, lit it, and then swirled it inside a jar before quickly placing it in the center of Vermont's back.

After noticing that Vermont did not say anything, Felicity pushed the jar slightly and felt that it was pretty sturdy. Suddenly, she felt like a genius who could place the jar just anywhere she wanted.

Vermont reached for the remote control and switched on the television while enjoying Felicity's service.

The television was playing a trailer for World Peace, which was a show going to be aired on a channel during the prime time next week.

In the past two weeks, World Peace had been on the trending searches of Facebook. The show had not even started airing, yet its marketing and promotion had made it very famous. When it was still in production, the original author of World Peace sparked controversy due to allegations of plagiarism. However, the issue seemed to have fallen apart after getting so much attention at the beginning, but what happened gained the show a lot of exposure.

There were so many people criticizing World Peace previously, but there was hardly anyone mentioning the plagiarism anymore now that the show was about to be aired.

From what Felicity knew about capitalism, she figured that the production team either spent money to suppress the criticism or it was nothing but a marketing strategy to gain traction for the show from the very beginning.

Using plagiarism as a reason to boost a production's popularity had been a very common thing in the industry for a long time.

They would do anything for money, including tarnishing their own reputation.

However, the disgusting about World Peace was due to its excessive and extensive promotion, it overshadowed Stella's debut work, The Palace.

Although the director, Daniel Wood, was known to produce outstanding shows, he did not have a very good relationship with people in the industry. Also, he was not a fan of pulling any publicity stunts or casting high-profile actors in his shows. So, other than the fact that the second female lead of The Palace got on trending searches because of her controversial stance, the other time that it gained a little attention was the internet rumor that Bella's role was stolen by an unknown actress with a strong background.

Even though the production team made an official clarification that they never offered Bella a role, it still gained lesser traction than the rumor itself.

And now The Palace was going to premiere on the same day as World Peace, it had become anything topic for netizens to talk about.

Bella's fans were extremely pleased that The Palace was overshadowed by World Peace's constant promotion.

So, Felicity got very angry when she saw the trailer. "What a rubbish plagiarized show. How could it even be aired? Are the reviewers blind or something? They halted so many other productions, yet they approved plagiarized work! Ridiculous!"

Vermont chuckled. "Well, it's just another money-making drama. It's not targeting the same market as The Palace anyway. Why are you so bothered?"

Felicity replied, "Because their premiers are on the same day. It'll definitely affect the viewership of The Palace by then. If The Palace failed to get a lot of viewers, Stella's future opportunities might be affected. After all, she needs to prove herself now."

Then, she started scolding Bella, "Mistress Young is really getting on my nerves." Felicity suddenly remembered that Vermont was Bella's ex-boss, and he was the reason why she became famous. Then, she got even angrier.

Vermont had no idea what was going on in her head as he said, "The one on the left feels a little loose. Fix it please."

Felicity took the jab off with a tense face. When she was about to put it back, the doorbell rang.

She was startled, and the burning cotton swab fell on Vermont's shorts. Then, the flame started spreading all over.

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Felicity was stunned, and a sharp scream followed. "Ahhh! Your butt is on fire!"

Vermont was confused. Then, he felt the heat on his buttocks after a few seconds. He turned around and saw a tall flame burning on his shorts.

He quickly jumped off the sofa, took off his burning shorts, and threw them aside in a swift motion.

Felicity saw it and quickly walked over to stomp on the shorts, putting out the flame.

She still felt a lingering sense of shock. When she turned around and was about to ask Vermont if he was burned, she saw him standing beside the sofa naked while wrapping her blanket around his waist.

Felicity's eyes widened as she glowered at him and said, "What are you doing with my blanket?!"

Vermont tied a knot with it and swept his gaze across her. "Do you prefer to see me naked then?"

The imagination of Vermont's naked body flashed across her mind as she blushed and kept her mouth shut.

Then, she gritted her teeth and said, "Why aren't you wearing underwear?"

Vermont replied slowly, "It's the same reason why you don't wear a bra at home. It's more comfortable this way."

Felicity was speechless.

Vermont could not help but roast her after saying those words, "Aren't you very good at cupping? How could you light my shorts on fire? I'll probably be burned alive if I didn't react quickly enough."

Felicity felt extremely guilty, and her usual confidence was nowhere to be found as she spoke in a low voice, "I don't know how to do cupping. This is my first time doing it. But I was doing just fine earlier, right? The doorbell scared me and it... just happened."

Vermont looked at her. "Your mistake almost cost me my future generation. I wonder how you would compensate me if something really happened to me."

Felicity lowered her head, looking remorseful. She only spoke softly after Vermont lectured her, "I'll take full responsibility if you were really harmed because of my mistake."

Vermont paused and said nonchalantly, "And how would you do that?"

Felicity replied naturally, "By marrying you, of course."

Vermont's heart skipped a beat as his chest trembled. He felt a tingling sensation spread across and his heart thumped unrhythmically.

However, what Felicity said at the next second completely crushed the excitement in him. "In that way, nobody else would know about your dysfunction. I'll keep this secret for the rest of my life even though it means being a widow," Felicity said guiltily.

The edge of Vermont's eyes twitched.

Then, his face turned pale. He lost his balance and was about to fall.

Fortunately, Felicity was standing beside him and quickly grabbed him." Stinky Cucumber, are you okay?"

Vermont replied with his colorless face, "The burned spot is starting to hurt. ■

Felicity suddenly became anxious. "You were just fine a moment ago. Why does it suddenly hurt now?"

"I didn't feel anything just now, but it's burning now... It's probably a delayed pain."

Felicity panicked. "So you're burned? What to do now? I'll take you to the hospital."

Vermont rejected her. "Do you realize how shameful this is? Are you expecting to tell the doctor my butt was burned during cupping therapy? I'll probably die of embarrassment before I can get treated."

"But we've got to do something about it." Felicity thought to herself. 'If something bad really happened to him because of my mistake, there's nothing I can do to compensate him.'

Vermont looked at the guilty and nervous look on her face and reassured her instead, 'Don't worry. I'll rinse it with cold water in the bathroom first. Let's see if it'll get better.'

Felicity did not have a better idea, so she helped him to the bathroom.

Vermont went into the bathroom alone and Felicity waited outside.

Other than the sound of running water, Felicity could not hear anything else. So, she asked, “Stinky Cucumber, how are you? Feeling any better?”

After a while, Vermont replied, ‘Would you check who pressed the doorbell just now first?’

So, Felicity walked away.

The doorbell only rang two to three times and then stopped.

Felicity opened the door, and expectedly, no one was there. Instead, there was a cardboard box placed at the doorstep.

The edge of Wenham’s mouth twitched. “I’m talking to Stella. Won’t you just keep quiet?” He cursed inwardly, ‘Bla-bla-bla. This brat just wouldn’t shut his mouth! It’s weird that I never realized how annoying he is.’

Keegan’s expression remained calm, and he said in a flat tone, “Stella is an artist under Elegant Media. If you really were to tell her that you would cancel all her jobs assuming that she won’t go, do you think that she’ll be able to turn you down?’