

Read Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1321 [Eleven Jewell]

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Vermont often had a way with words. He was also good with his actions, making it hard to complain. Even Felicity had to admit that her grudge seemed somewhat unreasonable.

‘It seems like I can’t be mad at him now. He’s not to blame when I’m the one who has feelings for him,’ she thought.

As Felicity stepped into the water, Vermont took her hand.” Here. Hold onto me. Don’t slip.”

Felicity’s head was in a mess at that point. In the end, she found herself sitting where Vermont had saved for her.

Following that, Vermont settled beside her and extended his arm protectively around her. “Feels nice, right?” He tilted his head and said.

Felicity was about to answer when Vermont’s well-defined chest appeared before her eyes. She could vaguely see his firm abs under the water.

This sent her into a whirlwind of emotions.

‘Why doesn’t he have a beer belly? Considering his indulgent lifestyle, shouldn’t he be carrying some extra weight? How is it possible that he looks like a fitness model? I’ve been cooking him good food these few days. Why is he still so fit when I gained 7lbs despite eating less than before?’ Felicity wondered.

Little did she know that Vermont had put in extra hours at the gym to win her over. Every day after dinner, he would dedicate two hours to working out to burn the extra calories. He wanted to look his best while trying to capture her heart, and his efforts seemed to pay off.

Felicity’s gaze lingered on Vermont’s physique, her eyes widening in appreciation.

Seeing this, Vermont leaned in and whispered, “Do you want to touch it?”

“Of course... not!” Felicity snapped back to reality, her face red as she glared at him. “You pervert!”

Felicity’s response made Vermont laugh, causing his chest to vibrate and create ripples in the water. “All the other girls are wearing bikinis. Why are you all covered up? It’s pretty hot in here.”

“Do you think I want to be in this? I don’t have a tiny waist or thin legs. I’d be ridiculed if I wore a bikini!” Felicity replied, annoyed.

Vermont was momentarily taken aback upon hearing that. He smiled and said, “You should know that curvy bodies are just as beautiful as slender ones. Plus, the dream bods you see in the media are often unrealistic. Do you think those celebrities actually want to be that skinny? They do it for the camera. Do you know that some only consume carbs once every few days?”

“Why not every day?”

“Because they want to maintain their figure and don’t have time to hit the gym. Their schedules are packed. So, they resort to controlling their diet. Bella Young once went seventeen days without carbs just to appear better on camera. Though she looks good on screen, we both know how she looks in real life,” Vermont explained.

‘Oh, please. She doesn’t even look that great on screen. Her fans are the ones who find her pretty,’ thought Felicity.

Seeing her zone out, Vermont playfully poked her belly, saying, “Women naturally accumulate fat in their lower abdomen more than men because they’re designed to bear children. It’s a protective mechanism for them and the baby.”

“Stop spewing baseless nonsense!” said Felicity as she swatted his hand away.

Vermont chuckled and leaned closer, whispering in her ear, “I find it cute.”

Felicity was not even remotely overweight; she only had a belly that was noticeable when she sat down. She had muscles in her arms and legs and was curvy from the front and back. However, she usually wore casual clothes that didn’t emphasize her figure, like the one-piece swimsuit she was wearing.

Yet even in this modest attire, she still garnered plenty of attention on her way to the hot spring.

Her figure was truly captivating.

Felicity glanced at Vermont coldly and said, "It sounds so weird coming from you. Didn't all your ex-girlfriends have big boobs, tiny waists, and slender legs?"

Vermont was momentarily speechless when he heard that. He cleared his throat and said, "Those were my younger days. Men tend to be shallow and often only go for looks when they're young. But I've matured now."

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Felicity only caught the first part of Vermont's explanation and thought, 'I knew he's into the small-waisted and busty type-a classic playboy.'

Meanwhile, Stella had decided not to get in the water with Felicity and Vermont. Instead, she wanted to swim in the pool nearby.

When Keegan heard about her plans, he immediately wanted to join. "You don't even know how to swim. Are you going to just sit there and watch me? Stay here and enjoy the water. I'll be back after a few laps," said Stella.

But Keegan was insistent. "Teach me," he said.

Stella looked at him and continued, "Didn't you say you don't want to learn how to swim the last time I said I wanted to teach you?"

'Well, I can't just sit here and watch other men hit on you, can I?' Keegan asked himself. Though, he said, "It's good to have another skill in my pocket. You never know when it might come in handy."

Stella thought about it and agreed that having extra skills couldn't hurt. 'Plus, it'd be nice if he could join me in the pool instead of being stuck on shore, just watching me swim all the time.'

"Alright. Let's go," she said.

The pool area was not too crowded. Stella led Keegan to the poolside, where they warmed up before getting in.

Following that, she entered the water and encouraged him to follow.

As Keegan dipped his leg into the pool, memories of his near -drowning experience as a child rushed into his mind. He instinctively pulled his foot back.

Stella held onto his hand and encouraged him, saying, “Take it slow. Step on the steps. I’ll guide you.”

Keegan gathered a ton of courage and slowly dipped his other foot in. Each step was a struggle for someone with a fear of water. But it was not as terrifying as he thought with his lover by his side.

Keegan realized the water only reached his chest once he was fully in it. He could even touch the bottom of the pool with his feet. Feeling the ground beneath him, he gained some confidence. He let go of Stella’s hand and stepped forward. However, he slipped and fell back into the water the moment he did that.

Keegan thought his feet touching the bottom of the pool meant he was safe. However, the buoyant force in water caused it to be dangerous for people who do not know how to swim.

Witnessing this, Stella reacted swiftly and dove in to rescue him. Keegan coughed up some water, holding onto her as he tried to catch his breath. His fair face flushed red from all the coughing.

Once he composed himself, Stella handed him a 20-inch inflatable flamingo and said, “Hold onto this. Let’s start by practicing your breathing.”

Keegan looked at the bird-shaped pool float and complained, “Isn’t this for kids? I don’t want it!”

Stella shot him a glance and said, “No. Most kids don’t use floaties. Only rookies like you, who can’t swim, need them.”

Her words left Keegan taken aback.

“Do you want to learn or not? If not. I’m gonna swim by myself.”

Keegan was reluctant, but he still clung to the unappealing inflatable flamingo.

He paid close attention as Stella proceeded to teach him how to breathe while swimming. But when his head dipped into the water, it immediately popped back up. He grimaced and said, “The water got in my ears.”

Stella was patient at first but grew frustrated as time passed. “As long as it doesn’t get into your brain, you’re fine. Come on. Are you gonna give up?”

Keegan still had some reservations about continuing but wanted to stick around. As he thought hard about how to keep Stella close, a familiar voice sounded from beside them, “Hey, Stella. Wanna race?”

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Stella turned to see Marshall smiling at her in the water not too far away. He wore a short-sleeved swimsuit, no longer concealing his scarred arms that he used to keep hidden under long sleeves.

The sudden change surprised Stella. She had always seen Marshall as someone who was a bit reserved. ‘It must have taken a lot of determination to make such change,’ she thought.

Stella was not one to hold back her praise, so she gave him a thumbs-up and said, “Looking dashing, Mr. Moore!”

Seemingly a bit shy, Marshall looked down, and his ears turned red.

Keegan’s eyes twitched upon seeing that. ‘Why the hell is he blushing?!’ He pushed Stella’s raised thumb back into the water and said, “I’m not done learning yet!”

His reaction left Stella at a loss for words. “You’re never gonna learn how to swim if you don’t get your breathing right, ” she said.

“The water keeps getting into my ears. It’s uncomfortable,” Keegan pouted.

“Then... You can just float around with your flamingo,” Stella said as she let go of him.

After that, she dove into the water and swam a few feet

away. When she resurfaced, she glanced back at Keegan with a smile and mouthed a few words before diving back down.

Marshall could see how exasperated Keegan was and focused his attention on the pool float. ‘Nice bird,’ he commented before swimming after Stella.

Keegan was not happy. He glared at the pink flamingo and had an irrational desire to strangle it.

Stella was a good swimmer. She switched between freestyle, breaststroke, and backstroke effortlessly, maintaining a steady pace.

Meanwhile, Marshall trailed not too far behind.

Stella finally stopped after completing two laps around the pool. It had been a while since she last swam; it was more tiring than anticipated. She might have considered giving up after the first lap if Marshall had not been behind her.

Resting her arms on the pool’s edge, she caught her breath and steadied herself. She then stole a glance at Marshall, who appeared unfazed.

“Don’t breathe through your mouth, and remember to take slow breaths,” he advised. To Marshall, those laps were as easy as walking a few steps.

After a while, Stella’s breathing began to stabilize. Impressed, she said, “Your stamina is quite impressive, Mr.

Moore.”

Marshall chuckled and said, “Back when I was abroad, I participated in swimming marathons. I trained extensively during that time. I guess it’s just muscle memory.”

Stella was shocked to hear that. ‘I didn’t know he was a professional,’ she thought.

“I saw the attorney profiles at your firm before, and it says that you’re into skydiving and scuba diving. You’re quite the thrill-seeker. Is it safe to do these extreme sports?”

“It can be dangerous when doing those activities, but with proper precautions, the rush of the experience often outweighs those risks. Plus, exercising is a great way to release built-up stress,” Marshall explained.

Keegan also often exercised to decompress.

Stella pondered for a moment and asked, “Mr. Moore, you and Keegan grew up together. Was he always this afraid of going into the water?”

Marshall seemed somewhat surprised upon hearing that.” He never told you?”

“Told me what?”

“He had a near-drowning experience as a kid.”

Stella was taken aback. ‘Keegan has never shared this incident with me before. But then again, I hadn’t explicitly asked him about it either. I guess I can’t blame that guy since he only reveals things when prodded.’

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With those thoughts in mind, Stella inquired, “How did he nearly drown?”

Stella found it strange that Keegan had a near-drowning experience when he was younger since Cordelia always kept an eye on her beloved grandson.

“I’m not too sure about the specifics. All I remember is that it was pretty serious, and he was in a coma for three days. He didn’t want to talk about the incident when he woke up, so we didn’t press him for details,” said Marshall.

However, the actual circumstances were even more perilous than Marshall’s account. When Keegan was still unconscious, he was diagnosed to be in critical condition multiple times. Doctors said that the longer he remained in a coma, the higher the chance he was brain dead.

At that point, the Kane family had even started contacting funeral services. Fortunately, Keegan was able to escape from the brink of death.

Given such an experience, it was only natural that Keegan developed a phobia of water. Stella then understood why he was reluctant to swim.

Keegan watched from a distance as Stella conversed with Marshall. Clutching onto the flamingo-shaped pool float, he splashed about for a bit, only to realize he had barely moved a few inches away from where he first started. That was

when he realized the importance of being able to swim. He did not like the fact that all he could do was helplessly watch on the side with his flamingo float as his partner talked to someone else.

Keegan hyped himself up and took a deep breath. He submerged himself in the water while recalling what Stella had taught him earlier. Initially, he felt suffocated. His fear of water caused him to panic. However, Stella's guidance echoed in his mind, eventually soothing his nerves and allowing him to gradually get the hang of it.

At the same time, Stella would frequently glance at Keegan while chatting with Marshall. Her expression relaxed when she saw him practicing.

But soon, she felt that something was off. Keegan had been underwater for half a minute and had not resurfaced.

Stella's chest tightened, and she quickly swam toward Keegan.

Upon reaching the flamingo-shaped pool float, she saw that Keegan was still underwater. Worried for his safety, she plunged into the water immediately,

Yet, before she could even assess the situation, she could feel a pair of arms wrapped around her waist and soft lips pressed against hers.

Relief flooded through Stella, swiftly followed by annoyance at Keegan's antics. She sucked the air out of his mouth and pulled away from the kiss.

Since Keegan was still a beginner, he quickly ran out of breath. He pushed her away and swam to the surface. He then grabbed onto the flamingo and gasped for air.

Following that, Stella emerged from the water and said, "Hah! You're such a noob!"

Keegan leered at her and said, “That’s because you’re an irresponsible teacher. You literally went off to chat with someone else while you were teaching me.”

“That’s because you couldn’t stop complaining about water getting into your ears,” said Stella with a straight face.

Keegan did not know what to say. He pressed his lips together and mumbled, “I was uncomfortable…”

“Please. You were just playing coy and acting helpless. Did you act this way with your coach when you were learning martial arts? Did you ask him to hold in his arms and coddle you?”

Keegan remained silent. ‘Why would I do that?’ he thought.

“If you want to learn something, learn it right. Don’t think acting cute and helpless will get you out of your situation. You might’ve fooled me earlier, but what’s going to happen when you’re in the water and I’m not there?”

‘I wouldn’t go in the water if you weren’t there, duh!’ Despite thinking that, Keegan acknowledged Stella’s intentions and refrained from talking back at her.

“Does what you said earlier still stand?” he asked softly.

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Stella gave him a sidelong glance and asked, “What are you referring to?”

“You know… When you mouthed that we’d get remarried if I learned how to swim.” Keegan whispered.

Initially, Stella said those words to motivate Keegan. However, after discovering his near-drowning incident from Marshall, she felt it was unfair to put that pressure on him.

“I would still marry you if you don’t, but I do hope you’d give it a try. My mom… I mean, Ms. Spade used to tell me that it’s always beneficial to acquire new

skills. You never know when they might come in handy. Swimming is a useful skill, so it'd be good if you can learn. But if you can't, then no pressure. I can support you in the water," she said softly.

Keegan's heart melted at the sound of that. He gently pulled Stella's hand and whispered, "I'll give it another shot."

"You don't have to force yourself to do it if you're scared. I only asked because I didn't know about your drowning incident," said Stella.

Keegan was surprised. "Did Marshall tell you?"

Stella nodded. "Is everyone aware except me?" She asked, a little annoyed.

Keegan shook his head. "Only a few people know about the incident. My grandma forbade anyone from spreading it out."

"So, what happened exactly?"

Keegan hesitated to tell the story. He paused for a long time before telling Stella everything.

Keegan had nearly drowned at the age of six. Back then, Aurora was not born yet. Despite being the only son, Keegan did not receive much affection from Dahlia. For as long as he could remember, his mother's life revolved around indulging in luxury items and sipping afternoon tea with her friends. They would often discuss shallow topics in an attempt to one-up each other.

Keegan could not fathom why his intelligent father had married such a superficial woman. All that there was to Dahlia was her beauty. She was materialistic, insincere, and arrogant.

She had not been kind to Keegan, nor had she been particularly cruel. More often than not, she simply ignored his existence.

Back then, Dahlia would invite the rich wives in her social circle and their children to celebrate Keegan's birthdays. Even though he was supposed to be the main character, Dahlia would exploit him as a means to showcase her status.

She also used him to marry into the Kane family. Despite not actively participating in his upbringing, she would brag about him to outshine the other wives.

Keegan was a fluent speaker, had a photographic memory, and a remarkable ability to learn. Hence, Dahlia believed her

child had to be the best.

When one of her friends mentioned that their son had won a school swimming competition, she felt she had been robbed of the limelight. In order to reclaim the spotlight, Dahlia falsely declared that her son was an excellent swimmer, too. Driven by vanity, she insisted that he compete against the other child.

At that time, Keegan was too young to understand why his mother did not care for him like Marshall's or Trevor's mothers cared for them. Unable to grasp the situation, he always blamed himself. He would assume he was not good enough, which was why his mother did not like him.

"I told myself that I had to do better to make my mother happy. Seeing that she was excited about the competition, I decided to participate despite having just learned how to swim. Predictably, I lost my balance in the water. At that point, the other child was already way ahead of me."

Seeing Keegan fall behind, Dahlia grew agitated and shouted for him to swim faster.

While he struggled to stay afloat, images of his mother being disappointed and angry at him for losing the competition appeared in his mind.

What happened next was a blur. All Keegan could remember was waking up and seeing his dad sitting beside him with bloodshot eyes. Dahlia, on the other hand, stood far away. When she noticed Keegan was awake, her expression was not one of joy but of relief.

"That was when Grandma decided not to let my mother take care of me anymore," said Keegan.