

Read Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1331 [Eleven Jewell]

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Stella's face was pale as she held onto his neck. "I'm fine. Don't let him get away!" She said in a hoarse yet urgent voice.

Just as she finished speaking, the shadowy figure stood up from the pool of water and made a beeline for the exit.

Keegan sprinted forward, grabbed the intruder by the back of his neck, and forcefully yanked him back.

Stella wasted no time and switched on the lights. Keegan had already pinned the man down on the ground with his hands secured behind him.

Stella walked over and frowned when she saw the person who tried to attack her. "You?"

The intruder was the biracial male stripper who had handed her a drink at the party earlier.

Keegan must have used a bit too much force when he threw the man into the pool of water earlier, as the other party's forehead was swollen.

The stripper tried to explain himself in two different languages, his eyes filled with fear. Stella found him difficult to understand. Annoyed, she kicked him in the lower body and said, "Cut the crap!"

Keegan was stunned.

The male stripper winced in pain. After gathering his thoughts, he finally managed to convey that he was facing financial difficulties and had attempted to steal something to sell for cash.

However, Stella was having none of it. "If you were only planning to steal something, why didn't you flee when you saw me? You literally stood there gawking for so long."

At first, she had assumed the man was Keegan. She waited a few seconds for him to make a move. But when he did not, she realized something was off.

Given that Keegan was extremely clingy, he would not have just stood there without doing anything. Stella noticed that the man was staring at her for a long time, which made no sense if he was only there for some valuables.

The male stripper then claimed that he was startled at first and was captivated by Stella's beauty upon seeing her. "I was tempted to do something else at that moment," he said.

Stella did not believe him. Her patience was wearing thin. She grabbed a vase nearby and advanced toward him. She positioned it right in front of his lower body and said sternly, "I'll ask you one last time. What was your intention in entering this room? Think carefully before you answer. If you lie to me, I can't guarantee where I'll smash this vase. Got it?"

The stripper's face turned even paler upon hearing that. In the end, he could not withstand the pressure and decided to tell them everything.

"Ms. Moore instructed me to do it."

Ms. Moore? Does he mean Molly?'

Stella squatted down to the man's level and used a slipper to tilt his chin upward. "What exactly did she instruct you to do? And be transparent."

The male stripper stammered and took a long time to explain the situation. Finally, he revealed that he had a gambling addiction and owned a significant amount of debt. He had also fallen out of favor with a wealthy woman who had been supporting him. Struggling to pay off his gambling debts, he was willing to jump at any chance that offered a way out.

When Molly approached him, he initially assumed the wealthy heiress had taken an interest in his looks. But instead, she had asked him to drug Stella and take advantage of her. In return, she promised to help him clear his gambling debts.

The stripper was struggling to stay afloat due to his enormous debts. The work he could secure in a month barely covered the exorbitant interest rates that came with the loan. Thus, he was tempted by the offer.

The more Keegan heard his explanation, the darker his expression and the tighter his grip on the man became.

The man's face looked ashen from the pain. However, he dared not make a sound, fearing that he might be incapacitated or killed.

Not long after, Stella finally understood why she had felt so weak after a short soak in the hot spring.

With a somber expression, she asked, "Were there other ingredients in the drug you gave me, or was it just hypnotics?"

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The male stripper did not dare to hold anything back. He stumbled over his words and said, "Th-there was also... aphrodisiac..."

Stella could not believe her ears. 'No wonder I felt feverish and weak after a short soak in the hot spring. It must have been the effect of that substance. If that's what I felt after only taking a sip, then what about Felicity...?'

Stella did not have time to confront the man. Instead, she immediately dialed Felicity's number. But Felicity did not pick up. Stella then dialed Vermont, only to have him hang up the call.

Stella's lips twitched, and she gritted her teeth. "That jerk hung up on me!"

"He's probably with her right now. Don't worry," Keegan tried to reassure her.

Knowing Vermont's behavior, Keegan assumed that he was spending time with Felicity. That was why he did not answer Stella's call.

Trying to alleviate Stella's concern, Keegan added, 'Til give him a call later."

It was all they could do for now.

Stella wanted to extract more information from the male stripper regarding why Molly had targeted her. However, it seemed that the man genuinely did not know the reasons; he was just doing it for the money.

He thought Stella would be unconscious after drinking the alcohol, so when he saw Keegan leave the room, he attempted to sneak Stella away. When he

realized that Stella was not out cold, he panicked and decided to abandon the task.

Stella had never encountered such an inept individual. 'This guy didn't even stay and watch me consume the substance. He just relied on subjective judgment and proceeded with the plan.' However, she had to acknowledge that Molly had lucked out in finding someone this incompetent. Otherwise, she could have been in serious trouble.

Stella's mind was racing. She had not interacted much with Molly before. The only significant encounter they had was at Duncan's wedding, where Stella frightened Molly with a fake mouse.

But, this method of revenge seems pretty excessive,' she thought.

It was clear that Molly wanted someone to witness this incident so that Stella's image would be destroyed.

'Who could that person be?'

As Stella thought about the people around her, a realization dawned on her. 'Is it Trevor?'

Molly had always had a crush on him. Stella noticed this when Molly insisted on Trevor taking her home while she was drunk after having dinner together.

Recalling the male stripper's performance earlier, when Trevor had carried her on his shoulders, Stella wondered if Molly thought she and her brother were a couple. She could not help but burst into laughter. 'I would've given her some credit if she had confronted me directly. But, to resort to such lowly tactics? Hah. Does she truly believe she's worthy of my brother?'

Stella glanced at the trembling stripper and asked, "How much gambling debt do you owe?"

The stripper froze. "O-Over three million dollars," he confessed.

"And your creditor's contact information?"

The male stripper quickly gave her the number.

Stella saved the number in her phone, as she said, "Find an opportunity to slip that substance you used on me into Molly's drink and sleep with her. If you succeed..."

The male stripper assumed that Stella was about to offer assistance in settling his debt. However, her next words were, "I'll spare you. But, if you fail, I'll call your creditor and tell them you're squandering money and not repaying your debts. You must've borrowed the money from loan sharks, right? Do you think their debt collectors would break your arms or legs when they find out about that? Look at your handsome face. With those looks, you could benefit from the ladies for a few more years. But what would they think when you're missing a limb or two?"

The stripper was in disbelief. He did not expect Stella to threaten him.

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The male stripper was well aware of the ruthless tactics used by debt collectors. They lent people money with the intention of getting it back, one way or another. With his only valuable asset being his looks, he was not keen on losing it. But then, there was Molly, the heiress of the Moore family. Crossing her was not a path he could afford to take.

Stella had no patience for his hesitation. "You have three seconds. If you don't answer me, I'll assume you're out and make that call to your creditor," she said firmly.

'Fuck!'

"Alright, alright. I'm in, I'm in!" said the stripper in a hurry.

Stella then signaled Keegan to release him and took several pictures of the male stripper. Following that, she pointed at Keegan and asked the stripper, "Do you recognize him?"

The man shook his head. He did not recognize Keegan outright, but he did seem oddly familiar. His presence exuded an intimidating feeling. The male stripper was more afraid of the silent man than he was of Stella.

“He’s Molly’s cousin, Marshall, the young master of the Moore family. Molly won’t dare to hurt you with him on your side.”

Keegan did not say a word.

Once the male stripper had left, Keegan frowned and asked,

“Did you just tell him I’m Marshall?”

Stella quickly wrapped her arms around him and said, “That pretty boy is unreliable. He’s going to spill everything just to save his skin if Molly ever confronts him. I introduce you as Mr. Moore because Molly won’t dare to challenge her cousin. I don’t want you to get all tangled up in this mess and lose supporters. Let’s just leave the Moore family to deal with it.”

Stella was not afraid of Molly, but Irene was a different story. She loved her daughter and spoiled her. Keegan could not afford to make any enemies right now since he was in the process of taking over the company. Even though he understood this, he was still displeased.

“Wouldn’t it be better to confront her directly?” he pursed his lips and asked, not knowing the manipulative tactics women were capable of.

“She won’t admit it. That pretty boy is so dumb he probably hasn’t kept any evidence. Molly might turn the tables on us if we confronted her.”

With a cold smile, she continued, “Since she’s so in love with my brother, I’ll make sure she never has a chance to be with him!”

Keegan was once again grateful to Stella for deciding not to kill him.

Meanwhile, Molly was waiting for a message from the male stripper. Her friends invited her to play cards together, but she was not in the mood.

Noticing that she was distracted, Jaylene whispered, “What’s on your mind, Molly?”

Molly snapped back to reality, stood up, and stated, “I’m feeling a bit tired. I think I’ll head back to my room to rest.”

However, her friends tried to convince her to stay.

“Weren’t we planning to stay up all night?”

“It’s less fun without you. Stay and play a few rounds with us. If

“Yeah. Let’s play a bit more before you go.”

“I’m really exhausted, guys. I’ll rest for a while, get changed, and come back,” Molly said.

Hearing that, they decided to let her go.

Once Molly had left, someone speculated, “Could Molly be interested in that biracial stripper?”

“What? Which stripper are you talking about?”

“The one who was dancing the closest to Jaylene earlier. I saw her talking to him for a while, and they were being quite discreet.”

“No way! Molly has high standards. She wouldn’t be interested in someone like him. She’s into Trevor.”

Jaylene lowered her gaze, and she recalled the scene she had witnessed earlier. She saw the stripper slipping something into a drink when no one was watching.

“Jaylene, hello? Are you with us?” her friends asked, seeing that she was silent.

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Jaylene returned to reality and asked, “Yeah. What’s up?” “What’s the deal with your brother and Molly? Is there something romantic going on between them?” one of the girls asked.

“I’m not entirely sure. I’ll try to find out later,” Jaylene chuckled.

Molly was on her phone, as she walked out of the elevator and headed toward her room. Little did she know, a shadowy figure was silently closing in from behind. When she swiped her key card to enter, a hand emerged from behind and covered her mouth and nose with a cloth.

Molly immediately struggled. However, the cloth was soaked with a substance, causing her movements to slow down. Gradually, she grew weaker and lost consciousness altogether.

At the same time, it had been around half an hour since Felicity finished her drink. She was beginning to feel weak and sweaty all over.

There were magic performances on the stage. Vermont grabbed her hand, suggesting that they should watch the show. In a daze, Felicity followed him, but her vision was getting blurry. She could not make out what was happening. All she knew was that Vermont's touch felt cool against her skin. She could not help lifting his hand and pressed it to her face.

Vermont was taken aback. He turned his head and saw that Felicity's face was flushed red, as she tilted her head and rubbed her cheek against his hand. "Your hand feels so cold," she said in a soft voice.

In reality, Vermont's hand was of normal temperature while Felicity's face was unusually warm. Vermont noticed this and frowned. He reached out to touch her face and asked, "Are you okay, Miss Bandit?"

Felicity shook her head. "I think I had a bit too much to drink. My head feels dizzy," she replied after a few seconds.

Her body also felt warm. Unexplainably, Felicity had the urge to hug Vermont. However, she had not lost her sense of judgment completely. She realized her thoughts were rather peculiar, so she did not voice them.

Amused by her words, Vermont chuckled and said, "Didn't you claim that you can handle countless drinks? How is it that you're like this after just a few?"

"The alcohol content in tonight's cocktails is probably higher," Felicity replied.

"How strong can cocktails be?" Vermont draped a towel over her shoulders and said, "Come on. I'll escort you back to your room."

Felicity mumbled in agreement, and he led her along.

The party was filled with youngsters who were night owls. Many had not returned to their rooms yet, so the corridor was mostly empty.

Felicity managed to walk on her own at first. But, over time, her head grew heavier, and her limbs became weaker. By the time they reached the elevator, her legs gave way, and she started sliding to the floor.

Vermont quickly caught her and supported her with an arm around her waist.

“Miss Bandit,” Vermont said as he furrowed his brow, visibly concerned. “Are you sure you’re okay?”

‘How could she be this drunk all of a sudden? She was perfectly fine when she was chatting with me a short while ago. Yet, now she can’t even stand on her own?’

Soon, Felicity’s vision became even hazier. She clung onto Vermont’s arms and murmured, “Oh, Stinky Cucumber. Why are your pecs so massive?”

Vermont was confused when he heard that.

Her voice was soft and weak, which was entirely different from her usual self. Moreover, her choice of words was far more suggestive than what she would typically use.

Vermont noticed that her body felt abnormally warm in his arms. ‘It doesn’t feel like a fever,’ he thought.

Vermont had witnessed countless dirty tricks used in his social circle, and he quickly realized that Felicity was not drunk. Instead, she was intoxicated with a foreign substance.

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Vermont’s face darkened at the realization that Felicity may be under drug influence.

When the elevator doors opened, he swiftly bent down, scooped her up, and carried her in.

Felicity could not help but nuzzle her face against his chest, as she was held in his arms. Her nostrils were filled with the smell of his masculinity.

Vermont was shirtless. The soft touch of her lips against his skin caused an involuntary shiver to course through him. He clenched his jaw, and his Adam's apple was bobbing. He then warned her in a low voice, "Stay still."

Not fully comprehending the situation, Felicity frowned and said, "Who are you to order me around, you Stinky Cucumber?" She then pinched his chest and continued, "Stop acting so innocent. Why can't I touch you when all your other girlfriends have touched you before?"

Her question left Vermont stunned. "Just behave, or there will be consequences," he said.

Felicity, who was still a bit dazed by the effects of the drug, did not quite grasp the gravity of his words. She rubbed her body against his, trying to alleviate her discomfort.

Soon, they arrived at the floor. Vermont opened the hotel room door and gently laid Felicity on the bed. When he stood up, Felicity hooked her arm around his neck and

pulled him toward her.

Vermont's heart raced in an instant. He never had a girl he cherished lay beneath him entirely defenseless. The aphrodisiac in Felicity's system had also caused her to unconsciously emit a seductive charm. It was truly a test of Vermont's self-control.

Feeling uneasy, Felicity clung to him and murmured, "Vermont, I feel a bit weird."

"How so?" Vermont asked in a husky voice. His warm breath brushed against her ear, sending shivers down her spine.

Felicity instinctively recoiled, feeling somewhat fearful. However, the effects of the drug compelled her to get closer.

"Did... Did it feel good when we made love for the first time?" she asked.

Vermont was at a loss for words. 'Fuck! Does she even realize what she's saying?'

He did not have an answer. He was completely out of it that night. He only realized what had happened when he woke up the next morning and saw the bloodstains on the sheets and Felicity's thighs.

He had not considered this question before, but Felicity's inquiry triggered something in his mind. This then led him to have a subtle physical reaction.

He thought about it and said, "I don't know. I assume it felt great."

Felicity licked her lips upon hearing that. When Vermont thought she would invite him to spend the night, she said, "It's such a shame you'll never get to experience that feeling again."

'What the hell?' thought Vermont.

Just as he was trying to regain his composure, Felicity suddenly placed her hand on his crotch and whispered, "Let me wake him up for you."

Vermont froze right there and then.

With an innocent face, Felicity started giving him a handjob.

Vermont clutched onto the bedsheet tightly, and a mental battle raged on within him. 'Should I hold back when an opportunity is presenting itself? But I don't want to take advantage of her when she's in such a vulnerable state.'

Vermont was on the verge of losing it when Stella called. He pinned Felicity's hand down, answered the call, and hung up. He then got off the bed and kissed her cheek. "Stay here. I'm going to get you some cold water," he said.

While the water was running in the bathroom, Vermont could not help but shout, "Coward!"

The person he desired was right in front of him, yet he hesitated to take action. It was not that he was afraid to touch her, but it was more about being unable to cover up the lies he had previously told. He knew he could keep deceiving her if he wanted to.