

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted by Eleven Jewell Chapter 15

Chapter 15

The temperature was high during the day, and the evening breeze was warm. Stella did not hurry back. She went to the terrace on the second floor for the breeze.

Other than the private messages on Facebook, only Felicity sent her a message on WhatsApp asking her where she was and why had not she come home.

Stella replied to her message, [I'm with my mother.]

Felicity texted her back very quickly. [How's Aunt Rainee?]

[She's still the same.]

[That's good news. Who knows what miracles might happen one day and she'd wake up.]

Stella felt a lot better after looking at her comforting message. She replied, [I hope so. I'll go back home late tonight. You should sleep first.]

[All right. If there's anything, just call me.]

Stella replied to Felicity's message with a "love you" emoji.

"Click."

Her surrounding lighted up for a second all of a sudden. Stella turned her head abruptly. There was a man who looked gentle a few meters away from her. He was holding his phone and the phone's camera was facing her. He stared at her for a moment too.

The man froze for a second when he saw her turn her head. He smiled shyly.

Stella pursed her lips. She then got up and walked toward the man. She took his phone and coldly said, "Don't you know simply taking pictures of a stranger is considered violating the person's privacy? What's the password?"

The man was stunned. It seemed like he felt that it was funny. He then said a few numbers, "zero seven one two".

Stella unlocked his phone. She saw that there was only one picture taken just now. It was the night view below, and there was no photo of her.

'The time interval was only a few seconds between the flash and when I came to take his phone away. He didn't have the time to delete photos. So, the only explanation is that he didn't take any pictures of me.'

Stella was speechless.

It was extremely awkward.

'How should I make it up to him?'

Just when she was thinking about how she could redeem her aggressive behavior just now, the man initiated a conversation. "I'm sorry. I just thought the night view below was very beautiful. I'm sorry if you misunderstood."

Stella immediately took the opportunity to say, "No. I should be the one that's sorry. I was too jumpy. I'm so sorry."

She then returned the phone to the man and said, "The picture you took was quite nice. Are you a photographer?"

The man smiled as he said, "I'm not. It's just my interest. I noticed that you were sensitive to flashlights."

Did something happen in the past?"

Stella was not someone who would chat much with a stranger. But, the man's voice was gentle and sweet. He inexplicably made her feel that they were close. She could not help but talk.

“Actually, it wasn't a big deal. A street paparazzi took pictures of me. And, they uploaded the photos on the internet without editing them. It troubled me greatly. So, I'm more sensitive about these kinds of things.

“No wonder.” Marshall smiled, “You're very photogenic. I guess I can understand why the photographer didn't want to edit the photos. But, of course, it was illegal.”

Compliments could make someone feel happy. Moreover, it was a great compliment. Stella felt much better.

Just when she wanted to say something, an orderly called her and said something to her. Stella's eyes lit up. After she ended the call, she hurriedly said “thank you” to the man. Then, she hurriedly ran away as she clutched her shirt.

Marshall was stunned as he remained in place. He then smiled.

When he got back to the ward, Vermont was shouting and asking the nurse to be gentler. He said as he saw Marshall come in, “I thought you wanted to leave me here and leave. My leg was fractured when you left that year. And now, a glass nicked my hand when you came back. You do bring me bad luck.”

Marshall patted Vermont's shoulder as he said, “It's good that you hurt your hand.”

Vermont was at a loss for words.



