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Stella shook her head, "Have you met her before?"

Felicity patted her hand, 'Look at how she dresses. Aren't you the same as her when you had just married Keegan back then? You would wear every piece of jewelry you have when attending an event even though you know they may not make you look good. You just wanted to flaunt your wealth.'

Stella was momentarily speechless. She then retorted, "Let's not remind me of how ignorant I was, okay?"

The people in their social circle despised her for how inappropriately she dressed when she had just married Keegan. Those people even openly mocked her.

Stella had always been rebellious, and the more they made fun of her, the more she wanted to stand against them. She would use Keegan's connections to buy those jewelry and bags they could not buy, and wear them immediately, just to make those people jealous. She enjoyed looking at the sour expressions on their faces.

However, she would always regret it after coming back home. She felt like a fool for spending so much money just to make others feel bitter.

So, she stopped doing it after a few times.

She would have forgotten that embarrassing period if Felicity had not brought it up.

But Kayla wore even more accessories than she did back then.

Putting her clothes aside, her sheer amount of jewelry could easily be worth several houses. She was literally a living bank, which explained why

Chris was so deferential to her.

Kayla only seemed difficult to deal with. Stella bluntly criticized her taste, yet Kayla did not get angry. Instead, after Stella fixed her looks for her, she appeared to be a little unconfident when all her jewelry was removed.

Felicity was right about one thing. Perhaps Kayla knew that how she dressed could be tacky, but the excessive jewelry boosted her confidence.

Stella figured that she had to find out more about Kayla. She had to build her own network and grow her own customer base, as she knew that Darcie would not be so kind as to provide her with profitable clients.

“Stella, I’ll go get some coffee. Wait for me in the car.”

Stella nodded. Then, she gave Keegan a call after getting into the car.

At that time, Aldor was showing Keegan the surveillance footage.

‘Mrs. Kane could be right. This car is not from our company. It drove away not too long after you and Mrs. Kane left. I asked the parking lot attendants and was told that this car came in with Chandler Kane. They thought it was Mr. Kane’s friend, so they didn’t register it.’

Keegan stared at the license plate for a moment before saying, “Send this to Carter and have him check the owner’s information.”

“Oh, by the way, Mrs. Kane bumped into Jackson when she came to the office yesterday.” Aldor paused before saying in a low voice, “Chandler probably already knows now that you and Mrs. Kane have gotten back together.”

“Just let it be then,” Keegan replied coldly. “He always wanted to match Jackson and Jaylene up, right? That’s perfect. He can now be my cousin and also my brother-in-law.”

Aldor was speechless.

‘How hilarious.’

Keegan’s phone rang. His expression immediately changed as he saw it was Stella and answered it happily.

“Hey, Stella.”

However, Stella's tone did not sound very happy as she gritted her teeth and said, "Keegan Kane, you liar! Did you already know that Vermont was faking about his condition and was lying to Felicity?"

Keegan kept quiet.

'What an idiot Vermont is! When did he expose himself?

'And why did he have to drag me into this?' "Stella, listen to my explanation..."

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Explanation?" Stella scoffed. "Well, let's see what excuse you can come up with then."

Keegan kept quiet.

Aldor teased him, "Tell her the truth. Nothing beats honesty."

Keegan glared at him, "Mind your own business!"

"Who are you talking to? Don't talk to Aldor like that!"

Aldor felt incredibly happy that he had chosen the right side. He was glad that Stella defended him.

Keegan pursed his lips and said in a low voice, "Do you know that he gets the highest bonus every time? Other people are even starting to complain."

Stella snorted, "I wonder how many assistants you'd have to hire if Aldor weren't so good at catering to your terrible temper."

Aldor dared not to take credit for that and quickly chimed in, 'Mr. Kane isn't like this at work. He is very fair, and everyone likes him very much for that.'

Keegan glanced at him, and Aldor understood what his gaze was saying: good job.

Keegan figured that he could no longer hide the truth since Stella had asked, so he chose to "betray" his best friend.

"I didn't know it at first, but his acting was simply too fake. So I figured it out."

Stella gritted her teeth, “Why didn’t you tell me about it if you knew?”

“I was worried that you’d accuse me of working together with him. Did you forget what was the first thing you did when they got together? You argued with me and even told the security guard I was a stalker to stop me from entering your house.”

Stella kept quiet.

She remembered what happened. She was worried that Vermont would not be loyal to Felicity and hurt her, so she put the blame on Keegan.

Although it was a little rash, it turned out that she was right. Vermont had indeed lied to Felicity to win her over!

Keegan said, “I just could not figure out how to tell you about it after I figured it out. You would’ve doubted me no matter what.”

‘Don’t try to fool me! You knew they were fake dating, so why did you lie to me about them wanting to live together? Now I know why Felicity looked so strange when I asked if she wanted to stay with Vermont. Did you secretly threaten her?’

Keegan sighed, “Vermont and Ms. Thompson hadn’t made any progress in their relationship, and he was getting anxious about it. He kept asking me for help. He did help me quite a few times when I was pursuing you, so how could I turn him down?”

Keegan paused before continuing, “Although Vermont can be flirty sometimes, he’s a gentleman at heart. Even if he used some tricks to win Ms. Thompson over, I’m sure he would never force her to do anything if she isn’t interested in him.”

Stella remained silent. Then, Keegan proposed a bold idea, “We should meet up with them. I’ll ask Vermont, and you can bring Ms. Thompson.

Then, we can talk about this openly.”

“Are you crazy?” Stella said angrily. “What if they can’t clear things up and end up fighting and breaking up because of this? We’re going to be blamed. Vermont is your childhood friend, and Felicity is my best friend. How are we going to get along with each other?”

Keegan kept quiet for a moment before he said, "What if I suggest Vermont come clean to Ms. Thompson about it?"

'Do it now!' Stella urged him. Then, she suddenly stopped him, "Hold on. Let me ask you something."

'What is it?'

"Do you know who Kayla Wilson is?"

"Kayla who?"

'I'm asking you!' Then, Stella described Kayla, "She's a woman around my age with a cool and elegant appearance. However, she dresses

extravagantly and likes to wear very expensive jewelry. She looks exactly like the nouveau riche."

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"Hey! I'm being serious! Do you know her or not?" "Let me think about it. Kayla Wilson..." Keegan thought about the name but could not recall anything.

Aldor, on the other hand, reminded him, "Kayla Wilson is the daughter of Mark Wilson, the owner of Mark Energy."

Keegan was taken aback, "Mr. Wilson's daughter?"

"Who? Don't whisper. Let me hear what Aldor said."

Keegan had no choice but to put his phone on speaker.

Aldor said, "Mrs. Kane, does this Kayla Wilson have a mole on her eyebrow and wear multiple bangles when she goes out as if she wants everyone to know she's rich?"

"Yes, yes, yes. That's her. Aldor, do you know who she is?"

Aldor chuckled, "She's the daughter of Mark Wilson. I do not personally know her, but Mr. Kane worked with his company before, so I did some background research on their family."

Keegan frowned, "You didn't tell me about it."

"I told you about Mr. Wilson. But when I was going to tell you about his daughter, you told me that you weren't interested in that."

Keegan kept quiet.

Stella praised him, "I knew I could count on you, Aldor."

Keegan glared at his competent assistant, who always managed to steal his spotlight in front of his girlfriend!

Aldor kept quiet.

'Here we go again.'

Stella said, "Aldor, tell me more about Kayla Wilson."

Aldor began telling Stella about Kayla after getting Keegan's pardon.

The Mark Group had been the most prominent energy company in the past decade. Mark Wilson was not originally from Rivera. He started his business in a small city and moved around a lot before finally settling down here.

Mark was not highly educated, but he was passionate about researching, had a good eye, and was lucky. He started his company just when the government wanted to focus on energy development. When other companies struggled during the recession in the past two years, the Mark Group's business had been booming, earning him a fortune. In just a few years, his accumulated wealth made him the top ten richest man in the country.

Kayla was Mark's only child. He spent most of his time working with his wife when she was a baby and did not have the time to care for her. Kayla was raised by her grandparents, who were both teachers. So, she was very well-educated.

When Mark's business stabilized and he no longer needed to travel extensively, he took his daughter back to live with him.

Mark had already reached the top of the business world. Although many people would secretly laugh at him for not attending college, attribute his success to sheer luck, and mock him for being an uncultured bumpkin, all of them were very eager to establish a connection with the Wilson family.

So, his only daughter, Kayla Wilson, naturally became the person they all tried to flatter.

However, she was from a small town. Everything in this new social circle was unfamiliar.

The socialites her age were different from the friends she had. Her school friends were ordinary. Other than studying, they would only talk about the popular shows or the gossip online.

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On the other hand, the socialites dressed fancily; even small accessories like their hairpins could cost thousands of dollars. Their conversation revolved around the other wealthy families in the circle or the things they wore.

Kayla sometimes needed to look up a logo online to know what brand it was, but these people could instantly recognize it and its value with just a glance.

Perhaps she was trying to fit into this circle as soon as possible or to avoid being laughed at. She had been on a crazy shopping spree in the two years since she returned.

She would buy whatever that was expensive or limited.

The Wilson family was rich, and Mark was very indulgent with Kayla.

Because he did not get to spend a lot of time with her due to his busy work schedule, he never stopped her from doing that.

That was why the luxury goods sellers in Rivera loved dealing with Kayla.

Not only was she rich, but she was also easy to fool.

Stella pursed her lips. She found out that Kayla was somewhat similar to her in a certain way.

However, she had already realized her mistake; Kayla was still deeply trapped.

Stella asked, "Are you saying she only dresses that way because she's trying to fit in?"

“More or less,” Aldor said. “She doesn’t have many friends in Rivera. Mr. Wilson needs to attend various business banquets frequently, and he

would bring his daughter along. On the one hand, he wants everyone to get to know Kayla; on the other hand, he hopes to find her a suitable partner.

“You know what the circle is like. It’s not meant for ordinary people at all. Ms. Wilson hasn’t seen anything like that, and no one has ever taught her what is right and wrong. So, she can only blindly follow what others do to try to bridge the gap between herself and everyone else.

“But her so-called friends don’t genuinely treat her as a friend. They only talk to her because their families need favors from the Wilson family. Her friends would pretend to praise her while calling her a country bumpkin and say that she’s trying to be something she’s not behind her back.”

There was much more to it than what Aldor had mentioned. Those people mocked her secretly, but whenever there was an event, they would still invite her because she was generous. She never once dodged the bill and was happy to pay for these people. In their words, she was just a fool.

Stella said in a low voice, “Ms. Wilson doesn’t look like an ignorant person at all. Is she really unaware of this?”

It’s unlikely that she is, but perhaps this is just her way of fitting into the group. Who are we to judge?” Aldor said.

Stella finally knew why Kayla acted so uncomfortably when she removed her jewelry. She did not dress that way to flaunt her wealth. Instead, the jewelry gave her a sense of security. No one would dare mock her openly because a single piece of jewelry she wore could easily rival the expenses of some socialites.

Aldor paused momentarily before asking, “Mrs. Kane, how did you know about her?”

Stella recollected herself and told them about what had happened in the store earlier.

“Aldor, from what you’re saying, Ms. Wilson is very good at promoting products because she is popular among the socialites. They all want to be her

friends. So if she buys things from The Velvet, they would all follow suit just to have something in common with her, is that right?”

Aldor nodded, “Yeah. Despite what they say behind her back, they would still try to flatter her. Mark Energy has grown so much recently, and everyone wants to cooperate with them to get a piece of the pie.”

Stella narrowed her gaze, “I’ve got to hold on to this connection then.”

Darcie must have had the same idea before, which was why she hired such a pathetic designer to cater to every one of Kayla’s wishes. It did not matter how good or bad the design was; as long as Kayla wore it, the socialites would still praise it blindly.

The pieces of jewelry that Barbara designed for her were all large and flashy. They all require high labor and material costs, making them incredibly expensive. Kayla was simply a money tree to them.

With that in mind, Stella asked, “Aldor, do you know the time and location of that banquet Ms. Wilson will be attending tonight?”

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Aldor glanced at Keegan, sitting next to him, looking completely out of place. Then, he cleared his throat and said, “I have no idea, but perhaps Mr. Kane can ask Mr. Wilson about it. He has a good relationship with Mr.

Wilson.”

Then, he pushed his phone over to Keegan and silently stepped aside.

So, Stella asked Keegan in a soft voice, “Darling, can you help me ask around where their banquet is taking place?”

Keegan initially wanted to put on airs, but Stella calling him darling instantly changed his mind.

He cleared his throat and asked, “Why would you want to know about that?”

‘I want to get in touch with Ms. Wilson and get a deal done with her. Also, bring me along whenever you have any events or banquets to attend in the future. I want to expand my network.’”

Keegan said, "You never liked to attend them, no?"

'That's because I didn't want to entertain those nosy and talkative people. But it's different now. I want to earn money from them and don't mind talking to them for hours.'

Keegan was speechless.

"Okay, okay. Go on and ask Mr. Wilson about it and get back to me."

Stella ended the call after saying that.

Keegan felt frustrated. Then, he lifted his head and asked Aldor, 'Is she treating me like a tool now?'

Aldor sighed, "You should be glad she's still talking to you. Don't be so picky. She's not the same person as she was anymore. It wouldn't be difficult for the Saun family to get you replaced."

Keegan's face darkened. He scolded Aldor, "Get lost!"

After that, Aldor left with his tablet in hand.

Meanwhile, Kayla felt extremely uncomfortable once she left the store.

As she entered her home, the maid had a shocked expression on her face as she called out, "Ms. Wilson, you're back."

Kayla thought she must not have looked good after seeing the maid's reaction, which made her hate Stella even more. 'I knew that I shouldn't have listened to her.' With that in mind, she wanted to go to her room and put on the jewelry she had taken off earlier.

She pushed the door open and saw Mark sitting in the living room. She greeted him and was about to head upstairs.

However, Mark suddenly stopped her, "Who designed this outfit for you today? You look much more refreshed than usual."

Kayla paused and walked to the living room, "Dad, you really think I look good like this?"

Mark nodded, "Much better than before. The way you dressed previously made you look like a Christmas tree. I wanted to tell you about it, but your mom stopped me. She was afraid that it would hurt your self-esteem."

Kayla kept quiet.

Mark stood up and scrutinized Kayla. He said, "This is more like it. Simple and beautiful. My daughter is so much prettier than those aristocratic young ladies. I have no idea what your previous stylist has been doing to you. You look so much better now. Who is your new designer?"

Kayla pursed her lips. She felt a little happy, but she did not show it.

'The Velvet, but they have a new owner now. She was the one who helped me," she said.

'The new owner has good taste," Mark said. "Freshen up and come downstairs to eat something. Then, get some rest before we go to the banquet tonight."

'Okay, Dad."

Kayla lifted her dress and went upstairs. When she entered her room, she immediately put her things down and looked at herself in the mirror.

She had not realized how good she looked when she was still in the store but changed her mind after coming back home.

She stood in front of the mirror for more than ten minutes until her phone rang, snapping her back to reality.

"Ms. Wilson, your dress has arrived. I can have someone deliver it if you're not free to come over."