

Read Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1676 [Eleven Jewell]

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Marshall's heart raced, as he said in a low voice, "Hold on tight." Then, he started the bike's engine.

The news of Stella and Marshall "dating" quickly spread among their friends and gained a lot of people's attention.

As Stella's closest friend, Felicity could not believe that she actually heard that from someone else first.

Although she had seen the news online, she did not take them seriously at all.

She figured that Keegan would not have a chance to be with Stella again after the divorce if Stella was really interested in Marshall.

So, she did not believe anything she read online.

She only began to sense that something was not right when the rumors had spread around her.

She figured that Stella would not let rumors run wild without clarifying anything if it was not true.

However, Felicity still chose to believe in her best friend." New love? Wouldn't I have known about it if Stella was in a new relationship? These people are just fabricating things!"

Vermont glanced at her. "I don't know if she's in a new relationship or not, but your best friend has been busy lately. Not only did she go skydiving, but she also rode on Marshall's bike on the same day. The paparazzi has taken so many photos of her having close interactions with Marshall.

Would you treat a normal friend like that?"

Felicity immediately defended her best friend. "Mr. Moore was teaching Stella the correct posture while skydiving, and he only held her hand because Stella tripped. It was just a coincidence!"

“Really?” Vermont took out his phone, scrolled to a picture of Marshall giving a bouquet of flowers to Stella, and asked indifferently, “What about this? Why is she smiling at the flowers Marshall gave her? Was it because the wrapper looked good?”

Felicity was caught off guard by that photo, and she softly said, “It could be.”

Vermont continued without holding back. “Out of so many people, she just had to be with Marshall. I can’t imagine what Keegan would think if he found out.”

“Stella is not like that. I’m sure she has her own reasons.”

Vermont sneered. “What reasons could she have to hook up with Keegan’s childhood friend when he’s still missing?”

“What do you mean hook up? Do you even hear yourself?” Felicity said angrily, “The kidnappers were going after Keegan, but Stella jumped into the water with him without any hesitation. I’m sure that she misses Keegan more than any of us.”

Vermont replied, “This is exactly why I don’t understand how she can be with Marshall after such a short time. We wanted her to come out of the pain, but instead, she started a new relationship and turned her back on Keegan. If I were Keegan, I would jump out of the river to stop them from dating even though I’m dead!”

Felicity threw a pillow at him right after he said that. “You’re so heartless! Your values are all wrong! When you wanted to hire Leighton but didn’t want to spend a lot of money, wasn’t it Stella who convinced him to take the job for you? With how popular she is right now, she can easily partner up with any other jewelry store. She’s only helping you because of me.”

“Those are two different things!”

“No, they’re not! You’re just biased. Do you think Stella is any less sad than you with what happened to Keegan? Have you thought about her feelings and not just your own? She watched Keegan get hurt, humiliated, and die with her own eyes. The only reason why she didn’t go mad is because she’s strong enough to hold herself up!” Vermont got a little angry. “Is being strong an excuse to have a new boyfriend?”

Felicity was exasperated. “Would you prefer her to cry and mourn for Keegan every day, then? I’ll tell you what. That’s impossible! When Ms. Spade got into that accident, she managed to make sure that Ms. Spade got the proper treatment despite the pressure from Albert. Stella is someone who’d never stop trying!

“She did not cheat on Keegan, and I’m not going to believe in any of these rumors!”

Felicity stood up and went back to the bedroom after she said that.

Vermont was irritated. ‘Stella, Stella, Stella! Is that all she ever thinks about?

Stella could’ve easily cleared up the rumors with a public statement, but she didn’t. Am I wrong for standing up for my best friend?’ As he thought to himself, the master bedroom’s door was opened. Then, he saw Felicity coming out with a suitcase while wearing a jacket.

Vermont paused. Then, he jumped up from the couch, stood in her way, and asked, “Where are you going?”

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Felicity glared at Vermont. “I’m off to see my bestie!”

Vermont dragged Felicity’s suitcase and said, “You’re being a tad melodramatic.

Stella hasn’t clarified anything about her relationship with Marshall. Can’t I be mad at her for Keegan?”

“You weren’t just mad though. You were personally attacking her! How dare you tell me not to hang out with her anymore?! We wouldn’t have even met if it wasn’t for her!”

“Alright, alright. So, she played matchmaker. I’m thankful that I got to meet you,” Vermont said while pulling Felicity toward the bedroom. “But, what’s with the whole storming out every time something happens?”

Felicity huffed, “This isn’t my home; it’s yours. And, this doesn’t count as storming out. I didn’t even put any clothes in there. I was just giving you a little scare.”

Vermont lifted the suitcase and confirmed its feather-light weight. He sighed, "Ever heard of the story of the boy who cried wolf?"

Felicity gave him a side-eye. "Yeah. People didn't believe him when the wolf finally came, and the boy lost his sheep. Similarly, you're going to lose me if you don't chase after me. Do you think that I wouldn't leave just because I didn't pack my bags?"

"Well, I did chase after you, didn't I?" Vermont put his arms around Felicity's waist and continued, "Are you hungry, baby? What do you want for a late-night snack? Let's get you something to eat."

Felicity was excited about the idea of getting some food, but her mood turned sour when she saw her round face in the mirror. "What's with you and food? All you do is eat! You don't even have abs anymore!"

Her reaction confused Vermont. He glanced at his chiseled abs and then at Felicity's chubby face. He pursed his lips and said, "I guess I'll... lose the weight?"

"About time! You should've started way before this!"

Suddenly, Vermont understood what Felicity was hinting at. He pretended to be sad and said, "But, I can't do it alone."

Felicity eagerly took on the responsibility and said, "I'll be your weight-loss partner. I'll motivate you until you look like Ryan Reynolds!"

Vermont was rendered speechless. "But that wouldn't be fair. You're not even fat."

"I still need to exercise and stay healthy," Felicity declared with conviction.

Vermont suppressed his laugh. "Alright. Mutual monitoring it is."

He found Felicity cute with the extra weight. She looked charming with her big bullying her since she would be strong enough to handle herself. Instead, he was worried that she could not handle a fight if she was too thin.

'She wants to lose weight without me commenting on her weight gain. Why is she so adorable?' Vermont could not help but hug her and give her a kiss. "Starting today, no more late-night snacks. Let's go for a run later, okay?"

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1678 [Eleven Jewell]

Felicity checked the caller ID and noticed that it was a landline number. She became curious and asked, "He's currently unavailable. Would you like to leave a message?"

"Are you Mr. Snyder's spouse?"

"Yeah," Felicity responded casually, considering her role as a girlfriend was equivalent to that of a spouse.

The warm voice on the other end continued, "Hello, Mrs. Snyder. We're from Sunfert Hospital. We're expanding our sperm bank, and as an incentive, we're reaching out to healthy men with high sperm quality. Mr. Snyder, being a regular client for annual check-ups, prompted us to contact him first. We're wondering if he'd be interested in making a donation."

"Does he even have the capability to donate sperm?" Felicity mumbled to herself.

"Sorry?"

"Ahem. Unfortunately, due to his health condition, it would be physically challenging for him to donate," she explained.

The woman on the other end inquired, "Is Mr. Snyder not feeling well recently?"

This isn't urgent. He can come in when he's better. We can put his name down if he's interested."

"Um... Hasn't he been getting annual check-ups at your hospital? So, aren't you aware of his condition?"

"What condition?" The woman was puzzled. "Mr. Snyder is quite healthy. We confirmed his health report before making this call. I'm not aware of any health issues. Can you provide more details?"

Felicity tried to come up with a metaphor. "I don't think a gun can shoot without any bullets."

The woman was puzzled by her statement. It took her a moment to understand what Felicity meant.

"I'm sorry. The individuals we contact are confirmed to have very high sperm quality. The condition you just described is not possible."

Felicity was taken aback. "So, you're saying he's recovered?"

"Recovered?" The woman was even more puzzled. "Does Mr. Snyder have any illness? He has been undergoing regular check-ups at our hospital, and there's no record of any illnesses."

Felicity's mind stirred, and she asked, "Are there no records of his burn injuries?"

"Burn injuries? Mr. Snyder has never had any burn injuries."

Felicity's expression changed instantly. While reflecting on various incidents, speculation rose in her mind. In the end, she could not hold back any further.

"When was his last check-up?" she asked.

"About four or five months ago."

'He could barely have intercourse with me four or five months ago. How did he have time for a check-up? Did that scum freaking lie to me?!' Felicity became furious at the thought of the guilt she had felt for months, as she was being used and fooled by Vermont without any remorse.

"Mrs. Snyder, the sperm donation is just a suggestion from the hospital. It would be best if you two could mutually discuss and decide whether to proceed with the donation. If you have any questions, feel free to call this number for consultation during our working hours."

Felicity gritted her teeth. "Alright. Thanks."

Felicity was stretching her legs on the couch when Vermont came out of his room. He walked over and hugged Felicity from behind. "Getting a pre-game warm-up, huh? Worried you won't live up to your usual performance in school?"

Felicity grabbed his hand and placed it on her shoulder. Vermont wondered why his girlfriend was unusually assertive today. In an instant, he ascended into the air, and after a whirlwind spin, Felicity forcefully slammed him back onto the ground with a thud.

Vermont could feel the pain in his back. He was grateful for the thick carpet that prevented his bones from breaking.

Before he could recover, Felicity squatted down and grabbed his collar. "Did I really burn you back then?"

At that moment, Vermont knew he was done for. He ignored the pain and tried to sit up to explain. However, Felicity forcefully pushed him back down. "DID I ACTUALLY BURN YOU OR NOT?!"

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Vermont barely had a chance to ponder how Felicity had discovered his secret.

His brain was already working at full speed, as he attempted to minimize his wrongdoing. He admitted, "...Yes, but the burn was not as severe as I made it out to be."

Felicity glared at him. "Are you trying to deceive me again?"

"I'm not," said Vermont, and his tone softened. "It did hurt at the time, and I didn't expect you to be so concerned. I was just trying to tease you."

"Tease me?" Felicity's face darkened. "Am I a fool to you? Do you find it amusing to string me along?"

"No, that's not what I meant." Vermont tried to get up.

But Felicity promptly pushed him back down and warned, "Don't you dare get up, or I'll knock you out!"

Vermont complied and laid back down. "Felicity, when did you start liking me?"

he asked in a soft voice.

Felicity's ears burned, as she angrily responded, "I don't like you, you liar. If I had known that you were faking your illness to deceive me, I would've never gotten involved with a deceitful scoundrel like you."

Vermont laughed bitterly and said, "But, I've liked you for quite some time."

Felicity was not convinced. Every memory of Vermont's months-long deception, which disrupted her sleep, fueled her anger. "Don't play the emotion card with me!" "I'm not." Vermont looked at her and continued, "At first, I was fond of your cooking. Over time, I took pleasure in our interactions. It was filled with teasing and laughter. I didn't realize that I liked you back then because you didn't fit my type on paper. Your loud voice, strong personality, occasional short temper, less-than-perfect appearance, and shorter legs were not in line with my ideal type.' Felicity's face turned red, and she immediately wanted to smother Vermont with a cushion.

"Remember when you liked Corbin? I told myself that there was no way I would care about a girl who hadn't fully matured and carried feelings for another man when I was so young, good-looking, and successful in my career. But then, reality hit me, and I learned that I did care. I cared when you always talked about Corbin when we were together. I cared when you asked about Corbin's preferences. I cared when you spoke sweetly to him in front of me. So, I kissed you under the influence of alcohol."

Felicity was momentarily stunned. She recalled Vermont kissing her in the private room while Corbin watched, and she had given him a shoulder throw.

"But you didn't like it. Even a slight touch from me irritated you," said Vermont.

"Well, duh!" Felicity glared at him and said, "You kissed me by force. That's harassment! I could have called the cops on you!"

Vermont did not dare to argue. "You didn't like me, so you thought that me kissing you was a prank. You never considered anything romantic between us when it happened. IV Felicity wanted to dispute his claim, but upon careful consideration, she realized she had never thought that she would end up with Vermont before that incident.

One reason for that was she assumed she could not handle an experienced lover like Vermont. She also found Vermont too talkative, gossipy, and immature, which were not traits she wanted in a partner.

Hence, Felicity did not see Vermont as an option back then.

"I'm someone who does what I can to the best of my ability to get something I want. Since you didn't like me, I created opportunities to make you like me.

Even though pretending to be sick for sympathy is despicable, I don't regret it."

Vermont paused and looked Felicity in the eyes. "Miss Bandit, I didn't trick you into liking me or falling for me. I just gave us more time together, so you could get to know me

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Felicity had mixed feelings after hearing Vermont's words." While it may not have been your intention to manipulate my emotions, did it ever occur to you that using a fake illness to garner sympathy meant that my feelings for you were driven by pity and guilt? You say you were just giving me more time to get to know you. But, wasn't it an attempt to sever any potential connection between me and Dr. Steven? Doesn't that fall under the category of deception, Vermont?"

Vermont's face turned pale. "Well, it's true I didn't want you to be with Corbin.

He's not right for you."

"And, you are? You went to great lengths just because you liked me. You allowed me to walk into your trap like a fool willingly. What happens when you stop liking me? Do you treat me the same as how you treated your ex-girlfriends? Are you going to give me a house or a car in hopes that it'll get rid of me?"

Vermont's heart ached. He felt as though he had wasted the past half a year pouring his heart and soul into a lost cause." Is that really how you see me?"

Felicity looked bewildered. "I can't figure out what qualities I have that would make you go through all this trouble. I'm average in looks and physique, and I'm barely scraping by financially. The only noteworthy thing I have is my mother who spent half her life accumulating a generous dowry for me. But, you're not short of money. The only thing I can think of is that I'm simple-minded, clumsy, and amusing. I bet you found pleasure in fooling around with me."

When she finished speaking, her phone rang. She answered the call and a male voice on the other end said, "I'm downstairs. Do you need help with moving anything?"

“No, I’ll be down in a moment.”

Felicity hung up the phone and was about to get up when Vermont suddenly grabbed her wrist. “Are you leaving?” he asked.

Felicity lowered her eyes. “This is your home. I can’t think clearly if I’m—”

Before she could finish her sentence, Vermont suddenly grabbed the back of her neck and kissed her.

The kiss was more passionate than usual. It reminded Felicity of the night at the police station when Vermont was somewhat intoxicated. He had kissed her like this, using his skills to manipulate her emotions and trying to please her.

Felicity was a novice in the dating world. She quickly found herself defenseless against the kiss. However, in a whirlwind of sensation, their positions swapped.

Felicity began kissing him gently and proceeded to deepen the kiss. She alternated between the two, and the kisses finally turned into a series of pecks.

All of a sudden, her body stiffened from feeling Vermont’s growing member against her.

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