

Read Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1771 [Eleven Jewell]

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However, Stella figured that she could not just brush Jaylene off after she asked for her help openly. So, she glanced at Jaylene's clothes and picked a simple, light green dress.

"What about this? It's not too formal or too casual."

Jaylene took it and said, "You have great taste. Trevor gave this to me for my birthday last year because he knew I'm a fan of this designer's clothes. He secretly noted my measurements and had it custom-made without me knowing.

I haven't worn it much since I got it."

Stella pursed her lips. She did not like hearing about what happened between Jaylene and Trevor or Wenham back then.

It would make her think that if she had not been taken away all those years ago, she would be the one spending the past twenty-plus years with her father and brother.

Whenever Wenham looked at her childhood photos, he would sigh, wishing he could hug the young, adorable her.

Stella knew that Wenham still loved her as much as he did now. He just regretted not being there during every moment of her growth.

Stella also felt sad that Wenham was already so old when she finally returned to her family. He lived half of his life without her, and Stella did not know how many days he had left to spend with her.

Whenever Stella thought about it, she would burn with hatred for the culprit who tore her family apart years ago. 2 That was why she would feel so uncomfortable every time Jaylene talked about how Wenham or Trevor treated her back then.

She could not care less about the materialistic things Jaylene received from her father and brother; she only thought about the time she could have spent with them.

Stella did not want to stay in the dressing room any longer, so she said flatly, "I'm leaving if there's nothing else."

Jaylene put down the dress, saying, "Stella, I've always thought that if Keegan didn't exist, we would be very good friends."

Stella stopped walking, "I'd never be your friend whether Keegan exists or not."

Then, she smiled and shrugged, saying, "After all, why would sisters want to be each other's friends?"

Jaylene paused.

At this time, Stella had already turned around and walked away.

Just as she turned her back on Jaylene, the latter's smile disappeared.

Stella knew that if she were not Wenham's daughter, Jaylene would never bother looking at her, let alone be her friend.

Although Stella had saved her life, Jaylene would always look at her condescendingly, thinking she was superior because of her family background.

2 Jaylene was the kind of person who would change her behavior depending on who she was with.

Vermont did not lie to Felicity. After they were done with the game, he introduced her to the scriptwriter.

The scriptwriter was even more impressive than Vermont described. Not only did his scripts win countless awards, but he was also highly sought after in the industry. He had earned so much money that he opened a shop dedicated to murder mystery games for fun.

Vermont invited him to a meal, and Felicity had a great conversation with him.

He gave her a lot of inspiration, and she was delighted to learn from him.

She could not help but have a couple more drinks into the conversation. Then, she started feeling tipsy.

“Mr. Booker, why do award-winning arthouse films always add some sensual scenes? Can you tell me why? I really don’t understand. The suspense film that came out earlier this year was so good, but why didn’t it win any award?”

Vermont’s eyelid twitched. He quickly replaced the alcohol in Felicity’s hand with a cup of tea and explained, “She’s had too much to drink.”

Felicity glared at him, “What are you talking about? I’m perfectly sober!”

Vermont was speechless.

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1772 [Eleven Jewell]

Vermont turned to the scriptwriter, Devin Booker, and said, “She’s just talking nonsense. Please don’t mind her.”

Devin knew that Vermont was trying to smooth things over for Felicity after her inappropriate question, so he smiled and said, “Your girlfriend is pretty interesting.”

Vermont patted Felicity’s head and said lovingly, “She’s also really strong. She can fight three guys without any trouble.”

This surprised Devin.

Felicity didn’t get the answer she wanted and pushed, “Mr. Booker, do you really need to film those sensual scenes? Can a movie win awards without them?”

Devin had no idea how to answer Felicity’s question. After thinking for a bit, he said, “Some stories need physical actions to show how feelings change.” Felicity, who had had a bit too much to drink, found that funny. “Who watches those scenes for emotions? People just stare at the woman’s breasts or the man’s butt.”

“Pfft-“

Devin spurted out the water he was drinking.

Vermont was left utterly speechless.

'I shouldn't have let her drink!' Vermont thought to himself.

Felicity went on, "They're just using these things to grab attention. They know why folks watch their movies. If that's all they want, they should just make adult films. Why use the name 'art film'? Every time I hear 'art film' now, I-Ugh-

Vermont covered her mouth. "Baby, drink some tea and have something to eat."

Felicity pushed his hand away. "I'm not... hungry..."

Devin chuckled and gestured, "Let her be. There's no one else around. She can say whatever she wants."

Vermont sighed. "I shouldn't have opened that wine bottle."

Devin remarked, "She's really adorable. When you came with her, I thought you were introducing me to a new actress. I didn't expect her to be a fellow scriptwriter."

Then he turned to Felicity, asking, "Which show did you write the script for?"

But Felicity, being drunk, couldn't recall any titles.

So, Vermont added, "She hasn't got any credited shows that aired. She used to ghostwrite at Royal Deluxe Entertainment without getting any credit."

Devin quickly grasped Felicity's situation.

Establishing connections in the industry was crucial.

Knowing the right people could make or break a scriptwriter's success, even if their skills weren't top-notch. Without connections, even a brilliant writer might only end up ghostwriting.

Vermont mentioned a few shows Felicity had written, surprising Devin. These shows had solid reputations.

Though their viewership might not have been as high as others during their release, they received excellent feedback on various online platforms.

Achieving such results required a good script, coupled with the production team's expertise and the actors' skills.

Felicity had been a ghostwriter for years and had a deep understanding of market trends. She knew audience preferences and how to write across different genres. That's why after she left Royal Deluxe Entertainment, finding someone suitable for her role became a tough challenge for the company.

A scriptwriter of her caliber wouldn't settle for the salary offered, and notably, she was an easy target for criticism. Despite years of being denied credit for her work, she didn't dare to speak up about it.

Outside of work, Felicity was incredibly brave, always there for her friends. But professionally, she lived like many others her age – toiling away as a struggling worker, i She avoided confrontation whenever possible and was often fed false promises by her bosses. After being deceived for so long, she started doubting her own abilities.

As Devin heard Vermont recount Felicity's accomplishments, he couldn't help but laugh, suggesting, "Why not bring her on board officially? Buy her scripts and turn them into movies. I'm certain you could turn them into blockbusters with your capabilities."

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1773 [Eleven Jewell]

Vermont let out a sigh. "If I did that and they turned into hits, she wouldn't believe it's because of her great scripts. She'd think it's just my connections.

She might appear to be a tough person, but she actually lacks confidence in her work."

Devin quipped, "Why do you treat your girlfriend like she's your daughter?"

"Hah!" Vermont couldn't help but boast, "When you find someone as compliant and gentle as her, you can't help but spoil them."

Devin grinned and displayed a phone number on his phone." Here's my associate's number. You can send her scripts to him. He's working on some light web dramas. It's a good chance to see how things go."

Vermont saved the number, cautioning, "Make sure to give him a heads-up. We won't accept low offers."

Devin laughed. "What a money-minded guy you are!"

After dinner, Vermont carried Felicity's small backpack and escorted her out of the restaurant. "Time to head home, Your Highness."

As Felicity stumbled, she asked, "Where's Devin? I need to ask him something."

'She's using his first name now that she's a bit tipsy?' Vermont felt a twinge of jealousy. "He left. What did you want to ask him?"

"I wanted to ask him..." Felicity scrunched her face in thought. "What was I going to ask... hmm..."

She tapped the back of her head and then looked up, saying, "I remember now.

I need to ask him about writing intimate scenes."

Vermont was surprised by Felicity's request.

Suddenly on high alert, he asked, "Why do you want to ask him about that?"

"I want him to teach me."

"Are you serious?" Vermont's voice rose involuntarily. Seeing others glancing their way, he gritted his teeth and spoke softly, "Weren't you just criticizing those art films with sensual scenes? Why the sudden interest in writing them?"

Felicity frowned. "I don't want to, but that's how those films win awards. I want to achieve something too."

Vermont wore an incomprehensible expression. Her thought process, especially after getting drunk, was beyond him.

Taking a deep breath, he said, "Not all award-winning films have those scenes.

You're not thinking clearly."

Felicity tilted her head, thinking. Just when Vermont thought she might abandon the idea, she said, "I still want to learn, just in case. What if I need to write them in the future? I won't do it well without any experience."

Vermont was speechless.

He then held Felicity close and whispered softly in her ear, "Experience comes with practice."

Felicity looked at him with a blank expression and nodded, saying, "That makes sense."

Vermont's eyes brightened. 'Maybe now's my chance?' But then, Felicity remarked, "I need to go somewhere."

Vermont smiled. "Are you feeling hungry?"

Felicity pushed his hand away. "I want to find some male escorts and observe them. What's the going rate these days? How much do you think it costs to hire them for a night?"

Vermont's lips twitched.

'So that's her plan, huh?

My girlfriend has always been innocent and pure. She must have picked this up from Stella Hall!' Vermont thought to himself.

"Come on, let's go!" Felicity was excited as she dragged him along.

Vermont gritted his teeth and pulled her back. "Hiring one male escort could cost you around a hundred thousand for a night. How many are you thinking of hiring?"

Felicity's eyes widened. "A hundred thousand? That's expensive!"

Vermont tried to mask his bitterness. "It's a risky job, especially with the strict laws now. I think a hundred thousand is reasonable."

Felicity started to feel uncertain.

As a scriptwriter, she didn't earn a substantial amount, and a hundred thousand in Hustuabourgian currency was beyond her means.

Then, Vermont leaned in and whispered, “But there are also some available for free. Interested?”

Felicity frowned. “Where can you find free ones?”

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1774 [Eleven Jewell]

Vermont took Felicity’s hand and put it on his shoulder, grinning. “Right here. I’ll do it without asking for money. It’s all about art.”

Felicity’s eyes sparkled when she heard that Vermont would do it for free. She grabbed his hand and asked eagerly, “When can we start?”

Vermont put his arm around her waist and whispered, “Right now.”

Saying that, he bent down and lifted her up.

Felicity put her arm around his neck, her face red. She asked nervously, “Are you really doing this for free?”

“Yep,” Vermont said, rubbing his nose against hers. “Just let me give you a kiss.”

Felicity blushed even more, partly from shyness and partly from the alcohol. She stuttered, “I-If I let you kiss me more, can I keep studying you?”

“Absolutely,” Vermont chuckled, feeling generous. He whispered in her ear, “You can study me all night.”

Felicity couldn’t wait any longer. “Let’s head back now.”

“As you command.” Vermont chuckled.

Vermont had only teased her, but Felicity took his words seriously. Once they were back home, she wouldn’t stop bothering him.

While Vermont helped take off her shoes, she complained, “You liar. When can I start studying you?”

Vermont removed her socks as he replied, “We have to wait until you’re sober.”

Felicity glared at him. “I’m totally sober right now!”

Vermont raised an eyebrow. "Then who am I?"

"Stinky Cucumber!"

Vermont was momentarily speechless.

"My name."

Felicity pouted and reluctantly said, "Vermont Snyder."

"Remember we broke up?"

Felicity stared at him for a moment before nodding. "Yeah, I do."

"Hey, we've broken up, so I can't let you study me. Plus, you're drunk right now."

"I can't take advantage of you," Vermont explained, trying to reason with Felicity as he reached for her jacket.

Annoyed by his explanations, Felicity suddenly twisted Vermont's arm behind his back and pinned him down on the couch.

She used both hands to twist his arm further and knelt on his back, completely immobilizing him.

Vermont felt frustrated being pinned down again. With his face half-buried in the couch, he said helplessly, "You're going to hurt my arm. Please let me go."

Ignoring his plea, Felicity grabbed a tie from a drawer and used it to bind his hands.

Vermont was shocked. "Miss Bandit? What are you doing?"

"Shut up!" Felicity's face flushed crimson as she tied his hands. "You deceived me! If you won't let me study you, I'll do it myself!"

Vermont started to panic.

"Hey, let's talk this out calmly," Vermont urged, but Felicity, fueled by alcohol, had an unusual strength. Vermont couldn't break free and began pleading, "It's late, and I have work tomorr-Mmmph-"

Before he could finish, Felicity stuffed a towel into his mouth, silencing him.

The house became eerily quiet.

Felicity got up, settled on the floor, and stared at him.

Vermont glared at her, motioning for her to release him.

Propping her cheeks on her hands, Felicity frowned. Then, unexpectedly, she reached over and unbuttoned Vermont's shirt, leaving him utterly shocked.

When she finished, Felicity felt a sense of accomplishment, but it wasn't enough.

So, she shifted her gaze from his toned abdomen to his belt.

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1775 [Eleven Jewell]

Vermont tensed, shooting a stern glare at Felicity, a clear warning for her to abandon her idea.

However, Felicity, in her drunken state, couldn't grasp the significance of his expression. She gazed at Vermont's belt for a while before impulsively reaching out.

In a rush of panic, Vermont leaped from the couch and dashed to the bedroom, hindered by his bound hands.

Despite his efforts, Vermont couldn't move swiftly. Felicity caught up and once again toppled him to the ground.

Vermont cursed inwardly.

He had fantasized scenarios like this before, but this was nothing like what he had imagined!

Felicity sat astride him, staring down at him, somewhat bewildered.

Something new struck her as she observed Vermont tied up and unable to move beneath her. She felt a twinge of empathy, seeing Vermont's helpless gaze fixed upon her.

Suddenly, she started grasping a bit about the dynamics of an intense scene.

“Relax,” Felicity reassured Vermont, her tone soothing. “I’m just looking, that’s all. I’ll untie you when I’m done.”

I’m all tied up. There’s nothing for her to see here.’ Vermont thought.

But Felicity surprised him with her actions.

She grabbed her phone, set it aside, and then moved to undo his pants.

Vermont was shocked. Suddenly, a surge of strength rushed through him, and he managed to free himself from the tied- up wrist. He swiftly turned around and pinned Felicity beneath him.

Felicity was initially intrigued when she saw Vermont removing his belt. Before she knew it, she was also tied up.

Vermont was drenched in sweat. He took off his shirt and picked Felicity up from the ground. As he walked, he muttered, “It looks like I’ve got to buy a pair of handcuffs just in case.”

Unbeknownst to him, the phone on the table recorded everything, something they couldn’t explain.

Meanwhile, in a family group chat, Stella sent a message.

[After eight months, can I add a new member to this group?] Leighton: [Will Keegan take eight months to regain his memory? That’s too long.

Stella, maybe it’s time for a new boyfriend.] Trevor: [I agree.] Daryl: [What’s happening?]

Wenham: [Sweetie, who are you adding?] Stella: [A little baby.] Leighton: [He’s quite old already. Calling him an old baby would fit better.] Trevor: [Wait, is that what you call Keegan in private?] Stella was left without words.

Noah: [Stella, are you expecting a baby?] Trevor: [You’re the little baby.] Then, Leighton sent a sticker to tease Noah.

Wenham asked again: [What baby are we talking about here exactly?] Stella: [@Noah, you’re right.] The group chat went quiet for a moment.

Suddenly, it erupted with messages in the next second.

Trevor: [Keegan is outrageous.] Leighton: [Unbelievable!] Noah: [Finally, I won't be the youngest in the family anymore! Hahahaha!] Trevor: [That fool doesn't deserve this at all! I should've prevented them from being together in the first place!] Leighton: [Really? But it seems like you couldn't do anything about it.] Trevor: [It's all because of you, traitor!] Noah: [Will Stella's child call me uncle?]