

Read Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1803 [Eleven Jewell]

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Stella's expansion into the lower-tier market had been successful. Many jewelers from out of town now flocked to Rivera for supplies.

Stella would arrange business discussions at Olivia's property, attracting several influencers with millions of followers. Some of them even documented their stays at the hotel.

Olivia was adept at running a business and did not mind investing some money.

She renovated the hotel and introduced several convenient services. With influencers endorsing the place and Olivia's effective management, Regal Banquets increased its reputation in Rivera.

'Stella had done me a significant favor,' Olivia thought.

She gracefully acknowledged the compliments and commented, "Stella and Keegan share a deep bond. They won't break up that easily, even if he can't recall it right now. We, as outsiders, should watch as things unfold and avoid picking sides. Standing on the wrong side could very well bring trouble to us in the future."

The group of wealthy ladies resonated with Olivia's words. Stella possessed several businesses and shares.

Regardless of her current relationship with Keegan, her status remained intact.

It would be a costly mistake to offend her because of Dahlia.

"Olivia, aren't you good friends with Dahlia?" Someone asked.

"I am. I'm just kindly reminding everyone to be cautious. Whether you listen or not is up to you," Olivia replied.

With that, she turned and left. The ladies exchanged glances but refrained from further discussion.

Meanwhile, Stella was crying uncontrollably. This left Keegan bewildered. He had never seen someone shed so many tears.

Being inexperienced in comforting people, Keegan struggled to console her. He vaguely understood why Stella was crying. He felt a warm, unknown sensation in his chest and had no idea how to express it. Such emotions were alien in his current memory.

Keegan curled his fingers and said softly, "Stop crying. A wet mask is a breeding ground for bacteria. You might get sick."

Stella abruptly stopped crying and began to laugh. It took a while before she murmured, "Fool."

Realizing Keegan hadn't completely changed, she wiped her tears and thought of how he had explained high-voltage electricity during a thunderstorm. He also educated her about the law when they were releasing sky lanterns and prepared a fire extinguisher when he confessed his love to her.

"Come on. What else do you want to buy? Let's continue shopping," Keegan held her hand and said.

Stella paused, her eyes red. "I don't want to shop anymore. How am I supposed to shop when you can't even carry any more bags?"

Keegan chuckled and said, "You're such a child."

He loaded the purchases into the car and prepared to continue shopping with her. However, Stella was too tired to go on. In the end, they opted to go home.

Cordelia was concerned that Maria might struggle with doing everything alone.

So, she assigned someone named Lorraine to primarily attend to Stella's dietary needs.

Although Cordelia didn't explicitly say anything, Stella deduced that Lorraine likely majored in nutrition based on the meals she prepared. The meals were not only healthy but also tailored to her taste.

Meanwhile, Maria wasn't pleased with the help. She assumed that the Kane family was considering letting her go. She remained gloomy for several days and bossed Lorraine around. Lorraine had a good temper and complied with her instructions.

After finishing dinner, Keegan went to the study. Shortly after, there was a knock on the door.

Stella entered, holding a glass of milk, saying she wanted to discuss something with him.

Keegan assumed she wanted to talk about their past. He knew Stella had always wanted him to remember.

Unexpectedly, Stella wanted to discuss Maria and Lorraine.

Keegan was somewhat surprised.

"Equal pay means equal responsibilities. Maria shouldn't be bullying Lorraine.

You need to address this, Keegan. Since they are both under your family's employment, I feel it's best for you to handle the situation."

"So you came in here just to tell me this?"

Confused, Stella replied, "Yeah. Why else would I come in here?"

'Aren't we supposed to be working our relationship?' thought Keegan.

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Keegan paused for a moment before muttering, "I'll talk to them."

As he reached for the cup of milk, Stella swiftly picked it up and downed its contents before he could touch it.

Her action puzzled Keegan.

After finishing, Stella looked at him and said, "Lorraine prepared this for me. Do you want some?"

Keegan stared at her without saying a word.

Stella smirked and said, "Beg me, and I'll pour some for you."

Keegan withdrew his gaze and stated, "You can leave if you're done talking.

Don't disturb my work."

"Hmph!" Stella pouted, took the cup, and walked out of the room.

Not long after she left, Maria and Lorraine entered Keegan's study, respectively.

Maria's eyes were red when she emerged.

Stella assumed Keegan must have spoken harshly due to his memory loss. She wanted to go in and talk to him about it but opted not to. She realized she did not know what he had told Maria, and meddling with how he does things might only make things worse.

After Lorraine came out, Stella asked her to prepare a cup of milk for Keegan and went upstairs to tend to her flowers.

Keegan stared at the milk before him, took out his phone, and sent a picture to Vermont out of habit.

Vermont quickly responded with a question mark.

Keegan was perplexed. He didn't even know why he was sending it to Vermont, and by the time he realized, he had already clicked the send button.

His fingers paused on the screen before typing, [This brand of milk tastes good.] Vermont's eye twitched. [Am I supposed to tell which brand it is when it's in a glass?] [Did Stella heat it for you?] Keegan wondered how Vermont knew that.

Vermont then called him and complained, "Why are you showing off a glass of milk? I put up with you before. Why are you still tormenting me when you've lost your memories? Why do you love boasting so much? Do you think you're the only one with a loving partner? I..."

Before Vermont could finish, Keegan hung up the phone.

He sat for a while before turning on his computer to finish some work. While he was sending an email, his browser automatically logged into Facebook.

He initially intended to exit the website but was suddenly scrolling through the platform.

It was late when Keegan came out of the study.

The house was quiet. The housekeepers had gone to rest, and the lights on the terrace of the second floor were on.

Stella was staying on that floor.

As Keegan walked upstairs, he noticed the teacups they bought today neatly arranged in the corridor. Each of them contained some soil and a small succulent. Unexpectedly, they looked pretty.

Suddenly, a loud noise came from the terrace as Keegan admired the plants. He hurriedly rushed up and saw Stella squatting next to a flowerpot. She held a cup in one hand and an electric drill in the other.

“Stop breaking, guys. I bought each of you for around four dollars. I’d be losing money if you guys keep breaking. I might as well buy flowerpots. Please stop breaking...” She mumbled to herself.

Then, she used the electric drill to make a hole in the bottom of the cup. There was a loud clang as the bottom of the cup fell off.

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Stella’s expression immediately changed. “You useless thing! My average cost has been raised to six dollars now! How can I show off my thriftiness to Keegan?”

Keegan was speechless.

He cleared his throat softly, and Stella stopped, quickly hiding the cup behind her back.

Keegan looked at the broken pieces on the floor and suggested, “Why not just sit on the floor? I can still see them. It Stella froze.

She angrily brought her hand from behind her back, glaring at Keegan. “Why didn’t I hear you coming up? Are you trying to scare me?”

Keegan glanced at the door, which had finally stopped swinging after he had pushed it, and remarked, "My bad, next time I'll just tear the door down."

His comment left Stella completely speechless. She cursed in her mind, 'What an asshole!' Ignoring him, Stella grabbed another cup, determined to give it another try.

Keegan approached and crouched down. "What are you doing?"

"Isn't it obvious? I'm drilling the cup."

Stella marked the bottom of the cup with a pen and turned on the electric drill again.

"It's going to break," Keegan warned.

Stella clenched her teeth. "Don't jinx it, okay?"

With determination, she drilled toward the marked spot again. As expected, it broke once more.

"See, I told you it'd break," Keegan remarked.

Stella's expression turned grim. "It's all your fault!"

Keegan appeared to smile, but the dim lighting made it hard for Stella to discern his expression.

Instead, she heard Keegan explain, "You're using the wrong drill bit and the wrong drilling mode.

"The cold weather is making the ceramic brittle. If you keep going like this, you'll probably break seventy percent of the cups here."

Upon hearing Keegan's advice, Stella didn't dare to continue drilling.

"I followed the tutorials. It works fine in the videos."

Looking at the floor covered in ceramic pieces, Keegan asked, "Even after all these failed attempts, do you still trust that tutorial?"

Stella kept quiet.

Keegan grabbed a drill bit from the toolbox nearby, took the electric drill from Stella, and swapped the drill bit. Then, he soaked the cup in water for a while before drilling it at the marked spot.

Stella held her breath, fearing the same outcome, but Keegan managed to drill a round, smooth hole without any visible cracks.

Initially impressed, Stella met Keegan's teasing gaze and quickly looked away, clearing her throat. "You got lucky. I'll be impressed if you can drill the rest without any mishaps."

For some reason, Keegan chuckled. Stella thought that Keegan would not help her with drilling the remaining cups. However, much to her surprise, Keegan proceeded to take a new cup and expertly drilled holes in each one, one after the other, without uttering a word.

Each hole was drilled perfectly, much better than what she had done.

Stella pursed her lips and said, "I'm impressed. Good job."

Keegan kept quiet as he thought to himself. 'Does she think I don't realize she's trying to provoke me?' "Did you buy these cups just for planting flowers?"

"Duh," Stella added soil into the cups as she spoke, "They're not for your use.

How could a powerful CEO like yourself use such cheap cups?"

She kept muttering, "You've been harping on about those ten-dollar forks for two years."

Keegan was at loss for words.

The weather was chilly, and Keegan noticed Stella's finger had turned red. He gently brushed them and offered, "Show me how, I'll take care of it for you."

Somewhat surprised, Stella agreed to his offer.

Stella showed Keegan how to plant the flowers. Surprisingly, despite his skill in drilling holes, Keegan proved to be clumsy while planting. He almost knocked off all the leaves before finally managing to plant the flower in the cup.

Stella observed the remaining three leaves, her lips trembling, and asked, "Does this look okay?"