

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted by Eleven Jewell

Chapter 372-400

Chapter 372

The shop assistant smiled slightly, "Although our shoes are expensive, the quality is very good. We have many repeat customers. You'll know it when you wear them. And it comes with a lifetime warranty and cleaning. If there's a quality problem within two months, you can come and exchange for a new pair."

Stella took out a card, "Okay. We'll get this pair. Let's pay now."

Julian frowned, "I don't want it."

He removed the shoes as he said that. Then he wore his old shoes and ran out of the store. Stella explained to the shop assistant and got up to chase after Julian. After searching for him for a while, she noticed Julian leaning over the fence, looking downstairs.

She walked toward him and stood beside him, "You're not happy that I'm buying you a gift?"

Julian pursed his lips. He spoke after pondering, "That's not something I can afford. It'll look weird on me if I wear it. I'd become a laughingstock for others."

Stella winced. 'I forgot to consider this. Although he's quiet, he's sensible and mature. Unlike the other kids, when I wanted to buy him such an expensive gift, he did not happily take it. He panicked. He felt he was incompatible with the shoes and wasn't good enough for them."

Stella gently said, "I just wanted to buy you a present to make up for your eighteenth birthday. Who'd laugh at someone who receives a gift? They should be jealous of it. You can't afford it now, but it doesn't mean that you can't afford it in the future. You can't just focus on your past. You have to look at the path ahead of you too. Focus on your future."

Julian paused. He seemed like he was overwhelmed. Nevertheless, he endured the sourness in his nose as he softly said, "Seems like you're quite cultured."

Stella's mouth twitched. She slapped his head, "I had the highest marks for the cultural subject and was accepted into Trinity University! You can only tease me when you're accepted into my university!"

Julian smiled, "Keegan graduated from which university?"

“Trinity University.”

“You two were schoolmates?”

“Yes. Why?”

“Doesn’t look like it. He’s more cultured than you.”

Stella was speechless.

Ultimately, Stella bought him a pair of sneakers worth over five hundred dollars.

Julian said he just considered accepting the shoes worth over three thousand dollars. But instead, he asked her to give him the remaining two thousand and six hundred dollars to save in cash.

“This is my first time meeting someone more avaricious than me.’ But very soon, she would realize Julian was not avaricious. He was saving up.

Julian picked cost-effective items for the presents that Stella was buying for Shelley and the other kids in the welfare center. He did not want anything that was too expensive. Until he took two cans of cheap milk powder, Stella finally could not help but say, “This milk powder is for adults. The nutrition is inadequate for Tevin and the others. Just take the one before.”

“The infant milk powder is too expensive. It’s a few hundred dollars a can. That’s equivalent to the center’s three days’ food expenses. Tevin is almost six years old. We’ll need to spend more after his school enrollment. We need to save as much as we can so that I can make Ms. Cooke’s life easier.”

”

Stella furrowed her eyebrows, “What did you mean by making Ms. Cooke’s life easier?”

Julian’s expression changed slightly. He avoided making eye contact with her as he said, ‘ Nothing. I just meant that Ms. Cooke can support more kids if we can reduce the expenses.”

Clearly, Stella could not be bluffed so easily, “What happened to Ms. Cooke? Why did you keep mentioning saving up? Is the donation not enough? Or did something happen?”

Julian realized that he could not hide the truth any longer. He said after pondering, “Ms. Cooke is broke. The chef resigned because he wasn’t paid. I overheard Ms. Cooke and Ms. Cecilia’s discussion a few days ago. She said that she wanted to sell her house...”

Stella frowned, "The bank would timely transfer the money every month. So why does she have no money?"

Rainee had a specific bank account to deal with the welfare center. The bank would punctually transfer the money to the welfare center. This had been going on for many years.

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Eastern Alley Welfare Center is small. They did not accept any new kids these two years. Including Shelley and the others, fewer than twenty people were in the center.

Rainee transferred a hundred thousand dollars to them every month. This was enough to keep this small welfare center going.

'A hundred thousand dollars. It should be enough.'

Julian pursed his lips, "The donation from Ms. Spade has stopped since last October."

Stella's expression changed, "What did you mean by stopped?"

Julian did not know much. Once, when he went to find Shelley, he overheard the conversation between Shelley and Cecilia at Shelley's door. Only then did he know that the Jewell family's donation had stopped since October last year.

The social donation to the welfare center was very limited. They mainly needed donations from the Jewell family to keep the center going. So, when the donation stopped, the welfare center did not last long until they encountered difficulty.

Initially, Shelley thought something had happened to the Jewell family, and they had forgotten to transfer the donation. But when the donation was not transferred even after three months, she suspected something was wrong. So, after discussing it with Cecilia, they went to the Jewell residence to talk to them about it.

Julian was on summer holiday at that time. So, he secretly followed them.

It was August. The temperature outdoors was around one hundred degrees Fahrenheit. Shelley and Cecilia waited outside the house for more than three hours. But Albert did not come out to

see them.

When the sun was almost down, Sophia came out, But she came out to turn them away.

She said that their company's operations encountered some difficulties. And they could not continue to donate to the welfare center. She also said they spent a lot of money on treating Rainee's illness all these years. Sophia said that they had done everything they could for them.

Julian was very reserved when he told Stella what had happened. What actually happened was a lot worse than what he said.

Sophia said that the Jewell family already had one worthless person to support. They did not want to support another bunch of worthless people anymore. She also told Shelley and Cecilia that it was Rainee who promised them. She said Rainee should be the one to honor the promise and not the Jewell family.

Shelley was furious and had a heat stroke. She only felt better after three days of lying on the bed.

This was why Julian hated Sophia.

Other than running away from the incident in the school, he went to work as an attendant at Sapphire to make more money to relieve Shelley's financial stress.

Even so, hearing that sent Stella a chill down her spine.

"The welfare center donation came from my mother's company share dividend. How can dad just shut off the donation?"

Julian said, "Ms. Cooke didn't let me tell you about it. She feared it'd put you in a difficult position because you'd be caught in the middle. So don't tell Ms. Cooke that I was the one who told you about it."

Stella pursed softly, saying, "I know what to do."

When they arrived at the welfare center, Shelley was very happy when she saw Stella. Julian then brought the kids to get their gifts. Shelley chatted with Stella.

Shelley and Rainee's relationship was very good. She watched Stella grow up. She unavoidably thought of Rainee when she saw Stella. Shelley could not help but feel sad when she brought up something that happened in the past. She also asked about Rainee's recent situation.

"My mother is still the same. But she had some responses recently. The doctor said it was a good sign."

Shelley was extremely pleased when she heard that "God has answered. Your mother helped a lot of people. God doesn't want to take her away."

Stella stared at Shelley. She suddenly thought, “Ms. Cooke, did my mom ask you to keep something for her?”

Shelley paused for a while. She said after pondering, “She did actually ask me to keep one thing for her.”

Stella looked serious, “What’s that?”

“Come with me.”

A few minutes later, Stella looked at the strongbox before her as she asked softly, “This is the thing my mother asked you to keep for her?”

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A light gray tarp was covering the safe. There were dishes on it, as Shelley used it as a dining table. Shelley said, “Your mom gave it to me a month before she got into the accident. She said some critical documents and ledgers for the company were stored inside. I was told to keep it safe no matter what and not to disclose it to anyone. The things inside were vital to her; she would find time and get them back. But she got into an accident before she could come and

retrieve it.

Shelley sighed, “I intended to send them to your father after something happened to your mother. Yet, he had a horrible tone when I mentioned your mother on every phone call and hung up before we could even communicate. Hence, I did not bring it up again. If you hadn’t asked me about it, I would have totally forgotten about this.”

After Stella’s mother had an accident, Albert was focused on dealing with the company. He even wanted to give up a few times. Stella was not surprised that he was preoccupied during the phone calls. Stella stared at the safe momentarily before asking, “Did my mom say anything else when she handed this to you?”

“Not quite. She seemed to be in a hurry then and didn’t look very well either. It could be something important,” Shelley replied.

It seemed like Shelley did not know anything else beyond that. Stella asked, “Can I take it?”

“Why, of course. It was your mother’s. I’ll find Cecilia to help load it in your car.”

After Stella left, she went to the bank and transferred five hundred thousand to the orphanage’s account. Keegan came home to find Stella sitting in the living room with a safe in front of her. She held a power drill and was trying to drill the lock. The corner of Keegan’s eyes twitched. “What on earth are you doing?”

Stella was frightened, so she turned off the electric drill and frowned. "Trying to open the safe."

Keegan threw his suit on the sofa and drank the water on the table. "Password safes usually have two locks. If the first one were forcibly destroyed, it would automatically activate the second one. So you have to unlock the first lock to open the second lock."

He implied that if the first lock was broken, this safe would never be opened. Stella narrowed her brow and asked, "What about a cutting machine?"

Keegan looked at her. "Where've you stolen this safe from?"

The corner of Stella's mouth twitched, "It's mine, alright?"

"You don't know your own password?"

Stella pursed her lips. She tried the birthdays of Raine, Albert, her own, and even their anniversary, but none of them worked. She suspected that the password for the safe was the numbers on Raine's tapes. There are six numbers, which means 762 combinations. Every wrong password five times would have a locking mechanism for 24 hours to try another passcode. If she had been unlucky and tried individually, she could have taken half a year to get the correct password. Stella did not have the time for that. "I just forgot it, okay?"

"Get a locksmith to open it."

"I did. They said it's difficult. There's no way to open it."

Keegan looked at her. "If they didn't say it was hard, how would they get more money from you?"

Stella...

What Keegan said made sense, so Stella decided to call the locksmith company again tomorrow. When Stella was done washing up, Keegan had already laid down on the bed. Stella sat in front of the vanity mirror, wearing a face mask and drying her hair. Stella was not a fan of makeup, but she loved taking care of herself.

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No matter how late it was, Stella would always apply a face mask and do her skincare routine before sleeping. She originally had a great complexion and paid extra attention to caring for herself. It can be said that she had delicate skin.

Keegan watched as she worked on herself at the dressing table for half an hour before bed. Her skincare products were not aromatic. Only the faint fragrance of her body

shampoo wafted from her. The light sandalwood fragrance inexplicably stirred up his emotion.

Stella closed her eye, thinking about unlocking the safe tomorrow, and wondered what Rainee could have put in the hidden safe. Ultimately, she found the safe because she asked Shelley about it when she inadvertently found the numbers on the tape. 'Was it the company's important documents and account book? Why did she need to hide it?'

As Stella was lost in thought, she suddenly felt a heavy weight on her body. She opened her eyes to find Keegan leaning over her and looking at her with his burning, penetrating eyes.

"You..." Stella was startled. Keegan suddenly lowered his head and kissed her lips the moment she was about to speak. That was something Stella did not expect. Keegan's kiss was dominating, with a hint of aggression. There was even a trace of urgency when he tore off her pajamas. His hand squeezed her waist more forcefully than usual, causing her slight pain. However, she was aroused by this pain for no reason. Stella was the typical enjoyer type.

She did not have any aversion to doing it with Keegan. After so many years of physical bonding between them, he knew every spot where she felt pain, ticklish, and made her moan. Of course, she had no prior experience to compare with, so there was no way she would know if he was familiar with this process. Yet his expression, when turned on, would make her heart throb every time.

His lips traced over her chin and landed on her neck. Stella gasped, gripping Keegan's hair, "Don't bite my neck." Her body was sensitive and could easily leave a mark. If Keegan bit her neck, she would have to cover it up when she goes back to shoot the scene.

His eyes turned dark. He pinned her hands and increased the momentum. Stella thought it would have ended after one, as usual. He was not one to indulge in lust, even when they first stayed in the same room. They usually did it three to four times a month. Except for the consummation, they finished most after once. And this clean freak would run into the bathroom and clean himself for a long time. He was puritanical for the recent half of the year; the longest was three months without doing it.

However, it was different today. Keegan felt rejuvenated, tossing and turning her around until 1 a.m. She was so sore and weak after he messed around with her. Keegan, on the other hand, showered as if nothing had happened. The time he spent in the shower was shorter, just three to five minutes, as if to rinse off his sweat and return.

After he got into bed, he even wanted Stella to get up and wash. She did not even have the strength to kick him. She only lay there and said breathlessly, "I'm not washing. Sleep outside if you can't stand the smell."

'That damn thing. He was so intense that my lower abdomen was still sore and bloated. Who would want to shower?' Stella thought. Keegan was in a good mood. Rarely did he not retort. Instead, he laid on her side and whispered, "I'm going to Alodale on a business trip next week,

probably for a week or so. Is there anything you want?"

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Stella was so tired that she did not want to open her eyes. She even thought that Keegan was annoying, talking beside her. She drawled, "Was it because you thought I did a good job serving you yesterday, so you're rewarding me some whoring fee?"

The corner of Keegan's eyes twitched. "Let's be clear. Who was the one serving yesterday? The part where you moved a little while lying down?"

Stella...

Stella was never submissive in dissing Keegan's opponent, so she retorted with thick skin, "I was merely being real. You seemed to enjoy hearing my moans."

She even acted like the actresses in porn and grunted twice. Her main purpose was to tease Keegan. Yet, her voice was hoarse since it was just after the lovemaking. She was being pretentious, but in his ears, she sounded a whole different way.

His

eyes darkened. He grabbed Stella's thin and soft waist and said in a deep voice, "If you moan a few more times, no one will be sleeping tonight."

Stella shuddered instantly and did not dare to make a fuss. At the same time, she was thinking about why Keegan was like a young shaver and unable to handle any flirts. In the past, no matter how hard she tried to seduce him, he would not even take a look at her. Even when aroused, he would not act as crazy as he does today.

She 'viciously' thought, 'Did Keegan ask Arthur for a prescription and secretly make it for himself?' Stella closed her eyes, not wanting to think further about it.

Keegan said coolly, "What do you want? It'll be too late if you say it after I go."

Stella had little interest. "Up to you."

Keegan replied, "If it's up to me, I won't buy anything."

"Whatever," Stella was really drowsy that she was dazed and fell asleep shortly after. Her perfunctory attitude irritated Keegan, so he reached out his hand and squeezed her

waist. She was annoyed about his pinching. She opened her eyes and said impatiently, "Can't you just let me sleep?"

Keegan was in low spirits. "What do you mean by whatever? I'm bringing back gifts for and this is your attitude?"

you,

Stella narrowed her brows. 'Is Keegan mental? When I pestered him for gifts when he was on a business trip in the past, he would have been annoyed. Now that I don't want it anymore, he's not content? What's wrong with him?'

"What's wrong with my attitude? You were the one who said that you're not buying anymore. And now you're angry when I say whatever? Doesn't it save trouble for you?" Stella said.

Keegan was silent and said bluntly, "You're the one who doesn't get it. Don't get shady when I don't bring back anything for you later."

"When was I ever shady?" Stella finished and remembered. Last year, Keegan went to France on a business trip, and she asked him to bring back a watch for her. Unfortunately, there were no more goods locally, and she feared a purchasing agent being unreliable. Keegan promised,

but he forgot after negotiating his contract.

She went to the airport with excitement to pick him up. She was attentively doing grunt work, messaging his back and leg. At night, absence made the heart grow fonder. After they finished, Keegan went to take a shower. She waited for him with anticipation to surprise her. Yet, he fell asleep after he came out of the shower. Stella was dissatisfied with his action, so she shook him up to ask where her present was.

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Keegan remembered his promise and told her he had forgotten it. Stella was upset with him, but she did not express it. However, she has been acting oddly irritating and shady ever since. Every morning, when Keegan dressed up and wore his watch, Stella would mock beside him, "Well, that's a nice watch, Mr. Kane."

At first, Keegan thought she was casually asking, so he replied, "It was a gift from grandma." The next day, Stella still asked him the same question when he was wearing his watch. "Well, that's a nice watch, Mr. Kane."

Keegan frowned. 'Is she stupid? She just asked me this question yesterday. Has she forgotten it already?' Stella continued asking him the same question when he was wearing his watch on the third day. "Well, that's a nice watch, Mr. Kane."

A whole week later, Keegan realized with hindsight. Stella had a good memory. Instead, she was intentionally shady, blaming him for forgetting to return home with her gift. After half a month, Keegan was finally fed up with Stella being shady. He sent someone to France to buy that watch. Only then was Stella silenced.

She genuinely does not need the watch. Simply put, she was looking for Keegan's attitude on this matter. It was alright if he forgot to buy the watch. Stella would be content if he bought some flowers to cheer her up. She was not the selfish type, where everyone's attention had to be on her. However, she hoped that the person she cared for would also care for her. She did not mind where Keegan's heart was before her. She understands that everyone has their past. Though once they married, Keegan should only see and care for her.

All her willful behaviors were only to deepen her impression in his heart. However, Stella was not as obsessive as she used to be. It does not matter whether there were gifts or not. Regardless of the number, the gifts were only worthwhile if it was gifted from the heart.

Keegan glared at her from the side of his eyes. "You could only store .jpg and not GIF in your brain, right?"

Stella was startled for a long while before realizing Keegan was insulting her for being dumb and having little brain capacity. This was one of her knowledge blind spots. She did not know much about processors or hard drives. She wanted to diss him back but could not find the right words. She glowered at him in exasperation before retorting, "Your brain is big, but it can't even fit a disk inside it."

Keegan paused and could not help but chuckle. He seemed to be happy as his chest quivered as he laughed. Stella turned red from anger as Keegan mocked her.

She grabbed the blanket and wrapped herself in it. She turned her back to him, and the tip of her ears was extremely red. It was not from embarrassment but anger. Keegan laid down sideways with his hands supporting his head, enjoying the sight of his wife being embarrassed. After watching, he said leisurely, "Alodale is the city of diamonds. The best diamonds in the country mostly came from there. Those diamonds were the finest in terms of clarity or cut. Besides, they have many rare colors there."

Keegan went close to Stella, his deep voice enchanting her, "Do you really not want it?"

Stella was tempted with craving and annoyance by Keegan. She turned her head and saw the strange half-smile on Keegan. She immediately understood that Keegan was teasing her. She

glanced at him and said, "Since Mr. Kane is being so generous, buy me a diamond necklace then. My requirements aren't too high. The necklace should have one hundred

and eight red diamonds, each not less than one carat. Oh, and the chain should be platinum. The thicker, the better.”

The corner of Keegan’s eye twitched. “One hundred and eight carats? Aren’t you afraid of your neck being snapped?” ‘And red diamonds? Red diamonds were the rarest. With all the natural red diamonds in the world combined, there wouldn’t even be a hundred carats. Plus, one

carat’s value was close to a million dollars. Does she wish to flaunt her wealth by wearing a few hundred million on her neck?”

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Stella snorted, “You won’t be held responsible even if there was a mishap. So tell me, are you going to buy it or not?”

Keegan glanced at her, “Go to sleep. Everything you want will be in your dreams.”

Stella was silenced. ‘Bastard!’

The next day, Stella had already left when Keegan woke up. She appeared to be really energized after being so exhausted last night. Aldor reported that Albert had signed the stock purchase contract regarding Semiconductor Technology. 80 million dollars was wired to the company’s account. Albert has probably been waiting for this very day for too long as the money was instantly transferred to the company’s account.

Semiconductor Technology will be listed on Northon Trading Center on May 29th. From past conservative evaluations, the company’s share price was expected to increase by sixty points on the day of the listing. So if Albert sold them on the same day, after deducting some fees, he would still receive tens of millions in profit.

Aldor felt Keegan let Albert share the pie for Stella’s sake. According to Keegan’s past temperament, he has never played favorites in the business. People like Albert were not beneficial to the business or the stock market since he was merely concerned with making easy bucks and leaving after receiving a piece of cake. Keegan must have known this, so Aldor thought the most likely reason was because of his wife.

Albert would serve anyone for material benefits. He would naturally pay more attention to Stella when he benefited from the Kane family. Aldor believes this is the reason, but Keegan does not admit it. After Aldor was done reporting, he handed Keegan the gift box, “The present you ordered for Mr. Vermont arrived yesterday night.”

Keegan took it and put it aside. He raised his head and looked at Aldor, asking, "How many carats is the biggest red diamond discovered in Alodale so far?"

"About three something, if I remembered correctly," Aldor paused. "Is Mr. Kane buying Mrs. Kane diamonds?"

Keegan replied, "I was just asking."

"Alright."

Just as Aldor was about to leave, Keegan asked, "Could they custom make a necklace with a hundred and eight diamonds?"

Aldor raised his eyebrows and wondered. 'I thought he was just asking about it?'

"I will contact them later to ask. How big should the diamond on the necklace be? Are there any requirements for the shape?"

"Each with one carat," Keegan paused and added, "The pendant should be red diamonds. The bigger, the better. The chains should be platinum with moderate thickness."

The corner of Aldor's eyes twitched. He imagined how rustic and trenchant the diamond necklace would have looked when it was done. He wondered if Mrs. Kane would scold him for his taste. Aldor coughed

and suggested, "Mr. Kane, why don't you call and ask what type your wife would have wanted?"

"She picked it her-" Keegan stopped halfway, "Did I say I was going to give it to her?"

Aldor...

Aldor believed that even if Keegan were turned to ashes one day, he would remain unyielding in his words. "Let me ask if they could do it." Just as Aldor left, Vermont called. "Have you finished preparing my gift?" Vermont's birthday was close to Cordelia's. This was his thirtieth birthday, so he intended to celebrate it with Marshall's return. However, Keegan was going on a business trip next week, so he moved forward with his birthday celebration. They are rarely all in Rivera simultaneously. If they don't get together now, they won't know when the next get-together will be.

After asking, without waiting for Keegan's answer, Vermont continued, "Bring along your wife and the present. It doesn't matter if you come or not."

Keegan instantly hung up the phone call. Vermont soon called again, "Tell your wife I invite Toy Boy over. There would be a major performance."

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Keegan almost popped a vein. "You know about Toy Boy too?"

"Stella is a big fan of his. She likes his videos every day."

"You know her Instagram account name?"

Vermont paused and took a guess, "You don't know what's your own wife's Instagram account name?"

When Instagram had just become famous, Vermont registered an account for Keegan. But after he bought a new phone, he did not download the application, let alone use it.

Keegan pursed his lips. "I don't have it downloaded."

Vermont's jaw fell open. 'No wonder Keegan was so chill about Stella looking at handsome guys online daily. I thought he was so liberal that he could accept his wife cheating on him mentally. It turns out he doesn't have the slightest idea of it.'

Vermont thought about the videos that Stella had liked, cleared his throat, and advised, "I think you shouldn't download the app if you don't use it much."

For days, Keegan got mad at Stella for giving Marshall a pair of socks. If he saw the videos that Stella had liked, he would be so angry that he'd die on the spot.

However, it was in Keegan's nature not to listen to advice. The more that people were against his

decision, the more he wanted to do it. He hung up and quickly downloaded Instagram. He found Stella's account by syncing his contacts.

He tapped on Stella's page and saw that her most recent like was a video titled, 'Do you like the golden retriever type or the German Shepherd type?'

'I thought Stella was a cat person. So why is she interested in dog breeds?'

As he was wondering, Keegan began to watch the video. By the time he finished the video,

he was speechless. Unimaginable emotions arose within Keegan after he saw a man acting effeminate in the video, calling out “honey” in a childlike voice. It was worse when he saw a topless man wearing a collar and said, “I want to sleep with you, darling,” with a vocal fry.

‘Golden Retriever type? German Shepherd type? Dogs???’

The thing that made him feel betrayed the most was Stella’s comment under the video, “Why choose when you can have them both? Come sit on my thighs!”

Keegan scoffed.

‘She might as well be taking her pants off online!’

Angrily, he turned off the video, but he still felt uncomfortable. At last, he tapped on the video again and reported it, satisfied.

After turning off the video again, he texted Stella, “Don’t come back if you ever talk nonsense to other men again!”

After sending it, Keegan felt his tone was too harsh. He wanted to recall it, but someone from the design department knocked on the door and came in to hand him a business plan.

He only thought of the text after he was finished with his work. When he grabbed his phone, he saw that Stella had already given him a reply.

A middle finger GIF.

When she finished shooting, Stella searched high and low for a locksmith, but nobody wanted to take the job. Some did not have the license to open safes, so they did not dare to risk taking the job since police entrapments were common then.

The licensed ones, however, required all sorts of proof to open the safe. For instance, the receipt of purchasing the safe to prove that it is Stella’s property. Rainee was hospitalized for years. There was no way for her to get the receipt.

‘I don’t want to alarm my father without knowing what’s in the safe.’

“Could it be that I would still have to try those numbers?”

As Stella was at her wits’ end, a phone call from Felicity came in.

“Stella! Dr. Steven asked me out! Ahh!”

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Stella pulled her phone further away from her ear. She waited for Felicity to stop screaming and said, “He took the initiative to ask you out?”

“Kinda,” Felicity responded evasively.

He did not really ask Felicity out.

Doctor Steven’s full name was Corbin Steven. He was 28 years old and worked as a doctor in the breast surgery department.

Ever since Felicity added Corbin on WhatsApp, she kept initiating conversations with him. For example, she would ask him about his favorite food, books he was interested in, movie genres he liked, and things like that. In other words, she was trying to probe him about his preferences.

Corbin would reply to her when free, but he did not say much each time.

Felicity wanted to ask him out to watch a movie, but Corbin said he might not make it as he was attending a friend’s birthday party.

As soon as Felicity began to understand how it feels to like someone, she became much more unashamed than Stella. According to her own words, the chances of finding someone she liked in this vast world was too low. Now that she had met him, she would even tie herself to him by the belt if she had to.

Hence, she kept asking about which friend, and the party’s location. That was how she found out that the birthday boy was Vermont Snyder, the owner of Neon Nebula.

‘So it’s an acquaintance... Stella’s acquaintance.’

“What a coincidence. Vermont is my friend. I was also planning to attend his birthday party.” Without batting an eyelid, Felicity lied.

Corbin was surprised. “Didn’t you want to go to the movies?”

Felicity calmly replied, “Vermont kept inviting me to go, but I dislike bustling situations. So I was planning to drop him a gift and leave. But if you’re going, I could stay longer.”

Corbin chuckled and said gently, “See you tonight then.”

Stella was in disbelief. "You call this 'asking you out'?"

"Ah, just take it that way. I don't care. You must bring me along to Vermont's birthday party tonight!"

Felicity worked at Royal Deluxe Entertainment, and Neon Nebula was their competitor. So naturally, Felicity was not close to Vermont. They had only met a few times without even greeting each other.

Their most recent encounter was because of Vermont's affair with one of the models under Royal Deluxe Entertainment. The model thought she had Vermont to rely on, so she wanted to terminate her contract with the company.

The owner of Royal Deluxe Entertainment had previously invested a lot of money in the model's training and was just starting to break even the cost when she asked for a termination. Of course, he was enraged and asked for a large penalty for breaching her contract.

The model spewed a lot of tough talks and insinuated that Vermont would pay for her. But before she could terminate the contract, Vermont broke up with her. Then, she caused a scene at his company. Vermont phoned Royal Deluxe Entertainment's owner and told him to take care of the situation or else Vermont would call the cops. The owner was shocked and furious. At last, he sent some employees to

bring the model back.

Felicity was one of the employees sent to bring her back. The model was crying while professing her love for Vermont, but he did not even look in her direction. Instead, he just started his car and left.

The model lost her paymaster and fell out with the company too. Ultimately, she was shelved and still needed to pay a huge penalty. To say that she was devastated would be an understatement.

It was not without reason that the owner cursed Vermont that much. It was not that big of an issue that he liked to toy with people's feelings since both parties were consenting adults. The problem was that he never meddled with the artists under his own company but messed around with artists from other companies.

Vermont was young, rich, and handsome. Those naive new artists would take the bait if he were willing to spend some money on them.

Felicity had only met Vermont a few times, but he brought different girls with him every single time. So naturally, she did not have a good impression of him.

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Usually, Felicity would not even look in Vermont's way if she had encountered him by chance. But, in order to pursue Corbin, she went all out.

'Even if I don't know Vermont, he is now my close friend.'

"You're my best friend. Don't you want to see your bestie find her own happiness?"

"If you don't bring me along tonight, I'll put a curse on you so you won't get laid for five years!"

Stella grinned

This curse is way too evil!' she thought to herself.

Stella glanced at Felicity. "Vermont is really stingy. You better bring him a birthday gift, or else I can't promise that they won't throw you out of the party."

Felicity beamed, and her eyes resembled crescent moons. "Okay!"

"I have one more favor to ask, and if you don't promise to help me..

"If you dare to curse me to five years without sex, I'll curse you to never be with Corbin."

"I wasn't talking about that. I just wanted to ask you if you could do my makeup for me and give me a makeover." Felicity paused. "You weren't even this annoyed when I scolded Keegan, but the second I cursed your sex life you became this nervous? Is Keegan that good in bed?"

After work, Aldor drove Keegan to the agreed location to pick Stella up

As the car stopped, Aldor stepped out of the car and opened the door for Stella.

"Aldor, open the door of the passenger seat too. I'm bringing a friend."

Aldor nodded and opened the door to the passenger seat for Felicity.

Felicity smiled and said, "Thank you, Aldor.

Aldor froze. "Ms. Thompson?"

Felicity's grin showed off her canines. "Do I look good today?"

Since Aldor interacted with Stella frequently, it was inevitable that he would be quite familiar with Felicity.

According to Aldor's impression of Felicity, she had always worn hoodies or shirts with jeans. Her neatly styled hair reached her shoulders, and she had round eyes. She had a tiny pair of sharp canine teeth that can be seen when she smiled and had an indistinct dimple at the corner of her mouth. When she was quiet, she looked like an innocent college student who had not been tainted by the world.

But, when she talked, she seemed like a gangster, because all sorts of vulgarities would sprout from her mouth.

Today, Felicity wore a mid-sleeved knee-length white dress, and her hair was brushed and tied into a low ponytail. She had some light makeup on, and Aldor realized that Felicity's features were quite good-looking. When she was standing aside quietly, she looked like a well-educated daughter of a wealthy family.

But, as soon as she spoke, Aldor's bubble of imagination immediately burst. As he looked at Felicity's outfit again, he felt like the clothes did not match her.

However, Aldor was emotionally smart enough to not talk about it. He just smiled and replied, "Yeah, you do look good."

Felicity was satisfied with his answer. "Stella dressed me."

"No wonder the style looks familiar. Isn't this what Mrs. Kane would wear to dinner parties?"

Aldor made no further comments. He got in the car after closing the door and drove them to their destination.

Vermont was a social butterfly. His craftiness helped him to get along with everyone, resulting in his exceptionally large social circle.

By the time Stella reached, there was already a good amount of people there.

There was even an accountant by the entrance to register the received presents or money gifts.

"Vermont hired an accountant just for his 30th birthday party? Is he that scared of people attending the party for free? Stella thought.

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There was a long queue in front of them, and Felicity tiptoed to get a look.

My God, there are watches, shoes, bags, jewelry, and there's even a car!"

Felicity looked at the gift box she was holding, and quietly put it back in her bag. I'll just tag along with Stella's gift.

When it was Keegan's turn to register, he presented a pair of wine glasses.

Felicity was disappointed with the gift. She whispered to Stella, "Keegan is so stingy. He's just giving his good friend a pair of wine glasses?"

No wonder Keegan said that Felicity and I were dumb and dumber. Her reaction was the same as mine when I first saw the glasses, Stella thought.

She had the same pair of wine glasses at home. It was a gift from Keegan's client.

When Keegan brought them home, Stella said the same thing that Felicity said.

Stella would never forget the look Keegan gave her at that time. It went from surprise to astonishment, to disbelief, and finally speechlessness.

In the end, Aldor told her that the glasses were made by a prestigious wine glass and decanter manufacturer in Dereland.

The wine decanted by the wine glasses would taste extremely mellow. The foot of the glasses was even embedded with jewels. A single wine glass was priced near a million.

As they entered, Felicity spotted Corbin immediately.

Like a cat approaching its prey. Felicity darted over to him so quickly that Stella failed to stop her. "Keegan, Stella."

Stella heard Marshall's voice coming from behind her. She turned around with surprise in her eyes. "Mr. Moore?"

Keegan frowned and grabbed her hand.

Marshall wore a white suit today, and his shirt was still buttoned up to the first button. His tie was in a Windsor knot, and his hair was gelled up, showing off his handsome face.

Marshall had deep, intense eyes. When he was not smiling, he seemed noble, but whenever he smiled, he gives off warmth.

It might be out of Stella's awareness of Marshall's scars and hidden insecurity, as Stella was always rather careful toward Marshall. She was afraid that she might say something to upset him.

“Mr. Moore, your outfit suits you today.”

Stella praised him sincerely.

White suits really complemented Marshall. In other words, Marshall looked more attractive than Keegan when Marshall wore a white suit.

When he heard Stella’s praise, Keegan was suddenly reminded of the videos that she liked on her Instagram account

He took another look at Marshall The Windsor knot on his neck looks like a collar. What’s worse is that Stella was the one who gave him that collar

Marshall smiled and said. “Thank you. How’s your great-grandfather?”

Stella froze momentarily. She thought of Aurora when Arthur was mentioned and subconsciously pouted. “He went back to his hometown.”

Marshall paused and said, “What a pity. I wanted to visit him and ask him for some cooking advice. I didn’t expect him to leave so soon.”

Stella replied vaguely, “He had something to do back in his hometown, so he went back early. We will visit him during the holidays.”

Marshall nodded. “Please send my regards.”

After he spoke, Marshall turned around to ask Keegan, “How is Aurora? Has she recovered?”

When Aurora was mentioned in the conversation, Stella’s expression became colder.

‘I hope she never recovers. She is too mean, Stella cursed in her thoughts.

However, Keegan said indifferently, “Go visit her if you’re that concerned about her.”

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Marshall pursed his lips. “You know that Aurora has feelings for me. I don’t want her to get the wrong idea, and I don’t want both families to have false hope in us.”

“If you really think so, it’s better if you get a girlfriend soon, and get her to stop thinking about it.”

Marshall chuckled. “It can’t be forced, I’ll find someone eventually. You can introduce me to suitable candidates if you know any. I don’t have unrealistic standards. As for her

looks, I'm fine with anyone that looks decent. As for her personality, about the same as Stella will do."

Keegan stared into Marshall's eyes, but he could not tell if Marshall was joking or not.

Stella's perception was much simpler. She was even slightly excited. She turned her head to Keegan and whispered, "See? I'm the type of girl to be sought after in the dating scene."

First, there was Vermont, then came Marshall. Stella's confidence was over the roof. Even the way she talked was overflowing with confidence.

Keegan glanced at her. "All beauty and no brains, of course, you'd be sought after."

'Bastard, he never has a nice thing to say,' Stella thought.

Marshall seemed like he was just joking, and recollected after he spoke. "Let's go see Vermont," he said warmly.

When Felicity reached Corbin, he was chatting with Vermont.

He was wearing a suit instead of the doctor's white coat. He had a light smile on as he was talking with his friends beside him. Felicity automatically ignored the crowd surrounding him, as she was only thinking about how good he looked under every circumstance.

Felicity fixed her clothes, then she took delicate steps and walked over to him. She called out to him softly in a cutesy voice. "Dr. Steven?"

Corbin paused and turned around to look at her.

His gaze started from the bottom, flitting by her slender, pale legs, and made its way up to her hips, waist, and chest, and lastly landed on her blushing face.

"You are..." Corbin hesitated.

Seeing that her crush did not recognize her, Felicity was quite disappointed. But, she still introduced herself. "I'm Felicity Thompson. I was your patient before. We even texted on WhatsApp today."

"Oh, it's you." Corbin seemed shocked. He stood up and said gently, "My apologies, I didn't recognize you just now. You look so different."

Stella's heart thumped when she heard Corbin's magnetic voice.

"It's Vermont's birthday today, so I couldn't wear casual clothes to attend. That's why I dressed up a bit," Felicity replied in a soft voice.

Vermont, who was drinking with his friends nearby, paused to take a look at the woman who was standing beside Corbin.

Her height was around 5.3 feet, and her proportions were alright, not too skinny and not too chubby as well. There were indistinct muscle lines visible on her arms and legs. She did not look like a daughter from a wealthy family. Instead, she seemed like a high school athlete who put on grown-up clothes.

Vermont searched his memory for her face but could not remember who she was.

He finished the wine in his glass and walked up beside Corbin. "Who are you talking to?" Vermont said cheerfully.

"Ms. Thompson, you two must know each other well."

"Ms. Thompson?"

Vermont frowned.

Felicity was shaken. "Why must Vermont come over now?! I am nowhere near the progress I wanted. I can't fail when I'm almost halfway there!"

"Which..."

Before Vermont could finish his sentence, Felicity suddenly went in and embraced Vermont. "Vermont, it's been a while since I last saw you. You changed a lot! I nearly didn't recognize you."

"You..." Vermont pushed Felicity's shoulders.

Right after she was pushed away, Felicity once again hugged Vermont tightly.

"Vermont, do I look different from when I was little?"

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Vermont shrugged her away once more. Felicity's muscles, on the other hand, did not fail her as she hugged Vermont's waist once more, not letting go no matter how hard he tried to shrug her off. If Felicity were to do this to Keegan, he would definitely push her away in a rough manner. Vermont, on the other hand, was different. He was worried that he would offend some unknown rich heiress if he were to use

brute force.

He patted Felicity's shoulders and smiled at her. "At least let me have a look at you to see how you've changed."

'Wouldn't I be giving the game away if you see my face?' Felicity thought. She snuggled into his chest and replied, "Don't make fun of me, Vermont. I'd be embarrassed."

Vermont thought to himself, 'This isn't a prank, right? Short stature, stubby legs, and such a strong grip?'

Corbin, who was surprised at them being intimate, asked, "Are you two childhood friends?"

"We have only mingled for a short period."

Felicity was worried that Vermont would expose her and quickly tried to find an excuse to leave the conversation. "Happy Birthday, Vermont. You two should continue your discussion. I'm heading to the ladies' room."

Not giving Vermont a chance to react, she released him and dove straight into the crowd. Vermont still could not figure out who Felicity was, except for the exceptionally bright eyes of hers while she was talking to Corbin.

Corbin asked, "Vermont, who is she?"

'How would I know who she is?' Vermont thought.

In the end, Vermont gave an excuse. "A distant relative."

Corbin smiled. "She's quite charming."

Felicity was far away before she sneaked a peek, only to sigh in relief when Corbin was still casually chatting with Vermont. 'That was so close. Luckily, I reacted fast enough.'

Her face was full of disgust when she lowered her head to look at the hands that held onto Vermont. She rested at a corner she found while waiting for Corbin to leave.

Upon seeing the arrival of Stella and her companions, Vermont, who was speaking to Corbin, happily went to them.

"Welcome, why are the three of you so late?"

Marshall replied

"We were stuck in traffic."

Not mincing his words, Keegan interjected, "Would we have to wait for so long if it..asn't for the reception you set up?" The queue to register the birthday gifts alone took more than ten minutes. Keegan, who had only seen such receptions for birthday anniversaries for the senior citizens, was not expecting Vermont to shamelessly set up something so out of place. Vermont did not mind how odd it was, as he wanted his birthday party to be grand but private. Since his best friends were from the upper echelons of society, there would naturally be unwanted guests who would take this opportunity to play up to them.

Entering the venue would not be easy with the gift registration setup. It was not a loss to him, since it would be difficult for everyone to bring out a gift of appropriate value. It would be even better for him if

more were to come.

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"Sigh. Since you're all arriving together, I would have come to get you guys right away if you had given me a call," said Vermont.

Keegan, who could not be bothered to retort, stayed silent.

Corbin eyed the Kane couple. His gaze stayed on Stella for a while before he moved toward them with his glass in hand. "Mr. Kane, it's been a while."

Stella was astonished. 'Doctor Steven knows Keegan?! Come to think of it, it wouldn't be natural for someone not to know Keegan when they can attend Vermont's birthday party.'

Keegan gave a lukewarm nod as a reply.

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Felicity messaged Stella. [Is that mutt, Keegan, close with Doctor Steven?]

Stella replied, [I think so.]

[If you let that mutt, Keegan, help to ask around about Doctor Steven, I'll even let the both of you be our wedding witness.]

Stella would naturally help Felicity even if she did not ask her. Putting aside Corbin's family background, his attitude must be passable. When the crowd was done exchanging pleasantries, Stella whispered questioningly at Keegan. "Are you acquainted with Doctor Steven?"

Keegan shot a glance at her. "I'm not."

Stella frowned. "Why did he talk to you if you aren't acquainted with him?"

Keegan said indifferently, "Many will take a shot to be acquainted with me. Do you think I would be acquainted with all of them?"

Stella choked at that reply. Keegan was not intentionally avoiding the topic. He was really not close with Corbin and had only seen Corbin during some dinner parties Vermont organized. It was only a hi-and-bye relationship, and Keegan was not privy to his background.

Stella's anger arose, still doubting he was hiding something from her.

Keegan was normally in the limelight in these settings. Within moments, he had already gathered a crowd. Stella, who was unable to enter the conversation, stood aside and thought of how she could pry information about Corbin.

Right at that moment, Stella found Marshall conversing with Corbin. The both of them seemed quite close to each other. Stella immediately

brought a glass of wine and entered the conversation. "Mr. Moore, would you like some wine?"

Marshall turned his head and his gaze softened upon seeing Stella. He took it and warmly said, "Thank you."

Stella went with the flow and walked in front of them. "Hello, Doctor Steven."

Corbin politely replied, "Hello, Mrs. Kane."

Marshall asked, "Do you two know each other?"

"Not really. I've brought a friend to Doctor Steven's place just that one time. To think that we'd meet again here."

Corbin, who did not expect that Stella was Keegan's wife, replied, "This truly is a coincidence."

Marshall soon began introducing Corbin to Stella. Corbin, being the only son, came from a well-to-do family. They knew each other but were not well -acquainted. It was only when Marshall went overseas to treat his illness that he became acquainted with Corbin, who was doing an internship abroad at that time. Having finished the introductions, Marshall added, "Corbin is Mr. Lewie's nephew."

Corbin replied with a smile, "I can't believe I still can't get anyone to remember me without mentioning my uncle."

"That's not true." Stella courteously replied, "Doctor Steven is very impressive to be able to become associate director at such a young age."

Corbin replied, "Does Mrs. Kane love opera?"

Stella replied, "I'm good. It's mostly my mother. She loves Mr. Lewie's work a lot. It was such a waste for Mr. Lewie to stop singing."

"Uncle pushed himself too hard when he was young and became ail as he aged. He stopped going on stage due to health reasons."

Marshall said, "I remember when Mr. Lewie was at the peak of his career, he could run more than ten shows per day and all of them are full-housed. Getting even a ticket wasn't easy. The amount of show he ran should be in the five digits, right?"

Corbin smiled. "No. It's only a total of nine thousand, seven hundred and forty-three shows."

Stella was astonished. "Nine thousand, seven hundred and forty-three..."

She pursued her mouth and her expression instantly turned serious. Swiftly, she placed the glass down and said, ' Please excuse me.'

As soon as she finished speaking, she went to a corner and took out her phone, scrolling to the picture of the cassettes with the numbers on them.

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Her breath was stuck in her throat as she compared the photographs one by one. Sure enough, the four number 9743 was on all of them. 'Could it be that the password mother set is the number of shows Mr. Lewie ran? It seems somewhat like what a diehard fan would do. Then, what are the other two numbers, number six and five, for? Since nine, seven, four, and three are related to Mr. Lewie, the numbers six and five should also be related to him, right?'

Stella thought for a while and found on Google that Lancelot's birthday is exactly on the fifth of June, is this the password?'

Stella could hardly keep her excitement in check, upon seeing her standing alone in the corner with a strange expression, Marshall went forward to check on her. "Are you okay?"

Stella returned to reality, kept her phone, and said, "Mr. Moore, please inform Keegan that I have some urgent matters to attend to, and he has to send Felicity home on the way back."

Marshall saw the seriousness on her face and whispered, "What's going on? It "Nothing." Stella forced a smile and continued, "It might rain tonight and my flowerbed needs to be covered with a rain cloth. I'm afraid the new housekeeper might not be familiar with doing it and will drench the flowers, so I have to go back."

"Alright, I'll pass on the message to Keegan."

"Many thanks." Stella took big strides and hurriedly left after thanking Marshall.

Marshall, who was still staring at her back, could not help but frown when he recalled the conversation just now.

After driving back to the Royalpark Villa, Stella went to the strongbox and entered 659743. The strongbox did not respond. She pursed her lips and entered 974365.

After punching in the number, a 'tick' sound could be heard, and the mechanical gears could be heard whirling into action. Swiftly after, a 'ding' sound was heard, and the door of the strongbox popped open. Stella opened the strongbox, only to see a thick stack of papers.

She reached in, took the stack, and a divorce agreement was on the top of the stack. Her hands trembled. She flipped through the stack of papers as she puckered her lips. The agreement was from seven years ago and had the signature of Rainee and Albert on it. While she still had her lips puckered, she flipped to the back of the divorce agreement. The agreement stated that the custody of the daughter would be left to Rainee, and Albert would only be left with a small portion of the company's shares. Below that were all shareholder agreements and some invoices that she could not understand.

'Knowing my father's temper, why would he agree to sign the agreement while fully knowing that the financial settlement is unfair to him?'

Soon enough, the answer was revealed to Stella. A brown paper bag beneath held a stack of photographs. All of them were sneak shots of Albert's figure with another woman. There were pictures of them holding hands, hugging, and even them fooling around inside the car at different angles. Stella could not control her hands from trembling at the sight of the photographs.

The woman Albert was with may look young in the pictures, but Stella easily identified that person to be Albert's secretary, Hylda. She kept her anger in check as she

continued flipping. Soon, a third person around the age often appeared in the consecutive photograph. It was Sophia. She was holding onto both Albert's and Hylda's hands, strolling in the park. Hylda in the picture was spotted with another bulging belly.

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Albert brimmed, not hiding his dotting eyes. It was not a common sight Stella could see from Albert. The smiles those three had in the photograph were made hideous from the photo being worn and crumpled. She could somehow imagine the feeling Rainee had whenever she saw the photograph.

Shiver went down Stella's spine as she saw the photograph, having a bad premonition in her heart as she recalled how Albert treated Sophia for so many years.

As though it was to ascertain her guess, the last piece was a paternity test of Sophia and Albert. And, Sophia had a 99.996 percent chance of being Albert's biological daughter. Stella's blood turned cold from the realization of this truth, and of Albert's cruelty.

'How can he be so heartless to take in his illegitimate daughter and used adoption as a guise to let her wife take care of her? I can't even begin to imagine how brokenhearted my mother was when she found out. She never even brought this up with me. Not even once,' Stella thought.

She did not realize what her mother was going through since Rainee's mood swings caused by her depression made Stella mentally and physically exhausted. It pierced her heart every time she thought of it.

It was not because Rainee did not want to say it, but Stella might not understand it back then. She was often asked if she would follow Albert or Rainee if they were to divorce during the year she had to prepare for the college entrance exam.

She did not take the question seriously as Rainee would ask the same question whenever Albert and Rainee quarreled.

Rainee, in fact, did not want to divorce Albert. She asked Stella so she could have a suitable reason not to proceed with the divorce. Every time Rainee asked the same question, Stella would choose Albert. She would be given a happy hug and her mother would not bear to divorce.

Those were from another time. That one time she was asked that question, it was not after Rainee and Albert had an argument. In fact, Rainee and Albert argued much lesser that particular year.

Moreover, Rainee would not be as happy as she usually would when she heard the same answer. That time, she only knitted her brows and looked like something was on her mind.

'Why didn't I notice that Mom was acting weird back then?'

Stella had flipped through the invoices umpteen times before realizing that those were in fact, records showing the financial loopholes in the company. There were signatures of Albert trying to evade tax, unfair tenders, bribery, and even the embezzlement record of the Jewell family during those years. That was probably the reason why Albert had agreed to sign such an unfair divorce agreement.

'Knowing father's character, he wouldn't willingly give up the assets he worked so hard for, even if he had committed adultery and was taking care of his illegitimate children.'

The divorce agreement had been signed, yet Mom was met with misfortune before the very last of the divorce formalities could be completed. Is this just a coincidence? Did the car accident have something to do with my father? Was mother trying to tell me something even when she was in a dire condition?

Stella felt chills piercing her heart. Right at that moment, her phone rang.

It was a call from Marshall. She took a deep breath, suppressing her raging emotions, and answered with a hoarse voice, Hello."

Marshall was surprised when he heard her current voice. "Stella, are you alright?"

"I'm fine," replied Stella as she cleared her throat. 'How can I help you, Mr. Moore?"

"Are you free to pick up Keegan? Both of US had a little too much to drink, so neither of US could drive.'

Stella looked at the time and realized that three hours had passed since.

"Alright. I'll be there in a moment. Please take care of him while I'm on my way there."

Hanging up the phone call, Stella settled her emotions, returned everything back into the strongbox, and locked it before driving over to pick Keegan up.

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She did not see Keegan when she returned. Vermont was nowhere in sight. Bits and pieces of cream from the cake were plastered messily. The venue was as noisy as before, but a lot of guests were already drunk.

Stella found Marshall sitting on a couch in a corner. His hair was smeared with whip cream and he was leaning on the table for support while rubbing his temples with his eyes closed. Marshall only opened his eyes after Stella got closer and called out to him. His expression became warm when he raised his head and saw Stella. "You're here."

Stella nodded and asked, "Where's Keegan?"

"Keegan's drunk. I brought him to rest with another person's help. I'll bring you to him.

"Sorry for the trouble."

Marshall was propped on the table trying to stand up but started wobbling. Stella noticed and quickly supported him. "Are you alright, Mr. Moore?"

His complexion was pale and his lip was colorless. He waved and replied, "My head hurts. I might have drank too much."

Stella remembered that Marshall just had surgery and had symptoms of migraine. She quickly let him sit and said, "Take a rest. Is your medication with you? Maybe you shouldn't have it seeing that you're drunk. I'll get you a glass of water instead."

Not waiting for his reply, she headed to the reception to ask for some water and was soon back with half a glass of warm water. Marshall sipped on the water in a gentlemanly manner and Stella could only helplessly wait for him to finish the glass of water after a few minutes.

His complexion returned after drinking the glass of water. Stella then asked, "If you still don't feel well when we go back, I'll take you to the hospital for a checkup."

"It's alright. It's just an old problem. The pain will come in waves and subside after a while."

He stood up and said, "I'll bring you to Keegan. If he found out he was sleeping in such a messy place, he would most likely blow his top. It's better to bring him back soon."

'Mr. Moore really understands Keegan,' Stella thought. Then, she replied, "Then, I'll have to trouble Mr. Moore to guide me to Keegan."

When the both of them took an elevator from the bar to the hotel, Marshall asked, "Have you finished covering your flowerbed?"

"Huh?" Stella paused for a moment before remembering her excuse. "Oh, yes. They're all properly covered."

Marshall smiled. "That's a relief."

She pondered for a while before she asked, "Mr. Moore, will a signed divorce agreement from a few years back still be effective if the formalities had not been completed?"

"If formalities had not been completed, a divorce agreement is not legally binding. No matter how many years the agreement had been signed, incomplete formalities with a signed divorce agreement will still render the piece of paper useless. The details of the agreement could only be in effect once formalities had been completed. What's more, if the divorce formalities were not completed after a long time, the details of the agreement might need to be revised due to the difference of financial assets then and now."

Marshall was surprised and asked, "Why are you asking all this?"

"Ah, it's nothing. I'm just asking." Stella's heart sank.

Rainee had used evidence of Albert's fraud to threaten him to sign the divorce agreement back then. But, ever since Rainee's accident, Albert had full control of the company and would have covered most of his tracks by now.

Ultimately, Albert was paying for the medical bills for Rainee's treatment, which made Stella unable to break off the relationship.

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When Rainee met with the incident, Stella was still in school, so Rainee's belongings were all managed by Albert personally.

During those times, Stella had tried to transfer Rainee's shares under her name so that she would be responsible for Rainee's medical expenses. However, everytime she mentioned this issue, Albert would throw a tantrum and say that she had started to think about dividing the family possessions.

After Rainee was in the accident, Albert had complete control over the Jewell family.

As long as he would not relent, Stella would simply not find it possible to get a hair from him. After she married Keegan, Albert had even more reason not to give her the rights to it. Saying something about a married daughter was like spilled water and that she had butt into too much of the Jewell family's business. Hence, the Kane family would not be willing to see this.

Whether or not the Kane family was willing was unknown, but Albert was definitely unwilling. They had earned tens of millions of dollars in dowry by getting a daughter married. Yet, he would only gift a car with less than a million in return. How could one hope for him to voluntarily give up the share rights?

Scandalous incidents such as cheating and illegitimate children were common in their circle. Even if she had exposed it to the public, Albert would most likely not be afraid of it. For a long time, Stella had no clue how she could use these things to make Albert voluntarily hand over the shares that belonged to Rainee.

Throughout the journey, she thought about it, but the elevator had reached the floor upstairs. Marshall brought her through a long corridor until they reached a suite door. He took out a room keycard and swiped the card to unlock the door. Stella then opened the door and entered.

Before she could take any more steps, she suddenly discovered two stilettos scattered on the floor. A woman's muffled whisper could be heard from inside. Stella's fingers trembled, and her heart tightened immediately.

Marshall also noticed the oddity, and his expression shifted slightly. Obviously, they could also guess what was happening inside. He whispered to Stella, '1'11 go in and have a look.'

Stella had an indescribable expression on her face. She tightened her lips and said with gritted teeth. "There's no need for that."

After she said that, she gripped her fists and walked in with giant strides. Marshall was worried that she would be rash, so he followed closely behind her. As they walked inside, another piece of a woman's jacket appeared on the floor, a man's necktie, belt with leather shoes...

For every piece of clothing, she saw, Stella's expression dropped further until they went behind the partition and finally saw the scene inside clearly. Keegan had his eyes shut while he was lying on the bed. His shirt had three buttons unbuttoned, and a wide area of his chest was naked. At his side, Sophia sat there wearing her sheath dress. At that moment, she was bent down, trying to unbutton him. At the same time, another hand had already slipped onto Keegan's waist.

"What are you doing?" Stella's cold voice came from behind.

Sophia's figure froze, and she turned around to look at Stella. Then, she instantly got up from the bed, flustered. She said with unspeakable difficulty, "My brother, brother-in-law was drunk. You shouldn't misunderstand.'

As she was talking, she grabbed the hems of her skirt, and there were noticeable scratch marks on her thighs. Any adult person would think of it in those aspects. Stella then stared at her coldly. Her pair of eyes were almost about to pierce through Sophia. This person had snatched her father's love since she was young and split off her mother's affection. She took her place and possessed her resources. Now, she even wanted to stick her hand onto her stuff? How dare she!

Sophia was pleased with Stella's reaction. Stella's relationship with Keegan was originally rocky. With this incident, she did not believe that Stella could suppress her temper and not make a fuss with Keegan.

As she was getting smug with her plan, Stella suddenly walked over in big strides and slapped her right on her face.

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In terms of slapping people, Stella was very experienced. After all, she used Sophia for training the whole night.

Hence, as this slap connected, it directly hit Sophia to the point where Sophia could hear ringing sounds in her ears.

"He got drunk, and so you got drunk too?" Stella had a face filled with sternness.

"Don't you have any sense of discretion?"

"You dare to hit me!" Sophia held her face. She raised her hand and wanted to slap

back. Just as her hand had risen, Marshall held onto her wrists next to Stella. Taking this opportunity, Stella gave her another slap with her backhand.

“Why wouldn’t I dare to hit you? As an older sister, is there a problem with me punishing my inappropriate sister? You obviously knew that he was drunk, and yet, you still didn’t avoid him out of discretion?”

After she said that, she gave Sophia another slap. The strength of that slap left a prominent mark of Stella’s palm on Sophia’s face. Sophia was not just stunned by the hits. She was also fuming from her face. Since she was little, Albert had been protecting her. Stella would not even dare to touch a hair on her body. She was afraid that Stella had gone mad today!

She wanted to retaliate, but she could not break free from Marshall’s grip. She said with fury, “Let go of me!”

Marshall said nonchalantly, “Ms. Jewell, if you have anything to say, you should say it calmly. Violence would be very undignified.”

Sophia was so angry that the corner of her lips was constantly twitching. ‘If violence was undignified, then he should stop Stella instead. Why does he keep holding onto me and allow Stella to hit me? So, it was undignified for her to hit someone while Stella could hit others willy-nilly? How could someone possibly break a fight this way?’ Sophia thought.

Stella had hit her with a total of five slaps until her palm was starting to feel numb. Only then did Marshall stop her.

“Let’s find out how is Keegan doing first,” Marshall said.

Stella gripped her fists tightly and retracted her palm back. She gave Sophia a single cold glance then bent down to pick up the belt and tie on the floor.

Sophia’s face was already swollen slightly. Just as Marshall let go of her, she wanted to pounce on Stella and take her revenge. Marshall then reminded her unhurriedly, “Ms.

Jewell, if you make the incident even worse and cause it to spread, it will not benefit you.”

Sophia’s footsteps paused. Marshall then continued, ‘Keegan hates being plotted against the most. You should use your brain a little. Think about the consequences of escalating this incident. It’s not like this incident hasn’t happened before. I think you wouldn’t want to know what happened to that person in the end.’

Sophia’s fingers shrunk back, and she gripped her fingers tightly. She displayed her slap marks, gave Marshall a cruel gaze, and then picked up the coat on the floor. Then, she swiftly left the scene.

Stella held back her breath and pulled Keegan’s shirt in a rough way. His chest still had the lipstick mark left by a woman. It constantly reminded her about the things that the bitch Sophia had done. She grabbed Keegan’s tie and wiped away the lipstick mark forcefully. Keegan’s fair skin on his chest was immediately red all over.

He seemed as though he was in a bit of pain, so he furrowed his brows and opened his eyes slightly. “Stella?”

‘Useless man! What the fuck is he crying out to me for!’ Stella thought.

Stella did not say a word. After she had finished wiping, she threw the tie directly into the rubbish bin. She then turned around and said to Marshall, ‘Mr. Moore, could I trouble you to call two people outside? They can assist me with getting him in the car.’”

Marshall nodded his head. "Wait here for a moment."

The few of them got Keegan into the car together. Stella winded her window down and said to Marshall, "Mr. Moore, you should get in too. I'll bring you home on the way back."

Marshall saw that her expression seemed normal, thanked her, and got in the car.

Stella drove the Maserati, and the vehicle had a speedy initial acceleration.

Keegan was already drunk, and the fast speed made him feel uncomfortable. His brows constantly furrowed. The mood in the car was chilly. Stella did not seem as calm as she had shown on the surface. The truth was that she was furious.

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"Drive slowly," Marshall reminded her gently. "I'm not in a rush. Safety first."

"I'm sorry," Stella took a deep breath and slowly slowed down the speed of the car.

"The one who should be apologizing is me." Marshall said in a low tone, "I should have waited in the room

earlier."

Stella shook her head. "If other people have decided to plot against you, no matter how many precautions you took against it, they would still find gaps to try and sneak into them."

She was not blind and could see Sophia's expression whenever she saw Keegan. How could she possibly not know? It was all because she saw the items Rainee had left for her tonight, and at the same time, Sophia had purposely tried to prod her. Hence, she exploded in anger and took action in front of Marshall

'The son of a bitch Keegan clearly knew that he could not stomach much alcohol. Yet, he still drank himself into this state and didn't even intend to take any precautions. Sophia would have been riding his body if I had been just a little late! Stella thought.

Marshall suddenly chuckled and said, "I was worried that you would misunderstand Keegan earlier. I didn't anticipate that you would have so much confidence in him. What a waste of my worries!"

Not many women could stand the scene just now. When Stella walked in, her expression changed. He assumed that she would have left Keegan there. He did not think that she would just teach Sophia a lesson and be willing to bring Keegan home.

Stella pursed her lips and did not know how to continue the conversation. It was not that she had confidence in Keegan. Instead, that son of a bitch, Keegan, was impotent when he was drunk... Alcohol could seem to naturally subdue Keegan. He would get drunk

after having alcohol. Not only would he become unconscious, but his memory would also get fuzzy.

During last year's New Year's Eve, they returned to their ancestral home to have a reunion dinner. That year, they were newlywed, and the family had just incorporated an additional member. Cordelia was thrilled, so the reunion dinner prepared was very lavish. She even took out her treasured vintage wine for the New Year's Eve celebration.

Keegan had only drunk two cups, while Stella, the newlywed bride, did not dare to be too impudent. Although her ability to hold her liquor was good, she was very restrained. After the New Year celebration had ended, it was already very late. Everyone opted to stay at the ancestral home for the night.

When they returned to their room, Keegan was still normal. When Stella came out from her shower. Keegan was still daydreaming on the edge of the bed. Stella then called him to go take a shower, and Keegan raised his head in a daze to look at her momentarily. Suddenly, he got up, held her, and then

threw her on the bed.

They were newlyweds and were still bashful when they faced these things. Especially when they were still in the ancestral home, which made Stella even more nervous. She whispered to Keegan, "Let's do it when we return home. What if the others hear it..."

Keegan, instead, did not care and started tearing up her clothes. Stella could only bury her head into his chest. She panted lightly while trying to coordinate with him. When all the foreplay was done, she did not see Keegan make a move for a long time. Stella was itching from all the teasing. Her calves hooked onto his waist and urged him in a small voice. In the end, Keegan towered over her body, was dumbstruck, and did not make any moves for quite a long while.

"What's wrong?" She asked in a low tone.

Keegan lowered his head to have a look. Meanwhile, Stella followed his gaze and looked downwards. Then, she saw Keegan Jr. drooping lifelessly.

Stella was at a loss for words. Keegan seemed very embarrassed, and he got up and went to the bathroom. Stella stayed in the bed with only four words in her mind. 'My husband is impotent!'

Keegan naturally was not impotent. She then tried a few more times and noticed that as long as Keegan had consumed alcohol, his abilities in that regard were utterly useless. It could be considered that his spirit was willing, but his flesh was weak. With only two drinks down, he would be that way. It would be needless to talk about it when he is drunk and unconscious in that state.

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If Keegan would touch Sophia that way upstairs earlier, Stella would change her surname. It was because she knew about Keegan's stupid condition that she understood clearly that Sophia herself set up the plot. Even though she knew that nothing had happened, she could not help but get angry.

Apart from being angry at that son of a bitch Keegan, her rage was also directed at the fact that he left an opening for others to take advantage of him. However, the more important factor for her anger came after she learned about Sophia's lineage. Stella naturally would not discuss this with Marshall.

She merely said nonchalantly, "If married couples didn't even have that bit of trust, how could they live together? I have been married to him for so many years. I wouldn't go so far as to be blinded by this incident. I trust his integrity."

'Could there be a wife as wonderful as me? Catching my husband "messing around" with another woman, yet I would still say good things about him. That one billion from Keegan was well-spent! Stella thought.

Marshall restrained his expression and nonchalantly said, "That's good."

Then, he did not speak any further. After Stella had sent Marshall back to the Moore Mansion, she sent Keegan back home. Once Marshall left, Stella had no more restraint and started to speed up the car.

Keegan was flung around, and his stomach was turned upside down. His whole body felt like it was on a roller coaster, with the ride's sudden left, right, ups, and downs. This continued for more than ten minutes until the car finally stopped.

Maria, the housemaid, heard the honk from the car and came out to welcome them. Once the car doors were opened, Keegan could not help but vomit. Stella did not even glance at him. She slammed the car door and went into the house.

Maria could not move Keegan and finally had to make a call. She had the estate management send two security guards over. Only then did they manage to get Keegan into the house.

Meanwhile, Stella was in the bathroom soaking. A loud bang came, and the door was suddenly pushed open, which scared her. Keegan shakily walked in with furrowed brows. He turned on the shower head and started to take a shower.

However, he was taking a shower without taking off his clothes. Stella watched on with the corner of her eyes twitching. He did not have the capability for it, yet he still went and drank tons of alcohol. And, after he had finished drinking, he would not stop causing problems for everyone!

She ignored Keegan and got out of the bathtub to put on a bathrobe after she finished bathing. As for Keegan, let him soak! Soaking for a bit would help him clear his head! After completing her skincare routine, she still did not see Keegan come out.

Stella tossed and turned, as she was lying on the bed. The sound of water splashing in the bathroom did not stop, even though an hour had passed. Did Keegan plan to wash his skin off? After another five minutes, Stella could not stand it anymore. So, she stood up and went to the bathroom.

Keegan was still maintaining the same state he had when she left earlier. He had his back to the walls and was sitting on the floor. He let the water from the showerhead splash onto his body. The water in the heater had been used up, and at that moment, the only water flowing out was cold water. Stella quickly closed the shower head and raised her leg to kick at Keegan.

“Can you get up?” Stella asked.

Keegan raised his head and looked at her, but no words were said. His whole body was drenched, and his hair was drenched from water splashes. It stuck to his scalp with the corner of his eyes slightly drooping.

There were even water droplets on his eyelashes. The usual sharpness he had during the day had ebbed away. He suddenly looked like a rain-soaked puppy, and he seemed very pitiful.

Stella crouched down and asked, “Keegan, do you recognize who I am?”

Keegan stared at her with a dazed expression. After a long while, he said softly, “Stella.”

“Very good. Now, remember this for me. Don’t ever come home again if you dare to drink yourself into a stupor! Am I your servant? Do I have to clean up after you every day?”

Keegan’s adam’s apple rolled in his throat, then he said in a low tone, “You are my wife.”

Stella glared at him. “I’m your wife, but do I owe you anything?”

As she said that, she pulled Keegan up and bent down to remove his shirt. His clothes were soaked and stuck to his body, so they were difficult to take off. Stella spent a long time and finally took the clothes off his body. Then, she threw a bathrobe at him.

“Wear this yourself and come out,” After she said that, she walked out.

Keegan held onto the bathrobe with a thoughtful expression. Stella was exhausted but did not feel any drowsiness. She took her phone and tapped open Facebook. The top few searches on Facebook were related to the news about Rivera. Stella tapped on the news to read it. It was a press release that Sophia

had announced at her high school.

Chapter 393

Sophia was still taking advantage of orphanages, making rumors, lying, and faking her donations. The more disgusting thing was that Albert had shared this Facebook post to the family group chat. He was desperately trying to make her go viral.

'For a person who fakes their persona to make themselves known, what happens if their persona crumbles?' A thought secretly sprouted deep in Stella's heart. She was thinking about it when her whole body suddenly sank.

Keegan had already worn his bathrobe and came out. Then, he crushed her beneath his body and straightened her chin.

Enter title...

□

Stella furrowed her brow. "What's wrong?"

Keegan lowered his head and gave her a peck at the corner of her lips. He said with a low, hoarse voice, 'I want to have sex with you.'

Stella was at a loss for words and thought, 'Why is Keegan so cheesy when he gets drunk?'

She half-heartedly rubbed the back of his head, "Behave. You don't have the ability to do it."

After she had said that, she wanted to push him off. Instead, Keegan opted to stick to her. He could not be moved, and he even harshly said, "I want to have sex with you!"

'What type of new drunken craze is this?' Stella thought.

Stella was unbearably tired and nudged his shoulders, as she growled, "Stop making a fuss and go to sleep."

Keegan seemed dissatisfied with her reaction. With a bitter expression, he tore into her clothes. Stella was wearing actual silk pajamas. It was already a very thin layer, so Keegan did not use much force to tear it open.

Then, he started to get her body aroused. Stella really did not have the strength to deal with him, so she allowed him to have his way. It was unknown what Keegan had watched, but the tricks he had today were numerous. In a short while, he had started to make Stella feel something.

Keegan seemed very satisfied with this and hurriedly wanted to get down to business. The result naturally was no miracle. He looked at his unreactive body in a daze, and his eyes were filled with shock and disbelief.

Stella, instead, was not surprised. Thankfully, Keegan would always black out from being drunk. Judging from his own temper, if Keegan remembered the stupid look he had when he was drunk, he would have killed himself. She was just about to open her mouth to convince Keegan to go to sleep when suddenly

she heard Keegan hoarsely say, "I'm sick."

Stella was speechless. She opened her mouth, but suddenly no words could be blurted out. Although Keegan's look seemed slightly pitiful, she really wanted to mock him spitefully. "You're not sick. You'll be fine after a good sleep."

She held back her intent to laugh and comforted him in a low voice.

Keegan started to lie down while under her comfort. He seemed hung up on the incident regarding his impotence when he was drunk. He had his eyes open for a long time and could not sleep.

Stella turned the bedside lamp, dimmed the lamp, and closed her eyes. When she was about to slip into her slumber, she heard Keegan softly ask, "Are you going to divorce me because of this?"

"Ah?" Stella was in a daze. After a while, she replied, "No, there are many toys these days. They are even better than men."

Keegan was speechless. She was in sweet slumber while Keegan was left tossing and turning on the side.

At the same time, at the Jewell family's home, Sophia was carrying her red and swollen face and Hylda saw it once Sophia reached home.

"What happened to your face?" Hylda exclaimed.

Sophia said harshly, "That whore Stella hit me!"

Chapter 394

Obviously, Sophia was afraid to tell the truth. Hylda would probably teach her a lesson if she knew this happened because she attempted to climb onto Keegan's bed. So, Sophia omitted what she had done and said, "What else could it be? Tonight is Mr. Snyder's birthday, and everyone went to celebrate his birthday. Keegan was drunk, so I lent him a hand. Stella was unhappy with it. So, she rushed over and slapped me across my face!"

Hylda was furious. "Why didn't you fight back?"

"Someone dragged me. I couldn't move at all!" Sophia cried and said, "Mom, you have already obtained the marriage certificate with dad. Why do I still have to stand for this stupidity? How long will I have to endure it!"

Hylda felt annoyed too. There was a formal wedding when someone else was getting married, but she had to obtain the marriage certificate stealthily. Until now, she still had to pretend to be Albert's secretary when they attended those banquets every time. Hylda suffered in silence for over 20 years. Finally, something happened to Rainee, and Albert thought of getting a divorce. However, the Kane family took a liking to Stella.

Albert's career stalled, and Stella's marriage was a great opportunity for him to achieve success in a short period. Hence, he would surely want to treat Stella well. Stella refused to allow him to divorce Rainee. So, he immediately gave up the idea of divorce.

The anticipation and forbearance of Hylda and her children for many years were outweighed by Stella's words. If it was not for the youngest son, who had to go to school last year and relevant procedures were needed, Albert would still be reluctant to divorce Rainee even if Hylda were to cry out her grievances over the years in front of him.

Albert was divorced, and Hylda had obtained the marriage certificate now. However, the current situation was no different from before. She was still Albert's secret lover. Whenever Hylda thought about all of this, she felt depressed. It was not only her hatred toward Rainee and her daughter but also her dissatisfaction with Albert's indecision.

'If Stella stayed married, do we have to hide like a mouse for the rest of our lives? My status as Albert's wife can't be disclosed for my entire lifetime, and my kids are being bullied by others now. I'm sick of this kind of life since long ago!'

The noise downstairs disturbed Albert in the study. He saw Sophia and Hylda crying on each other's shoulders when he opened the door. He frowned and went downstairs instantly. "What's going on?"

Hylda wiped her tears, turned her head, and said coldly, "Nothing." She patted Sophia's shoulder as she spoke. Then, she said hoarsely, "Take an ice pack and apply it. Don't you have a presentation tomorrow?"

Sophia let out a "hmm." Then, she got up and was about to go upstairs.

Only then did Albert see her slightly swollen face with clearly visible finger marks. Albert was taken aback, then his eyes narrowed. "Sophia, what happened to your face?"

Sophia said softly with reddened eyes, "It's nothing. I accidentally fell."

"How can you make a slap mark when you fall?" Albert took care of Sophia carefully and cherished her with his heart. She was well-behaved and sensible since she was a child. How could Albert see his beloved child being wronged in this way?

"What happened?" said Albert.

Sophia turned her face away. Her voice was crying and full of grievances. 'Mom doesn't allow me to say it.'

The more she said it that way, the more distressed Albert became. He turned to ask Hylda angrily, "Why don't you let her say anything? She got beaten up like this. What can't she tell?"

Hylda said with teary eyes, "What can you do even if I tell you? Fight back for her? Do you have the guts?"

"Why wouldn't I?" Albert frowned.

Hylda sneered. "Do you have the guts to punish your precious baby girl?"

Chapter 395

Albert was taken aback. "You're saying Stella did this?"

"Who else I won't allow Sophia to fight back except her?"

Albert frowned. "What happened?"

Hylda told the incident to Albert in an exaggerated manner. She said in the end, "Albert, I have been with you for so many years. I'm not afraid of any grievances. I'll take it since I decided to be with you. But, what did my child do wrong? She slapped Sophia just because of such a trifle. Is she really angry because of this? She's deliberately looking for an excuse to vent her anger on Sophia!"

Albert pursed his lips tightly and said nothing.

Sophia sobbed softly, "Mom, forget it. Don't put dad in a difficult position."

"I wouldn't have endured it for so many years if I wanted to put him in a difficult

position.” Hylda wiped away her tears, turned her head, and added, “Go wash up. This is how our lives are.”

“What are you talking about?” Albert’s expression calmed down when he was speaking on this topic. He held Hylda’s hand and whispered, “How can I not understand how many wrongs you have suffered with me? I also feel distressed for Sophia when she gets beaten. But, I just signed the contract with Semiconductor Technology, and it’s a critical period now. After this passes, I’ll find an excuse to bring the divorce to light and a suitable opportunity to give you and the kids a status aboveboard. Don’t worry. I’ll ask Stella to apologize to Sophia for what happened today.”

Hylda was full of disappointment. Albert had always been painting a rosy picture for her all these years. He always talked about what the future would be like. If she waited any longer, she would be old, and her children would not have an upright identity. Hylda could not hold her anger back. She pulled out her hand and said coldly, “That’s up to you.” After finishing, she urged Sophia, “Go on. Go wash up. You have to work tomorrow.”

Albert felt upset when he watched both of them leave. He pursed his lips and gave Stella a call. However, Stella’s phone was muted, so she did not hear it.

Stella stared at the ceiling for a while after waking up the next day. When she was about to sit up, she fell back down without her body leaving ten centimeters away from the bed. There was a hand across Stella’s waist. Keegan was still asleep, but his arms were wrapped around her tightly.

Stella pushed his hand away, turned over, and took her phone. Albert called her three times last night, but she never picked up. So, he left a message for Stella and asked her to call him back after she saw it.

Stella sneered. ‘I slapped Sophia a few times last night, and she definitely couldn’t take it. Albert called me probably to blame me for what happened yesterday. He comes to me before I go to him. They want to get even with me? Just wait right there.’ Stella got up and called Felicity. She let the incident last night go to her head until she had forgotten that Felicity was still there. And, Stella promised to bring her home before. Although Felicity would not hold grudges, she still had to explain herself.

The phone rang for a long time, and no one answered.

‘She should have been awake at this hour.’

Stella pursed her lips and dialed again. This time, someone else picked up when the phone was about to stop ringing. “Hello.”

A deep and hoarse male voice came from the other end of the phone.

Stella was stunned. “Who are you?”

As soon as she finished, there was a rustling sound on the other end of the phone.

Then, Felicity’s voice came in a panic. “Stella?”

Stella felt a little weird and said, “Who answered the phone just now?”

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“Who? Nobody. It’s just the hotel clerk. I left my phone in the room,” Felicity explained instantly. Her voice sounded a bit hoarse.

Stella’s face was full of suspicion. “Hotel? Did you stay in a hotel last night? w

“Yep,” Felicity cleared her throat. “I drank too much last night. It was very late, so I

stayed in a hotel.”

“Oh. It’s fine if you stay in a hotel. Keegan was drunk last night, and something happened at the scene. That’s why I forgot to call you, and I was worried about how you would go back.”

“Well, I’m fine.” Felicity’s voice sounded strange as if she was straining and struggling. When Stella was about to ask her again, Felicity said, “The cab I booked is here. I have to hang up now. I’ll contact you later.”

“Okay.”

After hanging up the phone, Felicity looked down at the man under her whose mouth was held tightly by her. She gritted his teeth and said, “You bastard! You’re a piece of shit! What have you done to me!”

Vermont’s mouth and nose were covered by Felicity, and his eyes almost rolled back into his head.

‘What did this woman eat when she was growing up? Why is she so strong?’

It took Vermont a lot of effort to push Felicity’s hand away from his mouth. After taking a breath, he looked at the woman in front of him.

She was an average-looking woman but had a nice figure. She only wore a slip and was sitting on his waist now. There were light red marks everywhere on her shoulders and chest. It was pure and sassy with her angry expression. However, Vermont was unfamiliar with this face. He could not remember when he had known this person for a while. So, he frowned and said, “What did I do to you?”

“Why are you still asking!” Felicity was furious. She wielded a pillow and threw it on his head, “You pieces of shit! It’s fine if you messed with others, but why did you mess with me? Am I someone you can just mess around with!”

Vermont was a little annoyed by her beating. He grabbed the pillow, gritted his teeth, and said, “Get your fact straight! This is my room. I haven’t even asked how did you climb on my bed!”

“How should I know? It must be you, the asshole who lured me in because you have thoughts of aggression with my beauty.”

The corners of Vermont’s eyes twitched. “I have thoughts of aggression with your beauty? Are you that beautiful?”

These words annoyed Felicity even more. ‘Would you have left your marks on me if I’m not pretty? You son of a bitch! You didn’t care for anything when you were in need!’

Vermont had never been scolded a piece of shit, bastard, asshole, and son of a bitch his entire life up till now.

‘Damn! How bad does this woman think I am!’ Vermont thought.

“I don’t believe that the society ruled by law can’t control you. You just wait. I’ll call the police now and sue you for rape!”

“I beg you to call the police immediately!” Vermont was furious. “You’re a gangster! I don’t know who is taking advantage of who!”

Felicity had already got up. However, she turned her head and kicked on Vermont’s waist when she heard his words, “I want to see how stubborn you can be after the police come here!”

Vermont grimaced at the pain. He clutched his waist and wished he could throw Felicity down the window!

The door of the guest room was knocked on as soon as Felicity dialed the phone. Doctor Steven's voice came from outside when she was about to open the door.

"Vermont, are you awake?"

Felicity was shocked.

When Vermont was about to speak, Felicity, who was about to leave, turned back at some point. She rushed forward and covered his mouth with a ferocious face.

'Again!' Vermont screamed in his mind.

Felicity gritted her teeth and said, "I can let you go. But, if you dare to talk nonsense and ruin my reputation, I'll let you be a eunuch for the rest of your life!"

Vermont was speechless.

Felicity had great strength. Vermont was a strong man who was about six feet tall. However, he could not get her off from him. It was not that he could not use brute force, but because she had short legs. He was afraid that he would throw her away if he exerted his strength. So, he pointed to his mouth, stretched out his index finger, and waved it. It indicated that he would not say anything and asked her to let go of him.

Chapter 397

Felicity stared at Vermont. In the end, she let go of him after confirming repeatedly.

"Vermont?" Doctor Steven raised his voice. "Are you awake?"

"I'm awake." Vermont cleared his throat and said loudly, "What's wrong?"

Doctor Steven said, "You left your phone in the bar last night. They delivered it here. Open the door and get it."

Felicity stared at him threateningly. "Ask Doctor Steven to put the phone by the door!"

Vermont put on his coat and glanced at her. "Do you think he won't suspect a thing if I ask him to put it by the door?"

Of course, Felicity realized that her solution would show the signs of a guilty person giving himself away by consciously protesting his innocence. There were clearly some problems if a person was afraid to open the door to get his phone.

Suddenly, Felicity had no idea what to do next. The door was facing the bed, and everything could be seen at a glance in this kind of standard room. If she hid in the bathroom and Vermont, the bastard talked nonsense in front of Doctor Steven, she would not be able to stop it in time.

Vermont gave a suggestion when he saw that she was convinced. "How about this? You hide behind the door when I open the door later. That way, he can't see you, and you can hear what I say to him.'

"What if you're lying?"

Vermont glanced at her, "I want to save face too, okay? Wouldn't it be embarrassing for me to have thoughts of aggression with your beauty?"

The corner of Felicity's mouth twitched, and she kicked his calf. Vermont took precautions and avoided her kick easily.

"Vermont?" Doctor Steven shouted outside again.

Vermont said, "Just a minute. I'm getting dressed.' After speaking, he looked at Felicity and said, "Go."

Felicity followed him to the door suspiciously, and Vermont opened the door.

Steven was outside answering the message with his head lowered. He was stunned

when he saw the red marks on Vermont's chest. Then, he laughed, "Did you have a good time last night?"

"Just so-so." Vermont took the phone and said, "I was scratched by a cat all night." The corner of Felicity's mouth twitched. "Then, why don't you get scratched to death!"

"Which cat?" Steven chuckled softly, "Is it this wild?"

Vermont raised his eyes and said, "A Black Cat Detective."

Felicity was left speechless.

Steven put his hand to his lips and smiled for a long time. "Did the cat run away?"

"The cat?" Vermont glanced at Felicity, who was at the door. He raised the corners of his lips when he saw her frightened look. "The cat is hiding."

Steven then said, "I feel like I really want to meet her after listening to what you said."

"Meet her..." Vermont felt his sleeves being pulled as soon as he opened his mouth.

When he turned his head, he saw Felicity grabbing his sleeves and looking at him with reddened eyes. It seemed as though she was about to cry in the next second.

Vermont looked at those eyes. Suddenly, he recalled a woman who hugged him and would not let go as soon as he came to talk with Steven last night. Was she not the woman in front of him?

After thinking for a while, he realized that Felicity did not want Steven to know about her relationship with him. With Vermont's bad habits in the past, he would normally do whatever he wanted, even when it was not allowed. But today, for some reason, he could not rebel all of a sudden when she saw Felicity with her reddened eyes and clutching his sleeve gently.

Vermont paused. Then, he pursed his lips and said, "Let's forget it. The cat is timid. What if it gets stressed?"

Chapter 398

Steven only thought that Vermont wanted to protect the woman. So, he stopped teasing and left by saying, "There's something I need to do in the hospital."

After Vermont closed the door, he saw Felicity lowering her eyes with a depressed look.

"What's your name?" said Vermont.

Felicity looked at him warily. "Why do you want to know?"

Vermont was speechless toward her reaction and flatly said, "Forget it. It's not important." As he said that, he took out a check from his leather jacket, signed it, and handed it to Felicity. "If you think the price is okay, we can settle this privately. If it's not, we can settle this through legal means."

Two hundred thousand was written on the check.

Felicity's face kept changing. She raised her leg and kicked him the next second.

Vermont had been kicked so many times by her. He would surely learn the lesson.

When he saw Felicity raise her leg, he quickly grabbed her ankle with his hand. He exerted himself, grabbed her leg, and pushed her onto the bed. He said with a sullen face, "Listen, I would never do anything bad to women. But, if you make me angry, I won't be a gentleman."

Felicity was wearing shorts, and her legs were pressed to her chest by Vermont. Her posture was embarrassing and shameful.

Then, Vermont saw mottled red marks on her inner thighs at a glance, which looked

as though it was dried blood. Vermont was stunned for a while. Then, he looked at the bed sheet, and there were also many red marks on it. He looked at Felicity with his head down.

Felicity's eyes were red. When she thought of how she was messed up by Vermont, the piece of shit, and insulted with money in person, she could not help but feel sad. Her nose twitched, and she cried with a "waah."

Vermont was left speechless. 'I didn't even push her that hard.'

Felicity wept beautifully. She said as she cried, "I've never even been in a relationship yet. Finally, I met someone I love. But, before I confessed my love, I had sex with you. It's fine to have sex, but you use money to humiliate me. Did you lose anything? No, I'm the one who suffers! You bastard, piece of shit, why am I so unlucky."

Felicity beat Vermont's chest as she spoke. Actually, the force she exerted was light. However, it made Vermont feel uncomfortable.

When it came to matters of emotion, they were always consensual. If unwillingness was shown, it would be meaningless.

Vermont disliked forcing others too. But, last night was really an accident. He could not even remember how he got back to his room. When he just woke up, he did suspect that this woman climbed onto his bed on purpose and tried to extort something from him. However, she was frightened like a bird startled by a bowshot when the door knocked. She was afraid that others would know that she was in his room. If it was a trick, she must have trumpeted it.

Felicity cried hard and kept sobbing. It made Vermont feel as if he was taking advantage of others. He coughed and softened his voice unconsciously. "How do you want to solve it?"

"You suck..."

Vermont covered her mouth and said with a dark face. "I'll ask Steven to come back if you curse again!"

Felicity became quiet after she heard that. But, the eyes that stared at Vermont were filled with anger and humiliation.

Just as Vermont let go, Felicity directly opened her mouth and bit his palm. He was in pain and almost threw her out. She let go and stared at Vermont viciously before he could push her. "If you talk about today's incident outside and if any strange rumors reach Doctor Steven's ears, I'll kill you! That way, you won't be able to mess with any other women for the rest of your life!"

Vermont was speechless.

Felicity pushed him away, picked up her clothes, put them on, and left with her things. Vermont rubbed his temples. 'I shouldn't have been this drunk last night.'

He took a shower, tidied up, and then left the room. Vermont went downstairs. After much deliberation, he went to the hotel surveillance room to check the security cameras. Vermont was silent when he saw the two of them entering the room together, holding each other.

'I really lured her in,' he thought.

Unlike his usual self, he felt guilty when he thought of the blood on Felicity's leg.

Chapter 399

Meanwhile, a pack of prop blood used in filming lay under the bed.

When Keegan woke up, Stella was sitting in the living room holding a laptop, working on something.

He had a bad headache due to the hangover from last night's drink.

When the new housekeeper, Maria, saw Keegan coming downstairs, she warmly greeted him. "Sir, please have some ginger lemon tea. Madam asked me to make it. I've kept it warm."

Keegan nodded after glancing at Stella who was sitting on the sofa.

Maria immediately went to the kitchen to serve the ginger lemon tea and brought it out.

He took a sip and walked behind the sofa with the mug in his hand.

Stella had her legs crossed, with a laptop on her lap. As soon as Keegan leaned over, she quickly closed the laptop.

"Keegan..."

He paused for a moment, "Did you... pick me up last night?"

Stella glanced at him and replied, "Yeah."

Keegan touched his chest. "What did you do to me? Why is it so red here?"

Stella's eye twitched as she thought, 'He has completely forgotten it, huh?' She then asked, "Did you really forget everything?"

Keegan frowned. "What did I forget?"

Stella thought, 'I should have filmed him in his embarrassing state when he was drunk last night.'

"You really have no recollection of what happened after you were drunk?" asked Stella again.

Keegan frowned and pondered for a long while. He could only recall Vermont handing him a cocktail, and everything after that was a blur. In the haze, he seemed to have vaguely seen Stella's face. She was taking off his clothes while she spoke, but he could not hear what she was saying.

At this point, Keegan's gaze had deepened a bit, and there was a hint of inexplicable meaning in his eyes as he looked at Stella. "It's not that I have no recollection at all," Keegan said.

Stella was a bit surprised. She thought, 'He can piece together the memory fragments now? Did he evolve after getting drunk so many times?' She asked, "So..."

"Do you like me better when I'm drunk?" Keegan suddenly asked out of the blue.

Stella was at a loss for words.

Keegan continued, "When I was drunk, you did things that you wouldn't normally dare to do." He glanced at his own chest and said indifferently, "You have quite the strength."

Stella's mouth twitched. She snarled inwardly, 'Did he think that the redness on his chest was my doing? What exactly does he remember?'

Seeing her silence, Keegan became even more convinced of his guess. As he vaguely remembered some other scenes, his blood boiled.

Stella opened her mouth, but she did not say anything for a while. Finally, she said, "I do like it when you are drunk."

Keegan had a look of "I knew it" on his face.

The next moment, Stella said, "When you were drunk, although you were not good in the bed, you were much cuter."

Keegan froze.

Stella picked up her laptop and stood up. "You're a himbo when you're drunk. How charming."

As soon as Stella went upstairs, Albert called. Stella saw the caller ID, and her face darkened.

Chapter 400

Stella walked all the way to the rooftop on the second floor while holding her phone and finally answered the call.

"Stella, why did you only answer my call now? Didn't you see the message I sent you last night?"

"I saw it," Stella replied in a flat tone.

Albert frowned. "If you saw it, then why didn't you call me back?"

"Dad, why were you so anxious to find me in the middle of the night? Is it about me hitting Sophia?"

Albert was taken aback. He did not expect Stella to be so direct.

He pursed his lips and said, "You and Sophia never fought when you were kids. What made you hit her like this?"

"Didn't Sophia tell you?" Stella asked.

"She said Keegan was drunk and she helped him up, but you got upset. Is this really worth it? Keegan is her brother-in-law. She can't possibly have other ulterior motives. She just wanted to help."

Stella chuckled, "She just helped him up? Is that what Sophia told you?"

Albert felt uneasy when he heard her cold laughter because her tone was too much like Rainee's. "Then, what's the reason?" he asked.

Stella's expression turned serious. "Do you remember the rabbit I had when I was a child?"

Albert furrowed his brows. Obviously, he did not remember it.

"On my birthday, my classmate gave me a rabbit as a gift. Sophia liked it and wanted to have it. But, I didn't give it to her, so you let it out to let her play with it when I wasn't home. In the end, the rabbit was run over by a car on the street."

Albert vaguely recalled the incident. He could not remember the details, but he remembered Stella crying with swollen eyes when she brought the dead rabbit back home.

"Since we were young, there wasn't anything Sophia wanted that you didn't give her, even if it was mine," said Stella.

Albert's expression changed, and he softened his tone. "That incident was indeed my negligence, but Sophia didn't do it intentionally. The rabbit was running around everywhere. How could a little child like her keep an eye on it?"

"Yes, Sophia was young at that time, so I tolerated her. How about now? She's twenty-three. Is she still young? When Keegan was drunk on the bed, she stripped herself naked and climbed on the bed. Does she really think I don't know her disgusting thoughts? And, you came to question me on her behalf about why I hit her? I even wanted to kill her! How dare she? What right does a bastard child like her have to steal what belongs to me?"

Albert's expression changed. "Who are you calling a bastard child?"

Stella sneered, "What else would you call it? Who would abandon a normal child at an orphanage? Did we owe her for adopting her? Or, maybe in your heart, a bastard child is more important than your own daughter?"

Albert's face darkened. Every time Stella said "bastard child", it was like a slap on his face. Yet, he could not open his mouth to admit that Sophia was his biological daughter.

He was filled with anger as he said, "You grew up together since your childhood. Isn't it too much for you to say that? And, why would Sophia do something so out of line? Even if you saw it with your own eyes, how do you know it wasn't Keegan who made the move first? With the difference in strength between men and women, if Keegan tried to assault her, could she resist?"

Stella almost laughed at his words.

He was really doing his best to defend Sophia. In his heart, Sophia, his illegitimate daughter, was innocent, pure, and chaste. Even if she did something out of line, it must have been the other party who made the first move.