

# Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted by Eleven Jewell

## Chapter 601-627

### Chapter 601

Stella did not expect the puppy to grow up this well.

Its bottom was so plump that it was squished when it sat down. It looked like it had good meals regularly.

The puppy was indeed properly taken care of.

Stella's eyes could not contain her surprise.

"The management here is taking care of it. There are often business events here in Dragon Lagoon, so he always had good food. Look." Keegan pinched the back of the puppy's neck. "He is plumper than a gas tank now."

Stella gave Keegan a side-eye. 'Are the gas tanks in your house this cute?'

Keegan laughed and looked up. "I didn't lie to you."

Stella stared on for a while, realizing that he was referring to the incident involving Pinchie.

At that time, after Stella could not find the puppy, she went home and had a huge fight with Keegan. Of course, it was a one-sided argument, where she called Keegan a coldblooded liar. Keegan only replied that regardless if she believed him or not, he did, in fact, find someone to adopt the puppy.

Stella pursed her lips. 'Why didn't you show this to me, back then?'

"Back then..." Keegan paused and continued, "I wasn't sure if it would survive."

It was not easy to care for a puppy that was not weaned. And, when they found the puppy, it had a parvo infection. So, the chances of it surviving were low.

Keegan did not hold much hope for the puppy himself, but he spent some money and ordered the park manager to take the puppy to the vet.

The puppy was unexpectedly tenacious. After a few months of treatment, it miraculously recovered.

When Keegan visited, the park manager was reluctant to part with the puppy because he thought Keegan wanted to take the puppy home.

Keegan did want to, but he was allergic. Otherwise, his house would be filled with animals, given Stella's love for furry creatures.

Keegan did not take the puppy away, but he would drop by occasionally to feed it. The puppy was smart as if it knew that Keegan was the one who saved its life. It showed Keegan its belly every time it saw him.

"I can't have dogs in my house, but I will bring you along to visit it more," said Keegan. Stella stroked Pinchie's fur and glanced at Keegan. 'Not in your house, but I can have it in mine.'

Keegan frowned. "Your place is not even as big as a washroom. It can barely fit two people, and you still want to get a dog?"

Stella gave him a side-eye. 'I do want to move into a bigger house, but whose fault is it that I can't even buy a house? I want to ask. When are you going to the estate management with me to transfer the house's ownership?'

Keegan froze for a while. Then, he said, "I'm free anytime, but the two houses are

both under two years. Do you know how much is the transfer fee?"

It was Stella's first-time buying a house. When she wanted to buy a house previously, the deed was over two years, but still under five years. The transfer fee was paid by both parties. So, after the calculations, it was not expensive, even though she did not buy it in the end.

However, Keegan's house was under two years, so Stella was unsure of the amount.

"How much?"

"Not that much,' Keegan said. "At least twenty million dollars.'

Stella's temples pulsed.

"Then, how did you transfer to me back then? Did you just throw away twenty million dollars for fun?"

"Back then we were married. Only a production fee of eighty dollars was needed."

Keegan looked at Stella. "Or, we could get married again and spend eighty dollars.

Then, you can be under my name again, and we can save twenty million dollars.' "

What kind of dumb idea is this?"

"I didn't ask you for the house. Why do I need to pay the transfer fee?"

Keegan replied calmly, 'Nobody asked you to pay for it alone. Both the seller and the buyer have to pay for it together. You only have to pay ten million dollars.'

I don't have ten million dollars either!" Stella said angrily.

## Chapter 602

Keegan sighed and said, 'Since you don't have the money now, just put up with it and live there. We will settle the ownership transfer when you have the money.'

'Shameless', Stella thought as the corner of her lips twitched.

Keegan was familiar with Stella's temper and knew that she would not spend an extra penny on things that were obviously rip-offs, even if she was rich.

When Stella was Mrs. Kane, she was a virtuous woman. She filled the wardrobes with discounted shirts, and she could wear them for a whole year without repeating outfits.

Stella gritted her teeth. 'Keegan Kane, don't forget you still have two hundred million dollars with me. Make me angry, and I will donate them all.'

Keegan smirked and said, "Do what makes you happy. It's just a few hundred million. I can earn them back in no time."

'What nonsense is this?' Stella Cursed inwardly.

After feeding Pinchie, Vermont called to tell them that the banquet was starting. He also told them to come over quickly.

Cordelia's eightieth birthday was a grand event.

Dahlia and Cyrene both showed off their respective skills in making it even more grand and pompous than Cordelia's seventieth birthday.

Half of Rivera's elites were there to celebrate her birthday.

There were paintings, antiques, and jewelry. The reception was piled up with gifts, and dozens of staff members were hired to sort out the inventory.

For almost three years that Stella was married to Keegan, this was her first-time seeing such a grand event.

One reason for this was the high social status of the Kanes, and the other was Cordelia's own popularity.

It was a rare celebration in the Kane family. Cordelia was glowing with joy and

seemed really happy.

Jackson, seeing that everyone was about done wishing Cordelia for her birthday, went up and held her hand." Grandma, it's your eightieth birthday today. I wish you to live long and prosper!"

Cordelia laughed, and her eyes were filled with affection.

She repeated, "Good, good."

Jackson's eyes curved as he smiled. "Grandma, I prepared a performance for you. Let's kickstart tonight's birthday celebration with this performance of mine.

"There's a performance!" Cordelia was surprised.

"Of course there is," Cyrene chuckled. "Jackson practiced this performance for ages." Immediately, everyone was looking forward to the performance.

Jackson raised his hand, and the lights of the venue instantly dimmed.

Then, the sky twinkled and lit up, little by little.

Hundreds of drones were sparkling in the sky, coming together to form two words.

When the music played, the drones in the sky changed their formation.

Soon, a gigantic "happy birthday" appeared in the sky.

Some of the people cheered and gasped, while others took photos.

Then, the formation fell apart and came together again to form "longevity" in calligraphy.

Everyone clapped and wished Cordelia.

In the end, the word broke apart, and the drones changed their formation again to form a huge, simplified version of a chip, with a giant "V" in the middle. That was the Vinci Rivera Group's logo.

When Cordelia saw that, she was moved.

She dedicated her whole life to Vinci Rivera, and the company was very significant to her. Jackson's strategy of emotional appeal had played right into Cordelia's heart.

After the drone performance, the crowd gave a big round of applause. Even Cordelia could not stop praising it and gifted Jackson an amulet that she usually fiddles with.

Vermont tutted when he saw that. He then said to Keegan, "This is the result of you and the research team you led. He is shameful for plagiarizing you."

## Chapter 603

It was only due to Keegan's personal interest that Vinci Rivera was researching and developing drone technology.

Keegan was intrigued by aircrafts and other similar mechanics. Vinci Rivera's main focus was actually not on drones. Keegan was just toying around with them because the drones available on the market could not satisfy his needs when it comes to playing with drones. That was why he created a research team for this.

In the end, it unexpectedly became a bigger success than other projects.

Their technology for drones had more breakthroughs than their research toward chips.

Vinci Rivera's W series drones were well received ever since they were launched.

Their latest technology of invisible drones was even recognized by the government, and contracts were signed for their participation in the research and development of war drones.

'It's like raising a child for six years and seeing them being taken away by others to do performances. What a bitch move,' Vermont thought to himself.

Keegan, on the other hand, was more generous about it. "Steady flight," he commented indifferently.

Vermont turned his head to Stella, hoping to get some empathy from her. He expected her to defend her dear husband. But, when he turned around, he saw Stella snacking away on nuts.

Vermont's eye twitched. 'Am I the only one who cares about this?'

Not far away from the back row, Trevor saw Stella standing in front of Dahlia, and he frowned.

"What a good performance. It was both thoughtful and creative. What a thoughtful child Jackson is. Mrs. Kane, you're so lucky." Darcie, who was standing beside her, praised.

Cordelia was all smiles. "This kid was always clever.'

Cyrene laughed and said, "Jackson has a trick or two in entertaining people. But, as for real talent, I heard that Jaylene had participated in a piano competition in Vasona and that she had gotten quite a good ranking in it."

Jaylene looked down and said, "I didn't win the award, so it's not really something worth talking about."

Cyrene flattered on. "It's already impressive that you made it into the final rounds. We have a piano here today. Why don't you play something for Cordelia and regale us with music too?"

Cyrene was obviously giving Jaylene a chance to debut in Rivera's elite circle. It was apparent that Cyrene liked Jaylene a lot.

Jaylene did not answer immediately, and she looked at Darcie instead.

Darcie smiled and said, "Your Aunt Cyrene did ask, so let's not spoil the fun for everyone."

Jaylene agreed, went up to Cordelia, and said, "Mrs. Kane, what song would you like to listen to?"

Cordelia looked at Cyrene affectionately. "Jaylene, just play anything. I will like whichever song you play."

Jaylene thought for a while and answered, "Then, I'll just see how it goes as I play."

Cordelia nodded.

The crowd made way for Jaylene, who confidently walked toward the piano. She lifted her dress slightly and sat down.

She looked down as her slender, pale fingers slowly pressed on the piano keys.

Instantly, melodious music was created through her fingertips.

The song was "Flower Dance".

It was a good piece to be played at a birthday celebration.

Judging from the fluency she had when playing, Jaylene must have practiced often and had a strong foundation in music.

Jaylene was classy, unlike Bella, who had no real class and pretended to be elegant.

Jaylene's elegance was indeed apparent from the inside out.

When Jaylene was sitting there playing the piano, as a fellow woman, even Stella admired Jaylene.

When "Flower Dance" was ending, the tempo of the music suddenly changed, and the piano sounded more intense. The song seamlessly transitioned to "Flight of the Bumblebee".

This piece showed off Jaylene's skills even more. The crowd was abuzz. Some were surprised, and some praised in awe. The song was the center of attention. When the music ended, the applause given was unmeasurable. Jaylene stood up and bowed to the audience. She then lifted the corner of her dress, went back, and stood beside Darcie. She smiled and said to Cordelia, "It was not a good performance, so please pardon me." "It was a really good performance. You're too humble." Cordelia mimicked Jaylene's tone.

#### Chapter 604

As the audience was still mesmerized by the previous performance, Mrs. Chapman suddenly said, "I remember that Ms. Jewell could play the piano. How about you play one for us today?"

Stella stopped cracking open the pine nuts in her hands and scowled a little.

'What have I ever done to her that made her pick on me during such an occasion.'

Cordelia was genuinely surprised. "Stella knows how to play the piano as well?"

Mrs. Chapman cut off Stella before the latter could even speak, "Ms. Jewell's skills with the piano are excellent. Previously, she even surprised the crowd on a cruise."

Still gripping onto the pine nuts, Stella humbly replied, "Mrs. Chapman is exaggerating. I can only play for fun and surely not enough to enter any hall of fame.

"This is only for fun as well. It's just to bring smiles to everyone present. You can even duet with Ms. Saun if you want to."

Stella really wished she could stop Mrs. Chapman from digging a bigger hole for her.

She could easily beat Bella hands down, but Jaylene was on a different level entirely.

Seemingly interested in a duet performance, Jaylene replied warmly, 'I'm glad to join if Ms. Jewell wants to.'

Trevor noticed the predicament Stella was in and was about to speak up for her. But, he was cut short by Keegan. "Her hand is injured, so she can't play the piano."

His response left both Trevor and Stella speechless. 'Can't you at least be a little more realistic with your white lie? Who are you trying to fool when she doesn't even have a single bandage on her hands?' Trevor thought.

Everyone turned their attention to her hands.

Stella, without much of a choice, tightened her grip on her pine nuts and said with a fake smile, "My tenosynovitis is back."

Mrs. Chapman snickered and sarcastically remarked, "Ms. Jewell's tenosynovitis sure knows when to flare up." Those in the know knew it was just an excuse to save her reputation for not being talented enough. The situation would be resolved, and Stella would not be triggered if Mrs. Chapman did not follow up with her sarcastic remark.

Stella briefly glanced at Mrs. Chapman and said, "I may not play piano very well. But, would it be alright if I wish you a happy birthday differently, Grandma?"

Cordelia curiously asked, "What do you have in mind?"

"I'll write you a calligraphy."

"I'll write you a calligraphy."

Everyone present broke into fits of laughter before Cordelia could speak.

Nonetheless, there were too many calligraphy arts from renowned artists that were gifted and displayed today. Stella's calligraphy would definitely pale in comparison to

the famous calligraphy artists.

Upon seeing her confidence, it gave Cordelia an unknown sense of trust in her. "Sure you can." She then ordered Keegan, "Keegan, ask someone to bring a table over along with a calligraphy writing set."

Jaylene suddenly requested, "Could you kindly prepare another set for me as well? I want to write calligraphy for Grandma as well." i

Stella paused at the unexpected response from Jaylene. On the other hand, Trevor frowned even harder. 'Why is Jaylene fooling around? She's taught by Absalom Marco, a renowned calligraphy artist. How will Stella live it up if Jaylene were to write calligraphy together with her?'

He whispered to Jaylene, 'Jaylene, stop making a scene.'

Jaylene gave a polite smile and replied, "Brother, it's rare to meet someone who knows calligraphy. I want to write it together with her."

Stella rolled her eyes and smiled, "Grandma, let's prepare one more set for her."

## Chapter 605

The crowd was abuzz as the table for calligraphy was being set up. Someone from among them exclaimed, "I've seen the calligraphy written by Ms. Saun before."

"Where have you seen it before? How was it?"

"Her work was among the calligraphy exhibition Mr. Marco set up."

Someone else pitched in and said, "I've seen the group photo of them in Mr. Marco's house. He must have personally taught her."

"Oh my. Personal tutelage? Wouldn't Stella lose face if Ms. Saun's writing is that good?"

"She's the one who suggested writing calligraphy. If anyone would be embarrassed for failing after trying so hard, it would just be her."

"With that frivolous look of hers, it doesn't look like she has any experience with arts. I seriously wonder if she even knows how to hold a pen. Wouldn't she do better if she danced instead? Why is she so insistent on this?"

"She's still a previous in-law of the Kane family. Wouldn't she lose face if she danced in front of everyone? It's no different from acting at all."

"What reputation does an illegitimate child have to uphold? I don't even know why she would dare to attend this birthday banquet. What is dancing to her if she's not even shameful of showing up here."

"Isn't she an actress? I heard she's already filming."

Someone said in amusement, "Acting suits her. With that face of hers, she'll earn a lot from being a clown."

Keegan's frown never went away as the table was being set up. He had seen Stella's writing before. It wasn't bad but was incomparable to famous calligraphy writing.

Cordelia could speak up for her if Stella wrote alone, as she would not need to compare herself with renowned artists. Now that Jaylene had joined, the audience would naturally make comparisons. No one would be able to hide the difference in their skills.

Keegan continued to scowl, walked toward Stella, and whispered, "Pretend to vomit when I cough once."

Stella was confused. He glanced at Stella before he continued, "Having a child with

your ex-husband after divorce would be a much better excuse compared to losing in calligraphy.”

Stella’s eyes twitched and spoke in a repressed tone, “I think your option is even more embarrassing. Besides, how would you know I’d lose?”

Keegan responded, “I’ve never seen you write calligraphy at all. Do you think I wouldn’t know how incapable you are?”

Stella harrumphed, “There’s a lot more you don’t know about me.” She paused, looked toward Keegan, and said, “Why don’t we make a bet? If Grandma is happy with my work, you’ll give me the deed to the house.

You’ll have to pay for the charges to do the transfer as well.”

Keegan’s eye twitched and straightforwardly rejected. “I refuse.”

“Are you chickening out?”

Keegan said indifferently, ‘ Money is not the problem; my honor is.’

Stella squinted her eyes at him and retorted, “Weak-willed man!”

Soon, the table used for calligraphy was set up. Baldwin warmly welcomed, “Ms. Jewell and Ms. Saun, kindly take your place at the table.”

No longer bothering with Keegan, Stella went up to her place at the calligraphy table. Stella and Jaylene may have worn clothes with close similarities, but the dispositions they exuded were entirely different.

Jaylene, with her hair that flowed freely behind her back, a small cheek, a plain face, and an absence of thick makeup, was a refreshing sight. She was all men’s dream girl. Her gentle and graceful disposition made her stand out on every occasion, like a magnolia.

Stella, on the other hand, had refined facial features, a pale complexion, and a perfectly arched eyebrow. With her makeup on, she exuded a sexy and gorgeous look like a blooming peony.

Both of them were unique in their own ways, even though a magnolia would look plain when it was placed side-by-side with a peony.

Jaylene turned her head and asked Stella, “Ms. Jewell, what would you like to write?”

Stella replied, “I’ll write ‘Long Life’.”

Jaylene warmly replied, “I’ll write ‘Prosper’ then. That’s enough to make a couplet.”

Stella nodded and said, “Alright.”

Stella took the pen, dipped it in ink, arched her body, and started writing while Jaylene lowered her eyes and followed along.

## Chapter 606

Comparing both writing motions, Vermont whispered to Keegan who was next to him, “Stella’s hands are shaking so much, and she looks like her words are too squiggly.

Are you sure it’s not her tenosynovitis acting up?”

Keegan frowned and impolitely replied, “Will you shut that ill-omened mouth of yours?”

Jaylene, who had practiced for some time, moved her pen smoothly, and her part of the couplet was soon completed. Vermont stretched himself to have a better look.

Jaylene wrote in semi-cursives fluidly and meaningfully, writing out every stroke. Even Vermont, a calligraphy illiterate, could not help but admit that the calligraphy was well written. He then turned to look at Stella, only to see her hands still shaking. ‘That’s it.

She's definitely going to lose this,' he thought.

Vermont pondered before he said, "Why don't you pretend to slip and spill wine over your wife's calligraphy? Getting through this is much better than losing face."

Keegan scowled, took a glass of wine from a nearby tray, passed it to Vermont, and said, "You go."

Vermont looked at the glass of wine in his hand, looked at Stella, then bit his lips as he placed the glass of wine back on the tray. "I'm too thin-skinned."

Keegan harrumphed, "Weak-willed man!"

Unable to retort, Vermont kept silent.

Dahlia glanced at Mrs. Chapman after she saw Stella's calligraphy. Mrs. Chapman gave an understanding eye and said, "Ms. Jewell, what's taking you so long to write the calligraphy? Ms. Saun had already finished writing it a long time ago."

Stella, not lifting her head nor stopping her pen for even a moment, said indifferently, "Is there a time limit to this?"

Mrs. Chapman replied with a smile, "Of course not. But, what's the point of keeping everyone waiting if we know how bad your writing would already be?"

Jaylene rebutted, "Mrs. Chapman, please refrain from disturbing Ms. Jewell as calligraphy requires concentration."

Mrs. Chapman sneered, "Is there even a need to disturb her when her hands are moving akin to shaking a sieve rather than a pen?"

Everyone roared in laughter at what Mrs. Chapman said, fully knowing that Stella would already lose from the way she wrote.

Mrs. Chapman turned quiet after Cordelia raised her hand and exclaimed, 'Quiet.'

Stella took a few minutes more to finish, stood up as she put her pen down, and looked at the crowd. "Sorry for taking everyone's time. My hands are rusty from not practicing for some time."

Cordelia smiled with her eyes and said warmly, "It's fine. Taking your time writing means you've put more effort into it." Her favoritism showed, but the crowd was not blind to how bad the calligraphy was even if she disagreed.

Two attendants came up, held both the calligraphies up, and displayed them to the crowd. Jaylene's calligraphy instantly attracted the crowd's attention.

"The calligraphy is well written and just as beautiful as the person writing it. IV

"What an exceptional student that Mr. Marco taught."

"Such skills even at a young age."

Praises rang as Jaylene's calligraphy was being displayed, yet Stella's work made everyone stumble into silence. Her calligraphy was not unintelligible, yet it was leagues apart when compared to Jaylene's.

Aurora laughed without a hint of hesitation. "You call that calligraphy? Even Mrs. Chapman's youngest daughter could write better than that."

## Chapter 607

Everyone started laughing after she spoke. Mrs. Chapman added fuel to the fire and said, "My youngest doesn't have the same confidence as Ms. Jewell."

Cordelia frowned. She did not want to lie, but she was also unable to say it out directly either. She raised her eyes and met Keegan's, hinting at Keegan to do something



about this. 'Keegan, what do you think?'

Vermont's eye twitched. 'Grannies are fearsome, throwing the blame back to Keegan.' Keegan had a serious look on his face, looked at the two calligraphies, raised his head, and said, "Ms. Saun's calligraphy vividly portrays the free spirit and elegance in her writing. Stella's, on the other hand, is unconventional and unique. Each of them has their own merits and is equally as good."

The crowd went silent with many wondering if he was blind for saying that both were equally good. Stella could not help but wanted to laugh. She thought, 'Keegan must have cracked his head, thinking about how he could praise my writing.'

Stella was suddenly cut off by a male voice as she was about to speak. 'Form-wise, Ms. Saun is better, but Ms. Jewell won by a margin if we're talking about the effort she put in.'

Everyone turned their heads to the back only to see Marshall confidently coming forward with a smile. "Happy birthday, granny. I hope you don't mind if I talk out of line."

Keegan's eyes turned cold. Cordelia smiled and replied, "I won't mind if you have a reason for it."

Marshall warmly said, "I certainly do."

When he finished speaking, he turned his head toward the attendant holding Stella's calligraphy. "Please turn the calligraphy upside down."

The attendant paused and said, "Upside down?"

"Yes, turn it upside down," Marshall replied. Although the attendant was confused, he did it as requested.

Keegan instantly realized how Stella was so confident when it was turned upside down. The crowd soon realized that it was not calligraphy, but a portrait instead.

An unknown voice suddenly came from among the crowd. "Isn't this a portrait of Cordelia?"

The more they looked at it, the more it looked like a portrait of Cordelia.

The distinct traits of her curly hair and prominent cheekbones could be easily seen in each stroke. Cordelia, who was happy and surprised, exclaimed, "So, this was a portrait all along."

Nothing made her more surprised than this, a birthday calligraphy that looked normal yet could also be a portrait of her when turned upside down. The faces of those that were laughing at Stella earlier now turned beet red as if they had received a slap in the face. Nothing could beat an art that could become both calligraphy and portrait at the same time.

"Damn. Your wife is certainly talented. Say, how did you not realize this after staying with her for so long?" said Vermont. "Marshall is still the one with the better eyes though. He was able to discern the portrait."

Keegan said coldly, "Can you shut your trap?"

Wenham, standing not far away, sighed, "Ms. Jewell isn't simple at all."

Darcie responded with a downcast smile, "No. She is not."

She looked toward Trevor beside her, and the latter was indifferent, not showing the slightest bit of emotion.

Stella smiled and greeted, "Happy Birthday, Grandma. I wish you to have good health always."

Jaylene gripped her fingers tightly and said, "I wish you a long and fulfilled life." Stella thought to herself, 'Ms. Saun spoke so politely. It's as if she's trying to imply that I'm uncultured.'

Cordelia happily replied, "These are good. Both of you did really well. I'll get someone to frame it up on a wall when I return home."

## Chapter 608

When Cordelia had finished speaking, Baldwin was asked to gift each of them a money pouch. Stella received the pouch with a "Thanks".

Jaylene, on the other hand, declined and said, "I'm afraid I'm not worthy of the money pouch Madam Kane is giving. I lack talent."

Stella paused then smiled immediately. She said, "Ms. Saun, this is not a competition. We wrote the calligraphy to congratulate Grandma. Will it matter who is more talented as long as Grandma feels blessed?"

Baldwin added, "Ms. Saun, please do keep it. Take it as a blessing from Madam Kane."

Jaylene hesitated a little before finally taking it. "I'm sorry for my narrowmindedness." Stella did not reply to that, and she kept her thoughts to herself. "I felt something fishy when Jaylene proposed to write calligraphy together.

There were a lot of ways for her to be in the limelight, but she insisted on doing it together with me. It felt like she was using me as a stepping stone. Maybe her thought process isn't as innocent as I thought. Jaylene, being a daughter of the Saun family, shouldn't have any need to use others as a stepping stone. Maybe I'm overthinking this.<sup>1</sup>

After the table was moved away, Marshall headed toward Keegan and Vermont. Vermont greeted, "What took you so long, Marshall? I thought you weren't coming tonight."

Marshall politely smiled and replied, "There were a lot of cases to settle these past two days. That's why I was late." His eyes trailed to Stella who had just arrived in front of him. Marshall then continued, "Better late than never. Otherwise, I wouldn't see such an amazing sight if I arrived a moment later."

Stella smiled and replied, "No one would realize the surprise if you didn't point it out. I might even become a laughing stock if I did it myself."

The satisfaction Stella received was several times better when Marshall revealed the hidden portrait than if she did it herself. 'My pretentious attitude was worth it after all, especially when I get to see all those faces in shock and disbelief. I can't believe a random skill I picked up from boredom since marrying Keegan could finally be of use.'

"I didn't do much. What should be revealed will eventually prevail anyway. By the way, how did you pick up this skill?" asked Marshall curiously.

"There was nothing much to it. I was just blindly brushing away."

Keegan's face turned darker and darker, as the two continued to merrily chat away. Right at that moment, Aurora came over, held Marshall's wrist, and said, "Marshall, would you like to dance with me?"

Marshall humbly said, "I've just arrived, and I want to take a breather."

Aurora, not letting go of his hands, said, "The gazebo at the center of the lake is quite tranquil. There's rarely any passerby, and it's a good place to take a rest. How about I

bring you there?”

Marshall frowned. When he was about to speak, Keegan came with a plate full of fruits. He handed it to Aurora and said, “Here are some refreshments. Bring Marshall over there to have a good rest.”

Aurora was exhilarated that her brother was helping her to get together with Marshall. She then said, “Alright, brother.”

Taking the fruit platter as she spoke, she pulled Marshall toward the direction of the lake. He could only succumb to being pulled away. He was unable to outright reject Aurora, who was still holding the fruit platter, in front of the public.

## Chapter 609

Stella took out the money pouch and pinched it gently. It was a little thick. She raised her eyes and said to Vermont, “There’s at least two thousand in it.”

Vermont also pinched it and said, “It should be more than two thousand. A minimum of three thousand in it if the money is new.”

“New money of three thousand isn’t this thin.”

“It must be three thousand. Otherwise, the money pouch wouldn’t be so big. ■

Keegan was speechless. Suddenly, he felt a little ashamed to stand beside these two people.

Instigated by Vermont, Stella opened the money pouch quietly. She opened it with a racing heart and trembling hands and found nothing. There was another smaller money pouch inside.

Stella was left speechless.

Vermont stroked his chin and said, “In that case, it may be like what you said. It’s two thousand.”

Stella opened this layer of money pouch. However, there was another layer of money pouch inside.

Both of them were silent now.

Vermont pondered and said, “It can’t be one thousand, right?”

“A thousand is money too!” Stella simply opened the third layer of the money pouch. She reached out and touched it. There was something that felt like a thick card, and she was stunned.

Vermont was very anxious beside her. He asked, ‘How much is it?’

Stella replied, “It looks like a card.”

Vermont’s eyes brightened a little. “Grandma Cordelia must be generous. Take it out and see how much it is.”

Stella reached and took out the card inside. Then, all three of them fell silent.

It was not a bank card but a single photo of Keegan that was laminated. The photo was taken when Keegan was in university. The background could be vaguely recognized as the schoolyard of Trinity University because the lab building of Trinity University was too conspicuous. It was in the shape of underpants, which remained unchanged for more than ten years.

In the photo, Keegan was obviously much younger. He wore a jersey and sat on the grass with wet hair pushed back. It also revealed his handsome face. In the photo, he was holding a water bottle in one hand and looking at the camera calmly. That appearance of his was much better than the hottest fresh meat in current show

business.

It was the first-time Stella saw Keegan's university photos. Keegan disliked taking pictures, so he only had many photos from his childhood. Most of them were stored by Cordelia. When Stella went to Cordelia's home last time, she let Stella look through them. However, Stella never saw this before.

'His expression in the photo is as cool as ever,' she thought.

"There are some words on the back," Vermont said suddenly.

Stella turned it over and looked at it. Then, her temples twitched violently. There was only the word, "gift," on the back of the photo.

Keegan was left speechless.

Vermont looked back and forth between the two of them. Suddenly, he smiled and said, "Grandma Cordelia is so generous. She's giving you her beloved grandson."

Stella then said, "I'll sell her beloved grandson to you for three thousand." 2

The corner of Keegan's mouth twitched. He thought to himself, 'Am I only worth three thousand?'

Vermont waved his hands hurriedly and said, "I can't afford it."

Stella stopped being garrulous. She stuffed the photo into Keegan's suit pocket and said, "I'm going to get something to eat."

Stella barely ate from noon until now. So, she was a little hungry.

## Chapter 610

As soon as Stella had left, Vermont looked at Keegan with a smile and said, "Giving photos is so boring. Next time, pack yourself as a gift and send it over. Maybe she'll accept it."

Keegan glanced at him. "Did you watch too many cheesy dramas?"

Keegan knew nothing about the money pouch. He was also surprised when Stella took out the photo. However, Keegan felt that it was in line with Cordelia's usual style when he thought about it.

Vermont said, "Stella still likes your face. Didn't you see her expression when she looked at the photo just now? Her eyes lit up."

Keegan paused and said, "Really?"

"If she doesn't like it, her first reaction should be disgust when she sees that it's you. But, she glanced at the photo five times just now! Stella is a face-judger. Look at the accounts she follows. They are all people with good looks and good figures. Isn't your appearance miles ahead of those internet celebrities?"

Keegan frowned. "Are you comparing me to those people?"

Vermont was speechless. "Isn't that the point? The point is Stella likes your appearance! It's your advantage!"

Keegan glanced at him and replied, "I know."

Keegan knew that Stella liked his appearance a long time ago.

Stella was in a car accident back then. When she got out of surgery and Keegan went to see her, she was in a daze as the anesthesia had not worn off. The doctor asked him to talk to her to see if she was conscious.

However, Stella squinted and called him "Handsome" before he could speak. She even boasted many nice words about his appearance and kept badgering him for his contact information.

Keegan knew what his face looked like. Vermont sighed with emotion every time and said if he looked like Keegan, he would not even need to say anything to chase girls. Girls would come to him to strike up a conversation wherever he stopped. However, girls rarely did that with this face on Keegan because his expression was always unfriendly, and it shut people out.

Yet, Stella dared to do it. Not only did she stare at him directly, but she also teased him.

Keegan was disgusted with these kinds of superficial women who only looked at his appearance. But, when Stella was lying on the hospital bed and praising him in gibberish, a strange feeling raised in his heart. After marrying Stella, he had a clearer understanding of how Stella was a face-judger and was cheeky.

Although Keegan never had a past with other women, according to common sense, women should be ashamed to talk about their first night. However, Stella was different.

It was Stella who took the initiative to flirt for their consummation. Keegan was afraid that the two of them would be embarrassed. So, he wanted to turn off the light at that time, but Stella refused. She just looked at him directly, which made him feel a little embarrassed.

It did not go well at first. Keegan made Stella feel a little hurt. He saw her ghastly expression, so he wanted to stop. Yet, she held his face and said, "It doesn't hurt that much when I look at your face."

Keegan clearly felt Stella's superficiality early on.

Vermont gnashed his teeth with hatred. He lashed out at Keegan mercilessly and said, "There's someone who looks better than you now. Look at Trevor. How can you compete with his face?"

Keegan paused and looked at Trevor immediately.

Trevor had already been beside Stella at some point. Trevor used the food tong and gave Stella a mango pie. He said gently, "It's delicious."

Stella politely said, "Thank you, Mr. Saun."

"Jaylene wasn't being sensible just now. I have already scolded her."

Stella smiled. "Ms. Saun's handwriting is really good. I just took advantage of it."

Trevor said, "You just lack practice. If you keep practicing, your writing will be as good as hers."

Their education was different since they were young. Rainee had done her best to raise Stella so that she would grow up this way. With her protection, Stella suffered lesser in her childhood. But even so, Trevor felt bad when he thought about how Stella was forced to marry Keegan to save Rainee's life.

Trevor thought to himself, 'My sister deserves better.'

## Chapter 611

Stella was a bit surprised. 'Doesn't Trevor have a sister complex? Why does this sound like he's siding with me?'

Stella pondered, 'Maybe Trevor is just being polite. After all, these words can also be understood as an apology to me for Jaylene's recklessness.'

With that in mind, Stella politely said, "Even if I really practiced, I might barely be on a par with Ms. Saun. Her handwriting is really beautiful."

Trevor's eyes softened. 'Stella isn't only well-taught, but kind too.'

"Mrs. Chapman said you can play the piano. When you have a chance next time, play it for me too."

After being missing for over 20 years, Trevor wanted to get to know her better.

Stella just took a bite of the mango pie. She could neither swallow nor spit it out. Once again, she wondered if Trevor was trying to rule her out. What he said was too strange.

Obviously, Trevor also realized that what he had said was causing a little misunderstanding. So, he then coughed and said, "Only by fully understanding the talents of our artists can we arrange work in a targeted manner."

Stella was left speechless. She swallowed the mango pie and whispered, ' Actually, I'm not good at playing piano.'

Trevor shocked. He heard people say that she surprised the audience with a song on the cruise ship.

"I can only play well for one song." Stella honestly explained her ability in piano to her employer. "I can only show off once. Everyone will be suspicious if I play that again. So, Mr. Saun, don't let me play the piano in public when you arrange work for me."

Trevor was speechless. Then, he frowned and said, "The Jewell family didn't hire a piano teacher for you?"

"They did." Stella took advantage of her assistant, Shea, being absent today and got another meatloaf muffin for herself. "But, I have a short attention span in learning things. I'll study very hard if I'm interested, but my interest won't last long."

No matter the skill, it was useless for the teacher to just teach it. It usually depended on the practice. However, Stella began to get bored with the piano after learning for half a year.

Rainee was a strict and disciplined person. So, she was very strict with Stella's studies. Whether Stella liked it or not, she had to be on time and in place to practice the piano.

Before they moved, they lived in a compound in the old district. Stella could hear her friends playing in the yard when she practiced the piano in the room. She was tempted every time and could not bear it.

At that time, her friends would call her through the window, and there had their own secret signs. If Rainee were at home, she would play "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star."

When her buddies heard the song, they would stop calling her. If Rainee was out, she would open the window as soon as her friends called her. Her buddies would put a stool under the outside window, and she would slip out by stepping on it. It was the advantage of living on the first floor.

While playing, someone would keep watch. As soon as Rainee entered the alley, someone would tip Stella off immediately, and she would climb back along the window and sit in front of the piano before Rainee arrived home. Then, Stella would pretend to practice playing the piano.

Of course, the truth would always come to light. A child could not fool an adult.

## Chapter 612

It did not take long for Rainee to discover the collusion between Stella and her buddies. So, she beat her up. Rainee was still reluctant to hit her. So, she just hit

Stella's palm with a ruler.

"Then, my mom found out that I'm really not cut out for piano. Besides, she is busy with work, so she no longer pushes me."

She thought to herself, 'My family's condition improved later on, and we moved to a bigger house. But, I was never as happy as I was back in my childhood time.'

Trevor's eyes softened a little. "Since you hate practicing the piano so much, didn't you think of a way to break the piano? That way, you don't have to practice or get beaten."

Stella smiled. "I can't. You probably don't understand. At that time, my family's condition was only average, and the piano was nearly 14,000 dollars. It was really expensive 20 years ago. My mother could have bought a car, but she spent the money on me. She had a big fight with Albert for me. I would rather be beaten than break the piano. It was her hard-earned money, and I'm the one who failed to live up to it."

Because of that, Rainee was very opposed to the audition back then. She knew her daughter well. So, she was afraid that Stella was hot-headed and would stop studying hard after she lost interest.

Stella could score very high in her academics because Rainee had threatened her. If she could not get into the top twenty of the grade, Stella would not be allowed to study that even if she got first place in the audition.

After the result had come out, she went to show it off in front of Rainee. When she got older, she realized that Rainee was always full of forward-looking considerations for her. Even if Stella could not learn acting, she could still apply to a good university with good academic results. Rainee had never put out Stella's dream. Instead, she gave her a boost to get Stella closer to achieving her dream. Only hard-earned things would be regarded as treasures.

Trevor choked. A piano worth 14,000 dollars was nothing to the Saun family even 30 years ago, let alone 20 years.

The paper that Jaylene used to practice writing when she was a child cost thousands a month. She knocked over a glass of water when she did not want to practice. They knew she did it purposely, but they indulged her. In the concept of the Saun family, girls should be spoiled.

However, Stella would rather be beaten than break the piano. This realization made Trevor feel very uncomfortable. She should have grown up surrounded by everyone's love without suffering this much.

Seeing that Trevor's face was not well, Stella thought she had said too many personal things and annoyed him. So, she coughed lightly and said, "Mr. Saun, this meatloaf muffin is pretty good. Do you want to try it?"

Trevor came back to his senses. He picked up the plate, took it, and said, 'You don't have to call me Mr. Saun. It's aloof. You're about the same age as Jaylene. If you don't mind, you can also address me as your brother in the future.'

Stella was speechless. She was afraid of riding Trevor's coattails. In this world, no one would treat others well for no reason.

Stella thought that it was better to keep her boss at arm's length. However, she could not refuse in a way that was too obvious. He was the boss. It would affect her work if she offended him. So, she compromised and said, "I think someone in the company

calls you Trevor, so I'll call you Trevor too.

Trevor was reluctant, but it was not the time yet. He had no choice but to agree. "As long as you're happy."

Stella then gave him another piece of caviar sushi. "Trevor, try this."

In the end, before the sushi was placed on Trevor's plate, someone bumped into Stella's arm. The sushi slipped from the food tong and fell to the ground.

"Sorry, I didn't see you there." A female voice came from the side. Although she was sorry, her tone was very condescending, which made others extremely uncomfortable. Stella glanced at the person, and it turned out to be Molly. Thinking of the way she pretended to be drunk and threw herself into Trevor's arms at the Carter couple's dinner last time, Stella suspected that the collision just now was intentional.

### Chapter 613

Molly apologized coldly. However, her tone softened immediately when her eyes turned to Trevor. "Trevor, are you hungry? There are freshly grilled steaks ahead. I'll take you there."

Trevor showed a serious expression and flatly said, "Actually, I really want to eat that caviar sushi. But, unfortunately, you knocked it to the floor."

The expression on Molly's face froze for a second. Then, she smiled and said, "That won't be a problem. I'll ask the chef to make it again for you."

However, Trevor replied, "I just want to eat the piece that fell on the floor just now."

Molly was embarrassed now, and she thought, 'Isn't he clearly blaming me?'

Stella did not want to be cannon fodder there. So, she said while holding a plate, "Trevor, I'll go over there." Then, she flashed away with the dinner plate.

Compared to Trevor, Stella suddenly felt that Keegan was easy to bully. If Keegan said he only wanted to eat the piece on the ground, she would definitely pick it up and feed it to him because he would only scold her. However, she did not dare to do that to Trevor. She felt that Trevor would kill her even though he looked kind.

As soon as Stella slipped away from Trevor, Keegan grabbed her wrist and pulled her aside. Stella was afraid that the food on the plate would fall, so she could only struggle a little. "Don't pull me!"

Keegan let go and said sullenly, "What were you muttering to Trevor for so long?"

Stella glanced at him and said, "My handsome brother?"

Keegan's eyelids twitched. 'Handsome brother? She never calls me handsome! The time when the anesthesia hadn't worn off doesn't count!'

Stella shrugged. "Nothing. We're just chatting about each other's hobbies."

'Talking about hobbies?' Keegan thought. His face tensed even more and said, "Why do you need to know about his hobbies?"

"I want to pander to his desires." Stella simply sat on a chair and began to enjoy her food. She said while eating, "He's my boss now. Shouldn't I ride his coattail?"

The corners of Keegan's eyes twitched. "In Rivera, my coattail is the only one you should ride. Why are you going to him?"

Stella paused and glanced under his belt. "I think it's a bit exaggerated to say the only one."

Keegan was left speechless. Her eyes swept toward his waist and hips, coupled with her frivolous tone and words. It aroused his self-esteem and made him lose control at



the same time.

'Stella is definitely sent by God to control me,' he thought.

Keegan then said with a sullen face, "Do you know what you're talking about?"

"I do." Stella looked innocent. "Mr. Kane, what did you think I was talking about?"

'She called Trevor her brother but me as Mr. Kane! Is her relationship with Trevor closer than with me?' Keegan wondered.

Keegan suppressed his anger and said, "Don't call Trevor your brother!"

Stella looked at him and said calmly, "Why not? Mr. Saun let me recognize him as my brother because he thinks highly of me."

Keegan could not say that he was jealous. So, he said, "It's not that he thinks highly of you. He's tricking you to recognize him as your brother to get to me. If you do that, doesn't that mean I have to recognize him as my brother too? I don't want to recognize him as my brother!" 1

Stella was speechless.

#### Chapter 614

'Please, Trevor is not as childish as you. Plus, we're divorced. Nobody would expect you to call him what I call him.'

It was a lame excuse, but Keegan kept a straight face and said, "Either way, you're not allowed to call him that!"

Stella gave Keegan a side-eye.

Stella thought to herself, Til deliberately call him that, then!

While they were talking, an eight-layered cake was pushed to the venue by quite a few people.

Cordelia did not lie. Most layers of the cake were filled with mixed fruits, but there was one layer that was topped with mangoes only.

Stella's eyes followed the cake, and she thought about taking a big piece of it for Felicity because Felicity loved cakes.

When she was reminded of Felicity, Stella frowned again.

'Why isn't she here yet? Did something happen?'

Stella took out her phone and texted Felicity. [Where are you?]

Stella waited for a long time, but Felicity did not reply. "Let's go and stand further in front. We're taking group photos later," Keegan spoke.

Stella had no choice but to stuff her phone into her bag, got up, and followed Keegan to the front row.

There were a lot of people in the front row. It was so noisy that Stella did not notice her phone ringing.

Felicity was blocked by security outside of Dragon Lagoon. The guards did not let her in because she did not have an invitation.

Unfortunately, Felicity could not reach Stella's phone at the time, so Felicity panicked. Lancelot's assistant was really annoyed. "Are you serious? You don't even have an invitation, and yet you still invited us?"

Felicity kept apologizing. "I'm sorry, she must be busy with something, or maybe she missed the call. You can go back to the car and take a break, Mr. Lewie. I'll call her again."

Lancelot was dressed as a female opera singer. His face was caked with makeup for

the opera performance, so it was hard to see his expressions.

His tone, however, was soft. "It's okay, try and ask again."

Since Stella entrusted Felicity with something of this importance, Felicity was scared of messing it up and embarrassing Stella. She put away her previous resentment toward Vermont and dialed his number.

This time, the call was answered instantly. Vermont's voice came across from the other side of the line. "Miss Bandit, what do you want from me?"

Felicity was too anxious to banter with him. "Come pick me up at Dragoon Lagoon's entrance. I was blocked by the guards, and I can't go in!"

"What are you doing here? Are you here for Corbin? Can you be more reserved when you chase after men?"

Felicity gritted her teeth. "Reserved my ass! I'm here to deliver a goddamn birthday gift. Hurry up! If you waste time and embarrass Stella, I won't forgive you!"

Vermont froze for a while. "Wait for me, I'll be there immediately."

After the family photo was taken, Cordelia pulled Stella in alone to take a picture of just the two of them.

When the photoshoot was done, Stella stepped aside. Trevor then handed her a glass of juice.

Every girl that saw the scene was sour about it. "Stella Jewell has some foxy tricks up her sleeves. She just got divorced, and she already has the support of Mr. Moore. And now, she's seducing Mr. Saun! She is really not giving herself a break."

"She is just using her pretty privilege to seduce all the men around her.

Does she really think they like her for who she is? They just want her for her looks. Mr. Kane just got out of this mess. I wonder who is her next victim?"

"I'm curious. The Jewells were practically telling everyone that she is an illegitimate child, so where did she find the nerve to attend this birthday banquet?"

"How could she seduce all the young men in Rivera if she didn't? Look at how coquettish she was when she was talking to Mr. Saun just now."

"I heard that she was recently signed under Mr. Saun, and she wants to debut as an actress. Could she be trying to seduce Mr. Saun to get on his casting couch?"

Molly's expression grew darker as she listened on. She just got shut down by Trevor, and after Stella had left, Trevor did not even want to speak one more sentence to her. He used the toilet as an excuse to leave.

'Trevor has been single for so many years, and Stella is just a divorced woman. What right does she have?' she thought.

## Chapter 615

Someone then asked, "Does anyone know what Stella brought as a gift tonight?" "I didn't see her go to the reception. She probably got in when nobody was looking."

"Damn, she has no shame. Coming here empty-handed and going home with money." Molly's eyes darkened.

When everyone was singing the birthday song, Stella secretly glanced at her phone and saw the few missed calls.

She quickly called Felicity back.

However, Felicity's line was busy.

Stella texted Felicity, [where are you now?]

Just as her text was sent, there was a sudden commotion at the venue.

Before long, the news got out.

The account book at the reception was soaked in alcohol.

When Baldwin informed Cordelia, she furrowed her brows.

The account book at the reception was quite important since they had to reciprocate the gift based on the who-gave-what recorded in the book.

It would be inappropriate to return gifts that were too cheap or expensive compared to the original gift. The most courteous way would be to reciprocate the gifts according to the account book.

But now, the book was drenched in alcohol. Not only were the writings smudged, but some pages were also irretrievable. It was impossible to make out what was recorded.

Dahlia and Cyrene were more anxious than the others. They spent quite a lot of money on this celebration and invited many guests respectively.

They were responsible for the gifts given by their own guests. Now that the account book was ruined, they could not keep the records in check.

“How could they let this happen? There are so many people watching. How could wine be spilled on the book?” Dahlia could not help but complain.

Cyrene was also upset, but the accountant was an old retired director of the company who Cordelia regarded highly, so she suppressed her urge to talk badly about the situation. She proposed an idea instead. “Mom, since everyone is still here, let’s reregister all the gifts. If there are any balance errors in the records, I’ll ask someone to trace it back.”

Cordelia frowned. It was indeed unseemly to conduct a re-registration, but there were far too many guests. Without the account book, they would be unable to register all the guests clearly, and it would be a big matter if it led to inappropriateness when reciprocating the gifts.

Cordelia contemplated for a while and told Baldwin, “Go make the arrangements, Baldwin.”

Baldwin nodded. By using a mic, he informed everyone about the situation.

Returning favors and maintaining interpersonal relationships were very important aspects of the corporate world of Rivera. When everyone heard about it, they were very understanding and cooperative during the reregistration.

Baldwin arranged extra help from four people. That way, the re-registration could be done faster.

When there were only a few people left, Molly glanced at Stella. “Miss Jewell, don’t you need to register as well?”

When Molly said that, everyone’s eyes were on Stella.

The good thing about re-registering was, those who did not bring a gift could be spotted easily.

Someone quietly said, “She really did come empty-handed.”

“In the jewelry exhibition previously, Mrs. Kane was so nice to her. How could she not bring a gift?”

“She’s just an illegitimate child. What manners do you expect her to have? Of course she would take as much advantage as she can.”

Stella paused. ‘So, she was waiting to embarrass me?’

‘No wonder the account book was ruined.’

'Molly really went to great lengths to make a fool out of me.'

Just as Stella wanted to speak, the accountant suddenly said, "Miss Jewell did register. Three gifts even. I remember them clearly. There was an opal brooch, crystal cross necklace, and a pair of crystal cups."

Keegan froze then shot a confused look at Aldor.

Aldor had no idea as well, as he only registered one gift for Stella.

At that moment, the lights of the venue dimmed, and spotlights were aimed at the corridor by the lake. Before anyone could be seen there, an ethereal voice of a soprano broke the silence.

## Chapter 616

Cordelia was shocked and hurriedly peered at the corridor by the lake.

Everyone else was looking for the source of the voice as well.

Orchestra music for the opera was then played through the surrounding speakers.

Only a few young people were interested in operas, so they thought that it was a performance arranged by the Kanes.

But, the elderly guests were familiar with operas.

'Isn't this the prelude to The Flower Pavilion?'

Even if it was just one note, the voice of the soprano was as smooth as silk. Anyone who listens to operas often could tell that the person had a strong skill foundation like Lancelot Lewie.

'But, how is this possible?' Cordelia thought.

It was widely known in the elite circle that Cordelia was a fan of operas and that her favorite opera singer was Lancelot.

It was not just Cordelia, however. Lancelot also had a lot of fans among Rivera's elites.

But, ever since he retired from the scene, he never sang again in public.

No matter how much money was offered, Lancelot never made an exception for anyone, even when he was asked by his friends and relatives.

When he sang, even if he was not the leading role, the ticket prices were cheaper than a pack of cigarettes. He would sing seven to eight operas a day without delay.

When he stopped singing, even if the pay was at an ungodly amount, he would never give in either.

It was due to this principled personality of his that everyone saw him as a respectable artist.

So, even if the crowd thought that the voice was similar to his, they still believed that it was impossible for it to be him.

Lancelot was recognized as the nation's first-class artist, who was reputable for both his skills and morals. Even the Kanes of Rivera had no impact on him since he got his salary from the government's financials, he basically did not need to be subservient to anyone.

As the music went on, two rows of backup dancers wearing servant costumes appeared from the corridor that was covered by greens. Behind them was an actor in a gown with a crown on his head. He was wearing delicate makeup as well as a smile.

The backup dancers took light steps and moved outward slowly until they exited the corridor. They then spread out in two splayed arches, and at last stood in a row, with

the actor dressed as a female opera singer in the center. The opera singer held a fan in his right hand and waved the long sleeve in his left hand. Accompanied by the music, he looked up in the direction of the crowd. His eyes were soft, and he had a graceful posture. The crowd was already gasping in awe at his few motions.

The moment he sang once more, everyone was shocked.

'It really is Lancelot Lewie!'

'Who invited him?'

The crowd's gaze fell upon the two daughters-in-law of the Kane family.

'Since they were the ones who organized the birthday celebration, one of them must have arranged this performance.'

'Cordelia admired Lancelot, and they managed to invite him here. Of course she will reward them, right?'

'I wonder who was the one that was capable of this.'

Dahlia watched the performance with a serious expression. If eyes could kill, she would have already kicked Lancelot into the lake.

Mrs. Chapman and Lancelot's wife were classmates. To invite Lancelot, Dahlia spent a lot of money to ask Mrs. Chapman to build up a good relationship with his wife.

Time after time, they did get closer.

Mrs. Chapman then mentioned the intention to invite Lancelot to Cordelia's birthday party, but Mrs. Lewie rejected it right away.

Back then, Lancelot retired from the scene because the fatigue was taking a toll on his health. His wife urged him into early retirement.

To honor his promise, Lancelot never performed on stage again.

So, his wife could not break Lancelot's own promise.

## Chapter 617

Dahlia boiled with rage as soon as she heard that. 'What a waste of my time! He told me straight up that he can't perform!'

Then, she figured that Cyrene would also try to ask Mrs. Lewie. But, it's impossible that Mrs. Lewie would risk offending her by saying yes to Cyrene.

When she thought about that, she felt more at ease.

Since both of them were unable to invite Lancelot, then they would have to depend on their respective capabilities to be at the center of attention.

Who would have expected Lancelot to be present?

Dahlia looked at Mrs. Chapman with an unpleasant expression.

Mrs. Chapman did not accomplish the task assigned to her, so she was not too happy either. She could not voice out her troubles, but she still consoled Dahlia and said, 'It definitely wasn't Cyrene who invited Lancelot. Mrs. Lewie won't reject me because of Cyrene. We were pretty close in school back in the day.'

'If it wasn't Cyrene, then who was it?' Dahlia was upset. 'You couldn't even do a simple task right!'

Mrs. Chapman nearly had a heart attack.

'Is this a simple goddamn task?'

'Do it yourself then!'

'You pushed the task onto others, but still threw a tantrum when it's not done?'

Mrs. Chapman only dared to keep her complaints to herself. She had too many things that needed her to depend on Dahlia. So, she just looked down and suppressed the anger in her eyes. "It won't happen again."

Dahlia was sullen but stayed silent.

Cyrene's brows were also furrowed.

Jackson asked, "Mom, how did you manage to invite him?"

"I didn't," Cyrene answered in a low voice. "I got rejected by Mrs. Lewie. I didn't even manage to meet Lancelot."

Jackson was surprised. "Who is it then, if it isn't you?"

'Aunt Dahlia's face is longer than a horse's. If it was her, she wouldn't be looking like this now,' Jackson thought.

Cyrene did not reply. She was also curious about who was capable enough to invite Lancelot.

Everyone was guessing who invited him, and only Cordelia was happily listening to Lancelot's live performance of The Flower Pavilion. It was a dream come true for her, after all these years.

After the song was over, Lancelot took off his heavy costume and makeup with the help of his assistant, Felicity, and others. He changed into a plaincolored shirt and came toward Cordelia under the company of others.

"Mrs. Kane, happy birthday," Lancelot said as he took a gift box from his assistant and gave it to Cordelia. "I wish you blossoming health, and may you have today's glory forever."

Apart from his feminine soprano voice when he was performing, Lancelot had a warm and soothing masculine voice.

He did not have the arrogance of a national opera star. Without makeup, he looked like a middle-aged man with a pretty face, and his manners were also quite pleasing. Cordelia was beyond ecstatic about having her favorite opera singer perform on her birthday, and he even gave her a birthday gift. She smiled so much that her eyes creased into countless wrinkles. She behaved like a fangirl who had just met her idol and kept asking Lancelot questions and feeding him food.

Mrs. Wood heard everyone's discussions and thought that it was Dahlia who had invited Lancelot. "Lancelot must be touched by Dahlia's affection to agree to perform on stage," Mrs. Woods praised. "Mrs. Kane, you're so blessed to have a daughter-in-law like Dahlia."

However, Dahlia's eyes twitched.

After what Mrs. Wood said, everyone thought that it was Dahlia who had invited him. Since Mrs. Wood was fairly close to Dahlia, everyone thought that what she said must have been correct, so they praised along.

Dahlia put on a weird expression, not knowing whether to admit or deny it.

Felicity followed Lancelot over to them and heard them flattering Dahlia. She could not help but shout, "Lancelot was invited by my Stella. It's none of Dahlia's business!"

## Chapter 618

Even though Felicity's words were vulgar, the impact they had was that of a boulder tossed into the water, which caused thousands of waves and ripples.

"Is she talking about Stella Jewell?"

“How can it be? If she had the brains and ways to do this, would she have divorced Keegan? Stop joking.”

“But, there’s nobody else named Stella here, right?”

“I think the girl who shouted is the girl standing next to Stella Jewell.”

“I think it really was her…”

Dahlia’s face went red, and then green, and then blue with emotions. Never in her wildest dreams could she have predicted that Lancelot was invited by Stella.

‘With Lancelot here, Cordelia is already overwhelmed with joy. There’s no room left for excitement for my grand finale.

‘Stella stole the show!

‘When She was one of the Kanes, Cordelia liked Stella the most. Now that she is divorced, she still managed to steal my thunder!’

Dahlia stared at Stella with fiery eyes full of rage. Stella looked indifferent and calm as if accomplishing this was easy as pie to her.

Cordelia was surprised to hear that it was Stella who had invited Lancelot and hurriedly called for Stella to come closer.

‘Stella, what is this?’ Cordelia asked.

Stella’s eyes went soft, and she said warmly, “This is my birthday gift to you. Didn’t you always want to listen to Lancelot’s The Flower Pavilion again?”

“Indeed, I do. But, how did you manage to invite him?”

“Lancelot is a nice person. I mentioned that you were a big fan of his, and he instantly agreed to sing for your birthday.”

Lancelot froze and glanced at the lying young lady.

‘Did she forget how she followed me to the tea shop that I usually go to?’

‘She shamelessly offered to carry my bird cages, helped me to get water, and made tea for me, and she won’t leave no matter how hard I tried to drive her away. How annoying,’ he thought.

However, it was not because of Stella’s shamelessness that Lancelot agreed to come. If it was, anyone could have pestered him into performing.

He was willing to come because of Stella’s mother, Rainee.

Before Lancelot became famous, he did not have many audiences. But, one of them would attend every time he performed, and that person was Rainee.

The first two years after he started out, his tickets were the worst-seller in the theater because everyone only bought tickets to see famous singers. This made him very depressed at the time.

The theater wanted to profit, so if the tickets were selling badly, they would cut down slots for the performance.

Then, Lancelot was at risk of not having shows to perform in.

Mysteriously, the news of the cutdown was spread among opera fans, and the next day, his tickets sold out for that show.

Lancelot was shocked. When he got on the stage, he realized that there was only one person in the audience. And, that person was Rainee, Stella’s mother.

She booked the entire theater to increase the sales of his tickets and to prevent his performances from being cut down.

Miraculously, his popularity started to increase that year. Then, in less than two years, he got famous.

After he was famous, Rainee would still support his performances. As long as she was free, she was sure to attend every show that he had. For over ten years, she sat in the same seat each time.

When Stella approached Lancelot, she brought many pictures of him and Rainee together.

She was good at emotionally appealing to Lancelot, and he was thankful for this fan of his. Upon hearing that she had died, he agreed to Stella's request as a token of appreciation toward Rainee.

So, seeing that Stella fibbed, Lancelot did not expose her.

Obviously, Cordelia liked Stella's reply. She held Stella's hand as she praised her again. It was a joyous scene.

Vermont smacked his lips and said, "Stella's quite impressive to be able to invite Lancelot."

#### Chapter 619

Felicity scoffed. "Stella is the best. She could get anything done if she wanted to," She spoke as she glared at Keegan. "She doesn't need a man!"

Keegan kept quiet.

Vermont tried to hold back his laughter as he wrapped his arm around Felicity's shoulder. "Miss bandit, why are you still just a stage superv Olivia paused and scolded Stella, "What nonsense are you talking about?"

Stella smirked. "Mrs. Chapman, do you remember what happened between you and your husband over Dragon Lagoon?"

Olivia's face darkened. Clearly, she did remember.

Stella wanted to rent Dragon Lagoon, but Olivia told Stella that somebody had already rented it before her to brush her off after Dahlia told her to do so.

However, Olivia's husband suddenly asked her about it after two days.

Then, Olivia proudly told Erick how she lied to Stella.

She thought that Erick would praise her for doing that, but Erick gave her a good scolding instead.

#### Chapter 620

Erick scolded her for being shortsighted and told her to stay out of the conflict between Dahlia and her daughter-in-law. He even said that Keegan would be the head of the Kane family sooner or later, so it would do them no good if they upset him and his wife.

Olivia did not take what Erick said seriously. She figured that Stella would not necessarily have any power in the Kane family since she was infertile.

But, Erick became very mad and told her that she had to rent Dragon Lagoon to Stella no matter what.

Putting Olivia's own personality aside, she was a sucker for Erick.

She would always give in whenever Erick got mad. After all, they had been married for around thirty years, and they rarely fought with each other.

Erick was very firm with what he said, so Olivia had no choice but to follow. However, something bad happened to Stella's mother and she divorced Keegan before she



could rent the Dragon Lagoon to Stella. That being said, organizing the birthday banquet had absolutely nothing to do with her anymore.

In fact, Olivia was very bothered by the fact that Erick interfered with this when he was the one who told her to establish a good relationship with Dahlia.

And, Olivia had no idea how Stella knew that Erick had talked to her about that before. Olivia thought to herself for a while before she said, "You asked Keegan to talk to my husband, didn't you?" She chuckled before she continued, "Is there anything you can do without a man's help?"

Stella swept her gaze across her. "I can take care of you on my own. There's no need to ask for his help.

"Besides, Mr. Chapman did me that favor because I have something on him." Stella gazed downward to look for something in the phone. Then, she lifted her brows at Olivia. "Mrs. Chapman, take a look at your phone."

Olivia frowned. She took her phone out and found out that Stella sent her a lot of photos on WhatsApp.

She was confused. Then, she opened them, and her face immediately turned pale. Those were the photos of Erick and Ms. Joanna together.

They held hands, hugged, and even made out in the car...

Worse still, she kept scrolling and saw a photo of a teenager who was around seventeen to eighteen years old.

#### Chapter 621

Olivia's eyes turned red. "I did so much dirty work for her, yet this is how she repays me?!"

Stella got the reaction she wanted. So, she put on a concerned look on her face and patted Olivia's shoulder. She sneakily tried to smear the cake that was in her hand onto her dress.

"Think about your future carefully. You have three daughters, after all."

Then, she went to get cakes again with the plate, leaving Olivia there to suffer alone. Olivia lowered her head to look at the photos as her fingers shook uncontrollably. Erick could only be so successful because of how she had helped him behind his back.

She personally did a lot of nasty and filthy things for him.

She always thought that her marriage was different from all her rich friends in her circle. She thought that the love she had with Erick was free and true.

They had been married for so many years, and they were very deeply in love. Erick would specifically pick a gift for her for every special occasion, and Olivia's friends would be very envious of her.

It was easy to obtain something precious but not come across true love.

The only blemish in her marriage was that actress who tried to become famous.

She found out about it eight years ago. Erick claimed that he was set up back then, and he kept apologizing for her forgiveness. He even agreed to send the actress away without even a slight hesitation after Olivia suggested it.

She put her dignity behind her and ripped off the fig leaf of her marriage to ask Dahlia for money just to send the actress away.

She did all that just to find out that Dahlia actually knew about Erick's affair way before

she did!

Olivia thought about what Dahlia had said to make her feel better back then, and she felt like vomiting as if maggots were crawling up her body.

Dahlia had never treated her like a friend, and she would say anything without considering her feelings. She would even tell her off without holding back even though there were so many people around them.

Olivia tried her best to put up with her for Erick's career.

But now, she just realized that she was the dumbest person ever!

"Where are you still standing here?" Olivia heard Dahlia's voice coming from behind.

Olivia turned around. Her eyes were red, and her face looked pale.

Dahlia was shocked. "What's wrong?"

Olivia pursed her lips and said calmly, "Nothing. Some sand blew in my eyes. How can I help you?"

Dahlia frowned. "Where are the fireworks you prepared? It's almost time. What are you doing here? Didn't I tell you that the fireworks tonight are very important? Can you be more mindful?"

Olivia clenched her fists tightly as she glared at Dahlia's bossy face, and she had a very strong urge to scratch her face off her!

But, she swallowed her anger and replied obediently, "I'm on it."

Dahlia's expression looked more relieved. "Be quick. Don't worry about your husband. I'll get it done for you."

"Mhmm," Olivia replied nonchalantly.

I'm not going to let you, Erick, and that little bitch get away with this so easily! ' Olivia thought to herself.

"Felicity, cakes! Come get it!" Stella was carrying two plates full of cakes in each of her hands. She was still walking toward Felicity, and the paper plates were already bending because of how heavy the cakes were.

Keegan stepped forward and helped her.

His eyes twitched when he looked at how full the plates were. "Are you only allowed to take it once? Why did you take so many pieces?!"

## Chapter 622

Stella's hands were finally free when Keegan took the plates from her. She shook her sore fingers and gazed at Keegan.

"Did you see how many kids were around the cake? The ones with tasty fruits would be gone if I were to make a second trip there."

Keegan said resignedly, "That doesn't mean you have to build two forts with the cakes, right? Don't you feel embarrassed for fighting with those kids over cakes?"

Stella picked up a piece of mango with her fork and said while eating it, ' Why would I? Those kids are so much kinder than you. Each of them took a piece for me.

Otherwise, how would I get so many pieces?"

Keegan did not believe her.

He was about to speak, but a child ran toward him with a handful of candies. The child put on an incredulous look on his face when she saw Stella eating those cakes.

"Miss, didn't you say that you were going to give those cakes to uncle?"

Stella was speechless.

Keegan had no idea what the child was talking about.

Stella struggled to swallow the cake and said after a cough, "I didn't lie to you. The is for this uncle. I'm just trying it out." She picked up the cake with the spoon and put it in front of Keegan's mouth. "Right? Uncle?"

Keegan's eyelid twitched.

The child did not believe her. "You told me that the uncle has cancer, and he wants to have some cake before he dies, right? This uncle doesn't look like he's sick at all."

Stella blatantly lied to the child. "Yeah. A miracle happened after he ate the cake."

Keegan's face immediately darkened.

The child was only about seven years old, and he looked very innocent. Stella was very good at tricking other people, and Keegan's expression made him look very ill. So, the child doubtfully trusted Stella and handed Keegan the candies he was holding. "Uncle, take this. I hope you'll get well soon."

Stella smiled and touched the child's head. "I'll take it on behalf of uncle. Thank you, cutie."

The advantage of being attractive was that one could convince anyone to believe anything just by speaking in a soft voice.

The child blushed. ' Miss, you can have some of it too.'

Then, he skipped away.

Keegan immediately grabbed Stella's wrist after the child had left. He said while gritting his teeth, "Who did you say has cancer and wanted to eat some cakes before he dies?"

He knew the kids would not give her so many cakes for no reason.

'How could this evil woman curse me just because she wanted to eat some cakes!'

"And, did you just call me an uncle?"

## Chapter 623

Stella was speechless.

"Knock it off!"

Felicity racked her brain and shared her love experience from reading romance novels. "Don't ever say yes if Keegan tries to get you back. Uh... Not so soon, at least. Make him want you. You've got to let him know that you can live without him, and he's the one who needs you to live."

Stella's eyelid twitched. "Do you think Keegan is the type of person whose life would be affected if somebody left him?" "I thought you couldn't live without him back then. You were so in love with him. You would come to my house whenever you got into a fight with him, so we could scold him together. I always had the urge to ask you to divorce him, but you'd go back to him the next day just because he called you."

Stella kept quiet.

'Why would she remember so clearly about something so embarrassing?' "But, you're a different person now, and Keegan became the old you. He would team up with Stinky Cucumber to kidnap me just because he wants to see you..." Felicity paused.

"Anyway, I've never met somebody as despicable as them!" i

Stella had no idea what she was talking about. She was about to ask her more about it, but a ray of light shot up the night sky and exploded before scattering thousands of tiny sparks into the sky.

The fireworks had started.

Rivera had banned fireworks for several years, and Stella could not remember the last time she saw such beautiful fireworks.

Dahlia picked up the mic and started speaking proudly.

In short, she wished Cordelia a happy birthday and thanked everyone for being there as the host.

She acted like the head of the family, and Cyrene was not having that at all.

Suddenly, one of the fireworks shot through the crowd and exploded. The sparkles scattered all around. Everybody then started running and screaming.

Another one did the same thing again. Stella immediately looked in Cordelia's direction. However, someone grabbed her wrist and pulled her away from the sparkles before she could find Cordelia.

Stella followed that person for a few seconds before she realized that it was Marshall who dragged her away.

Stella was stunned. Then, she turned around to look for Felicity.

But, she found that Keegan was holding Jaylene's hand while running in another direction.

Stella frowned and did not look very happy. "Stella!" Felicity shouted as soon as she saw Stella getting dragged away, and someone wrapped his arm around her.

A firework streaked passed by her ear, and she was shocked.

"What are you doing?!" Vermont picked her up and started running as he said, "Your legs looked pretty slim, but why are you so heavy?"

The edge of Felicity's mouth twitched, and she slapped him. "Shut up, Stinky Cucumber!"

Marshall only let go of Stella's hand after he brought her to a safer place. He apologized to her and looked at her from head to toe as he asked, "Did you get hurt?"

Stella shook her head. Then, she saw smoke coming out of Marshall's left arm.

She immediately took his shirt off. "There's smoke coming out of your blazer. Take it off!"

Fortunately, Stella took off his blazer on time, and the spark only left a hole in Marshall's shirt without burning his skin.

Stella stomped on his smoking blazer. She was only relieved after making sure that she put out the spark.

She turned around and realized that the banquet had turned into a total mess. The sparks fell on the tablecloths and set them on fire. Some of the guests were burned, and there were sounds of children crying, which made Stella feel very awful.

She looked around her and could not find Felicity anywhere. She got nervous, so she quickly dialed her number.

Stella could only calm down after knowing that Felicity was fine.

She turned around and was about to speak to Marshall, but someone pulled her away violently.

## Chapter 624

Keegan grabbed her wrist and looked at her from head to toe with a cold face. Then, he said in a stern voice, "Are you okay?"

Jaylene followed right behind them. She said concernedly with a frightened look on

her face, "Miss Jewell, Mr. Marshall, are you guys all right?"

Stella did not respond to Keegan, and he got a little nervous. He asked, "Did you get burned?"

Then, Stella shrugged his hand off while looking downward. "No."

Keegan was about to heave a sigh of relief, but he heard Stella say, "I'm a lucky person. The sparks will avoid me if they see me. How would I be burned?"

Keegan was speechless.

He wanted to say something, but Trevor came to them.

Trevor looked at Stella first to make sure that she was okay before shifting his gaze to Jaylene. "Jaylene, are you okay?"

Jaylene replied gently, "I'm fine, brother. I would've gotten hurt if Mr. Kane didn't drag me away just now."

Keegan furrowed his brows.

Trevor paused and gazed at Keegan after hearing what Jaylene said. "I didn't know you could be so kind."

Keegan did not respond to Trevor's strange remark about him. He turned around and was about to speak to Stella.

However, Stella turned the other way and said to Marshall, "Mr. Moore, let's go somewhere brighter, so I can see if your arm is fine or not."

Marshall swept his gaze across Keegan's tensed face and said while looking down, "Sure."

Keegan frowned and wanted to chase after them. However, Trevor put his hand on Keegan's shoulder and said, "Keep the crowd under control. A lot of people were hurt by the fireworks. I'm afraid that the reputation of the Kane family would be ruined if you can't handle this properly."

Keegan kept a straight face as he watched Stella drag Marshall somewhere else.

The fire had not been put out, and people were still crying and yelling.

Keegan clenched his fists tightly and turned around to do what he had to.

Trevor turned around and draped his jacket over Jaylene's shoulders.

Jaylene held the jacket and said, "Brother, why did you say that to Mr.

Kane? He just saved me. That's not how you would treat Miss Jewell."

Trevor replied in an angry manner, "How could you... compare him with Miss Jewell?"

Miss Jewell risked her life to save you, but anybody could drag you away from those tiny sparks."

Jaylene retorted back softly, "I think Mr. Kane is a good man. He's very responsible."

## Chapter 625

Stella was surprised.

Then, Marshall explained, "My nerves were all damaged after being burned back then, and the parts of my skin where there are burn scars became very unresponsive.

I can't really feel hot, cold, or even pain."

That was why he did not respond at all even though there was a hole burning in his blazer earlier.

Stella gulped. 'Why do I feel like I'm always reminding him of his dark past?'

'I hate myself!' Stella thought before she said, "I can't really see if you're burned or not. Anyway, I should just apply some petroleum jelly on it for you, just in case."

Marshall did not reject Stella.

Stella took the petroleum jelly from the medic and scooped some of it out with her fingers. Then, she looked down and apply it on Marshall's arm carefully.

Her fingertips felt chilly when she touched Marshall's skin, and it made him tremble inwardly, i

His skin was supposed to be unresponsive, yet he felt every movement that Stella's finger made on his arm.

He stared at Stella's brows and gulped uncontrollably.

Then, he gazed downward before looking up again. His eyes looked bright." Keegan has probably mistaken Miss Saun for you because both of you wore similar color clothes today. I know he cares about you."

Stella paused. She replied without looking at him, "The design of what we're wearing is completely different and our body shape doesn't look similar at all. How blind does he have to be to make that mistake?" "It's probably too chaotic just now..."

Stella got a little annoyed. "It's none of my business. I don't need him to save me anyway!"

Marshall stopped talking after seeing how upset she looked.

"It's done."

Stella was done applying the petroleum jelly for Marshall after a while.

Marshall looked at his arm, and he was speechless.

Stella applied an extremely thick layer of petroleum jelly all over his arm.

Marshall pursed his lips and said, "There's no need to apply so much of it." "It won't harm you anyway. Who knows if it's going to make your old scar fade away, right? I read the instructions and it claimed that it could do that.

Marshall pursed his lips again. "Do the scars look ugly?"

Stella kept quiet. She suddenly felt like giving herself a slap!

"Mr. Moore, that's not what I meant." She quickly tried to explain herself." The box says that it can remove burn scars... I don't think that they're ugly. They're kind of beautiful, ptui-I mean, no. It's not beautiful. Um... I just want to let you know that I didn't say that because I thought that your scars looked ugly. I don't think there's anything wrong with having scars. I have them too..."

Marshall suddenly chuckled after seeing how nervous Stella got while trying to explain herself. "I know. I was just joking with you."

Stella kept quiet.

"Stella, do you know?" Marshall lowered his gaze and said, "You're always very restrained around me, and you would always speak very politely. I thought we were already friends with each other."

Stella replied drily, "We are."

Marshall lifted his eyes and looked at her gently. "Friends don't speak like that with each other. You'd always want to return the favor twofold after I helped you. That's not how friends should be. You can joke around with me and say whatever you want around me. I hope that we can be closer to each other. I don't want you to be just... my client."

And, that was the truth. She would be very restrained around Marshall. She could joke around with Vermont and treat him like a good friend. However, she just could not find herself doing the same with Marshall.

Then, Stella said jokingly, "Maybe it's because you're a lawyer. Anybody would be extra cautious around lawyers because a lawyer could send them to jail if the lawyer ever got something against them, right?"

Marshall chuckled. "A lawyer can also send somebody else to jail for you."

## Chapter 626

Marshall paused for a while before he continued, "Just call me by my first name from now on. A friend wouldn't address each other as mister or miss, right?" "Sure, Mr. Moore."

Marshall was dumbstruck.

Stella coughed. "I mean... Marshall."

The fire was finally put out about ten minutes later.

More than ten guests were injured by the fire, but fortunately, it was not severe. The medical staff took care of them very quickly.

Baldwin protected Cordelia and Lancelot, so none of them were hurt.

However, Baldwin's back was burned.

Cordelia hurriedly got a doctor to treat Baldwin's wound.

Dahlia came over with ashes on her face and said in a low voice, "Mom, are you okay?"

There were a few holes in her dress. Her hair hung loosely after she ran for her life. She looked like a complete mess.

Cordelia swept her cold gaze across her. "You gave me such a big surprise!

Dahlia's face turned pale, and she defended herself subconsciously. "Mrs.

Chapman was the one responsible for the fireworks..." "What else do you know other than blaming somebody else?" Cordelia was furious when she thought about how Dahlia left her behind and ran away when the fireworks shot right at them. Even Cyrene yelled for Cordelia to watch out, but Dahlia acted as selfish as ever even though she had been in the family for thirty years!

"Get away from me!" Cordelia said with a cold face. "I have high blood pressure. Don't let me see your face!"

Dahlia clenched her fists tightly and her face looked awful.

Cyrene came over with a cup of water. "Mom, have some water. Don't get too angry or your health will be affected. Jackson is checking what went wrong with the fireworks. We're going to find out what happened."

Cordelia took the water and said, "Cyrene, would you send Mr. Lancelot home for me? I feel so sorry for what happened today. Prepare some gifts and pay him a visit personally some other days." "Mom, don't worry about it. I'll get it done."

Cyrene looked at Dahlia, who had ashes all over her face, and smirked. "Dahlia, you should clean yourself up. After all, you're the eldest daughter-in-law of our family. You've got to at least look better."

Dahlia got so angry that her fingers trembled. She knew very well that what happened made Cordelia lose trust in her, and her presence was only going to annoy Cordelia.

So, she clenched her fists and left with a cold face.

Cordelia told Keegan to come over after both of her daughters-in-law left.

Then, she asked softly, "How's Stella?"

Keegan pursed his lips and said, "She's fine."

Cordelia nodded. "Usher the guests out of here first. Send them to the hospital if needed and do whatever you can to comfort them. Also, prepare some gifts and personally apologize to our guests after this. Remember, do not blame somebody else. I saw some of the kids got hurt too. Their parents will probably say something very hurtful, but you've got to keep quiet no matter what they say, okay?" "Okay," Keegan said.

Cordelia frowned. Dahlia only cared about her own family and was obsessed with materialistic stuff. On the contrary, Cyrene was too calculative and was not sincere enough. She did not like either of her daughters-in-law.

Keegan was the only one who could marry a wife that she was fond of.

Cordelia started to like Stella after seeing her just two times because of how adaptable she was. She could be very cruel if necessary, yet she could demean herself if needed too.

Cordelia could not help but be angry at Keegan after thinking of her precious granddaughter-in-law.

#### Chapter 627

"Sure," Trevor replied.

After Trevor's family had left, he looked around and saw Felicity fixing her clothes. So, he went over to her.

"Hello, Miss Thompson."

Felicity was shocked. "H-hi, M-Mr. Saun."

Trevor smiled gently and asked, "Would you like to sit in a Bugatti Veyron?"

Felicity's eyes sparkled, and she said without hesitation, "Yes!" "Give a call to Stella, then. I'll drive you guys home."

So, Felicity immediately dialed Stella's number.

Ten minutes later, the three of them stood in front of a Koenigsegg. 1

Felicity said with a disappointed face. "I thought we were going to sit in a Bugatti Veyron."

Trevor replied with a straight face. "The Bugatti is a two-seater, and I won't be able to drive you home with that."

Felicity was speechless.

'Well, it looks like we have a new member in the vicious tongue group!

'He made fun of my ignorance in such a subtle way!' Felicity thought.

However, Stella was not bothered by that at all as she just wanted a ride home.

The car started, and Felicity's phone rang.

She frowned after seeing the name, Stinky Cucumber. She was about to hang up, but she pouted and accepted it after thinking of how he dragged her away from danger.

"Hello?" "Miss bandit, is Stella with you?"

Felicity's phone was very loud, and everyone else in the vicinity could hear that.

Stella waved her pointer at her, and Felicity immediately understood what she was trying to say. "No!"

Vermont paused before he continued, "I found a diamond on the floor just now. Could you check if it fell from Stella's necklace?"

Felicity turned around and looked. Stella was about to stop her, but Felicity blurted out, "It's not hers."



Stella and Trevor were speechless.

Felicity only realized what was happening after looking at Stella's expression as she scolded, "Stinky Cucumber, how could you trick me!"

Vermont chuckled. "I was just asking."

Felicity hung up angrily and cursed at Vermont with every swear word she knew.

Then, she said softly, "Stella, I didn't mean to."

Stella sighed. "So what if he knows?"

Trevor turned the steering wheel and suddenly said, "Are you guys done packing?"

When are you going to move out?" "We're almost done," Stella said. "In these two days, I guess. Everything will be settled in an afternoon when the moving company comes."

"Tomorrow will do," Trevor said. "I'll get someone to come over. They're specialized in taking care of artists' personal business."

Felicity was shocked. "Isn't that only for A-listers?"

Trevor smiled. "We treat everyone the same in this company."

Felicity took note of that and started thinking about when she should begin working for Elegant Media.

Vermont hung up. Then, he turned around and said to Keegan, "Don't worry.

Stella is with her best friend."

Then, he paused. "Hey, how could you mistake her for someone else in such a crucial moment?"