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“Are you listening to what you’re saying?” Stella said with a mocking face. “Even if you want to throw yourself to him, you should consider if that person is interested in you.”

Although Stella had also fallen for Keegan at first sight when he saved her, she did not think too much of it at the moment. If it were not for Albert forcing her into marrying someone else and meeting Keegan, she figured the car accident would probably have been their only encounter.

Jaylene’s expression did not look pleasant. After all, she had been loving Keegan for more than ten years, and it was just described as one-sided by another person.

She then took a deep breath and said, “Keegan is a person who will be very loyal once he commits to a relationship. He used to be loyal to you, but now he doesn’t even remember you. How can you be so sure he won’t be attracted to me?

“On the day he woke up, he actually didn’t remember a lot of things, but he recognized me at a glance. When people are at their most helpless and vulnerable times, they tend to rely on the first person they see after waking up.

And it’s perfectly normal for him to be attracted to me after relying on me for such a longtime.” 1 Stella scrutinized her expression as she asked, “Are you suggesting he’ll fall in love with you?”

Jaylene stopped talking about it. Instead, she smiled and flatly said, “Marshall is still waiting for you downstairs. Won’t you go down and walk him out?”

With that, she turned around and left the room.

Stella frowned while staring at her receding back. She could not help but feel puzzled by her unusual confidence while saying those words.

After fixing her appearance, she decided to go downstairs to send off Marshall.

Marshall was playing chess with Wenham downstairs. The game was so intense that neither of them noticed that Stella was there.

She stood there and watched the game for a while. Then, she noticed that Marshall was genuinely good at dealing with people.

Wenham loved playing chess, but his skills were not particularly good. However, he was just like Stella; he loved playing it despite not being very good at it. At the same time, he had a strong sense of self-esteem.

In simpler words, he would be unhappy if he lost, thinking his skills were not good enough. However, if his opponent let him win, he would feel even more unhappy, thinking that his opponent looked down on him.

Stella played chess with him twice and then refused to play more. She would always find excuses to turn him down.

On the other hand, Keegan would always let him win. However, his actions could never bring joy to Wenham.

If Keegan deliberately let him win, it would only suggest that his skills were inferior, a notion that Wenham, who valued his reputation as highly as Stella, found intolerable.

Therefore, he would often express his displeasure with Keegan's actions.

However, Marshall did not deliberately let him win. More precisely, he did so subtly that no one could tell, i Stella had been observing Keegan's game for years now and noticed that Marshall could get a checkmate several times. However, he did not make the move, causing the game to end in a draw, i Wenham was delighted, Marshall, you're just a casual, huh?"

Marshall smiled, "I haven't played for a long time, and I've tried my best."

"But being able to play me to a draw is already good enough. If Stella was speechless.

'Dad, please stop boasting. Even I'm cringing for you.' She thought to herself.

Marshall then said humbly, "Uncle Wenham, you played so well. Is there any tip you can give me?"

“Oh, it’s all about practice. You’ll eventually become better once you play more,”

Wenham said enthusiastically. “But I did study how to break certain formations.”

Marshall replied earnestly, “I’d like to hear the details. I’m very interested in this, too.”

Wenham was about to share his knowledge with Marshall, but Stella cut him off, “Dad, Marshall has work to do. Let’s not waste any more of his time.”

“Do you have to leave now?” Wenham felt a little reluctant as it was rare for him to find such a worthy opponent. He even wanted to have another “battle” with him.

Marshall nodded, “There’s something I need to take care of in the office.”

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Marshall paused before continuing, “Uncle Wenham, I have a friend who owns a cafe, and a lot of people love playing chess there. If you’re interested, I can take you there sometime.”

Wenham was about to agree but hesitated, considering his doubtful chess skills.

So, he cleared his throat and said, “Chess is meant to be played in a quiet place. I prefer playing it at home. Come and play a few rounds with me whenever you’re free.”

Marshall said, “What about the day after tomorrow? I have nothing planned in the afternoon.”

Wenham was overjoyed, “That’s wonderful! Remember to drop by then. Oh, by the way, Marshall, what kind of food do you like? Let Stella know so I can prepare something before you come.”

Marshall nodded, “Sure.”

Hence, Marshall's next visit to the Saun residence was quickly scheduled.

Stella had a vague feeling that Marshall was executing a strategic plan-winning over her family before making his move on her. ?

Stella had no idea what to do about the situation at all.

Along the short distance that she walked to see Marshall off, she just could not stop sighing.

Marshall asked her if she was okay. Stella hesitated but asked anyway, 'Marshall, what do you think of my dad?'

Marshall was taken aback. He had not expected Stella to ask such a question.

He thought for a while and said, "Uncle Wenham is kind, easy -going, humorous, and caring. He's a very good man."

"Do you want to be his godson?" Stella asked.

Marshall kept quiet.

Stella immediately regretted asking that question.

Marshall was sharp enough to understand what Stella meant by asking that question right away.

Just yesterday, she said that if Keegan really could not recover his memory, she was willing to try and see if things would work out between them. However, today, she wanted to turn him into his godbrother. It was simply too obvious what Stella's message was.

apple slid slightly, and after a long pause, he asked, "Stella, do you hate me?"

'I don't hate you. I'm just bothered,' Stella said inwardly.

However, faced with Marshall's affectionate gaze, Stella had only one thought —'I should've seen this coming.' She would have just kicked him in the face if it were Spencer. But Marshall... he was sick.

So, when she wanted to reject him, she had to minimize the damage as much as she could.

“I...” Stella opened her mouth, trying her best to find the best words to say. “I just think you and my dad get along well, so I asked you that question. It’s fine if you don’t like the idea of it.”

Marshall lowered his eyes. Suddenly, Stella noticed how long his eyelashes were; they cast a shadow beneath his eyes when he looked down.

Stella could finally understand why she would always feel bad for Marshall. It was because no matter what happened, he would always be the first to take the blame. To Stella, it was a very strange behavior.

She was completely different from him. For example, when she lost a card game, she would blame the position she was sitting in, the weather was bad, her mood was not good, or she had no luck. She would never once put the doubt on her own skills.

Perhaps that was not a very accurate example. But in general, when people make mistakes, they tend to shift the blame to someone else. Yet, Marshall would always be the first to take responsibility.

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For some reason, Stella just could not bring herself to be harsh on him.

Perhaps it was due to his upbringing in the Moore family. He would always be treated as the second option, making him feel like he was unimportant and always thinking he was at fault.

When Marshall heard Stella say that, there was a glimmer of hope in Marshall’s eyes. “Really?” he asked softly.

Stella did not look at him when she said, “Didn’t you notice that my father treats you better than my brother? It’s because he likes you.”

“Stella...”

Marshall wanted to say something, but Stella hastily interrupted, “Hurry up and move your car. You’re blocking the road.”

Marshall had no choice but to stop talking and get into his car.

After turning his car around, he rolled down the window, "Call me if there's anything. Take care of yourself."

Stella nodded and watched him leave.

Meanwhile, Keegan sat in the car while Aldor drove. He clenched his jaw tight and barely said anything.

When they almost arrived at Royalpark Villa, Keegan asked, "Aldor, what's a progesterone capsule?"

While turning the steering wheel, Aldor answered, "It's a hormone supplement, right?"

Progesterone sounded familiar to Aldor, but he could not recall what hormone it was for.

Keegan took out his phone and typed "progesterone capsule" into the search bar. His pupils immediately contracted.

"Mr. Kane, it's rare that you get to visit Mrs. Kane in her home. Why didn't you stay a little longer?"

Aldor asked while waiting at the red light, failing to notice Keegan's expression at the back. After not getting any response, Aldor asked again, "You still haven't remembered her at all?"

Keegan rubbed his temples, looking a little frustrated. After a long pause, he muttered, "Why is she taking tocolytic?"

Aldor was caught off guard, "Who? Mrs. Kane?"

Keegan kept quiet for a while before responding with a soft "hmm."

Aldor was shocked. Then, he asked cautiously, "Is Mrs. Kane pregnant with Mr.

Moore's baby?"

Keegan's face darkened, "Can't it be mine?"

Upon hearing Keegan's words, Aldor was so shocked that he instinctively said, "How could it be yours? You had a vasectomy."

Keegan's expression turned puzzled, "I did?"

Aldor had completely forgotten about the fact that Keegan lost his memory. After realizing that he had revealed something he should not have, he decided to spill everything.

"Not only did you have a vasectomy, but you also did it for Mrs. Kane. She has health problems, and you were afraid that an unplanned pregnancy might harm her, so you went and had the vasectomy."

Then, he continued rambling, "How could Mrs. Kane be pregnant? Why would she be with Mr. Moore? Mrs. Kane was so crazy in love with you. She was even willing to risk her life by jumping into that freezing river..." Aldor paused momentarily before asking, "Mr. Kane, could Mrs. Kane be violated?" 2 It seemed like Keegan had not yet accepted the fact that he had undergone a vasectomy for Stella. His expression instantly darkened upon hearing what Aldor said.

"With her sharp tongue and how violent she is, who could've violated her?"

"Whose child could she be carrying then?"

Aldor was anxious because he only wanted Stella to be with his boss, Keegan.

However, Keegan regained his composure. Images of Stella's cunning eyes flashed across his mind as he clenched his fists and said in a low voice, "Perhaps I saw it wrongly. If she's pregnant, why wouldn't she tell me?"

Aldor debunked his theory, "That's because the child she's carrying isn't yours."

You already had a vasectomy."

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Keegan was speechless.

"Shut up!" "Hm," Aider responded. He thought, 'They were such a perfect couple. How did they end up like this? I don't think I can ever believe in love

again.' Keegan felt restless and uneasy. Although he hid his emotions well, Aldor could tell what he felt by his frequent glances at his phone.

After some thought, Aldor said, "Mr. Kane, I'll have someone investigate if Mrs.

Kane is pregnant or if you just saw it wrongly. If she really is pregnant, it's still early to get an..."

"Shut up and drive!"

Keegan's face turned red in anger, looking as unpleasant as possible.

Aldor had no choice but to shut his mouth. 'Mrs. Kane is deeply in love with Mr.

Kane. How could she ever get pregnant with someone else's child?' he thought to himself.

After some time, Keegan suddenly asked, "Aldor, are you sure the vasectomy was successful?"

His question left Aldor confused.

"Well... only you know that. You went into the operating theater alone, and I waited outside. You couldn't even stand up when it was done, and you had to stay in the hospital for a day. After two weeks, you even went back to the hospital to remove the stitches. Why would you need to remove the stitches if it wasn't successful?"

Aldor just could not wrap his mind around it.

Aldor knew his boss well enough to know that he would not fake surgery just to please his wife. His dull brain could not come up with such twisted schemes.

Keegan's face looked unusually stern as he said after a few seconds, "Turn around and go to the hospital."

Aldor wanted to ask if Keegan was feeling unwell, but his heart dropped upon looking at his eyes, 'Could it be that the surgery really wasn't successful?' The checkup did not take very long. The nurse gave Keegan a brochure and

ushered him into a room. Within fifteen minutes, he submitted the collected sample, and the results came out quickly.

With the sample's viability, the doctor said that as long as the other party is healthy, it would not be a problem for Keegan to have two children in three years. >

In other words, Keegan's vasectomy had failed.

They could not find out what exactly went wrong, but Aldor noticed that Keegan's expression turned very unpleasant when he saw the results. 2 This unpleasant expression lasted for the entire day. The next day, when Aldor went to pick him up to go to the office, he felt like Keegan's face was just as gloomy as yesterday. Even worse, he had dark circles under his eyes today.

Aldor suggested carefully, "Mr. Kane, why don't you take a few days off? After you come back, Mr. Chandler Kane has been rather quiet. I'm sure that he won't act recklessly before the new research result is published. You can focus on recovering before getting back to work."

Aldor received no response from Keegan after he finished speaking. He looked in the rearview mirror and saw Keegan in a daze.

"Mr. Kane? Mr. Kane!" Aldor called out to him a few times before finally snapping him out of his thoughts.

"What is it?"

Aldor kept quiet, 'It seems like he didn't hear anything I just said.' "I was saying..."

Aldor repeated what he suggested earlier, but Keegan said, "No need. Let's head to the office now."

Aldor could only comply.

However, after a while, Keegan's phone rang. He glanced down and saw it was a call from Vermont. He rejected it without any hesitation.

Vermont had been talking about Stella in front of him a lot lately. Normally, Keegan would just let him do it. But at this moment, he was too annoyed to even hear her name.

But Vermont did not give up that easily. After being hung up on three times, he decided to call Aldor instead.

When Keegan was about to tell him not to answer, Aldor had already put Vermont on speaker.

“Aldor, is that heartless scumbag Keegan Kane with you now?”

Aldor kept quiet.

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Aldor cleared his throat, “Mr. Kane is not here.

Vermont got straight to the point upon hearing that, “Then tell that heartless scumbag Keegan that his ex-wife is currently getting an abortion at the hospital.”

Aider’s expression changed as he quickly looked at Keegan.

The look on Keegan’s face turned even uglier as he said in a deep tone, “What abortion? What are you talking about?”

“Oh,” Vermont said sarcastically. “I thought you weren’t around. Did you just teleport there?”

Keegan gritted his teeth, “Answer my question!”

Vermont scoffed, “Wasn’t I clear enough? Your ex-wife, Stella Hall, is getting an abortion at the hospital. Can you hear me now?”

“Why would she do that?”

“You should be asking yourself that. I’m very curious, too. What the fuck did you say to her? She was just getting a checkup at the hospital a few days ago, and within two days, she suddenly scheduled an appointment with the doctor to have an abortion. Didn’t you go to the Saun residence yesterday? Did you set her off because you flirted with Jaylene in front of her?”

“I didn’t!” Keegan’s face turned red. He clenched his fists tight, and his voice became hoarse, “Which hospital is she in?”

“Why?” Vermont still spoke nonchalantly. “Are you going to stop her? Aren’t you worried that the child she’s carrying might not be yours?”

Keegan gritted his teeth, “Just fucking tell me!”

Keegan cursed, and only then did Vermont provide him with the hospital’s address.

Then, Vermont added, “If the child is really gone, it’s your fault. You just don’t have anything nice to say when she’s around. She burst out crying right after she came back last night. She and my wife cried together, and they even scolded me. While I was still sleeping this morning, my brother suddenly called and said that Stella had gone to their hospital for an abortion. Thankfully, it’s the weekend, so there’s a long queue-“

There was a pause on the other end, and then Vermont continued.

“You two have been trying too long to get a child. Now that she’s finally pregnant, she wants to get rid of it. Keegan Kane, she must be extremely disappointed in you.”

Keegan pursed his lips and remained silent while Vermont continued to scold him. However, his expression turned even more unpleasant.

Aldor was worried that Vermont’s words would anger Keegan further, so he quickly ended the call and sped toward the general hospital.

“Fuck! He hung up on me!”

Vermont lifted his gaze at Felicity, “He’s got to be guilty! Baby, give me some time. I’ll call him again.”

“That’s enough!”

Felicity gazed at him, “You’re quite the actor.”

Vermont clicked his tongue, “What do you mean? I’m about to lose my goddaughter! I’m very worried, too!”

“She’s going to be my goddaughter, not yours!” Felicity corrected him. “Don’t take her away from me!”

"I'm not going to do that." Vermont blinked his eyes, "You're going to be her godmother, and I'm going to be her godmother's husband. Isn't that going to make her my goddaughter too?"

Felicity's eyelid twitched as she scolded Vermont, "How shameless of you!"

Vermont lived by that description, and being called shameless was practically a compliment to him. He leaned over to Felicity and said, "By the way, why didn't you stop Stella from getting an abortion when you found out about it?"

Felicity snorted, "Keegan said he wants to break off the engagement, so what's the point of Stella keeping the child? She's still young and has a bright future ahead of her. Why should she give birth to a child whose father is an idiotic blockhead?"

"You just said that you would be the child's godmother!"

Felicity paused momentarily before saying, "If Stella wants to keep the baby, then I'll be her godmother. If she doesn't, I'll still support her decision."

Vermont sighed, "If Stella were a man, would you have married her by now?"

Felicity ignored that question, but Vermont understood her response: Just shut up with your nonsense.

Compared to Corbin Steven, who had little to no interaction with Felicity, Stella was the most formidable "rival" in his life.

The two were still bickering when they heard the elevator door open. Then, they saw Keegan, dressed in a black suit with a black coat draped over it, coming out of the elevator.

Felicity glanced over, and she almost fell for his look.