

Read Novel Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1071 [Eleven Jewell]

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After a lot of agony, Stella finally picked up the phone and called Daniel.

Daniel had just finished taking a shower and was reading a script at that time. He was a little surprised to receive Stella's call since it was late.

'She wouldn't call me at this time of the night if it wasn't an emergency, right?' he thought as he quickly pressed the answer button.

"Hey, Mr. Wood. It's me."

Stella sounded squirmish, but Daniel could not tell.

Instead, he teased her by saying, "So excited to become famous that you couldn't sleep?"

His words made Stella speechless.

She laughed dryly and replied, "Hahaha. You're so funny."

Daniel recalled the moments when Stella teased him and shrugged.

He leaned against his couch and happily asked, "So, why did you call?"

"It's nothing, really. I just wanted to know if you still have the royal mantle I wore when I played the queen?"

"I think the costume crew has it. Why?"

"Well..."

Stella stammered.

"Is it for sale? I want to buy it as a souvenir."

Daniel paused and said, "That royal mantle was hand sewn by a master embroiderer. The time it took him to make that piece and the materials would cost more than one hundred thousand dollars. novelebook.com How much do

you earn from your films? Why would you want to spend that kind of money on a piece of clothing? Are you crazy?"

Stella laughed again and said, "Then, forget I— Keegan Kane, give me back my phone!"

After some rustling noises, Daniel heard a male voice on the other line.

"I'll give you three hundred thousand dollars. If it's a deal, I'll send someone over to get it immediately."

Stella stomped her feet as she tried to grab her phone and cursed, "You're such an idiot, Keegan. That piece of clothing is only one hundred thousand dollars. Do you have nowhere else to spend your money?"

Daniel froze for a moment and quickly said, "Deal."

Stella was at a loss for words.

Half an hour later, the royal mantle used in The Palace was brought to Royalpark Villa, and the couple stood before the cloak for some time.

Stella tried to run away, but Keegan put his arm around her waist and pulled her into his embrace.

"Time to get changed, Ms. Jewell," he said with his chin on her shoulders.

His actions made Stella speechless.

She gritted her teeth and said, "Fine. I'll give you what you want this time. But you're a rotten egg if you hold on to that matter."

Keegan smiled and said, "Whatever you say."

Stella was about to go upstairs with the piece of clothing when Keegan called out to her.

"Just change your clothes here."

Stella could not believe her ears.

Keegan sat on the couch with his legs crossed and his elbows resting on the side while looking at her in admiration.

He was done with his shower but did not get into his pajamas for some reason.

Instead, Keegan was wearing a pair of suit pants and a collared shirt.

Earlier, he even set his hair up while waiting for the royal mantle to arrive.

He was now sitting in an elitist posture, looking all serious and ascetic.

Stella's heartbeat involuntarily accelerated when she saw him like that.

However, she was not blinded by lust.

"Don't get too cocky," she sensibly rejected Keegan's request.

"Shouldn't the compensation be decided by the person who's being compensated? What kind of compensation is this if you can't do it?" Keegan said slowly.

Stella gritted her teeth and said, "You've seen me change before."

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Stella did not comply with Keegan's request.

"It's all just layers of clothing. There's nothing new to see here," she said.

Hearing that, Keegan looked at her and grabbed his phone to make a call.

Stella was about to ask him who he was calling when Marshall's voice came on the speakerphone.

"Keegan?"

Stella recognized the voice and was shocked.

'What is this mutt trying to do!?' "Mhm,"

Keegan casually replied.

Marshall sounded a little tired.

“It’s pretty late. What’s wrong? Why are you still up?”

“Vermont wants to meet up later this week and wants you to bring your girlfriend along. Would she be able to come?”

Stella was completely speechless when she heard that.

Marshall paused.

“Didn’t you guys always say no chicks around when we’re hanging out?” he asked.

Keegan put the blame on his friend and said, “Vermont wants to meet her since he didn’t get to talk to her much at Duncan’s wedding.”

Stella’s face darkened, beckoning him to stop acting crazy and to hang up the phone.

Then, Keegan pointed at the royal mantle, telling her that he would stop if she changed into the clothes right then and there while a ferocious look appeared on Stella’s face.

Marshall, who was on the other line of the phone, pursed his lips and said, “She’s been busy with work recently, so she probably doesn’t have time to hang out with us.”

Keegan smiled and said, “Isn’t she a music teacher? How busy can she be? Could it be that Ms. Thompson doesn’t want to meet us?”

Marshall went silent for a moment and said, “I’ll ask her about it.”

They hung up after that, and Stella was finally able to speak.

She gritted her teeth and said, “What do you think you’re doing?”

Keegan leaned back on the couch and said, “Since I couldn’t get the compensation I wanted, I had to get it somewhere else. Otherwise, I won’t be happy.”

“Why did you have to drag Mr. Moore into this?”

Keegan took offense at the comment and slumped forward. He looked at Stella with a sullen expression and said, "I'm already being civilized about this. I didn't even confront him for putting that hideous disguise on you."

Before Stella could pick a bone with Keegan for saying that it was a hideous look, her phone rang; it was Marshall.

Stella did not know if she should answer the call.

Keegan looked at her, crossed his legs, and said, "What? You're not going to pick that up?"

Stella was at a loss for words. She really did not want to answer the phone, but Marshall had called thrice consecutively. She knew that he would not stop until she picked up, and so she did.

Keegan's eyelids twitched as he watched Stella's movements.

Once the call was connected, Marshall's warm voice was heard.

"Stella, were you asleep? Sorry to bother you this late."

"I just finished taking a shower. I'm about to sleep now since I had a busy day," Stella said as she pretended to sound sleepy.

"Is something wrong, Mr. Moore?"

Marshall could tell that she was tired. He paused and did not mention the thing Keegan had asked him.

Instead, he said, "Oh, it's nothing. I just wanted to congratulate you on the show. Many of my friends are watching The Palace, and they mentioned that you're really pretty and talented."

Stella was overwhelmed by the compliment and modestly said, "They're too kind."

"It's true," said Marshall.

"You played that role so well. You literally went into character."

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“Really?”

Stella was happy to hear Marshall’s comment. It was the highest praise an actor could receive.

“You’re not just saying that, are you?”

“I’m not. You’ll see it when you come to the law firm next time. Everyone here is a fan of you,”

Marshall chuckled.

“Including you?” Stella teased.

“I’m the leader of the fan club,”

Marshall joked back.

“I asked them if they would rather watch The Palace or do overtime, and they clearly love the show since they chose the prior.”

Stella immediately laughed.

As she was about to continue with the conversation, a hand quietly wrapped around her waist.

Then, she could feel hot, wet lips kissing her neck.

Stella was startled and let out a yelp.

Marshall paused and asked, “Stella? What’s wrong?”

Stella pushed Keegan’s head, trying to stop him from causing trouble.

However, the man did not stop. He smothered his lips all over Stella and even slipped his hand under her shirt.

Stella's goose bumps rose as the hot palm touched the skin around her waist. She blushed and held Keegan's hand down, glaring at him. She whispered, "Are you insane?"

Instead of restraining himself, Keegan kissed her all the way from her neck to her collarbone, biting her with each kiss.

Stella could not stand the stimulation, and her breathing became quicker.

At that moment, Marshall's voice sounded again.

"Stella? Why aren't you saying anything?"

"Ah. N-Nothing... It's just... Something came up."

Stella sounded a little raspy. She did not dare to say anything more.

"Talk to you later," she said and hung up the phone.

As soon as the call ended, Stella grabbed Keegan by the hair and gritted her teeth as she said, "Are you crazy? novelebook.com What if Mr. Moore heard that?"

"So what if he did? It's not like he's never seen people do it,"

Keegan grunted.

Stella wanted to get mad at the man, but she could tell that he was jealous by the tone of his voice.

Suddenly, she could not help but laugh.

"Why are you laughing?"

Keegan frowned.

Stella tried to hold herself back and said, "I pretended to be Marshall's girlfriend as a favor. I even told you about it right away when I saw you. Why are you still being such a sourpuss? You were never this jealous before."

'I was always jealous... I just didn't show it because you never understood why I was upset. Instead, you'd say that I'm bad-tempered' thought Keegan.

“Don’t you think you’re being too submissive to Marshall? You always agree to anything he asks, yet you won’t even change in front of me when I want you to!” Keegan said unhappily.

Stella’s mouth twitched at the sound of that.

“Do you hear yourself right now? How can you compare those incidents when they’re not the same thing?”

“To me, they are. You reject me whenever you feel like it. But, when it comes to Marshall, you suddenly become Mother Teresa.” Stella could tell that Keegan was angry and softened her tone.

“What makes you say that? I didn’t reject Marshall’s request because he had never really asked for my help before. On the contrary, he always helped me. You know how I don’t like owing people favors. I did find it odd when he asked for my help, but it was a way for me to pay him back, That was why I did it,”

When Keegan thought about it, Stella’s explanation made sense.

However, he did not want to act rationally. He had been holding on to this grudge for a long time, and at that moment, everything poured out.

“You always smile when you talk to him. Even your voice sounds softer compared to how you speak to me!”

“When have I ever done that?”

“You’re doing it right now! See, you’re yelling at me. Have you ever yelled at him?”

Keegan snorted.

Stella was speechless when she heard that. She then turned her tone around and said in a high-pitched voice, “I wasn’t yelling~ Do you want me to talk to you like this instead~?”

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Keegan almost let out a laugh, but he held himself back and cast a cold glance at Stella.

“I want you to show me affection, not buffoonery,” he said, unsatisfied.

Stella’s lips twitched, and she said, “Don’t push it, Keegan.”

With that, he found another thing to argue about.

“You keep getting impatient with me. You can’t even last a minute, yet you were patient with Marshall from the beginning. I was clearly injured more badly than him when we had that horse race at Grandma’s place. But you left with him without even looking back. Don’t you think that it was too much?”

Keegan’s words left Stella stunned.

“Aren’t you standing right in front of me now with no injuries?”

Keegan immediately felt wronged.

“I dislocated my arm, Stella! He just scraped himself a little. I’m sure the wound scabbed over when the two of you reached the hospital!”

Stella was taken aback when she heard that.

“Why didn’t you tell me you were injured?”

Keegan thought that he had already let go of that matter.

However, when Stella asked him that question, he felt more and more aggrieved.

“You rushed up to me and scolded me at that time. You blamed me for his injury because I was the one who wanted to have the race with him. How was I supposed to tell you?”

Keegan looked down and said, “Even if I did say something, you wouldn’t have cared anyway since you hated me so much.”

Stella opened her mouth, but no words came out.

After a long time, she said, “I didn’t know you were hurt. Plus, I wasn’t scolding just because Mr. Moore got hurt. I was...in shock.”

Stella almost had a heart attack when Keegan fell off the horse.
novelebook.com She only breathed a sigh of relief when she saw him get up from the ground and walk toward them.

Other than being in shock, she hated herself for still caring about Keegan after their divorce. Her two conflicting emotions then led her to give the man a tongue-lashing.

Keegan was startled. His heart went soft when he saw Stella's expression. He gently rubbed her hand and whispered, "Forget it. I forgive you."

Hearing those words, Stella was a little puzzled.

'I wasn't trying to apologize. I'm not the only person at fault here'

"Just don't smile at him like that next time."

Stella could not believe her ears, but she said, "I will try to avoid having contact with him the next time we meet, okay?"

Keegan nodded.

"Great."

Stella hit him in the arm and said, "There's no need to be jealous. I wasn't worried about him because he was special to me. I just felt sorry for him. You know about his previous injury, right? The huge burn?"

Keegan paused, and his expression slightly tightened.

"How do you know about his burn?" He asked in a deep voice.

"He showed me,"

Stella blurted out.

Keegan gritted his teeth, and his face darkened.

"He showed you? How? By taking off his clothes in front of you?"

Stella's mouth twitched.

“What are you thinking about? Remember how we take my grandpa on a cruise? I...”

Stella paused before she continued, “I saw the wound when he rolled up his sleeves to wash his hands.”

Keegan noticed the pause. He gauged her expression and snorted, “You mean when he was making you pasta?”

Stella did not answer.

She ignored Keegan’s unwarranted jealousy and said, “He’s so young, yet his body is full of scars, and he also has migraines. I feel sorry for him, especially after you told me a few days ago that he witnessed his brother’s death when he was a child. Though, he is optimistic about life and very soft-spoken. I feel bad every time I want to say something harsh to him. How could I possibly yell at that man?”

A strange expression appeared on Keegan’s face.

After a long time, he opened his mouth and asked, “Did he tell you how he got his injury?”

Stella shook her head.

“No. He doesn’t seem to remember much. I think his brain is blocking the memory, which is normal. Like, I wouldn’t want to recall the day my mom and I got into the car accident. It would be great if I could erase that painful memory from my mind.”

Stella paused briefly, asking, “Do you know how he got that injury?”

Keegan glanced at her and said, “Didn’t you just say you wouldn’t talk to him anymore? Why are you getting so concerned about him now?”

“Can’t I just gossip a little?”

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“No!” said Keegan.

“You’re such a Scrooge when it comes to information!” Stella snorted.

Suddenly, Keegan’s phone rang.

Stella could see that it was Marshall. He glanced at her and gave her two options, novelebook.com “Do you want to change, or do you want me to answer the call?”

Stella gritted her teeth and gave in.

“Fine, I’ll change!”

“You may begin,” said Keegan as his lips curled into a smile, happy that his plan had worked.

Stella began to undress unwillingly. She was not embarrassed to change in front of Keegan since they had seen each other naked when they were married.

However, things were different when one of them was just there to watch the other take off their clothes.

Keegan looked more serious watching Stella undress than when reading documents in the office.

Stella was bursting with embarrassment under his gaze.

She tried not to look at him, removed her clothing, and grabbed the royal mantle to put it on.

Though the faster Stella tried to get dressed, the more difficult it was for her to get it on; either her arms would not enter the sleeves correctly, or the strap would keep getting loose.

As she tried to tie the cloth for the third time, Keegan walked up to her, held her hand down, and whispered, “Let me help.”

“You don’t know how,” Stella whispered, her ears red.

“Then teach me,” Keegan leaned into her ears and said.

Under Stella's guidance, Keegan was able to help her put on the mantle.

He looked at Stella to see that she did not have the makeup she had on in the drama.

However, her cool-toned skin and bright red lips made her look like a cold and elegant queen.

Keegan had always wanted to undress Stella while she wore the mantle the first time he saw her wear it.

Now that she was facing him in the costume, he had a strange feeling.

Keegan thought he was in a film for a moment, but the person in front of him reminded him that it was real—the woman across from him was his lover.

Keegan did not say a word and just stared at Stella, making her uncomfortable.

She cleared her throat and said in a low voice, "Are you done? If you are, I'm going to take this off. It's heavy."

She was about to leave when Keegan suddenly took her by the wrist, his voice low and sexy, "Are you not going to take me tonight, your majesty?"

Stella was taken aback for a moment.

Her cheeks flushed as she stumbled on her words, "W-What do you mean?"

Keegan looked up slightly, his eyes sparkling with great elegance.

"Didn't you have a boy toy in the film? Do I not look more handsome than him?"

As he said that, he stuck one of his hands under Stella's clothes while undoing the buttons on his shirt.

Stella grabbed his hand in a panic, looking a little pitiful.

"What are you doing?" She asked.

Keegan smiled and leaned in closer to her ears as he slowly said, "I want to go all the way with you. Can I please make love to you, your royal highness?"

