

Read Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1219 [Eleven Jewell]

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Stella took a deep breath and walked inside slowly.

Her back was kept straight. Not only was she nervous, but she was also trying to look more presentable in front of her elders, fearing that she might not meet their expectations.

The private room was huge, and four people were sitting at a round table in the middle.

An amiable-looking elderly couple sat next to each other, whom Stella had seen on a video call before. They were her grandparents, Wilfred Hall and Edith Wade.

Wenham was sitting beside Edith. Although he gained a little weight, he still exuded a graceful presence. The look in his eyes showed a hint of excitement when he saw Stella coming in.

Seated beside Wilfred was a middle-aged man with sharp and distinct features. He looked somewhat familiar to Stella and was strikingly good-looking. He seemed to be in his late forties, but his well-maintained physique would make him look only a few years older than Keegan if he changed his hairstyle.

Stella took off her mask, and Wilfred could not contain himself and said, "My dear granddaughter."

Edith's eyes turned red. She tugged Wilfred's sleeve and said softly, "Don't scare the child."

Wenham immediately stood up and pulled out the chair next to him. "Stella, sit over here," he said.

Trevor held her hand and introduced everyone to her, "You've seen our grandparents in the video call before, and obviously, you've met Dad too. This is our uncle, Daryl. He came along with our grandparents to see you specifically. His wife has a talk to attend at Frecford today, so she can't be here. We'll arrange another time for you to meet her."

Stella clenched her fists nervously. She was always chatty but suddenly did not know what to say when faced with this family's anticipating gaze.

Trevor paused and put the gift box he was holding on the table. "Grandpa, Grandma, Stella brought this gift for you."

The couple was delighted. "How thoughtful of you," Edith praised Stella.

"Thoughtful children always have a difficult childhood. Just look at how skinny she is." Wilfred added.

Edith felt distressed upon hearing that. "I'm sure that she suffered malnutrition when she was younger. Trevor showed me a photo of her in fifth grade, and she looked like a little dwarf."

Stella was speechless. It was undeniable that she was not tall, but calling her a little dwarf was a bit of an exaggeration. She started growing taller and taller after her second year in high school.

After listening to his grandparents' outrageous remarks about Stella, Trevor coughed and said, "Stella wasn't that short. Look, she's all grown up and is a pretty woman now."

"Of course, she is. Nobody in our family is too short anyway," Wenham said.

Then, Wilfred added, "That's because of the good genes in the Hall family. I'm glad that she looks like Freesia and not you."

Wenham was taken aback. Then, he whispered, "Her nose looks like mine. We both have a tall nose bridge."

"No, she looks like me. Trevor looks like me; Stella looks like Trevor, so Stella looks like me." Daryl chimed in.

Wenham's expression grew dark. "How can my children look like you? Stop flattering yourself. I can't tell which part of you is attractive at all."

"Could you ever have such two good-looking children if it weren't for Freesia's genes?" Wilfred expressed his dissatisfaction.

Wenham was left speechless once again.

Stella was shocked that the family was actually arguing with each other over whom she resembled.

She shifted her puzzled gaze to Trevor. He cleared his throat and said calmly, "You'll get used to it."

Stella felt like she had finally found where she inherited her feisty character from.

The family argued for quite some time before they finally realized that Stella had been standing there all along. Then, Edith immediately said, "Let's not talk about it anymore."

Trevor, tell the waiter to serve the dishes now. I'm sure that Stella is starving, right?"

Stella put on her iconic fake smile. "It's fine. I'm not that hungry."

"Come, sit next to me. Let me have a good look at you." Edith said with an amiable smile.

Stella walked somewhat awkwardly to Edith and was pulled to sit between Edith and Wenham.

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Edith looked closely at Stella's face. It seemed like she saw a glimpse of her own daughter in Stella as her eyes welled up in tears.

Stella got emotional too, but not to the point of crying.

She was different from the family in the room with her. She had been carefully taken care of by Rainee since she was a baby and had no idea that she had been switched. She had never personally experienced the pain of losing a loved one for the past twenty years.

However, the Hall and Saun families had gone through the death of a grandchild and a daughter, who was also Wenham's wife. It was a tragedy for them.

That was the reason why they were so easily overwhelmed by their emotions as soon as they saw Stella, who was well and healthy, appearing in front of them.

Stella felt a hint of warmth in her heart, suddenly filling her emotional void that had been empty for the past several years. Edith held her hand and asked gently, "Stella, have you been doing well all these years?"

Stella lowered her gaze and replied softly, "My mom-I mean, my foster mother treated me very well. I have been living a pretty comfortable life."

Edith sighed. "Your foster mother had it difficult. I guess her passing was a relief for her. Could you take us to the

cemetery a few days later? I want to personally thank her."

Stella nodded.

"Edith, move over. Let me speak to the child for a while."

Wilfred squeezed between them and stuffed a big envelope in Stella's hand. "Stella, this is the money I've been saving for you for over twenty years." He whispered, "None of them have as much as you."

Daryl paused. "Dad, how could you steal my line?"

Then, he took an envelope out too. "What am I going to say now?"

Wenham pursed his lips and took another envelope out from his pocket. "Did Trevor tell you guys what I was going to give Stella?"

Stella and Trevor both kept quiet at the exchange.

After a moment, the three envelopes were already in Stella's hand. It felt weighty, like the deep affection from her family.

She was initially worried that seeing her would remind them of her late birth mother and make things awkward between them. However, that did not happen at all. Instead, all of them were very considerate of her feelings and had not brought that up at all. Stella was the continuation of life to them, not the culprit who caused the death of their loved one.

She pursed her lips and put the envelopes on the table.

Then, she stood up and poured herself a glass of wine. "I'll drink to express my gratitude."

Everyone else was shocked as they thought inwardly. 'Ah... It seems like she's a good drinker.'

Stella only noticed that everyone else was staring at her after she finished her drink. Suddenly, she felt a little awkward.

Daryl was quick to react; he cleared his throat and said, "You're just like my sister when she was young. Bold and daring!"

Then, he lifted his glass. "Here, I'll drink with you."

Wenham got very excited about this "trait" of Stella as he thought inwardly. 'It seems like she enjoys alcohol as much as I do.'

"And me too." He quickly raised his glass and spoke.

A female voice sounded at the door as soon as Wenham said that. "I knew you wouldn't be able to resist a drink."

Stella was taken aback. Then, she turned around and saw Darcie standing at the entrance.

Darcie was wearing a wine-red blouse paired with a black flared long skirt. Her exquisite makeup made her look very elegant and graceful.

As everyone shifted their gaze to her, she greeted the elderly couple warmly, "Long time no see, Mr. and Mrs. Hall Sr.."