

Read Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1268 [Eleven Jewell]

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Stella could not help but feel a little perplexed when she was reading the story. 'Doesn't this story take place in an olden-days setting? Since when were people from those times so open?' She glanced at Keegan and saw him calmly sipping his tea. He was unfazed by the plot.

So, she continued reading aloud. "Elana trailed a wet towel from the scholar's chin to his chest. Perhaps feeling uncomfortable, the man rolled over, which caused his clothes to fall open completely. He had fair skin and an average body. 'He looks so different from the brawny men who come into this place,' thought Elana, knowing that he was not from town. Elana's late husband was also a scholar. Unfortunately, his health was not in good condition. He passed away after less than three months into their marriage. 'We only had sex a few times,' Elana reflected..."

Stella paused briefly after that.

Keegan did not hear the last sentence, so he asked, "What's wrong? Why did you stop?" His expression was so nonchalant that it made Stella's hesitation seem deliberate.

Stella found herself bouncing back and forth, thinking, 'This story seems a little inappropriate. But, the topic of sex is rather common in literary classics.'

In the end, she chose to keep reading out of trust in the books Keegan had read in the past. 'I promised to give him a special treat. I can't back out now.'

“Elana realized that the few times she had sex with her late husband were mediocre. It was hardly living up to the blissful descriptions by other women. ‘Could such pleasure truly exist?’ she asked herself.”

“Her gaze wandered to the scholar’s waist, and her cheeks flushed red. She gently nudged his shoulder and said, ‘Mr. Allen, it’s a little warm in here. Allow me to assist in cooling you down with this towel.’ The man’s eyes remained shut. It was unclear whether he heard her. Elana began loosening the scholar’s belt when...”

Stella clicked to the next page and blushed.

At that time, Keegan was already standing behind her. He put his arms around her waist and rested his chin on her shoulder, as his deep voice sounded in her ears. “And then what happened?”

The explicit content that followed on the page was too graphic for Stella to read aloud. She clenched her teeth and her cheeks burning, as she protested, “Are you messing with me right now?”

‘What a jerk! I can’t believe he asked me to use my voice-acting skills to read out smut!’ she thought.

Keegan chuckled and gently kissed her earlobe. ‘Well, you did mention that you’re giving me a special treat.’

Stella shot him an incredulous look and said, “I wasn’t referring to this!”

Suddenly, another question crossed her mind. “Wait. Why do you have such explicit content saved on your phone?”

“Vermont wrote it,” Keegan said in a low tone.

Stella's expression remained deadpan. "You really expect me to believe that?"

Keegan laughed and said, "It's true. He's the one who wrote... the beginning, n

Stella was stunned. She prodded for more details, and Keegan fully recounted Vermont's embarrassing story.

"Back when Vermont was still in college, he enrolled in a creative writing class to impress a girl he was pursuing. Due to that reason, he paid no attention to the actual lectures. At the end of the semester, the students were asked to finish a short story for their final assignment. The lecturer provided them with a two-hundred-word opening paragraph and asked them to continue the narrative with topics covered in class. The students had to develop a coherent plot and clear message."

"Vermont had no clue on how to finish the assessment. He struggled for an entire week and barely wrote a few words. With the submission deadline coming up, Vermont was desperate. Someone then told him that he could find someone to do the work for some cash. This led him to an online service where they help students write college assignments and final year projects."