

Read Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1269 [Eleven Jewell]

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The assignment helpers offered a range of services from beginner to master-level pieces. Since the final coursework affected Vermont's overall credit score and he didn't lack any funds, he opted for a master-level writer to do his assessment. Vermont paid them a deposit, and they assured him that he would get high marks.

The writer finished the story in just three days after the initial payment. Upon inspection, Vermont was impressed with the short story which was a few thousand words long. He only read the first half of the paper and continued to pay the remaining balance.

Vermont then added his own name to the document and submitted it to his professor. Upon receiving Vermont's work, his professor lodged a formal complaint with the college dean, accusing him of inappropriate behavior and harassment.

The college did not take the harassment allegations lightly and launched a formal investigation. When Vermont was summoned back to campus and confronted with the evidence, his face turned pale, as he realized the gravity of the situation. In an attempt to clear his name, he eventually confessed to hiring someone else to do the assignment.

After uncovering the truth, the institute issued an official warning to Vermont and failed him from the elective course. This incident was quickly spread throughout campus and left a stain on Vermont's reputation.

At that time, Carter's younger brother, Zane, happened to be attending the same college as Vermont. He managed to hack into Vermont's computer and stumbled upon the infamous paper. Zane then shared the document among their close-knit group of friends for their amusement.

Keegan was one to hold onto memories and had saved the masterpiece over the years. Whenever Vermont crossed a line with his jokes, Keegan would send him the short story as a reminder of the past, and Vermont would get annoyed.

Stella could not stop but laugh for quite some time after listening to Keegan's account of the situation. "Didn't Vermont demand accountability from those assignment helpers?" she asked.

"He did try," Keegan replied. He leaned into Stella's ears and whispered, "He asked for a refund, but the person blocked him."

Vermont could not swallow his pride and decided to have Zane track down the writer's IP address. He printed out the person's personal information as well as the short story they wrote and sent it to their home and workplace every day for nearly a month. Eventually, the person gave in and refunded the payment, along with an additional five thousand dollars in compensation.

Stella continued to laugh and thought that the incident computer science?" she inquired.

Keegan nodded. "Apart from his rebellious nature and unconventional behavior, Zane was a computer genius. His skills were on par with Carter's. Some might even say that he was better."

Stella sighed softly and said, "What a pity."

Keegan did not continue with the topic. Instead, he steered the conversation back to the Stella's narration. "Keep reading. You promised me a treat, and I don't think it's nice to break a promise."

Stella's lips twitched, and her expression looked sullen. "I'm a woman with dignity. You can read it yourself!"

With that, she started to walk away, but Keegan swiftly pulled her back. "I might have to ask for some compensation if you won't continue reading the story," he said. His husky voice sounded in her ears, sending shivers down her spine.

While blushing, Stella struggled to get away. "You better behave yourself. We're at my brother's house."

"I bet Trevor wishes he could become an uncle. Why don't we try for a baby?" Keegan said in a low tone.

Stella was wondering if she should say something or keep it to herself, but she could not hold back when she heard that. “You had a vasectomy, Keegan. If I were to get pregnant, you’d have to worry if I’m cheating on you.”

Keegan froze and looked at Stella. A mixture of shock and confusion flashed in his eyes before embarrassment set in.

After a moment, he gritted his teeth and said, “How did you find out?!”

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Stella immediately sealed her lips, and her gaze wandered in uncertainty. “Uh... the trash still needs to be taken out. I’ll go do that real quick.”

She attempted to slip away, but Keegan was not willing to let her go. Knowing that she knew his secret, he firmly grabbed her wrist and stopped her. His face tightened, as he probed, “When did you find out? Who spilled the beans? Was it Aldor?”

Stella looked surprised. “Aldor knows about it too?” she asked.

Both of them fell quiet for a while.

‘Shoot. I should’ve just blamed it all on Aldor,’ thought Stella.

Under Keegan’s intense gaze, she eventually mumbled, “You were the one who told me.”

Keegan found it hard to believe. “No. That’s impossible.”

“But, it’s true.” Stella glanced at him and softly added, “You told me when you were drunk.”

Keegan froze with disbelief painted across his face.

“You even willingly showed me the scar. Despite my resistance, you insisted that I look. I didn’t even have a choice,” Stella went on to deliver the final blow. As she spoke, she gestured with her fingers, illustrating the length of the scar. “It was this long.”

Keegan's face tensed. His flirtatious mood instantly deflated. He knew he had a tendency to blackout when he was intoxicated. But, he had no idea he was capable of such audacious behavior while he was under the influence. The realization that he had deliberately exposed himself and invited Stella to inspect his scar left him deeply embarrassed. He let go of Stella's wrist and walked away sullenly.

However, Stella was not about to let an opportunity to tease Keegan slip away. She chased after him and playfully said, "Were you nervous when you went in for surgery? Did they use a general anesthetic or a local one? Did you have to make any special preparations before a surgery like that?"

Suddenly, a realization dawned on her, and she exclaimed, "Did you avoid sharing a room with me a few months ago because you had the procedure? But, then again, a small scar like that wouldn't take several months to hea-

"Enough!" Keegan ground his teeth and interrupted her.

Stella bit her lip, and her eyes sparkled mischievously. She closed the distance between them and gently tugged at Keegan's sleeve. "Why were you so concerned about me finding out about your vasectomy when you did it for me?" She asked in a soft and tender voice.

Keegan was still upset about his drunken stupidity, so his response lacked patience. "Don't flatter yourself. I didn't do it for you."

"Alright, fine. You didn't do it for me." Stella was in a good

mood and remained unfazed by Keegan's temper. She lowered her voice and continued, "Then, when are you going to get a vasectomy reversal? Don't you want to have kids with me?"

Keegan's annoyance gradually faded due to her soothing tone. He hesitated for a moment before he pursed his lips and said, "I'll do it when the doctor says you can conceive."

"Okay," Stella frowned, seeming a little confused.

Keegan glanced at her and asked, "What's with the face?" "Nothing." Stella then voiced her confusion in a soft tone. "Are you absolutely sure that your surgery was successful?"

