

Read Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1278 [Eleven Jewell]

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Keegan was not happy. “Why should I leave just because he’s here?” he asked.

“Don’t act all indignant! You know how close he and my brother are. Trevor’s going to know you’re living here the moment Marshall shows up. He already doesn’t like you, and Wenham isn’t fond of you either. The Hall family despises you even more. This is your chance to make a good impression. So show some restraint and know your boundaries, okay?” Stella explained.

Keegan’s face looked tense as he said, “Marshall came without prior notice; why aren’t you accusing him of not knowing boundaries?”

Stella was puzzled by Keegan’s logic. “It’s not like he’s the one I’m with.”

That response seemed to ease the tension.

However, Keegan still was not keen on leaving. “We should just go public if he tells Trevor.”

Stella shot him a sideways glance and said, “While I don’t want to discourage you, I have to remind you that you’re on my family’s blacklist. When I mentioned your name during our reunion, it was met with silence. Plus, Trevor texted me yesterday, asking about my type in men, and claimed he had many quality options for me to choose from. He even said that none are less superior than you. Do you realize how

much they dislike you? I haven’t even gotten fully acquainted with my family yet, and you want me to introduce you to them? I don’t think it’s respectful to do that. n

Keegan looked at her with a sad expression and did not say a thing. Stella pushed him toward the room while reassuring him, “I’ll introduce you to the family once I get to know them better and everyone is prepared. Remember to behave and not cause any trouble. I won’t cut ties with my family for you. It

Keegan remained silent. 'What kind of crappy consolation is this?!' he thought. He then finally got ready under Stella's urging. After putting on his suit, he immediately turned into the unapproachable Mr. Kane.

When Stella was helping him adjust his collar, she suddenly tugged on his tie and planted a kiss on his chin. "It's a pity I've never seen you in your college days. If I had, I would've definitely pursued you," she murmured.

Keegan glanced at her and said, "You were only 13 when I was a freshman, and when I became a senior, you had only turned 17. Do you want me to get arrested or something?"

Stella could not help but laugh, "You're so unromantic. Now hurry up and go."

As they were about to open the door, the elevator chimed, and Marshall walked out.

Stella was shocked. 'Didn't I tell him to wait a bit before coming up? Ugh.'

She immediately stopped pushing Keegan and said, "Oh. Did you two come together?"

Keegan and Marshall seemed surprised to hear that.

Marshall strolled over with a handful of things and asked, "Keegan, when did you get here?"

Keegan pursed his lips and reluctantly responded, "Just now. If

Marshall glanced at Keegan's empty hands and handed him a fruit basket he was carrying.

Keegan glanced at the basket but did not take it.

"It's impolite to arrive empty-handed," Marshall remarked. Before Keegan could speak, Marshall added, "Just like how it was impolite of you to only bow at Ms. Spade's funeral."

Keegan and Stella could not believe that Marshall had just said that.

Stella found Marshall's commentary to be mean, but Keegan's expression was just too comical. She bit her lip to stifle her laughter, determined not to burst out laughing.

Then, she indifferently said, "Come in."

When the two men entered, Marshall put on the house slippers Stella had just bought for Keegan, and Keegan stood behind him with a dark expression.

Stella noticed what was going on and walked over. She grabbed another pair of house slippers from the shoe rack and handed them to Keegan as she said, "You're the most generous person I know!"

Hearing that, Keegan suppressed his anger and put on the slippers.

Upon entering the apartment, Marshall noticed that the room was neat and tidy. The flowers on the table seemed freshly watered, with a misty layer of vapor on their petals. There was a book on the couch; its pages looked fluffy, suggesting it had been read frequently. Two cups were placed on the coffee table, each with only a small amount of water left, indicating that someone had been drinking from them.

Marshall continued to observe the place when Stella asked, "So, what would you two like to drink?"

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"Coffee," stated Keegan.

"Tea," replied Marshall.

Stella hesitated momentarily, then glanced at Keegan and suggested, "You might as well have some tea too. It would save us from firing up the coffee machine."

Keegan looked slightly displeased about the situation but chose not to argue.

Marshall pressed his lips together slightly as he watched the scene unfold. 'Brewing tea was also a bit of a hassle,' he thought. The fact that Stella did not ask him to accommodate Keegan's request felt respectful, yet created a sense of unfamiliarity between them.

Keegan settled onto the nearby couch, maintaining a comfortable distance from Stella. He turned to Marshall and asked, "How's the injury?"

Marshall opened up his palm to show Keegan the wound. Though it was healed, the scar remained prominent. It would likely need some time to fade. "It's alright," he said.

"Given your experience, you don't really need to take on cases like that. The pay isn't a lot, and there are tons of risks involved. Why bother?" Keegan said indifferently.

Marshall chuckled and said, "I wasn't planning on taking it initially. But no one wanted a messy domestic abuse case,

especially since the man's family had connections. I felt sorry for the woman. She's visited nearly every law firm in town. I've seen her at our office multiple times, and on each visit, her face bore signs of injury. Once, her left ear was torn and needed stitches. She was determined to proceed with the divorce, even if it meant losing everything."

"I asked myself why should individuals who just want to live endure such hardships. And that was when I took on her case. I just didn't expect her husband to locate her new residence so quickly that it almost led to Stella getting hurt."

Keegan thought about it and said, "You shouldn't have taken her there, and you shouldn't have gone alone. You should've involved the authorities. You should've known who you were dealing with. Thank god that nothing major happened that day. Did you ever consider what your parents would feel if you lost your life?"

Marshall's throat tightened slightly, and he clenched his fist. After a while, he admitted, "You're right. I made the wrong call."

"Try your best not to let your parents worry. You might not recall it, but I witnessed firsthand how devastated they were when that incident happened to you seven years ago. No one is forcing you to push yourself to the extremes, Marshall. You don't have to take on everything head-on. Do you know that your current state is far from what it used to be when you were abroad?"

"Is that so?" Marshall smiled and said, "I feel fine."

Keegan was a little annoyed by his response and decided to stay quiet.

Marshall used to engage in extreme sports overseas, from racing to marathons. Even people accustomed to the laid-back lifestyle like Vermont envied his achievements.

However, upon his return to Rivera, he seemed to revert to his state from seven years ago. He was dull and depressed as he carried the weight of everything behind his back.

After a while, Keegan spoke again. "Get to know the girls your mom introduces you to and go on dates with them. If you find a connection, give it a shot. Being in a relationship is generally more fun than being alone."

Marshall lowered his gaze and said, "Being with Stella is quite exciting."

Hearing that, Keegan froze. "Are you intending to pursue her?"

"Do you have a problem with that?" Marshall stared at him and asked.

Keegan thought about it and said, "No, of course not. I'm fine with it as long as you're genuine." He knew Marshall did not stand much of a chance, so there was no harm in letting him try. "However, if you're not brave enough to pursue her, I advise you guys to remain friends. Don't make things awkward."

Marshall looked at him for a moment before suddenly asking, "Why don't any of you want to tell me what happened seven years ago?"

"It wasn't a pleasant experience, and the scene was gruesome. Some things are best forgotten," Keegan replied indifferently.

"Was I the one who crashed into Stella's mom?"

Keegan was taken aback. "Why on earth would you think that? Don't worry. Your injury wasn't caused by a car accident."

As Marshall was about to continue, Stella entered the room with the tea. "Felicity went out for breakfast. She'll be back soon," she said.

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Marshall took the cup of tea and thanked Stella.

Keegan reached for the other cup, only to find Stella grabbing and sipping from it. He shot her a puzzled look, to which she responded, “Your cup’s in the kitchen. Go fetch it yourself.”

Stella’s words left him speechless. ‘Seems like she’s seizing every opportunity to tease me, he thought. Annoyed by the situation, Keegan stood up and headed for the kitchen.

There, he found a cup of coffee with a heart-shaped latte art waiting on the counter. His anger dispersed immediately.’ Aw, she loves me.’

“Mr. Moore, you mentioned something about my mother’s accident during our call. What is it?” Stella asked.

Marshall placed his cup down and pulled out his phone. He showed Stella a photo of someone and said, “Take a look at this person. Do you know him?”

Stella glanced at the picture and immediately recognized the face. “He used to be my family’s driver. I had investigators look into him before, but he’s rather cautious and avoids having interactions with outsiders.”

Marshall continued, “This man is now in Rivera. He developed a tumor and is undergoing chemotherapy at the city hospital.”

Stella did not understand what Marshall was trying to convey, so he elaborated, “Cancer treatments are expensive. Since this man is unemployed, he’s likely searching for ways to earn some money.”

“Are you implying that he might approach Albert for financial help?” asked Stella.

“No, I think he’s going to approach Hylda instead. He probably knows some of Hylda’s secrets. Otherwise, she wouldn’t have been supporting him financially for all these years.”

Marshall paused for a while and added, “Once the kindergarten goes out of business, Hylda won’t be able to provide him with support anymore. In his

desperation to stay afloat, he might turn against her. So, I think we could extract some valuable information from him.”

Stella perked up at the alignment of events. The kindergarten situation was already a major headache for Hylda. It would be a blessing for Stella if another potential threat emerged.

“Please keep a close eye on this man for me, Mr. Moore. You could consider extending a monetary offer if the opportunity arises.”

Before Marshall could respond, Keegan interjected, “How generous of you.”

Stella glanced at him and said, “It’s called being practical. I know when to save and spend when necessary. I’m not as stingy as Vermont, you know?”

As she said that, Vermont’s voice sounded from the hallway.

“Ayo. I didn’t know you were such a backstabber, Stella.”

Stella felt a little awkward after being exposed.

Felicity pushed Vermont playfully and said, “Don’t you talk about my best friend like that!”

“Alright, alright,” Vermont responded, wrapping an arm around Felicity’s waist. She stiffened up immediately and was led into the room by Vermont.

Upon entering, Vermont noticed the gift box Marshall had brought. He picked it up and opened it to find a Chanel scarf.

Vermont immediately draped it around Felicity’s neck and said, “Marshall sure has an eye for style. This scarf complements you perfectly.”

Marshall did not know how to tell Vermont that the scarf was meant for Stella while Felicity’s gift was in the other box.

Hearing the words of praise, Felicity clutched onto the scarf and asked, “Do you really think it suits me? I’ve never worn a color like this before. It feels rather posh.”

“Confidence is key, baby,” he said and opened another box.” This bag looks great on you too. It goes well with your style. Here, put it on and give it a twirl.”

His words left Marshall dumbfounded.