

## **Read Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1475 [Eleven Jewell]**

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Wenham, however, went from confusion to sheer delight.

“Stella, y-you’re open to coming back and staying here?” Stella looked at her father, her voice gentle.

“Dad, we’ve been separated for over twenty years.

Even though we’ve found each other, our time together has been so short.

You don’t know me well, and I don’t know you that well either.

The only connection we have is blood.

I’m eager to know what kind of person my father is, and I look forward to spending time with you.

If staying together can help fill in the gaps of those years, I’m willing to do it.

I’m afraid of missing another opportunity.

Once I’m married, the chance to be with you will be even rarer.” Wenham’s joy was palpable.

“Okay.

I’ll accept that as long as you’re willing.

I was just worried you’d gotten used to life outside and wouldn’t want to come back.” “No matter how exciting life can be out there, it can’t compare to the sense of security and happiness of living with family.” Wenham was overjoyed.

He hardly knew what to say.

Darcie observed the tender moment between father and daughter and pressed her lips together.

“Alright then.

Why don't I take you upstairs to see your room? We can have someone make changes if there are any issues.” Stella looked at Darcie and beamed.

“Your taste should be just fine.

Darcie returned the smile.

“Let's go.

I think the room should be almost ready.” The three of them walked up the staircase.

As they arrived at the second floor, they saw Jaylene exiting one of the rooms.

She approached them when she spotted them.

‘Dad, Mom,” she called out.

She turned to Stella and said, “Stella, you're here.” Stella nodded gently.

How are you feeling, Jaylene?” Jaylene lowered her eyes.

“It's just an old illness acting up.

I might have been overthinking things that day.

I'm sorry I almost let the people misunderstand you.” “It's okay.

Don't push yourself too hard.

You're fine now, and that's what matters.” Stella reassured her.

Jaylene clenched her hands, forcing a smile.

“I'm not that weak, sis.” “That's good,” Stella laughed.

“Shall we?” Darcie interjected at the right moment.

“Go in and take a look, Stella.

See if you like it.” Unaware of the underlying tension, Wenham reveled in the joy of his daughter’s return.

He urged her in a low voice, “Stella, go have a look.

I personally picked out the curtains for you.

Tell me if you like them.” Stella found it all amusing.

“If you’re the one who picked them, I’m sure I’ll love them,” she said.

But soon, Stella found herself taken aback.

The curtains Wenham had picked out were a bright shade of pink.

And it was not just the curtains.

The entire room was in various shades of pink.

Pink walls, a pink bed, pink everything...

Stella fell silent.

“What do you think? Do you like it?” Wenham beamed.

Stella glanced at Trevor.

‘Is this what he meant when he told me my room is going to be unique?’ Trevor had made suggestions, but Wenham did not take any of his advice.

He stubbornly believed that girls like the color pink.

Stella mustered a smile and said, “It’s quite...

unique.” Wenham proudly began introducing every detail of the room.

Stella could tell that he must have been heavily involved in the entire decoration process since he knew every detail like the back of his hand.

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1476 [Eleven Jewell]

Even if it was not exactly to her taste, it was filled with her father’s love.

Wenham drew open the curtains.

“This room has excellent natural lighting,” he said.

Stella stood by the window and immediately spotted the balcony of the adjacent room.

It was larger and had a wider view than hers.

Jaylene noticed her gaze and said, “That’s my room, the master bedroom.

The balcony is much bigger.

We can switch rooms if you like, Stella.

But Dad arranged the layout of my room according to my preferences.

I’m worried you wouldn’t like it.” Stella paused for a moment and asked, “Dad arranged it? Now I’m curious.

Can I go take a look?” Jaylene smiled invitingly and said, “Of course.” When they reached the room, Stella finally understood what Jaylene meant.

The master bedroom was nearly half larger than the guest room.

It had a bookshelf, a separate dressing room, and a balcony spacious enough to play badminton.

Every piece of furniture and decoration in the room seemed carefully selected.

Though Stella was expressionless, she was surveying everything.

Wenham had put even more consideration into Stella’s room than he had with Jaylene’s.

However, Jaylene had lived here for over half a year, and her personal belongings had filled the room.

The presence of her valuables and limited-edition luxury items elevated the overall atmosphere.

“Do you like it, Stella? If you do, we can switch rooms.” Stella nodded, “I do.” Wenham’s heart sank.

He did not want Stella to switch rooms.

While Jaylene's room was larger, he was hardly involved in its decoration process.

He had overseen every detail of Stella's room and did not want his daughter to live in a space that someone else had occupied.

"Then let's switch.

I have a lot of stuff, so it'll take a day or two to pack," Jaylene said eagerly.

Stella shook her head, "Jaylene, this is your room.

You've been living here for so long; you must be used to it.

It wouldn't be right for me to take over your room just like that.

I'm just here to appreciate it." Jaylene was feeling generous, "We're all family; what's mine is yours.

There's no need to be so formal." "While that's true, it wouldn't be right.

I won't switch rooms with you, Jaylene.

But I do like the decorations in your room.

Could you give me a few?" Jaylene blinked, "What?" Stella's eyes sparkled, "I won't take them for free, of course.

I have quite a few decorations at home, too.

I'll give you some in return." "Stella, I'll buy you whatever you like," said Wenham.

"It's not just about the decorations, Dad.

I just want to feel close to my sister.

If she gives me some of her things, I'll also give her some of mine.

It's like exchanging our preferences.

I want to share a bond with her.” Wenham was delighted to hear that, “Stella, you’re always so thoughtful.” Stella looked at Jaylene.

“Can I begin choosing, Jaylene?” Jaylene’s throat seemed to tighten.

Wenham had already implicitly approved Stella’s actions.

‘How could I refuse?’ She clenched her hands and mustered a strained smile.

“Take whatever you like,” she said.

Stella beamed, “Thank you, Jaylene.” She turned to her brother and said, Trevor, help me carry some of these.” Stella cleared out Jaylene’s specially designated display cabinet in no time.

She picked out all the expensive and rare items.

“Jaylene, we have similar tastes.

I love all of these!” She exclaimed with each selection.

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1477 [Eleven Jewell]

Our tastes are so similar!” Wenham replied happily, “Of course, we’re a family.” Jaylene’s heart ached when she saw the affectionate interaction between Wenham and Stella.

Not only did Jaylene spend a fortune on the decorations in her room, but she also had to use her connections to acquire some of them.

She even had them specially packed with several layers of bubble wrap when they were being shipped back.

It had taken her years to collect them.

Yet, Stella had effortlessly taken away more than half of them! She pondered the phrase “our tastes are so similar” and suddenly recalled the words she had said to Stella about the Red Agate bracelet at her birthday party.

“We seem to have similar taste.” She said to Stella back then.

Stella kept repeating that line as if deliberately trying to provoke Jaylene.

Stella did not hold herself back at all.

She came empty-handed with Trevor, and when they left Jaylene's room, they were both carrying a full load of decorations.

Even Wenham helped carry two items.

Wenham was worried that Stella would have difficulty carrying many things.

Then, he saw a "woven bag" hanging in Jaylene's room and said, "Jaylene, give Stella the bag for her to carry the things." Jaylene turned to look; it was a new bag she bought from a luxury store.

She had just unboxed it and had not used it even once! She immediately said, "Dad, let me find a plastic bag for you." However, Wenham had already opened the bag.

"Plastic bags can't take the weight.

What if everything falls out of it and breaks?" Then, he turned to Stella and said, "Here, Stella.

Put everything inside.

It'll make things easier for you." Stella immediately stuffed everything inside as if she did not know how expensive that bag was.

"Jaylene, this bag of yours sure can hold a lot of things." She praised.

Jaylene's heart ached even more as she watched her brand-new luxury bag, which she had not even used once, being turned into a suitcase.

Darcie looked at her daughter's reddened eyes and pursed her lips, "Stella, you're going to live here in the future anyway.

There's no need to take everything at once.

As long as you like them, you're welcome to come get more from Jaylene whenever you want." "Whenever I want? I'm just going to cause Jaylene inconvenience then, won't I?" Stella smiled and added, "They're not that heavy, Darcie.

You don't need to worry about me." Darcie kept quiet.

So, the mother and daughter watched as Stella and Trevor carried those decorations into Stella's room.

When they came out of the room, Stella turned around and asked Trevor, 'Trevor, which one is your room?' 'I don't live here,' he said.

'You should have a room even if you don't live here, right? You'll need a place to stay when you come back home to spend some time with Dad during the holidays, won't you? Didn't Darcie prepare you a room?' Darcie's eyelid twitched.

She said in a gentle tone, 'Of course, there's a room for Trevor.'

However, we don't get it cleaned very often because he doesn't stay here permanently.

It's been unused.' Stella finally understood Trevor's answer when she asked whether she should stay at the Saun residence.

He said it would not matter as she would still have a room there.

She also realized why Trevor would speak of Darcie like that despite their seemingly good relationship.

There was no difference between having an uncleaned room and not having one.

Obviously, Darcie was not welcoming Trevor to stay here.

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1478 [Eleven Jewell]

If the room is not cleaned, he won't be able to stay if he wants to.

You can't only clean the room whenever he wants to stay, right? He's not a guest, yet there's no room available for him.

'W Wenham had never thought much about it.

Trevor had always been a willful and stubborn person from a young age.

He did not like staying at home after growing up.



Wenham had talked to him about it a few times but eventually stopped bothering him because he figured his adult son should be able to make his own choices.

However, now that Stella brought it up again, he suddenly felt her words made a lot of sense.

He had to at least give the little brat a room to stay no matter what.

Besides, he would eventually bring his future wife back home.

And if they only began cleaning the room when his daughter -in-law stayed in the house, it would make him look biased.

So, he turned and said to Darcie, "Stella is right.

Get someone to clean up Trevor's room and do it regularly.

It doesn't matter if he stays here, but the room must always be ready." Darcie curled up her fingers as she lowered her gaze and said softly, "I'm sorry for not being thoughtful enough.

I'll get it done later." Sandra's voice rang out just as Darcie said those words, "Mr. and Mrs. Saun, the meal is ready." Wenham held Stella's arm and said, "Let's go downstairs and eat first.

After that, you can talk to me about other things you're unsatisfied with." Stella smiled and nodded.

Then, they went downstairs together.

Trevor was about to follow them, but Jaylene stopped him, "Trevor, please come back more often.

I miss you a lot." "Mhmm," Trevor responded before he said flatly, "Get changed and come downstairs to eat." After Trevor walked away, Jaylene's face immediately darkened.

" Look at the way the Jewell family raised her.

I just can't figure out why Dad and Trevor would like her so much!" Darcie replied calmly, "She's your father's biological daughter.

She'll still be a treasure to him even if she's a pile of mud.

You don't have to compare yourself to her.

Your father raised you since you were little; his love and care for you is real.

Do you understand?" Jaylene took a deep breath and said in a low voice, "Yes, Mom." Then, Darcie said, "Get ready, and let's go downstairs and eat." Wenham had probably made an effort to find out Stella's food preferences, as all the dishes served on the table were her favorite.

Wenham got Stella to sit next to him so he could easily get the food for her.

Stella was very polite and ate a lot, too.

Wenham asked her about her life and work as they had some drinks.

He had no problem with her acting career.

Still, he expressed his concern about the demanding workload and the recent incident of an actor dying from a heart attack due to working excessively.

He told Stella not to overwork herself and emphasized that quality was always more important than quantity.

However, Stella did not find acting tiring at all.

She loved it and even enjoyed being on set.

Also, she did not have a lot of scenes to film compared to her peers, so her job was actually very relaxing.

Wenham had misunderstood, thinking she was only saying that to reassure him and avoid worrying him.

So, he said, "Look at how skinny your face is now compared to when the banquet took place.

Are you sure it's not tiring? Don't try to fool me." Stella smiled and said, "It's really not.

I might have lost some weight due to all the paperwork and share transfers I've been handling lately.

I've been pretty busy." "Ts everything done now?" Wenham asked.

"Almost.

I've just got to deal with the jewelry store that Darcie wanted me to take over.

That's the only thing left." Stella paused for a moment as she shifted her gaze to Darcie and said, "Darcie, I've been too busy to call you in the past few days.

I took a day off from work today; if you're not busy, we can handle the paperwork in the afternoon.

Would that be okay?" Wenham was taken aback, "That has not been done yet?"

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1478 [Eleven Jewell]

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