

Read Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1511 [Eleven Jewell]

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'You know nothing. What gives you the right to take matters into your own hands?!" Kayla asked.

Stella stared at her without flinching, "Ms. Wilson, would your former friends mock you for not dressing in the latest fashion?"

Kayla hesitated for a moment and pursed her lips, 'Of course, they wouldn't.'

Real friends are people who are there through thick and thin. They offer constructive criticism and support but never betray.

'Ms. Wilson, there's nothing wrong with wanting to make friends or fitting into your surroundings. But you've got the wrong people. Those who genuinely consider you a friend wouldn't try to take advantage of you.

'As you can see, many in this circle have masks on. They might look glamorous, but they are playing roles they despise. But you don't have to do that. No matter how they talk about you, everything you have and the position you hold is a height they can never reach.

'They stand in the shadows and criticize you while finding some satisfaction in it. They say you're a country bumpkin. But when all of you are face to face, they can only fawn over you. A word from you could easily seal a business deal for them. As I said, you don't need to conform to this circle. It's the people in this circle who should cater to you.'

Kayla pressed her lips together and stayed silent for a while.

Stella was unsure if she had made the right choice, 'Perhaps Kayla does not have the spoiled tendencies of someone like Aurora, but would she realize the situation as I had hoped?' She decided not to say anything about the situation, afraid it might just annoy Kayla.

"Ms. Wilson, if you want to return the jewelry you ordered from The Velvet, feel free to come by. It's my fault that you couldn't receive the product on time. I'll cover any penalty fees,' said Stella. With that, she nodded slightly at Kayla and turned away.

Kayla was filled with confusion as she watched Stella leave.

Stella returned to Keegan's side with a dark face, "I overestimated my abilities," she said.

Keegan held her fingers and asked, "What's wrong? Did your attempt at making friends fail?"

"It's not exactly a failure, but it's not a success either. I was playing mind games from the start. I was truthful because I feared she would feel uncomfortable and hold a grudge against me."

'It's okay. We'll find someone else if this deal doesn't work out.'

Stella fiddled his hands and spoke softly, "Actually, I pity Ms. Wilson. She genuinely wanted to integrate into this circle and be friends with everyone. But those people only wanted to use her for their own gain. She knows all this but still maintains a facade, pretending not to know anything. It's funny how she's conscious but still gets played like a pawn."

Kayla lacked experience, unlike Mark, who knew how people talked behind his back. They called him a nouveau riche and a lucky dog. Yet they did not know how much he had to endure to get to this state. He simply did not care about what people said since they would still ask to work with him.' Kayla wouldn't be so troubled if she thought this way,' Stella told herself.

Keegan glanced at her, "Am I not pitiable too? You dragged me here to attend this banquet, yet you were so engrossed in your own matters that you didn't even have time to acknowledge me."

Stella was speechless. 'I'm doing this for you, aren't I? It's all to let you have a better life. Why cant you understand that?' She joked.

Stunned by her words, Keegan replied, "Is it really necessary to live a comfortable life?"

'Yes, it is,' Stella said earnestly. "I'm working hard right now so that if you ever want to divorce me after enjoying a few years of easy living, I can say,' What? Divorce? Keegan, what right do you have to bring this up? I provide everything you eat and own. Can you adapt to a life without this luxury? Can you even survive in this world?"

'And you said you have a terrible memory. How are you able to remember all this when the time comes?'

Stella snorted, "My bad memory doesn't apply to grudges.'

She remembered every hurtful word Keegan had said in the past and was ready to refute each one when the opportunity arose.

Keegan deeply regretted his comments earlier now that he was being attacked. It was unclear what he had in mind, but he leaned in and whispered, "Can I propose you give me one billion dollars in exchange for me to stay in the marriage?"

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Stella pushed Keegan away and shot him a glance. "Maybe it's best if we just stay divorced. I could find a whole bunch of guys younger and more handsome than you with a billion dollars."

Keegan could not believe his ears. 'I should have kept my mouth shut,' he thought.

The evening was still in full swing when Wenham called. "Stella, what time are you coming back? I've already made the bed, and your brother even put out some sleep-inducing essential oils for you. We're waiting for you to return and see if you like it."

Stella glanced at the time, and it was already 9:00 p.m. She felt a twinge of guilt, as she thought about her elderly father waiting for her at home.

"I'll be back soon, dad. It's getting late. Please don't wait up for me."

"It's fine. I'm watching TV while waiting for you. Can you drive yourself back, or should I have the driver pick you up? It's pretty dark out."

"Don't worry, dad. Keegan will drive me back shortly."

Wenham was at a loss for words. He was not at ease with the thought of Keegan being near his daughter. Stella had just returned to the Saun family. Wenham could not bear the idea that she might become the Kane family's daughter-in-law this soon. Having her live with them would be difficult if she married Keegan.

At the same time, he did not want to be in the way of her daughter's preferences. "Tell Keegan to drive safely. There's no need to rush. Safety first," Wenham reminded.

"Okay, dad."

After bidding farewell to the Wilsons and others, Keegan and Stella left the banquet.

Vermont was known for his efficiency. All the items Stella had requested were neatly prepared. Keegan helped load them into the car and drove to the Saun family villa in Clear Water Cove.

Wenham was at home, watching TV. However, he could not focus on the show. His attention was on his daughter, who had yet to return home. Whenever a car passed by, he would get up to look out the window.

Trevor sat beside him. He observed his dad's reactions and teased, "Why don't you just grab a chair and sit by the door? Can your knees handle all this back and forth?"

Wenham shot him a glare. He was about to give his son a piece of his mind when he suddenly changed his heart and said, "Go get a chair and wait by the door."

Trevor's eyelid twitched. "It's cold outside. I know you're fond of your daughter, but don't forget I'm your son. How could you do something like this?" he joked.

Wenham snorted. "I spoiled you too much when you were a child. That's why you grew up unruly! Do you remember how much trouble you caused me when you were little?"

Trevor was about to say something, but he saw Darcie come out with a plate of fruit. He swallowed his words and said, "Okay, okay. I'll go wait outside."

"She's still not here?" Darcie placed the fruit on the coffee table and asked.

Wenham shook his head. "They should be arriving soon."

As soon as she spoke, the sound of a car engine coming from outside got closer and closer until it finally stopped.

“They’re here!” Without saying a word to Darcie, Wenham rushed out to greet them.

Darcie’s expression turned slightly cold. Jaylene came downstairs and said, “Mom, she went to the banquet this evening, all for Kayla.”

“That explains it,” Darcie said. “You had a good relationship with Ms. Wilson, didn’t you? Spend more time with her.”

Jaylene lowered her gaze. “Got it.”

In no time, the father and son each carried a bag, leading Stella into the house. Darcie immediately went up to help with the bags, and Jaylene warmly greeted her to offer assistance.

Stella did not have much luggage. It was just two suitcases, a canvas bag, and three cardboard boxes.

After everyone worked together to get the items upstairs, Stella smiled and handed the canvas bag to Jaylene. “Jaylene, these are some collectibles I’ve gathered over time. I specifically picked out some of my favorites for you. I hope you like them.”

She paused for a moment and added, “I couldn’t find the bag you used to pack my things the other day. So, I bought one that’s similar on Amazon. It looks almost identical, doesn’t it? The fake is just as good as the real thing.

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Jaylene looked at the cheap canvas bag and compared it with her designer bag that had not even been used. It was a struggle to maintain her smile.’ How could she bring herself to swap my high-end bag for this poor offering? ‘ she thought.

“Stella, you’re so thoughtful,” Wenham praised.

Suppressing the sourness in her heart, Jaylene opened the bag and could not help but sigh. Sure enough, as she suspected, Stella had given her only cheap, low-quality items.

Stella smiled, as she said, “You can have a good look at them, Jaylene. If you don’t like them, I can exchange more stuff for you.”

Jaylene looked at the insincere look on her face and forced a smile. “Since you personally chose them, I bet they must be the best in your eyes. Our tastes are so similar. If you like them, I’m sure I will too.”

Stella paused. She looked at her and smirked. “That’s good to hear.”

With their daughter officially moving back home, Wenham was overjoyed. He busied himself in the room, as he feared that his daughter might feel uncomfortable. After everything was set up, he spent quite a while chatting with Stella. It was mostly about her childhood. Stella shared her stories with him, and over an hour had passed before they knew it.

Darcie, who had been quiet the whole time, reminded them, “Wenham, it’s getting late. Let’s go back to our room. It’s Stella’s first day here, so she might need some time to get used to the room by herself.”

Wenham nodded reluctantly and turned to Stella. “Stella, get some rest. My room is upstairs from yours. If you need anything, just call me.”

“Alright. Good night, dad.”

Jaylene bid her farewell, as Wenham and Darcie left the room.

Trevor sat on the bed and opened the drawer of the bedside table. He took out a photo album and handed it to Stella. “Open it and take a look,” he said.

Stella hesitated. She grabbed it and opened the first page, revealing a wedding photo.

The man stood tall and handsome in the picture with a hearty smile. The woman had solid features and a hint of determination in her eyes. She looked like Stella, except for the mole on her nose.

She gently brushed her fingers across the people in the photo and murmured, “So, you questioned my identity when you first saw me?”

With such striking similarities between the two and Stella’s age being close to the deceased Saun family daughter, Trevor was determined to verify it no matter how improbable it sounded.

Trevor nodded. "When you and Keegan got married, we were all abroad. Jaylene wasn't feeling well at the time, so we couldn't make it to Keegan's wedding. I would have brought you back years earlier if I had seen you, then."

Sometimes, things in this world just seem to happen by chance.

When Keegan got married, Trevor had already booked his flight. But suddenly, Jaylene caught the flu, which quickly turned into pneumonia.

Since it was an epidemic, everyone in the family except Trevor fell ill. He had no choice but to cancel his flight and stay to take care of everyone.

At the time, several people in the group did not make it to Keegan's wedding. They were all urging him to send a photo, but Keegan did not.

They all knew that Keegan did not like to take pictures, so he might not even have taken any wedding photos.

'Who's the unfortunate girl that got stuck with this guy?' thought Trevor back then. He did not imagine that it would be his sister.

Stella continued to turn the album pages. The first few were pictures of her parents at work and at home. There were also photos of them with their other relatives. Stella turned a couple more pages and came across an image of a baby lying in a wicker basket. The picture seemed to be taken when the baby was a month old.

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Trevor cleared his throat. "That would be me." "Woah. I can't believe a CEO like you was once one month old?" Stella teased.

Trevor chuckled. "I even wet my bed too."

Stella laughed and continued flipping through the album.

As Trevor grew older, their small family became even more heartwarming. The album not only documented Trevor's growth, but it also held many family portraits of the trio.

It was not until they reached the last family photo, where Trevor was around five or six years old. He stood at the forefront while Wenham supported

Freesia from behind. She was wearing a coat, and her visible belly indicated her pregnancy.

She looked so happy. Perhaps it was because she was pregnant. Compared to the earlier photos, her face appeared slightly rounder. However, every corner of her eyes and every arch of her brows exuded the tenderness of a mother, adding a touch of grace.

There were no more pictures beyond that. All records came to an abrupt halt.

“When mom was pregnant with you, her appetite wasn’t so good. She was worried that if she couldn’t eat well, you wouldn’t get the nutrients you needed. So, she forced herself to eat more every day. It wasn’t until the last few months that her weight caught up. Were you a healthy child?” asked Trevor.

Stella lowered her gaze and nodded. “My foster mom said I weighed six pounds and eight ounces when I was born. I guess I was considered quite heavy for a newborn.”

Trevor smiled. “Mom would have been very relieved to know that.”

Stella’s nose tingled, and her eyes welled up with tears.

“Trevor, d-did mom get to see me before she... passed away?”

Suddenly, Trevor’s eyes reddened. He turned away and, after a long while, said, “It’s all in the past now. What matters is that you’re back now and in good health.”

Stella closed the photo album, taking a moment to compose herself before she asked, “Have you found out how I was swapped at birth, Trevor?”

Trevor pursed his lips. “I recently received some leads about the medical staff present when mom gave birth. Two of them have passed away, one is missing, and one emigrated abroad. I’ve asked a friend to investigate the one who relocated to another country. We’ve located her, but we still need some time to get her detailed address and contact information. It shouldn’t take too long. I may have to make a trip abroad around New Year’s.”

“I’m going with you.”

Trevor smiled and ruffled her hair. "That's okay. I can go alone. You should stay in Rivera and take care of the legacy mom left behind."

"Alright, but let me know when you're leaving, so I can see you off. I want us to stay in touch."

"Okay." Trevor paused before asking, "How was the handover at the jewelry store today?"

"How did you know I went to the jewelry store?"

"Jaylene mentioned that you fired the most formidable designer in the store."

"Oh," Stella shrugged. "That was fast."

"Since returning to Hustuabourg, Jaylene has been managing The Velvet in her spare time. She's very familiar with the store."

Hearing that, Stella thought it was not surprising that she knew about what had happened earlier.

'What else did she say?"

"Not much. She mentioned that she knows the designer, and they have a good relationship. The designer called her to complain, but she told her that the store is now under your management. So, she can't interfere.

However, she did request for me to ask you about it."