

Read Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1561-1565 [Eleven Jewell]

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Stella could hear the sarcasm in Keegan's remark. She paused and suppressed a laugh. "It's been a longtime since I

watched his livestreams, okay?"

Keegan let out a light snort and sat down beside her. "Must be because you've been too busy. You'd probably tune into his

live streams if you had the time."

Stella chuckled softly. "Oh, come on. I stopped watching his content because I didn't want you to get jealous. You were so

salty the last time I watched him dance online. I wouldn't dare to do it again."

Keegan scoffed at her attempt to defend herself. "He was swaying his hips and thrusting it. How is that considered

dancing?"

Stella clicked her tongue. "You're being narrow-minded. He has a great body. What's wrong with him showing it off?"

"Does that mean I can watch other women dance online?" asked Keegan.

Stella turned serious in an instant. "The internet is a treacherous place. I don't think you can handle it."

Keegan could not help but chuckle at her double standard." How come you don't want me watching other women, but

you're allowed to watch other men?"

"I swear I stopped tuning into his livestreams," Stella said.

Seeing that Keegan was still bothered by it, she turned on her phone and showed him. "Look, I unfollowed him ages ago."

Keegan quickly scanned her following list and did not see Toy Boy's account. His mood improved instantly.

"Then, what were you looking at earlier? You were so focused."

Stella swiped to a different platform for Keegan to see. "The product on this live stream is selling out fast. I told you those

scraps can bring in a lot each month. Just a bag of it can be worth thousands. If we process the leftover materials, their

price can easily increase tenfold. It's such a waste to just throw them out. Should we process these pieces and start our

own livestream to sell them?"

Keegan was taken aback. "Are you planning to sell it under The Velvet's name?"

"Definitely not. The Velvet is branded as high-end jewelry. I would never use its name to sell these budget-friendly

products."

"So, are you thinking of collaborating with these livestream hosts?"

"I just connected with a few influencers, but their advertising fees and commissions are too expensive. We won't make

much money if we have them promote our products. I thought about partnering with Vermont. The two of us can start a

separate company, invest our own money in live streaming, and do a one-stop processing service without

having to give a cut to a middleman."

Her response left Keegan baffled. "Why are you constantly coming up with ways to make money? Is our relationship just a

side quest for you? Am I someone you could just brush off that easily?"

Stella was momentarily taken aback. She then burst into laughter. "You couldn't even be bothered to talk to me when you

were busy with work. You should be grateful I'm even speaking to you."

"I did talk to you," Keegan muttered under his breath.

Stella gently rubbed his chin and whispered, "You're being so adorable right now. Aren't you too old for this?" She leaned

in, gave a peck on the corner of his lips, and teased, "Oh, you're so cute."

Keegan's eyelid twitched. He could not believe that Stella just used the word "cute" to describe him. He was just about to

pull her closer and have a discussion when the office door was pushed open.

"Keegan, Mom's in trou-"

Before Aurora could finish her sentence, she spotted Stella sitting with Keegan. Her voice trailed off, as she pressed her

lips tight.

Stella stopped smiling and withdrew her hand from Keegan's. She then tidied her skirt slightly.

Keegan was displeased with Aurora for not knocking. "How many times do I have to remind you to knock when you come

into my office?" he asked in a stern tone.

Aurora's eyes reddened. She gritted her teeth and said, "Mom fell down the stairs! The hospital called and told me she's

having surgery."

Keegan froze for a moment before he asked, "How is she? Is it serious?"

"I don't know. I just got the call and came here to tell you," Aurora replied, and her voice was trembling.

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1562 [Eleven Jewell]

Keegan remained silent.

Aurora observed his stoic demeanor and clenched her teeth. “No matter what Mom may have done, it doesn’t diminish the

fact that she raised you. You didn’t visit her the last time she was in the hospital. Are you not going to visit her this time,

either? Are you completely indifferent to her well-being? Have you forgotten the promises you made to dad before he

passed away?”

Keegan’s fist tightened, and he responded icily, “You don’t have the right to lecture me!”

Aurora’s expression turned grim. She stormed out and slammed the door behind her.

Stella looked at Keegan, who appeared distant and unfazed. She pressed her lips together and said, “You should go. It

might reflect badly on you if you don’t.”

Keegan took a deep breath, and his voice was hoarse. “I have nothing to say to her. I’m sure she doesn’t want my concern

right now.”

Stella touched his hand gently and whispered, “But you should still go. The election for Vinci Rivera’s chairman is coming

up soon. If this incident gets you labeled as unfilial, it won’t be good for your campaign.”

Keegan looked at her and thought, ‘This matter is entirely unrelated to the election. The chairman is chosen based on

their capabilities, performance, and connections. She’s simply looking for an excuse so that I would visit my mom.’

Keegan hugged Stella and gave her a peck on the cheeks.” Okay. But you have to come with me.”

Stella was about to refuse when Keegan added, "You can wait for me in the car if you don't want to go in. We'll have

dinner with grandma after I visit my mom. She's been asking me to bring you over these past few days."

Hearing that, Stella could not refuse. "Alright," she said.

Dahlia had finished her surgery when Keegan arrived at the hospital. She had a cast on her leg. She sat on the bed with a

pale face.

Aurora was sitting beside her, peeling an orange with red-rimmed eyes.

Just as Keegan approached the door, he heard Dahlia ask, "Why didn't your brother come with you?"

Aurora kept her eyes lowered. "He's in a meeting, so I didn't ask him to visit."

Dahlia fell silent. After a while, she asked, "Is he unwilling to come?"

Aurora spoke bitterly, "Now that he's head over heels for Stella, he has no time for us anymore."

Dahlia sighed. "It's all my fault. I thought your brother didn't like her and wanted to find a woman who would benefit his

career. I never expected to induce his resentment."

As she spoke, she accidentally touched her injured leg and could not help but yell out in pain.

"Mom, don't move around," Aurora hurriedly said.

"I'm fine." Just as Dahlia was about to raise her eyes, she saw Keegan standing at the door. Her eyes reddened, and she

hoarsely said, "Keegan..."

Keegan did not say a word. He placed the fruit basket he was holding on the table and calmly asked, "What did the doctor

say?"

He did not ask how she fell, how serious her injuries were, or if she was in pain.

Upon noticing that, Dahlia recalled how caring Keegan was when he was younger. He would visit her every now and then

whenever she fell ill, asking if she was in pain or uncomfortable. Dahlia found her son annoying at that time and did not

give him the time of day.

However, Keegan did not care for her anymore. Their bond was no longer there. Dahlia understood that it was impossible

to mend this relationship. It was impossible that Keegan would forgive her, especially since he knew about her trying to

hurt Stella.

Dahlia clenched her hands and mustered a smile. "They said I'm fine."

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1563 [Eleven Jewell]

Aurora was visibly upset. "What are you talking about? The doctor said your leg might never fully recover if we had waited

any longer to get you to the hospital!"

Tears streamed down her face, as she continued, "You live all alone with no one to take care of you. You were lucky the

neighbors found you this time. What if no one had noticed? What would I do without you..."

Dahlia reached out to wipe away Aurora's tears and sighed softly. "You worry too much, my dear child. I'm perfectly fine. R

"How can I not worry about you..." Aurora's cries grew louder. "Look at how much weight you've lost and how gray your

hair has become. It's hard for me not to be worried!"

Then, she could not help but express her frustration. “And, what about Uncle Blake and Aunt Kanara? You’ve always

treated them so well, but where are they now?”

Dahlia’s expression stiffened, her face was showing traces of desolation.

“Your uncle has his own family now. I don’t want

to burden them.”

“But aren’t you the one who helped them out when they needed it? During those times, they would rush over to show their

concern, even if it was just a scratch. How can they not show up when you’ve suffered such a serious injury?” Aurora

pressed on.

Dahlia’s complexion did not look good. “That’s enough,” she said.

She, too, felt resentment. She had lent the Crosby family a hand many times over the years. But, as soon as she lost her

status in the Jewell family, Blake and Kanara turned their backs on her.

Among the two, Blake was even more useless. He

was too afraid to even utter a word. Dahlia could not believe she had to rely on her own daughter when she was in

trouble.

Keegan stood still and did not say anything. His face showed little emotion and only a cold expression.

Dahlia looked at her son, who had never been particularly close to her. He looked both familiar and distant.

“Keegan, have you and Stella gotten back together?” Dahlia asked in a low voice.

Keegan looked at her with indifference, and his words were icy and heartless.

“What else do you want to do to her?”

Dahlia's heart skipped a beat. "I'm just asking," she said hoarsely.

Keegan sneered, "Are you trying to see if the Saun family knows what you did?"

Dahlia turned pale.

Aurora did not know that they were talking about the drugs that had led to Stella's weakened state. She thought Keegan

was referring to how Stella was not treated well in the Kane family when they were married before. So, when she heard

Keegan's disrespectful words, her face immediately turned cold.

"Keegan, don't talk to mom like that. Didn't Stella marry you for money? Does her past actions no longer matter now that

she has become the Saun family heiress? Mom couldn't stand her fake demeanor. What does she-"

"Shut up! Do you even have a say here?" Keegan's face grew colder, and his voice was sharp. "Did you think I forgot how

you led her into Jackson's room on the night of my wedding? I haven't settled that score with you yet!"

Aurora was momentarily stunned, and she panicked. Since her brother had brought this up, she had no choice but to

admit it. She avoided Keegan's gaze and gritted her teeth. "I- I was just joking with her."

"So, you think it's a joke?" Keegan sneered. "Okay. Let's see if grandma finds this 'joke' amusing when I mention it to her

later."

Aurora immediately grew flustered.

Then, Dahlia spoke up. "It's all my fault, Keegan. I spoiled her too much back then. Aurora, find time to prepare some gifts

and sincerely apologize to Ms. Hall. Don't forget to ask for her forgiveness."

Aurora was naturally reluctant to bow down to Stella, but compared to Keegan telling Cordelia what she did, she felt that

apologizing was more acceptable. Given Cordelia's emphasis on the family's reputation and her fondness for Stella, there

was no guarantee that she would not send her to some remote location, just like she did with Jackson.

"Alright, mom," Aurora replied.

Keegan looked at the woman lying on the hospital bed, who now seemed as though she was a kind and gentle figure. A

series of complex emotions brewed in him.

'Has she changed?'

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1564 [Eleven Jewell]

But that's impossible,' thought Keegan, as he noticed a shift in Dahlia's demeanor.

All these changes were merely due to Stella now being recognized as the Saun family heiress. This newfound status

instilled a sense of caution in Dahlia regarding her past actions.

She was apprehensive that Stella might spill the beans to the Saun family, and they would hold her accountable.

Keegan had mentioned this issue to Stella before. He told her that her condition would be revealed sooner or later. "It

would be best if you could tell the Saun family about your health. I promise I won't interfere," he said.

Stella had acknowledged his concerns, but she never brought it up with the Saun family.

Keegan was well aware of why she did not want to discuss it. She feared that the Saun family might point fingers at him

for what transpired. After all, it happened right under his nose. He did not protect her properly.

While Stella swore she would take matters into her own hands, she had actually shown leniency long ago because of the

familial ties between him and Dahlia. She did not want to escalate the situation.

Keegan understood that Stella giving up her pursuit of holding Dahlia accountable was a compromise she made

for the sake of their relationship. However, his mother was not one to do the same. Before the Sauns publicly

acknowledged Stella as their long-lost daughter, she had tried every means to set him up with Jaylene. She even resorted

to drugging him.

Once Stella was brought back into the Saun family, Dahlia never brought up this matter again. She accused Stella of

being materialistic and chasing after his wealth. However, the one who truly wielded his riches as a means of control and

even withheld emotional responses was Dahlia.

‘There is no way she has changed.’

Dahlia watched Keegan’s gaze shift from distant to cold, and she felt uneasy.

“I had a bias against Stella due to the Jewell family. Back then, I believed that you didn’t have feelings for her either. It was

just a sense of duty. You even said it yourself that it’s the same whoever you marry.”

“I never said such a thing,” Keegan said icily.

“You did!” Aurora interjected. “You said that when we all went out to eat after my graduation trip.”

Dahlia scolded her in a hushed tone. “Don’t interrupt our conversation. Please step out for a moment.”

Aurora pouted and hesitantly left the ward.

Keegan had a good memory and quickly recalled that past event.

At that time, Stella was in the midst of divorcing him, and the atmosphere between them was tense. She reluctantly

accompanied him to the banquet and even bit him in the bathroom halfway through the event. As for what was said during

the meal...

Keegan remembered that Aurora was once again complaining about Stella in front of her, and he grew tired of hearing it.

At that time, Dahlia did not intervene. In fact, she added, “Forget about being knowledgeable and refined. She should be

able to take care of your daily needs at the very least. Why did you agree to marry her? She’s a full-time housewife, yet

she doesn’t even cook or clean. Your grandma might be good at analyzing someone, but there are times when even she

might make a mistake.”

Keegan found it amusing at the time. ‘Isn’t she a full-time housewife herself? How many times had she cooked for the

family in her lifetime? She’s literally the same. Why is she complaining about Stella now when I’m the one marrying her?’

Keegan did not want to argue with Dahlia about this matter, so he lazily replied, “With your standards, whoever I marry

wouldn’t make a difference.”

Many of the ladies in high societies were pampered and coddled. Not a lot of them could actually cook. According to

Dahlia's requirements, not one of them would meet her standards to be her daughter-in-law. That was what Keegan meant

when he said those words.

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1565 [Eleven Jewell]

Stella was not completely useless. She took meticulous care of the plants around the house and even used to prepare

meals for Keegan, although she eventually stopped.

Keegan lifted his gaze and said indifferently. "I doubt you misunderstood the intention behind my remarks back then.

You're twisting my words on purpose, aren't you?"

Dahlia's expression wavered when she heard that. "It was genuinely hard to discern just how much you cared for her at

that time. I thought you were merely following your grandmother's wishes."

"Grandma never coerced me into marrying anyone. She's not like you; she respects my choices. From the moment I first

brought Stella before you, you held a disdain for her. Don't use my perceived disinterest to justify your actions. Even if I

didn't harbor affection for her, she was my wife back then. As an elder, you should've shown the respect and care that's

due. Grandma didn't like you either, but she still defended you in front of others and granted you the dignity you

deserved."

Dahlia's face darkened, and her eyes were now tinged with red.

"Yes, I didn't like her, but everything I did was all for you. Without a powerful in-law, how would you win in this

election alone? How would you fulfill your father's legacy...?"

"I'll pursue what I desire on my own. I don't need a woman to pave my way."

Keegan continued with a stern expression, "You never gave me what I want. Yet, you take away what I achieve. Your talk

about looking out for me is merely to smooth the path for you and become the esteemed Mrs. Kane!"

Dahlia's lips trembled, and her voice was hoarse. "Is this how you truly think of me?"

Keegan clenched his fists. "Tell me, where were you the day the lab on caught fire? You knew it was extremely hazardous,

yet you took Aurora there with you. Why didn't you keep an eye on her?!"

Dahlia's face turned pale instantly. She trembled, as she spoke. "Are you blaming me for your father's death?"

"Yes." Keegan did not deny it this time, and he spoke in a deep tone. "She was just five years old and unaware of

anything. My father instructed you to take her to the lounge and wait. You were asked to watch over her. How did she end

up in the lab? The fire wouldn't have happened if she hadn't accidentally touched the equipment. Dad managed to escape

with me, but you told him Aurora was missing. It was such a massive fire, yet he rushed back in without

hesitation... Where were you at that time? Where were you?"

Keegan's emotions became highly agitated as he spoke, and his hand could not stop trembling.

The most agonizing aspect of it all was not his father's state in the fire but rather his father's death. In reality, Quentin did

not suffer many burns. He emerged unscathed, and everyone believed he was fine. But, after a few hours, he began

struggling to breathe.

When he arrived at the hospital, the doctor explained that he had inhaled an excessive amount of harmful chemicals,

resulting in severe lung burns. His entire respiratory system had collapsed beyond recovery.

Keegan watched his father lay on the hospital bed, enduring immense pain as his life slipped away bit by bit. It was a

nightmare that would haunt him for the rest of his days.

Cordelia did not hold Aurora responsible for Quentin's death. He had saved the child at the risk of his own life. It was not

her granddaughter's fault. So, after Quentin's death, Cordelia forbade anyone from mentioning the matter again.

However, Keegan, who witnessed the tragedy firsthand, never forgot what happened.

Dahlia's complexion grew even paler when she heard his son's words. "Would you have preferred that I was the one who

died that day?" she asked in a hoarse tone.

Keegan did not respond to the pointless question.

Regardless of his answer, his father could not be brought back to life.

"I went to the car to grab your dad's lunch, and Aurora wasn't willing to come with me. So, I instructed someone to watch

over her. How would I have known she'd run into the lab? Do you think I wasn't grieving when your father died? He was

my husband! Without him, your sister and I endured so much as a widow and an orphan for all those years. Why would I

intentionally harm him?"

Keegan's tone remained insensible. "Only you know the truth. IV

He glanced at the time and calmly stated, "Take good care of yourself. When you're discharged, I'll hire someone else to

look after you. Let's not discuss the family ties between us anymore. It's better if we just talk about money."

Keegan pulled a debit card from his wallet and placed it on Dahlia's bedside table. "The password is dad's birthday.

Hope you get well soon." With that, he turned away without glancing at her and left the ward.