

Read Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1591 [Eleven Jewell]

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Stella spotted the approaching figure and momentarily froze.

It was Marshall.

‘Okay, fine. I’ll admit he’s good-looking. But Keegan is slightly more handsome

than him,1 thought Stella.

She had infrequent encounters with Marshall following the banquet her family held to announce her return. Due to a prior commitment, he was unable to attend the product launch, but he made sure to send two flower baskets in his absence.

Over a month had passed since then, and Marshall seemed a little slender. His

features had become more defined, but his smile remained gentle. His

appearance suggested he had been at a party. He was dressed in a crisp white

suit, projecting an image of refined sophistication.

When Marshall approached the store, Stella greeted him with a smile and said,

“Mr. Moore, what brings you here?”

“I attended a wedding nearby and figured I’d stop by since I haven’t been here since you took over. Not gonna lie, I was worried you wouldn’t be here,” he explained, offering a bag of candy. “Here are some sweets from the wedding.

We can share the joy.”

Stella grabbed a handful of candies and took one for herself. She passed the rest to Kayla and said, "The flower baskets were more than enough, considering

your busy

schedule. I'm afraid I would have to pay you for your time if you were to show up

to the grand reopening."

Marshall joined in the banter, "Perhaps you could treat me to a meal to make up

for last time."

Stella paused, suddenly recalling the time when she had just divorced, and

Marshall had helped her with the defamation lawsuit. She offered to treat him to

a meal as compensation. However, due to Keegan's antics, they never got to enjoy it. It had been so long since then. Stella did not expect Marshall to still remember.

"Alright. It's a deal," she laughed.

Stella turned to Kayla and said, "Ms. Wilson, this is my- My partner's childhood

friend, Mr. Moore. He's a pro in the law field. If you ever have legal concerns, he's the man to go to. You're practically guaranteed a win in any lawsuit that comes your way."

She then looked at Marshall and continued, "Mr. Moore, this lovely lady here is

Ms. Wilson, the daughter of Mark Wilson from Mark Energy. She's also a friend

of mine. You two should get acquainted while I go settle some stuff."

Kayla confidently extended her hand, "Hello, I'm Kayla."

Marshall greeted her with a brief handshake. "Marshall," he said and stared at Stella while Kayla sized him up.

Stella was wrapped up in her conversation with the store manager as Marshall stood by patiently. He was watching her with an indescribable emotion behind his eyes.

Previously, the Moore family had arranged for an acquaintance to introduce Kayla to Marshall, hoping to set them up. Her parents had a favorable impression of the Moores, so they approved the request without consulting her.

Although they did not push her to date Marshall, they hoped she would give him

a chance.

Kayla's parents doted on her greatly, and she did not want to upset them over a

small matter. So, she agreed.

On the day of the blind date, Kayla's car broke down on the way. She called for

a mechanic and took a cab to her date. She arrived at the coffee shop a little after the scheduled time. That was when a waiter handed her a note that read, "I

don't like people who are late. I'm afraid we're incompatible."

That incident infuriated Kayla.

She could not help but feel irritated when she realized the guy she deemed attractive earlier was the same person who wrote that note. However, she remained silent.

Once Stella finished her conversation with the store manager, she walked over and said, "Give me ten minutes. The three of us can go out for a meal after I

attend to something upstairs."

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Marshall nodded and said, "Take your time."

Despite having promised to be with them after ten minutes, Stella got caught up

with work and could not break free. Ten minutes turned into twenty, and she was

still nowhere to be found.

Kayla looked at the time and asked, "Mr. Moore, how is it that you're friends with

Ms. Hall?"

Marshall looked at her, seemingly surprised by the question. Nonetheless, he

responded, "Stella has a good personality. She's warm-hearted and loyal to her

friends. She's someone worth knowing."

"But didn't you say you don't like people who don't value punctuality? She said she'd be here in ten minutes, but it's been twenty, and she still hasn't come down yet. Don't you want to write her a note and leave?" Kayla queried.

Marshall was taken aback. He then realized who she was. The recent string of arranged dates was more of a family obligation for him. He did not intend to pursue any romantic relationships. So, he made excuses to end each date.

Kayla's mention of the note jogged his memory. He smiled and explained, "I apologize for my rudeness. I'm not particularly fond of getting to know someone

with the intention of developing a romantic relationship through arranged meetings. However, I couldn't refuse my family's

arrangement, so I had to come up with an excuse to leave the blind date. I'm truly sorry for making you upset."

His response left Kayla stunned, 'Well, this is unexpected. I guess he isn't as bad as I thought.'

Kayla realized that she had been acting petty and said, "It's fine. I was late because my car broke down that day. I'm not a fan of arranged meetings, either.

You left a note, which gave me a chance to explain things to my parents."

"You're still young, Ms. Wilson. There's no need to rush into arranged meetings.

You should find someone who likes you back if you want to spend a lifetime together. That's the key to a lasting relationship." Marshall advised.

Kayla was at a loss for words.

None of the men she had met were as polite and considerate as Marshall. Even

if his words were merely courteous, his demeanor struck a chord. She chuckled

and asked, "Mr. Moore, do you like someone?"

Marshall's eyes softened at the sound of that. "Yes," he replied.

Kayla froze momentarily. She then understood that the person Marshall liked did

not like him back, 'It makes a lot of sense. How could such an outstanding person still be single at thirty?'

After nearly half an hour, Stella finally showed up, "I'm so sorry for the delay. I got caught up with work. Let's go; you two choose somewhere. The food is on me."

"You two go ahead. I'll pass," said Kayla.

Stella was puzzled, "Do you have plans?"

"Oh, no. I'm trying to lose some weight."

"We can go for seafood. They're low in calories," Stella immediately suggested.

"Trust me. It'll come right out when you go to the toilet."

Kayla could not believe her ears, 'This does not sound like something the heiress of the Saun family would say...'

She glanced at Marshall, who seemed accustomed to this kind of exchange. He

even clenched his fist, trying to suppress his laughter.

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After some convincing, Stella managed to drag Marshall and Kayla out for food. She had messaged Keegan to come to the gathering, but he was busy with

work.

Upon hearing that she would be out with Marshall, he could not help but feel a pang of jealousy. However, knowing that Kayla would be there, Keegan

begrudgingly swallowed his anger. He advised Stella to leave promptly after the meal and return to the Royalpark Villa, saying he had something to discuss with

her.

Stella could guess what Keegan had in mind. It was her birthday tomorrow. He

probably wants to give me a birthday gift,' she thought.

Wenham had initially planned an elaborate celebration, but Stella declined the effort. She was not close with many of the people in her social circle.

Considering the recent banquet thrown to announce Stella's return to the Saun family, throwing such a huge event might not only be unfavorable but also be

seen as excessive.

After much persuasion, Wenham settled for a smaller gathering with family and a few of Stella's close friends." This is the first time we're celebrating your birthday," he said.

Stella did not want to throw a party. However, she could not help but feel a bit sentimental hearing those words and eventually agreed to the plan.

'Even with a reduced guest list, there would still be people to entertain. This means I wouldn't spend much alone time with him on my birthday. There's no

doubt he wants to spend some extra time with me beforehand.’ With this in mind, Stella could not help but eat faster.

Kayla watched as she devoured her food and asked, “Are you trying to eat more

to get your money’s worth?”

“Pfft-“

Upon hearing that, Stella choked on her food and coughed while covering her mouth, ‘She literally shares the same humor as Keegan.’

Marshall kindly handed her a tissue and said, “I saw on your social media that your audition was successful. When do you start filming?”

Stella became enthusiastic at the mere mention of work,” Probably after New Year’s.”

The new movie adapted from a novel was called The Enclosure. The narrative unfolded during an era of strict social boundaries that placed significant limitations on women’s freedoms.

The female lead of the movie was not allowed to remarry following her husband’s passing. Instead, she had to keep up with the mourning rituals within

the confines of an enclosure. All the women in the town who lost their husbands

were sent there. Those who tried to escape would be severely shunned by others.

Should a woman bear a son who was willing to look after her, she could avoid

confinement. If the son did not want to take responsibility for his mother, she would be left there.

The story was narrated from the perspective of a child who lived in the enclosure. Her mother had given birth to her after the passing of her husband. This led people to think that the woman had the child with another man. When the woman's husband passed, his family tried to claim his property and refused to acknowledge the child.

In order to clear her name from the cheating accusations, the child's mother took her own life. The child was then raised by the women inside the enclosure.

Over the years, the main lead witnessed the struggles and resistance of every woman within the enclosure.

The novel was exceptionally well-written. Stella could not fall asleep the first time she read it. Her mind was filled with the tragic destinies of each character, burdened by the chains of their time.

Although the story mainly revolved around the fourth wife of a wealthy man, every character in the story had their own detailed fate. The narrative intricately showcased the experiences of the women of that era.

Stella really liked the script of the movie. However, since Trevor had bought the rights to the film for her, the director did have some reservations about her. He

did not even invite her to audition in person but rather had her send a video where she recited a few lines of dialogue.

The director also had a liking for the script. However, Trevor secured the rights

to the film before he could. So, the director approached Trevor, proposing to buy

the rights from him.

Trevor was very gracious. He offered to let him direct the film and even stated

that they could share the box office revenue. The only condition was that Stella

had to be the lead.

The director was rather famous in the industry and found it annoying when

sponsors insisted on putting an actor into a film. But he was particularly fond of the script. After much contemplation, he eventually relented.

The director did not think it was necessary for Stella to audition because she

would be getting the part either way. So, he did not bother to put her through the

rigorous process.

Stella genuinely loved the concept of the movie. Though she knew that the

director did not particularly favor her, she boldly accepted the role.

“I’ll work hard to play my part when the time comes. If the director still thinks I’m not suitable for the role, I’ll step down. That way, the director would be happy,

and I won’t have any regrets.”

Marshall replied, “The director might have some bias because you were put in

the movie by a sponsor. It's normal. Actually, I don't think he dislikes you. It's just

that most recommended actors who lack talent tend to act all high and mighty.

There's nothing wrong with using your connections if you truly can play a role well."

Stella felt comforted by his words and smiled, "You're right. I'll do my best and win over the director."

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Kayla looked at the two and suddenly noticed that Marshall regarded Stella as more than just a friend.

Before the group finished their meal, Stella's phone rang. Her eyes immediately

lit up when she saw the caller ID. She grabbed her phone and said, "Excuse me

while I take this call outside."

Marshall was visibly disappointed once Stella left.

Kayla calmly took a sip of her water as she thought, 'Does Marshall have a thing

for his friend's partner? Woah. The romantic dynamic in the entertainment industry is wild.'

Meanwhile, Stella walked to the terrace and answered the phone.

"Why did it take you so long to pick up?" The person on the other line sounded displeased.

"It was too noisy inside. I just stepped out of the restaurant," said Stella. "Are

you done with work?”

“Yeah,” Keegan replied. “I’m on my way to pick you up. We won’t have time if I go any later.”

“What do you mean?”

Keegan lowered his voice mysteriously, “I prepared a surprise for you.”

Stella laughed and asked, “What kind of surprise?”

“It won’t be a surprise anymore if I tell you. I’ll be there soon. You can start heading out.”

“Alright.”

After hanging up, Stella settled the bill and bid farewell to Marshall and Kayla.

He offered to drive Stella home when he heard that she was leaving.

“Thank you for the offer, Mr. Moore, but could you please drive Ms. Wilson home

instead? It’s late, and it might not be safe for her to go back alone.”

Marshall hesitated and said, “Alright.”

Stella thanked him and hurried downstairs.

As soon as she left, Kayla pointed to the table and said, “She forgot her phone.”

Marshall grabbed Stella’s phone and said, “I’ll go give it to her. You can take your time. I’ll wait for you downstairs and drive you home.”

Without waiting for Kayla to respond, he chased after Stella.

At that time, Stella had already reached the roadside and was looking around, searching for Keegan’s car.

“Stella,” Marshall called her name as he caught up to her.” You forgot your phone.”

Stella turned around and immediately cursed herself for being so careless. She

took the phone and said, “Thank you

so much. I would’ve panicked had I realized after I left.”

Marshall smiled and said, “It was Ms. Wilson who noticed it.

I didn’t-“

Before he could finish his sentence, his expression suddenly changed. He quickly grabbed Stella’s wrist, pulling her toward him.

Stella barely had time to register what was happening when a sudden breeze swept past her ear, and something brushed against her back. She turned her head only to catch a glimpse of the rear end of a car.

“They should really revoke that person’s driving license!” Marshall’s voice rang out in anger.

Being so close to him, Stella could clearly see his hands trembling ever so slightly.

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Stella soon realized that she had avoided a close call with death just a moment

ago. She got goosebumps and broke out in cold sweat.

Marshall held her hand, his tone unusually tense, “Are you okay? Did the car hit

you? Why aren't you saying anything? Are you hurt?"

Stella pressed her lips together and suddenly withdrew her hand from his palm.

Marshall was momentarily taken aback.

Stella lowered her head and pretended to adjust her clothes. "I'm fine," she said.

She then looked up at him and smiled, "Thank you."

Her gaze suddenly grew distant, and Marshall watched her in a daze. He could

read her emotions without the need for words. She was rejecting his affection.

Marshall lowered his eyes, feeling a pang in his heart. "I'm glad you're fine," he

whispered.

Stella clutched her phone. She wanted to say something but did not know how to begin.

Stella always thought that Keegan was overthinking when he got jealous of Marshall. But the urgency and relief in

Marshall's eyes made things apparent to her; he did not just see her as a friend.

Stella could not help but reflect on whether she had done something to make Marshall misinterpret their connection and have feelings for her, Does he like me because I saved him from his client's abusive husband?'

'That can't be it. Marshall is a mature and rational man. How could he develop feelings for someone just because they saved his life, especially when I'm his

best friend's ex cum current partner?'

Marshall was exceptionally good at keeping his emotions in check. If it were not

for the sudden turn of events earlier, Stella would not have noticed it at all.

However, since he had not confessed his feelings, she naturally could not say anything to reject him.

Stella pondered the situation and decided to change the topic. "I heard from Mr.

Snyder that you've been going on blind dates recently. How's it going? Have you

found anyone you like?" she asked with a smile.

Marshall sighed, "The dates were fine, but I haven't found anyone compatible yet."

"How do you know they're not the right fit if you haven't spent much time together? Love at first sight is rare.

Familiarity breeds fondness, you know?"

"Then what about you and Keegan?"

"Well... He fell in love with me at first sight, relentlessly pursued me, and insisted

on marrying me while I grew fond of him over time," she bluffed.

"Did he fall for you during your blind date?"

"He fell for me even earlier than that." Stella seemed to have endless things to say whenever she talked about Keegan." I've told you before, right? Seven

years ago, I had a car accident with my mom. Keegan pulled me out of the car,

and that's when he fell in love with me at first sight."

Marshall paused, his lips lightly pressing together, "Really?" He chuckled.,

"Keegan is such a mutt. Weren't you just eighteen or nineteen at the time?"

Stella was stunned to hear that.

She forced a laugh, not knowing how to carry on the conversation. She changed

the subject once again, "Mr. Moore, if you don't like the girls your family introduces you to, I can introduce you to my friends."

"Are you planning to get Ms. Thompson away from Vermont and introduce her to me?" Marshall joked.

Stella felt a bit more at ease after hearing that. "I'm afraid I can't do that; Felicity

is my best friend. But I do have other friends. Don't forget that I graduated from

a drama academy. I have tons of gorgeous friends. I'll definitely find someone who matches your appearance and has a great personality."

Marshall chuckled softly, "Alright. I'll be asking for your help if I still haven't found

anyone in a year or so."

Stella patted her chest and assured him, "You can count on me."

As soon as she finished speaking, she heard a vehicle honking from behind.

Stella turned around and saw Keegan's car parked not far away, its lights

blinking on and off. Aldor got out of the driver's seat, greeted Marshall politely, and opened the door for Stella.