

Read Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1641 [Eleven Jewell]

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There was a bottle of water beside Stella's feet. It did not seem like she had the intention to end her life.

Marshall heaved a sigh of relief upon thinking about that.

There was a very steep drop just less than six feet away from Stella, and Marshall dared not to startle her. So, he sat down not far from her and accompanied her in silence.

It was past noon. Although the sun shone brightly, it felt chilly at the mountaintop.

Stella wore a windbreaker. It did not look very thick, and her exposed earlobes turned bright red from the coldness.

"Stella..."

Marshall called out to her softly.

Stella remained still, and Marshall did not know if she had even heard him.

Marshall gazed at the distant mountains surrounded by mist and spoke again after some time, "I had a younger brother called Ryan who was two years younger than me. Not only that he was adorable and well-behaved, but he was also incredibly smart too. He could say plenty of simple words before he was even a year old. He always had a smile on his face, and almost everyone who met him liked him.

"I was never a talented person, and I was always slower to learn compared to other kids my age. I was also introverted, and not many people in my family liked me. My mom often took her anger out on me, but when Ryan came along, the family's attention shifted away from me to him. He was the reason why I could finally be myself, so I liked him a lot, too.

"The time when Ryan was born was one of the happiest times in my life, but it didn't last long. On the second Thanksgiving after his birth, our aunt returned

from overseas to celebrate with the family. Everyone was busy welcoming her.

“She brought a beautiful toy car from abroad for us. We loved it and played with it in our room.

“Many things were happening in the house, and all the adults were busy. The nanny who was supposed to take care of Ryan said she was going downstairs to prepare some fruits, but she didn’t come back up for a long time. Ryan started groaning as if he was not feeling comfortable. I thought he was thirsty, so I took his bottle and tried to feed him some water.

“However, he seemed to look even more uncomfortable after some time. His face turned red, and he was making some strange noises from his throat. I didn’t think anything was wrong and kept feeding him water.

“He couldn’t really swallow the water, and I ended up getting water all over his clothes. It was only then that I realized that he was crying but couldn’t make any sound. I had no idea what was happening, so I immediately went downstairs to look for help. However, I wasn’t very good at speaking then, so none of the adults had the patience to listen to me.

All of them thought that I was just playing with them.

“I ran back to the room. This time, Ryan wasn’t moving anymore...”

Marshall continued in a low voice, “I thought he was asleep. I was getting tired too, so I lay down next to him and fell asleep too. Then, I was awakened by the screams of the adults.

“Ryan was dead. Some tiny parts from the toy car had lodged in his throat, and he died of suffocation. What was supposed to be a joyous celebration had ended in tragedy. My mother cried her heart out, and the way she looked at me was strange, filled with blame and resentment. I remembered that look for a long time.

“I spent a long time thinking about this. What if Ryan was my older brother?

What if I was the one who choked on the car parts? Ryan was so smart; I’m sure he would’ve called for help immediately.

“So, I started becoming more diligent. I worked very hard to be like Ryan just so the adults could like me more. However, Grandpa still thought that I was dim-witted, and my mother just couldn’t seem to forget about Ryan.

“Then, I thought about how much better things would be if it had been me who died. But do you know what Keegan said to me?”

Stella, who had been sitting still, finally had some reaction upon hearing Keegan’s name. She tilted her head slightly away from her knees. Her eyes were swollen and red behind her disheveled hair.

Marshall continued in a hoarse voice, “He said I was just a child, so why would the adults expect a child to handle something that even they wouldn’t be able to handle properly? The adults were only blaming me because they couldn’t own up to their own negligence. But Ryan wouldn’t. He’d always remember how much I loved him. Did you know that the first word that he learned to speak was ‘brother’?”

Marshall turned his face away, trying to calm himself down. After some time, he spoke again, “Stella, this world is full of uncertainties and hardships. You can grieve and feel sad, but life must go on. Uncle Wenham, Trevor, your grandparents, Felicity, and all your friends, we all want the best for you. I’m sure that this is what Keegan wants, too. Although he had left us, he wouldn’t want anything bad to happen to you.”

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1642 [Eleven Jewell]

“Keegan once told me something, and I’ll say the same to you now.

“He said: ‘You can be weak with me around.’”

Marshall’s voice spoke in the wind, and Stella could feel like she heard Keegan whispering in her ear, “I’m willing to die with you, although I’d always put myself first.”

What a liar!

Stella could not bear the overwhelming pain anymore and broke down crying.

Her cries echoed in the wind, in the mountain, and in the cascading river. She wondered if they could reach Keegan and show him how much she missed him.

She could not control her emotions any longer, and her heart was filled with resentment and hate.

“Why did you have to bring the police there?”

“Why did you have to save me?”

She cried as she asked, and Marshall was heartbroken listening to her questions. With a tearful eye, he repeatedly apologized.

Stella vented without holding back. Her voice even turned hoarse from the crying.

Her cries gradually subsided and eventually stopped. Then, Marshall spoke again, “Let’s go down the mountain. I’ll come here again with you tomorrow if you want to write more.”

“It’s fine.” Stella packed her stuff as she said in a hoarse voice, “I’ll wait for him at home.”

She stood up while holding her bag and started walking away. Marshall followed behind her silently.

When they were on the narrow path, Stella’s legs suddenly went weak, and Marshall was startled. He immediately grabbed her, “Are you okay?”

Stella brushed his hand off, “Yeah.”

She continued to move forward, and her vision became increasingly blurry.

Marshall said something, but she could not hear it clearly. Then, she stumbled and passed out.

Stella had a high fever after coming down from the mountain.

Marshall brought her to a clinic, where the doctor on duty seemed to be very inexperienced. He suggested giving her an injection, but the doctor could not even hold the syringe steady. Although Stella was having a fever, she would not stop moving and kept blabbering stuff.

Marshall was worried that the doctor might hurt her when giving her the injection, so he told the doctor to just give Stella some medicine.

So, the doctor did as Marshall said. However, Stella vomited it out right after taking it.

After feeding her several times more, the doctor switched to liquid medicine.

They finally managed to get the medicine into her.

Her body temperature fluctuated throughout the night, and she finally began to recover at noon the next day

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1643 [Eleven Jewell]

Stella was awakened by a dog's barking.

She opened her eyes and found herself in a room with mud walls covered in newspaper. The tungsten lightbulb on the ceiling looked old, and the glass wall had black mold all over it. The room was filled with various antique items, and she realized she was covered under a large floral-patterned blanket that was very warm and soft, exuding a faint scent of the sun. Suddenly, Stella felt like she was in a movie where she had time-traveled to the 80s.

'Does that mean that Keegan had also time-traveled?' she wondered.

However, the smartphone on the table shattered her fantasy. She lay in bed for a while but soon decided to get up. The fever had left her feeling weak and sweaty. After spending a few days in the mountains and sweating all night, her body had an unpleasant smell.

She wanted to freshen up but realized there was nothing in the room. So, she adjusted her clothes and went outside.

She only noticed that she was sleeping in the master bedroom of an ancient adobe house. There was another room with a separate entrance at the side. A black dog was inside, and it would not stop barking at the passersby.

The yard had no gate, and there was a hawthorn tree on the eastern side of the entrance. It was winter, and the tree had shed all its leaves, leaving only hawthorn berries hanging from the branches. It looked beautiful yet bleak.

Suddenly, Stella remembered when she would pick hawthorn berries under a tree like that one during her childhood days.

When she was still lost in her thoughts, she heard someone talking to her from behind, "You're awake." Stella turned around and saw Marshall coming out from the west side of the house, wearing an old coat.

Marshall saw Stella staring at the coat he was wearing and explained with a smile, Mr. Jewell said that my clothes were too thin, so he gave me this. It feels pretty warm." Instead of responding to that, Stella asked, "Where's Great Grandpa?"

"He's castrating the piglets in the backyard. I'll show you the way," Marshall said.

The backyard was larger than the front yard. There was a vegetable farm, a chicken coop, and even pigs and sheep pens.

However, there were only pigs left on the farm. Arthur was getting older; although he was still very healthy, he could not manage to take care of so many animals.

He was about to sell the mother pig but decided to keep it because it was pregnant.

Arthur would castrate all the piglets himself when he was younger. However, his hands grew shaky as he grew older, so he had Marshall help him.

Marshall grew up in the city and had never even seen a pig up close, let alone castrating one. He held the tools in his hands but just could not bring himself to do it.

Arthur was like a coach in a basketball game, frantically directing his inexperienced player who could not even get a simple rebound.

He looked at the bite marks on Marshall's hand from the little pig and could not help but say, "I've lived to be this old, but this is the first time seeing someone getting bitten by a pig-

Marshall felt very embarrassed.

Stella thought about the time when Arthur visited Rivera, and she and Keegan took him out.

At that time, Keegan was still a very insensitive person.

After all, he came from a very wealthy family; he even needed someone to open the car door for him when getting out of the car.

However, Arthur did not care about that at all. He sent him to fetch water, buy tickets, wait in line for food, and even had him carry his jacket when he went to the washroom.

If Keegan showed the slightest dissatisfaction, he would sigh and say, "It's important to find a husband with a good temper regardless of how rich he is.

One can never marry a man who would be easily upset. If he can't even buy you a bottle of water without sulking, he's not the right one. When you're old and lying in a sickbed, I'm sure that he'd be the first one to pull your oxygen tube right out."

Keegan was infuriated. When Arthur went to the restroom one time, he complained to Stella in a low voice, "What does that have to do with pulling out an oxygen tube? He could've told me to do everything at once, but he had to make me go back and forth several times. He's making me do extra work for no reason, yet I can't be mad?"

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1644 [Eleven Jewell]

Stella shot him a glance, "Go back then. I didn't ask you to come anyway."

Keegan was taken aback. Then, he scoffed and retorted, "Do you think I wanted to come here? I just didn't want people to gossip!"

He just would not express his true feelings, which was probably why Arthur "bullied" him.

Marshall could not carry out the task at all, so Arthur had to call over some youngsters from next door to help.

With swift and precise movements, they soon castrated over a dozen of piglets.

Marshall was stunned as he asked in a low voice, "Doesn't this... hurt?"

Arthur paused for a moment before saying, "Why don't you ask them?"

Marshall was left speechless.

As Arthur spoke, he grabbed the fattest piglets and asked Stella excitedly, “Stella, how’s this one? Or you can pick which one you like, and I’ll butcher it for you later.”

The piglet squealed and struggled as its hind legs were being held up. Stella reached out to rescue it from Arthur’s hand and said in a low voice, “I don’t feel like eating meat. I want to eat the sweet potatoes you used to roast when I was a child.”

A bright smile suddenly appeared on Arthur’s face. “Okay then. I’ll start a fire to roast them for you.”

Then, he turned to Marshall and said, “Young man, take Stella to freshen up and help me chop some firewood after you come back.”

“Okay,” Marshall responded, stood up, and said to Stella, “Let’s go.”

The government had constructed some settlement housing in the town.

However, the people in Jorgeville, including Arthur, were too used to living in their own homes, so none of them moved.

The settlement houses had bathrooms with hot water and electricity. After Stella took a shower and came back out, she saw Marshall talking on the phone.

He immediately covered the mic when he saw her coming out, “It’s Trevor. Do you want to speak to him? I’ll just tell him that you walked away if you don’t.”

Stella wiped away the water on her hair and said in a low voice, “I’ll talk to him.”

Then, Marshall said something to Trevor and passed his phone to Stella.

“Stella, how are you? Are you feeling better now?”

“Yeah,” Stella responded vaguely before saying, “Trevor, I’m sorry for making you all worry about me.”

Trevor heaved a sigh of relief after hearing her speak normally, “It’s okay... It’s okay. I’m glad that you’re fine now.” He paused before asking again, “When are you coming back?” “After two more days, probably. I haven’t seen

Great Grandpa for a long time. I want to spend some time with him before I go back. Are there any... updates on your end?"

Trevor understood that she was asking about Keegan.

He said after a long pause, "Not for now." He was worried that Stella would get sad, so he added, "Perhaps he was rescued by someone else, as you said. He did not fall into the sea, and it was impossible for him to just disappear like that.

I've sent Xavier to the hospital to check. I'll let you know once there are any updates. Also, please apologize to Marshall for me. I need to thank him for finding you."

"Okay," Stella said before hanging up. Then, she turned to Marshall, and it was only then she realized that there was a faint bruise at the corner of his left lip.

Stella immediately figured out what happened. She returned the phone to Marshall and said softly, "Mr. Moore, please don't take what I said on the mountaintop yesterday personally. I wasn't in my right mind at that time. Also, my brother was just too worried about me, and I apologize for what he did to you. Also, thank you for everything that you've done for me."

"Stella," Marshall lowered his gaze and spoke in a low voice, "If you're thanking me on behalf of Keegan, it's totally unnecessary. He's my friend, and it's only right for me to help. However, if you're thanking me personally, it'll be even more unnecessary." He spoke as he lifted his gaze, and his hidden emotions shone through, "Because I'm willing to do all those things for you."

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1645 [Eleven Jewell]

Stella paused for a moment and then lowered her gaze. She remained silent for a while before saying, "Mr. Moore, Keegan treats you as his best friend, and so do I."

"I know." Marshall smiled gently, though his face looked a little pale. "I've never dared to imagine replacing him. I just want you to be happy."

"I will," Stella replied softly, "Because I know he'll want me to be happy too."

Marshall tightened his grip on his phone and stopped saying anything else.

Jorgeville was a peaceful and tranquil town.

Some years ago, there were some government projects in Jorgeville that took up quite a bit of land. So, many local residents received a substantial amount of compensation for relocation, making their lives relatively comfortable.

However, the town did not have any major industries supporting its economy, and the quality of education was subpar. So, many of the younger generation chose to move out.

So, when the two good-looking and graceful youngsters came to visit Arthur, everyone immediately knew about them.

In a small town like that, everyone loved to know each other. So, in just one day, there were more than ten guests who came to visit Arthur, using various excuses to meet Stella and Marshall.

Arthur was pretty famous in town. He was a chef when he was younger, and the residents always wanted him to cook for them during all the important occasions.

The elderly ladies in the neighborhood described his cooking as so delicious that the plates did not even need to be washed, as they were licked clean.

As he got older and could no longer manage the kitchen, he began studying medical books. If someone's pigs were not gaining weight, if someone's dog was having stomach problems, or even when the cows had indigestion, he could accurately diagnose them.

However, Arthur was aware that his knowledge was limited, so he would never charge for his services. When things got too complicated, he would suggest taking them to the hospital in the city.

None of the people in town seemed to know about what happened to Albert, and nobody ever talked about it.

Arthur loved having guests over. So, what was originally a simple meal for three turned into a grand feast.

The neighbors chatted and laughed while preparing the food, turning Arthur's house lively and joyous.

When washing the dishes and utensils, an older woman quietly asked Stella, “Stella, your husband looks so handsome, and he’s so polite, too. What does he do?”

Stella replied, “He’s not my husband, but my friend. He’s a lawyer.”

The woman was shocked, “But I heard Arthur saying that his great-grandson would come to visit.”

Stella lowered her gaze, “He was supposed to, but... something happened. He couldn’t come.”

“Oh,” The woman did not think too much of it and continued enthusiastically, “Be sure to bring him over next time then. I’ll cook some of my best dishes for you both.”

Stella paused. It took her some time to smile, and she replied, “Sure.”

As the night approached, guests started leaving. Stella and Marshall were busy cleaning up.

Arthur sat at the doorstep, watching the two of them.

Although Marshall was not very good at doing chores, he was diligent and attentive. For example, when Stella struggled to move a chair, he would immediately offer to help. Also, when he handed over a clean fruit knife to Stella, he ensured the blade was facing away from her to prevent hurting her.

Small things like these could often reveal a person’s character.

“Marshall,” Arthur called out to him, “Do you have a cigarette?”

Marshall shook his head, “I’ve quit smoking.”

“Oh,” Arthur responded disappointedly.

Then, Marshall rolled down his sleeve and said gently, “What brand would you like? I’ll go get it for you.”

Arthur’s eyes immediately lit up, “Oh, that’s too much trouble. If Marshall smiled, “I’ve eaten too much tonight and planned to take a walk anyway. Don’t worry about it.”