

Read Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1665 [Eleven Jewell]

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After settling the bill, Stella put on her mask and grabbed her coat before heading outside.

Although the cocktails she had consumed did not have a strong alcoholic taste, their alcohol content was not to be underestimated. Having enjoyed a number of drinks, Stella felt fine while she was sitting down. However, when she stood up, she noticed a slight dizziness after taking a few steps.

As she navigated her way out of the pub, she inadvertently bumped into a young man holding a drink. The man's beverage spilled all over him, and he grabbed Stella's arm, demanding an explanation.

Stella retrieved a banknote from her wallet and handed it to the man. "Is this enough for dry cleaning?"

Stella's hands were shaking, and the note fell to the ground. The man misinterpreted her intentions and refused to take the money. Instead, he seized Stella's arm and ordered an apology.

Stella struggled to free herself. "Let go!" she yelled.

However, the man persisted. "How dare you throw money at me?! Apologize, bitch!"

"I didn't throw the money at you. It slipped from my fingers and fell!"

The man did not believe her. He attempted to pull off her mask and argued, "Take off your mask when you're talking to me. Don't you know basic respect?"

When his hand had almost reached Stella's mask, someone swiftly intervened.

The person grabbed the man's wrist and twisted it.

The man's face turned pale, as he cried out in pain. The person patted him on the shoulder and smiled. "Why argue with a woman, man? She had too much to drink. She probably won't understand what you have to say."

While speaking, he stuffed the money into the man's pocket. "Your shirt looks fine. A quick wash would do the trick. What do you say?"

The man was hurting so much that he could not say a word. So, he reluctantly nodded in agreement.

Only then did the person release him. "Thanks, man."

The man cursed out in distress and left with an aggrieved expression.

Spencer turned to look at Stella. She wore a frown while rubbing her wrist, which bore marks from the man who had seized her.

Spencer reached out and took her hand. At the same, Stella furrowed her brows and lifted her gaze. Stunned, she softly called out, "Keegan..."

Spencer pinched the back of her hand and asked, "What did you call me?"

Stella winced before regaining her senses. "Spencer? Why are you here?"

"Why can't I be here?"

Stella was at a loss for words. She did not have the energy to argue with him, so she grabbed her coat and left.

Spencer caught up to her and said, "What's with the attitude? I got you out of trouble and not even a thank you?"

"Thank you," Stella said.

Her reaction left Spencer speechless. He glared at her and said, "That sounded insincere."

Stella ignored him and stood by the roadside while waiting for a cab.

Spencer stopped beside her and asked, "When is Keegan's funeral?"

Stella froze upon hearing that. She threw her bag at him and said, "You're the one who should be having a funeral!"

Spencer tried to dodge her attack but was still hit twice. Seeing that she was about to hit him again, he quickly grabbed her hands to stop her. "That's enough. I was just asking. Did my question warrant such a reaction? Everyone knows that Keegan went missing in the waters. It's been twenty days since then.

"Are you actually still expecting him to come back?"

Stella stepped on his foot, causing him to yelp. Stella grabbed her bag, glared at him, and walked away.

Spencer was hopping in place out of pain. He quickly caught up to her and said, "You weren't this upset when we broke up. Why does Keegan get this special treatment?"

Stella ignored him. However, Spencer could not understand why Stella treated Keegan better than him when they were both her ex.

Thinking of how his friends had teased him before, he gritted his teeth and asked, "Did you get together with me back then because Keegan and I look alike? Did you ever have feelings for me?"

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Stella, who was irritated by the questions, turned around and dismissively said, "So what if I did? Why are you following me? Do you want to be Keegan's stand-in?"

"Why would I want that? I'm not crazy," Spencer instinctively retorted.

"Then, why are you following me?"

Spencer did not know what to say.

"I-I'm just enjoying the spectacle." He came up with a plausible excuse. "You dumped me back then, and now you're the one getting dumped. I'd say it's karma."

Stella's anger surged when she heard that. Spencer noticed the change in her facial expression, and he felt a sense of satisfaction.

"Hey, if you genuinely miss Keegan, you can beg me. I'll pretend to be him reluctantly."

Stella remained silent, and her face was tense.

“Alright, no need to beg. Just apologize to me and say you shouldn’t have dumped me back then.”

Stella stared at the puddle of water on the road in front of her. She gestured him over and said, “Come here.”

Thinking that she was giving in, Spencer adjusted his clothes and walked over.

“I wouldn’t have gotten mad at you if you had a better attitude earl-fuck!”

Before Spencer could finish his sentence, Stella pushed him to the curb, and a passing car splashed water from the puddle directly onto his face.

His once pristine white outfit now resembled a soaked rag.

Spencer was about to yell at Stella when he turned around to see her laughing.

He was momentarily stunned, and the displeasure he felt had instantly faded away.

He started to chuckle. “It’s been so many years, and yet you’re still so childish.”

Stella’s smile dropped immediately.

Spencer stood in front of her again and asked, “Why did you break up with me back then?”

Stella glanced at him and said, “Your father talked to me.”

Spencer did not expect that.

“He had a lot to say. But long story short, he wanted me to leave you. He told me you were going abroad and that I wasn’t good enough for you. It made sense, so I broke up with you.”

Spencer was initially surprised to hear that, but he slowly accepted it. It was something his authoritarian father would do. Penn would not have just talked to Stella; he might have even approached her family.

Spencer wanted to ask why Stella did not tell him about this, but then he realized that it was a pointless question. At that time, he relied on his family's support for his livelihood. He had no choice but to follow his father's wishes.

He understood that there were only two likely outcomes for a relationship that was not viewed positively-either one of them breaks up with the other willingly, or they were forced to break up due to external factors. Stella had made the choice for him.

Spencer fell silent for a moment. Then, he asked, "What will you do now that Keegan is dead?"

Stella felt uncomfortable when she heard that. "He's not dead! He's just... missing."

Spencer did not argue with her about it. "Alright, but what will you do if he never shows up again?"

Stella remained quiet.

Spencer looked at her lowered eyelashes and acknowledged that his discontent with the situation was mixed with some self-interest.

He cleared his throat and asked, "Do you want to be in a relationship with me?"

Stella stared at him as if he was crazy.

Spencer then said, "Didn't you say he's missing? Don't you want to force him to come out? He'd probably get jealous if he knew that we were together. If he's hiding somewhere, maybe he'll come out on his own."

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Spencer's words were casual, but they triggered a moment of realization in Stella's mind. She had a perplexing expression on her face, which made Spencer feel uneasy. He assumed she might have seen through his thoughts, and he felt reluctant to meet her gaze.

Spencer turned his face away and feigned indifference." Take your time to consider. We can treat it as compensation for what happened back then."

After waiting for a response that never came, Spencer turned around only to find that Stella had already gotten into a cab.

When he was about to rush over, Stella had already closed the door, and the car sped away.

Spencer's mouth twitched, and he cursed, "You heartless woman!"

Stella arrived home around 9:00 p.m. Wenham and Trevor were about to go out and look for her if she were to return any later than that.

Stella returned with a scent of alcohol. This made her father and brother worried. However, she acted natural and asked, "Dad, is Jaylene back yet?"

"Yes, she finished dinner and went to her room. Is there a reason why you're looking for her?" Wenham replied.

Stella nodded in response. "I promised Jaylene that I'd take her friends out for a good time. I want to ask her what time we should leave tomorrow."

Wenham and Trevor exchanged glances, as they could not figure out what state Stella was in. She did not make a fuss and was resting and eating on time.

However, she was recovering too quickly, especially since the kidnapping had happened not too long ago.

Although it was strange, there seemed to be an improvement.

Before they could say anything, Jaylene's voice came from upstairs. "We can leave around nine in the morning. If you think it's too early, then ten is fine. I can inform my friends."

Stella smiled and said, "Let's stick with nine." "Trevor can drive you two tomorrow," Wenham suggested.

Both Jaylene and Stella did not oppose the idea.

After both of his daughters went upstairs, Wenham whispered to his son, "Do you think Stella's acting a little strange? When Jaylene invited her out back then, she always found excuses to decline. But now, she's actively offering to take Jaylene's friends out. Has she gone mad from grief?"

“I don’t know,” Trevor frowned. “Why don’t we take her to the hospital for a CT scan?”

Wenham’s mouth twitched, and he kicked Trevor’s shin. “How can you possibly be making jokes at a time like this?!” Trevor sighed and explained, “Dad, Stella isn’t as fragile as you think. If she had made a wrong move during her visit to Vinci Rivera today, the news headline would have highlighted the change in ownership of the company.”

Wenham was still not reassured. “But she went out to drink as soon as she came out, and she’s been drinking until now. Keep a close eye on her tomorrow.”

“What about Keegan? Do we still search for him?”

“Of course! We need to find him; dead or alive. I don’t care if the Kane family has given up. We’re finding him.”

“If Keegan is alive, would you immediately agree to their marriage?” Trevor asked.

“What’s there to disagree with? As long as your sister wants to marry him, I’d give her my blessing.” Wenham sighed, “Isn’t it peculiar that the wives in the Kane family from three different generations all become widows?”

Trevor did not reply.

The following day, the three siblings went out to pick up Jaylene’s classmates early in the morning.

Stella originally thought that Jaylene’s friends might be foreigners, but they were all Hustuabourgiens.

The group consisted of five people, including both males and females. After Jaylene introduced each of them to Stella, the group set off.

Stella guided them to various well-known locations in Rivera. She displayed an unexpected enthusiasm during the trip that surprised Trevor.

In the blink of an eye, it was already afternoon. After a full day of exploring, everyone was tired. Following lunch, they lacked the energy to do anything

else and returned to the hotel to get some rest. They planned to visit the night market later in the evening.

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Hey, guys, the hotel is not far from here. I'll take them there, let them rest, and then explore the night market nearby later. You two have had a busy day. You should head home and get some rest," Jaylene suggested.

Stella considered for a moment and agreed. "Sounds good. I actually have plans to meet a friend for a hair appointment."

After leaving the restaurant, Stella used the excuse of her friend picking her up to part ways with Trevor.

Not long after Trevor had left, a white Audi pulled up. Stella opened the passenger door and got in. The driver was her best friend, Felicity.

Felicity took Stella by surprise, as she was dressed in all black, along with a black mask.

"What's with the ninja outfit?" Stella asked.

"Don't you know that you've got to dress the part to avoid drawing attention?"

Spies often wear black in old movies."

Stella rubbed her temples and said, "That's because there were no lights."

"Huh?"

"Wearing dark clothes made sense back then. But, nowadays, with everything brightly lit, you're like a walking beacon. How do you expect to stay hidden?"

Felicity then thought about it. "Fair point," she said, reaching for a men's coat from the back seat. "This should tone it down a bit."

Stella was speechless. She was about to say something when Felicity patted her arm. "Look! Look! Look!"

Stella immediately turned to see what her friend was referring to.

She saw Jaylene and the others exit the restaurant and exchange a few words at the entrance before leaving. Jaylene waited for a while before getting into a cab.

Felicity immediately started the car and followed the yellow vehicle.

The cab navigated through a city district and finally stopped near a hospital.

Jaylene got out of the car and went straight in.

Felicity needed to find a parking space, but Stella could not wait. So, she went in herself.

Jaylene seemed very familiar with the place. As soon as she entered, she took the elevator directly to the top floor.

Stella glanced at the nearby sign. There were a total of nineteen floors in the building. The elevator that Jaylene took was going to even-numbered floors above the tenth floor, and the elevator next to it was for odd-numbered floors.

Coincidentally, at this moment, the elevator for odd-numbered floors arrived.

Stella went in and pressed the button to the eleventh floor.

Felicity had parked her car, and she texted Stella to ask where she was.

[Go up to the 10th or 11th floor. Tty l.] she replied.

Stella was fortunate in her search for Jaylene, as she only had to check two floors.

Jaylene was holding a men's coat while talking to the nurse on duty.

Stella lurked in a corner and casually observed her every move.

After a few minutes of conversing with the nurse, Jaylene handed the coat to her, and the nurse returned to the ward.

Stella caught up to the nurse and pretended to accidentally bump into her, causing her to drop the coat.

"I'm so sorry." Stella quickly bent down to pick up the garment.

The garment was indeed a men's coat, and there were faint traces of blood on the back.

Stella's heart skipped a beat, and she suddenly thought of the scars on Keegan's back that night. 1 "What are the chances that it's all just a coincidence?"