

Read Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1681 [Eleven Jewell]

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Shortly after Vermont's departure, Felicity found herself alone in the empty apartment. She felt an indescribable emptiness in her heart. Her emotions had shifted from anger upon learning the truth to a current state of bewilderment.

Seeking solace, she decided to call Stella.

Stella had just finished attending a concert with Marshall featuring a well-known orchestra from abroad. Despite Marshall's enthusiastic introduction of the group, Stella could not recall their name.

The music was beautiful, and the concert hall's acoustics were impressive.

However, Stella struggled to discern anything special beyond that. Marshall noticed her constant nods to the music and realized that something was amiss.

In a low voice, he asked, "Do you not like the music?"

Stella shook her head. "It's not that I don't like it; I just don't know how to appreciate it like you do."

Marshall paused for a moment and whispered, "I'm sorry. I thought you'd like this since you play the piano."

"I learned to play the piano because my family forced me to. I don't really like playing it. When I was younger, I pretended to be sick to skip classes. In order to make my mom give up on forcing me to learn the piano, I intentionally injured my hand, claiming that it was a piano practice injury.

"But my mom thought that it was due to the quality of the piano at school. So, she used the money she saved for a car to buy me a piano. It cost over a hundred thousand dollars. The salesperson told her that a famous pianist was using the same brand. They said that if I practiced for over ten hours a day, I would become better at it. My mom believed them and extended my daily piano lessons from two hours to four."

Marshall could not help but chuckle when he heard that.

“It’s not funny. I’m telling you the truth,” Stella said earnestly.

Marshall responded warmly, “I don’t find it funny. I just feel sorry for you.

However, it’s impressive that you could play the piano so well despite disliking it.”

‘That’s because you’ve only heard that one piece I’m good at. Meanwhile, Keegan had to endure all the other torturous pieces I’ve played,’ thought Stella.

When the concert hall emptied out, Marshall proposed Stella to go up on stage and play the piano.

“What?”

Don’t you want to experience how it feels to play in a venue that can fit thousands of people?”

But, it’s the orchestra’s instrument. Wouldn’t it be inappropriate for me to use it?”

“We just need to ask for their permission,” Marshall said, as he grabbed her hand before she could respond.

Stella tried to pull away, but then she noticed a glint of light flashing from somewhere in the venue. She froze and allowed Marshall to guide her onto the stage.

Only one person remained on the stage, packing up the instruments. Marshall approached them and engaged in a brief conversation in Deutsianian. After getting the person’s approval, he called out to Stella to come over.

As Stella approached, Marshall explained, “I told them it’s your birthday today and asked if we could borrow the piano to play a piece as a celebration.”

Stella was surprised. “And, they agreed?”

No. I told them I’d pay, and they allowed it.”

Marshall’s reply left Stella speechless.

“There’s no need to spend your money like that,” she said.

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1682 [Eleven Jewell]

Marshall let out a chuckle. “If spending a little money can make you happy, then I think it’s worth it.”

Stella stayed silent. She avoided his gaze and focused on the piano. “I don’t really know much piano pieces.”

“Do you know how to play Lyphard Melody?”

“I guess so.”

Marshall quickly searched for the sheet music on his phone and placed it on the stand. “Why don’t you give it a go?”

Glancing at the moving shadows in the audience, Stella walked around the piano and sat down. After studying the sheet music for a while, she slowly pressed the keys.

The ethereal melody instantly filled the hall. Stella’s fingers were slow, and the chords barely connected due to her lack of practice. The world-famous piece sounded rather unpleasant when Stella played it.

She considered giving up, but before she could stop, a pair of well-defined hands landed on the piano keys next to hers.

The person had fair, slender, and elegant-looking fingers. The veins on the back of their hand were subtly visible, exuding a sense of refined beauty, as their fingers danced across the piano.

A melodious piano tune gradually filled the air, as those hands started moving.

Marshall turned to Stella and said, “Let’s play together.”

Stella had regained her focus. She slowly found the rhythm and followed along.

However, she was not very proficient. After going through a few sections, she slowly reestablished her sense of the piece, resulting in a smoother performance.

When the music concluded, Stella looked at Marshall and said, “So, you know how to play the piano.”

“I really liked it for a while, so I took a few classes. I only know the basics. It’s nothing impressive,” Marshall replied.

There was a brief silence. Stella realized that people had different standards.

The idea of taking pride in her piano skills seemed absurd when Marshall, who was considerably better, remained so nonchalant about it.

She was about to get up when Marshall suddenly said, “Don’t move. There’s something on your head.”

Stella instantly recalled the last time Marshall removed a locust from her head, and she froze on the spot.

Marshall leaned in cautiously, extending his hand to grab something from the top of her head and placed it in front of her. When Stella lowered her head to see what it was, she was shocked.

In Marshall’s palm lay a silver necklace with a diamondshaped pendant that could be opened. Inside the pendant was a photo of Keegan.

Stella gasped.

“It doesn’t matter what they say. Do whatever you want. If it makes you uneasy that he’s not here, then keep him close to you. I hope you can get what you wish for,” Marshall said softly.

Stella looked at Marshall with disbelief. His brown eyes seemed gentle and deep.

‘He must’ve known why I’m frequently meeting him. No one believes that Keegan is alive. They thought I was going mad. Since I couldn’t find him, I tried to use my own methods to force him to come out.’ Despite Keegan’s desire for Stella to stay away from Marshall, she insisted on being with him just to see if Keegan would appear.

‘I’m a selfish person,’ thought Stella.

This was why she did not clarify her relationship with Marshall to the public. She wanted the media to spread this matter, and she hoped that Keegan would see it.

Rumors about their fake romance had escalated to the point where both the Saun and Moore families were probing each other to get some clarification.

Yet, Marshall continued to meet up with Stella every day. He was not oblivious to what was going on; he just willingly let himself be used.

Stella was overwhelmed with shame. Her eyes reddened, as she bit her lip.

After a long pause, she said, "I'm sorry."

"I don't blame you," Marshall said. His voice remained gentle. "I'm glad you thought of me."

He smiled and continued, "Wanna know something? Every time you're with me, you subconsciously look around for cameras. Next time, you can just tell me what to do, and I'll cooperate with you." 2

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1683 [Eleven Jewell]

Stella remained quiet. Exploiting Marshall for scandals was one thing, but shamelessly manipulating his feelings to secure his cooperation was a moral boundary she refused to cross. She would rather have Marshall know the truth than burden him with this favor, even if it resulted in his hatred and resentment toward her.

Marshall picked up the necklace in his palm and said, "Let me put it on for you."

This 'token of love' is going to make headlines tomorrow."

Stella instinctively tried to back up, but Marshall did not move away. He gently pressed Stella's shoulder, and his deep voice echoed in her ear. "The paparazzi are already taking pictures. If you reject the present, the groundwork we laid won't be believable."

Stella immediately froze in place.

Holding the necklace in both hands, Marshall put it around her neck and gently fastened it.

From the audience's perspective, the two seemed to be intimately involved.

Stella turned her face away, avoiding eye contact with Marshall. However, she could still feel his breath in such close proximity, which intensified her inner turmoil.

It was not until Marshall had released his grip and slightly withdrew from her that her body gradually relaxed.

Stella reached up and touched the pendant containing Keegan's photo. "How much is it? I'll transfer the payment to you," she said.

"The necklace was 88 dollars, and the photo was ten. So, the total is 98 dollars.

But, that's alright. You don't have to transfer me the money. You can treat me to a late-night snack instead."

Stella did not respond.

Marshall chuckled and added, "I'll try not to order over 98 dollars' worth of food."

Stella suddenly felt awkward. "That's not what I was thinking. It's just..." She did not expect Marshall to buy such an inexpensive necklace.

Marshall had his reasons. He knew that Stella would not accept anything too expensive. And, even if she did, she would want to pay him back for it. She would gladly embrace a more budget-friendly option, and the necklace could serve as a chance for them to share a meal. Marshall thought that it was the perfect idea.

Just as Stella was about to agree to supper, her phone rang. It was Felicity.

Stella apologized to Marshall and answered the call.

"Stella, can you accompany me to look at apartments tomorrow?" Felicity's voice sounded muffled.

Stella hesitated for a moment before she asked, "Why are you looking at apartments? Are you planning to buy one?"

"No," Felicity said softly. "I want to move out."

Stella sensed that something was amiss and asked, "Have you discussed this with Vermont?"

"I'll live wherever I want. Why do I need to discuss it with him? He's not the boss of me!"

"Did you two have a fight?"

Felicity remained silent.

Thinking that she might have been mistreated, Stella's tone grew serious. "Did Vermont ask you to move out?"

No, he wouldn't dare to kick me out." Felicity was too embarrassed to tell Stella how Vermont had deceived her for so long. So, she made up an excuse. "I'm just tired of him. I don't want to live with him anymore."

Stella thought for a moment and said, "How about moving back to apartment 901? Your room is untouched, and you know the password

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1684 [Eleven Jewell]

Felicity murmured, "I don't want to live so close to him.

Stella figured that something had probably happened between Felicity and Vermont. However, since Felicity refused to talk about it, Stella did not ask any further.

"Okay, then. I'll go look for a house with you tomorrow."

Felicity replied with a "Mhmm" and then thought of the topic she had argued with Vermont earlier. "Stella, what's happening between you and Marshall?

Everyone is saying that you two are together. Is that true?" Felicity asked softly.

Stella turned to look at Marshall, who was talking to the management staff not far away. Marshall seemed to sense her gaze, lifted his head, and met her eyes with a gentle look.

Suddenly, Stella said out of the blue, "Can dissociative disorder really harm people?" 1 "What?"

Nothing,” Stella looked away, as she continued flatly, “I just want Keegan to come back, no matter what it takes.”

Before Felicity could figure out what Stella meant by that, she said goodbye and ended the call.

The next day, the hashtag #ConcertHallKiss went on top of the trending searches.

Unlike the previous pictures that were secretly photographed, the video posted this time was clearly captured.

Stella not only played the piano with the man, but she also had the man help her put on a necklace. From the angle the video was taken, it seemed as though they were kissing.

Nothing could be more convincing than that.

Elegant Media began receiving endless phone calls from everyone, and Trevor’s phone was flooded with messages too. Everybody was very curious if there would be a marriage between the Moore family and the Saun family.

Even Wenham got worried and asked Trevor if Stella and Marshall were really dating.

Trevor could not figure out what his little sister was trying to do, as she had been acting strange ever since Keegan’s disappearance.

So, he could only reassure Wenham. “The media are just talking nonsense.

There’s nothing going on between them.”

Wenham’s eyelid twitched. “They kissed. How is that nothing?” “The video was taken really far away from them. Don’t believe everything you see online.”

“Mr. Moore Sr. called me and invited me over to have dinner. I’m pretty sure it’s because he has seen the news too. N Trevor frowned. “What? He could’ve just asked Marshall about it. Why ask us?”

Wenham glanced at him. “Do you think all elders are as easygoing as me? As long as Mr. Moore Sr. is alive, Marshall can never decide who he wants to marry. Now that they bypassed Marshall and came directly to me, I guess they’re really worried about the relationship between Stella and Marshall.”

He sighed before he continued, "Things would've been so much easier if Stella took a stance on whether she wants to be with Marshall or not. But she just won't talk to us about it.

I don't know what she's thinking at all. What am I going to say if they ask me about it? If I say no, but Stella is really dating Marshall, the Moore family might think that I'm being arrogant."

Trevor chuckled before he said in a low voice, "Just play dumb, then. Isn't that what you do best?"

Wenham glared at him. "You brat!"

He became concerned again after saying that. "I'm really worried that Stella is so heartbroken that she lost her mind. She was so depressed back then, and now she's doing these things with Marshall. Do you think she's like the kidnappers now, mixing up Marshall and Keegan?"

Trevor was speechless.

However, Wenham still attended the meal. As Trevor suggested, he played dumb throughout the whole meeting. When Frederick tried to probe him, he cleverly dodged all the questions.

It was not until Frederick directly asked Wenham about his thoughts on the marriage between the two families that Wenham said, "Mr. Moore Sr., I've always let my children make their own decisions when it comes to marriage.

After all, they're the ones who have to live with their partners. It's best for them to choose someone they truly love. If Stella told me that she wanted to be with Marshall, I'd never say no to it. However, she hasn't brought Marshall to meet me yet, so I can't make any decisions for her."

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1685 [Eleven Jewell]

Frederick was sitting in a wheelchair. Although he had become very skinny, his eyes still radiated authority.

He stirred his tea, as he said flatly, "Parents have always been the ones arranging marriages for their children since forever. When did they have the right to make their own decisions? Wenham, you spoil the children too much."

Wenham smiled and said, “Stella is twenty-six this year, and she only returned to our family a few months ago. I haven’t raised her at all, so how could I have the right to interfere with her marriage? If my late wife knew, she’d probably prefer that Stella never return to us.

“I’d rather she chose a son-in-law I don’t like than to have her hate me because I interfered with her decision.”

Frederick’s gaze darkened.

Clearly, he did not appreciate what Wenham said at all.

He was too used to controlling everything in the Moore family and being self-centered. Especially with the Moore family’s political background, he looked down on families like the Saun family and Kane family.

If Marshall had not gone overseas to treat his illness back then and delayed his marriage, Frederick would have never allowed him to marry a businessman’s daughter.

Frederick had always been bothered by the fact that Marshall did not follow the path set by him.

He did not invite Wenham over because he thought that Stella would be a good wife to Marshall. Instead, he just wanted to bring Marshall onto the “right track”

through marriage.

So, the dinner was supposed to be an excuse for him to solidify an engagement between the two families. He did not expect to be rejected at all.

To Frederick, the Saun family should be grateful that the Moore family was willing to accept a divorced woman into their family, but Wenham did not act like that at all!

“Wenham,” Frederick said, as he put down his cup. “Your daughter is divorced.

It won’t be easy for her to find someone as outstanding as Marshall. She’ll only meet men with lesser to offer as she ages.”

Frederick was implying that Wenham should respect the Moore family and say yes to the marriage.

The smile on Wenham's face faded a little, as he said, "She can be single if she can't find someone she loves. I have enough money to support her for the rest of her life anyway. Otherwise, when she's as old as Irene, she can also find a younger man to take care of her. I'm not worried at all."

Suddenly, Frederick's expression turned extremely unpleasant.

If it were not for Frederick's old age, Wenham might have been even less polite.

'How dare this old man have such double standards with me?!' Wenham thought to himself.

The conversation ended on a sour note.

After Wenham got into the car, Darcie asked him about how it went.

Wenham told her what happened and angrily said, "Does he really think everyone wants to be a part of his family? How dare he act so arrogantly when Stella hasn't even said that she's dating Marshall? I'll never let my daughter suffer such humiliation in their family even if she can't find anyone else to marry!"

Darcie handed him a thermos and said, "Calm down. This is just how Mr. Moore Sr. is like. There's no need to get angry with him."

Wenham took a few sips from the thermos, and he felt better.

When his expression softened, Darcie said, "Wenham, although what Mr. Moore Sr. said might be harsh, there are some things that you have to consider.

Everyone knows about what's happening between Stella and Marshall now, but she hasn't said anything to clear things up. Have you considered that she might genuinely have feelings for him? You should've held yourself back from saying those things. If we really became in-laws in the future, can you imagine how awkward things would be?"

Wenham choked. He did not believe that his daughter would fall in love with another man so soon. However, with Keegan gone and Marshall being so proactive, he was starting to worry that Stella really did develop feelings for him.

In fact, Wenham liked Marshall for how modest and thoughtful he was.

However, the Moore family was a difficult one to deal with. He really did not want his daughter to end up there.

Thinking about it made him feel annoyed again. "We'll talk about this when it really happens. Nothing is certain for now. How could I just keep quiet when he said such things about my daughter?"