

## Read Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1787 [Eleven Jewell]

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Keegan nibbled his lip, feeling a weird sensation in his heart. His time with Stella before they got married didn't seem as rocky as his mom said. 'But then, why would I still have something she casually sketched in my desk drawer?' After staring at the drawing for a prolonged moment, he placed it back into the drawer.

"Aldor, inform everyone I won't attend the gathering today. Charge tonight's expenses to my account. We'll have another gathering once I settle the matters at hand."

Aldor nodded, then asked, Mr. Kane, there are new desserts at Memorie Baker.

Should we get some for Mrs. Kane?"

"No need. Pregnant women should watch their sugar. It could make the baby too big for an easy birth," Keegan said casually.

This puzzled Aldor. 'When did he learn all this?' Keegan was surprised himself. He hadn't tried to remember it. When he stopped Stella from having an abortion, he had skimmed a booklet about caring for moms and babies. The details stuck in his head without much thought.

He hesitated before saying, "Contact the owner of The Deli. Ask for pelmeni with shrimp filling. I'll pick them up later."

"Alright."

As Aldor was about to leave, Keegan stopped him, "About the items I asked you to collect at the hospital today..."

Aldor nodded and whispered, "We're already checking on it."

"Good. Be careful. Keep it low-key."

As Keegan returned, Stella was chatting with Trevor on the phone.

Hearing the door, she peeked from the balcony and said, "I have to go. Keegan is back. Remember to text me before your flight tomorrow. Help me with what I asked, please."

Trevor grunted, "Sure thing, you sneaky one."

Stella laughed, "I'll cook something special for you when you're back. Even Keegan doesn't get this treatment."

Trevor was happy but teased, "Your sweet talk won't work. I'll make a fuss if I don't get that promised feast."

Stella laughed and chatted a bit more with Trevor before ending the call.

As she came inside from the balcony, she bumped into Keegan.

He glanced at her phone and calmly said, "Cell phones emit radiation. Not good for expecting moms."

Stella rolled her eyes. "WiFi does too. Are you planning to take down all the signal towers in the city?"

Keegan nodded and went closer, saying, "Head to the dining room. I brought pelmeni for you. Have something before resting."

Stella hesitated, a bit surprised.

Keegan's sudden consideration made her feel a little uneasy. She'd been discussing ways to win Keegan back with Felicity earlier. Although she didn't know when or how Keegan fell for her initially, she believed she had some knowhow now. 'I can be a caring wife, make him lunch daily, and entice him with alluring outfits, even if all he can do right now is look.' Stella had many plans, but she didn't anticipate Keegan taking the lead.

She stared at the hot pelmeni before her, softly stirring them with a spoon.

"Shrimp filling?"

"Yeah."

Stella felt moved, thinking he'd remembered her preferences even without recalling her.

Surprisingly, Keegan added, “Shrimp is good for expecting moms.”

Instantly, Stella lost her appetite.

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Stella scoffed, “I see.”

She vigorously stirred the dumplings in her bowl, creating a crisp sound as the spoon repeatedly hit the dishware.

Having dined together at the Saun residence before, Keegan knew Stella’s table etiquette was far more refined than her current demeanor. It then dawned on him that something was wrong. “Are you upset?” he asked.

“No,” Stella flashed a fake smile. “I’m so thrilled that you remembered to bring me food coming home from work so late, Mr. Kane.”

Keegan detected a pattern. Whenever Stella was angry, she would address him as “Mr. Kane”.

He vaguely recalled her raising her eyebrows and commenting, “Nice watch, Mr.

Kane.” Yet, she wasn’t genuinely admiring his timepiece; she was being sarcastic.

Keegan couldn’t fathom what had triggered her irritation, so he asked, “Don’t you like shrimp filling?”

Stella shook her head and said in a serious tone, “No, I do. Like you said, shrimp is good for pregnant women. It’s good for the baby too.”

Hearing that, Keegan seemed to understand. After a brief pause, he admitted, “The owner of The Deli mentioned that I always requested pelmeni with shrimp filling. I assumed you might enjoy it.”

Stella paused. When she resumed eating, the spoon no longer clinked against the bowl.

Keegan came to the conclusion that pregnant women indeed experience significant fluctuations in emotions under the influence of hormones.

After finishing the pelmeni, Stella was about to head upstairs when Keegan stopped her. "Let's go for a walk to aid digestion."

Stella was even more surprised now. "Did Keegan feel pressured and surrender without a fight?"

She glanced around and nodded, "Sure."

Stella grabbed her coat, and they left together.

Nestled between the mountains and waters, Royalpark Villa offered an exceptional view. The landscaping was meticulous, boasting a variety of trees and bushes. The area remained lush and green despite the winter season.

Stella and Keegan had lived in Royalpark Villa for three years, yet they rarely strolled together as they were doing now. Keegan was occupied with work and often got up early for a jog before heading to the office.

On the other hand, Stella was not a morning person. She usually came out in the evening, but Keegan would be working late. Even when they occasionally walked together, there was a lack of harmony between them. They would walk one after the other, resembling strangers.

With this in mind, Stella quickly caught up, walking to Keegan's side and linking arms with him.

Keegan instinctively wanted to pull away, but Stella calmly said, "Don't forget why I'm staying here."

Keegan paused, and he awkwardly withdrew his hand. "Can you give me a heads-up next time physical contact is involved?"

Stella replied indifferently, "Sure."

As a gentle breeze blew, Stella adjusted her coat and asked, "How was the check-up today? What did the doctor say?"

"Everything seems to be normal," said Keegan.

'Normal? How could losing one's memory be considered normal?' Stella thought.

"Um..." Stella gently tightened her grip and exhaled softly." When treating those injuries on your body, did you suffer?"

Keegan recalled Stella crying when she saw his injuries in the study at Cordelia's place. He lowered his eyes and murmured, "I took a lot of painkillers at that time. I was in a daze every day. Looking back now, I don't remember much pain. So I assume it was bearable."

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Stella was heartbroken to hear what Keegan had been through.

'He was in a daze. How much painkillers did he have to take to be in that state?' Stella couldn't shake off the overwhelming feeling. She contemplated what could have been if she had just held onto him in the river. It might have prevented the subsequent events, sparing him from facing the most challenging moment of his life all alone.

Sensing her distress, Keegan's mood seemed to darken. Without meeting her eyes or uttering a word, he matched her stride and silently accompanied her.

The streetlights extended their shadows as Keegan suddenly inquired, "Did you use to take walks like this with him?"

Stella was momentarily stunned but then comprehended that the "him" Keegan referred to was the previous version of himself, the one she had married. This realization stemmed from her previous statement, "I want to make sure the Keegan who deeply loved me is safe and sound."

Dropping her gaze, Stella responded slowly, "No, we rarely walked together.

Even when we did, he never held my hand."

Keegan was slightly taken aback. The situation was different from what he had in mind.

Stella continued, "He was petty and awkward. He clearly liked me, yet always refused to admit it because he wanted to save face. He carefully selected gifts for me but claimed they were from clients. He obviously enjoyed the dishes I

cooked but said they tasted mediocre. He was always sarcastic and knew how to provoke me.”

“It was the first time I encountered a thirty-year-old man who liked someone in such a childish and uneasy way. At that time, I couldn’t comprehend why other couples would hold hands or stroll side by side, while we walked in a singlefile line.”

“Later, I learned that he wasn’t avoiding holding my hand; he was waiting for me to take the initiative.”

As Stella spoke, her fingers intertwined with Keegan’s.

Keegan instinctively wanted to retract his hand, but Stella tightened her grip on his fingers. She put her arm around his waist and whispered, “Please, just for a minute. I miss him.”

Keegan paused and did not resist further. The vulnerability and tenderness she revealed gradually broke down his defenses. Something within him wanted to break free.

Keegan’s figure swayed slightly. Stella noticed his pale face, and her expression changed.

She started to panic. “Keegan, what’s wrong? Don’t scare me!” She exclaimed with a trembling voice.

“It’s nothing.” Keegan reached into his pocket, took out a bottle of pills, opened it, and took one out.

Stella quickly unscrewed a water bottle and handed it to him. Keegan stared at the pill in his hand but hesitated to swallow it.

He clutched the pill in his palm and took a few sips of water, but the pain only intensified. He uncontrollably tried to open the pill bottle again but tightly gripped it to suppress the urge.

Stella didn’t notice whether Keegan had taken the medicine or not. Seeing his condition worsen, she suggested anxiously, “Let’s take you to the hospital.”

However, Keegan held her back, his face turning pale as he endured the intense pain. In a hoarse voice, he said, “Call Grandma.”

Worried, Stella didn't challenge him. She quickly contacted Cordelia.

After hanging up, she helped Keegan back to the house. In just over ten minutes, Baldwin arrived at Royalpark Villa with two other people.

Keegan's complexion remained poor, and Stella stayed by his side, wiping the sweat from his face.

Baldwin led the two people to Keegan. One of them was a man in his forties with a refined appearance, wearing a suit. He sat by the bed and checked Keegan's pulse. The other was a young man in his twenties. He respectfully stood beside them, holding a box.

After examining Keegan's pulse and asking a few questions, the man turned to the young man and said something. The young man nodded and addressed Stella and Baldwin, "My boss needs to carry out an acupuncture session.

Please step aside for a moment."

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Stella felt anxious and reluctant to leave, but Baldwin insisted, "Ms. Hall, please step outside. It's Dr. Morghen's protocol."

Stella tightly clutched her hands and eventually stepped back. The door closed firmly, muffling any sounds from within.

Anxiously pacing outside the room, Stella couldn't shake off a growing sense of unease. Finally, she turned to Baldwin and said, "Who is this doctor? Can we trust him?"

"You've met him before," Baldwin replied.

Perplexed, Stella questioned, "When did I meet him? I don't remember."

"At the Temple of Abawo."

"Temple of- Is he the Venerable Raphael Morghen? Isn't he a religious figure?

Since when he knows medicine?" Stella did not recognize Raphael due to his loose hair.

Baldwin explained, "His belief and job are two different things."

'It sounds like he has quite a flexible career,' thought Stella.

Raphael had a deep connection with Cordelia, and her trust in him prompted his invitation. Still, Stella wondered about his medical skills.

After what felt like an hour, the door finally opened. The young man poked his head out, inviting them in.

Stella hurried inside and saw Keegan seated on the bed, engaged in conversation with Raphael. Although he still appeared somewhat weak, it was an improvement from how he looked earlier.

Upon her entrance, Keegan glanced at her briefly before averting his gaze.

Raphael concluded his discussion with Keegan, stood up, and said to Baldwin, "Let's go."

Stella had a lot of questions, but she didn't manage to voice any. Instead, she turned to Keegan, who said, "I can't get up. Help me see our guest off."

Stella reluctantly stifled her thoughts and saw the guest out.

By the time she returned, Keegan had already locked the door.

Stella was surprised. Her lips twitched. She just wanted to ask how he was feeling. 'What a mutt! He's guarding against me like I'm some sort of threat!' Stella kicked the door a couple of times in frustration before angrily returning to the guest room.

At the Saun residence, Darcie served Wenham a bowl of soup and asked, "Will Trevor join us for dinner today? He usually makes it back for meals whenever Stella is around."

"He didn't call, so probably not. He's flying abroad tomorrow," Wenham replied.

Darcie casually asked, "Why so?"

"He has a business deal to discuss and clients to meet." Wenham ate the soup and continued, "He won't be back for the next few days. You can tell Sandra to skip making his portion."



“Alright.”

Just as they spoke, a message flashed on Darcie’s phone. She quickly turned it off and said, “The soup isn’t very hot. I’ll go warm it up.”

“Sure,” Wenham replied.

Darcie took her phone and left the room. Once in the kitchen, she replied to the message she received, [Don’t contact me first. This is your last warning!]