

## **Read Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1791 [Eleven Jewell]**

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1791 [Eleven Jewell]

Wenham's voice echoed from the kitchen, asking if the soup was ready.

"Coming," Darcie replied while swiftly deleting all the messages on her phone.

She gracefully carried the hot soup to the dining area.

"Let Sandra handle these matters moving forward."

Wenham wiped his hands and continued, "It's getting cold, and the food will cool down during all the back-and-forth."

"Sandra has been busy all night. She's currently having dinner. We shouldn't trouble her with these minor tasks," Darcie said as she filled another bowl of hot soup for Wenham. "Plus, I'm used to it. I took care of your mom, remember? It's not a big deal."

Wenham paused upon hearing that and refrained from saying anything more.

Darcie had put a lot of effort into taking care of Eleanor over the years. With the wealth of the Saun family, finding help for such tiring work was easy as long as the pay was good. Eleanor, once a renowned debutante in Rivera, had become bedridden because of her illness. Her self-esteem suffered due to the inability to care for herself, and she became depressed.

In her youth, Eleanor was gentle and elegant, but years of illness had transformed her. She often verbally abused her caregivers, and despite the high salary offered by the Saun family, no caregiver lasted more than two months.

When Darcie initially started caring for Eleanor, she endured numerous insults.

Even in the face of daily sarcastic remarks, she continued to provide meticulous care to her mother-in-law.

Wenham once saw Darcie reaching out to catch his mother's vomit during an episode, a gesture he, as her son, couldn't bring himself to do. Darcie's actions left a lasting impression on him.

Eleanor wasn't difficult to get along with; she was just ill. Bedridden for years and fretting over her son's future, Eleanor grew tired, and her emotions became overwhelming.

Due to the frequent change in caregivers, Darcie stepped in to look after Eleanor. Despite enduring daily verbal abuse, she remained committed to her duties.

This led Eleanor to insist that Wenham marry Darcie during her final years. She claimed that a virtuous woman such as Darcie would undoubtedly nurture her descendants after her death, securing the Saun family line for generations. After Eleanor passed, Wenham once suggested a divorce, considering their marriage was a result of circumstances. He was willing to provide her with money, ensuring she and her daughter had a carefree life. However, Darcie refused, stating that Eleanor wished for them to build a family.

Their marriage didn't end, and when an accident occurred at the construction site, Darcie traveled a long distance to take care of him. Even with a heart of stone, Wenham couldn't bring himself to utter any harsh words.

Despite the simplicity of their days, Darcie had always been compliant in major matters. Though not extremely close with Trevor, she always had his best interest in mind. Their relationship faced a crack only after Stella entered the family. Wenham had entrusted Darcie with the responsibility of organizing the banquet to announce Stella's return, but she chose a less prestigious venue. Later, although she gave Stella a jewelry store, it still caused trouble with Arnolds.

Wenham had never imagined that the compassionate Darcie could adopt such an attitude as a stepmother.

Therefore, he chose to express his defiance through silence throughout this period.

Darcie's sudden mention of Eleanor touched his heart.

Eleanor had suffered no injustice before her passing, thanks to Darcie's tireless care. Wenham felt indebted to her for this act of kindness.

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1792 [Eleven Jewell]

With the thought of Darcie caring for her late mother, Wenham's expression softened. "I've bought two tickets for the theater. Are you free tomorrow afternoon?"

Darcie couldn't help but feel surprised. Throughout their lengthy marriage, it had consistently been her responsibility to arrange their outings. Wenham rarely took the initiative, and when he did, it was usually in response to invitations from friends.

Her raised eyebrows turned into a warm smile as she asked, "Sure. What time is the show?"

"Three o'clock. I'll pick you up tomorrow," Wenham replied.

Darcie nodded in agreement. As Wenham ate his soup, he addressed the unspoken tension between them. "I've raised Jaylene for twenty years, treating her as my own. Being separated from Stella for over two decades and only recently reconnecting, I might sometimes be a bit biased. Please don't read too much into it."

With a calm tone, Darcie responded, "I understand. You don't need to explain. I know I was in the wrong before. It's only natural that you're upset. Trevor was only ten years old when I came into the picture. Kids are easy to get along with; you can tell what they like and dislike with a glance. Stella returned when she was already an adult, and young adults often conceal their feelings. I just don't know how to relate to her. Also, she harbors resentment with what happened between Jaylene and Keegan. I'm afraid that saying too much might annoy her."

Wenham fell silent for a moment before saying, "Stella is not an unreasonable child. Treat her with kindness, and she'll reciprocate even more. She understands the value of gratitude and is swift to disapprove of injustice, much like Freesia." 1 Darcie clutched her fingers, lowered her eyes, and said, "I understand."

Then, she brought up the matter of Stella living in Royalpark Villa. Darcie thought it was inappropriate for them to live together without being married.

Nevertheless, it was common knowledge that Keegan had no recollection of Stella, making marriage an impractical prospect.

“Keegan is indebted to Stella for life. She’s there to assist him in recovering his memories. Mrs. Kane Sr. had explained it to me. Since Stella is willing, we should go along with it,’ said Wenham.

Darcie thought about it and said, “Alright.”

Suddenly, a loud crash echoed as valuable decorations on the table, worth tens of thousands, were thrown to the ground. When Darcie pushed the door open, she witnessed the scene.

Jaylene had swept everything off her table with reddened eyes. Her face twisted in an ugly expression.

Closing the door behind her, Darcie asked in disdain, “Why are you acting like this?”

Jaylene clenched her fists, lowered her gaze, and said, “Mom.”

Darcie calmly picked up the scattered items and placed them back on the coffee table. “They’re just living together. Is it worth losing your temper over?”

“Keegan is spending less and less time with me. I’m afraid he might regain his memories,” Jaylene said in a hoarse voice. Darcie looked at her disappointedly. “He has always liked Stella. Even if he doesn’t remember now, it’s just a matter of time before he does. Given Keegan’s temperament, do you think he would like you? Would he truly marry you?”

Jaylene bit her lip upon hearing that. She disagreed with Darcie’s words.

Since Keegan woke up, he strongly depended on her, even rebuking Stella to protect her. She believed that there was a possibility between them.

To her, Stella was just good-looking. Meanwhile, she had over twenty years of knowledge, education, and vision.

Jaylene considered herself superior in every aspect. She did not believe Keegan would be attracted to Stella if he did not remember her

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1793 [Eleven Jewell]

Jaylene had always believed that Keegan stood apart from other men. She trusted that he wasn't one to judge solely based on appearances but their personality as well. The only obstacle between her and Keegan was the time they spent together or the lack thereof, i Unexpectedly, Stella shamelessly clung onto Keegan despite him declaring the annulment of their engagement and her having heated moments with Marshall.

From Jaylene's perspective, this conduct resembled that of a woman who lacked decency. ' Unsure of Jaylene's thoughts, Darcie softened her tone." Plenty of good men exist in this world. The situation between Keegan and Stella is complicated. He isn't your perfect match. You should put a stop to your feelings sooner. Stella is entirely focused on Keegan now. This is your chance. Invest your energy in Caline. Establish a solid foundation quickly because, in the end, your customers are what matter most, not just shares."

Jaylene was not enthusiastic about the idea. With Keegan unable to recall anything, it was the opportune time for her to get close to him. She didn't want to divert her energy elsewhere. She believed that with her mother's influence, Stella couldn't threaten her position in Caline. 3 However, in Darcie's presence, Jaylene dared not oppose her. She lowered her eyes and said, "Got it, Mom."

She then changed the subject, "Mom, whose message did you receive during dinner earlier?"

Darcie hesitated for a moment and replied calmly, "It was just a spam message."

"Oh," said Jaylene. However, she felt her mother was lying. Wenham hadn't noticed at dinner, but she did. Her usually composed mother showed a trace of panic upon reading that message. 'Why did she decide to keep it a secret?' Early the next morning, Trevor boarded a private plane bound for Mystonia.

Before his departure, he called Stella to ask if she wanted anything.

Keegan overheard Stella's detailed requests, and it sounded like a lot. Trevor, being good-natured, jotted down her preferences. Before ending the call, he casually asked, "Is Keegan mistreating you? Why are all the items you requested daily necessities?"

"He isn't mistreating me. I'm his guest, after all. I can't expect the host to prepare everything. I should have my own toothpaste, toothbrush, towel, and

bedding. It's already good enough that he's providing me with meals," Stella responded.

Keegan could not believe his ears. 'Could you be any more obvious with your passive-aggressiveness?' He thought.

Trevor understood and played along. "That isn't surprising. How generous can someone be when they're friends with Vermont? Be happy that he gives you food. Don't be too picky. You're your own person. You're just pregnant. I'm sure you can carry two buckets of water without any help."

Stella agreed. "You're right, Trevor. It's my fault for being so high maintenance."

Their conversation left Keegan speechless.

Trevor chuckled when he heard that. "Alright. I'll hang up now. I'll contact you once I arrive."

Stella smiled and said, "Take care, Trevor. I look forward to your early return."

"Bye."

Stella was about to go upstairs after hanging up, but Keegan stopped her.

"Wait."

"What's up?" Stella turned around and asked.

Clearing his throat, Keegan said, "I want to go to the mall. Accompany me to buy some things."

Stella immediately turned away, "No, I'm only here to build a relationship with you so that our child can have good parents. I'm not here to go shopping with you." "I'll give you one million dollars."

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1794 [Eleven Jewell]

Stella halted and turned around with a smile. "Where to? Galaxy Avenue, Century Mall, or Briller Plaza? Which mall would you like to go to, Mr. Kane? Are we driving there, or are we taking a cab? If you prefer a cab, I can arrange it right away."

The immediate switch in her demeanor left Keegan speechless.

Her flattering tone was usually the type he detested. Yet, when Stella spoke like this, he not only didn't mind but even felt a peculiar sense of pleasure. He found it adorable.

Keegan pressed his fist against his lips, coughed lightly, and averted his gaze.

"Let's drive. You choose the place."

"Then, let's go to Briller Plaza. They offer goods with a better value for money there."

"Sure."

Stella made an inviting gesture. "Mr. Kane, come upstairs. I'll help you change."

Keegan scowled and asked, "Is one million dollars not enough? How come you want to take advantage of me?"

Stella's remark was a playful tease, not meant to be taken seriously. However, Keegan's response caught Stella off guard. Suddenly, her words seemed incredibly suggestive. Her ears turned slightly red, but she remained composed.

Clearing her throat, she said, "Mr. Kane, it would be my privilege to admire your divine appearance and extraordinary stature. We've got to seize every opportunity we got." 1 Keegan squinted his eyes and said, "Is that what they teach in your prenatal classes?"

"It's a bad idea to turn down a good deal," said Stella.

Keegan didn't know if he was irritated or amused by her words. He shot her a glare and went upstairs to change.

The news of Stella moving into Keegan's house quickly spread within their social circles. Despite the public claim of helping Keegan recover his memory, others perceived it as preparation for their impending marriage.

Wenham cherished his daughter dearly. If he hadn't been sure about Keegan as a son-in-law, he wouldn't have allowed his daughter to move in. However,

with Stella's previous association with Marshall creating a buzz, the Moores did not know what to think.

Group chats started buzzing with messages.

"Mr. Moore, are you dating a celebrity?" A new assistant, curious while delivering documents, asked Marshall.

He looked at them with a gentle gaze and said, "We're just friends."

The assistant felt somewhat disappointed. "I thought you were together. Don't you like her?"

Marshall paused and lowered his eyes. "I do," he whispered.

Suddenly, his phone rang. Marshall was annoyed to see Ariel telling him about another blind date she had set up for him.

Just then, Kayla texted him. [Mr. Moore, I have a question. What should my friend do if her book is plagiarized?] Marshall thought about it and replied, [Ms. Wilson, can we meet in person to discuss this matter? I have something else I'd like your help with.] Kayla was surprised but agreed. [Sure.] They arranged to meet at a nearby restaurant near Marshall's law firm.

Kayla arrived first but didn't order any food. She sat by the window and waited for him.

It was midwinter and freezing cold. The snowfall wasn't heavy, and the snowflakes melted upon landing, leaving muddy puddles on the ground.

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1795 [Eleven Jewell]

Kayla was busy cleaning mud stains from her pants, regretting her choice of white attire. Muttering complaints to herself, she assumed the approaching footsteps were from the restaurant staff. Only when she finished did she look up and see Marshall standing by the table.

Startled, Kayla cleared her throat and said, "You're here. Why didn't you say anything?"

Marshall chuckled. "I wanted to hear what you were complaining about."



Kayla felt embarrassed at the thought of her criticizing the person who plagiarized her friend's work and Marshall for choosing the restaurant. She was annoyed that she had to walk the stretch of road and dirtied her pants on the way.

"I was mainly complaining because I dirtied my pants," she explained.

Marshall pulled out a chair and glanced at her, amused.

Kayla licked her lips and lowered her eyes. "I don't usually act like this," she said softly.

A light laughter came from across the table.

Kayla was taken aback. She looked up into Marshall's eyes, and her heart skipped a beat.

She knew she was in trouble. Kayla rubbed her chest, thinking, 'Even if I didn't like him, his looks would inevitably stir up some emotions. We're all visual creatures, after all.' "By the way, you mentioned on the phone that you needed my help with something. What is it?" They ordered their food, and Kayla shifted the topic.

"It's no rush," Marshall put down his phone. "Let's first talk about your friend's situation."

Kayla nodded.

The case wasn't complicated. Kayla's high school classmate, now a web novelist, had her story plagiarized recently. The infringing party used her character settings and plot under the pretext of derivative work, publishing on a platform for illegal profit.

Once readers discovered it, the plagiarizer adamantly denied the infringement, only acknowledging it after the platform verified the claims. Kayla's friend contacted the platform immediately, and the plagiarized work was taken down.

The plagiarizer felt cornered and made provocative statements under the accounts that were exposing her actions. She threatened and claimed the protection of copyright laws for her future original works.

It was an unusual case.

Kayla's friend wanted to settle things amicably, but the other party refused, so she decided to take legal action. Hearing that, Kayla sought Marshall for advice.

Marshall listened to the story and asked Kayla to provide materials from both parties.

"Mr. Moore, why do you seem unsurprised by these bizarre cases?" Kayla asked as Marshall saved the documents.

"There's a saying in the legal world. I don't know if you've heard it," he chuckled.

Kayla assumed a listening pose, eager to hear what Marshall had to say