

# Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1881 [Eleven Jewell]

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Stella chuckled, "Maybe next time. It takes a few hours for the gelatin to set.

How about chicken noodle soup? We have some chicken soup left."

"It's all the same if you're cooking. I look forward to tasting your creation,"

Marshall replied warmly.

Keegan snorted and muttered, "He's both ignorant and fearless, hah."

No one else heard what he said, as his voice was soft and the TV was blaring.

However, Stella was standing behind him and vaguely caught something. So, she asked, "What did you say?"

Keegan paused momentarily and said, "I said it lacks vinegar, seasoning, and taste."

Was that really what he said?' Stella pursed her lips and observed him for a few seconds before she headed to the kitchen.

Since Marshall had spoken, she did not want to ruin his mood on New Year's Eve.

Once Stella left, Jaylene took the opportunity to sit next to Keegan and poured him some tea.

Marshall glanced at Keegan, who was eating with his head down. He did not display any particular reaction to Jaylene sitting next to him. He was neither enthusiastic nor cold.

"Keegan, why aren't you spending New Year's Eve at your grandma's place this year?" asked Marshall.

“Til head over there once I pick Stella up,” Keegan casually replied.

Marshall smiled and asked Wenham, “Uncle Wenham, Stella reunited with your family last year. Don’t you want her to spend the holiday at home with you?”

“Yea-” Wenham was about to speak when someone kicked him under the table.

His hand shook, and the wine almost spilled. He hurriedly took a sip along the rim of the glass in heartache.

He then glared at his son sitting across from him and drank leisurely.

Wenham cleared his throat and said, “That entirely depends on Stella. After all, she lives nearby and can come back any time.”

Meanwhile, Jaylene was rambling about various topics, but Keegan responded in disdain, showing no notable expression on his face.

In the end, Jaylene shut her mouth and looked at Keegan closely.

He seemed unaware of her scrutiny. He pulled out a bottle of medicine from his pocket and swallowed a pill.

Jaylene’s doubts faded, and she asked, “Keegan, have you been taking the medicine I gave you on time?”

Keegan nodded.

“Do you feel any different?”

“The pills seem a bit larger, but otherwise, I don’t feel anything. Why do you ask?”

Jaylene shook her head and smiled. “Nothing. Just worried that you’re not following the doctor’s advice. I’m supervising on behalf of Dr. Stone.”

Keegan grinned. “You went through so much trouble to get it for me. How could I let you down?”

Keegan rarely smiled at her. Even during the initial period after waking up, when he only knew her, he never smiled at her.

It made Jaylene's heart flutter, and her ears could not help but redden a bit.

Then, Keegan got up and said, "Excuse me while I go to the bathroom."

Jaylene also stood up. "I'll take you there."

Keegan thanked her and did not refuse. The two left under Trevor's watchful gaze.

Marshall withdrew his gaze and casually said, "It's all thanks to Jaylene that Keegan could return safely this time. No wonder he treats her differently than others."

Wenham's face tightened.

Trevor chuckled, "Have you taken a fancy to my step-sister, Marshall? Is jealousy in the air?"

Marshall choked on a mouthful of wine and coughed until his face turned red. It took a long time before he said, "Quit joking around."

Trevor raised his eyebrows but did not say anything.

'What a coward,' he thought. 'He doesn't even dare to admit his feelings. All he does is play shady tricks. Keegan is much better in comparison.' When Keegan came out of the bathroom, Jaylene was still there.

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Jaylene handed Keegan a towel and said, "Here, wipe your hands."

Keegan took it and thanked her.

Jaylene stood by his side and admired his features. The closer they became, the more she liked him.

She tightened her grip on her hands and whispered, "Keegan, is your recovery almost complete?"

Keegan nodded.

Jaylene bit her lip. "Are you... going to divorce Stella?"

Keegan's movements did not pause. While wiping his hands, he said, "She's assisting me in recovering my memory. It's inappropriate to bring up the divorce now."

Jaylene was taken aback. "I thought you..."

She did not continue, but Keegan asked, "Thought I what?"

Jaylene quickly lowered her eyes and shook her head. "It's nothing."

Fortunately, Keegan did not press further. When he handed her the towel, he took something out of his pocket and gave it to her. Then, he said, "Happy New Year."

Stella was on her way to the bathroom, and she overheard Keegan's words.

She stopped in her tracks and observed the situation discreetly.

Jaylene was momentarily stunned. A flush spread from her cheeks to her neck.

While trembling, she asked, "Is this for me?"

Keegan did not look up. "I saw it at the mall the other day. I thought it suited you.

I didn't know if you'd like it, but if you don't..."

"I like it!" Jaylene eagerly responded.

After saying that, she bit her lip, blushing even more.

Keegan seemed to chuckle, and Jaylene felt shy.

“Keegan, c-can you help me put it on?”

Stella tensed up and thought, ‘I’m going to kill him if he agrees.’ The next second, she heard Keegan say, “Sure.”

‘He told me he was here to pick me up, yet he brought a gift for Jaylene and gave it to her in secret!’ Stella’s face darkened, as she clenched her fists. She looked into the kitchen, thinking about what weapon she could use to harm the two.

Stella really wanted to leave, but she was curious about what Keegan had gotten for Jaylene. ‘I’m actually going to kill him if it’s more expensive than the first gift he gave me.’ Then, she saw Keegan putting a cherry hairpin in Jaylene’s hair.

Stella frowned. ‘That hairpin looks familiar.’ She racked her brains, and not long after, she finally remembered.

‘Isn’t that the hair accessory he bought a few days ago when we were at Briller Plaza? They were two for \$9.90; he only gave one to her!’ Stella’s mind was in a mess.

‘What a mutt! How dare he give away my things to other girls!’

‘Wait. It’s \$9.90. Who gives their mistress a hair accessory that costs \$9.90?’

And, he only gave one to her.’ Jaylene was in a daze. Keegan touching her hair made her heart flutter.

It was not until he removed his hands that Jaylene snapped back to reality. She reached up to touch the hairpin. “Is it pretty?” she held her breath and asked.

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Keegan nodded. “The hairpin does look good.”

Stella was at a loss for words.

‘Jaylene was clearly asking if she looked good and not the hair accessory.’ Jaylene, however, did not mind at all. In fact, she seemed delighted.

“Jaylene, did the police contact you recently?” Keegan casually inquired.

Still immersed in the joy of Keegan giving her a gift for the very first time, Jaylene instinctively replied, “No. Why?”

“It’s nothing,” Keegan replied casually. “A few days ago, they came to ask me about the day of the incident. They asked me how I was rescued. I still don’t have any memories of it, so I can’t provide the police with useful clues. You found me alone that day, right?”

Jaylene’s fingers suddenly tightened. Without lifting her head, she replied, “I heard from the police that you were in the area, so I took a cab there. When I found you, you were already on the shore. So, I had the driver help me get you into the car.”

“You got the information from the police?” Keegan paused. ‘I thought you went with Marshall. The police came because they received a call from Marshall. I thought you were with him.’

Jaylene was taken aback, and her expression was somewhat bewildered. Then, she shook her head. “No.”

Keegan remained silent, as he contemplated something.

Stella curled her fingers, and her chest was trembling slightly.

‘Keegan is probing Jaylene. He doesn’t trust her as much as he claimed. But, why did he say those things to me?’ Jaylene seemed unaware of Keegan’s probing and thought that he blamed her for not informing the Kane family.

With teary eyes, she spoke softly, “Keegan, you were severely injured at the time. When I took you to the hospital, the doctor said it was very likely that you wouldn’t survive. I was so scared. I didn’t know how to tell everyone. By the time you were transferred out of the ICU, it was already two weeks later, and you didn’t remember anything. I didn’t dare to say anything.”

She paused for a while and said, “Keegan, you won’t blame me, will you?”

Keegan just looked at her and remained silent.

Jaylene panicked and continued, "Keegan, I'm sorry."

At the same time, Stella heard the sound of wind chimes coming from Jaylene.

Keegan's initially calm gaze suddenly seemed dazed, and then it softened.

He reached out to wipe away Jaylene's tears, but Stella's cold voice came from behind before his hand made contact. "What are you two doing?"

Her voice startled Jaylene.

Keegan's movements paused for a moment. He picked up a towel nearby and hastily wiped Jaylene's face. "I don't blame you," he said softly.

Initially frightened by Stella's sudden appearance, Jaylene felt a touch of pride when Keegan wiped away her tears.

"Stella, don't misunderstand. I just got some dust in my eyes, and Keegan was helping me get it out."

Keegan stood at the side with an expressionless face, and he did not offer any explanation.

Stella let out a sarcastic chuckle. "Hah. This is the first time I've seen someone wipe away dust from their eyes with a towel."

Jaylene smirked and said, "It was just a quick wipe. You're not petty, are you?"

Stella looked at Jaylene's smudged makeup, gave her a cold glance, and said, "You should take a good look at yourself in the mirror." With that, she turned around and left. Jaylene was somewhat surprised. She did not expect Stella to let it go so easily.

She intended to say something to Keegan, but he had already walked away.

Jaylene did not care about anything else and hurriedly followed behind.

Keegan arrived in the living room and saw that Stella had already sat down next to Marshall. She smiled at him and said, "Don't complain if the food isn't good."

It's New Year's, and I want to hear something nice."

Marshall tasted the soup and chuckled, "This is the most delicious chicken noodle soup I've ever had. Thank you."

Stella smiled, and her eyes were shining. "You're the first person to praise my cooking. When I first learned to cook, someone told me that even dogs wouldn't eat my food."

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Keegan pulled out a chair and sat next to Stella.

Marshall chuckled, "That's just him being picky and not appreciating your cooking. It's clearly delicious."

Stella gave him a thumbs up. "You got good taste!" Jaylene had initially planned to sit beside Keegan. But, before she could, Trevor cast a glance at her and asked,"

Jaylene, what happened to your face?" Jaylene looked puzzled. "What's wrong?"

Others turned their attention to her.

Her makeup had been smudged. The foundation and contour on her face were uneven. She looked as though she had been in a fight.

Darcie frowned. "Your makeup is ruined, and you didn't notice?"

Trevor opened the camera app on his phone to show Jaylene her current appearance.

Jaylene's expression turned ugly. She glared at Stella, gritted her teeth, and said, "Stella, my makeup is ruined. Why didn't you tell me earlier? Are you deliberately trying to embarrass me?"

Stella was taken aback.



With Keegan as her backing, Jaylene now dared to confront Stella in front of their father.

When Jaylene questioned her, Wenham, who was absorbed in drinking, snapped out of his trance. "What do you mean deliberately trying to embarrass you? Why do you always think that Stella is targeting you? If she was, why would she save you in the first place?"

Jaylene was momentarily speechless.

"Hurry up and fix your makeup. It looks horrible," Darcie added.

Jaylene could not swallow the humiliation. She felt that Stella was deliberately trying to embarrass her in front of Keegan. She did not leave and glared at her, demanding an explanation.

Stella slowly looked up and said, ' Didn't I tell you?'

"When did you do that?"

"Think about it."

"I-" Jaylene recalled Stella telling her to look in the mirror before she left.

Wasn't that an insult? How can she claim that she told me?' Jaylene was furious.

"Remember now?" Stella asked.

Jaylene clenched her teeth. Her face darkened, as she went to the bathroom to fix her makeup.

Stella lowered her eyes and sipped on her juice.

Jaylene was indeed a hopeless romantic.

While Stella did not explicitly tell her about the smudged makeup, Keegan was the one who wiped her face with a towel. Nevertheless, Jaylene directed her blame at Stella.

'Was she expecting Keegan to speak up for her? I'd curse him out if he dared to say a word.' Marshall poured a glass of wine and handed it to Stella." Happy New Year, Stella. I hope everything goes smoothly for you, and may all your wishes come true."

Stella looked at the alcohol and was momentarily stunned.

Before she could react, Keegan took the glass in front of her and said, "She'll be driving later. I'll drink it on her behalf."

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When Keegan offered to take care of Stella's drink, she immediately sensed Wenham and Trevor exhale with relief.

Marshall chuckled, "We can call an Uber later. Come on. It's New Year's Eve."

Keegan glanced at him and said, "Like you said, it's New Year's Eve. We should let the Uber drivers rest."

Initially, this statement appeared logical. However, it revealed several discrepancies upon closer examination. Individuals seeking rest would not actively take ride orders, while those who were motivated to earn more income would likely welcome the opportunity.

However, Keegan did not give Marshall time to react. He directly lifted the glass and finished it in one gulp.

Stella sat nearby and watched without intervening.

Upon seeing this, Marshall chuckled again and downed his glass as well.

Stella picked up the bottle and poured everyone another round. "Make a toast to Marshall on my behalf. I wish him a successful career and a wonderful love life in the new year."

Keegan looked at the wine in front of him and fell silent.

Stella glanced at him and said, "If it's inconvenient, then I'll-"

Keegan picked up the glass and glared at her. He clinked the glass against Marshall's and down the drink once more.

Marshall raised his glass to Stella and said, "Thank you."

Stella poured another glass for Keegan. "This one is for Trevor. I wish him peace and happiness with an abundance of wealth."

Keegan clenched his fists. "Can't you just toast everyone at once?"

"Of course not. Everyone's blessings are different. Doing it one by one shows that I care."

After saying that, she looked at Keegan. "If you can't handle your alcohol, I can raise the toasts myself."

"Who said I can't handle it? Watch me!" Keegan gritted his teeth.

Stella smirked and said, "We'll see."

Under Stella's encouragement, Keegan drank a toast for everyone at the table, including himself. His face was flushed by the time it ended.

Stella saw that he had enough and paid no more attention to him.

Instead, she turned to chat with everyone.

Wenham had an excellent tolerance for alcohol and drank a lot that night. On the other hand, Darcie was worried and kept advising him not to drink more.

In terms of drinking, Wenham was quite obedient to Darcie. Seeing that she seemed unhappy, he told her he would stop.

"By the way, a friend brought me a photo album from the Jewell residence when it was auctioned off a while ago," he said.

Taken aback, Stella asked, "What photo album?"

“It contains some of your childhood photos. I think Ms. Spade kept them. When the people cleaned up the place, they accidentally damaged the album. I had someone repair it, and I just got it back a few days ago.”

Stella was shocked to know that Rainee had secretly kept some of her photos.

“What does it look like?” she asked.

Stella had quite a few photos of herself as a child, all of which were at Keegan’s place. However, they were all photos taken after she was ten. There were very few from before she turned ten.

Rainee was very busy with work and rarely took her to take pictures. After turning ten, Stella was old enough to take photos without Rainee accompanying her.

“Wait here. I’ll go grab it for you,” said Wenham.

He got up and went to the study room. After a short while, he came back holding a box.

After that, he opened the box to reveal a thick photo album. The album looked vintage. It was slightly damaged at the corners but had already been patched up and looked fine.

Wenham flipped to the first page, and Stella leaned in to look.

It was a photo of her in a swaddle cloth. Stella had never seen the picture before.

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The baby in the photo was tiny and wrinkled. And, she was wrapped tightly in a blanket. Her skin was red, but it was clear that she was well-nourished in the womb. Even though she was just born, her face looked plump. Her eyes were closed, and she was sleeping soundly.

“Is this me?” Stella was genuinely surprised. “I can’t recognize myself at all.”

“I can see it. Your mouth and brows resemble mine, and your eyes and hair resemble your mother’s. Your nose is exactly the same as your mom’s, too,”

said Wenham.

Stella listened quietly to Wenham's description. She was particularly curious about how her father could tell they had similar eyebrows when it was almost nonexistent in the pictures.

"I think her eyebrows look more like The Mystic Duo," someone interjected.

Everyone was taken aback.

Stella's face darkened when she recalled that The Mystic Duo from a popular TV show had no eyebrows.

Marshall and Trevor also caught on to the joke.

However, Wenham did not understand. "What do The Mystic Duo's eyebrows look like?" he asked.

Marshall suppressed his laughter and refrained from commenting.

Trevor snorted and teased his father. "Dad, those bushy brows of yours are one of a kind. It's a bit of a stretch to say that Stella's are the same, don't you think?"

Keegan stayed silent during the discussion.

Wenham was not disturbed by Trevor's remarks. He continued to flip through the album and praised his daughter. Stella felt embarrassed to say anything, but Marshall was very supportive.

"This is her at a hundred days old. Look at those big eyes. You can tell she's a smart baby."

Marshall added, "She looks like Aunt Freesia with her eyes closed. But, she looks more like you with her eyes open."

Wenham continued, "Rainee fed her well. Her face looked so round when she was a year old."

“It’s good for a child to have a little baby fat. I was very skinny when I was a child. My grandfather always said I looked like I survived a famine,” Marshall commented.

Wenham could not contain his amusement when he came across another picture of Stella. Her face was full of mud, and she was having a good time with her friends by the muddy water. She was three years old in that picture.

“Rainee spoiled her too much. Look at this. She looks like a little clay figure.”

Stella glanced at the image and felt that her face was burning. She did not remember when that photo was taken, but she appeared filthy.

Suddenly, she recalled a viral video of two mud-covered children standing with hunched shoulders and found it funny.

She looked up at Keegan, expecting some reaction, but he just glanced at the photo and remained silent.

Once Wenham was done flipping through the album, he set it aside and continued chatting with the young people.

After spending over half an hour on her makeup, Jaylene finally exited the bathroom and tried to get close to Keegan.

“Keep your distance. Don’t make me repeat myself,” Trevor said with a flat tone.

Jaylene was stunned to hear that. “Huh?”

Trevor’s cold gaze pierced through Jaylene’s heart. Why is it that even though we grew up together, he treats Stella better?’ she thought.

Stella was unaware of this situation and wondered why Jaylene was so well behaved after touching up her makeup. But, at that moment, she had no intention of dealing with it. She noticed that Keegan seemed drunk.

He discreetly pulled her and whispered, “Honey, I want to go home.”

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Keegan had never called Stella “Honey” let alone held her hand after his return.

When he did so, Stella’s heart pounded with a mix of emotions. ‘It seems like he remembers me. But, why is he pretending like he doesn’t?’ Her mind was in turmoil.

Keegan would not pretend not to remember her for no reason. There must be a reason behind his actions, but Stella could not discern what it might be.

She realized if they stayed any longer, Keegan would undoubtedly reveal more than he intended in his intoxicated state.

So, Stella claimed to feel a bit unwell and informed Wenham that she wanted to leave.

Thinking that it was due to the discomfort caused by her pregnancy, Wenham expressed his concern. “You should rest upstairs for a while if you’re not feeling well.”

Stella shook her head. “That’s okay, dad. I just had too much to eat. Plus, Keegan’s grandma called and urged us to go over there, so I can’t stay.”

Before Wenham could respond, Marshall said, “How about we leave together?”

My colleague is currently in the vicinity attending a meeting. He hasn’t been drinking. I asked him to pick me up once he’s done. We can drive you two home first.

Stella had not responded, but she could sense Keegan’s grip tightening.

She smiled and said, “That’s okay. You rarely come over. You should stay and have some fun. I’ll handle the driving. I feel like cruising along Lumi River.

They’re setting off fireworks tonight, and I’d love to catch the show while taking a stroll.”

Marshall wanted to say something more, but Darcie interrupted. “Marshall, Wenham is in a good mood today. You should stay and chat with him for a while.

It'll be too quiet if you all leave at once, and he'll probably have trouble sleeping again."

"You mentioned you wanted to play chess with me a moment ago. It's the holidays, and you have nothing urgent to do. Stay a little longer. I'll arrange for someone to take you home later," Wenham said.

Since things had come to this point, Marshall had no choice but to give in.

When Keegan arrived, he brought half a carload of gifts. Before he left, Wenham filled his car with more. His fatherly love was overflowing.

Stella went upstairs to get some clothes. Marshall originally wanted to help, but before he could walk over, Stella called out, "Keegan, can you help me with this?"

Keegan was standing by the table, and he was not sure what to do. When he heard Stella call him, he came to his senses and walked over.

He walked relatively steadily, but his eyes were blurry. He had always been like this when he consumed alcohol. As long as he did not speak, it was hard for others to notice that he was drunk.

Keegan took the box from Stella while she held onto the handrail. She then subconsciously placed a hand on her stomach and carefully walked downstairs.

Marshall was stunned for a moment. He felt that Stella's movement was a little strange.

He could not help but take a few more glances.

It was not until Stella was off the stairs that she released her grip on her stomach.

After seeing them off, Marshall stood there for a moment. Jaylene looked at him and saw that he had a regretful expression on his face. "If I were you, I would never let this opportunity go," she said.



Marshall glanced at her indifferently. “Really? Then, why didn’t you stop Stella from moving to Royalpark Villa?”

His question left her taken aback. Before she could refute him, Marshall turned around and went into the house.

Jaylene was annoyed, but then she thought of the hairpin on her head and felt happy again.

Meanwhile, Stella was driving and closely monitoring Keegan’s condition.

Keegan had his eyes closed. It was most likely that he was asleep.

“Keegan,” Stella called his name.

Keegan responded obediently.

“Tell me if you feel like throwing up. There’s a bag in the glove compartment.”

Keegan shook his head. “I’m not going to throw up.”

Stella did not say anything else. Instead of driving to Royalpark Villa, she headed to Lumi River.

It was New Year’s Eve, and the square across the river was packed with people.

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Stella did not head toward the bridge at Lumi River. Instead, she drove straight to the riverside.

After stopping the car, Stella unbuckled her seatbelt and turned to look at Keegan.

Keegan felt that the car had stopped and opened his eyes.” Are we home?” he asked.

Stella’s eyes deepened. She shook her head and replied in a low voice, “No.”

Keegan furrowed his brows and whispered, "Hurry up. I want to sleep."

Stella unfastened his seatbelt and said, "Answer a few questions, and I'll take you home."

Keegan looked at her in confusion. "What are the questions?"

Stella stared into his eyes and asked, "First of all, who am I?"

Keegan pursed his lips and remained silent.

Meanwhile, Stella narrowed her eyes. "Don't you want to go home and sleep?"

Keegan whispered, "Stella."

Stella's eyes darkened. "That's not how you addressed me earlier at my house."

Keegan did not speak.

Stella ground her teeth, as she was irritated that he was being difficult despite being intoxicated. "Can't remember, huh?"

She leaned back in her seat and said, "Then, we'll wait here until you remember."

Keegan hesitated. He was surprised by her stubbornness. "You said you'd take me home if I answered your question."

"I'm not someone who keeps my word," Stella responded.

Keegan frowned. "Are you planning to sleep here?"

Stella did not bat him an eye. "Yup."

Keegan glanced at the darkness outside and wrinkled his brow. "Don't be silly.

It's too cold out here. Dr. Quinn mentioned that you can't catch a cold if you want to conceive."

Stella paused and widened her eyes. “Dr. Quinn? Who’s that?”

“Your OB-GYN. What games are you playing here? Don’t you want a baby?”

Stella bit her lips.

Perfect. He’s drunk.’ She turned her head to look at Keegan and whispered, “Have you forgotten?”

“We already have a baby.”

Keegan was momentarily stunned, and his brain seemed to recall the situation.

Stella took his hand, placed it on her abdomen, and said, “Honey, the wish we made on the night of our proposal has come true.” Keegan stared at her blankly before finally leaning down to hug her.

“Stella,” he softly called her name.

Stella responded and felt something soft touching her forehead.

She froze and looked up to meet Keegan’s starry eyes.

She reached out to touch his cheek but hesitated before making contact. She remembered his resistance when she tried to touch him previously. Even though he was right in front of her in perfect condition, she felt as though it was an illusion.

Keegan grabbed her hand and placed it on his cheek, as she was about to pull away. He lightly kissed her and said, “Stella, Stella... Was it cold when you were in the water?”

Stella’s nose tingled, and her eyes turned red.

Keegan panicked when he noticed her tears. He awkwardly wiped them away and said in a hoarse voice, “Did they hurt you?”

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Stella was surprised.

"You sound like... a pretty experienced dad."

Keegan said, "I don't want our baby to be a troublemaker like Coco. Our child is going to be a very obedient one."

Stella kept quiet.

After a long pause, she said, "You're very picky, aren't you?"

'How can I possibly decide what the baby's personality will be like?' Stella thought to herself.

"I think Coco is very adorable," Stella added.

Keegan snorted, "She's just pretending to be good in front of you. She always does that when she asks me to bring her to see you."

Stella was shocked. "When did Coco know about me?"

"After we took our wedding photos, she kept pestering me to see them. So, I showed her." Keegan got a little angry, as he continued, "She said you look good, but I look like a zombie. Even if she was sick, she insisted on sneaking out of the hospital to see you. And then, she got hit by an electric bike.

"Even though she has anemia, she can be very naughty."

Stella paused upon hearing Keegan's words, as she slowly pieced together the truth of what happened during their wedding night.

Coco sneaked out to the wedding venue, got hit by a bike, and needed a blood transfusion. However, Coco's caretaker could not reach Keegan, so that person contacted Bella, who had donated blood to Coco before.

Bella, who had always been resentful of Keegan marrying a woman who came out of nowhere, saw it as a perfect opportunity to ruin the wedding. So, right before Keegan went on stage, she approached him and told him about it.

That was the reason why Keegan left the wedding hastily with Bella.

After many years, although she and Keegan had deep feelings for each other, she could not help but be bothered by the fact that Keegan left her alone during their wedding night. After all, that was one of the most important days in her life.

But now, knowing that it was because of Coco, that cute little girl, her lingering resentment slowly disappeared.

With that in mind, Stella looked at Keegan and asked the question she had always wanted to ask. "Who are Coco's parents?"

Keegan paused and clenched his fists without saying anything in response.

Stella asked again in a low voice, "Even until now, are you still not willing to tell me?"

Keegan shook his head. "It's not that I'm not willing to. It's that I can't; at least not now."

Keegan embraced her. "Stella, Coco did not come from an ordinary family.

Otherwise, I wouldn't have been hiding and raising her away from the public. I promised her family that I'd make sure she grew up safe and healthy. This is a promise I cannot break, no matter what."

'It's not that he doesn't want to tell me. It's because he can't...

'Who could Coco's parents be that Keegan has to be so secretive about it?' Stella wondered.

Keegan hugged her tighter. "Stella, stop asking me about it because I don't want to lie to you. I can't break my promise. It was me who couldn't stop..." i 'Stop... what?' Stella thought.

She then tried to ask him about it, but he just would not say anything.

'He's just pretending to be drunk, isn't he?

'It seems like he knows just the right time to doze off,' Stella thought to herself.

She closed her eyes and tried to chase away the frustration in her heart.

Although she liked Coco, she felt somewhat uncomfortable living with an unidentified child.

She saw the troubled look on Keegan's face and sighed. "I won't ask you about this anymore, but I have one last question. Are Coco's family members people I know?"

Keegan shook his head. "No."

Stella stared at him for a while, trying to find traces of lies in his eyes. However, his gaze appeared clear, open, and honest.

"Fine, I'll believe you this time. If you lied to me..." Stella paused before she continued, "I'll punish you by... leaving you forever."

Keegan grabbed her hand and gently kissed it. "I'll never lie to you about things like this. Never," he said in a hoarse voice.