

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1891 [Eleven Jewell]

Stella did not say anything. Instead, she patted Keegan's back absentmindedly and said after a long silence, "Since when did you remember?"

Keegan looked puzzled and was completely unaware of what she was asking about.

'I wonder what's going on in his head right now...' Stella thought to herself.

Suddenly, Stella's phone vibrated. She grabbed it and glanced at it.

There was a text from Trevor. [Remember to look at what's in the first layer of the gift box.] Stella was stunned, as she wondered what it could be that Trevor had to specifically text her to remind her about it.

As she thought about it, she got out of the car to retrieve the gift box. It was a document packaged in a paper bag.

She returned to the car, turned on the overhead light, and took out the contents.

When she flipped through the first page, her expression subtly changed.

It was information about Raynard that she had asked Trevor to investigate.

She did not think much about it before the investigation. She just wanted to know if the doctor hired by Jaylene was really as good as she claimed. After all, Raynard had a very limited track record in Hustuabourg, as he mainly practiced overseas.

Unexpectedly, the investigation raised some suspicions about him.

Hypnosis...

Stella thought about the sound of a wind chime that came from Jaylene when she was eavesdropping on Jaylene and Keegan's conversation. After hearing that sound, Keegan immediately acted a little unusual.

However, Stella still thought that Keegan was probably just pretending.

She never had any encounters with hypnosis, so she wondered if that wind chime sound was an attempt by the hypnotist to manipulate Keegan's mind.

'But, how could someone as mentally resilient as Keegan be easily hypnotized?' Stella wondered.

She furrowed her brows, and a thought struck her mind. Suddenly, she remembered the medicine that Keegan had taken.

'The painkiller... What exactly is it?' Stella's expression changed, as she immediately turned to search Keegan's body.

"Where's your medicine?" Stella's voice trembled slightly. Her hands moved from his chest to the pockets on both sides. As she searched for the medicine, she said, "Keegan, where's your medicine? Give it to me."

Keegan paused. Then, he slowly took out a familiar medicine bottle from behind.

"This one?"

Stella snatched it and opened it with her shaking hands. The bottle was more than half full just a few days ago. Now, it only had a few pills left.

Her face turned pale. "Why did you take so many of it?"

Keegan then responded as though he was a child who had done something wrong. "It tastes good."

"This is medicine, not candy!" Stella was so angry that her voice trembled even harder.

Feeling wronged, Keegan then replied in a low voice, "It really does taste good."

As he spoke, he took one of the pills and placed it near Stella's mouth. Just as Stella was about to scold him for doing that, she suddenly smelled a faint milk fragrance.

She paused and licked it. Then, Keegan took the opportunity and stuffed it in her mouth.

Stella blinked her eyes continuously and said after a while, "Is this a milk tablet?"

Keegan nodded and said with a bit of frustration, "They just won't make me some strawberry-flavored ones."

His response left Stella utterly speechless.

'Does he think he looks very cute by saying that?' Her tense heart relaxed slightly. 'It turns out he knew that there was something wrong with the medicine a long time ago,' Stella thought to herself.

As she thought about how Keegan probed Jaylene earlier, she could not help but wonder if Keegan only pretended to have lost his memories because he wanted to find out what Jaylene had been hiding from him.

However, Stella still could not figure out when Keegan had recovered his memory. Stella continued to question Keegan for a long time, but Keegan rambled on without giving her any answer.

Although Stella did not manage to get the information she wanted, Keegan's talkative nature after drinking took over.

"Stella, is the baby acting up?"

"Not really."

"Stella, when should we get married?"

"Didn't you want to break off the engagement?"

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"I didn't!"

Stella glared at him, "You did! You even said that you want to be with Jaylene instead!"

Stella told the lie so unwaveringly that she put Keegan in doubt.

“D-Did I really say that?”

Stella continued, “Yeah. You said that you couldn’t remember me, so you didn’t want to be with me or even see me.”

Keegan looked somewhat pitiful, like an abandoned puppy. His lips trembled.

After a long silence, he said, “I must have been confused. Can I take back those words now?”

“Can words spoken be taken back? I’ve heard them all.

When you said those things to me, my heart broke.”

Keegan frowned, racked his brain, and said pitifully, “Can you forget them then?”

Stella could not help but chuckle upon hearing that. She reached out to pinch his earlobe and gently rubbed his nose, “Hug me, and I’ll forget them.”

Keegan immediately hugged her, “Have you forgotten?”

Stella closed her eyes, “Not yet.”

After a few seconds, Keegan asked again, “Have you forgotten?”

Stella replied slowly, “A little bit.”

After some time, Keegan spoke again, “Have you-“

“I’m not going to forget anything if you keep running your mouth.”

Keegan instantly kept quiet.

Stella leaned against him and asked softly, “Do you remember what happened after you let go of me in the river that day?”

Keegan thought for a moment and began to tell her everything that he could recall.

The slender trunk could not bear their weight, and they could not climb up either.

If they continued to struggle in the water and snapped the trunk, both of them might lose their lives.

Stella was lighter and knew how to swim, so her possibility of surviving was higher. Meanwhile, he was badly injured and barely conscious. He was gradually becoming a burden to her.

If he let go, there was a high chance that Stella would be saved. He, going downstream, might also have a slim chance of survival.

At the spot where they fell into the river, the water swiftly flowed because it was a very steep slope. Although Keegan had no idea what the downstream terrain was like, he figured he could take a chance.

Fortunately, after releasing his grip on a floating garbage bag, he drifted for about a mile before the water gradually slowed down.

After the water stopped pushing him around, he felt exhausted and depleted.

His body began to sink. However, he heard Stella's cries every time he closed his eyes.

He did not know if she had been saved.

He did not know how severely she was injured.

They had planned to register their marriage on Valentine's Day.

'Is she going to be sad now that I can't make it there?' At that time, he wondered to himself.

When a person is on the brink of death, there is always an intense urge to survive.

Suddenly, he remembered something Stella said when she taught him to swim.

She said, “Actually, swimming isn’t scary at all. No matter how deep you sink, I’ll be there to catch you.”

She lived up to her words.

Swimming was not that difficult, after all.

She taught him so meticulously that he memorized all the movements.

How could he drown just because he said his last goodbye?

He had to go up and see her alive...

He recalled the techniques he learned and began to swim toward the shore with all his strength. Although his wounds were soaked in water and the pain had numbed him, he just kept swimming.

He knew that he could never come back if he sank again.

However, not everything can be achieved solely through willpower. When he was about ten feet away from the shore, something sharp in the water cut across his lower back, disrupting his rhythm and causing him pain. Then, he choked on water.

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That was everything Keegan could remember about that night.

Someone saved him.

Stella thought about when Keegan probed Jaylene; she said she had found him on the shore.

So, there were two possibilities: either Jaylene had lied, or she had been the one who had rescued Keegan from the water.

However, Stella immediately dismissed this possibility.

Jaylene never hid what she had done for Keegan.

If she had jumped into the water to save him, why did she not let Keegan know and seek credit?

Therefore, the second possibility was that someone else saved Keegan, and Jaylene took advantage of the situation.

However, Stella could not figure out how Jaylene conveniently knew where to find Keegan.

She then thought about Keegan's previous questions to Jaylene, 'Did Keegan suspect that Marshall told Jaylene where he was?' 2 Stella furrowed her brows and remained silent for a long time.

Just as she was lost in thought, she felt an itch on her neck.

She looked down and saw Keegan clumsily fastening a necklace for her.

She was taken aback, "What are you doing?"

Keegan whispered, "It's my New Year's gift to you."

It took him some time to finally put it on for her. Then, he looked at Stella with his dazzling eyes and said in her ear, "The one I bought looks better."

Stella was puzzled. It did not click until she pulled down the mirror and saw the necklace on her neck.

The necklace looked very similar to the one Marshall had given her before, but the craftsmanship on this one was more exquisite.

Then, Stella suddenly understood the omitted part of Keegan's sentence: "The one I bought looks better than the one he gave you."

Stella reached out to touch the necklace on her neck. After a while, she said, "I still think the hair clip you gave Jaylene looks better. I spent a long time choosing it."

Keegan was speechless.

Stella squinted and looked at him from head to toe, “How dare you steal my things and give them to another woman? Do you think our relationship is too stable and want to spice things up?”

Keegan’s lips moved, but it took him some time to finally speak, “I didn’t steal it.

You dropped it on the floor, and I picked it up.”

“And you gave it to someone else?”

Keegan mumbled and explained for a long time before Stella finally understood his intention.

He had brought many gifts to the Saun residence for everyone in the family, but he forgot about Jaylene.

Jaylene was sensitive; such abnormal behavior would arouse suspicion once she noticed it. So, Keegan, being the clever man, took the hairpin from the floor and personally gave it to her as a gift.

He figured that if he gave Jaylene her gift separately and even put it on for her, she would undoubtedly be charmed by him.

Compared to the other ordinary presents, this special gift would make her feel that Keegan considered her different from everyone else.

Jaylene was not as “superficial” as Stella was. She would not fuss over a one dollar hair clip as Stella did.

For Jaylene, the value was not in the price of the hair clip but in the person who gave it.

Stella imagined what would have happened if Keegan had not prepared a gift for herself and tried to fool her with a cheap hair clip.

They would probably end up having a big fight.

The cheers from the distant crowd accompanied the countdown to zero, and the sky lit up with fireworks.

The new year had arrived.

Stella looked at the fireworks through the window, turned her head, and kissed Keegan. "Keegan Kane, Happy New Year," she whispered.

Keegan remained quiet as he leaned against her in the car seat and intertwined his fingers with hers, gently resting them on her belly.

After some time, Stella said, "I suddenly thought of something else too. How did your vasectomy fail?"

After waiting for a while without a response, she turned her head and saw that Keegan had fallen asleep.

Stella sighed and then got up, reaching over to fasten his seatbelt before driving away.

In the Saun residence, as soon as the clock hit midnight, Wenham started yawning continuously. Both Trevor and Marshall had drunk quite a bit.

Trevor never knew that Marshall had such a high alcohol tolerance before that day. He was already starting to feel tipsy, yet Marshall could still speak very coherently.

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It was getting late, and Marshall had to take his leave.

Wenham asked him to stay a while longer out of courtesy and then called for a driver to take him home. Marshall politely declined, saying a colleague was coming to pick him up.

Shortly after, they heard a car engine outside the house. His colleague had arrived.

After bidding goodbye, Marshall got into the car.

The driver was his new apprentice, a graduate who had just finished his studies half a year ago. He appeared very young but somewhat reserved. After greeting Marshall, he remained silent as he did not know what else to say.

Marshall undid the button on his collar, stretched his neck, and looked at his phone.

There were numerous missed calls and voicemails, mainly from his mother. Two WhatsApp messages were from Irene, a few work-related messages, and some New Year's greetings from various group chats.

He opened the message from Irene. One read: [It's the New Year. Why can't you just enjoy it?] The other one said: [Your grandfather is upset.] Marshall cleared the chat history and said flatly, "Let's go."

The young man asked softly, "Mr. Moore, where should we go?"

"The office. I need to get something."

Then, his apprentice started driving.

The car had not gone far when his phone buzzed again.

Marshall was slightly annoyed, thinking it was another message from his mother. However, when he checked it, he saw a message from Kayla: [Happy New Year. If you wish me the same, give me some money.] Marshall repeatedly looked at the message. 'She probably did not send this to everyone in her contact, right?' Marshall thought to himself.

Then, he transferred two hundred dollars to Kayla's account.

After a few seconds, she sent him another text message: [Thank you so much for the blessing.] Marshall chuckled before replying: [You're too polite.] Kayla asked: [By the way, why did you take it so seriously?] Marshall thought for a moment before he replied: [Because only your New Year wish looks like you typed it yourself.] Kayla said: [It was forwarded to me.] Marshall was speechless.

After a while, Kayla sent him another text: [Since you blessed me with your money, I'll help you fulfill your New Year's wish.] Marshall laughed: [Any wish?] [As long as it's achievable within two hundred dollars. If my dad found out that I

did an unprofitable deal, he's going to be very disappointed in me.] Her response made Marshall laugh for a while before he replied: [Hmm... I wish to receive your New Year's wish every year from now on.] Kayla was taken aback and replied after a long while: [Sure.]

As the car passed by a pharmacy, Marshall asked his apprentice to stop and buy some hangover medicine for him.

Although he was not drunk, he had consumed a fair amount of alcohol and was feeling a little uncomfortable.

After his apprentice got out of the car, Marshall leaned back in his seat, lost in thought.

Not far away, a young couple walked together. The woman was pregnant, and her belly had a visible bump. She was walking slowly, while the man seemed a little impatient, occasionally turning around to mutter something.

Marshall had no idea what the woman said in response, but the man looked somewhat angry and walked quite a distance without turning around anymore.

The woman stood on the sidewalk, looking sad. Then, she gently placed her hand under her belly and slowly walked down the steps.

The man then returned to support her, but Marshall's gaze remained fixed on that woman.

He watched the woman, and for some reason, he thought of how Stella instinctively held her belly when walking down the stairs earlier that day. '

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At the Saun residence, after Wenham had a cup of ginger lemon tea to sober up, Darcie helped him upstairs to rest.

The maids cleaned up the mess they had made.

Trevor came out from the washroom and saw Jaylene holding the photo album from Stella's childhood.

Her fingers clenched tightly on the album. However, her facial expression was concealed in the shadows, making it difficult to discern.

Nevertheless, her protruding knuckles revealed her current unsettled emotions.

Trevor did not say anything as he quietly watched her from afar.

After staring at the album for a few seconds, Jaylene slammed it onto the table.

Then, she turned around and went upstairs.

Once she walked away, Trevor walked over and picked up the album.

The leather cover still bore the imprints of Jaylene's forceful grip from earlier.

Trevor silently smoothed out those marks and then opened the album.

He intended to look at Stella's childhood photos. However, as he flipped through the pages, he noticed something.

'Where's the photo where Stella was covered in mud?' He frowned and flipped through the album from the first page again. 'It's not here,' Trevor thought to himself.

He then turned to the maid, who was cleaning the table, and asked, "Besides Jaylene, has anyone else touched this album?"

The maid thought for a moment and answered, "Mr. Kane flipped through it. At that time, you and Mr. Wenham Saun had gone out to move things into Ms.

Saun's car. Mr. Kane looked through it for a while.

Trevor's eyelid twitched. 'Did he steal that photo? How civilized of him.' Trevor thought to himself.

He pulled out several photos from the album, then closed it and put it back in the box. He told the maid, "If my dad asks about the photos, tell him I took a few to put in my office."

“Sure, Mr. Saun.”

Having stayed up late and being drunk, Keegan slept exceptionally soundly that night. When he opened his eyes, it was already very bright outside.

He tried to lift his arm to check the time on his phone, but his arm did not budge when he tried to move it.

He paused, turned around, and saw Stella sleeping with her arm around him.

His eyelids twitched. Then, he suddenly realized that both of them were barely wearing any clothes under the blanket.

His entire body went numb as he quickly pulled his arm back.

Stella’s head dropped onto the pillow, and she woke up. She frowned and said sleepily, “What are you doing so early in the morning?”

Keegan sat up and covered his lower body with the blanket, looking somewhat upset, “Why are you in my bed?”

‘What?’ Stella was shocked. She then opened her eyes, “Are you still drunk?”

She reached out to touch his face as she spoke, but he immediately ducked and rolled to the foot of the bed.

Stella was speechless. The corner of her lips twitched, “Is my hand poisonous or something?”

Keegan remained silent.

Stella was wearing a slip dress. As she sat up, one of the straps slipped off her shoulder, and Keegan instantly noticed the faint red marks on her neck.

‘Damn it!’ he cursed inwardly.

His expression was tense with a hint of frustration. After clutching the blanket while mumbling to himself for a while, he said, “Get dressed. We’re going to the hospital.”

Stella was confused. She then asked, "What for?"

The prenatal check-up was scheduled for next week.

Keegan clenched his fists as his chest heaved violently. "Why didn't you push me away?" he asked in a hoarse voice.

Stella was completely puzzled, "Why would I do that? You already rolled so far away from me."

"I'm talking about last night!" Keegan's lips trembled. "If you had just pushed me away, I wouldn't have... I wouldn't have..."

"He struggled to continue, his eyes filled with panic and selfdisgust.

"Hospital," His voice sounded husky. "We need to go to the hospital right now."

Stella looked at Keegan and her expression changed.

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Stella hesitated to speak. Finally, she could not resist herself anymore and asked, "Did you think that we-"

She clapped her hands lightly as she spoke, "Clapped last night?"

Keegan was taken aback.

"Did we?"

"Of course not! Do you think I'm crazy?"

Stella was speechless as she thought, 'Why does Keegan always think that he is very capable in bed after getting drunk? What is wrong with him?' Keegan paused, looking somewhat in doubt. His gaze fell on Stella's neck, "Y□Your neck..."

'Neck?' Stella went to the mirror and touched her neck, "You mean this? I did some scraping after taking a shower last night."

Keegan kept quiet.

Stella leaned over while blinking her eyes and teased him in a low voice, "Did you think they came from you?"

She brought her neck closer to Keegan as she spoke, "Give me a hickey for comparison. Let's see if they look alike."

Keegan's lips trembled. Then, he forcefully pulled the shirt she was sitting on and went to the bathroom with a stern face.

"Tsk," Stella clicked her tongue. 'What a boring man!' Keegan stayed in the bathroom for some time. When he finally finished showering and opened the door, he saw Stella in her pajamas, standing in front of him.

Keegan, drying his hair with a towel, paused and wanted to go around her.

Stella took a step to the side and stood in his way again.

Keegan lowered his gaze at her, "Can I help you?"

Stella looked back at him with shimmering eyes, "Nope."

Keegan kept quiet. Then, he asked, "Can you let me through then?"

"Sure," Stella replied with a smile.

She moved aside as she spoke. However, she stepped on the water on the floor, slipped, and nearly did the splits.

Fortunately, Keegan quickly reacted and caught her under the armpit.

Stella's heart pounded as she clung tightly to Keegan's waist like an octopus, her back drenched in cold sweat.

Keegan propped her back on her feet and threw the towel he held on the water puddle.

“Wait here for a second.”

After saying that, Keegan put on a bathrobe and left.

As Stella wondered what he was up to, he returned. He had a pair of non-slip sandals in his hand and placed them by her feet, “Wear these.”

Stella was taken aback.

‘When did he buy this?’ she wondered to herself.

She lowered her gaze, slid her feet in, and wiggled her toes. Then, she turned to look at Keegan. Just as she was about to speak, she heard him say, “In a few days, I’ll have someone set up another bed in the guest room. I’ll be staying there.”

Stella paused and thought to herself, ‘Is Keegan not planning to tell me that he had recovered his memory? Is he still going to pretend to be the way he used to be and maintain a distance from me?’ She remained silent, staring at Keegan with a gaze that made him uncomfortable.

Just as Keegan was still hesitating to speak again, Stella said in a flat tone, “No.”

He frowned, “I still can’t remember who you are. It’s not appropriate for us to share the same bed.”

Stella gave him a disdainful look, “I don’t really want to sleep with you either, but I’m pregnant now. If I slipped and fell like I did just now, and there was no one to hold me, the baby wouldn’t even make it to the hospital.”

Keegan’s lip twitched, “Would you not say that about the baby?”

‘I really can’t stand the things she says!’ Keegan said inwardly.

Stella shrugged, “I’ve got to consider the worst.”

Keegan thought about what had happened moments ago, and he got goosebumps. He immediately dismissed the idea.

Stella glanced at the conflicted look on his face, torn between his fear of her falling again and the worries of exposing himself if they spent more time together.

Keegan was so drunk yesterday that he could not even remember what had happened. He still believed that his plan was flawless.

However, Stella was not planning to expose him for now. Instead, she was trying to figure out why Keegan kept the fact that he had recovered his memory a secret from everyone, especially her