

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1957 [Eleven Jewell]

Stella, skeptical, rolled her eyes. "So, you improvised the second half of the story?"

Vermont replied, "Not exactly. It's a rough account of the events. Willow had a small family so Keegan organized her funeral, which I attended.

"The emptiness of the hall reminded me of my exam answer sheets. If her husband truly loved her, wouldn't he have been there?"

He continued thoughtfully, "Willow's disappearance might be tied to the Moore family. The car accident was due to Marshall's condition, but they likely covered it up. It's a complex situation, and perhaps it's better that Marshall doesn't remember."

Felicity, frowning, interjected, "He's fortunate to have forgotten. Willow's life was lost because of him. Stella, whatever happens with you and Keegan, avoid someone with baggage like Marshall. He and his family are a web of problems."

Stella had been silent until Felicity mentioned her name.

Suddenly, Stella asked, "Did Willow and Marshall have any children?"

Vermont, taken aback, replied, "No, I don't believe so.

Keegan never said anything about it. Why do you ask?"

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Stella pursed her lips before saying, "I was just curious if Marshall left Rivera hastily because Willow might have been pregnant, fearing his family would harm her."

Vermont laughed. "Unlikely. If Willow was pregnant, the Moores might have accepted her. Regardless of their feelings toward her, they value their bloodline."

He lowered his voice, "Marshall's father and uncle, both sons of Frederick with different women, were brought into the Moore family at birth.

“Frederick’s concern is his lineage, not the mothers who bore his children. Besides, Willow couldn’t have had Marshall’s child. They were focused on their studies and had only briefly reunited before her death.

“It’s impossible for her to have had a child at that time, especially Marshall’s.”

‘So Coco isn’t Marshall and Willow’s child? According to Vermont’s timeline, it doesn’t add up,’ Stella mused, ‘Also, Keegan told me that Coco’s parents weren’t people I knew and it seems ‘Vermont doesn’t know much either nor about Coco’s existence before.

‘The key point is the Moore family’s stance. If Coco was a Moore, they wouldn’t just ignore her. So, who exactly is Coco, and why is Keegan so invested in her?’

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Vermont’s account hinted that Keegan had been involved in handling the fallout from Marshall and Willow’s incident. Stella found it hard to believe Marshall would be ungrateful, yet if he was implicated in the kidnapping case against Keegan, perhaps Willow’s accident was not as straightforward as it seemed.

Stella, deep in thought, suddenly asked, “When did Willow’s car accident happen?”

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Stella froze. ‘That was the same month me and my mother had a car accident. So why was Keegan at the accident scene?’ She remembered Detective Karl’s findings about a cab involved in their collision. Two fatalities and a pregnant survivor. After compensation, the cab driver and the passenger’s family had left Rivera, leaving no traces behind.

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Stella recalled Keegan's warning about Marshall and thought, 'Did my mom's car cause the accident that killed Willow?

"Did he fear Marshall remembering and seeking revenge? If I'm right, what was Marshall's original intention in approaching me?

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If Marshall had any recollection and saw her as a threat, he had ample opportunity to harm her. Yet, he had not. Instead, he had been helpful, contradicting her suspicions. She resolved to contact the investigator again.

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"His mother implored us never to mention Willow, fearing the impact on him. He's living a normal life now, and she can't risk losing her son again."

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“You go up against him if you’re so brave,” Vermont said.

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“Tomorrow.”

Her response left Stella stunned. “Tomorrow?”

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Coco was speechless. Her thoughts of Stella being kind shattered immediately.

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“Coco- Hahaha. Truth is- Haha. I think being tan is healthy. Hahaha...”

Stella tried to cheer up the kid, but she couldn’t stop laughing when she recalled what Keegan had said, and her comforting words got lost in the laughter.

Coco remained poker-faced. “Thanks for mocking me.”

Stella didn’t mean to laugh. But she couldn’t resist it when Coco mimicked Keegan’s tone with a straight face.

Even though Coco wasn’t pleased with the teasing, she didn’t hang up. Instead, she asked, “Stella, am I really that tan?”

Stella suppressed laughter and spoke warmly, “It’s hard to tell with kids. I used to spend a lot of time outdoors as a child, and I didn’t get fair right away. As you grow up and take care of yourself, your skin will naturally lighten over time. But even if it doesn’t, that’s perfectly fine. What matters is that you’re healthy and confident. All skin tones are beautiful.”

Coco perked up when she heard that. She then set a time to meet up with Stella and turned off her phone.

Stella looked at the photos Coco had sent her. She couldn’t quite pinpoint who Coco resembled, but it definitely wasn’t Marshall.

‘Marshall must have seen Coco during Keegan’s “funeral”. At that time, he didn’t seem to have any particular reaction,’ thought Stella.

'Am I overthinking things?' she sighed.

Meanwhile, Cyrene and her friends were playing poker.

"Cyrene, your luck is really something today. How much did you win?" asked one of her friends.

Cyrene grinned and replied, "What do you mean? I just managed to recover what I lost earlier. You all better not leave. We're having supper after we're done playing."

"We're fine with that, but we don't want to disturb Chandler," another friend teased.

Cyrene enjoyed the lively atmosphere, often inviting people over for card games.

Chandler, on the other hand, preferred peace.

Every time Cyrene's friends came over, he didn't bother with greetings and just went upstairs. So, the group of women rarely played too late.

"He can rest while we play. It won't be a bother," said Cyrene.

As soon as she finished speaking, the study door suddenly opened. Chandler grabbed his jacket and hurriedly walked out.

Puzzled, Cyrene stood up and asked, "Honey, where are you going so late?"

Chandler put on his shoes as he said, "Something urgent came up at the company. I need to go handle it."

"What could be so urgent at the company this late at night?"

"You wouldn't understand even if I told you." With that, Chandler opened the door and left.

Cyrene mumbled a couple of words and continued the game.

"Hey, did any of you check your phones just now?" one of the women said while playing. "Olivia's husband got taken away by the Public Integrity Section."

Dahlia and Cyrene didn't get along, so those who were on good terms with Cyrene naturally didn't support Olivia. At most, they'll politely greet her, just to keep up appearances.

"I saw the news. Her husband got promoted not long ago, and they had a grand banquet. I never thought he'd end up in custody so soon. I heard Olivia reported him herself," someone replied.

"Erick had an affair, and Olivia has been holding onto this grudge for a while," another added.

"Yeah. She even put Dahlia in jail."

Cyrene paused and asked, "What? Who's in jail?"

"Dahlia-your sister-in-law. Everyone's talking about it in the group chat. She put oil on the stairs, causing someone to fall and get injured. So the police arrested her."

Cyrene tightened her grip on the cards. She then suddenly stood up and said, "Apologies, ladies. Let's call it a night. I just remembered I have something to attend to. We'll reschedule another day."

After seeing off the women, Cyrene took out her phone and called Jackson.

When the call connected, she bluntly asked, "Jackson, are you at the company?"

"No, I'm having drinks with friends. What's up, Mom?"

There was a lot of background noise from Jackson's end. He was probably at a bar.

Cyrene whispered, "Your dad went to the company to handle something. He's dressed lightly. Come back and send him a coat."

"Are you mistaken? The company is on holiday today. No one is there. Why would he go to the office?"

Cyrene's face darkened. "Is that so? Sorry, I must have remembered wrong. I'll hang up now."

As soon as she hung up, Keegan's call came in.

Cyrene frowned, paused for two seconds, then answered.

"Cyrene, it's me, Keegan." His tone was calm as he introduced himself.

"Who do we have here? The heir of the Kane family. To what do I owe the pleasure?" Cyrene's tone was casual, but upon closer inspection, it carried a hint of sarcasm.

She still harbored resentment toward Keegan for reporting Jackson to the police earlier. Even though Jackson returned safely, Cyrene couldn't swallow her pride as a mother.

If it weren't for Chandler consistently advising him not to act impulsively, she would have had her whole family come over and demand justice.

Keegan remained composed facing Cyrene's cold remarks. His tone was mild, "My mom got arrested."

Cyrene chuckled. "Well, what goes around comes around."

Keegan pressed on, "Chandler's not home, is he?"

Cyrene paused. "Why do you ask?"

Keegan explained, "My mom needs reinforcements. Who else can she turn to in the Kane family besides Chandler?"

Cyrene's expression darkened. "Are you calling to mock me?"

"No, I'm here to pick you up."

Cyrene was taken aback. "What did you say?"

Keegan explained calmly, "My mom could've found anyone in the Kane family for help, but she chose Chandler. I don't think it's appropriate for him to go alone. What do you think?"

Cyrene clenched her hands, her face revealing a hesitant expression. After a moment, she asked, "Where are you?"

“At your doorstep.”

This left Cyrene speechless.

“You can come out. Your friends are gone. No one will know about this,” Keegan continued.

‘He even considered my dignity.’ Taking a deep breath, Cyrene reluctantly admitted that Keegan, in many aspects, surpassed Jackson. Dahlia’s foolishness couldn’t compare to Keegan’s sensibility.

Not long after Keegan’s wait, Cyrene emerged. Donning a coat and vibrant outfit, she approached the car.

Keegan stepped out, opening the rear door with a courteous gesture.

As Cyrene settled into the car, she pursed her lips and asked, “Keegan, what exactly are you planning?”

Keegan closed the door, sitting upright. Half of his face was bathed in light, while the other remained in the shadows.

“I’m just upholding the Kane family’s reputation for Grandma. If Chandler bails my mother out tonight, who knows what rumors might circulate tomorrow? Even if we decide to bail her out, it has to be in your presence. It would not look good if otherwise.” “Do you think I would help bail out Dahlia?” Cyrene sneered.

Keegan replied in disdain, “Whether you bail her out or not is your business. I’m just responsible for bringing you there. I don’t want my father’s reputation to be tarnished by his brother and wife.”

Staring at Keegan, Cyrene tried to decipher his expression. Yet, Keegan remained indifferent, even when discussing Dahlia’s arrest.

“Why don’t you go bail out your mom yourself?” asked Cyrene. Keegan nonchalantly said, “She committed such an act under surveillance, and it was even broadcast live. No matter how capable I am, I can’t cover it up for her. I can’t let the Kane family and Vinci Rivera suffer because of her, can I?”

Cyrene felt irritated. ‘He doesn’t want to get involved in the mess, so he had my husband do it? Who would bear the blame if Dahlia were to be released,

and it generated attention online?’ ‘Considering Keegan’s previous incident, my family had finally regained some standing within the company. We can’t afford to lose it again because of this,’ she thought.

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1958 [Eleven Jewell]

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“Uncle Keegan says I can pick any day for my birthday. If I wanna celebrate it tomorrow while hanging out with you, then tomorrow it is.”

Stella rubbed her temples and said, “Sweetie, I’m asking about the birthday on your records.”

“It’s the same as Uncle Keegan’s.”

“You share a birthday with Keegan?” Stella was caught off guard.

‘Keegan’s birthday is at the end of this month, not in September. Was my guess wrong?’ she thought.

“Coco, has Uncle Keegan ever told you about your mom and dad?”

Coco replied, “Yeah. He told me my mom’s a housewife, and my dad’s the chief.

He also said that I looked like a burnt matchstick.”

Stella thought that Coco was a bit on the lean and darker side, but calling her a burnt matchstick was a little harsh. ‘I can’t believe he said that. Hahaha.’ Stella bit her lip and stayed silent, her nose letting out sporadic bursts of heavy breathing.

Coco gritted her teeth, “Laugh if you want. I feel more humiliated if you hold it in.”

As soon as she said that, Stella burst into laughter, “Hahaha.”

Coco was speechless. Her thoughts of Stella being kind shattered immediately.

‘Stella sleeps in the same bed as Uncle Keegan, and the nurse who looked after her before said that those who sleep together are similar people.’ ‘She’s just as cheeky as Uncle Keegan. They both love messing with me!’ thought Coco.

“Coco- Hahaha. Truth is- Haha. I think being tan is healthy. Hahaha…”

Stella tried to cheer up the kid, but she couldn’t stop laughing when she recalled what Keegan had said, and her comforting words got lost in the laughter.

Coco remained poker-faced. “Thanks for mocking me.”

Stella didn’t mean to laugh. But she couldn’t resist it when Coco mimicked Keegan’s tone with a straight face.

Even though Coco wasn’t pleased with the teasing, she didn’t hang up. Instead, she asked, “Stella, am I really that tan?”

Stella suppressed laughter and spoke warmly, “It’s hard to tell with kids. I used to spend a lot of time outdoors as a child, and I didn’t get fair right away. As you grow up and take care of yourself, your skin will naturally lighten over time. But even if it doesn’t, that’s perfectly fine. What matters is that you’re healthy and confident. All skin tones are beautiful.”

Coco perked up when she heard that. She then set a time to meet up with Stella and turned off her phone.

Stella looked at the photos Coco had sent her. She couldn’t quite pinpoint who Coco resembled, but it definitely wasn’t Marshall.

‘Marshall must have seen Coco during Keegan’s “funeral”. At that time, he didn’t seem to have any particular reaction,’ thought Stella.

‘Am I overthinking things?’ she sighed.

Meanwhile, Cyrene and her friends were playing poker.

“Cyrene, your luck is really something today. How much did you win?” asked one of her friends.

Cyrene grinned and replied, “What do you mean? I just managed to recover what I lost earlier. You all better not leave. We’re having supper after we’re done playing.”

“We’re fine with that, but we don’t want to disturb Chandler,” another friend teased.

Cyrene enjoyed the lively atmosphere, often inviting people over for card games.

Chandler, on the other hand, preferred peace.

Every time Cyrene’s friends came over, he didn’t bother with greetings and just went upstairs. So, the group of women rarely played too late.

“He can rest while we play. It won’t be a bother,” said Cyrene.

As soon as she finished speaking, the study door suddenly opened. Chandler grabbed his jacket and hurriedly walked out.

Puzzled, Cyrene stood up and asked, “Honey, where are you going so late?”

Chandler put on his shoes as he said, “Something urgent came up at the company. I need to go handle it.”

“What could be so urgent at the company this late at night?”

“You wouldn’t understand even if I told you.” With that, Chandler opened the door and left.

Cyrene mumbled a couple of words and continued the game.

“Hey, did any of you check your phones just now?” one of the women said while playing.
“Olivia’s husband got taken away by the Public Integrity Section.”

Dahlia and Cyrene didn’t get along, so those who were on good terms with Cyrene naturally didn’t support Olivia. At most, they’ll politely greet her, just to keep up appearances.

“I saw the news. Her husband got promoted not long ago, and they had a grand banquet. I never thought he’d end up in custody so soon. I heard Olivia reported him herself,” someone replied.

“Erick had an affair, and Olivia has been holding onto this grudge for a while,”

another added.

“Yeah. She even put Dahlia in jail.”

Cyrene paused and asked, “What? Who’s in jail?”

“Dahlia-your sister-in-law. Everyone’s talking about it in the group chat. She put oil on the stairs, causing someone to fall and get injured. So the police arrested her.”

Cyrene tightened her grip on the cards. She then suddenly stood up and said, “Apologies, ladies. Let’s call it a night. I just remembered I have something to attend to. We’ll reschedule another day.”

After seeing off the women, Cyrene took out her phone and called Jackson.

When the call connected, she bluntly asked, “Jackson, are you at the company?”

“No, I’m having drinks with friends. What’s up, Mom?”

There was a lot of background noise from Jackson’s end. He was probably at a bar.

Cyrene whispered, “Your dad went to the company to handle something. He’s dressed lightly. Come back and send him a coat.”

“Are you mistaken? The company is on holiday today. No one is there. Why would he go to the office?”

Cyrene’s face darkened. “Is that so? Sorry, I must have remembered wrong. I’ll hang up now.”

As soon as she hung up, Keegan’s call came in.

Cyrene frowned, paused for two seconds, then answered.

“Cyrene, it’s me, Keegan.” His tone was calm as he introduced himself.

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1960 [Eleven Jewell]

“Stella, I’ve saved a lot of money. Can I take you out to play tomorrow? No Uncle Keegan this time,” Coco said via voice message.

Stella paused for a moment, then grinned. “Sure, but I’ve got something going on during the day. Can we meet up in the evening?”

Coco, who hadn’t slept yet, texted almost instantly, [Okay!] Perhaps feeling she was too forward, she took a while to type another message, [Stella, why are you not asleep yet?] [Just waiting for your Uncle Keegan,] Stella replied.

[Is he working overtime again?] Coco questioned.

[Sort of.] Coco then sent another voice message saying, “You’re a nice person, Stella.”

Stella was confused.

“Uncle Keegan said you’re a good-looking, a good cook, and a good actor. Now that I’ve met you, I think you’re better than he described. Chatting with you is great. You’re good at comforting me. And you’re nice because you wait for Uncle Keegan. Everything about you is nice. I really like you,” Coco explained.

Taken aback, Stella thought, ‘Do kids these days throw compliments around like nothing?’ She blushed.

But she had a question to ask Coco, so she just called Coco, “Coco, when’s your birthday?”

“Tomorrow.”

Her response left Stella stunned. “Tomorrow?”

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