

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1991 [Eleven Jewell]

Spencer turned toward Stella with a mock glare, “Aren’t you tempted to ditch him and run into my arms?”

She rolled her eyes in response, “You really should call someone to pick you up.

You’re completely sloshed. How did I never realize you were such a master of nonsense?”

Spencer snorted dismissively, “I’m planting a thorn in your heart on purpose, hoping to stir some guilt. Why should you find happiness before me?”

Chuckling, Stella retorted, “You overestimate your influence. I’m heartless, remember? Any thorn you plant would just end up in my stomach.”

Undeterred, Spencer shot back, “Then I’ll make sure it pricks you there!”

Stella dismissed his words with a scoff, “Grow up, Spencer.”

Spencer wobbly called his friends, who were nearby. Soon enough, his friends arrived to escort him home. Before leaving, he pulled Keegan aside, whispering something. His friends then hurriedly led him away.

Curious, Stella inquired, “What did he say to you?”

Keegan replied cryptically, “Just some guy stuff.”

Stella snorted, suspecting the nature of their conversation, ‘He must have been sharing one of those embarrassing stories from school. If Spencer ever marries, I have a few tales of my own to share with his bride.’ Reflecting on Spencer’s parting words, Keegan felt amused yet challenged.

Spencer had quipped, ‘Marriage is love’s graveyard. Let’s see how long you last.

If you ever grow tired of each other, I’ll be waiting. But try to keep her in your “graveyard” forever, if you can.’ ‘As if I’d ever let her go,’ Keegan thought defiantly.

Noticing that Jaylene had passed out, Stella turned to Keegan with a mischievous glint in her eyes, “Darling, I have an idea.”

At the term of endearment, Keegan’s attention sharpened, “What’s on your mind?” “Treat others as they treat US,” Stella suggested slyly.

Keegan cautioned, “Nothing illegal, though.”

Stella huffed, “I’m not bound by such high moral standards. Otherwise, we might as well involve the police.”

Keegan remained silent, his expression thoughtful.

Impatient with his hesitation, Stella pondered, ‘Sometimes, Keegan’s adherence to rules can be a little too rigid for my liking. Morality is subjective, after all.’ She then dialed Aldor’s number on her phone, “Stop spectating. We need your help.”

A few minutes later, Aldor arrived with Aurora and helped the stillunconscious Jaylene into the car.

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In the car, Aurora, who had abstained from alcohol, took the driver’s seat.

Keegan settled into the passenger seat while Stella and Aldor occupied the back, flanking a thoroughly drunken Jaylene.

Throughout Spencer’s ramblings, Stella had tested Jaylene’s level of intoxication, finding her slurring her words to the point of incoherence. Stella tapped her fingers against the car window, her face tight with thought. Abruptly, she turned to Keegan, “Did Jaylene ever give you that drug?”

Keegan’s expression tightened, recognizing Stella’s line of thought. He said, “That substance is in a legal gray area here, but it’s banned abroad. It’s a psychoactive drug, far from harmless.”

Stella’s expression darkened further at the thought of Jaylene using such a dangerous drug on Keegan. She asked, “Where is it now?” “I disposed of it,”

Keegan responded, his voice firm.

Unconvinced, Stella turned to Aldor, “Where did you put the drug?”

Aldor hesitated before answering, “There are a few pills left in the storage compartment for analysis.”

Keegan’s face darkened, “Aldor, remember who pays your salary.”

Frowning from the driver’s seat, Aurora interjected, “Keegan, if your wife asks something, you should be upfront about it, not take it out on Aldor.”

Caught off guard, Keegan queried, “And which side are you on, Aurora?”

Although slightly intimidated, Aurora firmly replied, “You’re the boss, but you can’t expect Aldor to defy your wife. He’s in a tough spot.”

Keegan’s cheeks flushed with the realization that he was being ganged up on.

Stella patted Keegan’s shoulder and said, “Get me one of those pills.” Keegan said firmly, “That’s out of the question.”

Jaylene might be unscrupulous and vicious, but he did not want Stella to stoop to her level.

Stella’s frustration peaked, and she threatened, “If you don’t give me one, I’ll move back to the Saun residence!”

Keegan, unyielding, replied, “Then I’ll move there with you.”

Stella, momentarily speechless, voiced her concerns hoarsely, “Keegan, I know you have principles, but this is not the time to apply them. She drugged you, erased your memory, and might potentially cause irreversible harm. The thought alone is infuriating!”

As she spoke, her voice trembled.

Keegan’s heart softened. He turned to look at her, his gaze tender yet firm, “I’ve arranged for a hypnotist to deal with Jaylene. It’s safer and more ethical. We can’t stoop to her level, Stella. Do you understand?”

Stella gradually calmed down after hearing what Keegan had said. He understood her too well. One look, and he knew she planned to use the same drug on Jaylene to expose her schemes against him. He knew everything but would not allow it, thinking more comprehensively. He was worried about possible repercussions and did not want her to get involved in dirty affairs.

She took a deep breath, finally settling herself down, “Is the hypnotist you found reliable? Will he help with involuntary hypnosis?”

Keegan hummed in affirmation, “He owes me a favor.”

Stella fell silent, contemplating Keegan’s approach. Meanwhile, Aurora drove on, her mind swirling with thoughts, ‘Keegan remembered everything.’

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1993 [Eleven Jewell]

Aurora’s thoughts were swirling as she drove, ‘Keegan’s amnesia was Jaylene’s doing, and she even fed him banned drugs. He had been pretending all along.’ She glanced at Aldor in the rearview mirror, and her mind raced with questions, ‘Had Aldor known about this? Were they

underestimating her, or had they simply never taken her seriously?’ As Aurora drove a bit too fast, Jaylene frowned uncomfortably. Worried she might vomit in the car, Aldor quickly grabbed a plastic bag for her.

In her drunken state, Jaylene leaned toward Aldor, whispering, “Keegan...”

Aldor stiffened and corrected her gently, “Ms. Saun, you’re mistaken.”

But she persisted, her voice tinged with emotion, “Keegan, I’ve liked you since childhood. Do you feel the same?”

Caught off guard, Aldor responded awkwardly, “I... suppose?”

Jaylene’s smile brightened, “I knew it. We’ve known each other since we were kids. How could you not have feelings for me?”

Playing along, Aldor said, “Yes,” to keep her calm.

Gripping the steering wheel tighter, Aurora shot a quick glance at them through the rearview mirror.

“Keegan... Keegan...” Jaylene murmured, suddenly embracing Aldor and planting a kiss on his cheek.

Aurora’s frustration was palpable. Aldor, taken aback, recoiled, hitting his head on the window.

Eventually, Jaylene drifted off to sleep.

Stella asked with concern, “Aldor, are you alright?”

Rubbing his head, Aldor reassured her, “I’m fine.”

Aurora braked sharply, unable to contain her irritation. This caused Jaylene’s head to bump against the seat.

Keegan frowned and reprimanded, “Can you drive more carefully?”

Aurora bit her lip, a storm of emotions churning within her before forcing herself to calm down.

Soon, they arrived at another villa owned by Keegan. After they got Jaylene into the villa and into a room, another car arrived at the villa’s entrance. A mixed-race man, slightly older than Keegan, with a friendly and refined demeanor, got out.

Keegan introduced him as York Cooper, a renowned hypnotist.

Keegan spoke with York in a universally recognized language before sending the others out of the room.

Stella protested, but Keegan explained, “Hypnosis requires a quiet environment, and you’re still dealing with morning sickness. What if you start vomiting at a critical moment?” Her objections were effectively silenced by his reasoning.

York handed Keegan a glass of prepared water, instructing him to make Jaylene drink it. A skilled hypnotist did not necessarily need drugs. But with Jaylene’s involuntary hypnosis, mental resistance was likely, making the use of a mild drug advisable. While waiting for the drug to take effect, Keegan discussed with York about Raynard, who had previously hypnotized him. York was initially reluctant, agreeing to come only out of obligation. However, after learning that Jaylene’s machinations had hypnotized Keegan, York’s reluctance vanished.

The strict standards of domestic medicine did not bind York. His approach was more flexible as long as he did not harm anyone.

“It turns out Dr. Stone and you are from the same academic lineage. I checked his overseas credentials and found that he studied at the same university as you. You were even in the same cohort,” Keegan remarked.

York expressed his surprise, “There weren’t many PhD students specializing in hypnosis in our cohort; I should know them all. But I don’t recall any student from Hustuabourg with the surname Stone.”

Keegan showed York a photo on his phone, “This is the person.”

York paused, a flicker of recognition in his eyes, “That’s Yoel Stanley.”

“He’s Joplonese?” Keegan asked, taken aback.

York nodded, “He wasn’t in our university or in my cohort, but he often attended our professor’s lectures. He was perceptive and a quick learner. The professor favored him. But Yoel’s reputation was tarnished. He was once embroiled in a lawsuit for illegally hypnotizing a girl, though the case was dropped due to lack of evidence.

“He then opened a studio, using skills gleaned from the lectures. He gained some fame but remained ethically questionable, spending much of his earnings in brothels and on alcohol.

Academically, he stagnated. His skills waned, leading him to use banned substances on clients. Once exposed, he lost his license and was jailed. I hadn’t heard of him since.”

Keegan pondered, then asked, “Did he keep in touch with your professor?”

“I’m not certain,” York mused. But then, he added, “Actually, he might have. I recall seeing him at my professor’s daughter’s wedding. I was preoccupied and didn’t pay much attention, but I’m fairly sure it was him.”

Keegan fell silent, thinking, ‘York’s professor was the same therapist the Moore family sought for Marshall’s treatment abroad. Dr. Stone, or Yoel, listed a different alma mater, but his biography mentioned York’s university. I didn’t expect a connection. If Yoel kept in touch with the professor, could he be involved? All clues seem to point to someone I’m reluctant to suspect. But what’s the motive? Even if Marshall regained his memory, why target me? Is it related to Stella?’ York’s voice gently broke his reverie, “Mr. Kane, we should begin.”

Keegan nodded and set an hourglass on the table.

The room’s soundproofing was so effective that Stella, Aurora, and Aldor could not hear a thing, even with their ears against the door.

Stella complained, “You really sealed it tight. If only there were a gap, we might hear something.”

Aurora retorted, “Do you think Keegan wouldn’t notice a gap?”

Stella argued, “He’s nearsighted. He might not see it.”

Aurora, feeling annoyed, suggested, “Nearsightedness doesn’t mean poor hearing. Just twist the door open; he might not notice.”

Stella, convinced, urged Aldor, “Open the door slightly.”

Aldor hesitated, “Are you thirsty? I’ll get some drinks.”

Stella insisted, “Open the door first, then drinks.”

Aldor finally acquiesced, “Alright, drinks it is.”

Stella was baffled as Aurora quickly added, “I’ll go with you.”

Left alone, Stella thought, ‘Unreliable, both of them!’ Outside, Aurora called Aldor over, “Come here.”

Puzzled, Aldor asked, “What’s wrong?”

Aurora frowned, “Just come, why so many questions?”

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Aldor, feeling like a pawn in a whimsical game, approached Aurora. She immediately grabbed his collar and began scrubbing his face fiercely with a wet wipe. The force reminded Aldor of a vigorous bathhouse scrub, making him wince and quickly pull away.

"Why are you dodging? Proud of that lipstick mark on your face?" Aurora scolded, irritated.

"Lipstickmark?" Aldor asked, bewildered.

Aurora glared at him, "Jaylene kissed you in the car. Did you enjoy it?"

Remember, she's not Mr. Saun's daughter. Forget about becoming a wealthy son-in-law!"

Aldor, at a loss for words, asked, "So, we're over?"

"Over what?" Aurora was confused.

"You told me to give up on my dreams of marrying into wealth," he said seriously.

Aurora, momentarily speechless, retorted, "I meant her, not you!"

And how long have we been dating? Can you even tell if it's serious? Or do you want to end it? If so, you tell Grandma. I won't take the blame!"

Seeing her agitated state, he smiled softly, “So, I can still dream of marrying into wealth?”

Feeling uncomfortable under Aider’s gaze, she reverted to her usual brash demeanor and tossed the wet wipe at him, “wipe it off yourself! Disgusting!”

‘No wonder Stella insisted Keegan sit in the front seat earlier. She had been guarding him against Jaylene all along, using Aldor as a shield to protect her husband from romantic advances. Clever!’ Aurora thought.

Unable to hear anything from the room, Stella eventually went downstairs to wait in the living room. Her phone rang soon after; it was Cordelia.

“Coco said you were drinking. You didn’t, did you?” Cordelia asked.

“No, Grandma. How could I?” Stella replied.

“Where are you? why send Baldwin for Coco? Couldn’t you go?”

Stella thought, ‘It wasn’t convenient, not during our scheming.’ 1 “We couldn’t. Keegan got drunk, and Aldor couldn’t manage alone.

” Stella explained.

“Just Aldor?” Cordelia questioned slowly. “Coco mentioned Jaylene. who’s with her?”

Stella was at a loss.

Always astute, Cordelia probably suspected something. She knew Keegan was calm, but Stella was more vengeful and harder to control.

” Jaylene is with US. We asked Baldwin for Coco since Aldor was busy with her,” Stella said.

“I see. Make sure she gets home safely,” Cordelia advised.

Stella agreed and hung up.

Less than half an hour later, Jaylene’s phone rang. It was Darcie.

‘Darcie is too clever. She won’t believe anything I say if I answer,’ Stella thought.

After pondering, Stella deepened her voice and altered her tone before answering, “Darcie, it’s me.”

Darcie paused, surprised. The male voice on the other end was unmistakably Keegan’s.

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1995 [Eleven Jewell]

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Darcie paused, surprised. The male voice on the other end was unmistakably Keegan's.

Darcie pondered before asking Keegan, "You went out for dinner with Jaylene.

Did you have any alcohol?"

Keegan answered, "I'm on medication, so I can't drink."

Darcie pressed, "Why didn't you persuade Jaylene not to drink so much? It's not good for a girl to get drunk in public."

Stella felt a twinge of irritation when she listened to the conversation. She thought, 'Both mother and daughter never reflect on their actions. They're always quick to blame others.' Keegan said coolly, "Darcie, I did try to persuade her. But Jaylene is an adult now and can make her own choices. If you see a problem with it, please warn her to stay away from me next time. It's also troubling forme."

Darcie's expression soured.

Keegan was uninterested in prolonging the conversation, so he turned the phone's camera to show Jaylene lying on the bed. she was neatly dressed but visibly sweating, with a cup of beverage for hangover relief beside her.

Darcie attempted to call Jaylene through the phone, but she was too drowsy to respond.

Suddenly, Jaylene's phone rang. The caller was Wenham, her father.

Stella was perplexed, 'Isn't Darcie at home? Didn't Wenham know she was calling Keegan?' Quickly, Stella grasped the situation; Darcie's call was a ploy. She had hardly ended the call when she inquired about Jaylene's phone.

Stella thought while cursing inwardly, 'Damn, she's crafty!

Luckily, I set Jaylene's phone to 'silent.' If it had rung during the video call, Darcie would've known something was off.' Stella quietly left the room with Jaylene's phone, not wanting to cause any more trouble.

Keegan covered for her, saying, 'I've asked Aldor to go downstairs and find a charger.' Darcie requested, "No need to charge the phone. Just sent Jaylene home for me."

Irrked by her earlier comments, Keegan bluntly refused, "I can't right now. You should send someone for her, Darcie. Frankly, I wasn't keen on having her here, so it's better if you come get her."

Darcie was not pleased, she thought, 'Ever since Keegan's divorce, I had Dahlia trying to match them. But when the family acknowledged Stella again, I abandoned the idea. I've warned Jaylene about Keegan, but she's infatuated, mistaking his indifference for affection. She's delusional! If Keegan had any feelings for her, he wouldn't be speaking so sharply now. Perhaps it's time she faced reality.' Without further argument, Darcie coldly asked for the address, she said she would arrive soon and hung up.

Holding Jaylene's phone, Stella exhaled in relief. However, they were not out of the woods yet. she remarked, " Her phone still has 80% battery, what should we do?"

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1996 [Eleven Jewell]

"Keegan?" Darcie's voice was tinged with uncertainty. She thought, 'It's unusual for Keegan to be with Jaylene so late.' "Why do you have Jaylene's phone?" she inquired.

Stella, mimicking Keegan's voice, explained, "Jaylene had too much to drink. I brought her to my place to help sober her up. She didn't want to go home in this state, fearing you'd be angry."

Darcie frowned, "Keegan, bringing Jaylene to your place is inappropriate. You're engaged to Stella, even if just in name. It looks bad. Send her home now."

After a feigned pause, Stella replied, "I planned to, but Jaylene insisted on staying, not wanting to upset you while drunk. Don't worry; Aldor's here too. It won't affect Jaylene's reputation."

Darcie was silent for a moment. Just as Stella thought she had been persuaded, Darcie said, "Turn on the video call. I want to see Jaylene."

Stella, maintaining her composure, agreed, "okay."

The call ended, and Darcie's video call request soon came through on Jaylene's phone.

Stella, caught in a bind, neither answered nor disconnected.

Holding Jaylene's phone, she turned the flashlight to its brightest and, with the persistent ringtone echoing, messaged Keegan on WhatsApp: [Darcie called Jaylene's phone, she wants a video to see Jaylene's condition. We need to wrap this up quickly.] Keegan swiftly replied: [OK.] The unanswered video call left Darcie hanging up and calling back. The once mundane ringtone now echoed ominously, heightening Stella's anxiety.

Shortly after, Keegan emerged from the room. Stella went upstairs with Jaylene's phone to brief him on the situation.

Just then, Keegan's phone rang with Darcie on the line. He gestured for Stella to stay quiet before answering.

"Keegan, why didn't you answer the video call earlier?" Darcie asked sternly.

"I was about to, but Jaylene's phone died," Keegan replied calmly.

Darcie's brows knitted together, "Your voice sounded different before."

Stella's heart pounded. Imitating a male voice as a woman was challenging, especially in maintaining the lower pitch and nuanced characteristics of

Keegan's voice. While she had captured Keegan's vocal traits accurately, the imitation was not flawless, especially when compared to the person being imitated. Anyone listening intently to the voice might notice the pitch discrepancy.

Stella had hoped Darcie would not detect the difference over the phone, but the woman was exceptionally perceptive.

Keegan, however, remained composed, "Does it? I think it's the same. Maybe it's the echo in the living room. The new house is quite spacious."

Darcie paused, pondering his response. After a moment, she said, "I'll add you on WhatsApp for a video call. I want to see Jaylene."

"Alright," Keegan agreed.

After hanging up, Stella exhaled in relief.

Keegan accepted Darcie's WhatsApp request, and she initiated a video call immediately. He answered, greeting her calmly, "Hello, Darcie."

take her phone away gently, "Stop looking at this. Let's go home."

Stella looked up at him, her eyes red and swollen. She pleaded, "Give it to me."

He pursed his lips before saying, "Let's go home first."

Her voice was hoarse with emotion, she said, "Give it to me."

Instead of handing over the phone, Keegan pocketed it. As Stella stood up to retrieve it, he enveloped her in his arms, his voice soft yet firm, "Don't look anymore. Whatever you want to know, I'll tell you."

Stella clung to his shirt, the image of his bloody figure in a hospital bed haunting her. "How much did you suffer?" she asked, her voice breaking. She trembled in his embrace, tears streaming down her cheeks, "You're even scared of injections, yet you had to endure thirteen stitches without anesthesia. Didn't it hurt?"

The videos on Jaylene's phone had shaken Stella deeply as they revealed Keegan's vulnerability and pain. She had documented those moments not out of concern but for her own gain. The videos also clearly recorded his injuries.

When he was rescued, he was already delirious. The prolonged exposure to cold water had caused a severe upper respiratory infection. The doctors were worried that anesthesia might aggravate his airway reactions, which could lead to spasms. So, they decided not to use any.

At that time, Keegan was so out of it that he did not remember whether it had hurt. After the surgery, they put him on a pain pump, which they instructed Jaylene to press when he was in pain. If not, they told her only to use it sparingly. He did cry out, but not from pain; he kept calling Stella's name.

Jaylene, who hated that he was calling for Stella, kept pressing the pump. So, for more than a week after the surgery, he was almost never lucid.

When Stella pressed for the truth, Keegan reassured her, "It didn't hurt, and I'm not afraid of injections."

But Stella, inconsolable, did not believe him. She said, "I've seen you with injections. You were terrified!! How could you bear it without anesthesia?"

Keegan was silent for a moment and then patiently explained to the frightened Stella, "I'm not afraid of injections, and it really didn't hurt."

But Stella was convinced he was lying so she would not be worried. No matter how he explained, she did not believe him. She kept on asking if it had hurt.

Keegan sighed, realizing her distress, "It hurt a lot. And now, standing here, the pain is returning. Let's go home and talk. My wound hurts."

Once momentarily taken aback, Stella pushed him away, "The scab has fallen off, and your wound still hurts? Are you playing with me?"

It Keegan was left wondering, 'Where did her compassion go? Is her empathy fleeting?' Taking her phone back, Stella suggested they continue the conversation at home, "I also want to hear about how my husband, who supposedly lost his memory, suddenly regained it."

Keegan stayed silent. He thought, 'Wasn't she just feeling sorry for me a minute ago? why is she bringing up past issues now? Do pregnant women's

moods really flip this fast?' Stella returned home alongside Keegan with a heavy heart. As soon as they arrived, before she could speak, Keegan said, "Stella, let me take a shower first.

I feel a bit cold."

Stella, biting back her words, replied softly, "Hurry up, then."

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1997 [Eleven Jewell]

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Luckily, I set Jaylene's phone to 'silent.' If it had rung during the video call, Darcie would've known something was off.' Stella quietly left the room with Jaylene's phone, not wanting to cause any more trouble.

Keegan covered for her, saying, 'I've asked Aldor to go downstairs and find a charger.' Darcie requested, "No need to charge the phone. Just sent Jaylene home for me."

Irrked by her earlier comments, Keegan bluntly refused, "I can't right now. You should send someone for her, Darcie. Frankly, I wasn't keen on having her here, so it's better if you come get her."

Darcie was not pleased, she thought, 'Ever since Keegan's divorce, I had Dahlia trying to match them. But when the family acknowledged Stella again, I abandoned the idea. I've warned Jaylene about Keegan, but she's infatuated, mistaking his indifference for affection. She's delusional! If Keegan had any feelings for her, he wouldn't be speaking so sharply now. Perhaps it's time she faced reality.' Without further argument, Darcie coldly asked for the address, she said she would arrive soon and hung up.

Holding Jaylene's phone, Stella exhaled in relief. However, they were not out of the woods yet. she remarked, "Her phone still has 80% battery, what should we do?"

Stella, usually adept at handling precarious situations, now faced a new challenge. Jaylene's phone was locked, and she did not know the password.

Keegan then took the phone. He paused momentarily before entering his own birthday as the passcode.

"Quite the romantic, isn't she?" Stella remarked sarcastically.

He responded with a half-smile. Then, he ingeniously activated the reverse wireless charging feature on Jaylene's phone, attaching his own phone to its back to drain the battery.

"Such a feature exists?" Stella exclaimed, astonished.

Keegan answered dryly, "If you paid attention to more than just the camera pixels when buying a phone, you'd find it has other uses."

Stella fell silent as he opened several battery-draining apps on Jaylene's phone to accelerate the battery depletion.

Once the setup was complete, Keegan excused himself to talk to York, leaving Stella alone with the phone. Curiosity got the better of her, and she opened Jaylene's WhatsApp, finding Keegan's contact.

She paused.

Jaylene had saved Keegan's name as "Kee," with the chat background being his photo. In the picture, a thinner, somewhat unwell Keegan sat by a window, bathed in soft sunlight. The text below read: [Waiting for you for ten years is nothing.]

In a typical romance novel, this would be a poignant moment. But to Stella, it seemed disgustingly over-sentimental, she managed to control her emotions and refrained from deleting Keegan's contact and the photo. Calming herself, Stella browsed through Jaylene's photo album, noting the conspicuous absence of pictures from when Keegan was missing.

Digging deeper, she discovered a password-protected album. Tentatively, she used Keegan's birthday as the password. It unlocked, revealing numerous photos and videos of him.

With her emotions swirling, Stella began transferring the files to her phone. Time was against her, and she grew increasingly anxious. She thought, 'Darcie could arrive in any minute, and I'm only halfway through.' Suddenly, the door opened, startled, Stella turned to see Keegan. She complained, "Don't you make any noise when you walk? You scared me."

Keegan approached her and asked, "How much battery had been drained?"

He noticed the phone's screen and asked, "what are you doing?"

"Collecting evidence," Stella replied.

Realizing her actions, Keegan remarked, "You're invading her privacy, you know?"

Stella shot back, "It's not an invasion. She took photos of my husband without permission. If anything, she's the one invading your privacy."

Taken aback by her convoluted logic, Keegan responded, "I'm not a private property."

Stella nodded confidently, "You're my secretly married husband."

He was left speechless once more by her bold comeback.

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Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1998 [Eleven Jewell]

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Before Keegan could respond, Stella interjected firmly, “Agreeing not to use that medicine was my limit. If you keep pushing me not to share it, we’ll file for a divorce tomorrow. No need to continue this farce!”

Keegan remained silent momentarily, then said, “what if you exceed her data limit? Connect both phones to the Wi-Fi. We have a gigabit connection here; it’ll be faster.”

Stella thought, ‘At least he’s got that right.’ A car engine echoed from downstairs as Stella connected the phones to the Wi-Fi. Peering through the curtains, Keegan saw the Saun family car pulling up.

Darcie had arrived.

Stella began to panic, “Why is she here already? The battery isn’t drained yet, and I haven’t finished sending the photos.”

“Stay calm,” Keegan reassured her, handing her a coat. “Go to the next room and keep quiet. I’ll handle Darcie. Remember to delete her chat history and Wi-Fi from the phone after the upload. Don’t worry if the video isn’t fully sent. Just be silent.”

Stella nodded.

Keegan gave her an encouraging smile, kissed her forehead gently, and whispered, “Go on.”

The doorbell rang insistently downstairs, still catching Stella’s scent in the air, Keegan opened Jaylene’s bag, took out her perfume, and sprayed it around.

Then, he opened the windows to let the fragrance disperse. After messaging Aldor, he leisurely descended the stairs. Frowning, Darcie demanded, “Why did it take you so long to open the door? Where’s Jaylene?”

“She’s upstairs, resting after some hangover beverage,” Keegan replied nonchalantly.

“Which room? Take me there,” She insisted.

“Darcie, please wait,” Keegan said. “Jaylene hasn’t woken up yet. She was dizzy, and the beverage didn’t help. Aldor’s getting hangover medicine. Once she takes it, you can take her home.”

Darcie coldly refused, “I’ll take her now. We have medicine at home.”

‘It’s better if she’s not awake. If she wakes up and sees Keegan, she’ll probably insist on staying.’ Darcie thought, she looked up and said, “Please, show me the way.”

Keegan glanced at his wristwatch and nodded, “Right this way.”

Keegan led Darcie to the room. Jaylene, flushed and restless in her sleep, seemed genuinely unwell. Darcie tried to rouse her but to no avail. She glanced around and saw Jaylene’s bag on the table. There was a faint scent of perfume in the room, the kind Jaylene always used. Darcie flipped through Jaylene’s bag and asked, “Where is Jaylene’s phone?”

Keegan calmly explained, “Aldor took it to charge. I’ll get it.”

He returned shortly with the phone. Darcie took it, noting the 20- something percent battery. She glanced at Keegan but said nothing. Determined to separate Jaylene from Keegan, Darcie did not even ask for his help. Instead, she called the driver to carry Jaylene downstairs.

After the car had left and Keegan was sure they were gone, he returned upstairs. Stella had not come out of the room, which he found peculiar. He wondered if she was too scared to move. He opened the door and found her squatting on the floor, she was slightly pale, fixated on her phone. On the screen was a video from when Keegan was gravely injured.

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1999 [Eleven Jewell]

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“Keegan?” Darcie’s voice was tinged with uncertainty. She thought, ‘It’s unusual for Keegan to be with Jaylene so late.’ “Why do you have Jaylene’s phone?” she inquired.

Stella, mimicking Keegan’s voice, explained, “Jaylene had too much to drink. I brought her to my place to help sober her up. She didn’t want to go home in this state, fearing you’d be angry.”

Darcie frowned, “Keegan, bringing Jaylene to your place is inappropriate. You’re engaged to Stella, even if just in name. It looks bad. Send her home now.”

After a feigned pause, Stella replied, “I planned to, but Jaylene insisted on staying, not wanting to upset you while drunk. Don’t worry; Aldor’s here too. It won’t affect Jaylene’s reputation.”

Darcie was silent for a moment. Just as Stella thought she had been persuaded, Darcie said, “Turn on the video call. I want to see Jaylene.”

Stella, maintaining her composure, agreed, “okay.”

The call ended, and Darcie’s video call request soon came through on Jaylene’s phone.

Stella, caught in a bind, neither answered nor disconnected.

Holding Jaylene’s phone, she turned the flashlight to its brightest and, with the persistent ringtone echoing, messaged Keegan on WhatsApp: [Darcie called Jaylene’s phone, she wants a video to see Jaylene’s condition. We need to wrap this up quickly.] Keegan swiftly replied: [OK.] The unanswered video call left Darcie hanging up and calling back. The once mundane ringtone now echoed ominously, heightening Stella’s anxiety.

Shortly after, Keegan emerged from the room. Stella went upstairs with Jaylene’s phone to brief him on the situation.

Just then, Keegan’s phone rang with Darcie on the line. He gestured for Stella to stay quiet before answering.

“Keegan, why didn’t you answer the video call earlier?” Darcie asked sternly.

“I was about to, but Jaylene’s phone died,” Keegan replied calmly.

Darcie’s brows knitted together, “Your voice sounded different before.”

Stella’s heart pounded. Imitating a male voice as a woman was challenging, especially in maintaining the lower pitch and nuanced characteristics of Keegan’s voice. While she had

captured Keegan's vocal traits accurately, the imitation was not flawless, especially when compared to the person being imitated. Anyone listening intently to the voice might notice the pitch discrepancy.

Stella had hoped Darcie would not detect the difference over the phone, but the woman was exceptionally perceptive.

Keegan, however, remained composed, "Does it? I think it's the same. Maybe it's the echo in the living room. The new house is quite spacious."

Darcie paused, pondering his response. After a moment, she said, "I'll add you on WhatsApp for a video call. I want to see Jaylene."

"Alright," Keegan agreed.

After hanging up, Stella exhaled in relief.

Keegan accepted Darcie's WhatsApp request, and she initiated a video call immediately. He answered, greeting her calmly, "Hello, Darcie."

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 2000 [Eleven Jewell]

take her phone away gently, "Stop looking at this. Let's go home."

Stella looked up at him, her eyes red and swollen. She pleaded, "Give it to me."

He pursed his lips before saying, "Let's go home first."

Her voice was hoarse with emotion, she said, "Give it to me."

Instead of handing over the phone, Keegan pocketed it. As Stella stood up to retrieve it, he enveloped her in his arms, his voice soft yet firm, "Don't look anymore. Whatever you want to know, I'll tell you."

Stella clung to his shirt, the image of his bloody figure in a hospital bed haunting her. "How much did you suffer?" she asked, her voice breaking. She trembled in his embrace, tears streaming down her cheeks, "You're even scared of injections, yet you had to endure thirteen stitches without anesthesia. Didn't it hurt?"

The videos on Jaylene's phone had shaken Stella deeply as they revealed Keegan's vulnerability and pain. She had documented those moments not out of concern but for her own gain. The videos also clearly recorded his injuries.

When he was rescued, he was already delirious. The prolonged exposure to cold water had caused a severe upper respiratory infection. The doctors were worried that anesthesia might aggravate his airway reactions, which could lead to spasms. So, they decided not to use any.

At that time, Keegan was so out of it that he did not remember whether it had hurt. After the surgery, they put him on a pain pump, which they instructed Jaylene to press when he was in pain. If not, they told her only to use it sparingly. He did cry out, but not from pain; he kept calling Stella's name.

Jaylene, who hated that he was calling for Stella, kept pressing the pump. So, for more than a week after the surgery, he was almost never lucid.

When Stella pressed for the truth, Keegan reassured her, "It didn't hurt, and I'm not afraid of injections."

But Stella, inconsolable, did not believe him. She said, "I've seen you with injections. You were terrified!! How could you bear it without anesthesia?"

Keegan was silent for a moment and then patiently explained to the frightened Stella, "I'm not afraid of injections, and it really didn't hurt."

But Stella was convinced he was lying so she would not be worried. No matter how he explained, she did not believe him. She kept on asking if it had hurt.

Keegan sighed, realizing her distress, "It hurt a lot. And now, standing here, the pain is returning. Let's go home and talk. My wound hurts."

Once momentarily taken aback, Stella pushed him away, "The scab has fallen off, and your wound still hurts? Are you playing with me?"

It Keegan was left wondering, 'Where did her compassion go? Is her empathy fleeting?' Taking her phone back, Stella suggested they continue the conversation at home, "I also want to hear about how my husband, who supposedly lost his memory, suddenly regained it."

Keegan stayed silent. He thought, 'Wasn't she just feeling sorry for me a minute ago? why is she bringing up past issues now? Do pregnant women's

moods really flip this fast?' Stella returned home alongside Keegan with a heavy heart. As soon as they arrived, before she could speak, Keegan said, "Stella, let me take a shower first.

I feel a bit cold."

Stella, biting back her words, replied softly, "Hurry up, then."