

# Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 2031

## [Eleven Jewell]

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 2031 [Eleven Jewell]

Keegan glanced at Stella. “I’ll print and give you other photos of me. What’s so nice about this one? I look so innocent and ignorant.” “No way. I think you look very handsome.” Stella smiled and flattered him, “Much more handsome than now. You were at your peak when you were twenty years old, don’t you think so?”

Keegan’s mood brightened upon hearing that as a smile appeared on his face.

“I still prefer how I look now,” he said flatly.

Looking too handsome and attractive was not necessarily a good thing in the corporate world. Imagine someone with a charming and youthful aura; even with innovative and cutting-edge ideas, the appearance may make them sound less convincing.

Over the years, Keegan had maintained the habit of exercising not because he particularly enjoyed it but because having a robust physique helped him look older and more mature.

Although he still had a beautiful face, his bulky build and the aura accumulated from years of business experience left no one daring to underestimate him.

The twenty-year-old Keegan was fresh-faced, while the thirty-year-old Keegan exuded the mature charm of a man.

The former attracted young girls, but the latter was irresistible to a married woman like Stella.

Stella could not help but kiss him on the cheek and said, “Hurry up and pack, or we might miss the last bus to Jorgeville. The road condition there is very poor; it’s more convenient for US to take a bus.”

She was about to let go as she spoke, but Keegan grabbed her hand. He said, “Let’s go back some other days. There’ll be a lot of people at the wishing well around this time. What if someone knocked you over?”

Besides, the scented candles they light up around the wishing well are not good for a pregnant woman, too.”

Stella became hesitant upon hearing that.

“But my wish came true. If I don’t go back there, won’t the fairies think I’m ungrateful and hold it against me?”

Keegan chuckled softly. “I thought you didn’t believe in these things.”

Stella leaned on his shoulder and spoke in a soft voice, “I believe in it wholeheartedly now. Look, they’ve brought you back, haven’t they?” Keegan tousled her hair. “Let me contact the person taking care of the wishing well first. We can donate some money to improve the condition of that place.

Once you’ve given birth and are feeling better, we can go back and thank the fairies, okay?”

Stella thought that Keegan’s arrangement was good. After all, it was not suitable for her to go to crowded places now.

“But I already turned down Grandma and Dad, saying that we won’t join them for Thanksgiving. It’s a big holiday, and everyone’s busy with their own plans.

Where should we go?”

Keegan suggested, “Well, I’ve been wanting to try Great Grandpa’s suckling piglets.”

Stella laughed upon hearing that. “It’s already been a few months. I’m afraid that the piglets are all grown up now.”

Keegan then lowered his voice and spoke in a coquettish tone, “Mrs. Kane, I really want to try them.”

Stella’s heart instantly melted.

So Keegan informed Aldor, and the two quietly went to Jorgeville to visit Arthur.

Meanwhile, in sterling Legal Solutions, someone knocked on Marshall’s office door. The intern, carrying a bag, opened the door and placed the documents on the desk. He said, ‘ Mr. Moore, I’m leaving now. You should get some rest, too.’”

Marshall nodded without looking at him.

The intern silently closed the door and left.

After a few minutes, Marshall’s phone rang. He looked at the caller ID and answered, “What’s the time now? Why aren’t you home yet?”

It was Wallace.

Marshall responded flatly, “I still have some work to do.” “Can’t you do it tomorrow? You’re always late!” Wallace paused, sighed, and continued in a low voice, “Come home now. Your mom is waiting for you.”

Marshall kept quiet for a moment before he replied softly, “Okay.”

## **Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 2032 [Eleven Jewell]**

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Irene was always the spotlight in every Moore family banquet.

Whether it was the uncles who came from afar or the younger son's family taking care of Frederick, none of them could ever gain Frederick's favor.

It was not about his bias toward daughters but rather because Irene resembled his past lover, whom he had abandoned back then.

In every aristocratic family, one could date any woman but only marry someone from an equal background.

Janet Yarrow, Frederick's current wife, was a woman from an equal background.

Rumor had it that his past love had jumped into the river on his wedding day.

Some also claimed she married a carpenter and moved to Lakerock.

Regardless, no one had ever seen her again.

The Moore family's playboy became Janet's devoted husband after tying the knot with her.

However, Janet had poor health and suffered three miscarriages from four pregnancies. Their only son was intellectually disabled, and the Moore family was reluctant to acknowledge him as a part of them.

When the child turned three, Frederick adopted a boy of the same age from a different place, changed his last name to Moore, and made him his son.

Coincidentally, the Yarrow family was in a downfall and was incapable of standing up for Janet against Frederick's actions, leaving her no choice but to endure the humiliation.

After the first time, it happened again and again.

Marshall's second uncle, his father, and his aunt, Irene Moore, were then brought into the family one after another over the following years.

Outsiders only knew that Janet had three sons and a daughter, but little did they know that none of them were her biological children. Her only son was never made known.

The promiscuous Frederick was also cold-hearted and somewhat obsessed.

Every woman he slept with resembled his past love. The one who looked most like her was Irene's mother, an actress who performed stage shows.

The young actress was beautiful and talented but had a fiery temper.

Knowing Frederick's obsession with her, she often came to Janet's home to provoke her.

Janet could not bear the insult. Burdened by constant sorrow, she fell into deep depression. Before her son grew up, she succumbed to her illness.

After she passed away, her son left the house one day and never came back because of the lack of supervision from the family.

Strange enough, after Frederick's legitimate wife passed away, Irene's mother, who had been favored, also died three months later during winter.

It was just an ordinary day without heavy snow. While going up the stairs, she stepped on a patch of ice that had fallen from the roof. Her head hit the protruding nail on the uneven doorstep, leading to her instantaneous death.

Some said that the funeral was even more grandiose than that of Janet. Rumor also had it that Frederick could not move on for several years until he noticed that Irene was becoming more and more like the person he missed. So, he showered all his affection on her.

Many years later, Ariel found out about this from a maid who had served in the Moore family for a long time. Sorrow washed her over. She felt like Frederick did not deserve everything he had after what he had done.

At that time, Marshall thought, 'In this world, evil doings rarely rebound upon themselves. Instead, good people would usually live a short life. Otherwise, how could my grandfather live to such an old age?' Setting that aside, Frederick had undoubtedly done everything in his power to ensure his four children succeeded. He wanted everyone to follow his plan, whether in their careers or family lives.

Wallace was the first to ever disobey Frederick. He did not marry a woman from an equal background as Frederick had wanted. Instead, he married Ariel, who was his classmate at university.

Yet, Wallace could not bear to give up the privilege of being a part of the Moore family. So, Ariel became the one to suffer the consequences of his defiance.

The Moore family sank everyone like a decaying and rusting cruise ship.

However, the people on the ship were either oblivious to their situation, immersed in their past glory, or aware but unwilling to part with everything on board.

Marshall swept his gaze across everyone at the table.

Their polite conversations, accompanied by pretentious smiles, seemed meticulously calculated, as if saying or doing one thing wrong would tear away their masks.

## **Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 2033**

### **[Eleven Jewell]**

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'How interesting,' Marshall thought as he smiled to himself.

As Irene lifted her gaze, she coincidentally caught sight of that smile. She asked, "Marshall, I heard that you've been getting close with Mark's daughter.

Are you guys dating?"

Frederick furrowed his brows upon hearing that name. "That uncultured nouveau roturier?"

The frown made his face, which was already full of wrinkles, appear even more stern.

Marshall responded in a flat tone, "Mr. Wilson may have limited education, but he has great vision and judgment. Otherwise, how could he become a leading figure in the energy industry?"

Frederick scoffed. "Even a fool can be rich by catching the right trend."

Marshall chuckled. "Irene should be one of the pioneers in the energy industry.

Did she not catch the trend because she's not interested?"

The Moore family had extensive connections built over the decades. They would undoubtedly be among the first to know whenever there was a new business opportunity.

When the energy industry was rising, Irene did not miss it. She simply looked down on it at the time. When she realized the industry was doing well, it was already too late for her to enter.

She and her partner had lost a lot of money in their investments related to the energy industry. Fortunately, another project came up and filled the financial gap, preventing things from looking too bad.

Marshall was clearly mocking Irene as her expression immediately turned unpleasant.

However, Frederick did not hold back. He grabbed a cup on the table and threw it directly at Marshall. Marshall did not dodge, and the cup hit right on his forehead, reddening the area as tea splashed all over him.

“How rude of you!”

Frederick looked furious as if Marshall had committed an unforgivable crime.

Ariel’s face turned pale. She was about to reach out to check on Marshall’s injuries but was stopped by Wallace.

No one at the table spoke. It was not something shocking to them.

Ever since Frederick had difficulty walking, his temper became increasingly strange. He would burst into anger at the slightest inconvenience. Marshall had brought that upon himself by saying something like that.

However, Irene, who had just been mocked, patted Frederick’s back. “Dad, Marshall meant no harm by saying that. There’s no need to get so mad at him.

The doctor told you to be calm and avoid getting angry. You just won’t listen, huh?”

Frederick pounded the table, still feeling angry. “Did you hear how he spoke? He has no respect for his elders at all! His attitude has gotten worse after going abroad these few years!”

Irene chuckled softly. “He’s still a young man. Don’t be so strict with him.”

Then, she lifted her gaze at Marshall. “Marshall, why don’t you go clean yourself up? You look like a mess.”

Frederick snorted. “You’re treating him very well, but he might not appreciate it.”

Marshall gently brushed away the droplets on his face, stood up, and left the table without saying anything.

When he returned after changing his clothes, he saw Irene smoking on the stairs.

She wore a red dress, her hair long and wavy. Her exquisite makeup highlighted her charm and delicate features, making her look nothing like someone in their fifties.

Hearing the door open, Irene did not turn around. After exhaling a puff of smoke, she asked nonchalantly, Marshall, what was that for?”

## **Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 2034 [Eleven Jewell]**

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Marshall remained silent as he stood next to Irene, gazing downstairs. His lowered gaze concealed his expression; Irene could not tell what he was thinking about.

After a while, he asked, “Do you have another one?”

She tossed him a box of cigarettes and a lighter. Marshall swiftly took one out, flicked it a couple of times on his fingertips, and then lit it.

Perhaps it had been too long since he last smoked. When he took the first drag, he could not help but cough a few times.

Irene glanced at him and said flatly, “You used to listen to everything he says.

You've changed a lot since you came back to Hustuabourg." "Really?" After a brief pause, Marshall took another drag and said, "I don't remember what I used to be like, but I'm pretty happy with who I am now."

Irene paused. Then, she silently scrutinized Marshall's expression.

The smoke surrounding him veiled his face, shrouding his emotions in mystery.

She chuckled and said in a flat tone, "It's better that you don't remember."

After finishing his cigarette, Marshall was about to walk away, but Irene stopped him. "Marshall, you like Stella, don't you?"

Marshall paused and turned to look at her.

Irene put out her cigarette and said, "If you do, I can help you."

Marshall looked at her for a moment and asked, "How can you help me?"

Irene smiled. "A man's love for a woman always comes down to possessives.

Find someone to drug her and sleep with her. I'm sure that Keegan won't want her anymore after that."

Marshall also smiled, but it was a cold one.

Irene frowned. "What's so funny?"

With his body slightly tilted, Marshall looked at her in a condescending manner.

"I just find it funny that you've lived to this age but can still say such things. I suppose you've never been loved by anyone."

Irene's face stiffened as her tone turned colder. "I'm trying to help you. What nonsense are you talking about?"

Marshall replied coldly, “If I take advantage of someone’s vulnerability, I’ll never deserve to be with her in this lifetime. Besides, you’re underestimating Keegan’s feelings for her. She’s a person he’s willing to protect with his life. How could he ever abandon her just because I slept with her?”

Irene smirked. “Keegan might not, but what about Stella herself? Would she still be comfortable staying by Keegan’s side after that?”

Marshall froze and looked at her without saying anything.

Then, Irene added flatly, “Marshall, you’re too soft-hearted. Stella is not the same as... She’s just different. Your grandpa clearly doesn’t oppose the two of you being together. You missed the opportunity when Keegan went missing.

How will you win her over without doing something?”

Irene patted his shoulder. “Think it through and let me know. I can help you.

After saying that, she turned and left.

As soon as Irene went downstairs, Wallace pulled her aside with a stern face.

“What did you say to Marshall again?”

Irene shook off his hand and said, “You might not care about your son, but I do care about my nephew. I’m just helping him get what he wants.”

Wallace’s expression turned unpleasant. “Is that helping him? You’re going ruin his life!”

Irene smiled. “I’m helping him get the person he likes; how is that not helping him? Wallace, Marshall is too much like you. You couldn’t get what you wanted, and now I’m just helping him get what he wants. I can’t believe you’re blaming me instead of thanking me.”

Something suddenly popped into Wallace's mind as his face turned extremely pale.

He was exhausted and somewhat frustrated. "If you really want to help him, why didn't you do it seven years ago? Marshall has come so far to finally get his life back on track. What exactly are you trying to do?" "On track?" Irene chuckled upon hearing that. Then, she slightly leaned forward and whispered in Wallace's ear, "Wallace, the 'on track' for the Moore family is to rot and die in this mansion.

None of US can ever leave."

Ariel appeared as soon as she finished speaking. She froze momentarily upon seeing them.

Irene then said to Ariel with a smile, "Ariel, the fish today is excellent. I've tasted so many different types of fish, but yours is still the best."

Ariel's expression turned nonchalant. Instead of responding to what Irene said, she asked Wallace, "Have you gone upstairs? How's Marshall?"

## **Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 2036 [Eleven Jewell]**

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Beatrix had lived in Jorgeville for decades, and the people she met were mostly down-to-earth locals, accustomed to boisterous greetings. She had not encountered many elites in suits and polished appearances.

Although Marshall came last time and was considered one of them, he looked more approachable. On the other hand, Keegan exuded a refined

and sophisticated air that added to his natural elegance. Beatrix felt somewhat out of her element upon feeling his imposing presence.

Subconsciously, she wiped her hands on her clothes before shaking Keegan's hand. "Kee-Keegan Kee?"

Keegan repeated himself and spelled his name out patiently. "My name is Keegan Kane. K-E-E-G-A-N K-A-N-E."

After Keegan introduced himself again, Beatrix was still confused. "I'll just call you Kee." Keegan was speechless.

Stella burst into laughter. Keegan said his name two times, but Beatrix still could not remember it.

Keegan's smile stiffened a little. "You can call me Keegan."

Beatrix nodded as she thought to herself, 'His temper is not bad. Although he looks a little stern when he's not smiling, he looks very handsome when he does. Also, the fact that he's afraid of dogs made his tall stature seem somewhat delicate.' In attempting to become more likable than Marshall in the community, Keegan took the initiative to greet the other neighbors.

However, although he could easily handle those businessmen he dealt with, he found his socializing skills failing him among the local folks, who were loud, extroverted, and loved to gossip.

Bruce said, "This young man with long arms and legs must be great at carrying grain. Last time that Marshall guy could carry two bags alone.' Keegan's eyelid twitched as he thought to himself, 'Marshall is so scrawny and weak. How can he carry two bags of grain?' 'Marshall's calligraphy is so beautiful, and he can write better than all of US here. If he had stayed longer, I would've asked him to write my birthday invitations for me."

'Keegan, you look so elegant. Your handwriting should be very nice, too, right?"

Keegan was pretty good at calligraphy. But unlike Stella, he did not like showing off his skills and knowledge. So, he simply answered, "It's alright."

The neighbors automatically interpreted "It's alright" as "It's terrible."

"Young man, you don't look like you're someone who studies much anyway.

You're more like a crook with a disarming and daring smile that can easily attract all the girls around you."

Keegan was speechless upon hearing that comment about him.

'Marshall helped US a lot when he was here. He climbed up the trees alone and brought back so many fruits for us. Keegan, you probably don't do these things back home, huh? Your skin is so fair and smooth."

Keegan wanted to say something. But as they continued, he kept quiet.

Both he and Marshall came with Stella. He knew that they would inevitably be compared.

Of course, Keegan was rather confident before he came. However, he had not expected Marshall to be so popular and good at pleasing them. The local folks were straightforward with their thoughts about Marshall, making it hard for him to respond.

He did feel like he needed to prove himself to the local folks, but he just could not stand keeping quiet. After all, he was Stella's legitimate husband, who should be a part of this community.

Stella held Keegan's hand and was about to speak up for him, but Arthur suddenly said, "What's in these bags over here? They're so heavy!" Keegan turned around and saw Arthur trying to carry the bags he brought. He quickly stopped him, saying, "Those are gifts for you. Let me help you with them."

Arthur paused and immediately opened one of the suitcases. In the next second, his gaze widened. "What is this thing?"

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## Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 2037 [Eleven Jewell]

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The neighbors looked over upon hearing Arthur's question. There was a metal lump that resembled a dog but was much uglier, something none of them had ever seen before. Everyone was surprised.

One of the neighbors, Edgar Klopp, who had just teased Keegan, laughed loudly. "Arthur, did your great-grandson-in-law bring you a toy? It looks like a real dog, but it's just too ugly. Why didn't he get one with fur? If you put a speaker in front of your house and play dog barks on loop, it'd scare a lot of people off."

Everyone joined in the laughter. Then, Arthur looked at Edgar and said, "I'm fine with it. At least he thought of bringing something over for me. Your grandson has been working for so many years, yet he hasn't brought you anything at all."

Arthur's words caught Edgar off guard as he immediately defended his grandson. "Young people in the city have a lot of stuff to deal with and are very stressed."

Arthur replied, "Yeah. Well, the one in my family brought me a furless metal dog."

Edgar's eyelid twitched. Then, he said in a resolute tone, "We can't expect the younger generation to do everything for US. It's not like we're useless."

Arthur spoke again, "He just brought me a furless metal dog."

Edgar stopped speaking.

“A furless metal dog.”

Edgar’s expression turned displeased. “Shut up already.”

These two old men had been comparing since they were young, first comparing wives and children, and now even comparing grandson and great-grandson.

However, they were just quibbling. It was just a little amusement for the old men, never leading to any actual argument.

Stella pulled Keegan lightly, signaling him to say something.

Then, Keegan spoke, “Great-grandpa, this is not a furless metal dog. It’s an electronic dog.”

Arthur did not really understand. “So, is it a dog or not?”

“Well, sort of.”

Keegan squatted down and took it out of the suitcase. After a brief setup, he explained what it was to everyone.

It was a small prototype from his company, capable of handling basic commands with patrol and alarm functions. It could recharge itself and send distress signals in case of danger, like if an elderly person fell or became unconscious for a period of time. It was a very useful invention for elderly people who lived alone like Arthur.

After all, with no one at home, in case he fell or became ill, things could get a lot worse. So, having this little device to monitor him could prevent that from happening.

It was everyone’s first time seeing such a thing, and they found it incredibly fascinating. The children gathered around, excitedly giving it commands.

On the other hand, the adults praised Keegan and envied Arthur. They were impressed by the high-tech invention and Keegan's concern for his elder living alone at home.

"Keegan, what do you do for a living? How can you create such an impressive thing?"

When Keegan was about to modestly deny being the creator of it, Arthur chimed in, "You want to know, huh? He's working in some kind of scientific institute that only recruits geniuses to research on robots."

Upon hearing what he said, Keegan and Stella were both at a loss for words.

'Wow, he can brag even more than me,' Stella thought to herself.

Arthur claimed Keegan to be someone so remarkable. To deny would be disrespectful to Arthur; to admit would be humiliating himself. He looked extremely hesitant, but in the end, he could not bring himself to deny it.

The neighbors were impressed and began calling him "Professor Kane" instead of "Keegan."

## **Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 2038**

### **[Eleven Jewell]**

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 2038 [Eleven Jewell]

"Professor Kane, you've achieved so much at such a young age!"

"Professor Kane, you must have done exceptionally well at school, right?"

Arthur was on a roll as he continued boasting, "Of course! Do you think it is easy to get into the scientific institute? Only the best of the best with IQ of 140 and above will have a chance to be interviewed."

Keegan coughed as his face turned red.

Stella reached out to stroke his back. She tried to hold back her laughter as she whispered, “I didn’t know you were this smart.”

Keegan said, “Me neither.”

The neighbors believed everything Arthur said and rallied for Keegan to showcase his calligraphy skills.

Suddenly, Arthur felt somewhat guilty.

He was simply boasting about Keegan’s achievement for Stella’s sake, but he had no idea how capable Keegan really was.

Keegan had no choice but to turn them down as he said gently, “Let’s do it tomorrow. If you guys are interested, I can write a few lines. It’s already so late, and the lighting isn’t very good here.”

The crowd stopped urging him to write upon hearing that. After chatting for a while more, the neighbors began to return home one after another.

Beatrix brought out a pot of chicken stew she made during the day and told them to reheat and eat it.

The people in Jorgeville had been neighbors for decades. They were very used to taking care of each other.

Stella took the pot, thanked Beatrix, and gave some money to her grandson.

Beatrix did not let the child take it, but Keegan said, “He caught the dog and got US out of the embarrassing situation earlier. He deserves it. ■ Beatrix stopped refusing upon hearing what he said and invited them to dinner at her home tomorrow.

Once Beatrix left, Keegan whispered to Stella, “They like you very much.”

With a smile, Stella teased him, “Isn’t it because they like you, Professor Kane?”

Keegan chuckled, “This is my first time boasting about my achievements like this.”

Stella said in a low voice, “Don’t blame Great-grandpa for it. When Mr. Moore came last time, he really knew how to do everything and was excellent at talking. Great-grandpa would never let him be better than my husband to all of them. To him, it just has to be done.”

Stella laughed and added, “Genius, huh? Haha, he thinks very highly of you.” Keegan was a little unconvinced. “But even if he didn’t boast about me, I’m still better than Marshall in a lot of ways.”

“Of course.” Stella’s eyes lit up as she looked at Keegan. She could not help but kiss his cheek. “Otherwise, how could I be interested in you?”

Keegan felt both happy and somewhat upset upon hearing that. Then, he asked hesitantly, “Are you saying that if he’s better than me, you won’t want to be with me?”

Stella looked at him and chuckled.

Keegan was weirded out by her stare. When he was about to ask her another question, he heard Stella saying, “Keegan, do you know what I like most about you right now?”

As soon as Keegan heard the word “like” from her, a smile appeared on his face. Then, he said confidently, “Everything about me.”

Stella reached out to rub his earlobe and said with a smile, “I like how love-struck you are right now. Keep it that way, and I’ll love you forever.”

After saying that, she let go and went back into the house.

Keegan stood there, his mind filled with “I’ll love you forever”.

‘I wasn’t expecting her to confess her love in such a public place at all,’ Keegan thought to himself.

# Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 2039

## [Eleven Jewell]

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 2039 [Eleven Jewell]

He rubbed his hot ears and followed her back into the house, completely ignoring the first half of her sentence.

As soon as he stepped inside, he saw Arthur and Stella setting up the bed.

Keegan, who had become more mature, immediately stepped forward to help.

Without hesitation, Arthur tossed him the sheets and blanket before pulling Stella away, saying he would make some meatballs for her. Keegan had no choice but to make the bed himself.

After he was done cooking the meatballs, Arthur asked, "Is he done yet?"

Stella turned her head to glance at the room Keegan was in and nodded. "Yeah, he is," she said in a low voice.

"This punk made all of US so worried, didn't he?" Arthur muttered to himself.

Then, he laughed. "He's such a pain in the neck. I knew that the Grim Reaper wouldn't want him.' Stella chuckled. Only she and Keegan knew what they had to go through to bring him back. It was only through Heaven's mercy that he survived.

"Oh, yeah. Great-grandpa, Keegan also bought plenty of supplements for you.

I'll go get them."

Arthur was surprised. “Are you sure? When we were at Rivera, he even needed someone else to remind him to buy me a bottle of water. Were you the one who bought it and gave him the credit to make me happy?”

Stella laughed. “It wasn’t me. I swear.”

She was not lying. When they came, they brought two suitcases and a large backpack. Other than a few sets of clothes, all of them were gifts Keegan bought on the way for Arthur.

Although Keegan might not understand other customs well, he would always bring something when visiting someone’s home.

Even when he disliked Albert so much back then, he would never go to the Jewell residence empty-handed. He was always generous with his gifts, even if his relationship with Stella was not that good at that time.

He never let Stella feel embarrassed in front of her family in this regard. That was also why Albert could repeatedly “secure” so many projects from him.

Due to how packed their schedule was, Keegan kept complaining when he bought all the gifts. He felt that Arthur had a bad impression of him, and what Aurora did hurt his feelings a lot, making him somewhat insecure. So, he wanted to buy more gifts to show his sincerity.

He knew that he was not very good at saying flattering words, so he would often resort to buying expensive things to make up for it.

When eating, Keegan noticed that the number of meatballs on his plate was twice that of Stella’s. He instinctively wanted to swap plates with her, but she said, “Great-grandpa made them especially for you. Try them.”

Keegan was pleasantly surprised. Arthur, who had an unlit cigarette between his lips, glanced at him and scoffed arrogantly. “Only because you gave me Pooch.”

Keegan was puzzled. “Pooch?”

Stella pointed at the electronic dog next to Arthur's leg. "Its new name."

Keegan fell silent.

He could not figure out how his advanced invention would be called a furless metal dog or even be given the name Pooch.

Although Keegan might not be as good at talking as Marshall, he was handsome and knew how to fix many electrical appliances. In just two days, he repaired several home appliances for the neighbors, gaining him a group of little fans.

Every day, a bunch of kids would gather in the yard to watch him fix things.

Stella asked him, ' Don't you find them noisy?'

As Keegan assembled the parts, he said, "I'll have to get used to it sooner or later. It's better to start early."

'Very good. He's starting to behave more like a father,' Stella thought to herself.

Just as she was about to tease him, her phone rang. She took it out and saw a WhatsApp message from Felicity: [Something's happening. Come back now.] Stella was taken aback.

## **Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 2040 [Eleven Jewell]**

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 2040 [Eleven Jewell]-Stella replied: [What did Jaylene do again?] Felicity immediately texted back: [How did you know?] [So, what is it?] [Stinky Cucumber said that your stepmother took Jaylene to meet a very reputable perfumer who is a pioneer in the

industry. Rumor has it that the perfumer has agreed to be the pretentious witch's mentor. Several online news accounts are already reposting it.] Felicity then forwarded an article, and Stella tapped it open.

“Perfume Master Jackie Rogan Secretly Recruited an Apprentice, Suspected to Be the Heiress of the Saun Family.”

There were hundreds of comments below. Although it was not a very hot topic, the searches of those keywords had been steadily rising. Someone was intentionally stirring things up.

Stella scanned through the comments. Other than those made by some fake accounts, there were also some interesting discussions.

(The Saun family? Wings Group?) [The Saun family that held a grand banquet for the daughter's return? They're so rich. I can't believe they just hired such a great teacher for her so soon after the banquet.] [The daughter who just returned is probably still having a culture shock after the sudden exposure to wealth and luxury. I'm pretty sure the heiress here is the one raised by the Saun family who behaves and acts like a true wealthy person.

She can play various instruments, paint, and even has great calligraphy skills.

She's the best in everything she does.] [But she's not the legitimate heiress, right?] [So what if she's a stepdaughter? Her mother has married Mr. Saun for twenty years. What difference does it make?] [She has such a strong family background, yet she still works hard for her future. Meanwhile, other than being lucky, the newly returned daughter has nothing else to offer. The things they experienced in the past twenty years were different, making a huge gap in their knowledge and attitude.] Stella chuckled.

She was more than certain that Jaylene had paid someone to write the last comment.

The banquet to welcome Stella back was handled very discreetly, without publicizing her photos or identity, so only a handful of people knew who it was.

Even if people knew about her identity, Stella figured that no one would have such free time to comment on her family matters, let alone praise Jaylene while intentionally criticizing her.

After some thought, Stella typed Jaylene's name in Facebook's search bar.

Sure enough, Jaylene had created a new account registered under an official perfumer of Caline.

Perhaps it was because the article gained popularity; Jaylene's account had already accumulated over a hundred thousand followers.

Stella scrolled through the page and realized the account was probably registered long ago. However, it was not active until last week when Jaylene started posting fragrance-related knowledge and even held two perfume giveaway events.

Stella had thought that she would continue pestering Keegan for a while, but suddenly, she was so focused on work. Stella figured that Darcie's plan might have worked.

She glanced at Keegan, who was repairing appliances while answering endless questions from the children.

Stella chuckled, took his phone, and sat at the side. Then, she chose a few scenery photos from an album, made them visible only to Jaylene, and posted them.

Less than three minutes later, Jaylene's message came through.

[Keegan, where did you go? The photos you posted are so beautiful. Where is it?] Stella waited for a while before replying: [Jorgeville. There's a project going on here, so I came to visit.] [It must be very fun.] (It's pretty boring. I mainly came here to get some peace.) Jaylene paused: [Get some peace? Did something happen back home?] Stella

smirked as she typed slowly: [Forget it. Let's not talk about that.] Jaylene asked: [Is it because of Stella?] Stella then stopped texting back.