

## Read Novel Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 917 [Eleven Jewell]

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“I didn’t know that Keegan got you flowers, nor did he ask for my help,” Marshall said as he looked at the flowers. “Maybe we have similar tastes. This bouquet looks quite similar to the one I sent you on the first day you were filming.”

Stella paused. “You sent me flowers?”

Marshall nodded.

“Did you send them to the set?” Stella frowned and asked.

“No. I was afraid you wouldn’t get them in time, so I sent them to your house. There was a card inside. Didn’t you receive them?”

Marshall tentatively asked.

Stella remained silent, and she carefully recalled what happened on

Valentine’s Day. She and Keegan had just come back from 10th Street, and he insisted on going to her place for drinks. Stella went into her room to change, and Keegan came into the apartment with a bouquet of flowers, saying that it was for her. She praised Keegan for having a good eye, but he frowned. ‘Why would someone like him, who gets high on praise, be unhappy when I complimented him? Is it because he wasn’t the one who got me the flowers? He threw the card away and pretended that it was from him?! What the fuck?!’

Seeing that she was silent, Marshall called out to her. “Stella?”

Stella came back to her senses and met Marshall’s concerned gaze. She felt embarrassed about the situation, even though Keegan was the one who did it. She let out a cough and tried to cover for Keegan. “Ah, I remember! The building security called me over the phone that day and said that there was a delivery for me. But, I was so busy that I forgot about it. I’m sorry,” she said with an apologetic face.

Marshall saw how she was busy apologizing and subconsciously clenched his fists. Only after a while, he said, “It’s fine. It’s just a bouquet of flowers. It’s alright if you didn’t get them. You don’t have to be sorry about it.”

However, Stella still felt embarrassed when she thought of Keegan claiming someone else’s gift as his own and her almost exposing him. “I’ll go ask the security about it later,” Stella said vaguely as she trimmed the stems of the flowers.

Marshall did not continue the conversation. He picked up a few roses and asked, "Why do you cut the flower stems at an angle?"

"Honestly, I'm not sure. The people in my gardening group chat do this, so I do it too. I think it's because the flowers can absorb more water and faster with a larger surface at the bottom to prolong their life? Speaking of flowers, how's your Clivia plant? Are there any black spots on the new leaves?" Stella turned her head and asked with a smile. Her clothes moved along with her actions, revealing her fair skin and an ambiguous red mark on her collarbone.

Marshall was stunned. His pupils were dilated. Countless images came up in his mind, and his head was filled with thoughts until they finally settled on a scenario of a man and a woman kissing.

The image then shattered into a million pieces, and his world turned black and white with a flash of red.

Seeing that he was silent for a long time, Stella turned around and glanced at him curiously. Marshall's lips were tightly pursed, and his face was indescribably pale. Something about him looked wrong. Stella was shocked for a moment and called out, "Mr. Moore? Marshall?"

Marshall abruptly came back to his senses and looked at Stella in a daze for a few seconds before he uttered, "What?"

"You don't look so good. Is something wrong?" Stella frowned.

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"No, I'm fine." Marshall forced a smile and put down the roses. He pressed his fingers against his temples and said, "Maybe it's a side effect of my new medication. Sometimes, I'd feel a little dizzy."

Stella was about to speak when she saw blood on Marshall's temples. She was startled. "Why is there blood on your face?" She asked.

"Huh?" Marshall was stunned for a moment. He reached out to touch his face, but Stella tugged on his sleeve and said, "Your hand is bleeding."

Marshall looked down and saw that the palm of his right hand was stained red. The several small cuts on it were oozing out with blood. There were also blood stains on the

roses he had put down on the side. It was clear that he had pricked himself on the rose thorns.

“One, two, three...” Stella squatted next to him, cleaning his wound. While doing so, she counted the puncture wounds on his hand and finally said in shock, “Six! There are six cuts, and you didn’t feel any of them?!”

Marshall shook his head. “I’m naturally rather insensitive to pain.”

Stella closed her mouth cautiously and did not answer. She recalled the time she asked about Marshall about his pain tolerance during

Cordelia’s last birthday party. Marshall had to explain to her that his nerves were damaged and parts of his skin that were burned became unresponsive. no.vel.e.book Stella knew better than to ask about it again.

However, she was still a little confused as to why he did not feel the pain in his palm since it was his arm that was burned.

If Keegan was the one who said that he was insensitive to pain, Stella would have thought that he was faking it and touched his wound until he broke character. However, Keegan was not one to say such things. Instead, he would act like it was the end of the world. When ignored, he would feel aggrieved and sulk; when given attention, he would act like a baby and complain about how the band aid was not properly placed. Stella thought about it and her eyes softened.

Marshall’s wounds were not deep but the blood kept flowing out of his hand. When Stella cleaned off the blood with a cotton swab, more blood came out. Stella found it a little odd and casually said, “Your blood doesn’t seem like it wants to stop. It’s like you’re hemophilic or something.”

Marshall paused and said slowly, “Is it that obvious? I only have mild symptoms.”

Stella was quiet. “Why did I say that?”

“I’m sorry. I wasn’t trying to make fun of the disease.”

Marshall smiled and said, “It’s okay. I’m not that fragile. I have a very mild case of hemophilia.” He took out a tiny bottle of medication from his pocket and handed it to Stella. “Open that for me and sprinkle some of it in my hand.”

Stella hurriedly took the bottle, unscrewed the cap, and sprinkled some of the dry powder on Marshall’s palm. no.vel.e.book Marshall took a cotton ball and pressed the substance on the wound. The bleeding stopped in about half a minute.

Stella was a little surprised. “Your wound healed with one dash of that powder! It’s magic!”

Marshall laughed at that and said, “It’s actually prothrombin.”

‘First, he was burned. Then, he has migraines. And now, he’s hemophilic. Damn. Marshall is strong and handsome, yet miserable. I would definitely be complaining about how unfair this is if it were me.’ However, Marshall was not only a talented man; he was also someone with a good temper. People could not help but admire him for it.

“By the way, you mentioned that you had something to tell me?”

Hearing that, Marshall paused for a moment before he said, “Oh, it’s about the house. I asked someone to go over last night and investigate. There are people living in that house. According to the neighbors, the family has been in that house for many years. The head of the household is called Alex Jewell. Do you know him?”

## **Read Novel Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 919 [Eleven Jewell]**

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“He’s my second uncle— Albert’s younger brother.

Do they still live there?” Marshall caught Stella’s choice of words.

“What do you mean? Have they lived there before?” Stella nodded.

“In the earlier years, my cousins came here for school, but they had no place to stay.

So, my mom gave them the keys to our old residence.

The house needed to be cared for, and they needed a place to stay.

So, mom decided to let them stay there since we were family.” “I was in eighth grade at that time.

So, it’s been almost 11 or 12 years since then.

My uncle has gained some wealth in the past few years.

They bought a house here in the city a few years ago.

I even went to their housewarming party, so I thought they moved out of that residence.” “Not only did they stay there, but they also turned the house’s backyard into a kindergarten,” Marshall said in a deep voice.

Stella was stunned.

“Huh? But, the backyard was just a piece of wasteland.” ‘Grandpa had a large piece of land that was almost two acres wide.

The house wasn’t that big, but the yard was huge.

Mom said that the land was originally given to grandpa and his two brothers, but grandpa didn’t hear from them after they joined the army.

Grandpa was afraid that the land would be deserted and taken by someone else, so he built a wall around it.

He also built two small sheds to store his fertilizers and gardening tools.

Can those be used for a kindergarten?” “It was, but they built a new building and even renovated the place.

The neighbors said that the kindergarten has been there for at least four to five years now.” Stella’s face changed drastically.

“So, you’re saying my uncle and his family built a house and opened a preschool?” “We still need further investigation to find out whether that place is run by your uncle.”

Marshall] paused for a moment and continued, “Stella, have you never been to that house all these years?” Stella shook her head with an ugly expression.

“The house is quite far from the city.

My grandpa passed away a long time ago, so I hardly come and visit.

Plus, I didn’t know that there were problems with the ownership.

My mom has always been the one to take care of these things.

I had long forgotten about this place after her accident.

It was only when I was sorting out her belongings that I found out she owned some cars and real estate.

“What should I do now? Is there a way to force them to move out of there?” “You mentioned that your grandpa’s brothers own two-thirds of the land, right? And, none of them have any extended family members?” asked Marshall.

Stella nodded.

“Then, you’re the sole heir.

Albert has nothing to do with that two.

-thirds of the land.

However, you and Albert have the right to obtain the remaining land.

You only have to file a lawsuit against Albert for the other third of the land.

As long as you have the paperwork, you can order them to move out of there.” Stella was surprised.

“So, I don’t necessarily have to go to court?” Marshall nodded.

Before Stella could be happy about that, Marshall added, “But, don’t get too excited.

I have been involved in many land dispute cases, and with the right evidence, these cases are not difficult to litigate.

The ownership of the land can be very clear, but many lawyers are not willing to take on cases like this.” “Why?” “Because you might not be able to get the house back even if you win the lawsuit.

Humans are greedy animals.

Your uncle and his family have lived there for more than ten years.

They are going to fight for that plot of land.

The verdict would be easy, but the execution is going to be tough.” Stella got a headache after thinking about how nasty her aunt could be.

Although, she was still quite confident that she would win.

“I’ll find a way to get it back as long as it’s legally mine.

And, if I fail, I won’t make it easy for the person who claims the ownership.” Marshall smiled when he saw her eagerness.

“I’ll help you.” “I can pay you more this time.

I just got my cut from the movie,” Stella laughed.

“And, how much is that?” “A little around...

six figures.” “Good.

That’s just enough to afford my services,” Marshall nodded.

Stella took it as a joke and chuckled, “You’re so expensive.” “I’m also willing to let you buy me for zero dollars,” Marshall laughed lowly.

## **Read Novel Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 920 [Eleven Jewell]**

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Felicity’s eyelids twitched when she heard what Marshall said. ‘I-Is this a fucking confession?! I knew the handsome Bentley guy had a thing for Stella! Who would take on such a small dispute over a high-paying case? nove.lebook Stella is such a dumb dumb for saying that I’m overthinking it. She’s just blinded by her love for Keegan. What’s so good about that guy anyway? Apart from his good looks, he’s sharp-tongued and scheming.’

“The fact that he called the police and had me arrested? Ugh. Makes me think that he’d probably send Stella to prison someday in a fit of anger if he suddenly stops liking her.’

‘Plus, he looks like a playboy, unlike Mr. Moore. Mr. Moore looks gentle, and he’s soft-spoken and polite. He also knows the law and is a great lawyer. He even gets worried about whether Stella arrives home safely during the night. He’s such a good partner; way better than that hypercritical jerk, Keegan!’

Felicity waited expectantly for Stella’s answer. ‘Did she not get the hint?!’ she thought. She pricked up her ears and watched, only to hear Stella say while refilling Marshall’s tea, “Vermont told me you don’t have a girlfriend because you’re a typical straight man who doesn’t know how to talk to girls. But, he’s obviously wrong. You’re so good at flirting!”

‘That idiot, Keegan, would never say such a thing. If I ever told him that he was expensive, he’d definitely ask me if I’ve ever considered that it’s because I’m poor,’ Stella thought.

Felicity was speechless. Her emotions were like a roller coaster. ‘ Well, that’s Stella, alright. She didn’t get the hint at all!’

“Did it work?” Marshall lowered his eyes and asked.

Stella held up her fingers and joked, "Almost. For someone who has experienced the trials and tribulations of marriage, I think money works best."

Marshall froze for a moment and laughed. "How much are we talking here?"

"Hmm. There are other requirements, though. Let's see. My dream man would have a handsome face and a good figure. It'd be even better if he let me take over our finances and listened to me." After she said that, Stella tapped Marshall's chin and asked with a smile,

"I'm not asking for too much, am I?"

Felicity was at a loss for words. 'Why don't you just take out Keegan's ID and show Mr. Moore your dream man? Only Keegan could fit into those criteria! '

Marshall laughed for quite a while before he said, "Of course not. You're worth it."

'See! This is what a man with a high EQ would say! If it were Keegan, he would definitely tell me to stop dreaming! Even though he would silently cash in some money for me at the end of the month, novelebool his words are really unpleasant sometimes. But... If anyone else falls for him, they'd definitely be crushed to the ground with that sharp tongue of his. Ah... What is going on with me? We've only been apart from each other for a short time. Why do I keep thinking about Keegan?"

Stella rubbed her ears and coughed as she said, "After you're done with your current lawsuit, I'll take a leave of absence from work. Then, we'll deal with the house to avoid future problems."

"Alright." Marshall paused, grabbed two boxes from his briefcase, and put them on the coffee table. "Here's some dessert I brought for each of you from the company's team-building event. They're delicious."

Felicity ran over immediately as soon as she heard that there was food. She read the name on the box and said, "Egg tarts from Royle's?! Their lava egg tarts are the best! They are very expensive. Your company sure knows how to throw a lavish team-building event!"

"One of my female colleagues bought them. I can ask her to order more next time and bring them over for you guys," Marshall chuckled.