

Read Novel Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1096 [Eleven Jewell]

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Trevor quickly showed the pictures of Stella sleeping that Keegan took to Mr. and Mrs. Hall Sr. “Look, she’s asleep. You can stop worrying now,” he said.

Mrs. Hall Sr. grabbed the phone and looked at the person in the picture lovingly. Mr. Hall Sr. tried to squeeze his way in to see the photo and said, “Hey, let me see!”

“Why do I feel that she has become much thinner? Her cheekbones are higher, and her face looks smaller than before.”

“I think so too. Her complexion doesn’t look too well.”

“Oh, the poor thing...”

Trevor’s eyelids twitched when he heard that. ‘Isn’t her complexion a little off because Keegan has a warm light on?’

The couple could not get enough of the photos until they realized something. ‘Trevor, who took these pictures if Stella is asleep?’ Mrs. Hall Sr. asked.

“Her assistant,” Trevor answered with a straight face.

“Is that so?” Mr. Hall Sr. held the phone farther away and stared at the picture for a long time before he said, “Why do I see what looks like a men’s belt on the bedside table?”

“You must be mistaken, grandpa,” replied Trevor. “That’s a choker. It’s a type of necklace that young women often wear nowadays. They’re usually made of lace, cloth, and sometimes, leather.”

“A leather necklace? Isn’t that the same as a dog collar?” Mrs. Hall Sr. frowned.

“Grandma, you don’t get it. It’s a fashion trend. It’s similar to when overcoats were popular during your generation. Many young people wear them.”

The old couple found it strange that the younger generation would put on leather collars around their neck. But, as soon as they reminded themselves about their precious granddaughter, they said, “Stella looks good in anything.”

Wenham stayed silent. ‘This boy’s bluffs are rather useful for once. Mom and Dad keep getting fooled.’

After appeasing the two elders, Trevor left and drove home with Wenham. While they were on their way, Wenham asked, ‘How’s the actor who fell and hurt herself? Why is there still no news about her? You should quickly ask her to clarify the situation.’

“Don’t worry. I’ll take care of it,” said Trevor as he steered the wheel.

“How are you going to do that?” Wenham understood Trevor’s temper. With a serious face, he said, “Don’t act foolishly, son. We’re not overseas.

Remember to do everything according to the law of this country.”

“What are you talking about? When have I done anything illegal?’ Trevor said in disdain.

“Have you forgotten what you did while you were underage?’

Trevor chuckled at the sound of those words. “I was just trying to scare those guys. Who knew they’d be such cowards?”

“This matter involves Stella. I don’t care how you handle it as long as it’s reasonable and legal in the court of law. It’s important you don’t tarnish your reputation while clearing her name. Got it?”

“Oh. Have I gotten an upgrade? Am I on par with your daughter now?” Trevor teased.

Wenham then grunted, ‘I’m just scared that you’d drag me down in the process.’

Trevor laughed and did not say anything else.

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Darcie came out with a coat when she heard the sound of the car engine arriving at the house. Wenham had gotten out of the car and was holding the door as he spoke to the person inside. At the same time, Darcie called out to him.

Wenham turned his head around and said, "Why are you still awake?"

Darcie walked over, put the coat over his shoulders, and said in a soft voice, "I couldn't fall asleep without you here. How was it? Did all of you have a good talk?"

Wenham vaguely responded to her questions as he turned to Trevor and said, "Pay attention to the road and drive safely."

Before Trevor could reply, Darcie said, "It's very late. Are you sure you don't want to stay for the night? I'll have the guest room cleaned up for you."

"It's okay, Darcie. I have some work at the company, and I have to go there for a sec. You two should get some rest."

"You have work at this time of the night?" Darcie sighed. "Alright then. Take care and be safe. If you ever need anything, just come here, okay?"

"Okay," Trevor replied with a smile. However, when he pulled up the windows, his smile faded away. 'I'll have the guest room cleaned up,' he mocked in his heart, and his gaze gradually turned cold.

After Trevor had left, Darcie gently rubbed her arms.

Wenham took off his coat and put it over her shoulders. "Let's head inside. It's cold out here."

Jaylene was on her phone in the living room at that time. As soon as they entered the house, Darcie called for Jaylene, and she stood up. "Dad, you're back," she said.

Wenham was a little surprised that her daughter was still up. "Why aren't you in bed? It's late."

"Mom was worried about you and refused to sleep, so I accompanied her. I had a short nap while we waited, but Mom didn't even blink."

Wenham felt sorry for keeping them waiting. "I told you to go to bed without me since I would come home late. Why didn't you listen?"

Darcie lowered her head and smiled. "Don't listen to

Jaylene. I was watching TV. That's why I couldn't sleep."

"No, dad. Remember the time you almost got into an accident on your way home a few years ago? Since then, Mom has always waited for you to come home before she goes to sleep. I've seen it with my own eyes. She turns off the bedroom lights only when your car arrives."

"You kids are so annoying nowadays," Darcie snapped.

Jaylene shrugged and said, "Well, you're the one who asked me to stay up with you." When she said that, her phone vibrated. She looked at her phone, picked it up, and stated, "I'm going to bed now."

Wenham had mixed feelings about the situation. After a long time, he said, "Til call or text next time when I'm on the road. You should rest earlier. There's no need to wait for me."

Darcie smiled and said, "I'm used to it. I can't lose to Freesia. I don't like being compared, and I don't like losing to her when it comes to you."

Wenham paused and pursed his lips. "You're different in your own ways. No one's comparing the two of you."

"I don't want to replace her, nor do I want you to forget her. On the contrary, I appreciate her and cherish everything I have now. I wouldn't have met you if it wasn't for her." Darcie paused before she continued, "I know your dad and the others have their opinions about me. But I really want to meet them and do my filial duties."

Wenham sighed. "They don't have a problem with you. They have a problem with me, but things are better now. After they meet the child, she's going to become the lubricant in the family. I'll take you to meet my parents once our relationship is restored."

"Child? What child?"

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Wenham realized that he had slipped his tongue, but after thinking about it, he decided not to hide the truth anymore. He told Darcie everything about Stella right then and there.

“So, you’re saying the child Freesia had given birth to is still alive, and Stella’s the child?”

“Yes,” Wenham said with emotion. “What a coincidence, right? Stella saved Jaylene when she had that asthma attack. Trevor got to know her when he went to her place to thank her. After doing a DNA test, he confirmed her identity. It feels like God had planned this and returned her to me after twenty-five years.”

“When I first saw Stella, I noticed that her eyebrows looked similar to Freesia’s. I was surprised by how much she looked like her. It all makes sense now,” Dahlia claimed. She paused for a moment and suddenly said, “By the way, didn’t the doctors say that the child died of suffocation because the umbilical cord was wrapped around her neck? Whose baby was buried if Stella’s alive and well? How could the hospital make a mistake like this?”

Wenham’s face turned cold when Darcie mentioned that. “I think it’s Rainee Spade’s child. But she’s gone now. There’s no need to do a DNA test anymore. As for the mix-up, Trevor is still looking into the matter. Some of the doctors and nurses who delivered the baby back then have emigrated out of the country. At the same time, the whereabouts of some of them are unknown. They’re clearly covering something up. Everything will be revealed when we find them.”

Darcie pursed her lips, and after a long time, she said, “Well, at least the child is alive and healthy. It’s a consolation for Freesia and your family. They can finally ease their pain of losing the child.”

Wenham thought about something, and his lips curved upward. There was tenderness between his eyebrows. “In the end, she still won the bet. Our daughter does look like her.”

Darcie clenched her fingers and said with a smile, "She's as gorgeous as her mother."

Meanwhile, the news about Stella pushing another actor down the stairs continued to fester. Bella initially thought Keegan would not be able to sit still and would find someone to negotiate with her. Although her goal was to take The Palace off the shelves, she would likely make a deal with Keegan if he took the initiative to discuss the terms. After all, none of the bosses Bella had dealt with over the years had been as generous as Keegan. 'Td be stupid to reject his proposal if he could provide me with top resources like he did before,' she thought.

However, Bella was wrong about Keegan making a deal with her. The man did not make a move at all for the whole night. The only visits she got were from the people in Elegant Media. However, Bella refused to see them by stating that she was not feeling well.

She knew that they were not there to support her but to have her post a statement to clear up Stella's name. She also knew that if she did that, there would be no turning back. If Bella cleared up everything that had happened, the company would either reduce her screen time or cut her out of the film completely. So, to her, she had to take the sinister path no matter what. This meant that Bella had to frame Stella all the way and take The Palace down with her.

At 7:00 a.m. the next day, an online interview with Bella went viral. Felicity was still asleep at that time but was woken up by texts from the group chat. She hurriedly clicked on one of the links, but her mobile data was not working. This was a major problem since she did not have Wi-Fi. 'My data network has always been fine. Why is this happening now?'

Felicity's data limit had reached its limit that month. Not wanting to turn on the roaming option on her phone, she slipped on her shoes and went to Vermont's place to use his Wi-Fi.

Felicity entered the password to the apartment and ran toward the study to switch on the router. Even though Vermont seemed like someone who did not have a healthy lifestyle, he cherished his life very well. He would turn off the router every night before bed just to avoid the chances of radiation.

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Felicity often argued with Vermont that the whole building uses Wi-Fi and that he would still get radiation even if he turned off his router. After some time, Felicity was able to connect to the internet. She hastily clicked on the video and saw it was a media interview with Bella.

In the video, Bella was lying on a hospital bed with gauze around her head, looking pale and weak. The reporter asked about her condition, and she told them everything while not forgetting to stare at the screen and ask for prayers.

After exchanging pleasantries, the interviewer went down to business. The questions were straightforward. “Bella, it is rumored that you fell down the stairs because an actor you were working with pushed you. Is that true?”

Bella stayed quiet for a few seconds and said, “Honestly, I don’t exactly remember what happened. I was following the director’s orders, and suddenly, I felt a force pushing me on my shoulder. I couldn’t keep my balance and fell, but I don’t think Stella would shove me on purpose.

“You know, actors must have a sense of control in force and direction during scenes like this. One wrong move, and everything changes. I think Stella just didn’t have good control over her force. This doesn’t mean that she did it deliberately. I mean, she has no reason to do so.’

“It is known that she sued your fans for defamation. Do you think she’s still holding onto this grudge and is hurting you to anger your fans?”

Bella pondered the question for a while before she said, “I don’t think so... My fans are young and don’t know what they’re saying sometimes. They gave an apology and were punished accordingly. My assistant contacted the people who were sued, and they told us that they regretted their choices and learned their lesson. One of them suffered a lot of stress from this incident and began to cut herself. She was later diagnosed with moderate depression.”

“I’ll take it if Stella pushed me for this reason. It was my fault for not managing my fans well till the point where they caused her trouble.

However, I don't think she had any ill intentions. She treated me rather well when we were filming the movie."

"Fuck!" Felicity could not help but curse. 'I knew this bitch was up to no good when she accepted this interview. They portrayed Stella as this narrow-minded and vindictive person! She said she believed Stella didn't do it on purpose, but she keeps directing her answers back to her! She might as well just say she did it. The netizens like to do their own detective work by extracting clues from every word and convicting people in the end.'

Felicity went on Facebook, and sure enough, the people berated Stella and asked her to come forward with an apology. Even more horrendous was an audio clip with Stella's voice spreading on the internet shortly after the interview was released.

In the audio, a man was asking Stella to issue an apology, but she refused.

[I'm not apologizing. She deserves the broken leg.]

Felicity listened to the audio over and over again. "You idiot!" she cursed.

Just then, the door to the study room opened, and Vermont stood naked at the doorway.

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Felicity screamed in fright. She grabbed an object nearby and threw it at Vermont. "You pervert!" she yelled.

Vermont panicked and watched as a bottle of ink grazed past his crotch through the opening in between his legs and shattered into pieces as it hit the ground. That was when he broke out in cold sweat, thinking, 'My junk would actually be dysfunctional if that thing had hit me in the crotch.'

Seeing Vermont just standing there, Felicity gritted her teeth and said, "Go get dressed, you mutt!" Topless still, he had put on his pants by the time he reappeared.

Felicity was sitting at the desk, staring at her phone with a bitter look on her face. Vermont put a cup of coffee on the table and leaned over. "Why didn't you say anything when you came in? I thought a burglar broke into my apartment."

"You thought there was a burglar and decided to confront them without any clothes on?"

Vermont laughed. "I mean... They could've been a woman. I could seduce her and prevent her from trying to rob me."

"You're really something," said Felicity in disgust.

Hearing that, Vermont chuckled. He did not mean to scare her. He usually slept without any clothes on and was about to wash up when he heard someone in his study. He thought that it was strange, so he opened the door to see what was going on.

Even though Felicity did ask him to put on some clothes, he was not wearing a shirt on purpose. 'Men and women are the same. They tend to fall for lust.

Felicity first fell for Corbin because of his abs. I doubt I would lose to that man in terms of looks. She'd definitely fall for me now,' thought Vermont.

However, Felicity clearly did not pay much attention to Vermont. After complaining about him, she went back to looking at her phone. 'Am I losing to an electronic device right now?' Vermont leaned over the table and asked in a low voice, "Why do you seem so serious? What are you looking at?"

"It's that bitch, Mistress Young. She gave an interview about the incident and kept hinting that Stella pushed her for revenge," Felicity gritted her teeth and said.

"There's no need to get mad. She has no evidence. I don't think the netizens would believe her."

"If only that was true. Listen to this," Felicity said as she played the audio clip she had just heard earlier. [I'm not apologizing. She deserves the broken leg.]

Vermont was stunned. "Stella said that?"

While gritting her teeth, Felicity replied, "That is Stella's voice, alright. But the audio is edited. I've listened to it a dozen times and could tell that at least some parts were cut out. Someone had set up a trap and tricked Stella into saying those words. They then edited the clip and created this audio."

Vermont listened to the recording again and realized that there were slight pauses between the lines. It was professionally edited, making it hard for those who were not in the editing field to notice the cuts and stitches.