

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1961 [Eleven Jewell]

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

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

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

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

'Am I overthinking things?' she sighed.

Meanwhile, Cyrene and her friends were playing poker.

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

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

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

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

Chandler, on the other hand, preferred peace.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cyrene mumbled a couple of words and continued the game.

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

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

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

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

"Yeah. She even put Dahlia in jail."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cyrene frowned, paused for two seconds, then answered.

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

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

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

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

Keegan remained composed facing Cyrene’s cold remarks. His tone was mild, “My mom got arrested.”

Cyrene chuckled. “Well, what goes around comes around.”

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

Cyrene paused. "Why do you ask?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"At your doorstep."

This left Cyrene speechless.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cyrene felt irritated. ‘He doesn’t want to get involved in the mess, so he had my husband do it? Who would bear the blame if Dahlia were to be released, and it generated attention online?’ ‘Considering Keegan’s previous incident, my family had finally regained some standing within the company. We can’t afford to lose it again because of this,’ she thought.

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