

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 2461

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 2461 – Joe couldn't believe it when he got the notice and immediately called his counselor, "Teacher, the notice says I need to retake the course. Is there a mistake? I thought I passed the make-up exam. Why am I being told to retake it?"

The counselor replied, "Hold on, let me check."

"Okay."

Joe was nervous but still thought the school must have made an error.

After what felt like a long half-minute, the counselor came back on the line, "I checked, and yes, you're on the list for retaking the course."

Joe's face fell. "But I passed the make-up exam. Why am I on the list?"

He thought about recent online rumors and cautiously asked, "Did the school think I plagiarized and void my grades?"

The counselor hesitated, "I'm not sure. I just received the notice from the department."

Joe tightened his grip on his phone, "There are cameras in the make-up exam room. Can't you check the footage to prove I didn't cheat?"

The counselor lowered his voice, "Joe, this situation isn't as simple as you think."

Joe's voice was hoarse, "How complicated is it? Is the school invalidating my grades to save face, even though they know I didn't cheat?"

The counselor seemed at a loss for words. After a pause, he sighed, "You can try contacting the Dean. He's handling this."

Joe managed to get the Dean's assistant on the phone, but the assistant said the Dean was in City B for an important meeting and wouldn't be available for two days. Joe knew he couldn't wait that long because the list for retaking the course would be finalized by the end of the week.

Grace, worried, went to the school to confront them. A director from Joe's college explained that the surveillance in the make-up exam room was broken and didn't capture Joe's position, so they couldn't verify if he cheated. Without clear evidence, the school decided to void Joe's make-up exam results and make him retake the course. Given Joe's poor academic record, they warned that they could even issue a demerit for cheating or expel him.

Grace was outraged and argued with the school staff, which only fueled the rumors that Joe had cheated. His classmates, who also failed the course and retook the exam, started mocking him. One even messaged Joe, “Man, you didn’t share the answers with us?”

Joe, frustrated, wrote in the group chat, “I didn’t cheat!”

The group fell silent for a long time before someone replied, “Retaking the course isn’t a big deal.”

“It’s better than getting a warning for cheating.”

No one else said anything. It was clear that everyone believed Joe had cheated. Feeling fed up, Joe left the group chat, tossed his phone aside, and buried his face in his pillow.

Grace visited Joe in the hospital with his favorite food. While serving him, she said, “I’ve asked a friend to talk to the Director. We’ll get this sorted out and clear your name. Don’t be upset. Eat something so you can get better quickly.”

Joe leaned back in bed, looking lifeless. After a moment of silence, he said, “Mom, I want to study abroad.”

Grace paused, setting down the bowl and chopsticks, then sat beside him.

“Do you really want to study abroad, or are you just trying to escape because of this?”

Joe stayed quiet, biting his lip before saying, “No one believes me anymore. They all think I cheated, and my grades are voided. Why should I stay here? Do I want to be laughed at?”

Grace replied, “If you leave now, won’t they think you’re running away because you’re guilty and too embarrassed to stay?”

Joe’s eyes reddened. “I don’t care what they think. If I go abroad, I won’t have to hear or see any of it.”

Grace asked, “Are you planning to stay abroad forever and never come back?”

Joe didn’t answer, but the thought clearly troubled him. His parents were here, his roots were here—he knew he would eventually come back.

Grace spoke gently, “Joe, once your reputation is damaged, it’s hard to rebuild. You might escape this now by going abroad, but when you return, you’ll face those same people. They won’t forget. If you don’t clear your name now, this will follow you for the rest of your life.”

Joe whispered, “How can I clear it? There’s no surveillance, no proof. No one believes me, Mom. What can I do?”

Grace, heartbroken, stroked his face and softly assured him, “Who says no one believes you? I believe you. Your father, your brother, your sister-in-law—we all believe you. Don’t be scared. I’m here, and I won’t let anyone hurt you. We’ll clear your name, and you’ll go back to school with your head held high.”

Joe was about to respond when there was a knock on the door. He quickly wiped his face and composed himself.

Grace also composed herself before opening the door, only to be surprised by the visitor—Darcie. She was accompanied by her assistant, Aubrey, both carrying gifts. Darcie smiled and said, “I thought I might have the wrong room, but it looks like I’m in the right place.”

Grace looked at them, puzzled, “Mrs. Saun, what brings you here?”

Darcie replied, “I heard from a friend that Joe got hurt recently. I wanted to visit earlier, but I thought it might be too crowded, so I waited a few days. How’s Joe doing? Is he recovering well?”

“Not bad,” Grace said, opening the door wider to let them in. “Please, come in.”

Darcie and Aubrey entered, and Darcie sat next to Joe, offering comforting words before chatting with Grace, mostly about Joe’s injury. But Grace was distracted, more concerned about clearing Joe’s name than his physical recovery.

During their conversation, Grace received a call from the friend helping her contact the Dean. The news wasn’t good, and Grace’s disappointment was clear as she ended the call.

Darcie, having overheard, asked, “Grace, were you trying to reach Dean Lavoie from S University?”

Grace was surprised, “Do you know him?”

Darcie nodded, “I have a friend who’s related to Dean Lavoie. We’ve played cards together a few times. We’re not very close, but I know him. What’s going on?”

Grace’s eyes lit up, “I—”

Joe interrupted, “Mom, I need to go to the bathroom.”

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 2462 -Grace was about to speak when Joe suddenly interrupted her.

“Excuse me for a moment.” Grace quickly stopped talking, stood up, and went over to help. “I’ll help you go.”

Joe simply responded, “Hmm.”

Darcie watched as Grace assisted Joe out of the room and then asked Aubrey, “Everything went smoothly, right?”

Aubrey nodded, “I explained everything as you instructed.” She then hesitated before quietly asking, “Are you sure she’ll ask us for help?”

Darcie replied calmly, “Under normal circumstances, she might not, but when she’s out of options, she definitely will. Right now, she’s eager to clear things up with her son and knows I can help. Even if she doesn’t want to, she won’t have much of a choice.”

“The final part of the perfume competition involves voting by OM perfume club members. She’s a senior member and applied to be a judge this time. Out of only ten judges, she was chosen. She values favors greatly, and since I’ve helped her, she’ll feel obligated to return the favor. I don’t like to take risks,” Darcie smiled with a hint of contempt, “I prefer to be certain.”

Aubrey admired Darcie’s sharp mind. When Darcie mentioned a relative working at the university, Aubrey initially thought she just wanted to win the client back from Stella. She hadn’t realized Darcie was aiming for Grace’s favor, which could be crucial in the competition’s final vote.

With Grace’s backing, Jaylene would stand a good chance, no matter how she performed.

Aubrey suddenly remembered something and softly asked, “Did you plan for Joe to become the topic of heated discussion online?”

Darcie shook her head, “I was surprised by that too. It seems someone involved in the accident tried to make Joe a scapegoat and pushed him into the spotlight. But it works in our favor, so I just went along with it.”

Aubrey murmured, “Who would dare use the Esper family as a scapegoat?”

Darcie responded lightly, “There are plenty of powerful people in Rivera. Those capable of this aren’t easily crossed. It’s best not to dig too deep.”

Aubrey acknowledged this and asked no more questions.

Grace helped Joe to the bathroom door and said, “You go ahead, I’ll wait outside. If you need anything, just call out.”

Joe didn't move but instead grabbed Grace's hand and whispered, "Mom, were you planning to ask Darcie for help with the school just now?"

Grace was taken aback but then replied, "She knows Dean Lavoie. I was thinking she might be able to help."

Joe pursed his lips and stayed silent.

Seeing his mood, Grace asked, "What's wrong?"

After a pause, Joe spoke, "Mom, you and your godmother didn't get along well with Darcie before. Why would she be willing to help now?"

Grace answered, "She won't help for free, I'm aware of that. Just focus on your recovery, and leave the rest to me."

Grace had dealt with Darcie for years and knew exactly what kind of person she was. Darcie never wasted time on people who didn't benefit her. She came today with a purpose.

But right now, Grace didn't care about Darcie's motives. As long as she could help, Grace was willing to owe her a favor.

Joe paused for a moment before saying, "Mom, you should go back and take care of them. I'll come out after I'm done."

"Are you sure? I can wait."

"It's fine, go ahead."

Seeing his insistence, Grace didn't argue. She handed him the phone and softly said, "Call me if you need anything."

Joe nodded, took the phone, and went into the bathroom.

Afterward, instead of returning right away, he sat on a hospital bed in the corridor, playing games to pass the time.

His phone vibrated with a message from Keegan, "How are you today? Feeling better?"

Joe perked up and replied, "Definitely! I'll be fully recovered soon."

Keegan sent a "pat on the head" emoji.

Joe smiled, suddenly feeling like Keegan was playfully treating him like a child.

Among his friends, Joe had never known someone Keegan's age or with his temperament. Keegan felt like a friend, a brother, or even a father figure. Despite their brief acquaintance, Keegan was always guiding him in the right direction.

Joe typed back, half-jokingly, "Brother, don't be too nice to me. We're still rivals in love. You're making it hard for me to steal your girl in the future."

Keegan replied, "Don't worry, she doesn't see you as a kid."

Joe gritted his teeth, "Who's the kid here? You pretended to be a girl and added me on WhatsApp to mess with me. Did you forget?"

Keegan responded, "Really?"

"Okay, you're shameless!" Keegan sent a laughing emoji.

After chatting for a bit, Joe suddenly asked, "Brother, your stepmother is close to Dean Lavoie. Do you know him too?"

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 2463 – The term "step-mother-in-law" caught Keegan off guard for a moment, and he hesitantly asked, "Do you mean Darcie?"

"Yes, she's Stella's stepmother, so that makes her your step-mother-in-law," Joe explained.

Keegan was speechless for a moment but admitted, "You're not wrong."

"I don't know Dean Stella," Keegan paused, then asked, "Why are you asking about this?"

Joe's mood darkened as he finally confessed, "The school wants to invalidate my make-up exam results and make me retake the test."

Keegan frowned, "What do you mean? Are they accusing you of cheating?"

"They didn't say it outright, but that's the implication. They're just having me retake the exam as a way to save face without punishing me. A friend told me the school's complaint line is blowing up, and people are demanding an investigation into cheating. They probably want to deal with me quietly while satisfying public outcry."

Keegan was confused, "Then why are you trying to reach your vice-dean?"

"The counselor told me Dean Lavoie is in charge of this decision. The final outcome hasn't been decided yet. My mom wants to meet with Dean Lavoie to clear my name. She was looking for someone who could introduce us, and it turns out your step-mother-

in-law knows him and has a good relationship with him. So, my mom wants to ask her for help.”

Joe sighed, “But I don’t trust her. She seems insincere, especially in how she treats Stella. I just remembered that if she knows Dean Lavoie, you might too. But it seems you don’t.”

Keegan interrupted, frowning, “Wait, canceling your score without proof of cheating? That sounds illegal. Did you get an official notice from the school’s system?”

Joe explained, “No, I got a message from the counselor’s work number, so I called to ask. The school system hasn’t issued anything official yet. That’s why my mom wants to meet with Dean Lavoie and explain the situation.”

Keegan was silent for a moment.

Joe continued, “I just don’t want my parents to have to ask for help because of me. No one helps for free these days, right? Like you said, people only help if they want something in return. My mom hates owing favors. I don’t want them to be forced into repaying someone because of me. I’d rather just go abroad, but my mom won’t let me. She says running away will only make things worse, but I just want to avoid all this drama.”

Keegan finally spoke, “Your mom’s right. Running away isn’t the answer. It’ll only make people think you’re guilty.”

“But what can I do?” Joe asked, feeling desperate. “There’s no evidence to prove I didn’t cheat. How can I clear my name?”

Keegan replied, “Why do you need to prove your innocence? They should be the ones providing evidence that you cheated.”

Joe was stunned, realizing, “I don’t need to prove myself?”

Keegan continued, “Exactly. The burden of proof is on them. If they can’t prove you cheated, it’s just slander. What do you need to prove?”

Joe hesitated, “But everyone’s already saying it, and my past grades weren’t great. The make-up exam results were too good.”

Keegan asked, “So what? Are you the only one who passed the make-up exam?”

Joe replied, “No, most people passed.”

Keegan continued, “Did they cheat?”

"Of course not," Joe said. "Our school is strict. There were four teachers and over 30 students in the room, all watching closely."

Keegan concluded, "Then let the school produce evidence of your cheating. If they can't, they have no right to punish you."

Joe asked, "What if they still insist I cheated and make me retake the exam?"

Keegan smiled, "Then you can take legal action. Do you want me to call the police for you?"

Joe suddenly felt relieved. He'd been so caught up in trying to prove his innocence that he hadn't thought about shifting the burden onto the school. Keegan's words made it all clear.

"If I try to prove myself, I'm just playing into their hands," Joe realized. "Even if I did another live test and got a high score, they'd just say I knew the answers beforehand. It's not up to me to prove anything."

Joe's attitude shifted. "I need to stop my mom from meeting with Dean Lavoie. I'm innocent, and I'm not afraid of their investigation!"

Keegan stopped him, "Hold on a minute."

Joe asked, "What's up?"

Keegan murmured, "Even if you had cheated, this wouldn't be a big deal online. It feels strange, but now I think I understand what's going on."

Joe, anxious, urged, "What are you talking about? Stop being mysterious."

Keegan advised, "Don't do anything yet. Let your mom meet with Dean Lavoie first. We'll see what he says, and then we can plan our next move."

Joe grinned, "Are you planning something sneaky, bro?"

Keegan replied, "Call me brother-in-law."

Joe was speechless.

Darcie and Grace were having a pleasant conversation. When Joe returned to the ward, Grace was just seeing Darcie out.

Seeing Joe, Darcie warmly asked about his health, speaking like a kind elder.

Joe responded politely, thanking her for visiting.

After exchanging a few words, Darcie left with Aubrey.

As soon as they were gone, Grace looked at Joe curiously, “Did you slip and hit your head in the bathroom? Why are you suddenly so polite to Darcie?”

Joe blinked, “What do you mean? Haven’t I always been well-behaved?”

Grace was surprised and stared at Joe for a long time. He had been in a bad mood since the incident, but now, she could see a change. He seemed excited, maybe even happy.

Grace thought he was feeling confident about the situation and reassured him, “Don’t worry, I won’t let anyone wrongly accuse you.”

Joe bent down and hugged her, “Mom, I’m not afraid. I won’t let you down this time.”

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 2464 - “What are you talking about? You’ve never embarrassed me. I gave birth to you, so I know exactly what you’re like. I’m just worried this might affect you. You need to stay happy. You’ve been so quiet lately, and your father, your brother, and I have all been worried sick,” Grace said, gently stroking Joe’s back. “I’m telling you, this isn’t a big deal. Everyone faces some mess in their life. You’ll get through it.”

Joe nodded and hugged Grace tightly.

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Royalpark Villa.

“Do you think Darcie is behind this?” Stella asked Keegan as she peeled a grapefruit.

Keegan nodded. “Her timing was too coincidental. I looked into it, and it turns out that Dean Lavoie is a distant relative of Darcie’s assistant. If Darcie wanted to, she could easily influence him.”

Stella thought for a moment. “So, she wants Grace to owe her a favor? Maybe she’s trying to win Grace back?”

“Possibly, but it could be more than that,” Keegan replied.

Stella’s eyes lit up with excitement as she sat next to Keegan. “Let’s play along. We’ll let Darcie think Grace owes her, and see what her next move is.”

Keegan smiled, his expression amused.

“What are you smiling about?” Stella asked, confused. “What do you mean by that?”

"I'm just thinking about how the saying 'those who keep company with ink get stained black' makes a lot of sense," Keegan said, still smiling.

"What do you mean by that? Who's the ink?" Stella asked, puzzled.

Keegan didn't answer, instead, he took a bite of the grapefruit she had peeled, only for his face to twist in response to the sourness.

"How can you eat this with such a straight face?" he asked in disbelief.

Stella blinked innocently. "It's delicious, a perfect balance of sour and sweet."

She took another bite, clearly enjoying it.

Keegan was speechless. Her taste had changed so much during the pregnancy. She didn't even like sour food before.

"If you like sour food, then you must be having a boy," Maria said with a smile as she brought in a bowl of soup. "Sour for a boy, spicy for a girl. That's the old saying."

"Really?" Stella said, intrigued. "But I also crave spicy hot pot, boiled pork slices, and spicy chicken lately. Especially chopped pepper fish head. So, if I like both sour and spicy, does that mean I'm having a boy or a girl?"

Her eyes sparkled with curiosity.

"You always liked those foods, even before you were pregnant," Keegan remarked. "You're just being greedy."

Stella shot him a look. "Shut up. I don't want to hear you talk," she said, pushing him away. "Stay away from me. Just your smell makes me want to vomit."

She covered her mouth and ran to the bathroom.

Keegan looked visibly hurt.

When Stella came back, feeling better, she saw him sulking in a corner. "I took a shower as soon as I got back," he muttered.

Stella couldn't help but laugh. "I've had morning sickness again these past couple of days. It's not that I hate you, but the smell makes me nauseous. The doctor said it's just the hormones."

Keegan looked concerned. "Why is it happening again? You were fine before."

"I don't know, maybe I'm just being overly sensitive," Stella shrugged.

Keegan was speechless. “You really have a talent for saying things that leave people at a loss for words.”

“Really?” Stella smiled. “I think so too.”

They shared a brief moment of silence before both burst into laughter.

Then Stella felt the urge to vomit again and hurried to the bathroom.

While she was gone, her phone rang. Keegan saw it was Vermont calling and answered it for her.

“Hey, sister-in-law! It’s incredible—Marshall actually got Ricky in!” Vermont exclaimed excitedly.

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 2465 -Keegan paused, his expression tightening. “Who went in?”

There was silence on the other end of the phone, followed by a dry laugh two seconds later. “Keegan, aren’t you supposed to be working overtime? You got off work early today?”

Keegan wasn’t fooled and pressed again, “Who did you say went in just now?”

“What did I say?” Vermont feigned confusion. “I forgot, thanks to your interruption.”

“You mentioned Marshall took Ricky in,” Keegan replied, his tone sharp.

Vermont was caught off guard. “You heard that?”

Keegan replied with a calm intensity, “I wanted to make sure I heard correctly, but it seems I didn’t.”

Vermont sighed, realizing he was cornered. “Yes, that’s what I said. I saw some gossip and thought I’d share it with your wife. You know, we share similar tastes in this kind of news.”

Keegan’s voice remained steady. “Really? I thought the two of you might be hiding something from me.”

“How could we?” Vermont quickly retorted, “What could we possibly hide from you? You’ve been so worried about Joe lately. I saw the news and thought I should share it right away.”

“Oh.” Keegan’s response was nonchalant.

Vermont relaxed, but Keegan's next question made him tense again. "What exactly did Stella tell Marshall?"

Vermont's mind raced. "What are you talking about? Did Stella contact Marshall?"

Keegan stayed silent for a moment, then spoke again, his tone now certain. "She asked you to pass it on."

Vermont's heart sank. There was no point in hiding it now. "Don't blame Stella. She didn't contact Marshall directly. She asked me to hint to him. The marriage between the two families has been looming over him, and Stella thought it might give him an opportunity to refuse. She figured it would be better for him to take action than for you to use your connections and stir things up with the Graham family. That's why she didn't want you to know."

Keegan didn't respond immediately.

Vermont, uncertain of Keegan's reaction, added, "Don't be upset with Stella. She's just trying to keep you from getting involved with the Grahams."

Keegan replied, "I understand."

"Really?" Vermont whispered, "Then don't forget to delete this call, or Stella will definitely get suspicious."

Keegan scoffed, "Since when did you become so cautious?"

Vermont sighed in mock frustration. "The in-law dynamic has changed. I used to be on the husband's side, but now I'm on the wife's side. I have to be careful not to cause a crisis."

Keegan chuckled. "Traitor."

Vermont laughed. "Guilty as charged."

Stella emerged from the bathroom, and Keegan handed her a glass of water. He hesitated before touching her shoulder, recalling her recent reactions, then pulled back. "Feeling better?"

Stella nodded and sat closer to him.

Keegan instinctively started to move away, but she grabbed his arm. "Where are you going?"

"Didn't you say my scent makes you uncomfortable?" Keegan muttered, feeling a bit dejected.

Stella pulled him closer. "I feel worse when you're far away, so let's stay close."

Keegan was at a loss for words.

Stella picked up her phone and suggested, "Joe's getting discharged soon. Let's find a time to visit him properly."

"Okay," Keegan agreed, "I'll follow your lead."

Stella scrolled through her messages when she noticed a link from Vermont. Clicking on it, she saw a brief social news piece. The words "car accident" and "Graham family" stood out, confirming her suspicions.

Ricky's influential background meant that the news was kept low-key, but Stella knew that the fewer the words, the bigger the scandal.

It seemed Marshall had made his move.

Stella looked up at Keegan, her eyes gleaming. "Honey, it looks like Ricky's been arrested."

Keegan feigned surprise. "Who told you that?"

Stella showed him the article with a sly smile. "The timing, the accident, Ricky, drugs—put it all together, and it's pretty obvious."

Keegan appeared shocked. "Is it really him? How did they catch him? Did someone report it?"

"Bad deeds catch up with people eventually," Stella said, "You can silence one or two, but when too many people are involved, it's impossible to keep everything quiet."

Keegan nodded, "True. What else does it say?"

"Not much. Just a brief mention, but someone will dig up more details soon. That's out of our hands." Stella lowered her voice, "When the news spreads, Grace can use it as an opportunity to clear up Joe's situation with some good PR."

"I'll contact her in the morning," Keegan agreed, his compliance unusual. Normally, he would dig deeper, not let things slide so easily.

Noticing his uncharacteristic behavior, Stella stared at him curiously. Keegan met her gaze, his voice soft. "What's wrong?"

Stella smiled brightly. "Nothing. Let's go for a walk."

Keegan nodded, "I'll grab my jacket."

As he walked away, Stella quickly messaged Vermont, "Keegan's acting strange today. Normally, he'd question everything, but when I showed him the news, he didn't ask a single thing."

Vermont, halfway through an apple, replied, "Isn't that good? It saves you from getting cornered and exposed."

Stella considered it. "Maybe I'm just exhausted—preparing for Keegan's engagement, dealing with Joe's issues. I've been running around non-stop. Later, can you ask Felicity for the medicinal diet recipe that replenishes energy and blood? I want to make it for Keegan."

Vermont sent over the recipe, adding, "Little Bandit said timing and heat are crucial. Don't overcook it. Why not have your aunt make it? You don't want to accidentally poison him instead of replenishing his energy."

Stella rolled her eyes and sent him a virtual middle finger emoji.

After walking around the lake for a while, Stella was sweating. Keegan led her to a bench to rest. The night air was cool, a gentle breeze brushing her face. Keegan reached out to smooth her hair, watching her drink water.

"Stella."

She turned to him, "Yes?"

Keegan didn't say anything at first, just gazed at her. Then, he leaned in and kissed her softly on the lips.

Stella blinked in surprise.

Keegan brushed her lips with his thumb and whispered, "Thank you for always choosing me, without hesitation."

Stella was confused but smiled anyway. "What's with the sentimentality all of a sudden?"

Keegan lowered his eyes, a gentle smile on his face as he held her hand, softly rubbing it. "I just realized that being with you, even if we do nothing, makes me happy."

Stella nestled into his arms, then suddenly said, "Let's do something, though. It would be a waste to have such a handsome husband and not make the most of it."

Keegan was momentarily speechless.

So much for sentimentality. Reality always has a way of intruding.

Ricky's scandal quickly gained traction.

Ricky wasn't one to keep a low profile. His social media account had millions of followers, despite not being updated for over six months. He still had a massive following from his posts about racing and shooting.

While his identity had been shielded before, this time was different. His involvement in drugs, reckless driving resulting in fatalities, and fleeing the scene sparked outrage among netizens.