

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 2471

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 2471 – Jaylene nodded, “It seems so. She rushed at me like a madwoman, yelling all kinds of nonsense. One of her eyes was empty. I was terrified, so I didn’t pay much attention, but I heard her mention ‘Alijah’ over and over again.”

She then couldn’t help but complain, “I don’t understand what the mall security is doing, letting someone like that inside.”

As Jaylene finished speaking, she noticed that Darcie’s expression had changed. It was a mix of surprise, suspicion, and unease.

Jaylene paused and whispered, “Mom, what’s wrong?”

Darcie snapped out of her thoughts, “It’s nothing. Are you okay? You didn’t get hurt, did you?”

Jaylene replied, “No, she didn’t touch me. She just scared me.”

Usually, if something like this happened, Darcie would be very concerned, but today she barely asked any questions. After hearing that Jaylene wasn’t hurt, she just said, “I have something to do tomorrow, so you should go to bed early.”

Jaylene nodded, “You too, Mom. Get some rest.”

Darcie responded with a distracted “Mm-hmm” and waited for Jaylene to go upstairs. Then, with a tense expression, she pulled out her phone and dialed Alijah’s number.

As soon as the call connected, she demanded, “Jaylene said she was harassed by some crazy woman in the mall today, and the woman kept shouting your name! Why didn’t you tell me about this?”

There was silence on the other end of the line. After a brief pause, a woman’s voice answered, “Did you... did you dial the wrong number? My husband’s surname is Larry.”

Darcie was taken aback but quickly regained her composure, “Larry... Mr. Larry? Who is this?”

The woman replied, “Larry is my husband. He’s helping the kids with their homework right now. Are you... looking for him?”

Darcie stammered, “I-I do have something to discuss with Mr. Bard. Could you ask him to call me back when he’s free?”

“Okay,” the woman agreed.

Darcie abruptly hung up, growing increasingly frustrated with Alijah for not carrying his phone when something so important had happened.

The woman who had answered the call walked to her son's room. The door was slightly ajar. Under the warm light, Larry was sitting beside his son Yuha, who was watching intently as his father drew on a piece of paper. Yuha's eyes were full of admiration.

"Does this look good?" Larry asked.

Yuha nodded enthusiastically, signing his response. Larry laughed, "You're still young. Keep practicing, and you'll draw even better."

Yuha asked through sign language, "Dad, who taught you to draw? Grandma said you couldn't even draw a round egg when you were a kid."

Larry ruffled Yuha's hair, "When I was young, I liked to mess around and do the opposite of what adults told me. But I've always been good at drawing, even if your grandma didn't know it."

Yuha signed, "But Grandma says you're better now than you were before."

Larry didn't reply, handing Yuha another piece of paper, "Try drawing this one."

Yuha eagerly took the paper, confident in his abilities.

The woman quietly left the room and returned to the bedroom.

An hour later, Larry came in and noticed she hadn't gone to bed yet. "You're still awake?" he asked, surprised.

She handed him a half-finished glove, "Try this on and see if it fits."

Larry inspected the glove, which was made with fine, neat stitches. The material was soft, smooth, and slightly cool to the touch—very comfortable. He slipped his hand through the opening, finding the fit perfect.

"It's just right," he said, admiring how it concealed the ugly scar on his hand. "It's really well-made. Thank you."

Her eyelashes fluttered as she responded, "I'll finish it soon."

Larry nodded, reaching for his phone, but the woman hesitated and said, "A woman called you earlier. I saw you were busy with Yuha, so I answered it for you."

Larry's expression darkened, "Didn't I tell you not to touch my phone?"

Her face paled, “I’m sorry...”

Larry left the room with a grim expression.

As soon as the door closed, the woman opened the curtains slightly.

The rented house was small, and the walls were thin, so Larry had to go downstairs every time he made a phone call.

She watched as the streetlights cast a long shadow of him on the ground, and even without hearing the words, she could sense his impatience.

She felt uneasy. Ever since Larry had started working at the perfume company, he had become increasingly tense, especially whenever he received a call from the woman known as “S.”

Meanwhile, Stella was nestled in Keegan’s arms, listening to his story until she was drowsy. Suddenly, the phone on the table rang urgently, startling her.

“Who could it be at this hour?” she wondered.

Keegan picked up the phone, paused, and said, “It’s Grace.”

Stella immediately sat up, wide awake, and urged Keegan to answer the call.

Keegan put the phone on speaker, “Mrs. Esper?”

“It’s me,” Grace replied.

Keegan asked, “It’s late. Is something the matter?”

Grace’s eyelids twitched as she thought about how much Keegan had been involved in this complicated situation. Holding back her usual sharpness, she explained, “Darcie has an ex-husband named Alijah, who studied art under the same teacher as me.”

Keegan turned on the speakerphone and placed it between him and Stella.

Grace continued, “Alijah was incredibly talented and was our teacher’s most prized student. He made a name for himself in the art world with a painting called ‘Spring’ before he even graduated. He didn’t need to advertise or sell his work like the rest of us. People sought him out and offered top dollar for his paintings. But back then, he refused to do commercial work.”

“My family pressured me to get married after graduation, and soon after, I started a studio with my husband. We took on various illustration projects, but my skills were limited, so business was slow at first. Around that time, I heard Alijah had started taking

commercial orders, which was odd because he'd never shown interest in that before. It seemed like he was in urgent need of money, so I reached out to him through a mutual acquaintance."

"He worked with us for about six months. Then, out of the blue, he asked to borrow \$100,000."

"That was a huge amount of money in the 1990s, so I asked him why he needed it. His family wasn't wealthy, but they weren't struggling either. His parents had passed away, and his sister had married early. He only had a younger brother with some intellectual disabilities. I thought maybe his brother was sick and needed urgent medical care. But after hesitating, Alijah finally admitted that his wife was pregnant, and he wanted to buy a house in Salcator and have a proper wedding."

"I wanted to help him, but my husband advised against it. He told me Alijah had been taking private commissions behind our back, even though he hadn't mentioned it because of my connection to Alijah. My husband was worried that Alijah was gambling or something, so he convinced me not to lend him the money."

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 2472 – Grace continued, "Our business was just starting to pick up at that time, and my husband's new company needed every penny we had. Plus, I was a bit annoyed that Alijah was taking private work behind the company's back, so I found an excuse to decline his request."

"I thought I'd wait and see. If he truly couldn't find the money elsewhere, I would eventually lend it to him, especially since we had a teacher-student relationship. But after I refused, I lost all contact with him."

Grace paused to take a sip of tea before continuing, "Alijah was the most skilled among the painters I recruited. To keep him, I allowed him to work from home. Every Thursday, someone from the company would go to pick up his work. But the week after I refused to lend him the money, he suddenly vanished. The person sent to pick up his work found an empty apartment, and I couldn't reach him."

"The address he left with the company was a rented place. When we went there, it was clear he had left. I assumed he left in frustration after I turned him down. He still had over \$10,000 in royalties due to him, so I figured he'd come back for it eventually. But he never did."

Grace's tone shifted, becoming more somber as she said, "Alijah was dead. He was in a car accident and burned beyond recognition. The next time I saw him was at his funeral."

"My mentor called me with the news. Most of us who were taught by the same teacher attended the funeral. That's where I met Darcie for the first time."

“She was nothing like she is now—short, very thin, with dull skin and yellow hair. She wore a loose mourning dress, and her eyes were red from crying. If people hadn’t pointed her out as Alijah’s wife, I wouldn’t have noticed her. She was very ordinary but left an extraordinary impression on me. Despite her grief, she was polite and handled everything with care. Even my usually cold-hearted mentor felt sorry for her. After the funeral, our classmates and friends each contributed some money, and I handed over the royalties that I still owed Alijah to our mentor to give to her.”

“The last painting Alijah left at the company became his posthumous work. Although the contract was with the company, selling it felt wrong after his death. So, I placed it in a friend’s exhibition. That friend was a marketing genius who hyped up the painting under the title ‘Posthumous Works of a Genius Painter.’”

Keegan suddenly interjected, “Was it the Baohang Exhibition?”

Grace seemed surprised, “You know about it?”

Keegan nodded, “I’ve heard of it. Please, continue.”

Grace resumed, “He hyped it up, claiming the painting was worth three million dollars. Of course, just because he said it was worth that much didn’t mean someone would actually pay that price. His goal was to draw attention to his exhibition, not to sell the painting. But someone couldn’t keep their intentions hidden.”

“Not long after the three-million-dollar news spread, Darcie showed up, heavily pregnant, demanding a share of the sale.”

Stella and Keegan exchanged glances, realizing this aligned with what they’d expected.

“She even hired a lawyer and was fully prepared to fight for it. But when she found out there wasn’t a real buyer, she backed off without causing much trouble. Still, the whole ordeal left a bad taste in my mouth.”

“We met again two years later at a banquet. By then, she had completely transformed. She wore delicate makeup and dressed impeccably, standing quietly beside Old Lady Saun, exuding an air of calm and composure. Everyone praised her, saying she was so loving and loyal, taking care of her late friend’s son and mother-in-law without complaint.”

Grace couldn’t help but scoff, “People can be so blind. If she were truly loyal, she’d take care of her friend’s parents, not just the mother-in-law. It’s obvious she had ulterior motives—”

Grace stopped herself, coughed, and continued more neutrally, “Darcie is actually quite capable. She knows exactly what she wants and what to give up to get it. She’s smart in

business, and working with her is less troublesome. Besides, I'm not someone who would let money get in the way of a good deal."

Grace's voice hardened, "But now that she's set her sights on my son Joe, I'll find a way to settle this score!"

Keegan then asked, "Didn't Alijah have a brother and sister? What happened to them after he passed away?"

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Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 2473-Stella suddenly asked the question.

Grace replied, "I've never seen his brother. At the funeral, neighbors mentioned that after Alijah got into trouble, his brother disappeared in the middle of the night and didn't return until the burial. A few years later, I heard at a class reunion that no one had seen his brother again."

Stella then asked, "What about his sister?"

Grace answered, "I did see his sister. She cried a lot at the funeral and later got married. Alijah had a death insurance policy, so there must have been a lot of money involved. This money allowed his sister to have a very grand wedding. A classmate who was close to Alijah attended the wedding and told us about it afterward. That's the last I heard about Alijah's family."

Stella didn't speak for a while, thinking about whether the man who silenced Dillon and others back then could have been Alijah's missing brother-in-law. But wasn't he supposed to be mentally unwell? If Darcie used someone like that, wasn't she worried her crimes would be exposed?

Grace added, "That's all I know. I've dealt with Darcie for years, but we weren't particularly close. I've always kept business and friendship separate."

Keegan said, "That's enough. Thank you."

Grace coughed and asked, "About Joe..."

Keegan reassured her, "Joe is smart and ambitious. Our company has summer internships available. If he's interested, he can come by. I think he still enjoys working with mechanical things, so you might guide him in that direction."

Grace's tension eased, and she thanked him. She thought to herself that young people today are so sharp; they understand things without needing everything spelled out. They're more capable than her generation.

She said, "I'll talk to him and let you know."

"Okay."

After hanging up, Keegan noticed Stella frowning in thought. He gently pinched her shoulder and asked, "What are you thinking about?"

Stella snapped back to reality and asked, "Did you hang up already?"

"Huh?"

She slapped her forehead, "I forgot to ask Grace for a photo of Alijah! I suspect he might be the one helping Darcie with these awful deeds!"

Keegan tapped her forehead lightly and said, "You weren't paying attention. Grace said she's never seen Alijah and only knows he disappeared after his brother died."

Stella rubbed her head and asked, "Then where can I get the photo?"

"Now that you're involved, finding a photo shouldn't be too hard," Keegan said, noticing the red spot on her forehead and gently rubbing it. "Didn't you hear Grace mention that Alijah had a death insurance policy? His sister's wedding was extravagant, but his wife had to live with her mother-in-law. What happened to the insurance money?"

Stella was stunned as memories clicked together, pointing to one conclusion.

"Hiring a hitman..."

Keegan didn't respond.

Did Alijah really ask Grace to borrow money for the wedding? According to the timeline, this was around when Jessica sold her shares to Darcie. That might have been the real reason he needed the money.

Everything seemed to connect at this moment.

After her ex-husband's death, Darcie envied her friend Jessica's life and wanted to replace her. When she gave birth, she conspired with her brother-in-law, bribed the medical staff, and tried to kill Jessica and her baby. During this, the anesthesiologist Dillon, feeling guilty, switched Stella with the stillborn child of Rainee.

From then on, Stella became part of the Jewell family, raised by Rainee. Meanwhile, Wenham, in his grief, was comforted by Darcie, who appeared with Jaylene, the same age as his daughter. Darcie's care earned the trust of Wenham's family, leading to her marriage into the Saun family, securing her place.

Those medical staff members who died suddenly, the tragedy with Dillon, and even Trevor's plane crash were all part of her scheme to cover her tracks and destroy evidence.

As Stella followed this line of thought, a chill ran through her.

Darcie was ruthless enough to kill and steal. Who knows what she would do if the truth came out? The worst part was that, despite all this evidence, there was nothing concrete to prove Darcie orchestrated everything. Dillon refused to come forward, even to confirm Stella's identity. The only person who could reveal Darcie's secrets was her accomplice, but where was he? Was he still alive?

Keegan comforted her softly, "Don't worry. I'll find the photo and see if Dillon can identify if it's the man who threatened her. If it is, and if he's still alive, he's likely still with Darcie. That's his safest hideout."

Stella closed her eyes and said, "You're right. We've come this far; I can wait a few more days. Let's focus on Aurora's engagement first."