

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 2492

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As Chandler spoke, the paparazzi grew even more relentless, demanding the manager open the door and provide answers from those inside.

Jaylene, eager to escalate the situation, kept glancing at Darcie, signaling her to take action. Yet, Darcie remained still.

Though Jaylene's urgency was clear, Darcie had her own reasons for hesitation. Wenham's earlier words made her cautious. She eyed the closed door, noting how unusual the silence was despite the commotion outside.

If Jaylene's people were inside, they should have opened the door "on cue." This prolonged inaction was highly suspicious.

Uncertain about what was happening inside, Darcie decided to play it safe. After a brief pause, she addressed the crowd. "Everyone, please calm down and listen to me."

The murmuring around her quieted as the crowd turned their attention to Darcie, curious about her identity.

"Who are you?" someone asked bluntly.

Darcie spoke with a steady and composed tone. "My name is Darcie. The bodyguard who accidentally injured that gentleman works for my family. I want to apologize on his behalf. He's young and impulsive, but he was just doing his job. Let's not make things harder for him. There's a hospital two kilometers away. I'll arrange for someone to accompany the gentleman for a check-up. Once we have the results, we can decide how to proceed. Does that sound fair?"

Jaylene froze. Was her mother out of her mind?

She had worked hard to orchestrate this crowd, waiting for the door to open and for Stella's reputation to be destroyed. Now Darcie was trying to send them away?

The man who had stirred up the crowd earlier scrutinized Darcie. Her composed demeanor and the way she claimed responsibility for the bodyguard made him assume she was one of Leighton's elders.

With Leighton and Stella spotted at the same hotel, and now a supposed elder of Leighton's family involved, the story only grew juicier.

Clearing his throat, he asked in a self-righteous tone, "Madam, are you saying it's not an injury unless there's a disability diagnosis? Sure, we're all workers, and no one should make things harder for anyone else. But being shoved around doesn't count? We're not here for money—we just want an explanation and an apology!"

"Exactly! Let him come out and apologize!"

"Why is it so hard to just explain? Or are you hiding something shameful behind that door?"

The paparazzi, hungry for scandal, became emboldened, united in their determination to get answers. The atmosphere grew chaotic as they began pushing past the security guards, heading for the door.

Suddenly, with a loud *crash*, a vase shattered on the ground. Shards of porcelain scattered across the floor.

Darcie stood in the middle of the corridor, her face stern, clutching a jagged piece of the vase. She pointed it toward the paparazzi and shouted, "I dare anyone to disturb my daughter today!"

The crowd fell silent.

Darcie gripped the porcelain shard so tightly that its sharp edge sliced into her palm. Blood dripped steadily from her hand, the sight unsettling the crowd.

The paparazzi, though relentless in chasing gossip, weren't prepared to risk their lives. Seeing blood, their bravado faltered.

But Darcie's words—"my daughter"—sent another wave of confusion through the crowd. She wasn't Leighton's elder?

The situation only became more baffling.

Jaylene stood frozen in shock. Everything had been going as planned—until now. What was her mother doing?

From a corner, Felicity peeked out, video-calling Stella as she whispered, "Oh my god! She's really putting on a show! If I didn't know how ruthless she was, I'd almost believe

she's protecting you. This old hag is too good! Your dad must have been completely under her thumb!"

Stella didn't respond, her eyes fixed on the screen. She watched as Wenham stepped forward, expression unreadable. Removing his tie, he approached Darcie, carefully taking the porcelain shard from her hand and wrapping her bleeding palm.

Though Wenham's back was to the camera, Stella could feel the tension in his actions. A strange, suffocating emotion settled in her chest.

She realized Darcie must have sensed something was amiss. Either Jaylene hadn't coordinated the plan with her, or Darcie refused to believe it had succeeded without verifying it herself.

It seemed the plot was falling apart.

Just then, amidst the tense standoff, a noise came from behind.

The door finally opened.

Everyone turned expectantly, but the person who emerged was an unfamiliar face.

Before the others could react, Jaylene's sharp voice pierced the air. "What are *you* doing in there?"