

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 2493

Chapter 2493

Mrs. Keller, who had been merely observing the commotion, suddenly froze. “Tatiana? Didn’t you say you were in Room 612?”

Tatiana’s face crumpled, tears spilling as she reached for Mrs. Keller. “Auntie, come quick! Aaron—something’s wrong with him.”

Jaylene stiffened in shock. Aaron? What could have happened to him? She opened her mouth to speak, but Darcie grabbed her arm tightly, cutting her off before she could say anything incriminating.

“What happened to Aaron?” Mrs. Keller’s expression changed instantly. The mention of her son being in trouble sent a wave of panic through her. She pushed through the gathering crowd, her voice trembling.

Tatiana stammered between sobs. “I-I don’t know! I thought Aaron was drunk, so I booked a room for him, but... but he didn’t seem drunk at all. He was acting strange...”

“We’ve already called an ambulance,” a calm, clear voice interjected from behind Tatiana.

Jaylene’s heart skipped a beat at the familiarity of that voice. She looked up sharply, her gaze landing on Stella—the same Stella who had appeared “drunk” not long ago.

Now, Stella stood before them wearing a loose beige trench coat. Her long hair was tied neatly behind her head, her light makeup enhancing her radiant features. Her complexion was bright, her lips vivid against her perfect teeth. She looked nothing like the unconscious figure they’d helped out of the dining hall earlier.

Realization dawned on Jaylene. She had been played. If Darcie hadn’t restrained her earlier, her words might have exposed everything.

She glared at Stella, her eyes blazing with hatred that she didn’t bother to hide.

Mrs. Keller, however, didn't notice any of it. Her thoughts were consumed entirely by Aaron's well-being. She stumbled past Stella and Tatiana, heading into the room where her son was.

As soon as Stella appeared, the retreating paparazzi surged forward with renewed vigor, their cameras and questions firing like a barrage of cannonballs.

"Miss Jewell, is Leighton in the room as well?"

"Eyewitnesses say you and Leighton were seen entering and leaving this hotel together. Is that true?"

"You've been spotted with him multiple times—during the New Year, at this hotel, and on overlapping schedules. Are these just coincidences?"

"What's your take on Leighton's relationship with Nicole?"

Despite the chaos, Stella's demeanor remained calm, her expression serene. She smiled faintly and said, "During the New Year, Leighton joined my family for dinner."

The simple statement hit like a thunderclap.

What? Dinner with her family?

The implications sent shockwaves through the paparazzi. Had she already met his parents? And if so, how could she still hold her head high as a supposed mistress?

One reporter dared to ask, "So, are you admitting to interfering in Leighton's relationship?"

Stella turned to the reporter, her gaze sharp yet composed. She slid her hands into her trench coat pockets and took a step forward. The subtle movement revealed the slight swell of her belly beneath the coat.

She met their stares with a gentle smile, chuckling softly. "My boyfriend once thought the same thing," she said, her tone teasing. "It made him jealous for weeks. But..." She paused for dramatic effect. "Don't you think Leighton and I look alike? My grandfather always said we resemble each other quite a bit."

The crowd froze, their collective confusion palpable. *Cousins?*

Leighton was her cousin?

And that wasn't all—she just casually revealed she had a boyfriend.

And that belly... Could she be pregnant?

Stella maintained her composure as she continued, "I'm here for a wedding today. I'm not sure who tipped you off to cause a scene, but clearly, you've been misled. Now, something has happened to a friend of mine, and I don't have the time or energy to deal with you. But since you've already intruded on a wedding banquet, how about I treat you to a glass of wine? It's the least I can do."

Some reporters opened their mouths to decline, but they didn't get the chance. Stella's bodyguards moved like walls, blocking the corridor and ensuring no one left.

A few reporters fumbled for their phones, but the bodyguards confiscated them before they could act.

Stella's smile widened, though it didn't reach her eyes. "Playing with your phones too much is bad for your vision. Enjoy the wine first; you can check your phones later."

The boldness the reporters had flaunted earlier evaporated. Their defiance was replaced by nervous compliance as they were "invited" to drink.

Wenham, watching his daughter handle the situation with poise, felt his eyes mist over. Suppressing the overwhelming pride surging in his chest, he stepped forward and whispered, "Stella..."

Before Stella could respond, Jaylene interjected sharply, "Stella, why did you pretend to be drunk? You had your parents worried sick. Don't you know their health isn't the best?"

The accusatory tone was cutting, but Stella simply laughed.

She turned to Jaylene, her gaze sharp yet amused. "When did I ever say I was drunk? Or is that what you were hoping for?"

Jaylene's face darkened, her guilt momentarily breaking through her composed facade. "I—I saw your friend helping you out earlier. You looked like you could barely stand! How was I supposed to know you weren't drunk? And if you weren't, why didn't you show up sooner, especially with all this chaos?"

Stella smiled again, her tone light yet pointed. “Well, it’s not always convenient to show up. Or could it be that *you* had a reason to avoid coming out?”

Jaylene’s already shaky confidence crumbled, her eyes darting nervously. She opened her mouth to retort, but Darcie stepped forward, positioning herself between the two women. She took Stella’s hand, her expression filled with exaggerated concern. “Thank goodness you’re okay, Stella. Your father and I were so worried when you didn’t open the door. Jaylene was just anxious and misspoke. Don’t hold it against her.”

Darcie’s words were warm and caring, even as her bloodied hands hinted at the chaos she’d endured. She was the picture of a protective stepmother, a perfect actress in every sense.

Stella studied her carefully, masking the disgust rising in her chest. If it weren’t for the mountain of evidence she’d uncovered, Darcie might have fooled her, too.

Keegan had warned her—Darcie was formidable. A direct confrontation without solid proof would be unwise.

Suppressing her emotions, Stella softened her voice. “Aunt Darcie, why hurt yourself dealing with those thugs? You should’ve waited for help.”

Darcie sighed, her tone exasperated yet self-sacrificing. “We couldn’t take chances. What if they broke in? It’s fine, really—it just looks worse than it is.”

She hesitated, then asked, “But Stella, why are the Kellers here? What’s going on?”

Before Stella could answer, the sound of shattering glass erupted from the room, followed by Mrs. Keller’s anguished voice. “If not you, then who?!”