

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 2496

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The two dresses in the dressing room hung neatly on their hangers, their hems carefully wrapped in protective bags to keep them pristine. On the table, the jewelry that had been swapped out was stored neatly in a box. Everything for the wedding was meticulously arranged—hardly the actions of someone planning to flee.

Stella thought back to seeing Aurora in the dressing room, looking joyful and full of anticipation. But later, at the scene of her escape, Aurora was a different person—frightened and tearful, contradicting her earlier claim that she didn't want to run.

As Felicity tidied up, she muttered under her breath, "This is insane. Absolutely insane. Someone should find Aurora and give her a good scolding for Aldor. One minute she wants to get married, the next she bolts. Is she just playing with him?"

Stella placed a hand on Felicity's shoulder, and she fell silent.

Aldor remained quiet, staring at the ring box in his hands, lost in thought. After a few moments, he turned to the makeup artists who had worked on Aurora earlier. "Did she meet anyone before she left?"

They all shook their heads. Then, the youngest among them hesitated before speaking. "She didn't meet anyone, but... something seemed off before she left."

"How so?" Aldor asked.

"Not long after she sent us all out, I realized I'd left my phone in the room. When I went back to get it, I heard her crying inside. She was on the phone with someone, but I didn't dare go in."

Aldor's expression tightened. She hadn't seemed upset earlier. His mind raced through the details of the day and landed on something peculiar—the thick red envelope he had brought in, unsigned.

His gaze sharpened as he scanned the table. After a moment, his jaw clenched.

Stella noticed his shift and asked softly, “Did you remember something?”

Aldor’s voice was steady but deep. “Before the ceremony, a waiter gave me a thick red envelope and told me to give it to Aurora. When I asked who it was from, he just said it was from one of her friends. I brought it in, but now... I can’t find it.”

Felicity scoffed. “She probably took it with her. She knows running away like this is a disaster. Her brother’s going to kill her—makes sense she grabbed some cash to help her escape.”

Stella glanced at the jewelry still sitting on the table. “Any one of these could be worth hundreds of thousands on the second-hand market. If she needed money, why not take something more valuable?”

Felicity hesitated. “Maybe... she didn’t think of it?”

Stella turned to Aldor, whose expression darkened. “The envelope wasn’t just thick—it was hard. Thinking about it now, it might not have been money at all.”

Someone had sent Aurora something right before the ceremony. Whatever it was, it scared her enough to make her run.

The hotel manager called in the waitstaff supervisor to check the security footage. The supervisor glanced at the screen and immediately recognized the man. “That’s Joaquin. But he quit at the beginning of the year.”

Aldor frowned. “Are you sure?”

“Positive. Joaquin worked under me for two years—I’d recognize him anywhere. He left after his brother-in-law made good money selling drinks at a bar and convinced him to join.”

“Which bar?”

“Yinsu Bar.”

As they left the hotel, Stella turned to Aldor. “I just checked with Keegan—he gave me a list of places Aurora frequently visits. You take your team and search those areas. I’ll follow up on this lead.”

After Aldor left, Felicity leaned in and whispered, “Why not let him handle tracking down the waiter? He has a ton of connections—he’d be way faster than us.”

Stella didn't answer right away. Instead, she murmured, "What could have scared Aurora so much that she ran away?"

Hospital

Keegan adjusted the hospital bed and handed a cup of water to the old lady, who waved it off, exhaustion written on her face. "Have you found Aurora?"

Keegan shook his head. "We're still looking. There should be news soon."

She closed her eyes for a moment before speaking slowly. "She wouldn't have had the nerve to do this on her own. Did your mother say something to her?"

"I doubt it," Keegan replied. "I had someone watching her before the ceremony. She's still in her apartment. I even had her phone taken away."

The old lady sneered. "Your mother is far more capable than you think. Otherwise, she wouldn't have clung to your father the way she did."

She paused, then continued in a measured tone. "This is most likely related to your mother. Aurora might try to contact her. Start there. Regardless of the reason, find Aurora first. She left without taking anything—when will she finally grow up?"

Keegan nodded.

"And Aldor's family—make sure to prepare gifts and apologize in person on behalf of the Kane family. We failed to educate our daughter properly. Once Aurora returns, we'll give them an explanation."

She kept talking until the doctor came in, reminding her to rest. As she finally quieted down, she added one last instruction. "Just focus on finding Aurora. Keep Stella out of it—she doesn't need to worry about this."

When Keegan left the ward, he spotted Trevor on the phone. As soon as Trevor saw him, he ended the call and walked over.

“How’s Grandma?”

“She’s resting.”

Keegan loosened his tie and fixed his gaze on Trevor. “You heard about the hotel?”

Trevor, understanding that he meant Stella, gave a cold nod. “Yeah.”

Keegan let out a sarcastic chuckle. “After twenty years, how could there not be feelings? And to think I believed your nonsense.”

Trevor’s eyelid twitched. “Don’t lump me in with them. I can tell the difference between close family and distant relatives.”

Keegan scoffed. “Don’t make excuses. Stop trying to push Stella toward the Saun family. You might not be worried about your sister, but I’m damn sure not going to let my wife and kids get dragged into that mess. That family has your mother—but not your sister.”

Trevor’s expression darkened. “Is now really the time for infighting?”

Keegan shot him a glare.

Trevor had to admit, their father’s reaction today had been shocking. He’d always sworn that he’d never fall for that woman. But today, reality slapped him in the face.

Trevor wasn’t one to hold back. He sent a video of their father tending to Darcie’s wound with his tie and even tagged him with a sarcastic caption: *Uncle and Auntie seem to be getting along well.*

It stung. Hard.

After twenty years, even a person could grow attached to a dog. Trevor had been too confident.

He had debated whether to tell his father what they’d uncovered. Now, he didn’t see the point.

Wenham might be devoted to his late wife, but that didn’t mean he couldn’t develop feelings for someone else.

Unable to argue, Trevor deflected. “Is your family so perfect? Your sister caused a huge mess, running away from her engagement. My poor sister’s pregnant, and she still has to track her down. And Aldor—he works like a damn mule for you, and now he has to deal with your sister too. You want his skills and his sanity?”