

## **Read Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1451 [Eleven Jewell]**

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Chapter 1451

Michael had turned down the gig with Vermont, even if it meant risking their relationship. He believed he had secured a spot on the Saun family's high-profile event, only to realize he had actually passed up the opportunity to work with the true Saun heiress.

He and Vermont had known each other for six or seven years. When they first met, Vermont's fame was nowhere near what it is today. Green Hill Media was just starting to make waves in the industry. Vermont recognized Michael's skills from when he did makeup for his artists. So, Vermont would often reach out to him whenever work was available.

Back then, Michael did not have much recognition. He would take on any job, regardless of how much it paid. As his reputation grew, he found that the income of a makeup artist was very different when he was famous. After gaining recognition, the price of his services for A-list celebrities increased many times. He became highly sought after, and outsiders would address him as Mr. Caleb. Moreover, he had significant control over the pricing of his services.

He made a fortune doing makeup for anyone except for Green Hill Media's artists. After his status skyrocketed, Vermont's payments to him were only half of what other clients paid. This was especially true because Vermont never paid a deposit and only made verbal agreements.

Michael wanted to stop taking jobs from Green Hill Media long ago. So, when Jaylene approached him to do her makeup, he agreed without much thought. She was the heiress of the Saun family in Rivera and the sister of Elegant Media's owner. He would not be afraid of offending Vermont if he could make her happy and secure the Saun family's support. His future jobs would only be of higher caliber.

Michael never imagined that the job he turned down from Vermont was actually for the legitimate Saun family heiress. He had already witnessed how much the Saun family doted on her at the scene just now. 'If I hadn't turned

down that job, I would have been the one doing her makeup today,' he thought. The more the Saun family doted on Stella, the more benefits Michael would have reaped.

And now, not only did he turn down the makeup job for the true heiress of the Saun family, but she also heard the content of last night's call. It was clear that he did not refuse to take Jaylene's appointment because he did not want Vermont's job. Michael was unwilling to give up this opportunity to climb higher in the industry.

The reputation of being a top makeup artist had inflated Michael's ego over the years. He had started to become conceited. He thought all of his success was because of his own abilities. But in reality, Hustuabourg was big. There were far more talented makeup artists than the few he knew. Most people just did not get the opportunity to showcase their work.

When Vermont first met Michael, all he did was focus on doing makeup. He was not much of a talker. Vermont

thought he was reliable and had decent makeup skills, so he kept his contact information. Whenever his artists had events, he would call Michael to do their makeup.

Vermont was indeed frugal, but he was not ignorant of social etiquette. After Michael gained fame, the compensation Vermont offered him increased along with Michael's status. He just did not think about providing a tip for the makeup team. The reason was simple: he had a wide network in the industry and had brought Michael a lot of work over the years. This included the several celebrities who paid for Michael's work, all of whom Vermont had recommended.

Vermont thought that since he brought him so much work and made plenty of money, it was not unreasonable for him not to tip Michael. However, humans are greedy by nature. Michael felt that Vermont was taking advantage of their relationship now that he was much more famous.

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The realization of missing out on an opportunity to work for the true Saun family heiress gnawed at Michael. His face grew pale, and his lips quivered before he managed to speak. "M-Mr. Snyder never mentioned that it was you who wanted the makeup."

Stella maintained her smile and her tone. "Once you've made a commitment, you should have the integrity to keep it regardless of who it is, no? Did Mr. Snyder offer you less than my sister did, causing you to change your mind at the last minute? Given your close ties with him, I'm sure he would've understood if you just said something."

Michael stood frozen, and his face was still pale. He struggled to answer Stella's prompt.

Jaylene pressed her lips together, and she attempted to explain. "Stella, this is most likely a misunderstanding. Mr. Snyder didn't provide a deposit, so Mr. Caleb might have thought that it was a casual mention."

Stella turned her attention to Jaylene, and her voice tinged with a hint of irony. "I didn't know that..."

This single statement caused a stir among the onlookers.

"Wait, how did Jaylene know that there wasn't a deposit?"

"Could she have intentionally snatched the makeup artist away from someone else?"

"I heard something like this earlier, but I'm not sure..."

"What did you hear?"

"There was gossip in the group chat saying that Vermont was running around trying to find a makeup artist in the middle of the night. A makeup artist of Michael's talent usually requires advanced booking, so they were in quite the trouble."

"This means that Michael knew he couldn't make it well beforehand. But, instead of letting Mr. Snyder know early, he waited until the last minute to back out. Was he intentionally putting the other party in a tough spot?"

"This is so intriguing, especially since the other person who hired him was Jaylene."

"Look at her. She's all dolled up when she isn't even the main focus of the event. The fact that she hired Michael knowing that he was supposed to do makeup for Stella shows her intentions."

Jaylene's face turned pale, as she listened to the people's discussions. "I heard about it from Mr. Caleb after he did my makeup. I genuinely didn't know that you had arranged for him to do your makeup. If I had known, I definitely wouldn't have approached him," she hurriedly explained.

Stella smiled faintly. "Whether you knew or not doesn't matter anymore. I wouldn't want to work with makeup artists like him, who are only after profit and have no sense of loyalty. You have to keep your eyes peeled when you hire a makeup artist, sis. With your natural beauty, you'd be better off without these overhyped makeup artists who could potentially ruin your existing grace."

Stella was just a step away from saying they were all show and no substance.

Jaylene's expression turned grim, and her fingers trembled slightly. Suddenly, her eyes reddened, and her voice choked. "Stella, you've really misunderstood the situation. Ever since dad told me you were his daughter, I've been eagerly anticipating this day. I valued this moment, and all the effort I put into dressing up was just to leave a good impression on you. I didn't know that because of me, you almost couldn't find a makeup artist in time. Even if it wasn't intentional, I'm still to blame. I'm sorry. Truly, I'm so—"

Before Jaylene could finish her sentence, her body suddenly stiffened. She clutched her neck. Her mouth opened and closed as if she could not breathe while she made a wheezing sound.

Stella was startled. She quickly realized that Jaylene was having an asthma attack.

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Jaylene's face flushed, as she struggled to breathe. The veins on her forehead bulged. Many onlookers were witnessing this situation for the first time, and their reactions were delayed. All the guests were taken aback by Jaylene's distressing condition. Some instinctively stepped back to give her space. 1

Stella frowned. She was prepared to approach and assess the situation, but Keegan had already appeared by her side. Then, he gently restrained her by the wrist. "Don't get too close," he murmured to her.

Stella complied, holding her position without moving. The sudden commotion quickly attracted attention. Trevor promptly arrived to disperse the gathering. Witnessing her daughter's struggle, Darcie's eyes reddened. She swiftly embraced her and urgently called for someone to fetch her medicine. Jaylene's symptoms showed no sign of improvement after a few puffs from the inhaler. This caused Darcie to worry even more.

Wenham's face was tense at the moment. He comforted Darcie while instructing Trevor to promptly arrange transportation to the hospital. The discussions around them persisted.

"Wasn't Jaylene just talking to Stella? Why did she suddenly have an asthma attack?"

"Could Stella have said something that upset Jaylene?"

"It seems like Stella's makeup artist appointment was canceled because of Jaylene. She thought it was intentional, and they got into an argument."

"There wasn't an argument. I was right here. They hardly exchanged a few words before Jaylene had an attack."

"But it's still Stella's doing, isn't it?"

Stella's gaze darkened. 'If Keegan had not held me back, and I had moved forward to assist, would I still face these unwarranted accusations?'

Stella did not realize that Keegan had not considered this either. He was simply alarmed by Jaylene's distressed state and was concerned that Stella might inadvertently exacerbate the situation.

On the other hand, Felicity was seething with anger. "She had an emotional outburst and then fell ill. It's her own inability to control her emotions. What does this have to do with Stella? Does she blame the TV shows for upsetting her if she watches something emotional? These people are nuts!" she murmured to Vermont.

Vermont consoled her with a pat on the shoulder and said in a low voice, "We can't control what comes out of other people's mouths. Mr. Saun isn't unreasonable; I'm sure he won't blame Stella."

Due to Jaylene's sudden condition, the celebration quickly concluded. Even if Jaylene was not Wenham's biological daughter, he had raised her for many years and even lived abroad for an extended period to ensure that she received

proper medical care.

Continuing the banquet would be out of the question. If he failed to address this situation, it could give rise to criticism.

Wenham was worried that Stella might misunderstand, so he intended to provide his daughter with an explanation. Stella, however, understood perfectly. "Go ahead, dad.

Keegan and I will stay here to see off the guests. We'll go to the hospital after that."

Wenham was touched by his daughter's understanding and said, "Don't pay attention to those people. Jaylene's health has always been weak. This has nothing to do with you."

Stella smiled. "I know, dad."

Following that, Wenham and his entourage escorted Jaylene to the hospital.

Wilfred and Edith were a little displeased with this sudden turn of events but did not voice their concerns since Jaylene's life was on the line. However, the two elders were aging, and their bodies could not bear the strain. Therefore, Daryl and Katherine decided to take them home.

When they were ready to leave, Daryl noticed that Leighton was not following them. "Why are you still lingering here? Let's go," he called out.

Leighton did not move. "I'll visit the hospital later."

Daryl's expression was odd. 'This guy hates Jaylene and Darcie. What in the world is going on here?'

Daryl did not believe that his own son had suddenly turned over a new leaf. He knew that Leighton must be hiding something. But he could not be bothered to stop him. He simply warned, "Just don't cause any trouble."

Leighton did not respond.

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Leighton's younger brother, Noah, noticed that Leighton stayed behind and let go of his mother's hand. "Dad, I want to stay with Jaylene a little longer," he said.

Daryl, who usually found Noah quite obedient, agreed. He then advised Leighton to bring Noah back when he leaves.

Leighton did not seem pleased. He glanced at the little one beside him and reluctantly agreed.

The Kane family departed quietly without a word, just as they had arrived. The revelation of Stella's status as the Saun family heiress was too shocking. Their main concern now was the potential of rekindling Keegan and Stella's past relationship. With the support of the Saun family, Keegan would undoubtedly have a formidable ally, making it less likely for Chandler to seize control of Vinci Rivera.

They needed some time to digest this information. Cordelia and Aurora left with Chandler's family.

Soon, the guests gradually departed, leaving very few people. Marshall, who had been quietly observing from a corner, finally stood up.

Ariel followed him, as she noticed he was heading toward Stella.

Having worn high heels all evening, Stella's feet were sore. She vented to Keegan, "High heels are unequivocally a woman's torture. They look nice, but they're good for nothing!"

Keegan pursed his lips. "Why does it seem like your description of high heels and your description of me are exactly the same?"

Stella was momentarily taken aback by his response. She laughed softly and said, "That was ages ago. Back then, you were so obnoxious. In my eyes, you were only good-looking and nothing else."

Keegan glanced at her. "Does that mean your impression of me improved?"

"Of course. If you were still the same as before, how could I ever get along with you?"

Keegan grew curious. "So, what is your evaluation of me now?"

Stella leaned close to his ear. "Handsome and very very naughty," said Stella.

Keegan did not know how to respond.

Stella blinked and asked, "Is my evaluation accurate?"

Keegan's eyes darkened, and his voice was deep. "Do you know what it means when you talk dirty to a man you're interested in?"

Stella could be quite provocative with her words when she was not in bed. She leaned in and whispered, "It means I want to sleep with you."

Keegan was eating it up, even though he always corrected

Stella's more explicit language. He was about to discuss following the doctor's advice when Marshall's voice sounded from nearby.

"Stella."

Stella let go of Keegan's hand and stood up. She looked toward him and greeted, "Mr. Moore."

Marshall was wearing a white suit today, which exuded refinement and gentility. His features were handsome, and he spoke in a warm tone. "It was too crowded earlier to talk.

I deliberately stayed a bit longer. Congratulations on reuniting with your family."

Stella politely smiled. "Thank you."

"When did you discover this?" Marshall asked.

"It's already been discovered for a while," Stella said. She thought about how she had been keeping the secret from Marshall all this time and added, "I didn't announce it earlier because there were still some matters in the Jewell family that needed to be handled. I didn't want too many people to know."

Marshall grinned. "You don't have to explain to me. I understand."



Keegan watched the two of them chatting amicably. He calmly addressed Marshall, "Tomorrow is Monday. Don't you have work? You should head back early."

Marshall glanced at him. "You're still here too," he said.

Keegan replied, "There's a difference between being the boss of a company and a worker."

Marshall was rendered silent. Just as he was about to say something, Ariel's voice came from behind. "Ms. Saun."

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Stella turned toward the voice and saw Ariel standing there in a light beige dress, holding a gift box. Unlike Dahlia and Irene, who always exuded extravagance, Ariel's appearance was elegantly understated. Even though she had gained a little weight, she still radiated grace.

The last time Stella and Ariel met was at the jewelry exhibition over half a year ago. In her memory, Ariel had fair skin and a healthy complexion. But now, looking at her, she seemed to have lost some weight, and her spirit did not seem as vibrant as it did half a year ago.

With a smile, Stella nodded politely. "Hello, Mrs. Moore."

Marshall subtly furrowed his brows, as he was annoyed. "Why did you come along? I'm leaving after a few words."

"I want to talk to Ms. Saun too," Ariel replied.

Marshall's frown deepened, and he stood there in silence.

Ariel turned to Stella and spoke warmly. "Ms. Saun, I remember you helping Marshall when he was injured a while ago. Initially, I wanted to come and thank you personally, but Marshall didn't allow it. He feared that you might feel uncomfortable. However, the incident is still in the back of my mind. I felt that I had to thank you personally."

Stella understood and said, "There's no need to worry, Mrs. Moore. Mr. Moore is my friend, and friends help each other out. Besides, I wasn't the first to lend

a hand that day. It was a friend of mine. Mr. Moore has already expressed his gratitude with a gift. He has helped me a lot in previous

legal matters as well. You really don't have to do anything."

Ariel continued, "Marshall is my only son. You saved him, which means you saved me too. I feel indebted for this favor. I thought about adopting you as my goddaughter and having Marshall protect you as a brother. But I didn't realize you were the long-lost heiress of the Saun family. It feels a little embarrassing to bring this up."

As she spoke, she took something wrapped in a velvet cloth from her bag and began to unwrap it slowly. Stella saw that it was a pendant made from black jade. A dragon and phoenix were carved on one side, while the word "Moore" was engraved on the other.

"This is a pendant exclusive to the descendants of the Moore family. It was originally made for Marshall's younger brother, but that child's time with me was short. Now, I'm giving this pendant to you. Marshall sees you as his sister. As long as you hold onto this pendant, the Moore family will do everything in our power to help if you encounter any difficulties in the future."

Marshall's face darkened. He sternly said, "I would still help her without the pendant. Why are you doing this, mom? Why are you trying to bring sadness by giving away heirlooms on such a joyous occasion?"

Ariel stiffened, and her eyes turned slightly red. She whispered, "Ryan never got to wear this pendant. It was finished after he passed away."

Marshall felt a lump in his throat and could not speak for a long while.

Keegan lowered his eyes, and his expression was pensive. Meanwhile, Stella felt awkward. It was not that she thought it was bad luck, but receiving an exclusive family heirloom from the Moore family felt strange.

After a moment's thought, she said, "Mrs. Moore, I regard Marshall as my brother even without this pendant. If there's ever a need for his assistance, I will definitely not hesitate to ask. Please keep the pendant as a keepsake."

Marshall clenched his fist, and his face was tense.

Ariel's eyes grew a little redder, but it seemed as though a weight had been lifted off her chest. She whispered softly, "Thank you for saying that."

She did not persist in trying to get Stella to accept the pendant. Instead, she took out another gift she had prepared and handed it over. "This is a small token from me and my husband for you officially rejoining the Saun family. You must accept it."

Stella could not refuse, so she thanked Ariel and accepted the gift.

Ariel seemed as if she wanted to say more. But, before she could speak, Marshall interrupted. "Come on, mom. Let's go. It's getting late."