

## Read Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1467 [Eleven Jewell]

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1467 [Eleven Jewell]

Trevor pressed his lips together and pocketed his phone. He stood up, walked over to Jaylene, and said nothing.

Instead, he picked up the bowl of porridge from the table and offered it to her.

“Come on. Eat something.”

Jaylene had been quietly sobbing. Her grievance intensified upon hearing Trevor’s voice, and her sobs grew louder. She grabbed her blanket to cover her head and said hoarsely, \* You don’t have to worry about me.”

Trevor sat at the edge of the bed, gently removing the blanket from her head.

“Dad asked me to look after you. Don’t be stubborn.”

Tears welled up in Jaylene’s eyes.

“If Dad didn’t say anything, are you just going to ignore me? Now that you have your real sister, you don’t need to find emotional solace in me anymore. Is that why you won’t even look at me?”

Trevor did not reply but instead repeated what he’d said earlier, “Come on, eat. The porridge is getting cold.”

Jaylene felt even worse.

She swatted the porridge out of Trevor’s hand in one swift motion, gritting her teeth.

“If you don’t care about me, then just leave. Don’t pretend to be concerned when you’re not.”

Trevor glanced at the spilled porridge and said, “When you were looking for Michael, did you genuinely not know he was Stella’s makeup artist?”

Jaylene felt a sharp pang in her heart.

“Don’t you believe me, Trevor?”

Trevor pressed his lips together.

“Jaylene, there are so many makeup artists in the industry. What are the chances that both of you would end up choosing the same one?”

Jaylene’s face turned pale, and her lips trembled. She instinctively wanted to explain, but without waiting for her to speak, Trevor continued, “We’ve grown up together since we were young. I can tell with just one look whether you’re lying or not. It’s obvious.”

Jaylene felt flustered.

“I really didn’t do it on purpose, Trevor. I only found out last night.”

“Is that so?” Trevor said coolly.

“If you found out last night, then you should have known how difficult it was for Stella to find a makeup artist so last minute. Why didn’t you tell me then?”

“I...” Jaylene’s lips quivered.

It took her a long time to say, “I was scared...”

“Scared of what?”

Jaylene clenched her fists, and tears streamed down her face.

“I was scared that if she came back into the family, you would no longer see me as your sister. I was scared that you would only care for her from now on. Trevor, do you know how long it’s been since you looked at me in the eyes? Why is that? She’s your sister, but what about me? We grew up together... You’re MY brother...”

Trevor silently watched her cry.

After a long while, he sighed and handed her a tissue.

“I don’t know why you’re having these thoughts, but Stella’s return won’t change the fact that you’re my sister. She should have been in the Saun family from the start, growing up with all the love and care you got. But she suffered for over twenty years. I want to care for her, love her, and make it up to her;

that's what being an older brother means. How can I be a good brother to you if I turn a blind eye and not care about my biological sister?"

Jaylene could hardly speak through her sobs.

Trevor took a tissue and gently wiped away her tears.

"Don't do anything unnecessary anymore. I'll let it slide this time. But if anything like this happens again, I won't be so understanding."

He paused for a moment and added, "I won't allow anyone to mistreat her by any means. This matter wouldn't have been settled so easily if someone else did what you did. You know me."

His tone was calm, but it sent shivers down Jaylene's spine.

Just then, Trevor's phone rang.

He looked at the caller ID, and the severe coldness from earlier disappeared instantly, replaced by warmth. He stood up and said, "That bowl of porridge is for Darcie. You have it first, and I'll go buy another one."

Saying that, he left to pick up the call.

As the door closed, Jaylene heard Trevor's voice turned soft. It sounded like he was smiling.

"What's up, Stella?"

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1468 [Eleven Jewell]

Jaylene's expression turned extremely sour at that moment.

"Trevor, where's the record book for the gifts? I can't find it. Did you forget to put it out?" Stella asked.

"The record book is with me. Why do you need it?" Trevor replied.

"So I can refer to it for giving gifts in the future. Where are you right now? I'll have someone come over and pick it up." Trevor chuckled.

"You just focus on receiving the gifts. You don't need to repay any favors. I'll keep the record as a reference."

Stella hesitated for a moment. Her mind was racing, but she held back.

“Trevor, I’ve received tons of gifts. It would be inappropriate of me not to reciprocate.”

“Why’s that? Dad has given out gifts over the years, more than what’s listed here. Just accept them and don’t worry. Dad and I have you covered.”

Trevor suddenly seemed like a rock in Stella’s life.

“Then… I’ll accept them for now. I’ll return the favor when you get married,” she whispered.

Trevor could not help but laugh.

“Sure.”

After hanging up the phone, Stella turned to the gang and said, “Trevor told me it’s all for me, and I don’t need to give anything in return.”

Vermont was slightly envious, “Call your brother and ask if your family has a long-lost brother. I think I might also be a part of the Saun family’s bloodline,” he joked.

Keegan gave him a sidelong glance.

“What would it take for the Saun family’s genes to mutate to the point of producing someone like you?”

Vermont’s lips twitched as he cursed, “Watch out, you!”

After a bit of playful banter, they began sorting the items.

Though the calligraphy, paintings, tea sets, and jewelry took up space, they were relatively easy to organize.

Keegan, Vermont, Felicity, and Stella worked tirelessly for over an hour, meticulously accounting for each item.

All that was left were the monetary gifts and the smaller, less space-consuming items.

Felicity opened a bag and pulled out a set of keys.

She paused for a moment, then reached in again and retrieved a document.

When she saw what was written inside, she exclaimed, "Oh my God!"

The others turned to look, and Vermont asked, "What's got you so excited, babe?"

Felicity held the keys, struggling to find her words.

"Wilfred and Edith gifted you an estate!"

Vermont quickly took the document and flipped through several pages.

"Oh my God!!!" He yelled.

"It's a mansion at Graceful Green Shore in Royalburgh! The average price for villas there is over a hundred million dollars!"

Stella was too stunned to speak.

Felicity opened another document.

[Transfer of Property for Shop Lot No.32, 11th Commercial Street, Eastern Rivera] She flipped through the pages and could not believe what she was reading.

"This is crazy!" she said.

There were a total of 27 shop lots under Stella's name.

Vermont opened another bag and closed it before turning to Keegan, saying, "You should marry into the family. Why bother working hard? Isn't a comfortable life appealing?"

Felicity grabbed the bag Vermont had opened and glanced inside. She was shocked to know that Daryl had gifted Stella a private jet.

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1469 [Eleven Jewell]

"A pair of imperial green jade earrings," added Vermont.

"A bracelet with blue diamonds from South Zuluford." "A carved jade statue of Jesus." The two sounded like they were reciting a song.

Upon finishing the list, they embraced in feigned emotional display.

Felicity pretended to sob, "I'm so envious.

I'm afraid my best friend will suffer, yet I'm jealous that she'll be driving a Land Rover.

This is so contradicting." Vermont joined in, "I'm scared my best bro will outshine me in looks, yet I'm also worried he'll enjoy a life of luxury.

This is happening all too soon.

What should I do?" Stella and Keegan were speechless.

'No wonder these two can get together,' they thought.

Seeing the two continue their act, Keegan walked over and playfully kicked Vermont's backside.

"Enough of that, or I'll chase you out." Vermont retorted with a middle finger.

They then finally settled down and commenced a serious inventory.

Most valuable items like vehicles, properties, and jewelry were gifts from the elders of the Hall and Saun families.

Most other guests had given monetary gifts, with a few presenting valuable calligraphy, paintings, or collectibles.

It was already three in the morning when the group completed the inventory.

Stella and Felicity were tired.

They opted to sit on the carpet to tally up the gifts.

Vermont took pictures of items Stella knew she would not use and sent them to some of his friends in the resale business, inquiring about potential returns.

Keegan ordered some room service and brought over several bottles of water.

He settled down next to Stella and said, "How's it going?" "We're nearly finished," Stella paused.

“There’s only the transfer of ownership for The Velvet left.” “The Velvet?” Vermont chimed in.

“Did your stepmother gift you the jewelry store? What’s the story behind that?” Stella raised an eyebrow, “You’re familiar with this store too?” “Did you forget I’m also in the jewelry business?” Vermont elaborated, “The Velvet has been thriving and boasting a steadfast customer base.

While it might not generate as much profit as the jewelry store I launched, it holds itself within the industry.

“The name alone speaks volumes.

It’s clear your stepmom set this store up for her daughter.

How did you end up with it?” Stella then recounted the circumstances at the hospital.

Vermont nodded in enlightenment.

“Ah, it all makes sense now.” “What makes sense?” Vermont pocketed his phone.

“Even though this store is profitable, transferring it into your name might alter its fortunes.” Stella was intrigued.

“What do you mean?” “The story is a tad lengthy.” Felicity interjected, playfully nudging him with her bare foot.

” Just spill the beans.

Enough with the mystery.”

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1470 [Eleven Jewell]

“If you want to profit in the world of jewelry and precious stones, you either cater to the high-end market, dealing with those willing to pay a premium price, or target the mass market.

That’s where you find products made from discarded materials, skillfully polished to mimic the real thing.

They're affordable for the general public, allowing them to own a piece or two without breaking the bank.

With high sales volume, you can still make a decent profit.

"The Velvet focuses on the high-end market, and Darcie's connections serve as her entry to that exclusive clientele.

As for the mass market, Darcie thinks it might dilute the brand image, so she avoided it.

They've already established a stable relationship in their high-end market.

If you take over, all Darcie has to do is ask, and your clients will turn away and run.

You follow?" Stella grasped the situation.

Darcie had, in essence, handed her a shop she could run independently.

As long as Darcie did not meddle, the store would be under Stella's control.

She might even need to invest money herself, but the store was highly profitable on the surface, which kept Wenham from suspecting anything.

' This woman is exceptionally sharp!' Stella had successfully sidestepped one pitfall only to walk right into another.

"But if I take over and the store doesn't profit for a year or more, won't Wenham think I'm incapable of running a company?" Stella questioned.

"I don't think so.

But if word gets out about the poor performance, there will be grounds for doubting your capabilities no matter which company he entrusts to you in the future.

That won't bode well for your management position," Keegan explained.

Felicity clenched her teeth.



“That old fox is so sneaky! Why don’t you just tell your dad you can’t handle it and give it back to her?” “Do you think I’d have the face to return it after playing her like a fiddle?” Darcie had a plan.

Even if Stella returns the store, she will find another way to ruin her.

“So what do we do?” Felicity frowned.

‘Do we fake the accounts ourselves? Have Keegan be your middleman and move millions of dollars of goods each month?’ Keegan was shocked to hear her say that.

Vermont knocked Felicity on the head.

“Have you lost your mind? Why would we lose money on a business venture? Any expert can see through your plan.

It’ll only be more embarrassing if we get exposed.” Felicity swatted away his hand.

“I’m just worried about Stella.” Keegan turned to Stella.

“What’s your strategy?” Stella pondered for a moment.

“First, I’ll take over the management rights.

As for sales, let’s see what Darcie does.

I’ll shift to the mass market if the high-end market is beyond my capacity.

But I’d prefer to have a finger in both pies.

Why not enjoy the best of both worlds?” Vermont chuckled.

“That’s the spirit.

Adaptability is key in business.

Just go for it, Stella.

Keegan’s path to a comfortable life is just around the corner.” Ignoring Vermont’s jest, Keegan said, “For high-end market clients, recognizing quality is key.

Building relationships is a bonus.

With some effort, you can certainly handle it.

You'll be better than Vermont for sure." Vermont raised an eyebrow.

"Flattering your partner by bringing me down, huh?" Keegan shot him a look.

"Well, aren't you one to talk? Your jewelry store relies on celebrities from your company to promote it and milk their fans for all they're worth." Vermont did not seem ashamed.

"So what if that's true? It's all part of the industry chain." The room service arrived shortly, and the group sat down to eat.

Then, the residents of room 902 bid each other farewell.

Keegan returned after disposing of the trash.

He found Stella seated on the couch, rubbing her feet.

He paused for a moment and went to the bathroom.

When he returned, he carried a basin of water and placed it by the couch.

"Put your feet in," he said.

Stella glanced at the water, then at Keegan, and suddenly burst into laughter.

"You're so dedicated, Mr.

Kane."