

## Read Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1491 [Eleven Jewell]

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As the wind scattered the papers across the place, Stella and Felicity quickly joined in to retrieve them. After a thorough chase, they finally managed to collect all the blueprints.

While Stella was gathering the papers, she was surprised to find that they were sketches for jewelry designs. She flipped through a couple of pages, glanced at the signature, and paused.

Just then, the girl whose papers had been scattered about caught up with them. She abruptly snatched the papers from Stella's hand, and her face was tense. "Don't go snooping through other people's things."

Felicity frowned. "You seriously lack manners. We were helping you with picking them up."

The girl replied coldly, "None of this would have happened if she hadn't run into me."

'You-'

Stella held Felicity back and politely apologized to the girl. "I'm sorry. I was on the phone, and I didn't watch where I was going. Please check if any of the papers are missing."

The girl seemed to appreciate Stella's decent attitude, and she replied calmly, "It's alright."

With that, she walked away with her belongings.

Felicity stood with her hands on her hips. "Did you see how she reacted? It's not like we bumped into her on purpose."

'Those were design blueprints. It's understandable for her to be anxious,' Stella murmured.

Felicity pursed her lips and said, "We aren't even proficient in the field. Yet, she acted like we were going to steal her design."

Stella laughed and said, “Well, considering how she had been stabbed in the back before, I get why she would keep her guard up.”

Felicity was confused. “Do you know her?” she asked.

Stella shook her head. “No, but I saw the name ‘Maggie Hart’ on the blueprint, and I know about her.”

Felicity became curious. “What’s her story?”

So, Stella proceeded to tell her. Stella had a fondness for jewelry, and she paid quite a bit of attention to the industry.

A couple of years ago, a prominent jewelry company had its new collection launch overshadowed by a public accusation from their own jewelry designer, Maggie Hart. She went online with her real name, claiming that the pieces the company was releasing were her designs. Yet, they were credited to another supposed design expert.

This incident had caused quite a stir in the design community. Plagiarism was a significant issue, and the accused designer was a well-known figure in the industry.

After the matter came to light, the company initially denied the allegations. However, in the face of public scrutiny, they could not produce the design drafts.

They then stated that their contract with Maggie allowed them to do whatever they pleased with the pieces she created during her tenure with the company. They further pointed out that Maggie had taken private commissions and repeatedly left work without reason during her contract period. So, they terminated her employment.

They defended the designer who plagiarized her work and pushed Maggie, a relatively unknown designer, to the lions.

Stella was following the incident out of sheer curiosity at that time, and she witnessed the entire process.

It was blatant copying and pasting. The company did not even bother to make any modifications. Instead, they put someone else’s name on the design and mass-produced the pieces for sale.

Stella despised plagiarism to the utmost, especially after learning how the company handled the incident. After that, she blacklisted the brand and never purchased anything from them again.

During that time, Maggie had showcased many of her original drafts online to prove that the pieces were indeed her creations. That was why Stella recognized her when she saw the handwriting style of her name on the sketches she had just picked up.

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Felicity's initial irritation dissipated, as she listened to the story of Maggie Hart. "No wonder she reacted that way when we looked at her sketches."

Just then, Darcie's assistant called to inform them that she had arrived at the store.

Stella ended the call, turned to Felicity, and said, "Let's go. She's here."

Felicity snapped back to her senses and quickly video-called Vermont before inserting a wireless earpiece into her ear.

The Velvet was situated on the mall's first floor, boasting a spacious storefront covering at least two thousand square feet.

When Stella and Felicity entered, they were warmly greeted and asked what they were looking for.

"I'm here to meet someone," Stella replied calmly.

At that moment, a woman who had been taking a call by the counter suddenly turned around.

She sized up Stella and said something to the person on the other end of the line before hanging up. She walked directly up to Stella and respectfully said, "It's a pleasure to meet you, Ms. Hall. I'm Ms. Arnold's assistant, Aubrey Abbott. Ms. Arnold had instructed me to assist you in the handover of The Velvet."

Stella observed Aubrey without giving away any emotions. She appeared to be in her thirties or forties with average looks. Her makeup was well done, and

she had a professional demeanor. Her expression was composed and did not reveal much.

'This person must be special for Darcie to keep her as a trusted aide,' thought Stella.

"Hello, Aubrey. I appreciate your help."

"It's my pleasure." Then, Aubrey turned to a man who had been looking at Stella the entire time and said, "Chris, from now on, The Velvet will be under the management of Ms. Stella Hall. Gather everyone for a meeting.'

Felicity's eyes widened. 'Chris?'

The man Aubrey addressed immediately came over with a smile. "So, this is the new boss. I apologize for my rudeness. Everyone is busy with their respective tasks right now, so I doubt we can gather everyone together."

Chris had thick brows and big eyes. He exuded a presence of righteousness. Yet, his eyes seemed evasive, which added a touch of shrewdness.

Upon hearing his words, Stella smiled faintly. "There's no need to call everyone. You can just show me around, Chris."

Chris glanced at Stella before he responded, "Of course, Ms. Hall. Please follow me."

The entire first floor was the sales area. Chris began by showing her around the section and explaining everything along the way.

The Velvet specialized in high-end jewelry. Each of their designs was produced in limited quantities with no restocks once they were sold out. They had premade jewelry but also accepted private commissions with dedicated designers to help create pieces tailored to their clients' preferences.

Based on the information Darcie provided, The Velvet had been in operation for nearly a decade. They were a brand that focused on luxury jewelry and were quite renowned in the elite circles.

After a thorough tour, Stella found that the jewelry designs did not particularly stand out. If she were a buyer, the pieces in the display cabinets would not entice her to make a purchase.

Stella scanned the merchandise and asked, "Chris, are there no better-designed jewelry pieces in the store?"

Chris chuckled and said, "Ms. Hall, you're not usually into jewelry, are you? These designs are actually the most requested by our clients. As for better ones, they do exist. But each piece costs millions and is locked in the safe."

Felicity's eyelids twitched. 'What is this store manager implying?! Stella could fill all their cabinets with the jewelry she owns!'

However, Stella was not offended. She smiled and said, "I'm new here, so I'm not very knowledgeable. Chris, could you bring out the most outstanding piece in the store for me?"

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Chris maintained his smile. "Ms. Hall, it's not that I'm unwilling to show you, but the key to this safe is with another team leader. She has taken a day off today, so... I'm terribly sorry. But it seems you might not get to see the piece today."

Stella glanced at him and then inquired, "Well, there must be some accounting records in the store. Can you bring them over?"

"Ah, that's rather unfortunate. Those accounting records and the valuable jewelry are kept in the safe. Perhaps we could arrange for another day. I'll personally take you to have a look," Chris explained.

Felicity furrowed her brows. "Who stores jewelry and accounting records together? Aren't you worried about dropping the jewelry when you're handling the records?"

Chris replied, "It's always been this way in our store. We're used to it. Ms. Hall, everything will go smoothly once you're accustomed to it."

Felicity clenched her teeth. 'He's clearly doing this on purpose! How dare he ask the boss to get accustomed to their practices!'

Just as she was about to express her discontent, Stella intervened.

"That's fine, Chris. Please take US to the design studio and workshop upstairs," Stella suggested.

Chris offered a strained smile and said, “The workshop is filled with dust and tools. Ms. Hall, considering your esteemed status, we wouldn’t be able to bear the responsibility if you were to get dirty or hurt.”

Stella pursed her lips and said, “If you genuinely feel you can’t bear the responsibility, why not resign? I’ll find someone who can do their job. That way, we won’t have a problem anymore. To be frank, Chris, I’m beginning to question your professionalism.”

Finally, Chris’s expression showed a little change.

He forced a smile and said, “Ms. Hall, you certainly have a sense of humor. It’s not that I’m unwilling to take you there. It’s just that I’m concerned about your delicate nature. I’m worried you might feel uncomfortable in that environment,” Chris explained.

After saying that, he instructed the staff to prepare protective gear for Stella. Turning back to them with a cheerful grin, he stated, “Follow me, ladies.”

The first floor of The Velvet was the sales area, the second floor housed the design studio and the reception area for custom clients. Meanwhile, the third floor was the carving workshop.

The group took the elevator to the third floor. As soon as the doors opened, the sound of machinery filled the air.

Stella and Felicity donned their protective gear and followed Chris, as he showed them room after room.

Felicity discreetly took photos of the items with her phone, with Vermont assisting her on the other end of the call. Stella randomly picked up a piece of uncarved stone from the pile and held it up for Felicity to photograph.

“Ms. Hall, this is quite valuable. Please handle it with care,” Chris hastily warned.

Stella glanced at him. “For something so valuable, is it appropriate to just pile it on the ground?”

Chris explained, “These are newly arrived raw stones. They haven’t been sorted yet.”

Stella examined a few and then placed them back.

Felicity tapped Stella's arm, and as Stella leaned down, Felicity whispered in her ear, "Stinky cucumber says that these raw stones are of good quality; high-grade even. But they have a high loss rate during polishing. Many scraps are discarded. He wants you to ask how they handle these scraps."

Stella nodded.

The group quickly made their way to the bags piled in the corner. They were filled with discarded materials. Stella asked, "Chris, how are these things handled?"

"We have a dedicated recycling channel," Chris replied. "These items aren't worth much. They're too small to be made into jewelry or damaged during the polishing process. We'll repair and reuse whatever we can. As for the ones that can't be salvaged, we have to throw them away. Each bag goes for ten thousand dollars, and we collect them once a month."

Vermont's eyelids twitched. "How much?"

Felicity casually added, "Ten thousand dollars."

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Chris turned to Stella after he finished his statement. Stella cleared her throat and feigned, "You can sell a whole bag for ten thousand dollars?"

"The person in charge of recycling is a partner of our store, so the price they offer us is relatively high. The few newly established factories only offer six thousand per bag," Chris explained.

Vermont's voice grew serious. "With this quality of scraps, unless they're too damaged to be used for jewelry, they should definitely not be sold by the bag. Their raw stones are of good quality. Even if they're considered scraps, a bag shouldn't cost only ten thousand dollars."

"Let's not jump to conclusions just yet. Stella has just arrived, and the business hasn't fully started yet. The people don't trust her, and nobody will tell the truth even if we look into it."

Felicity did not know how to convey such a long message to Stella.

However, Stella would surely sense something fishy even if Felicity did not say anything.

“Chris, let’s go take a look at the design studio,” Stella said calmly.

Seeing Stella’s composed demeanor and the lack of immediate objection, Chris concluded that she might not understand these matters. He put his concerns aside and led them to the second floor.

The Velvet had five designers. When they arrived, four of them were at their respective workstations.

Chris cleared his throat and announced loudly, “Stop whatever you’re working on, and let me introduce the new owner of our branch.”

Everyone looked up, and one familiar face instantly caught Stella’s eye.

She blinked in surprise. ‘Isn’t that Maggie, the woman I bumped into at the square earlier? I didn’t know she worked at The Velvet.’

Maggie was a skilled designer, and a big company was more suitable for her career growth. ‘Why would she be here?’

Maggie had also noticed Stella and paused for a brief moment. She then quickly regained her composure. However, her expression now held a touch of seriousness.

Chris proceeded to introduce Stella with great enthusiasm. It was almost as if he was conducting an awards ceremony. Stella listened attentively before she interrupted. “It’s nice to meet everyone. Weren’t there supposed to be five designers? Where’s the other one?”

One of the designers responded, “Our team leader, Barbara, took Ms.

Wilson to the reception.”

Chris was momentarily taken aback. “Ms. Wilson is here?”

The designer nodded. “She came early this morning before you arrived. She has a banquet this evening and wanted to pick out a couple of pieces of fine jewelry for the occasion, so she came over early. Barbara has been assisting her for over an hour.”

“Why didn’t anyone inform me earlier?” Chris was getting anxious. “Has anyone offered her refreshments? Did Ms. Wilson buy the pastries she likes? Did she have breakfast when she arrived this morning? Did you ask?”

Stella and Felicity stood there silently. ‘Ms. Wilson must be quite the character if Chris is so devoted toward her,’ they thought.

If Stella was not present, he would have probably left directly.

“Ms. Hall, this is essentially how the company operates. I have clients in the store today, so I need to attend to them. If there’s anything else you’d like to know, let’s arrange a time, and I’ll show you around,” Chris said.

Stella responded, “Let’s see everything since we’re already here. Barbara is in charge of the design department and is the person who controls the product design standards. I need to meet her. Chris, please take US to her.”

Chris was in a hurry to attend to Ms. Wilson, so he did not have time to decline further. “This way, please,” he said.

When they arrived at the reception room, they heard a subservient voice saying, “May I know if this fits your satisfaction, Ms. Wilson?”

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Stella followed the voice and found a young woman seated on the couch. Her arms, head, neck, and ears were adorned with extravagant jewelry.

There were gemstones everywhere possible. The pieces were huge, and the quality of the stones was high. However, when combined, they appeared excessive and complex. Even celebrities like Stella did not wear such accessories.

The woman’s lavishness extended beyond her jewelry. Her dress was from a high-end brand that cost a minimum of six figures.

At first glance, she did not exude grace and elegance but rather an extravagant display. It was a sign of affluence.

The wealthy young lady looked somewhat languid. Seated beside her was someone almost half-kneeling, holding a design sketch and conversing with her.

'She must be Barbara, the team leader of the design group they mentioned earlier.'

Ms. Wilson glanced at the design sketch and frowned. 'It doesn't seem quite right.'

Barbara immediately responded, "Please let me know how you want it, and I'll make the necessary adjustments."

Ms. Wilson's brows tightened, as she pointed to a specific area on the sketch. "Why does this phoenix look botched? Why is it so ugly?"

"Didn't you request a phoenix, Ms. Wilson? That is what a phoenix looks like," Barbara explained.

"It doesn't match the image I had in mind. It looks too intricate."

"In that case, what changes would you like to be made? I'll make sure to alter it until you're satisfied."

Ms. Wilson pursed her lips. She was facing a dilemma herself. The design was created according to her instructions, but she found fault with various aspects upon seeing it.

The problem was that she could not pinpoint exactly what she did not like. She initially came to The Velvet to choose a necklace and leave, but she ended up getting roped into a discussion on how to modify the design. The piece was meant to be worn at her father's birthday party next month, but nearly a month had passed, and the design had not been finalized. The designer kept pestering her every day, and she was getting extremely annoyed.

As Ms. Wilson was about to express her impatience, Chris approached her with a beaming smile. "Ms. Wilson, you're here. Why didn't you let US know in advance?"

He immediately arranged for some refreshments and added, "I've sent someone to buy your favorite souffle from Plum Blossom Delights. It'll be here shortly. Please have some tea in the meantime."

Stella and Felicity shared a knowing look. Both of them thought that Chris was an insincere flatterer.

“No need to trouble yourself. I’ll be leaving shortly,” Ms. Wilson calmly replied.

“It’s no trouble at all. You can stay for however long you like,” Chris insisted. He paused and added in a low voice, “Have you found any jewelry that suits your taste, Ms. Wilson?”

The woman shook her head. “There’s nothing I particularly like.”

Chris was about to continue when Stella intervened at the opportune moment. “Chris, why don’t you introduce US?”

Only then did Chris remember that Stella was still here. He cleared his throat and said, “Ms. Wilson, this is our store’s new owner, Ms. Stella Hall. And, Ms. Hall, this is our VIP client, Ms. Kayla Wilson.”