

## Read Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1496 [Eleven Jewell]

Chris paused and introduced the designer who had been speaking with Kayla. Ms. Hall, this is Barbara, the head of our design team. She's our most sought-after designer, and many clients admire her work. Barbara, please greet Ms. Hall."

Barbara gave Stella a discerning look and greeted her with a nod. "It's nice to meet you, Ms. Hall."

Stella glanced at the design sketches on the table and politely asked, "Barbara, may I look at the draft for this design?"

Barbara, who was somewhat disdainful of this young new boss, perceived her as someone who did not quite grasp the world of jewelry. She questioned how Darcie could entrust the store to such an inexperienced individual.

"Feel free to look, although I fear you may not fully understand it," she replied indifferently.

Felicity stared her down and said, "There must be something wrong with your design if we can't understand it."

Barbara was annoyed and wanted to fight back, but she held back due to Stella's status. Instead, she just looked at Felicity with a cold gaze.

Stella grabbed the paper and said, "Goodness, this is rather... unique."

Felicity leaned over to examine the sketch. She could not help but exclaim, "What in the world? It's hideous. What is it, a rooster's head?"

Kayla's brow furrowed slightly.

Hearing that, Barbara could not contain herself any longer. "Don't embarrass yourself. It's clear you don't understand art."

'Even though that may be true, I know what a chicken looks like when I see one," Felicity scoffed.

“It’s a phoenix, you uneducated girl!”

Felicity was about to fire back, but Stella intervened. “Barbara, my friend tends to be forthright. However, I must admit that it’s rather difficult for me to appreciate this design.”

Barbara was tempted to retort. She wanted to say, “And, what do you know?” But, considering Stella’s status, she restrained herself. She then looked at Kayla and had an idea.

“Ms. Hall, I designed this piece based on Ms. Wilson’s preference. I painstakingly revised this phoenix as per her instructions. Are you doubting her taste?”

As expected, Kayla’s face showed a slight displeasure. She looked coldly at Stella, as she was curious about what Stella would say.

Chris, who was afraid of offending Kayla, quickly whispered to Stella, “Ms. Hall, Ms. Wilson is a major client of our company. It would be better if you revise your words.”

Stella ignored him and glanced at Barbara. “Ms. Wilson is a client who has come for customized jewelry. Shouldn’t she let the designer do the work? The essence of custom-made jewelry lies in the design. If the client dictates all the changes, whose design is it in the end? Yours or the client’s?”

Barbara’s face grew increasingly grim. “Ms. Hall, you clearly don’t understand the intricacies of design. When we accept custom orders, the client’s preferences take precedence. This isn’t a design competition.

We’re not here to showcase our creativity.”

Stella’s expression darkened. “Clients may not have an in-depth understanding of design. They typically have a rough concept of the jewelry they desire. That is why they seek out designers like you for assistance. If you simply defer all the responsibilities to the client, do you also expect them to handle your design fees in the future? Do you have no concept when it comes to design? What purpose do designers like you serve in the company if the customer is the one who does most of the work? Perhaps having clients to provide their own sketches directly would be more efficient.”

Stella had met many jewelry makers. Most of the outstanding designers were prideful of their work. Even when taking on custom projects, they would ensure that their own style and design philosophy were reflected in the draft. They would never follow the client around like a lapdog while showing no regard for their creations and making changes wherever pointed out.

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Barbara got so angry that her face turned red as she cried to Chris, “Mr. Poole, I designed this according to the customer’s requirement. Did I do anything wrong? Does Ms. Hall have a problem with me because I was busy serving Ms. Wilson and didn’t greet her right away?”

“Ms. Wilson is a VIP customer of The Velvet, and I only put her first for the sake of our store. It’s not right for her to target me without any valid reasons just because she’s our new boss!”

“I’ve been with the company for years, and you know me very well. You’ve seen how much effort I put into serving our customers. You probably realize how many of our clients only come here for my service, right?”

“I would’ve never come here to work if it weren’t for Mrs. Saun’s sake. If Ms. Hall doesn’t appreciate my designs, I might as well quit!”

Stella pursed her lips.

She was initially dissatisfied with Barbara’s obsequious service attitude. But after hearing what she said, she became unhappy with her as a whole

First, Barbara slandered her for being arrogant and used her connections to threaten her. Then, she brought up Darcie and used resigning as an excuse to pressure her.

Stella could not believe a mere designer could have such a big ego and act snobbishly just because she criticized her design.

Chris tried to calm Barbara down before turning to Stella and said, Ms. Hall, Ms. Tucker was personally recruited by Mrs. Saun from a big company. She designs a lot of jewelry in the display case downstairs. She’s also the most popular and well-received designer in our company. She has good relationships with many of our clients; many of them come to our store solely because of her.”

Stella replied nonchalantly, “Our company specializes in high-end luxury jewelry. I’ve always thought our customers only buy from US because of our product’s quality. However, it turns out that it’s all because of Ms. Tucker’s charm. Mr. Poole, if what you said is true, if Ms. Tucker quits, the company won’t be able to operate, is that right?”

Chris hesitated momentarily before saying softly, “Ms. Tucker plays a very important role in our company.”

In other words, yes.

Chris’s words seemed to boost Barbara’s arrogance. She wiped her face and said hoarsely, “Mr. Poole, please help me with my resignation. Ms. Hall and I have different values, and I refuse to stay here and be humiliated.” Then, she turned to Kayla and continued, “Ms. Wilson, I’m very sorry, but I won’t be able to serve you anymore. Please find someone else to help you with your design.”

Kayla had no intention of interfering in the company’s affairs. In fact, she did not like Barbara very much either.

Every time she ordered something, Barbara would call her dozens of times a day to ask about every detail. Just like what that woman said, she would end up being the one designing the entire thing despite paying the designer to do what she was supposed to do.

However, Kayla’s not liking Barbara was one thing; the attitude with which Stella spoke also made her somewhat displeased.

‘How could she criticize my taste?’

Kayla was about to speak, but Stella said, “If you really care about Ms. Wilson’s image, shouldn’t you have noticed how tacky her outfit looks? Have you given her any advice? How could you not have any sense of aesthetics as a designer? Or do you prefer her to dress this way and wear a lot of jewelry just so you can make a lot of sales from her? You don’t care about how she looks as long as you can make money. You’ll praise her regardless of what you really think, am I right?”

Kayla’s eyelid twitched.

Barbara's expression slightly changed, "Ms. Hall, please do not accuse me without any proof. Why would I think that way?" "Well, then tell me. Which part of Ms. Wilson's outfit looks good?"

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Barbara was taken aback and did not dare comment on Kayla's outfit. She stuttered and just could not find the words to say.

Stella said coldly, "You're a designer, yet you don't have your own design concept. As a customer's image management consultant, I can't believe that you cannot offer any effective advice on her outfit. What's the point of the company hiring you? Are you simply here to find out the customers' preferences so you can constantly flatter them?"

Chris remained silent.

'Why does it sound like it's directed at me?' Chris thought to himself.

Barbara's expression looked very unpleasant. Stella's words had left her utterly speechless.

"Since Ms. Tucker also thinks that she's not competent for this job, Mr.

Poole, please proceed with her resignation."

Barbara's expression changed drastically.

She was just pretending and had not thought about actually resigning at all. The commission from high-spending customers like Kayla was enough to make her rich in just a month. It could earn her more than working anywhere else.

"Ms. Hall, I'm personally recruited by Mrs. Saun. You have no right to fire me!"

Stella glared at her, "Didn't you say you want to quit? Why are you saying that I'm firing you now? Or were you just joking with me when you said you would quit?"

Barbara's face turned extremely red, not knowing whether to admit it. So, she could only cling to the same thing, "Mrs. Saun personally hired me. I'll only leave if she doesn't want me here anymore!"

Stella's gaze widened, "Ms. Tucker, it seems like you don't understand something here. I'm the owner of The Velvet now, and I have every right to decide who stays and who goes."

Barbara's face turned pale now.

Aubrey, who had been quiet and following Stella, suddenly spoke. "Ms.

Hall, you just took over The Velvet, and there are a lot of things that you're not familiar with yet. It may not be worth it to fire her at this moment."

Stella glanced at Aubrey and thought, 'She kept quiet when Chris gave me problems and did not want to show me the accounts, yet she spoke up when I was about to fire Barbara.'

"Thank you for the reminder, but unlike Mrs. Saun, I have a really bad temper. I don't tolerate my employees challenging me. And since this is my company, I only want people I like to work for me. The fact that she kept bringing up her previous boss to threaten me upsets me greatly, and I don't want to pay her to make me angry.

"As for the company, you don't have to worry too much. It wouldn't really matter if it does well or not. This is my family's business, and my dad is not going to care too much about it. I can do whatever I want.

"Darcie is very fond of Ms. Tucker, isn't she? After she resigns, you can help her find a job for Darcie. In that way, all of US here can get what we want.'

Audrey pressed her lips together and lowered her gaze, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean it that way.'

Barbara listened to their conversation and knew that no one was going to back her up anymore. So, she immediately shifted her attitude, "Ms. Hall, I'm just not very good with words. Please forgive me for what I said. I've been working in this company for so many years, and it's like a home to me. I don't want to leave."

Stella replied indifferently, "Would you want to resign so easily if it's really like a home to you? Besides, I think that you're very good with words. Otherwise, how could you have fooled Ms. Wilson so easily?"

Kayla was speechless.

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It seemed like Chris had a pretty good relationship with Barbara. When he heard that Stella was really going to fire her, he immediately chimed in with some kind words.

“Ms. Hall, Ms. Tucker is just a little straightforward and not good at expressing herself. She’s the head of our design team and oversees the entire design operation here. If you let her go, the design department will become a mess without a leader.”

Stella paused, “You have a point there. We can’t have a design department without a leader.”

Then, she added, “Let’s have the designer at the third workspace in the office take her position for now. I’ll make further adjustments later.”

‘The third workspace... Maggie Hart?’

Chris’s expression shifted. He could manage everyone in the design department except for Maggie. However, Maggie was not someone he could fire because her designs were very popular and her prices were low, which was very rare in the industry.

Nevertheless, Maggie was very blunt and only knew how to draw. She did not even know how to flatter her clients, let alone play these little tricks with Chris and Barbara.

“Ms. Hall, are you sure? Maggie Hart only knows how to draw, and that’s all. ■

“That’s good enough. A designer’s competence is built on their designs. What’s the point of having sales and marketing staff if I need her to deal with the customers?”

Chris was about to say something more, but Stella interrupted him, “Go get it done. Make sure Ms. Tucker hands over all her projects before she leaves. I don’t want to see her here again when I come to the company next time.”

Barbara’s face looked extremely pale.

“Hold on.”

Kayla finally spoke in a lazy tone, and she looked arrogant. She casually glanced at Stella and continued flatly, "Who is going to handle my custom order if you fire her? Who will advise me on how to match my jewelry tonight?"

Barbara seemed to have found her savior and immediately grabbed Kayla's arm, "Ms. Wilson, please help me. I've almost finished the design drawings. They can't just replace me like that."

Kayla brushed her hand away and said indifferently, "I have nothing to do with this. There's no use begging me. I don't work here, and I only care about who's going to handle my order."

Of course, she would not get involved in their company affairs. She was merely unhappy because Stella had criticized her taste.

Barbara's hope was shattered, and her face turned ashen.

Chris had no choice but to escort her out. If she left now, the company would still offer some compensation. However, if they were to anger Stella further, that might not be the case anymore.

Chris thought that Stella would be easy to fool because of how young she looked when he met her downstairs. He never expected her to fire an employee so decisively that even Darcie's assistant did nothing to stop it. That made him more cautious.

Stella looked at Kayla from head to toe before asking, "Ms. Wilson, what event will you be attending tonight?"

"A business banquet organized by my own family," She replied flatly.

"There's no need for you to purchase any new jewelry if that's the case. The dress code for a business banquet usually emphasizes elegance and simplicity. You don't need to wear a lot of excessive accessories."

As she spoke, she reached out, intending to remove the hair accessory on Kayla's head. Kayla was startled and moved backward instinctively. "What are you doing?" she asked.

Stella smiled, "I'm going to help you with your outfit tonight."



Kayla looked at her skeptically, "You're not a designer. How are you going to do that?"

Felicity chimed in before Stella could say anything, "My bestie knows a lot about fashion, and she always gets the spotlight wherever she goes. No matter how ugly a person can be, she can turn them into someone who will leave everyone in awe."

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Kayla kept quiet.

'Are you calling me ugly?"

Stella smiled, 'My friend is straightforward, but she means no harm. Ms. Wilson, why don't you take my advice and see how it turns out for you tonight? If it doesn't suit you, you can come back, and I'll do as you say, whether it's a refund or compensation."

Kayla looked at her, put her hand down, and said coldly, "Go ahead then."

So, Stella began removing all her excessive jewelry.

With each piece Stella removed, Kayla felt more uneasy. She was too used to wearing them and having them all taken off made her feel somewhat uncomfortable.

After Stella was done, she called over an assistant designer to help fix Kayla's hair. Then, she said, "Ms. Wilson, come have a look."

Kayla stood up hesitantly and walked over to the mirror.

There were only ivory-white pearl earrings on her ears and a delicate silver necklace across her collarbone. She looked simple yet elegant, completely different from how she was before.

She did not hate the look but found it difficult to adapt to. So, she instinctively reached out for the bangle next to her, but Stella stopped her.

"Ms. Wilson, wearing more isn't always going to make you look better. Instead, excessive accessories can sometimes make you lose your grace.

“A business banquet is not a fashion show; it does not require you to dress extravagantly. Pair these with a simple black fitted dress and keep your hair as it is now. If anyone says you don’t look good tonight, you’re free to return here and trash our store.”

Kayla pursed her lips and looked in the mirror for a while longer. Then, she turned to Stella and said, “It better turn out the way you said it, or I won’t let this slide!”

After saying that, she picked up her bag and left. Chris immediately went after her but could not persuade her to stay.

Chris came back and complained to Stella, “Ms. Hall, Ms. Wilson is one of our most important customers. Many socialites come to our store because of her. She’s literally our walking billboard. You shouldn’t have taken such a gamble with her. Our entire store will suffer if she gets angry with her looks tonight!”

Stella smiled, “Mr. Poole, it’ll be my responsibility if I upset her and lose her as a customer. Your salary won’t be affected, so you do not need to be so anxious.”

Her words left Chris utterly speechless.

Stella did not stay very long after Kayla left. She told Chris that she would come to look at the financial records the next time she came and left with Felicity.

Chris could not help but scold Stella after they left, “She doesn’t know anything, yet she’s acting like she’s all that. I can’t believe she fired Barbara on her first day here. Is Mrs. Saun really okay with someone like her taking over the company she built from scratch?”

Aubrey said flatly, “Mrs. Saun wants you to cooperate and assist Ms. Hall in managing the company.”

Chris asked, “And how am I supposed to do that?”

Aubrey glanced at him, “You’re a smart person. You don’t need me to say more, do you?”

Chris’ eyes lit up, and he immediately smiled, “I got it.”

Aubrey left The Velvet and called Darcie to tell her everything that had happened earlier.

When Darcie heard Aubrey repeating Stella's words: "This is my family's business, and my dad is not going to care too much about it. I can do whatever I want," a hint of sarcasm flashed across her eyes.

"How arrogant of her. Just ignore it. Arrange a gathering for me in these two days and tell everyone that my new beauty salon will be in business soon, and I'd like to invite them to come."