

## Read Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1506 [Eleven Jewell]

Kayla paused. Then, she remembered the luxurious and extravagant dress she had custom-ordered earlier. She was about to have it delivered, but she suddenly remembered the words Stella had said in the store just now. So, she paused for a moment before saying, ‘Mr. Morgan, do you have a simple black dress available now?’

The manager was shocked, “Ms. Wilson, are you thinking of changing your dress? The one that you ordered previously was exclusively shipped from France, and the deposit has already been submitted. It will not be refunded if you change your mind now. Also, you’ll have to cover the cost of the air freight.’

Kayla replied flatly, “I didn’t say I don’t want it. Get me a simple black dress, and have it delivered with the dress I ordered.”

The manager heaved a sigh of relief, “Sure. I’ll get that done right away.”

It did not take long for Keegan to find out the details about the banquet from Mark himself. Mark did not ask many questions and even generously sent him two invitation cards.

Actually, the organizer had also sent Keegan the invitations, but he would rarely attend such ordinary business gatherings. So, the receptionist asked Aldor, and they decided to get rid of it.

After resting for a while at home, Stella got ready and met up with Keegan to attend the banquet together.

They drew the crowd’s attention as soon as they arrived at the venue.

This was the first time they had appeared in public together in such a manner since their divorce.

Stella had returned to the Saun family and now had a glamorous family background. They wondered if she had gotten back together with Keegan again.

Keegan ignored everyone's gazes and asked Stella discreetly, "Aren't we supposed to keep our relationship a secret? This doesn't look like a secret to me."

Stella glanced at him, "Are you not happy with this?"

Keegan scoffed, "You're just using me to expand your social network, aren't you?"

Stella glared at him, "Are you not going to help me with it then?"

"I'll never have the guts not to."

Stella chuckled softly, "My family has already agreed anyway. There's no need to keep this a secret anymore."

"What if the paparazzi caught US and said I'm your sugar daddy?"

Stella replied jokingly with a straight face, "I'll just show them whose house you're staying in, and they'll know the truth."

Her words left Keegan speechless.

As they spoke, a deep and loud voice rang out from behind, "Keegan."

They both turned around and saw an energetic, tall, middle-aged man with gray hair greeting Keegan with a smile.

Although he was wearing a suit, for some reason, he gave off the impression that he was wearing his work clothes.

Perhaps it was because of his large build.

Keegan greeted him politely, "Hello, Uncle Mark."

Stella paused, "Could this be Kayla's father, Mark Wilson?"

Mark appeared strong and full of energy. His sharp eyebrows gave off a sense of righteousness.

Stella figured Keegan probably had a good relationship with Mark, judging from how he addressed him. Otherwise, he would have referred to him as 'Mr. Wilson.'

They chatted for a while before Mark's gaze finally fell on Stella, "And this is..."

"This is Mr. Saun's daughter, Stella Hall. She's also my girlfriend."

Mark was taken aback. Then, he smiled, "I see. I couldn't attend the Saun family's banquet because I was out of town at that time. I had my family prepare a small gift as a blessing and hope you won't mind, Ms. Hall."

Stella lowered her gaze, "You're too polite, Uncle Mark."

A lady's voice came from behind as they spoke, "Dad, why are you here? Mom's been looking for you everywhere."

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Stella paused and lifted her gaze to meet Kayla's.

Kayla was adorned with the same jewelry she had worn in the morning, but now her makeup was more refined. She wore a black V-neck gown, exuding elegance and grace.

Upon spotting Stella, Kayla hesitated for a moment. There was a flicker of discomfort on her face, though it quickly faded. Beside her stood a woman resembling her, but she looked older. It was likely her mother, Lauren Bennett.

Mark was glad to see his daughter. "Come, let me introduce you. This is Keegan Kane from The Vinci Rivera Group and his girlfriend, Stella Hall." He gestured toward them, "And this is my daughter, Kayla. You haven't had the chance to meet before, so now's a good opportunity for you young folks to get acquainted."

Kayla remained silent, and Stella sensed she probably wanted to avoid mentioning their earlier encounter. Stella did not bring it up either. Instead, she extended her hand graciously, "Hello, Ms. Wilson."

Kayla sized her up for a moment before extending her hand, giving a brief shake before letting go. Her response to Keegan's greeting was similarly restrained.

She did not seem particularly impressed by Keegan, despite her father's relationship with him or his striking appearance.

Stella quickly found her equilibrium.

Mark and Lauren must have interacted with Keegan quite a bit. They engaged in conversation as if they were old acquaintances.

Since Stella was not well-versed with them, she did not initiate much of the conversation. She simply responded politely when Mark or Lauren talked to her.

Both Mark and Lauren were straightforward individuals. They did not speak in circles like most people in the business circle. However, they refrained from making easy judgments about others or expressing their opinions on specific industries or events during their conversation.

Stella realized Mark was not the uneducated country bumpkin rumored in their circle. Clearly, he relied on more than just luck to achieve the pinnacle of the energy industry.

Stella glanced at Kayla, who seemed somewhat disinterested in these topics. She was even absorbed in her phone at one point.

Soon, a group of girls approached, calling out to her, "Kayla! My goodness, it's really you!"

Stella looked up and recognized Xianna. She was often seen together with Sophia. However, with the recent turmoil in the Jewell family, their sisterhood seemed to have fallen apart. Now, she was swiftly buddying up with this new noble figure from the Wilson family.

Xianna was as fickle as ever. She effortlessly transitioned from one circle of friends to another.

As she chatted with Kayla, Stella listened in on their conversation. She was more interested in watching Kayla. She observed that Kayla seemed unwilling to engage in these topics. Instead, she wandered off to the side to play with her phone.

Before long, several elegantly dressed girls approached, marveling, "Kayla, we spotted you ages ago but didn't dare to call you out. We weren't sure if it was you until we saw you approach Uncle Wilson."

“Yes. I didn’t recognize you either at first. Why did you suddenly change your style, Kayla? It’s like you’re a completely different person from before.”

“Do you think my current style or previous style looks better?” Kayla asked.

“Both have their merits. The previous style was glamorous. When you stood in a crowd, everyone could pick you out. Now, it’s fresh and elegant, with its own unique charm,” Xianna chimed in.

“That’s right. When you stood there just now, I thought a celebrity had arrived on the scene. Your aura is amazing.”

“Ultimately, you can pull off any clothing style with that pretty face.”

Everyone showered Kayla with praises.

Kayla’s smile was understated. She did not seem particularly pleased. However, she did not stop them from speaking or walk away.

Keegan and Mark chatted for a long time before they were interrupted by someone who came over to greet them.

Keegan initiated a conversation with them, took Stella’s hand, and led her away, gradually moving further from the crowd.

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Lauren gently nudged her husband, “Since when did Keegan have a girlfriend?”

Mark was taken aback upon hearing that, ‘Come on. He’s a respectable guy who accomplished quite a bit. Having a girlfriend is completely normal.’

“I was actually thinking of setting him up with Kayla,” Lauren said.

“What? He’s undoubtedly outstanding, but he’s been through a divorce. I only have one daughter. I don’t want her to marry a divorced man. Who knows what kind of trouble might arise in the future? Why not just let Wenham’s daughter have him.”

Lauren hit him in the arms and scolded, “Times are different, honey. Why do you still care about this?”

“Well, I do, and that’s that. Don’t go meddling and complicating things unnecessarily.”

Lauren was displeased, “I was just casually mentioning it, yet look at how you act. You make it seem like I don’t care about our daughter. Only you can do what’s best for her!”

Mark quickly reached over and took his wife’s hand, whispering, “You know I’m not good with words. Forgive me, darling.”

Lauren reluctantly accepted his apology and followed him, chatting with those who came.

After walking a distance with Keegan, Stella released his hand and whispered, “You enjoy yourself. I have some business to attend to.”

Keegan stopped her and said, “What are you up to?”

“I want to see who the people around Ms. Wilson really are,” Stella said. Keegan hesitated, “What’s your plan?”

Stella leaned in, whispered a few words in his ear, then patted his shoulder, “I’m off.” With that, she walked away.

Keegan was worried and called Aldor over, “Keep an eye on her. If there are any slip-ups, cover for her.”

“Mrs. Kane has quite the knack for schemes,” said Aldor.

Keegan glared at him, “Go.”

Aldor closed his mouth and did what he was told.

Kayla chatted with her friends for quite a while. As the banquet began, everyone became engrossed in their own activities. Kayla did not stay long and went to the balcony near the door to get some fresh air.

The balcony was small, with two glass doors separating it from the banquet hall. A curtain shielded the view between the two areas.

Without pulling back the curtain, a first-time visitor would not think a 6-foot wide balcony was hidden behind it.

Kayla stood at the balcony's edge with a glass of wine, gazing at the crescent moon in the sky, a sense of loneliness enveloping her. She raised her glass and tilted it slightly. The red liquid flowed slowly, falling into the darkness.

"That's quite an expensive glass of wine you have there. It's easily a few hundred dollars per glass," A female voice sounded from behind.

Kayla paused, turned her head, and glanced at the person, "Why are you here? Coming to take credit?"

Stella chuckled softly, "More or less. I need to make an effort with a big client like you, Ms. Wilson." She went straight to the point, surprising Kayla.

This woman was different from those in the past who wanted to do business with her. They always approached her under the pretext of making friends, avoiding the topic of purchasing goods at the beginning. They would maintain the guise of friendship and only gradually reveal their true intentions as they grew closer.

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Gradually, Kayla realized those people did not want to be her friends. They were only after her for business.

Stella, on the other hand, was an exception. She stated her true intentions, making Kayla slightly less repulsed.

'If you're so keen on doing business with me, you shouldn't have sent away that designer today,' Kayla remarked.

'Wanting to do business with you doesn't mean I'm willing to resort to any means. I do not want to push something as beautiful when it clearly isn't, just to encourage you to spend more in the store. I'd rather not run my company that way.'

Kayla scoffed, "What's the difference? In the end, you all just want me to buy from you, right?"

Stella put away her smile and spoke softly, "Ms. Wilson, there's no need to force yourself to fit into a place that doesn't suit you. You're different from those people. Mr. Wilson's position in the business world means you don't

have to change yourself to cater to this circle. Instead, they should be the ones accommodating to you.'

Kayla was momentarily taken aback. She then quickly grasped the meaning behind Stella's words. She felt somewhat embarrassed, "I'm not trying to fit in. I just like dressing this way!"

Stella sighed, "If you truly liked it, you wouldn't have felt so uncomfortable after I took off your jewelry. In your eyes, those aren't just accessories.

They're your ticket to fitting into this world. But in reality, you don't need them at all. The circle Mr. Wilson created for you is enough to be yourself. You don't have to try and please others."

Kayla was about to say something when a female voice behind the curtain complained, "We were called over for a gathering half an hour ago. Where is she?"

"I don't see her. Could she be playing tricks on US?"

Xianna sneered, "Could a hayseed like her be this scheming? She wouldn't have been deceived by US so easily if she were that smart. I can't believe she accessorized herself from head to toe just because we said she looked good. What a fool. She's lucky to have been born into the Wilson family."

Kayla's expression suddenly became unpleasant. She was about to storm out, but Stella held her back. In a low voice, she said, "What will you achieve by rushing over? Are you going to confront them? Even if they apologize to you, what difference will it make? They won't regret what they said, they'll only regret that you heard it."

Kayla clenched her fists. Although she did not want to admit it, she knew everything Stella said was true.

The discussions outside continued.

"Yeah, she's lucky. But apart from luck, she's useless. Can you believe she used an expensive bag to shield herself from the rain? It's a waste of a good item. She clearly has no taste!"



“Not to mention that rare red jade she bought. It was of such good material. Look at the jewelry she made from it. It’s incredibly tacky and is lacking in the aesthetic sense.”

Someone self-deprecatingly said, “What good does our aesthetic sense do? Even if we could afford what she bought, we can’t possibly live her lifestyle. The accessories she’s wearing are worth more than my entire house. It makes me fume with jealousy.”

“So what if she’s rich? Money can’t change the fact that she’s tacky and tasteless!” Xianna huffed.

Others were about to agree when suddenly, the curtain was pulled open. Their faces changed when the person they had been talking about silently appeared behind them.

Xianna had her back to the curtain and had not realized what was happening. She kept chattering away about Kayla, “She’s so dumb. She was so happy when I praised her appearance earlier. How could an idiot like her get so lucky?”

Her friends tried to signal her, but Xianna was too engrossed in what she was saying.

Kayla’s voice was cold, “I don’t know the answer to that question. Maybe you should ask God how I ended up in the Wilson family.”

Xianna’s body stiffened, and her face turned pale suddenly.

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Xianna turned around stiffly, mustering a smile, “Kayla... Wh-What brings you here?”

Kayla’s gaze was cold, and her lips curved upward, “If I weren’t here, how would I have heard your true opinion of me?”

“Kayla, i-it’s just a misunderstanding, I—”

“Ms. Anne, I believe we’re not close enough to be calling each other by our first names,” Kayla cut her off coldly.

Xianna’s face grew even paler.

Kayla swept her eyes across the crowd, “Ms. Anne and I aren’t exactly close, and we certainly aren’t friends. If any of you consider yourselves friends of hers, it’s probably best to stay away from me from now on. I have no interest in having any sort of association with this type of people.”

Kayla’s message was crystal clear. She gave the girls the choice to be friends with her or Xianna.

All of them were there to win Kayla’s favor.

Since the incident with the Jewell family, the Anne family, which had the strongest ties to them, had suffered the most damage. Now, they were just barely holding on. Xianna tried to connect with the social circle, hoping to bring more business to her family. Unfortunately, she had completely failed to establish her identity. Even if Kayla dressed plainly, she was still the one giving orders. It was surprising that Xianna dared belittle her like this.

So when Kayla said what she did, everyone exchanged glances and unanimously distanced themselves from Xianna. Not a single person stood up to defend her.

There was also no need for a defense. The girls knew Kayla had heard what they had been saying. She was already being generous by not dwelling on it. They were not going to take the blame for Xianna’s actions.

As Xianna left, someone said, “Kayla, why did you have the waitstaff call everyone over?”

Kayla was taken aback, “When did I...” Her voice trailed off, and she turned to look at Stella.

Stella did not show any embarrassment at her little trick being exposed. Instead, she smiled.

Kayla grounded her teeth and said, “Oh. Uh... I asked you here so you can taste one of the desserts I had earlier. The servers should come soon.

Remember to grab a bite before you leave.”

The girls sighed in relief upon hearing that. They expressed their gratitude and walked away. They did not want to stay any longer, fearing they might say the wrong thing.

After the crowd left, Kayla stared at Stella and said, "Was it you who used my name to call them over?"

Stella nodded and openly admitted, "Yes, it was me."

"Why did you do that? Did you want to show me how ridiculous I look in the eyes of these people?"

Stella shook her head, "I just wanted you to see how hypocritical the people in the circle you care about are."

Kayla's face darkened, "Did you think I don't know that? I know how they talk about me behind my back and mock me. But there's nothing I can do. I can't just reveal the truth. You don't understand how lonely it is to enter a circle where you don't know a single person! I would have no friends if I exposed them, even if they are fake friends."