

## **Read Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1515 [Eleven Jewell]**

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“Considering how well-acquainted she is with the people at the jewelry store, shouldn’t she be aware of why I fired that designer?” Stella stated calmly.

Trevor chuckled. “Regardless, you’ll have to provide me with an explanation, so I can give her something.”

Since Jaylene had already made the request, Trevor naturally could not just ignore it. He came to ask Stella for a reason just so he could provide an answer to Jaylene.

Trevor cherished his younger sister, Jaylene, since they grew up together. Even after the makeup artist incident, Jaylene worked hard to mend their sibling relationship. Even though Trevor felt somewhat distant from her, he could not completely ignore or avoid interacting with her.

Stella thought about the situation and said, “Now that the jewelry store is in my hands, I must reorganize its operations. Originally, I didn’t plan to make such swift changes to the staff, but this designer practically forced my hand.

“She’s opportunistic, lacks skill, and keeps mentioning Mrs. Saun this and Mrs. Saun that. I’m The Velvet’s boss now. I can’t allow someone to casually invoke the previous owner’s name to pressure me. Since she doesn’t acknowledge me as the new owner, I have no reason to keep her.

The Velvet upholds a high-end and luxurious image. Their service should by no means involve excessive flattery toward customers. A brand should exude confidence and integrity rather than pouncing on a big client the moment they walk in. If I was shopping and witnessed that behavior, I’d probably lose interest in buying anything from them,” she continued.

“The Velvet has a lot of issues. Not only do they resist me as the new boss, but there are also significant problems with their products and their overall service attitude. I have to make a change somewhere.”

“Are you planning to revamp everything from top to bottom?” asked Trevor.

Stella froze. "How could that be possible? Re-recruiting new employees and going through the training process would be time-consuming and resource-intensive. Besides, a complete change may not necessarily be a good thing. If I just came in and replaced everyone, others might think I either don't have the ability to manage this group, or I lack the tolerance to accommodate former workers.

'These employees have been working here for so long. Nobody understands the company's operations better than them. Even though I let go of Barbara, I also appointed a new team leader. I wanted to show these people that I'm the boss now. I employ my staff based on merit, not just personal connections. I won't tolerate anyone who's not focused on their job.'

Trevor listened and smiled. "Didn't you tell dad that you don't understand the business world? Why does it seem like you do?"

Stella sighed. "It's true that I don't understand much about the industry, but I have a strategist."

Trevor's eyes lit up. "Did Keegan ask Aldor to help you? Stella, tell Aldor to work for me. Whatever Keegan's paying him, I'll double it!"

Stella did not know what to say.

Aldor was a top-notch personal assistant and was practically a household name in their circle. Not only did Stella consider hiring him for herself, but it seemed Trevor also had the same thought about it for a while now.

'No. Actually, it's Mr. Snyder who's been helping me,' Stella said and shattered his dream.

Trevor was stunned to hear that. His enthusiasm faded and was quickly replaced by a hint of disdain. "What kind of strategist is he? He's more like a troublemaker."

The two continued chatting for a while. Then, Trevor got up and said, "Alright. I'll be heading out now. You should get some rest."

Stella got up to see him off. As they walked down the stairs, she said, "Trevor, since you don't have a girlfriend right now, why don't you stay at home more

often? Dad is getting older, and we should spend more time with him. He was so happy when I agreed to live here.”

Trevor chuckled. “That’s because it’s you. If I were to come back and stay for a few days, he’d probably find me annoying.”

‘Well, you should still come back,” Stella whispered. “What if I have a date with Keegan one day, and I don’t come home for the day? You being at home could help divert some of dad’s attention.”

Trevor could not believe his ears. ‘So, this is the main reason she wants me here!’ he thought.

Back in her room, Stella lay on the bed after freshening up. She figured she might have trouble sleeping in a bed she was not used to sleeping in, but it turned out to be the opposite.

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As Stella settled into her bed, it did not take long for drowsiness to wash over her. She turned around and took in the bold fragrance that filled the room, as she gradually drifted into slumber.

She had anticipated her days at the Saun residence to be filled with constant battles, but things were less hectic than she thought. On the surface, everyone seemed to be getting along.

Jaylene, in particular, seemed to treat her like a true sister. One day, it was an invitation for a shopping spree; the next, a suggestion for a new hairstyle. The day after, it was a proposal for a facial or meeting friends for afternoon tea. Jaylene was warm and affectionate, even though Stella had repeatedly turned down her invitations.

When Jaylene went for facials, she would bring back new products from the beauty salon for Stella. During shopping trips, she would also return with bags of new clothes for her. Jaylene had gifted her with over ten sets of clothes in just a week. Stella could not help but wonder if Jaylene was unaware or if it was intentional, as all the clothes were not in her size.

Stella was tall with a sturdy frame. At just over a hundred pounds, she did not really fit in a size s. However, driven by her competitive spirit, she did not want to admit that the clothes were too small.

Stella believed that Jaylene would not be kind to her without a reason, especially since she had essentially taken over The Velvet, which initially belonged to Jaylene.

Sure enough, news of Jaylene gifting her clothes reached Wenham's ears, painting the picture of a considerate and caring elder sister.

Wenham took a liking to anyone who treated Stella well. So, not long after, he grandly gifted Jaylene a car during dinner. Of course, Stella received one too. But, Jaylene said, "Dad, I don't want a car. I want to take part in Caline's production department."

Stella was momentarily surprised. 'So, this was her true intention.'

Wenham furrowed his brows. "The production department deals with fragrances, which can be too stimulating. How can you handle it with your condition?"

'I consulted a doctor, and she said it's fine as long as I don't come into contact with allergens. I rarely have flare-ups now.'

'Jaylene, you had a flare-up at the last banquet we attended,' Stella kindly reminded her.

Jaylene found her annoying. She pursed her lips and said, "That was an accident. It was because I didn't manage my emotions well. Dad, please let me work there. I really enjoy blending fragrances."

Wenham would not budge. "Life isn't a game, Jaylene. What if something happens and you don't recover? Don't act recklessly."

"Wenham," Darcie, who had been silent until now, spoke up. "Just let Jaylene give it a try. You know she's a stubborn child. She'll never give up until she gets what she wants. Once she tries and realizes it's not for her, she'll come back on her own."

Seizing the opportunity, Jaylene added, "Dad, please let me do this. I'll find another fragrance company to work at if not Caline. I'll do it even if I have to start from the bottom!" "Dad, since Jaylene is so eager to go, you should let her," Stella suddenly said, surprising everyone by siding with Jaylene.

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Wenham was shocked. He only turned Jaylene down because he was worried that she might pose a threat to Stella. Although Jaylene had asthma, she had built a good foundation in fragrance blending since she had been with Darcie all her life.

He figured that both of them would be compared by others if they worked at the same company. Of course, Wenham did not want his precious daughter to come up short, so there was a bit of bias behind his refusal.

Stella then said, "Dad, it's better for Jaylene to work in our own company compared to someone else's company. Both Darcie and I can take care of her in Caline. We're always more reliable than outsiders if something bad really happened."

Jaylene gazed at Stella, seemingly a little surprised. However, she did not think much about it, as she added softly with reddened eyes, "Dad, just let me do it. If anything bad happens to me, I promise I won't go near fragrance blending for the rest of my life."

With that said, Wenham would appear to be unfair if he continued to reject Jaylene's request.

"Okay, go to Caline with Stella when the time comes, then."

Jaylene heaved a sigh of relief before she said gently, "Thank you, dad."

After eating and getting some rest, Stella wanted to go out. As soon as she went downstairs, she saw Jaylene coming up with a cup of tea in her hand.

Stella greeted her politely and was about to continue walking. However, Jaylene stopped her. "Stella, thanks for speaking up for me earlier."

"I should be the one thanking you for giving me so many beautiful clothes," Stella said.

Jaylene paused before she swept her gaze all over Stella. "Have you tried them on yet? I can exchange them for you if they don't fit you."

Stella was taken aback. Then, she smiled and said, "It's fine. They fit perfectly as if they were tailored for me."

Jaylene pursed her lips and gazed at her indifferently before she smiled back. "I'm glad that they do."

"I'll get going now. Bye."

"Wait." Jaylene stopped her again. "Stella, can you give me a ride if you're driving? I have a manicure appointment with Ms. Wilson, but there aren't a lot of parking spaces in Century Mall. I don't feel like driving there."

"Ms. Wilson?"

"Kayla Wilson, the daughter of Mark Wilson, the CEO of Mark Energy. Do you want to tag along? I can introduce you to her."

It had been a week, and Kayla had not contacted Stella at all. She should have realized that something was wrong, but she did not expect Jaylene to be the problem.

Stella lifted her gaze and smiled. "I'll pass. I'm going to watch a movie with Keegan, and I have to go pick him up. Actually, I'm running late. Jaylene, you should have the driver take you there instead."

Jaylene's gaze darkened, and the smile on her face momentarily froze. 'Well, I won't trouble you, then.'

Stella nodded and her expression immediately turned cold as soon as she turned away.

Since Jaylene had purposely mentioned Kayla to provoke her, she had no choice but to bring up Keegan to get her back.

Besides, she was now very sure that Jaylene had intentionally sent her those small-sized clothes.

This was because she had just remembered that Keegan mentioned before that Jaylene majored in fashion design. She should have known what size she was with just a glance, and it was unlikely for her to make such a mistake.

Jaylene wanted to be the bigger person and make things difficult for Stella. However, Stella blamed herself for not seizing the opportunity at the dining table earlier. She figured that it was pointless to argue over it now.

In Clouditude International, Unit 902, Felicity spoke angrily. “See? I knew that the pretentious witch was up to something bad! She only gave you so many clothes because she wanted to work in Caline. What’s worse is that none of the clothes even fit you! She’s the only one who could come up with such a devious plan!”

Stella was sitting on the other side of the couch when she sighed. “I didn’t see it coming at all.”

Vermont handed Felicity a slice of orange and said, “I think she’s very clever, and she knows you really well. If she didn’t know that you’re someone who cares about what other people think of you very much, her plans wouldn’t have gone so smoothly.”

He took a piece of fruit from the plate before handing it to Stella. Then, he sat down across Stella with his legs crossed. “But I just don’t understand what’s the difference between size M and size s.”

“Is ‘longer than eighteen’ and ‘longer than twelve’ the same thing?” Felicity asked.

Her words left Vermont speechless.

‘Damn it. I shouldn’t have asked that question.’

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1518 [Eleven Jewell]

Stella rubbed her temples. “She really got me back there. Do you know what she said to me? She said, “Stella, this is the best-selling one in the store. I got you the standard size. I’m sure you can fit in it.’ I tried it on in my room, and it clung to my body so tightly that it was as if I had another layer of skin. I just couldn’t see myself telling her that they’re too tight for me.”

Felicity got angrier. “Standard size my ass! She was provoking you intentionally! Only a skeleton like her can fit in the size s these days!”

‘That’s not even the worst part. Do you guys remember the Kayla Wilson I talked about earlier? Jaylene seems very close to her, and now I’m worried if I can even secure the deal.”

Vermont laughed and said, ‘You’re overlooking something here.”

“What do you mean?”

“Jaylene has only been back for less than a year, so how close could she possibly be with Kayla? If she was really friends with Kayla, do you think she’d just watch those people mock Kayla behind her back without doing anything?”

Stella suddenly realized something.

Kayla was not a fool. She knew very well why everyone approached her and could see their ulterior motives. So, it was impossible that she did not know whether Jaylene was being genuine to her or not.

Jaylene was merely saying those words to mess with her plan.

As Stella thought about it, the door opened, and Keegan came inside with a bag of roasted duck. Stella immediately stood up and grabbed Keegan’s arm. “Let’s go. Accompany me for a manicure.”

Keegan was puzzled.

‘I thought we were going to play cards.’

“Not anymore. Let’s focus on making money!”

She dragged Keegan out of the house and Vermont shouted, “Leave the food here!”

Keegan was about to hand the bag over, but Stella snatched it away and said, “Order something else for yourself. I need this!”

Then, they left.

Vermont clenched his teeth. “I didn’t even eat anything because I was waiting for the duck. And now it’s gone before I can even smell it!”

Felicity kicked his leg. “Go get changed.”

“Why?” Vermont was shocked.

“My friend recommended a medical practitioner who specializes in the needling technique. Since you don’t want to get surgery, let’s try if this helps.”

Vermont kept quiet.



'Can we do this another day? I'm not prepared for it.'

Vermont nearly choked upon hearing what his girlfriend said.

He cleared his throat and said, "It's getting there."

Felicity suddenly became serious. "Wait for me here." Then, she ran to the kitchen.

Vermont was puzzled. 'What's going on?'

After a moment, Felicity returned with a jade mushroom and bent it at different angles. "Is it like this or like this?" she asked.

Vermont was speechless.

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Although Vermont had seen a lot of things, he had no idea how to react to that situation.

"Tell me!"

Felicity urged him.

Vermont stared at the mushroom, pursed his lips, and said, "It's not that thin."

Felicity was taken aback, and her face turned extremely red. She kicked him and gritted her teeth. "Who asked you about that?"

Vermont grabbed her ankle with one hand and held her waist with the other. He pulled her closer to him and whispered near her ear, "Am I really your first love? How come you're not shy at all to discuss such private matters in front of me?"

Felicity could be very assertive as long as there was no physical contact, but she would immediately stiffen up the moment there was, especially when Vermont spoke in her ear like that.

However, she would not last too long in that state because as soon she thought about Vermont's condition, she would be disappointed and snap herself out of it.

Felicity snorted. "Who told you you're my first love?"

Vermont chuckled softly. His eyes looked deep, as he said in a seductive tone, "If I remember correctly, on my birthday last time, which was your first time doing it, right? How could I not be your first love, then?"

Although he could not remember what exactly happened that night, he felt guilty for doing what he did. Now that he thought about it again, he felt like God was sending her into his arms.

Felicity could not help but blush after Vermont mentioned that night. She thought of how many ex-girlfriends Vermont had and retorted, "First love? You're the third at most, including Dr. Steven!"

"Corbin doesn't count at all. You two never dated, but..." Vermont said in a deep voice, "Who's the other one?"

"I'm not telling you!"

Felicity was about to stand up as she spoke, but Vermont held her waist and kept her seated on his lap. Then, he threatened her, "You're not going to? Well, then..."

Felicity looked at him and provoked, "Then, what?"

"I will..." Vermont narrowed his gaze. "I'll not see a doctor and be a limpy for the rest of my life. When you can't stand it anymore and break up with me, I'll tell everyone that you abandoned me and our child because of my condition, and you need someone else to satisfy you!"

Felicity's lips twitched. "Our child?"

Vermont pointed at the cat sleeping in its bed. "Over there."

Felicity was speechless.

Vermont leaned closer and gently bit her earlobe. "Tell me, who's the other one?"

"No-" Felicity barely got a word out of her mouth and Vermont silenced her with a kiss. He nibbled her lips and deepened the kiss. He caressed her, leaving her clueless about what she should do at all.

Her face, ears, and neck turned red. She felt her heart racing, and her body grew weaker. If Vermont kept on kissing her, she knew that something embarrassing would happen. So, she immediately pushed Vermont away, covered his mouth, and said with a blush, "I'll tell you! I'll tell you, okay!?"

Vermont held her wrist and planted a kiss on her palm. Then, he smirked. 'I'm all ears.'

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Felicity was simply lying.

All the boys she liked during her school days ended up being her buddies, and she even introduced a girl to one of them. Last year, she attended their wedding where she spent a thousand dollars on the wedding gift for them.

As for the others, they either got snatched by some other girls or realized that their sexual orientation was gay as they grew older. Otherwise, a good catch like her would not have stayed single until now.

"There's no one, right?" Vermont grew smug after seeing her silence. "You were just making something up to tease me, right?"

Felicity could not stand the prideful look on his face!

So, she stiffened her neck and said, "Of course, there is! Not only that he was my first love, but we also grew up together! We used to spend so much time together when we were younger, and he would take me everywhere. He was handsome, had a good temper, and was very good at cheering me up."

Initially, she only said that to mess with Vermont. But, once she talked about it, she recalled many things even though she could not really remember what that boy looked like. “Back then, I was very chubby and rough. When I played with the other kids, I would accidentally hurt them. They would cry, call me an ogre, and say I’d never find a husband when I grew up. I was really sad, but he would help me deal with those naughty kids. He’d tell me that I’m very cute and if no one wants to marry me when I grow up, he would.”

Vermont could not stop laughing. “Did you really believe him? Is that how he cheers you up?!”

Felicity glowered at him. “Do you think everyone is a liar like you?”

Vermont said, “Well, why didn’t he marry you, then?”

Felicity pouted. “That’s because his parents earned a lot of money, and they moved to the city.”

“Oh... I get it now.” Vermont was teasing her. “So, the poor boy turned into a rich kid and abandoned his childhood sweetheart, huh?”

Felicity scoffed. “No! He gave me his number, but I lost it when I was moving! Do you think you’d have a chance with me if I still have his number?”

Vermont was not convinced. “You lost his number, but doesn’t he have your number? It has been so many years, and he never even called you once. It was all just a joke to him.”

“That’s impossible.” Felicity tried her best to prove her charm. “He couldn’t find me because my mom and I moved to a different place after my parents divorced.

“He was really nice to me. One time, I climbed up a tree and got stuck up there. He was worried that I’d fall and hurt myself, so he offered to catch me with his arms. I listened to him, and I ended up breaking his arm. He was in so much pain that even his face turned pale, yet he comforted me and asked if I was okay because I cried.”

She became angrier, as she spoke. “What about you? I stepped on you, and you acted like you were paralyzed. How dramatic!”

Not only that Vermont did not retort, but he also had an odd expression on his face.

Felicity thought that she had successfully proved her charm to Vermont, and she continued proudly, "So, what do you think? Feeling hurt, huh? Do you know how average you are as a boyfriend? He set the bar so high, yet I still gave you a chance."

She expected Vermont to talk back, but he just remained silent.

Felicity lifted her gaze at Vermont and saw that he was frowning and looking strange.

She could not figure out what was happening and thought maybe she had gone too far with her joke. She lightly tapped Vermont's shoulder and said, "Stinky Cucumber? Are you okay? I was just kidding. Don't take it too seriously. How could I possibly-"

Before she could finish speaking, Vermont suddenly grabbed her wrist and asked, "Were you living in Joyville before you moved?"

Felicity was taken aback. "How did you know?"