

Read Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1571 [Eleven Jewell]

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“Alright. Just keep an eye on him. Don’t take any unnecessary risks. Otherwise, the consequences-” The man in the cap abruptly ended the call before the person on the other line could finish.

He pulled out another cigarette, lit it, and squinted at Keegan’s photo on his phone. The face was blurry, leaving only a faint resemblance.

The person on the other end could not help but curse, “That fucking idiot!” He then dialed another number to report the situation. “Boss, this guy is unpredictable. I’m worried that things might go south.”

“He can’t even remember someone’s face. What kind of trouble could he possibly cause? Just keep a close eye on him,”

came the dismissive response.

The man hesitated and spoke in a low voice. “Understood.”

Stella did not waste anytime. The next day, she approached Vermont to discuss the possibility of opening a company together.

Vermont was in his office, as he listened to the plan. Stella painted an optimistic picture of their potential collaboration. It was a concept that amused him.

“I...” Vermont began to respond but was interrupted by a cough from Keegan.

He immediately bit his lip and thought, ‘Am I being forced into this collaboration? These two are shameless!’

While Vermont was not entirely uninterested in the idea, he admittedly had not paid much attention to his jewelry store with his diverse business interests. The leftover materials from his store were usually sold off at a low price. It was indeed a waste.

Moreover, since the incident with Bella, he had not found a suitable spokesperson for the jewelry store. If he collaborated with Stella and managed to convince Leighton to come on board, it would be a major win.

The influence Leighton had over the masses was something he greatly valued.

Vermont's eyes darted around the room, as he smiled and said, "Let's not rush into this matter, Stella. If I'm not mistaken,

Leighton has an upcoming concert, right? My nephew really likes him. Could you check if he's available these days? I'd like to invite him for a meal. We can discuss it further at the dinner table."

Stella's eyebrows raised slightly. She immediately caught on to Vermont's intention. The promises she had made earlier were now being cashed in by Vermont.

Truth be told, Stella was not entirely sure if she could convince Leighton. Despite being her cousin, he was, after all, a high-tier celebrity. His superstar status made her wonder if he would even agree to the request.

As Stella pondered how to respond, Keegan interjected the conversation. "There's no need to discuss the matter further. The new company's revenue will be split 70-30, with Stella getting the larger share. If you can accept that, I'll call Leighton and have him sign the contract."

Stella was shocked to hear that. She quickly grabbed Keegan's hand and whispered, "We haven't even discussed this with Leighton yet. How could you make the decision for him?"

Keegan patted her hand and said, "Don't worry. I'm sure he won't reject the idea."

'That kid would definitely be enthusiastic to do a favor for his cousin, who is his idol.'

And, Keegan had found a top-notch game optimization expert for Leighton. He was not doing all this for nothing.

Vermont's eyelids twitched when he heard that they were splitting the profit 70-30.

“Isn’t 70-30 a bit disproportionate? Let’s make it 60-40.”

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Upon hearing this, Keegan promptly pulled Stella to her feet, “Let’s go. We can do this thing ourselves. We don’t need him.

“Hey, hey, hey, aren’t we still discussing this?” Vermont gritted his teeth, “Fine. Well do 70-30. Ugh. You’re so petty!”

Vermont knew Leighton’s commercial value was far greater than this small profit. He could clearly distinguish between the two.

With the agreement settled, the two parties immediately began preparations.

There was an available space at Green Hill Media for the live stream, and the processing could be done directly in Vermont’s jewelry processing workshop.

Early that morning, when Chris arrived at the store, he saw bags of jade and stone materials being moved out of the warehouse and loaded onto a truck. He frowned and quickly stopped one of the workers, “What are you doing? Who told you to move these?”

The worker was sweating profusely and did not even have a chance to respond when Stella’s voice came from behind, “I told them to move it.”

Chris turned to Stella and smiled immediately, “Ms. Hall, someone will come to collect these scraps at the end of the month. We don’t need to move them ourselves.”

“Oh, I forgot to tell you. Let those factories collecting scraps know we won’t be selling these raw materials anymore.”

Though Stella’s tone was calm, her words had a powerful impact on Chris, shocking him greatly.

“What? We won’t be selling the scraps to them anymore?” Chris’s heart tightened, ‘Did she find out about my secret?’

Chris assessed Stella’s expression and did not see any signs of anger. However, she was different from her usual self.

Chris could not quite grasp Stella's thoughts. So, he smiled and asked, "Ms. Hall, it would be a shame just to throw away these materials. Selling them to these processing factories could still earn us some money, providing another source of income."

"I didn't say we would throw them away," Stella replied, seeming very pleased. She continued to share the news with him,

"I found another factory that offers a higher price for the scraps. They pay twenty thousand more per bag than our previous buyer. I'm planning to sell to them."

Chris's complexion changed slightly, "May I know which factory is this, Ms. Hall? Are they reliable? We have a huge amount of raw materials. Smaller factories may not be able to handle such a large quantity. They might not even dare to take on so much. We've been cooperating with this factory for years. While their prices may not be the highest, they're a large and stable organization capable of handling any amount of goods."

Stella chuckled, "Sure, they have a large factory, and they might be our long-time business partner... However, they exploit us by paying such a low price for our high-quality scraps."

"Most of these discarded materials can only be polished into beads. No matter how good the material is, it's not worth much. Waste materials are usually categorized in the same grade," said Chris.

"Is that so?" Stella laughed ambiguously. "In that case, it seems like the factory owner I found isn't too sharp. He's offering to buy our scraps at a loss."

Chris thought Stella had bought into his words and seized the opportunity to say, "Some companies operate like that.

They lure you in with high prices, then slowly start reducing them. In the end, they will profit from the materials."

"Oh..." Stella frowned, seeming somewhat uncertain.

Just as Chris thought he had successfully persuaded her, Stella said, "Well then, let's take advantage of them for a few months. When they start pressuring us to lower the price, we can go back to our original partner."

Chris was dumbfounded, “What do you mean, Ms. Hall?”

“They’re buying our scraps for an additional twenty thousand dollars per bag. So, selling ten bags would equal an extra two hundred thousand dollars. We can give the staff a bonus with that money,” Stella explained.

“Ms. Hall, I don’t think that’s-“

“That’s enough for now,” Stella interrupted him. “Don’t forget to inform our original buyer about the plan. I’m going to check the goods and collect the money now.”

Chris watched in astonishment as Stella left with over a dozen bags of jade and stone scraps. His face darkened, and he looked extremely displeased. He relied on the money he made from selling those scraps to pay his monthly mortgage and support his family’s high-cost lifestyle. Stella’s actions were affecting his financials.

‘Is she doing this on purpose?’ he thought.

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There was no doubt that Stella’s actions were deliberate. She had taken the time to investigate the prices of these gemstone scraps and knew that their raw

materials were of high quality. The price for one bag of scraps was at least 200 -300 thousand dollars higher than what Chris was selling them for.

Naturally, Stella suspected Chris of taking a cut of the profit. She even sent someone specifically to the factory to gather information. However, the factory

manager was tight-lipped. He insisted that every batch of material was different,

so the prices varied. He would not even give a final quote until he saw the goods. The manager spoke in vague terms the whole time.

As the jewelry store manager, Chris lived in a luxury villa worth over twenty million dollars in Rivera. His children attended prestigious schools; he even had

spare money to support a mistress. All this couldn't possibly be sustained by his salary alone. His wife was a full-time homemaker, and their familial background

wasn't exceptionally affluent. Therefore, Stella was sure that Chris was skimming off their gains.

Unable to find concrete evidence and struggling to break his co-conspirators' silence, Stella decided to forge her own path. She would personally handle the

recycling, processing, and selling of the scraps herself.

She wondered how long Chris could keep up with his lifestyle with a sixty thousand dollar mortgage and school fees exceeding thirty thousand monthly.

Stella and Vermont's e-commerce venture was named FellaCity. Upon learning of the name registered by Vermont, Stella immediately considered revoking it.

However, Vermont seemed rather pleased by it, "It's a combination of your name and Felicity's. It really highlights your friendship!"

"Do you really think it's a fitting name for a jewelry brand?" Stella could not help but scoff.

"People buy stuff based on quality, not the brand's name. Besides, it has a ring to it, right, miss bandit?" Vermont turned to Felicity and asked.

Felicity was also visibly dissatisfied, "Oh, wow. You're so proficient at coming up with names," she replied sarcastically.

"Okay. So you don't like it." Vermont pondered for a moment. "How about Hallicity?"

"Seriously?" Felicity ground her teeth, "Why in the world does it have to be a combination of our names?"

Vermont did not know what to say, "I asked for suggestions in the group, and you all said I could choose whatever. Yet none of you are satisfied now that I've

chosen a name. You people are so hard to please," He grumbled.

Felicity recalled the name Vermont had given his kitten and sighed, "It's okay. I get that you're not a scholar. It's fine if you don't have a wide range of vocabulary."

Her words left Vermont dumbfounded.

Keegan stared at the logo briefly before saying, "Honestly, it doesn't sound too bad. At least it's easy to remember."

Stella pursed her lips and said, "Thanks for the input, honey."

Keegan was being serious. The unconventional store name quickly attracted a surge of attention. Everyone was curious about what kind of products they were

selling. Furthermore, the host Vermont recruited was skilled at retaining online viewers. They were highly professional and could handle the influx of traffic during the live stream.

With a diverse range of products offered at exceptionally competitive prices, the business conversion rate was high. After three days, the operation exploded,

and sales revenue grew exponentially.

Vermont gazed at the refreshing transaction notifications in the background, his eyes gleaming with eagerness, "No wonder no one wants to be an actor anymore. They'd rather become live hosts and sell things online. This is where all the money is at!"

"You're so money-minded!" said Felicity.

Vermont wrapped his arm around her waist and said, "Baby, once I've made enough money for the dowry, we'll have a grand wedding ceremony. I'll even bring you home in a splendid bridal carriage."

Felicity fell silent and then said, "Stop fooling around!"

FellaCity soared up the jewelry bestsellers list in less than two weeks. After factoring in costs, the profit margin was still around thirty percent. Stella could hear the sound of money pouring into her bank account.

That evening, Stella attended an acquaintance's baby shower with Keegan and had quite a bit to drink. She was feeling a bit light-headed as she walked. She

kept tugging Keegan along and chatted away, "Honey, do you know how much money I've made recently?"

Looking at her rosy cheeks, Keegan's heart softened. He murmured, "A hundred million dollars?"

"Mmm- No. That's not it. Take another guess."

After a moment of thought, Keegan said, "Three hundred thousand dollars?"

"No. Go higher."