

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 2061

[Eleven Jewell]

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Stella smiled as she scanned the entire room.

None of the members from Unit A had come forward.

The other groups sent a few representatives each. About thirty percent of them took the clothes while seventy percent did not.

Darcie had deep roots in Caline; most of the staff in the fragrance department were loyal to her.

Just as Stella was mulling over this, she caught sight of a girl at the door delivering files, sneaking glances in their direction.

She raised her hand in a friendly gesture and said, “Hey, come on over and pick something out.”

The girl hesitated for a moment before rushing over. She explained, “Ms. Hall, I’m not from the fragrance department.”

Stella glanced at her work badge, which indicated she was from the finance department.

Stella flashed her a grin. “It’s a gift. You should take it while you have the chance.”

Wren’s eyes lit up. She blushed as she thanked Stella and joined the queue to get the clothes.

Jaylene stared at Wren in anger. She clenched her fists and made her way over to Stella.

“Stella, those clothes you handpicked for everyone seem awfully similar to the ones I gifted you before. Did you not like them and decide to give them away?”

Everyone was stunned, thinking if the clothes were Stella’s rejects.

Stella maintained her composure and smiled. “Jaylene, I would never.”

“I picked out those clothes myself. I have a pretty good memory, Stella. I still have the receipts on my phone,” Jaylene scoffed.

Stella met her gaze. “Jaylene, all these clothes are size s. I can’t fit into them.

How could they be mine? Plus, you know my size.’ Jaylene was momentarily speechless.

She had purposefully bought size s, knowing Stella could not wear them.

But Stella preempted her, so she could not say that now. She could not let everyone know she intentionally gave Stella clothes she could not wear since it would be a slap in the face.

Jaylene held back her anger and swallowed her pride. “What if there are people who can’t fit into size s? Why not give everyone the purchase receipts? That way, they can exchange the clothes at the store if they can’t wear them.”

Stella paused, looking at Jaylene amidst the moving crowd.

Jaylene smirked. “Is it too much trouble?”

Before Stella could respond, the leader of Unit B piped up, “Anyone need to change sizes? I’m good. I put on a good ten pounds over the holidays. I need a size s. I plan to hang this piece of clothing by my bedside as my motivation to lose weight. I have to slim down enough to fit into it!” 1
“Same here!”

“I’m gonna give it to my sis. I’ve been racking my brain for her birthday, and she wears an S.”

Surprisingly, no one wanted to swap sizes.

Jaylene looked defeated.

“No worries. As long as you haven’t thrown the tags or worn the clothes, you can come to me within a month if you want to change the sizes. I’ll make it happen.” said Stella.

She glanced at Jaylene and continued, “You’re always thinking ahead, Jaylene.”

Jaylene forced a smile in response. However, her expression soured after she turned around and left without looking back.

Once the office door was shut, Jaylene swept everything off her desk onto the floor. Her face darkened as she confronted Julia. “What’s with your big mouth!”

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Julia’s face drained of color as she nervously fiddled her fingers. She bowed her head and was too scared to speak.

She said what she said only after seeing Jaylene’s expression and receiving her silent signal. ‘If Jaylene was against the idea, why didn’t she stop me during the event?’ she thought.

Stella’s gifts outshone Jaylene’s, and her speech was also better. Jaylene felt publicly humiliated. Frustrated, she needed an outlet for her anger, and Julia became the scapegoat.

Once Jaylene's temper subsided, Julia tentatively said, ' Ms. Saun, perhaps this incident isn't entirely negative. It helps US see who we can rely on in the future.'

Jaylene calmed down upon hearing that. She noticed Stella had not finished distributing her gifts and that most of the staff seemed hesitant to take sides.

Caline was not The Velvet, and winning people over would not be easy for Stella, let alone with such simple tactics.

Although Jaylene understood this, being publicly embarrassed without retaliation was something she could not stomach.

"Ms. Saun, I have an idea. We can set an example to show everyone who's in charge and what's off-limits," Julia said in a low tone.

Jaylene considered this. "How do you propose we do that?"

loyal to Mrs. Saun. If Wren accepts gifts from Stella, reprimanding her would send a clear message."

Jaylene hesitated. "My mom won't agree to me firing someone so suddenly."

While Wren was not an important figure in the finance department, being recruited by Darcie implied she possessed some competence.

Darcie would not dismiss someone over such a trivial matter.

Julia wanted to continue, but Jaylene waved her off. "You can leave now," she said in an icy tone.

Julia picked up the scattered items and silently exited the office.

In the hallway, she encountered Elana.

Julia's eyes welled up. "Elana."

Elana signaled for her to keep quiet and motioned toward the stairwell.

Once they were alone, Julia expressed her frustrations to Elana, explaining how Jaylene had hinted her into speaking up yet blamed her for how things turned out.

Elana, who had worked closely with Darcie for years, understood Jaylene's personality well. Compared to Darcie's assertiveness, Jaylene was fragile and would crumble under pressure.

One positive aspect was her complete deference to Darcie. Under Darcie's watchful eye, Jaylene ensured she did not stir up any major trouble.

However, she would occasionally display some spoiled behavior.

"Being Mrs. Saun's favorite, she's never faced any real adversity. Today, she lost face, and that must sting. Cut her some slack. Eventually, Caline will fall under Jaylene's leadership, otherwise, I wouldn't have suggested Mrs. Saun to have you work with her."

Julia forced a smile, grasping Elana's intentions. However, she found Jaylene lacking as she was not cunning and was too timid.

■Jaylene lets Stella step all over her. She only dares vent her anger on those beneath her. How will people respect her if she doesn't toughen up?' thought Julia.

Elana then said, "Mrs. Saun will be back soon. Keep an eye on Jaylene for now.

Make sure she doesn't provoke Stella, stay low-key until Mrs. Saun returns."

Julia nodded, but her frustration lingered. After bidding farewell to Elana, she pondered for a moment before reaching out to some colleagues she trusted.

Jaylene spent the afternoon arranging flowers in the office. After taking several photos, she posted them on Twitter with the caption: [Here's to a year filled with blooming flowers and boundless love.] Stella screenshotted the post and sent it to Keegan.

Before he could open the screenshot, he noticed Stella's new profile picture -a wedding photo of them with his back turned.

He remarked in a text: [You changed your profile picture] Stella messaged back: [Take a look at the screenshot. Jaylene just posted a thank-you message for your roses on her social media.]

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Keegan was uninterested in Jaylene's post. He texted Stella: [Have you been keeping that wedding photo on your phone all this time?] 'That's not the main point here,' Stella thought.

Despite that, he pressed on: [Didn't you say you deleted all the photos when we divorced? Were you lying to me?] Stella did not know how to respond.

Keegan speculated further: [Were you lying too when you claimed you didn't like me back then? Stella, did you... have feelings for me when we got married?] Stella replied: [No? I married you to avoid being forced into marrying an old man. I had plenty of suitors back then, you know. Just look at Spencer; that should give you an idea of the type of men pursuing me. With so many high-quality men after me, why would I like you?] Keegan continued to type out a message: [Stella, you married me because you had feelings for me, right?] [No, it was because I was interested in your money.] As soon as the message was sent, Keegan called. Stella remembered the listening device in the room and did not dare to answer, so she hung up immediately.

But he called back almost immediately, leaving Stella with no choice but to answer.

She lowered her voice and asked, “What’s up?”

“Stella,” Keegan softly called her name.

“I’m listening,” Stella said.

Keegan kept calling her name, ‘Stella, Stella...’

His voice became increasingly clingy, making Stella’s ears turn red.

“What do you want to say?” she asked.

Keegan did not speak but chuckled lightly. It sounded oddly satisfying. “It had always been me, right?”

Stella held her phone tightly. Keegan’s laughter pierced her heart, making her feel embarrassed and tingly.

She was about to say no but eventually said, “Mm-hmm.”

Keegan smiled and did not say a word. Stella remained silent, too. Only the sound of their breathing came through the line, echoing in her ears.

Stella flipped through the pages of the book at hand and cleared her throat softly. “If there’s nothing else, I’ll hang up now.”

“Okay. See you after work,” said Keegan.

Stella put down her phone, gently rubbed her face, and smiled again. She opened Facebook and reposted a question from a netizen, which read: [What kind of love do you think is the best, Stella?] She replied: [Mutual love.] Jaylene finished arranging the bouquet and personally brought it to Stella, offering her a few stems. Stella looked at the roses and said indifferently, “I don’t like roses, Jaylene. You can put them in Darcie’s office if you don’t have anywhere else to put them.”

“I’ve already put a few in my mom’s office. These are specifically for you,” said Jaylene.

While fiddling with rose petals, Stella suddenly remarked, “Jaylene, roses belong to the Rosaceae family, right? Isn’t Darcie allergic to roses?”

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Jaylene hesitated for a moment, her expression subtly changing.

“The Rosaceae family isn’t only roses. It’s similar to how peonies and herbaceous peonies are in the same family, Paeoniaceae. Having an allergy to peonies doesn’t mean being allergic to herbaceous peonies. They’re separate species,” she hurriedly clarified.

“Ah,” Stella nodded in understanding. Then, she inquired, “Jaylene, I’ve noticed you seem unaffected by these flowers now. Has your asthma improved?”

After the incident earlier, Jaylene was cautious in her interactions with Stella.

‘Why the sudden interest in my asthma? Is Stella trying to use it as an excuse to kick me out of the fragrance department?’ she thought.

“I think it’s getting better. I’ve never been sensitive to pollen, which is essential for working in the fragrance department,” Jaylene replied cautiously.

“Is that so? We’ve known each other for less than a year, yet I’ve seen you have attacks twice, even with medication on hand. Is it really wise for you to continue in the fragrance department with this condition? While work is important, isn’t your health more significant? If you were to collapse due to this illness, Dad would surely blame himself for allowing you to join the company,” said Stella.

Jaylene would not let Stella use her health as a reason to oust her from Caline.

Quickly, she responded, “Stella, you’re overthinking it. I wouldn’t be here if I weren’t medically cleared. The doctor has provided me with reports confirming I’m fit to work in the fragrance industry.”

“Is that so?” Stella scrutinized her for a moment before asking, “So, fragrant flower pollen doesn’t trigger your attacks?”

Jaylene nodded. “That’s right.”

Flowers weren’t her allergens, so they don’t cause attacks.

In fact, Jaylene had been seeking medical advice everywhere while the Saun family took care of her over the years. Her condition has improved greatly.

Apart from a minor incident at last year’s charity banquet, where she accidentally came into contact with an allergen, she had not had an attack in two to three years.

The most dreaded aspect of asthma is the allergen. Jaylene’s allergen was identified long ago. As long as she avoided contact, she would not experience any major symptoms. She had managed her condition very well.

Stella looked at Jaylene. Her expression grew colder as she said, “That’s good to hear.”

Saying this, she quietly saved the recorded audio. Since Jaylene said she was fine, she would not give her the chance to use her illness as an excuse.

Despite Stella’s repeated statements that she did not like roses, Jaylene still left a few stems here, claiming it would improve her mood.

Once Jaylene left, Stella picked up a small spray bottle and sprayed water on the roses.

Then, she sent a private message to the flower shop owner: [Next time, please don't send such fresh flowers.] The owner replied: [Why not?] Stella texted back: [Just send the flowers left over from the previous day at a discounted price.] The owner was speechless. She had not seen anyone pursue a girl while being so stingy.

Once Jaylene left Stella's office, Darcie called. She had just gotten off the plane and learned about today's events from Elana, so she contacted Jaylene.

Her advice was clear: maintain a low profile, let Stella do as she pleased, treat her well as instructed, and avoid open confrontation.

The thought of being humiliated today made Jaylene extremely uncomfortable, and Darcie's instruction to endure it only made her more upset.

She could not fathom why her mother was so wary of Stella. 'Even though Stella's late mother founded Caline, wasn't it mom's efforts that led it to its current state? Why should we tiptoe around Stella just because she joined Caline?' "Do you hear me?" Darcie asked over the phone.

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Hearing Jaylene's silence, Darcie raised her voice.

Jaylene pursed her lips and replied, "Got it."

Darcie continued, “Stella likes mangoes and cherries. Have someone send some to her office. Also, inform HR to assign a driver for her. Look after her well, and your dad will see your efforts.”

“Alright,” Jaylene replied in disdain.

She tried to bring up the matter regarding Wren with Darcie as Julia’s words kept echoing in her ears.

Jaylene could not swallow the humiliation. She wanted to take action and assert authority.

Before she could say anything, Darcie cautioned her against stirring up trouble and quickly hung up.

Jaylene bit her lip and reluctantly put away her phone, heading toward the restroom.

As she approached the slightly ajar restroom door, she overheard voices inside.

Someone said, “Chanel perfume and Armani foundation. I thought she would give us something expensive, with how she talks down on us. I can’t believe she’s trying to buy our loyalty but unwilling to spend the money. She’s so full of pride. No wonder they say a doting mother makes a disobedient child. Mrs.

Saun is something, but her daughter surely isn’t.”

“Exactly. They’re just makeup products that are worth a few bucks.

Suppose we can use it, great. But if they don’t suit US and we resell them online, people will think it’s counterfeit goods. It would’ve been better if she gave US something practical,” another person replied.

“Ms. Hall’s gifts are so practical. The fabric of those clothes is top-notch. Zara tried hers on in the office earlier, and it looked amazing. I regret not grabbing one. Why should we care about the power struggle between the higher-ups? I don’t care who my boss is, but I sure want a generous boss. Even if Ms. Hall isn’t perfect, she’s wealthy and generous!”

One of the voices said, “Stop talking about it. I regret it so much. Even if I don’t want to wear those clothes, they’ll sell online at thirty percent off with the tags still on. I’d rather have the money.”

“Did you guys see Ms. Saun’s face when the others went to queue for the clothes just now? Even those from the finance department went in line. She can’t even control her mom’s people, yet she wants to manage others.”

Jaylene’s face became distorted. She clenched her fists and left.

Then, she called Julia, her face tense. “Besides firing them, do you have other methods to assert authority over those people?”

Upon hearing this, Julia immediately offered her strategy.

Jaylene fell silent for a moment after listening to the plan.

“Alright, I’ll leave it to you. Make sure to do it well. Let them know who Caline belongs to, and you’ll be compensated,” she said, gritting her teeth.

Julia eagerly agreed.

After hanging up the phone, she sent a message in the group chat: [Thanks, everyone. Dinner’s on me tonight.] Stella left at half past five. She swaggered out of the lobby, drawing many curious glances.

She contacted Felicity and then hailed a cab straight to Clouditude International.

Felicity had not finished work yet, and Vermont was alone at home. He greeted Stella with enthusiasm when he opened the door and saw her. He offered her a glass of water and sat beside her, stroking his cat.

Stella took a sip of water and looked at Vermont. Suddenly, she asked, “Mr.

Snyder, are you interested in investing in a short drama film?”

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Vermont did not answer Stella's question but looked at her from head to toe.

After a moment, he suddenly chuckled and asked, "Is that a new way to make money?"

Stella nodded and exaggeratedly recounted the short drama market that Felicity had told her about earlier that day.

"It may take long for regular dramas to break even, but not for short dramas.

They don't require much investment, and the return is high. There aren't any strict regulations on short dramas yet, and the possibilities are endless.

"If you don't seize the opportunity now before it's too late, you might never have a chance to get a piece of this big pie."

While feeding Ed, Vermont smiled. "Stella, if it's so profitable, why aren't you venturing into it?"

Stella sighed. "It's not that I don't want to, but look at my belly now."

Vermont seemed to be convinced by Stella's reason. He stroked the cat with his gaze lowered and asked, "It's not a bad idea, but it's difficult to find a good script nowadays."

Stella said, “Have you forgotten about Felicity? She’s an excellent scriptwriter. If you were to hire her, not only would you get to spend more time with her, but you could also showcase your work abilities.

“Felicity is different from me. She’s particularly fond of men who are capable in their work.”

Vermont chuckled and said, “That’s a pretty good suggestion.”

However, Stella did not know if Vermont really agreed with her. She asked,

So, what do you think?”

Vermont answered, “Stella, you can film whatever short dramas you want. I’ll invest in it, but I have a condition.”

Stella paused for a moment before she chuckled and said, “It’s just a suggestion for you to make money. What does this have to do with me?”

“Oh.” Vermont nodded. “I see. Well, then, forget it. I’m not interested in making money now. I’m different from Keegan. He has a wife and children to support, so he has the motivation to earn more. Why would a single man like me want so much money? It’s just going to make me feel lonelier.”

Stella quickly tried to persuade him. She said, “Hey, hey, hey. Why feel lonely?

You still have Felicity. How are you going to marry her if you don’t have a lot of money? How will you raise your children?

“Do you know how expensive it is to raise a kid nowadays? Besides all the tuition fees, you still have to take them all over the world to broaden their horizons. What if your kid wants to be an entrepreneur? How are you going to support them if you don’t have enough money? It’s better to be prepared now, isn’t it?”

Vermont sighed. “I do want to marry her, but fortunately, she doesn’t want to marry me. There’s no need to think so far ahead because she

doesn't even want me to meet her mother. She'd find all kinds of excuses whenever I brought this up. Do you think she's just toying with me and never thought about marrying me?"

"That's impossible. Felicity isn't that kind of person. If she were, she would've dated a lot of men before you. The more serious someone is, the more cautious they are about marriage. If she hasn't taken you to meet her mother, it might just be because she isn't ready for marriage yet.

"After all, Felicity grew up in a single-parent household, and she was raised by her mother alone. Perhaps she doesn't trust marriage, so she's reluctant to introduce you to her mother."

"Then help me," Vermont immediately said. "Felicity listens to everything you say. If you give her some advice, maybe we can tie the knot. Forget about filming just one short drama; we can do ten.

"You don't have to spend a penny, and I'll give you the title of producer.

We'll split the profit fifty-fifty. Consider it as pocket money for my two little nephews. How about that?"

Stella's eyes immediately lit up upon hearing Vermont's proposal.

Then, she spoke earnestly, "Why talk about money? My wish is for you two to settle down. I'm just doing what I can to make that happen."

Vermont smiled. "I'll take that as a yes then."

Stella made an "OK" gesture with her hand.

After a while, Felicity came back.

Vermont stood up to grab her clothes and bag and handed her the slippers. He did everything automatically, and Felicity's response was just as natural. It seemed like they had unconsciously formed this habit, coordinating seamlessly.

Stella paused and thought, 'They look like a married couple living together. Do they really need my help?' Felicity was indeed very busy.

She did not get a lot of sleep since New Year and had been going to the set every day. She had even lost a few pounds, making her chin look pointier