

## **Read Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1446 [Eleven Jewell]**

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“You know, this banquet is a significant event for your family. You didn’t have to hold it here because you wanted to repay me. We’re friends, and friends help each other out. It means a lot that you even remember me,” said Olivia.

“People who understand would see that you’re looking out for me. But those who don’t would think that you are simple-minded and unsophisticated,” she continued.

After listening for a while, Danny finally figured out why this particular hotel was chosen. It turned out that the daughter of the Saun family and the owner of this hotel were old friends. Now that she had risen to prominence, she wanted to support her friend’s business.

Thinking of his own experiences and looking at Stella now, Danny suddenly felt like he’d been too narrow-minded for so many years. He realized he should not judge someone based on their nationality or background just because of a few negative interactions. There were both good and bad people in this world, just like there were those who betrayed trust and those who held loyalty in high regard.

Danny recognized that his Hustuabourgian girlfriend had stood by him through thick and thin. And now, knowing that Stella had not forgotten her old friends while rising to success, he felt that he was wrong to have categorized Hustuabourgians as backstabbers.

Danny smiled and said, “Your daughter is a good person, Mr.

Saun. I’m very impressed by her.”

Wenham loved nothing more than hearing praise for his daughter. So, he immediately joined in praising her.

As Stella listened to the praises, she wondered if they were too much, especially because she and Wenham had not had much time to bond yet.

After Danny chatted with Wenham, he finally said, “Mr. Saun, please send me your proposal again. My assistant cleared out my mailbox earlier, so I did not

have the chance to read it. I'll take a good look at it when I get back and give it some thought."

Everyone at the table was surprised to hear that. They knew Danny was a tough nut to crack in the business industry. Many of them had been trying to collaborate with him for so long, but he never budged. He did not even look at the documents they sent and simply deleted the emails.

No one expected him to say something like this on such an occasion. It was a rare occurrence.

Wenham, slightly excited, said, "Alright. I'll have Trevor send it to you later."

Danny nodded and said, "It's evident that your daughter is loyal to her friends and has a noble character. I believe you won't disappoint me either."

Wenham was even happier to know that Stella had a hand in this decision. He felt that she was a blessing to their family.

Darcie clenched her hands, her face soft as ever. She raised her glass and said, "Mr. Winston, I raise this glass to you. Thank you for giving our family this opportunity."

Meanwhile, Jaylene was not as composed as Darcie. She pressed her lips tightly together, unable to muster a smile no matter how hard she tried.

Trevor observed her expression and looked away to continue peeling a shrimp for Stella.

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Stella raised her glass and clinked it against Darcie's. She said, "Thank you, Mrs. Saun." Her smile was friendly, yet it left one wondering if her gratitude was genuine.

Darcie returned the smile, her tone kind, "We're family; there's no need for formalities. You're Wenham's daughter and also a kin to Jaylene and me. If you ever need anything, just let me know."

Stella nodded and lowered her gaze.

After bringing Danny to his seat, Wenham guided Stella to greet the other relatives and friends at their tables.

Trevor excused himself for a moment, and Stella was hesitant about following Wenham around. Surrounded by unfamiliar faces, she worried about handling conversations. To her surprise, she found little need to speak. As Wenham indulged in a few drinks, he became quite chatty. Stella only needed to greet the people and let Wenham do all the talking.

Whenever someone paid her a compliment, Wenham would linger for a chat.

After finishing their rounds, they went back to the center stage.

Trevor had also returned by this point. He leaned in to share a few hushed words with Wenham, who nodded in agreement. He cleared his throat and addressed the guests,

“Ladies and gentlemen, may I have your attention for a moment. I have an announcement to make.”

Darcie observed Wenham’s expression and felt uneasy because they did not discuss this segment.

Wenham continued as the room’s attention shifted, “I want to thank all of you for being here with us. Today’s banquet went smoothly. Stella has returned to her birth family, and as her father, I couldn’t be happier. As many of you know, Enchanted, now branded as Caline, was founded by my late ex-wife. After her passing, I’ve been overseeing it. Now that my daughter has returned, it’s only fitting that I entrust it to her care.”

Wenham paused and accepted a folder from Trevor before passing it to Stella. “Inside, you’ll find the shares for Caline and the important documents since its establishment. I’m handing this to you. From here on, you’re one of Caline’s shareholders.”

The statement left everyone astonished.

Caline stood as one of the most lucrative ventures within the Saun family’s portfolio. This fragrance company was cofounded by Freesia and had risen to prominence in the domestic industry under the Saun family’s management. Their perfume line had become a global sensation, making waves even in international markets.

In addition, their tailored fragrance services in top-tier cities formed a comprehensive network between the people and the brand. At least half of the men and women attending the banquet had used Caline's products before.

The company was poised to generate substantial profits, which were far from a trifling sum.

Wenham showcased the depth of his affection for his biological daughter when he entrusted this sizeable enterprise to Stella instead of Trevor or Jaylene.

Darcie's complexion paled when she heard what he had said.

Darcie and Wenham talked about presenting Stella with a welcome-home gift during the event. Wenham had mentioned this idea, but she had persuaded him otherwise. She argued that Stella was currently focusing on her acting career, and handing over such a sizable company might not be the best option. Instead, she proposed gifting Stella a prime commercial street in the East. The bustling area commanded steep rents, yielding millions of dollars annually. Moreover, it would be hassle-free.

Wenham agreed to the suggestion and arranged for a transfer of ownership to be drafted well in advance so they could present it to Stella on the banquet day.

Everything had been meticulously deliberated and settled. Hence, it was surprising that Wenham deviated from the original plan by suddenly entrusting Caline to Stella for management without consulting Darcie.

Caline had two significant shareholders-Wenham and Darcie. The company had been established by both Darcie and Freesia. After Freesia's passing, Wenham had initially intended to allocate Freesia's share to the Hall family.

However, Daryl returned it to the Sauns after operating the business for two years.

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The Hall family owned a lot of businesses in various industries. But with the loss of their daughter in their later years, they found themselves no longer interested in managing them. That was when Wenham stepped in and struck a deal with the Saun family. As a result, all of Freesia's shares fell under his

name. Even though Darcie was the primary operator of the company, her stake only amounted to thirty percent, with Wenham retaining the majority.

Now that he handed Caline over to Stella, he instantly leveled the playing field for the two of them within the company. Darcie felt a tightness in her chest. She quickly pieced together that this was Wenham's way of expressing his displeasure about the hotel selection and also as compensation to Stella.

At the same time, Jaylene's face darkened. She had expressed her desire to be part of Caline's management on multiple occasions, only to be met with Wenham's refusal, citing her health as a concern. Yet, Stella did not even need to ask before being handed the authority on a silver platter. Jaylene felt that her father was now a stranger.

Jaylene clenched her fingers, her gaze locked onto the figures on stage as a surge of emotions brewed within her.

Stella was well aware of the value Caline carried. She hesitated from grabbing the documents and said, "Dad, I'm not particularly versed in perfumery. Are you sure entrusting the business to me is a good idea?"

Wenham smiled and said, "You can always learn. Consider it practice. I have tons of other companies you can manage, Stella. You can take on any of them if you want."

Stella did not know what to say. The degree to which Wenham doted on his children seemed boundless. It was surprising that he had not spoiled Trevor to the extent of no return.

She stole a glance at her brother, who shot her a cool look, implying that she should draw her own judgments. Stella fell silent for a moment, suddenly realizing that her father might not be as lenient with Trevor.

This gift was remarkably valuable. If it were anything else, Stella might have hesitated to accept. However, knowing it was the company left behind by her biological mother, she could not help but get a strange feeling.

After a brief moment of contemplation, she extended her hand and took the papers, softly saying, "Thank you, Dad."

Wenham was overjoyed and grabbed her hand, saying, "You've been on your feet for a while. Let's grab a bite and take a breather."

## Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1449 [Eleven Jewell]

The room dimmed as Stella, Wenham, and Trevor settled into their seats after descending from the stage. Soon, the soft sound of orchestral music filled the air. Suddenly, the stage lit up, and the backdrop changed. A deep, resonant voice filled the room, and a troupe of performers entered in a precise formation. With the progression of the music, the opera unfolded.

Cordelia immediately lifted her head upon recognizing the familiar tune. Once she spotted the performers on stage, she excitedly grabbed Keegan and said, "That's Lancelot Lewie! That's Lancelot Lewie! How is he here? You never mentioned he would be performing!"

Keegan gently removed his grandmother's hand from his arm and said, "I can't believe you're fawning over celebrities like a teenager at your old age, Grandma."

Cordelia's eyelid twitched. "You little scoundrel. Who are you calling old?" She said. She would have hit him if they were not in public.

Cordelia was there to witness the official announcement of Stella being welcomed into the Saun family. She did not expect the delightful surprise of seeing her favorite opera performer singing on stage. It could not have made her happier.

"Why didn't you tell me earlier? If I'd known Lancelot would be here, I would have dressed up more," Cordelia

complained.

"He's literally younger than dad. He probably wouldn't care about what an old fan like you is wearing," Keegan remarked, referring to Cordelia's age.

Cordelia could not help but kick him under the chair. Keegan wisely held his tongue after that. 'Some things are better left unsaid.'

Keegan had no prior knowledge of Lancelot's performance. Upon reflection, it was most likely arranged by Olivia.

The other attendees were equally surprised and delighted. Lancelot had a sizable following within their circle.

However, after he announced he would no longer perform publicly, getting him to sing again was no easy feat, regardless of the monetary compensation.

The last time anyone heard him sing was at Cordelia's birthday banquet six months ago. It was an unexpected pleasure to catch his performance at the Saun family's event.

"Even though this hotel is rather ordinary, the Sauns did invite an incredible performer. It's evident they've put thought into it."

"Right? Especially when even money can't guarantee Lancelot's presence."

"After taking a closer look, it seems like they've spent quite a bit for this event despite the venue. Those preserved flowers and the connections required to invite Lancelot don't come cheap."

"Didn't you hear them just now? They chose this hotel not to save money but to support a friend's business."

"Damn it. If I'd known Stella was a part of the Saun family, I would've befriended her long ago. Maybe she'd lead me to greater heights."

Lancelot concluded his performance by grabbing the microphone and delivering his congratulatory remarks.

Wenham was overjoyed and ensured each performer on stage received a bonus for their act.

As the performers left the stage, the banquet hall doors suddenly swung open. An elderly man led a few younger individuals into the room while pushing a small food cart.

All eyes were now on this unexpected arrival.

'Hadn't they served all the dishes already? What is this about?' The guests thought.

The elderly man was dressed in a suit, radiating an aura of dignified authority. With his prominent brows and expressive eyes, he commanded respect.

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The man met the curious eyes of the crowd as he approached the table where Stella was seated. Once in front of her, he extended his hand and introduced himself, "Good evening, miss. I am the head chef for tonight, Nathan Turner.

I am honored to have prepared this feast for you and your family and friends. I hope the food met your expectations."

Stella promptly stood and shook hands with the seasoned chef. "It's nice to meet you, Nathan. The dishes were absolutely splendid. Thank you for your hard work."

The chef beamed. "It's my privilege."

With a graceful motion of his hand, his apprentices promptly served the dishes from the cart.

Nathan elaborated, "This is the special dish I've crafted for you. It's called Bitter Moments to Sweet Delight. I hope your journey ahead mirrors this dish-sweetness will follow after a touch of bitterness."

"I can't believe it's Nathan Turner! The heir to the Turner family's culinary legacy, winner of the national Master Chef competition five times in a row! And they managed to invite him to cook!"

"What? Who?"

"You know, the chef mentioned in the news... The owner of that restaurant where the president hosted a leader from another country to sample his creations. Nathan Turner personally prepared the meal. It is said that after the leader returned to his country, he couldn't stop raving about the food. Later on, he even sent a representative to invite him to cook in their country."

"So that's why the dishes at tonight's banquet are so extraordinary. It turns out they specifically invited this chef."

"Allow me to correct you. Nathan Turner is not just any chef. He's the five-time national Master Chef champion and the culinary expert admired by presidents."

"The fact that the Sauns requested both Lancelot and the Master Chef champion to attend this event shows that they hold Stella in high regard. The



money spent on inviting Nathan alone could've covered a three-day stay at the Emperor Suite."

Olivia could not help but massage her temples as she listened to the conversations. She knew that her late-night efforts and early-morning calls had not been in vain.

The venue for the ceremony was set, and she could not alter it. She had to put in extra effort elsewhere to enhance the event's prestige, like securing Lancelot and Nathan to make up for it.

Both of these figures were not easy to invite. It was not primarily about money; it was about their networks. Olivia was fortunate to have invested years into cultivating these relationships, even though it demanded significant effort. She managed to pull it off.

Darcie shot a cool glance at Olivia, who responded with a gracious smile.

After surveying the entire banquet, no one dared to claim that the Saun family did not hold their long-lost daughter in high esteem.

Stella had initially intended to find Keegan and Felicity. But as soon as she left her seat, a few ladies surrounded her for a conversation. These people held no prior grievances with her. They likely knew her background and wanted to get acquainted, so they came over to exchange pleasantries.

Jaylene, emerging from the restroom, spotted Stella engrossed in a conversation. She pursed her lips and approached.

Before she could reach them, Michael appeared. "Ms. Saun, allow me to touch up your makeup."

Stella's makeup had outshined what he had done for Jaylene. Michael could not help but worry that Jaylene might lose her spotlight if he did not act swiftly. So, he displayed extra attentiveness.

However, Jaylene was not in the mood for touch-ups at the moment. She calmly declined, "No thanks."

Michael persisted, "There's a bit of smudging on the sides of your nose. I strongly recommend a quick touch-up."

Otherwise, it might not look as good in photos.”

Jaylene furrowed her brows, about to retort, when she heard Stella’s voice nearby, “Are you Michael Caleb?”

Michael was taken aback, clearly flattered by the inquiry

from the esteemed heiress. “Wait. You know me?”

Stella smiled, “We haven’t met before, but my friend is well- acquainted with you. He tried to arrange for you to design my look tonight, but you were tied up with a new project. I was right there when you were on the phone with my friend Mr. Snyder last night. I see the Ms. Saun you mentioned was my sister, Jaylene.”

Michael’s face turned ashen.