

Read Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1535 [Eleven Jewell]

That person's words immediately drew the crowd's attention as everyone shifted their gaze to him.

They saw a stylish young man sitting in the middle of the venue with his legs crossed. His fair complexion, heavy makeup, and how he carried himself exuded an air of arrogance. Shockingly, seated beside him was Barbara, who had been fired by Stella just a month ago.

Maggie could not help but curl her fingers as she gazed at the two individuals in the audience.

The unexpected accusation at the event stirred a commotion among the guests.

"Who said that?"

"I think it's Chad Benson, the design manager from Grandeur Gallery."

"They're competitors, huh?"

"A lot of guests here are from the same industry. The Velvet has been aggressive with its marketing campaign, and everyone came intending to learn and congratulate them. My company also sent me to be here. I was not expecting to stumble upon such shocking news."

"What news?"

"The Velvet's designer, Maggie Hart, used to work for Grandeur Gallery. A few years back, the Chief Designer of

Grandeur Gallery was exposed for plagiarism, and Maggie was the whistleblower. She openly revealed that Grandeur Gallery published her design under someone else's name and got into a lawsuit with her former employer."

"What happened after that? Did she win?"

“Win what? Both sides suffered losses. Grandeur Gallery faced massive losses when the scandal broke out.

However, Maggie did not have it good either. She backstabbed her former employer, and no company would want to hire such a troublemaker like her. Surprisingly, she’s working for The Velvet now, and the flagship product is being accused of plagiarism by her former employer. What a twist of fate.”

A few days ago, the commemorative gift, “Rebirth,” was delivered to The Velvet’s existing customers.

As Stella had expected, the design was well-received, and the existing customers shared photos of it on their social media accounts. A lot of people saw the design, and it gained plenty of attention within the jewelry design community.

Its design concept was unique, so it got many people talking about it.

At that time, no one knew who designed it. They all thought it was a renowned industry expert newly recruited by The Velvet.

It was not until today’s event that they discovered it was actually Maggie, the person who every company in the industry had blacklisted.

The fact that someone who exposed her superior for plagiarism had now been accused of it herself by her former employer made things very dramatic for everyone.

The Velvet’s product launch event was organized on a grand scale. Not only had they invited their existing customers, but also many media representatives and fellow industry professionals.

So, everything happening at the venue was being live-streamed by the media.

The security guards immediately tried to escort Chad out to maintain order for the event.

Chad stood up and shrugged off the security guards who tried to take him away. He gazed at Maggie, who was standing on the stage, and said, “Is The Velvet just going to take the person seeking justice away instead of

addressing the issue? I can't believe this is how The Velvet deals with its problems. They have no respect for originality at all."

The media immediately directed their cameras toward Chad. Matters concerning plagiarism always garnered the most attention, so the reporters were determined not to miss this opportunity.

Chris scolded the security guards with a stern expression, "Why are you just standing there? Escort him out! He's clearly causing trouble!"

Felicity asked, "Why does he want to kick him out instead of clarifying things? Is he an idiot?"

Stella was about to stand up, but Keegan held her hand. She turned to him and said, "It's going to be fine."

So, Keegan let go of her hand. Then, Stella took the microphone she was handed to and spoke, "Please let go of this gentleman."

"Ms. Hall," Chris came down from the stage anxiously, "We should talk about this privately with him. This is a big matter. We might have to end the launch event here."

Stella looked at him indifferently, "Why should we?"

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Chris whispered, "He's claiming that Maggie's design..." "Are we just going to believe what he said without seeing any proof? You've worked with Maggie for so many years, yet you still don't know what kind of person she is?"

Chris was stunned upon hearing what Stella said. Then, he tried to defend himself, "What if it turns out to be true? What are we going to do then? I'm just doing this for our company's interests."

Stella ignored him and walked directly to the man who stirred things up. Then, she introduced herself, "I'm the owner of The Velvet, and my last name's Hall. First of all, I'd like to thank you for attending The Velvet's new product launch event today. Secondly, did you mention that our designer is copying someone else's work?"

“Plagiarism is a very serious accusation. We have stated that this is our original design, and we would not resort to such methods to deceive the public. If you can provide evidence of the plagiarism committed by our designer with the product showcased today, I’ll take the necessary actions. However, if you fail to do so, I’ll consider this an intentional act to smear my company’s image, and I’ll file a lawsuit against you for causing a disturbance.”

Chad snorted, “Are you threatening me?”

Stella smiled, “Just a friendly reminder.”

Chad retorted in a cold tone, “Do you think I’d make baseless accusations without any proof?”

Then, he raised his phone and continued, “I have our designer’s electronic drafts on my phone and the date they were created. Do you dare to put them up on the big screen?” Stella stared into Chad’s eyes for a moment before turning to Chris and said, “Take this gentleman to the projector.”

“Ms. Hall...”

“Now!”

So, Chris had no choice but to bring Chad to the projector and display the drafts on the big screen.

Everyone gasped when they saw the drafts.

“Oh my god, they look so similar!”

“Similar? They’re exactly the same!”

“The dates show that they were completed a month ago, and Stella Hall only took over The Velvet for less than a month.

The commemorative gift must have been designed within the past months, which means after the dates shown.”

“So, does that mean what the man said is true?”

“Are you serious? I actually like it very much. Even my husband, who doesn’t really appreciate jewelry, says it looks good when I wear it.”

“Me too, but we can’t tolerate it if it’s a work of plagiarism.

It’s worth nothing. How could they give us trash and expect us to wear it on our body?”

“Let’s not jump to conclusions now. The drafts don’t really prove anything. The completion date is handwritten and can be easily altered. How can that serve as evidence?”

“But this designer doesn’t have a clean record herself. She was accused several times of copying other people’s designs when she had a lawsuit with Grandeur Gallery back then. Her designs were compared to the other designers’ work, and they looked very similar.”

“Let’s not make any baseless claims.”

“Everyone is talking about the designer, but doesn’t anyone think Stella Hall is the problem here? The Velvet’s reputation has been so good over the years, and a scandal like this broke out as soon as she took over. She’s the one who should be held accountable for.”

“That’s right. She should’ve just stayed in her lane. What would an actress possibly know about running a business? She got lucky and found herself to be a member of the Saun family, then rushed into doing business. Look at how things turn out for her now. How embarrassing.”

“Stella Hall might not be innocent either. She was probably too eager to revive The Velvet’s reputation and used some dirty tricks. Besides, she could easily get out of this trouble if she got someone like Maggie, who had a history of plagiarizing, to do the dirty laundry for her.”

Wenham listened to these harsh remarks, and his expression turned extremely unpleasant.

Darcie whispered, “Wenham, let’s get the guests out of here. It’s better if we handle this matter in private.”

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Wenham remained silent, clearly agitated by the comments about his daughter.

No matter how compelling the evidence on the screen was, he refused to accept his daughter would resort to plagiarism.

Even if it were true, he wholeheartedly believed that Stella was completely unaware. But things could escalate, and it could stain her reputation if the plagiarism were confirmed.

As Wenham was about to speak, Trevor cut in and said, "What do we do? If we don't address this now, people will think our designer is a thief."

Darcie shot Trevor a glance, "The other party has shown their drafts. They wouldn't have made a scene at this press conference if they didn't have concrete proof. I also find it hard to believe Stella would instruct a designer to do this. But if

the designer is guilty, Stella will be implicated since she is organizing this event."

Trevor calmly added, "What if it's a set-up? What if the other party is intentionally trying to frame us? Well miss the optimal time for a comeback if we wait any longer. Even if we issue a statement later, few will buy it. The people have already made up their minds. They'll believe what they first see. Even if the evidence later is ironclad, netizens will dismiss it as a slick defense."

Darcie furrowed her brows. She wanted to say more, but Wenham interjected, "Let's hold off for now. Stella is confident, and we shouldn't doubt her."

Darcie pressed her lips together and said nothing more.

The revelation of the design drafts caused a commotion in the audience.

Chad grinned and said, "Ms. Hall, care to explain how our design was turned into The Velvet's tenth- anniversary piece?"

"Don't we and your loyal consumer base deserve an explanation?"

Stella redirected her gaze toward him, "If you think this can pass as evidence, then anyone can waltz in with a few sketches and cry plagiarism."

"I knew you'd say that. I've got proof that your designer, Maggie, took a peek at our designer's work," Chad sneered as he played a video from his phone.

As the tape unfolded, Maggie's demeanor shifted slightly. The video displayed surveillance footage of Maggie and Barbara meeting at a coffee shop. Mid-conversation, Barbara stepped out with her phone, likely to take a call.

There was a folder on her seat.

Maggie sat engrossed in her phone. After a while, she beckoned the server for the bill and took the document.

When the video concluded, Barbara stepped up to the stage. She grabbed the microphone and addressed the audience,"

Hello, everyone. I'm Barbara, the designer whose work was plagiarized. I believe some of you here might remember me.

Just a month ago, I was still the head of The Velvet's design team. I worked at the company for four years and eight months, designing countless pieces and receiving numerous praises."

"Due to creative differences with Ms. Hall, I left The Velvet and joined Grandeur Gallery. My new boss values me highly and entrusts me with the design of our new series. I poured my heart and soul into my work to establish myself in the company. Having just left a company I had worked at for many years, I felt down and unsure of my future. With my friend's encouragement, the term 'rebirth' came to mind. So, I integrated this notion of breaking free from the cocoon into my

design.

"I left The Velvet in haste and left behind some personal items. So, I asked Maggie, who had a good relationship with me before, to fetch them for me. That was why we met up at the coffee shop. We didn't chat for long when I suddenly received a call saying something had happened to my child at school. I immediately rushed out and couldn't even manage a proper goodbye.

"It was only when I was on the road that I remembered I'd forgotten my design drafts. They contained the sketches of the

new products I'd created for the company. I hastily contacted Maggie, asking her to hold on to them and telling her I'd swing by to pick them up. My design

drafts were in Maggie's possession for nearly an hour. She easily could have browsed through them and plagiarized my work!"

"You're spouting nonsense!" Maggie's face turned pale with anger. She gripped the microphone, her voice quivering from the intensity, "I kept your design drafts safe, but I didn't so much as turn a page. I'm a designer myself; I know how important sketches are to a designer. Why would I possibly intrude on your private belongings?"

"Only you know what you did," Barbara jeered, looking at her with a sardonic smile. "How do you explain the striking similarities in our designs if you didn't peek at my work? Are you insinuating that we somehow share the same brain?"

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The crowd burst into a discussion as they watched everything unfold.

"I can't believe she stole another designer's work."

"Isn't this a clear case of plagiarism?"

"She trusted her with her designs, yet she betrayed that trust. How shameless!"

"How did someone with such questionable integrity be appointed the team leader? It seems Stella hires anyone into her company."

Felicity fumed, "This video doesn't prove a thing! If the design drafts were so crucial, would she just leave them casually on a chair?"

"The method may be crude, but it's effective. No one can prove whether Maggie glanced at them during that hour. And similarly, no one can prove she didn't. They can spin any narrative they want," whispered Vermont.

Felicity became nervous, "What do we do? How do we clear her name?"

Vermont glanced at Keegan and said, "Don't you have anything up your sleeve? What kind of partner are you?"

Keegan shot him a sharp look. "Shut up," he said.

Vermont stayed quiet. He was initially quite worried, but

seeing Keegan's calm demeanor, he suddenly thought things were not that simple.

Maggie tightened her grip on the microphone, her voice steady, "I can prove that I didn't go through her things." After speaking, she turned to look at the big screen. The image on the screen changed instantly.

The surveillance footage in the coffee shop continued to play, but the time frame was after Barbara had left.

Maggie settled the bill and left while clutching the folder. The camera quickly switched to the scene of her exiting the coffee shop. Then, it followed Maggie.

She made a call and carried her items to where she stood and waited. Occasionally, she would glance at her phone. After some time, another person appeared on the screen. It was Barbara.

Maggie handed the design drafts to Barbara and then left. The fifty-six-minute recording, played at eight times the speed, captured every moment from Maggie taking the drafts to returning them. She never once looked at the contents of the folder. There was no way she plagiarized them.

Barbara was completely caught off guard by Maggie's defense. Her face turned pale. She anxiously protested, "This must be an edited video! Who would have this kind of continuous footage in real life? This is not a movie."

Stella smirked and said, "It's a drone footage. Haven't you seen it before? It's the new drone from Vinci Rivera's Frontier Series. You should check it out."