

Read Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1541 [Eleven Jewell]

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1541 [Eleven Jewell]

Chad was not pleased with Stella's retort. Unable to outwit her, he redirected his frustration toward Maggie, whom he saw

as an easier target, "Maggie, you've been fighting this lawsuit for so many years and still haven't won. So, nursing a

grudge, you orchestrated this appalling spectacle to make US all uncomfortable, didn't you?"

After setting the microphone down, he lowered his voice and issued a veiled threat, 'I'm telling you. If I can make you slip

in this industry back in the day, I can do it again.'

Stella stood close to Maggie and heard every word. She stepped forward to shield her and said in a cold and determined

voice, "I sure want to see you try."

Maggie looked at Stella and felt her heart racing.

Stella turned, thinking Maggie was scared, and whispered, "Don't be afraid. He's all bark and no bite. He wouldn't dare lay

a finger on you."

Maggie smiled, took the microphone, and addressed the audience, "I have a way to prove which one of US is the true

plagiarist."

Her declaration hushed the room. Maggie turned her gaze toward Chad and challenged, "Are you willing to put your bet

on her?"

Chad looked at Barbara.

Barbara was already thoroughly acquainted with the design. She was not the least bit apprehensive. With a glance, she

assured Chad that she got this.

“Why not?” Chad asserted.

Barbara was exuding confidence. She declared firmly, “Then let the faceoff begin! I want to expose this plagiarist right in

front of everyone!”

Maggie paid no mind to the taunt. She turned around and scanned the audience, “Mr. Green, would you kindly come up

on stage? I have some questions to ask you.”

All eyes turned to the center, where a distinguished, white-haired man sat. Upon hearing the request, he stood up and

graciously replied, “It would be my pleasure.” With the guidance of security personnel, he walked up to the stage.

“Who is that?” Felicity asked Vermont curiously.

In a hushed tone, Vermont whispered, “That’s Kenneth Green, a famous artist who carves beautiful designs into jade. He’s

got a fantastic eye for choosing the right pieces of jade, and his skill in crafting them is just as impressive. Anything he

works on can easily become three times more valuable.”

“Stella is amazing. I can’t believe she managed to invite someone of his stature.”

Vermont shot a glance at Keegan. Stella might not personally know Kenneth, but Keegan did. Cordelia was a frequent

patron of Kenneth, and many of her custom-made jewelry pieces were picked up by Keegan. He was very familiar with

Kenneth.

'This guy speaks with a forked tongue. Back then, he claimed he didn't like Stella, yet he was always secretly hiring

reinforcements for her,' thought Vermont. He had never seen anyone with a mouth as stubborn as Keegan,' Why didn't he

just stick to his guns? I wanted to watch him court Stella for at least a few more years. Their reconciliation happened too

quickly!'

Barbara glared at Maggie on stage, "Mr. Green is quite elderly. Why did you invite him up here? Are you trying to cover

your tracks of plagiarism?"

Maggie turned to face her, "Barbara, could you please project your work onto the large screen?"

Barbara proudly uploaded her work onto the screen with her chin held high. Her piece closely resembled Maggie's, with

only subtle distinctions.

Maggie directed a laser pointer at the screen, circling a section, "Barbara, is this an openwork design?"

Barbara glanced at what she was referring to and confirmed, "Of course.

Even the dimensions are clearly labeled. Can't you read?"

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1542 [Eleven Jewell]

Maggie calmly pointed to her own draft and said, "Unlike your work, mine doesn't feature an openwork design."

Barbara responded with a mocking laugh. "That's precisely why I'm saying you're a skillful plagiarist. You would be

accused of copying my work if you hadn't tweaked a few things."

Maggie's lips curved into a sardonic smile, and her eyes were glinting with resolute determination. She proceeded to

highlight a few subtle distinctions. Barbara's impatience grew, and the crowd began to murmur.

"What kind of standoff is this? It feels like they're just spotting the differences."

"I doubt this proves anything. It only shows she's capable of making changes."

"I have to admit; Barbara's design does look better after this comparison."

"Well, duh. How can plagiarized work be compared with the original?"

Barbara was getting upset. But, when she noticed that the audience's sentiments were gradually swaying in her favor, a

sense of smugness began to creep in, and she relaxed a little. "What are you trying to say with all of this?" she asked.

Maggie was composed and collected. She turned to Kenneth and said, ' Mr. Green, have you thoroughly examined these

two designs?"

The elderly man nodded. "I have."

'Then, can you determine which is the result of plagiarism?"

Barbara was taken aback.

Kenneth gazed at the two images on the screen and pointed decisively at Barbara's design. "This one is the copied work,"

he stated.

The audience gasped, as they were astonished at how he discerned that.

"How did he figure that out?"

"I have no idea."

"Could it be that The Velvet hired him as a stooge?"

"What? How is that possible? Why would Mr. Green even agree to do that when he's well-established in the circle?"

“So... Is it really Barbara who copied Maggie’s work?”

“Let’s see.”

Barbara’s expression changed abruptly. “Mr. Green, please don’t play the age card and spew nonsense here,” she said in

a low voice.

Kenneth seemed somewhat displeased by her words. He furrowed his brows briefly but did not lose his temper. In a stern

manner, he continued, “Earlier, I heard you say that this is a new series recently launched by your company, correct?”

“That’s right,” Barbara responded cautiously. She was afraid of falling into the other party’s trap.

Kenneth then asked, “Since it’s a new product, you must have created samples and put them into production, right?”

Barbara thought he wanted to compare the release dates of the two designs and replied, “Of course.”

But, unexpectedly, Kenneth’s expression suddenly turned grave. He said, ‘You’re lying!’

Barbara was startled. “How am I lying? You need evidence to make such a claim!”

Kenneth gave her a glance and pointed to the right image. “This kind of openwork design may look beautiful, but with this

thickness, when it’s set in place, it’s extremely prone to breakage. Even if you were to make it, a slight bump could easily

damage the jade. In mass production, style and quality are of the utmost importance. No designer would agree to produce

a design so susceptible to damage. The material wastage is too high. The first one to be blamed would be the carver.

They would certainly tell the designer to make changes.”

He looked at Barbara after he finished his explanation. “How could you not know this if you had made samples?”