

Read Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1661 [Eleven Jewell]

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The executives realized that the presentation was not a stalling tactic; it revealed significant advancement in Alex's research and development. It successfully addressed a fundamental aspect of photolithography technology.

This achievement was nothing short of sensational for the entire industry.

Upon approval of the experiments and the feasibility of mass production, it could shatter the foreign monopoly on this technology, presenting immeasurable commercial value.

The executives whose views initially aligned with Chandler's were left momentarily speechless.

After Jasper explained everything, he summarized, "Our R&D has reached the final experimental stage. It's inadvisable to introduce new team members at this point. If the results of this stage's experiments are leaked, the repercussions will be beyond imagination."

Everyone comprehended the gravity of the situation, given their shared industry background.

While Chandler might harbor intentions of gaining control over Vinci Rivera, the prospect of putting shareholder interests at risk for this purpose was not a proposal anyone was willing to entertain.

The financial windfall and enhanced reputation from a breakthrough in this new technology were of substantial magnitude, causing everyone to have concerns.

Someone voiced their opinion, "Mr. Kane, Mr. Powell makes a compelling case."

Introducing someone new into the team could cause issues, and it would be a considerable challenge to handle them." Hearing that, the others followed suit, "I agree. Introducing anyone new at this critical stage is risky. Let's hold off from making any adjustments until the experimental stage is completed."

“Mr. Kane, our top priority should be the progress of the experiments.”

Chandler’s expression remained cold and stern as he kept his gaze fixed on Stella, his eyes lacking any semblance of friendliness.

Keegan had never disclosed this breakthrough to the company. If he had presented this trump card during the election meeting, it would undoubtedly have caused many people to switch sides.

Chandler understood that profit is what binds the people together.

With Keegan temporarily out of the equation, this research and development achievement safeguards his entire team. The forceful inclusion of a new member might allow Aldor and the team to exploit the situation. This, in turn, could jeopardize shareholder interests and contribute to a potential breakdown in trust,’ he thought.

‘It would be tough to influence Alex in light of this. Unless...

Keegan doesn’t come back.’ Stella met Chandler’s eyes confidently and openly. Her gaze resembled the confrontational look Keegan had given him before, sending an inexplicable chill down his spine.

Chandler quickly dismissed her and thought, ‘She’s just a girl relying on Keegan’s reputation to try and make a difference. I’m sure she’s incapable of making a significant impact if Keegan never returns. I just have to wait.’ “Given the circumstances, waiting until the experiments conclude is reasonable.

However, I propose sharing Alex’s experimental data with the senior management work group. This way, everyone can be informed of the progress and prevent intentional delays,” he said.

Stella, not comprehending these intricacies, looked at Aldor. He nodded, and Stella said, “Alright. Aldor will be in charge of the reports.”

The shareholders voiced no objections when faced with such assurance.

After the meeting, Stella went to the restroom. On her way out, she bumped into Jackson, who blocked the restroom door.

Now clad in a suit, Jackson appeared somewhat more presentable than before, with a height not much different from Keegan's. However, his presence was far less powerful.

'Keegan emanated charm and authority, while Jackson...' Stella glanced at his perpetually slouched back and somewhat emaciated face, 'He seems frail and weak in terms of physique and demeanor.'

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Stella disregarded Jackson and attempted to walk around him. However, he promptly positioned himself in her path. "Your loyalty to my cousin is truly admirable, Ms. Hall. Who knew you would put everything on the line just to shield his team? Let me remind you that he's already dead. All you're doing is only delaying the inevitable. There's no point in doing this."

"Are you done?" Stella coldly glanced at him. "If you are, step aside."

Jackson chuckled. "Keegan is dead, Stella. Vinci Rivera will eventually be under my father's control. I'm his only son. When he passes, Vinci Rivera will be mine.

I'm not that concerned about a woman's marital history, and our families are compatible. You should consider marrying me. You'll still get to be the woman of the house in the Kane family."

Jackson was attracted to Stella's looks. The memory of her being intoxicated on her wedding night lingered in his mind.

Previously, he was afraid of Keegan and only dared to harass Stella discreetly.

Now, with Keegan out of the picture, he had nothing to be afraid of. His lustful gaze held no pretense.

Stella found the situation infuriating. But she remained composed and stared at the man before her. Suddenly, she said, "I doubt your father would agree to that."

Jackson then grabbed her hand. "And, how would you know? Being in-laws with the Saun family would surely make him happy."

Stella pulled her hand from his grasp, raised an eyebrow, and said, "Your father looks like he's in good health. You might have to wait until he's old and frail before inheriting the company. Why not actively pursue the position now?"

Winning would grant you the freedom to marry without needing his approval."

Jackson was momentarily stunned. He had never considered this aspect before.

He sized Stella up and suddenly laughed, "Are you trying to create conflict between my father and me?"

Stella chuckled. "If you want to marry me, that's the precondition. Why do you think I chose Keegan? There's no reason for me to take a chance on a future with you if you're not willing to fight."

Jackson seemed unconvinced. Stella sidestepped him and walked away, showing no interest in continuing the conversation.

Aldor and Stella had initially intended to invite Jasper for dinner, but he was busy with work at Semiconductor Technology following Keegan's accident. He politely declined the invitation and briefly asked about Keegan before leaving.

Both Stella and Aldor were taken aback by his inquiry.

Meanwhile, Jasper got his answer from their silence. He did not know how to offer any consolation, so he exchanged brief pleasantries and left.

Aldor looked at Stella and asked her the question that was lingering in his mind.

"Mrs. Kane, how did you find Mr.

Kane's experimental data?"

Aldor was well aware of the progress made by the research and development team. The circle of people privy to this information was limited. Keegan held all the data, and these crucial details became untraceable with his disappearance.

Aldor considered using the data against the board, but he did not know where Keegan had stored it. He then talked to Stella about it without expecting much outcome. However, he could not believe that Stella had found it.

Stella lowered her gaze and said, “He put it in the box of our engagement ring.”

She had only discovered it when she was putting the ring away.

This left Aldor stunned. ‘Only someone as love-struck as Mr. Kane would do something like this. But it was certainly a secure spot. No one would have thought that such crucial information would be stored in an engagement ring box.’ Stella exited Vinci Rivera and stood by the roadside while she called Felicity.

When a white sedan passed by, Stella met a pair of familiar eyes through the windows. Upon seeing that, her heart tightened abruptly. 3

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The car had already driven far away before Stella could react.

Just as she was about to chase the vehicle, Aldor pulled up. He leaned out of the window and said, “Get in, Mrs. Kane.”

While trembling, Stella entered the car and stared ahead. In a hoarse voice, she said, “Quick! Follow that car!”

Aldor was puzzled. “What car?”

“That white one! Hurry!” Stella urged in an agitated state. “I-I saw Keegan!”

Aldor was taken aback. He hastily started the car without asking for more details.

Since some time had passed, Aldor failed to catch sight of the vehicle. He followed Stella’s instructions and went down two streets only to encounter a red light. By the time the light turned green, the white sedan had disappeared without a trace. Aldor was unsure of where to go next.

He looked at Stella and asked, “Mrs. Kane, are you sure you saw Mr. Kane?”

“I wouldn’t make a mistake like this,” Stella insisted. “It was him. I saw his eyes!”

Check the surveillance and find the license plate of that car. Once we identify the car, we can locate him!”

Aldor promptly contacted Carter to use his connections for the investigation.

However, the feedback was that no white car had been captured on surveillance before Aldor's arrival.

"That's impossible! I saw him! Tell Carter to send me the surveillance footage!"

"Official footage is strictly limited to viewing, Mrs. Kane. We're not permitted to create copies of the footage. Mr.

Lowe has no reason to lie to you. Perhaps you're exhausted. Why don't you rest for a bit?"

"I saw him," Stella insisted.

Aldor felt uneasy. It took a while before he said, "Let's get you home."

"No, thanks." Stella unbuckled her seatbelt. "I'll walk. You can go about your business."

Before Aldor could say anything, Stella had gotten out of the car.

Once outside, she hailed a cab. The driver asked for her destination, and after a long pause, she said, "Just drive around."

The cab driver started the car after confirming that she was not drunk or disoriented.

Rivera was huge, and driving through every street and alley would likely take an entire day, but the driver was fine with doing so as long as Stella paid him.

Stella sat in the car for over two hours, exploring the nearby scenery. The driver was driving around the old city area when Stella said, "You can stop here."

The driver parked the car as instructed. Stella got out of the vehicle after she paid the fare.

There was a small pub not far ahead.

Stella had been there once during the time Bella provoked her when she was selling a bag. In addition to dealing with the troublesome matters involving the

Jewell family, she got thoroughly drunk. In the end, Keegan had come to pick her up. Stella stood at the entrance of the pub and pushed the door open.

Although she had not been there for a while, she noticed that the pub remained unchanged. Even the Christmas decorations from the previous year were still in place, and they had the same bartender.

Stella took her usual seat at the corner of the bar. The bartender politely asked, "What would you like to drink, Miss?" "Just make me something good," Stella replied.

The bartender made her their signature cocktail.

Then, Stella took a sip. The alcohol was not strong. The drink had a faint sweetness to it and a hint of lychee.

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After taking merely a sip, Stella put the glass down and sank into contemplation.

The bartender recognized her. There were a few reasons for this. First, she was easy on the eyes. Moreover, she had bragged about her husband being a top tier tycoon the last time she was there. Third, the bartender realized that Stella was telling the truth when he saw Keegan arriving in a Bugatti to pick her up.

Such events call for an unforgettable night.

With evening still a bit away, the pub wasn't overly crowded. The bartender was busy cleaning his barware and struck up a conversation with Stella. "Would you like me to call your husband and ask him to pick you up?" Stella was taken aback. "You know my husband?"

"You were here last time and were quite intoxicated. I called him to come here and get you." Stella had given him Keegan's phone number that night.

However, she did not recall that at all. All she remembered was being very drunk and engaging in some embarrassing antics.

Keegan had taken photos of that incident to blackmail her. Even though he consistently asserted that she had taken those photos herself, Stella believed that he was lying.

She always assumed that she had a high alcohol tolerance and that she had never gotten drunk before. However, she had little recollection of what happened that night.

Stella suddenly became curious. "When did he come to pick me up?" she asked in a low voice.

"I called him, and he arrived in a few minutes. You were really drunk. You kept talking nonsense and even wanted to trade your diamond ring for more alcohol.

He seemed a bit unhappy, but he didn't scold you. He looked intimidating but seemed to have a good temper."

'Did he just say that Keegan had a good temper? Now that's a first,' thought Stella.

From the bartender's perspective, Keegan's lack of anger and condemnation when dealing with Stella could be seen as him having a good temper. He even paid for the bill and took her home despite being in the midst of a divorce.

Stella leaned on the bar, turned her head to look at the cocktail in front of her, and said, "My husband can't handle alcohol. He doesn't like drinking; the smell makes him uncomfortable. He often blacks out after two drinks. But our house has a huge wine cellar."

The bartender laughed and said, "Is it because you like drinking?"

Stella was stunned for a moment, and it took her a while to come back to her senses. She lowered her eyes and said in a hoarse voice, "Yes, I do."

She had always wondered why Keegan, who did not like to drink, would build a wine cellar to store alcohol.

She thought that Keegan kept those well-known wines to give away as gifts. So, sometimes, when Keegan angered her, she would vent her frustrations by

opening up his wine. She would taste test many bottles of wine while waiting for Keegan to get mad and confront her.

However, Keegan never cared. He even asked her which one tasted better.

She thought that Keegan was deliberately provoking her and adding fuel to the fire.

Now that she thought about it, Keegan probably did not think that far, considering his emotional intelligence. The only person he gifted wine to was Wenham. Stella had been the one consuming the rest of his collection.

'So, it's true. Keegan didn't store the wine to give them away; he stored them because I like to drink.' Stella closed her eyes and was afraid to think about Keegan's face. Every time she thought about him, her chest ached uncontrollably.

As the sky gradually darkened, more people began to fill the pub.

There were several empty glasses in front of Stella. She was sitting in the corner and slouching on the table. She seemed to have closed off the noise in her surroundings.

As the place became crowded, Stella found it no longer suitable for her to stay.

She sat up and asked the bartender, "How much do I owe you?"