

## **Read Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1145 [Eleven Jewell]**

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Vermont staggered and was directly tackled to the ground by a huge and furry thing. A wet tongue licked his head, and Vermont got goosebumps on his back. He was about to fight back when Felicity yelled, "Don't hit it! Don't hit it!"

Felicity rushed over and pulled the thing away. When Vermont backed up, he realized what it was. It was a three-foot tall Caucasian Shepherd Dog that seemed taller than Felicity when it stood up. Its coat was gray with white stripes, and its hair was fluffy and shiny. Its limbs were big and strong. The dog could not stop turning in circles after Felicity pulled it back. With Felicity's small figure, she could hardly hold him down. "Richie! Richie! Calm down!" she muttered.

Vermont used to think that he was not afraid of dogs, but now he realized that it depended on their size. The biggest dog he had ever seen before was a golden retriever. A Caucasian Shepherd, however, was bigger and a lot stronger. Nine out of ten people would be scared if they saw it.

The dog was lively. It was so excited to see a stranger that it pounced on the man. Vermont felt nervous. He was unsure of how well Felicity would be able to hold it back, so he said, "Why don't I go out first, while you put him on a leash. I'll come back in after that."

"There's no need for that. He's very docile." Felicity confidently said. As soon as she said that, Richie broke free from her grip and rushed toward Vermont once again.

Vermont had no time to fake his injury anymore and started to run. Thinking that he was playing around, Richie chased after him happily.

The yard was not small, but it still felt a little tight for a giant dog. There were many flowers and plants in the yard, so Richie was not usually allowed to run around. Now that it was chasing after Vermont, the dog felt free. It knocked over all the greenery in the yard despite Felicity yelling for it to stop.

Vermont's muscles tensed up as he ran with all his strength. However, he could not take over his four-legged opponent. Seeing that Richie was getting

closer, Vermont looked for somewhere to hide. That was when he saw a mahogany tree on the east side of the yard. Vermont rushed over immediately and climbed the tree.

The mahogany tree was not tall, nor was the stem of the tree thick. The poor tree was trampled when Vermont, who was more than six feet tall, stood on it.

Vermont was seven feet higher than the ground at that time. Since Richie could not climb the tree, the dog ran around in circles with its furry tail wagging in excitement. Vermont got more and more anxious, as he watched Richie crouch down on its front paws and was ready to pounce.

Felicity finally caught up, got ahold of Richie, and gently hit him on the head. "He's our guest, Richie. No biting, okay?" Richie lowered his ears as if he was being scolded. But, with one look at its behind, Vermont knew that it did not take Felicity's warning to heart. The dog's wagging tail showed that it still had a great interest in him. However, due to its owner's lecture, it became a good boy and calmed down.

Felicity took a leash and tied Richie up. "He's tied up. You can come down now," she said to the person in the tree.

Vermont sighed in relief and was just about to get down when Richie, who was obediently lying on the ground, looked at him. Seeing Vermont on the move, the dog suddenly got up and let out a loud bark.

Hearing that, Vermont panicked and lost his footing. He fell straight out of the tree and into a rose bush.

Felicity was so stunned that she did not know what to say. The huge commotion in the yard finally alarmed the people in the house. The front door opened, and an old lady said, "Felicity?"

Felicity was helping Vermont when she heard the voice. She turned around and said, "Hey, Grandma."

"You're back. Why didn't you just come in? What are you doing in the yard?" Walking toward her granddaughter, the old lady was shocked by the messy scene in front of her. "Did you get robbed in the yard?"

Felicity helped Vermont up from the rose bushes and said, "It was Richie. He chased after my friend around the yard and even caused him to fall off a tree."

Only then did the old lady see the tall young man standing beside her granddaughter. However, Vermont looked like a mess. He was covered in leaves and rose petals with many small wounds on his arms and face from the rose thorns. There was also some dirt on his face, presumably from falling on his face.

The old lady had not seen anyone being chased by a dog like that for decades. After a long time, she said, "Hurry up and go in to get changed. You look terrible."

Vermont did not say a word. He initially thought he would meet Felicity's family in a grand manner, but he did not expect to end up in such an embarrassing situation. He did not even have the nerve to explain himself. All Vermont wanted was to find a hole and hide.

Vermont's clothes were covered in rose thorns. Felicity wanted to help him pluck them out, but there were too many of them. So, she said, "Why don't you get changed and take a shower? I'll help you pluck those thorns out when we have better lighting tomorrow."

Vermont nodded. But, when he grabbed his luggage, he found that the suitcase had been opened. Richie had gotten ahold of his clothes, tore them up, and used them as a cushion.

Seeing that, Felicity was at a loss for words.