

Read Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1239 [Eleven Jewell]

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Stella was stunned and quickly looked up to see what was happening.

Marshall's whole upper body was pushed out of the third- floor window. He was desperately clutching onto the window frame with one hand while restraining a man holding a knife with the other. The knife was dangerously close to Marshall's neck, and there were traces of blood on his hand.

As Stella observed the situation, she saw the person swinging the knife again. Marshall managed to dodge it and tightly gripped the person's wrist.

The sound of glass shattering caught the attention of some neighbors, but many minded their own business as if such situations were not uncommon in the area.

'Damn, that guy is out of control!' Felicity unbuckled her seatbelt and said, "I'll go up there to help Marshall. You call for help."

Before Stella could respond, Felicity opened the door of the car and rushed toward the building.

'Is she crazy?! That man has a knife!' Stella muttered to herself. However, she did not have time to dwell on it. She grabbed her phone and called the emergency services while running after Felicity.

When Felicity arrived at the third floor of the building, she

found a hidden door. She walked up to it, and she could hear a man say, "You must be her secret lover, right? There's no way I'm letting her leave me. See you in hell, jerk!"

Felicity pushed the door open and saw that the room was a mess. A woman was lying unconscious on the floor near the coffee table, and her face was covered in blood.

A shirtless man stood at the living room window, wielding a knife and spewing profanities. Marshall's feet were already floating above the ground, and it seemed like he could fall out the window at any moment.

Felicity quickly assessed the situation and grabbed a glass bottle nearby. Then, she swung it toward the man's head with great force.

However, her height worked against her. When she was swinging the bottle, the man's head moved slightly, causing it to hit the back of his neck instead. The bottle shattered, and glass shards cut into the man's neck, drawing blood.

The man froze and touched the back of his neck. Upon seeing his bloody hand, he turned red with rage. He then turned toward Felicity with the knife and yelled, "You bitch! How dare you hit me!"

Felicity's heart raced. She immediately fled when the man lunged at her. With the man gone, Marshall managed to pull himself back from the window. He then grabbed a broom nearby and chased after the man.

On her way out, Felicity bumped into Stella and quickly grabbed onto her. "That man is crazy! RUN!" she yelled.

Soon, the man with the knife caught up with them.

Stella shielded Felicity and sprayed some pepper spray on the man's face. The spray hit his eyes and caused him to scream in pain. He waved the knife wildly, as he cursed, "You bitch! I'm gonna kill you!"

However, the man could not aim his knife correctly due to his limited vision. Stella quickly pulled Felicity to the side to avoid getting hurt.

One of the residents in the apartment heard the commotion and opened their door to see what was going on. The man detected movement and quickly lunged toward the neighbor. Fortunately, the other party was able to shut the door in time.

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Marshall rushed out and hit the man's wrist with the broom, causing him to drop the knife. Then, a struggle ensued between the two. The man's burly build gave him an advantage, even though he was shorter than Marshall. His moves were calculated and precise.

After some time, the two men ended up wrestling each other on the ground. The man locked his arm around Marshall's neck. His eyes were burning with rage as he threatened, "I'll kill you for making her leave me!"

Due to the lack of oxygen, Marshall struggled to breathe. His face turned blue, and his veins bulged from his forehead. His hand was pushing against the man's head, and his eyes were bloodshot red as he looked at Stella and hoarsely said, "Go!"

Stella's hand was trembling, and Felicity's face was white with fear. They had never encountered such a dangerous situation before.

Realizing that he could not overpower Marshall, the man tried to reach for the knife nearby. Marshall's gaze grew desperate as he watched the man's hand inch closer to the weapon.

Suddenly, a loud smash echoed through the room.

Someone had thrown a pickle jar at the man's forehead. The man staggered, trying to see who had attacked him. But, before he could do that, he became unconscious and

collapsed on the floor.

The pressure around Marshall's neck was finally released. He looked up to see Stella standing there. Her face was drained of color, and her hand was trembling.

Felicity kicked the knife away and asked, "Are you okay, Mr. Moore?"

"I'm fine," Marshall replied in a low voice. He glanced at Felicity and said, "Ms. Thompson, can you find some rope for me?"

Felicity quickly went inside the apartment and searched for what he requested.

Marshall turned to Stella and saw that her eyes were still fixated on the blood on the back of the man's head. "Don't worry. He's not going to die."

Stella tried to calm down and nodded in response.

Then, Felicity returned with some shoelaces and a bedsheet to tie the man up.

The police arrived shortly after and arrested the man, who was now awake. He gritted his teeth when he walked past Stella and said, "You're not getting away with this, bitch!"

Marshall shielded her and coldly said, "See you behind bars."

The man was then taken away, and the woman, who was still unconscious, was brought to the hospital. Marshall, Stella, and Felicity were asked to head down to the police station to make their statements.

On their way there, Marshall revealed that his client was a victim of domestic violence. She was trapped in an abusive marriage whereby her husband would threaten her every time she considered divorce. He would even threaten to kill her entire family.

Not long ago, she suffered a severe beating from her abuser, resulting in hearing loss in her left ear. That traumatic event finally gave her the courage to take legal action and move out of the house.

"The man had received a court summon just the day before, which explained his sudden appearance at my client's place, " said Marshall.

Felicity was angry to hear that. "She should have left the first time he hit her. Why would she stay in an abusive marriage and tolerate such shitty treatment?"

"In many cases, abusers are masters of manipulation. They may shed a tear while begging for forgiveness and even apologize on their knees after each violent outburst. Such tactics can make it challenging for the victims to resist their pleas, especially if children are involved. Societal norms and parental beliefs can also pressure victims to stay in abuse. Some parents think it's normal for couples to fight and fail to realize that they themselves are in abusive relationships too. Some even feel that their child getting a divorce would bring shame to the family. That's why victims of domestic violence can find it difficult to escape abusive relationships, " Marshall explained in a soft tone.

"At the same time, we have to consider that not everyone

has the financial means or emotional support to leave an abusive relationship. Therefore, it's important to question the abusers instead of resorting to victim blaming," he continued.

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As Felicity listened to Marshall's response, she could not help but admire his professional and commanding presence as a lawyer. "Mr. Moore, what we just did earlier, was it considered self-defense? We won't be held responsible for that abusive man's injury, right?" she asked.

Marshall smiled and said, "With me here, don't worry." His eyes then shifted to Stella, who seemed lost in thought. He softly called her name. "Stella? Are you okay?"

Stella nodded and turned to see blood seeping through the tie that Marshall had tightly wrapped around his hand.

Felicity also noticed the blood and exclaimed, "You're bleeding a lot, Mr. Moore. It's like you hit a major artery or something."

Marshall was amused by her statement and replied, "It's just a cut. My blood doesn't clot well, but I'll be fine."

"Felicity, can you accompany Marshall to the hospital to stop the bleeding while I head to the police station and make a statement?" Stella asked. She knew that Marshall had hemophilia, and things might get serious if the bleeding continued.

Initially, Felicity thought of pointing out that she and Marshall were not that close and Stella should accompany him instead. However, she recalled that Keegan had entrusted her with the task of preventing them from getting too close to each other. So, she decided to cooperate and

said, "Sure."

"That's okay. We can give our statements together. I'm fine," said Marshall.

"No. Your well-being is more important right now," Stella replied.

Marshall fell silent for a moment and said, "I'm sorry for bringing you two into this."

“There’s nothing to be sorry about. We’re friends, and friends help each other out,” Felicity quickly waved off his apology.

Marshall smiled upon hearing that. He then turned to Stella and said, “Thank you.”

Stella paused for a moment and did not respond. She felt guilty because she did not intend to enter the building if Felicity had not rushed up first. Instead, she was scared for Felicity’s safety.

Keegan had advised her to prioritize herself when helping others since she climbed out the window on the 12th floor of a hotel to save Jaylene. But, Stella was not the kind of person who would feel compelled to save everyone. She understood that climbing out a 12-story window was dangerous, but it was a situation she could handle.

However, things were different this time. Stella found the circumstances to be much more risky with a knife involved. Not only she might fail to save the person from the assailant, but she could also end up losing her own life.

Stella knew that she was not as fearless as Felicity when it came to standing up for justice. Before jumping into rescue, she would assess her abilities and the likelihood of success.

She felt undeserving of Marshall’s gratitude, and she also could not ignore the frequency of unexpected events happening whenever she was with Marshall.

‘First, it was the horse racing incident with Keegan. Next, it was me being splashed with hot water by Aurora. Then, I was surrounded by Bella’s fans at the mall. And now, this?’ Stella did not know if she was just overthinking, but these incidents were too hard to ignore.

Sensing Stella’s gaze, Marshall turned to her and asked, “Is something bothering you?”

Stella shook her head and said in a warm voice, “No. Just take care of yourself, and try to avoid getting hurt again.”

Marshall smiled and replied, “Okay.”

With that settled, Felicity accompanied Marshall to the hospital while Stella headed to the police station to give her statement.

