

## **Read Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1796 [Eleven Jewell]**

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Marshall spoke slowly, “Now, I’m no longer shocked at the cases I hear. The darkness in people has no limit. It’s all just human nature. What could be scarier or worse than humans? We often insult people by saying they’re vultures, snakes, pigs, or dogs, but if those animals could speak, they would say that being human makes us worse.” Kayla was stunned. It was then that the anger she felt for her friend dissipated.

Following that, Marshall asked more questions related to the case. Kayla was only inquiring on behalf of someone else, so she wasn’t clear about some details. With Marshall’s consent, she passed his number to her friend. Finally, she asked, “Mr. Moore, do you think my friend could win this case?” “This person has copied the book title, characters, and story structure from the original text and claims it’s only a rewrite. This goes beyond conventional plagiarism—it’s a clear case of copyright infringement. The next steps depend on your friend’s goals. Does she want a simple apology or pursue compensation for the damages?” “The profit she earned is dirty money. Since she’s so stubborn, arrogantly flaunting her actions online, it’s time to take legal action. Serve the subpoena directly to her residence and let all her family and friends see what kind of person she truly is! After a successful lawsuit, the charitable causes.” Marshall nodded. “Got it.” Kayla watched as Marshall lowered his eyes and used his phone. His facial features were handsome under the restaurant lights. He was her type.

Unfortunately, his heart belonged to someone else.

After the dishes had arrived, Kayla asked again, “Mr. Moore, what was the thing you wanted my help with?” Marshall put some food on her plate and said, “Why don’t we eat and talk about that later.” Feeling even more puzzled, Kayla found his sudden friendliness strange and a little intimidating. However, she didn’t dwell on such things and soon focused on her meal.

Marshall not only looked good but had good table manners.

While Kayla watched him eat, she suddenly thought of the Ragdoll she had at home. Basking in the sunlight on the balcony rocking chair each day, the cat

would gracefully descend after a nap, approaching anyone in sight. Emitting a soft meow, it had a charming way of enticing anyone into preparing a meal.

The feline would delicately nibble at its meal, its dainty pink tongue licking the food. Its behavior exuded an air of grace and refinement, ensuring its luscious fur remained clean.

Even in the company of Kayla's energetic Husky, the cat retained its ability to savor its food with elegance.

Mark often said that the cat was more precious than humans.

As Kayla observed Marshall, she felt he was more precious than her cat.

Perhaps her gaze may have been too direct. Marshall finally looked at her and asked, "Is something wrong, Ms. Wilson?"

Kayla shifted her gaze away. "No. You just look a lot like my cat at home when you eat." Marshall was taken aback. He wiped his mouth with a napkin and continued, "Ms. Wilson, do you have a boyfriend?"

"Pfft— Cough, cough—"

Upon hearing that, Kayla started to choke on her water. Marshall handed her a tissue, and it took Kayla a while to suppress the urge to cough.

Her throat felt dry, and her face was red from her coughing fit.

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Kayla took a breath before looking at Marshall. "Mr. Moore, your question is quite intrusive." "Sorry," He apologized in a warm and clear voice. "But I can't ask you for a favor if you have a boyfriend.

Kayla was puzzled, "How so?" "I'm afraid my mom might catch on." This did not clear things up for Kayla. "Can you be more explicit?" Marshall sighed. "My family is pressuring me to get married. My mom keeps introducing potential matches to me all the time. I can't avoid it. I thought of finding someone to deal with the issue temporarily. If she sees me with someone, she might ease up on the pressure." Kayla blinked in disbelief. After a while, she said, "You want me to assist you in fending off blind dates?" Marshall looked at her and asked, "Is that okay?"

Kayla didn't speak. She knew that Marshall liked Stella. 'Keegan has amnesia now. It's the perfect opportunity to make a move, yet Marshall has done nothing to pursue her.' After some contemplation, Kayla thought of the message she saw in her group chat this morning about Stella moving back to Keegan's place to assist in recovering his memory.

'Keegan will definitely fall for Stella again. Love doesn't simply vanish because of amnesia, especially if they're now living under the same roof. But is this why Marshall gave up on courting Stella?' Kayla had heard from Mark that the Moore family was strict. She wondered if the Moores' discerning nature regarding daughters-in-law affected Marshall's relationship status. 'Did they stop Marshall from pursuing Stella because she was a divorcee?' It was then that Kayla realized that her dad was still quite reasonable. "As long as you like him, I'm willing to accept him into the family no matter the circumstances."

'Does he not think I can find someone good?' Kayla sighed. She looked at Marshall, "How do you want me to help? Do you want me to pretend to be your girlfriend or something?" Marshall shook his head. "We just have to be in touch and occasionally have a meal together."

Kayla realized that Marshall wanted to create an illusion for his family that they might be a potential match. He wanted them to have an undefined romantic connection.

After a moment of thought, she said, "Mr. Moore, I want to get married someday."

Being in an undefined relationship with you would harm my reputation. What do I do if my potential suitors reject me because of this?" Marshall froze and lowered his eyes, "Sorry. I didn't consider that." "You really didn't," Kayla said in disdain. "If you want to be in an undefined relationship with me, you should be the one who takes initiative." Marshall did not comprehend what she meant. Kayla explained slowly, "In other words, you're the one who asked me out today. Does that make it clear?" Marshall then understood that Kayla didn't want to be known as the person who pursued him. He must be the one who courted her.

Thinking about it, he nodded, "Yes. I'm the one who asked you out." After a while, he asked, "So, Ms. Wilson, what do you want in return?"

Evidently, Marshall saw this as a transaction. Kayla didn't put much thought into it. There are plenty of men in the world, and she wouldn't be interested in

a man who was in love with another woman. However, she was still a little hurt by his question.

“Assisting my friend in winning this lawsuit means a lot. I assure you, I’ll repay the favor by helping you.” Marshall nodded and said, “You’ve got a strong character, Ms. Wilson.”

Kayla noticed how formal he was being and suddenly wanted to tease him.

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“Don’t you think that calling me by my last name sounds a bit too formal?” Kayla remarked.

Marshall thought about it for a moment, appearing somewhat unsure.

Kayla smiled and added, “How about you start calling me by my first name?”

After a brief hesitation, Marshall nodded and said, “Alright, Kayla.” Kayla was feeling butterflies in her stomach when she heard his deep and articulate voice. ‘I really need to find a boyfriend soon. Otherwise, I might fall for him with all this banter,’ she thought.

Following their meal, Marshall insisted on driving Kayla home. Given their agreement, Kayla didn’t object. They were currently in Rivera’s financial district, home to major corporations that attracted socialites and young elites.

As they prepared to leave, Kayla encountered a few familiar faces and exchanged brief greetings.

Only when Kayla got into the car did she realize Marshall’s strategic choice for their dinner location. Regardless of her response, dining in this area would undoubtedly spark rumors. Gossip enthusiasts cared little about the purpose of their meeting; they only cared about gossip.

By the time the news spread, Kayla and Marshall would become linked in the eyes of the public, whether or not there was any real connection between them.

Kayla observed Marshall and wondered if he was aware of the potential consequences. However, she adjusted her clothes and refrained from inquiring further.

As the car passed Briller Plaza, Kayla spotted two familiar figures.

A woman in a snug light blue down jacket was carrying a purse, urging someone behind her. Undoubtedly, the individual weighed down by numerous bags of items with a serious expression was Keegan.

Though the woman's face wasn't entirely visible, Kayla recognized her instantly.

Stella took a few steps, exchanged words with Keegan, and resumed walking.

The car waited at a traffic light, and Kayla glanced at Marshall. Focused on the road, Marshall seemed oblivious to the couple. His tightened grip on the steering wheel hinted at concealed emotions.

Kayla glanced at him and chose to remain silent. They resumed their journey when the lights turned green.

Mark's eyes widened in surprise after seeing Marshall drop off his daughter.

Marshall inquired about something, but not a word asked, "Did Marshall take a liking to you?" Kayla's eyelid twitched.

Mark was worried for his daughter. "The Moore family isn't the best choice. I've encountered Frederick Moore twice. He's arrogant, condescending, always looking down on people. If we weren't living in modern times, I'd think he'd make me kneel before him, considering how he always talks about social classes." "But if you genuinely like that guy, I'll do my best. I'll prepare a decent dowry for you. We can't let the Moore family look down on you." Mark sighed and added, "At least he's a decent guy." Keegan frowned as Stella entered another store. "Do you really need more things?" He was carrying bags filled with daily necessities and various miscellaneous items.

There was a small wholesale market outside the mall, which offered affordable goods. Stella could not help but want to buy everything.

Apart from the bags Keegan was holding, there were two large bags in the car.

He couldn't fathom why Stella insisted on buying more, especially after purchasing over twenty teacups at \$3.90 each

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The teacups Stella had bought looked cute, but the craftsmanship was crude.

Keegan wondered if they were even safe to use.

“I can’t carry anything else. If you’re gonna buy more, you’ll have to carry it yourself,” he said as Stella went into another store.

“Sure. I can do that,” Stella replied and pushed the door open.

‘Isn’t she pregnant? How come she complains about back pain after lying down for a while but is fine despite shopping for hours?’ Keegan took a deep breath and followed her inside.

Upon entering, a salesperson warmly greeted them, “Hello, ma’am. Are you looking to buy some clothes for your husband?”

Keegan paused, only now noticing that they had entered a men’s clothing store.

“We’re just browsing,” said Stella.

The salesperson then suggested, “We have a new spring collection. You can have your husband try them on.”

Stella looked at the clothes and intended to consult Keegan.

However, she noticed he had deliberately averted her gaze, seemingly uninterested in engaging with her.

She glanced at him with a sly smile and told the salesperson, “He’s my brother.

I’m buying for my boyfriend.” After saying this, she witnessed Keegan’s body tense up.

The salesperson was shocked and quickly apologized before asking, “Could you provide your boyfriend’s height and weight? I can recommend the appropriate size for him.” “His height is about the same as mine, and his weight is probably similar too. He prefers light-colored garments. Do you have any suggestions?” The salesperson immediately suggested several outfits. Stella paid little attention to the clothes, sneakily stealing glances at Keegan.

Despite going stiff earlier, he soon acted as if nothing had happened. Stella gritted her teeth and said, "These pieces are good. What about pants? What pants do you recommend?" The salesperson promptly presented several pairs of pants to Stella. Judging from Keegan's expensive wristwatch, the salesperson assumed they were wealthy and exclusively recommended the new arrivals.

While Stella looked at the pants, the salesperson thoughtfully inquired, "Ma'am, does your boyfriend prefer the left or right side?" Stella, preoccupied with her thoughts, didn't quite catch the question.

"While our trousers are not tailor-made, we've taken customer preferences into account. We have two designs that differ in the crotch area. If your boyfriend prefers putting his member on the left side, then you can take a look at this pair.

If he prefers the right side, the pair you're holding would be perfect," the salesperson explained.

Suddenly, Stella understood what the salesperson was talking about. Feeling a wave of embarrassment, she forced a laugh and said, "I'm not sure about that." "Maybe you could give him a call and ask." Stella felt so awkward that she wanted to run out of there. It was then that she heard Keegan chuckle. Surprised, she turned to see him smirking.

"You're his girlfriend, yet you don't know if he prefers the left or right side?" Keegan teased.

Stella blushed and glared at him. "Of course I know!" "Which side, then?" The salesperson asked.

"The left side." Keegan paused, his expression deepening. Stella felt a sense of victory after witnessing the look on his face. She bought several sets of clothes in her moment of joy.

During checkout, the salesperson was delighted that Stella signed up for a membership to earn points. They informed her she could exchange 99 points for a shirt originally priced at \$799 and asked if she wanted to redeem it.

Considering She turned to Keegan and was about to speak when he sternly declared, "I don't want freebies!" Suddenly, Stella remembered the \$99 socks

she got for Keegan when she purchased a tie for Marshall. At that time, Keegan picked a fight with Stella before she could even give it to him.

She stared at him blankly and asked, "Did you just remember something?"

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"Do I need to remember something to be mad? You didn't call me to try on any of the clothes, yet you called me over for a freebie!" Keegan exclaimed.

His reaction rendered Stella speechless.

"That shirt isn't cheap, you know? It's originally priced at 800 dollars," said Stella.

"I'm not short of 800 dollars," Keegan declared with a stern face. After that, he added, "Hurry up. I'll wait for you outside.

" With that, he left the store.

'Why is he upset for no reason?' Stella muttered to herself. The salesperson asked if she still wanted to redeem the shirt, and Stella replied, "Yes."

As she walked out with her items, she saw Keegan talking on the phone.

Before she walked up to him, she heard Keegan say, "I'm free tomorrow night." It was then that Stella's ears perked up. Keegan happened to turn around and promptly moved aside upon seeing her.

Stella was in disbelief. 'How dare he walk away to avoid me from hearing his conversation!' With a stern face, she asked, "How much longer will you be on the phone? Are we leaving or not?"

Keegan paused and spoke into the phone, "I'm outside, buying some things.

Yeah, okay, see you tomorrow." Stella no longer wanted to listen in on his conversation.

Based on Keegan's tone, she could guess who was on the other end of the line.



Stella walked briskly when Keegan caught up and whispered, "Slow down. It's crowded due to the holiday. Don't bump into anyone." Stella's heart ached. Although his words were caring, they weren't the same.

The old Keegan would have held her hand and coaxed her. Perhaps it was the pregnancy hormones, but Stella couldn't help feeling sad when she thought of how different Keegan was acting. Her once-loving partner had changed, and she wanted the old him back.

Just thinking about it brought tears to her eyes.

Initially, Keegan didn't notice her crying, but while waiting for the elevator, he suddenly saw Stella's shoulders quivering slightly. Her breathing was also heavier than before.

He hesitated, and as Stella was about to enter the elevator, he abruptly let go of his things and held her hand.

As Stella turned around to face Keegan, her tear-filled eyes immediately tugged at his heart.

Keegan was suddenly at a loss. "Wh-Why are you crying?" he asked.

Stella suppressed her heartache and said, "I'm not crying." Tears streamed down her face despite her saying that.

Keegan felt like his heart had shattered into pieces. There was a suffocating weight pressing down on him. He didn't know what to say, his fingers trembling slightly.