

Read Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 1126 [Eleven Jewell]

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The high school student that Stella had pushed away was shocked when she saw the broken shards of glass on the ground. 'It would've been me if it weren't for her,' she thought.

"Stella!" Marshall's voice sounded. His face was sullen as he pushed through the sea of people, trying to get to Stella. He hastily used a handkerchief to cover her wounded head. Seeing that the cloth was soaked in blood, Marshall stared at the crowd with a cold face and said, "Who did this?"

Those shouting at Stella earlier immediately shut their mouths and looked at each other. No one admitted to the assault. Then, someone said, "She deserved it for pushing Bella and refusing to apologize."

Marshall's cold gaze pierced through them as he said, "Did any of you see her push Bella down the stairs? Or did the police say that she did it?"

The person choked on their own words and retorted, "Why didn't she come forward and clear things up if she didn't do it? Why did she go into hiding? It's not fair. She should apologize for her wrongdoing."

"All of you believed what you saw on the internet without solid evidence and convicted her. None of you held back when you criticized and bullied her, yet now you're asking why she didn't just come out and clarify herself? Would you even believe her if she said she didn't do it?" Marshall said

coldly.

"I bet you'd think that she was lying. You'd attack her no matter what she says and never be satisfied with her, no matter what she does or doesn't do. You vent your anger and frustrations in the name of your so-called justice. But all you're doing is hurting someone on behalf of your idol."

Marshall's words made the public question themselves.

After all, most of them were actually trying to seek justice for Bella and not hurt Stella. However, a few people did not fall for Marshall's approach. "Who are you to say something like that?" one of them asked.

Marshall shot the person a cold glance and said, "I'm Marshall Moore, a friend of Stella's and her lawyer. I am responsible for protecting her in terms of her reputation and personal safety. The police are investigating the case, and the court will decide if she committed the crime. None of you have the right to convict her."

After saying that, Marshall paused and glanced around. "I think everyone here is aware of how important an actor's appearance is in the film industry. I urge whoever threw that glass to come forward now. Don't make me contact the authorities and have them look up the CCTV."

Stella was in excruciating pain at that moment and was feeling a little dizzy. She pulled Marshall down and whispered, "Let's forget it."

"No. I'm not letting this one slide. I feel helpless for not being able to protect you. Put some pressure on the wound and don't say another word. I'll take you to the hospital after

I'm done here," Marshall held her hand and said softly.

Before Stella could say anything, Marshall looked toward the crowd sternly. "No one wants to come out and admit it? Fine. We'll check the surveillance. I'm telling you; you can be convicted for at least three to ten years for intentional harm. Refusing to plead guilty will only add to your sentence."

Someone in the crowd started to panic after hearing the lawyer's words and started to fess up, "It was me."

Everyone turned around and made way for the person, only to see an eleven or twelve-year-old girl sobbing. A longhaired woman in her early twenties stood next to her and apologized on the girl's behalf. "My sister is still young and believes everything she sees on the internet. I'm really sorry. It's my fault for not stopping her earlier."

When the woman said that, she poked the little girl in the arm and continued with a straight face, "What are you doing? Apologize, quick!"

Stella was stunned. She did not say anything. The little girl sobbed even harder as she uttered the words, "I-I'm sorry..."

Marshall's demeanor changed at that moment. "You're the one who threw the glass?" He walked up to the little girl and questioned in a warm voice.

The little girl fearfully nodded.

“Do you know her?” Marshall pointed at Stella and asked.

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The little girl shook her head.

“Why did you throw the glass at her if you don’t know her?” Marshall asked.

The girl subconsciously glanced at the woman next to her, and the woman immediately said, “She didn’t mean it. She was just too caught up in the moment.”

Marshall looked at her indifferently and said, “I wasn’t asking you.”

The woman shut her mouth after that.

Marshall then turned his gaze to the little girl again and said, “Please answer my question.”

“I... I just don’t like her...” The girl said, and her eyes were red.

“That’s not a reason to hurt someone. You should be responsible for your own actions.” Marshall stood up and grabbed the child’s hand. “Come on. Let’s go to the police station.”

The girl started to panic at the sound of that. She tried to break free from Marshall’s grip and sobbed, No... I don’t want to... I don’t want to go to the police station... Please... I’m sorry... Don’t send me to jail...” Obviously frightened, she cried as she pleaded.

‘My sister said she was sorry. Stop scaring her. All you want is compensation, right? We can pay for Stella’s medical bills.

” The woman standing at the side tried to help.

The crowd could not stand seeing the little girl cry her heart out and tried to plead with Marshall as well.

“She’s still a child. She doesn’t know what she’s doing.”

“Just take the apology and move on. There’s no need to get aggressive.”

“The kid said she was sorry. Stop being so inhumane. You’re an adult for God’s sake.”

Marshall did not let go of the girl no matter what they said. Instead, he dragged her out of the building with a chilling look on his face.

“I don’t want to go—” Seeing that it was no use, the girl blurted, “I haven’t turned fourteen yet. My sister said I wouldn’t have to bear any criminal charges. I’m not going to the police station...”

Marshall paused when he heard that. He finally stopped in his tracks and slowly said, “You’re right. You can be acquitted in the court of law if you’re not over fourteen. But surely you have friends and family, right?”

What do you think they’d say if they knew about what you did today? You’d likely be suspended from school because the administrators wouldn’t want you to ruin the school’s image. Other parents would also warn their children to distance themselves from an evil person like you. No one would want to be your friend, and your parents would be ashamed and disgusted by your behavior. Think of the consequences.”

These words successfully instilled fear in the little girl, and

she immediately confessed, “I didn’t do it. It wasn’t me. It was my sister. She told me to say that I did it when I actually didn’t.”

As soon as she said that, everyone was shocked and looked at the woman who had defended her sister earlier.

The woman’s face changed in an instant. She poked the little girl’s head and said, “What are you talking about, you ungrateful kid! I brought you to the mall, and this is how you repay me? How dare you try to frame me like that?” She then pushed the little girl away and continued, “I shouldn’t have brought you out here. You should bear the consequences of your own actions.”

The woman was about to leave when Marshall stretched out his arm to block her way.

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"I don't think you should be leaving when we aren't done with the issue at hand here," said Marshall.

"Go find whoever did it, then. Get out of my way! This has nothing to do with me," The woman, who was accused of throwing a glass at Stella by her own sister, sullenly said.

"We will know who the perpetrator is after we check the surveillance footage. You can't leave even if the kid did it and you didn't, since you're her temporary guardian."

The woman could not hold herself back when she heard that. "So what if it was me? She deserves it! She's overrated. She bullies her colleagues and would do anything to gain popularity. She isn't worthy of becoming an actor. I was just helping everyone in eliminating that pest!"

"You've committed a crime and let an underage kid take the blame. After being exposed, you get angry and say that you did it in the name of justice. Is this what you learn from being a fan of Ms. Young? A role model should positively influence her followers, not instigate her fans to cause trouble. I think those are the kinds of celebrities who aren't worthy," Marshall snorted.

Stella looked at Marshall unexpectedly at that time. 'That girl didn't even mention Bella's name when she admitted to throwing the cup at my head. Whenever fans get into trouble, they would rather remove their fan status than involve their idol in a mess. But Marshall's words are

implicating Bella. It's like he's pushing everything onto her,' she thought.

"Who's Bella Young? I don't even know her. Don't incriminate me. I'm not a fan of anyone. I just don't like her!" The woman denied everything as soon as she heard what Marshall had said.

Marshall glanced at the other party in disdain and said, "When did I mention the name Bella?" The woman realized she had fallen into Marshall's trap, and her face changed slightly.

Before she could defend herself, the police and the mail's authorities had arrived at the scene. The police did not take the incident lightly, especially since it happened in a public space and involved an actor who had been highly discussed on the internet recently. They questioned the people around and began to retrieve the surveillance footage.

The two girls who confronted Stella earlier turned pale and tried to escape. However, Marshall had been watching them from the start. When he saw that they were about to leave, he calmly stopped them and politely asked, "Where do you think you're going?"

The girls avoided his gaze and said something along the lines of having some errands to run. "What's the rush? You're already late anyway," said Marshall. He then stared at one of them and continued, "You fell earlier, right, miss? It just so happens that I will be taking Stella to the hospital. Why don't you come along and get a checkup?"

"N-No. That's fine..." The girl did not dare to go, as she knew that she would be exposed for faking her injury.

"I insist. I don't want you to blame Stella if something happens to you after a few days because you didn't get yourself checked out. It's easier if we settle things face to face," Marshall said.

"No, no. I'm fine. Really. I-I couldn't get up earlier because I was in pain, but I'm fine now," the girl stammered. She even moved her limbs around to show that she was alright.

Marshall nodded in response. "Okay. That's good. Now, let's go to the police station to see how Stella knocked your phone out of your hand and come up with the appropriate compensation."

'Shit. We can't do that, otherwise, we'll get exposed for taking pictures of her,' thought the girls. The two racked their brains to excuse themselves, saying that the phone was fine and they had personal matters to attend to.

However, Marshall remained unfazed and insisted on taking legal action no matter what they said.

The police began to ask for their identification, and the woman who threw the cup realized the seriousness of the matter when she saw their ashen faces. The girls were high school students and were underage. They would only

have to issue an apology at best, but it was different for the woman. She had one year left before her graduation and was going to apply for graduate school. She then realized that her name would be tarnished if this matter got out of hand, so she began to feel scared.

“I’m sorry. I was influenced by the comments online. Please forgive me. My graduation is coming up in a year, and I’m afraid I won’t be able to graduate if the school knows about this. Please...”

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Stella was already in a lot of pain from the injury. Her head hurt even more when the woman suddenly approached her and apologized. “Please get up. There’s no need to make a scene,” said Stella.

The woman was no longer arrogant. She shook her head and started to choke up. “No... I’m ashamed of myself. I shouldn’t have been biased after seeing a few one-sided comments on the internet, and I shouldn’t have hurt you on impulse. I’m truly sorry.”

Seeing that her sister was about to be arrested, the little girl on the side was terrified. “P-Please don’t let the police take my sister, miss. Please...” She cried and pleaded.

Stella pressed her lips together and patted the kid’s head. She turned to Marshall and said, “Let’s send her home first.”

Marshall nodded, but the little girl was hesitant to go. She held onto Stella and asked, “Are you going to let my sister go, miss?”

Stella did not answer her question. Instead, she said, “She’ll be back.”

The kid did not get the hidden meaning behind Stella’s words. Hearing that, the little girl felt relieved and whispered, “Thank you.”

After the child had left, Stella set her eyes on the woman once more. “Get up,” she said calmly.

“I’m not getting up until you forgive me,” the woman sobbed. She knew that her action was caught on CCTV, and she would face severe consequences if Stella pushed forward with the investigation. Once detained, she would likely be suspended from school, and her dreams of graduating would be crushed. More than a decade of hard work would instantly turn into nothing.

However, the school would go through with some motions and give her a warning if Stella forgave her. She could also take her finals and graduate with success if the news died down. Therefore, everything came down to Stella’s view of the matter.

‘She has to forgive me now that I’m begging her in front of so many people. Pushing the case forward won’t help with her established image of tolerance and generosity,’ thought the young adult.

Many people in the entertainment industry had created a persona for themselves. Some were known to be foodies; some were known for their book smarts; some were known to be smug, while others had an innocent appearance.

This incident has caused Stella’s reputation to have a downfall. She’s probably going to take the bait and promote herself to gain more followers,’ the woman said to herself. However, the truth was the opposite of what she thought.

Stella did not play her cards as the people expected and did not care about her reputation. “I appreciate that you admitted your mistake, but I don’t intend to forgive you. You’re an adult. You should be responsible for your own actions. You can apologize when the investigation is over if you truly meant what you said.”

The woman was dumbfounded. She never thought that Stella could be so cold-hearted.

Stella did not intend to say anything further. When she turned and walked away, the woman tried to catch up to her but was subdued by the police. All Stella could hear was the woman’s intermittent cries and curses from behind.

Marshall stepped forward and draped his coat over her shoulders as he whispered, “Let’s go to the hospital.”

“Okay,” Stella replied, and her face was extremely white. The handkerchief that was used to put pressure on her wound was stained with blood. Although the wound seemed to be bleeding a lot lesser now, it still hurt like hell.

Stella leaned on the passenger seat and closed her eyes in exhaustion. Marshall looked at her pale face and remained silent for a while before he said, “I’m sorry. I should’ve stayed by your side.”

Stella opened her eyes, and her gaze did not hold any blame. Instead, her eyes were filled with understanding as she said, “This has nothing to do with you. It’s not like you could predict the future. Things would be much worse if you didn’t appear in time like you did. You saved me.”

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Stella paused for a while before softly saying, “You don’t have to take on everything yourself. You’d be living a tiring life if you did.”

Marshall swallowed; Adam’s apple bobbed in his throat. He clenched onto the steering wheel and waited long before saying, “Just scold me so that I feel better.”

“Pass. I’ll feel bad if I scold you,” Stella laughed.

Marshall let out a chuckle and said, “Don’t worry. I’m not letting this matter slide.”

Stella did not take his words to heart. She closed her eyes and sighed, “Tell me something, Marshall. Why would these fans put their future on the line for celebrities who wouldn’t do the same for them?”

“Most of them are young and have too much free time on their hands. They won’t engage in this nonsense once they grow older and get into relationships.”

This was Stella’s first hearing such an answer, and she could not hold back her amusement. Though, it made sense after she thought about it. “You’re funny,” she said.

Suddenly, she received a notification on her phone from Keegan. He had just finished work and texted her, [Just get the cheap one. Getting the expensive fish would be a waste. Plus, I don't deserve it. I'd rather save up and buy you designer bags.] Stella's lessons were clearly working from the sound of Keegan's words.

[You're rather self-aware, huh?] Stella replied as she suppressed her smile.

Keegan laughed and said, [Remember to go home earlier after you're done shopping. Don't stay out too long.

Something came up in the lab, so I'd probably be late.]

Initially, Stella had typed half of what happened today to send to Keegan. But when she to do, she deleted her paragraph and said, [Got it. Talk to you when you're home.]

Keegan was about to reply when Aldor called out to him. So, he had to put away his phone and go back to the lab.

It was almost dark when Stella finished her checkup and assisted with the investigation. Marshall wanted to drive her home, but she said, "Can you drop me off at the supermarket? My car's still there."

Marshall was concerned. "You can't drive in this condition. I'll drive you where you want to go and have someone fetch your car later."

"That's alright. I'm fine. I can drive home myself," Stella said stubbornly.

Seeing that there was no persuading her, Marshall did not say anything and turned the car around back to the grocery store. When they arrived, he stopped her when she tried to get out of the vehicle.

Stella turned around and saw Marshall exiting the car. He grabbed a coat and shook it, ready to put it over her shoulders. Stella's reflexes kicked in, and she took a step back. Marshall paused, folded the clothing, and naturally handed it to her. "The weather's cold at night. You should put on something warm, so you don't catch a cold."

Stella did not get the implication behind Marshall's words." Huh? Cars come with heaters, remember? I won't catch a cold. You should go. Your family must have been waiting for you while you were stuck with me."

Marshall withdrew his hand and smiled. "Why does it seem like you don't want to be associated with me?" he asked.

His words made Stella speechless.