

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted

Chapter 2289

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 2289-With a narrowed gaze, Nicole uttered, "None of you know about my mental illness, do you?"

At those words, a collective shiver ran down everyone's spine.

There had been rumors circulating before about Nicole. During the filming of a particular drama, she supposedly leaped from a six or seven-meter- high platform without any safety measures, resulting in multiple fractures, as if she were possessed.

When questioned about why she jumped, she claimed to have heard someone calling her from below.

While there was no video evidence to support these claims, they lingered as hearsay, easily dismissed. However, now that Nicole herself mentioned her mental illness, everyone immediately recalled this incident, sending chills down their spines.

It was a clear warning, almost as if she were saying, "I have a mental illness, and even if I were to splash sulfuric acid on you, I'd walk away unscathed. Don't think I'm joking."

Nicole's entrance into the call elevated the livestream to a whole new level, prompting a variety of voices to surface in the flood of comments.

"If you're overly focused on relationships and gossip in the entertainment industry, you'll end up nowhere."

"Is she out of her mind? Threatening someone so publicly?"

"When someone confronts you like this, and you still don't go to the police, is it because the person lacks evidence, or are they just making baseless accusations?"

"People who harass others are being reported to the police, so why wouldn't someone who's been harassed go to the authorities?"

"The last person who went to the police ended up in hot water."

"If she goes to the police now, I'll believe her. She's constantly pulling these stunts online. It seems she's just cashing in on Leighton's popularity."

"The bar for exposing scandals nowadays is so low, a few screenshots are enough to spin a tale."

The conversation was gradually veering from “Little Sweet Potato” initial expectations. She appeared pale, panicked, clenching her fists, and grinding her teeth. “Are you trying to scare me? I’m just a nobody. If I hadn’t been pushed to my limit, would I have dared to cross paths with someone like him?”

“Forget about followers,” Nicole cut in, “If today’s harasser wasn’t someone like him, would you have let it slide? Do we really need to consider the perpetrator’s status when seeking justice?”

“You mentioned Leighton didn’t just harass you. If he dared to harass you and then had the nerve to contact you on WhatsApp, leaving behind evidence, I refuse to believe that no one captured evidence of him harassing women! If you can’t find it, I’ll offer a million to anyone who can provide concrete evidence of Leighton’s sexual harassment. Contact my studio for the reward.”

Listening from the sidelines, Leighton couldn’t help but interject, “You’re so naive! I didn’t send that! I don’t even know her!”

“You moron! Don’t interrupt me!” Nicole snapped at him before turning to the camera, her gaze cold and piercing, as if she were peering through the lens into someone’s soul. She spoke slowly and deliberately, “I’m making it clear today. If Leighton has indeed committed a crime, I’ll not only hand him over, but I’ll also apologize and retire from the industry for misjudging someone.”

Leighton paused for a moment, then looked sharply at her.

Nicole abruptly ended the livestream.

Leighton gazed at the disheveled woman beside him, devoid of any!

leading Nady persona, his expression complex.

“Do you... do you really trust me that much?” he inquired.

Nicole yawned lazily, casting him a sidelong glance. “Do you want to hear the truth or lies?”

Rebellious, Leighton replied, “Lies.”

Nicole smirked. “You’re my boyfriend. If I don’t trust you, should I trust a stranger?”

Leighton hesitated for a moment, but realizing it was a lie, his expression darkened again, his face stiff. “Then What’s the truth?”

“The truth is,” Nicole said casually, “Would a dirty old man get so angry at being glared at and curse me?”

He should turn around and give me a good look, right?"

Leighton was speechless.

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted Chapter 2290-Leighton's brief feeling of gratitude disappeared in an instant.

After finishing the police report and stepping outside, they were greeted by a throng of reporters and fans. The police presence at the station helped keep things orderly, maintaining a relatively stable situation.

As Leighton guided Nicole to the car, someone suddenly called out his name, "Leighton!"

Leighton glanced up.

An egg-sized stone came hurtling toward him, catching him off guard. But before he could react, a figure leapt in front of him, shielding him from the blow it was Nicole.

The stone struck the back of her head, causing her to wince in pain as she stumbled forward. Instinctively, Leighton reached out to steady her.

Nicole furrowed her brow, reaching up to touch the spot where she'd been hit.

Her hand came away warm and wet, stained with blood.

Leighton's hand trembled as he held hers, his face drained of color, looking ghastly.

The assailant shouted angrily, "You mongrel! We worked hard to make you a star, yet you're either dating or harassing people. Do you have any respect for US?"

The situation escalated rapidly, catching even the nearby police officers off guard. As the attacker moved closer, the officers rushed in to restrain him.

Even as he was pinned to the ground, the assailant continued to hurl insults, "If I knew you were this kind of scum, I wouldn't have supported you! Do you think you're talented? Do you think we're drawn to your skills? If it weren't for your looks, who the hell would've supported you! You're nothing without our adoration, just trash!"

Onlookers and media personnel eagerly filmed and photographed the scene.

Leighton supported Nicole's waist, bearing some of her weight, as he glared at the extremist fan pinned to the ground, his chest heaving with anger.

Leighton was never one to have a calm demeanor; otherwise, he wouldn't have earned the nickname "pit bull." His current mood clearly signaled his rising temper.

Leighton found himself trapped in the crowd with no way out. His expression darkened, on the verge of losing his temper, but a sudden pain in his lower back made him flinch, almost dropping the woman in his arms.

The paparazzi's hands shook with excitement, anticipating the headlines they were about to capture.

Just as Leighton was about to lose his cool, Nicole suddenly went limp, collapsing into his arms.

Instinctively, Leighton held her close, his emotions strained as he called out to her, "Are you okay?"

Pale-faced, Nicole weakly clung to his clothes, murmuring, "I feel a bit dizzy."

Before anyone could react, she seemed to slip from his grasp, almost limp.

Leighton quickly scooped her up, cradling her in his arms.

The paparazzi swarmed around, blocking his path, eager to get their questions in.

"Leighton, what's your response to the accusations made by the netizen Little Sweet Potato regarding harassment?"

"Leighton, the person who attacked you appears to be one of your fans. Do you plan to press charges?"

"Leighton, having seen Nicole take a hit for you, how are you feeling right now?"

Yet, the unconscious woman held onto his clothes tightly, as if she could sense his thoughts.

Clamping his teeth together, Leighton adjusted his hold on her, addressing the camera with a serene tone, "f.

you have any questions, come to my studio tomorrow morning at ten, and I'll answer each of you. For now, please step aside. I need to take my girlfriend to the hospital."

With the help of the police, Leighton managed to carry Nicole into the car, joining Estelle who had arrived shortly after.

With an injury already sustained and considering Leighton's prominent status in the entertainment industry, the police were worried about the growing crowd. They quickly dispatched additional personnel to disperse the crowd.