

Yvette approached the pit bull and said something to it, which had managed to calm it down as if it understood her.

While the housekeeper was brought for treatment, Yvette led Magnus, her dog, to the main gate.

As she was on her way, she noticed Arielle standing outside the metal gate. Though she could not see the other woman's face due to the distance, she could feel Arielle's unique charisma. Even so, she was unbothered.

Shandie had described Arielle's physical appearance to her, but she could not care less because she was confident that she was the prettiest woman in the whole of Jadeborough.

In no time, Yvette had arrived at the gate, and this time, she could see Arielle's face as clear as day.

Arielle was indeed flawless. Although she was wearing an extremely ordinary outfit, she still looked breathtakingly graceful that even the word “gorgeous” could not begin to describe this woman.

Yvette's eyes went as round as a plate the more she studied Arielle.

What the hell. How could a country bumpkin like her be this stunning? On top of being such a beauty, her charisma is also splendid. Maybe even more so than me—the prettiest woman in this city. How could this be? Are my eyes playing tricks on me?

In an instant, jealousy took the better of Yvette.

Now that I know how she looks, instead of a quick

lesson, I will put her in her place with a harsh method. Before anyone notices her beauty, I must get rid of her!

On the other hand, Arielle noticed Shandie behind an insufferable-looking blonde woman holding a big dog.

“What the hell are you doing, Shandie? Open the gate!” she exclaimed with a frown.

Shandie looked at Yvette, who took a piece of raw meat from the bodyguard and threw it to the gate, which landed on the ground.

“You must be Arielle,” uttered Yvette arrogantly. “I’ll give you two choices if you want to get in. Either you feed my Magnus or crawl through me. It’s your call.”

Upon hearing that, Arielle's expression gradually turned indifferent.

“Who are you? Did your mom not teach you any manners?”

“Who do you think you are to be saying that? If you don't make a choice, then go back to your village and remain a mere country bumpkin!”

Arielle's eyes turned frostily cold. She had found her way back just to seek the real reason behind her mother's death and why the Moores had become the Southalls.

From the looks of it now, I can't take a step closer toward my goals if I don't deal with these people first.

“Do you really want to do this?” she questioned coldly.

Despite her tone, Yvette was not frightened. Shandie, however, felt fearful when she noticed Arielle's

expression. The pain of the woman breaking her arm still lingered deep inside her, and she felt chills traveling down her spine every time she recalled the painful sensation.

“Yvette, I think we should just let this go.”

“Hell no!” shouted Yvette.

Shandie might be afraid of Arielle, but I'm not. A pretty country bumpkin is never a threat to me.

“You better make a choice now. Or else, you can kiss your ass and go back to your village!”

Putting her phone back into her pocket, a smile slowly spread across Arielle's face.

I will not mess with people if they don't mess with me. But if they do, I won't show mercy at all. That has

always been my life principle.

With that thought in mind, Arielle took two steps forward before stating, “Okay. Open the gate. I choose to feed your dog.”

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