

A ridiculing laugh immediately escaped Yvette's mouth.

What a stupid woman! She should have gone for the other choice!

With a smirk displaying on the corner of her lips, she instructed the bodyguard to open the gate.

Since she had chosen to feed Magnus, she better not blame me when she gets bitten!

“Go, Magnus. There's food right there,” uttered Yvette after untying Magnus.

The pit bull slowly approached Arielle with low, fierce growls as if the woman were its prey.

Oh damn, this is not good!

The housekeepers covered their eyes, not daring to watch the scene in front.

However, Arielle stood there unmoved as if she was totally oblivious of the danger.

When Magnus was only a few steps away from Arielle, it increased its speed, preparing to attack the woman.

“Ah!” screamed one of the housekeepers, which triggered the pit bull as it jumped up, aiming for Arielle's face—the most dangerous spots.

One bite was enough to tear Arielle's face apart.

Still, Arielle remained there calmly, waiting for the perfect timing.

Right before the moment of attack, Arielle turned sideways to avoid Magnus. When everyone had not even processed what had happened, she quickly turned around and grabbed Magnus by its neck before the pit bull landed on the ground.

Magnus was at least sixty pounds. To be able to hold him the way Arielle did, especially with one hand, must mean that she was stronger than she appeared to be.

Witnessing everything with both her eyes, Yvette, who had anticipated Magnus to bite Arielle's face, was shocked to the core.

Where did this country bumpkin get such strength? She must have been carrying things non-stop back in her village, and that's something wealthy socialites like me would never do!

“You hoyden! How dare you! Let go of my Magnus!” she shouted, deeply worried about her dog.

However, instead of listening to her, Arielle shook the pit bull in her hand to show dominance. Then, she used her free hand to pat certain parts of Magnus.

Not understanding what tricks the other woman just did, Yvette saw it as bullying. Enraged, she took a big step forward. “You scoundrel! Are you deaf? I said let go of my Magnus!”

As soon as she said that, her eyes landed on her dog, only to notice that it was gradually calming down from its struggles. Slowly but surely, it was now wagging its tail toward Arielle, taking everyone else by surprise, including Yvette.

Am I seeing it right? Is my Magnus seriously wagging

its tail at Arielle? It even seems like it adores her more than me.

Since Magnus had been trained by a professional dog trainer before, it had always listened to Yvette and would never take anyone else as its owner.

However, how could a country bumpkin make it behave like this? Do dogs also judge people by their looks?

Thinking about this, her rage increased as she yelled, "What did you do to my Magnus, you wretch? Let it go!"

"I didn't do anything," replied Arielle with a small smile. "I'm just feeding your dog."

"Bulls\*\*\*! Let it go!"

“Okay, then. You asked for it,” uttered Arielle as her eyes sparked a hint of hostility and mockery.

With that, she released the dog before bending down to pick up the raw meat near her feet.

“Magnus!” called Yvette as soon as Arielle let it go.

“Bite her!”

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