

## Chapter 603 Being Bullied

Prison life had worn Arielle, once a lady of high standing, down to her core.

On top of that, the recent trend of inmates harassing her was testing her endurance.

One day, as she walked into the canteen with her meal, a chunky woman, her hair spiked short, approached and upended Arielle's food.

Then, in one swift motion, the woman stuck out her foot, sending Arielle tumbling to the ground.

The pain was sharp, and Arielle found herself unable to rise.

Smirking the woman planted a foot on her face, an air of triumph about her.

"I heard you were some sort of a rich lady, huh? You didn't touch food at first. Why the sudden appetite? Starving?"

Tears welled up in Arielle's eyes.

"I'm not a rich lady. You're confusing me with someone else!"

"Confusing?"

The woman seized Arielle's chin, forcing her to face her.

"Your pictures had been plastered all over magazines and the news in the past. How could I possibly confuse you with someone else? Skinny, no makeup, but those eyes, that nose, those lips—all as they were before."

Terror surged through Arielle as she stared into the woman's cruel face.

"We're in prison! If you harm me, it's a crime!"

The woman spat out a laugh. "Are you threatening me?"

With that, she landed a punchesquare on Arielle's face.

"Ah!"

Arielle's screams alerted the warden, who rushed in with a stun baton and managed to separate Arielle from her attacker.

As the woman was hauled away, she flashed a savage grin at Arielle.

Arielle shuddered, her nose bleeding profusely. She covered her nose and stumbled toward the washroom to clean up.

As Arielle bent over the sink a hand suddenly pressed against the back of her head, forcing it into the basin.

She gasped, her breath cut off.

Her instinct was to thrash about, water flying everywhere.

Just as Arielle felt her consciousness slipping away, the hand released her.

She emerged from the water, gasping for air.

Turning around, Arielle found no one behind her.

She leaned against the washroom wall, trying to catch her breath. The thought of the repeated assaults brought tears to her eyes.

After dinner came free time. Arielle retreated to a corner. Malicious glares from the inmates on the yard met her.

She tucked her head between her knees, unable to meet their gaze.

However, her fear seemed to invigorate them.

A gang of eight inmates approached her.

One of them came carrying a basin full of water, which she promptly dumped over Arielle's head.

The water cascaded from her head to her feet, leaving Arielle drenched and miserable.

"Ha-ha! To think a fancy lady like you could end up in such a state!"

Their laughter echoed in Arielle's ears.

She clamped her hands over her ears, spun around, and attempted to escape the commotion.

However, her attempt was thwarted as someone yanked her back by her collar. "Where do you think you're going? We haven't seen your pretty face yet."