

Chapter 825 Haughty Dog Owner

Hearing the voice, Trevor glanced over his shoulder.

His brow raised upon seeing a middle-aged woman walk toward him with the dog beside her.

"Woof! Woof!"

With its master by its side, the dog got even more ferocious, as if it would pounce on Trevor and bite him at any time.

The woman wore luxury clothes and had an arrogant air around her as she strode over.

"So you hit my dog?"

With an arched brow, she looked around and saw the pupils cowering behind a young lady who appeared to be their teacher.

The terrified looks on their faces told her they wouldn't even dare go near her dog and beat it up. Trevor could be the only person around capable of doing it.

Thus, the woman darted a sharp look at Trevor, her temper flaring.

Seeing the anger in the woman's eyes, the teacher hurriedly defended Trevor.

"Ma'am, you didn't put your dog on a leash, and it ran after my students. If this gentleman didn't chase your dog away, these kids would have been in danger. Plus, your dog didn't get hurt. Please don't make a fuss, or I'll call the police on you for failing to look after your dog."

The woman stiffened in alarm and then glowered in irritation for being humiliated. Bringing her hands on her hips, she glared at Trevor.

"I don't care! My dog didn't hurt any of you but this bastard beat it up! You owe my dog an apology for what you did. If you refuse to apologize, I won't let this matter go!"

Trevor sneered. "Why would I apologize? You let your dog run off the streets without a leash. You should be ashamed of yourself."

The woman gritted her teeth. Judging from Trevor's accent, she was sure he wasn't a local. Stomping her high heels on the ground in a

huff, she lashed out, "You son of a bitch! How dare you talk to me like that? Don't you know who I am? I'm Carmelita Armstrong, and whatever I do around here is none of your business, you bumpkin! You apologize to my dog now!"

Carmelita Armstrong?

The teacher's forehead creased. The woman's name sounded familiar, but she couldn't remember anything about the woman's background.

On the other hand, the name didn't ring a bell with Trevor because he was new to the city.

The woman's threat didn't scare him off.

"Not only will I refuse to apologize, but I will step in if this happens again when I'm around. If your dog acts wildly next time, I won't let it off easily."

The dog whimpered in fear when Trevor shot it a sharp look, but it barked even wilder after seeing its master.

Carmelita was fuming. Pointing arrogantly at Trevor, she snarled, "How dare a bumpkin like you talk to me like that? You must have a death

wish! Is it your first time being in a metropolis city like Mordor? So ignorant! How dare you be so cocky around a local? You must know I can get you on your knees and apologize with just a phone call. Do you see my dog's collar? It's made of the best cowhide in the country! It probably costs more than your clothes!"

Carmelita completely lost her temper, showing off her superiority as a local.

She took out her phone and dialed a number.

"Hello, honey? Someone's looking down on me here. Please come over."

Carmelita informed the person on the other line as if she was the one being wronged.

After giving the location, she ended the call and pointed at Trevor again.


"Just wait, you bumpkin! My husband will bring someone here soon, and you'll be dead meat. If you apologize now, I may consider forgiving you and sparing your life!"

Trevor just looked at Carmelita with a sneer.

"Who's your husband?"

"My husband is no other than Blake! Carmelita said, raising her chin arrogantly. "Everyone in

Chapter 825 Haughty Dog Ow...

 +90 Points at most

Mordor knows how powerful my husband is!"

Since he hadn't been to the city before, Trevor hadn't heard of Blake before, so he wasn't alarmed.

But the teacher next to him seemed flustered at the mention of the name. It look like she knew the notoriety of Carmelita's husband.