

## Arabella 1635

### Chapter 1635

Sean had a whole bunch of this breed of snakes, treated them like pets, and played with them.

"Little guy seems pretty stoked," Sean reached toward the barrier. The snake quickly wrapped itself around the railing from his hand, flicking its tongue as if ready to nip at the man any second.

Steward flipped a switch, and a horde of snakes slithered out from beneath the wall, hissing menacingly as they eyed the man dangling above them.

"Let's get some use out of him before his curtain call," Sean said with nonchalance, as if a human life was no more significant than an insect's.

The man's feet were barely off the ground.

"Just biting him to death would be too kind," Steward felt like they were letting the man off easy.

Sean flashed a grin, "Let these little critters have their fun first, then we'll toss him to the mountain."

man heard the hissing and Sean's words, his

had an innate fear of snakes, with

hissing loudly as they aimed for the man's ankles. The man, terrified, quickly drew his

stood up, ready to

I've done the job! Ahh." The man's plea was cut short as a snake bit him fiercely, making

was venomous, only that if

from him, would at least spare his

also intending to throw him to the mountain. Rumors had it that Sean kept hundreds of large, fierce, and temperamental dogs

an aura of arrogance and detachment. He walked away, seemingly uninterested

meet Felix. He's very cautious; you won't catch him with the slightest rustle

He was bitten a few more times by the snakes, his expression twisted in agony.

Sean simply left the basement. Steward initiated the system on the wall, raising and lowering the rope as if toying with the man. The man screamed in terror.

"What else?"

"The fire years ago, I swear I didn't know. I just did whatever he told me," the man was completely petrified with fear.

Finally, Steward switched off the system, using sound waves and bait to lure the snakes back. The rope lowered, and the man crashed to the ground, his expression contorted in pain.

The door opened, and Steward stepped in, pressing a foot onto the man's wound, saying coldly, "On Sean's turf, don't even think about playing tricks."

"I wouldn't dare." The man gasped for air, pain choking his words, "I'll definitely lure him out for you."