

## Chapter 57 Give Her A Lesson

Shelia cherished her son deeply. It hadn't been easy for her to get pregnant with him.

When the Yates family was at its peak, Jerald stood as a prominent figure—intelligent, hardworking, and supported by a wife with a significant background, making the Yates seem invulnerable.

Shelia was the exception, having captured Jerald's affection outside of his powerful wife's presence.

Rising from a mistress to Jerald's confidante, she used her beauty effectively, though Jerald's interest faded over time, affecting his relationship with Joshua too.

Joshua, however, had proven his mettle over the years.

Shelia, witnessing every hardship, was determined not to let any mistakes threaten Joshua's prospects.

Before leaving the estate, Joshua visited Alicia in the garden.

"It looks like rain. Don't stay out too long," he advised, placing his arm around her waist. "Hiding to avoid being seen?" he inquired.

Alicia nodded, subtly pushing his hand away. "There are too many eyes around. It's better not to get too close," she suggested, her voice softer than usual.

Joshua knew her well. Despite her tough circumstances, Alicia maintained her pride. He knew she was in a difficult position and patience was necessary.

"Do you like any jewelry? I'll bring something for you when I return tonight," he offered, hinting at his intention to stay over.

Alicia understood the implication and refused. "I don't want anything."



Joshua's gaze intensified, as if seeing her anew.

He leaned in to kiss her.

Alicia turned just in time to spot an ally. "Shelia!" she called out.

Joshua looked over and saw Shelia, who had no intention of interrupting but whose expression conveyed disapproval. Her look reminded him to be cautious of their surroundings.

Disheartened, Joshua quickly left the mansion.

Alicia breathed a sigh of relief.

She glanced at Shelia, whose expression was stern.

Ignoring Shelia, Alicia walked away, weaving through the paths until she reached a spot with flowers to pick.

Shelia was increasingly upset.

Did Alicia not recognize her importance? She was Joshua's mother, yet Alicia hadn't bothered to acknowledge her.

With Joshua away, Shelia felt it was the right moment to instruct Alicia.

She called over her faithful maid, Georgia.

"Do you understand what you need to do?" Shelia inquired with a discreet glance.

Georgia nodded affirmatively.

"Don't worry, Mrs. Yates. It'll be quite the spectacle," she assured.

Georgia, always sharp and dependable, was Shelia's trusted aide.

With a haughty tilt of her head, Shelia warned, "But remember, Joshua still has feelings for her."

Georgia responded with a cunning smile, "I'll merely ensure she stays hydrated, nothing harmful."



She then proceeded towards Alicia.

The garden led to a lesser-maintained area used by the maids for walking pets. Alicia, carrying a few flowers, headed in that direction.

Georgia greeted her with a seemingly friendly smile. "Miss Bennett, what brings you here?"

Alicia turned to face her.

Her memories of Georgia were vivid and unpleasant.

Initially, when Alicia and Joshua were newlyweds, Shelia appeared courteous, but as Joshua slowly siphoned Alicia's wealth, Shelia's facade faded, revealing her true nature. Georgia was often the executor of Shelia's more covert schemes.

Whenever Alicia visited the mansion, Georgia treated her no better than a servant, keeping her occupied relentlessly, yet Alicia received no gratitude in return.

Initially, Alicia endured this treatment out of respect for Joshua, but she soon realized that her forbearance only invited further exploitation.

Noticing Georgia's insincere smile, Alicia sensed something amiss and calmly inquired, "What's going on, Georgia?"

Georgia gestured towards the nearby fountain. "Could you help me? Mrs. Yates needs some carp for the fish tank. Would you assist in catching them?"

Alicia quickly grasped Georgia's underlying motive.

With a memory of past conflicts, she replied with a smile, "Of course, I'd be happy to assist. May I just finish picking a few more flowers?"

"There's no rush," Georgia responded agreeably.

Alicia moved a bit farther away.

As she reached to pick a flower, she suddenly twisted her ankle and cried out as she crouched down.

Startled, Georgia hurried over. "Miss Bennett, are you alright?"

The grass was lush and obscured the ground, complicating Georgia's steps. Approaching Alicia, Georgia felt something squash under her shoe.

With a sinking feeling, she lifted her foot and discovered it was a fresh pile of dog droppings.

Trying to maintain her composure, Alicia feigned concern. "Are you okay, Georgia?"

Revolted, Georgia instinctively tried to shove Alicia.

Alicia swiftly sidestepped, avoiding her reach.

Georgia's balance faltered, and she fell directly onto the ground.

As she tried to push herself up, the stench overwhelmed her, and she realized her hand was coated in another pile of dog droppings.

