

The Ex-Husband's Revenge By Dragonsky Chapter 1281

“What’s going on here?” All of a sudden, a mustached man in his forties strode over, followed by two guards of his own.

“Mister Umair, sir, this woman claims to be a relative of the Scammells and wishes to meet our master.” the guards reported.

“A relative?” Mister Umair froze, turned to glance at Iris, and was immediately mesmerized by her beauty.

However, it was one thing to be in awe of her looks, he did not recognize her at all.

“Nonsense! Are all of you blind? They’re clearly crooks trying to trick their way into the mansion, not any relative of the Scammells at all! Chase them away!” he scoffed.

He was also a distant relative of the Scammells but only joined the family over a decade ago. He did not even hear of Priscilla Scammell, the second daughter of the family, much less her daughter Iris!

“Yes, sir!” The guards immediately turned to shoot Leon and Iris murderous glances and snarled, “Get lost, you crooks!”

Iris was always a lonely child growing up and thus always craved familial connection. She was hopeful of reuniting with her long-lost relatives during this trip, but now, after running into countless obstacles and could not even get past the front gates, she could not help feeling disappointed at this.

“Never mind, Leon, let’s go home.” She sighed, then tugged on his arm, indicating him to leave. She was intending to come back in a few days to try her luck again.

However, before Leon could even reply, Mister Umair cried out. “Wait!”

A glimmer of mischief flashed through his eyes when he caught sight of Iris' gorgeous face and curvy figure.

"What's going on? Did you change your mind?" Iris froze in her steps, and a glimmer of hope ignited in her eyes when she heard this.

However, the more hopeful one got, the more disappointed they would set themselves up for. Mister Umair's next sentence made her blood run cold.

"You crooks! There's no such thing as leaving so easily when you've tried to deceive us Scammells!" Mister Umair sneered as an idea crossed his mind. He knew that Mister Nigel, the Scammells' grandson, was always a lecherous fellow who would never pass up the opportunity to date a beautiful woman.

The woman standing before him now was absolutely breathtaking, with features so chiseled it was as though she walked out of an ancient painting, and he never once laid eyes on such a beautiful woman. If he found a way to capture Iris and give her to Mister Nigel, he would no doubt become Nigel's favorite and rise to power that way!

"What are you trying to do?" Leon's expression darkened when he sensed Mister Umair's tone.

"Guards, capture these two! They tried to deceive their way into the Scammells, and they're highly likely to be spies sent here by our business competitors to steal our secrets! Capture and interrogate them, and find out who sent them here!" Mister Umair ordered.

"Yes, sir!" the guards immediately surrounded Leon and Iris.

"Tsk, you're just a bunch of shrimps!" Leon was utterly enraged by this. He had expected the journey of reuniting Iris with her family to be a smooth one, and he never once thought the guards would pester them like thi

s. Not only did Mister Umair fail to help pass their message to the Scammells, he even tried to overpower and capture them! This was outrageous!

“How dare you look down on us, you punk? Eat this!” The guard was infuriated to hear this and immediately lunged in Leon and Iris’ direction.

Initial Innate State! Leon did not even blink when he sensed the guards’ power level, and immediately shielded Iris’ body behind his, getting poised to unleash an attack.

“Be careful, Leon!” Iris cried out with a worried look. She was not concerned about Leon getting hurt, she knew the extent of his power and did not think he would lose to them. But instead, she was worried that he would accidentally hurt them during the process.

If Leon accidentally hurt and killed any of the guards, this would not go over well with the Scammells, and would instead make the process of reuniting with them even harder. This was not the outcome she wanted!

“Alright, I know.” Leon understood Iris’ concern. He and Iris had come all the way to be reunited with her family and get their hands on the Angel Fruit, so it would not be appropriate if he unleashed his power and injured the Scammells’ guards.

At the thought of this, Leon took his energy back and waited for the guards to release their attack on him.

“Taste this, you punk!” The guards all sneered when they saw that Leon had nowhere to run. Although they did not understand why Leon was standing motionless, they all knew that if Leon were to take the brunt of this attack, he would easily be injured. However, before they could even react, what happened next shook

them all to the core!

The guards' attacks landed squarely in the middle of Leon's chest but bounced off like plastic toys, and Leon did not even flinch, as though they had tickled him.

With Leon's protective sage energy surrounding him, coupled with the protection conferred by the Mirror of Sovereign, these attacks would not hurt even a hair on his head.

With a swipe of his fists, two bursts of Initial Innate Energy surged out and barreled straight toward the guards. None of the guards could dodge in time, and their bodies were propelled backward by the impact, flying through the air and finally landing in a heap on the ground.

Fortunately, Leon had taken things lightly and used only his spiritual energy in his attacks, which was why the guards had suffered only minor injuries, nothing serious.

"How...how can this be?" Mister Umair was unable to believe his eyes. He had already sensed Leon's energy when he unleashed his attack, so he was confused as to how, despite being at the same power level, Leon managed to fend off their attacks and even retaliate against them. This was unbelievable!

He would not even believe this was true if he had not seen it with his own two eyes!

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"Mister Umair, isn't it? Well, can you help Iris and me notify your masters that we're here now?" Leon straightened up and cast Mister Umair a steely look.

"Don't be so cocky, you punk! You're just at the Initial Innate State, and yet you dare to show us up right on our territory, I'll show you who's boss!" Mister Umair sneered. Although he did not know how Leon managed

d to defeat the guards so easily, he could tell by now that Leon was only at the Initial Innate State.

He, on the other hand, was more powerful than the guards, and had already attained the Peak Innate State! Leon was no match for him at all.

“Tsk, what an arrogant fellow! I’ll give you a taste of your own medicine!” Leon scoffed and got prepared to attack. If this fight caused too much of a commotion and alerted the Scammells to their presence, it would work greatly in their favor.

“How dare you! We’ll see who’s laughing at the end of this! Take this!” Mister Umair shouted and set a surge of power barreling Leon’s way.

“You made an enemy out of the wrong person!” Leon scoffed, and just as he was about to retaliate, a cold voice rang out from behind Mister Umair.

“Stop!”

A beautiful woman emerged from behind them, pushing a middle-aged man in his wheelchair as they made their way toward them. The man looked to be in his mid-fifties, and had a determined look in his eyes, giving off an aura of power and authority that would make anyone perk up in fear.

“Sir, Madam!” Mister Umair was surprised to see them, and immediately gave them a bow of respect.

“What’s going on here, Mister Umair? What is all this commotion?” The man asked in a low voice as he glanced around him.

“Sir, these two crooks were trying to impersonate a cousin of the Scammells, and I’m punishing them for their deceit.” Mister Umair replied honestly.

“What cousin?” The man furrowed his brows dubiously.

“She claims to be the daughter of our second Missus...”

“What? Second Missus? Could she be..?” The man was stunned to hear this and immediately turned to stare at Iris. When his gaze landed on her face, his voice began to tremble. “My dear, what is your name? Who... who is your mother?”

“My name is Iris Young, and my mother is Priscilla Scammell,” Iris replied.

“Priscilla...it really is her!” The man froze in shock as though he had been struck by lightning. Then, all of a sudden, he gripped his armrests as though he was trying to pull himself out of his wheelchair, but his legs gave out beneath him, and he slumped back into his seat.

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“Who are you?” Iris’ heart lurched when she saw how excited the man had become.

“Iris, right? I’m your uncle, Damian Scammell.” The man’s voice caught in his throat as he scrutinized Iris carefully, trying to find traces of his sister Priscilla within Iris’ features.

At the thought of his late sister, and the fact that he finally got to meet his niece for the very first time, Damian could not help tearing up, both with tears of joy and sadness.

“Uncle Damian...” Iris was thinking the same. Tears welled up in her eyes as she

gazed at Damian. Her heart was filled with both delight at finally getting to meet her family, and at the same time, fear of what lay ahead.

Mister Umair and the rest of the guards were stunned by this.

“Sir, are you saying...that she really is a cousin of ours?” Mister Umair asked incredulously. He and the other guards had been convinced that Iris and Leon were crooks, but now, it turned out they had been telling the truth all along!

However, this was not the point. What was most important was that before Iris' identity was confirmed, he had ordered the guards to attack Leon and Iris, and even intended to capture her and give her to Mister Nigel. Mister Umair's heart sank at this realization.

“That's right!” Damian finally regained his composure and recalled Mister Umair's treatment of Leon and Iris. His expression darkened as he snapped, “Mister Umair, how dare you disrespect my niece like this?”

Seeing that Damian was furious, the other guards immediately got on their knees, but Mister Umair remained standing. His face was pale, but he appeared to be deep in thought.

“Sir, I had no idea of Miss Young's identity just now, and I hadn't meant to offend her,” he said.

“Get on your knees and apologize to them!” Damian scoffed. However, knowing that Mister Umair was just fulfilling his duties, his tone softened a little. Besides, this was no big deal at all. As long as Mister Umair was willing to apologize to Iris and Leon, they would be able to put this behind them.

“Um...” Mister Umair hesitated for a moment, and just as he was about to get on his knees, a mischievous cackle rang out from behind him.

“What’s going on here, Uncle Damian? Why are you so angry all of a sudden?” A handsome teenage boy, about fourteen or fifteen years of age, strode over to them with two guards trailing behind him.

“Master Nigel.” Mister Umair bowed to him.

“Nigel!” Damian furrowed his brows as a strange expression crossed his face.

The Scammells had two lines of direct descendants. One of them was Damian and his sister, Priscilla, whereas Nigel, who was the son of their cousin, belonged to the second line of direct descendants.

However, due to some misunderstandings that occurred over the recent years, Damian’s relationship with Nigel’s father had turned sour, but thankfully, Nigel remained respectful to him.

“What’s going on here, Mister Umair?” Nigel turned to stare at Mister Umair.

“Master Nigel, here’s what happened...” Mister Umair gave Nigel a brief description of the events that had led up until that point.

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“A cousin of the Scammells! She must be Aunt Priscilla’s daughter!” Nigel was a little surprised to hear of all this. Although he had never met Priscilla before, he was still a direct descendant of the Scammells, and thus had heard plenty about her.

He turned to glance at Iris, and when he laid eyes on her, he could not help gasping in awe.

Nigel had always taken a fancy to pretty women and had seen his fair share of gorgeous ladies in this city, but this was the first time he had ever

laid eyes on such a stunner.

No woman in Sky County came even close to Iris' charm and beauty!

The truth was, Springfield City was famous for breeding gorgeous women, and the fact that Iris managed to stand out from the rest and even become known as the prettiest of the Four Beauties spoke volumes about her beauty. It would not be an exaggeration to say that she was the most beautiful woman in the entire Sky County, and not just the Southern Region itself.

“Uncle Damian, this is just a minor issue. It's just a mere misunderstanding, and I think we should let it go!” Nigel said, chuckling.

“Let it go? Are you suggesting that it's okay for others to pick on my niece?” Damian asked in annoyance.

“Uncle Damian, you're jumping to conclusions! Mister Umair had acted rashly on the basis that he did not know who this pretty lady was, so how can you say he picked on her?” Nigel snickered.

“How dare you say I'm jumping to conclusions? If he doesn't know who Iris is, why didn't he ask me? He should never have tried to attack her, and if I hadn't passed by and noticed the commotion, Iris would have gotten hurt!” Damian snarled.

Damian

was right. Not only did Mister Umair intend to hurt Iris, he even almost captured her, but thankfully, Leon was here to save the day. If Leon had not been able to defeat the guards, they would have been taken hostage by now.

“That's all just if's! Everything has been cleared up now, hasn't it?” Nigel let out a nonchalant laugh, then instructed Mister Umair, “Mister Umair, you're in the wrong, and you should apologize to Miss Iris right

now!”

“Yes, sir.” Mister Umair nodded, then turned to Iris. “Miss Iris, I apologize for the way I treated you just now when I was unaware of your true identity. Please do forgive me.”

Before Iris could even say a word, Damian piped up. “Apologize properly! I asked you to get on your knees, did you not hear me just now? Are you deaf?”

He was outraged not just by how insincere Mister Umair’s apology sounded, but by the fact that he had taken no notice of Damian’s orders at all.

“Um...” Mister Umair turned to glance at Nigel as though he was asking for permission. The fact that he even dared to ignore Damian’s orders was because he was a relative from the second line of the Scammells’ direct descendants, and thus, Nigel was his true master.

“You bastard!” Damian bellowed. Then, with a wave of his sleeve, he sent a surge of true energy barreling

Mister Umair’s way.

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Nigel gasped when he sensed the power contained within Damian’s attack, and he wanted to step in and help Mister Umair, but unfortunately, he was not powerful enough to do so.

Before he could even react, Damian’s attack struck Mister Umair squarely in the middle of his chest and propelled him backward from the impact.

Mister Umair spat out a mouthful of bright red blood as he crumpled onto the ground in a heap. A wave of excruciating pain shot through his chest, and it was clear he had suffered some injuries.

However, Damian was just trying to teach him a lesson and did not put too much power into his attack. Therefore, the injuries Mister Umair had sustained were just minor ones.

“What are you doing, Uncle Damian?” The color drained from Nigel’s face. Mister Umair was related to the second line of direct descendants of the Scammells, and the fact that Damian had the audacity to attack him like this meant that he did not respect any of them at all.

“I’ll repeat myself one last time! You can either get on your knees and apologize, or you can get the hell out of here!” Damian snapped.

“Yes, sir.” Mister Umair shuddered, then quickly got on his knees in front of Leon and Iris. “Miss Iris, this is all my fault. I sincerely apologize for my behavior, and I hope that you will find it in yourself to forgive me...” Mister Umair was far more sincere after being punished by Damian.

“Alright, you can get up now,” Iris said. She had no intention of holding Mister Umair responsible for this at all.

“Thank you, Miss Iris.” Mister Umair finally got up after receiving Iris’ confirmation.

Damian’s expression relaxed when he saw this and did not pursue this matter any further. He gestured for Iris to approach him, smiling. “Iris, come here. I’ll bring you to meet your Grandpa and Grandma.”

“Okay,” Iris replied, then tugged on Leon’s elbow and approached Damian.

Damian fixated his gaze on Leon and asked, “Who is this, Iris? Is he your boyfriend?”

“Yes, he is. His name is Leon Wolf.” Iris introduced them to each other.

“Nice to meet you, Uncle Damian,” Leon greeted him politely.

“I like you, you’re a good man!” Damian nodded at him in approval. He had caught sight of Leon shielding Iris behind his back when he approached them from afar, and the fact that Leon had chosen to protect Iris in times of peril left a good impression on Damian. With that, Damian led to two of them back toward the

mansion.

“Rats!” A grotesque look crossed Nigel’s face as he watched their retreating figures and could not help landing a punch on a nearby tree, leaving a fist mark in its trunk.

“You’re just a cripple, and we’ll see how things’ll change once you lose your right as heir to the throne!” Nigel scoffed as a glimmer of malice flashed through his eyes.

The reason Damian and Nigel’s father were at a crossroads with each other was because of the inheritance.

Damian was the eldest son of the Scammell’s first line of direct descendants, and thus was the next heir to

the fortune. Initially, the power was to fall into his hands, but about two years ago, his legs began to get weak, then eventually lost all their power and he was subsequently wheelchair-bound.

However, the Scammells were an ancient and traditional family, and most of the elders did not agree the idea of having a cripple as the future head of the family. Ever since then, Nigel’s father had gotten into a longstanding power battle against Damian, and eventually, their relationship turned sour.

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Leon and Iris finally met Patrick, Iris' maternal grandfather in the living room. He was an old but powerful man with an aura of regency about him. Next to him stood a kind, gentle old woman, who was none other than Amy Scammell, Iris' maternal grandmother.

Amy was so happy to find out about Iris' true identity from Damian that she burst into tears and pulled Iris in for a hug.

As for Patrick, he had always been angry at his daughter for insisting to migrate to Springfield City and eventually met her end there. Therefore, even after finding out that Iris was Priscilla's daughter, he still kept his emotions in check and maintained a steely look.

However, his quivering fingers betrayed his true emotions, and the truth was, he was just as delighted as Amy was to finally meet his granddaughter.

After a long time, Amy managed to regain her composure, but Patrick was still worried that such an emotional outburst would not be good for her health, so he instructed Damian's wife, who was the woman that had been pushing his wheelchair, to send Amy upstairs to rest.

The only people left in the living room were Patrick, Damian, Leon, and Iris.

"Iris, why didn't your father come with you?" Patrick asked, his expression dark at the mention of Iris' father, Gilbert. Even after Priscilla passed away, Gilbert never once brought Iris back to Sky County to meet her maternal relatives, and thus, Patrick had always held a grudge toward him for this.

If Gilbert were to come, he would give him a good beating!

Iris did not know how to begin explaining this, and muttered, “Grandpa, some unfortunate events have transpired. My grandfather was robbed of his power level, and the Youngs are in chaos now ... My father has to stay back in Springfield City to take care of him, and thus can’t accompany me here to visit you...”

“I can’t believe the Youngs have fallen into this state!” Patrick was shocked to hear this.

“Grandpa, there are two reasons I’ve come to Sky County, the first being to visit you and Uncle Damian, and

to find an Angel’s Fruit that will help my grandfather’s recovery,” Iris added.

the second being

“Angel’s Fruit? We don’t have that.” Patrick shook his head.

“What? You don’t have it?” Both Leon and Iris were stunned to hear this.

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“Well, we used to have one about two decades ago, but it’s been so long, and the Angel’s Fruit was used for another purpose,” Patrick explained.

“Oh...” Leon and Iris said in unison, finally understanding why the Scammells would say that they did not have any of the Angel’s Fruit. After all, the Angel’s Fruit was a herb and not an inanimate object like a drawing or a piece of antique, and thus could not be preserved for too long.

“Do you know where else I can get Angel’s Fruit, Grandpa?” Iris asked.

“I don’t know, but the Southern Region is a big place, and Angel’s Fruit will appear once every few years... If you really want to g

et your hands on one of them, I can help you find out, and I'll notify you if I hear any news about the Angel's Fruit's whereabouts," Patrick said after some thought.

"Oh...okay then." Iris

and *Leon* were disappointed at this, *but there* was nothing they *could do about* it. *Leon* had been looking forward to *using the Angel's Fruit* to advance to the next *stage of his training, the Golden Core Phase*. If he did *not* have the Angel's Fruit, it would be *extremely difficult to nurture his energy center*

for this.

However, he was still at the Intermediate Foundation Phase of his sage arts training *and was still a long way* from attaining the *Golden Core Phase*, *so* there was no need for him to be impatient.

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"Who is this, Iris?" Patrick asked, casting a gaze in *Leon's* direction.

"Grandpa, let me introduce you to my boyfriend, *Leon Wolf*," Iris replied.

"Your boyfriend?" Patrick echoed, scrutinizing *Leon* with furrowed brows. Although *Leon* was a handsome man, he was still a far cry from *Iris's* beauty, and was no match for her at all.

"You must be a martial artist, young man. Can I know which power level you are at?" Patrick asked. He knew that the *Youngs* were a family of martial artists, and one of the four major families in *Springfield City*, no less. The fact that *Iris's* family had allowed her to date *Leon* meant that he surely hailed from a family just as powerful as the *Youngs* were. Therefore, Patrick was curious to know whether

Leon was a talented martial artist and that this could be what attracted Iris to him.

“Well, I’m at the Peak Supreme State as of now,” Leon replied earnestly. Although he had plenty of tricks up his sleeve and had defeated warriors of the Overlord and even the Emperor State, the truth was, his power level was still at the Peak Supreme State.

“Peak Supreme State? To achieve that at your age is certainly an outstanding achievement,” Patrick was rather surprised by this. Most of the young direct descendants of martial arts practicing families in Sky County attained the Peak Supreme State or the Semi Overlord State at around Leon’s age, save for a few exceptions such as those hailing from major families or those who possessed outstanding talent since young. Therefore, the fact that Leon, a man who had hailed from a small place like Springfield City, managed to achieve the same certainly an impressive feat in his eyes.

Patrick could not help giving Leon a thumbs up to be:

another thumbs up—over at this thought. However, before he could even finish his sentence, Damian piped up, “This Leon, when you were fighting off the guards, I saw that you were only in the Initial Innate State. How can you say you’re at the Peak Supreme State?”

Damian had witnessed everything that happened at the gates, and at that time, he had sensed that Leon was only at the Initial Innate State, which was a far cry from the Peak Supreme State.

Leon froze and suddenly recalled that Damian had seen everything while he was fighting off the guards. He did not know how to explain his way out of this.

“What? The Initial Innate State? I can’t believe you’d lie about your power level!” Patrick’s expression

darkened at this.

“No, I’m not lying. I just…” Leon opened his mouth to explain, but did not know where to even start.

He was a practitioner of the sage arts, not just pure martial arts, but he could not reveal this to anyone considering the stakes that were at hand. Not even Iris knew about this, so he could not possibly reveal the truth to Patrick or Damian.

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“What? Are you going to continue lying about this?” Patrick’s expression turned even darker at this. He had had no qualms about Leon at first, considering he was Iris’ boyfriend after all, but now, the fact that Leon had boasted about something that was not true turned his first impression of Leon sour!

Damian was thinking the same. His first impression of Leon had been a great one when he witnessed Leon protecting Iris, but now, he was disgusted by the fact that Leon had lied about his power level. Not only that, but he did not even have the guts to admit his wrongdoing and instead tried to lie to get his way out of it!

How shameless!

Damian’s liking of Leon dissipated at this realization.

“Grandpa, Leon isn’t lying. He’s telling the truth. He’s a very powerful martial artist, to the extent that he’s defeated warriors at the Overlord State and even the Emperor State,” Iris said.

“What? He’s defeated Emperors before? How...how is this possible?” Patrick and Damian could not believe their ears. However, on second thought, the fact that Leon had the audacity to boast in front of them surely meant he could do the same to Iris.

Surely Leon had tricked Iris into believing he possessed powers that not even she could imagine. Otherwise, there was no other way he could have won Iris’ heart, with his mediocre power level and average looks.

“Iris, did this man trick you?” Patrick asked, casting Leon a steely look. Iris was his granddaughter, and if she really was tricked, he would make Leon pay for this.

“He didn’t! grandpa, what I’m saying is true. I’ve witnessed all this with my own eyes, and he’s far more powerful than you think,” Iris said in determination.

“Is that so? Well, since Iris says you’re so good, why don’t you show me your true energy? I’m curious as to how a youngster like you managed to defeat an Emperor!” Patrick said, sneering.

He would not believe anything until he saw it with his own two eyes. Even in Sky County, an Emperor was not an easy opponent to defeat, and all of them belonged to the most powerful families in Sky County. Thus, he would never believe that Leon, a man in his early twenties, could easily defeat someone at the Emperor

State!

power

Leon was rendered speechless at this. The truth was, he had managed to defeat the Emperor not by his level, but by using the three Potential Energy Forces his master had given him. Now, he only had two remaining, and these were his most powerful weapons, so how could he waste one just to display his true power to Patrick? This was unrealistic!

“Leon, since my Grandpa and Uncle Damian don’t believe you, why don’t you show them yourself?” Iris said. She did not know that Leon was limited by the amount of Potential Energy Forces he had and truly believed he had defeated the Emperor of his own accord.

Considering that her grandfather and uncle were dubious of Leon now, she wanted him to show them the true extent of his power so that they would not look down on him. She did not wish for her family to look down on the man she loved!

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“Never mind, Iris! I can’t reveal my Potential Energy Forces just like that.” Leon shook his head.

A true warrior did not need to prove his worth, and he was certain that with time, he would be able to prove himself to Patrick and Damian, despite them not believing him now.

“Oh...alright!” Judging by Leon’s reaction, Iris could guess that he had a reason for doing so and thus had no choice but to relent.

“You cannot do it? I’m sure it’s just because you’re lying!” A sneer crossed Patrick’s face at this, and he grew even more certain that the man before him had tricked Iris!

“Iris, this man is a crook, so you’d better not fall for his tricks anymore!” he said to Iris, attempting to foil Leon’s lies so that Iris could see his true colors.

“Grandpa, no, Leon isn’t a crook. You just have to believe me. He’s a powerful warrior, and most

importantly, he has a good heart. You will learn to appreciate his talent once you spend time with him.” Iris tried to defend Leon.

“What talent does he have? Lying and tricking women? The truth is already so clear, Iris, and yet you insist on defending him. you’ve been utterly brainwashed by him!” Patrick was outraged to hear this. Just as he was about to continue persuading Iris, however, frantic footsteps echoed from behind him.

A young woman in her late twenties, dressed head to toe in stylish clothing, sprinted into the room. Grandpa, Father, Mister Yair is here...”

“Is that so? That’s great news! Penny, go invite him in!” Patrick was delighted to hear this.

“Yes, Grandpa,” Penny replied, then turned and disappeared out the door again.

“Grandpa, Uncle Damian, since you have a guest, Leon and I won’t take up more of your time. I think it’s time for us to go,” Iris said.

“No, don’t. I still have plenty I want to talk to you about, so there’s no rush for you to go just yet,” Patrick said quickly. Now that he had seen right through Leon’s tricks, he still wanted to persuade Iris to change her mind about him, so he could not let them leave just like that!

“That’s right! Iris, you can’t just leave so soon, considering how long it’s been since we saw each other!” Damian added.

“Oh...okay then. I’ll stay for a little while longer then.” Iris nodded. The truth was, she did not feel like leaving so soon either, considering how s he had been looking forward to this meeting for a long time now. wanted to have a private conversation with their guest,

However, she was worried that Patrick and Damian and her presence would inconvenience them.

However, since both Patrick and Damian were so desperate to keep her, this meant that she had no reason to go at all.

“Well, there’s nothing else for you here, you punk, so you can leave now!” Patrick said, turning to glance at

Leon.

Iris was his granddaughter, but Leon was just an outsider, and a crook who lied to Iris, no less. There was no reason he wanted to keep Leon here!

Leon froze, unsure of how to react to this. He and Iris had come here *together*, so he was not *willing to leave* without her, but since Patrick had already made it clear he did not want him around, he *could not* possibly insist on staying!

