

## Revenge 3

### The Ex-Husband's Revenge Chapter 3

down and saw that Iris was down to her last pieces of clothing. As much as she tried to cover it, she was unable to hide the glowing fairness of her exposed skin. Leon subconsciously beamed at her delightful figure and deemed her one of the most stunning women he ever saw. At the very least, it was much better than Marilyn's figure when he peeped at her while she took a bath. "Are you alright?" The guilt-ridden Leon took off his clothes and threw them to Iris so she could cover her body. Iris hurriedly covered herself with the clothes, but she felt angry and helpless when she saw that her savior was Leon. Her hand took on a mind of its own and wanted to slap him in the face, but a scene she saw from the corner of her eye caused her to yell instead. "Be careful!" she warned, but it was already too late. The thug, clad in a black suit, was a robustly-built man. By contrast, Leon had an ordinary build and so failed to block the man. With a kick, the man sent Leon flying two or three meters away. He then took out the dagger he dropped earlier and sneered. "Trying to get yourself killed?" The man in the black suit stepped on Leon's chest and raised the shining dagger to kill Leon. Behind him, the man who earlier tore off Iris's clothes and was kicked away by Leon urged, "Marco, the Youngs are powerful, and it won't be long before they track us both down. We can't waste any more time. Deal with them and don't make a single mistake!" "That's rich, coming from you." Marco thought somewhat unhappily. After all, they would have ended Iris's life had the other guy not given in to those lustful impulses. However, it was not the time to be arguing about who was right, and Marco immediately stabbed Leon's chest with a dagger. Blood splattered everywhere! With his last dying breath, Leon gritted his teeth, grabbed Marco's thigh fiercely, and shouted at Iris. "Run! My life's not worth much, so it doesn't matter if I die. Save yourself! Don't worry about me!" Leon smiled bitterly at Iris before his impending death. As angry as he was deep down, he remained the honest Leon during the last moments of his life. He decided that he was not going to be that kind of person again in his next life. Leon's bitter smile encompassed a myriad of emotions, including sourness, desolation, and despair. Iris's delicate body was shocked stiff. She seemed to be able to read Leon's inner fragility and sadness through his smile, and it was a far cry from the brave and strong appearance he put on. Iris did not escape because she knew that it was a futile effort once Leon died. Upon seeing Leon's death, Iris's pretty face turned pale and she slumped to the ground. Although Leon bullied her earlier, it was inevitable for her to feel sad when she saw him giving up his life to save her. At the same time, blood gushed out from Leon's chest and stained the pendant hanging around his neck. No one noticed the white glow on the pendant that began entering Leon's body from the wound. 'I am an ancestor of the Wolfs, and my renown pales not against that of legendary deities. Should fate be upon any one of my descendants, they shall inherit what is contained within me...' As he was about to die, a whole mess of jumbled-up information poured into Leon's mind. Moments later, he seemed to be returning toward the light as his pale face turned abnormally red and an unknown power coursed through his body. "You're next, Iris!" The man in the black suit sneered and walked toward Iris with the dagger. Iris sat paralyzed on the ground with a look of despair and grief. "Behind you!" The other guy shouted angrily but it was unfortunately too late. Leon picked