

## Kick Ass Wife 98

### Chapter 98 Cleaning House

Draxton looked at Patriarch Riker with a deep gaze and said indifferently, "Patriarch Riker, what are you saying? If I don't spoil my own wife, should I spoil outsiders instead?"

Patriarch Riker was so angry that he almost couldn't breathe.

Lindon and the others hurriedly supported Patriarch Riker. Lindon sneered and said, "Chieftain Lockwood, I hope you won't regret it."

He looked at Draxton arrogantly and sneered in his heart, figuring that when Bridget returned, Draxton would definitely regret it. At that time, Draxton would know what he had missed...

Lindon smiled coldly and said to Patriarch Riker, "Dad, don't be angry. We're elders. We won't lower ourselves to the level of a junior."

Patriarch Riker's eyes flashed. At this point, Bridget would definitely not be able to marry into the Lockwood family, but it was still not worth ruining their relationship nonetheless. After all, Ethan was coming back.

By then, a daughter of the Lockwood family might marry into the Riker family. He saw that the two families would definitely get joined somehow, so there was no need to fall out now.

With that thought in mind, Patriarch Riker did not say anything else. Instead, he walked towards Carlos. "President Orwell, don't be angry. I heard you reprimanding the juniors in your sect just now?"

Patriarch Riker looked at Isabella.

Carlos snorted coldly. "It's embarrassing to say, but since we've met here, I naturally have to say a few words. I don't feel good even if I don't say it. No matter what, she's still a junior in my sect."

He looked coldly at Isabella.

Isabella was so angry that she wanted to laugh. She looked at Carlos and asked again, "President Orwell, are you sure you're my uncle-master?"

Carlos's face darkened. He was so angry that he laughed and shouted, "Greg Falkona is my senior brother and you're his disciple. Do you think that I'm not your uncle-master?"

At this moment, everyone looked at them gossipily. The liveliness before this election was really an eye-opener. They had heard that Carlos indeed had a senior brother, but they had heard that he was already dead.

it was obvious that his senior brother

heard

the president of the Traditional

say that he was low-key, but the fact might be that he

mishaps to befall her. It didn't matter that Isabella  
abilities could not be compared to Carlos's. On that day, Isabella would definitely be humiliated,  
This beautiful, dignified, and energetic woman suddenly had  
of bearing was too cold and too dignified, and it actually caused the hearts of everyone present to  
unconsciously tighten, and all of them felt as if  
shocked. For a moment,  
was this  
Isabella have such a powerful aura?" Everyone  
bold, Carlos Orwell. I haven't even looked for you to clean house, and you dare to be  
master? Heh, you think that you're worthy of that title?" She  
was a traitor to his sect and teacher through and through. That junior brother  
of Holy Doctors of my generation, and I never had a uncle-master. May I ask  
stared coldly  
in the venue  
wondered if there would be  
everyone's eyes darted back and forth between Carlos and Isabella. They had different thoughts and  
gossip was at  
good-for-nothing. They were  
trouble for Isabella, he naturally had already made plans, so he would not be stumped by  
sorrowful expression and let out a long sigh. "I didn't expect senior brother to have hated me that much,  
that he  
your master doesn't acknowledge me, no wonder you  
be involved in the  
expect that after so many years, he still hasn't changed. Even you  
looked at Isabella with a