Chapter 11

"By the way, Leon, I remember seeing the man stab you with a dagger last night. Are you... alright? Would you like me to take you to the hospital?" Iris asked concernedly.

She remembered having a clear view of the man stabbing Leon in the chest with the dagger, but strangely enough, Leon was alive and well as if nothing happened to him at all.

Iris began to doubt if she saw it that time.

"I'm fine. My injury is fine."

Leon touched his chest subconsciously, but he accidentally made contact with the wound. He frowned in pain as a result and could not help but let out a groan.

"What's wrong? Does it hurt? Okay, we're going to the hospital right now!"

Iris stood up abruptly and had a nervous expression on her face.

"It's not that painful. The pain lasts for only a little while, and it disappears almost as quickly as it arrives. I don't think there's a need to go to the hospital."

The pain gradually lessened as Leon rubbed it back and forth a couple of times.

He wanted to take off his clothes to check on his injury, but he felt embarrassed to do so in front of Iris.

"Take off your clothes and show me how bad it is."

Iris was still worried.

"But..."

Leon was incredibly shy and it was a little awkward of him to be taking his clothes off in front of a girl.

"Just hurry up and take them off!" Iris urged.

She practically ignored the fact that Leon was a man—he was young and full of vigor too!

Leon comforted himself by saying that there was nothing to be shy about if she did not mind!

With that thought, he gritted his teeth and took off his shirt to reveal his slim and sturdy figure.

Iris leaned forward to take a look and saw that the wound on Leon's chest already formed a scar. Worse still, the scar was unsightly, like a five-centimeter-long centipede, and anyone who saw it would feel chills down their spine.

"How can you say that it doesn't hurt when the scar is this huge?!"

Iris reached out instinctively and touched the scar on Leon's chest. her nose then became sour, and tears began welling in her eyes.

One could easily imagine how she felt after seeing the scar that remained of Leon's heroics when saving her the last night.

The next moment, however, a curious scene appeared.

With Iris's touch, the scars began to peel off bit by bit, revealing fresh baby-like pink skin underneath.

Iris was dumbfounded. It would usually take at least a month or two for scars to fully form and disappear, yet that was exactly what happened even though it had only been less than a day since the wound was first inflicted. Amazingly, there were no traces of the scar on his new skin.

It was simply unbelievable.

Confused, Iris continued to rub on the scar, moving very gently until everything gradually fell off. Any traces of the scar that was once there was absent from the new skin underneath, and it was almost as if Leon was never injured at all.

Iris's mind went blank.

Leon, on the other hand, blushed!

Iris's fair hands were soft and delicate, and they rubbed back and forth on his chest like the strokes of a lover.

A young, healthy man could not endure such touches!

His body tensed up immediately and his heart thumped wildly. He was so nervous that he was practically on the verge of suffocating.

"What the hell are you two doing?!" an angry voice shouted at that moment.

A square-faced, imposing middle-aged man in his fifties walked into the room.

A gorgeous 36- or 37-year-old woman clung intimately to him. She looked rather charming,

albeit with a rather generous application of makeup.

She wore a red tight-fitting dress with a plunging neckline. Her figure was ridiculously good, and she moved her hips with a touch of allure.

"Dad? Why are you here?"

Iris was startled, and only then did she realize that she had one hand on Leon's bare chest.

It was a rather indecent sight.

Iris's dainty cheeks turned scarlet in an instant, and she retracted her hand as if she touched a

live wire.

Leon was no better and he hurriedly put on his clothes.

Both Leon and Iris blushed as if they were caught in flagrante delicto.