

The Ex-Husband's Revenge by Dragonsky

Chapter 3

The cemetery was located in a remote area, to begin with!

Leon was confident that there were no ghosts around, but he could not say for sure about the many rumors that wolves lurked around the area. The woman was wet after being hauled out from the river, and she would not be able to walk far since she was injured. Considering how far away the place was, it was almost certain that no one would go there to rescue her. For a woman whose car keys were thrown into the river and whose cell phone shattered, spending a night there would be more agonizing than death.

Unfortunately for her, Leon had every intention of punishing her for her ungratefulness.

Leon strode away.

"You jerk! Don't just leave me here!"

The woman tried chasing after Leon, but it was all in vain as he left in a rage. She cursed wildly and felt incredibly dejected, for she did not expect that a dignified young woman like her would suffer such treatment in the hands of an ordinary person.

"B*stard! Once I find out who you are, I sure as hell will make you pay!" the woman, whose name was Iris Young, shouted.

As soon as she said that, Leon decided to ignore her firmly even though he felt a little reluctant to act that way earlier.

When Iris saw Leon disappearing from her sight, she felt like crying but somehow could not shed even a single tear. The heel of her high heels snapped, and she shivered due to the cold wind because her body was still wet. She looked around warily as she sensed the eeriness of her surroundings. Even if there were no wolves around, there was no telling whether they might be any supernatural manifestations since they were in a cemetery.

She hated Leon with every fiber of her body, for she never suffered such mistreatment in all her life as a pampered eldest daughter in her family.

Leon, on the other hand, began to regret what he did within a minute or two after leaving. He was a good person with a good heart, and without that goodness in him, he would not have saved old Elder Manson all those years ago and endured all that torment the Mansons subjected him to for so many years. When he lashed out at the woman earlier, he simply poured out all his resentment toward Marilyn and Helen on the innocent Iris. His brief walk gave him the chance to calm down, especially since there was a gentle wind blowing on him.

He thought to himself, 'She's a girl. Doing that to her would be crossing the line on my part. Even if she didn't encounter any wolves or ghosts, she'd still end up with a bad cold if she stayed out here all night. My conscience will eat away at me for the rest of my life if anything bad happens to her. Scaring her a little is enough. I shouldn't leave her here the entire night.'

Leon then turned around and went to find her.

As soon as he arrived at the place where he left Iris, she was nowhere to be seen

Leon got anxious. He searched high and low for her but found nothing except her high heels.

It was not a good sign!

Leon knew that something Iris was in trouble, and he soon heard Iris's faint cry for help. He ran over to the direction of the sound and his anger returned once more. It turned out that the two thugs from before returned, and killing Iris was no longer their sole agenda. Anyone could guess that the men were feeling a little turned on when they returned and saw Iris all wet and dripping.

Iris was practically stripped bare already by the time Leon found her. At that point, he completely disregarded the fact that he was no match for those two men and ran over to kick them. He then gazed 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

subconscious 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 up the dagger on the ground, stood up all of a sudden, and stabbed the man in the black suit from behind.

"How..."

The man in the black suit turned his head suddenly, stared wide-eyed at Leon, and collapsed to the ground with a thud. He was dead before he could even think, 'How did you come back to life?'

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