

## The Ex-Husband's Revenge by Dragonsky

### Chapter 8

Marilyn became increasingly angrier as she dwelled on what happened.

Brody soon got up from the ground in dismay. He looked exceptionally miserable with a blue nose and a swollen face.

"Impossible! Iris is the Youngs' eldest young lady! She's a very respected person. None of Springfield City's rich and powerful young men ever caught her attention, so how did a piece of trash like Leon do it!"

"Maybe the two of them just happened to know each other..."

Brody covered his face and groaned in pain.

Iris was a goddess in his eyes, contrasting strongly with his low impression of Leon. He would sooner die than believe that there was a special relationship between Leon and Iris!

"You're right! Iris couldn't have taken a liking to him unless she's blind... But on second thought, even if Iris was blind, she'd never fancy some garbage like him!"

Marilyn smiled disdainfully, and his heart became felt a little more at ease.

"Who cares what kind of relationship they have?! It's all Leon's fault that this happened to me. I'm going to get back at him for this!"

Brody had a resentful look on his face.

He could not afford to provoke the Youngs and was afraid of holding a grudge against Iris too.

As a result, he blamed everything on Leon!

The surrounding bystanders could not help but look down in disdain when they saw how shameless Brody and Marilyn were.

Everyone saw how Leon persuaded Iris into letting Brody go.

Brody, however, did not show any gratitude and resented Leon instead!

It was simply too shameless!

Unfortunately, the Sullivans were powerful, and all that the others could do was despise him silently without saying it to his face.

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Leon was left with nothing after getting a divorce from Marilyn.

He had no belongings, and the most important necessity for him at the moment was a place to stay.

The Sovereign Hotel was one of the most luxurious five-star hotels in all of Springfield City, and Iris planned to have him settle down there for the time being. She could also ask him the exact details of what happened the previous night.

When they arrived at the hotel, Iris motioned for her bodyguards to wait outside while she took Leon in.

"Welcome to The Sovereign Hotel," two attendants smile professionally to welcome them.

When Leon walked on the hotel's red carpet, he looked around and was shocked by how splendid and luxurious the decor was.

He never stepped foot in a place as high-end as a five-star hotel, and he could not help but feel a little uncomfortable to be there.

Furthermore, his tattered clothes were a stark contrast with the hotel.

He took each step with caution for he was worried that his shoes might stain the hotel's high-end red carpet.

"Hold it! This is a high-end hotel. Beggars aren't allowed to enter! Shoo! Beg somewhere else!"

There came a youngish 27- or 28-year-old woman who was dressed in a supervisor's uniform.

She put on an attitude of superiority and yelled harshly at the two attendants who greeted Iris and Leon. "What's wrong with you two? Are you blind? How could you let a beggar in?!"

"Who are you calling a beggar?" Iris was startled and did not know how to respond for a moment.

Moments later, she saw the supervisor walk up to Leon before pointing at him. "Get out of here, you miserable beggar!" the supervisor yelled, stopping short of actually shoving him out.

Leon already felt ashamed of himself, to begin with, and his face turned red as soon as the supervisor scolded him. How he wished he could just burrow into a hole in the ground!

Iris understood what happened and her pretty face immediately turned cold. She pushed the woman's finger away and said, "You're the one who's blind. Does he look like a beggar to you? He's my friend! We're here to book a room..."

"Book a room?"

The supervisor looked disdainfully at Iris from head to toe. "You dress like a rich lady but you're booking a room with a beggar? I suppose you're the same as him then. Now get out of our hotel, both of you!"

Iris was furious. "Only mean people like you can say such things. Where's your manager? Tell him to come out here and meet me!"

"Who do you think you are? What right do you have to ask for our manager?" the supervisor smiled contemptuously.

Iris trembled with anger. Had she not controlled herself for the sake of her identity, she would have slapped the supervisor in the face already.

The hotel staff were already alerted to the commotion there.

A young man about 36- or 37 years old rushed over as quickly as possible, and a nametag that wrote 'Lobby Manager - Wendell Dyer' was pinned to his suit lapel.