

Kick Ass Wife 97

Chapter 97 You Want To Be My Uncle-Master?

When Isabella heard that, she finally looked at Carlos.

Actually, that was not the first time Isabella had seen Carlos, but it was the first time he had met him in person

Previously, he had been seriously injured. Over the past month, he had recovered a little, but he was still very thin. His gray tunic suit looked a little empty on him.

His grayish-white hair was pulled back, and he looked hale and hearty.

However, his gaze was especially threatening. When he looked at Isabella, there was an indescribable malice and provocation.

Isabella smiled and looked into Carlos's eyes with her clear, pitch-black eyes. "That's right. I'm Master Falkona's disciple, Isabella Thompson.

Carlos sneered. He examined Isabella critically, and his face suddenly turned cold. "Since you admit that you are Greg Falkona's disciple, then do you know your mistake?"

He almost shouted the last four words His voice was like thunder All the guests present were shocked and looked over surprised. Some gossip people kept looking back and forth between Carlos and Isabella.

Isabella looked at Carlos in surprise. President Orwell, what do you mean by that?"

Carlos's face was already filled with anger. He said coldly. "Since you're Greg Falkona's disciple, why didn't you come and greet me when you saw me?

"According to seniority. I'm your uncle-master According to the rules of the Sanctum of Holy Doctors, you should pay your respects to me and serve me a cup of tea

"When you saw me, not only did you not take the initiative to greet me, you even acted arrogantly Do you think you can put all that propriety behind you just because you married into the Lockwood family? What did Greg teach you?"

He looked angry and seemed really indignant about the whole thing

Apart from a few people who knew Isabella's identity, everyone else was shocked.

The few council members standing beside Carlos asked loudly. "President Orwell, what do you mean by that? Is the chieftain's wife of the Lockwood family your nephew?"

For a moment, everyone's eyes widened.

how could chieftain's wife of the Lockwood

all that relations about, and wasn't the chieftain's wife of the Lockwood family just a poor girl

master, and how said person was even related to the famous the Sanctum of Holy

it. There was no way an ordinary person could marry into the Lockwood family. It turned out that Isabella had such a high status after

a moment, everyone

when she heard the whispers

Carlos to put

damn dramatic.” She thought. Originally, she and Carlos were on opposing sides. They were enemies, and their histories seemed to go way back When enemies met,

airs, carrying himself as his uncle-master. That was really too

my enemy, but you actually want to be my

anything. He was in a daze, mainly because Isabella’s dazed expression looked

of others, he simply

eyes of others, Isabella’s reaction was a sign of

people present were all influential people, and such people valued lineages and propriety. It was even more so for those who

masters and elders was one of the

even the elders of her sect. Even if she was from the Sanctum of Holy Doctors, she probably wouldn’t be able to become a

not despise her for being unknown and acknowledged her on the spot. It could be seen that

thought that Isabella, in contrast, clearly did not have the demeanor of someone from the Sanctum

no matter how long a sect had been passed down, there were still differences in the quality of their people. They really did not know why Draxton had taken

of his sect have the morals to

had a child out of wedlock, so hers was really

of their own. It was reasonable for

Isabella was quite good-looking. It seemed that a man like the chieftain of the

at Isabella angrily. There was malice in his eyes that

shock. She did not even look at the contemptuous gazes around her. She only sized up Carlos and asked, “You just said that you

for? I won’t ask you to pay your respects the proper way in such an occasion, but

asked in a deep voice, looking especially

position for a long time. An invisible pressure

was to pressure Isabella and make her lose face at the banquet. Not only would