

The Ex-Husband's Revenge by Dragonsky

Chapter 1

Twenty-six-year-old Leon Wolf was a married man whose dishonor was well-known across Springfield City. He lived with his wife's family—the Mansons—and was treated like a slave during his three-year marriage. Dignity was something foreign to him, but he finally had enough of it one fateful night!

For the past three years, he worked like a horse in the Mansons' company every single day, yet his salary had to be handed over to his wife Marilyn whom he could not even get without touching distance.

By the time he came home at night, he had to do laundry, mop, cook, and do all sorts of housework. Still, he worked hard without complaining.

He thought that doing all that would allow him to prove his worth to his wife and convince her to stay with him until they grew old, but what he received in exchange was a big gift—a baby!

His wife—whom he never once had the chance to get within touching distance of—was pregnant, and he was about to be a father!

Would anyone consider that good news, though?

"Is it that hard to wash the clothes clean or mop the floor well, Leon? You're useless! Can't you do anything right? Why should

we let you stay with us when a dog would've done better than you?"

...

The harsh words came from Leon's mother-in-law, Helen Manson. She pointed a finger at his face while she chastised him like there was no tomorrow.

Leon looked up, and his eyes were bloodshot due to anger.

"Helen!" Leon gritted his teeth and suppressed the voice in his throat.

"Don't call me by my first name. You're not worthy to be addressing me like that!"

Helen had an expression of disgust and contempt.

Leon remained silent and refrained from talking back.

Three years ago, he happened to chance upon the Mansons' patriarch when the latter's illness acted up all of a sudden.

Elder Manson, as he was known, was carried to the hospital on Leon's back for about eight miles or so. The old man received treatment in time and was thus saved by Leon's kindness.

Elder Manson probably felt it prudent to repay the favor by marrying off his granddaughter, Marilyn, to Leon. Everyone else in the family opposed it, but the old man turned a deaf ear to them.

Since then, Leon stayed with Mansons for three years.

Three years!

Even the coldest of people would warm up to someone in those three years, but it was impossible to do anything with that bitter mother-daughter duo!

Marilyn and her family looked down on him from the bottom of their hearts simply because he was an orphan with zero prospects and no family background.

Despite his best efforts, Marilyn and the others continued to nitpick, smack, and scold him at every turn.

Elder Manson was the only person in the entire family who treated him well.

When Elder Manson was around to protect him, his mother-in-law Helen was able to restrain herself—but only a little.

Ever since Elder Manson passed away from illness a month ago, Helen and everyone else had practically stepped up their efforts to drive him away.

He became a redundant existence in the family and spent his days being treated worse than a dog...

The room door swung open and Marilyn walked in, reeking of alcohol. Clad in fashionable clothes and black silk stockings, the gait of her long legs and her seductively blushing face was irresistible to almost every man.

Since she was back, Leon looked up at her and felt a surge of pain from his aching heart. He could not fathom how she could

bring herself to go out for some drinks even when she was pregnant!

Leon's first instinct was to head up and support her, but Marilyn immediately shoved him away.

"Hands off me! Pack up your stuff right now and get the hell out of here. We're getting a divorce at the Civil Records Office tomorrow!"

"What! Why?!"

At that point, Helen showed up and began cursing at Leon as soon as she saw him standing there in a faze.

"What are you doing, Leon? Bring over a basin of water and start washing Lulu's feet!"

Helen walked over to Marilyn with a doting expression on her face. She then held the woman's hand in the gentlest of manners and asked worried, "Why are you drinking so much alcohol? It's not good for the baby. You've put in so much effort to finally get pregnant with Brody's son, so you mustn't let anything happen to him."

She already looked forward to having a grandson even though the baby was still months ahead of the due date because only a boy would give her daughter a chance to become Brody's wife. The only reason she kept Leon around was that she was unsure about the baby's gender—after all, someone needed to take care of her daughter, and a babysitter would cost extra money.

"Don't bother washing my feet! I've suffered enough from your uselessness for the past three years, Leon! Let's get divorced tomorrow!"

Marilyn looked at Leon with a cold, arrogant, and contemptuous expression.

Leon immediately felt as if his heart was pierced by thousands of arrows. He knew that he was not worthy of Marilyn, and yet he continued to work hard and endure everything for three years in the hopes of getting Marilyn's approval.

Little did he know that he would receive a request for divorce in exchange for all his hard work!

"You're right!" Helen understood soon enough. "After all, we have Brody's child now, and it's going to tarnish our reputation if news gets out that he's still living with us."

"I'm tired. Could you walk me to my room so I can rest? The sight of this idiot disgusts me!"

Marilyn stroked her stomach tenderly and began worrying whether other women around Brody would try to interfere with them once her belly got bigger. As Helen helped Marilyn into the room, she took a jibe at Leon, "Why are you still here? Are you going to stay around and take care of a baby that isn't yours?"

In that split second, humiliation, anger, and a plethora of other negative emotions began to overwhelm Leon's heart. He felt like an abandoned stray that was chased out mercilessly from

its home. All his belongings from the three years of marriage—including his ID Card—were thrown into the trash can, and Leon's strongest emotion right then was that of bitter disappointment.

He was homeless.

In those three years, his earnings from work were handed in full to his mother-in-law and he was never given a single cent. He was the same as a wild dog.

Leon wandered on the street and ended up at a cemetery, where he felt the cold air within the darkness.

He stood in front of a tombstone with a lonely expression and widened eyes, but not a single tear was shed.

He did not know whether to feel anger, despair, or disappointment.

He looked silently at the tombstone of the late Elder Manson, the only person who protected him and took care of him during those three years. After being kicked out of the house, Leon felt to pay his respects to the old man one last time.

Although the purpose of his visit was to pay his respects, he did not have any money on him and could not even afford to buy the cheapest flowers.

"Thank you for taking care of me during these three years, Sir...

"I'm going to divorce Marilyn tomorrow...

"I failed to live up to your expectations..."

Leon's eyes were red. He knelt in the dark of the night and bowed to Elder Manson's tombstone several times in a row. It was difficult to put the bitterness and sadness in his heart into words.

Once he paid his respects, he took a pendant, held it in his hand, and sat blankly on the ground with his back against the tombstone.

Unbeknownst to Leon, the pendant seemed to glow with white light, almost as if it could sense the anger and humiliation within him...