

The Ex-Husband's Revenge By Dragonsky

Chapter 1101-1107

Chapter 1101

At that very moment, he finally acknowledged Leon.

"Elder Young, we're all family here. I just did what I should do. You don't have to thank me," Leon said with a smile, before glancing at Iris.

Since the night before, Iris truly became his woman and his future wife. Though he still felt slightly upset about what Albert and Gilbert did to him in the past, he forgave them out of his love for Iris. So long as Albert and Gilbert stayed in line, he would have held them against the things they did.

Sensing Leon's look, Iris blushed at the knowing look in his eyes, before glancing back endearingly despite feeling shy.

"A family? Yeah, you're right! We are family! Leon, the Youngs' future relies heavily on you," Albert burst out laughing, all the sorrow he felt earlier vanishing within an instant.

He knew that by denouncing Melvin and his descendants, the Youngs lost one Overlord and two Semi-Overlord, along with countless core members of the family.

At this point, the Youngs became the weakest among the Four Major Families and might not even rival the influence of certain ordinary families. Albert knew better than to rely on Gilbert if he wished to lead the Youngs back to glory, so he could only place his hope on Leon.

"Grandpa, are you saying that you won't oppose our relationship anymore?" Iris's heart raced after hearing what Albert said to Leon.

"Of course, not. I've been foolish once. How could I possibly make the same mistake over and over again? I'd be the biggest fool if I'm that stubborn!" Albert said with a smile.

"Really? That's great!" Iris was overjoyed.

She predicted that Albert would no longer attempt to tear her and Leon apart if Leon helped them return to the Youngs, but hearing Albert's approval still filled her with joy.

Leon, too, was surprised. Back when he was chased out of the Youngs, he swore that he would clear his name and win Iris's heart back someday. After all the struggle and hard work, he fulfilled both his goals and even had Albert's approval of his relationship with Iris.

It was worth all the trouble, after all.

“Dad, what should we do about Royce?” Gilbert asked hesitantly.

Royce was Daisy’s and Harold’s son and Gilbert would be overwhelmed by the urge to kill Royce whenever he recalled the humiliation he was put through. However, he raised Royce for the past twenty years and he doubted he could kill Royce.

“Well,” Albert’s smile froze as he felt conflicted as well.

He watched Royce grow up and he did not have the heart to kill Royce either; at the same time, he was worried that leaving Royce alive would cause issues in the future.

Chapter 1102

Instantly, he found himself at a crossroads, not knowing what to do with Royce.

“Leon, what do you think?” Albert turned to seek Leon’s opinion on the matter.

“Um, I guess he’s innocent in this whole fiasco. Let him live! I’ll find a way to gather a fund of 287 million dollars for him so that he’ll leave Springfield City and live the rest of his life in peace,” Leon decided

thoughtfully.

Though Vincent had control over Harold’s territories, Harold also had properties worthy of a big fortune under his name.

With both Harold and Jacob dead, and Daisy killing herself to follow them, Royce was the only legal heir to

inherit Harold’s wealth.

Leon intended to buy all the properties from Royce with 287 million dollars, which would be more than enough for Royce to live comfortably for the rest of his life.

He could have copied what Harold did to the Youngs and tricked his way into getting the Lowes’ wealth without having to pay Royce a penny. However, he was not as ruthless and shameless as Harold and knew better than to do such a thing.

His willingness to pay Royce in exchange for the properties should be considered mercy, and he did not care if Royce would seek revenge against him in the future; Leon had plenty of enemies and Royce was far too

weak to be a threat.

Royce was not involved in Harold's plan and it was Leon's principle that he would not murder Royce in cold blood simply out of fear of retaliation.

"It's no wonder that Daisy begged you to spare Royce at her last breath. Looks like she knows you better than we all do,.." Albert sighed.

The strong always fed on the weak, yet not only had Leon spared Royce, but he was also willing to pay Royce millions in exchange for the Lowes' properties.

Albert was more than impressed by Leon's forgiving nature.

"Alright. It's all over now! Albert, Leon, since everything is settled, the Collins will leave now!" Seeing how the conflicts had been settled, George said and turned to leave with the other Collins.

"Hang on!"

Just then, they all heard a sneer.

A middle-aged man in his fifties and a beautiful woman strode in, followed by a group of towering men dressed

in black uniforms.

"Which one of you is Leon Wolf?" The man approached and scanned the crowd, his presence intimidating and dangerous.

"I am! Who are you?" Leon scowled and stared at the group before in confusion.

"We are from the Dragon Corps! Someone reported that you have murdered innocent people using your strength as a martial artist! You will follow us and go under investigation right now!" The man said in a

demeaning tone.

The Dragon Corps was the organization that represented the country to govern martial artists; due to the high requirement for its members, there were only several core members inside the organization.

Among the group, only the mid-aged man and the beautiful woman worked directly for the Dragon Corps and the others were from the National Security Department.

Chapter 1103

The National Security Department had higher authority than the police force and was established for the sole purpose of assisting the Dragon Corps in their effort of maintaining the order.

“What? The Dragon Corps?”

Leon, George, and the others were all shocked.

George and Vincent both warned Leon that if he killed Harold, he might alert the Dragon Corps, but Leon never thought that it would happen so quickly.

What he was not aware of was that the Fields reported him to the Dragon Corps as soon as they ran, which

was the reason why the Dragon Corps sent their members over so quickly.

“Take him away!” The man commanded.

A few of the guards from the National Security Department instantly approached Leon viciously.

“Hang on!” Shocked, Leon said hastily, “Sir, please let me explain. This is just self-defense and I haven’t murdered anyone innocent.”

“What a load of lies! The bodies are right there. What makes you think you can talk your way out of this?”

The man pointed at the three dead bodies on the floor.

“I’m not talking my way out of this. I’m telling the truth,” Leon wanted to explain further but was instantly interrupted by the man.

“That’s enough! Take him away!” The man said impatiently.

Seeing how the guards were about to leap into action, Leon blurted out, “Are all the people in the Dragon Corps this unreasonable?”

“What?! How dare you say that about the Dragon Corps? Do you have a death wish?!” The look in the man’s eyes darkened.

"I'm not accusing the Dragon Corps of anything. I just think you're being unfair! Harold attempted to kill me countless times, yet you have never interfered or stopped him! Now that I've killed him out of self-defense, you popped up out of nowhere and wanted to capture me without bothering to find out what happened! Isn't that too unreasonable?" Leon said with frustration.

"We have our ways of doing things. It's not up to a brat like you to boss us around! If you know what's best for yourself, you're going to come with us, or we'll show you no mercy!" The man said sternly.

Enraged, Leon said, "Is that so? Let's see what you are going to do, then!"

Instantly, the crowd stirred. Even Albert and George were stunned by Leon's arrogance.

"Leon, ha- have you gone mad?"

They all gaped at Leon.

The Dragon Corps was established to control martial artists and had the government supporting them, yet Leon dared to stand up against the Dragon Corps.

"I haven't gone mad! If they refuse to see reason, I can't just sit on my thumbs and wait for them to do as they please with me!" Leon said, his composure a distinct contrast with the concern on the others' faces.

He did not wish to face the Dragon Corps either, but it was undeniable that he killed Harold and Jacob.

Chapter 1104

Since the Dragon Corps decided to interfere and accused him of killing the innocents without listening to reasons, Leon knew that he might not survive if he left with them. If that was the case, he might as well try his luck. With his power level in the Intermediate Overlord State, though he might not be able to defeat them, he still had a chance of escaping.

He could run and stay away for a time until the Dragon Corps gave up.

"Very well! You asked for this! If you want to die, I'll let you have it!" The man gathered his true energy in his palm and was about to attack Leon.

Just then, the woman next to him stopped him. "Stop!"

"Cara, why are you stopping me?" The man questioned.

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“Mark, we’re just here to investigate, not for you to show off your power! This man is just a suspect at the moment, so can you spare him any accusation before we get to the bottom of this?” Cara scoffed.

“And we haven’t gotten to the bottom of this? All the evidence you need is right before us. It’s not like the bodies are fake,” Mark said while pointing at the dead bodies..

“So what? The man just said that he was forced to defend himself. He didn’t murder anyone innocent! Besides, Harold is an infamous powerful figure among martial artists, known to be ruthless and vicious. He probably got what he deserved!” Cara snorted in contempt at the mention of Harold.

“Well,” Mark was instantly rendered speechless.

Unlike the police, the Dragon Corps aimed to control martial artists and maintain the order of the community, but also to serve justice when needed.

As one of the two kings in the city, Harold was known to do whatever it might take to obtain what he wanted, so it would be reasonable for Leon to kill him if Leon was simply defending himself.

“Thank you for helping me, Miss,” The dark expression on Leon’s face eased as he was grateful for Cara’s help.

“What did you just call me? Miss?” Cara was stunned for a moment.

“Yeah. Am I wrong?” Leon asked in confusion.

“No! You’re perfectly right!” Overjoyed, Cara beamed at him.

She was Mark’s wife and was only a few years younger than him, but since she maintained her appearance with care, she only looked as though she was in her thirties.

Being called Miss instead of Madam pleased her. On top of that, she was aware of all the crimes Harold committed over the years and saw Leon as the hero who stepped forward to fight the villain.

As someone righteous and just, Cara was impressed by Leon’s courage.

“I’ll cut to the chase, kid! You’re involved in murder and whether it’s an act of self-defense, you’ll need to come with us to undergo investigation. Don’t worry. Once we get to the bottom of this and confirm that you were merely defending yourself, we won’t punish you over it!” Cara said.

“Oh,” Leon muttered hesitantly.

He knew that there were only dozens of Overlords in Springfield City and every single one of them was being watched by the Dragon Corps.

“Mark, what’s wrong with you?” Startled, Cara immediately sent her true energy to cancel out Mark’s attack

“What’s wrong with me?! Cara, he’s acting like that so that he can take advantage of you. Not only are you protecting him, but you’re also blaming me?” Furious, Mark was instantly driven mad by jealousy.

“Can you stop being so petty? Just look at how pale he looks. How’s he taking advantage of me? Besides, I’m old enough to be his mother! Why on earth would you be jealous?” Cara said with resignation.

“Cara’s right!” Just then, an old man who looked to be in his seventies walked over. His appearance was ordinary, like any old man of his age, and did not seem special in any way.

“Master!”

Startled, both Mark and Cara bowed respectfully at the old man.

The old man was generally referred to as Master Haslewood, a mysterious man who retired three years ago after working at the Dragon Corps’ main headquarter and temporarily took control over the branch in Springfield City.

Since everything about Master Haslewood was a mystery, Mark and Cara did not know much about him, but instinctively knew that he had to be extremely powerful to have worked for the main headquarters.

“Master, is he really that weak?” Mark asked confusedly.

“Yeah. He probably used certain tricks to force his energy to surge for a time, and this is the after-effect of that. He’ll be fine after a few days’ rest,” Master Haslewood studied Leon and said.

“What?! H- How *do* you know that?” Leon was shocked, not expecting Master Haslewood to tell his condition with just one look.

Though he did not use any trick and was only suffering from the after-effect of the Dragon Pill, Master Haslewood’s guess was rather precise apart from that.

Master Haslewood did not answer and simply said to Mark, "Mark, find him a wheelchair and let him rest."

"But, okay," Mark said reluctantly.

Leon was merely a suspect in the murder and Mark was frustrated that not only was Leon lying in Cara's arms, but he also needed to find Leon a wheelchair as though Leon was the boss of him.

He found a wheelchair in the National Security Department and Cara helped Leon onto it.

"Cara, what did this young man do? Why have you brought him here?" Master Haslewood asked.

"Master, he has murdered the Northern King, Harold Lowe," Cara explained.

"What? You must be quite talented if you can kill Harold Lowe!" Master Haslewood was shocked.

As a member of the Dragon Corps, he knew the families in Springfield City like the back of his hands and

knew that Harold recently reached the Overlord State. Given Harold's sly and vicious nature, along with his army of skilled martial artists, he was not someone who could be easily defeated.

Chapter 1107

Leon had to be in the Intermediate Overlord State if he could kill Harold. Most importantly, Leon was only in his twenties, and it was unheard of for someone his age to reach the Overlord State.

"Sir, I was forced to defend myself. I didn't kill anyone who didn't deserve it," Leon said weakly.

He could tell that the old man before him was someone of high status and explained everything in detail, hoping that the Dragon Corp would spare him.

"Self-defense, huh? That sounds reasonable!" Master Haslewood said thoughtfully.

He knew that Harold was known for his ruthless ways and believed what Leon said..

"Sir, does that mean that you can let me go?" Leon's eyes brightened up.

"Of course, not! Harold was still a powerful figure in this city and killing him in public will have a great negative impact on the community! Since you acted in self-defense, you won't have to suffer much," Master Haslewood said.

"How will I be punished, then?" Leon's heart sank.

"How about this? You'll be confined here for a year as punishment!" Master Haslewood said thoughtfully.

As the person in charge of the Springfield City branch, he governed the order of the martial artists community and his decision was final.

"What? A year? N- No way!" Leon was stunned.

He predicted that he would be punished as soon as he stepped foot in the headquarters. Though the punishment was not at all severe, Leon still had a lot to accomplish and could not be confined for a year.

"Why not? Brat, you've killed someone and it's already extremely merciful of Master to confine you for one year! Be grateful!" Mark said mockingly.

He was frustrated for having to serve Leon and was pleased that Leon had to be imprisoned for a year.

Leon ignored Mark and observed Master Haslewood for a while as an idea started to form in his head. "Sir, if I can help save your life, will the Dragon Corps spare me?"

"You're going to save my life? Am I hearing you right?" Master Haslewood froze in disbelief.

Throughout the decades, no one ever dared to say something so arrogant to him.

Leon nodded. "Yeah, it looks like you only have a few months left to live. 1-"

Before he could finish, Mark interrupted him. "How dare you?! Brat, is that a curse or something? You must want to die!" Mark was furious and glared daggers at Leon.

"What are you doing, young man? How can you curse the Master when he has shown you mercy? You're out of line here!"

Cara's expression darkened.

"It's fine! Kid, I've lived for over a hundred years now, and every day I get now, I consider it a bonus and I'm glad that I can live another few months," Master Haslewood said calmly, not at all offended by Leon's words.

"I respect you for your composure, Sir, but if you get rid of the poison inside your body, you'll live for another few decades. Isn't that even better?" Leon asked.

"Poison? Brat, if you continue to run your mouth, I'm going to-" Mark roared, only to have his words caught in his throat at what Master Haslewood said next.

"How? Do you know that I've been poisoned?" Master Haslewood gaped at Leon in disbelief.

He thought that Leon was merely cursing at him out of frustration for the punishment Master Haslewood

mentioned earlier.

However, Leon managed to see through the fact that he was poisoned and Master Haslewood instantly realized that he might have misunderstood Leon.

"Master, you were poisoned?"

Both Mark and Cara were shocked.

"Yes." Master Haslewood nodded.

He was poisoned three years ago and returned to Springfield City since then to live out the rest of his time, but he did not expect Leon to make such a precise diagnosis about his condition.

"Kid, how do you know that I was poisoned?" Master Haslewood studied Leon in awe.

"I've studied medicine and I can tell from looking at your energy," Leon explained.

"You're a doctor? Do you know what type of poison it is?" Master Haslewood was impressed. If Leon could tell that he was poisoned by one look, Leon might be skilled enough to cure him and his eyes lit up with hope.

"No!" Leon shook his head.

The poison Master Haslewood took was extremely powerful and though Leon could tell that he was poisoned, he could not determine what type of poison it was.

"So,

not even you know,” Master Haslewood muttered in disappointment, his hope shattering.

Ever since he was poisoned three years ago, he visited countless famous doctors. While some managed to tell that he was poisoned, no one knew what type of poison he took, nor could they cure him from it.

“I might not know what type of poison you’ve taken, I can remove it from your body!” Leon said calmly.

“What?! You can do that?! How could you when you don’t even know what type of poison I’ve taken?”

Master Haslewood was shaken.

“There are about as many types of poison as there are people. It’s normal to not be able to tell what type of poison it is, but that doesn’t mean I can treat it! Those are two different things!” Leon said casually.

“But,” Master Haslewood hesitated as he struggled to determine if Leon told the truth.

“If you can treat Master, please do it now,” Cara said hastily.

“Not right now.”

“I’m too weak to lift my hand. I’ll have to wait two days to recover because I treat him. Besides, the poison he took is rather effective and since he has delayed treatment for far too long, curing him will take a thousand-year-old Ganoderma,” Leon said sincerely.

Ganoderma could dissolve toxins in the human body and the longer it grew, the more effective it would be. If the Dragon Corps could locate a thousand-year-old Ganoderma, Leon was confident that he could cure Master Haslewood.

Naturally, the longer a wild herb grew, the rarer it would be and the rarest specimen Leon saw so far was a five-hundred-year-old wild Panax.

A thousand-year-old Ganoderma was ten times rarer than that and Leon did not even hear of anyone mentioning it in the past, so it would be quite a challenge for the Dragon Corps to trace down something that

rare.

“What? A thousand-year-old Ganoderma? Where are we supposed to find something like that?”

Mark and Cara looked at one another in shock.

They both knew that a wild herb growing for over a thousand years was extremely challenging to find and since Leon specified that he needed Ganoderma, it would only be more challenging.

“Kid, you are just saying things that can’t be achieved because you can’t treat Master, aren’t you?” Mark’s cold glare pierced Leon as he suspected Leon of sending them on an impossible mission.

“Who said that I can’t treat him? If you can find the thousand-year-old Ganoderma, I guarantee that there is a ninety percent chance that I can cure him! However, if you can’t find it, there’s nothing I can do,” Leon said with annoyance.

He could have asked for Cynthia’s help if he was in search of something that grew for a few hundred years. and considering the Shears’ influence, it might not be a challenge. However, a thousand-year-old

Ganoderma was simply far too rare that even the Shears would struggle to find it, so all that was left was to see if the Dragon Corps could find it.

“Kid, if I can find a thousand-year-old Ganoderma, can you cure me?” Master Haslewood said, agreeing with Mark as he suspected Leon of bragging.

“Yeah!” Leon nodded.

“Alright. I’ll give you one chance. I’ll hand you a thousand-year-old Ganoderma three days from now. I hope that you aren’t just bragging,” Master Haslewood said.

Master Haslewood knew that such a specimen could not be found in Springfield City, but he should be able to obtain it through the Dragon Corps; his only concern was that despite all the resources and effort put into locating the Ganoderma, Leon would fail to cure him and in turn, letting all the hard work go to waste.

It was not something Master Haslewood wished to see.

“What? Can you find it? Seriously?” Leon was shocked.

A thousand-year-old Ganoderma was extremely rare and he did not expect Master Haslewood to confirm. that he could find it within three days.

“Master doesn’t lie! Brat, are you feeling guilty because you didn’t expect the Master to have the ability to find a thousand-year-old Ganoderma?”

Mark sneered.

He did not believe that Leon would be capable of curing Master Haslewood and decided that Leon bragged from the shocked expression on his face.

“Why should I feel guilty? I mean what I said. If the Dragon Corps can find a thousand-year-old Ganoderma, I can cure him! I’m a man of my words!” Leon said decisively.

“Alright. It’s a deal, then! Let’s see if you are as capable as you claim!” Master Haslewood said.

He saw by countless famous doctors and was disappointed every single time, so he got used to being disappointed and did not place much hope in Leon.

It was only a final attempt out of desperation.

In the following two days, Leon remained in the headquarter of the Dragon Corps to rest and slowly began to

recover.

On the third day, Mark and Cara found Leon and brought him to the meeting room to meet with Master

Haslewood.

“I’ve found the thousand-year-old Ganoderma you asked for!” Master Haslewood said as he handed an ancient-looking box to Leon.

Leon opened it and found a dried wild Ganoderma inside. It was air-dried and was as large as a fan.

“It’s the real thing,” Leon was shocked.

Though Master Haslewood informed him ahead of time that the Dragon Corps could find the thousand-year-old Ganoderma within three days, Leon was still shocked to learn that they truly managed such an impossible task.

If Master Haslewood was capable of finding something so rare with ease, he must be far more influential and powerful than it was shown on the outside.

It was great news that the Ganoderma was found because the sooner Leon could cure Master Haslewood, the sooner he would be excused from the punishments.

“Kid, you should know that this is extremely rare. If you aren’t capable of curing me, you can just say so and I won’t blame you. However, I don’t want you to brag, only let such a rare specimen go to waste,” Master Haslewood said.

Though Leon promised that he could remove the poison within Master Haslewood time and time again, Leon was far too young to be more experienced in medicine compared to all the doctors he saw in the past.

It was hard to believe that Leon was capable of such a miracle and Master Haslewood knew that the chances of him being cured were slim.

“Master is right! If you can’t do it, stop bragging! If you fail or cause your Master’s condition to worsen, won’t show you any mercy!” Mark warned coldly.

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“You’re so annoying!” Leon rolled his eyes, before ignoring Mark and leaving with the thousand-year-old

Ganoderma.

Shortly after, Leon cut one-third of the thousand-year-old Ganoderma and ground it with some other herbs, before dissolving the powder into water and walking out of the kitchen with it.

“Drink this, and we can start with the treatment!” Leon said.

“Alright,” Seeing how there was no turning back, Master Haslewood sighed and drank the medicine.

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He followed Leon’s instructions and sat on the couch next to him.

“Miss Cara, if my power falls short during the treatment, I’m going to need your help,” Leon said.

“Of course!” Cara nodded.

Once everything was in place, Leon pressed on a few compression points around Master Haslewood’s heart to shield it from the following procedures.

The poison that Master Haslewood took was extremely powerful and he only managed to survive the past three years with his tremendous true energy. However, the poison slowly spread and was not far from his heart at this point; once it entered the heart, Master Haslewood would be dead.

"I'm going to start now!" Leon said with a serious expression and pressed his finger into the Ghost Point of Master Haslewood.

Pressure on the Ghost Point could help to control the flow of true energy and it effectively stopped Master Haslewood's true energy from circulating inside his body. The poison instantly surged and flooded toward his heart, but since Leon took precautions to protect Master Haslewood's heart, the poison was blocked.

Leon then fired up his spiritual power and slowly began to force the power toward the Expulsion Point.

The Expulsion Point was one of the few important compression points in the human body that helped with releasing toxins within the body. The poison reached the Expulsion Point and was gradually extracted by Leon. Transformed into gas, they began to escape Master Haslewood's body and into the air.

Compression on the Ghost Point could only be used to gather most of the poison, and the remaining poison was broken down by the effect of the Ganoderma.

Under the effect of the Ganoderma along with Leon's spiritual power sent through the Ghost Point, the poison within Master Haslewood was expelled at a steady pace.

Sometime later, Leon paled when his spiritual energy was about to run out, yet one-third of the poison inside Master Haslewood's body remained.

"Miss Cara, I'm running out of power. Please help," Leon said.

"Sure." Without hesitation, Cara fired up her true energy and placed her palm against Leon's back to transfer her energy to him.

Leon was shocked when he sensed her powerful energy force and noticed that she was in the Advanced

Overlord State.

He did not expect for a woman who looked sweet and frail on the outside to be a martial artist in the

Advanced Overlord State.

Leon finally understood why there were only several members in the Dragon Corps as the few of them were enough to control the entire Springfield City.

Despite the thoughts that occupied his mind, Leon did not pause in the treatment.

With Cara's help, Leon finally eradicated all the poison inside Master Haslewood's body after a while.

Seeing how Leon stopped the treatment, Cara asked, "How's Master?"

"It's done," Leon said and pulled away from Master Haslewood.

"It's done? All you did was press on a few spots and it's done?" Mark questioned sharply.

"Yeah," Leon said.

Just then, Master Haslewood opened his eyes abruptly and spat a mouthful of blood.

"Kid, didn't you say that Master is cured? Wh- What's going on?"

"Don't worry. It's normal," Leon explained but was instantly interrupted by Mark.

"Normal?! You resent Master for punishing you and tell him that you're treating him when you are hurting

him!" Mark was furious.

He never believed that Leon was capable of curing Master Haslewood and seeing how Master Haslewood spat blood, the first thought on Mark's mind was that Leon might have harmed Master Haslewood.

"I didn't do such a thing!" Leon's expression darkened.

"You didn't? What do you have to say for yourself when the truth is staring us in the eye? How dare you try to hurt the Master? Die!" Mark gathered his true energy in his palm and was about to launch himself at Leon when Master Haslewood stopped him.

"Stop!"

"Master, what are you doing? This kid tricked you. I'm going to teach him a lesson," Mark did not understand why Master Haslewood stopped him.

"Listen to yourself! This young man has cured me. When has he tricked me?" Master Haslewood said with displeasure.

"He didn't trick you? Why did you spit blood, then?" Mark asked.

"The remaining poison has been expelled through the blood I spat out," Master Haslewood said.

Mark turned his attention to the floor and noticed that the blood Master Haslewood spat out was purple.

"So, you've been cured?" Mark gaped.

"That's right!" Master Haslewood nodded, also taken by surprise.

He was seen by countless doctors and none of them were able to help, so Master Haslewood did not place much hope in Leon. To his bewilderment, a miracle happened and Leon managed to cure him.

"What the "Mark was utterly stunned as he struggled to comprehend how someone as young as Leon could manage such a thing.

He thought back to how he doubted Leon repeatedly and finally realized that Leon was not bragging. He was the one who underestimated Leon.

"That's great! You are a great doctor!" Cara was both overjoyed and impressed by Leon when she learned

that Master Haslewood was cured.

"I just got lucky," Leon smiled modestly.

"Thank you, young man. Whether it's because of luck, you saved my life. I owe you my life and I don't even know how I can repay you," Master Haslewood said gratefully.

He gave up on life a long time ago, but in the end, he was only a man who wanted to live and Leon came along to relieve him of the poison that tortured him for the past three years.

Even someone, as composed as Master Haslewood, could barely contain his excitement.

"You're welcome, Sir. I don't need you to repay the favor. I just want you to cancel the punishment and that's enough," Leon said.

"Cancel the punishment? I'm afraid that can't be done!" Master Haslewood shook his head thoughtfully.

"What?! Why not?" Leon froze in shock.

He worked so hard to cure Master Haslewood with the sole intention of being spared from punishment, yet Master Haslewood rejected his request right away.

“I’m sorry, kid, but what you’ve done for me personally has nothing to do with the law! You’ve killed Harold Lowe and if we let you go unpunished, we won’t be able to explain ourselves to the other martial artists in the city,” Master Haslewood said apologetically.

It was the Dragon Corps’ duty to maintain order and control martial artists from acting out.

Harold was well-known as the Northern King and news that he was killed by Leon would have spread throughout the city at this point. If the Dragon Corps let Leon go without punishing him, the other martial artists would not be satisfied with the outcome and it was something that the Dragon Corps would wish to

avoid.

“All in all, I’ll forever be in your debt since you’ve saved my life, but I can’t let you go simply because of that,

Master Haslewood added.

“What? I thought we had a deal! If I cure you, the Dragon Corps will let me go!” Leon’s expression darkened.

“You were the one who said that. I’ve never agreed to those terms, have I?” Master Haslewood said.

“Why you!” Leon gaped, as Master Haslewood was right. He was the one who proposed to cure Master Haslewood, and Master Haslewood never agreed to cancel the punishment toward Leon, so it was all nothing

but Leon’s wishful thinking.

“You’re being an unfair, old man! I worked so hard to cure you and you tricked me! Are you telling me that all my efforts have been in vain?” Leon questioned angrily and started addressing Master Haslewood as old

man instead.

"Of course, not! Don't worry. Your efforts are not in vain. As a gesture of my gratitude, I'll give you three Potential Energy Forces and these will protect you from harm in the future," Master Haslewood said.

"Three Potential Energy Forces? What's that?" Leon blurted out in shock.

Instead of answering his question, Master Haslewood glanced at the pendent Leon wore around his neck and said, "Hand me that pendant!"

"Wh- What do you want?" Leon instinctively grabbed onto the pendent. He wore it since a young age and it was through the pendent that he inherited all the knowledge from his ancestor.

Though it no longer served any purpose, he owed everything that he had to the pendent and he treated it as his most precious treasure.

"It's a pendant of great value! I intend to store three Potential Energy Forces inside of it and when you face

enemies that you can't defeat, you can take one out as a means to protect yourself, or even lead you to

victory."

Master Haslewood proceeded to explain the concept of Potential Energy Forces.

After listening to him, Leon grasped the concept that Master Haslewood intended on leaving three traces of his pure energy in Leon's pendent, and each trace stored the full power of Master Haslewood's single strike.

Though Leon did not know how powerful Master Haslewood was, he knew that if Cara was already in the Advanced Overlord State, her supervisor could only surpass her in power, and a single strike at full strength from someone that powerful would turn the tables for Leon under any circumstances.

"Just hand me your pendant!" Master Haslewood said.

"Oh, alright, then," Leon said hesitantly; caving under the fact that Potential Energy Forces could protect him from danger, he eventually handed his pendent to Master Haslewood.

Master Haslewood fired up his pure energy and imprinted three Potential Energy Forces into the pendant.

Once he was done, he paled and was already drenched in sweat.

Unlike true energy, pure energy was core to the life force of martial artists, and after giving Leon three Potential Energy Forces, Master Haslewood would need to rest for a few months before he could fully recover.

“How lucky!” Mark muttered enviously.

Leon knew nothing about Master Haslewood, but Mark knew that Master Haslewood came from the main headquarter of Dragon Corps and that he was extremely powerful to the extent that there was hardly anyone who could rival him.

Leon was extremely fortunate to have obtained three Potential Energy Forces from Master Haslewood.

“Young man, three Potential Energy Forces of mine will save your life three times! You saved my life, and I repay you with three lives. That should be fair, shouldn’t it?” Master Haslewood sighed and handed the pendent back to Leon.

“Yeah, I guess,” Leon nodded, feeling excited to obtain another means to protect himself from danger, but soon, he realized that something was wrong. “Hang on! Sir, I want you to let me go without punishment. I don’t need three Potential Energy Forces!”

The smile on his face froze. Though three Potential Energy Forces held great value, he preferred to leave and did not want to be imprisoned for a whole year.

“No way! I’ve told you that we can’t let you go unpunished,” Master Haslewood shook his head sternly.

“But,” Leon’s shoulder slumped.

“That’s the end of the discussion. A year isn’t that long. Just bear with it. Besides, you are too young and reckless. Just think of it as training your patience here in Dragon Corps. It’ll be beneficial to you as well,”

Master Haslewood said.

“Yeah, kid! Master’s right. Just accept the reality and stay here for a year!” Mark said mockingly.

Not only did Leon take advantage of his wife, but Cara was also the one looking after Leon for the past two days and Mark was consumed by jealousy because of that.