

The Ex-Husband's Revenge By Dragonsky Chapter 1108

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.”

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“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?”

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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.



