

The Ex-Husband's Revenge By Dragonsky Chapter 1291

“Grandpa, what are you doing? Leon is my boyfriend and if you want him out, I’m going with him!” Iris had not expected Patrick to treat Leon with such disrespect and was about to drag Leon outside in a fit of rage.

“Iris, don’t leave!” Damian panicked and stopped the two from leaving, before turning to Patrick. “Dad, they are guests, after all. Just let Leon stay!”

“But...oh, alright.” Patrick compromised with resignation.

Just then, following approaching sounds of footsteps, Penny stepped inside with an old man in his sixties; next to the old man was a young assistant who held a briefcase.

“Mister Yair, we’ve been waiting for you for the longest time!” Patrick greeted the man respectfully.

“I’m sorry, Elder Scammell, I’ve been too busy lately. Please forgive me for the delay...” Mister Yair smiled apologetically.

“You are too kind, Mister Yair. I am forever grateful that you are willing to make time for Damian, I’ll leave him in your hands,” Patrick said.

Damian started noticing discomfort in his legs two years ago and was completely rendered immobile in recent months. Since then, the Scammells had been seeking help from different doctors, but none of them could help.

Mister Yair came from an ancient lineage of martial artists and was a reputed doctor for rare diseases.

A month ago, Patrick sent out an invitation to Mister Yair, but Mister Yair had been far too occupied to respond to it right away.

“By the way, Leon, you are a great doctor as well. Why don’t you treat my uncle?” Iris said.

Her mind had been occupied with her reunion with her family and had completely forgotten about what Leon was capable of until Mister Yair appeared. With his skills, it would not be challenging to cure Damian of his illness.

“There’s no rush. The Scammells have already hired someone else. Let them do their thing for now,” Leon said.

Though Patrick and Damian were prejudiced against him, Damian was Iris’s uncle by blood and Leon could not possibly refuse to treat Damian. If Mister Yair was skilled enough to cure Damian, it would be a deal; but should he fail, Leon would surely step in.

“Yeah, you are right.” Iris nodded.

The Scammells had waited a long time for Mister Yair to come and she could not ask him to simply leave. It would not be too late to ask for Leon’s help if Mister Yair proved himself incompetent.

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Mister Yair checked Damian with medical equipment and soon came to a conclusion.

“Mister Yair, how is Damian?” Patrick blurted out asking.

“If I’m not mistaken, Damian has been attacked and suffered damages to his nerves in the past, which worsen over time, rendering him immobile,” Mister Yair said confidently.

“Yes, that’s right. I’ve indeed suffered injuries before at the hands of the Libertons.” Damian nodded.

The Libertons

were the Scammells’ competitors in business and Damian had been involved in a conflict with the Libertons two years ago, which ended with him being injured by a few Libertons. Since then, he started experiencing discomfort in his legs, which progressed into a complete loss of senses.

Hence, he had always suspected his current condition to be a result of the fight two years ago. Reminded of the fight, his resentment for the Libertons grew, and at the same time, he was impressed by Mister Yair for making such a precise diagnosis.

“Mister Yair, can Damian be cured?” Patrick asked in anticipation. He had hired countless doctors to treat Damian in the past, but none of them had been able to help; on the contrary of those doctors, Mister Yair managed to tell that Damian had been injured in the past after simply checking him over, which meant that Mister Yair was far more skilled than the ones Patrick had hired in the past.

Instantly, Patrick and Damian were both impressed and hopeful.

“Of course! This is nothing compared to some of the cases I’ve dealt with!” Mister Yair smiled smugly.

“Great!”

Both Patrick and Damian were overjoyed. Damian, who had been suffering from his condition, had to put up with Nigel’s father for attempting to steal his position as the family heir, and if Mister Yair could fix his legs, all problems would be resolved so he was excited beyond words.

“Mister Yair, I’ll leave it to you. If you can cure Damian, we will reward you handsomely!” Patrick said

excitedly.

“You are too kind, Elder Scammell! Don’t worry. I will cure Damian. I won’t let you down!” Mister Yair said, before taking a flask out of his briefcase that contained crystal-like pills.

“Damian, these are called Snow Panax Pill and they are extremely effective in curing damages to nerves! Take one of these every day and I will come over every two days to massage your compression points. Within a month, you should see improvement!” He explained.

Panax had a mending effect on nervous damage and the Snow Panax Pill had been made with Panax and a number of rare herbs, which made it perfect for a patient like Damian.

“Sure.” Damian nodded attentively.

“Take one now and I shall begin the massage shortly after!” Mister Yair handed Damian a pill.

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“No! You can’t take the Snow Panax Pill!” Leon’s expression darkened and he stepped forward.

“What are you doing?”

Everyone, including Damian, Patrick, and Penny, turned to look at Leon in confusion. Iris, who was standing next to Leon, was confused as well.

“There’s a saying that a quack is as lethal as a snake. I didn’t believe it in the past, but looks like it’s true after all!” Leon scoffed.

“Kid, who are you calling a quack?!” Mister Yair’s expression darkened and he glared at Leon angrily.

“You, of course! Damian has been poisoned, yet you diagnosed that he suffered nerve damage and tries to feed him something that would worsen his condition. That makes you a quack!” Leon spat coldly.

Through studying Damian’s true energy, Leon had been able to tell that Damian was poisoned. If Mister Yair simply failed to see what the issue was like the doctors who came before him, it would not cause Damian any further damage; however, Mister Yair had given Damian a medication that could potentially kill Damian and Leon simply could not stand idly by.

“Poison? What do you mean?” Both Damian and Patrick were shocked.

“If I’m not mistaken, Damian has been poisoned with Veratrum poison! It’s a poison that works over the course of a long period of time, made with seven kinds of poisonous herbs. One of them is Veratrum nigrum. The toxic element of this plant will be maximized when mixed with Panax and you might die right away if you take the Snow Panax Pill!” Leon de adpanned.

“What?!” Everyone froze in shock and Damian’s expression darkened. He was immobile at the moment, but at least he was alive. If what Leon said was indeed true, he would suffer worse consequences if he ingested the Snow Panax Pill.

“What a load of lies! Damian has suffered damage to his nerves. He was not poisoned! Who are you to argue with my diagnosis, kid!” Mister Yair roared.

He had been a doctor for decades and had always been proud of his skills. Not only had Leon challenged him, but he had also called Mister Yair a ‘quack’ and Mister Yair refused to put up with it.

“That’s right! I was indeed injured before. I must have suffered damage to my nerves. This can’t be the work of some poison!” Damian sobered.

He knew his condition better than anyone and since Mister Yair had been right about the injury he suffered two years ago, it was clear who had the correct diagnosis.

Patrick recovered from the initial shock.

Mister Yair was a known doctor, whose skills had been respected by many; while Leon was only a young man who claimed that Damian was poisoned without even checking Damian’s body at all, so there was no way that Patrick would believe Leon.

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“Brat, I’m warning you! There’s a limit to my patience! Run your mouth again and I will make you pay” Patrick glared at Leon.

for it!

After what Leon had said earlier, Patrick had already assumed that Leon was a liar and not only had Leon refused to apologize, his actions had escalated and he had hindered the treatment for Damian on purpose.

if

“I’m not lying, Elder Scammell. I’m telling the truth!” Leon said firmly. He would have left a long time ago he was doubted time and time again by others; but since the Scammells were Iris’s family by blood and this

was a matter of life or death for Damian, Leon could not simply leave simply because Patrick was prejudiced against him.

“How dare you?!” Patrick was livid and would have killed Leon right there and then had he not been Iris’s boyfriend.

Naturally, he was not the only one who doubted Leon. Damian and Penny both thought that Leon was out of line for lying and Iris was the only one who believed Leon.

“Grandpa, can you stop being so rude to Leon? Leon is a really skilled doctor and is even capable of reviving the dead! If he says that Uncle can’t take the the extent of Leon’s ability

and trusted every word he said.

So Panax Pill, it has to be true!” Iris said hastily. She knew

“Iris, have you gone mad? This kid is clearly a liar and here you are defending him! Are you trying to give me a heart attack?”

“Iris, have you k was seething with anger. Damian and Penny were both upset as well.

“I’m not mad! Please believe Leon, or you will come to regret it!” Iris said.

“Why you...” Despite the fury boiling within his blood, Iris was Patrick’s granddaughter who had just reunited with her family after twenty years, so Patrick knew better than to vent his anger on Iris.

“Elder Scammell, if you don’t believe my skills, I shall leave now! Please seek another doctor’s help!” Enraged, Mister Yair gathered his tools and prepared to leave with his assistant’s help.

“Mister Yair, please don’t leave!” Shocked, Patrick stopped Mister Yair.
“Mister Yair, this kid is my

granddaughter’s boyfriend. He is just a liar and he
isn’t a part of this family! He might believe you, but we do!

”

“Yeah! Mister Yair, let’s just ignore him and start with the treatment.” D
amian nodded.

“Very well!” The dark look on Mister Yair’s face eased and he said to D
amian, “Take the Snow Panax Pill and I will proceed with the treatment!”

“Sure!” Without hesitation, Damian swallowed the pill right away.

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“Don’t take it...!” Leon darted forward to stop Damian from taking the
pill.

“That’s enough!” Furious, Patrick sent off his true energy, which swarm
ed Leon.

“The Emperor State?!” Leon paled and was sent flying before he had the
time to respond. He barely managed to anchor himself after backing aw
ay and felt his entire body shaking from the attack.

Patrick had only meant to warn Leon and did not plan on
killing Leon, or Leon would be defenseless to his power. Meanwhile, Da
mian had already swallowed the Snow Panax Pill.

“It’s over.” Leon sighed and shook his head, before giving up. He had tri
ed his best to save Damian’s life, but since both Damian and Patrick refu
sed to believe him, there was nothing he could do.

Mister Yair proceeded to apply pressure on Damian's compression points and the Snow Panax Pill Damian had taken transformed into a wave of energy that surged through his body. Shortly after, the treatment was completed and Mister Yair withdrew his hands.

"Dad, how do you feel now?" Penny asked.

Leon's words had been far too terrifying and though she did not believe him, she was still worried for her

father.

"Much better. My legs feel much lighter." Damian smiled.

"Really? That's great!" Penny beamed. Patrick, too, was overjoyed to see that Mister Yair's treatment was working.

"Damian, try and see if you can stand up!" Mister Yair said.

"I...can I stand up? Seriously?" Damian gaped.

"You should be able to! This pressure point treatment technique has been passed down in our family for hundreds of years and even if you've only been treated minutes ago, it should work! If I'm not mistaken, you should be able to stand up now!" Mister Yair said proudly.

"Sure. Let me try!" Excited, Damian propped his arms against the handle of the wheelchair and slowly started to rise. In the past, he would be in pain whenever he tried to stand, but at the moment, the pain had vanished and he finally managed to stand.

"I'm standing! I'm standing on my feet!" Damian burst out laughing. He had been struck both physically and mentally ever since he was bound to his wheelchair and his only wish had been to stand on his own feet once again.

At this moment, his heart was filled with excitement and joy that his dream had come true.

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“That’s great! What a miracle!”

Patrick and Penny were both overjoyed. Though Mister Yair had promised that he could cure Damian, they had both been slightly worried after what Leon said.

To their pleasant surprise, Damian had managed to stand on his feet after just one treatment, which was proof that Mister Yair was more than capable of curing Damian completely.

“Mister Yair, you are brilliant! I am completely in awe!” Patrick said.

“You are too kind, Elder Scammell! I’m not that great, but at least I’m not a quack as some brat accused me to be!”

Mister Yair smirked smugly and glanced at Leon in contempt.

“Of course. That kid is just a liar and can hardly hold a candle to your brilliance...” Patrick said. Before he could finish his sentence, things had taken a sudden turn.

Damian felt his blood boiling and spewed blood out of his mouth as a sharp pain pierced through his chest. Everything went black and he collapsed onto the ground.

“Dad, what’s wrong?” Shocked, Penny hurried over to try and help Damian up.

Both Mister Yair and Patrick were shocked and hurried over to check on Damian. To their bewilderment, Damian was completely pale and held completely stopped breathing.

“He isn’t breathing. How is that possible?!” Mister Yair could not believe his eyes.

“What is this happening?”

Penny and Patrick were both shaken. Patrick immediately placed his finger beneath Damian’s nostril and was stunned when he confirmed that Damian was not breathing.

He sobered and grabbed Mister Yair by his collar and questioned with bloodshot eyes. “What’s going on, Mister Yair? Why is he not breathing?”

“I...I don’t know...” Mister Yair muttered frantically. He had thought that he managed to cure Damian and had not expected Leon to be right all along.

“You don’t know? You were the one who treated Damian and you are now saying that you don’t know?! You quack, give me back his life!” Enraged, Patrick slammed his palm against Mister Yair’s chest.

Terrified, Mister Yair backed away but was still sent flying. He spewed blood from his mouth as his ribs were all broken.

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Following a deafening noise, Amy’s powerful true energy slammed against Patrick, who backed away and spewed blood from the impact.

Still livid, Amy was about to launch another attack when Iris stopped her in time. “Grandma, calm down. Grandpa didn’t mean for this to happen.”

“Calm down? How could I?

Your mother is gone and now, your uncle, too. Both my children have left this world. What’s the point for me to live any longer?” Tears scrolled down Amy’s cheek as she was overwhelmed by sorrow.

“Don’t give up just yet, Grandma. There...there might be a way to save Uncle...” Iris said hesitantly.

“What? There’s a way? Am...am I hearing you correctly?” Shocked, Amy gaped at Iris in disbelief. Patrick, Julie, and Penny all turned their heads to look at Iris.

“I don’t know...but Leon is a miracle worker. I came close to dying once, and he was the one who revived me. He might be able to save Uncle,” Iris explained.

“Leon can revive the dead? Are you serious?!”

Amy and the others were shaken to the core and turned to stare at Leon hopefully. Though it sounded like a fairy tale, they refused to give up as long as there was hope.

“Well...” Leon muttered as he struggled to find his words in response to their stares.

“Leon, figure something out to save my uncle.” Iris pleaded hopefully.

“Iris, it’s not that I don’t want to, but your uncle’s condition isn’t like what it was with you. I managed to protect your heart from dying and that’s how I revived you. I can’t help your uncle because the effect of the poison inside his body has been maximized by the Snow Panax Pill and has infiltrated into his heart.” Leon

shook his head.

The poison had gathered in Damian's legs, causing paralysis; however, due to the misuse of the Snow Panax Pill, the poison had spread throughout Damian's body and that was the reason why he managed to stand temporarily, only to die shortly after.

"Oh god..."

Iris, Amy and the others were devastated as their last hope was shattered into pieces.

Suddenly, Penny fell into her knees before Leon.

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"Grandpa, Leon told you not to let Uncle take the pill, but you just won't listen..." Iris sighed sorrowfully, devastated that her uncle had died from not listening to Leon.

"But..." Patrick came to a realization that all the things that Leon had said were true and Damian had indeed died from taking the Snow Panax Pill.

Just then, Amy, who had returned to her room to rest earlier, overheard all the noises and hurried back to the living room along with Damian's wife, Julie.

"Penny, what's going on? What happened here?" Both Amy and Julie were shocked by the sight.

"Grandma, Mom, Dad...Dad is dead..." Penny broke down in tears.

"What?!" As though they had been struck by lightning, Amy and Julie froze. Amy stumbled back

ward and was close to collapsing onto the floor, but was caught by Iris in time.

“Why is this happening? Penny, your dad was perfectly fine just now? Why is he dead?” Amy paled as she struggled to accept what was happening.

“Leon said that Dad was poisoned and should not take the Snow Panax Pill, but Dad and Grandpa wouldn’t believe him and so…” Penny explained with tears in her eyes.

“What?!” Amy was furious.

Though Damian was immobile, he was in no life-threatening danger. However, he died simply because they refused to believe Leon and allowed Mister Yair to carry on with his way.

“Patrick Scammell, how dare you?! If Leon warned you about this, why wouldn’t you listen to him?!” She glared daggers at her husband.

“I...I thought that he was a liar. I didn’t know that he was telling the truth...” Patrick muttered guiltily as he avoided her eyes.

Had he chosen to believe Leon, nothing would have happened to Damian and it was hardly an overstatement

to say

that he had caused Damian’s death. Patrick’s heart was heavy with guilt, but it had been too late to regret his decisions.

“You witless old twat! You killed Damian! I...I will have your head for that!” Furious, Amy launched an attack

on Patrick.

Patrick paled, but since it had all been his fault, he stood still to take the attack.

