

The Ex-Husband's Revenge By Dragonsky

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It was unbelievable!

Naturally, what they were not aware of was that Leon was in the advanced Acquired State a few days ago, *best* his cultivation level had accelerated to surpassing the initial innate state, so it was **only** natural that he could defeat four fighters with ease.

“Good. Very good Impressive! It’s the first time I’ve ever seen someone who managed to horn their external power to this extent!” Mason Shelton applauded with approval in his eyes.

Leon had not utilized his true energy in his attack earlier, which proved that he was not a martial artist and was merely a skilled fighter. External power was merely the surface of martial art and for Leon to reach such a stage of strength through training for external power, he had to be a talented individual.

“You... Are you a martial artist?”

Leon narrowed his eyes as he sensed the true energy flowing within his opponent’s body. However, as Mason had not acted yet, he could not tell how powerful Mason truly was.

Based on the confidence on Mason’s face, he should be rather skilled.

“I’m impressed that you noticed!” Mason smirked proudly.

The internal power was the very foundation of martial art and all martial artists had to be trained for internal power. Only a few rare gems would succeed, so for Mason to become a martial artist, he must have the strength matching of the title.

“Mister Mason, this brat is a bit difficult to handle, I’ll leave the rest to you. You have to take revenge on my behalf!” Brody said respectfully.

He had seen what Mason could do with his own eyes and Mason could spit rocks with just his fists like the fictional characters in novels. It was his first time being exposed to such a miracle, so he was confident with Mason’s ability in defeating Leon.

“Rest assured, Mister Sullivan. He is just an ordinary fighter. I can defeat him with ease!” Mason grinned proudly.

Internal power was a far broader field than external power. In Mason’s perspective, Leon was merely a skilled fighter trained in external power, and could not possibly be a match for him.

“Brat, you are a talented fighter. Just get down on your knees and beg for Mister Sullivan’s forgiveness. I will try to talk him into showing you mercy!” Mason stared at Leon intently.

“Get down on your knees, huh? That’s not a bad idea! If you two kneel and beg for forgiveness later, maybe I’ll spare you!” Leon said carelessly.

“How arrogant!” Enraged, Mason slammed his palm against the table in front of him.

“Baam!”

Followed by a deafening sound, the stone table shattered into pieces.

The crowd gasped at the sight and backed **away** in fear.

“W- Woah!”

“Who is this guy? He just shattered a table made of stone. Is he even human?”

“If anyone takes a punch from that guy, their bones are going to shatter as well!”

“Is this a movie? Why is it more dramatic than a **movie**?”

The others trembled as they looked at Mason with a mixture of

“miration and fear.

“It’s not a movie. Mister Mason here is the real deal!” Brody sneered smugly at the others’ reaction as though he was the one who impressed the crowd.

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