

The Ex-Husband's Revenge By Dragonsky

Chapter 471-480

Chapter 471

If he did not witness it herself, she would never have believed it.

Landry and the rest were equally as incredulous, with shocked looks across their faces and their minds. swirling with emotions.

"Snow, I've already told you before that Mister Wolf isn't any ordinary man. Do you finally believe me now?" Fane said with a triumphant look.

"Yes. You were right. I guess I may have judged him too soon." Snow's face flushed scarlet in embarrassment.

The fact **that** Leon defeated Jacob so easily meant that he was almost a member of the realm of Supreme Masters if not one already. To possess such talent and skill also meant that he far surpassed Anson, Harvey, and even Theodore!

How could this man possibly be a crook?

Meanwhile, on the stage, Leon stared at Jacob from his towering height **and** said coldly, "You've lost, Jacob!"

"You! You were cheating!" Jacob snapped with fury raging in his eyes as he haphazardly tried to pick himself off the ground.

Even though the audience was too far away from them to sense the true energy within Leon, Jacob could tell, from Leon's final blow, that he was only in the advanced Acquired state.

Jacob, on the other hand, was already at the peak Acquired state and thus could defeat Leon as easily as batting a fly!

However, not only did Leon manage to combat him, but he even turned the force against him! this was an

unbelievable feat!

The only explanation Jacob could think of was that Leon cheated somehow!

"Don't be such a sucker! I didn't know you were such a sore loser!" Leon jeered.

A dark expression crossed Jacob's face. Even though he did not know how Leon managed to counter him, Leon was right—he lost.

After a few moments of hesitation, Jacob took in a deep breath and lifted his head to stare at Leon with a cold look. "Count yourself lucky this time, Leon Wolf, but mark my words, I'll remember this! One day, we will cross paths again, and I won't let you off the hook **so** easily!"

"Let's go!" With that, Jacob gestured at his subordinates to leave.

"Not so soon! According to the rules, Jacob, you're supposed to get on your knees and apologize to Miss Poole here after your defeat. Don't you dare leave before fulfilling your promise!" Leon sneered, leaped **off** the stage, and grabbed hold of Jacob before he could walk away.

"Don't push **it**, Leon!" a glimmer of malice flashed through Jacob's eyes.

"Me? Pushing it? **What** a joke! You were the one who made this promise before our fight, and we have plenty **of** people here to prove it. How can Jacob Lowe—son of the Northern King, possibly go back on his words? How shameless **are** you?" Leon burst into laughter at this.

"You only managed to defeat me just now because you were cheating, so it doesn't count! If you want to prove your point, we should hold a rematch, and if you defeat me again, I'll fulfill my promise!" Jacob declared, smirking.

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"Fine, we'll do as you say. If it makes you happy, I'll fight you a hundred more times! Come at me!" Leon

sneered.

"You said it." Jacob bared his teeth in a grotesque grin and flung his fist toward Leon's face without any warning.

From their fight, Jacob could already sense that Leon was merely in the advanced Acquired state, and thus was adamant that the only reason Leon triumphed over him was that he cheated somehow.

Therefore, this meant that there was no way Leon could use the same tactic to win again.

Chapter 472

Besides, he ambushed Leon without warning, and thus, there was no way Leon could defend himself in time!

“Tsk, what an amateur!” Leon sneered and rose to the occasion.

Jacob’s level was at the Peak Innate State, which was almost on par with Leon, and truth be told, if Jacob picked his battles carefully, he would have lasted longer in the fight.

However, Jacob was too arrogant to admit defeat and instead insisted on proving himself to be the better fighter, which ultimately would lead to his demise.

Well, it was time to show him who was the boss!

No one would stand a chance against his spiritual and true energies combined!

“Thud-

“with a deafening slam, Jacob’s entire body was again flung out of the ring and landed hard on the ground.

“How? How can this be?” Jacob muttered as he spat out a mouthful of blood, staring at Leon with a look of disbelief.

He was willing to dismiss

Leon’s first win as beginner’s luck, but even he had to admit that **the** second time round could not be chalked up to luck anymore.

Leon countered both his attacks and turned his energy back on him. No matter how arrogant Jacob was, even he had to admit that Leon was something special—he did not cheat at all!

“That was amazing!” A wave of awe and excitement spread through the audience.

Just a few minutes ago, most of them, like Jacob, were more inclined to believe that Leon triumphed over Jacob out of sheer luck, but now, after witnessing the second round, none of them dared to think otherwise!

“Anything else you want to say, Jacob? If you’re still not satisfied, **you** can come at me again!” Leon sneered.

Jacob clenched his fists as his face fell..

After the second time round, Jacob could tell that Leon possessed supernatural talent or perhaps some other unknown power that far surpassed his power level.

This was the only explanation as to why Leon defeated him so **easily!**

No matter how he tried to look at it, Leon was far stronger and more powerful than him, and he would not stand a chance, no matter how many times he asked for a rematch!

“Miss Poole, I sincerely apologize for what I did to you just now.” Jacob gritted his teeth and, suppressing all the humiliation he felt, got onto his knees in front of Snow.

“Alright, alright. Just get lost!” Snow scoffed. Despite that, she could not help feeling relieved as to her anger finally being released.

With that, a pale-faced Jacob left, being carted away limply by his subordinates.

“We’ve won!” Landry and the rest burst into cheers after finally realizing what happened.

“You were amazing, Mister **Wolf!**

I knew you’d be able to defeat him!” Fane said, grinning, as he walked over

to Leon’s side and gave him two thumbs-ups.

Not only did Leon help him win his fight, but he even taught Jacob a lesson and humiliated him in front of so many people.

Every time Fane recalled how defeated Jacob looked when getting onto his knees, glee and triumph surged

into his heart.

“No, you flatter me, Mister Poole. I just got lucky, that’s all.” Leon gave him a humble smile in return.

Snow approached them. “Leon, thank you so much for this, but more importantly, I do want to apologize for how I treated you just now.”

Chapter 473

Snow blushed every time she recalled how insistent she was that Leon was a crook. She was so embarrassed about her behavior that she wanted to apologize to Leon as sincerely as she could.

“Miss Poole, your brother and I are friends, so you don’t have to be so courteous with me. All I hope is that you don’t treat me as a crook again in the future,” Leon said jokingly.

Snow’s face blushed a deeper shade of scarlet, but she quickly regained her composure and smiled at him. “Leon, since you’re Fane’s friend, you don’t have to keep calling me that. Feel free to call me Snow!”

“Well, I’ll gladly take you up on your offer then.” Leon was a little taken aback by this. He never thought Snow would change her mind about him so quickly—just a few minutes ago, she was determined to kick him out, but now, she was beginning to warm up to him!

Women were **so** hard to crack!

However, unbeknownst to Leon, people in the Gangster World worshipped power and strength, and **his** performance that day placed his ranking well above that of even Anson, Harvey, or even Theodore. Leon was well on his way to becoming the best fighter among the young generation of martial artists in Springfield City!

Snow was greatly impressed by this. Not only that, but his insistence on helping her get revenge on Jacob tugged at her heartstrings better than any sweet declaration of love would.

Therefore, it was understandable how Snow changed her **mind** about **him** so quickly.

“Mister Wolf, I’ve already booked a hotel for our celebration of your victory. Shall we go?” Fane chirruped, grinning, and everyone followed him merrily to the hotel.

A few hours later, only a few of them remained, since Snow did **not** drink and thus chose to leave after the meal.

The remaining men decided to celebrate Leon’s victory with alcohol.

Landry and the rest were utterly impressed by Leon’s display of power and kept approaching him one by one to toast him while apologizing for questioning his abilities.

Leon was not a petty person by nature at all and thus, did not take this to heart.

Since everyone was in the same age group, they quickly got along with each other and became fast friends.

The celebration lasted almost the entire afternoon.

After leaving the hotel in the evening, Fane summoned a car to send Leon home.

“Ring-” all of a sudden, Leon’s phone rang urgently.

It was Ariel, summoning him **to** meet her at a high-end restaurant.

Leon instructed the driver **to** bring him there.

When Leon arrived at the restaurant, Ariel sat gracefully in the booth, awaiting his arrival.

“What happened, Leon? Why do you smell like alcohol?” Ariel furrowed her brows in distaste when she smelt

the stench of alcohol. Thankfully, Leon’s natural body odor seemed to mask the scent to the extent that it did not prove too overpowering.

“Oh, I was just drinking with some friends,” Leon replied nonchalantly as he plopped down in the seat across from her.

Ariel contemplated whether to ask him further questions.

She knew that Leon did not usually drink, and thus wondered if he went through something painful, perhaps even heartbreak.

Ariel was half correct—
Leon indeed tried to drown his sorrows with alcohol, but that was last night’s business.

“Why did you ask to meet me, Ariel?”

Chapter 474

Leon asked, smiling.

“Leon, I heard all about your resignation and your breakup with Iris. I was just wondering what happened- why would the two of you break up out of the blue?” Ariel asked with no intention of sugarcoating her words at all.

This was the real reason she invited Leon for dinner.

“Why does there need to be a reason for breaking up?” the smile froze on Leon’s face.

He initially felt a lot better after drowning his sorrows in alcohol the night before and talking to Cynthia, but now, his pain was once again brought to the surface by Ariel’s mention of Iris.

He finally realized just how important **Iris** became to him!

“Can you give me a proper answer? **If** you still think **of** me as a friend, you should be honest with me,” Ariel said in displeasure.

“Um, alright.” Leon let out a sigh and decided there was no point hiding it anymore, so he told Ariel the truth about everything.

“Iris suspects you as the mastermind behind her kidnapping? She questioned your intentions of being with her and suspects that you’re dating her for her money?” Ariel’s jaw dropped.

“That’s right; her entire family seems to agree.” Leon let out a bitter smile.

“No, that’s impossible!” Ariel shouted, slamming the table as she stood up.

Ariel knew that Leon had put his life in danger to save Iris from being kidnapped, so why would Iris turn around and suspect him instead?

This was unbelievable!

“Leon, you and I have known each other for quite a while now, so I understand your character. I believe that you would never have plotted to kidnap Iris, nor will you ever date her for her money!” Ariel declared.

Leon was a responsible and hardworking employee from the moment he joined Elegant Group and single-handedly earned them their biggest client and helped set up the research and development team.

If Leon truly had ill intentions for doing this, he could have approached it differently. Why would he go through so much and sacrifice everything for both Iris and the company?

This did not make sense!

“Thank you for trusting me, Ariel, but unfortunately, Iris doesn’t see it the way you do,” Leon sighed as grief and pain surged through his heart.

So what if everyone else in the world believed him? nothing mattered at all if Iris continued to mistrust him!

“Don’t give up so soon. This is all just a misunderstanding, and I’m sure Iris must’ve made poor judgment. Why don’t you come with me and explain everything to her in person? That way, I’ll be able to defend him as well and things might turn around,” Ariel reassured him.

However, despite this, she could not help feeling a wave of emotions surge through her. After all, she was in love with Leon, and his breakup with Iris would provide her a great opportunity to get close to him, but she knew this was not the right thing to do.

Iris was her best friend, and knowing that Iris and Leon loved each other, she could *not* bring herself to drive a wedge between them, not especially since they broke up over a small misunderstanding.

“There’s no need.” Leon shook his head.

“Why not?”

Chapter 475

Ariel gaped at this. She initially wanted to help Leon win back Iris’s heart out of kindness, but she never thought Leon would reject her outright!

“What happened in the past should stay in the past. Since she no longer trusts me, there’s no point in me begging her to change her mind. The fact that she has mistrusted me once means that there likely will be a second, third, and God knows how many times.

“Even if you helped me win her back this time, what will happen in the future? What if she still chooses to mistrust me if something else happens down the line? Am I supposed to beg for her to change her mind again and again?” Leon said solemnly.

He could not help recalling the term he came across on the internet recently—the word, simp, would perfectly describe someone like him if he were to beg for Iris’s forgiveness over and over.

Besides, Iris was not the only one who mistrusted him, even Elder Young and Gilbert were the same.

If he were **to** put down **his** ego and beg for Iris to take him back, this would not change the rest of her family’s minds. If they were to get back together, he would have to suffer disrespect and humiliation from Iris and the rest of her family!

Leon was not willing to give up the last ounce of his dignity. The only thing he could do now embraced his work and prove himself worthy instead of begging Iris to take pity on him.

“What are you going to do from now on? Are you giving up on Iris?” Ariel’s heart leaped into her throat. She was having conflicted feelings—on the one hand, she hoped that Leon and Iris would be able to reconcile, yet on **the** other hand, she was secretly longing for Leon to give up on Iris so she would have a chance.

“I don’t know, but I guess I’ll just take things a step at a **time**. If an opportunity arises, I’ll try to win back her heart, but if not, I guess we were never meant **to** be,” Leon replied, sighing.

The truth was, he wanted **to** get Iris back again once he proved himself worthy of her love, but he was worried **that** it would be too late by then!

“Well, I’m glad you’re thinking sensibly. I hope you won’t let this small obstacle hinder your path to success, but most importantly, you shouldn’t drink so much. I don’t want to see you so miserable.” Ariel tried to console Leon as best as she could, thinking that he drank so much out of misery over his heartbreak.

“Don’t worry. I promise I’ll get back on my feet again,” Leon replied, smiling.

He knew that Ariel was worried about him and could not help feeling touched by what a great friend she was.

The two of them continued chatting over dinner until eventually, they finished their food and left the

restaurant.

After parting ways with Ariel, Leon suddenly received a call from Louisa. “Hey, Leon, I heard about your breakup with my cousin. I don’t understand what got into her—how can she possibly be swayed by my grandfather and uncle into thinking you were the one who masterminded her kidnapping and is dating her only for her money?”

“Don’t worry, I believe you—I know you’d never do anything like this!” Louisa declared rather indignantly.

“Thank you for trusting me, Louisa.” Leon was a little surprised *by this*.

After being injured by Gilbert, being betrayed by the Youngs, and finally being doubted by the woman he loved, Leon could not help feeling disappointed and even resentful of the Youngs.

Thankfully, there were still sensible people within the family, and Louisa’s trust in him sent a surge of warmth spreading through his heart.

However, he still could not help feeling disheartened by the fact that Iris did not trust him, and instead Louisa and Ariel both did.

“Where are you now, Leon? Why don’t you come over, and I’ll help you persuade my cousin to give you another chance. Then, you can talk to her yourself, and I’m sure she’ll come around.”

Chapter 466

“That’s right, I was on at the late Innate State a few years ago! It was the Energy Nurturing Pills from

Cythion

that helped me reach the peak easily! I should properly thank them!” Jacob said with a pleased laugh.

He was only

a sliver away from the peak Innate State. Ever since he took the pills, he used the pure energy from within them to break through!

“What a lucky dog!” Fane was furious.

He knew that Energy Nurturing Pills were mainly meant to assist in training. It was rare for martial artists to be able to use them to break through to new levels.

Jacob managing to use them to do so was mostly luck!

“Alright, if you’re willing to bet, then you should be willing to suffer the losses! Hand over the pills!”

Jacob let out an arrogant smile as he reached out and asked for the pills.

During Cythion’s opening ceremony, he was only able to get two hundred second-grade Energy Nurturing Pills. He failed to get any first-grade ones.

Even second-

grade ones were able to help him so much, first grade ones were much better!

He had his eyes on Fane’s pills for a long time!

That was why he took the opportunity to trick Snow!

“You! Despicable!” Snow’s face darkened in regret.

If she knew that Jacob was already at the peak Innate State, she would never have agreed to those conditions no matter how stupid she was!

It was a pity that it was already too late!

Fane’s expression was not the best either. Of course, he was not willing to give two hundred first-grade Energy Nurturing Pills to Jacob.

However, his sister already promised. On top of that, there were so many notable witnesses around.

If they went back on their word, not only would it affect his father's reputation, but it would affect their standing in the underworld as well!

"Fane, it's fine, give him the pills." Snow sighed, accepting defeat.

"Hold it! The match **isn't** even over yet. It's too early to give him the pills!"

At that movement, a cold laugh was heard as Fane walked over from the resting area.

"Leon, it's you again! What? Are you trying to go back on your word?"

Jacob's expression immediately darkened at the **sight** of Leon.

"No one's going back on their word. The two hundred pills were an addition to the existing match. If you win the match, we'd naturally give you the pills! However, you haven't even fought the last round yet. We still don't know who the victor will be!" Fane said calmly.

"Mister Wolf's right!"

"The match isn't over yet. It's too early for you to claim your bet!" Fane immediately agreed happily.

"It looks like you're just not willing to accept defeat!" Jacob narrowed his eyes.

Earlier, he felt like he would win the match if he beat Snow, so he did not make the *bet* clear.

Fane and Leon were using it as an excuse.

"Jacob, don't worry, the Pooles have always kept to their words! As long as you can win the last round, *I'll* give you all two hundred of those pills!" Fane assured.

Chapter 477

Cynthia was a little displeased to see Leon on the phone. "**Are** you going out again, Leon?"

"Yes, Fane wants to see me," Leon muttered sheepishly. He only began working for Cynthia for two days and spent both of those days out, it was no wonder Cynthia was disapproving of this.

"Fane again?" Cynthia asked dubiously as she gave Leon a once-over. "Leon, have you possibly changed your sexual orientation after your heartbreak?"

“Change my sexual orientation,” Leon froze and immediately realized what Cynthia was referring to.

“Cynthia, please don’t take things the wrong way. I’m perfectly **straight!**” he said nonchalantly, but the truth was, he could not help feeling repulsed by the thought of this.

“That’s good to hear! I don’t wish to have fallen for a man with strange fetishes like this!” Cynthia said, giving him a mischievous grin.

Leon rolled his eyes **at** this. Knowing that Cynthia was pulling his leg, he took no notice of this and instead went downstairs after grabbing his coat.

The Southern King’s villa was almost as large as Shear Mansion, but the difference was, Shear Mansion was furnished in a more simple yet vintage style, whereas Fane’s house **was** modern and luxurious.

Vincent was sitting on the sofa in the living room, sipping his tea as he awaited their arrival. Snow was right next to him, pouring her father another cup.

All of a sudden, Fane and Leon’s footsteps rang out as they made their way into the room.

Vincent put down his cup and got out of his chair to welcome Leon.

“Father, let me introduce you to Mister Leon Wolf. Mister Wolf, this is my father,” Fane said, pointing to

Leon as he introduced them to each other.

“What a handsome **young** fellow!” Vincent declared, laughing boisterously.

“Thank you, Mister Poole.” Leon gave him a polite smile as he glanced at Vincent.

Vincent’s features were sharp and angular, emanating an aura of pride and power that was fitting his status.

It was no wonder this man managed **to** crawl to the top of the food chain and rule over the Gangster World!

They exchanged pleasantries before Vincent invited Leon to sit, then gestured at Snow to prepare him a cup

of tea as well.

“Mister Wolf, I heard from my daughter what happened yesterday. Thank you for your help, otherwise, my name and reputation would have been tainted. I’m very thankful for that,” Vincent said, smiling.

“You’re too kind, Mister Poole. Fane and I are friends. So, of course, I’d help him,” Leon replied, smiling in

return.

“I’m surprised by how humble you are. It’s a miracle to find someone as young as you who not only possesses extreme talent but is down-to-earth regarding his abilities. I’m just curious;

I don’t seem to recall any major family in Springfield City that goes by the name Wolf, can I know where did you attain or inherit your powers from?” Vincent asked dubiously. This was the main reason he asked Leon over as a guest-to

find out Leon’s background.

“Um, I’m an orphan and wasn’t born into any of the major families.” Leon let out a sheepish smile.

“An orphan?” Vincent was astounded by this.

Even Snow and Fane were staring at him in disbelief.

Fane knew that Leon was close with the Shears and thus always assumed that Leon was a distant cousin or relative of theirs, but he never thought that Leon would have hailed from nothing!

Chapter 478

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“Mister Wolf, **excuse** my crudeness, but I hear from Snow and Fane that you **have** already attained the Peak Innate State. Judging by how young you are, the only explanation as to how you could’ve achieved that is must’ve learned your skills from someone far more powerful. Can I know who that **is**?” Vincent asked, determined to get to the bottom of this.

“Um,” A sheepish look crossed Leon’s face. He could never reveal the truth to Vincent, especially **not** since **it** was the biggest secret he had to keep..

Snow could tell how reluctant Leon was to answer this and thus quickly came to his rescue. “Father, why are you asking so many questions? Are you interviewing him?”

“Um, I guess you’re right. It was inappropriate of me to do so.” Vincent smiled, but the truth was, he was feeling a little displeased by this.

Leon was their guest, and usually, he did not like placing his guests in such awkward positions, but this was different.

Fane boasted to him about Leon’s talent and powers the night before and even added that Leon and Snow appeared to be great matches for each other. This struck Vincent with exactly the right nerve; even since Snow experienced her first heartbreak, he was concerned about her future.

Even though Leon was an orphan, he was a smart and capable man and would suit Snow perfectly. However, before this, he had to get to the bottom of Leon’s background lest his daughter gets hurt by another undeserving man.

However, Leon’s reluctance to provide more information about his background disappointed Vincent greatly.

“Fane, it’s already noon now. Get the servants to prepare lunch for our guest Mister Wolf,” Vincent instructed, trying to suppress his displeasure.

His initially cheerful attitude toward Leon dampened down significantly.

All of a sudden, frantic footsteps rang out, and an old man dressed as a butler stormed into the room in a panic.

“What happened, Mister Hendrix?” Fane asked, seeing the panicked look on the butler’s face.

“Masters, something terrible has happened. Missus Poole has collapsed.” the butler replied anxiously.

“What?” Vincent was so shocked by this that he immediately got out of his seat.

Snow and Fane were equally as astounded and leaped out of their chairs as well.

“Mister Hendrix, please contact Doctor Chase immediately. I’ll go check on Gloria immediately.” Vincent instructed calmly.

“Yes, Sir.” The butler turned and scampered away.

Vincent, Fane, and Snow immediately sprinted toward the backyard. Leon hesitated for a moment, then quickly followed behind them, intending to see what was going on. After all, he possessed simple knowledge about medicine, so perhaps he would be able to help.

Inside the room, a skinny woman lay on the bed with her eyes closed. This woman had rosy, fair skin that

made

her look like she was only in her thirties. Her features bore resemblance to Snow's, as though they were a pair of sisters.

However, something seemed amiss; her pale skin seemed tinted **with** a hint of dusky tones, and she appeared to be breathing rather feebly.

A nurse was taking care of her.

The three of them strode into the room, and Snow and Fane immediately stormed to the bedside.

"What happened, Mother? Please wake up," they shouted frantically, but no response came.

Vincent, in contrast, seemed much calmer about the situation. He turned to stare at the nurse and asked, Miss Woods, what happened?"

"I'm not too sure either. Missus Poole was just trying to get a drink of water, but she fainted out of nowhere."

Chapter 479

"I'm guessing it must be because of her poor health," Miss Woods answered earnestly.

"I think so too." Vincent sighed with a look of despair.

His wife was always, and on top of that, she stuck with him through poverty while he was trying to make a name for himself in the Gangster World, and this predisposed to her poor health in later life.

This was made even worse by her giving birth to their children, and gradually, her health deteriorated to a point where she frequently got sick and had to spend months in bed at a time.

Vincent sought out many doctors and spent a lot of money and effort trying to treat his wife's condition to no avail. On the contrary, Gloria's health deteriorated over the last two years, and she occasionally would collapse on even the mildest exertion.

This was not good at all!

Vincent despaired at this, but there was nothing much he could do.

“Snow, Fane, please don’t worry. Missus Poole has fainted because of the cold forces that have invaded her body. She’ll be fine,” Leon reassured them.

Traditional medicine was built based on observing, smelling, listening, and analyzing; just from a glance, Leon could see that the cold forces have built up to significant levels within Gloria’s body, but she was not in

any immediate danger.

However, if she did not receive treatment soon, it would eventually cause her to get sick over time and endanger her life!

“The cold forces?” Both Snow and Fane froze at this. They knew since a long time ago that their mother had poor health, but none of them knew of the exact cause.

“The truth is, I’m quite well—versed in medicine. If **you** don’t mind, I can give Missus Poole a quick examination to see what’s going **on**, and perhaps come up with a treatment plan,” Leon explained.

He was only able to diagnose Gloria’s condition based on observation but treating her required more

extensive examination.

“Sure, go ahead!” Snow and Fane were both delighted at this and immediately retreated from the bed to allow Leon to approach.

Vincent hesitated when he saw Leon approaching his wife. He tugged on his son’s sleeve and asked in a low voice, “Fane, I didn’t know Mister Wolf practiced medicine too. Is he very good at it?”

“I don’t know either. I’ve never heard him mention **it**.” Fane shook his head blankly. All he knew was that

Leon was a powerful man and has close connections with the Shears, but he never heard of Leon’s abilities in

medicine.

“Well,” Vincent’s heart leaped into his throat as his blood ran cold.

He knew that Fane was close friends with Leon, and if even Fane did not know the extent of Leon’s capabilities, this meant that Leon probably only scratched the surface and did not know too much at all!

He sought out many famous doctors to treat his wife to no avail, so how can an amateur like Leon possibly

do so?

However, when he was reminded that Leon was just doing this out of kindness, Vincent hesitated and finally did not stop Leon from examining Gloria.

“Stop!” all of a sudden, a sharp voice rang out.

Mister Hendrix was leading a man in his late thirties, who was dressed in a suit with a white coat draped over it, into the room. He was holding some medical gadgets and equipment in his hands, and an arrogant expression was plastered on his face.

This was Doctor Chase, the physician that Fane spent a lot of money to hire as Gloria’s doctor; he was the one who nursed Gloria back to health over the years.

Doctor Chase shot Leon a look of disapproval, and turned to ask Vincent, “Who’s this man, Mister Poole?”

Chapter 480

“Oh, this is Mister Wolf, a friend of Fane’s,” Vincent explained.

“Is he a doctor?” Doctor Chase asked, frowning.

Every time Gloria fell sick, Vincent would give him a hefty bonus if he successfully nursed her back to health; if Leon was also a doctor, this would deprive him of the monetary reward that rightfully belonged to him!

“Um,” Vincent was unsure of this too and instinctively cast Leon a questioning glance.

“I’m not a doctor,” Leon answered, shaking his head.

“Not a doctor?” Vincent, Fane, and Snow were shocked by this, especially Vincent. He already deduced that Leon was probably mediocre at best, but now, after hearing Leon admit that he was not a doctor, he could not help doubting Leon’s capabilities even more!

Doctor Chase chuckled at this. “Mister Poole, this man isn’t even a doctor, how can you simply allow him to treat a patient? Who will bear the responsibility if something bad happens?”

“I-

“vincent’s face fell at this. The truth was, he was so desperate to see Gloria get better th

at he was willing to try anything, but now, after Doctor Chase's comment, he finally realized how careless he was to allow Leon to do so!

After all, Leon was not a proper doctor, so if anything were to happen to his wife as a result of his mediocre practice, he would be to blame!

"Thank

you

for your kindness, Mister Wolf! Doctor Chase has arrived now, so please hand my wife over to him for his evaluation!" Vincent quickly tried to stop Leon.

Leon just began to examine Gloria and was yet to initiate any treatment, so it was not too late!

"Mister Poole, even though I'm not a proper doctor, I still know quite a bit about traditional medicine. Missus Poole's condition is a result of cold forces being trapped in her body and thus would benefit more from treatments of alternative medicine," Leon tried to explain, but before he could finish, he was interrupted by Doctor Chase.

"Alternative medicine? What a load of rubbish! Missus Poole's condition is so complex that alternative medicine can't possibly cure her! Besides, alternative medicine is built on experience, with older practitioners being better at it than younger doctors! You're only a little over twenty years ago, so you probably haven't even seen much alternative medicine. How can you treat Missus Poole like this?" Doctor Chase jeered.

"How can you insist that alternative medicine is a load of rubbish when over ninety percent of patients recover with it," Leon replied in annoyance.

He already did a quick analysis of Gloria's condition and already concluded that Gloria could easily be treated. with his help.

"Are you so confident in yourself? Did you hear that, Mister Poole? This man claims that he can cure Missus Poole after so many renowned doctors have failed! If this isn't a load of rubbish, I don't know what is!"

Doctor Chase could not help bursting into laughter at this.

Every time Gloria collapsed in the past, Doctor Chase could successfully resuscitate her, but he knew there

was no way he could fully cure her. Gloria's condition was so complex that not even the best in the field could solve the puzzle, and thus he was utterly powerless at this.

Vincent's expression turned dark. If Leon was a true doctor, he would have willingly handed Gloria over to him for evaluation **and** treatment, but this man dared to claim that he could cure her when he was **not** even a proper doctor!

What a crook!

He would be insane to believe Leon!

"Mister Wolf, I appreciate your kindness, but Doctor Chase is our family physician, and he has always taken care of my wife during her illness. He's the one who knows my wife's condition the best."