

The Ex-Husband's Revenge By Dragonsky

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Chapter 481

"I think it'd be better if he took over!" Vincent said calmly.

Even though he did not trust Leon's capabilities, he still tried to be as polite as he could, considering Leon was their guest and he was doing this out of kindness.

"But-" Leon was hesitant.

"No but's! You should step away, lest you get in the way of Doctor Chase's job!" Vincent said, waving his hand in dismissal. He was beginning to become a little impatient now.

"Oh, alright." Leon sighed and had no choice but to step down and let Doctor Chase take over, who immediately brought out a lot of high-tech medical equipment and proceeded to perform an extensive examination on Gloria.

"Since you're busy, Mister Poole, I won't take up more of your time. I shall leave now," Leon said, giving Vincent a polite bow.

After all, there was no point in him staying any longer, considering Vincent did not even seem to believe in his abilities.

"Don't! it's such a rare occasion to have you come to visit, Leon, it would be such a shame if you were to leave without even having lunch." Snow quickly tried to stop him.

The way Leon helped her the day before left a lasting impression on her, and she did not want him to leave before she could repay her gratitude to him.

"That's right! Mister Wolf, I've already sent the servants to prepare lunch. Why don't you stay for a meal?" Fane paused for a moment, then added earnestly, "Besides, Doctor Chase is a conventional doctor, whereas you're a practitioner of alternative medicine, and you both certainly have strengths that can complement each other. If anything arises during Doctor Chase's treatment process, perhaps you'll be able to give some input."

Even though both his father and Doctor Chase doubted Leon, Fane did not agree; he knew Leon for a long time and thus trusted him greatly.

Even though he did not think Leon could cure his mother's longstanding illness easily, he knew that Leon was

not an arrogant or boastful man; if Leon dared to step up and offer help, that meant he possessed a good level of medical knowledge.

Even if Leon was not able to save his mother, perhaps he would prove useful in times of need.

“Um, okay then.” Leon finally agreed after a moment’s hesitation.

Gloria’s condition was so severe that if they were to continue letting her be, her life would be in danger within a year.

—

Since he was a medical practitioner—and a close friend of Fane’s, no doubt he could not possibly stand by and watch while Fane’s mother edged **closer** and closer to death.

Fane was right; if Doctor Chase ran into any hiccups during the treatment process, he would be able to help.

“Don’t worry, Mister Poole, I’ve already helped treat Missus Poole several times, so it would not be difficult

for her to treat her again. **She’ll be fine** with me here! I’m not a crook; my capabilities have been proven before, and they’re not just based on all talk!” Doctor Chase **let** out a haughty laugh and shot Leon a

disdainful look.

Leon, knowing that complementary medicine doctors frequently looked down on alternative medicine practitioners due to the progressive waning of the art, did **not** take Doctor Chase’s insult to heart at **all**.

“Doctor Chase, please save my wife,” Vincent said hurriedly.

After conducting a check on Gloria, Doctor Chase proceeded to try resuscitating her, but even after using countless different methods, there was still no sign of her awakening.

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“Huh? How can this be?” Doctor Chase could not believe this. He continued to try a few more times, but

Gloria did not stir.

“What’s going on, Doctor Chase? Why **isn’t** my wife waking up?” Vincent asked anxiously.

“This seems to be far more serious than her previous attacks,” a solemn expression crossed Doctor Chase’s face. In the past, he could easily wake Gloria up with just a few simple maneuvers, but now, despite trying them multiple times, there was no sign of Gloria waking at **all**.

One did not need to be a genius to figure out this was far more serious than what happened in the past!

Vincent grew even more panicked at this. “What should we do now, Doctor Chase?”

“Don’t worry, Mister Poole. I have one last trick up my sleeve; I’m afraid we have to **give** her a resuscitation shot,” Doctor Chase replied hesitantly.

A resuscitation shot was a type of injection given to awaken comatose patients, but it came with side **effects**. that would affect each individual differently based on their health status. Because of this, doctors typically do not give resuscitative shots unless deemed necessary.

“A resuscitation shot? Well, you’d better give it quickly.” Vincent did not question this at all. After all, he was not a doctor and thus did not know **of** the side effects this injection would cause. Besides, Doctor Chase took care of his wife for two years now and thus he trusted him greatly.

“Alright then.” Doctor Chase nodded and immediately brought out his tool kit, then proceeded to start preparing the medication.

Even though he knew **of** the side effects of **the** injection, it would not hurt to give a patient in need, considering how minor the effects were.

“No! You can’t give Missus Poole a resuscitation shot!” Leon stood up.

“Why not?” Doctor Chase snapped.

Vincent, Fane, and Snow all turned to look at Leon with questioning looks.

“Missus Poole is so weak that I don’t think it will be a good idea to give her more medication,” Leon replied

hesitantly.

He was a practitioner of alternative medicine, not conventional medicine, so he did not know of the composition of the resuscitation shot nor the side effects of it. However, he could easily guess that it worked by stimulating the brain or certain organs in the body.

Therefore, to use it in the normal population would not cause much harm, but it was different for Gloria; she was too weak with stagnant cold trapped within her body and would not be able to tolerate the **use** of stimulating drugs easily.

Leon was concerned that this injection would take Gloria's life!

"Not a good idea? You're not even a doctor, so how dare you question my capabilities? Who gave **you** the right?" Doctor Chase snarled.

Even though the resuscitation shot came with side effects, it was still subject to individual health and thus

would not necessarily arise in Gloria's state.

Of course, even **if** side effects were **to** arise, it would not be too dangerous, considering the side effects of the resuscitation shot were just retching and significant lethargy.

As long as he could save Gloria, Vincent would give him a hefty reward, and as for the possible side effects that Gloria would face. It did not matter!

"I-

"Leon did not know how to answer that. He was just making an educated guess about Gloria's unsuitability to receive the resuscitation shot, and because he was not experienced in conventional medicine, he did not know the specifics of it.

"What's wrong? Cat got your tongue?"

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Doctor Chase sneered at this.

"Mister Poole, I'm not well versed in conventional medicine, so I'm not sure how to explain **this**, but please believe me; Missus Poole's condition is not suitable to receive a resuscitation shot at **all!**" Leon turned to stare at Vincent earnestly.

Leon spent the last couple of months helping treat various disorders and diseases, thus he managed to gain some experience in medicine, which compelled him to think that giving Gloria a resuscitation shot would likely worsen her condition and even cost her life!

"You! Mister Poole, this man's trying to get in my way. Please get him out of here so I can treat Missus Poole appropriately!" Doctor Chase shouted.

“Please get out, Mister Wolf! I was tolerating you considering you’re a guest in my home, but I hope you know where to draw the line!” Vincent, too, **was** irritated by Leon’s constant meddling.

If Leon were able to vocalize his concerns properly, perhaps he would consider trusting him, but he could not do so, considering Leon did not even know what the resuscitation shot was, nor was he a proper doctor!

“Mister Poole, Missus Poole can’t take the shot. I’m trying to save her life,” Leon repeated as he blocked Doctor Chase’s way.

“I don’t need you to do that, so please leave!” Vincent’s blood boiled, and he finally flung his sleeve and sent a wave of true energy surging Leon’s way.

“P_ Peak Supreme State?” Leon was shocked by the energy that he felt and instinctively took a step back.

Vincent was far more powerful than Gilbert; Leon was just in a Peak Innate State, and he would stand a chance against Vincent at all!

However, thankfully, Vincent was just trying to warn him and did not intend to harm him at all, so after Leon took a few steps back in fear, Vincent quickly pulled himself back.

Despite that, Leon still could not help feeling his blood surge as the wave of energy spread through his entire body, suffocating him.

“What are you trying to do, Father? Leon was just acting out of kindness, so how can you do this to him!” Both Fane and Snow were utterly shocked by this and quickly stepped forward to help Leon.

Snow was far more outraged than her brother; Leon saved her the day before, but now, her father was treating Leon like an enemy. How could she repay his gratitude like this?

Her face was etched with sheer disapproval.

“Help? Do you honestly think so? How can a man who isn’t even willing to reveal his background be willing to help?” Vincent sneered.

To declare one’s background was the most straightforward thing a martial artist could do, but Leon was unwilling to reveal even a single hint of information about this.

Since Leon was so insincere in his efforts to get to know them, why did Vincent—the Southern King, no less—have to entertain him?

“Father, there must be a reason Mister Wolf cannot tell us his background,” Fane wanted to help defend his friend, but before he could do so, Vincent interrupted him, “that’s enough! You don’t have to say anything

else! Fane, send the man out!”

It was one thing for Leon to appear so insincere in his efforts, but another thing entirely to constantly stand in Doctor Chase’s way while he tried to help Gloria. Vincent finally could not take it anymore.

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“Father!” Both Snow and Fane were displeased by Leon’s treatment. After all, he was their guest, and yet not only did their father try to threaten him with violence, but he was now kicking him out of the house!

“Fane, I’ll only repeat myself one last time—send this man out!” Vincent shot his son and daughter a sharp glare.

Snow was unbothered by this, but Fane was always terrified of his father, and could not help shuddering at

this.

He did not dare to further irritate his father.

Leon could not believe that his kindness was taken like this!

No matter how mild-mannered Leon was, he still could not help feeling outraged at this mistreatment. He stayed for the sake of helping Gloria, and now that Vincent did not appreciate his kindness, there was no point staying any longer!

He tried his best; it was Vincent who was too stubborn to listen to what he said, and there was nothing else

he could do.

“Alright. I’ll excuse myself then!” Leon scoffed and turned to leave.

“I’ll send you out, Mister Wolf,” Fane sighed and followed behind him.

“Alright, the coast is clear now, Doctor Chase. Please save my wife!” Vincent’s gaze softened as he glanced at his wife anxiously.

“Alright.” Doctor Chase nodded and proceeded to give Gloria an injection of the resuscitation shot in her arm.

The resuscitation shot worked like a charm; a few moments after that, Gloria’s eyelashes quivered, and she

slowly opened her eyes.

“Gloria! You’re finally awake!” Vincent was overjoyed by this and quickly approached her.

Snow was just as excited by this turn of events and followed suit behind her father.

“I was right!” Doctor Chase grinned triumphantly at the thought of the big, fat wad of money he would receive from Vincent as a reward.

“Belch-”

All of a sudden, Gloria retched and vomited a mouthful of fresh, bright red blood onto the white sheets.

With that, her eyelids fluttered shut, and she fell unconscious again.

Not only that, but the color drained from her face, and her breathing progressively got weaker and more

rapid.

“What’s wrong, Mother?” Snow let out a shriek of horror and tried calling her mother again, but Gloria **did**

not stir.

“How—How can this be?” Doctor Chase was utterly gobsmacked by this. He knew that one of the side **effects** of the resuscitation shot was retching, but he never expected Gloria to vomit out fresh blood!

It was already serious enough for a normal, healthy person to vomit blood, but this was even more dangerous, considering how weak Gloria was up till this point!

“What’s going **on**, Doctor Chase?” Vincent’s face turned pale and he immediately cast Doctor Chase a sharp glance.

"I'm not sure!" panic spread across Doctor **Chase's** face as he tried to figure out what was wrong.

"You were the one who gave my wife the resuscitation shot, and now that something has happened, you dare to tell you you don't know?" Vincent demanded in a curt voice.

Even

though Gloria was unconscious just now, she was still breathing normally, but now, after receiving the

minute. injection, Gloria's breathing turned weak and thready as though it would cease at any

Even an idiot could figure out that the resuscitation shot was the culprit behind this! "Mister Poole, please listen to me. This injection is a product of much scientific research and thus, this could not have been a problem with the injection. I'm guessing that Missus Poole's condition is so severe that the resuscitation shot did not manage to revive her at all, but what I'm sure is this: the medical equipment here is not sufficient to treat her, and I strongly suggest we send Missus Poole to the hospital for a detailed evaluation. By then, a group of experienced doctors, including myself, will take over her treatment."

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Doctor Chase was trying desperately to evade all **blame on him**.

"Send her to the hospital? **How can** you **say** that so nonchalantly? How will **my** mother even tolerate the journey there, considering how weak she is now? I'm afraid that she'll be **dead** by the time she arrives there!" Snow shrieked in anger, her eyes red-rimmed with tears of rage.

"I-

" Doctor Chase did not know how to refute this. He knew Snow was right; Gloria's condition was so critical at this point that one could not even be sure whether she would survive the journey to the hospital!

"Don't worry, Snow, I'll find a solution. I won't let anything happen to your mother, even if it kills me!" Vincent tried to reassure her, but deep down, even he did not know what else to do.

"What solution are you going to find? This is all your fault; Leon warned us so many times not to give Mother the resuscitation shot, but you were the one who dismissed him and even chased him out! This is why Mother ended up this way! If anything bad happens to her, I'll hate you for the rest of my life!" Snow bellowed at the top of her lungs.

As she did this, however, she could not stop the tears from falling.

"I-" Vincent's **face** turned pale.

It was no wonder Snow was mad; if he took Leon's advice seriously, Gloria would not have ended up like this. Even if Leon failed to revive her, at least she would not be in grave danger like she was now!

However, it was too late!

"Mister Poole, Miss Poole, Missus Poole's condition is critical; we have to find a way to save her right now! I think we should try to get the Holy Doctor, Graham Elliot's help! I'll **send** someone to summon him right now!"

"There's no need, Mister Hendrix, I have his contact; I'll call him right now!" Vincent immediately perked up and took out his phone to call Graham.

His wife's condition was critical and they could not afford to waste time; it would be quicker if he could get Graham to come here **straight!**

"Hello, Mister Poole, can I be of service?" Graham's wise, deep voice rang out from the other end of the line.

"Graham, I have a favor to ask of you; my wife has fallen unconscious, and her life is in danger. I don't have time to send anyone to summon you, and I'm hoping you can come over to help her," Vincent tried to explain everything as quickly as he could.

Even though he was the Southern King, Graham's reputation in the medical community spread far and wide, and to add onto that, he was a member of the Elliots, one of the largest families in Springfield City, so naturally, Vincent had to respect him.

"Mister Poole, it's not that I don't want to help, but I have so many patients to see **that** usually, my schedule is booked three days in advance," Graham explained rather sheepishly.

One had to abide by the rules; Graham was so well-known in the medical world that **threes** of **patients** came to him for help every day, and most of them were members of the great and powerful, so any consultations had to be booked three days in advance.

If he allowed Vincent to cut the queue, that would not be fair to other people *who* needed *his* help.

"Graham, I know it's short notice, but my wife's condition is hanging *by* a thread. She can't afford to wait any longer. I was hoping you'd be able to help her, considering this *would be* a kind deed," Vincent begged.

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Graham could hear the desperation and sincerity in Vincent's voice, and he fell silent for a moment, contemplating this, before finally saying, "Alright. considering how serious the situation is, I'll help **you just** this once, but you should know better than anyone that Missus Poole's condition is complex; from my previous experience treating her, I know that **the** best I can do this time is to give her some medicine to help her regain her strength, and nothing else."

In the past, Vincent sought out Graham's help with Gloria's condition, but Graham could not manage to find the root of the problem.

"I know. My wife received a resuscitation shot just now, and soon after, she vomited blood and became unconscious again. I don't wish for you to cure her disease entirely; all I wish for is that you'll **be** able to resuscitate her," Vincent sighed and tried to explain the situation as best as he could.

"What? She received a resuscitation shot?" Graham was astounded by this.

"Yes, is there something wrong?" Vincent asked. He could make an educated guess that the resuscitation shot was probably the reason Gloria ended up like this, but since he **was** not well-versed in medicine, and since Doctor Chase denied all responsibility, he could not be sure of that.

"Of course there is! A resuscitation shot works by stimulating various organ functions in the body and comes with serious side effects. Not even hospital doctors would dare **to** give these shots **to a** normal individual, much less **a** sick person. Considering how ill Missus Poole was all this while, giving a resuscitation shot would equate to giving her a death sentence!" Graham said in disapproval.

He was experienced in both conventional and alternative medicine, so unlike Leon, he could easily understand and verbalize the side effects of these medications.

"Side effects? Rats!" the color drained from Vincent's face as he cast a murderous glare in Doctor Chase's direction.

Graham was one of the pillars of the medical community in this city and thus, Vincent did not doubt a single word.

If not for the fact that Doctor Chase used the resuscitation shot in an attempt to awaken his wife, Vincent would have murdered him **right** that instant!

Doctor Chase could not help shuddering when he saw the way Vincent looked at him. Even though he could not hear anything of their conversation, his instinct told him that they were probably talking about him- and not in a good way.

Guilt compelled him to find a way to escape without Vincent noticing, but Mister Hendrix was smart and knew he would do this—he already locked all the doors behind him so that there was no way of escaping!

All

of a sudden, Graham's voice rang out again, and Vincent tore his attention away from Doctor Chase and instead tried to focus on what Graham was saying.

"Mister Poole, I can't believe you'd let this happen! If Missus Poole did not receive the resuscitation shot, would've been able to help her, but now, the resuscitation shot deteriorated her condition to a point where it's almost unsalvageable. I'm sorry." He sighed.

"What?" Vincent **felt** as though he was struck by lightning. His hands trembled and he almost dropped the

phone onto the ground.

"Graham, this is all my fault; I shouldn't have let my family doctor give Gloria that resuscitation shot, but you're the Holy Doctor; I'm sure you can find a way to save my wife," Vincent said pleadingly.

He was beginning to panic now; **if** even Graham gave up trying to save Gloria, did that mean she was going to die without a doubt?

"That's the truth; I can't do anything about it, and I think you'd better start preparing for the funeral," Graham said, smiling bitterly.

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"How can this be—" Vincent staggered backward in despair.

As desolate as he felt, he loved **his** wife very much, and he was not willing to give up on **her** just like that." Graham, please, I'm begging you to think **of** something else. I'm willing to pay any price as long as **you** can save my wife."

"Mister Poole, I can understand how you feel, but unfortunately, my expertise is limited and this is truly out of my control." As he said this, however, a light bulb went off in Graham's head. The image of a young man's handsome face appeared in his mind. "Wait for a second, I've **got** an idea!"

Vincent was overjoyed by this. "What is it?"

"There's another person in Springfield City who's an even better doctor than I am! If you can get him to help you, I'm sure he'll be able to save Missus Poole!" Graham replied, grinning.

"Is that so? That's amazing news! Who is that person? I'll send my men to summon him right this instant!" Vincent was absolutely over the moon. A glimmer of hope was beginning to ignite within his despairing soul.

He knew that Graham was **the** best doctor in town, and even though he did not believe that anyone else could surpass Graham, he was certain that there were surely limitations to Graham's expertise, considering how broad the field was, spanning from internal medicine to surgery and even neurology.

Since even Graham claimed the **person** was better than him, Vincent was certain that whoever it was surely possessed medical knowledge that was on par, if not better, than Graham's, and perhaps this man could save

his wife!

"That man's name is Leon Wolf, and he-" Graham did not even get to finish his sentence when Vincent interjected, "What? Leon? Leon Wolf? Are you kidding me, Graham?"

Vincent could not believe his ears. Even **though** Leon questioned the use of the resuscitation shot, he still admitted that he was not a proper doctor, and because of this, Vincent was under the impression that Leon

was insincere and not a legitimate doctor.

Therefore, it was astounding to hear Graham mention Leon's name, **much** less refer to him as a doctor whose medical expertise surpassed his!

"Yes, his name's Leon Wolf. I'm not kidding! As for where he lives, I'm **not** too sure about that. All I know

about him is that he has connections to the Youngs." Graham tried to rack his brain about any information regarding Leon.

He met Leon on only a few occasions and thus did not know much about Leon's personal life, much less his

residential address.

However, he recalled that he first met Leon at the Young Mansion. At that time, Leon and Iris appeared to be close, and thus he deduced that either Iris or the rest of the Youngs would know where to find Leon.

“Connections to the Youngs? Could this **just** be a coincidence?” Vincent froze in shock.

Back when Fane was stocking up on the Energy Nurturing Pills, he mentioned that Leon and the Shears were close, and this was how Fane got to learn about the insider news and managed to get his hands **on a** thousand of those high-grade pills.

Therefore, Vincent knew about Leon’s connection with the Shears, but he never *heard the same about the*

Youngs!

Springfield City was a big place, and it would not be a surprise to run into people with the same surname. Perhaps the Leon Wolf that Graham was talking about was not the same man *he* knew at all!

Vincent let out a small sigh of relief at this.

After all, he just chased Leon out of his house. If the great doctor that Graham was talking about was *indeed* the same Leon, he did not know how he would face him!

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However, Graham’s next sentence immediately turned his blood cold!

“Mister Poole, I remember that Leon even helped cure Old Missus Shear. I’m sure you can ask the Shears, and they’ll be able to tell **you** where he is...” Graham added.

“Um...” Vincent felt as though he had been struck by lightning.

It was clear from what Graham said that this was the same person he had kicked out of his house just minutes ago!

At this moment, Vincent finally understood why Leon had been so confident about his ability to cure Gloria; he had not been boasting at all!

It was his ignorance that led to him misunderstanding Leon!

“Why are you so quiet, Mister Poole?” Graham could not help asking.

"Thank you, Graham... I know who you're talking about now. I'll ask him to help cure my wife right now!" despite his **face** turning pale from the shock, Vincent still thanked Graham for his help before hanging up.

Seeing the solemn look on her father's face, Snow suppressed the sorrow she felt and asked him anxiously, "What's wrong, Father? When is Graham coming over to help Mother?"

"Snow, time is running out, and I can't explain everything to you now... You should stay here with your mother, and I'll go bring Leon back!" Vincent turned and sprinted out of the room.

Leon had left not long ago and thus could not be far; he could still catch up with him.

Even though he and **Leon** had had an unpleasant encounter, he was willing to swallow his ego and beg for Leon to come back, as long as his wife could be saved!

Outside Poole Mansion, Fane had escorted Leon to the gates.

"I'm sorry about my father's behavior, Leon. I hope you can forgive him for his rudeness," Fane said, smiling apologetically.

"It's okay. It's just a minor misunderstanding, I'm not **mad** about it. All I'm concerned about is that will insist on giving Missus Poole that resuscitation shot **that** might kill her!" Leon said, sighing.

your

dad

He was not a petty person, and besides, Fane was his friend; even if Fane's father had treated him without respect, he was willing to see past this and forgive him.

However, the only thing he was worried about was Gloria's life. As a doctor, it was a huge pity to not be able to save a life that was within reach, but Leon knew he had tried his best.

"It can't possibly be **that** serious, can it?" Fane asked dubiously. Even though he trusted Leon, he could not deny the fact that Doctor Chase was a licensed doctor and thus, possessed more clinical experience and expertise than Leon did.

Even if Doctor Chase's resuscitation shot failed to help Gloria, surely it would not kill her!

"I certainly hope I'm wrong, and that Missus Poole will be fine." Leon smiled.

He was not familiar with conventional medicine and thus did not know whether his guess would turn out to be right or wrong. However, doctors were compassionate people, and he would rather be proven wrong *than* see anything bad happen to Gloria!

“Mister Wolf, please wait here for a moment. I’ll bring the car around and send you home,” Fane said as he strode towards the garage.

Since he was the one who brought Leon over from Cynthion Group, he was in charge of sending him *back to*

where he came from.

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Leon did not reject Fane’s kindness. He stood in the same spot, waiting, until a few moments later, Fane pulled up in front of him in a white convertible. “Get in, Mister Wolf.” He said, smiling.

Leon opened the passenger side door and was about to get into the car when all of a sudden, a frantic shout rang out, “Wait! Mister Wolf, please wait!”

Vincent was running toward them at **full** speed, so much so that within seconds, he appeared in front of

Leon.

“Is there something else you want, Mister Poole?” Leon asked, frowning. Even though he did not intend to pursue this matter any further, Vincent **was** so rude **to** him just now that he was not willing to let it go so easily.

“I-” Vincent opened his mouth and stared at him with a sheepish expression.

He misunderstood Leon and even chased him out of the house. Despite knowing he was in the wrong and that he needed **to** apologize, he still found it difficult **to** swallow his pride and apologize to **a** person more junior to **him**; he was the Southern King, after all.

“Father, please don’t tell me you intend to pick on Leon again.” Fane’s heart leaped into his throat as he quickly got out **of** the car and stood in between Leon and his father, intending to stop their fight.

"No, I'm here to apologize," Vincent took in a deep breath. At the thought of his wife's critical condition, he decided that nothing mattered, not even his ego.

"Apologize? Do my ears deceive me?" Fane's jaw dropped. He knew of his father's status, and he was fully aware of how highly people in the Gangster World place worth in their dignity.

He never imagined, not even in his wildest dreams, that his father would apologize to Leon. This was

unbelievable!

Leon was silent for a moment before finally realizing what happened. His face turned pale as he asked, "Did something happen to Missus Poole, Mister Poole?"

"That's right. Not only did she fail to awaken after receiving the resuscitation shot, but she even vomited blood," Vincent briefly explained what happened.

"What?" Fane was shocked by this. He grabbed hold of his father's arm and asked frantically, "What's going on with Mother now? is her condition very serious?"

"Fane, please don't panic. I have come here to ask Mister Wolf to return so he can help your mother,"

Vincent tried to reassure him.

"Can he save her? is that true?" Fane turned to Leon with an expectant look.

Leon remained silent.

"Mister Wolf, I'm sorry for what happened. It was all my fault, and my ignorance has caused me to act out toward you. I sincerely apologize for my behavior. You're Fane's friend, and I hope that you at least try to help my wife, even if it's for Fane's sake!" Vincent tried to beg again, thinking that Leon was still upset over

his mistreatment.

"Mister Poole, it's not that I don't want to help you, but I truly don't know how." Leon sighed with a helpless

look.

"You don't know how? That's not possible! Mister Wolf, I've gotten in touch with the Holy Doctor, G

raham, and he claims that you're an even better doctor than he is and that you're the only person who can save my

wife.

"Besides, you also mentioned before that you're quite confident that you'll be able to help her. isn't that so?"

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Vincent's face was etched with fear as he struggled to figure out whether Leon was holding a grudge over what happened, or if he was telling the truth about not being able to help!

"That was in the past, and things are different now! Truth be told, if you allowed me to treat her at the start, I can indeed cure her, but now, after the resuscitation shot has taken effect, it has worsened her condition, and the cold in her body has probably already invaded her circulatory system. I no longer am confident about being able to help," Leon said, shaking his head.

"How can this be? This is all my fault. It's my ignorance and stubbornness that cost Gloria her life. It's all my fault!" Vincent's face turned pale, and he wanted nothing more than to give himself two slaps to punish

himself.

Unfortunately, time could not be reversed, and no matter how much he regretted it, there was no going back

now!

"Mister Wolf, you say that you're not confident, but you didn't say it's entirely impossible. Do you know how?" Fane asked in despair.

"The truth is, I have an idea, but the success rate is too low," Leon said hesitantly.

A glimmer of hope was ignited within Vincent's heart once more. "Mister Wolf, since you have a plan, I'm begging you to at least try it. No matter what happens or whether it works or not, our entire family will be grateful for your help!"

"He's right! Mister Wolf, please try to help. Perhaps you might even get lucky and succeed," begged Fane.

"It's not that I don't want to, but the risks are too insurmountable! Missus Poole's condition is so complex that if this were to fail, it would bounce back onto me and destroy my Energy F

oundation. I would be willing to try if I was about sixty or seventy percent confident, but now, I'm less than ten percent confident in this plan succeeding. To proceed would be to embark on a suicide mission!" Leon said, shaking his head.

The Energy Foundation was the basis of every martial artist, and if it were to be destroyed, one would suffer the fate of not being able to progress in martial arts for the rest of his life, or even lose his powers altogether!

Despite the fact that Leon, too, wanted to save Gloria, he knew that her condition was so severe that the chances of it succeeding were very slim.

If he continued to help her, not only would he fail to save her, but it would even cost him his would not dare to do such a foolish task!

powers. He

"Um,"

"Vincent and Fane were speechless at this, and their hearts sank.

They could both understand Leon's hesitation; this encompassed such a huge risk that no one would dare to help!

Therefore, they were not surprised about Leon's refusal to help.

However, this did not stop them from feeling despair.

Vincent and Gloria spent most of their lives together and weathered many storms. Thus, they were extremely close; it was with Gloria's support and help that he managed to overcome the toughest crisis in his life and achieved what he had now!

Therefore, his wife was far more important than money or status, and even surpassed his own life!

Now that Leon was the only person who could save his wife, despite the slim chances of it succeeding, he was willing to cling to this hope no matter what!

"Thud!"

With a loud slam, Vincent got onto his knees in front of Leon, with no regard for his dignity as the Southern

King anymore.

“Mister Poole! What are you doing?” Leon was shocked *by* this and quickly tried to help Vincent up, but Vincent was so tall that no matter how hard he tried, he could not pull him up from the ground at all.