

The Almighty Dragon General

Chapter 18

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James did not want to prolong the conversation any further. He said, "Send me some money. I'm getting breakfast for

Thea. "Henry said, "I'll Vinmo it to you."

James left the clinic, buying some chicken noodle soup on the street for Thea.

When he returned, Thea was awake. Her face was bandaged in gauze. She lay on the bed, staring at the ceiling listlessly.

James went to her and put her breakfast down.

Softly, he called, "Darling."

Thea did not respond. James took her hand in his.

"It's over now. It's all over now."

Thea turned to him slightly, sobbing softly. Her body trembled, a panicked expression on her face.

"I-I've offended Trent Xavier. I'm a dead woman now. Go, leave me. I don't want to get you into trouble."

James soothed her.

"It's alright. I saw the news this morning. Trent's dead, and your family is okay."

"What? He's dead?"

Thea was shocked, looking at James in disbelief. Trent Xavier was a general.

How could he be dead just like that? James said, "News reported that a man in a black ghost mask killed him. The police have launched a hunt for the murderer."

Thea was stunned.

A man in a black ghost mask...She vaguely recalled that a man in a black ghost mask had appeared just as she was about to give up, but she blacked out before she could take a good look at him.

"He's dead? He's really dead?"

Thea looked as if she was in a trance. She could not believe that a man as powerful as Trent was now dead.

"That's right. Come on, have some soup."

James scooped Thea up, propping her against him. He picked up a spoon and started to feed her.

Thea parted her mouth slightly, swallowing the soup.

Thea was on edge all day long. She fell into periods of deep sleep, but nightmares plagued her, jolting her awake frequently.

Every time she woke up, she screamed for Trent to let her go.

James knew that Thea had been through a lot, being on the brink of a complete mental break down. She would need time to heal from this traumatic experience.

Everyone was talking about the Xaviers and discussing Trent's death.

Not James. He stayed by Thea's side dutifully.

On the first day, Thea was barely conscious.

However, thanks to James' meticulous care, Thea slowly recovered.

From being silent, she learned to open up to James again.

James swore that he would heal her. If he could do it before, he could do it again.

Three days later, Thea completely healed. She was no longer traumatized.

However, her face was still injured. Her wounds had not recovered yet.

"Jamie, it's been days. I want to go home. Mom and Dad might be worried."

"Okay." James nodded.

Henry took them home.

At the entrance of Thea's house.

The door was closed.

With James' assistance, Thea approached the door, knocking on it softly.

Soon, a middle-aged man opened the door.

Seeing Thea, he was ecstatic, pulling her into the house anxiously.

"Thea, you're home! Are you alright?"

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