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Chapter 16

Cansington was the capital of medicine, contributing to 80% of the world's medicine.

Here, there were pharmaceutical companies worth billions, as well as thousands of medicinal processing factories whether big or small.

Pharmacies were everywhere, whether on big roads or tucked away in small alleys.

Nine Dragons Street was a messy, complicated street in the heart of Cansington where crooks gathered.

There were antique stores, bars, pubs, and massage parlors...

At one end of the street stood a clinic. Common Clinic. Henry had found asylum here.

As James was a doctor, Henry had picked up a few things from him over the years. He was adept at treating the flu, colds, and minor injuries.

On the mini operating table at Common Clinic.

James looked at Thea, whose face was bleeding. Her knees were scraped and her flesh was embedded with bits of debris. She had been gravely tortured. As she lost a lot of blood and was exhausted, she fainted.

James had a scary, blank look.

Cradling Thea's face, his hard expression cracked, revealing a hint of shame.

Tears welled in his eyes and started dripping down his face. He had promised never to let Thea get hurt again. He had failed. He owed Thea so much that he would never be able to repay her this lifetime. He refused to think about the consequences had he been just slightly late.

Even killing Trent did little to abate his anger and hatred. He would make the Xaviers pay in worse ways for what they did to Thea. He grabbed a medicine kit and started to clean the wounds on Thea's face carefully.

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"General Xavier, it wasn't me. I didn't do anything. Please let me go..."

James accidentally touched her wound, causing Thea to shout. She curled up in a fetal position, trembling slightly.

James felt like he had been stabbed. He choked up, almost crying again.

Quickly picking up a syringe, he jabbed Thea with it. It would keep her calm and numb her wounds, minimizing her pain.

Thea finally relaxed.

James cleaned her wounds carefully, applied some medicine, and bandaged them. Henry had returned, but he stood out of the way, knowing better than to bother James.

James dressed the wounds on Thea's face and legs before carrying her to the little house behind the clinic. He placed her on the bed and covered her with a blanket, holding her hand tightly. He never left her side.

Henry stood guard at the entrance, not moving either.

All of Cansington was in shock.

In an attempt to rebuild their empire, the Xaviers had set a trap. They auctioned off cheap items at sky-high prices, managing to raise a substantial amount.

Trent Xavier even went after the Callahans. No one could have expected the man in the ghost mask, Warren Xavier's murderer, to make another appearance, killing Trent at the venue.

The police had launched an investigation, but as Trent Xavier was an important person, other relevant authorities were roped in as well. No one had any other updates after that. Quietly, the night slipped away.

