

Chapter 114

Everyone's mouth hung open in shock.

Thea stood rooted to the spot. It was a while before she managed to respond.

Quickly, she helped York up, saying, "Mr. Smith, wh-what are you doing? Please get up."

"Ms. Thea, please forgive us. Please have mercy on my useless nephew."

James said coldly, "He asked Thea to keep him company for three days."

"What?"

York flew into a rage once more. He was so angry he got up, searching for something. His eyes landed on a wooden chair. He grabbed it and slammed it into Zach's lower body.

"Ah..."

Moans of pain echoed through the boutique.

Blood pooled at Zach's crotch. It was so painful he fainted! Xena, whose face was bloodied, was so scared she turned pale.

She kept retreating, crying all the while. Everyone staggered backward as well as they were all frightened.

What just happened was ruthless! Zach was now crippled! After that, York knelt again.

"Ms. Thea, does this please you?" Thea had paled as well.

Instinctively, she stepped backward and grabbed James' hand, looking at him.

"Jamie, what... what?" James looked innocent.

"Why are you looking at me? He's not asking for my forgiveness. Thea, you must have some important people on your side."

"Me?"

Thea was shocked. Important people? How would she know anyone important? However, someone came to mind. It was during the auction the Xaviers organized on the top floor of Cansington Hotel. She had been captured by Trent, who cut her face up.

Just as she was about to lose all hope, a man in a ghost mask appeared and saved her.

"Could it be him?"

Thea looked as though she was in a trance. She then shook her head, dismissing her thoughts. She knew that he had killed Warren, Trent, and the other three patriarchs.

However, he had been captured by the Blithe King and shot to death.

Then again, besides him, she did not seem to know any other important people.

Furthermore, it was not like she knew the man in the ghost mask.

Over the past ten years, she had barely left the house.

How could she have gotten to know anyone important? Could it have been James? She looked at James suspiciously.

Immediately, she dismissed the thought again.

It could not be him.

Even though he was a high-ranking official at the Southern Plains, he had been expelled from the military after getting into trouble.

Smack, smack... Since Thea remained silent, York continued to hit his head against the floor repeatedly, still on his knees.

Thea did not understand. She stopped thinking about it, helping York up immediately.

"Look, Mr. Smith, he's bleeding profusely. You should take him to the hospital."

"Thank you for your mercy, Ms. Thea."

York was over the moon. He had finally earned her forgiveness.

Otherwise, the Smiths were dead.

York stood up, glancing at James. He shivered involuntarily, almost falling to the floor again.

James said, "What are you doing, Mr. Smith? Didn't you hear Thea? Take Zach to the hospital at once. Also, this fight has nothing to do with Thea. Don't you call the police and arrest Thea."

"It-it's all on me. It has nothing to do with Ms. Thea at all."

York made a phone call after that.

Soon, a few people appeared. They took Zach, who had fainted, and a shocked, bloodied Xena away.

"Do I still have to pay for the clothes?" James looked at the boutique manager.

The manager jerked to attention, shaking.

Quickly, she said, "N-no."

Even York apologized to them. She did not have the guts to pursue the matter further.

The other workers in the shop had notified their boss, It was Yuna, the chairman of Longevity Pharmaceuticals.

However, she was just helping out at Longevity Pharmaceuticals since it was her family business.

Besides that, she had other business ventures as well. This boutique was just one of them.

After hearing that Thea and James had caused trouble in her shop, she rushed from her office.

James looked at Samson and the rest, frowning.

"Your boss is gone. Do you still want to beat me up?" Samson shuddered and bowed in fear, apologizing.

"S-sorry. We're leaving now."

After that, he took his men and fled.

