

## Chapter 51

His power was beyond comprehension. Not only that, he was an exceedingly talented doctor, too. She had never in her wildest nightmares imagined James would gain such a terrifying identity.

It was no wonder that the Blithe King did nothing when Trent was killed.

The person that killed Trent was the Black Dragon, someone that not even the Blithe king could touch.

Charles only started calming down when James left.

His entire body was drenched in sweat. He trembled again when he caught sight of the wound-laden Rowena, turning away to run.

"Don't...Don't go. S-Save me. Send me to the hospital...I...I have money, I'll pay you." Earlier, Rowena wanted to die, but now that James was gone, her will to live returned.

Charles stopped at the mention of money. He weighed his options.

James said he would leave Rowena alive before he left.

If he left and Rowena died, he would have nowhere to run if James decided to blame him for it.

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Besides, if he saved Rowena, he'd get money for it.

With that in mind, he took his phone out and called the emergency hotline.

Meanwhile, James put his mask back on as he left Rowena's villa.

He then went to the Frasier, the Zimmermans, and the Wilsons' homes.

Cansington, Caden Mausoleum.

In front of Thomas Caden's grave.

Three bloodied heads were placed before his tombstone.

James knelt before Thomas's grave.

"Grandfather, Warren Xavier, Yves Frasier, Jacob Zimmerman, and Desmond Wilson are dead. Everyone that set fire to our home back then are dead. But... forgive me. I was unable to locate the whereabouts of Moonlit Flowers on Cliffside's Edge.



“Don’t worry, though. I’ll definitely get it back.”

“The main culprits may be dead, but I won’t allow The Great Four to get away that easily. I’ll show them true despair. I’ll make their lives a living hell. I’ll torture them to death to avenge our family.” kneeling before Thomas’s grave, James sobbed openly.

He was the Black Dragon of the Southern Plains, yet even in the face of countless troops, he never shed a tear.

Men did not shed tears when they bled.

However, at this moment, he cried openly, loudly.

He may have been the almighty Black Dragon, with unparalleled strength, but no one knew what he had endured in these ten years.

Ten years ago.

He was scorched by fire. He witnessed his loved ones wailing in agony in the inferno, their desperate cries and expressions seared forever into his mind.

However, just as he was about to give in to despair, a girl in a ponytail rushed in and undid his bindings, then saved him from the sea of fire without any regard for her own safety.

After they had rushed out of the burning estate, he jumped into the river and ignored the girl, even though he saw that she was burning too.

He had been consumed with guilt in these ten years. He blamed himself.

With hatred on his back, he went from being a lowly soldier to rising through the ranks and becoming the Black Dragon he was today.

His enemies may have been dead, but the hatred in his heart was not so easily dispelled.

The Great Four had sinned.

They had to be punished.

Besides, from what Rowena had told him, he figured out that the mastermind that had orchestrated the fall of his family was someone in the Capital.

They had James's family killed so they could obtain Moonlit Flowers on Cliffside's Edge. He clenched his fists.

"I don't care who took the painting, Grandfather, but I promise you I will have his head before you as tribute." Ten whole years of pain and torment turned into tears streaking down his face.



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