

The Almighty Dragon General

Chapter 768

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“I was out for that long?”

James was surprised to find out he was unconscious for three whole days.

“How’d it go? Is... everyone okay?”

Hearing his question, Quincy went silent. Her lips were drawn into a taut line.

“Answer me.”

It took some time for Quincy to form a reply. “Thea’s fine, but because she sustained two gunshot wounds and lost a lot of blood, she’s still in the ICU. General Highsmith was also severely injured, but he’s being treated as we speak. As for the rest, they... didn’t make it...’

She choked on her words as they left her mouth.

James’ mind went blank when the news hit him.

Leaning back on the hospital bed, he looked at the white wall in front of him, and the soldiers’ faces flashed in his mind.

His eyes suddenly became moist, and tears began cascading down his face uncontrollably.

“N-none of them survived?”

He could not believe it.

Dozens of soldiers laid down their lives for him.

“James...”

Seeing James’ shell-shocked state, Quincy held his hand and attempted to comfort him. “Y You shouldn’t blame yourself. They did it so you could survive.”

James turned to Quincy and asked, “Have the funerals been held?”

“Mhm.”

Quincy nodded and said, “The Blithe King gave them all military funeral honors.”

“B-Bring me there.”

“But how... H-How are you going to go like this?”

James pulled out the IV line in his hand and turned around to get out of bed.

Quincy immediately jumped to her feet to assist him.

“I-I’ll bring you there! You shouldn’t move! I’ll go get the wheelchair.”

“Okay,” James replied weakly and leaned back onto the bed.

Quincy quickly left the ward and bumped into the Blithe King who was right outside the room. dressed in military uniform.

“What’s the matter, Ms. Xenos? Why’re you in such a hurry?”

Quincy looked at the Blithe King and answered, “J- James just woke up and wants to pay respect to the soldiers who died in the battle. I’m going to get a wheelchair for him.”

“Alright, go.”

The Blithe king waved her off and walked into the ward.

He walked inside and saw James lying despondently on the bed. He walked over and asked with a smile, “Are you awake?”

James tilted his head and looked on as the Blithe King approached him.

“You want one?” The Blithe King took out a cigarette and offered it to James.

James gently shook his head and refused. “I-I quit smoking.” Ever since being poisoned with Gu, he would feel nauseated

whenever he smoked and kept feeling like he was on the verge of vomiting. “Is General Highsmith okay?”

“Yeah, he’s still alive but he’ll be in recovery for quite some time.”

“It’s all my fault...” James blamed himself.

The Blithe King interrupted James. “Every soldier is ready to give their life for their country. You’re a soldier yourself and should

be familiar with the resolve they had when they stepped into battle.”

As a commander, the Blithe king was used to bereavement.

His heart ached for his lost subordinates, but it was something he had to accept.

Soon, Quincy returned with a wheelchair.

She wheeled James out of the military hospital and took him directly to the Military Cemetery.

There were dozens of newly erected headstones in the cemetery. James stood up from his wheelchair and looked at the

headstones in front of him. Raising his right hand to his eyebrow, he gave them a respectful military salute.

They were true soldiers and heroes.

“Every one of you sacrificed yourselves so that I could live. Rest in peace, my brothers. I promise I’ll watch over your families for as long as I live.”

Once again, tears rolled down James’ face.

Standing beside him, Quincy and the Blithe king silently watched him. After a while, Quincy walked over and gently reminded

him, “James, it’s chilly outside. Your body is weak now. We should head back inside.”

James took a deep breath and sat back in the wheelchair, allowing Quincy to take him away.

The Blithe king followed after them and informed James, “The chest you’ve been looking for is in the cabinet next to your hospital bed.”

“Alright.” James nodded.

He would never have asked these soldiers for assistance if he knew he would lead them to their demise.

The Blithe King added on. “After this incident, I’ve sent orders to the five armies to strengthen the security.

In the future, it’ll be

difficult for these kinds of international mercenaries to infiltrate Cansington again.”

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