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## Chapter 15

"It was me!"

It was just three words, yet it resounded through the hall like crackling thunder and rang in the attendees' ears, shaking all thoughts from their minds.

Even Trent, still on stage, was stunned. He was a battle-hardened deputy commander of the Western border. He had fought hundreds of battles alongside the Blithe King himself, yet James's roar froze him completely, rendering him unable to react for an instant.

When he was finally able to move, he spotted a man walking into the hall. The person donned a black ghost mask, and a chill emanated from his body. This chill seemed to penetrate throughout the entire hall, lowering the temperature by a few degrees.

"That's him?"

"That's the person in the ghost mask that killed Warren Xavier!"



The celebrities finally reacted, their faces growing pale in shock and terror as James walked past them.

They remembered the gruesome image that had happened only half a month ago, when William Xavier's arm was yanked off, and Warren Xavier was decapitated, his headless body falling into a pool of his own blood.

"You?"

Trent's expression darkened. He knew the ghost mask this man wore. He had seen it on their surveillance footage, when this man murdered his father.

"The remnant of the Cadens?"

Trent stared at James, who was still approaching him. He may have been a battle-hardened deputy commander, with over a hundred battles under his belt, but the bloodlust he felt from this man was nothing he had ever experienced.

James's face was obscured by the mask, his blood-red eyes the only thing that was exposed. Henry, who had been following James, spotted the bloodied Thea on stage, her shallow gasps for breath the only indication that she was alive. His heart started pounding. He knew then that there was about to be a massacre within this hall. He had worked under James long enough to know what his temper was like.

There were only two things James cared deeply about. The comrades that fought alongside him...

And the girl who saved him from that inferno, his savior who had been on his mind ever since that fateful day.

James had given up on eminent glory and honor for Thea Callahan. If he kept that honor, he would likely have become the head of the Five Commanders in the future.

Yet Trent had dared torment Thea like this.

Dragons had lamellas.



Touch them, and death would be assured. Thea was James's lamella. Trent was a dead man. No one could save him now! Even if the Blithe King stood before them, he would be cut down if he dared make an attempt to stop James! The big hall was completely silent.

James and Trent made eye contact.

Trent's battle-hardened body trembled slightly under James's gaze, and sweat beaded inexplicably on his forehead.

James reached behind him and pulled out a length of incredibly thin wire. His hand tightened around the wire, made of silver needles, and walked slowly to the auction stage as the crowd watched silently on.

Thud! Thud! Thud! The sound of his wide leather toe box shoes echoed rhythmically throughout the hall, startling the audience with every step he took. His footsteps grew heavier, becoming akin to an earthquake by the end, even managing to shake the tables and chairs.

"The...Black..."

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Trent's face contorted in horror as he spotted the silver needle wire in James's hand.

There was only one person in this world capable of using silver needle wires for battle.

Only one! Swish! With a flick of James's wrist, the wire split instantaneously. Silver needles exploded towards Trent, embedding themselves accurately between his brows.

They then flew back to James, once again converging to form a thin wire, now stained red with blood.

Trent died without even getting his last words out completely.

The only thing he felt in his death was a deep regret. He spotted a wire in the surveillance footage, but it was too far away for him to identify what it was.

If he had known, he would never have dared mess with Thea Callahan, even if he was given all the courage in the world! This was the Black Dragon! The legendary Black Dragon of the Southern Plains, one of The Five Commanders, on par with his superior! Yet he knew that even though they were of the same rank, not even ten Blithe Kings would win against one Black Dragon! Trent fell over slowly as the horrified crowd watched on, unable to even yell out in pain.

Thea laid on the stage.

In her daze, she spotted the person wearing the ghost mask. The owner of the mask approached her. She tried to clear her hazy vision so she could memorize the mask, but she had lost too much blood. Her mind was engulfed in a fog as she passed out.

Just before unconsciousness claimed her, she felt a pair of strong arms pick her up.

"Leave not even a single member of the western army alive. As for the Xaviers, leave them untouched. I'll show them what true despair is, because that's how they're going to die."

James's voice resounded clearly throughout the hall as he walked out with Thea.

The fully-armed soldiers stared stunned at their dead deputy commander, trembling with fear as they stood around the platform.



With his order received, Henry marched over to them, his windbreaker flying open as he reached into them, pulling out his throwing knives.

Swish swish! The knives flew towards their targets, and two of the western border soldiers fell, a pool of blood forming beneath them.

Henry made his way backstage, but the fight ended almost instantaneously.

Every western border soldier fell to the ground before they could even start to react.

The large venue once again fell silent.

The Cansington celebrities were now cowering on the ground, their heads buried in their arms as they stayed as still as they could.

Ten minutes passed before some of the more courageous attendees stood back up, taking in a shocked breath as they saw the bodies of Trent and the other western border soldiers lying in pools of their own blood.

As for the other Xaviers, they were too shaken from their fright to speak.

At that moment, they were overcome with terror! They remembered how the man said he was going to show them true despair, that that was how they were going to die.

Someone finally reacted and called the cops.

Soon, some police arrived. They found the kidnapped Callahans and released them, then secured the parameters and started questioning and taking down statements.

