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Chapter 11

"Moonlit Flowers on Cliffside's Edge..." James muttered to himself.

That painting was his family's most important heirloom.

Before his grandfather died, he told James that their family could be wiped out, but that painting was the one thing they could not lose.

It remained in James's mind, even after ten years.

"Get ready. We act tonight."



"Understood." Henry nodded.

"Alright, you should leave. My wife's about to get off work. She doesn't want me to be around knaves and hooligans, and it's obvious from your appearance alone that you're not a good guy. If my wife saw you, I'd be in for another lecture."

Henry's expression fell.

He was just slightly darker-skinned. Why does that make him a hooligan? Why would that make him a bad guy?

"Don't just stand there, get lost." James sent a kick his way.

Henry turned and left.

James glanced at the time. Thea's work had ended. She would be coming out any moment.

He pushed his electric motorcycle along and made his way to the Callahans' Eternality Group. Before he could approach the entrance, however, he spotted a woman walking out of the building.

She was five foot ten, clad in formal business attire that consisted of a white button-down shirt, a black pencil skirt, and red heels.

Her chestnut-colored wavy hair framed her face, and the way she walked with a briefcase in her hand conveyed a powerful confidence about her.



"Thea!"

A man walked up to her at that moment, holding out a bouquet of flowers. "These are for you, Thea. Are you free tonight? I've booked a private room in The Drunken Fairy tonight. I'd love to take you out for dinner."



This man was Brandon Frasier, of the Frasier, one of The Great Four in Cansington.

Ever since Thea obtained Celestial Group's order list and her apparent friendship with Alex Yates, the chairman of Celestial Group, was exposed, the Callahan's fame grew exponentially. Thea, too, became the most beautiful woman in Cansington.

She was also highly competent as chairwoman of Eternality. She managed to put the company in order in just half a month.



Thanks to her growing fame, she was crowned Cansington's prettiest chairwoman.

Even though she had a husband, James was virtually unknown. The heirs to wealthy families ignored his existence and continued pursuing Thea in hopes of eventually winning her over.

At that moment, Thea spotted James and his electric motorcycle. She flashed a stunning smile, ignoring Brandon as she made her way toward him. She kissed James, then hugged his arm affectionately.

"Honey, that person told me he booked a private room in The Drunken Fairy and wants me to have dinner with him. I haven't been to The Drunken Fairy before."

"He invited you. You should go. Take me with you, too, if he's okay with that. I've never been there before, either."

Brandon's expression turned sour at the scene. He marched over to them. "James Caden? I'm Brandon Frasier," he said coldly and held out a card. "I'll pay you five hundred thousand dollars to leave Thea!"

"Do I accept it, darling?"

"It's up to you," Thea said, an amused smile playing at her lips. "I think you should, though. You'd be able to reserve a table at The Drunken Fairy with that much money."

"I'll take it, then."

James gave Brandon a smile as he accepted the card. "So, what's the pin number?"



Brandon turned his nose up at James. “Six zeroes. Take the money and get lost. From now onwards, Thea will have nothing to do with you anymore.”

“Yep, we’ll go get our divorce sorted right now.” James nodded. “Hop on, darling.”

Thea sat on the motorcycle’s back seat and wrapped her arms around James’s waist. They then drove away under Brandon’s bewildered gaze.

Brandon stared after them for a few minutes before realizing he had been fooled. He threw the bouquet of flowers he had been holding onto the ground, glaring after James, now far in the distance. “You little-! This isn’t over!” he shouted angrily after him.

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James drove Thea home on the motorcycle. Once home, Thea sat on the couch and held out a hand, grinning at James.

“What?” James said, gripping his pocket. “I was the one Brandon gave the divorce fee to. This is my private savings.”

“Divorce your foot. Give it!” Thea pouted, then continued, “I pay for your food, your drinks, your amenities, your clothes. What do you need money for? I’ll save the money for when we have kids. They’re expensive, y’know?”

James reluctantly handed Brandon’s card over. “But this keeps happening, my dearest. Adding up all the money everyone’s given me to break up with you in these ten days, there’d be more than two million by now. That money’s mine...”

“What money?”



The voice came from the door.

"N-nothing," Thea said hurriedly as she hid the card.

Gladys walked over to them. "Since when did you learn to lie to me, you little brat? I heard everything! Divorce fees, two million... hand it over!"

"Mom, it really was nothing!" Thea protested.

James nodded. "Mhm, it was nothing."

Gladys shot him a glare. "I'm talking to my daughter. This is none of your business! Look at the time! Shouldn't you be making dinner? Go on, then!"

"Okay."

James headed to the kitchen and started cooking.

After thirty minutes, food was finally ready. They all sat down for dinner.

James pulled Thea into their room when they were done eating. "You didn't actually tell her, did you, darling?"

Thea shot him a look. "It was all your fault, speaking that loudly. Mom took all the money! Said it was payment for raising me all these years, since I now have a job."



"What?" James stared wide-eyed at her. "You gave her everything?"

He was indeed short on cash recently.

He had been unemployed ever since joining the Callahans, and now he was completely broke. Even his cigarettes were bummed off of Henry.

"Yeah, I had to," Thea said helplessly. "The hundred thousand from Astor, two hundred and fifty thousand from Bertrand, three hundred thousand from Oswald, and five hundred thousand from Frasier... Mom took them all."

James sighed. "Hopefully another rich guy comes and offers me several hundred thousand dollars again to break up with you. Send me some cash, darling. I'm too broke to even afford cigarettes now."

"I don't believe you. I saw a black card in your pocket the other day while doing your laundry. Don't tell me there's nothing in it. Give it here, I'll keep it for you."

Thea held out her hand, waiting for James's card.

James took it out. It was a matte black card with a glossy black dragon on it. There was no card number.

Thea had merely glanced at it while she was busy with laundry, but now that she was looking at it, she was confused. "What kind of card is this? Why aren't there numbers on it?"

"Well..." James hesitated. "This card is linked to every major bank, so I can use it anywhere. Also, it has an ID chip in it, so there's no need for numbers. This is the twenty-first century, after all."



Thea pocketed the card, half convinced. "What's the pin number and how much is in it?"

"Pin number's eight eights. As for how much is in there... not much."

"Eight your foot," Thea retorted. "Pins aren't eight numbers long!"

"Sorry, it was six eights," Jame said with a sheepish smile.

That card required no pin. Any number would work.

That black dragon card was the only one in existence. It served as proof of his identity and power. As for the money it contained, he was truly ignorant of the amount, since he had never used it.

However, since this card was the result of his ten years of service and honor, there would probably be quite a large sum inside. It was just that... now that he had climbed so high up, money meant nothing to him, so he never cared about the card.

Thea could have it. Without her, there would be no James, and there would be no card. Thea was the one that gave him everything he had.



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