

Chapter 48

The bank liquidated the Xaviers' other villas, and now most of them were either homeless or renting houses to live in.

This remaining villa was Rowena Xavier's personal property.

Trent's plan to heavily inflate the prices of worthless artifacts and sell them off to people worked. Most of the attendees had spent money in that auction and bought something from the Xaviers, intimidated by Trent's power, Trent may have died, but the money fell into Rowena's hands. Rowena was a woman, but she became a pillar of hope after Warren and Trent's deaths. The Xaviers all turned to her, in hopes of her pulling them back up into wealth.

Villa, room on the second floor.

An old man, around 50 years of age, lay on the bed. Beside him was a woman clad in a white dress.

That woman was Rowena Xavier. She was in her 30s but looked no older than 19 thanks to her high-maintenance lifestyle. She was slim and had delicate facial features. She was an attractive woman in every sense of the word, with her long hair flowing down her shoulders and her slightly see-through dress only accentuating her seductive charm.

"Mr. Bertrand, when are you going to make good on your promise?" Rowena said as she looked at the old man on the bed that was wearing only his underwear.

This man was a big shot, with connections in high places.

The Xaviers were bankrupt. Most of their assets had been liquidated, so Rowena too was using every connection she had in order to get back some of their properties.

Charles looked at the gorgeous Rowena and smiled.

“Don’t worry. I always keep my word. As you know, Alex Yates used the proper channels to bankrupt you. I need to be able to deal with every aspect of that.”

Rowena walked over to him and snuggled into Charles’s arms.

“I’ve given you at least fifty million, Mr. Bertrand,” she said coquettishly.

“It’s been so long. Give me an accurate time frame.”

“Soon. It’s soon. Within a few days.”

Charles was smiling at her, but he was secretly disdainful.

‘Stupid woman,’ he thought.

‘Your family has fallen. Trent is dead. There’s no way the Xaviers will be able to return to being one of The Great Four. I’ve long since used up the money you had given me. Did you actually think I’d humor you if it weren’t for money?’

“Don’t worry, Mr. Bertrand. You’ll get your share once I get my family’s finances stabilized. I’ll be all yours, too.”

Bang! Just then, the bedroom door was kicked open.

“Who goes there?!” Charles jumped, startled, and crawled to his knees.

He trembled when he saw the person that kicked the door open was wearing a ghost mask.

He rolled out of bed and fell on the floor, then started frantically putting his clothes back on as he said, “I- I have nothing to do with them! I don’t know anything! I’m leaving now!” Everyone in Cansington knew who the man in the ghost mask was.

He was the one that killed Warren and Trent

Rowena trembled as well when the man entered the room).

James walked slowly towards them. Charles sprinted past him, now fully dressed, but he was yanked backward and tossed back onto the bed.

He curled into a ball in fright and kept as quiet as he could, afraid he'd say something to anger the god of death in front of him.

"Who the hell are you? Why do you hold a grudge against us?" Rowena asked when she had calmed down, staring down at James,

James took his mask off.

"You?" Rowena said, bewildered.

"James Caden? The one who married into the Callahans?"

"Yes." James confirmed.

"Wait... J- James Caden?" Rowena said in shock, suddenly recalling something.

"You... You're Nicholas Caden's son?!"

James nodded, then pulled a chair over and sat by the bed. He calmly lit a cigarette.

The big bedroom was completely silent, save for the quiet hiss of the lit cigarette. Charles remained balled up in bed, still keeping his silence.

