

Chapter 50

James's roar was like cracking thunder, making Rowena's ears ring and leaving her in a daze.

All she could do was sob, not knowing how else to respond. After a while, she finally calmed down enough to say something, her face a look of despair.

"I don't know... I really don't... I - I think Trent took the painting to the Capital as a gift for someone."

Slice!

James picked up the switchblade from the bed and swung it at Rowena's hand, splattering blood everywhere,

Rowena opened her mouth in agony, but no sound came out. Her expression twisted hideously in pain and she trembled.

James casually pulled out some silver needles and inserted them into Rowena's body.

Rowena could not die yet. Not without the painting back in his hands. Her palm stopped bleeding after the needles were inserted, but the pain was still there. It was an unbearable kind of pain.

Right now, all she wanted was to die.

James was right. Living was worse than death, yet she was unable to die.

James sat back down and stared at Rowena, looking like a bereaved dog.

"This pain you've suffered is nowhere near enough to atone for your sins," he said coldly.

"I'll ask you again. Where is Moonlit Flowers on Cliffside's Edge?"

"I... I don't... I don't know," Rowena said through chattering teeth, barely able to get her words out.



James frowned.

The average person would have cracked and told him the truth under such torture, out of a primal need for self-preservation. If Rowena was saying that she had no idea where the painting was, did it mean she was telling the truth?

That painting was his family's most treasured heirloom. It had been passed down through his lineage for countless generations. His grandfather even said that their family could be annihilated, but the painting could not be lost.

Rowena was still trembling, her teeth chattering. She fell incredibly lightheaded but was stuck in consciousness, unable to truly faint.

Pain emanated from the wounds on her face and arms, tormenting her by keeping her awake

James was a demon. The fear she felt of him ran deep into her core. She kept pleading for mercy.

"I'll spare you tonight," James said.

"I'll give you some time. Find out where the painting went. If by the time I come back for you, you can't tell me where it is, I'll show you true despair."

James stood and walked over to Charles, dragging the cowering man up. Charles trembled, and a pool of liquid grew under him. He had soiled his pants in fright

"I- I have nothing to do with this! I d-don't know anything!" Charles stuttered before begging for mercy.

"You didn't see anything. You didn't hear anything. If even a word of what happened tonight gets out, well...you know the consequences," James said coldly, but he knew who deserved his wrath. Charles had done nothing to him. He was not going to kill him. James glanced back at Rowena lying placidly on the bed.



“I’m sure you’re curious as to who I am. I don’t mind telling you. I’m the Black Dragon of the Southern Plains, commander of the Black Dragon Army. Forget Trent Xavier, I can even kill the Blithe king if I wanted to.”

With that, he left.

He told Rowena to add pressure, so she would spare no effort tracking down Moonlit Flowers on Cliffside’s Edge

The only noise heard after James left was Rowena’s sobs.

Slur was still trembling

“The Black Dragon... The Commander of the Southern Plains... That Black Dragon? One of the Five Commanders?” She did not dare relieve her ears.

How did the Caden kid from ten years ago turn into the universally-feared Black Dragon

She may not have been in the military, but Trent was a soldier with a high ranking. She had heard him mention the Five Commanders once. The Black Dragon had only been a commander for a short time.

One year, to be exact. But he was by far the scariest.

