

Chapter 74

The Prince of Orchid Mountain's tomb, the treasure chest, the key, Moonlit Flowers on Cliffside's Edge, and Black Rose? James looked at Black Rose, gracefully clad in a black leather jacket. He got lost in his thoughts. Was it just a coincidence, or was all this part of some bigger plan?

"General, please grant me your protection," Black Rose said again, a pleading expression on her face. James glanced at her.

"You just told me that someone murdered all your companions. Not only did you not run away, but you followed the attacker to Cansington. Now, you're asking for my protection. How is this logical?"

Black Rose explained, "The murderer who took the chest isn't the mastermind. The murderer wants the box for himself, so he did not hand it over to the mastermind. Instead, he escaped to Cansington, lying low. It's why I followed him here. I have the key. If the mastermind finds out, I wouldn't survive."

"Who's the mastermind?" Black Rose shook her head.

"I'm not sure. I never dealt with them. It was always my eldest brother, but he's dead now."

"Who's the murderer?"

"I don't know either. It was pure chaos in the tomb. I was heavily injured, and it was dark. I didn't manage to get a good look as I was trying to survive." James held his hand out.

"And the key?" Black Rose reached behind, giving him a key she fished out from her pocket. James studied it. It was small and utterly normal. It looked like any other key.

"Is this it?"

“Yes. This is the key to the treasure chest. The chest is unique. Nothing can unlock it save for this key, not even with the latest technology.”

James kept the key, saying, “Go to Common Clinic and look for Henry. Stay with him. Henry’s currently at the Southern Plains, so drop by after a few days.”

James turned to leave once more. He did not want to get involved. However, since this had something to do with Moonlit Flowers on Cliffside’s Edge, he had no choice Moonlit Flowers on Cliffside’s Edge was his family heirloom. Yet he knew nothing about the painting

All he knew was that the painting had been around for years, famous in the world of antiquities. Currently, it was the most expensive painting in the world. Several fake paintings cropped up, but no one had seen the real painting.

After James left the parking lot, Black Rose left quickly as well. James took his phone out after leaving, noticing that Thea had called him and left a message. He did not call her back, returning to the job fair on his electric motorcycle instead. Ella Corporation It was an international, well-known corporation.

As Cansington was a big city, Ella Corporation had set up a branch here Human Resources, the manager’s office. Thea sat on the couch, her legs pressed together. She was holding a cup of water Hank had poured for her.

He was staring at her. She did not know what to do.

“H-Hank.”

“Thea, the weather is hot. Drink some water. We’ll talk after this.”

Hank stared at Thea. From his angle standing up, he could see down her shirt, which revealed a hint of what he would be enjoying later on. He was getting excited. He had drugged the water.

As long as Thea drank the water, she was his to do as he pleased. "Drink up, Thea."

Hank could not wait anymore. He was fantasizing about what was to come. <https://novelebook.com> Staring at Thea's amazing figure, his mouth dried up. Thea sipped from her cup. Hank heaved a sigh of relief when he saw her drink. He sat down opposite her and started chatting her up. Now he just had to wait for the drugs to kick in. Thea, you're the most beautiful, most elegant woman I've ever seen in my life."



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