

The Almighty Dragon General

Chapter 1550

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One day later...

A man slowly walked out of Capital Airport. He was dressed in ordinary and humble clothes, looking no different from a typical farmer.

That man's appearance was completely different from those around him.

The man was James.

James rushed directly to the Capital after mastering the True Nine Ordeals Energy.

Half a month had passed since the battle in Malgudi.

Although he met his grandfather, Thomas had never mentioned anything about the aftermath at Malgudi.

After he passed out, he had no idea what had taken place there while he was away.

He was clueless about the current situation in the Capital.

Since he was anxious, he rushed back to the Capital without a minute to spare after recovering his strength.

He hailed a taxi outside the airport.

“Sun Dragon District, please.”

The driver gave James a once over and noticed that his attire did not suggest that he was well off.

The Sun Dragon District was full of courtyard houses, and it was populated by the wealthy.

“That’ll be one thousand and eight hundred dollars.”

The driver gave an outrageous price.

“I’ll pay you when we arrive.”

James leaned into the back seat of the car.

His phone was destroyed in Malgudi, and he did not make a habit of carrying around a wallet, so he did not have any cash on him.

The positions he held allowed him to forego the need for a plane ticket. Therefore, all he needed to do was show his face.

He wanted to head to Thea's house to check if Thea was home.

If Thea was not around, he had planned on asking Delilah to help him pay the taxi driver.

The driver turned around and turned his nose up at James. "No money, no ride. I'm not accepting your booking."

James frowned.

"It's not like I'm not going to stiff you. Hurry up. I have something important to do. I don't think you'd want to bear the consequences for delaying me."

"Haha! What're you going to do if I don't accept your booking? I'd like to see how you plan on making me pay for it!"

There was indeed nothing he could do to this driver at this moment.

"Could you at least borrow me your phone?"

"Here."

The driver was not afraid James would make off with his phone because he had already locked the car doors.

James took the phone and dialed Henry's number.

Soon, the call went through.

“Hello, who’s this?”

Henry’s voice came from the other end

“It’s me.”

Henry was thrilled when he heard the sound of James’ voice. “James, finally, there’s news from you! Where are you right now?”

“I’m outside the airport. Get someone to pick me up immediately.”

“Alright. I’ll arrange it right away.”

Henry hung up the phone.

“You arranged for a driver to pick you up?”

Hearing James’ conversation on the phone, the driver could not help but sneer. “Who do you think you are, brat? Your whole outfit barely adds up to a hundred dollars.”

James did not bother responding to the driver’s mockery. He tossed the phone back to the driver. He tried to open the door to get out of the car but found that it was locked.

“If you’re not going to accept my booking, I’m not going to stay in your car. Open the door and let me out.”

“Brat, you wasted a few minutes of my time. Do you know how much I can earn in these few minutes? Pay me twenty dollars.

Otherwise, you’re not leaving this vehicle.”

The driver could tell James did not have money and wanted to make things difficult for him.

It was not because he looked down on farmers. He was also born into a farming family. However, he had a dislike for people who were broke yet pretended to be rich.

From his perspective, James was one of those people that pretended to be wealthy even though he had no money.

“Alright, just wait for a while. I’ll have someone bring the money. I’m just worried you might not want to accept it.”

James did not argue any further and simply waited in the car.

The driver was also in a cantankerous mood. He turned off his engine and lit a cigarette.

Smoke filled the car.

James had the urge to smoke too as the smell of tobacco wafted into his nose.

He parted his lips but chose to not ask for a cigarette.

Instead, he closed his eyes and mediated.

Half an hour passed.

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