

James and his party left after obtaining the information they wanted.

Outside, in the car.

Henry started the car engine and drove back to the city.

James leaned back on the passenger seat with a thoughtful expression, making it hard to guess what was on his mind.

"Henry... Moments later, James' voice interrupted the silent atmosphere.

"Yeah? I'm listening."

"Look into Dawson and Nine Fingers. Find out who they are and gather information about their backgrounds. Send me to the hospital. I have to see Rowena again." Henry nodded.

"Alright."

"Ha!"

James sighed. He would not have discovered that many more people were involved in the scheme against the Cadens ten years ago if he did not visit Jake.

Right now, he regretted killing Trent.

Trent was the main piece of the puzzle. He would have been able to gather more information about the real mastermind if Trent was still alive.

However, under the circumstances at that time, he was enraged and could not consider too much. He just wanted Trent dead.

The remainder of the ride was silent.

Soon, they arrived back in the city.



"Do you need me to wait for you?"

James waved his hand "No, it's already late. You should go back and rest early. I'll just grab a taxi back home later."

"Alright."

James got out of the car.

Subsequently, Henry turned the car around and drove off.

Scarlett was afraid to speak throughout the whole ride. It was not until James left that Scarlett relaxed her tensed nerves.

"H-Henry, James is so intimidating that I didn't even dare to breathe."

"He honestly isn't that scary. He is very good to his friends and only ruthless toward enemies," Henry said with a smile.

The aura he has is terrifying. "Henry was stunned by the statement for a moment.

He sighed.

"That's because you've no idea what he went through."

"Hmm? Scarlett became curious and asked, "Can you tell me what happened to him?"

Being a member of a grave robber gang in the Southern Plains, she had long heard about the Black Dragon. However, she did not know much about him.

Henry explained with a hint of sorrow on his face, "James has too much weight on his shoulders. I remember when I first met him, he was a taciturn teenager. He trained until later at night every single day and only slept very few hours.

Other than sleep, he was always doing special training



"He was gone through countless life and death situations. There was once when he was captured by an enemy. He was beaten until he was covered in bruises, and almost all the bones in his body were broken.

"The battle that earned him great respect was about a year ago. One of our armies had been ambushed. Alone, James invaded the enemy's headquarters. It was a bloodbath, and corpses were piled into mountains.

Ultimately, he returned with the head of the enemy's commander in hand.

"This battle shook the Southern Plains and shocked the whole world. It was what earned and established James' prestige.

"He earned high respect and was acknowledged as one of the Five Commanders, the Black Dragon. Although they were called the Five Commanders, the means that earned them the titles differed. The other four commanders climbed the rankings step by step, relying on their political achievements, whereas James fought his way to the top. He accumulated military merits, stained his hands with the blood of enemies, and rose the rankings from a normal soldier to one of the Five Commanders."

Henry let out a deep sigh.

James' ten-year military career was a legendary story. It was impossible to completely capture the happenings of his life story, even if it was written into a whole biography.

Scarlett was deeply shocked by the brief story.

She never expected James to have gone through that much.

"What about practicing medicine? It's rumored that James has unparalleled medical skills. The weapon he uses is called the needle of death, and it's said that his silver needles are comparable to skilled snipers."

"I'm not sure about that." Henry shook his head.

