

The Almighty Dragon General

Chapter 729

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After playing with the Crucifier for a while, James casually threw it on the table and took out his phone to check the time.

It was already midnight. He had dinner at eight o'clock but was starving again. So, James took out his phone and sent a

message to Quincy, who was in the next room. (I'm hungry.) A few seconds after sending the message, his room door was

pushed open. Quincy walked in wearing pajamas. Her white pajamas were slightly see-through, and her naked body was

vaguely visible, giving off an incredibly seductive aura. Her hair was still wet after having just taken a shower.

“What do you want? I'll order food delivery.” “Meat,” James replied.

Since he was poisoned, James had an intense craving for food, especially meat. “Alright.”

Quincy took out her phone and started ordering food delivery for him. After ordering the food, she sat down and glanced at the scattered needles on the table.

“What are these for?” she asked.

“Nothing.” James picked up a needle and tapped on the tip of it. The silver needles seemed to have gained magnetic properties and immediately attracted the other needles to form a wire. The steel wire was like a snake, quickly gliding into James’ sleeves and disappearing from sight.

Quincy’s jaw dropped as she watched it happen. “That, that... that’s out of this world.” James smiled and did not do any explaining.

Quincy was sensible and did not pursue the matter. She climbed onto the bed.

James could smell her charming fragrance inching closer to him on the bed. He tugged on the blanket and covered himself, looking at Quincy warily. “W-what are you trying to do to me?” Quincy rolled her eyes and scoffed, “Stop fantasizing. I just wanted to ask if you’re tired and was going to offer you a massage. Although I’m not an expert, I’ve learned a few massage techniques.”

“That isn’t necessary.” James waved his hand. He knew Quincy’s feelings toward him. Letting Quincy into his bed was dangerous.

“I’m fine. You should head back to rest and can bring me the food when it arrives.”

“You sure you don’t want it?” Quincy looked at James suggestively and stretched out her soft hands. With a charming smile, she

coaxed, “My hands are incredibly soft, and it’ll be very comfortable.” “I-I’m good.” James ignored her teasing remarks. “Suits

yourself.” Quincy rolled off the bed and walked out of the room.

Looking at her smooth back through her slightly see-through pajamas, James chuckled. “This woman sure is bold. She isn’t

wearing anything underneath.”

After Quincy left, James took out his phone and contacted May.

“I’m at Paradise Hotel, presidential suite number 888. Call the others over. I’ve got something to discuss with everyone.”

“Understood.”

After the call from James, May quickly contacted the others and rushed to Paradise Hotel.

Before the food had even arrived, May and the others had reached the hotel room.

“How are you doing, James?”

“Mr. Caden, are you alright?”

“Boss, is there a mission for us?”

James glanced at the eight people in front of him and replied, "I do have a mission for you guys. Go grab the chairs outside and sit so we can discuss it."

Meanwhile, Quincy was lying on the floor, trying to eavesdrop from outside. Hearing the word 'chairs,' she quickly grabbed a few chairs from the living room and brought them over. Some of them came out to help when she was moving them over. However, she turned them down with a smile. "Let me handle these trivial things."

Refusing their help, she moved the chairs into the room. Then, she casually sat down beside them. Everyone vigilantly sat up straight.

James glanced at Quincy. Quincy pouted and said with dissatisfaction, "Go on. I'm not an outsider and won't leak your secrets."

James thought about it for a while.

He agreed that Quincy was not an outsider, and it would not hurt for her to know their plans. So, he nodded.

Seeing that James permitted her to stay, Quincy was overjoyed. She obediently sat aside and propped her chin with her hands, staring at James intently. The others also turned their gazes back to James, waiting for him to speak.

James looked at the people sitting in front of the bed and said in a hushed tone, “I need you guys to participate in a mission.”

Quincy asked out of curiosity, “What kind of mission is this?”

James took his time to reply. “A prison break.”

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