

The Almighty Dragon General

Chapter 1179

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The people from Paragon Marital Arts School were worried. News about James' evil deeds had spread throughout the ancient martial world.

Everyone knew James had killed the Mount Thunder Sect's leader, Jackson.

They quickly stepped back and stared at James warily. Gerald, the principal of the martial arts school, wore a serious expression as he said, "I've never had any grudges against you,

James. What is the meaning of this?"

James looked at him indifferently and said, "Come at me."

"Do you think you're invincible now?!" Gerald's expression darkened, and a strong energy burst from his body.

"Be prepared!" Gerald charged at James.

He dashed toward James like a cheetah and raised his hand to attack. An intense force exploded and caused a huge rumble throughout the mountains.

James raised his hand and effortlessly caught the fist coming at him. He swiftly reached out and thrust his palm into Gerald's chest.

Gerald circled in the air and landed on the snow ten meters away, coughing out a mouthful of blood. "Mr. Gerald!!!"

The Paragon Martial Arts School students quickly rushed over, squatted down, and helped Gerald from the snow.

Bryce frowned and asked, "Why didn't you kill him?" James replied calmly, "He's a fourth-rank grandmaster and isn't a threat to you guys. It doesn't matter if we kill him or not."

"True." Bryce nodded.

James looked at the group from Paragon Martial Arts School and said emotionlessly, "Get lost."

The students did not dare to refute him and quickly left with the seriously injured Gerald, heading to the Mount Thunder Sect.

Thea secretly watched the scene unfold.

Seeing that James attacked an innocent martial artist, her face turned pale, and disappointment flashed on her face.

She could not believe this James was the same person as the former national hero and Sol's War God. Thea wanted to go over

and persuade him to turn away from his current ways. However, she had no idea what to say to him.

Meanwhile, James continued to wait for the next group of people to arrive after wounding Gerald.

In a blink of an eye, two hours passed.

Another group of people showed up in Romsdalen Valley. It was the Blithes from Littleroot City

The person in the lead was the head of the Blithes, Donovan.

Donovan was about fifty years old. He was dressed in a suit and tie. Instead of having the demeanor of a martial artist, he looked

more like a successful businessman. He was accompanied by more than thirty people from the Blithes, consisting of both old and young men. "James?"

Seeing the person blocking their path ahead, Donovan frowned slightly.

As a massive family, the Blithes also had broad intelligence networks. Thus, they knew about what happened in the Mount

Thunder Sect and that James had killed the Sect Leader.

Moreover, they knew that James was the one who abolished the cultivation base of the Johnstons' head.

They also knew that

James used an unknown martial art technique, which was also performed by the old man that defeated Donovan in Mount Littleroot.

Donovan walked over and appeared ten meters away from James. He looked at James with a slightly wary expression and

asked, "What are you doing here, James?"

He was still slightly traumatized by what had happened in Mount Littleroot and was unsure of James' relationship with the old man.

In the past, no one dared to stand in his way.

Bryce stood aside and whispered, "The Blithes have great ambitions. Donovan is a martial arts genius. He's less than fifty years

old but is already at the sixth rank and isn't far from the seventh. He's mastered the Blithe Fist of Abomination, so we can't let him live."

James did not want to fight Donovan.

Apart from Donovan, the Blithes had an eighth-ranked powerhouse protecting them. If he really killed him, there would be no room for reconciliation.

James glanced at Bryce and said, “Do you think I’m stupid? The Blithes have an eighth-ranked grandmaster. I don’t have a death wish just yet.”

“What are you afraid of?” asked Bryce. “The eighth-ranked grandmasters are all of old age. Even if they haven’t reached their limit, they’re almost there. It won’t be easy for them to take action. It’ll exhaust their True Energy. The more energy they consume, the quicker they die.”

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