

# The Almighty Dragon General

Chapter 1181

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There was still a week before the Mount Thunder Conference, but quite a few sects and families had already started traveling to the Mount Thunder Sect.

Unfortunately, they were intercepted and attacked by James.

Several Sect Leaders and family heads were either dead or seriously injured on the way.

The people from these sects and families were gathered in the Mount Thunder Sect. Outraged by James' actions, they wanted to unite and kill him together.

Jackson's death left the Mount Thunder Sect without a leader.

For the time being, the young lady, Delainey, presided over the sect's affairs.

However, she was a young lady who had no experience in such things and was unsure of what to do.

“Why isn't the Mount Thunder Sect responding to us? Now that we've gathered here, it's only reasonable for the sect to show its

hospitality as the host!”

“Who's in charge of the Mount Thunder Sect now?”

The furious crowd questioned.

Donovan looked at the crowd and fell into deep thought. He felt that this was his chance. If James was killed, he would be the most prestigious person in the ancient martial world, greatly benefiting the Blithes' development.

However, he was in no place to make a statement since it was not his territory.

Delainey stepped forward and said, “My respected guests, trust me when I say our sect also desperately wants to kill James.

However, he's indeed overpowering and possesses countless signature martial skills. Very few can beat him in the entire ancient martial world.”

“Donovan, the only person who can kill James right now is you! Please take action!”

“Yes, we beg of you to kill James! You'll be the Great Grandmaster of the ancient martial world if you do so!”

The crowd looked at Donovan.

The Blithes were the only group that had not been killed or injured among the many forces gathered in the Mount Thunder Sect.

“This...”

Donovan had a troubled expression as he said, "You guys are thinking too highly of me. James killed even the Sect Leader. I'd say that my martial art skills aren't good enough to kill him."

"You're being humble. Everyone knows that the Blithes' signature martial skill, the Blithe Fist of Abomination, is unparalleled."

"That's right! Please, we beg you to help avenge us!"

The pleading voices grew louder and louder.

Donovan was slightly pleased by their reaction.

This was a sight that he loved.

However, a slight wariness crept on his face

because he was not confident in defeating James. If he stood up and took this

matter upon himself, he would become a laughing stock if he failed to kill James. At the same time, he would miss the

opportunity to shine if he did not step up right now.

He stood up and shouted, "Everyone, please quiet down."

Hearing this, the crowd went silent.

Donovan said, "That b\*stard, James, has killed countless Sect Leaders and family heads. We must not let him go unpunished!

However, my strength is limited, and I don't have the ability to kill him alone. I suggest we head down the mountain and

cooperate with the sects that have not arrived to kill James!”

“Put James to death!”

“Kill James!”

The crowd's angry voices sounded throughout the Mount Thunder Sect's main hall.

“Great!”

Donovan shouted, “Everyone, follow my lead! We'll head down the mountain to Mount Romsdalen!

James can't possibly take on all of us!”

Donovan stepped forward and united the martial artists. Then, he led them down the mountain together. The furious group of people descended the mountain.

A Sect Leader asked, “What should we do, young lady?”

Delainey wore a grim expression.

Although she had managed the sect's affairs during her father's closed-door meditation, she never had to deal with such a huge problem. She was completely at a loss.

After thinking for a while, she said, “Let's head over and see what happens. James killed my father, and this grudge is one that I'll never let go of.”

Delainey ordered, "Heed my order, people of the Mount Thunder Sect! We're heading down the mountain to kill James."

Meanwhile, James was utterly unaware that countless martial artists from the various sects that passed him had united and were descending the mountain.

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