

The Almighty Dragon General

Chapter 1217

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“Malevolent Sword? Evil energy?”

Thomas’ face darkened.

None of this was recorded in the four paintings the Prince of Orchid Mountain left behind.

Now, he had a rough idea of why the Prince of Orchid Mountain separated the paintings and gave each to the four major officials. He did not want outsiders to know about this secret. At the same time, he was reluctant to give up. He hoped that future generations would one day unravel the secret behind the four paintings, slay the Spirit Turtle, and accomplish what he could not.

“What should we do now? Should we open the door?” Simon asked.

Thomas was in a bind.

The Spirit Turtle’s blood was horrifying. A single drop of it was enough to turn the weapon into the Malevolent Sword. Even if he could attain immortality, his mind would become deranged.

Upon seeing Thomas' reluctance, Simon knew that Thomas was still sane. At least he would not risk everything just for the sake of obtaining greater power.

After a while, Thomas said, "Although the blood is imbued with evil energy, there are still other parts of its body that are worth a fortune. We shouldn't give up now."

"Aren't you afraid that someone will obtain the blood and become a demon?" Simon asked. Wearing a surly expression, Thomas said, "Don't worry, apart from you and me, no one will leave this place alive. As for the rest of the small fry, they have no right to obtain the blood." "In that case, we will open the door." Even Simon was a little excited.

Besides, since a thousand years had passed, perhaps the Spirit Turtle was long dead.

"After you."

Thomas took a deep breath and catalyzed True Energy. Energy swirled in his palm and pulled the Malevolent Sword on the ground to his hands.

Holding the Malevolent Sword in his hand, he used True Energy to resist the sword's malicious thoughts. Leaping into the air, he

appeared before the black iron door and inserted the sword into it.

The Malevolent Sword entered the door.

Meanwhile, Thomas flipped backward and landed steadily on the ground.

Creak!

The iron door opened, and a passageway was revealed.

The two walked in cautiously...

At the same time, in the arena at the Mount Thunder Sect...

Donovan Blithe was in a fierce battle against a chubby monk.

They both possessed tremendous strength, and their powers were evenly matched. Powerful force swept through the surroundings of the arena, which shook many weaker martial artists off their feet.

Donovan performed the Blithe Fist of Abomination.

Powerful energy compelled to dodge the attacks while moving backward. In

the end, he was forced off the arena.

Standing in the arena, Donovan cupped his fists.

“You’ve lost.”

“Impressive...” Looking at Donovan, the monk’s face was slightly pale. “The Blithe Fist of Abomination is truly impressive. I admit defeat.”

Many below the arena looked at one another. The Blithe Fist of Abomination was too powerful. No one except for the seventh rank martial artists would stand a chance against Donovan.

Everyone looked at one another. However, no one dared entered the arena.

James frowned. He knew that Callan intended to kill everyone here, so James had to stop him.

Otherwise, there would be a bloodbath here at the Mount Thunder Conference. He scanned his surroundings, but he did not know which powerful martial artists had blended into the crowd, nor did he know

who could stop Callan. Despite searching for Thomas’ figure, he was nowhere to be seen.

“Where the hell is he?” James furrowed his eyebrows.

“You seem worried.”

A voice came from beside him.

James recollected himself and looked at Lucjan, whispering, “When will we make a move? Do we have to wait for Callan to kill everyone here?”

“What’s the hurry? Let’s observe the situation for now.” Lucjan’s expression remained composed.

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