

## Read The Almighty Dragon General Chapter 4291

The Almighty Dragon General Chapter 4291-As soon as these words were spoken, James immediately grasped the truth, that there existed mighty Flames in the Yansh Realm.

‘You’re worrying too much. I was just asking casually. We’ll meet again in the future, and I hope that by then, you’ll have reached the Acme Rank. You’ll be able to contend with the Terra Acme Rank in battle with your abilities.’

James’ body vanished from the spot.

His voice resonated throughout the area even though he was no longer present.

Deshawn let out a sigh of relief upon James’ departure.

Yansh Tyler, the Yansh Clan’s Patriarch and the father of Deshawn, made his appearance.

“Father Emperor,” Deshawn respectfully called out.

Yansh nodded gently and said, ‘Wyot Dalibor’s presence alone was enough to instill fear in our clan. What should we do if the armies of the Doom Race truly appear in our realm in the future?’

His expression turned solemn.

Deshawn’s face grew grave too.

Yansh looked at Deshawn with a meaningful gaze and said, “Countless eons ago, the Compassionate Path Master destroyed numerous universes to gather the Flames. Our universe, where our clan resides, possesses a formidable Flames Source. Our clan was forced into seclusion, no longer interfering in external affairs to protect our Flames Source from being stolen.”

“Ah...” Yansh let out a gentle sigh.

‘This prolonged period of seclusion has kept our clan shielded from the conflict of the Primordial Realm Era. However, I feel that we can no longer avoid the current circumstances,’ he said.

In a composed manner, Deshawn inquired, "Father Emperor, what is your plan?"

Yansh explained, "Our clan possesses formidable fortune because of your presence, which is only slightly inferior to that of the Ten Great Races. But, we can no longer remain hidden in this current situation. Once the ambitions of the Doom Race are fully revealed, our clan will undoubtedly face the consequences.

"We need great power to survive in the future turmoil. You are the hope of our clan. I hope you will swiftly attain the Permanence Acme Rank or perhaps even the Terra Acme Rank so that our clan may have a true powerhouse. Even amidst the impending turmoil, our clan will safeguard the Flames."

The appearance of James' impersonation of Wyot brought a sense of crisis among the reclusive Yansh Clan, who had been indifferent to worldly affairs.

Deshawn's expression brimmed with determination as he earnestly declared, "I shall wholeheartedly dedicate myself to cultivation. I will now enter closed-door meditation and endeavor to attain the Permanence Acme Rank as soon as possible to ensure the safety of our clan's sanctuary."

Deshawn had become the last hope of the Yansh Clan.

Yansh looked at him and said, 'Wyot has mastered the Flame Art's Three Fire Transformations, a supreme art created by the Compassionate Path Master. It possesses immense power. If possible, gain his trust and learn the Flame Art's Three Fire Transformations from him.

"Our clan has concealed itself here to protect the Flames Source of our realm. Your strength will surely surpass that of Wyot Dalibor if you obtain the Flame Art's Three Fire Transformations."

Upon hearing this, Deshawn furrowed his brow slightly.

Obtaining the Flame Art's Three Fire Transformations from James who was posing as Wyot was an arduous task, perhaps even more challenging than entering the Terra Acme Rank.

"Father Emperor, our clan's Fury Flame is a supreme skill too. When cultivated to its utmost level, it may not be

inferior to the Flame Art's Three Fire Transformations. There is no need to pursue the Flame Art's Three Fire Transformations. Besides, I lack confidence in gaining Wyot's trust and acquiring the skill."

"However, cultivating the Fury Flame is extremely challenging." Yansh sighed and continued, 'We can discuss this matter later. For now, you should focus on your closed-door meditation and strive to attain the Permanence Acme Rank as soon as possible.'

"Understood."

After receiving the command, Deshawn immediately proceeded to engage in closed-door meditation and embarked on his journey to reach the Permanence Acme Rank.

Meanwhile, James had already left the Yansh Realm where the Yansh Clan resided. His next destination was the Thala Realm.

The Thala Realm Universe served as the base camp of the Angel Race, one of the Greater Realms' Ten Great Races. They held a prominent position among the Ten Great Races, boasting numerous formidable Overworld Outsiders within their clan.

Gabe Dalibor, the Sect Elder of the Secret Library in the Doom Race, told him that among the Angel Race, there existed an Overworld Outsider who had attained the state of Eternal Boundless Supreme Path.

James embarked on a journey to the Thala Realm of the Angel Race with the purpose of

seeking out this Overworld Outsider, engaging in discourse with him, and gaining a deeper understanding of the Boundless Rank. This would prepare him on the path to reach the state of Boundless Rank.

## [Read The Almighty Dragon General Chapter 4292](#)

The Almighty Dragon General Chapter 4292-After leaving the Yansh Universe, James swiftly traversed through the vast Chaos. It was relatively easy for him to travel from one universe to another at his current rank, even if the distance between two universes was extremely vast.

He quickly appeared in the Chaotic Void outside the Thala Realm Universe.

Without hesitation, he took a step forward and stepped in.

The next moment, he had already appeared in the Thala Realm Universe.

At the mountaintop of Mount Eden in the Thala Realm, a woman was sitting in the courtyard of an island in the center of the lake. She had stunning beauty and exuded an ethereal charm. She gazed into the distance with a sorrowful expression.

“Princess, may I inquire about the reason behind your melancholy since your return from the Doom Race?” said the alluring maid standing by her side.

Leilani, upon realizing the situation, let out a gentle sigh and responded, “I’m unsure of what is happening. I have been experiencing a sense of unease. Whenever I witness Wyot performing the Flame Art’s Three Fire Transformations, a specific image flickers in my mind, as if awakening some profound sigil memories within me. Yet, I’m unable to recall them.”

Leilani found it rather peculiar. She should not be experiencing such a thing after reaching her current rank. Nevertheless, it was happening to her.

“I have a memory that has been erased. I cannot remember, no matter how hard I try to recall it. However, I can

speculate that this memory definitely involves Flames, the Flame Art’s Three Fire Transformations, and perhaps even some information about the Compassionate Path Master,” Leilani said softly.

“Princess, there’s no need to dwell on it too much. If you genuinely feel that a portion of your memory has been lost, I recommend seeking counsel from the Patriarch. Perhaps the sect elders within our clan possess the knowledge or methods to retrieve those lost memories,” the maid beside her suggested.

“Mhm.” Leilani nodded softly in agreement.

She was convinced that this matter needed to be conveyed to the Overworld Outsiders within the clan. Without wasting any time, Leilani promptly rose from her seat and departed from Mount Eden. In the blink of an eye, she materialized at the summit of the Angel Race.

There stood a courtyard among the slopes of the main peak. It served as the dwelling place for Jethro, the clan leader of the Angel Clan. Presently, he was in closed-door meditation.

Within the stone walls of his dwelling, every surface was adorned with intricate and mysterious pictures and sigils. Jethro exuded a tremendous and awe-inspiring presence, while a pair of immaculate white wings gracefully extended from his back, evoking a profound sense of divine sanctity.

“Father, your daughter Leilani requests to meet you.” A melodious voice resounded from outside.

Upon hearing this, Jethro promptly halted his cultivation, suppressing his aura as he swung open the door to the secret chamber and stepped out.

At the entrance stood a woman clad in a white gown, her face exuding flawless beauty.

“What’s the matter? Is there something you need?” Jethro inquired.

“Father.”

Leilani respectfully addressed him and said, “Ever since I came out from the Ancient Realm, I’ve had this strange feeling. It’s like a part of my memory has been wiped away, and it seems to be connected to Wyot.”

Upon hearing this, Jethro could not help but cast a glance at Leilani.

“It’s impossible. Wyot was captured by the Heaven- Eradicating Sect of the Human Race eight millennia ago. I’m not sure when he escaped, but from eight millennia until now, you’ve hardly left this place. The only time you ventured out was to Planet Desolation in the Stone

Universe. How could you be connected to Wyot?”

“Could it be...?” Jethro could not help but recall something.

The event that transpired on Planet Desolation remained a mystery until this day. There were still some Overworld Outsiders lingering there in the Stone Universe, attempting to break the formation and gain access to Planet Desolation. However, the formation on Planet Desolation remained unbroken.

He looked at Leilani and asked, “Are you implying that Wyot has been to Planet Desolation and your memories of being on Planet Desolation have been erased?”

“Yup.” Leilani nodded softly.

“When I witnessed Wyot performing the Flame Art’s Three Fire Transformation in the Ancient Realm, the Flames seemed to trigger fragments of memories deep within my soul. I can surmise that something related to the Flames must have happened on Planet Desolation, and perhaps Wyot acquired the Flame Art’s Three Fire Transformations there. Father, do you have any means to restore my lost memories?”

## [Read The Almighty Dragon General Chapter 4293](#)

The Almighty Dragon General Chapter 4293-Jethro immersed himself in deep contemplation. Shortly after, he said, “There is a way. We can restore the memories that have been wiped away by venturing into our clan’s holy site and harnessing the power of the Heavenly Waters to purify the spirit.”

His gaze was fixed upon Leilani as he spoke.

“Leilani, this concerns the Doom Race. If it truly is Wyot, why didn’t he kill you? Instead, he erased your memories. Are you sure you want to restore them? Doing so may bring back memories of things you may not be able to bear.”

In the past, countless beings entered Planet Desolation, but only two emerged alive.

One of them was Leilani, and the other one was Wotan.

The magnitude of Wotan’s origins was immense, and the Overworld Outsiders stationed outside Planet Desolation did not dare impede his actions or inquire about the events that transpired on the planet.

Leilani’s miraculous survival and escape from the perilous Planet Desolation raised doubts and seemed inexplicable.

Jethro had thought about this matter before, but he did not seek further clarification.

“Father, I have a deep desire to unravel these mysteries. I implore you to send me to the holy site and let the Heavenly

Waters purify my soul to bring back the memories that were taken away,” Leilani asserted with unwavering determination in her gaze.

“Alright,” Jethro said.

Leilani’s resolute insistence left Jethro with little to say, and he proceeded to lead her directly to the holy site of the Angel Clan.

The holy site of the Angel Clan was situated at the heart of the Thala Realm. It was a truly marvelous place where extraordinary Heavenly Waters flowed beneath its sky.

As soon as the Heavenly Waters touched the ground, it vanished, evaporating into thin air.

At this moment, Leilani entered the holy site. She was completely naked, standing in the Heavenly Waters, allowing them to cleanse her body.

The Heavenly Waters contained magical powers that entered her body through every pore, stimulating her soul and gradually repairing her erased memories.

Deep within the recesses of her soul, fragments of the lost memories began to surface, gradually emerging into her consciousness. Her flawed soul underwent a gradual restoration, piece by piece. As her mind opened to the deluge of memories, sporadic and fragmented images started to materialize. These images portrayed the events that unfolded on Planet Desolation.

Time passed, appearing both as an eternity and a fleeting moment.

An expression of astonishment graced Leilani’s beautiful face.

“It was him?” She could not help but exclaim in disbelief.

“Forty-nine? How is that possible? Forty-nine is Wyot?” Leilani’s expression was full of disbelief. She had fully regained her memories, including those from Planet Desolation. She now knew what had transpired on Planet Desolation.

“Forty-nine belongs to the Human Race?

“Can he harness the Chaos Power?”

“Is he truly from the Human Race or the Doom Race?”

“No, wait, he’s a member of the Doom Race. The Omniscience Path was just a troublesome cultivation for him. Forty-nine is indeed Wyot.”

Leilano’s words became entangled as she struggled to comprehend the information.

During their time on Planet Desolation, Leilani realized that James’ true identity as a member of the Human Race had been exposed. Now that she had regained her memories, everything started to fall into place, and she reached the conclusion that Forty-nine was not of the Human Race but rather Wyot himself.

“Wyot is incredibly terrifying. His true essence is still deeply unknown,” Leilani exclaimed, taking a deep breath.

## [Read The Almighty Dragon General Chapter 4294](#)

The Almighty Dragon General Chapter 4294-Leilani rediscovered the memories of her time on Planet Desolation.

As she pieced everything together, she grew certain that the Forty-nine who appeared among the Angel Race and the Forty-nine who emerged on Planet Desolation were indeed one and the same person, who was Wyot from the Doom Race. Despite their auras differing greatly, she held an unwavering faith in their shared identity.

However, there were similarities between the two.

Firstly and foremost, both Forty-nine and Wyot received the inheritance of the Compassionate Path Master on Planet Desolation. Additionally, they both possessed the Blithe Omniscience and Chaos Power.

Leilani’s body radiated with a luminous white glow as a set of pristine white garments materialized on her. She left the holy site of the Angel Race with determined steps.

Jethro was waiting outside the holy site.



Upon witnessing Leilani's emergence, he felt compelled to approach her and ask, "What memories have returned to you? What do you recall?"

Leilani cast a solemn glance at Jethro and replied, "I have remembered the events that took place on Planet

Desolation. Forty-nine is Wyot."

The moment those words left her mouth, Jethro's pupils narrowed as he fixated his gaze on Leilani.

"It can't be," he uttered in disbelief.

"It's absolutely true," Leilani explained, "Forty-nine received the lineage of the Compassionate Path Master on Planet Desolation. He also obtained the Primal Mantra. I witnessed him using the Omniscience Path on Planet Desolation. At that time, I even thought he belonged to the Human Race, but it turned out he was from the Doom Race. He concealed his true identity very well."

"Forty-nine, Wyot?" Jethro's expression grew extremely solemn.

During their time in Sullivan, Jethro had come across Forty-nine and sensed the Soul Genesis Aura of James. In that instance, Jethro firmly believed that Forty-nine belonged to the Human Race.

However, Leilani's revelation that Forty-nine was actually Wyot from the Doom Race left him feeling bewildered and skeptical.

"Alright, I get it." Jethro glanced at Leilani and warned, "This matter is of great magnitude. You mustn't speak of it or reveal it to anyone. It could bring trouble and even wipe out our whole Race."

"Understood, Father," Leilani replied.

"You may leave now." Jethro gestured with a wave of his hand.

Leilani turned and walked away.

Once she was gone, Jethro's expression became unusually grave.

'Did the Human Race's Forty-nine impersonate Wyot, or did Wyot from the Doom Race impersonate the Human Race's Forty-nine?' he pondered.

“Youri is willing to admit to the destruction of various races’ living beings but denies any ties with the Cloud Race or the request for the Cloud Race’s token. However, numerous

Overworld Outsiders from the Cloud Race and the Bug Race have confirmed seeing Youri among the Cloud Race. And the usage of Chaos Power can’t be refuted,” he murmured.

“Could it be that all these actions were orchestrated by Forty -nine? Is Wyot merely a deceptive guise created by the Human Race?”

Jethro’s mind raced with these thoughts. They sent a chill down his spine, and beads of sweat trickled down his forehead.

In all his battles in the Primordial Realm, he had never felt an ounce of fear, but now, a sense of dread began to creep upon him.

If this were indeed the case, the rise of the Human Race had given birth to a formidable Forty-nine. He had sown chaos among the Doom Race.

‘Thankfully, Wyot did not ascend as the leader of the Doom Race. It was a fortunate intervention by Youri. It would have brought about catastrophic consequences for many races if Wyot had become the Patriarch of the Doom Race.”

James remained unaware of his true identity being revealed.

Jethro, the leader of the Angel Race, had unequivocally confirmed his identity.

At that moment, he found himself in the Angel Race’s base camp in the Thala Realm. He stood at the entrance of the Angel Race, reminiscing about the last time he had set foot in this place.

The last time he had visited this place was in search of Empyrean herbs, back when his cultivation base was still weak.

However, he had since ascended to become an Overworld Outsider in the Greater Realms. Now holding the esteemed position of the Great Elder of the Doom Race, his mere presence instilled fear in the hearts of the Patriarchs of all races.

Standing at the entrance, he summoned formidable Chaos Power and proclaimed with unwavering determination, “I, Wyot, the Great Elder of the Doom Race, humbly pay my respects to the Angel Race!”

His proclamation reverberated throughout the entire Angel Race, leaving a lasting echo.

While Jethro contemplated James’ matters, he was suddenly met with the sound of his voice emanating from beyond the entrance. Instantly, a shiver traveled down his spine.

“Why is he coming to our race at this moment?” Jethro’s countenance grew serious as he murmured to himself, “Could it be that he knows about my race’s holy site, where the Heavenly Waters reside, capable of purifying and restoring souls? Is he here to kill Leilani?”

“Did he come to annihilate my race after I saw through his Soul Genesis Aura in the Stone Realm?”

## [Read The Almighty Dragon General Chapter 4295](#)

The Almighty Dragon General Chapter 4295-In a fraction of a second, Jethro’s mind raced through countless possible scenarios.

“Ah!” He took a deep breath.

“Father.”

Simultaneously, Leilani appeared, her face revealing traces of anxiety. She could not hold back and exclaimed, “Why did Wyot come to our race? Why did Forty-nine come? Why is he here?”

Leilani’s words tumbled out in a jumble.

Jethro’s expression grew solemn as he gave his instructions, “Don’t panic. Act as if we don’t know anything. Let’s observe his intentions for coming to our race. If his purpose is to eliminate us, he will find our race impervious to any harm.”

Jethro acknowledged that the current Wyot was powerful, capable of contending with Overworld Outsiders of the Terra Acme Rank. However, the

Angel Race was a powerful race, ranked among the top ten races. A lone Wyot would not be able to wreak havoc within the Angel Race.

His concern now lay with the possibility that Wyot might have brought other Overworld Outsiders from the Doom Race. If that were the case, it would lead to a clash between the Angel Race and the Doom Race. Although the Angel Race was strong, they had no chance of winning against the

formidable Doom Race, which was considered the first race.

“Stay hidden. I will go and meet Wyot,” Jethro instructed.

“Yes.” Leilani nodded in agreement.

After calling out, James waited at the entrance of the Angel Race.

After a short while, the Entrance Formation opened, revealing the figure of a middle-aged man dressed in a white robe, exuding an aura of refinement. It was none other than Jethro, the Patriarch of the Angel Race.

He was already an Overworld Outsider of Terra Acme Rank during the Primordial Realm Era. He had now ascended to the peak of Terra Acme Rank after countless years.

In fact, some of the Patriarchs of the Ten Great Races had also reached the peak of the Terra Acme Rank, so the disparity in their strength was not significant.

Upon seeing Jethro, James clasped his hands together and said, “I am truly honored to receive a personal welcome from the Patriarch of the Angel Race.”

Jethro fixed his gaze upon Wyot, thoroughly examining him from head to toe.

Sensing Jethro’s powerful aura delving into his soul, James maintained a faint smile and asked, “Patriarch Amani, what is the meaning of this?”

Jethro scrutinized James, but to his surprise, he found no trace of the human presence that belonged to the Human Race.

Momentarily taken aback, he swiftly composed himself and wore a smile on his face as he responded, ‘The Great Elder of the Doom Race gracing our race with his presence truly brings honor to us.’”

Unaware of James' true intentions, Jethro could not afford to be complacent, especially considering James' current status as the Great Elder of the Doom Race.

Jethro's reaction seemed somewhat out of the ordinary, as it was uncommon to delve into someone's soul upon their first encounter.

Maintaining his composure, James glanced at Jethro and repeated his question, "Patriarch Amani, why did you probe my soul? Do you have any suspicions?" There was a tinge of curiosity in his inquiry.

"Oh?" Jethro laughed and replied, 'There have been widespread rumors about Wyot from the Doom Race possessing astonishing potential and being destined to become a future leader in the Greater Realms. I merely wanted to assess your current state.'

James could not accept this explanation. Prying into one's rank was different from prying into one's Soul Genesis Aura.

James would not harbor any suspicions under normal circumstances.

However, Jethro had discerned the soul aura of James' Forty -nine identity during their encounter in the Stone Realm. Moreover, Leilani had managed to survive and escape from Planet Desolation. Despite James having erased her memories, certain races possessed mystical methods to restore lost memories, so it would not be difficult for them to recover her erased memories.

"Is Princess Leilani doing well? Has she mentioned anything about Planet Desolation?" James asked, attempting to indirectly probe.

This question immediately unsettled Jethro, causing him to become flustered.

However, as a renowned Overworld Outsider for many years, Jethro managed to hide his slight panic. He maintained a smile and responded, "What about Planet Desolation? Leilani has not mentioned anything about it. Have you visited Planet Desolation before?"

James abruptly stepped forward, positioning himself directly in front of Jethro.

"Patriarch Amani, stop pretending. Just tell me directly. What do you already know?" His expression grew somber.

Despite Jethro's well-concealed facade, James did not overlook the momentary shift in his demeanor. He remained suspicious of Jethro's true intentions.

James speculated that Jethro must have known something. Perhaps Leilani had already recovered the memories he erased. If that were the case, the Angel Race would be plunged into a chaotic bloodbath. These matters must never be revealed as they would endanger the grand destiny of the Human Race.

## [Read The Almighty Dragon General Chapter 4296](#)

The Almighty Dragon General Chapter 4296-James was well aware of the formidable strength of the Angel Race. However, he was not weak either.

In the past, he was only at the initial stage of the Quasi Acme Rank during his time in the Ancient Realm. However, he had now advanced to the later stage of the Quasi Acme Rank.

Additionally, he possessed the Demon-Slayer Sword, a manifestation of the Terra Acme Rank's Light.

Alongside the Death Demons and the twelve Death Spirits of the Eternal Boundless Supreme Path, his power was more than enough to confront a powerful race. He felt no fear even in facing the Angel Race and possessed enough strength to inflict significant damage, even if he could not confront them directly.

James made a sudden move, swiftly advancing toward Jethro and standing directly in front of him, causing Jethro to instinctively take a few steps back.

Jethro locked his gaze onto James, who was masquerading as Wyot, and spoke with a firm tone, "Wyot Dalibor, what do you intend to do? This is the Angel Race."

His tone was stern, serving as a reminder to James that the Angel Race was not a place for reckless actions.

"Even your father would not dare to act recklessly within the confines of the Angel Race," Jethro warned once again.

At the same time, he silently amassed his power, preparing himself for any potential action from James. Jethro would show no mercy if James were to make a move.

“Phew!” In the face of Jethro’s strong presence, James took a deep breath, forcing himself to calm down.

He looked at Jethro and said, “I want to meet Leilani.”

“Leilani is currently in closed-door meditation and won’t meet with anyone.” Jethro firmly refused.

James fixed a gaze filled with a subtle aura of killing intent upon Jethro. The signs were clear that Jethro had already uncovered his true identity. Otherwise, he would not have obstructed his meeting with Leilani.

“I don’t care who you are, but this is a matter between you and the Doom Race. It has nothing to do with my Angel Race. We do not wish to be involved,” Jethro firmly conveyed his position, his voice tinged with concern.

He genuinely had no desire to be involved.

Indeed, during their time in the Stone Universe, Jethro had encountered the incarnation of Forty-nine, who was actually James. He had recognized James’ true identity but chose not to reveal it to others. He deemed it unnecessary if they wanted to resolve the enmity between the Human Race and the Primordial Realm through peaceful means.

In the battle in the Primordial Realm, the Angel Race was forced to participate.

At that time, if the Angel Race had chosen not to join the battle, they would have been considered enemies by other races. Undoubtedly, the others would have targeted the Angel Race before launching their attacks on the Human Race.

As the providence of the Human Race grew, if the Doom Race could not suppress its providence, the rise of the Human Race was inevitable.

No race could withstand the retaliation of the Human Race.

“What exactly do you know?” James stared intently at Jethro. At that moment, he was still unsure of what exactly Jethro knew.

‘This isn’t the place to talk. Please follow me.” Jethro gestured with an invitation. He then turned and entered the territory of the Angel Race.

James’ expression was serious as he followed closely behind.

Jethro guided James, and the two made their way to the Angel Race’s spiritual mountain.

The spiritual mountain belonged exclusively to Jethro, and no living beings from the Angel Race dared to set foot on that place.

On a building at the top of the spiritual mountain, Jethro and James sat facing each other in a confrontational stance.

Jethro looked at James and said, “Leilani entered our clan’s holy site and used the Heavenly Water to cleanse her soul, restoring the memories that were erased on Planet

Desolation right before you arrived at our gates.

“She recalled her time on Planet Desolation, where Forty- nine obtained the inheritance of the Compassionate Path Master. During that time in the Ancient Realm, Wyot from the Doom Race, who is now you, demonstrated the Flame Art’s Three Fire Transformations, which were created by the Compassionate Path Master.”

“So what?” James stared at him intently.