

The Almighty Dragon General

The Almighty Dragon General Chapter 7586-The Dooms were both anxious and enraged upon seeing the elite armies of the Dark World arrayed and ready. This was the ancestral territory of the Doom Race, and having another army flaunt their power here was an extreme insult and provocation to the dignity of the Dooms.

Under normal circumstances, they could easily annihilate the encircling forces in the blink of an eye. However, they dared not act rashly due to Thea's earlier strike, which had repelled them.

When James and Thea, who had changed their appearances, emerged together, the senior authorities of the Doom Race, who had been suppressing their anger, erupted in outrage.

"Does anyone recognize these two?"

"Who are they? They don't seem to be from our race."

"Strangers can come and go freely in Chaos Temple? This is absurd!"

"Outrageous! Do they think we're weak just because we've been exiled?"

"It must be that pig's doing again. What is the Lord of the Dark World? I've killed at least thirty or fifty of those so-called realm lords."

Amidst the shouting of the senior authorities, an elderly man with gray hair, dressed in a purple robe, stepped forward. He didn't shout but simply raised his hand, lifting a longsword that shone with a bright blue light.

Seeing this, the furious senior authorities of the Doom Race were stunned.

"The Chaos Honlarne Sword! It's our race's transcendent Divine Tool!"

"Jesus, I never expected our only transcendent Divine Tool to appear now!"

"The Right Great Elder is indeed the guardian of our race's divine sword. With this, who dares to stop us?"

The elderly man with the blue sword suddenly wore a stern expression. "Seeing the Chaos Honlarne Sword is like seeing the Dooms' ancestors. Kneel!"

With his command, the previously clamoring senior authorities knelt down reverently.

The elder held the divine sword aloft and looked arrogantly at the disguised Thea and James.

“I am Halston Dalibor, the Right Great Elder of the Doom Race. I hold our race’s supreme Chaos Honlarne Sword. I don’t care who you are or what your relationship with Wyot Dalibor is. Today, we are entering the Chaos Temple. Even if Wyot himself comes, he must kneel and make way.” With that, he began ascending the high steps to the temple with the divine sword in hand. The kneeling senior authorities and nobles rose to follow him, proud and het Standing on the high platform in front of the temple, Thea and James exchanged a look.

“Do you want to handle this, or should I?” Thea asked.

“You go ahead.” James stroked his chin. “Isn’t there a saying that the most ruthless hearts belong to women...”

He was immediately met with a painful pinch from Thea.

As the large group of Doods led by Halston approached fearlessly, Thea took a deep breath and waved her hand. A Hongrome Sword Light shot out embedding itself in the third step below the platform with a thud. “Anyone who crosses the sword light will be killed.”

This was Thea’s final warning to the senior authorities and nobles of the Doom Race.

The Almighty Dragon General Chapter 7587-What Thea did not expect was for Halston to continue raising the divine sword and proceed upward as if nothing was amiss. The senior authorities and nobles of the Doom Race behind him seemed emboldened, acting as if they had a protective shield. One step, two steps, three steps...

Just as Halston was about to cross the sword light set up by Thea, the light on the third step suddenly flashed and split to both sides, instantly revealing countless dense Hongrome Sword Lights.

Halston abruptly halted, sensing the murderous aura and terror emanating from the sword lights. The powerhouses of the Doom Race behind him also stopped in their tracks, paralyzed with fear.

“I’ll say it again!” Halston glared angrily at Thea and James. “I am Halston Dalibor, the Right Great Elder of the Doom Race...”

Before he could finish, Thea flicked her finger, and the Hongrome Sword Light on the third step instantly transformed into a giant palm that slapped his face hard. With a dull thud, Halston was knocked over, rolling down several steps under the shocked gaze of the Doods.

This scene stunned all the powerhouses present.

Halston slowly got up, his hand tightly gripping the blue divine sword. He spat out a mouthful of blood and glared at Thea with a ferocious expression. "Wytot's dog indeed bites. However, you will undoubtedly die today even if you're a beauty."

With a roar, he leaped into the air, raising the Chaos Honlarne Sword with both hands, quickly gathering all the power of the Doom Realm into the sword. In an instant, the sky was filled with azure clouds, lightning, and thunder, causing the entire realm to shake as if the apocalypse had arrived. Seeing such power in a sword, James raised an eyebrow. However, Thea stood calmly with her hands behind her back, as if watching a fool. "No matter whose bitch you are, those who block me will die!"

With another roar, Halston slashed down at Thea with the Chaos Honlarne Sword. Suddenly, a sword energy spanning tens of thousands of light years descended, destroying everything in its path, causing the entire Doom Realm to tremble. However, just when all the Doom Race powerhouses thought this sword would obliterate everything, the expected explosions and collapses did not occur. When they came to their senses, they saw an illusory large hand, shining with purple-gold light, grasping the falling blue Sword Energy above Thea's head. "How is this possible?" Halston's face changed drastically at the sight. "Even the powerhouses at the Daeclon Mahayana Rank in Doom Realm can't withstand my sword."

Shocked, he tried to retract the Chaos Honlarne Sword but found that the blue Sword Energy was firmly clasped by the purple-gold illusory hand, making it impossible to pull back.

He wondered what kind of terrifying power this was. The Chaos Honlarne Sword was the Doom Race's supreme treasure, accidentally net retrieved from the outer battlefield of Forladdt Land. Unparalleled in the entire Dark World and capable of dominating one side of Tai Chi World, it now seemed so useless. Seeing this, the Doom Race powerhouses were all dumbfounded, their eyes wide with fear.

"Halston Dalibor, right?" Thea sneered. "At your age, you still wave your sword around and have such a bad temper. Did you buy your position as the Right Great Elder of the Doom Race?"

As she spoke, Thea's Zen moved. With a buzz, the illusory hand above her head immediately snatched the Chaos Honlarne Sword from Halston and swiftly placed it in her own hand.

"It's quite a good transcendent Divine Tool!" Thea said as she turned to James. "Shall we keep it as a greeting gift when we take in disciples?"

"This piece of junk?" James snorted. "Darling, you're so stingy. Anyone who becomes your disciple must have terrible luck."

The Almighty Dragon General Chapter 7588-With a crisp snap, Thea struck James with the Chaos Honlarne Sword, producing a metallic clang. Despite the blow, James remained unscathed and unfazed. The already stunned Doom Race powerhouses were now terrified and began to retreat in fear.

They wondered what kind of monsters they were facing. The strength of this man and woman was beyond their comprehension, perhaps surpassing even the living beings of the myriad realms.

In the void, Halston swallowed his fear and shouted, "What are you afraid of? They are merely Wyot's lackeys. Today is about our race's dignity- charge forward!"

He lunged toward Thea from the void.

"You brought this upon yourself," Thea sighed helplessly.

In the next moment, countless beams of Hongrome Sword Light from the third step shot out as Halston crossed it, instantly shredding him into pieces and filling the air with a blood mist. Several Doom Race powerhouses who had been deceived by Halston crossed the sword light and met the same fate.

Witnessing this, the remaining powerhouses, who were about to charge, immediately retreated in utter fear. This was a dimension-lowering strike. Thea and James did not even need to act personally. Any random energy they drew could annihilate all the powerhouses here.

At that moment, a powerful roar echoed from the void outside the main hall. "Stop if you don't want to die!"

Hearing this, the terrified Doom Race powerhouses looked up at the void.

In the next instant, the Bohnwer Light appeared, manifesting into Wyot's figure. Seeing the shredded remains of Halston and several powerhouses, his face showed helplessness and regret.

"It wasn't my fault!" Thea waved her hands innocently. "They tried to force their way through."

She then quickly pulled James, who had changed his appearance. "It was his idea."

Hearing this, James looked at Thea with an expression as if he was seeing a demon. "You are indeed my good wife!"

"You're welcome, dear husband." Thea nonchalantly patted James' arm, leaving him bewildered.

Wyot did not show any intention of blaming them. Instead, he slowly turned around and looked down at the terrified powerhouses.

“Wyot Dalibor, you colluded with outsiders to harm the race! You are insane!”

et “Wyot Dalibor, you let your lackeys kill the Right Great Elder and seize our transcendent Divine Tool! You are “Wyot Dalibor, have you betrayed the ancestors’ trust?”

Facing the furious cries of the terrified powerhouses, Wyot said nothing. He slowly raised his hand, and one Bloody head after another rolled out of his space, tumbling dgut down the steps with a series of thuds, accumulating at the feet of the powerhouses.

Seeing these dozens of bloody heads, the initially angry ne powerhouses showed extreme fear and shock. They recognized the faces. They were the lords of dozens of universes under the Doom-Race. They never expected that these lords had all been beheaded by Wyot.

The Almighty Dragon General Chapter 7589-In the midst of the panic among the powerhouses of the Doom Race, Wyot spoke slowly with a somber expression. “You disobey the Clan Leader’s orders, ignore the race’s rules, and act independently.

“Internally, you base positions on family background, show favoritism, form cliques, and engage in infighting.

“Externally, you abuse power, wreak havoc among all living beings, act arrogantly, and kill at will, exhibiting extreme cruelty.”

As he spoke, Wyot descended two steps, causing the group of powerhouses to retreat in fear.

“When did the Doom Race become like this? And when did the clan leader become someone you could order around without respect?”

“Is it Xezal who gave you this courage? Or do you think having her support allows you to act with impunity?”

Upon hearing this, the powerhouses were too frightened to even breathe. They were huddled together.

Wyot pointed behind him to the Chaos Temple and said, “Since you are all here today, let’s make things clear. Whoever among you feels qualified and capable of entering the highest temple of the Doom Race and becoming the new clan leader, leading the race back to glory, step forward now.”

Faced with Wyot's rebuke, the powerhouses turned pale and knelt down one by one.

Standing at the top of the steps, Thea glanced at James and then waved her hand, throwing out the Chaos Honlarne Sword she had seized earlier. "Wyot, this is your race's treasured sword. Use it to execute them and select a new batch of leaders to solve the problem at its root."

Wyot was momentarily stunned when he caught the flying sword. The kneeling powerhouses trembled in fear. They never imagined that the usually meek and uninvolved Wyot could be so terrifying and ruthless when truly angered.

Out of the fifty-three Lords of the Universe and more than eighty elders of the Doom Race, half were swiftly eliminated. They held significant power within the race, dominating their territories. Yet, perhaps due to prolonged protection and indulgence under the Jademora Empire's Chancellor Xezal, they had forgotten the strict and dreadful rules of the Doom Race.

With a swish, Wyot drew the Chaos Honlarne Sword, unleashing an overwhelming killing intent that engulfed the kneeling powerhouses.

A female elder, overwhelmed by fear, raised her hands and shouted, "I swear loyalty to the clan leader and am willing to accept any punishment." Following her lead, the other senior authorities and nobles echoed her plea in disarray.

At that moment, their survival instincts reached their peak. Having attained such cultivation and status, they were desperate to avoid reincarnation. Holding the sword, Wyot advanced toward them step by step.

"Let's make a bet," Thea nudged James. "I bet he won't dare kill all. Otherwise, the Doom.

truly collapse." James raised an eyebrow and asked, "What's the wager?"

to "I'll let you decide," Thea replied confidently.

James stroked his chin, pretending to ponder. "Let's bet on two children."

Thea was taken aback. "What do you mean? You want to bet our children?"

James glanced at Thea. "No, I mean if you lose, we'll have two more. One boy and one girl."

Caught off guard by his sudden words, Thea blushed and gave James a slap.

The Almighty Dragon General Chapter 7590-"Can't you be serious for once?"

"I am serious," James shrugged. "I'm curious to see whether the child of Waitara Path or the Hongrome Child would be stronger."

Thea groaned and then looked down shyly. "Jamie, you've been planning this all along."

James finally let out a mischievous smile. "Who needs to plan? If we want to have children, let's just have them."

Thea pinched James' waist hard and fell silent.

At that moment, Wyot suddenly shouted from the steps below, "Xovior, bring them up!"

With his command, a group of elite guards from the Doom Race escorted a large number of men and women to the massive square. They were not ordinary members of the race but lords and Heavenly Paths of various universes under the Doom Race's domain.

As soon as they landed, they knelt in unison and shouted, "Greetings, Clan Leader! We pledge our loyalty to the Doom Race and to you!"

Their synchronized voices echoed like thunder throughout the Chaos Temple, sounding like a death knell to the kneeling powerhouses and senior authorities. They never imagined that after Wyot had eliminated nearly half of the lords and Heavenly Paths, he would subdue all the remaining ones from the fifty-three universes.

Among them were the lords of more than half of the planes and the Heavenly Paths.

Without anyone noticing, Wyot had taken complete control of the Doom Race. Keeping the so-called senior authorities and nobles now seemed unnecessary.

Wyot aimed to establish his authority and become the supreme clan leader, with his word being absolute.

Wyot exuded a murderous aura, cold and ruthless, completely different from his previous self.

"If you make a mistake, you must be punished. If you break the rules, you pay the price. Will you do bet mus or shall I help you?"

it yourselves, or shall I help you?" His words were directed at the kneeling senior authorities and nobles. In simple terms, they could either commit suicide and preserve their souls for reincarnation, or be executed by Wyot with the Chaos Honlarne Sword, their souls obliterated with no chance of reincarnation. This was a choice that risked one's life, and the key was to choose the way to die. The terrified senior authorities and nobles exchanged desperate glances.

At that moment, a female living being stood up. “Wyt Dalibor, are you really so heartless and ruthless?”

“No.” Wyt looked at her. “In the past, I was too lenient and indulgent with you. You forgot the oaths and rules of the Doom Race.

“Back in Jorvahn Temple, you should have perished. It was Emperor Caden who spared you on my behalf.

“Upon returning to Doom Realm, you remained incorrigible, acting as you pleased. You have only yourselves to blame for my ruthlessness.

“For the long-term stability of the race, to restore our dignity and reputation, you must die.”

As he spoke, he swung the Chaos Honlarne Sword, and a blue sword light flashed. The female living being’s head fell to the ground with a thud.