

The Almighty Dragon General Chapter 1391

Chapter 1391

The trio headed to the airport and hurriedly bought plane tickets to a city near Mount Olympus. At daybreak, they arrived at Olympia, a renowned and cosmopolitan city in Durandal.

In Olympia, a presidential suite in a five-star hotel...

James was sitting in a lotus position in the living room. A particular energy swirled around him. Under its influence, even the air froze.

“James, what are we going to do next? Are we just going to sit idly by here?” Looking at James, Henry asked, “What should we do about the military exchange between the two countries?”

James opened his eyes and said calmly, “The military exchange is merely an excuse. Nothing will change even if we go. There are only a few more days before the International Martial Arts Conference. I plan to use what remaining time I have to have a closed-door meditation.”

“Mhm.”

Henry nodded and said nothing.

James would now reside here temporarily.

The hotel he resided in was half a day away from Mount Olympus by car. If necessary, he could return in time for the military exchange after the International Martial Arts Conference.

James roamed around Eyrothia. In the end, he stayed in a hotel in the city of Olympia.

Meanwhile, Thea was deep within the Frosty Swamp behind Medical Valley. She had obtained Exalter and the Book of Malice. At that moment, she was cultivating Demonic Breath, which was recorded in the Book of Malice.

Though cultivating Demonic Breath should theoretically be much harder than cultivating Heavenly Breath, Thea’s current condition was ideal for cultivating the former. All this while, she could not remove the True Frost Energy inside of her. Now, however, by cultivating Demonic Breath, she could absorb the True Frost Energy.

Sitting in a lotus position on a rock full of moss, her body slowly levitated into the air and reached at least two meters in height. She exuded a gentle energy, and the expressions on her face were constantly changing.

After some time, she opened her eyes. Then, she descended from the air and landed steadily on the ground.

“Demonic Breath truly is strange... Although I haven’t cultivated for long, the True Energy inside my body has transformed into True Demonic Energy, and the True Frost Energy has been almost completely absorbed. The True Frost Energy of the Spiritual Palm no longer has any effect on me. Now, I still only have a few internal injuries left.”

Thea murmured.

She did not know how many days she had been cultivating. However, she roughly guessed that it could not be more than five days.

Throughout the period of time, she converted her True Energy into True Demonic Energy and absorbed the True Frost Energy inside her body.

“Murderous Energy...”

Thea raised her hand, and powerful True Energy gathered in her palm. Then, she waved her hand. The

True Energy struck the stone wall in the form of a powerful gust of wind.

Boom!

The stone wall was instantly shattered, and tiny rock pieces fell to the ground.

“How powerful...”

True Demonic Energy was genuinely terrifying.

If combined with the Malevolent Sword and her Murderous Energy, she could reach even greater heights.

“I have no time to heal my injuries. I have to leave at once and head to Mount Olympus in Durandal to participate in the International Martial Arts Conference.”

Thea wanted to heal her injuries. However, as she did not have the time to do so, she could treat her injuries while on her way to Durandal. Her body was tainted with True Frost Energy. However, with her True Energy and the power of the Spirit Turtle, she could suppress the condition of her body.

At the back of Medical Valley, in front of the Frosty Swamp...

The Medical Saint had been here for a few days. He remained here after Thea ventured into the Frosty Swamp.

In the blink of an eye, five days had passed.

“It’s been five days. Why hasn’t she shown herself yet? Did something happen to her?” The Medical Saint’s expression turned grim.

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Chapter 1392

Thea put the Book of Malice into the box and covered it. Then, with the box in hand, she walked over to the riverside and glanced at the calm surface of the water. Then, she leaped.

She dove underwater to search for a way out.

Soon, she found the vortex in the water. Catalyzing True Energy and activating the power of the Spirit Turtle, she swam upward and broke through the vortex with ease. In the end, she left the cavern.

Though she wanted to swim ashore, she was reminded of her objective-to search for the Sanguine Bloom. She did not expect to be swept away by the vortex and brought to the cavern where she found the Book of Malice.

After hesitating for a brief moment, she continued swimming downward.

Without the True Frost Energy getting in her way, she reached the deepest part of the Frost Swamp easily. There were many plants there. However, no matter what she tried, she could not find the Sanguine Bloom.

She was dismayed.

Without the flower, her injuries would take forever to heal.

Just as she was about to leave, out of the corner of her eye, she noticed the Sanguine Bloom stuck between the crevices of a rock. Delighted, she hurriedly swam toward the flower and uprooted the plant. Then, with the Sanguine Bloom in hand, she made her way back.

At the Frosty Swamp...

A thin mist descended upon the area.

There had been no signs of Thea for the past few days. The Medical Saint figured that Thea must have died at the bottom of the swamp. Hence, he did not linger for long and swiftly left.

Ripples appeared from the calm surface of the water.

A woman emerged from the Frosty Swamp. Then, as quick as lightning, she was ashore. Catalyzing True Energy, she dried her wet clothes and scanned her surroundings. The Medical Saint was nowhere to be seen. She did not linger for long and hurriedly left too.

She was not in a hurry to meet the Medical Saint. After all, her mask was gone, and she did not want others to discern her appearance.

After leaving Medical Valley for the city, she ordered the disciples of the Celestial Sect to send her a new mask. After wearing the mask, she headed to Medical Valley to meet the Medical Saint with the Sanguine Bloom she obtained.

In a wooden house in Medical Valley...

The elderly Medical Saint stared at the Sanguine Bloom in disbelief. He had been waiting by the Frosty Swamp for days, and the Sect Leader of the Celestial Sect was nowhere to be seen. How did she come back the moment he left?

Thea, who was now wearing her mask, said, "I've brought you the Sanguine Bloom. How long do you need to treat my injuries?"

After going to the city, she learned that five days had passed while she was in the Frosty Swamp. The International Martial Arts Conference was just around the corner. She had to heal her injuries as soon as possible.

The Medical Saint recollected himself, saying, "A week... I can definitely heal your internal injuries within a week."

"I'm running out of time." Thea's face darkened, and she said, "Heal me in three days."

"Three days?" Furrowing his eyebrows, the Medical Saint contemplated briefly before saying, "I know you need to make your way over to Durandal as soon as possible to participate in the International Martial Arts Conference. How about this? I'll use the Sanguine Bloom to refine a healing elixir for you, which will only take three days. You can consume it on your way to Durandal."

"Sure."

Thea nodded.

"We're running out of time. I'll prepare the ingredients at once. Please remain in Medical Valley for a few more days."

The Medical Saint left with the Sanguine Bloom in hand and swiftly prepared the ingredients. Although the Sanguine Bloom was the main ingredient, he required other expensive herbs to refine an effective healing elixir. Everything he needed could be found in Medical Valley.

Meanwhile, Thea remained in the valley. She did not sit around idly. Instead, she scrutinized the Book of Malice and learned the methods of Exalter. She read the cultivation method of Murderous Energy to learn how to utilize it to its greatest extent.

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Chapter 1393

At the same time, in Olympia, Durandal...

James was cultivating in the room. After absorbing the Spirit Turtle's core, his strength had increased

from an early-stage seventh rank to the eighth rank. After crossing into the eighth rank, he hurriedly made his way to the Capital before arriving in Durandal.

Although he had crossed into the eighth rank, his True Energy was not stable yet and needed time to

settle in. Over the past few days, he had been trying to stabilize his True Energy in an effort to maximize its strength.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

Knocks came from the door and interrupted James' cultivation.

He stopped and stood up. Then, in the blink of an eye, he appeared before the door and opened it.

Seeing that the door was open, Henry said, "James, we're running out of time. Tomorrow's the International Martial Arts Conference. We won't make it if we don't go now."

"Mhm."

James walked out of the room.

As he walked out of the room, Yelena appeared out of nowhere and grabbed his arm, wearing a delighted look on her face.

"James, Mount Olympus is gonna be awesome! I heard that almost every martial artist in the world will be there. This is a once-in-a-century opportunity to participate in the conference. Don't even think of shaking me off this time. I'm going with you no matter what."

James' expression turned grim.

He wanted to go to Mount Olympus by himself. He did not plan to bring Yelena and Henry along. After all, they were ordinary people, while the participants in the International Martial Arts Conference comprised the most powerful martial artists. If anything bad happened, it would be difficult to explain things to the Queen of Durandal.

Looking at Yelena, he said grimly, "Yelena, I really want to bring you along. However, this will be a treacherous journey. Do you have any idea how powerful the martial artists are? I won't be able to protect you from danger all the time there."

"I don't care. I just wanna go and watch the show. If you don't bring me along, I'll make sure you regret it." Yelena was adamant.

Over the past few days, she had been trying to learn about the International Martial Arts Conference through all kinds of channels. Many powerful martial artists would be there, even the knights of the Louis family. How could she miss such a rare occurrence?

"No way. I'm not bringing you along." James rejected her.

“James...”

Looking at James tearfully, Yelena suppressed the urge to scold him. Instead, she said pleadingly, “Please bring me along. I just want to see the world. I’m curious to see how terrifying the top ten martial artists of the Elysian Ranking are.”

The conference was not a children’s playground. James would not bring her along just because of her pleadings.

He looked at Henry and ordered, “Henry, I want you to watch her closely. Bring her somewhere safe after I leave. Once the International Martial Arts Conference is over, I’ll come and find you.”

James then turned to leave.

“James!” Yelena cried out.

James turned around and pointed his finger at her. True Energy materialized at his fingertip and struck Yelena accurately in the form of an energy beam.

Yelena was immediately petrified.

“Wh-What have you done?”

Panicking, Yelena cried out, “Did you really have to? I just wanna go and have a look!”

James ignored her and simply turned to leave.

After leaving the hotel, James’ expression turned grim.

‘The International Martial Arts Conference... I wonder how many grandmasters of Sol would be present at Mount Olympus?’

James was unconcerned about the martial artists of the Elysian Ranking. Instead, he was only worried about the grandmasters of Sol, especially the ones who seized the Spirit Turtle’s core at the Mount Thunder Conference. As eighth-rank grandmasters, their strength would’ve reached even greater heights after absorbing the Spirit Turtle’s core. Faced against them, James was unsure he would emerge victorious even with the Invincible Body Siddhi.

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After absorbing the Spirit Turtle’s core, the eighth-rank grandmasters must have begun ascending the Skyward Stairway. As James had never fought against grandmasters at such a level, he could not be sure of their strength. He only knew that their existence alone was terrifying.

Even for Callan Maverick, James would feel a shiver down his spine whenever he was reminded of the strength Callan demonstrated as a grandmaster who had ascended the second stair of the Skyward Stairway.

During the Mount Thunder Conference, Callan was first ambushed by Lucjan Owen, an eighth-rank grandmaster. After being ambushed, he was struck by eight other powerful martial artists. However, despite being gravely injured, he was still able to fight to a standstill against Lucjan. He even participated in the battle against the Spirit Turtle and seized its core. Only after a series of battles did he finally exhaust himself. Such power was truly unparalleled.

After absorbing the Spirit Turtle's core, James crossed into the eighth rank from the early-stage seventh rank. Meanwhile, the eighth-rank grandmasters must have already begun ascending the Skyward Stairway after absorbing the core.

James prayed that he would not come across any ancient martial artists from Sol at the International Martial Arts Conference. However, he knew that this was impossible. Lucjan, for one, would certainly be present.

That was because the victor of this conference would obtain Excalibur, a sword that commanded the knights. With how ambitious and power-hungry Lucjan was, he would never let this opportunity slip through his grasp.

Wearing a solemn expression, James left the hotel. After leaving the hotel, he called for a taxi and headed toward Mount Olympus. Sitting in the passenger's seat, he shut his eyes and rested.

"We've arrived."

A voice interrupted James' meditation.

"Are we there yet?"

The taxi driver glanced at James, saying, "Mount Olympus is right in front of us. Hey, are you from Sol? Are you here on an adventure? I have to say that Mount Olympus is no ordinary place. The mountains are steep, and it'll be difficult to make your way up.

"Thanks for the reminder."

James smiled slightly and handed over the wad of cash he had prepared in advance to the taxi driver. After getting off the car, he stood on an empty plot of land and gazed at the snow-capped mountain before him. From afar, the mountain seemed to be enveloped in a thin mist. This was the world-renowned Mount Olympus, an international tourist attraction where countless people would flock over for a vacation. There were many hotels, food streets, and shopping malls around it.

Though James was in a place full of buildings, the place was desolated at the moment. Only a few fully-armed knights could be seen passing by.

"What are you doing here?"

Just as James was scanning his surroundings, a few knights rode over to him.

“No one is allowed to approach Mount Olympus for now.”

The knights glanced at James.

Holding the Blade of Justice in his hand, James said coldly, “Can’t you see that I’m here to participate in the International Martial Arts Conference? It’s on that mountain, isn’t it?”

“Yes, the conference will be held on Mount Olympus.”

“Got it.”

James said coldly.

Then, catalyzing True Energy, he disappeared without a trace.

The knights were stunned.

“What?”

“What speed!”

“I-Is he an ancient martial artist from Sol? Quick, inform the higher-ups!”

James paid no heed to the stunned knights and simply left. Traveling at great speed, he soon appeared at the foot of Mount Olympus.

When he arrived, there were many people gathered there. They were all dressed in bizarre attires.

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Chapter 1395

“An ancient martial artist from Sol?”

James’ appearance attracted the attention of many.

A long-haired monk wearing a red tunic walked over to James and scanned him from head to toe.

“What is it?” James looked at the strange man before him puzzledly.

“Rumors say that the ancient martial artists from Sol are impressive and their martial arts are unparalleled. Before the conference begins, I’d like to warm myself up.”

The man clenched his fists.

James now understood that the man was trying to pick a fight with him.

A crowd formed around the two. Everyone was watching the show in anticipation.

The elderly man before James was a martial artist on the Elysian Ranking. Although he was at the bottom of the list, having one's name listed on the Elysian Ranking was a symbol of strength.

"Young man of Sol, know that you will die in my hands. I'm the King of Ozora who's ranked ninety-eight on the Elysian Ranking," The elderly man said with a mischievous grin on his face.

James looked at the strange elderly man with a slight grin.

'Did he really think I'd be a pushover?'

The elderly man's face darkened, and he extended his shriveled arms from his sleeves. At the same time, he leaped three meters into the air and struck James' head.

James remained in the same spot.

Just as he was about to deflect the blow, the elderly man groaned in pain and collapsed to the ground, writhing in agony.

"Huh?"

James froze.

Then, he turned his head.

In the distance, an individual wearing a black robe and a hideous-looking mask walked over to them with a sword in her hand. In the blink of an eye, she appeared before James.

"What speed!"

James' heart skipped a beat.

Meanwhile, the surrounding martial artists were alarmed. After all, before they could register what happened, a ninety-eighth-rank martial artist had collapsed to the ground, writhing in agony.

James stared at the individual before him. However, he could not discern her appearance or her age. "Who are you?" James looked at her.

It was Thea who had hurriedly made her way over.

After obtaining the healing elixir in Medical Valley, she hurriedly left for Mount Olympus. She arrived just in time for the International Martial Arts Conference.

She had been consuming the elixir to heal her injuries along the way. Though her internal injuries had yet to completely recover, there should not be any problem. As long as she did not overexert herself, her body would be fine.

Thea stared at James. After a few seconds, she turned to leave.

All this while, she remained silent.

She was afraid James would recognize her voice. They were husband and wife, after all.

Looking at Thea's retreating figure, James stroked his chin and murmured, "Weird... Who's that person? Why did they help me out?"

James could not figure it out.

"Hey there, James." A peal of laughter boomed.

Upon hearing his name, James turned his head.

Seeing that it was Lucjan, James' face darkened. Back then when he was unconscious and gravely injured at the Mount Thunder Sect, Lucjan had sent his men to pursue him. It was only thanks to Simon Cabral of the Mount Thunder Sect that he managed to survive.

Lucjan walked over to him and said smilingly, "I didn't expect you to be acquainted with the Sect Leader of the Celestial Sect."

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Chapter 1396

"The Sect Leader of the Celestial Sect?"

James momentarily froze before turning around and staring at Thea's retreating figure. Furrowing his eyebrows, he murmured, "She's the Sect Leader of the Celestial Sect?"

He did not think much about it.

Then, he turned and looked at Lucjan, who seemed to be in high spirits. His hair was no longer white, and he seemed to look much younger.

Wearing a solemn expression, he muttered silently under his breath, "Looks like Lucjan has completely refined and absorbed the Spirit Turtle's core. Before that, he was already an eighth-rank grandmaster. Who knows which Skyward Stairway stair he's ascended?"

After momentarily freezing, James recollected himself and looked at Lucjan, saying coldly, "I heard I was pursued by your men after being knocked unconscious by Yaakov Johnston."

"Is that so...? Did that happen?" Lucjan looked at his subordinates.

They immediately shook their heads.

Lucjan said smilingly, "James, don't allow an individual's accusations to sow discord between us. Why would I do such a thing to you when I admire you so? Although we're

currently on opposing sides, I believe that there's no such thing as permanent enemies, only permanent interests."

"Hmph!"

James grunted. Without saying anything else, he turned to leave.

After he left, Lucjan's face darkened, and he said coldly, "Since you're unwilling to become my tool, only death awaits you."

James left and began ascending the mountain.

Lucjan's appearance was as he had expected.

Lucjan's looks made him realize that he was now a terrifying force to be reckoned with. Perhaps he had reached the level Callan was at during the Mount Thunder Conference—the second stair of the Skyward Stairway.

"Let's hope that there won't be many Solean martial artists here. Otherwise, the conference will descend into chaos."

James sighed deeply.

Mount Olympus was high. Standing at 13,000 meters above sea level, it was the third-highest mountain in the world.

James ascended the mountain.

The temperature was low, and the mountain was snow-capped all year long.

At the summit, many gathered. They each found their own spot and sat in a lotus position on the floor, waiting for the commencement of the conference.

James found a rock. With a wave of his hand, the snow on the rock dissolved in an instant. As he took a seat, he pulled out a cigarette and catalyzed True Energy, which materialized into a ball of flames.

Smoking his cigarette, he scanned his surroundings. He could not recognize anyone here.

He gazed at the individual wearing the hideous-looking mask, the person claimed by Lucjan to be the Sect Leader of the Celestial Sect.

James had heard of the Celestial Sect. It was a sect that only emerged recently. Despite its recent emergence, it developed rapidly. In just two months, it had swept through the ancient martial world.

"Who's the Sect Leader of the Celestial Sect?"

Looking at Thea, James stroked his chin and speculated. However, no matter how hard he tried, he could not figure out Thea's identity. Hence, he waited patiently.

More people gathered at the summit. Almost all of them were from overseas, and only a few Solean ancient martial artists could be seen. Only the Sect Leader of the Celestial Sect, Lucjan Owen, and a few martial artists from the Gu Sect were present.

Apart from them, James could find no other Solean martial artist.

Time passed, and more people arrived.

Thousands surrounded an empty plot of land at the summit. In the silence of the night, the atmosphere was tense. As daybreak came, the sun rose.

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Chapter 1397

As the sun rose, a group of people approached. In their lead was an elderly man wearing a golden robe. He wielded an illuminating two-meter-long sword with mysterious-looking patterns carved on it.

Behind the elderly man were eight knights in golden robes.

As the elderly man neared, many stood up and gazed at him.

He was Koehler Keyes, the leader of the Knights and the wielder of Excalibur, the faith of all knights. He was also ranked second on the Elysian Ranking.

Koehler appeared at the summit. Then, in the blink of an eye, he appeared on the empty plot of land in the middle of the summit. Scanning his surroundings, he searched for the man who defeated him a hundred years ago. However, Callan Maverick was nowhere to be seen. There were only a few Solean ancient martial artists in sight.

He was dismayed. It seemed that he would not be able to settle the score before his impending death. Although Callan was absent, the International Martial Arts Conference had to go on.

“Thank you for coming, ladies and gentlemen.”

Although he was old, his voice was loud and clear.

“organized this conference to fight against the ancient martial artists of Sol, especially Callan Maverick of the Gu Sect, who defeated me a hundred years ago. What a shame that he isn’t present here today. Perhaps he’s passed on...”

Hearing this, James smiled slightly.

If Callan was here, he would be the center of the show.

Meanwhile, upon hearing this, Lucjan smiled scornfully.

"I'm a man of my word. I'll hand over Excalibur to whoever emerges victorious. However, there's a prerequisite for this. You will have to pull out Excalibur. The one who succeeds will be the chosen one, the new Captain of the Knights."

Koehler's voice boomed.

James was not interested in Excalibur. If not for Callan telling him that the wielder of Excalibur would gain control of the Knights of the West, he would not even have bothered looking at it.

James scanned his surroundings. He was wondering who among the crowd was Archbishop Polaris.

"I will now announce the commencement of the International Martial Arts Conference. There are no rules in this conference where might makes right. The last one standing on Mount Olympus shall be the victor of this conference and the most powerful individual in the world."

Koehler's voice reverberated throughout the area.

Upon hearing Koehler's voice, many brandished their swords and scanned their surroundings in alarm, fearing that they could be ambushed by others.

"Who's Archbishop Polaris?"

At that moment, a voice boomed.

Everyone turned their heads.

It was a Solean ancient martial artist. He was young, perhaps the youngest to have ever participated in

the International Martial Arts Conference.

It was James.

James slowly stood up and walked toward the middle. Looking at his surroundings, he said coldly, "I heard that Archbishop Polaris is ranked third on the Elysian Ranking. My name is James Caden. I'm a martial artist from Sol. I'm unrivaled in Sol. I came here today to spar with martial artists outside of Sol."

Though James' tone was calm, there was a hint of arrogance in it.

Everyone stared at James, wondering how on earth he had mustered the courage to challenge Archbishop Polaris.

Did he have a death wish?

"I envy your courage, young man."

A voice came, and James turned his head.

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Chapter 1398

This was the summit of Mount Olympus, a place more than ten thousand meters above sea level. There was an empty and flat land on the summit, which was surrounded by powerful martial artists from all over the world.

Some came for Excalibur, while others came for the Elysian Ranking. Some, however, came here to watch the show.

On a rock at least twenty meters in height, an elderly man was seated. Wearing a white robe and holding a staff in his hand, he had the appearance of a wizard.

At that moment, everyone fixed their gaze on this elderly man.

Though the elderly man's hair was white, he looked spirited and youthful.

"Are you Archbishop Polaris?"

"Can't you see the words on my robe?"

"That's the guy ranked third on the Elysian Ranking. Rumors say that he's been in a closed-door meditation in the Polaris Sect and hasn't wandered outside for a century. Though he looks older than he did a hundred years ago, he still seems to be much more youthful now. Looks like his strength had grown over the past century."

Many conversed in whispers.

James could see the elderly man, who slowly stood up. Then, in the blink of an eye, he appeared in the middle of the area, standing only a few meters away from James. His staff was white and two meters in length, vaguely emitting a gentle glow.

His staff made contact with the ground.

Boom!

At that moment, the ground shook, and the earth trembled.

The martial artists were all stunned. Some weaker ones even staggered and collapsed to the ground.

"As expected of Archbishop Polaris! He truly is unrivaled in the world."

"That young man from Sol must have a death wish to challenge Archbishop Polaris."

Many looked at James with mischievous grins on their faces. To them, James was already dead.

Wearing a slight grin, the elderly man looked at James and said, "I admire your courage, young man. You must be an ancient martial artist from Sol. Who's your Grand Sect Leader? Perhaps I'm acquainted with him."

"Are you the Archbishop of the Polaris Sect?"

James stared at the elderly man.

Judging from the elderly man's strength, he should be equivalent to a seventh-rank grandmaster. However, the man was unafraid.

"That's right, The one and only." He looked at James.

James stared at the Archbishop.

He knew that the Elysian Ranking was called the Elysian Congress long ago, which was established to fight against the ancient martial artists of Sol. That was because the vast majority of martial artists in the past congregated in Sol.

After their defeat, they formed the Elysian Congress and planned a comeback. However, for some unknown reason, the Elysian Congress turned into the Elysian Ranking and became a ranking for all martial artists around the world.

"Young man, you being here is a sign of strength. Who's your master? If he's an old acquaintance of mine,

I don't mind going easy on you. Who's Tapio Cabral of the Mount Thunder Sect to you?"

"Tapio Cabral?"

James froze.

Who was this person?

He had never heard of him.

Of all the martial artists of the Mount Thunder Sect, he had never heard of Tapio Cabral.

"Looks like you're not from the Mount Thunder Sect."

James' stunned expression made Archbishop Polaris aware that he was not from the Mount Thunder Sect.

Archbishop Polaris could never forget the name of Tapio Cabral. A hundred years ago, he was defeated by Tapio, the then Great Grandmaster of Sol.

"What the heck are you talking about?" Looking at Archbishop Polaris, James said, "Before I challenge you, I have a question for you."

Archbishop Polaris made a welcoming gesture and said, "Feel free to ask. If I can enlighten you in any way or form, I won't shirk my responsibility."

The muscles on James' face twitched.

This old man was getting on his nerves.

"Did you take away a mother-daughter duo from St. Anne's Castle a while ago?" James asked.

Archbishop Polaris momentarily froze before saying, "What nonsense is this? What do you mean by a mother-daughter duo? I don't understand what you're talking about."

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Chapter 1399

"Did you not?" Furrowing his eyebrows, James took Delilah's photo out and tossed it to Archbishop Polaris, saying, "Take a good look at this."

Archbishop Polaris caught the photo and scrutinized Delilah's appearance, shaking his head. "I've never seen her."

"Impossible," James argued. "The Archbishop of St. Anne's Castle told me that you were the one who took them away."

He even specifically mentioned that it was Archbishop Polaris, ranked third on the Elysian Ranking, who took them away."

"I am Archbishop Polaris, alright. I'm also ranked third on the Elysian Ranking. However, I have no idea what you're talking about."

"You have no idea?"

James' face darkened, and he clenched the Blade of Justice, saying coldly, "Maybe you'll be reminded of something when you're beaten to a pulp?"

"Hahaha..."

Archbishop Polaris burst into a peal of laughter.

"How insolent of you, young man! No one has dared speak to me like that in a hundred years. Beat me to a pulp?"

How impudent! If you can defeat me, I'll help you find the person you're searching for."

A crowd formed around them. Everyone looked at James puzzledly.

"That Solean ancient martial artist seems to be searching for someone."

"Looks like it... The person he's looking for seemed to be taken away by Archbishop Polaris."

"No way... I heard that the Archbishop had been in closed-door meditation for the past few years. I don't think he's gone outside at all."

Many conversed in whispers.

Koehler watched the two intently.

At that moment, his gaze was fixed on James.

He had heard of James. After all, it was because of James' arrival in Durandal that he organized the International Martial Arts Conference to settle the score from a century ago.

He did not believe that James stood a chance against Archbishop Polaris. James was at most thirty years of age.

Even if he had begun cultivating in his mother's womb, he had only cultivated for three decades. How would he stand a chance against the Archbishop, who was already a renowned martial artist a century ago?

Over the course of a century, Archbishop Polaris had been in closed-door meditation and researching martial arts. He was one of the most powerful individuals in the world.

"James, go somewhere else if you're looking for someone. Don't make trouble for me." Looking at James, Koehler chastised him.

James, however, brandished the Blade of Justice. Pointing the sword at Archbishop Polaris, he uttered word by word, "I'm curious to see what you've got. Come at me."

"Does he have a death wish?"

"Doesn't he know that Archbishop Polaris is ranked third on the Elysian Ranking?"

"Where does he get that confidence from?"

Many watched in anticipation. Only a single person wore a grim expression-Lucjan Owen.

He knew of James' strength. Though he was only a seventh-rank grandmaster at the Mount Thunder Conference, he had managed to defeat and kill Yaakov Johnston, an eighth-rank martial artist. Now that months have passed, he was unsure of James' strength.

"Has he crossed into the eighth rank? If so, he's a freak who's even more terrifying than Callan from a hundred years ago."

Lucjan murmured. At that moment, he had the desire to kill James. He could not allow him to leave Mount Olympus alive. Otherwise, there would be endless trouble.

In the distance, Thea, who was wearing a mask, watched the situation unfold silently. She knew that James had crossed into the eighth rank and had cultivated the Invincible Body Siddhi.

Hence, she did not act recklessly. Instead, she focused all of her efforts on healing her injuries. Based on her current condition, she could completely recover in another day.

Then, glancing at Lucjan, her face darkened. She planned to use this opportunity to exterminate Lucjan once and for all.

The Almighty Dragon General Chapter 1400

Chapter 1400

James had come here in search of someone. He followed the tracks all the way to Mount Olympus and found Archbishop Polaris of the Polaris Sect.

However, the Archbishop did not know anything about Delilah. From his expression, he did not seem to be lying.

However, since the Archbishop promised he would search for Delilah if James could beat him to a pulp, James brandished the Blade of Justice.

This was the first time he was facing an opponent after crossing into the eighth rank.

Looking at Archbishop Polaris who was wearing a mischievous grin, James said coldly, "Cut the crap and fight already."

"I'll go easy on you, kid. If you can approach me, I'll consider this my loss."

Polaris was confident. To him, James was only an impudent child who needed to be taught a lesson. As an elder, he should not go all out to prevent harming James.

After all, everyone was watching. His reputation would be tarnished if he did so.

He simply tossed the staff in his hand to the back, which landed accurately between the crevices of a rock.

Then, he made a welcoming gesture and said smilingly, "Don't say I didn't go easy on you, young man. Now, make your move."

The muscles on James' face twitched.

Was he looking down on him?

"I guess I should go easy on you too."

Then, he tossed the Blade of Justice in the air, which landed flawlessly between the crevices of a rock. This stunned the crowd.

"Does that young man truly possess immense strength or is he merely feinting?"

"He's so young. How could he have such strength?"

"He's just putting on a brave face. He'll be kneeling on the ground begging for forgiveness before long." Many conversed in whispers.

No one believed James could win. Even if he came from the mysterious nation of Sol, his age made it impossible for him to stand against Archbishop Polaris.

Only two people watched the situation intently-Lucjan and Thea.

Lucjan wanted to use this opportunity to gauge James' current strength. He was curious to see if he was any stronger compared to two months ago at the Mount Thunder Conference.

Thea watched James and Archbishop Polaris as she healed her injuries. She was unconcerned about James.

After all, James had crossed into the eighth rank.

Besides, he had cultivated the Thirteen Heavenly Swords, the Invincible Body Siddhi, and the Blithe Fist of Abomination.

These were all renowned martial arts in Sol.

Watching James' actions, Polaris smiled. "Not bad... The first time I saw you, I was reminded of my younger self.

You have the same arrogance and self-confidence. However, time and again, I was humbled. Only by learning a lesson can you finally grow."

"After you."

James did not waste his breath.

"Fine then, allow me to teach you a lesson."

The moment he spoke, he had already appeared before James.

"What speed!"

"As expected of Archbishop Polaris! I'm glad I came."

"There will be a show to watch."

The crowd was in an uproar.

Polaris wanted to defeat James in one go. Using all of his strength, he appeared before James in the blink of an eye.

Raising his arm, he planned to grab James and slam him into the ground.

However, the moment he struck James, James simply lifted his hand and blocked his attack.

Then, turning the situation around, James grabbed Polaris' shoulder. Then, he raised the other arm and struck Polaris in the chest.