

The Almighty Dragon General Chapter 1636

Chapter 1636

James raised his eyebrow.

“Spread throughout the ancient martial arts world?” “That’s right,” Tapio said with a smile.

James questioned, “Who spread the information, and how did you learn about King Quavon’s Mausoleum?” At this moment, James felt he had been tricked.

The Omniscient Deity had sold him the information about King Quavon’s Mausoleum and he had accepted the jade token from the Omniscient Deity, so he had to fulfill a request from him.

If the information was already widely spread and everyone knew about it, he was definitely tricked.

“Did the Omniscient Deity tell you about it?” James asked again.

“No.” Tapio did not keep anything hidden and replied openly, “I have no idea who spread the information either.

I just heard something about the Blithe family’s history and found out that they’ve obtained the floor plan of the traps in King Quavon’s Mausoleum, so I rushed over here.

I didn’t expect to see you as soon as I arrived.” Tapio walked toward James, staring at the sword in his hand, and said with a smile, “Think about it.

If even I knew about it, wouldn’t it be known throughout the ancient martial arts world? By the way, could you please let me see the sword you’re holding?” He knew about the legendary sword’s reveal at the Divine Sword Villa.

He was just busy at the time and could not get away.

As a result, Tapio missed the unveiling of the legendary sword.

James casually tossed the sword he was holding to Tapio.

Tapio caught it and was about to draw the sword.

Before he could draw it, he felt an overwhelming power emanating from the blade.

The sudden surge of power burned his hands and stirred up the Blood Energy within him.

He could not help but throw the sword he was holding.

With a casual wave, the Primordial Dragon Blade appeared in James' hand.

He looked at Tapio, who was flabbergasted, and said nonchalantly, "My sword is not for everyone to wield." "Amazing!" Tapio could not help but exclaim as he looked down at his scalded palm and then at the sword in James' hand.

James was very interested in Tapio as well.

He knew that Tapio was a genius who had even learned Spiritual Art and Spiritual Palm.

Moreover, he was the son of Mount Thunder Sect's Sect Leader and Delainey's eldest brother.

These piqued his interest even more.

He was curious as to where Tapio had gone during these ten years.

What exactly had Tapio been through? Despite his age and the fact that he did not consume the Spirit Turtle's core, he was able to achieve such a high rank.

It was a rare occurrence.

"Who's your mentor?" James asked, staring at Tapio.

Tapio had a pale complexion as if he were ill.

"Haven't you met them before?" he said, giving James a quick glance and a small smile.

"Hm?" James froze.

Met them? When had he met Tapio's mentor? He carefully combed through his memories.

Since his fight with Tapio, he had met a lot of people, but he had no idea who Tapio's mentor was.

He asked, "Who?" "Tyrus Lafleur." Tapio named the person without holding anything back.

When James heard that, it suddenly dawned on him.

"So it's him." "Actually, he isn't really my mentor." Tapio sat on a rock, took out a cigarette, and lit it.

After lighting it, he glanced at James, took out another, and tossed it to him.

James caught it.

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Chapter 1637

Tapio eventually said, "More than ten years ago, when I was on a journey for my training, I met Thomas, your grandfather.

Your grandfather demonstrated a terrifying signature martial art skill.

I believe you can probably guess that this martial art skill was Spiritual Art.

"At that time, I was defeated.

I coveted this martial art skill.

"However, your grandfather said that he learned his Spiritual Art at the Mount Thunder Sect.

He even told me about its origin, but I made an impulsive decision at the time.

I returned to Mount Thunder Sect immediately and asked my father for it.

My father, however, refused to give it to me.

In a fit of rage, I struck my father and left the Mount Thunder Sect.

"After I left Mount Thunder Sect, I met Tyrus.

He took me to an ancient tomb, and I learned Spiritual Art there." Tapio gave a brief account of his experiences during these years.

James stared at Tapio, who had a listless expression on his face, and asked, "Your complexion seems strange to me.

Is there a problem with your health?" "It has something to do with the martial arts that I practice." Tapio said, "My mentor's faction has always resided in the tomb and rarely goes outside.

We don't get any sunlight all year.

Moreover, the martial arts we practice are of the Yin school.

That's why I look pale.

I'm actually quite healthy." "That might not be true." James shook his head and said, "The human body is divided into Yin and Yang.

You have too much Yin energy in your body.

That's not normal." "You're the one that's not normal." Tapio looked at James and asked, "You cultivated True Heavenly Energy, which is Yang energy.

Your body's Yin and Yang energy are also out of balance.

Why don't you say that you aren't normal either?" Hearing that, James fell silent.

"Forget about it.

Let's stop talking about this now." Tapio stood up, walked over to James, and put his arm around his shoulder.

"Let's talk about what's important.

Are you here for the First Sword Art or the Novenary Golden Pill?" he asked.

"Both," James spoke.

He thought that Tapio was pretty good, so he stopped hiding anything.

"How ambitious.

I like it." Tapio let out a laugh and said, "I've heard that the First Sword Art was created by King Quavon and that it is a truly unmatched sword technique.

Also, the Novenary Golden Elixir was refined from a variety of rare medicinal pills and elixirs that King Quavon had gathered from all over the world.

According to legend, a single elixir can instantly elevate an ordinary person without any cultivation base to the eighth rank.

If a martial artist at the eighth rank consumed it, they could easily advance to the ninth rank." "It can't be that ridiculous, can it?" James looked at Tapio, unconvinced.

Even the Spirit Turtle's core could not compete with such potency.

"It's a legend after all.

It must have been exaggerated.

However, this also shows how powerful the Novenary Golden Elixir is.

I've also heard that back then, King Quavon refined a total of nine Golden Elixirs.

Two were consumed by King Quavon, so there should be seven in the mausoleum." James looked at Tapio and inquired, "This happened more than two thousand years ago.

Who told you about it? Besides, over two thousand years have passed since then.

Even if the Golden Elixirs did exist, they might not have lasted this long." "Nevertheless, we're already here.

We have to go deeper into King Quavon's Mausoleum and take a look," said Tapio.

"You're right." James nodded.

Since he was already here, he should go inside and take a look.

Even if there were no Novenary Golden Elixirs, there would be the First Sword Art.

The rumors going around about the First Sword Art were very unreliable.

James was also curious to see what this unrivaled sword technique from two thousand years ago would look like.

Looking ahead, he noted the path to take and said, "Since we're teaming up, let's go." James decided to team up with Tapio for the time being because he wanted to learn more about Tyrus.

Tapio looked at the sword James was holding once more, a tinge of excitement on his face.

He asked, "Hey, James.

I heard that Dragonslayer has fused with King Quavon's Primordial Sword.

Can you please draw it so I can take a look?" When James heard this, he immediately drew the Primordial Dragon Blade.

The moment it was unsheathed, a golden light radiated outward, spreading out like ripples in the water.

The surrounding large trees were shaken and continued to sway.

Leaves danced in the air as they fell.

“What an amazing sword!” Tapio immediately exclaimed with excitement.

The Primordial Dragon Blade that James was holding was put back in its sheath.

“Oh, right.

Who exactly is Tyrus? Why have I never heard of someone like him in the world of ancient martial arts? Is he the Prince of Orchid Mountain’s descendant?” After returning the Primordial Dragon Blade to its sheath, James asked the questions he was concerned about.

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Chapter 1638

The Prince of Orchid Mountain was a historical figure from a thousand years ago.

From that time until now, there had only been a few generations.

The average person had a life expectancy of eighty to ninety years.

If they maintained their health, a person could live to be more than a hundred years old.

On the other hand, a martial artist, even one with the weakest cultivation base, could live for more than a hundred years.

There was a threshold for martial artists before the eighth rank.

Before reaching the eighth rank, they could probably live for 160 to 170 years.

Once they advanced to the eighth rank, their life expectancy significantly increased.

Living to the age of two hundred would not be a problem.

As for the ninth rank? Despite the fact that James had never met anyone in the ninth rank and had no idea how long they could live, he could estimate that living to be five hundred years old should not be a problem for them.

The Prince of Orchid Mountain was said to be the first person in a thousand years to reach the ninth rank.

Moreover, he definitely left behind descendants.

James had previously deduced that Tyrus was the Prince of Orchid Mountain’s descendant.

Now, he had met Tapio and asked him the questions that were on his mind.

“As for that, I don’t know.” With a carefree expression on his face and a cigarette between his lips, Tapio said, “He only showed me how to cultivate Spiritual Art, and taught me a few other martial arts.

He didn’t talk about where he came from and I didn’t ask either.” Tapio did not know, so James did not ask any further questions.

The two men moved forward along the mountain path.

“By the way, do you know anything about King Quavon’s Mausoleum?” asked James.

King Quavon was regarded as one of history’s most impressive rulers.

His mausoleum had always been shrouded in mystery.

Since ancient times, King Quavon’s Mausoleum was the target of countless tomb raiders.

Nevertheless, no one had ever gotten into it.

Currently, the mausoleum was being protected.

There were even troops stationed around it.

King Quavon’s Mausoleum was located at the mountain where James was.

James had some basic knowledge of King Quavon’s Mausoleum before arriving here.

As far as he knew, King Quavon’s Mausoleum was surrounded by mercury.

Anyone would be poisoned as soon as they stepped inside.

Since ancient times, no one had managed to enter King Quavon’s Mausoleum.

Tapio gave it a thought and said, “I don’t know much about it.

Let’s go further inside and take a look.

We can just follow the Blithes.” Hearing that, James did not ask any further.

It was not long before they came across a troop of soldiers.

The troop walked over and blocked James’ path.

A soldier said sternly, "This is a protected and restricted national area.

Tourists are not welcome here." James took out his identity card and waved it in front of the soldier.

"Emperor," the soldiers who were stationed saluted promptly and spoke in unison.

James gave a small wave of his hand and said, "It's alright.

There's nothing else for you to do here.

Lead the troops away.

Keep clear of this area." James was aware that quite a few people were already rushing over.

It was already determined that King Quavon's Mausoleum would be dug up.

If the Novenary Golden Elixir was indeed in the mausoleum, it would undoubtedly spark a fierce battle.

It would be even more intense than the fight for the Spirit Turtle's core that day at Mount Thunder Sect.

The area would certainly be destroyed.

If these soldiers stayed here, they would definitely die.

That was why James allowed them to leave.

"Yes." The stationed soldier left in a hurry.

James and Tapio continued moving forward.

After walking for a short while, they arrived at the entrance of King Quavon's Mausoleum.

"This isn't the entrance," Tapio spoke up.

"Hm?" James looked at Tapio.

Tapio pointed to the summit and said, "The real entrance should be at the top of the mountain." "How do you know that?" "That's what I heard." "who did you hear that from?" "That's none of your business."

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Chapter 1639

James did not say anything else.

Since this was not the entrance, he did not have to stay there.

He turned around and began walking toward the summit.

With a stride, he appeared a hundred meters away.

With a few strides, he appeared halfway up the mountain.

In the blink of an eye, he arrived at the summit.

Tapio was not slow either, following closely behind James.

The mountain summit had a flat terrain.

The ground was completely bare.

Looking around the barren landscape, James asked, "Is there an entrance here?" Tapio plopped himself down on the ground and said, "It's definitely here.

Let's wait here for a while.

The Blithes probably haven't arrived yet." "I believe you for now." James also sat down.

They sat for over an hour.

After more than an hour, some people finally reached the summit.

They were a group of people dressed in suits.

There were even a few elders among them.

The elders were carrying some ancient equipment.

The head of the group was the Patriarch of the Blithe family, Donovan Blithe.

Donovan had been here with his people for a few days.

During that time, they were constantly surveying the area.

"Patriarch, it's here.

It's right here," an elder, who was holding a geomantic compass, exclaimed with delight.

However, Donovan did not respond, as he had seen two people sitting on some rocks straight ahead.

He did not recognize one of them, but he knew the other.

Tapio saw Donovan and the others showed up as well.

He looked at James and said, "I wasn't wrong, was I? The entrance is at the top of this mountain." James cast a doubtful glance at Tapio.

Donovan had the floor plan of the traps, but he had to go through a lot of trouble to find the mountain's summit.

How did Tapio know that the entrance was at the top of the mountain? At this moment, Donovan walked over.

"James, why are you here?" James looked at Donovan as well and asked, "Why are you here?" Donovan said with a smile, "I've recently become obsessed with archaeology, and I'm quite bored, so I'm traveling around with some people." "Really?" James gave a faint smile and said, "You're not really traveling around, Donovan.

The truth is that you want to enter King Quavon's Mausoleum, right? Donovan, you've got a lot of nerve.

King Quavon's Mausoleum is a national heritage conservation center, but you're trying to raid it?" Donovan was stunned for a moment before saying with a smile, " James, you're overthinking.

I'm just here to take a look." There was a smile on his face, but in his head, he was throwing curses at James' entire lineage.

'Damn it, James.

Why is he here? Could it be that he came specifically to stop me because he knew I wanted to enter King Quavon's Mausoleum? No, I must get rid of him.' After having these thoughts, he walked over with a grin on his face.

"James, I mean, Emperor.

That's not my intention at all.

I recently became interested in archaeology, so I'm currently just traveling around.

I'm also thinking about going to Mount White.

I've heard that buried beneath Mount White is an ancient ruin." He started making up stories.

"Oh, really? I'm interested as well.

Should we go together?" James looked at Donovan with a wide grin.

The muscles on Donovan's face twitched.

"You have a lot on your plate, Emperor.

The election is approaching.

Why are you wandering around aimlessly when you should be watching over the Capital?" James' face darkened, and he said coldly, "Don't play dumb with me, Donovan.

If you want to go inside King Quavon's Mausoleum today, you have to take me with you.

Otherwise, you're not getting in." Donovan's expression turned grave.

James continued, "The Blithe family's origins were already spread all over the world.

You should make your decision quickly.

If you wait any longer, the others will arrive.

We'll all be entering King Quavon's Mausoleum at the same time then, and you won't get your share of the goodies." "What? Everyone knows about it?" Donovan was stunned.

Only the Blithe family's inner circle was privy to this secret.

How did everyone find out about it? For a while, he was dumbstruck.

"Yes, everyone knows." James said with a smile, "Are you going to take me with you or not? It's your choice." "James, stop messing with me." After being caught off-guard, Donovan regained his composure and said, "There's no way I'm taking you with me.

It's not a big deal if I just don't go." Donovan knew that if James went with him, he would never get his share of the spoils.

He was no match for James.

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Chapter 1640

Why would Donovan let James tag along? Even if he were beaten to a pulp, he would not allow it.

“Are you not going inside?” James said with a huge smile on his face, “That would be ideal.

Give me the floor plan of the traps, then.

“I’ll go on my own.” As he said that, he moved closer to Donovan.

Donovan moved back slightly.

Whoosh! The Blithe family members quickly drew their swords.

As soon as they drew their swords, like a phantom, James circled around the group in a flash.

In less than three seconds, he was back in his original spot.

Behind Donovan, a dozen Blithe family members had been struck in their acupoints.

They were frozen in place, unable to move.

Donovan’s expression was somber.

He knew James was very powerful.

Despite gaining all of the Grand Patriarch’s power that he had accumulated during his lifetime, he was no match for James.

James reached out his hand.

“Hand it over.

Don’t make me use the sword.

“If I draw my sword, you won’t stand a chance.” Donovan looked miserable.

He had imagined that once he had obtained the Grand Patriarch’s power, he would be able to act haughtily in the ancient martial arts world.

He had no idea that he would still be outclassed.

“Even if I give it to you, James, you don’t understand the Magic Circle.

You won't be able to get in.

It'll be better if I just take you there." In the end, Donovan gave in.

He knew that if James tried to take the floor plan from him by force, he would be powerless to defend it.

After hearing his words, James smiled and gestured for him to proceed.

"We can't waste any more time.

Let's get started." Donovan turned around and walked toward his family members, intending to unseal their acupoints.

However, no matter how hard he tried, he could not do it.

He turned around to look at James and pleaded, "If you don't unseal the acupoints of my family members, how are we going to proceed?" "Hehe." James chuckled.

He then quickly unsealed the acupoints of the Blithe family members.

After their acupoints were unsealed, they could move around.

Donovan ordered, "Without further ado, let's start looking for the entrance right now." "Yes," The Blithe family members immediately started to get to work.

With charts, maps, and compasses in their hands, they started to get busy at the top of the mountain.

James stood aside and observed them for a while.

The Blithe family members were conversing in hushed tones.

There were whispers of "southeast", "northwest", "northeast", and "dead end".

It was a mess, and he could not make sense of it, but he did not feel anxious either.

Instead, he simply watched them with patience.

He sat beside Tapio, cast a glance at Tapio, who looked indifferent, and asked, "Can they really find the entrance?" "I think so," Tapio replied absentmindedly.

However, at this precise moment...

"Found it!" A loud shout came from the distance.

An elder crouched down, holding a geomantic compass.

He hastily cleared the dust from the ground and a stone slab appeared.

“Patriarch, our surveying shows that it’s here.” Hearing that, Donovan approached quickly.

James and Tapio also hurriedly stood up and walked over.

A group of people gathered around the stone slab.

“How do we open it?” asked Donovan.

The elder holding the geomantic compass said, “This is a hidden entrance.

There should be some mechanism.

Clear the dust and some of the gravel from the ground nearby.” When the Blithe family members heard that, they immediately got to work.

They removed some rocks, mud, and dust from the ground.

A short while later, an area the size of a basketball court became visible.

All of the rocks in this open area were green, and each stone slab had the same size.

The elder looked at the stone slabs on the ground and started to ponder.

After a while, he walked to a slab on one side and stomped on it.

It sunk into the ground in an instant.

As he saw this happening, James was delighted.

He took a glance at Tapio and said, “This looks promising.”