

The Almighty Dragon General

Chapter 807

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They walked over to the pickup truck.

A few soldiers got out of the truck and pulled away a tarpaulin that was covering a compartment.

The compartment was full of weapons – firearms, grenades, heavy machine guns, and even rocket launchers.

Looking at the weapons, James said, “Take whatever you think will come in handy.”

The others nodded and immediately began choosing their weapons.

The Blithe King looked at James and said, “This is all I can provide you. You have to be careful. Apart from hundreds of Red

Flame Army soldiers, there are also gangsters and mercenaries at the research laboratory.”

“Got it.” James nodded.

The Blithe King then said hesitantly, “The Red Flame Army stationed there is innocent. If possible, try not to kill them. They are

soldiers who obey their commander’s orders. Perhaps they don’t even know what’s being researched there.”

James was in a bind.

He was a soldier. He knew that a soldier's duty was to obey the orders of his superiors. As such, he did not wish to put them in harm's way.

However, in order to save Tiara, conflict was inevitable, and with conflict came bloodshed.

James gently nodded. "I will try. Under circumstances where my life is not under threat, I'll spare as many Red Flame Army soldiers as possible."

He knew it was impossible to promise such a guarantee.

The Blithe King patted his back and said, "Be careful."

James looked at Blake and the others, who were now armed to the teeth, and asked, "Are you guys ready?"

They nodded.

"Let's move out."

James got in his car, while the others got on a black Lunar. Then, they left.

As they disappeared from view, the Blithe King said, "Return to base."

At the research laboratory...

Scar had informed the Emperor of his findings.

As this matter was consequential, the Emperor decided to deal with it himself.

In the dungeon of the research laboratory...

A young lady was imprisoned in this dark and damp dungeon.

She was dressed in casual attire and her hair was disheveled. The blood on her forehead had already dried up.

Tiara sat on the ground hugging her knees, completely silent.

Clack! Clack! Clack!

The sound of boots could be heard. It reverberated throughout the dungeon.

Tiara lifted her head. She saw a somewhat handsome middle-aged man in a white shirt.

“Bring her out.”

“Understood.”

The door opened, and Tiara was forcibly dragged out. Then, she was tied and hung up like a slaughtered sheep.

Throughout the whole process, she did not utter a single word.

The man in the white shirt was the Emperor, sitting on a chair and smoking his cigar. He looked at Tiara and said coldly, “Answer

me honestly if you don’t want to be tortured.”

Tiara felt uncomfortable all over her body.

The Emperor asked, “Where did you get your hands on this piece of information? What else does James know?

Also, what did

James discover in the underground cavern? What has he been doing all this while?”

He asked a string of questions, but Tiara remained silent.

“Speak!”

The Emperor’s roar reverberated throughout the silent and eerie dungeon.

Tiara opened her mouth with great difficulty, and said, “I-I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Give me the whip.”

One of his men immediately handed him the whip.

Crack!

The Emperor laid the lash on Tiara’s back. The force was immense and resulted in a crisp whipping sound.

Tiara’s clothes

instantly tore, and blood oozed out from her injuries.

“Speak!”

Crack!

“I’m ordering you to speak!”

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