

I Created 120

Chapter 120 120: The Galestripe Tiger

Argon then unleashed a barrage of punches and kicks, each one infused with fire and earth energy, hitting the tiger with a powerful force. The tiger roared in pain as it struggled to get back up.

Argon took advantage of the tiger's weakness, unleashing a powerful attack that caused the ground to shake. The tiger tried to dodge, but it was too late. Argon's attack hit the tiger with full force, sending it flying back, crashing into a nearby tree.

The tiger lay there, its body bruised and battered, struggling to get back up. Argon stood over it, a smirk on his face, "It's over, tiger. You're no match for me."

As the tiger continued to bare its teeth at Argon, he decided to use his Identification Eye, a special ability that allowed him to see the true nature and abilities of his opponent. As he activated the skill, his eyes glowed with a fiery light, and he could see through the tiger's wind-based aura.

[Galestripe Tiger

A rare and powerful beast that was known for its speed and agility. Its fur was not just golden but had a subtle greenish hue, hinting at its wind element. The tiger's eyes were also shining bright green, matching the energy that surrounded it.]

As the tiger finally managed to get back on its feet, it lunged forward, its claws ready to strike. But Argon was prepared. He summoned a wall of earth to shield himself, blocking the tiger's attack. He then counterattacked with a powerful blast of fire, engulfing the tiger in flames.

"RROOOAAARR"

The Galestripe Tiger roared in pain, but it didn't back down. Instead, it used the wind element to extinguish the flames and charged forward once again. This time, however, Argon was ready. He infused his fists with both fire and earth energy, delivering a swift and powerful punch that sent the tiger flying back once again.

The tiger struggled to stand up again, its body trembling with fear and exhaustion. Argon sensed its fear and decided to end the fight once and for all. He focused all his power into his Dragon Might, a powerful ability that could strike fear into the hearts of even the bravest opponents.

The Galestripe Tiger looked at Argon with fear in its eyes as he approached, his fists still engulfed in flames. With one final punch, Argon struck the tiger, causing it to flop down on the ground, shivering in fear.

Argon stood over the tiger, a victorious expression on his face. He had shown the tiger that he was not to be trifled with. The tiger finally understood and lowered its head in submission, no longer baring its teeth at Argon.

Argon smiled, "Good tiger. You have learned your place. Now go back to your territory and remember this lesson." He then turned to Isadora, "Let's go. We've got to continue our journey."

Argon doesn't feel like killing the tiger, so he just let it go.

Isadora nodded. "Where to next, My Lord?" she asked.

Argon grinned, "We're headed to the Forbidden Forest. There are rumors of a powerful artifact hidden deep within its depths."

Isadora nodded and followed Argon as they made their way through the dense forest. As they walked, they could hear the sounds of creatures rustling in the bushes, but they were not afraid. They were both experienced cultivators and could handle any danger that came their way.

As they continued on their journey, they encountered many obstacles, such as deep ravines, steep cliffs, and treacherous rivers. However, they overcame each obstacle with their unique abilities, Argon with his fire and earth manipulation, and Isadora with her illusion magic.

Eventually, they reached the edge of the forest, and the air grew heavy with an ominous feeling. They pushed through the thick underbrush, branches and vines snagging at their clothes and skin. Isadora used her illusion powers to create a path through the thicket, and Argon used his earth element to clear the way ahead.

As they ventured deeper into the forest, they encountered various beasts, but none could stand up to the combined power of Argon and Isadora. They left a trail of destruction behind them, not caring about the damage they caused.

Finally, they reached the heart of the Forbidden Forest. There, in the center, stood a massive tree, its branches twisted and gnarled. In the center of the tree, a pulsing light shone.

Argon's eyes widened as he gazed at the tree. He knew that this might be the heart of the Forbidden Forest, and if he wanted to build a dungeon in the city, he needed to destroy the space crack and make the dungeon the mainstream of the city. He turned to Isadora with a determined look in his eyes, "We have to destroy this tree," he said.

Suddenly, they heard a voice, "You must turn back," the voice boomed, causing the ground to shake.

Argon and Isadora looked around, but they couldn't see anyone. Isadora's expression turned serious, "My Lord, that voice... it's coming from the tree."

Argon smirked, "So, there is someone here. It doesn't matter. We'll take them on too."

As they approached the tree, the voice spoke again, "You know not what you do. This tree is protected by the Heavenly Sword Sect. Turn back now, or face the consequences."

Argon chuckled, "I'm not afraid of the Heavenly Sword Sect. They're just a bunch of old men with fancy swords. We'll destroy this tree, and they won't be able to do anything about it."

The voice spoke once more, "I will not repeat myself. Leave now or face my wrath."

Argon raised his eyebrows, "Your wrath? Who are you? Show yourself!"

Suddenly, a figure materialized in front of them. It was an old man with a long beard and a white robe. He held a sword in his hand, and his eyes were filled with a fierce determination.

"I am the protector of this tree," the old man said. "And I will not let you destroy it."

Argon grinned, "We'll see about that. Let's go, Isadora."

Isadora nodded, and the two of them charged forward, their powers surging. The old man raised his sword, and the battle began.

The old man moved with the grace of a seasoned swordsman, his blade flashing in the sunlight as he parried Argon's punches. Isadora's illusions twisted and turned around the old man, trying to distract him from his focus, but he seemed to see through them with ease. However, Argon and Isadora didn't let up, and they continued to press forward, their attacks growing more and more ferocious.

The old man was fast, and his sword was like an extension of his arm. He blocked and parried every blow that Argon threw at him. Isadora tried to use her illusions to confuse him, but the old man was too experienced to be fooled. He slashed at her with his sword, and she barely managed to dodge.

Argon gritted his teeth, "Isadora, try to distract him. I'll attack from behind."

Isadora nodded and used her illusions to create multiple copies of herself. The old man was momentarily confused, and Argon took advantage of the opportunity to strike. He punched the old man with all his strength, and the impact sent him flying.

The old man landed on the ground with a thud, but he quickly got up, a look of anger on his face. He charged at Argon, his sword flashing in the sunlight. Argon met him head-on, using his fire and earth manipulation to create a shield around himself. The old man's sword bounced off the shield, and he stumbled backwards.

Isadora saw her chance and attacked from behind. She used her illusion powers to create a wall of fire, which trapped the old man inside. He tried to escape, but the flames were too hot. He fell to his knees, panting and sweating.

Argon and Isadora approached him, and Argon grinned triumphantly. "Looks like we won, old man."

But the old man wasn't finished yet. He stood up, his eyes blazing with a fierce determination. "I can't believe I'm struggling against a Golden Core cultivator and an early-stage Core Formation cultivator," he said.

Argon narrowed his eyes, "What did you say?" He could sense the old man's power level increasing rapidly, and he knew they were in trouble.

The old man's sword began to glow with a bright light, and he raised it above his head. "This is the ultimate technique of the Heavenly Sword Sect," he said. "It's called the Sword of the Divine."

Argon and Isadora exchanged glances. An unknown technique, and they had no idea what it could do. They stood back, ready to defend themselves.

The old man swung his sword, and a wave of energy shot out towards them. Argon and Isadora both raised their defenses, but the force of the attack was too strong. They were knocked back, their bodies crashing into the trees.

Argon struggled to get up, but he couldn't move. He looked up and saw the old man walking towards him, his sword raised above his head. Argon closed his eyes, ready for the final blow.

But suddenly, he felt someone pull him. It was Isadora, using her speed to save him. She pulled him away from the old man just as his sword came crashing down, narrowly missing Argon's head.

The old man turned to face them, his eyes filled with anger. "You will not escape my wrath," he said, his voice echoing through the forest.

Argon and Isadora stood back-to-back, their powers surging. They knew they had to work together if they wanted to defeat the old man. Argon used his fire manipulation to create a wall of flames, while Isadora used her illusion powers to create a horde of bats.