

I Created 121

Chapter 121 121: Argon Transform To His Dragon Form

The old man charged at them, his sword glowing with power. He swung it, and the flames and bats were both dispelled.

The old man's eyes were now sharp and focused like a blade, and he began to demonstrate his ultimate technique, the "Heavenly Sword Strike." His sword glowed with an intense light, and he launched a series of strikes that seemed to come from all directions. Argon and Isadora were quickly overwhelmed by the old man's speed and skill, unable to keep up with the barrage of attacks.

Argon tried to defend himself with his fire and earth manipulation, but the old man's strikes were too fast and too precise. Isadora used her illusions to try to distract him, but the old man saw through them and continued his relentless attack.

As the battle continued, the old man's sword seemed to become sharper and more powerful with each strike. He was like a force of nature, a storm of blades that swept everything in his path. Argon and Isadora could feel the wind of his strikes and the heat of his sword, and they knew they were facing a master of the sword dao.

Finally, the old man launched a final strike, the "Heavenly Sword Slash." His sword glowed with an intense light, and he swung it with all his might. The air cracked with the force of the blow, and a shockwave rippled through the forest.

Argon and Isadora were knocked back, their bodies battered and bruised. They lay on the ground, gasping for breath.

The old man prepared another attack, to finish the two. "You are no match for the Sword of the Divine," he said. "Now, begone."

Isadora, struggling to stand, as she stood. A spiritual pressure hit the old man, making him stop.

Her outfit then transformed into dark flowing robes that hugged her curves and accentuated her figure, with intricate designs of red and gold. It was slit up the sides, revealing her long legs and a pair of thigh-high boots. Her arms were adorned with black fingerless gloves, and she wore a necklace with a ruby pendant that glowed like a small sun. She looked like a queen of the night,

ready to take on any opponent. She looked like a true ruler of the night, and the old man couldn't help but be taken aback by his transformation.

"Impressive, isn't it?" Isadora said with a sly smile. "But it's not just my outfit that's changed. You've awoken the true power of my vampire form."

She lifted her hand, and the air around her shimmered with a purple light. The old man could feel his mind being invaded by strange and terrifying images, his senses being twisted and distorted by Isadora's power.

But the old man was not so easily defeated. He gritted his teeth and focused his will, his sword glowing brighter than ever before. "You may have illusions, but I have the Sword of the Divine," he said, his voice firm and resolute.

He charged at Isadora, his sword blazing with power. She dodged his strike with ease, her movements graceful and fluid. She retaliated with a barrage of punches, each one accompanied by a burst of purple energy that exploded on impact.

The old man blocked her punches with his sword, but he could feel the strain on his arms. Isadora's attacks were like a torrent of water, wearing him down with their unrelenting force.

Finally, the old man launched another attack, his sword glowing with a blinding light. He swung it at Isadora, intending to cleave her in two.

But Isadora was faster. She dodged his strike and landed behind him, her hands glowing with purple energy. She thrust her hands forward, and the energy blasted the old man, sending him flying through the air.

He crashed into a nearby tree, his sword clattering to the ground. He lay there, dazed and bleeding from several wounds.

"Old man, stand up. We're not done yet." Isadora said with a taunting smile.

Isadora's eyes flashed with a fierce red light as she unleashed her own technique, the "Nightfall Illusion." The air around them shimmered and twisted, and suddenly the old man found himself surrounded by a dark mist. The mist began to take shape, forming a horde of bats that swarmed around him, blinding him with their screeches and flapping wings.

The old man didn't have a choice, gritted his teeth, and stood up to defend himself.

The old man swung his sword wildly, trying to cut through the illusion, but it was too powerful. Isadora emerged from the mist, her eyes glowing with power.

"You are a worthy opponent," she said, "but your time has come to an end."

Isadora moved with lightning-fast speed, her dark robes trailing behind her as she dodged the old man's attacks and delivered a powerful blow to his chest. The old man staggered back, his breathing labored, but he continued to fight on, refusing to give up.

As the battle continued, the old man's sword seemed to become duller and weaker, while Isadora's attacks became faster and more powerful. She used her illusions to create multiple versions of herself, confusing the old man and landing blow after blow on his body.

Finally, with a final strike, Isadora brought the old man to his knees. He looked up at her, his eyes filled with awe and respect.

"You are truly a monster," he said. "I had no idea what I was up against."

Isadora smiled, her fangs gleaming in the moonlight. "You fought well," she said. "Rest now, and let me devour your spirit as my nourishment."

With that, the old man fell to the ground, his body still. Isadora stood over him, her eyes glowing with power and triumph. She had won the battle, and proved that she was truly a queen of the night.

Argon, who had been watching the battle from a distance, was amazed at Isadora's power. He stepped forward, his wounds already healed, ready to congratulate her on her victory.

"Isadora, that was incredible," he said with a smile. "I've never seen such power before."

Isadora turned to him, her eyes still glowing with power.

"Thank you, My Lord," she said, her voice laced with satisfaction. "I'm glad I could show you what I'm capable of."

But as they were about to continue their conversation, the old man suddenly materialized in front of a nearby tree, much to their surprise.

"I can't believe it," the old man said, shaking his head. "A first-stage Core Formation monster managed to kill me."

"How... how are you still alive?" Argon asked, his eyes widening in disbelief.

The old man looked at Argon with a smirk. "Ah, the young one has many questions, I see. Well, it doesn't really matter even if I tell you. Listen carefully, I assimilated my soul to the tree to gain immortality," he said with a hint of pride in his voice.

The old man hesitated for a moment before speaking again. "It's a secret I've kept for many years. I can revive myself using a special technique. In other words, I'm immortal."

Of course, what he just said is not true at all. The old man keeps it a secret that he can only revive two times, and after that, the tree will lose all of its vitality. The old man never told this to Argon and Isadora.

Isadora scoffed at the old man's words. "Immortal? Don't make me laugh. There's no such thing as true immortality. Even gods can fall."

The old man grinned. "Ah, but you see, my dear queen of the night, I have already called for reinforcements from my sect. They will be here any moment now," he said.

Argon narrowed his eyes, realizing what the old man was up to. "We need to finish this quickly," he said to Isadora.

Isadora nodded, and the two of them stepped forward, ready to fight the old man once again.

But this time, the old man was not going to go down easily. He unsheathed his sword, and with a cry of "Sword Dao: Divine Light," a blinding beam of light shot out from the tip of his sword, heading straight for Argon and Isadora.

The two of them dodged the attack, but the old man was quick to follow up with another strike. "Sword Dao: Thousand Cuts," he shouted, and a flurry of sword strikes rained down upon the two of them.

Isadora countered with her illusionary powers, creating multiple versions of herself to confuse the old man. Argon, on the other hand, summoned his dragon fire, creating a wall of flames to protect himself and Isadora from the sword strikes.

The old man gritted his teeth, frustrated by their defenses. He then shouted, "Sword Dao: Heaven and Earth," and with that, the ground beneath Argon and Isadora shook violently.

Isadora's illusions were broken, and she stumbled for a moment, while Argon was knocked off his feet. But just as the old man was about to deliver the final blow, Argon summoned his earth powers, creating a giant rock shield to protect himself and Isadora.

In that last attack, Argon couldn't help but cough blood. The old man's Sword Dao technique was too much for him to handle in his human form. Realizing that he couldn't afford to take any more damage, Argon made the decision to transform into his dragon form. Also, he had to end this quickly before the reinforcements arrived.

He closed his eyes and concentrated, calling upon the power within him. The ground shook as his body began to transform, his limbs elongating and his skin turning into the deep, dark colors of the galaxy.

Argon's transformation was complete, and he was now in his dragon form. His body was 50 meters long, and his scales shimmered with the colors of the stars. He let out a mighty roar, the sound echoing through the forest and shaking the trees.