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Chapter 122 122: The World Collapse

Isadora stared in awe at Argon's dragon form, her eyes wide with amazement. "My Lord, You're... you're so handsome," she whispered.

Argon turned to her, his voice was deep and commanding. "Stay back, Isadora. Let me handle this."

The old man looked up at Argon, a look of fear in his eyes. "What...what kind of monster are you?"

Argon let out another roar, flames shooting out from his nostrils. "I am not a monster. I am a dragon, and you should be honored to face me in battle."

Suddenly, the old man remembered an old book he read, about a creature called a flood dragon that is similar to Argon's appearance.

The old man's eyes widened in realization. "Are you...a flood dragon?"

Argon simply smirked at the old man, not bothering to answer.

With that, Argon lunged at the old man, his claws extended and his teeth bared. The old man swung his sword, but it bounced harmlessly off Argon's thick scales.

Argon retaliated with a blast of dragon fire, the flames engulfing the old man and forcing him to dodge out of the way. The old man then lunged at Argon with his sword, but Argon didn't even dodge the attack. The sword just bounce off, and he countered with a powerful tail swipe, sending the old man flying into a nearby tree.

The old man struggled to get up, his body battered and bruised. Argon, however, was just getting started. He let out another mighty roar and summoned his earth powers once again, causing the ground to shake and split apart.

"Dragon's Fury!" Argon shouted, unleashing a barrage of fire and earth attacks upon the old man. The ground shook violently, and trees were uprooted as the two combatants battled it out.

The old man, using his sword dao, managed to deflect some of Argon's attacks, but he was quickly overwhelmed. The dragon's fury was relentless, and the old man knew he couldn't hold out much longer.

With a sudden burst of energy, the old man executed a lightning-fast technique he had been working on for years, called the "Sword of the Divine Wind." He swung his sword with such speed and precision that it created a gust of wind that sliced through the air towards Argon.

The wind attack hit Argon head-on, but the dragon just roared in defiance. His scales had protected him from most of the damage, but the force of the attack still sent him tumbling back.

Seeing the opening the old man attack again. "Thousand Cuts!" the old man shouted, swinging his sword with lightning speed. Each swing created a powerful shockwave that sliced through the air, leaving behind a trail of energy.

Argon responded with a powerful blast of dragon fire, but the old man was ready. He used his sword to deflect the flames, sending them flying back towards Argon.

Argon just let the flames hit his huge body, but the old man was relentless. He charged at Argon, his sword glowing with intense light.

Argon smirked. "You're brave, old man, but foolish."

With that, Argon unleashed his strongest technique yet, a combination of fire and earth that he used once, when he fought the black robe man. He drew in a deep breath, and the air around him began to crackle with energy.

"Dragon's Breath!" Argon shouted, unleashing a massive blast of fire and earth that obliterated everything in its path.

The old man stood no chance. He was engulfed in the flames and crushed under the weight of the earth. The blast was so powerful that it uprooted a huge tree, sending it crashing down onto the old man's body.

Isadora watched the fight with awe. As the smoke cleared, she felt a powerful aura of people approaching. "My Lord, we have to go. More powerful people are coming," she said urgently.

Argon turned to her, his eyes still glowing from the intense battle. "Understood. Let's go."

Without another word, Argon transformed back into his human form. They quickly took off into the sky, leaving behind the wreckage of the battle.

After some time, as they flew higher and higher, the world around them started to crumble. It started with a small tremor, but it quickly turned into a violent earthquake. The ground shook violently, and massive cracks appeared in the earth. Trees were uprooted and rocks were thrown into the air, causing chaos all around them.

Argon knew what was happening. The huge tree that supported this world had been destroyed, and the world was collapsing. They flew even faster towards the space crack.

As they flew, the world around them continued to crumble. The sky turned a sickly green color, and they could hear the sound of metal tearing apart. The air became thick with dust and debris, making it difficult to see where they were going.

Argon could feel the weight of the world crashing down around them, and he knew that they had to make it to the space crack before it was too late. They flew past massive boulders and huge mountains, narrowly avoiding the debris that was floating all around them. For some unknown reason, everything just started floating in the air.

Finally, they could see the space crack in the distance. It was a small black hole in the sky, surrounded by swirling colors of light. Argon flew even faster, his heart pounding in his chest as he approached the crack.

Just as they were about to enter the crack, a massive mountain smashed into Argon's side, sending him careening out of control. Isadora screamed as they tumbled through the air, crashing into the ground below.

'Fuck, how unlucky.' he thought.

Argon might look okay, but he knew how injured he really was. Fighting the old man was not easy, and I'm sure that Isadora was the same. But now, they got hit by a huge mountain, making their injuries worst.

Argon struggled to get up, his body battered and bruised from the impact. Isadora was lying next to him, her eyes closed and her breathing shallow. He knew they had to keep moving, but he couldn't leave her behind.

With all his strength, he lifted her onto his back and took off towards the space crack once again. The world around them was collapsing even faster now, and he could feel the weight of it pulling them down.

But Argon was determined to make it to the crack. He flew faster than he ever had before, dodging falling debris and fighting against the gravitational pull of the collapsing world.

Finally, they reached the crack. Argon could feel the intense gravity of the black hole pulling them in, but he fought against it with all his strength. With a final burst of energy, they entered the crack and were swallowed up by the swirling colors of light.

As they emerged on the other side, Argon collapsed onto the ground, his body exhausted from the ordeal. Isadora was still unconscious, but she was breathing steadily. They had made it out of the collapsing world.

As Argon and Isadora disappeared into the distance, the sect master of the Heavenly Sword Sect, along with all the elders and grand elders of the sect, arrived at the scene of the battle. They gasped in shock as they took in the sight before them.

The once peaceful forest was now a scene of utter destruction. Trees were uprooted and scattered around the area, and there were deep craters in the ground where the dragon's powerful attacks had landed. The smell of smoke and burnt wood lingered in the air.

The sect master, a tall and imposing figure with a long beard and a stern expression, stepped forward to assess the damage. He wore a long, flowing robe that billowed in the wind, and carried a sword made of pure, polished wood.

He shook his head in disbelief. "This...this is terrible," he said, his voice heavy with sadness. "How could this have happened? Who could have caused this much destruction?"

One of the elders, a woman with long grey hair and piercing green eyes, stepped forward. "Sect Master," she said, her voice shaking slightly. "We have reason to believe that this was the work of a monster."

"A monster?" the sect master said, his eyes widening in surprise. "That's impossible. We have an agreement with the monster clan, I don't think they are foolish enough to start a war."

"Nevertheless, my Lord," the elder replied. "The evidence is clear. Look at the damage. No human could have caused this."

The sect master nodded, his face grim. "Very well. We must investigate this further."

Suddenly, the ground beneath their feet began to shake, causing them to lose their balance. They looked around in confusion, wondering what was happening.

The sect master's eyes widened in horror as he realized what was going on. "The world...it's collapsing," he said, his voice barely above a whisper.

The sect members looked at each other in panic. They had to find the body of Eldrid, the guardian of this world, or they would be buried along with it.

"We only have five minutes before everything collapses," the sect master said urgently. "We need to find Eldrid's body, now!"

The sect members frantically searched the area, but they had only one minute before the world would collapse. Time was running out.

But it was too late. The world began to crumble around them, the ground splitting open and swallowing everything in its path.

The sect members had no choice but to flee for their lives, leaving behind the body of Eldrid and the world that's very important to their sect. As they ran, the sect master couldn't help but feel a deep sense of despair and anger.