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Chapter 148 148:Elara Enter The Dungeon Again (Part 1)

"You require a Returner Stone dropped by a monster of the second floor to activate teleportation back outside."

A mix of frustration and disappointment washed over Alix. He had hoped for a swift return to aid his comrades, but now he realized he was trapped in the necropolis until he obtained a Returner Stone. The weight of his situation settled upon him, but he refused to be defeated by it.

"Seems like I'll have to explore this dead realm a little longer," Alix muttered to himself, determination filling his voice. "If it's a Returner Stone I need, then I'll face these monsters head-on until I obtain one."

Argon, seated on his majestic throne, observed the intense battle unfold before him. His eyes glimmered with intrigue and a hint of admiration as he witnessed the clash between Ghorm and Alix. With his sharp senses, he had analyzed every move, every technique displayed by the two cultivators.

Beside him, Isadora, watched the battle with equal interest. Argon turned to her, a knowing smile playing on his lips, and asked, "Isadora, what do you make of this Alix?"

Isadora, her gaze fixed on the ongoing fight, took a moment to collect her thoughts before responding. Her voice carried a mix of curiosity and cautious respect as she replied, "My lord, Alix possesses a remarkable talent and unwavering determination. His fire cultivation is unlike anything I've seen before, and he wields it with incredible skill. It is clear that he has undergone arduous training and honed his techniques to a formidable level."

Argon nodded, acknowledging her assessment. "Indeed, his cultivation and combat prowess are impressive. The flames that emanate from him carry a unique intensity, a sign of great potential. But there is more to him than meets the eye."

Isadora tilted her head slightly, a spark of curiosity gleaming in her eyes. "My lord, do you suspect there is something extraordinary about Alix?"

A mysterious smile crossed Argon's face as he replied, "Yes. While the cultivation world is filled with talented individuals, Alix possesses a certain aura, a hidden power that I find intriguing. There is a depth to his cultivation that goes beyond what can be seen on the surface."

Isadora's interest piqued further, and she leaned closer, eagerly awaiting Argon's elaboration. "My lord, what makes Alix so unique in your eyes?"

Argon's voice held a note of excitement as he revealed his observations. "In the midst of his battle with Ghorm, I sensed something extraordinary—a flicker of the blood of a lesser divine beast."

Isadora's eyes widened in astonishment. "A lesser divine beast? Are you certain, my lord? Such beings are incredibly rare and possess tremendous power. How can Alix have the blood of a lesser divine beast within him?"

Argon's gaze shifted back to the ongoing battle, his voice tinged with reminiscence. "When I merged with the Ancestral Dragon, I gained access to the memories of that majestic creature. Within those memories, I learned to recognize the unique aura of the divine beasts. It is a resonance, a familiarity that cannot be mistaken."

Isadora's awe deepened as she grasped the implications of Argon's words. "So, you believe that Alix carries the bloodline of a lesser divine beast within him? This could explain the intensity of his fire cultivation and the power he displayed in his battle with Ghorm."

Argon nodded, his eyes shining with anticipation. "Precisely, Isadora. The flames he wields hold a resemblance to that of the divine beasts, albeit in a nascent form. It is a rare and extraordinary gift, a heritage that sets him apart from ordinary cultivators."

Isadora's voice filled with admiration. "To think that such a prodigious talent has emerged within our dungeon, my lord."

Argon's expression turned pensive as he listened to Isadora's words. He then leaned back on his throne, contemplating the situation before responding, "Indeed, Isadora, Alix's potential is undeniable. His unique bloodline and remarkable cultivation make him a valuable asset. However, it may not be easy to bring him under our banner."

Isadora raised an eyebrow, her curiosity piqued. "Why do you say that, my lord? With his talent and the allure of our dungeon's resources, wouldn't it be in his best interest to join us?"

A faint sigh escaped Argon's lips as he recalled the tragic history that connected Alix to the hobgoblins. "You see, Isadora, Alix's father met his unfortunate demise at the hands of the hobgoblins. It was a loss that weighs heavily on Alix's heart. As the owner of this dungeon, I am partially responsible for their actions, for they are my monsters. Moreover, Alix possesses a strong sense of righteousness and justice, qualities that make him unsuitable to become my subordinate."

Isadora nodded, understanding the gravity of the situation. "I see, my lord. Alix may hold some resentment towards us due to his father's death. And given his personal history and his inherent sense of justice, it would indeed be challenging to convince Alix to align himself with us."

Argon's gaze turned distant, his voice laced with a mix of remorse and indifference. "Indeed, but in the grand scheme of things, I do not believe Alix possesses the means to challenge our dominance. While his talent is exceptional, there are still countless obstacles and powerful adversaries in this cultivation world. Even with his bloodline, he is a mere speck in the vast sea of cultivators."

Isadora nodded in agreement, realizing the truth in Argon's words. "You are right, my lord. Alix's potential does not pose a significant threat to our dungeon. However, his talents and abilities could prove valuable to our cause if we can find a way to gain his trust and loyalty."

Argon's eyes gleamed with a glimmer of ambition. "Indeed, if Alix can be convinced to join us willingly, he may become an indispensable asset. We shall monitor his progress closely and seek opportunities to cultivate a relationship with him. But for now, let him be and fulfill his destiny. In due time, we shall unveil the full extent of our plans."