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Chapter 170 170: Argon's Arrival

Just as Isadora regained her composure, a voice resonated in her mind, cutting through the chaos of the battlefield. It was Argon, filled with urgency and determination.

"Isadora, hold your ground! I am coming to your aid."

His words fueled her resolve, igniting a spark of hope within her battered form. She knew she couldn't falter now; Argon's arrival meant a chance to turn the tides of battle. With renewed determination, she refocused her energy on the task at hand.

"Lord Argon, I will protect myself until your arrival," Isadora responded, her voice laced with determination. "We shall destroy this place and avenge Ma Kong's death together."

As the illusions continued to hold back the branches, Isadora surveyed the battlefield, searching for any weakness in the enemy's defenses. She noticed a pattern in their movements, a slight hesitation before striking. It was a small opening, but it was all she needed.

Isadora concentrated her energy, summoning a new illusionary form to aid her in this crucial moment. With a wave of her hand, a towering illusion of a celestial phoenix materialized behind her, its wings spread wide, emanating an aura of majestic power.

Isadora's eyes gleamed with a newfound clarity as she formulated her plan. She summoned her remaining energy, gathering it into her core, and unleashed a burst of power. The surrounding illusions intensified, their forms shifting and warping, creating an illusionary storm that enveloped the battlefield.

Within the storm, Isadora's figure blurred as she executed a swift and precise movement. She ascended into the air, her cultivation allowing her to fly freely. Hovering above the colossal tree god, Isadora focused her energy and channeled it into her palms, forming two ethereal spheres of illusionary fire.

With a swift motion, Isadora hurled the fireballs towards the tree god's trunk, aiming for a weak spot she had identified. The fireballs streaked through the air, leaving trails of vibrant light in their wake. As they made contact with the trunk, they exploded in a brilliant display of illusory flames, searing the bark and causing the tree god to roar in agony.

The tree god retaliated, sending a barrage of branches and tendrils towards Isadora. But she was ready. With her cultivation and agility, she weaved through the onslaught, dodging and maneuvering with unparalleled grace. The illusory storm surrounding her provided further protection, distorting the branches' perception and causing them to miss their mark.

Isadora seized every opening, launching counterattacks whenever possible. She conjured illusions of ethereal swords, slashing through the branches with precision and finesse. Each strike was infused with her core formation cultivation, enhancing their power and effectiveness.

As the battle raged on, Isadora's movements became a mesmerizing dance. She spun, weaved, and twirled through the air, leaving trails of illusionary afterimages in her wake. Her attacks were a symphony of grace and power, each strike calculated and executed flawlessly.

Isadora's illusions continued to assault the tree god relentlessly, the illusory storm swirling around her, blinding the colossal entity with dazzling displays of light and color. But despite her efforts, the tree god remained resilient, its bark thick and impenetrable.

As Isadora flew closer to the tree god's towering form, she could feel the sheer force emanating from its presence. The ground trembled beneath her, and the gusts of wind generated by its movements threatened to knock her off balance. She knew she had to be cautious and find a way to weaken the tree god's defenses.

Summoning her core formation cultivation, Isadora tapped into the elemental energies of the world around her. Winds howled and swirled, gathering around her in a cyclone of power. With a focused mind, she directed the cyclone towards the tree god, creating a whirlwind that battered against its trunk.

The tree god roared in response, its branches lashing out furiously in an attempt to swat Isadora from the sky. But she remained nimble, darting and evading with the agility of a bird in flight. With every dodge, she taunted the tree god, provoking its wrath.

As Isadora continued her assault, she could sense the tree god's anger growing. Its branches thrashed violently, shaking the ground and causing the surrounding vegetation to wither and die. The tree god's retaliatory strikes became more ferocious, its immense size and strength threatening to overwhelm Isadora.

But she refused to yield. With unwavering determination, Isadora unleashed a new technique. She focused her energy into her palms, generating a pulsating sphere of condensed illusions. The sphere crackled with power as Isadora propelled it towards the tree god.

The sphere exploded upon impact, releasing a shockwave of illusory energy that cascaded across the tree god's trunk. The illusions infiltrated its bark, distorting its perception and weakening its grip on reality. The tree god shuddered, its movements momentarily faltering as it struggled to regain its footing.

As the tree god recovered, its voice resonated through the air, surprising Isadora amidst the chaos of battle.

"I can't believe I'm witnessing a middle-stage Core Formation monster fighting without losing for this long," the tree god spoke, its voice deep and resonant. "This is my first time encountering someone like you."

Isadora's eyes widened in astonishment. She had assumed the tree god to be a mindless entity, driven solely by instinct and power. She couldn't help but respond, her voice laced with curiosity and a hint of skepticism.

The tree god let out a rumbling chuckle, its branches swaying gently as it replied, "Of course. I have lived long enough to learn many things, including the art of communication. My existence stretches back centuries, intertwined with the very fabric of this place."

Isadora's attention was piqued. She had been focused solely on fulfilling her mission and defeating the tree god, but this revelation hinted at a deeper story, one that might shed light on the purpose behind the tree god's presence in the forbidden Veiled Forest.

Unyielding in her resolve, Isadora spoke with an edge of malice in her voice, "I care not for your history or purpose. My only concern is the destruction of this forbidden forest and the annihilation of your existence. You have killed one of my beloved Lord's subordinates, and for that, you will face his wrath."

The tree god remained unfazed by Isadora's declaration, its voice carrying an air of ancient wisdom. "You may be evil in nature, young lady, but know this: I am no mere obstacle. I am the heart of the seal, planted here by a powerful cultivator to safeguard the delicate balance of this place. You seek destruction, but you fail to comprehend the consequences."

Isadora sneered, her eyes glinting with defiance. "Consequences matter not to me. I serve my own desires, and in this moment, the only desire I have is to see you destroyed."

The tree god sighed, the sound like a soft breeze rustling through leaves. "Very well. If destruction is what you seek, then I shall oblige. But remember, you tread upon dangerous ground, and the repercussions of your actions may extend far beyond what you can comprehend."

Isadora dismissed the tree god's warning, her focus resolute and unyielding. She had no interest in the tree god's cryptic tales or warnings of consequence.

As Isadora readied herself for another round of attacks, however, a sudden shift in the tree god's demeanor caught her attention. Its branches thickened and hardened, becoming sturdier and more resilient. They moved with newfound speed, striking with precision and force that surpassed anything Isadora had faced before. Overwhelmed by the onslaught, Isadora found herself in a defensive stance, desperately deflecting and evading the tree god's relentless assault.

In a swift and unexpected move, the tree god's branches converged upon Isadora, crashing into her with tremendous force. The impact sent her hurtling through the air, her body spiraling uncontrollably. She crashed into the ground below, creating a massive crater, the force of the impact driving her deep into the earth.

The tree god's voice echoed triumphantly, resonating through the battlefield. "This is the end. You have fought valiantly, but now you shall meet your demise."

As Isadora struggled to regain her footing, the tree god prepared to deliver a final blow. Its branches transformed into elongated spears, aimed directly at Isadora, who remained defenseless and grounded. The sharp tips of the branches gleamed menacingly as they closed in for the kill.

But just as the branches were about to pierce through her, a swirling vortex materialized in front of Isadora, shimmering with otherworldly energy. Out from the vortex emerged Argon, his presence commanding and majestic. He had taken the form of a humanoid dragon, towering over the battlefield with an air of awe-inspiring power.

With swift and fluid movements, Argon conjured a massive shield composed of earth, fire, and water elements, forming a protective barrier around both himself and Isadora. The shield radiated with intense energy, crackling with raw power.

Argon's voice reverberated with authority and determination as he addressed the tree god. "Tree god, your time is up. You shall pay for the life you took, and the destruction you wrought upon my subordinate."

The tree god's mighty branches crashed against Argon's shield, but it held steadfast against the onslaught. Argon's eyes burned with fury, his draconic aura intensifying with each passing moment.

Isadora, still recovering from the previous attack, felt a surge of hope and gratitude. She gathered her strength and joined Argon at his side, ready to fight once more. Her voice carried an edge of determination as she spoke. "Tree god, your reign ends here. You may be powerful, but we shall overcome you."

The tree god's voice echoed with a mix of annoyance and arrogance. "You think your pitiful strength can stand against me? I have witnessed countless battles, defeated numerous foes. But if it's your wish to be crushed under my might, then so be it."