

## **I Created 172**

### Chapter 172 172: Tree God Falls

Time seemed to slow as Isadora's sacrifice took effect. The tree god, confused by the sudden disruption of its breakthrough, halted in its tracks. It thrashed and roared, unable to comprehend the interference in its cultivation.

Meanwhile, Isadora's body flickered, ethereal and translucent. She channeled the forbidden technique's power, utilizing the law of time to turn back the clock for the tree god. The breakthrough was undone, and the tree god's confusion transformed into anger and frustration.

Argon, momentarily stunned by the sight of Isadora sacrificing herself, reached out a clawed hand towards her. "Isadora, no!" he cried out, his voice filled with anguish.

But Isadora, her voice filled with determination, sent a message to Argon through their mental connection. "See you soon, my Lord," she whispered, her words carrying both love and sorrow.

And then, with a final surge of power, Isadora vanished from sight. The forbidden technique had taken its toll, and her form dissipated into specks of light, leaving behind only memories and a profound sense of loss.

"NO!! NO!! WHAT DID YOU INSECTS DO!!!"

As Isadora's sacrifice unfolded, the tree god's anger surged to unparalleled heights. It thrashed and howled, its branches lashing out with unbridled fury. The forest trembled under its wrath, and the air crackled with an ominous energy.

Argon, his eyes narrowed with rage, witnessed Isadora's sacrifice and felt a seething fury ignite within him. Though he knew that Isadora would revive in three months, the sight of her selflessness and the pain of her absence fueled his wrath towards the tree god. His evil nature, usually contained, now surged forth with a menacing aura.

"ROAR!!!"

With a thunderous roar, Argon summoned his three elemental affinities. Flames engulfed his serpentine body, radiating an intense heat that distorted the air around him. The ground beneath him trembled as he channeled the power of the earth, causing rocks and debris to rise and orbit around

his colossal form. Water surged forth, swirling and coiling around him, ready to be unleashed with devastating force.

The dragon's eyes burned with a malicious glint as he locked his gaze on the tree god. "You dare to harm my loyal servant!" Argon bellowed, his voice reverberating through the Veiled Forest. "Prepare to face the wrath of the Ancestral Dragon!"

He lunged forward, his body a blur of elemental power. The flames around him intensified, leaving a trail of scorching heat in his wake. The tree god, still reeling from the disruption of its breakthrough, attempted to defend itself, but Argon's assault was relentless.

With a flick of his tail, Argon whipped up a tempest of fire and debris. The flaming vortex spiraled towards the tree god, engulfing it in a cataclysmic blaze. The intense heat licked at the tree god's bark, threatening to consume it entirely.

But the tree god, its cultivation deep and formidable, refused to succumb easily. It summoned a barrier of swirling leaves and branches, attempting to deflect Argon's fiery onslaught. The clash between the inferno and the barrier created a spectacular display of light and energy, illuminating the forest in a kaleidoscope of colors.

In the midst of the fiery chaos, Argon bellowed with unrestrained fury. "Your futile attempts to protect yourself won't save you!" he roared. His voice carried a chilling resonance that echoed through the forest, instilling fear in the hearts of all who heard it.

As the flames subsided, Argon's attention shifted to the earth beneath his massive claws. With a powerful slam, he sent shockwaves reverberating through the ground, causing the ruptured earth to quake violently. The tree god, its roots entangled in the fractured soil, struggled to maintain its footing.

Sensing an opening, Argon lunged once more, his claws slashing through the air with deadly precision. Each strike carried the weight of his fury, aiming to rend the tree god's bark and sap its vitality. The force of his attacks unleashed shockwaves that tore through the forest, uprooting ancient trees and reducing them to rubble.

The tree god fought back, its branches lashing out in a desperate bid to defend itself. They coiled and twisted, striking with incredible speed and force. Yet, even as the tree god's branches found their mark, Argon's scales, enhanced by his earth technique, proved resilient against the assault. He bore the pain with grim determination, his eyes fixed on his vengeful goal.

The battle raged on, elemental energies colliding and intertwining. Argon's fiery breath scorched the air, his earth-shaking tremors threatened to swallow the tree god whole, and his watery onslaught crashed against the ancient entity with relentless ferocity.

Amidst the chaotic clash, Argon's voice boomed once more, filled with dark resolve. "You thought you could best me? You thought you could harm what is mine? You are nothing compared to the might of me!"

With a surge of power, Argon channeled his three elements simultaneously. Fire, earth, and water merged into a cataclysmic storm around him, forming a vortex of destruction. The swirling tempest surged towards the tree god, tearing through its defenses with an unstoppable force.

The tree god let out a final, anguished roar as it succumbed to the overwhelming power of Argon's assault. The vortex of elemental fury consumed it, reducing its form to nothingness. The forest, once trembling with the tree god's rage, now fell silent, awed by the might of the Dragon Lord.

As the dust settled, Argon's body loomed over the decimated battlefield, his eyes gleaming with satisfaction. Though his anger still burned, he knew that Isadora's sacrifice had not been in vain. His loyal servant would return, and together they would ensure that no force in the cultivation world would ever dare to challenge them again.

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Deep within the realm of Azure Continent, nestled amidst the breathtaking landscapes, lies the revered Heavenly Sword Sect. The sect, known far and wide for its profound sword cultivation techniques, stands as a bastion of power and enlightenment in the cultivation world.

Situated in a region of pristine natural beauty, nestled amidst majestic mountains and serene landscapes, stood the illustrious Heavenly Sword Sect. The sect's stronghold, a sprawling complex of towering structures and intricate gardens, was a testament to its power and influence.

Approaching the Heavenly Sword Sect, one would be greeted by massive stone gates adorned with intricate engravings of celestial beasts and swirling patterns of spiritual energy. Beyond the gates, a wide cobblestone path led through lush gardens, vibrant with colorful flowers and ancient trees that exuded an air of profound cultivation.

The sect's main hall, an imposing structure that reached towards the heavens, stood as the heart of the Heavenly Sword Sect. Its architecture blended traditional elegance with a touch of celestial grandeur. The hall's walls were adorned with intricate murals depicting legendary battles and divine cultivators, while its ceilings soared high, depicting a celestial map of stars and constellations.

Within the main hall, disciples of the Heavenly Sword Sect could be seen engaged in rigorous training and cultivation. The air hummed with the energy of spiritual qi, permeating the atmosphere and nurturing the practitioners' growth. The disciples, clad in flowing robes that bore the sect's emblem—a shimmering sword surrounded by swirling energy—performed intricate martial arts movements and unleashed powerful techniques, their dedication and determination evident in their every action.

Passing through the main hall, one would enter the inner courtyard, a tranquil oasis of peace and serenity. Stone pathways meandered through meticulously manicured gardens, where ancient trees and exotic flora thrived. The scent of medicinal herbs filled the air, carrying with it the essence of healing and rejuvenation.

In the eastern corner of Azure Continent, within the territory under the dominion of the Heavenly Sword Sect, lies the Veiled Forest, a mystical realm of captivating beauty and hidden secrets.

Kaelar, deep in his cultivation within the sect master's residence, suddenly felt a profound disturbance ripple through the Heavenly Sword Sect. The entire sect trembled, and a powerful shockwave of aura shook the surroundings, causing his concentration to falter. Sensing the urgency of the situation, Kaelar swiftly rose to his feet, his eyes filled with concern.

Without hesitation, Kaelar ascended into the air, his body soaring above the Heavenly Sword Sect. Within moments, the three grand elders, distinguished cultivators known for their wisdom and power, appeared before him, their expressions mirroring his confusion.

Grand elder Lan, the eldest among the three, spoke first, his voice laced with urgency. "Sect Master, what just happened? The sect trembled, and the aura... It was unlike anything we've experienced before. Do you have any insights?"

Kaelar, his brows furrowed, turned his gaze towards the grand elders. His eyes, filled with uncertainty, reflected the gravity of the situation. "I sensed the disturbance, but I don't have all the answers. The source seems to originate from the Veiled Forest, but its nature eludes me."

Grand elder Zhou, known for his wisdom and analytical mind, joined the conversation. "Could it be an external force seeking to disrupt our sect's harmony? Or perhaps an unprecedented phenomenon within the Veiled Forest itself?"

Kaelar nodded, his gaze still fixated on the distant forest. "Both possibilities hold merit, Elder Zhou. It is imperative that we investigate further and uncover the truth behind this disturbance. The Veiled Forest holds ancient secrets and untapped power. We cannot ignore this development."

Grand elder Mei, the most tempered among the three, interjected, her voice calm yet filled with determination. "Kaelar, as the sect master, it falls upon you to lead the way. We shall accompany you, pooling our knowledge and experience to solve this mystery. Together, we will ensure the safety and prosperity of the Heavenly Sword Sect."

Kaelar's expression hardened, his eyes gleaming with resolve. "Thank you, esteemed elders. Your support is invaluable. Let us depart for the Veiled Forest immediately. We shall uncover the truth behind this disturbance and protect the sect from any potential threats."

With their minds united and their hearts brimming with determination, the sect master and the three grand elders embarked on their journey towards the Veiled Forest, ready to face the unknown and safeguard the Heavenly Sword Sect's legacy in the face of this unprecedented challenge.