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Chapter 198 198: Sparring

"Feng, it's good to see you," Alix greeted warmly, a smile playing on his lips. "What brings you here?"

Feng stepped forward, his expression was serious yet friendly. "Alix, I've heard of the recent events that took place in your base. I wanted to offer my support and assistance. The Harmony Alliance stands ready to aid you in any way we can."

Alix's group exchanged glances, their expressions softening with gratitude. The Harmony Alliance had always been a reliable ally, and Feng's arrival reinforced their bond.

Alix's brows furrowed with concern. "Feng, I appreciate your offer, but I must express my worries. The forces of the Azure Continent, especially the Dark Moon Kingdom, are on a whole different level. Even the lowest faction there is stronger than the kingdom we reside in. I don't want you or your group to be dragged into this mess."

Feng's gaze met Alix's, unwavering and resolute. "Alix, we understand the risks involved, but friendship and alliance are not based solely on power. The Harmony Alliance has always stood by your side, and we won't abandon you now. Together, we can face any challenge that comes our way."

Alix sighed, his worry mingled with gratitude. "Very well, Feng. If you're determined to help, then I won't reject your assistance. Just promise me you'll prioritize the safety of your group."

Feng nodded, his expression determined. "I give you my word, Alix. We won't recklessly throw ourselves into danger. Just tell me what to do."

Alix nodded appreciatively at Feng's determination. "Thank you, Feng. I'm glad to have you by our side. Right now, we need to gather as much information as possible about the Dark Moon Clan and their overall power. We must understand their strengths and weaknesses to strategize effectively."

Feng nodded in agreement. "Understood, Alix. I'll dispatch our best scouts to gather intelligence on the Dark Moon Clan. We'll dig deep and leave no stone unturned."

Alix's expression softened with gratitude. "I appreciate your swift action, Feng. Let's meet again tomorrow and exchange the information we've gathered. Together, we'll devise a plan to counter the Dark Moon Clan's threats."

Feng extended his hand in a firm handshake, sealing their agreement. "Count on it, Alix. The Harmony Alliance stands with you, and we won't let you face this danger alone."

Alix smiled appreciatively. "Thank you, Feng. Your support means a lot to us."

With that, Alix ended the meeting, the weight of their impending battle hanging heavy in the air. The members dispersed, each consumed by their thoughts and preparations for the challenges that awaited them.

In the training ground, Argon and Azrael stood facing each other, the atmosphere charged with anticipation. Argon's newly acquired lightning power surged through his veins, empowering him with a newfound strength. Azrael, as his loyal subordinate, prepared himself for the upcoming sparring match, his eyes filled with reverence and respect.

Argon raised his hand, crackling with electricity, and spoke with a determined voice, "Azrael, today we shall engage in a spar. I will be utilizing my lightning power and the two techniques I have acquired. Do not hold back, for it is through these challenges that we grow stronger."

Azrael bowed his head respectfully and replied, "Yes, my Lord. I am honored to be able to spar with you and witness your mastery of the lightning element. I shall give my best and provide you with a worthy opponent."

As the match began, Argon unleashed bolts of lightning from his fingertips, aiming to strike Azrael. The crackling energy danced in the air, illuminating the training ground with its electric radiance. Azrael swiftly evaded each lightning attack, his dark element granting him heightened senses and reflexes.

With that, the spar began. Argon's body crackled with electric energy as he summoned his lightning power, giving him an ethereal glow. He moved with surprising agility, relying on the Blaze Torrent Step technique to dart around the training ground like a dancing flame.

So, Argon exerted his best effort to match Azrael's power, but due to his newly acquired law power, he inevitably overpowered Azrael.

Azrael swung his dark-element sword with precision, attempting to find openings in Argon's defense. However, the latter's enhanced speed and reflexes made it challenging for Azrael to land a decisive blow.

Argon's eyes glinted with determination as he countered with the Inferno Burst Fist technique. His fists surged with a combination of fire and lightning, launching a series of devastating attacks. The air sizzled with the intensity of his strikes.

The clash of Argon's fiery lightning-infused fists and Azrael's dark-element sword created sparks that filled the training ground. Azrael skillfully parried and dodged, his swordsmanship and dark element providing him with the means to defend against Argon's powerful assaults.

As the spar continued, Argon unleashed his second acquired technique, the Blaze Torrent Step. His movements became a blur as he weaved through the battlefield, leaving trails of swirling flames and crackling lightning in his wake. Azrael struggled to keep up with Argon's speed and the unpredictable combination of elements unleashed upon him.

Despite Azrael's valiant efforts, it became evident that Argon's newfound lightning power and techniques granted him an overwhelming advantage. With each strike, Argon's power threatened to overpower Azrael, his lightning-infused attacks leaving Azrael on the defensive.

Amidst the intense clash, Azrael's respect for Argon grew. He marveled at his Lord's strength and adaptability, realizing that he still had much to learn and cultivate to match his master's prowess.

"My Lord, your lightning power is truly awe-inspiring," Azrael acknowledged, his voice filled with admiration. "I can only strive to reach such heights in my own cultivation. Thank you for this valuable opportunity to spar with you."

Argon's lightning-wreathed fists gradually subsided as he took a moment to catch his breath. He regarded Azrael with a nod of appreciation.

"Azrael, you yourself are really formidable in your own way." Argon commended, his voice laced with gratitude. "Continue honing your abilities, and one day, you will reach new heights in your cultivation."

"Azrael, you yourself are truly formidable in your own way," Argon commended, his voice filled with gratitude and respect. "Your dedication and skill in swordsmanship, combined with your dark element, make you a formidable opponent. I have no doubt that with continued honing of your abilities, you will reach new heights in your cultivation."

As the spar came to an end, Argon, and Azrael lowered their guard, catching their breath. A sense of accomplishment and camaraderie filled the air between them.

Argon turned to Azrael and asked with a curious expression, "Azrael, has anything happened on the third-floor floating island? I sensed some disturbances."

Azrael furrowed his brows, recalling the recent events. "There was a small skirmish, my Lord," he replied. "It seems the Aetherial Dragon ventured into the territory of the Skyhunter and engaged in a battle. I believe it was merely due to its boredom and territorial instincts."

Argon's surprise was evident as he processed the information. "Well, that's a problem," he muttered. "If no one enters the third floor, these monsters will continue to clash with each other. Should I intervene and prohibit them from killing each other?"

Azrael hesitated for a moment before answering, "It's your choice, my Lord."

Argon pondered and contemplated the consequences of his decision. He didn't want to impose his will on the world within his tower, but at the same time, he felt a responsibility to maintain order and prevent unnecessary bloodshed.

'Well, since the monsters can revive, so it doesn't matter if they kill each other.' Argon thought.

Finally, he made up his mind. "Ok, I won't interfere for now," Argon declared with a determined expression. "Let the monsters within the third floor find their own equilibrium. If the situation escalates beyond control or threatens the stability of the entire floor, then I'll step in."

Azrael nodded, acknowledging his Lord's decision. "As you wish, my Lord. I trust in your judgment and wisdom."

Argon nodded in approval, appreciating Azrael's loyalty and understanding. However, his attention shifted as he remembered an urgent matter that required immediate action.

"Also, Azrael, I need you to go to the Eternal City," Argon commanded, his tone authoritative. "Tan Zong reported to me that yesterday night, forces from the Azure Continent attacked a group from the Eternal City. While I don't really care about them killing each other, if their clash is getting out of control and affecting the stability of the Eternal City, you need to stop it."

Azrael's eyes widened, his loyalty to Argon overriding any concerns he might have had. "Understood, my Lord," he responded with unwavering determination. "I will make my way to the Eternal City immediately and intervene if necessary. Rest assured, I will ensure that their conflict doesn't disrupt the tranquility of Eternal City."

Argon acknowledged Azrael's commitment with a nod of approval. "Good. Handle the situation swiftly and efficiently. Remember, we may be seen as evil in nature, but we cannot let chaos reign unchecked. Maintain the order we have established."

Azrael bowed respectfully. "I will fulfill my duty, my Lord, and bring stability to the Eternal City. Your will shall be done."

With their dialogue concluded, Azrael turned to depart, his footsteps resolute and purposeful. Meanwhile, Argon remained on the training ground, honing his understanding of the law.

With their dialogue concluded, Azrael turned to depart, his footsteps resolute and purposeful. Meanwhile, Argon remained on the training ground, surrounded by an ethereal aura of cultivation. He focused his attention on harnessing the immense power of the law, delving deeper into its intricacies, and refining his understanding.

Arcane symbols danced in the air around Argon as he channeled his energy, seeking enlightenment in the profound mysteries of the cultivation world. His eyes glowed with an intense determination, reflecting the fiery passion within his soul. Each movement, each gesture, carried the weight of countless hours spent in solitary practice, honing his skills to perfection.

As Argon immersed himself in the cultivation process, the training ground pulsated with raw energy. The very fabric of reality seemed to bend and twist under his command, responding to his unwavering will. He embraced the essence of the law, drawing power from the world itself, and shaping it to his desires.