

I Created 206

Chapter 206 206: Battle Between Two Continent (Part 1)

"Fire, Earth, Water, and Lightning," he said, his voice resonating with conviction. "You are the building blocks of existence, the forces that shape this world. I seek to wield your power with mastery, to embody the essence of each element and transcend my limitations."

As if in response, the flames danced higher, the earth beneath him rumbled, water droplets swirled faster, and lightning crackled with increased intensity. It was as if the elements acknowledged his determination and urged him to press on.

Argon continued, his voice filled with a mix of reverence and determination. "I will persist in my pursuit of enlightenment. I will refine my techniques and harmonize my Qi with the laws until I can wield them as an extension of my being. The challenges that lie ahead will test my resolve, but I am prepared to face them head-on."

He resumed his training, focusing his Qi with renewed vigor and dedication. With each passing day, his understanding deepened, and the subtle threads connecting the elements became clearer. Though progress was slow, Argon remained steadfast, knowing that true mastery required time, patience, and unwavering commitment.

As Argon immersed himself in his training, the tranquility of the chamber was interrupted by a gentle knock on the door. The sound echoed through the room, drawing Argon's attention away from the elements before him.

Turning his gaze towards the door, he saw the familiar figure of a robot maid standing at attention. Her metallic frame gleamed in the soft light, and her eyes, adorned with a digital display, held a sense of purpose.

"My Lord," the robot maid spoke in a melodic voice, "Sir Azrael is waiting for you in the throne room."

Argon's curiosity was piqued. Azrael, his trusted subordinate, seldom requested an audience unless there was something of importance to report. Intrigued by the unexpected summons, Argon nodded and rose from his training stance.

"Thank you," he replied to the robot maid. "Please inform Azrael that I will meet him there shortly."

The robot maid bowed respectfully before turning and departing from the training chamber, her mechanical movements precise and efficient.

As Argon made his way through the corridors, he reflected on the last month in the Eternal City. Though he had been engrossed in his cultivation and dungeon management, he knew that the city continued to thrive, its inhabitants navigating the ebb and flow of daily life.

Upon reaching the grand doors of the throne room, Argon pushed them open, revealing a sight that exuded both elegance and authority. Azrael stood near the throne, his posture confident and his expression serious.

"Greetings, My Lord." Azrael greeted Argon respectfully.

Argon returned the greeting with a nod, his eyes scanning Azrael's face for any signs of urgency or concern. "Azrael, what news do you bring?"

Azrael's tone was measured. "My Lord, the conflict between the forces of the Azure Continent, the Dark Moon Clan, and Alix has escalated significantly. What began as a dispute over an auction item has evolved into a battle of considerable magnitude." "I think you should take a look at

Argon's brows furrowed, his mind calculating the implications of such a clash. "And what of the Three Kingdoms? Have they taken sides in this conflict?"

Azrael's expression hardened. "Many forces in the Three Kingdoms have chosen to support Alix, My Lord. They are unhappy with the Azure Continent's perceived arrogance and the way they go to their territory to snatch the auction item away from Alix. The battle has grown beyond mere factions; it has turned into a battle between continents."

Argon's eyes narrowed, a flicker of concern crossing his features. Though he cared little for the motivations behind the conflict, the loss of countless lives could impact his dungeon's resources.

"Tell me, Azrael," Argon spoke with a touch of caution, "have there been substantial casualties? The lives lost in this battle could potentially affect the flow of souls into my dungeon."

Azrael's gaze met Argon's, his voice steady and resolute. "No, My Lord. The conflict has only just begun, and casualties have been minimal thus far. The Dark Moon Clan is a formidable force, and

they do not fear the combined might of the Three Kingdoms. The battles are intense, but the forces are still testing each other's strength."

A sense of relief washed over Argon, his concern momentarily alleviated. "Good," he replied, his tone tinged with reassurance. "I care little for their motivations, but the loss of lives would have repercussions beyond the battlefield."

Azrael nodded in understanding. "I share your sentiments, My Lord. I will continue to monitor the situation closely, ensuring that our dungeon remains prepared for any possible outcomes."

Argon's gaze shifted to the throne, his thoughts momentarily drifting to the potential influx of soul coins. But he quickly refocused his attention on the larger picture. "Very well, Azrael. I trust you to keep a close eye on the situation. Report any significant developments to me promptly." he continued, "Remember, Azrael, our primary concern is the preservation of life. Should the battles escalate and casualties increase, we must find a way to mitigate the loss."

Azrael nodded, his loyalty unwavering. "As you command, My Lord. I shall continue to monitor the situation and provide you with regular updates."

Inside his manor, Alix sat at the center of a grand table, his five vice-captains gathered around him. The worry etched on their faces mirrored the gravity of the situation.

Eryx, the eldest among them, spoke first, his voice filled with concern. "Alix, it is not your fault that the conflict has escalated to this extent. They have brought this upon themselves." he continued. "The Dark Moon Clan's pride and greed have fueled this strife. They were willing to go to extreme lengths just to lay their hands on that armor."

Alix sighed, his expression a mix of frustration and disbelief. "I can't believe they would go this far just to obtain the armor. Is its value truly worth the lives that will be lost?"

Nox, known for his calm demeanor, chimed in. "Their actions reflect the depths of their desperation, Alix. They believe the armor holds unimaginable power and are willing to risk everything to claim it."