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Chapter 304 304: The Clash Of Two Power (part 2)

The stone walls of the chamber fractured and splintered as the ground beneath them gave way. With an earth-shaking roar, the entire chamber collapsed into itself, forming a colossal crater in the heart of the Veiled Forest. Trees were uprooted, and the very earth trembled as the clash of Argon's dragon claw and the demon hand continued.

Azrael, protected by the sheer force of Argon's intervention, could only watch in awe as the two colossal powers battled for supremacy. He knew that this was beyond anything he had ever witnessed.

The demon hand, fueled by its wrath and determination to reclaim the severed limb, was formidable. But Argon's dragon claw, a symbol of his authority and might, was an indomitable force to be reckoned with. The clash of these two extraordinary entities created a maelstrom of energy.

The very air crackled with the intensity of their battle. A whirlwind of different laws intermingled, forming an otherworldly vortex that threatened to consume everything in its path. The clash of Argon's dragon claw and the demon hand was a spectacle that defied the laws of cultivation, a cataclysmic clash of titans.

As Azrael watched in awe and disbelief, the cataclysmic clash between Argon's dragon claw and the furious demon hand continued to wreak havoc upon the Veiled Forest. The once-still chamber had become a raging battleground where titanic forces collided, reshaping the very landscape.

But amid the chaos and destruction, Azrael's connection with his lord, Argon, remained intact. In the depths of his consciousness, he heard the voice of Argon, urgently and resolutely commanding him.

"Azrael, go inside the portal now!! I can't stop this guy for long," Argon's voice resonated within Azrael's mind, carrying a note of urgency that cut through the turmoil of the clash.

Azrael's dazed and mesmerized state was shattered by his lord's command. With newfound clarity, he realized the importance of the mission's completion. Argon, in his wisdom and immense power, had intervened to save Azrael and ensure the safekeeping of the demon emperor's hand.

Without hesitation, Azrael turned and rushed towards the portal, the box containing the severed hand held firmly in his grasp. The winds of the chaotic battle tugged at his form as he leaped through the shimmering gateway just as it closed behind him.

On the other side of the portal, in the realm controlled by Argon, Azrael emerged, his heart still racing from the intensity of the events he had witnessed. The chamber, the Veiled Forest, and the cataclysmic clash were now far behind him.

Back in the chamber of the Veiled Forest, Argon withdrew his colossal dragon claw, casting a final, commanding gaze at the still-angry demon hand. The demon bellowed in frustration, shaking the very foundations of the chamber. It shouted, "Come back here!!!"

However, before the demon could unleash its full fury, an unforeseen event occurred. The demon's hand, poised to pursue Azrael, was suddenly struck by a series of brilliant, electric-blue lightning bolts. These bolts of energy crackled with power and carried a profound force that halted the demon's advance.

The demon's hand convulsed and spasmed, wracked by the searing pain of the lightning strikes. It roared in agony, its form quaking as it struggled against the mysterious restraints. The restriction in the Azure Continent had taken effect, a powerful safeguard set in place by an enigmatic force.

Argon, from his side of the portal, observed with a calculated and satisfied expression. The restrictions placed on the Azure Continent were not easily overcome by any being, no matter their strength.

With a final, resonant command, Argon sealed the portal, cutting off any connection between the demon hand and their realm. The severed limb, still under the influence of the lightning restrictions, was left to writhe in agony, its furious cries echoing as the portal closed, sealing it away.

In the aftermath of the cataclysmic clash, the Veiled Forest was left scarred and transformed. The echoes of the battle continued to reverberate, but the immediate danger had passed. The demon's pursuit of the emperor's hand had been thwarted, and Azrael was safe within Argon's realm.

With the cataclysmic clash in the Veiled Forest behind them, Argon, in his dragon form, slowly began to transform back into his humanoid shape. The tremendous power that he had unleashed now receded, revealing his more human-like appearance. His dragon scales gave way to human skin, and his imposing size reduced to that of a powerful figure.

Argon's thoughts were a mix of respect and acknowledgment for the formidable adversary he had just faced. "Damn, that guy is so strong," he mused inwardly. "I already used all my strength, all the laws I've learned, but still, I can only stop that guy for a little time."

He looked down at his arm, which bore the marks of the clash. In his dragon form, his arm had been a symbol of his dominance and power. Now, it was injured, a testament to the sheer force of the battle. Argon immediately retrieved a six-star healing pill, a potent artifact from his inventory, and consumed it.

The pill's effects were immediate. The injuries on Argon's arm began to mend rapidly, the pain subsiding as the healing properties of the pill worked their magic. With a satisfied nod, Argon knew that his body would soon be restored to its full strength.

Turning his gaze from his own injuries, Argon looked at Azrael, who knelt before him. The loyal disciple had carried out his mission, even in the face of such overwhelming adversity. Azrael's unwavering dedication and courage were a testament to his worthiness.

Argon, in his humanoid form, remained seated on his majestic throne. With a commanding yet benevolent presence, he addressed Azrael. "You have done well, Azrael," he began, his voice resonating with a sense of pride and approval. "Securing the demon emperor's hand was no easy task, and you showed exceptional resolve."

Azrael, still in a kneeling position, raised his head, his crimson eyes meeting Argon's. "Thank you, my lord," he replied with respect, his voice unwavering in its loyalty. "I am honored to have served you."