

I Created 329

Chapter 329

In the aftermath of her powerful strike, Elara's strength wanes dramatically. The surge of power that had elevated her cultivation level begins to fade, leaving her drained and vulnerable. Her legs give out beneath her, and she slumps to the ground, unable to muster the strength to stand. The sword falls from her grasp, its glow dimming as it clatters to the ground beside her.

The Skyhunter, despite the injuries inflicted by Elara's Radiant Dawn Strike, seizes upon her moment of weakness. With a primal roar, it lunges towards Elara, intent on delivering a killing blow. The beast's eyes gleam with a savage hunger, its body propelled forward by the remnants of its wind technique.

From afar, Althea watches in horror. Engaged in her own fierce battle, she's powerless to intervene. Her heart pounds against her chest, fear and desperation clouding her vision. "No!" she cries out, her voice laced with anguish, but her opponent demands her full attention, preventing her from rushing to Elara's aid.

Just as the Skyhunter's claws are about to strike Elara, a figure clad in gleaming dragon armor interposes itself between them. It's Alix, his arrival as sudden as it is timely. The dragon armor, a 7-star artifact known for its defensive capabilities, shimmers with a protective aura, allowing him to block the Skyhunter's attack effortlessly.

"Are you okay, Elara?" Alix asks, his voice calm yet laced with concern. He stands protectively in front of her, his stance unwavering as he faces down the beast.

Elara, momentarily dazed by the sudden turn of events, looks up at Alix. The sight of him, glowing in his dragon armor, takes her breath away. Her cheeks flush a deep red, embarrassment mixing with relief and a sense of awe. For a moment, the chaos of the battlefield fades, and all she can see is Alix, her protector.

"Wh-why are you so late?" she stammers, her voice barely above a whisper. She covers her face with her hands, unable to meet his gaze directly, her cheeks burning with a warmth that has nothing to do with the battle.

As Alix stands before her, his presence like a beacon of hope amidst the chaos, Elara's heart races with a mix of emotions. She's overwhelmed by gratitude, relief, and something else she can't quite place--a fluttering sensation in her chest that she's long tried to ignore.

"Sorry," Alix says, his tone apologetic. "I... I had some trouble with the armor activation." He scratches the back of his head, a sheepish smile playing on his lips. "Took me longer than expected."

Elara's lips twitch into a faint smile beneath her hands, her cheeks still burning with embarrassment. "Well, you're here now," she murmurs, her voice muffled by her palms. "That's all that matters."

Alix's eyes soften as he looks down at Elara, his concern for her evident in his gaze. The dragon armor emits a soft glow, the intricate scales etched into its surface shimmering with an otherworldly light. This armor, a symbol of his achievement in reaching the Core Formation Realm, now serves as a testament to his determination to protect Elara at all costs.

Despite the gravity of the situation, a moment of unspoken understanding passes between them. Alix's feelings for Elara, long suppressed due to the difference in their status and his own reservations, find a silent voice in his actions. His arrival in the nick of time, his protective stance, and the concern etched into his features speak louder than words ever could.

Elara, despite her initial embarrassment, senses the depth of Alix's feelings. The realization brings a new layer of complexity to her emotions. The fluttering in her chest grows stronger, a sign of her own feelings beginning to surface amidst the chaos of battle and the threat of the Skyhunter.

The Skyhunter, momentarily thwarted by Alix's intervention, regroups for another attack. Its primal instincts, fueled by rage and pain, drive it to lash out with even greater ferocity. But Alix, standing firm in his dragon armor, readies himself to face the beast head-on, his resolve unwavering.

"I won't let anything happen to you," Alix declares, his voice steady and full of promise. He turns his attention back to the Skyhunter, his posture ready for combat, the dragon armor glowing brighter as if responding to his resolve.

Alix, feeling the weight of the moment, knows he must do more than just defend. He taps into his bloodline, the Fiery God Monkey, a lineage renowned for its immense power and agility. Concentrating deeply, Alix begins the transformation, his body undergoing a miraculous change. His appearance shifts, taking on characteristics of the Fiery God Monkey, his eyes blazing with a fierce, fiery light.

Despite his daily practice, Alix can currently exert only five percent of his bloodline's power. Yet, even this small fraction is formidable. He feels a surge of strength and agility coursing through his veins, a raw energy that he's only begun to tap into.

Facing the Skyhunter, Alix prepares to unleash his newly acquired technique, "Blazing Fist of the Fiery God." His fists ignite with flames, a manifestation of his bloodline's power, casting a warm glow on the battlefield.

The Skyhunter, sensing the shift in Alix's power, hesitates momentarily, its instincts warning it of the danger. But driven by its primal nature, it launches itself at Alix with renewed vigor, its claws aimed to strike with lethal force.

Alix moves with a speed and grace that belies his armored form, dodging the Skyhunter's attack with ease. He counters with a powerful strike, his Blazing Fist of the Fiery God connecting with the beast. The impact sends a shockwave through the air, the flames enveloping the Skyhunter in a
Despite the power behind his attack, Alix knows he must be cautious. His control over his bloodline's power is still limited, and each move requires careful concentration. "Stay back, Elara!" he warns, glancing briefly over his shoulder to ensure she's safe. "This might get dangerous."