

## I Created 330

### Chapter 330

As Alix and the Skyhunter engage in their fierce battle, it becomes clear that the odds are stacked against them. Despite Alix's valiant efforts and the formidable power of his Blazing Fist of the Fiery God technique, the Skyhunter proves to be a relentless adversary.

With each clash, the ground trembles beneath their feet, and the air crackles with the intensity of their confrontation. Alix's fiery punches meet the Skyhunter's ferocious onslaught, creating a dazzling display of light and sound that echoes across the battlefield.

Elara, though weakened, watches the battle unfold with bated breath, her heart pounding in her chest. She can see the strain on Alix's face as he fights to maintain his ground against the monstrous beast. Despite his Core Formation Realm cultivation, Alix fights with a determination and skill that far surpasses his current level.

The Skyhunter, driven by its primal instincts, refuses to yield. It unleashes a barrage of attacks, each strike imbued with the full force of its Soul Strengthening Realm power. Alix, pushed to his limits, struggles to keep pace, his movements becoming more labored with each passing moment.

In a desperate bid to gain the upper hand, Alix channels more of his bloodline's power into his Blazing Fist of the Fiery God technique. The flames intensify, engulfing the Skyhunter in a searing inferno that threatens to consume it whole. For a brief moment, it seems as though Alix might emerge victorious.

But the Skyhunter, fueled by its primal rage, refuses to succumb. With a defiant roar, it summons its own technique, a whirlwind of razor-sharp winds that threaten to extinguish Alix's flames. The two opposing forces clash with explosive force, sending shockwaves rippling through the air.

Despite his best efforts, Alix finds himself locked in a stalemate with the Skyhunter. Their powers are evenly matched, and neither is able to gain the upper hand. Each strike Alix lands is met with a counterattack from the Skyhunter, and vice versa. The battle rages on, the combatants locked in a deadly dance of fire and fury.

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Far from the battlefield, in the majestic Dragon Throne Chamber, Argon watches the ongoing fight unfold on a floating, shimmering screen before him. His gaze is sharp, and analytical, betraying none of the emotions that might be stirring within.

"This guy is clearly like a protagonist," Argon comments lowly, his voice echoing slightly in the vast chamber. The remark is more to himself than anyone else, a musing on the resilience and determination Alix displays against overwhelming odds.

Isadora, a royal-blood vampire with a presence as commanding as her status, stands at Argon's side. Her curiosity piqued, she inquires softly, "My Lord, what is a protagonist?" Her voice is a melodious contrast to the low rumble of Argon's, yet carries an authority befitting her royal lineage.

Argon turns slightly, his eyes still on the screen, and explains, "Ohh, it's like someone who has so much luck and is favored by the heavens. Which is most likely can achieve great things in his life." His tone is matter-of-fact, as if describing a well-known fact to a curious student.

The chamber, filled with an assortment of powerful beings, falls silent as they digest Argon's words. Ma Kong, a huge minotaur with muscles that seem to ripple with every movement, breaks the silence. His voice booms throughout the chamber, "If that's the case, should we dispose of this human, My Lord?" The suggestion hangs in the air, heavy with implications.

Azrael, a shadow swordsman whose presence is almost as elusive as the shadows he wields, adds his voice to the conversation. "Ma Kong is correct, my lord. If this human continues to grow, he will become a threat to the dungeon." His words, though spoken softly, carry a weight of concern for the future, highlighting the potential danger Alix could pose if left unchecked.

Argon's words reverberate through the chamber, a clear indication of his confidence and the control he wields over the situation. "Let him be for now. Despite his admirable strength and determination, does not pose a threat to us," he continues, his voice carrying a sense of finality that leaves no room for further debate.

Isadora nods in understanding, her eyes reflecting the wisdom of centuries. "As you wish, My Lord. It's fascinating, though, to witness such a display of willpower and courage from a human," she muses, her gaze returning to the shimmering screen, where Alix continues his desperate struggle against the Skyhunter.

Ma Kong, his question answered, grunts in acknowledgment, his massive form shifting slightly as he settles back to watch the unfolding drama. The rest of the chamber's occupants follow suit, their attention once again captivated by the battle raging on the screen.

In the relative calm of the Dragon Throne Chamber, far removed from the chaos of the battlefield, Argon shifts his attention from the ongoing fight to the broader scheme of things. With a war casting its shadow over the land. Argon has accumulated one million soul coins.

"System, spend half of my soul coins to buy guards in Elemental Nexus City," Argon commands, his voice resonating with authority, directed at the invisible system interface only he can interact with. "I require two Soul Strengthening guards for high-level protection, and an assortment of guards of lower cultivation for general security."

The system, an entity that exists beyond the physical realm, responds promptly, "Affirmative, host."

As if conjured by magic, in the Elemental Nexus City, a host of guards begin to materialize out of thin air. The city, currently devoid of its usual bustle and activity due to the ongoing conflict, suddenly finds itself under the watchful eyes of these newly appointed protectors. The two Soul Strengthening guards stand as imposing figures, radiating an aura of power and authority, while the lower cultivation guards take up strategic positions throughout the city, ensuring every corner is under surveillance.

Observing the efficient deployment of his new forces, Argon nods in approval. The Elemental Nexus City, a strategic location with its own unique advantages, is now fortified, ready to face any unruly people.

"Now, open it to the public," he instructs the system, his voice imbued with a sense of grandeur. "Let's see what kind of characters this new development attracts."

As Argon gives the command, the system acknowledges, "Opening Elemental Nexus City to the public."