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Chapter 339

The crowd erupts into cheers and applause, their enthusiasm unabated by his humble words. The young cultivator who had expressed his desire to join the Phoenix Blade looks on with renewed determination, his resolve strengthened by Alix's words.

Inside the Phoenix Blade Group Store, the atmosphere is charged with a sense of anticipation as Alix, the leader of the Phoenix Blade, steps through the door. His presence immediately shifts the dynamic of the room; the air seems to thrum with the energy of his accomplishments and the respect he commands.

As he strides in, Alix's eyes scan the interior of the store, a look of pride evident on his face. This store is more than just a business; it's a tangible representation of his group's hard-fought victories and adventures. The shelves lined with artifacts and the walls adorned with weapons are testaments to the trials they've overcome and the successes they've achieved.

"I need the highest grade healing pills you have," Alix urges the store assistant, his tone firm yet polite. The assistant nods, recognizing the urgency of his request, and hurries to fulfill it.

While waiting, Alix continues to survey the store, his gaze lingering on each item as if reminiscing about the journeys that led to their acquisition. However, as his eyes inadvertently meet Argon's, a sudden, inexplicable fear grips him. It's a primal, deep-seated fear that seems to awaken from the very marrow of his bones, a feeling so intense that it momentarily paralyzes him.

Alix's heart pounds in his chest, his instincts screaming at him to identify the source of this profound dread. But when he looks around again, trying to pinpoint what or who could have triggered such a reaction, he finds nothing amiss. The store is just as it was, filled with patrons and the gentle hum of conversation. The unsettling sensation fades as quickly as it arrives, leaving Alix puzzled and slightly shaken.

Trying to shake off the feeling, Alix focuses on the task at hand, but the encounter leaves him with an uneasy sense of vigilance. He wonders briefly if his senses are playing tricks on him, or if there's more to the store at this moment than meets the eye.

Meanwhile, Argon, observing from a distance, remains outwardly impassive, his disguise concealing any sign of his true nature. Inside, however, he's intrigued by Alix's reaction. It's a reminder of the power of his race towards another divine beast, a power so profound that even without revealing himself, his presence alone can instill fear in the hearts of any divine beast.

Watching Alix's fleeting moment of vulnerability, Argon contemplates the implications silently, a thoughtful expression masked by his disguise. He muses to himself, "This guy's blood concentration of the divine beast might be thicker than I expected." The realization brings a depth of intrigue to Argon's interest in Alix, far beyond the typical curiosity of a dungeon master observing a promising adventurer.

The notion that Alix might carry a significant lineage of divine beast blood explains the instinctual reaction, a primal fear awakened by the presence of Argon's overwhelming dragon power. It also suggests that Alix's potential in the cultivation world could be far greater than even he might currently realize.

Argon's thoughts are interrupted as Alix, having completed his transaction, prepares to leave the store. The crowd outside, still buzzing with excitement at the sight of their hero, parts to let him pass, their cheers and words of encouragement following him as he disappears into the night.

Leaving behind the Phoenix Blade Group Store and the intriguing encounter with Alix, Argon decides to shift his focus to another aspect of the Elemental City—the cultivation rooms within the Fire Element District. As he makes his way through the vibrant streets, illuminated by the soft glow of fire-element lanterns, the bustling energy of the city transitions into a more focused, intense atmosphere as he approaches the cultivation rooms.

The Fire Element District has intense heat and vibrant energy, qualities that are mirrored in its architecture and the demeanor of its inhabitants. The buildings here are crafted from materials that can withstand extreme temperatures, their surfaces etched with runes and symbols that glow softly in the dim light.

As Argon arrives at the cultivation room, he observes a long line of cultivators waiting for their turn to enter. The air is thick with anticipation and the faint, underlying scent of brimstone—a reminder of the elemental power that dominates this district. The cultivators, ranging from young novices to seasoned warriors, stand in line with a disciplined patience, their eyes focused and their auras simmering with contained power.

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Among the waiting cultivators, snippets of conversation float through the air, revealing their thoughts and strategies.

"I heard the 5000 soul coin room has a much faster cultivation speed, but who has that kind of money to spend on a single hour?" one cultivator laments to his companion, his voice tinged with a mix of envy and pragmatism.

"Exactly," his companion agrees, nodding. "Better to spend longer in the cheaper room and save the coins for essential pills and weapons. Every soul coin counts in the long run."

Another cultivator, a young woman with flames dancing in her eyes, speaks up from behind them. "But think about the breakthroughs we could achieve with just an hour in the higher-grade room. It's tempting, isn't it?"

Her comment sparks a round of nods and murmurs of agreement, but the consensus remains clear—the cost is a significant deterrent, leaving the higher-grade cultivation room untouched and pristine, a luxury few are willing to indulge in.

Argon watches the scene unfold, a slight smile playing on his lips. The careful calculations and considerations of the cultivators speak volumes about their dedication and the value they place on their resources. Yet, it also highlights the disparity between the wealthy and the average cultivator, a gap that even the opportunity for accelerated cultivation cannot bridge.