

I Created 109

Chapter 109 109: Middle-Stage Golden Core Realm

Argon sat back in his chair, taking a deep breath as he received the final reports on Cambion and Ma Kong. They had done well, completing the mission without any major setbacks or casualties. Suddenly, a system prompt popped up in front of him.

[Mission Complete: Find out who the white-robed cultivators are and where they come from. Discover their motives and their true power. Report back to the system with your findings.

Reward: cultivation rise to the next stage]

He quickly accepted the prompt and felt a surge of energy coursing through his body. His cultivation level began to rise rapidly, and before he knew it, he had broken through to the middle-stage.

Isadora, who had been standing by his side, was quick to congratulate him. "Congratulations, my lord," she said, her voice filled with genuine excitement. "You did it! You've broken through to the middle-stage!"

Argon opened his eyes, a smile spreading across his face. "Thanks, Isadora."

Isadora's cheeks flushed pink when she saw Argon smiling at her. Her heart always beat faster every time Argon's attention was on her. "It was my pleasure, my lord. I'm always here to assist you in any way I can."

Argon chuckled. "I know you are, Isadora. And I appreciate it more than you know."

He turned back to the system prompt, his mind racing with the possibilities. A cultivation rise to the next stage would bring him one step closer to his ultimate goal of becoming the most powerful cultivator in the realm.

"I need to find out who these white-robed cultivators are," Argon muttered to himself, his eyes narrowing in determination. "And I need to discover their true power, how strong they are."

Isadora nodded in agreement. "I'll help you in any way I can, my lord."

Argon smiled at her, grateful for her loyalty and dedication. "Thank you, Isadora. Your support means the world to me."

As he looked down at his soul coins, Argon saw that he had 3450 soul coins. He sighed, remembering that he had spent all his coins on the death knight. If it weren't for the exchange floor, he wouldn't have been able to replenish his soul coins so quickly.

Nonetheless, he was impressed that he had already accumulated such an amount. He couldn't help but imagine how much he would make every day once his dungeon became known in every corner of the world. The thought made him excited, and he couldn't wait to see his plans come to fruition.

"I wonder when my dungeon will become famous," he mused, tapping his fingers on the armrest of his chair. "I can't wait to see how much more I can earn."

Isadora nodded, a smile on her face. "I have no doubt that your dungeon will become well-known soon, my lord. And I will make sure to do everything in my power to support you."

Argon grinned. "I know you will, Isadora."

He leaned back on his throne, feeling a sense of satisfaction wash over him. With Isadora by his side, and his growing power and resources, he felt like nothing could stop him from achieving his dreams.

After some time, as he sat on his throne, feeling content, he suddenly felt a pang of boredom. The thrill of battle and the excitement of planning and executing strategies were all things that kept him occupied, but now that the mission was over, he found himself with nothing to do.

"Isadora," he said, turning to her with a mischievous glint in his eye. "I have a challenge for you."

Isadora's heart skipped a beat. She knew that whenever Argon got that look in his eye, it usually meant trouble. "What kind of challenge, my lord?"

Argon leaned forward in his chair, his gaze fixed on her. "I want you to use your charm on me at full power."

Isadora's eyes widened in surprise. "My lord, I wouldn't want to do anything that might harm you..."

"I know, Isadora. But I want to know if I'm strong enough to resist the charms of someone like you. It would be bad if I were to get defeated by someone similar to you," he said, a smirk playing at the corners of his lips.

Isadora hesitated for a moment before nodding. "Very well, my lord. But please be careful. My charm can be quite potent."

Argon chuckled. "I know. That's why I want to test myself."

Isadora took a deep breath and closed her eyes, focusing on her passive charm. It wasn't something she actively used, but rather something that radiated from her naturally, however, he can control it freely.

Isadora used her charm on Argon, and she could feel it reaching out to Argon, attempting to entice him.

But to her surprise, she felt a resistance. Argon was fighting back against her charm, using his own cultivation and willpower to push against it. She could feel a sense of determination emanating from him, and it made her heart swell with pride.

"Impressive, my lord," she said, opening her eyes and looking at him in admiration. "You have a strong will indeed."

Argon could only smile in response, his body drenched in sweat from the effort of resisting Isadora's charm. He knew that if it weren't for his dragon might and his strong will, he would have already given in to her allure.

But as he was about to make Isadora stop, he felt something awaken inside of him. It was a feeling he had never experienced before, a surge of power that seemed to come from within. And then he heard a mighty roar in his mind, a voice that he recognized as the voice of the ancestral dragon.

In the next moment, Argon felt an uncontrollable lust within him. He turned to Isadora, his eyes burning with desire. Isadora was surprised at first, but she quickly realized what was happening. Her charm had triggered something within him, something primal and powerful. And as she looked at him, she could see the raw passion in his eyes, and she couldn't help but feel excited by it.