

I Created 115

Chapter 115 115: Meeting The Black Robe Man

Argon's eyes lit up with excitement. "I see. Thank you for your information," he said with a smile, and then he handed the two qi stones to the cultivator. "Consider these as a small token of my gratitude."

The man's eyes widened with surprise at the sight of the qi stones. He knew their value and couldn't believe his luck in receiving them. He thanked Argon and bowed deeply before leaving the area.

Argon turned to Isadora and said, "Let's head straight to the mountains. I want to join the search for the treasure."

Isadora nodded, and they set out towards the entrance of the mountain range. They didn't fly but traveled on foot, wanting to avoid drawing any unnecessary attention to themselves.

As they entered the mountains, they walked for a while, and it wasn't even far from the entrance when they encountered trouble. Ten bandits stopped them, blocking their path.

Argon looked at the bandits with a straight face, knowing that his appearance as a rich young master might have made them think that he and Isadora were easy prey. But he was far from it.

Seeing the nonchalant appearance of the two, the bandit leader became fuming with anger. He then looked at Isadora with a lewd look, even though she had a veil covering her face, her beauty still stood out.

"Well, well, well," the bandit leader said with a grin. "What do we have here? A pretty little lady traveling with a rich young master? You two look like you have something valuable. Hand it over, and we might let you live."

Argon raised an eyebrow. "You must be mistaken," he said calmly. "We have nothing of value."

The bandit leader laughed. "Don't lie to me, boy. I can see that spirit stone in your pocket. And that pretty little lady with you, I bet she's worth a lot on the slave market."

He licked his lips and said, "She would look even better without that veil. Maybe I'll have some fun with her before we rob you."

Argon's eyes narrowed, and his patience was wearing thin. He looked at Isadora, and she knew what he wanted her to do. She muttered an incantation under her breath and waved her hand, and suddenly the bandits, excluding the leader, were under a charm spell.

She ordered the charm bandits to attack their leader, and they obeyed without question.

The bandit leader's expression changed from amusement to terror as his own men turned against him. He drew his sword, but it was too late. The charm bandits swarmed him, overwhelming him with their sheer numbers.

"What did you do to my men?" the bandit leader growled.

Isadora stepped forward, a mischievous smile on her face. "I charmed them," she said simply. "And now, they're not going to stop attacking you until you are dead."

The leader fought back, trying to cut down his former men, but he was outnumbered and outmatched. His sword was knocked out of his hand, and he was thrown to the ground. The charm bandits continued their assault, tearing him apart limb by limb.

"Stop!" he screamed. "Stop, you fools! I'm your leader!" But his words fell on deaf ears. His minions continued their assault him.

Isadora and Argon watched with satisfaction as the bandit leader died gruesomely in the hands of his minions. His screams echoed through the mountains as he was torn apart. It was a satisfying sight, watching the man who had threatened them meet his end in such a gruesome way.

Argon and Isadora looked on as the bandit leader took his last breath. His eyes were wide with terror, and his mouth was twisted into a grimace of pain.

As the last of the bandits fell, Isadora released the charm spell, and the bandits' bodies fell to the ground like ragdolls. Argon approached the bandit leader's remains and picked up his sword. He examined it, then tossed it aside with a look of disgust.

"That was satisfying," Isadora said with a smile.

Argon nodded. "Indeed it was," he said, a smirk on his lips. "Let's go. We have treasure to find."

As they continued deeper into the mountains, Argon and Isadora encountered more beasts, but they were no match for their skills. The strongest beast they encountered was only an Opening Qi beast, and they easily dispatched it without breaking a sweat.

Suddenly, they heard a woman's voice crying out for help. Argon signaled Isadora to follow him as they rushed towards the sound of the woman's voice. When they arrived, they saw a group of cultivators attacking a lone woman.

The woman was badly injured and surrounded by her attackers, who demanded that she reveal the location of the treasure they were seeking. Despite her injuries, she refused to speak, even if it meant her death. She had already lost all her companions to these ruthless cultivators, and she would not betray them.

Argon stepped forward, his voice cold and deadly. "Release her," he said calmly. "Or face the consequences."

The cultivators turned to face him, surprised at his sudden appearance. "Mind your own business, little boy," one of them said with a sneer. "This doesn't concern you."

Argon's eyes narrowed. "You are making a mistake."

Isadora stepped forward, and with a flick of her finger, she unleashed a powerful spiritual pressure that sent the cultivators flying in all directions. They landed with a thud on the ground, unconscious.

The woman looked at Argon and Isadora with gratitude. "Thank you," she said, tears in her eyes. "You saved my life."

Argon nodded. "We couldn't stand by and watch you suffer," he said. "What happened to your companions?"

The woman's face darkened. "They're all dead," she said, her voice trembling with anger. "These cultivators killed them all in their search for the treasure. I would rather die than betray them."

Argon's eyes softened. "We understand," he said. "We won't ask you to betray your companions. But we will help you find the treasure and put an end to these ruthless cultivators."

The woman looked at him with surprise. "You would do that for me?" she asked.

Argon smiled. "We will do that for justice," he said. "And for those who have suffered at the hands of these cultivators."

Together, they set out towards the location of the treasure. It was hard to tell whether Argon was genuine or just acting.

As they walked deeper into the forest, the woman led them to a hidden cave. "The location of the treasure is inside," she said, pointing to the entrance. "But I cannot go with you. I don't want to explore this cave. This is the reason why my group met their end."

Argon nodded understandingly. "Thank you for your help," he said. "We will take it from here."

She was the one who discovered the cave with a white light coming out of it, and she immediately went back to her companions to tell them what she had discovered. However, she did not know that a group of people had overheard their conversation. As a result, all of her friends died because of her.

The woman bid them farewell and left, disappearing into the trees. Argon and Isadora approached the entrance of the cave, their senses on high alert.

As they entered the cave, Argon was surprised to see that it was much smaller than he had expected. He had thought they would need to navigate a complex underground system, but instead, there was only a small room with a blood-colored array in the center.

Suddenly, they heard a voice that made. "Another meal has come," it said.

Argon turned to see who had spoken and was surprised to see the same person who had helped the Plague Sect. He remained calm, despite his surprise.

"Did you two expect a treasure?" the person said, grinning. "But I will disappoint you, there is no treasure here."

Argon and Isadora exchanged a look of understanding. "Then what is this place?" Argon asked.

The black-robed man chuckled. "This is where I train my martial arts. And where I feed." He gestured to the blood-colored array. "I cultivate the blood element, you see. And this array helps me do it."

"You're a blood cultivator?" Argon asked.

The man nodded. "Yes, I am. And you two have just stumbled upon my feeding ground." He stepped forward, his eyes fixed on Argon. "But you, young man, you have a surprising level of cultivation for someone your age. Middle-stage Golden Core Realm, is it?"

He then looked at Isadora. "But what about you, little maid? What's your cultivation level?"

Isadora remained silent, her face expressionless.

The man laughed. "Ah, you're just an ordinary maid, aren't you?" he said. "Well, it doesn't matter. You can still be a tasty snack for my pets."

Argon's eyes flashed with anger. "Your pets?" he repeated. "What are you talking about?"

The man's grin widened. "You'll see," he said. "But first, let me test your skills." He drew his own sword and charged towards them, his eyes filled with bloodlust.

Argon stood his ground, clenching his fists. He had no sword, but he was confident in his physical strength. As the black-robed man's sword swung towards him, Argon greeted it with a punch. The impact was so strong that it made the man fly back, his body hitting the cave wall with a loud thud. He struggled to stabilize himself to land, looking at Argon with a simplified expression. He couldn't believe that he, a peak Golden Core Realm cultivator, got sent flying by a middle-stage Golden Core boy who didn't even use a weapon.