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Chapter 119 119: Wind-Type Tiger

Argon simply smiled, "You really don't want to know the answer to that question." His eyes glinted dangerously, causing the leader to take a step back.

In the end, the group of cultivators backed down, realizing they had underestimated the strength of Argon and Isadora. They quickly made their retreat, muttering insults under their breath. Argon and Isadora continued on their way, unfazed by the encounter.

"That was amusing," Argon chuckled, "These arrogant disciples have no idea who they are dealing with."

Isadora nodded, "Indeed, my lord. They were fortunate that we didn't take their insolence too seriously. But, they won't make the same mistake twice."

As they walked further, they eventually arrived at the place where the space crack was located. The area was bustling with people, cultivators of all levels and from different sects. They had gathered there in hopes of finding treasures or entering the space crack to cultivate and improve their strength.

The reason why Argon chose this city was because of the space crack located within it.

Argon and Isadora were amazed at the number of people present. They estimated there were at least millions of cultivators in the area. There were also numerous stores and stalls selling all sorts of cultivation resources and treasures. The noise and hustle of the place was almost overwhelming.

"Wow, this is incredible," Argon said in amazement. "So many people, and so many opportunities for us to gather soul coins."

Isadora nodded in agreement, "Yes, my lord. This is the perfect place to build your dungeon. With so many people gathering here, you'll have a constant stream of people entering the dungeon."

Argon smiled, "Exactly. But first, let's explore the space crack and see what it has to offer. I want to know what's inside of this space crack"

They began to make their way towards the entrance of the space crack, passing by various stalls and stores selling all kinds of cultivation resources and treasures. Argon couldn't help but stop and examine some of the items on display, his eyes gleaming with interest.

"Look at these cultivation pills," Argon said, picking up a bottle of pills. "They are made from rare herbs and could increase a cultivator's strength by one level, it's quite good."

Isadora looked over his shoulder and examined the pills. "But not as good, as the pills drop from our dungeon."

As they made their way towards the entrance of the space crack, they noticed that there were several groups of cultivators gathered together, some were discussing cultivation techniques while others were trading cultivation resources. Argon overheard some of the conversations and realized that some of the strongest sects in the region were present at this gathering.

"I see the Heavenly Sword Sect and the Thunderbolt Sect," Argon said, pointing towards two groups of cultivators. "Although the Heavenly Sword Sect is undoubtedly the strongest in the southern region, the Thunderbolt Sect is not to be trifled with either."

Isadora nodded, "Yes, my lord. It seems that this place is very important to them."

Argon smiled, "Good then. It's the best way to advertise our dungeon."

As they continued their way towards the space crack entrance, they noticed that the crowd had become denser, with more and more people gathering around the area. The noise level had also increased, with people shouting and bargaining over various items.

"Looks like we're getting closer," Argon said, glancing at the crowd. "I wonder how many people are inside."

Isadora scanned the area, "It's hard to tell, my lord. But I estimate that there are at least a few hundred people waiting to enter."

Argon nodded, "Good. That means we won't have to wait too long."

Finally, they arrived at the entrance of the space crack, where a massive stone gate had been erected. There were guards stationed at the gate, checking the cultivators' identities and cultivation levels before allowing them to enter.

Argon and Isadora waited patiently in line, observing the guards and the other cultivators around them. They could sense the excitement and anticipation in the air, as everyone was eager to enter the space crack and explore its secrets, or hope to find some treasures.

As they waited, Argon couldn't help but wonder what kind of treasures and dangers awaited them inside the space crack. He was determined to find out, and to build his dungeon in this area to take advantage of the constant stream of cultivators entering the space crack.

Finally, it was their turn to present themselves to the guards. Argon and Isadora stepped forward confidently, their cultivation levels clearly displayed for the guards to see. Argon displayed his original cultivation, middle-stage Golden Core realm. As for Isadora, she only displayed an early-stage Golden Core cultivation. The guards examined them carefully before nodding and allowing them to pass through the gate.

As they stepped through the massive stone gate, they were greeted with a strange sight. Inside the space crack looked no different from the outside world, with blue skies, green grass, and tall trees. However, the air felt different, charged with a strange energy that made anyone's hairs stand on end.

"Interesting," Argon said, examining his surroundings. "It's not what I expected, but it's definitely unique."

Isadora nodded, "Yes, my lord, though it's not much different from our dungeon."

As Argon and Isadora walked further into the space crack, they noticed that the environment around them started to change. The trees and grass started to become denser, and the air started to thicken with a strange energy.

Isadora suddenly stopped in her tracks, "My lord, I sense something strange ahead."

Argon nodded, "I sense it too. It's probably a trap set up by other cultivators to eliminate their competition."

They both cautiously moved forward, keeping their guard up as they approached the area where the danger was emanating from. As they got closer, they noticed a group of cultivators gathered around a small clearing, seemingly waiting for something.

One of the cultivators spotted Argon and Isadora and approached them, "What are you doing here? This is our territory, and we won't tolerate outsiders."

Argon just smirked, "Your territory? I don't see your sect's insignia anywhere. It seems like you're just a group of rogue cultivators trying to claim land for yourselves."

The cultivators' expression turned hostile, "How dare you insult us? We will teach you a lesson!"

Isadora stepped forward, her eyes glowing with a fierce intensity. She raised her hand and a powerful illusionary magic engulfed the entire area, causing the cultivators to feel disoriented and confused. They stumbled around blindly, unable to locate Argon and Isadora.

Argon took advantage of their confusion and struck swiftly with his hand, sending a blast of energy that shattered the ground and created a large crater. The rogue cultivators were thrown off their feet and struggled to get back up.

Isadora used her razor-sharp nails, which were like swords, and started slashing through the air. The nails cut through the cultivators' bodies, leaving deep wounds that refused to heal. Blood spilled all over the place as the rogue cultivators fell one by one.

Argon remained behind, watching with a cold detachment as Isadora fought the cultivators. Her movements were swift and deadly, and she seemed to enjoy the carnage she was inflicting. Argon knew that she was a monster, just like him, and he had no qualms about letting her loose on their enemies.

Finally, the last rogue cultivator fell to the ground, his body broken and bloodied. Isadora stood there, but with a satisfied smile on her face.

Argon stepped forward, "Well done, Isadora."

Isadora smiled, "Thank you, my lord. I love killing these foolish humans."

As the dust settled, Argon and Isadora surveyed the area, "Interesting. These cultivators seemed to be waiting for something. Let's see what it is."

They moved towards the center of the clearing, where they found a rare herb that was glowing with a soft golden light. The herb was unlike anything they had ever seen before, with delicate leaves that shimmered in the sunlight.

Argon picked up the herb, examining it closely, "This is a rare herb indeed. I've never seen anything like it before."

Isadora nodded, "My lord, I sense that this herb has great potential for cultivation. It could enhance one's spiritual energy and increase their strength."

Argon smiled, "Excellent, we'll take this back to the dungeon, I just thought of something I want to try."

As they were about to leave the clearing, they suddenly heard a loud roar. It was a wind element type tiger that had a cultivation base of middle-stage Golden Core realm, charging towards them.

The tiger was massive, with sleek, golden fur that seemed to shimmer in the sunlight. Its eyes were a bright green, and it had sharp, deadly claws that were ready to strike.

Argon turned to Isadora, "Stay back. I want to play with this tiger."

Isadora nodded, taking a few steps back, as Argon shifted his stance, preparing himself for the incoming attack. The tiger lunged at Argon, but he was quick to dodge, his movements so swift that it was hard to follow.

Argon retaliated with a powerful blast of fire energy, which hit the tiger's side, causing it to roar in pain. However, the tiger was quick to recover, its eyes locked on Argon as it charged towards him again.

Argon stood his ground, calling upon the earth element to strengthen his defense. As the tiger charged towards him, Argon created a powerful shield of earth around him, causing the tiger to crash into it, its claws digging deep into the ground.