

I Created 127

Chapter 127 127: Three Elemental Dragon

In the depths of the Dark Moon Clan's residence, in the clan master's quarters, a primal moan of pleasure filled the air.

The clan master's name was Garok, a powerful cultivator who had long ago merged with a monster spirit, giving him the appearance of a muscular half-human, half-wolf hybrid. His piercing dark eyes were filled with a primal hunger as he thrust himself into the three female monsters writhing beneath him.

His skin was rough and leathery, with patches of fur covering his powerful frame. His eyes were dark and intense, reflecting the primal lust that burned within him. His muscular arms held the three creatures in a tight embrace as he moved with a fierce rhythm, driving them all to the brink of ecstasy.

The first slave was a stunning creature with wings and shimmering scales that covered her body. She moaned with pleasure as the clan master gripped her tightly, his rough hands exploring every inch of her body.

The second was a creature with fur and claws, her wild eyes flashing with desire as the clan master thrust into her with a fierce intensity.

The third slave was the most beautiful of them all, with long black hair and hypnotic eyes that seemed to draw the clan master deeper into her spell with each passing moment.

Garok moved with a primal, almost animalistic energy, his massive hands gripping the slaves tightly as he pounded into them with wild abandon. His eyes glowed with a fierce hunger, and his breath came in ragged gasps as he approached his climax.

Just as he was about to release his seed, there was a sharp knock on the door. The clan master froze, his eyes narrowing as he listened intently. He recognized the aura of the person who knock - it was one of his most trusted right hand.

"Enter," Garok growled, his voice heavy with frustration. He withdrew from the monsters reluctantly, leaving them panting and moaning on the bed as he pulled on a robe to cover his massive form. The door opened to reveal a tall, lean figure with sharp features and a cold, calculating gaze.

The man bowed deeply before the clan master, his name was Thorn, Garok's right-hand man, and most trusted advisor. Garok raised an eyebrow, curious as to why Thorn was here at this hour.

"What is it, Thorn?" he asked, his voice deep and commanding.

Thorn straightened up, his eyes glinting with excitement. "My lord, I bring news from Skyhaven City," he said, his voice low and measured.

Garok leaned forward, his eyes narrowing with interest. "Go on," he said, his voice barely more than a growl.

Thorn cleared his throat before continuing. "The space crack in the city has been destroyed, my lord," he said, his voice filled with satisfaction.

Garok's eyes widened in surprise before he burst out laughing. "Well, well, it seems the Heavenly Sword Sect has suffered a misfortune," he said, his voice dripping with amusement.

Thorn nodded, a small smile playing at the corners of his lips. "But there's more, my lord," he said, his voice taking on a serious tone. "A tower has appeared where the space crack used to be."

Garok's eyes widened with interest. "A tower, you say?" he said, his voice low and measured.

Thorn nodded. "Yes, my lord. I believe it may hold great power, and I suggest we send a team to investigate," he said, his voice eager.

Garok nodded, a feral grin spreading across his face. "Very well, Thorn. You will lead the expedition," he said, his voice filled with anticipation.

Thorn bowed deeply before turning to leave, his mind already racing with plans and strategies. Garok watched him go, his eyes glittering with anticipation. The tower could hold great power, and he would stop at nothing to claim it for himself.

As Thorn left the room, Garok turned his attention back to the three slaves on the bed, ready to continue his pleasures. But before he could make a move, there was another knock on the door. This time, it was the captain of the military branch, a man Garok didn't particularly care for.

"What is it now?" he growled, his voice heavy with annoyance.

The door opened to reveal the captain of the military branch, a short, pudgy man with a nervous expression. Garok scowled at him, his eyes flashing with anger.

The captain swallowed nervously before speaking. "My lord, another slave has killed their master," he reported, his voice shaking.

He stood up from the bed, the three slaves now forgotten as he strode towards the captain. The air around him crackled with power, his anger palpable.

"How many times must I tell you fools?" he roared, his voice echoing through the room. "I will not tolerate incompetence in my clan! And you still don't know who's behind this?"

The captain cowered before him, stuttering out an apology. Garok dismissed him with a snarl, slamming the door shut with a powerful kick.

He paced back and forth, seething with anger. "Incompetent fools," he muttered under his breath. "I'll have to take matters into my own hands."

He turned to the slaves on the bed, his anger receding a little, a wicked grin spreading across his face. "But first, let's have some fun," he said, his voice low and hungry.

The room fell silent once more, the next moment, the sound of heavy breathing of the three slaves filled the room once again.

Argon sat cross-legged in his private chamber, his eyes closed as he focused his attention on his inner world. He took a deep breath and opened his status screen, his eyes scanning the various information displayed on it. As he looked at his soul coins, he couldn't help but feel a sense of pride. He had worked hard to accumulate them, and now he had amassed a total of 200,000 soul coins.

He had been using the soul coins to buy undead creatures and upgrade his subordinates' cultivation. His efforts had paid off, as all of his subordinates were now in the late-stage Golden Core realm. They were now untouchable in the three kingdoms, and Argon felt a sense of satisfaction in his accomplishments.

As he looked at his status screen, he felt a sudden urge to upgrade his own cultivation.

With a thought, he addressed the system. "Upgrade my cultivation to Core Formation Realm," he said firmly.

The system then deducted one hundred thousand soul coins, seeing Argon felt a pang in his heart, but he didn't say anything.

After he told the system to upgrade him to the Core Formation realm, within moments, he felt a surge of energy coursing through his body. He felt his cultivation rising from the middle-stage to the peak-stage Golden Core realm, but it didn't stop there.

He felt a strange sensation within his body as his Golden Core began to split into three separate cores.

He opened his eyes in shock and feel his abdomen using his Qi. There, he saw three glowing orbs, each corresponding to a different element. The first was a fiery red, representing the fire element. The second was a deep brown, representing the earth element. And the third was in gray, representing that it was empty.

Argon furrowed his brows as he looked at the empty third core. "What does this mean?" he asked the system in his mind.

pαndα---novel,com "The third core represents the element that the host must choose to cultivate next. Please choose your next element," the system responded.

Argon thought for a moment. He had always been fascinated by the water element and its fluid nature. Plus, it would complement his already existing fire and earth elements.

"I choose water," he said firmly, and with that, the gray orb began to glow and transform into a deep blue color, indicating that the water element had been chosen.

Argon could feel his connection to the water element growing stronger. He could sense the ebb and flow of water around him, and he felt a new power stirring within him.

After stabilizing himself, Argon decided to spend twenty thousand soul coins on water techniques. He knew that mastering the water element would require more than just the core itself, and he wanted to be prepared for the training ahead. With a few clicks on his status screen, he found a suitable water technique and purchased it, feeling the coins leave his account.

Moments later, he felt a surge of knowledge flow into his mind as he mastered the water technique. Argon stood up and stretched his limbs, feeling the power coursing through his body. He knew it was time to put his new skills to the test.

Excited to test his new abilities, Argon contacted Isadora, through their mind link.

"Isadora, please come to the training ground. I have something new to show you," Argon said, his voice filled with anticipation.

"Understood, My Lord. I'll be there shortly," Isadora replied promptly.

Argon walked out of his private chamber and headed to the training ground. When he arrived, he saw Isadora waiting for him.

"Isadora, how are your injuries? Are they all healed?" Argon asked, concern etched on his face as he approached her.

Isadora smiled, "Thank you for asking, My Lord. I'm okay now. The healing pills you gave me worked wonders. I'm ready for the training."

Argon smiled, relieved. "Good. I don't want you to push yourself too hard. I just wanted to see how my new water techniques fare in a sparring match."

Isadora's eyes lit up with excitement. "I'd be honored to test your new techniques, My Lord."

