

I Created 154

Chapter 154 154: New Subordinate, Azrael (Part 1)

Cambion and Ma Kong's eyes widened with astonishment, their excitement bubbling over.

"The Formation Core Realm?" Cambion exclaimed, his voice filled with disbelief. "That's a realm only achieved by the most accomplished cultivators!"

Ma Kong's massive fists clenched with anticipation. "To have our cultivations raised by the Lord himself... It's an honor beyond words!"

Argon smiled, pleased with their reactions. "Consider it a reward for your dedication and loyalty. With your strengthened cultivations, we shall face the challenges of the forbidden areas with even greater resolve."

The room buzzed with a renewed energy as Cambion and Ma Kong exchanged grateful glances, their determination ignited.

"Thank you, My Lord," Cambion said, his voice filled with gratitude. "We shall not disappoint you. The forbidden areas will crumble before us!"

Ma Kong's voice boomed with enthusiasm. "Together, we shall leave a trail of destruction in our wake, establishing our dominance in the cultivation world!"

Argon's gaze moved from Cambion to Ma Kong, his eyes gleaming with confidence. "I have faith in your abilities. Let us make our preparations. The forbidden areas will tremble in the face of our dungeon!"

After rising Cambion's and Ma Kong's cultivation, Argon dismissed his loyal subordinates along with Isadora, leaving him alone in the grand throne room. The weight of the upcoming mission lingered in the air, and Argon took a moment to collect his thoughts.

Standing at the center of the majestic chamber, he spoke aloud, addressing the unseen system that governed his world.

"System," Argon said, his voice carrying a tone of determination. "I wish to utilize the subordinate gacha. I possess a subordinate spin that I obtained from a previous mission, and I have yet to utilize it."

As his words echoed in the empty room, a faint glow appeared, materializing into a translucent screen before him. The system prompt accompanied it, resonating in his ears.

[System Prompt: Subordinate Gacha Activation - Are you sure you want to use the subordinate spin?]

Argon paused for a moment, his mind filled with anticipation. He had been saving this opportunity, waiting for the right moment to unveil it. Now, with the grand mission ahead, he believed it was the perfect time to bring forth a new member to aid him in his ambitions.

"Yes, I am sure," Argon affirmed, his voice firm and resolute. "Activate the subordinate gacha and reveal the companion who shall join me."

With a flash of light, the translucent screen transformed into a small version of the gacha machine, a spinning wheel adorned with various symbols representing potential subordinates. It spun faster and faster, each rotation heightening the anticipation within Argon's heart.

As Argon watched the wheel spin, his heart raced with excitement. The symbols on the wheel blurred together, creating a mesmerizing display of possibilities. Suddenly, the wheel slowed down, the symbols becoming clearer with each rotation. It finally came to a stop, and a surge of anticipation coursed through Argon's veins.

The mist began to dissipate, revealing a dark, imposing figure standing before him. A creature of immense power and mastery over the sword, the Dark Creature Swordmaster emerged from the gacha. His presence exuded an aura of danger and mystique, sending shivers down Argon's spine.

The Dark Creature Swordmaster was a member of the elusive Shadowkin race, beings who hailed from the depths of the cultivation world. With jet-black skin that seemed to absorb light, he stood tall and imposing, his muscular physique a testament to years of rigorous training. His long, flowing silver hair cascaded down his back, contrasting with his dark complexion. Glowing red eyes, reminiscent of smoldering embers, fixated on Argon with an intensity that conveyed both wisdom and a thirst for battle.

Donned in a black, form-fitting armor that accentuated his agile movements, the Dark Creature Swordmaster carried a blade forged from an unknown, ethereal material. The sword emitted an ominous, dark aura, its edges seemingly crafted from shadows themselves. The intricate engravings on the blade depicted scenes of fierce battles and vanquished foes, whispering tales of the swordmaster's countless victories.

A cloak of deep indigo draped over his broad shoulders, billowing behind him with an otherworldly grace. It appeared to be made of an ethereal fabric, woven with threads of twilight. The Dark Creature Swordmaster's every movement was accompanied by a faint, haunting melody that resonated through the air, leaving a trail of anticipation in its wake.

The room fell into silence as the Dark Creature Swordmaster locked eyes with Argon. His voice, a blend of commanding authority and a deep, resonant tone, broke the stillness.

"I am Azrael, of the Shadowkin Swordmaster," he announced, his words laced with a touch of enigma. "I pledge my allegiance to you, My Lord, and offer my blade to carve a path of triumph in this cultivation world."

Argon's heart swelled with exhilaration. The presence of Azrael, a master of the sword and a creature of darkness, would undoubtedly elevate their chances of success in the upcoming mission.

[Azrael

Race: Shadowkin

Blood: None

Cultivation: Peak Core Formation Realm]

"Welcome, Azrael," Argon greeted him with a mixture of awe and excitement. "With your swordsmanship and the power of darkness at our disposal, we shall face any adversary without fear. Together, we will conquer the forbidden areas and establish our dungeon as the unrivaled force in the cultivation world."

Azrael inclined his head, his crimson eyes gleaming with a mix of respect and determination. "I am honored to stand by your side, My lord. With our combined strength, the forbidden areas will tremble beneath us, and the cultivation world will witness our rise."

As Argon's words hung in the air, a surge of energy rippled through the grand throne room, Argon reached out to their loyal comrades. His message resonated in their minds, a voice carried by the power of their cultivated energies.

"Isadora, Cambion, Ma Kong," Argon's voice reverberated through their consciousness. "Return to the grand throne room immediately. There is someone I want you to meet."

Isadora, known for her calm and composed demeanor, acknowledged the message with a subtle surprise flickering in her eyes. She quickly relayed the message to Cambion and Ma Kong, and the three of them wasted no time in responding to Argon's call.