

## I Created 155

### Chapter 155 155: New Subordinate, Azrael (Part 2)

Moments later, the doors of the grand throne room swung open, and Isadora, Cambion, and Ma Kong entered with a mix of anticipation and curiosity etched upon their faces. As their eyes fell upon Azrael, their expressions transformed into shock, awe, and a touch of apprehension.

Cambion's jaw dropped, his gaze fixed upon the Dark Creature Swordmaster before him. Ma Kong's massive fists clenched instinctively, a mix of excitement and wariness coursing through his veins. Isadora's indifferent facade wavered for a brief moment, her eyes widening ever so slightly as she absorbed the presence of the enigmatic figure.

Argon smiled, observing his subordinates' reactions. He recognized the mix of astonishment and respect that danced within their eyes, knowing that Azrael's arrival had left an indelible impression upon them.

"Isadora, Cambion, Ma Kong," Argon began, his voice steady and filled with pride. "Allow me to introduce Azrael, a member of the Shadowkin race and a Swordmaster of unparalleled skill. He shall be joining us on our mission into the forbidden areas."

Isadora's gaze shifted from Argon to Azrael, her voice betraying a hint of curiosity. "The Shadowkin... A rare and elusive race. Their expertise in darkness and combat is renowned. Azrael, I trust that you will prove your worth."

Azrael's red eyes met Isadora's, a glint of respect in his gaze. "Lady Isadora, I assure you, my blade knows no equal. Together, we shall leave our mark upon this cultivation world."

Cambion, still struggling to find words, finally managed to utter a stunned response. "Azrael... A Swordmaster of the Shadowkin race? We are honored to have you with us. With your presence, our chances of success have increased tenfold!"

Ma Kong's voice boomed with excitement, his fists tightening and releasing. "You radiate power, Azrael. We welcome you with open arms. Together, we shall shake the foundations of the cultivation world!"

Argon listened to his subordinates' reactions, a glimmer of satisfaction in his eyes. He knew that the arrival of Azrael had ignited a newfound fire within their hearts, a renewed sense of purpose and determination.

"Thank you for your warm welcome, Cambion and Ma Kong," Azrael responded, his voice resonating with a quiet intensity. "I sense the strength and passion within each of you. Together, we shall forge a path of destruction through the forbidden areas, leaving no stone unturned."

Argon nodded, his mind already racing with plans and strategies. He turned his attention to Cambion, the one who held valuable information about the forbidden areas of the Azure continent.

"Cambion," Argon addressed him, his voice filled with purpose. "Tell me, how many forbidden areas does the Azure continent hold?"

Cambion took a moment to gather his thoughts, his mind delving into the depths of his cultivation knowledge. "My Lord," he began, his voice steady. "The Azure continent is home to two forbidden areas. These areas are shrouded in mystery and guarded by formidable adversaries."

But there was another aspect of their plan that required consideration. Argon turned his attention back to the system, seeking answers to a crucial timing question.

"System," Argon addressed the unseen entity. "How long until the second floor of the forbidden areas is ready to launch an attack on the outside world?"

The system prompt appeared once again, its digital presence flickering before Argon.

[System Prompt: The cooldown for the second floor of the forbidden areas to be ready for an attack on the outside world is one month.]

Argon absorbed the information, a thoughtful expression crossing his face. One month seemed both an opportunity and a constraint, and he needed to maximize their chances of success within that timeframe.

"Very well," Argon said decisively. "We have one month to prepare ourselves for the assault. Cambion and Ma Kong, I want you two to gather all the intelligence we have on the forbidden areas. Study their layouts, their guardians, and any known weaknesses. We must be well-informed before we set foot inside."

Cambion nodded, understanding the weight of the task entrusted to him. "Understood, My Lord. I shall gather all the relevant information and devise a detailed plan of action."

Argon then turned his attention to Azrael, who stood silently, observing the exchange with a composed demeanor. The Dark Creature Swordmaster exuded an air of mystery and power.

Argon had a different task in mind. He knew that the Dark Creature Swordmaster needed time to familiarize himself with the special floor and adjust to his new surroundings. With that in mind, Argon summoned a robot maid to attend to Azrael's needs and guide him to his assigned quarters.

"Robot Maid," Argon called out, his voice resonating through the throne room. "Attend to Azrael and assist him in settling into his room. Ensure that he has everything he requires to acclimate to our special floor."

A sleek and elegant robot maid appeared, its metallic frame gliding across the floor with silent efficiency. Its eyes emitted a soft blue glow, and its voice carried a polite yet mechanical tone.

"Understood, Master," the robot maid acknowledged. "I will accompany Azrael and ensure his comfort and familiarity with the special floor."

Azrael turned his attention to the robot maid, acknowledging its presence with a nod of gratitude. "Thank you for your assistance. Lead the way, and I shall follow."

The robot maid led Azrael out of the grand throne room, guiding him through the intricate corridors of the dungeon. Along the way, it explained the layout of the special floor, highlighting its unique features and resources.

"The special floor is a sanctuary within our dungeon," the robot maid explained. "It contains various training grounds, meditation chambers, and libraries filled with ancient knowledge. You will find everything you need to cultivate your skills and harness the power of darkness."

As they reached Azrael's quarters, the robot maid opened the door, revealing a spacious and tastefully decorated room. Dimly lit by ethereal crystals embedded in the walls, the room exuded an aura of tranquility and focus.

"The room is equipped with all the amenities you may require," the robot maid informed Azrael.  
"There is a personal meditation chamber, a training area, and a library filled with ancient texts on swordsmanship and cultivation."