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### Chapter 166 166: A Treasure That Stored Soul Coins? (Part 1)

Inside the opulent throne room, Argon, a figure draped in regal attire, observed the unfolding events with a mixture of surprise and intrigue. The screen floating before him displayed the confrontation between Azrael, Cambion, and the enigmatic Kael, the Azure Blade. Argon, who commanded both Azrael and Cambion as his loyal subordinates, couldn't help but feel a twinge of anticipation at the unexpected turn of events.

As Kael stepped into the chamber, emanating an aura of power and justice, Argon's eyes widened in astonishment. He activated his scanning abilities, probing Kael's cultivation level with keen interest. But what he discovered left him momentarily speechless.

"Heaven's Gate Realm!" Argon exclaimed inwardly, his mind racing to comprehend the implications of Kael's cultivation level. Such a formidable power was a rarity even among the most elite cultivators in this world. Argon realized that Kael's arrival had altered the balance of power in the room entirely.

Realizing the grave danger that his subordinates faced, Argon swiftly activated his profound mind power, reaching out to Azrael and Cambion through their mental connection. His message conveyed urgency and caution.

"Azrael, Cambion, heed my words," Argon's voice echoed in their minds. "Kael is not an opponent to be taken lightly. His cultivation has surpassed even our expectations. If he attacks, your first priority is to escape. But if escape is impossible, make him regret his actions. Take a piece of his flesh as a reminder of our power."

Argon's message carried a subtle mix of concern and a command, emphasizing the gravity of the situation. He knew the risks involved in engaging someone of Kael's caliber, but he also believed in the strength and resourcefulness of his subordinates.

Azrael's voice resonated in Argon's mind, laced with determination. "Fear not, My Lord. We shall heed your command and act accordingly. This person shall not underestimate us."

Cambion's response followed suit, his tone resolute. "We shall face this challenge head-on, My Lord. Even in the face of overwhelming power, we shall stand our ground."

Argon nodded, appreciating the unwavering loyalty and fierce determination of his subordinates. He knew that their encounter with Kael would be a pivotal moment—one that would test their mettle and potentially shape the course of their destinies.

"Remember, my subordinates," Argon's voice echoed in their minds once again. "Your survival and our reputation are of utmost importance. Face Kael with caution and cunning. May fortune favor you."

As the mental connection faded, Argon watched the screen intently, prepared for the inevitable clash between Azrael, Cambion, and the formidable Azure Blade. His mind buzzed with anticipation, ready to witness the outcome of this fateful encounter.

After sending his message to Azrael and Cambion, Argon's attention shifted to the system, the interface that governed the cultivation world and its various systems. With a focused gaze, he accessed the system and inquired about the cost of teleporting his subordinates to his location.

"System, how many soul coins do I need to pay for the teleportation of Azrael and Cambion to my side?" Argon's voice resonated with a mixture of hope and concern, aware that the cost might be steep considering the capabilities of his subordinates.

The system responded promptly, its voice echoing in Argon's mind, "For the teleportation of Azrael, a cultivator at the Peak Core Formation Realm, the cost is 400,000 soul coins. As for Cambion, an early-stage Core Formation Realm cultivator, the cost is 100,000 soul coins."

Upon hearing the staggering amount, Argon almost choked on his own saliva. The weight of the price caught him off guard, and he couldn't help but express his disbelief.

"That much?" he exclaimed, his voice laced with a hint of incredulity. He shifted his gaze to the small remaining balance of his soul coins, a mere 20,000.

Though Argon earned a substantial number of soul coins daily through the exchange floor, he also used them to acquire undead monsters and revive or purchase bosses for the tombs under his control. The more formidable bosses of the larger tombs, especially the special tombs, came at a prohibitively high price.

Argon's worry, however, was tempered by the knowledge that the majority of cultivators on the second floor couldn't even reach the boss lair of the smaller tombs. Thus, he felt relatively secure in the meantime.

Despite the reassurance that most cultivators on the second floor posed little threat, Argon couldn't help but ponder his limited financial options. The prospect of obtaining the required 500,000 soul coins seemed uncertain at best, leaving him with a sense of helplessness.

"For now, I must wait and see what unfolds," Argon murmured to himself, his voice tinged with a hint of frustration. His gaze returned to the screen, where Azrael and Cambion prepared to face off against Kael, their expressions resolute and their determination unwavering.

Argon knew that in the event of defeat, his subordinates would undergo a revival process. However, the revival of Core Formation cultivators took several months, a lengthy period that he couldn't afford to waste. The delay would undoubtedly impact their progress and weaken their position in the cultivation world.

Yet, despite the looming uncertainty, Argon refused to succumb to despair. His months of experience and strategic thinking had taught him the value of patience and adaptability. He understood that the path to success in this cultivation world was fraught with challenges and unpredictable twists.

"I must remain vigilant," Argon affirmed, his voice filled with determination. "Even if Azrael and Cambion face setbacks, I shall find a way to overcome this obstacle."

With renewed conviction, Argon focused his attention on the screen. The clash between Azrael, Cambion, and Kael was about to commence, a pivotal moment that would test their skills and resilience.

"In this crucial encounter, my subordinates shall show the world our strength," Argon declared, his voice carrying a mix of pride and determination. "May their actions speak volumes and ignite the flames of our legacy."

As the tension in the room reached its peak, Argon braced himself, ready to witness the outcome of this pivotal confrontation. Although his immediate options seemed limited, he remained steadfast in his belief that resourcefulness and opportunity would present themselves in due time.

For now, Argon could only rely on the indomitable spirit of his subordinates and the unpredictable nature of the cultivation world, as he eagerly awaited the resolution of this defining moment.

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After some time, Argon heaved a sigh of relief when Kael left the chamber without engaging in battle. The tension that had enveloped the room dissipated, leaving a lingering sense of unease in its wake. Though relieved that Azrael and Cambion were spared from a potentially catastrophic encounter, Argon couldn't shake off a niggling feeling that this was merely a temporary reprieve.

Inside the opulent throne room, Argon's gaze shifted from the screen to the grand hall before him. He paced back and forth, his mind brimming with thoughts and concerns. The encounter with Kael had shed light on the ever-present dangers lurking within the cultivation world, reminding him of the fragility of their position.

"The Azure Blade is not a foe to be underestimated," Argon muttered to himself, his voice filled with a mixture of respect and caution. "His power is formidable, and his determination is unwavering. I must tread carefully in this delicate dance of power and influence."

Just as Argon was lost in his thoughts, contemplating the next steps to ensure the safety and progress of his subordinates, a sudden voice resonated in his mind. It was the voice of the system, alerting him to the presence of a hidden treasure nearby that contained a substantial amount of soul coins.

"Host, I have detected the presence of a treasure nearby that holds a significant amount of soul coins," the system's voice echoed in Argon's head. "It is located in the vicinity of your subordinates, Azrael and Cambion."

Argon's eyes widened in surprise. The sudden revelation of a treasure filled with soul coins was an unexpected opportunity that could potentially alleviate their current financial constraints.

"Azrael, Cambion, listen closely," Argon's voice projected into their minds with urgency. "Do you see any signs of a treasure or valuable object in your vicinity?"

Azrael's response came swiftly, his voice laced with curiosity. "No, my Lord. We haven't come across anything of the sort."

"Azrael, Cambion, listen closely," Argon's voice resonated in their minds, urgency lacing his words. "I have received information that there may be a valuable treasure near your location. Search the area meticulously and report back to me immediately if you find anything."

Azrael's response was swift, his voice tinged with curiosity. "My Lord, we shall begin the search at once. But what kind of treasure are we looking for?"

Argon paused for a moment, considering how best to frame his response without revealing the true extent of his knowledge. In this cultivation world, secrets were power, and he had to tread carefully.

"It is said to be a hidden cache of profound artifacts and ancient treasures," Argon replied, his voice carefully measured. "The rewards it holds could be pivotal in strengthening our position and ensuring our continued growth."

With a renewed sense of purpose, Azrael and Cambion set off on their search, meticulously combing through the chambers and corridors of the Ebon Citadel. The atmosphere grew tense as they ventured deeper into the ancient stronghold, their senses heightened, and their determination unyielding.

As they delved further, the Ebon Citadel began to tremble, cracks forming on the walls and debris falling from the ceiling. The very foundation of the fortress seemed to rebel against their intrusion. Yet, undeterred, Azrael and Cambion pressed on, their focus fixed on the elusive treasure that could turn the tides of their fortune.