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Chapter 167 167: A Treasure That Stored Soul Coins? (Part 2)

Dust filled the air, obscuring their vision, but they continued their relentless pursuit. The collapsing citadel posed a grave threat, but they were cultivators accustomed to danger and adversity. Each step they took echoed with determination, their instincts sharpened by the pursuit of power and wealth.

Amidst the chaos, Azrael's voice rang out, his voice carrying a mixture of excitement and urgency. "Cambion, over here! I've found something!"

Cambion swiftly joined his companion, and together they unveiled a hidden chamber. Within its depths, an array of golden chests and gleaming artifacts awaited them, a testament to the wealth contained within.

Their eyes widened with awe and anticipation as they surveyed the treasure trove before them. Among the dazzling array of riches, they spotted a spherical container that seemed to hold a magical essence within—a radiant liquid that shimmered with ethereal hues.

Azrael's voice carried a note of excitement as he contacted Argon through their mental connection. "My Lord, we have found the treasure! There is a ball-like object here, emitting a captivating aura. It appears to contain some sort of magical water."

Argon's attention was immediately piqued by Azrael's report. He observed the screen before him, watching as his subordinates handled the artifact with care. The ball exuded an otherworldly energy, its mystical essence captivating his senses.

"System," Argon called upon the interface, his voice tinged with anticipation. "Is that the treasure we seek?"

The system responded promptly, its voice echoing within Argon's mind. "Affirmative, host. The object in question contains a significant amount of soul coins, making it a valuable treasure indeed."

Argon's heart raced with excitement as he processed the system's confirmation. The discovery of the treasure trove was a stroke of luck that could potentially resolve their financial constraints and provide a substantial boost to their cultivation resources.

"Retrieve it immediately," Argon commanded, his voice laced with urgency. "Secure the treasure and bring it to me. Its contents will greatly aid us in our endeavors."

With Argon's directive in mind, Azrael and Cambion gingerly picked up the spherical container, cradling it with utmost care. The liquid inside shimmered and swirled, as if containing the very essence of power itself.

As they made their way out of the crumbling Ebon Citadel, Argon watched their progress intently on the screen. A mix of relief and anticipation flooded his senses, knowing that the treasure was within reach.

"This should help me, to alleviate my financial concerns and strengthen our position in the cultivation world, even if it is just worth 30,000 soul coins." Argon murmured to himself, his voice filled with a newfound determination. He doesn't know how much it worth, but Argon won't make his hopes high.

Just as Argon's excitement reached its peak, a sudden interruption shattered his elation. The system's prompt pierced through his thoughts, delivering devastating news that struck him like a bolt of lightning.

"Subordinate Ma Kong died. Cooldown to revive: three months."

Argon's smile vanished, replaced by a mask of shock and disbelief. Anguish surged through his veins, mingling with a burning anger that threatened to consume him. The treasure's value now felt hollow and insignificant compared to the loss of one of his loyal subordinates.

"Curses!" Argon's voice echoed with frustration and grief. The weight of the cultivation world pressed heavily upon him, reminding him of its unforgiving nature. "Ma Kong... you shall be avenged."

Without wasting a moment, he swiftly changed the viewing on the screen, redirecting his attention to Isadora's location. His eyes widened with a mix of dread and determination as the image of Ma Kong lying motionless on the ground, fading away into particles of light, came into view.

Isadora, a formidable cultivator in her own right, fought valiantly against the onslaught of treacherous tree monsters. Her figure blurred as she executed swift and precise movements, her every action a testament to her strength and resilience.

Anger surged within Argon, fueling his determination to avenge Ma Kong's death. He couldn't allow such a loss to go unanswered, not when their journey in this cultivation world had only just begun.

"Isadora," Argon projected his voice into her mind, his tone filled with urgency. "Hold your ground! I am coming to your aid."

Isadora's focus wavered for a moment as she heard Argon's voice resonating in her mind. The sight of Ma Kong's disappearance was a painful reminder of the dangers they faced, but she regained her composure swiftly, her eyes narrowing in determination.

"Lord Argon, I will protect myself until your arrival," Isadora responded, her voice laced with determination. "We shall avenge Ma Kong's death together."

Back in time, after the fight between Ma Kong and the Core Formation Whispering Shadow.

As Isadora and Mah Kong delved deeper into the Veiled Forest, their undead creatures led the way, clearing a path through the dense foliage. The forest seemed alive with an eerie energy, its twisted branches reaching out like skeletal fingers, and a heavy mist hung in the air, obscuring their vision.

As they progressed, they encountered a horde of Snarling Vipers, venomous serpentine creatures with razor-sharp fangs and scales that shimmered with a poisonous sheen. Isadora unleashed her illusionary powers, creating an army of phantom warriors to flank the vipers. The undead creatures engaged the monsters, their decaying bodies clashing with the slithering abominations. Mah Kong, with his massive axe, swung with thunderous force, cleaving through the vipers and clearing a path forward.

Further into the forest, they stumbled upon a group of Gloomstalkers, spectral creatures that blended seamlessly with the shadows. Isadora, utilizing her illusionary abilities, created a field of dazzling light that disrupted the Gloomstalkers' stealth.

The undead warriors charged into the fray, their ethereal forms intersecting with the Gloomstalkers in a spectral dance. Mah Kong's powerful swings shattered the creatures' incorporeal forms, banishing them back into the darkness.

Their journey was not without peril, as they encountered even more formidable adversaries. They faced off against a pack of Lunar Howlers, savage beasts with moonlit fur and razor-sharp claws. Isadora weaved her illusions into a haunting moonlit landscape, momentarily stunning the Lunar Howlers.