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Chapter 176 176: Third Floor (Part 1)

The news of the destroyed forbidden areas spread like wildfire throughout the Azure Continent, reaching even the smallest forces and lone cultivators. Shockwaves of astonishment rippled through the cultivation community, as many had hoped to venture into those forbidden areas in search of valuable treasures. Disbelief and disappointment permeated the air, as the once-promising prospects vanished before their eyes.

In the bustling streets of a lively cultivation city, a group of cultivators gathered, their voices filled with curiosity and skepticism. They huddled together, their expressions a mix of disbelief and intrigue, discussing the latest rumor that had emerged in the wake of the forbidden areas' destruction.

"Did you hear about the tower in Skyhaven City?" a young cultivator exclaimed, his eyes widening with excitement. "They say that if you kill monsters in the world inside that tower with the same realm as your cultivation, your cultivation level will rise, and there's even a chance that the monsters will drop rare items!"

A seasoned cultivator raised an eyebrow, his voice tinged with skepticism. "Oh, come on! That sounds too good to be true. We've heard countless rumors before, and most of them turned out to be nothing but fabrications. Why should we believe this one?"

A lively discussion ensued as cultivators voiced their opinions, their faces animated with curiosity and doubt.

A middle-aged cultivator chimed in, his voice thoughtful. "It's true that we've encountered many baseless rumors in the past, but we cannot dismiss this one without further investigation. The forbidden areas were once considered reliable sources of treasures, but now they're gone. This tower could be an opportunity, a new path for us to pursue cultivation breakthroughs and obtain rare items."

A young woman with determined eyes nodded in agreement. "I say we gather a group of cultivators willing to take the risk and explore this tower. We can assess its credibility firsthand. If there's even a chance that our cultivation levels can rise and we can acquire rare items, it's an opportunity we cannot ignore."

A few cultivators exchanged hesitant glances, contemplating the risks and rewards. One finally spoke up, his voice resolute. "I'm willing to go. I've been stuck at my current realm for too long, and if this tower can offer a chance to break through, I won't let it slip away."

As the conversation continued, a sense of anticipation filled the air. Some cultivators dismissed the rumors, deeming them too good to be true, while others embraced the possibility of a new opportunity. The allure of advancing their cultivation levels and obtaining rare items was too enticing to ignore.

In the days that followed, small groups of cultivators departed for the rumored tower, fueled by a mixture of hope, ambition, and curiosity. They ventured into the unknown, ready to challenge their limits and uncover the truth behind the rumors. The Azure Continent buzzed with anticipation, as the fate of these cultivators hung in the balance, their decisions shaping their individual destinies in this vast cultivation world.

In the grand throne room of Argon, the mighty dragon lord, sat upon his imposing throne. Before him knelt his two trusted subordinates, Azrael and Cambion, as they presented an item to their Lord. Argon's piercing gaze fell upon the offering, his eyes glinting with a mix of curiosity and anticipation.

Azrael, a new addition to Argon's ranks, held the item out with reverence, unaware of its true nature. Cambion, seasoned and loyal, stood beside him, his gaze fixed upon Argon, awaiting his reaction.

Argon accepted the item, feeling its energy resonate within his grasp. His draconic features shifted slightly, revealing a hint of a smile that was tempered by a somber undertone. The news of Isadora and Ma Kong's temporary demise weighed heavily upon him, dampening his usual exuberance.

"Thank you, Azrael, Cambion," Argon spoke, his voice carrying the weight of his responsibilities. "Although this mission has had its fair share of unexpected turns, it is a relief to see that both of you have survived. In these challenging times, your dedication and hard work are invaluable."

He paused for a moment, reflecting on the void left by Isadora's absence. "Isadora, the one who governs the floors of my dungeon, and Ma Kong, my trusted agent in intelligence work, have played crucial roles in our operations. Their absence will be felt keenly. However, their revival is imminent, and in the meantime, we must fill the void left by their temporary departure."

Argon's gaze shifted from Azrael to Cambion, his eyes filled with determination. "Cambion, you have been a loyal companion for many cycles. I trust you to shoulder the additional responsibility of overseeing the floors of my dungeon in Isadora's absence. Your experience and insight make you well-suited for this task."

"I will do my best, My Lord."

He turned his attention to Azrael, his tone encouraging. "As for you, Azrael, you are new to our ranks. There is much to learn and prove, but I believe in your potential. Use this time to hone your skills and grow stronger. When Isadora returns, we will reassess her role, and I will determine how best to utilize your unique abilities."

"Yes, My Lord."

Argon's voice carried a hint of both authority and compassion as he concluded, "These three months will be a period of adaptation and growth for all of us. We must remain vigilant and continue our pursuit of our goals, regardless of the obstacles that may arise. I have faith in both of you, and together, we shall overcome any challenges that come our way."

Azrael and Cambion nodded, their expressions a mix of determination and gratitude. They understood the gravity of the situation and the trust that Argon had placed in them. With renewed purpose, they vowed to fulfill their duties to the best of their abilities, striving to honor the legacy of their fallen comrades.

In that moment, within the grand throne room, a sense of unity and resilience permeated the air. Argon and his subordinates stood prepared to face the uncertainties that lay ahead, their unwavering loyalty to each other and their cause guiding their every step in this vast cultivation world.

After dismissing Azrael and Cambion, Argon's thoughts turned inward as he accessed the system within his mind. With a focused concentration, he requested information about the treasure's worth in soul coins. In response, a robotic voice resonated in his consciousness, confirming the assessment of the treasure's value.

"How much soul coins will I receive from this treasure?" Argon inquired, his anticipation mounting.

The robotic voice of the system promptly replied, "Scanning... Based on the evaluation, by consuming this treasure, you will receive 300,000 soul coins. Do you wish to proceed?"

Argon's eyes widened in astonishment. The magnitude of the reward far exceeded his expectations. He had anticipated a more modest sum, perhaps in the range of 30,000 to 50,000 soul coins. The revelation left him momentarily speechless, his mind racing to comprehend the windfall that lay before him.

Regaining his composure, Argon's voice resounded with a mix of disbelief and excitement as he responded without hesitation, "Proceed immediately!"

The prompt before him vanished, replaced by a surge of energy coursing through his being. As the treasure disappeared from his hands, the soul coins flowed into his reservoir, filling it with an abundance beyond what he had ever imagined.

The allure of such a substantial influx of soul coins fueled his resolve. He understood that this windfall would grant him significant advantages, enabling him to strengthen his forces and delve deeper into his plans.

Argon's mind whirled with thoughts of how to best utilize this newfound wealth. The opportunities that lay ahead seemed even more promising than before, filling him with a renewed sense of purpose and excitement.

"With this bounty of soul coins," Argon whispered, his voice laced with determination, "I shall fortify our stronghold, strengthen our ranks, and ensure our ascendancy in this cultivation world. The temporary absence of Isadora and Ma Kong may present challenges, but I shall seize this opportunity to rise above and secure our dominance."

A steely resolve settled upon Argon's features as he imagined the possibilities that lay ahead. The loss of his trusted companions, Isadora and Ma Kong, weighed heavily on his heart, but he knew that their temporary absence would not impede his progress. In three months' time, they would be revived, and their combined strength would once again bolster their endeavors.

As the surge of soul coins settled within him, Argon's thoughts turned once again to the mission he had recently completed. Curiosity piqued, he sought confirmation from the system, his voice resonating with anticipation.

"System, tell me about the mission reward for completing the task of destroying the forbidden area and making my dungeon the center of the world," Argon requested, his eyes gleaming with anticipation.

The robotic voice of the system echoed in his mind, conveying its response. "Congratulations on completing the mission: 'Destroy the Forbidden Area and Make Your Dungeon the Center of the World.' Your reward for this accomplishment is the ability to upgrade one floor of your dungeon."

A smile tugged at the corners of Argon's draconic lips. The reward was fitting, a testament to his progress and the growing power of his domain. Upgrading a floor meant expanding its reach, strengthening its defenses, and unlocking new possibilities within his dungeon.

"Accept the mission reward immediately," Argon commanded, his voice filled with determination.