

## I Created 178

### Chapter 178 178: It's Time To Rob The Cultivators Of Their Soul Coins

After finalizing his decisions, Argon was eager to witness the fruits of his choices. With a flicker of energy, he activated his teleportation ability, transporting himself to the third floor—the captivating realm of the Floating Islands. As he materialized, a surge of awe and wonder coursed through him.

Gazing upward, Argon marveled at the sight that unfolded before him. Islands of various sizes floated gracefully in the air, defying the laws of gravity. Lush jungles spread across some landmasses, teeming with exotic flora and fauna, while others boasted rocky cliffs and cascading waterfalls, their beauty enhanced by the ethereal glow of the realm. It was a breathtaking and treacherous environment, perfectly suited to challenge the cultivators who dared to venture here.

As Argon observed the Floating Islands, the assistance of the system allowed him to perceive the world in its entirety. He could see the intricate network of floating landmasses, their constantly shifting positions demanding adaptability and mastery of aerial techniques. Unpredictable winds swirled around, occasionally transforming into powerful gusts, testing the cultivators' ability to maintain stability in aerial combat.

"Truly, the Floating Islands live up to their reputation," Argon thought to himself, his voice filled with admiration. "This realm presents an extraordinary opportunity for cultivators to hone their skills and embrace the ever-changing nature of their surroundings. The challenges they will face in traversing these floating landscapes will push them to new heights, both literally and metaphorically."

As Argon's gaze wandered across the vast expanse of the Floating Islands, he noticed his newly acquired monsters, the Skyhunter and Aetherial Dragon, asserting their dominance over their respective territories. The Skyhunter soared gracefully through the skies, its keen eyes scanning for any potential threats. With every flap of its wings, it showcased its agility and predatory instincts, a true apex predator of the Floating Islands.

Meanwhile, the Aetherial Dragon commanded a larger territory, its majestic form gliding through the air with awe-inspiring grace. The shimmering scales on its body reflected the ethereal energy that coursed through its being, and the powerful gusts generated by its wings created a mesmerizing display of control over the very fabric of the air.

Witnessing the territorial display of his monsters, Argon couldn't help but feel a sense of satisfaction. These creatures were not only formidable adversaries for the cultivators but also added to the allure and mystique of the Floating Islands. Their presence would test the cultivators' skills and provide an opportunity for them to witness firsthand the might and beauty of these creatures.

"The Floating Islands are a world of wonders," Argon mused, his voice filled with awe. "Each island holds its own secrets, its own challenges to be conquered. From the smallest islets to the massive landmasses resembling continents, the cultivators who step foot here will be faced with a kaleidoscope of landscapes and environments. It is a cultivation paradise where one must not only navigate the treacherous terrain but also contend with the elements and the formidable creatures that call this place home."

As Argon contemplated the appearance and abilities of his new monsters, he couldn't help but feel a sense of satisfaction.

"The addition of the Skyhunter and Aetherial Dragon will truly elevate the cultivators' experience on the Floating Islands," Argon thought, a hint of excitement in his voice. "These creatures embody the essence of this world—swift, formidable, and majestic. They will serve as worthy adversaries, encouraging cultivators to push their limits and embrace the cultivation of the skies. Also adds to my amusement, how these people going to perform."

Intrigued by the potential interactions between the cultivators and his newly acquired monsters, Argon turned to the system and asked, "Are these monsters capable of communication? Given that they belong to the Heaven's Gate Realm, which surpasses even my own cultivation level, I wonder if they possess higher intelligence compared to the creatures in my dungeon."

The robotic voice of the system responded promptly, "No, host. The monsters you have acquired, including the Skyhunter and Aetherial Dragon, belong to the standard monster category. While they possess exceptional abilities and formidable instincts, they are not part of the intelligent monster race. Only mini-boss and boss monsters are considered intelligent creatures capable of communication."

Argon's excitement dampened slightly at the system's response. He had hoped for monsters that could engage in meaningful interaction and provide a unique challenge for the cultivators on the Floating Islands. Nevertheless, he understood the hierarchy within the monster world and the limitations of his choices.

"I see," Argon acknowledged, his voice tinged with a hint of disappointment. "Although these monsters lack the ability to communicate, their instinctual prowess and formidable abilities will still offer a worthy challenge for the cultivators. It will be interesting to see how they adapt and overcome these creatures that dwell in the Heaven's Gate Realm."

While he had initially hoped for intelligent monsters to add an extra layer of complexity to the cultivators' journey, Argon recognized the value of the chosen creatures. Their innate instincts and power would serve as formidable obstacles, pushing the cultivators to their limits and testing their ability to navigate the Floating Islands' treacherous terrain.

"The absence of communication does not diminish the allure of the Floating Islands. These creatures may lack the ability to speak, but their presence alone will be a testament to the cultivators' skills and determination," Argon concluded, a renewed sense of enthusiasm filling his voice.

Argon turned his attention back to the captivating realm before him. The Floating Islands beckoned, their breathtaking landscapes and formidable challenges awaiting the cultivators who would dare to ascend. While the absence of intelligent monsters meant a different kind of trial, the essence of cultivation remained unchanged—a journey of growth, adaptability, and surpassing one's limits.

"Let the cultivators of the Floating Islands face the might of these formidable creatures and rise above their challenges," Argon declared, his voice resonating with determination.

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After spending some time observing the Floating Islands and contemplating his monsters' role, Argon decided to teleport back to his throne room. As he materialized in the familiar surroundings, he took a moment to collect his thoughts and consider his next course of action.

Seated on his grand throne, Argon's mind wandered to the exchange floor he had established. Despite constructing the floor and unlocking its potential, he had been preoccupied with the system's missions, leaving him with little time to fully explore and utilize the offerings of the exchange floor, particularly the auction place.

A mischievous grin formed on Argon's face as he considered the possibilities. He decided it was time to rob the cultivators of their soul coins, and what better place than the bustling exchange floor? With a flicker of energy, he activated his teleportation ability once again, this time assuming the appearance of a wealthy young master—a disguise that would allow him to blend in and explore without drawing unwanted attention.

As Argon materialized in the exchange floor, he was greeted by a bustling and lively atmosphere. People moved about, haggling with vendors over various items, their voices echoing through the spacious hall. The air was thick with anticipation and the scent of rare treasures.

Argon, now disguised as a wealthy young master, concealed his true cultivation level, projecting the aura of a cultivator in the Golden Core Realm. This disguise would enable him to navigate the exchange floor incognito, observing and interacting without revealing his true identity.

He surveyed the surroundings, taking in the myriad stalls and shops that lined the floor. Vendors proudly displayed their wares, ranging from exotic spiritual herbs to mystical artifacts and weapons. The lively chatter of buyers and sellers filled the air, creating a symphony of negotiations.

As Argon strolled through the bustling exchange floor, he marveled at the vibrant scene unfolding before him. The air crackled with excitement as cultivators and vendors engaged in lively negotiations, each party striving to strike a favorable deal. The exchange floor was alive with the energy of commerce and the pursuit of rare treasures.

Approaching one of the stalls, Argon observed a vendor surrounded by a crowd of eager cultivators. They eagerly examined the items on display, their eyes glimmering with desire. Argon, still in his wealthy young master disguise, couldn't help but revel in the chaotic dance of bargaining that took place.

A cultivator, determined to acquire a particularly exquisite spiritual weapon, held it in his hand, inspecting its intricate craftsmanship. With a confident smirk, he turned to the vendor and began his haggling.

"Surely, my esteemed vendor, can you offer me a better lower price for this exquisite weapon?" the cultivator insisted, his voice dripping with a mix of desire and shrewdness.

The vendor, a middle-aged man with a calculating expression, raised an eyebrow and responded firmly, "Apologies, esteemed cultivator, but the price I have set is the final price. The value of this weapon is commensurate with its rarity and quality. It is an opportunity not to be missed."

The cultivator scowled, his brows furrowing in disappointment. He tried to negotiate further, but the vendor's stance remained unwavering. Argon, reveling in the power he held as the owner of the exchange floor, watched with amusement.

Other interactions unfolded around him, each echoing a similar pattern. Cultivators attempted to haggle and strike better deals, only to be met with unyielding prices. It became clear to Argon that this was no coincidence—it was his deliberate decision to eliminate bargaining from the exchange floor.

He approached the cultivator who had just experienced the vendor's unyielding stance and engaged him in conversation. Argon's voice carried a mix of curiosity and authority as he questioned the cultivator's frustration.

"Hello, my friend," Argon greeted, his disguised persona exuding a casual air of confidence. "I couldn't help but notice the absence of bargaining in this place. Is it not permitted here?"

The cultivator he addressed turned towards Argon, a puzzled expression on his face. He took a moment to assess Argon's wealthy young master appearance before responding.

"No, you must be new," the cultivator replied, his voice laced with a hint of disappointment. "Bargaining is not allowed in this establishment. The prices are fixed and non-negotiable."

"I see," Argon said with a gracious smile, expressing his appreciation to the cultivator. His tone and demeanor conveyed that he was just another cultivator, unaware of the fact that he was the one who had set the fixed prices.