

## I Created 92

### Chapter 92 92: Exchange Floor (Part 2)

The system acknowledged his request and adjusted the prices accordingly. With his new plan in place, Argon continued to explore the exchange floor.

As he examined the items, he noticed that the prices he set were already implemented. With his plan in place, he could easily make a profit. The prices on the items, in Argon's opinion were quite reasonable.

'Well, if you think about it, they are getting this item for free, after all, they can get soul coins by killing monsters. So, the price should be alright.' He thought.

With his new role as the owner of the exchange floor, Argon felt a sense of pride and accomplishment. He knew that this would be a great source of income for him and his followers, and he couldn't wait to see the profits roll in.

As he continued exploring, he noticed a large door that led to another section of the exchange floor. Curiosity getting the better of him, he decided to investigate. As he pushed open the door, he was greeted with a grand hall, much larger than the marketplace he was just in.

[Host, the huge door in the front is the auction room, you should explore it.]

"En," Argon nodded. Even if the system wouldn't tell him, he was determined to explore it eventually. The huge door was too eye-catching to ignore.

As he made his way towards the auction room, he passed by several private rooms where transactions between individuals were taking place. These rooms were separated by thick walls to ensure privacy, and they were soundproofed to prevent eavesdropping. The rooms were equipped with comfortable seating arrangements and lighting that could be adjusted to suit the individual's preferences.

After he was done exploring the rooms, he arrived at the entrance of the auction room, he opened the door, and came inside.

The room was massive, and the ceiling was several meters high. The walls were adorned with intricate patterns, and the floor was made of polished marble that reflected the light from the crystal chandeliers hanging from the ceiling.

The room was empty, but it was not difficult to imagine the grandeur of it when it was filled with cultivators from all over the land, bidding on rare and powerful treasures.

The room was circular in shape, with tiers of seating all around it. The seats were empty, but they were made of fine wood and looked comfortable to sit in. In the center of the room was a raised platform, where items up for auction would be displayed.

Argon can also see a private room above, of course, if you want to use that room, you need to pay more soul coins.

Argon made his way up to the platform and examined it closely.

The platform was surrounded by a circular fence, preventing anyone from getting too close to the items up for auction. Argon looked around, imagining the room filled with excited cultivators bidding on rare and powerful treasures.

[The auction room is where the most valuable items are sold,] said the system, breaking the silence.

"I can see that," replied Argon, still in awe.

[The host and the cultivators can put items in the auction room. For the cultivator's items, the auction house takes a commission fee of 10% on all sales. As the owner of the exchange floor, you can set the rules and prices for the auctions,] explained the system.

"No need, the 10% commission fee is enough." He said.

"But, add this rule, if anyone makes trouble inside the exchange floor, they will be banned for a week for the first offense."

[Understood, host. I have added the rule to the exchange floor's regulations,] replied the system.

Argon looked around the room once more, feeling a sense of satisfaction. This exchange floor was not just a simple marketplace but a hub for cultivators to trade and exchange valuable items. He couldn't wait to see how it would develop in the future.

As he descended from the platform, Argon decided to take a walk around the rest of the auction room to get a better feel of the place.

He noticed that there were several smaller rooms branching off from the main hall, probably used for storing items before they were put up for auction. Each of the rooms had a strong magical barrier around them, ensuring that the items stored within were safe and secure.

After he was done exploring, Argon told the system.

"System open the exchange floor for the public."

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A group of three people is attacking one goblin rider.

The group consisted of two men and a woman, all of them dressed in similar attire - loose, comfortable robes that allowed for easy movement. They were wielding various weapons, from swords to spears, and were focusing all their attacks on the goblin rider.

The goblin rider, for his part, was putting up a fierce fight. He was mounted on a large wolf and was wielding a crude sword, striking out at the attackers whenever he had the chance.

As the battle continued, the attackers began to tire. Their attacks were becoming slower and less accurate, and their movements were becoming more sluggish. The goblin rider, on the other hand, seemed to be getting stronger as the battle went on, his attacks becoming more precise and more powerful.

"Why did we think it was a good idea to kill this goblin rider?" asked one of the men, panting heavily.

"It's your fault, you idiot. Who do you think suggested we should kill a goblin rider for more cultivation," replied the woman, her sword arm shaking from the exertion.

"You two, stop fighting! You should reserve your energy on defending," said the other man. "This was a stupid idea. We shouldn't attack this goblin when we can't see through its cultivation."

Suddenly, the goblin rider launched a powerful attack that sent one of the attackers flying across the forest. He landed with a thud, groaning in pain.

As they turned to run, the goblin rider let out a bloodcurdling scream and charged towards them. They ran as fast as they could, their hearts pounding in their chests, but the goblin rider was gaining on them.

The attackers watched in amazement as the new group quickly dispatched the goblin rider, using a combination of spells and weapons.

"Who are you guys?" asked one of the attackers, still panting from the exertion.

"We're from the Crimson Dragon Sect," replied one of the women. "We heard the commotion and came to investigate."

"Thank you," said the other man, bowing deeply. "We were in over our heads."

"You bumpkins, what are you even doing here? You think that you can raise your cultivation by killing monsters, you can take on a goblin rider with just the three of you?!" said one of the men from the Crimson Dragon Sect, looking at the three in disgust. "You're lucky we arrived, and save your pitiful lives."

Hearing the three can only stay silent, and swallow their anger, after all, they are only lone cultivators. They can't possibly take on a whole sect.

One of the women from the Crimson Dragon Sect noticed the defeated expressions on the faces of the three cultivators and spoke up. "Don't be discouraged. Everyone starts somewhere, and it takes time and effort to grow in cultivation. We were all beginners once."

The man who had spoken harshly earlier rolled his eyes. "Don't listen to her. The truth is, if you want to succeed in this world, you need to join a sect. Otherwise, you're just wasting your time."

The three cultivators looked at each other, uncertain of what to do. They had never considered joining a sect before, but the man's words made sense. Without the support of a sect, it would be difficult to make progress in their cultivation journey.

One of them spoke up tentatively. "Which sect would you recommend?"

The woman who had spoken earlier smiled. "There are many sects out there, each with its own strengths and weaknesses. It really depends on what you're looking for. The Crimson Dragon Sect focuses on fire-based cultivation techniques, but there are other sects that specialize in different elements or types of cultivation. It's important to do your research and choose a sect that aligns with your goals and interests."

As they were discussing, a strange voice suddenly echoed in their minds, causing them all to jump in surprise. "Attention all cultivators, an exchange floor has now opened in this dungeon. Please use your returner stone to teleport to the designated location."

The three cultivators looked at each other in shock. They know what an exchange place is, it was usually called an exchange district. It was usually something that major cities have, where cultivators could trade resources and exchange information.

"Did you guys hear that too?" asked one of the cultivators, looking around to see if anyone else had heard the strange voice.

The members of the Crimson Dragon Sect also looked confused. "What was that?" asked one of the women.

"I don't know, but it said something about an exchange floor opening up," said one of the attackers. "Do you think it's true?"

"It's possible," said the man who had spoken harshly earlier. "This dungeon itself is a miracle, what about a mere exchange place? It could be a chance to get some valuable resources."

"Alright, we should go and teleport right there right away." one of the members of the Crimson Dragon Sect spoke.

Everyone nodded, and take out their returner stone excitedly. As they activated their returner stones, a bright light enveloped them, and they were suddenly transported to a large room filled with cultivators from all over the dungeon.