

I Created 136

Chapter 136 136: Isadora's Breakthrough (Part 1, R18)

Grand Elder Lan hesitated for a moment, considering Thorn's words. He knew that violence would not be the solution, but he also couldn't just give up the tower without a fight.

"What kind of agreement are you proposing?" he asked, eyeing Thorn suspiciously.

Thorn's smile widened. "Well, we both want access to the tower, right? So why don't we share it? We can divide the secrets and treasures inside equally, and each sect can benefit from what they find."

The other disciples murmured amongst themselves, some agreeing with Thorn's proposal while others remained skeptical. Grand Elder Lan remained silent, contemplating the offer.

Finally, he spoke. "Very well. I can't accept your proposal for now. You need to wait for the sect master to come out first."

Thorn nodded. "Understood. The Dark Moon Clan will behave for now. But don't make us wait for too long," he said with a warning tone.

Grand Elder Lan narrowed his eyes but remained silent. He knew that the Dark Moon Clan was not to be underestimated. They were a force to be reckoned with, and their leader, Garok, was a formidable opponent. He doesn't want to have an all-out war with the Dark Moon Clan, because it won't end well for both sides.

Elara breathed a sigh of relief as the tension dissipated. She knew that the situation could have easily escalated into violence, and she was relieved that her words had helped to defuse it. She shuddered at the thought of how many lives could have been lost in the crossfire.

Argon watched intently as Kaelar's group uncovered the 7-star sword. He couldn't help but notice that the sword seemed to emit an unusual aura. Argon was intrigued and decided to ask the system about it.

"System, why is that sword sentient?" Argon asked.

The system responded immediately, "It is a broken 9-star sword."

"A broken 9-star sword?" Argon repeated. "What does that mean?"

"Well, when a sword reaches a certain level of cultivation, it can gain sentience," the system explained. "But in this case, the sword was damaged before it reached its full potential. The broken pieces of the sword were imbued with powerful spiritual energy, which allowed the sentience to manifest."

"I see," Argon nodded, beginning to understand. "So, is it possible to repair the sword and restore it to its full potential?"

The system considered this for a moment before answering, "It is possible, but it would require a master swordsman with advanced cultivation techniques to repair it. And even then, there is no guarantee that the sword's sentience would remain intact." Argon nodded, absorbing the information.

As Argon continued to watch the group, Isadora entered the room with a tray of snacks and tea. She approached Argon, setting down the tray on the table beside him.

"Would you like some refreshments, my lord?" she asked politely.

Argon smiled and nodded. "Yes, thank you, Isadora. That would be lovely."

As Isadora poured the tea, she glanced over at the screen, observing Kaelar's group. "That sword they got seems to be quite valuable," she commented.

Argon nodded in agreement. "Yes, it's a rare find."

Argon decided to let the system generate random items as drops, after all, he couldn't possibly choose an item for a drop every day

Isadora took a sip of her tea before speaking again. "My lord, do you think they'll be able to repair the sword and restore its full power?"

Argon shrugged. "It's hard to say. It would require a master swordsman with advanced cultivation techniques, and even then, it's not a guaranteed outcome. But who knows, maybe they'll surprise us."

While Argon was busy looking at the screen, Isadora was looking at him with hungry eyes.

"My lord, can we do it again?"

Argon, who was sipping his tea, spits it out in surprise. "What?" he exclaimed, taken aback by Isadora's sudden request.

Isadora blushed slightly but still acted coquettishly. "I'm sure I am going to breakthrough if I do it with you again," she repeated, looking at Argon with determination.

Argon chuckled, amused by Isadora's boldness. "Of course, I won't decline," he said, setting down his cup. "After all, we already did it many times. If it will help you breakthrough, yeah sure, it's for your breakthrough."

"Are you sure, host?" a mechanical voice sounded in his mind, making him cough. But he didn't answer the system.

Isadora's face lit up with joy, and she couldn't help but hug Argon tightly. "Thank you, my lord. I won't disappoint you," she said, her voice filled with gratitude.

Argon chuckled again, his deep voice resonating in the room. He wrapped his strong arms around Isadora, pulling her closer to him. The scent of her perfume filled his nostrils, adding to the intoxicating atmosphere that surrounded them.

As their bodies pressed against each other, Argon could feel the heat building between them. Isadora's soft curves fit perfectly against his muscular frame, and he couldn't resist trailing his fingertips along her smooth skin, sending shivers down her spine.

Their lips met in a passionate kiss, their tongues entwining in a dance of desire. Argon's hands roamed over Isadora's body, exploring every inch, while Isadora's nimble fingers worked to undo the buttons of his shirt.

As the fabric fell away, revealing Argon's chiseled chest, Isadora's breath hitched in anticipation. She traced her fingers along his defined muscles, feeling the warmth emanating from his skin. Argon's touch grew bolder, his hands cupping her breasts, gently squeezing and teasing her sensitive nipples.

Isadora moaned softly, the sound vibrating against Argon's lips. She arched her back, craving more of his touch. Argon obliged, his hands moving lower, caressing her hips before sliding down to the curve of her backside.

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Isadora's hands moved to unbuckle Argon's belt, freeing his throbbing member. She wrapped her delicate hand around him, stroking him slowly at first, then increasing the rhythm as his desire grew.