

I Created 243

Chapter 243: A Plan That Will Change Everything

In the midst of chaos and uncertainty, a group of five cultivators had been tasked with aiding ordinary people in evacuating their homes. Their mission was clear, but as the situation escalated, it became evident that not all of them possessed the courage to face the impending danger.

Two of the cultivators had already abandoned their posts, fleeing for their lives in the face of the unknown threat. The remaining trio, their expressions a mix of determination and frustration, continued to assist the panicked villagers.

Among the three, a cultivator named Elysia shouted with a mixture of anger and disbelief, "Fucking cowards!" Her voice echoed through the chaotic scene, a sharp contrast to the screams of terror that filled the air.

She and her companions knew the odds were stacked against them. The enemy numbered in the hundreds, while they were just three. Yet, they persevered, pushing aside their own fear to focus on the task at hand.

As the villagers rushed around them, the cultivators worked tirelessly, helping people escape the danger that lurked nearby. Elysia's hands glowed with a soft, soothing light as she channeled her cultivation energy to create protective barriers for the fleeing villagers. Beside her, Joran and Selene used their unique techniques to fend off the encroaching creatures, their faces etched with determination.

Despite their valiant efforts, the enemy's sheer numbers proved overwhelming. The battle raged on, the cultivators fighting to buy precious moments for the villagers to escape. But as the relentless onslaught continued, their strength waned, and their defenses began to crumble.

Amidst the chaos, Elysia's voice rang out again, her words a mix of urgency and determination, "We can't let them through! Hold the line!" Her eyes blazed with a fierce resolve, and her companions nodded in agreement, rallying their remaining energy for one final stand.

Their efforts, however, were not enough. The enemy closed in, and the cultivators' defenses shattered. Elysia, Joran, and Selene fought bravely to the end, their every strike a testament to their unwavering determination. But as the dust settled, it was clear that they had given their all.

The once-bustling evacuation site now lay in ruins. The villagers who had managed to escape watched with heavy hearts, their gratitude mixed with sorrow for the fallen cultivators who had risked everything to protect them.

In the aftermath, as the sun began to set over the Azure Continent, the sacrifices of Elysia, Joran, and Selene became a symbol of courage and unity. News of their valiant efforts spread, igniting a spark of determination in the hearts of cultivators and ordinary people alike.

Their sacrifice had not been in vain. Across the continent, cultivators set aside their differences and joined forces, inspired by the example set by Elysia and her companions. Ordinary citizens rallied together, offering their support and resources to aid in the defense against the unknown creatures.

In towns, cities, and remote villages, people stood united, ready to face the threat head-on. The memory of Elysia's resolute shout, the unwavering dedication of Joran and Selene, fueled their determination to protect their homeland.

Inside the grand throne chamber of the realm, Cambion, stood before the imposing figure of his lord. With a grave expression, Cambion relayed the dire events unfolding beyond the chamber's gilded doors. "My lord, the situation outside grows increasingly dire. Unknown creatures are attacking the Azure Continent, sowing chaos and terror."

Argon, seated on his ornate throne, regarded Cambion with an air of quiet contemplation. "And what race do you believe these unknown creatures belong to, Cambion?"

Cambion's brow furrowed in concentration. He was a being of considerable power himself, his aura a testament to his formidable status. After a moment's pause, he answered, "From the aura they emanate, my lord, it appears to be the same as mine. I am certain that they are demons."

A thoughtful nod from Argon followed Cambion's reply. "Demons," he mused. "Interesting."

Argon's attention returned to Cambion, his eyes narrowing with intensity. "Continue investigating, Cambion. Discover what these demons seek within the Azure Continent."

"As you command, my lord," Cambion responded with a respectful bow. With that, he turned to leave the chamber, his purpose clear and his mission set in motion.

In the midst of the tumultuous events, an idea took root within Argon's mind. Alone within the sanctum of his thoughts, he engaged the enigmatic system. "System," he projected his inquiry into the recesses of his consciousness, "Can I create another realm, a haven, where all the people from the Three Kingdoms and Azure Continent can live?"

The response from the system was not immediate. Time seemed to stretch, carrying the weight of possibilities. Then, a reply emerged, crisp and clear, as if whispered by the winds of fate. "You can host," the system responded, its voice a blend of algorithmic precision and enigmatic wisdom, "but to do so, you must expend a significant amount of resources. The cost is 500,000 soul coins."

Argon's brows furrowed at the steep price. He weighed the significance of such an expenditure against the lives and security of countless individuals. His mind swirled with the implications of this decision. "That is a substantial sum," he acknowledged to the system. "Let us observe the unfolding events before making such a choice."

Argon turned to the figure by his side. "Isadora," he addressed his trusted advisor, "how many creatures does the third floor hold now?"

Isadora, her presence a blend of grace and wisdom, replied without hesitation, "There are twelve, my lord."

A sigh escaped Argon's lips, laden with a sense of frustration. Despite his continuous efforts, it seemed that the returns from his investments were not meeting his expectations. "Twelve," he repeated, a note of resignation in his voice. "Soul Strengthening Realm monsters truly come at a steep cost."

The challenge of accumulating enough resources weighed heavily on Argon's mind. He had been diligently allocating his hard-earned soul coins towards the third floor, yet the number of monsters he could afford to place was limited.

Argon leaned back on his ornate throne, his thoughts drifting towards another concern. "System," he projected his thoughts once more, "how much time remains before the attack the outside world of the third floor activates?"

The system's response was swift and precise. "One month, host."

Upon hearing the system's response, a subtle smile tugged at the corners of Argon's lips. "Luck is truly on my side," he murmured to himself, a hint of satisfaction in his tone. His mind raced with a newfound plan, a scheme that could shape the destiny of both the Azure Continent and the Three Kingdoms to his advantage.

Argon's voice reverberated within the chamber, his thoughts voiced aloud. "A brilliant plan has formed," he declared, his gaze distant yet calculating. He envisioned a world where the people of the two continents would become essential pawns in his grand design.

Argon's thoughts churned with the spark of a new plan, one that promised to reshape the fate of the two continents and feed his insatiable hunger for power. With calculated precision, he began to elaborate on his scheme. "Isadora," he addressed his advisor, his voice rich with a sense of anticipation, "imagine the possibilities. The creatures of the third floor could serve as the catalyst for a grand transformation."

Isadora's gaze met Argon's, her understanding clear. "You intend to use the might of the third-floor monsters to drive the people of the Three Kingdoms and Azure Continent into our realm's floors," she surmised.

Argon nodded, his gaze unyielding. "Indeed. Each floor is a world of its own, capable of accommodating countless inhabitants. And those inhabitants, once they set foot within our realm, will provide the sustenance I require."

His words carried a chilling pragmatism. Argon's motivations were driven by an insidious need for power, viewing the lives of the inhabitants as little more than a means to an end. His demeanor, along with Isadora's, resonated with an aura of calculated malevolence.

"As for those who resist, who cling to their homeland," Argon continued, his tone unwavering, "their fates are of little consequence to me. I have outgrown sentimentality. The pursuit of my ascension demands sacrifice."

Isadora's expression remained composed, her allegiance aligned with Argon's ambitions. "Your strength is our strength, my lord," she stated with conviction.

Argon's gaze bore into the distance, his mind focused on the grand scheme unfolding before him. "Indeed," he affirmed, "and with the resources acquired from the Two Continents, I will carve a path towards a higher cultivation realm. There, I will find the power to become the strongest, to ascend beyond all."

