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Chapter 336

Back in the Dragon Throne Room, as the battle reaches its climax and the fate of countless lives hangs in the balance, Argon observes the unfolding events with a detached calmness. The shimmering screen before him displays the last moments of Althea and Kaelar's stand, their final act of sacrifice to protect their people from the onslaught.

"I guess this is the end," Argon declares, his voice echoing through the grand chamber. The assorted beings that fill the room—monsters of great power and fearsome appearance—turn their attention towards him, sensing the shift in his tone.

"All of you can go back to your duties now," he commands, his gaze sweeping over. In unison, they respond, their voices a chorus of obedience, "Yes, My Lord."

Among them, Ma Kong whose presence commands attention, can barely contain his excitement. "I wish I was the one fighting those two humans," he blurts out, his voice filled with a warrior's longing for battle. His remark sparks a murmur of agreement among some of the others, a shared sentiment of admiration for the courage displayed by Althea and Kaelar.

Ignoring the chatter, Argon rises from his throne, his every movement exuding an air of regal authority. "That will be all," he concludes, signaling the end of the assembly. The powerful beings in his court bow respectfully, and then disperse, each returning to their designated tasks within the depths of the dungeon.

With the chamber clearing, Argon makes his way towards the bath, a place of solitude and reflection. The path to the bath is silent, a stark contrast to the chaos of the battlefield he has just observed. As he enters, he finds everything prepared to his exact specifications, a testament to the efficiency of his robotic maid.

The bath itself is a masterpiece of architecture and magic, its waters shimmering with enchanting lights, infused with essences that rejuvenate and restore. The robot maid, a marvel of craftsmanship and enchantment, stands by attentively, ready to assist with any need.

Argon steps into the bath, the warm waters enveloping him in a comforting embrace. The tensions of the day begin to dissolve, carried away by the magical currents that swirl around him. For a moment, the burdens of his throne, and the weight of decisions made, fade into the background, allowing him a brief respite from the demands of his position.

In this serene moment of solitude, the tranquility of the bath is gently interrupted as Isadora, a figure of ethereal beauty and power, silently enters. Her movement is graceful, almost floating as she discards her garments without a hint of hesitation or modesty, revealing her vampiric elegance in full. The dimly lit room casts shadows that dance across her porcelain skin, accentuated by the soft glow emanating from the bath's enchanted waters.

As she steps into the bath, the water ripples gently around her. She approaches Argon with an air of familiarity and intimacy that speaks of their shared experiences and unspoken bonds. Sitting beside him, Isadora's presence adds a new layer of complexity to the atmosphere, her aura mingling with the magic-infused steam that rises from the surface of the water.

"My Lord," she begins, her voice a melodic whisper that seems to blend with the ambient sounds of the water. Her fingers, slender and cool to the touch, begin to trace delicate patterns across Argon's body. The movements are both an exploration and a comfort, a silent reassurance in the shared silence between them.

"Why are you so gloomy? Are you not pleased that the two humans prevented our monsters from causing further carnage?" she inquires, her tone tinged with curiosity and a hint of concern. Her question is more than mere words; it's an invitation for Argon to share his thoughts, to unburden his mind in the sanctuary of their private world.

Argon's response is measured, his voice low and thoughtful as he gazes into the distance, as if searching for an answer in the swirling mists of the bath. "What do you think of humans, Isadora?" he asks, turning the question around, seeking her perspective in an attempt to understand his own feelings.

Isadora doesn't hesitate, her conviction clear in her response. "In my world, humans are but food for my vampire kin. It's the same here, isn't it? They are a tool for my lord to ascend, to become the most formidable entity in this boundless universe." Her words are not spoken with malice but with a matter-of-fact acceptance of her nature and the realities of their existence.

In the aftermath of Isadora's candid reflection, the mood in the bath shifts subtly, the steam and magic-infused air now heavy with the weight of unspoken truths and existential contemplations. Argon, his posture relaxed yet his mind anything but, considers her words, the gears of thought turning behind his calm exterior.

In the midst of their intimate conversation, surrounded by the ethereal ambiance of the bath, Argon reflects inwardly on Isadora's words. Though he remains silent about his past as a human and the enigmatic system that has guided his transformation, these elements weigh heavily on his mind.

Argon's transition from human to a being of immense power, a dragon, has estranged him from his former species. His perspective has shifted drastically; humans, once his equals, now seem distant, almost alien. This detachment is not born of disdain but rather a consequence of the profound alterations he has undergone—both physically and in terms of his very essence.

The system, an omnipresent force in his journey, has been a catalyst for this transformation. It offered him power, but at a cost: the gradual erosion of his human emotions and attachments. The system's influence is subtle yet undeniable, reshaping his priorities and perceptions to align with his new identity.

Argon's contemplation is a silent one, a turmoil hidden beneath the calm surface presented to Isadora and the world. He ponders the paradox of his existence: empowered yet isolated, a former human who now views the race with a detachment that borders on indifference.