

I Created 337

Chapter 337

The notion of causing harm, even on a continental scale, doesn't evoke the horror or guilt it once would have. This emotional distance might stem from his draconic nature, which prioritizes strength and dominion, or perhaps it's an unintended consequence of his reliance on the system to ascend to unparalleled heights.

Despite these reflections, Argon's demeanor remains stoic and composed. He understands the role he must play in this vast, cultivation-driven universe—a realm where power dictates right, and the weak are subjugated by the strong. His journey has taken him far from his origins, transforming him into a being that transcends human concerns and moralities.

As Argon becomes quiet, Isadora's voice carries a provocative tone as she softly speaks, "My lord, do you want me to make you happy?"

Argon's gaze flickers towards her, his expression unreadable as he considers her offer amidst the tranquil atmosphere of the bath. The air is heavy with anticipation, charged with the subtle tension that lingers between them.

"Ohh," he responds, his voice a low rumble that resonates within the confines of the bath, "what do you propose?"

Isadora's lips curve into a knowing smile, her eyes alight with a flicker of mischief as she moves closer to him, her movements fluid and deliberate. "Let me show you," she murmurs, her voice a seductive whisper that sends shivers down Argon's spine.

With a gentle touch, Isadora's hands begin to explore the contours of Argon's body, tracing a path of tantalizing sensation along his skin. Each caress ignites a spark of desire within him, awakening primal urges that lie dormant beneath his stoic exterior.

As Isadora's touch grows bolder, her fingers dancing across his flesh with a practiced skill, Argon finds himself succumbing to the intoxicating allure of her presence. The boundaries between them blur, dissolved by the primal instinct that binds them together in this moment of shared intimacy.

In the embrace of the enchanted waters, surrounded by the ethereal glow of magic, Argon, and Isadora become lost in the throes of passion. Their bodies are entwined in a dance of desire, each movement a symphony of pleasure and ecstasy that transcends the confines of mortal sensation.

As their passion reaches its zenith, the world around them fades into insignificance, leaving only the primal connection that binds them together in this fleeting moment of bliss. In the embrace of their shared desire, Argon finds solace amidst the chaos of his existence.

In this timeless embrace, Argon and Isadora become one, their spirits entwined in a symphony of passion that echoes through the depths of the bath. And as the last echoes of their shared ecstasy fade into the ether, they are left with nothing but the lingering echo of their desire, a reminder of the boundless depths of their connection in this vast, cultivation-driven world.

After the shower, Argon finds himself sprawled across his bed, a sigh of boredom escaping his lips. The quiet of his room, usually a sanctuary, now feels stifling. "This is... boring," he mutters to himself, staring at the ceiling with a sense of restlessness. "Should I just go to the Elemental City?" he ponders aloud, the idea sparking a flicker of interest in his otherwise dull evening.

Minutes tick by as Argon contemplates his decision, the stillness of his room amplifying his thoughts. Finally, with a decisive nod, he concludes, "A stroll would be perfect right now." The realization that it's nighttime in the Elemental City only adds to the allure of his impromptu plan. The thought of wandering through the city under the cover of night, exploring its beauty without the usual hustle and bustle, appeals to him greatly.

However, just as he's about to set his plan into motion, Argon remembers Isadora and her current assignment. "Isadora right now has an important task to do," he acknowledges with a hint of regret. "I guess I'm on my own for this."

Not wanting his identity as the owner of the city to attract undue attention, Argon decides to make use of the shop system at his disposal. He browses through the available items and selects one that can alter his appearance to resemble that of an ordinary young cultivator. With a few adjustments to ensure his new guise is both convincing and appropriate, he prepares to embark on his nocturnal adventure.

Once satisfied with his new appearance, Argon initiates the teleportation process. In an instant, the familiar surroundings of his room give way to the vibrant energy of the Elemental City at night.

As he materializes on one of the city's bustling streets, the transformation from his quiet chamber to the lively atmosphere of the city is immediate and invigorating. Despite the late hour, the Elemental

City pulses with life, its streets illuminated by glowing lanterns that cast a soft, enchanting light on the cobblestones below. The air is filled with the scent of night-blooming flowers, carried on a gentle breeze that brings a refreshing coolness to the warm night air.

Argon takes a moment to soak in the scenery. The city's architecture is a masterpiece of elemental design, with buildings crafted from materials that seem to embody the essence of their respective elements. Water streams flow alongside pathways in the Water district, their surfaces shimmering under the moonlight.

In the Fire district, torches and lamps blaze with an eternal flame, casting a warm glow that flickers against the dark sky. The Earth district boasts towering structures made of stone and crystal, their solidity offering a sense of permanence and stability. The Wind district, with its open plazas and high balconies, invites the night air to dance through its spaces, bringing the soft whispers of the unseen.

As he strolls through the streets, Argon is struck by the harmony of the elements within the city. Each district seamlessly transitions into the next, creating a mosaic of elemental energies that coexist in perfect balance. The cultivators of various elements, move through the streets with purposeful ease, their presence adding a vibrant pulse to the night.

Argon thought, "Damn, my soul coins are really well spent in this city."