

I Created 340

Chapter 340

After observing the dynamics of the Fire Element District's cultivation rooms, Argon decides it's time to continue his exploration of the Elemental City. With a sense of curiosity driving him, he moves through the bustling streets, each step taking him further away from the intense energy of the Fire District and towards other wonders the city holds.

As he walks, the environment around him shifts to reflect the diverse nature of the Elemental City. He passes through the Water District, where the sound of flowing water is ever-present, and the air holds a refreshing coolness. Buildings here are adorned with intricate designs that mimic the flow of rivers and streams, and the streets are lined with empty stalls.

Next, he enters the Earth District, where the stability and strength of the element are evident in the architecture. The buildings are grand, made of stone and minerals that radiate a sense of permanence. Cultivators here move with a deliberate calmness, their connection to the earth beneath their feet grounding their presence in the city.

Despite the allure of these districts, Argon feels a pull towards solitude, a desire to reflect on the day's experiences away from the hustle and bustle of the city. After some time, he finally decides to return to his bedroom, seeking the quiet and comfort of his private space.

Without a word, Argon focuses his will, tapping into the power at his disposal as the dungeon's master. In an instant, the vibrant scenery of the Elemental City fades away, replaced by the familiar surroundings of his bedroom. The transition is seamless, a testament to his control over the dungeon and its many wonders.

Back in the solitude of his room, Argon allows himself a moment to relax, the weight of his observations and encounters settling around him. The city, with its diverse districts and the myriad cultivators striving towards their goals, offers a constant source of intrigue and challenge.

"These cultivators are really something," Argon muses to himself, reflecting on the determination he witnessed in the Fire Element District and the vibrant life of the city.

"Time to focus on my cultivation," Argon says to himself, shifting his attention toward the core of his power. He positions himself in the center of his room, sitting cross-legged on a mat that seems to absorb the ambient energy around it. His room, a sanctuary of tranquility, is the perfect place for deep cultivation practices.

Argon closes his eyes, taking a deep breath as he centers his mind on the task at hand. Among his four laws—fire, water, earth, and lightning—the Lightning Law is the only one among his four laws that doesn't achieve the middle-stage yet. His understanding of the Lightning Law is nearing the middle-stage, a level of mastery that allows him not just to wield lightning but to begin comprehending its essence, its very nature.

"As lightning arcs across the sky, it seeks the path of least resistance, yet it carries the power to rend the heavens," Argon whispers to himself, his voice a mere breath in the still air of his room. This is more than just a statement; it's an acknowledgment of the dual nature of lightning—unpredictable yet devastatingly precise.

He extends his hand, palm upward, focusing his internal energy, his Qi, towards the concept of lightning he holds within his mind. Slowly, a faint spark appears above his palm, crackling with energy. The spark grows, weaving into a small orb of contained lightning, its light illuminating Argon's face with a cold, blue glow.

"This is the essence of the Lightning Law—control over chaos, finding order within the storm," Argon muses, his concentration unwavering as he manipulates the orb, making it dance and pulse in the palm of his hand. "To cultivate this law is to understand the balance between destruction and creation, to harness the storm's fury without being consumed by it."

The orb of lightning grows larger, now a swirling mass of energy that reflects Argon's deepening connection with the law. "The middle-stage of understanding requires not just control but a deeper empathy with the element. It's about becoming the storm, feeling its power course through you, and yet remaining the calm eye at its center."

With a final, focused thought, Argon disperses the orb, allowing the energy to dissipate back into the room. He opens his eyes, the room returning to its usual calm. "This is but one step on the path. The journey of cultivation is endless, and each law holds its own mysteries to unravel."

Argon rises from his seated position, feeling the residual energy of the lightning coursing through his veins—a reminder of the power he wields and the challenges that lie ahead in mastering not just the Lightning Law but all the laws at his command.

"For now, the Lightning Law is my focus, but in time, I'll master all laws," he vows, his voice filled with determination. The path of cultivation is long and fraught with peril, but for Argon, it's a journey worth every step, every discovery, and every challenge.

After his focused session on cultivating the Lightning Law, Argon decides to assess his overall progress and resources. He commands quietly, yet firmly, "System, open my status."

A translucent screen materializes in front of him, displaying his current status in clear, glowing letters:

[Argon

Race: Dragon

Body: Elemental Dragon

Cultivation: Early-Stage Soul-Body Converging

Soul Coins: 20,435,780]

Seeing the number of soul coins at his disposal, Argon can't help but comment, "Twenty million coins, not bad." His tone is contemplative of the resources at his command.

"Although," Argon muses, a shadow crossing his features as he recalls recent events, "I just massacred a whole continent, well, at least half of the people in the Azure Continent died. But It didn't give me much, I expected more." His actions, while grand in scale, highlight the complex ethical landscape of a being of his power. The destruction brought about in the Azure Continent was a testament to his might, yet the fact that normal humans no longer provide any soul coins to Argon due to his high cultivation level.

Intrigued by the prospect of elevating his cultivation further, Argon speaks to the air, knowing the system will hear him, "Hey, system, how much again if I want to raise my cultivation to late-stage?"

The system's response is immediate, its voice as mechanical and devoid of emotion as always, "Host, it will cost you nine million in total."

Argon's eyebrows raise in mild surprise at the figure. "Wow, system, that's like half of what I just earned," he remarks, a hint of amusement in his voice despite the staggering amount. He hadn't expected the cost of advancement to be quite so steep, but the path to power in the cultivation world is rarely without its price.

He expected the system to remain silent after providing the necessary information, as it usually does. However, to his surprise, the mechanical voice of the system adds, "Life is hard, host. In comparison to other cultivators, you are walking in the park to the top." The comment, unexpected and oddly emotive coming from the system, leaves Argon momentarily speechless. It's a clear sign that as Argon becomes stronger, the system itself starts to show what appears to be a semblance of emotion toward him.

"Damn, system you are becoming talkative." Argon teases the system, but the system becomes silent again.

For a brief moment, Argon is taken aback, pondering the evolving nature of the system that has been his constant companion and guide on his journey. However, he doesn't dwell on it too much, dismissing the thought with a mental shrug. There are more pressing matters at hand, and the opportunity to advance his cultivation is too significant to pass up.

"Proceed," Argon decides firmly, his voice carrying the weight of his decision. "I want to raise my cultivation to late-stage."

As he gives the command, Argon feels a profound energy surge within him. He remains seated, focusing on the sensations coursing through his body. The air in the room seems to thicken, charged with an invisible power that responds to Argon's will and the system's intervention.

He senses the soul coins being drained from his account, a substantial amount that he's accumulated over countless challenges and victories. Yet, as the energy from the system begins to work on his body and soul, Argon knows that the investment is worth every coin.

The essence of the lightning law within him starts to resonate, vibrating at a frequency that aligns with the surge of power. Argon also uses this breakthrough for his understanding of the lightning law, expanding beyond the confines of his previous comprehension. He feels as if he's becoming one with the storm, its power no longer just at his fingertips but a part of his very being.

As the process continues, Argon experiences a series of breakthroughs. His body and soul, already in the process of converging, begin to integrate on a more profound level. The sensation is indescribable, a fusion of physical and spiritual that elevates his existence to a new plane.

When the surge of energy finally subsides, Argon opens his eyes, feeling a newfound strength and clarity. He knows without checking that his cultivation has reached the late stage of Soul-Body Converging.

The room around him returns to its usual state, but Argon is fundamentally changed. With his increased power and deeper understanding of his laws, he faces the future with renewed determination. The path ahead is filled with unknown challenges, but Argon is ready to meet them head-on, with the might of a dragon and the wisdom of a cultivator who has glimpsed the deeper mysteries of existence.

"Late-stage Soul-Body Converging," Argon says to himself, a sense of accomplishment in his voice.