

## I Created 341

### Chapter 341

Feeling the newfound strength coursing through his veins, Argon lets out a breath he didn't realize he was holding. The rise in his cultivation level brings with it clarity and a deeper connection to the elemental forces around him. He stands, stretching his limbs, feeling more powerful than ever before, his aura now a tempest of swirling energies visible only to those attuned to the profound depths of cultivation.

In this moment of tranquility and power, a thought crosses his mind, a curiosity about the broader world beyond his immediate surroundings. "System," Argon calls out, his voice calm but carrying an underlying curiosity, "aren't there other continents in this world?"

The system, ever responsive to its host, replies without delay. "Yes, this world consists of small and large continents, but there are only three main continents," the system explains in its usual mechanical voice, devoid of any inflection. "The Azure continent, in comparison to these three main continents, is like a village."

Argon pauses, absorbing the implications of the system's words. The metaphorical comparison of the Azure Continent to a village starkly highlights the vastness and diversity of the world he inhabits. It sparks a fire within him, a desire to explore these larger continents, to understand their secrets, and to test his might against whatever challenges they might hold.

"Interesting," Argon muses aloud, his gaze distant as he contemplates the system's information. "The Azure Continent, merely a village in the grand scheme of things..."

With ambitions stirring in his heart, Argon fixates on a tantalizing opportunity. "Do you have a way to go into these continents?" he inquires, the gears turning in his mind. The prospect of extending his dungeon into these uncharted lands entices him; more people venturing into his domain would mean a substantial increase in soul coins.

The system's response comes quickly, its tone unchanging. "There is, host, but you need to pay two million soul coins to open a portal to one of the three main continents."

Argon can't help but wince at the price. "Damn, that much?" The amount, while not depleting his reserves, is significant, especially given his recent expenditure on his cultivation.

"Yes," the system confirms, "also, this main continent is the one that's closer among the three main continents to the Azure Continent." The information paints a picture of the vastness of the world he inhabits, and the complexities involved in navigating its distances.

Argon stands motionless for a moment, processing the costs and logistics. He still has at least ten million soul coins left—a considerable fortune by any standard—but the decision to invest two million into opening a portal is not one to be made lightly. It's an investment into the future, into the potential expansion of his domain and the accumulation of power and wealth that could come with it.

"Ok, but first, I need to see what the rewards I get from destroying the Azure Continent," Argon decides, his voice tinged with pragmatism. Before committing to such a significant expense, it's only wise to assess all his assets and the benefits that his recent actions have reaped.

Reflecting on the rewards from his recent conquest, Argon recalls the system's update. "As far as I remember, the only rewards are 2 subordinates' gacha points," he states, somewhat incredulously. The thought alone prompts a wry smile. "I know the system is stingy, but this is another level of stinginess."

Almost immediately, the system responds with its characteristic emotionless voice, cutting through the silence of the room. "Host, do you know how much you're going to pay if you want to draw in the subordinate gacha with your current cultivation?... It's five million per draw."

Argon can't help but chuckle at the response, surrendering to the system's logic with good humor. "I know, system, I'm just playing with you. Hehe." The cost of drawing new subordinates, especially with the high price tag that comes with his level of cultivation, has always been a steep one. It's the reason why acquiring new subordinates through the gacha has been stagnant.

Shortly after their exchange, the familiar outline of the gacha machine materializes in front of Argon. Its appearance, a blend of ancient mystique and otherworldly technology, evokes a sense of nostalgia in him. "How I miss the gacha machine," he muses, his voice carrying a mix of fondness and anticipation.

Standing before the machine, Argon takes a moment to appreciate its intricacies—the way its surface seems to pulse with a life of its own, the runes etched into its metal that glows with an ethereal light. It's a testament to the wonders of the system, a bridge between the realms of power and chance.

As he prepares to use one of his precious gacha points, Argon is keenly aware of the gamble he's about to take. The gacha machine, for all its promise, is a fickle ally. The outcome is as uncertain as the winds of fate, yet the thrill of the unknown, of possibly uncovering a gem among stones, is what makes the gacha so enticing.

With a deep breath, Argon extends his hand toward the machine, ready to take the plunge. Whatever the result, he knows it will be a moment to remember—a chance to tip the scales of power in his favor or a reminder of the capricious nature of luck.

Argon's hand grasps the handle of the gacha machine with a mixture of anticipation and resolve. He pulls it down firmly, initiating the shuffle of cards on the screen. The colors and symbols start to blur together as the machine whirs to life, its mystical energy palpable in the air. Green, blue, red, white, golden, and black cards dance across the screen, each representing different tiers of potential subordinates that Argon could acquire.

As the shuffle slows, Argon's heart beats a tad faster, a rare feeling of nervousness making its presence known. It's a reminder of the stakes involved, a testament to the importance he places on expanding his forces and securing powerful allies. "Come on, something good," he whispers under his breath, as though willing the machine to yield a favorable result.

The cards on the screen slow down further, allowing Argon to distinguish between the colors more clearly. His gaze fixates on a black card that seems to loom larger as the shuffle comes to a stop. When the machine finally stills, the black card sits prominently displayed on the screen, signifying an extraordinary outcome.

"Wow, a black card," Argon breathes out, his earlier nervousness replaced by a surge of excitement. The rarity of a black card in the subordinate gacha is well-known, representing a subordinate of unparalleled power and potential.

Argon can't help but marvel at the system's unpredictability. "System, you really know how to keep things interesting," he says, a smile playing on his lips.

Before Argon can even revel in his luck, the system's voice chimes in, reiterating a crucial detail that amplifies the moment's significance. "The system has nothing to do with the gacha system. This is entirely pure luck; the gacha system is out of my control," it states, maintaining its emotionless tone yet somehow adding weight to the victory at hand.

Argon's excitement inches higher with this revelation, understanding the true rarity of his win. "Does the host want to summon the black card?" the system inquires, as though prompting Argon to take the final step in unveiling his prize.

"Of course," Argon responds without hesitation, his voice laced with anticipation. The very air in the room seems to thicken with expectation as he speaks.

Moments later, a portal begins to materialize within the confines of his room. Its appearance is slow, deliberate, a swirling vortex of energy that seems to pull at the very fabric of reality. As the portal's formation gradually accelerates, something unexpected occurs—a bone hand, skeletal and imbued with a chilling energy, forcibly widens the portal's opening.

Argon watches, his excitement transforming into awe. "How overbearing," he thinks, admiring the sheer force and unyielding will behind the action. This display of power, even before the being's full arrival, hints at the immense strength of the entity he's about to meet.

Finally, as the person steps out of the portal, Argon is struck by the sight before him. Clad in dark robes that seem to absorb the light around them, the figure stands tall, an aura of death and mastery over the necrotic arts radiating from its form. Its skeletal face, partially obscured by a hood, and the glowing eyes within the sockets confirm Argon's realization: "It's a freaking Lich."

The Lich, an entity of great power and intelligence, regarded in the world as both a fearsome opponent and a valuable ally, stands before Argon. Its presence in the room feels like a cold wind, chilling yet invigorating. The air around it seems to swirl with the whispers of ancient magic and long-forgotten secrets.

Argon, facing the Lich, feels a surge of respect and anticipation for the potential this new subordinate holds. "Welcome," he addresses the Lich, his voice steady and commanding. "I am Argon, your new master. Together, we shall reach new heights of power."

The Lich takes a moment to survey its new surroundings before its gaze settles on Argon. Without a word, it moves forward, its steps silent and ethereal. As it stops before Argon, it lowers itself onto one knee in a gesture of fealty that seems almost incongruous with its imposing presence.

"I'll be in your care, my lord," the Lich intones, its voice echoing in the room like a whisper from beyond the grave. The voice, though devoid of life, carries a weight of sincerity and unwavering loyalty that is immediately binding, a direct consequence of the gacha system's magic.