

## I Created 342

### Chapter 342

Eager to understand the full extent of his new ally's capabilities, Argon immediately prompts the system, "Open the status of Morgrim."

A new screen materializes before his eyes, displaying the information in crisp, glowing text:

[Morgrim

Race: Lich

Cultivation: Peak-Stage Heavenly Realm]

Though Argon's expression remains calm, inside, he is thoroughly impressed by Morgrim's cultivation level. "As expected of a black card," he thinks, marveling at the strength that now stands beside him, ready to follow his command.

Turning to Morgrim with an approving nod, Argon acknowledges the Lich's power, "Not bad, Peak stage of Heavenly Realm." His words are measured, but the underlying tone of respect is unmistakable.

"Thank you, My Lord," Morgrim responds, his voice as cold and as it is respectful. Inside, the Lich is not surprised that Argon can discern his cultivation level so quickly. Despite Argon being at the Soul-Body Converging stage, Morgrim can sense a vast, dormant power within him—a monstrous force waiting to be unleashed.

With the acknowledgment of Morgrim's status complete, Argon shifts his focus back to the gacha machine. "Ok, please wait to the side first, I still have one last chance to summon."

Morgrim moves aside, a silent observer now as Argon turns his attention back to the gacha machine. His hand reaches for the handle once again, the anticipation in the room palpable.

He pulls down the handle, and the cards on the screen start to shuffle once more. Argon watches as a cascade of colors whirls before him— green, blue, red, white, golden, and, once again, the elusive

black. As the cards begin to slow, Argon's heart rate picks up slightly, the thrill of the unknown gripping him once more.

Finally, as the cards come to a stop, a red card is prominently displayed on the screen. Argon lets out a soft, impressed whistle. "My luck is pretty good today," he thinks, satisfied with the outcome. Red cards signify powerful entities, not quite as rare as the black cards but still, not a bad card.

Argon looks over at Morgrim, a slight grin playing on his lips. "Looks like we'll be welcoming another powerful ally," he comments, already curious about the identity of the being behind the red card.

Morgrim nods, his glowing eyes fixed on the gacha machine. "Indeed, my lord. Your fortunes seem to be favoring you today."

As they stand together, Argon and Morgrim wait for the summoning of the new subordinate. The atmosphere in the room, charged with anticipation and the promise of new alliances, speaks volumes of the journey ahead. With beings like Morgrim by his side and potentially another formidable ally on the way, Argon's path through the cultivation world is set to become even more intriguing and perilous.

The summoning portal begins to form once again, and Argon watches, ready to meet the newcomer.

As the portal slowly opens, a delicate figure steps through, contrasting sharply with the overpowering presence of Morgrim. The newcomer's entrance is marked by a palpable change in the room's atmosphere, a subtle shift that feels both alluring and dangerous.

The figure that emerges is a petite girl, her movements graceful and measured. The most striking feature about her is her skin, so white and smooth it seems to radiate a soft glow. Her eyes, a deep crimson, hold a depth of knowledge and cunning that belies her innocent appearance. Long, dark hair cascades down her back, framing her face and accentuating her ethereal beauty. She is dressed in a simple, elegant garment that clings to her form, hinting at the power that lurks beneath her delicate exterior.

At first glance, Argon doesn't realize the true nature of this petite girl due to her human-like appearance. However, sensing Argon's curiosity and perhaps a hint of confusion, the girl decides to reveal her true form. With a fluid motion that seems to ripple through the air, her figure transforms, her height increasing slightly, and her features becoming more defined and otherworldly.

Her skin, already pale, takes on an ethereal luminescence, and two delicate horns curve gracefully from her forehead, adding to her otherworldly charm. Her wings, thin and bat-like, unfurl from her back, tinted in shades of deep purple and black, completing the transformation into her succubus form. This form exudes a more overt sense of power and seduction, characteristics intrinsic to her race.

"Master, do you want me to keep my human form or this succubus form?" she inquires, her voice laced with a playful, flirtatious undertone that seems to fill the room with an intangible allure. It's clear from her demeanor that she's comfortable in either form, each serving its purpose in the dance of seduction and power that succubi are known for.

Argon, taken aback by the transformation and the sudden question, responds with a calm that belies his intrigue. "Just do what you want," he says, his voice even. He's aware of the succubi's nature and their ability to shift between forms based on what they deem most effective for their current purpose.

"Very well, Master. I shall stay in this form then, for it is my true nature," the succubus replies, her crimson eyes gleaming with an inner light that speaks of centuries of experience and an innate understanding of the darker, more primal aspects of desire and manipulation.

"Your name," Argon prompts, wanting to address his new subordinate by something more personal than just her race.

"I am known as Seraphine," she responds with a hint of pride in her tone. Her name, like her appearance, carries an air of elegance and mystery.

Argon nods, acknowledging the introduction. "Seraphine, then. Welcome to my service. Your abilities will be invaluable as we expand our influence."

"Thank you, My Lord. I assure you, my powers of persuasion and seduction can turn the tides in our favor, be it in gathering information or swaying allies to our cause," Seraphine states confidently, her form shifting slightly as she speaks, emphasizing her adaptability and the subtle power she wields.

Curious to understand more about his new ally, Argon calls upon the system once again, "System, open the status of Seraphine."