

I Created 343

Chapter 343

A new holographic display appears in the air, revealing Seraphine's details in glowing letters:

[Seraphine

Race: Succubus

Cultivation: Early-Stage Soul-Body Converging]

Argon's expression remains composed as he reads her status, but inwardly, he is intrigued. "Ohh, she has the same cultivation as me," he contemplates silently. Although he notes that Seraphine does not utilize the power of law, since she only has a Soul-Body Converging cultivation, he understands that a succubus's strengths lie elsewhere. "From what I remember, a succubus is good at illusion, and a more complex illusion compared to the normal cultivators."

Turning to Morgrim and Seraphine, Argon motions for them to follow. "You two, come with me. I will introduce you to my other subordinates," he announces, leading the way toward the heart of his power, the dragon throne room.

After a short journey through the grand corridors of his lair, the trio arrives at the dragon throne room. The room, expansive and adorned with the spoils of countless victories, serves as the epicenter of Argon's dominion. Here, seated around the majestic throne, are his most trusted subordinates: Ghorm, Cambion, Ma Kong, Isadora, and Azrael. Each of them radiates a powerful aura, a testament to their strength and loyalty to Argon.

As Argon steps into the room with Morgrim and Seraphine in tow, the attention of the assembly immediately shifts towards them. A palpable sense of curiosity and anticipation fills the air as they await introductions to the new additions.

"Greetings, my trusted ones," Argon begins, his voice commanding the room's attention. "Today, we welcome two new allies into our fold—Morgrim, a lich of great power and knowledge," he gestures towards Morgrim, who nods in acknowledgment to the gathered subordinates, "and Seraphine, a succubus whose mastery of illusion and persuasion will prove invaluable to our cause," he continues, introducing Seraphine, who offers a charming smile to everyone present.

Ma Kong, a being of immense physical prowess, nods approvingly at the new recruits. Cambion, whose own abilities lean towards killing. Isadora, with her keen understanding of illusion, recognizes the potential that both new allies bring, but seems particularly interested in Seraphine. Azrael, silent and observant, offers a slight nod, acknowledging their arrival.

"Welcome, Morgrim and Seraphine," Isadora speaks up, her voice warm yet carrying an underlying strength. "We stand united under my lord's leadership, and your strengths will bolster our collective might."

Morgrim responds with a nod, "I look forward to contributing to our lord's grand vision."

Seraphine, ever the charmer, adds, "It's a pleasure to join such a distinguished company. I am eager to lend my skills to our endeavors."

Argon watches the exchanges with a sense of pride. The integration of Morgrim and Seraphine into his cadre of subordinates not only strengthens his forces but also adds new dimensions to their capabilities. "Together, we will continue to expand our dominion and achieve greatness," Argon declares, his voice resonant with determination.

The dragon throne room, a place of power and strategy, buzzes with the energy of new alliances formed. As Argon sits upon his throne, flanked by his loyal subordinates, he envisions the future.

As Argon gathers the attention of his subordinates, he stands with the confidence of a leader who knows the weight of his next words will shape the future of their collective endeavors. Morgrim and Seraphine, the newest additions to his ranks, stand slightly behind him, their presence a testament to Argon's ever-expanding power.

"I have gathered you all not just to introduce Morgrim and Seraphine," Argon begins, his voice echoing authoritatively through the grand hall. His subordinates listen intently, aware that any announcement from Argon holds significance. "But also to announce that I will be departing for a couple of days, possibly even months."

The room falls silent, the weight of his words sinking in. Argon's absences are rare, and each one marks a pivotal moment in their collective journey.

"Right now, we need to expand our dungeon, and I know the perfect place for it," Argon continues, his gaze sweeping over the assembled faces, each reflecting a mixture of curiosity and resolve.

At the mention of expansion, Ma Kong's eyes light up with excitement. The warrior, always eager for new challenges, opens his mouth to volunteer to accompany Argon, but Argon raises a hand to stop him before he can speak.

"I already have two people that I choose to go with me," Argon states, gesturing to Morgrim and Seraphine. "Their unique abilities will be crucial for the task at hand."

Ma Kong's excitement turns to understanding, and he nods along with the rest of the subordinates. They all have their roles within the dungeon, tasks that keep the vast and intricate structure running smoothly. Argon's decision to take Morgrim and Seraphine is a strategic one, and they trust his judgment implicitly.

"Everyone, continue to maintain the dungeon in my absence," Argon instructs, his voice firm yet imbued with trust. "Your dedication and strength are what keep our domain formidable."

Azrael, the embodiment of a sharp sword, nods in acknowledgment, his deep voice resonating through the hall, "We will keep the dungeon secure, my lord."

Cambion said, "And I'll ensure that our enemies think twice before making any moves against us."

Ma Kong, unable to hide his initial disappointment, nods in acceptance. "Of course, my lord. Your strategic decisions are for the best of our dungeon. We will uphold its strength and honor in your absence."

The room echoes with murmurs of agreement, each subordinate internalizing Argon's announcement and mentally preparing for the days ahead. The atmosphere is charged with a sense of duty and anticipation for the challenges that lie in wait.

As Argon, Morgrim, and Seraphine prepare to depart, Ma Kong turns to Azrael, his voice filled with a mixture of awe and determination. "Wow, that Morgrim guy is really powerful. I couldn't even grasp the depth of his cultivation."

Azrael, ever calm and insightful, nods in agreement. "You are right. In the future, there will be more powerful people that My Lord is going to summon. We need to double our cultivation if we want to stay relevant."

His words hang in the air, a silent acknowledgment of the ever-evolving nature of their world and the necessity for personal growth. "Although my lord is magnanimous and will raise our cultivation, we still need to work on it ourselves," Azrael adds, his gaze sweeping across the room, meeting the eyes of each of their fellow subordinates.