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Chapter 344

Isadora nods thoughtfully. "Indeed, our lord's journey is one of constant expansion and challenge. It's only fitting that we, too, strive to reach new heights in our own paths."

Cambion, whose cunning has served them well in the past, smirks slightly. "Let's take this as an opportunity, then. To grow, to learn, and to become even more formidable. When our lord returns, let him find us stronger than ever."

As Argon, Morgrim, and Seraphine teleport into the middle of a lush, verdant forest, the tranquil atmosphere is a stark contrast to the grandeur of the dragon throne room they just left. The air is fresh, filled with the scent of earth and leaves, and the sounds of wildlife resonate softly in the background. Argon pauses for a moment, taking in the serenity of their surroundings, before turning his attention to the task at hand.

Without a moment's hesitation, Argon communicates silently with the system in his mind. "System, open the portal now," he commands, his tone firm yet filled with anticipation.

In response, the system promptly deducts two million soul coins from Argon's account. The significant sum, a testament to the ambitious plans Argon has for expanding his dungeon, seems to vanish into the ether, but what emerges in its stead is far more impressive.

A complex portal begins to materialize in front of them, its emergence marked by the ambient energy of the forest warping and swirling. The portal itself is a masterpiece of arcane engineering, its frame glowing with an ethereal light that casts intricate shadows on the forest floor. The runes that adorn its surface are unlike any seen in the known realms, their patterns shifting and changing in a mesmerizing dance of light and shadow.

Even Morgrim, with his vast cultivation and knowledge accumulated over centuries, finds himself unable to decipher the runes adorning the portal. He studies it with an intensity born of both curiosity and respect, aware that what stands before them is a marvel of magical prowess.

Seraphine, now in her human form to blend more seamlessly with the environment, gazes at the portal with wide eyes, her fascination palpable. "Incredible," she murmurs, her voice barely above a whisper. "I've never seen anything like it."

Argon nods, acknowledging her awe with a slight smile. "This is the gateway to new opportunities," he says, his gaze fixed on the shimmering portal. "A path to the expansion we seek."

The portal, now fully formed, stands as a silent invitation to step into the unknown. For Argon and his companions, it represents the beginning of a significant journey, one that will challenge them and potentially change the course of their collective fate.

With a final glance at Morgrim and Seraphine, Argon steps forward, signaling the start of their expedition. "Let's proceed," he says, confidence and determination resonating in his voice.

Together, the trio steps through the portal, leaving behind the familiar world. The portal closes behind them with a soft hum, sealing their path forward and marking the beginning of a new chapter in their saga.

After traversing through the portal, Argon, Morgrim, and Seraphine find themselves in a vast, abandoned building. The structure towers around them, its architecture grand and imposing even in its state of neglect. The air is heavy with dust, and their footsteps echo in the silent halls, disturbing the quiet that has settled over the place for who knows how long.

"Hmm, My lord, the aura in this place is much thicker compared to the forest earlier," Morgrim observes, his voice echoing slightly in the vast space. He takes a deep breath, the dense aura filling his senses, a stark contrast to the natural ambiance they had just left behind.

"You're right," Argon agrees, his gaze sweeping across the expansive interior. He notes the layers of dust that coat every surface, the way the light filters in through the broken windows, casting long shadows across the floor. Despite its abandonment, there's a certain solemnity to the space, a reminder of what once was.

Argon continues, "Although the aura was inferior to the aura of my special floor, compared to the world on floor 1, floor 2, and floor 3, the aura of this continent is more rich." His observation reflects his deep understanding of the different energies that permeate the various levels of his dungeon and the world beyond.

"And... This place looks like a library," Argon muses, taking in the rows upon rows of empty shelves, the scattered remnants of what were once probably books and scrolls. The air of desolation is palpable, but so is the sense of history, of knowledge that was once housed within these walls.

Seraphine, still in her human form, adds, "Yeah, my lord, although the place is empty now, it looks like it was a grand place from the structure alone." Her voice carries a note of wistfulness, as if mourning the loss of what the library once represented.

As they move through the library, it becomes apparent that a great conflict once took place here. The signs of battle are everywhere - scorched walls, shattered pillars, and the remnants of magical wards still flickering weakly in some corners. It's as if the library was the epicenter of a war long past, its cause and its combatants now lost to time.

Morgrim, with his extensive knowledge of the arcane, can't help but feel a pang of loss at the sight of the destruction. "Such knowledge lost," he laments quietly, his gaze lingering on a particularly damaged section of the library.

"Indeed," Argon replies, his voice echoing Morgrim's sentiment as he surveys the destruction around them. The air feels thick with the ghosts of the past, with the echo of spells cast and the clash of unseen forces.

Seraphine, her crimson eyes scanning the ruins, suddenly stops and turns to Argon and Morgrim. "I'm sure the cultivation books and techniques that were once stored here are already in the hands of whoever won that war," she says, her voice tinged with a mix of regret and realism. "Such valuable resources rarely remain unclaimed in the aftermath."

"Let's move on, then," Argon decides, breaking the silence. His voice carries the resolve to continue their mission, to find new opportunities and challenges beyond the confines of this forgotten library. "Our journey doesn't end with the relics of the past. There are new worlds to explore, new knowledge to uncover."

As they step out of the library, Argon contemplates the situation. While the loss of the library's treasures is regrettable, he knows that for someone of his capabilities, the need for physical books and scrolls is not as dire. "Well, I don't really need cultivation books for myself. The system shop contains all kinds of cultivation techniques and knowledge. I just need soul coins to access them," Argon thinks to himself, appreciating the convenience provided by the system.

However, Argon also recognizes the value such resources could have for his subordinates. "But it wouldn't be bad to gather some for my subordinates," he muses, considering the potential benefits that rare and powerful techniques could offer to strengthen his followers.

The thought of enhancing his team's capabilities further cements Argon's determination to expand his search, to uncover new sources of knowledge and power that could benefit his cause. "After all, empowering my subordinates will only make our dungeon stronger," he concludes silently.

With that, Argon, Morgrim, and Seraphine leave the crumbling ruins of the library behind, stepping back into the vibrant life of the forest that surrounds the abandoned structure. The contrast between the lifeless interior of the library and the bustling, living forest is stark, reminding them of the ever-present cycle of destruction and renewal that defines their world.

As Argon, Morgrim, and Seraphine venture further into what once was the heart of a great sect, the surroundings begin to shift. The ruins of buildings and halls emerge from the dense undergrowth, each structure telling a silent tale of a once-thriving community of cultivators. The trio moves cautiously, their senses alert to the history that clings to the air like a thick mist.

"The trees here... they've reclaimed this place," Argon observes, his gaze tracing the roots that intertwine with the fallen masonry and the branches that reach into broken windows. "It must have been a very long time since the sect stood in its glory for the forest to grow so deep within its bounds."

Morgrim nods, his eyes scanning the ancient structures. "Nature's resilience is remarkable. It erases the scars of war, enveloping everything with life once again."

They continue their journey through the remnants of the sect, navigating the narrow paths that nature has carved amidst the ruins. The further they go, the more evident it becomes that this was no ordinary sect. The scale of the buildings, the complexity of the designs, all speak of a power and knowledge that were once revered across the lands.

Finally, they find themselves at the edge of the sect, where the ruins give way to a breathtaking view of the mountains. Argon pauses, taking in the sight before him. Behind them, the forest and the ruins blend into a scene that captures the essence of a cultivation novel he vividly remembers from his past life.

"This place..." Argon begins, his voice filled with a hint of admiration, he though, "it's like something out of the stories I used to read. A sect hidden away in the mountains, its secrets guarded by the passage of time and the embrace of nature."

Just as they're about to leave the threshold and step into the wilderness of the mountains, a sudden burst of laughter pierces the serene silence. It's loud, boisterous, and unmistakably human.