

## I Created 345

### Chapter 345

Emerging from the dense foliage that marks the boundary of the once mighty but now fallen sect, Argon, Morgrim, and Seraphine halt their advance, drawn to the source of the unexpected laughter. The three teenagers are still far away, so they don't see Argon's group.

The group consists of two young men and a woman, their demeanor light and carefree, starkly contrasting with the solemnity of their surroundings. The young woman, her brows furrowed with concern, breaks the silence first. "Hey, is it really okay to come here?" she asks, her voice tinged with hesitation. "There's a rumor that there's a monster in this sect."

The first young man, brash and seemingly untroubled by the warning, scoffs at her concern. "What are you talking about, Mia?" he says, dismissively waving his hand. "That's just talk of old people to scare us. Besides, people are still finding treasures in this sect." He flashes an encouraging grin at Mia, trying to alleviate her fears. "Who knows, we might get lucky... Right?" His gaze then shifts to his companion, sharing an evil smirk that Mia doesn't catch.

The other young man, who's been quietly observing the exchange, meets his friend's gaze and smirks back, a silent agreement passing between them. "Luca is right," he says, turning his attention to Mia. "There's no harm in looking around. And if we do find something, we'll split it three ways. It's a win-win." He nudges Luca playfully, reinforcing the adventurous spirit of their excursion.

Mia, named for her delicate features and cautious nature, looks between Luca, the de facto leader of their little group, and his friend Dante, whose quiet demeanor often masks a cunning mind. Despite her reservations, the excitement and promise of adventure momentarily push her doubts aside. "Alright," she acquiesces, a small smile breaking through her uncertainty. "But let's be careful, okay? I don't want us to end up as just another story of foolish treasure hunters."

Luca, Dante, and Mia continue their approach towards the entrance of the sect, their laughter and banter filling the air until they notice Argon's group standing quietly, almost blending into the ruins around them. The sudden realization that they are not alone halts their advance, and an uneasy silence falls over the trio as they assess the unexpected encounter.

Sensing no immediate threat from Argon, Morgrim, and Seraphine, who stand with an otherworldly calmness, Luca finds his voice first. "Hello," he calls out, attempting to mask his surprise with a veneer of confidence. "You three got lost?"

Argon merely looks at them, his expression impassive and cold, sending a subtle but unmistakable message of his superiority. Luca, unaccustomed to such a demeanor, raises his eyebrows in a mixture of confusion and challenge. The tension between them is palpable, and for a brief moment, Luca wants to attack Argon's group. However, the concern in Mia's eyes, reflecting her fear of escalating the situation, holds him back.

Morgrim, ever observant, watches the exchange with disinterest until he addresses Argon in a tone devoid of any warmth. "My lord, do you want me to dispose of these two ants?" His gaze, filled with an ancient cold, briefly flits over Luca and Dante, assessing them as nothing more than nuisances.

Seraphine, sensing the undercurrents of the situation, turns her attention to the two young men, her voice carrying a hint of mocking. "You two are really exuding a thick aura of lust right now. You're planning something against that girl, aren't you?" Her accusation, sharp and precise, pierces the facade of camaraderie that Luca and Dante have maintained.

At Seraphine's words, Mia's nervousness escalates into fear, her eyes darting between her two companions as the reality of their intentions begins to dawn on her. The atmosphere, already tense, thickens with the unsaid, and Mia finds herself standing at a crossroads of trust and doubt.

Luca and Dante, caught off guard by the directness of the accusation, exchange a quick, uneasy glance. Their plan, whatever it might have been, now lies exposed under the scrutiny of Argon's group, and the weight of their ill intentions hangs heavily in the air.

Argon, utilizing the system discreetly, scans the cultivation levels of the three teenagers. "They all have Golden Core Cultivation," he notes internally. It's a significant realization for him, a testament to the difference between this place—one of the three main continents of the world—and the smaller, more secluded Azure Continent. The disparity in cultivation levels is stark, highlighting the vastness and diversity of the cultivation world.

Mia, her voice trembling with fear and uncertainty, turns to Lucas. "You're not planning something bad for me, right?" Her eyes searched his for any sign of reassurance, a glimmer of the friendship she thought they shared.

Lucas, however, only responds with a maniacal laugh, his intentions laid bare. "Well, it doesn't matter anymore, we're already here." His gaze locks onto Mia, his voice dripping with malicious intent. "Mia, to tell you the truth, I've always been salivating for your body." The confession strikes a cold, fear-inducing chord, leaving Mia teetering on the edge of despair.

Mia, tears streaming down her cheeks, turns to Dante, seeking solace in another familiar face. "Dante, we've been friends for so long now, why are you doing this to me?" Her plea is met with a chilling response.

"Sorry, Mia," Dante says coldly, his own desires taking precedence over their friendship. "But Lucas promised to help me get accepted into the inner courtyard of the sect. You know how much I've longed to get accepted into the inner courtyard." His justification, though feeble, underscores the lengths to which he'd go for his ambition, even betraying a friend.

Mia's cries fill the air, her despair palpable as the reality of her situation becomes unmistakably clear. She's alone, her companions are revealed as betrayers.

Lucas, emboldened by his companions' silence, turns his attention back to Argon's group, a sinister plan forming. "Now, let's kill these two first," he says, gesturing towards Argon and his companions with a cruel smile. "And for that woman, you already know."

With a shared glance between him and Dante, they launch an attack on Argon's group, their movements fueled by misplaced confidence. However, their advance halts abruptly as they find themselves caught in Seraphine's illusion, their surroundings morphing into a world filled with beautiful women, laughter, and indulgence.

Seraphine, with a mere flick of her wrist, effortlessly casts the two young men, Luca and Dante, into a vivid illusion of their deepest desires. Unbeknownst to them, their physical bodies collapse lifelessly to the ground, the vibrant energy that once animated them now extinguished. Their souls, trapped within Seraphine's crafted world of fantasy, are oblivious to their grim fate in the tangible world.

In this illusion, Luca and Dante find themselves surrounded by a myriad of enchanting women, their laughter and flirtatious gestures feeding the young men's egos and desires. The illusion is so complete, so intoxicating, that the concept of reality fades into insignificance. They indulge themselves, believing they have found a paradise of endless pleasure, unaware that their souls are being slowly and inexorably drained.

Morgrim, observing the scene with a scholarly interest, turns his attention to the lifeless bodies of the teenagers. To any passerby, he appears as nothing more than an old man, his true nature as a lich concealed behind a façade of frailty. Yet, his gaze betrays a depth of knowledge and power that belies his harmless appearance.

"Quite impressive," Morgrim remarks, his voice tinged with a note of respect for Seraphine's skill. "Her mastery over the illusion is already touching the law of illusion. To trap their souls in such a manner... It's a fate more final than death itself." His words carry the weight of centuries of experience, acknowledging the potency of Seraphine's spellwork.

As the illusion ensnares Luca and Dante, Mia's demeanor undergoes a sudden, drastic transformation. Her tears dry up, replaced by a cold, steely resolve as she watches her former companions collapse lifelessly to the ground. With a swift motion, she draws her sword and approaches their inert forms, a wicked smile curling on her lips.

"Hahaha, that serves you two right," Mia exclaims, her laughter tinged with madness. She raises her sword high and plunges it into the corpses of Luca and Dante, again and again, relishing in the act of vengeance. "And you, Dante, how dare you betray me. I can't believe I even liked a trash person like you, hahaha."

With each strike, Mia's laughter grows more unhinged, echoing through the ruins of the sect as flames flicker to life in her hand. She conjures a ball of fire, seething with her pent-up rage and betrayal, and hurls it at Dante's lifeless body, watching with satisfaction as it engulfs him in flames.

Seraphine observes Mia's frenzied actions with a mixture of curiosity and amusement, her crimson eyes gleaming with intrigue. "Well, well, well," she murmurs to herself, a smirk playing on her lips. "This woman has a screw loose, and I love it." Seraphine finds herself drawn to Mia's unpredictability, recognizing a kindred spirit in the chaos that radiates from her.

Meanwhile, Argon stands bewildered by the sudden turn of events, "What the hell just happened?" he wonders, his gaze flickering between Mia and the lifeless bodies of Luca and Dante. "This girl was just crying moments ago, and now she's turned into a psycho."

The air crackles with tension as Mia continues her onslaught, her laughter echoing against the stone walls of the ruins. In her madness, she finds a strange sense of liberation, reveling in the destruction of those who had betrayed her trust.