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Chapter 346

Seraphine's interest in Mia seems to deepen with each passing moment, her fascination with the girl's sudden transformation evident in her attentive gaze. Turning towards Argon, Seraphine presents her request with a blend of curiosity and excitement, "Master, can I take that girl?"

Argon, observing the unfolding drama, considers Seraphine's request. He recognizes the value of allowing his subordinates to have their own followers. It's a strategy that has served well within his ranks, enhancing the collective strength and capabilities of his group. "Do what you want," he finally decides, his voice calm and authoritative. "I don't see any problem with that."

Encouraged by Argon's approval, Seraphine approaches Mia, who stands amidst the chaos she's created, her sword still in hand and her laughter slowly subsiding. The fire she conjured continues to burn Dante's corpse, casting a flickering glow that illuminates her features, now marked by a wild, unsettling joy.

"Mia, was it?" Seraphine starts, her tone light yet carrying an underlying edge. "You've got quite the spirit. How about joining me? I could use someone of your... talents."

Mia, still caught in the aftermath of her actions, hesitates at the offer. The reality of her situation begins to settle in; with Lucas being the son of an elder in her sect, her actions today could spell her doom. Seraphine's proposition, albeit unexpected, presents a possible escape from the inevitable repercussions.

"You want me?" Mia asks, her voice a mix of disbelief and cautious interest. "After what I've done?"

Seraphine smiles, a gleam in her eyes. "Especially after what you've done. You're exactly what I'm looking for."

Mia considers her options, weighing the risks of returning to her sect against the unknown that Seraphine offers. The decision is a difficult one, but the potential consequences of her actions loom large. "Alright," Mia says finally, her resolve hardening. "I'll join you. It's not like I have much of a choice anyway."

"Excellent choice," Seraphine replies, her smile widening. "Welcome to the team. I promise you, life's never dull with me."

Argon watches the exchange, his initial surprise at Mia's sudden shift in demeanor giving way to contemplation. The cultivation world is full of unexpected twists and turns, and Mia's story is just another example of the complex tapestry of motivations and fates that weave through it. "What the hell just happened indeed," he thinks, a flicker of amusement crossing his features.

Seraphine, however, is not finished with her plans for Mia. As Mia breathes a sigh of relief, having made her decision, Seraphine's expression turns serious, and she announces, "But first, we need to change you."

Before Mia can even begin to process what Seraphine means, she watches as Seraphine draws a drop of dark, crimson blood onto her fingertip. With a swift, deliberate motion, Seraphine flicks the blood onto Mia's forehead. The moment the blood makes contact, Mia's eyes widen in shock, and a searing pain courses through her entire body.

Mia's cry of pain echoes through the ruins, a haunting sound that momentarily stills the air around them. Her body convulses as if caught in the throes of a transformation she can neither understand nor control. Argon and Morgrim watch in silence.

As the transformation progresses, Mia feels an overwhelming surge of power coursing through her veins, her senses heightening in ways she never thought possible. Her body shifts and morphs, taking on the characteristics of a succubus under the watchful eyes of her new master, Seraphine. The pain gradually subsides, replaced by a newfound strength and a sense of clarity.

When the transformation completes, Mia stands transformed, her appearance now mirroring that of Seraphine's succubus form. Her eyes, once filled with fear and confusion, now glow with an otherworldly light, and her body radiates an allure that is both captivating and dangerous.

"Welcome to your new form," Seraphine says, a hint of pride in her voice as she observes Mia's transformation. "You are one of us now, a succubus with powers that match your spirit."

Mia, still reeling from the rapid change, looks down at her hands, her new form unfamiliar yet strangely empowering. "What... What have you done to me?" she asks, her voice laced with a mix of fear and wonder.

Seraphine steps closer, offering a comforting smile. "I've given you the strength to protect yourself, to be more than what you were. As a succubus, you'll have powers you never dreamed of. Together, we'll achieve great things."

Mia gazes at her reflection in a nearby pool of water, taking in her new appearance. The realization of her transformation slowly sinks in, and with it, a sense of determination. "If this is my new path," Mia finally says, her voice steadier now, "then I'll embrace it. I'll become stronger... Thank you, Master."

As Mia steadies herself, absorbing the reality of her new existence and the power coursing through her veins, Seraphine directs her gaze towards Argon, their almighty leader. With a gesture that combines respect and a hint of playfulness, she introduces Mia to the hierarchy of their group. "You see that handsome man over there?" she begins, her voice laced with a mix of admiration and loyalty.

"He is my master. An almighty being, far beyond what normal cultivators could even dream of becoming. So, you already know what you will do."

Mia, now fully embracing her new role and identity, nods respectfully towards Argon. Her voice steady and filled with newfound determination, she acknowledges her place in this new world. "Yes, master," she affirms to Seraphine before turning to Argon with a deep bow. "I pay respect to you, Your Lord." Her words echo the reverence and acceptance of her position beneath their powerful leader.

Argon, observing the exchange, offers a simple nod in return, a gesture that signifies both acknowledgment and acceptance of Mia into their fold. His reaction is measured, indicative of his status and power, yet there's a hint of curiosity in his gaze as he contemplates Mia's swift transformation and integration.

Argon his expression unreadable as he observes Mia. "Lead me to your sect," he commands, his voice echoing with authority.

Mia's heart swells with pride as she realizes the significance of her new role. With her transformation into a succubus, her cultivation has skyrocketed to the middle-stage Core Formation Realm, a realm reserved for the elite students in her sect. The realization fills her with ecstasy, her newfound power fueling her determination to serve her master faithfully.

"As you wish, My Lord," Mia replies, her voice filled with unwavering loyalty.

With a flicker of her hand, Mia transforms back into her human form, her features now radiating confidence and strength.

With Seraphine and Argon by her side, Mia prepares to lead them to her sect. Utilizing their advanced cultivation, they effortlessly ascend into the air, their bodies becoming light as they glide across the sky. The sensation of flying, so natural to cultivators of their stature, brings a sense of freedom and power. The world below them becomes a patchwork of landscapes, each more beautiful and diverse than the last.

After a couple of minutes, the vastness of the landscape gives way to an awe-inspiring sight—a floating mountain, majestic and serene, suspended in the sky as if by magic. This grandeur far surpasses anything seen in the Azure continent, and Mia announces their arrival with a hint of pride in her voice, "We arrive, My Lord, Master."

Argon gazes upon the floating mountain, its splendor and the sect that resides atop it a clear indication of the power and resources such a sect must wield. Intrigued, he inquires about the sect's standing in this vast and complex world they are navigating. "What level of power does your sect have in this continent?"

Mia hesitates for a moment, her voice carrying a mix of humility and a hint of sorrow as she replies, "Well, My Lord, the sect where I come from is nothing in comparison to any influential sect. Our sect is located in the south, which is a barren land compared to the central land." Her words paint a picture of a sect striving for survival and recognition in a world where power dictates status and influence.

Argon nods, understanding the delicate balance of power and the struggles of lesser sects to carve out their own space in the vast continent called Celestial Haven. "Ok, I understand now," he says, his voice carrying a sense of acceptance and perhaps a hint of curiosity about the dynamics of power within Celestial Haven Continent.

"Is there any city not far from your sect?" Argon inquires further, his strategic mind already contemplating the next steps in their journey and the potential opportunities and challenges they may face.

Mia's eyes light up with hope as she mentions the nearby city, a place that could serve as a gateway to understanding more about the continent and its inhabitants. "There is, My Lord. It's called Verdant Rise, a city known for its bustling markets and diverse population. It lies just at the foot of the mountains that cradle our sect."

With a new destination in mind, Argon, Seraphine, and Mia set their sights on Verdant Rise. Their flight towards the city is swift, the wind carrying whispers of the adventures and encounters that await them. Verdant Rise promises to be a melting pot of cultures, secrets, and potentially, the key to understanding the intricate web of power that defines Celestial Haven.

As they approach Verdant Rise, the city reveals itself to be a vibrant oasis amidst the rugged terrain, its lively streets and colorful buildings a stark contrast to the barren lands that Mia mentioned. The city's energy is palpable, a beacon of life and activity that beckons them closer.