

## I Created 348

### Chapter 348

As the first rays of dawn begin to stretch across Verdant Rise, painting the city in hues of gold and amber, the tranquility of the early morning is shattered by a deafening bang. The once peaceful entrance of the Celestial Rest Inn explodes into debris and dust, startling the patrons and staff awake. The guards of the inn, trained for such unexpected occurrences, immediately spring into action, their hands reaching for weapons as they prepare to confront the assailant.

However, as the dust settles and the figure responsible for the commotion becomes clear, the guards' aggressive postures falter, replaced by visible hesitation and unease. Standing amidst the wreckage, with an air of authority and disdain, is a disciplinary officer from the Starlight Sect, his uniform unmistakable and his presence undeniably commanding.

The inn's owner, witnessing the scene from behind the counter, can't help but curse inwardly at the sight of the Starlight Sect's emblem. "These fuckers from the Starlight Sect," he thinks, frustration boiling within him. "Why are they so overbearing?" Despite his internal outrage, years of experience in handling the Starlight Sect compel him to approach the officer with a practiced smile, masking his disdain with professional courtesy. "Sir, how can I help you?" he inquires, his voice steady despite the turmoil within.

The officer, ignoring the innkeeper's polite inquiry, bellows across the inn with an authority that demands immediate attention. "Mia, come out right now!" he shouts, his gaze sweeping the vicinity for the accused. "I am here to arrest you for harming a fellow student." His voice echoes through the inn, leaving no room for doubt regarding the seriousness of his intentions.

The patrons and staff of the inn, now fully alert to the unfolding drama, exchange worried glances. The presence of a disciplinary officer from the Starlight Sect, known for their power and influence, spells trouble for anyone caught in their crosshairs.

As the tension in the inn reaches its peak, Mia steps forward, her expression resolute and determined. She meets the officer's gaze with unwavering resolve, their eyes locking in a silent exchange of defiance and determination. The realization dawns upon the gathered crowd that Mia and the officer possess equal cultivation levels, setting the stage for a clash of wills and powers.

"You fucking insect!" Seraphine's voice cuts through the air like a whip, her words laced with venomous anger directed at the officer. "How dare you disturb my handsome master's cultivation!" The incongruity of Seraphine's delicate appearance and her ferocious demeanor stuns the onlookers, their eyes widening in disbelief at the sheer force of her rage.

With a swift movement belying her small stature, Seraphine's hand shoots out, striking the disciplinary officer with a force that defies expectation. The slap, crisp and resounding, sends the officer hurtling through the air, his body a mere blur as it crashes through the inn's remaining structure and continues its flight beyond the city limits. A trail of destruction marks his path, houses collapsing under the impact as he is flung outside the city.

The officer's life is extinguished in an instant, the sheer power of Seraphine's slap leaving no room for survival. The onlookers gasp in horror, not solely at the display of overwhelming strength but at the realization of what this act signifies. Attacking a member of the Starlight Sect, especially a disciplinary officer, is an affront that could have far-reaching consequences.

The shock among the patrons of the Celestial Rest Inn is palpable, a heavy silence descending in the aftermath of Seraphine's explosive display of power. The bystanders, a mix of locals and travelers, can't help but exchange glances, their expressions a blend of awe, fear, and incredulity.

"Who is that girl?" whispers one bewildered patron, his voice barely audible over the murmurs that start to fill the room. The question hangs in the air, unanswered, as all eyes remain fixed on Seraphine, who stands amidst the debris, her petite frame belying the immense power she just exhibited.

From the back of the crowd, a voice breaks through the whispers, bold and unguarded. "Ha, that serves that bastard right," a man says, his tone laced with satisfaction. His words capture the sentiment of those who've felt the weight of the Starlight Sect's arrogance, their overbearing presence a constant shadow over Verdant Rise.

"Hey, shut your mouth," his companion chides, glancing nervously around the inn. The warning is tinged with caution, a reminder of the Starlight Sect's influence and the potential repercussions of speaking ill of its members, even in the wake of such a shocking incident.

The mixed reactions among the patrons reflect the complex relationship between the inhabitants of Verdant Rise and the Starlight Sect. While some revel in the officer's downfall, others fear the inevitable backlash that may follow, aware that the sect's reach is long and its retribution swift.

In the seclusion of his room, Argon remains unfazed by the commotion outside, his focus undisturbed by the events that have unfolded at the Celestial Rest Inn's entrance. For him, the well-being of his people is paramount, their safety his only concern. The outside world, with its conflicts and challenges, holds little interest unless it directly threatens those under his protection. His

resolve is ironclad: should the world turn against his subordinates, he would not hesitate to stand against it, a formidable adversary to any who dare cross his path.

Summoning Morgrim with a mere thought, Argon watches as Morgrim materializes beside him, akin to a wraith emerging from the shadows.

"What's your order, My Lord?" Morgrim inquires, his voice a low rumble, ready to execute any command bestowed upon him.

Argon's response is immediate, his intentions clear. "Let's get to work," he commands, his voice steady and determined. The reason for their presence in Verdant Rise is singular: to establish a dungeon, a base of power from which they can extend their influence and strengthen their hold.

In the aftermath of the morning's startling events, with the city still murmuring about the spectacle at the Celestial Rest Inn, Argon remains undisturbed, focused solely on his grander ambitions. Within the confines of his room, he prepares for the next phase of their mission, unaffected by the chaos that had unfolded just outside.

Summoning Seraphine and Mia, he waits as they quickly gather. Without wasting a moment, Morgrim weaves a complex spell, enveloping the group in a veil of arcane energy. The fabric of reality bends to his will, and with a subtle shift, they are teleported away from Verdant Rise, leaving behind the whispers and shocked gazes of the city's inhabitants.

They reappear amidst the ruins of the destroyed sect they had first encountered upon arriving on this continent. The desolation of the place, with its crumbling structures and overgrown paths, stands in stark contrast to the vibrant life of Verdant Rise they had just left behind. Mia follows in silence, her thoughts a whirlwind but her determination clear, as she steps into the unknown under the guidance of her new master.

In the quiet of the ruined sect, Argon focuses his mind, reaching inward to the mysterious system that has granted him the power to reshape the world around him. "System, build the dungeon here," he commands internally.

The system acknowledges his command, its response echoing within his mind, [Building the dungeon, 1 hour remaining before it's done.] The anticipation of what is to come fills the air, a tangible sense of power about to be unleashed.

Moments later, the sky above the ruined sect is pierced by a pillar of white light, so intense and pure it seems to cleave the clouds apart. An overwhelming surge of energy emanates from the heart of the light, blanketing the surrounding area in waves of raw, unbridled power. To those with a cultivation of the Golden Core Realm or higher, this energy is not only palpable but awe-inspiring, a beacon that draws their attention from miles around.

As the light continues to radiate, a tower begins to materialize from the ground up, its structure forming piece by piece with an otherworldly precision and grace. The tower, majestic and imposing, seems to be crafted from the very essence of the light, standing as a testament to the power of the system at Argon's command.

The spectacle does not go unnoticed by the inhabitants of the surrounding lands. Cultivators and common folk alike halt in their tracks, their gazes turned skyward as they witness the miraculous pillar of white light. A murmur runs through the crowd that has gathered, a mix of speculation and wonder at the display before them.

"Could it be a rare treasure?" one bystander speculates, his eyes wide with a mix of greed and excitement. "Such intense energy... It must be something of incredible value!"

Another, drawn by the allure of the unknown, nods in agreement. "We must investigate," they say, the prospect of discovering something legendary sparking a fire within them.

The reactions vary, from awe to opportunism, as the people of the continent grapple with the implications of the tower's sudden appearance. The pillar of white light, a beacon of unknown origins, stirs the hearts and minds of all who witness it, setting the stage for a new chapter in this land—one that centers around the mysterious dungeon and its equally enigmatic creator, Argon.

As the tower's construction nears completion and the pillar of white light pierces the heavens, Argon, with a sense of fulfillment at the task underway, shifts his focus back to the immediate aftermath. Aware of the curiosity and potential turmoil such a phenomenon could stir among the local population and beyond, he decisively addresses the trio, "Let's go back to the inn. There will be an influx of people coming here."