

I Created 355

Chapter 355

As the throng of cultivators begins to pour into the tower, driven by tales of uncharted realms and untold treasures, a palpable shift in energy reverberates through the very fabric of the structure. High above, in a realm unseen by the eager adventurers below, Argon feels the influx of energy—a tide of ambition, hope, and desperation flooding into his domain.

"I guess our job here is done," Argon remarks, his voice calm yet carrying an undertone of satisfaction. His gaze pierced through the veils of reality to observe the scenes unfolding below.

"That's good, master," Seraphine responds, her tone laced with a touch of pride. Her eyes shimmering with a light that seems to dance with the very stars.

Morgrim nods in agreement. "I guess that Sect Master of the Starlight Sect is not dumb. Seeing his sect's situation, he wasn't forced to monopolize the tower," he muses, stroking his beard thoughtfully.

Seraphine's lips curve into a wistful smile, a hint of mischief sparkling in her eyes. "Too bad, I would love to see people in despair," she says, almost lamenting the missed opportunity for chaos.

Argon turns from the balcony, his gaze shifting back to his companions. "Ok, let's go back to the castle," he declares, his voice resolute.

Upon returning to the vast, celestial expanse of his throne room, Argon, with a wave of his hand, dismisses Morgrim, Seraphine, and Mia. The atmosphere, charged with the residual energy of their recent oversight of the tower, slowly begins to settle into its usual serene state. The throne room, a nexus of power and command, reflects the immense authority that Argon wields.

In the silence that follows, Argon's voice resonates through the ethereal halls, summoning Isadora, his trusted aide. Almost immediately, a ripple of excitement disturbs the tranquil air as Isadora responds, her voice tinged with an unmistakable joy. "My Lord, you are finally back," she exclaims, her words echoing softly in the grandeur of the throne room.

Argon, taken aback by the warmth and enthusiasm in Isadora's voice, raises an eyebrow in mild confusion. "You miss me that much?" he asks, his tone playful yet curious. "I have only gone for a day or two."

Isadora, her excitement momentarily overshadowed by surprise, quickly clarifies, "Eh, My Lord, you have been gone for almost a month now." Her statement hangs in the air.

Argon's expression shifts to one of contemplation as he processes this discrepancy. "Ohh? That's interesting," he muses aloud. The realization dawns on him that the temporal distortion they experienced was likely linked to the portal's mechanics. "It must be because of the portal. Although we were only inside for a couple of hours, days had passed in the outside world. Must be a low-level portal."

As if in response to Argon's thoughts, a voice, known only to him as the system, chimes in his mind with a tone that borders on smugness. "Host, you only paid for two million soul coins, of course, I won't give you a grand portal." The system's remark, though informative, carries a hint of playful reprimand, reminding Argon of the limitations imposed by their transaction.

Argon can only shrug at the system's explanation.

Turning his attention back to Isadora, who awaits his command with a mix of eagerness and apprehension, Argon gestures for her to enter the throne room. "Come in and report," he instructs, his voice now laced with the authority befitting his stature. "Tell me what has been happening in the dungeon for the past weeks."

Isadora steps into the throne room, her demeanor shifting from excitement to solemnity as she prepares to brief Argon on the events that transpired during his absence. The throne room, with its ethereal beauty and imposing presence.

Isadora, standing confidently before Argon in the vast expanse of the throne room, begins her report with a focus that mirrors the importance of her news. "The only major event concerns Alix's group," she states, her voice steady and clear.

Argon leans forward slightly, his interest piqued. "Tell me about it," he prompts, his gaze fixed on Isadora, awaiting the details of Alix's exploits.

Isadora continues, "Alix's group has been clearing tombs really fast. They must have been trying to find the tomb that will make them advance to the next floor." Her report underscores the rapid progress and strategic approach taken by Alix and his team.

"Well, I'm not even surprised," Argon replies with a slight nod, an acknowledgment of Alix's well-known talent and potential. "With Alix's talent, he can advance to floor 3 in no time. It's just sooner than I expected." His words carry a mix of expectation and confidence in Alix's abilities.

Curious about the current status of their endeavor, Argon asks, "What's their progress?"

"Right now, they are already on their way to the special tomb," Isadora informs him, her report indicating the significance of this next phase in Alix's journey.

"That's good," Argon responds with a pleased tone, clearly satisfied with the news of Alix's continued success.

Without further delay, Argon summons a floating screen in front of him, a magical display that allows him to peer into the dungeon and observe the happenings in real-time. The screen flickers to life, revealing Alix's group as they stand before the imposing gate of the special tomb, their movements deliberate as they attempt to gain entry.

Alix and his group stand before the imposing gate of the tomb, its ancient runes glowing softly in the dim light of the undead world. The air is thick with anticipation and a palpable sense of dread that seems to emanate from the very stones of the gate.

"This tomb must be it, I can feel it." Alix states firmly, his eyes scanning the intricate carvings on the gate. "If we can clear this, we will surely advance to the next floor." His voice carries a mixture of determination and an unspoken understanding of the challenges that lie ahead.

Eryx, standing slightly behind Alix, clenches his fists, his knuckles equipped and ready for whatever may come. "Captain, this tomb is extraordinary. This gate alone fills me with dread," he admits, his voice betraying a rare note of concern. The energy emanating from the gate is unlike anything they've encountered before, a testament to the tomb's formidable guardians.

Elara, positioned on Alix's other side, nods in agreement. "This gate even needs us to unlock it," she observes, pointing out the complexity of their task. Her gaze lingers on the gate, a silent acknowledgment of the trials that await them.

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In the quiet moments as they prepare to confront the tomb's challenges, Elara's thoughts drift to Althea, her sect master who sacrificed herself in battle. The news of Althea's demise hit Elara hard, for Althea was more than a mentor; she was like a mother to her. Though not related by blood, Althea had taken care of Elara since she was a child, shaping her into what she is today.

The days following the news of Althea's death were a blur of grief for Elara, a tumultuous period that tested her resolve and spirit. However, Alix's unwavering support and effort to help her through her darkest hours slowly began to mend the cracks in her heart. His presence, once a constant in their battles, became a source of comfort and strength for Elara, awakening feelings she hadn't anticipated.

As they stand before the gate, ready to face the unknown, Elara finds herself looking at Alix with new eyes. The bond they've built in the face of adversity, the shared moments of vulnerability, have drawn them closer, weaving a connection.

Alix, sensing Elara's gaze, turns to her, offering a reassuring smile. "We'll get through this together," he says, his voice filled with confidence. "Just like we always do."

Elara nods, a determined gleam in her eyes. "Together," she echoes, her resolve fortified by Alix's presence and the burgeoning feelings that tether her to him.

With a collective breath, the group prepares to unlock the gate, each member ready to support one another through whatever trials the tomb holds.

Their focus narrows to the task at hand, deciphering the puzzle that stands between them and the secrets of the tomb. The gate, adorned with ancient runes and symbols, presents a riddle that demands both intellect and intuition to solve.

Alix steps forward, tracing his fingers over the carved runes. "These symbols... they're not just decorative. They're part of a lock, a very complex one at that," he muses aloud, his brow furrowed in concentration.

Elara leans in, her sharp eyes catching the subtle differences in the symbols. "Look here," she points out, indicating a series of runes that seem to repeat in a specific pattern. "These could be the key to unlocking the gate."

Eryx, ever the practical one, cracks his knuckles. "So, we just need to figure out the right sequence, right?" His voice is tinged with impatience, a stark contrast to the contemplative silence that surrounds the gate.

Alix nods, taking a step back to view the entire gate. "It's not just about the sequence. There's an element of timing involved. We need to activate the runes in quick succession, or the lock will reset," he explains, his voice steady.

The task seems daunting, but the group is undeterred. For hours, they test different combinations, each failure bringing them closer to understanding the intricate mechanics of the ancient lock. Their efforts are a dance of light and shadow, as the runes glow briefly with each attempt before fading back into obscurity.