

I Created 322

Chapter 322: Resting Floor

Before the gathered crowd could comprehend the unfolding events, an intense white light erupted, engulfing them in blinding brilliance. As vision slowly returned, the first to recover their sight were the three demons – Cryonex, Vexoria, and Xal'Thar.

Witnessing the absence of the human array master, Cryonex seethed with fury, his voice echoing with menace, "Aaahhhh, how dare you run! Just you wait till I get my hands on you!"

Vexoria, her gaze focused, remarked, "Those must be the two Soul Strengthening humans."

Xal'Thar, the strategist of the trio, weighed the odds. "This complicates matters. With a 7-star array master on the human side, we should report this to Lord Cambion."

However, Cryonex, unwilling to let the offenders escape, interjected, "You two go first. I'll vent my anger on these humans." His eyes gleamed with malice as he prepared to unleash his demonic wrath.

What unfolded next was a grim tableau of carnage. Desperate attempts to resist were met with ruthless efficiency. The air resonated with the clash of powers, but like ants facing an overwhelming force, the humans succumbed one by one. Cryonex, driven by his wrath, unleashed a torrent of destructive energy, leaving chaos in his wake.

Amidst the chaos, some brave souls attempted to defy their fate, yet their efforts proved futile as the demons, empowered and determined, quelled any resistance. The once serene scene transformed into a battleground, stained with the somber realization of the vast power wielded by the demons.

Meanwhile, in the secluded chambers, Argon sat with an insidious grin, relishing the unfolding chaos. The influx of two million soul coins into his system sparked a malevolent gleam in his eyes.

"What should I do with these soul coins, hmm?" Argon mused, his mind swirling with possibilities. After contemplation, he decided to elevate his own cultivation first.

"I'll ascend to the peak-stage of the Soul Strengthening Realm," Argon declared within the confines of his thoughts. Addressing the enigmatic system that governed his abilities, he commanded, "System, raise my cultivation to the peak-stage of Soul Strengthening Realm."

A mechanical voice resonated in his mind, "Ok, host... 500,000 soul coins will be deducted from your account."

As the transaction occurred, Argon felt a surge of energy coursing through his being. The essence of his cultivation underwent a profound transformation, propelling him from the late-stage to the zenith of the Soul Strengthening Realm. The throne room resonated with newfound power, and Argon's sinister smile widened.

Feeling the newfound potency surging within him, Argon savored the satisfaction. "Now," he mused, "I could contend with a Soul-Body Converging bow."

Argon's voice echoed through the chamber, confident and assured, "Wait, with my current power and mastery of different laws, a mere Soul-Body Converging being is not my opponent anymore. The only looming threat now is from cultivators of the Heaven's Gate Realm."

His eyes gleamed with a mix of ambition and caution as he continued, "Against such adversaries, one must tread carefully. But for now, the dominion of Heaven's Gate Realm cultivators is the only realm that can pose a true challenge to me."

Curious about further advancements, Argon turned his attention to the system. "System, what's the cost to raise my cultivation to the Soul-Body Converging Realm?" he inquired.

The mechanical voice replied promptly, "Host, it will cost one million soul coins."

Argon's expression shifted slightly as he calculated the remaining resources. "I guess I can't raise my cultivation anymore," he sighed. "I need to use the remaining 1,500,000 for other things."

Promptly, the system presented him with a holographic display, a transparent screen filled with a comprehensive list of options. The cities, each imbued with unique attributes and offerings, sprawled across the display.

[Azure Mist City: Nestled in the mountains, it emanated an ethereal mist, concealing its intricate structures. Scholars and mystics frequented its libraries seeking ancient knowledge.

Price: 1,000,000 soul coins.]

[Crimson Forge City: Built near molten lava streams, this city thrived on the forging of powerful artifacts. The air was thick with the scent of molten metal, and the skyline glowed with the heat of the forges.

Price: 1,000,000 soul coins.]

[Opal Sky City: Suspended in the clouds, this floating city boasts magnificent crystal towers. Travelers could traverse on floating platforms, and the city resonated with a harmonious hum from the celestial energy it harnessed.

Price: 1,000,000 soul coins.]

[Silent Shadows City: Concealed in a dense forest, this city was almost invisible to the naked eye. Home to shadow practitioners, it thrived in secrecy, and its pathways were shrouded in perpetual twilight.

Price: 1,000,000 soul coins.]

The holographic display continued, revealing the unique nature of these cities. Argon pondered the significance of the hefty price tag attached to each.

"The reason these cities cost so much," Argon thought, his eyes narrowing in understanding, "is because they're no ordinary cities. And all the soul coins gained within them will flow directly into my possession."

He considered the implications, a calculating smile playing on his lips. "These cities can host hundreds of millions of people," Argon observed. "Perfect for my plan. I need a place that can accommodate millions of people from the Azure Continent."

His thoughts unfolded like a strategic tapestry, "If people decide to live in the resting floor, I'll never run out of individuals willing to explore my dungeon, and the soul coins harvested from these cities will only fuel my ascent to greater power." The holographic screen shimmered before him, a canvas of potential and manipulation awaiting his careful orchestration.

As Argon gazed upon the holographic display, his calculating mind began to sift through the options. A city that could cater to a diverse array of practitioners became his priority, and his question to the system reflected this need.

"System, do you have a city abundant with the five basic elements?" Argon inquired, seeking a foundation that could support practitioners of various disciplines.

The mechanical voice responded, "There is one, host, but it costs 1,500,000 soul coins. Would you like to see it?"

Argon's eyes gleamed with intrigue. "Show me," he commanded, eager to explore the potential of a city that harnessed the essence of the fundamental elements.

A luminous image materialized before him, showcasing the city:

[Elemental Nexus City: Situated at the convergence of the basic five elements—earth, water, fire, air, and ether. The city is a harmonious blend of diverse landscapes, offering practitioners a unique environment for cultivation.

Price: 1,500,000 soul coins.]

The holographic representation revealed majestic structures, each resonating with a distinct elemental aura. Towers of earth, cascading waterfalls, flickering flames, swirling gusts of wind, and ethereal spires intertwined seamlessly, creating a city that embodied the very essence of the elements.

Argon's mind raced with possibilities. "A city that encompasses all the basic elements," he thought, envisioning the potential it held for practitioners of different paths. The price was steep, but the promise of a city that could cater to a myriad of cultivators aligned perfectly with his grand design.

"I will buy this," Argon declared with a determined gaze fixed on the holographic representation of Elemental Nexus City. However, as he shifted his attention to the soul coins in his account, a subtle sadness crept over his face.