

## I Created 349

### Chapter 349

As Argon's words settle among them, the group prepares to leave the secluded ruins and return to the bustling life of Verdant Rise. Morgrim, with a nod of understanding, begins to weave the spell that will teleport them back to the inn. The air around them shivers with arcane energy, and in a blink, they're gone from the ruins, leaving behind the silent testament of their work to be discovered.

Arriving back at the Celestial Rest Inn, they find the establishment a stark contrast to the vibrant hub it was before. Inside, only staff members move about, engaged in the arduous task of clearing the rubble and repairing the damage inflicted by the morning's dramatic events. The usual clamor of patrons is absent, replaced by the sound of brooms sweeping and hammers against wood.

"Let's go down," Argon suggests, his voice calm and even, undisturbed by the destruction around them.

As they descend the stairs and step out into the open, the atmosphere outside the inn grips them immediately. Verdant Rise is alive with an electric current of anticipation and wonder, its citizens and visitors alike drawn to the spectacle of the white pillar in the sky. The streets, which would normally be bustling with the morning routines of trade and conversation, are now filled with necks craned upwards and eyes fixed on the mysterious tower.

Upon noticing Argon's group, particularly Seraphine, the crowd's reaction is immediate. A ripple of movement spreads through the onlookers as they try to put distance between themselves and the group, especially from Seraphine, whose actions earlier have left a vivid imprint in their memories. Whispers spread like wildfire, and although no words are directly spoken to them, the mixture of awe, fear, and respect is palpable in the air.

Unperturbed by the crowd's wary reactions, Seraphine's curiosity gets the better of her. With a mischievous smirk, she steps forward and grabs a random passerby by the arm, her grip surprisingly gentle given her earlier display of power. The man, caught off guard by the sudden attention from someone so intimately involved in the morning's chaos, nearly stumbles in his effort to maintain his composure.

"Hello," Seraphine coos, her voice dripping with mock sweetness, "do you know what's happening here?" Her eyes, gleaming with amusement, lock onto his, awaiting his response.

The man, visibly shaking and struggling to find his voice, manages to stammer out a reply. "Ahh, Ma'am, we also don't know for sure," he says, his gaze darting nervously between Seraphine and the towering pillar of light. "But they said... they said it's a rare treasure being born."

Releasing the man, who hastens to rejoin the crowd, Seraphine turns back to Argon and Mia, her expression shifting to one of sly satisfaction. "Seems like our project is the talk of the town," she comments, her tone light but filled with pride.

No sooner does the crowd begin to murmur amongst themselves again than a sudden surge of energy captures everyone's attention. Looking up, they observe as numerous cultivators, their bodies aglow with the power of their cultivation, begin to ascend toward the source of the white pillar. The sight of so many powerful beings taking flight is a spectacle in itself, adding another layer of intrigue to the already mysterious event.

Argon, observing the gathering cultivators with a measured gaze, nods in acknowledgment of the unfolding scene. "It appears our work here has indeed piqued the interest of many," he remarks calmly. "Let's observe from a distance for now."

Mia, still processing the rapid events of the day and her part in them, nods silently, her eyes wide with a mix of awe and uncertainty. Following Argon's lead, the group moves to position themselves where they can watch without drawing undue attention to themselves.

As the cultivators converge on the tower, speculation among the onlookers grows, with many whispering excitedly about the possibility of uncovering a rare treasure, perhaps one that could change their fortunes forever. Amidst the clamor and the crowd's shifting emotions—ranging from envy to anticipation—Argon's group stands apart, the architects of the phenomenon that has captivated the city's imagination.

The anticipation among the crowd grows palpable as thousands of people gather around the base of the towering pillar of white light, all craning their necks and shielding their eyes against the brilliance in an attempt to discern what lies within. Despite their efforts, the interior of the pillar remains an enigma, veiled by the intense radiance that seems to throb with power.

Suddenly, the atmosphere shifts dramatically as six formidable auras descend from the sky, their presence so overwhelming that it sends ripples of unease through the assembled masses. These auras, unshielded and potent, press heavily upon the senses of the lower-level cultivators among the crowd, many of whom struggle to breathe under the oppressive weight.

Whispers break out among the onlookers as recognition dawns on their faces. "Hey, that's the five elders of the Starlight Sect, no wonder," murmurs a voice from the crowd, tinged with a mix of respect and trepidation. The names of the elders—Elder Jianyu, Elder Qingshan, Elder Mingzhe, Elder Xuefeng, and Elder Lianzhao—are well-known, each associated with formidable power and unwavering loyalty to their sect.

Another voice adds, pointing to the figure leading the group, "And in the front is the Sect Master, Sect Master Tianwei." Sect Master Tianwei, known for his unparalleled strength and wisdom, stands as a towering figure, his aura the most imposing among the six. His gaze sweeps across the crowd before settling on the mysterious pillar, an inscrutable expression on his face.

The arrival of such high-ranking members of the Starlight Sect sends a clear message of the importance of the event unfolding before them. The crowd parts to make way for the sect members, their approach marked by a solemnity befitting their status.

As Argon's group watches from a distance, they observe the reactions of the crowd and the sect members with keen interest. Seraphine's lips curl into a subtle smirk, amused by the stir their actions have caused.

"This should be interesting," Argon remarks quietly to his companions, his gaze never leaving the sect's delegation. "Let's see how they react to our little surprise."

Mia, still a relative newcomer to these high-stakes encounters, watches with bated breath, the tension in the air almost tangible. The presence of the Starlight Sect's elders and their Sect Master in response to the phenomenon they've created speaks volumes about the significance of the tower and the pillar of light.

Amidst the tension and speculation swirling through the crowd at the base of the radiant pillar of white light, Argon remains focused and composed. With a mere thought, he activates the system interface, a tool indiscernible to those around him. His eyes scan the floating screen only he can see, seeking information on the cultivation levels of the six figures from the Starlight Sect who have just made their dramatic entrance.

The system quickly responds, displaying the cultivation levels of each individual. "All the Elders have a cultivation of early-stage Soul Strengthening Realm," Argon muses to himself, noting the strength of Elder Jianyu, Elder Qingshan, Elder Mingzhe, Elder Xuefeng, and Elder Lianzhao. A slight smile plays at the corners of his mouth as he contemplates the capabilities of his adversaries.

"Good thing I already bought late-stage and even peak monsters for floor three," he remarks silently, confident in the challenges he has prepared within the dungeon. The thought of these powerful beings facing the trials he has set brings a sense of anticipation.

His attention then shifts to the Sect Master, Tianwei, whose aura stands out even among the formidable presences of the elders. "And the Sect Master has a middle-stage Soul Strengthening cultivation," he observes.

Returning his focus to the system's interface, Argon checks the progress of the tower's construction. "There are still thirty minutes left before the tower is done," he notes, the countdown ticking away silently on the screen. The knowledge that the culmination of their work is drawing near fills him with a sense of urgency and expectation.

Below, the crowd's excitement reaches a fever pitch as rumors and theories about the pillar of light and the tower circulate with fervor. "Could it truly be something else and not a treasure?" some speculate, their voices tinged with greed and wonder. The speculation draws even more cultivators to the site, their figures silhouetted against the sky as they fly toward the source of the mysterious energy.

Unbeknownst to them, Argon and his group stand among the crowd, the architects of the phenomenon that has captured the attention. With a calm demeanor, Argon watches the scene unfold, aware of the influx of cultivators and the stir they have caused. "Let's see how they fare against the challenges of the dungeon," he thinks, an unspoken challenge hanging in the air.

As the countdown continues, the energy radiating from the pillar intensifies, drawing the gaze of everyone present. The arrival of the Starlight Sect's elders and Sect Master only adds to the intrigue, their prominent status and obvious interest in the phenomenon underscoring its significance.

Thirty minutes pass in what feels like the blink of an eye, a period marked by anticipation and a collective holding of breath among the thousands gathered. The pillar of white light, a beacon of mystery and speculation, begins to fade, its brilliance dimming slowly until it vanishes completely, leaving the sky above clear and unblemished.

In the absence of the pillar, a tower stands revealed. Majestic and imposing, the structure rises from the ground with an elegance that belies its sudden appearance. Crafted from what appears to be a seamless blend of stone and crystal, the tower gleams under the morning sun, its surfaces reflecting the light in a spectrum of colors that dance across the eyes of the onlookers. Towering high, it reaches toward the sky, its peak lost to sight, suggesting its heights touch the very heavens.