

## I Created 102

### Chapter 102 102: Entering The Big Tomb

Eldorin smiled at his granddaughter's question. "My dear Elara, this is not just any teleportation portal. This is a top-of-the-line portal that only the most advanced sects can afford. It is far superior to the arrays we have in our sect. I even doubt the top forces have them." He paused for a moment engraving the beauty of the portal. "The arrays we have in our sect can only transport a limited number of people at a time and the distance they can cover is also limited. But this portal, it's on a whole different level. It can transport thousands of people at once, and the distance it can cover is probably far greater than what our arrays can do."

Elara's eyes widened in amazement. "Wow, I had no idea. This is truly a marvel of cultivation technology."

The group stared in awe as they watched the people in front of them disappear into the portal one by one. It was a truly amazing sight to behold.

Eldorin couldn't help but feel a tinge of envy. If only their sect had access to such advanced technology, they could have saved a lot of time and resources on their travels. But he quickly pushed the thought aside and focused on the task at hand.

Right now, Eldorin's mission has changed from helping the kingdom sealing the space crack, to exploring this dungeon and getting as much information as he can, to provide for his sect.

As they got closer to the portal, Eldorin couldn't help but feel a sense of awe. He only knows about the teleportation portals, because of the ancient text from his sect, and he had never seen one in person until now. The sheer size and power of it were impressive, and he knew that it must have taken a lot of resources to construct it.

Eldorin couldn't help but think about the owner of this city and how shrouded in mystery they must be. If they really created this, only someone with vast resources and power could construct such an advanced teleportation portal.

As they stepped through the portal, Eldorin and his group felt a rush of energy wash over them. It was a completely different experience than using the arrays they were accustomed to. The portal was faster, smoother, and more comfortable than anything they had ever experienced before. It was like traveling through a gentle breeze, and they arrived at their destination feeling refreshed and rejuvenated.

However, as Eldorin looked around, his smile quickly faded. Eldorin and his group were shocked to find themselves in a barren wasteland, with dead trees surrounding them and a gray, gloomy sky overhead. The air was dry, and the ground was cracked and parched. The landscape was so different from the lush forests and fertile plains they were used to in their homeland.

Elara looked around, her expression turning to one of confusion. "Grandfather, where are we? This doesn't look like the place we were supposed to explore."

Eldorin shook his head, equally perplexed. "I don't know, Elara. This is not what I was expecting either. But we must proceed with caution."

Before they proceed to enter the dungeon, Eldorin ordered one of the teachers to gather some information about the dungeon. From the information the teacher gathered. They should find themselves in a lush forest, with a native monster living in it, called goblin riders.

Elara tugged at his sleeve, "Grandfather, I'm scared? Why does everything look so dead?"

Eldorin sighed, "I'm not sure, my dear. It seems we have ended up in some kind of barren wasteland." He took a deep breath and surveyed their surroundings, trying to figure out what to do next.

Looking around, he noticed that there were only four of them in the area, the two teachers from his sect, himself, and his granddaughter. "It seems that we are the only ones here," he said, turning to his group.

One of the teachers named Jaren spoke up. "What do we do now, Elder Eldorin? This place doesn't look safe."

Eldorin nodded in agreement. "You're right, Jaren. We need to be cautious and find out where we are." He looked at his granddaughter and said, "Elara, stay close to me. We need to stick together."

As they walked cautiously through the wasteland, Eldorin couldn't shake off the feeling of unease. The air was heavy with an ominous presence, and he couldn't help but wonder what dangers lurked in this dead land.

As they walked further, their unease grew, as they started to see bones scattered on the ground. Human bones, monster bones, and even the bones of huge beasts lay strewn about, some partially

buried in the dirt, while others were picked clean and bleached by the moonlight. It was a gruesome sight that made Eldorin's stomach churn.

Elara gasped at the sight of the bones. "Grandfather, what happened here?" she asked, her voice trembling.

Eldorin's face was grim. "I don't know, Elara. But it seems like this place has seen a lot of death." He looked around, trying to spot any signs of life, but there was nothing but silence and death.

One of the teachers, a middle-aged man named Kael, spoke up. "Elder, maybe we should turn back. This place is too dangerous."

Eldorin considered Kael's suggestion but shook his head. "We can't turn back now. We came here to explore this dungeon, and that's what we're going to do." He looked at his granddaughter and said, "Elara, we have to be careful. Stay close to me, and don't wander off."

They continued to walk, their eyes scanning the area for any signs of danger. As they progressed, the bones grew more and more numerous, and the landscape grew even more desolate.

Elara held on tightly to her grandfather's arm, her heart racing with fear. She had never seen anything like this before, and the sight of so much death was overwhelming.

Eldorin led his group deeper into the wasteland, carefully avoiding the bones littering the ground.

As they walked, they noticed that the terrain gradually changed, with hills and rocky outcroppings rising up around them. The gray sky overhead seemed to grow darker, and a cold wind began to blow, chilling them to the bone.

Suddenly, Eldorin felt a sudden chill run down his spine. He stopped in his tracks, his senses on high alert. "Did you feel that?" he asked, turning to his companions.

Kael nodded, a worried look on his face. "Something's not right. We should be careful."

Before Eldorin could reply, a blood-curdling scream tore through the air. It was a scream of pain and terror, and it came from Jaren. They turned around to see one of their companions writhing in agony on the ground, with a deformed, transparent human-like figure looming over him.

Eldorin's eyes widened in shock as he recognized the creature. "It's a ghost," he whispered, drawing his sword.

The injured teacher screamed again, "Help! Somebody, please help me!"

Eldorin focused his energy, and a bright light emanated from his sword. "Take this!" he shouted as he swung his sword, striking the ghost with a powerful beam of light. The ghost shrieked in agony and dissipated into thin air.

"That was close," Eldorin said, wiping sweat from his brow. "We need to be more careful from now on."

Elara looked at her grandfather with awe. "What was that technique, Grandfather? It was amazing!"

Eldorin smiled at her. "That was the Radiant Sword technique. It's a light-based technique that I learn from the sect, you can also learn it when we get back." He sheathed his sword and turned around. "Are you okay, Jaren?"

Jaren answered with difficulty, "I'll be okay. Thank you, Elder Eldorin." He took out a 2-star healing pill, and shortly after, the wounds on his abdomen started to heal. But the pain is still there, he felt like the pain he felt is not just on the flesh but also on his soul, he said to Eldorin. "This pain is different from any other injury I've had before. It's like it's seeping into my very being."

Eldorin furrowed his brows, deep in thought. "I see. It seems like this ghost's attack not only harmed your physical body but also your spiritual essence. This is not good."

Kael spoke up. "Elder Eldorin, could it be that this place is cursed?"

Eldorin nodded slowly. "It's possible. There are some places in the world where the very fabric of reality is twisted and distorted, and this could be one of them. We need to be careful and proceed with caution."

Elara tugged at Eldorin's sleeve. "Grandfather, I'm scared. What if we can't get out of here?"

Eldorin placed a reassuring hand on her shoulder. "Don't worry, Elara. We can get out of here, did you forget, we have a returner stone. But we need to stay calm and work together. This experience will prepare you for the future, when you will become the next sect master. You need to steel yourself for the challenges ahead." He turned to the group. "Let's keep moving."

As they continued moving forward, the landscape around them transformed into a valley. The terrain was rough, and the group found themselves constantly attacked by ghosts. However, they were well-prepared and able to defend themselves. After a while, they reached the end of the valley and saw what looked like a tomb in the distance.

As they approached the tomb, they saw that it was covered in ancient inscriptions and carvings. Eldorin studied them closely, trying to decipher their meaning. "This is a tomb of a powerful cultivator," he said. "We need to be careful. There might be traps or other dangers inside."