

## I Created 106

### Chapter 106 106: Death Knight (Part 2)

But suddenly, something inside him shifted. He remembered all the battles he had fought and won, all the challenges he had overcome. He thought of Elara and how much he wanted to protect her. He steeled his resolve and stood tall, his fear turning into determination.

"I may not be as powerful as you, but I will not back down," he said, his voice steady.

The Death Knight smirked. "Very well," he said, unsheathing his sword. "Let us see how long you can last."

With a battle cry, Eldorin charged forward, his sword glinting in the dim light. The Death Knight met him head-on, their swords clashing in a shower of sparks. Eldorin fought with all his might, his every move fueled by his determination to protect his Granddaughter.

Elara watched in horror as the two warriors battled, their swords ringing out in a deadly dance. She knew that his grandpa was outmatched, but she couldn't bear to see him fall. Tears streamed down her face as she watched the battle unfold, her heart breaking at the thought of losing her grandpa.

Jaren watched in awe as Eldorin fought the Death Knight, their eyes wide with amazement at the sight of the light base cultivator holding his own against a Core Formation Realm being. They knew that Eldorin was risking everything to protect them, and they were grateful for his bravery.

But despite his valiant efforts, Eldorin was no match for the Death Knight's power. With a single blow, the Death Knight sent Eldorin flying across the room, his sword clattering to the ground.

"NO!! GRANDPA!!"

Elara screamed as she watched her grandpa fall, her heart breaking at the sight of him lying motionless on the ground. She ran to his side, tears streaming down her face as she cradled his head in her lap.

The Death Knight turned his attention to Jaren, his eyes glowing with malice. "You're next?" he growled.

Jaren felt a chill down his spine hearing it, but he steels himself. He looked at Eldorin, and his heart sank as he saw Eldorin lying on the ground. But he knew he had to stay strong for his students, especially Elara. He took a deep breath and stepped forward, his eyes fixed on the Death Knight.

Suddenly, a voice broke through the tense silence. "Stop!" Elara cried out, stepping forward. "Please, we mean no harm. We just want to learn more about this tomb and its history."

The Death Knight turned his attention to her, his glowing eyes narrowing. "And who are you, girl?"

"I am Elara," she replied, trying to keep her voice steady. "I am a student of the Radiant Holy Lands. Our sect is strong, and if you harm us, we will seek revenge. Please, let us leave in peace."

The Death Knight was stunned for a moment at the human's boldness, then let out a deep chuckle. "You are a brave one, to stand up to me like that," he said. "But your bravery will not save you."

With a flick of his wrist, the Death Knight summoned a powerful wave of dark energy that hurtled toward the group. Eldorin who has already regained consciousness, and was listening to the whole time, and Jaren both leaped to defend Elara, but they were no match for the Death Knight's attack. The force of it knocked them both to the ground, and they lay still, unmoving.

"NO!" Elara screamed, tears streaming down her face. She reached for her bow, ready to defend herself, but eventually put it down, she knew it was hopeless. The Death Knight was too powerful.

The Death Knight approached her slowly, his sword drawn. Elara closed her eyes, bracing herself for the end.

As the Death Knight raised his sword to strike, Elara felt a sense of hopelessness wash over her. Her world had collapsed with the loss of her grandpa and the defeat of her friends.

She felt a wave of despair wash over her, as the Death Knight swung its sword downward. She closed her eyes, expecting to feel pain, however, she didn't feel any pain, she opened her eyes slowly, and saw a hand made of holy white light stop the blade in its tracks. The hand continued to materialize until it became a woman, radiating an otherworldly beauty even though she was only made of light.

Elara's eyes widened in amazement as she recognized the woman as the sect master of the Radiant Holy Lands. "Sect master!" she exclaimed, relief flooding through her.

The sect master turned her gaze to the Death Knight, her eyes shining with fierce determination. "Leave this children alone," she said in a commanding voice. "You have no business here."

The Death Knight snarled, his eyes flickering with anger. "And who are you to tell me what to do?" he spat.

"I am the sect master of the Radiant Holy Lands," she replied, her voice calm but firm. "And I will not allow you to harm my student, especially the future sect master of my sect."

The Death Knight laughed mockingly. "Do you really think you can stop me?" he sneered.

The sect master's expression hardened. "I don't think," she said, her eyes blazing with power. "I know."

With a flick of her wrist, the sect master summoned a wave of brilliant white light that engulfed the Death Knight. He screamed in agony as the light burned away his dark energy, leaving him weak and defenseless.

The sect master turned to Elara and the others, a gentle smile on her face. "Are you all right?" she asked, concern etched in her voice.

Elara nodded, tears of gratitude and sadness streaming down her face. "Thank you, sect master," she said. "Thank you..."

The sect master's smile widened. "It is my duty to protect-..."

The sect master didn't finish her sentence as she suddenly disappeared, leaving Elara standing there in shock. Elara felt a mix of emotions - relief at being saved, grief at the loss of her grandpa and teacher, and anger towards the Death Knight who had caused so much pain.