

I Created 107

Chapter 107 107: Death Knight Defeated

Elara took a deep breath, focusing her thoughts on her cultivation. She closed her eyes and began to gather her qi, feeling it flow through her body like a warm current. As she did so, she sensed a powerful light-type technique forming within her, one that she only use once in her life, cause she still doesn't perfect this technique.

"This is the strongest technique I know," Elara said, her voice trembling with emotion. "It's called the Radiant Dawn. Watch closely."

Opening her eyes, Elara raised her hands towards the Death Knight, her palms glowing with a brilliant white light. She called out the technique's name, "Radiant Dawn!"

A blinding flash of light erupted from her hands, enveloping the Death Knight in a sphere of holy energy. Elara poured all of her qi into the technique, feeling it surge through her body like a river of power.

The Death Knight who was already dying, screamed as the light burned away his dark energy, leaving him weakened and vulnerable. Elara watched in amazement as the Death Knight disintegrated into dust, his body consumed by the power of her technique.

As the dust settled, Elara fell to her knees, her body trembling with exhaustion. She felt a sense of emptiness wash over her as she realized that the battle was over, that her grandpa and teacher were gone forever, and that she was alone in this world.

Suddenly, Elara felt a surge of energy coursing through her body, her cultivation rising rapidly. She closed her eyes, feeling the power of her qi flowing through her like never before. She could feel herself breaking through the middle-stage Golden Core Realm, and her cultivation still didn't stop. It kept rising until it finally slowed down, just a little away from breaking through the late stage.

As she lay there, consolidating her cultivation, a voice spoke in her mind. "Well done, my child," it said. "You have exceeded my expectations."

Elara's eyes widened in shock as she recognized the voice of her grandfather Eldorin. "Grandpa?" she whispered, her voice trembling with emotion.

"Yes, Elara," the voice replied. "It's me. You have made me proud, my child. You have shown courage, determination, and strength beyond your years. You have truly become a worthy successor to the Radiant Holy Lands."

Tears streamed down Elara's face as she listened to her grandfather's words. She had never felt so proud and so grateful in her life.

"Thank you, Grandpa," she said, her voice choked with emotion. "Thank you for everything."

As the voice faded away, Elara felt a sense of peace and closure wash over her. She knew that her grandfather was gone, but she also knew that he would always be with her, watching over her and guiding her on her path of cultivation.

As she wiped away her tears, Elara noticed something glinting in the ashes of the Death Knight's body. She walked over to investigate and was surprised to find a beautiful sword lying amidst the remains. The sword was crafted with a shining silver blade, engraved with intricate holy runes that seemed to pulse with a gentle light. The hilt was adorned with glittering gems inlaid in gold, and the guard was shaped like a pair of angelic wings.

Elara picked up the sword, and as she did, she felt a surge of power flowing through her body, causing the sword to pulsate like it had found its rightful owner. She could feel a sense of familiarity with the weapon, like it was made just for her. She examined it closely, marveling at its beauty and craftsmanship, and couldn't help but feel grateful for this unexpected treasure.

"This sword... it's amazing," she muttered to herself, admiring the weapon. "It must be a 7-star artifact, made for a light-type cultivator like myself."

She sheathed the sword at her waist, feeling its weight and power against her body. It was a comforting feeling, like a familiar friend by her side.

From this day on, Elara decided to train and cultivate, honing her skills and mastering new techniques. She will become a beacon of hope and light in a world filled with darkness and despair, inspiring others with her courage and determination.

Through this battle and hardship, Elara learned the true meaning of strength and resilience. She will grow into a mature and wise leader, ready to face any challenge that came her way. And though she may face many obstacles and dangers, she never lost sight of the path that lay before her - the path of the Radiant Holy Lands, and the path of enlightenment and salvation for all.

After consolidating her cultivation, Elara used her essence to coat the bodies of her grandpa and teacher, making them float. As she did so, a teleportation array emerged from the ground, and Elara was vigilant at first, but eventually, she stepped on it and got teleported outside the tomb, back in the Ghost Valley.

Elara looked around, taking in her surroundings. She felt a sense of relief and gratitude as she realized that she had made it out alive. She knew that the battle had been fierce and that she had faced many challenges, but she had emerged stronger and more determined than ever before.

As she looked down at the bodies of her grandpa and teacher, Elara felt a sense of sadness and loss wash over her. She knew that they were gone, but she also knew that their teachings and their spirit would live on in her.

With a heavy heart, Elara waited for a minute for the returner stone to be available. She was planning to set off right away back to the Radiant Holy Lands, determined to honor the memory of her grandpa and teacher and to continue on the path of cultivation that they had set her on. She knew that there would be many challenges and obstacles along the way, but she also knew that she was strong enough to face them all.

Argon watched with a straight face as Elara's technique disintegrated the Death Knight, his mind racing with questions. He turned his attention to the floating screen and spoke to the system, "How is it possible for someone from the outside world to enter the dungeon using the method that woman just used?"

The system responded immediately, [It is a common practice used by powerful people to protect their offspring, or important people. They used a spiritual projection and implanted it in a treasure like a neckless or ring. Then give it to the person they want to protect. The dungeon cannot do anything to it, but as soon as it comes out of the treasure, the dungeon will immediately expel it once it is detected.]

Argon nodded in understanding. "I see. This kind of thing is not foreign to me. As far as I can remember, it's usually used by the old and most powerful people in their sect to protect their trashy young master that will have a beef with the MC. It's a common thing in cultivation novels, so I understand it quickly." He leaned back on his chair, deep in thought.

"But how can we detect if someone entering the dungeon have this thing? And is there any way to prevent it from happening?" he asked the system.

The system processed Argon's question and replied, [There is a way to detect if someone entering the dungeon has this kind of treasure. We can install a specialized scanner at the entrance that can detect any kind of spiritual projection or energy. As for preventing it from happening, we can only confiscate the said item. However, it is important to note that these countermeasures may not be foolproof and there may be people that will not give their item.]

Argon listened to the system's response with a nod, but his mind was already elsewhere. He didn't really care about these young masters having this kind of treasure, suddenly he thought of something, 'Might as well use this to lure out these powerful individuals and earn more soul coins.'

"I see. Well, I don't think we need to worry too much about preventing it. In fact, I think it could be useful to us," Argon said, a sly grin forming on his lips.

The system asked Argon with confusion, [What do you mean, useful?]

Argon explained, "Well, the stronger the person is, the more soul coins I get for defeating them. So if we don't confiscate their treasure and let them enter, we could potentially attract some very powerful individuals. It's a win-win situation for us, as long as we're prepared for whatever they bring."

The system processed Argon's words before responding, "I see your point. But do be careful, as these powerful individuals are unpredictable. You might be caught off guard."

"Of course, I'm always a careful person," Argon replied with a nod.

Outside the dungeon, a group of white-robed individuals stood waiting not far from the entrance. They were all students of the Radiant Holy Lands, one of the top sects in the cultivation world. Many of them had just gotten out of the dungeon and had managed to breakthrough, through by killing a goblin rider creature inside. They had also obtained some treasures, but they didn't seem too interested in them.

As the group of white-robed cultivators waited outside the dungeon, they discussed their recent success. One of the students, a young woman with long black hair, spoke up. "Did you see the look on that goblin rider's face when we killed it? I bet it never expected to come up against us, disciples of the Radiant Holy Lands."

Another student, a young man with a scar on his cheek, nodded in agreement. "And the treasures we got? They're nothing compared to what we already have. But it's always good to have more, right?"

Another student nodded. "Indeed, it is always good to have more treasures."