

I Created 108

Chapter 108 108: The Phoenix Blades Group

Suddenly, the group heard a commotion at the entrance of the dungeon. They turned to see what was happening and were shocked to see Elara standing there, with two bodies floating beside her. As the group rushed towards her, they realized that the two bodies were Elder Eldaron and Teacher Jaren, two of the most respectable cultivators of the Radiant Holy Lands.

The students were stunned, their expressions ranging from disbelief to sorrow. They had never imagined something like this happening to their revered elders and teachers. Elara herself looked exhausted and emotionally drained.

One of the students, a young man with short brown hair, spoke up. "Elder Eldaron, Teacher Kael, and Teacher Jaren? Lady Elara, what happened to them?"

Elara turned to face the group of students, her face etched with pain and sorrow. "They...they gave their lives to save me," she said, her voice shaking with emotion. "We were fighting a powerful monster, and they fought to protect me. They...they didn't make it."

The students stood in stunned silence, unsure of what to say. They had all respected Elder Eldaron and Teacher Jaren, and their deaths came as a shock. One of the students, a young woman with blonde hair, spoke up. "They were both powerful cultivators. How could they have been defeated?"

Elara's eyes flashed with anger as she remembered the battle. "That monster was too powerful," she said. "We didn't stand a chance. But...but Elder Eldaron and Teacher Jaren were brave. They fought with all their strength, even knowing that they might not survive. I just survive because of the Sect Master."

The students were silent for a moment, processing the information. One of them spoke up, his voice filled with sadness. "Elder Eldaron, Teacher Kael, and Teacher Jaren were two of our greatest teachers. They will be sorely missed."

Elara nodded in agreement, tears streaming down her face. "Yes, they will be," she said, her voice barely above a whisper. "But we must stay strong and carry on their legacy. We must continue to cultivate and improve ourselves, so that we can protect our sect and those we hold dear."

"Yes, Lady Elara." All the students said in unison.

The students stood in silence for a moment, paying their respects to the fallen teachers. Then, one of them spoke up. "We will honor their sacrifice," he said. "We will make sure that their deaths were not in vain."

Elara nodded, a tear rolling down her cheek. "Thank you," she whispered. "I know they would be proud of us."

After some time, Elara spoke up. "We have to take their bodies back to the sect," she said. "I have a lot to report to the Sect Master."

The students nodded in agreement, and together they gently lifted the bodies of Elder Eldaron and Teacher Jaren. As they made their way back to the sect, they walked in silence, their hearts heavy with sorrow and their minds filled with questions about the future of the Radiant Holy Lands.

Alix and his group watched from afar as Elara and her group emerged from the dungeon. They saw the shock on the students' faces as Elara presented the bodies of dead companions. Alix couldn't help but feel a pang of sadness as he remembered the death of his father Arnoux, whose body they were never able to retrieve for a proper burial.

"Seeing them like that...it's just sad," Alix muttered to his companions. "Reminds me of Father. We never even got to give him a proper burial."

"But at least we can make sure his sacrifice wasn't for nothing," Eryx spoke up, placing a hand on Alix's shoulder. "We've made something out of ourselves, and we have each other's backs. That's what he would have wanted."

His companions nodded solemnly in agreement, understanding the pain and grief that Alix was feeling. They had all lost loved ones and friends in the Eternal City, and the lack of closure only added to the sorrow.

But Alix was determined to make something out of his father's sacrifice. He had formed a group with his companions, that quickly gained popularity in the city. They knew that in order to survive and thrive, they needed to stick together and rely on each other.

Their group had grown to ten people, and Alix had chosen Eryx, Nox, Zam, Kato, and Jin as his vice-captains, they are like his families since they come from the same village. He didn't want to take on the role of captain at first, but the others convinced him that he was the strongest among them and the best candidate for the job.

Alix said, a determined look on his face. "That's right. And that's why we formed this group, and gave it a cool name."

Nox smirked. "Yeah, 'The Phoenix Blades'. It's getting pretty popular in the Eternal City, huh?"

Zam chuckled. "Yeah, people are realizing that if you want to survive, you need to stick together. Can't do it alone out here."

Jin spoke up. "And we've got a pretty good team going. Ten of us now, and with the vice-captains, we can handle whatever comes our way."

Eryx added, "And we've got Alix leading us. Can't ask for a better captain than him."

Alix smiled at his family, and friends' words, feeling a sense of pride in what they had accomplished together. They had become a force to be reckoned with in the Eternal City, and people were starting to take notice.

"But we can't let our guard down," Alix reminded them. "There are still dangers out there, and we need to stay sharp and focused. We can't afford to make mistakes."

The group nodded in agreement, understanding their situation. They were in a world where danger lurked around every corner, and they needed to be prepared for anything.

Alix continued, "We'll keep growing our group, and make sure we have each other's backs. That's the only way we'll make it in this city."

The Phoenix Blades stood together, a group of young people determined to survive and thrive in a world that had taken so much from them. And as they watched Elara and her group walk away with heavy hearts, they knew that they had each other, and that was all that mattered.