

I Created 130

Chapter 130 130: Fishman Tomb

On the second floor of the dungeon, the sound of metal clashing reverberated throughout the area. The air was thick with the stench of decay and the groans of the undead. Sect Master Kaelar and his five elders were in the midst of a fierce battle, fighting against a horde of zombie warriors and skeleton warriors.

Kaelar's sword flickered in the dim light as he cut down the undead with ease. His fellow elders fought alongside him, their swords flashing as they took down the enemy one by one.

As Kaelar fought, he called out instructions to his companions. "Elders, watch your backs! They're coming from all directions!" he shouted, dodging a strike from a zombie warrior.

The five elders nodded in response, their eyes focused on the enemy. They were all highly skilled swordsmen, each with their own unique style. One of them, Elder Shiro, fought with swift and precise movements, his sword flashing in the air as he took down the undead.

Another elder, Elder Li, was a master of defensive techniques. He stood at the front line, his sword moving in a series of complex movements to block the attacks of the undead. His calm and composed demeanor was a testament to his mastery of the art of swordsmanship.

As the battle raged on, the undead continued to pour in from all sides. Kaelar and his companions fought with everything they had, but they were outnumbered.

"We need to retreat!" Kaelar shouted, his voice filled with urgency. "We can't keep this up forever!"

The elders nodded, and together they formed a defensive formation. They fought their way through the horde of undead, retreating to a safe area.

As they caught their breath, Kaelar looked around at his companions. "That was close," he said, his voice filled with relief.

One of the elders, Elder Gao, couldn't help but speak up. "This place is too dangerous," he said, his voice trembling. "A hundred times more dangerous than our space cracks. We've killed thousands of these monsters already, but they still keep coming. Even with our strength, we can't seem to make a dent in their numbers."

The other elders nodded in agreement. Elder Shiro added, "If we hadn't retreated just now, even with our late-stage Golden Core cultivation, we would have been overwhelmed by the sheer number of undead. If you hadn't been here with us, Sect Master, I doubt we would have survived for long."

Kaelar looked around at his companions, his eyes narrowed in thought. "We knew the risks when we entered this dungeon," he said finally. "We must continue on. Our mission to explore this place is too important to give up now."

The elders exchanged glances, and then nodded in agreement. "You're right, Sect Master," Elder Li said. "We'll continue on."

Kaelar smiled grimly. "Good. We'll need all of our strength for what lies ahead." With that, they continued on their journey exploring the world of undead, their swords at the ready, prepared to face whatever dangers lay ahead.

As they ventured further into the dead world, the air grew thick with an otherworldly mist, and the ground was littered with the remains of long-dead creatures. The undead continued to attack them at every turn, forcing Kaelar and his companions to remain constantly vigilant.

They trekked through desolate landscapes and forests of withered trees, their senses alert for any signs of danger. The sky above them was an eerie red color, and the only sound that could be heard was the rustling of their footsteps and the moaning of the undead.

"Be on your guard," Kaelar warned, his eyes scanning their surroundings.

As they approached a large lake, the ground shook beneath their feet. Suddenly, dozens of undead creatures emerged from the water and charged at them. The group fought fiercely, their swords cutting through the air with deadly precision. As the last of the undead fell, Kaelar noticed something in the distance.

There was a massive tomb in the middle of the lake, surrounded by a faint aura of energy. The tomb was made of black stone and had no walls, only a series of pillars holding up a large dome. As Kaelar and his companions approached, they felt a wave of energy wash over them, filling them with renewed strength.

"This is a tomb, this place is really full of surprises," Kaelar said, his voice filled with astonishment.

The group carefully made their way to the entrance of the tomb, taking in the intricate details of the exterior. The black stone was etched with ancient runes, and the pillars were carved with intricate designs of dragons and other mystical creatures. As they approached the entrance, the aura of energy grew stronger, causing their hair to stand on end.

The entrance was a large archway, flanked by two massive statues of half-man half-fish creatures. The statues were at least twenty feet tall, and their eyes glowed with a faint blue light. The detail of the statues was incredible, with scales that looked as if they were made of real gold, and muscles that rippled beneath the stone.

"Wow, these statues are amazing," one of the elders said in awe. "I've never seen anything like them."

Kaelar nodded in agreement, but his attention was drawn to the entrance of the tomb. As they stepped inside, they were greeted with a sight that left them speechless.

The inside of the tomb was massive, at least ten times larger than the outside. They were standing in a huge open space, with a high domed ceiling that seemed to stretch up into infinity. The walls were lined with rows upon rows of ancient artifacts and treasures, and the air was filled with a faint aura of energy.

In the center of the space stood a massive statue of a half-man half-fish creature, similar to the ones they had seen outside. The statue was easily fifty feet tall, and its eyes glowed with a bright blue light. Its skin was a deep blue color, and it was covered in shimmering scales that looked like real gold.

Kaelar approached the statue, his eyes wide with wonder. "This is incredible," he murmured.

Despite the grandeur of the tomb of his ancestors, Kaelar couldn't help but feel that it would pale in comparison to what lay before him in this mysterious place.

As the elders approached the massive statue, they felt a sudden shift in the air. The statue seemed to come alive, and its eyes glowed brighter, casting an eerie blue light across the entire room. The spiritual pressure emanating from the statue was so strong that made the elders uneasy, and Kaelar himself felt a sense of danger.

"What's happening?" one of the elders asked, fear creeping into his voice.

Before Kaelar could answer, the statue spoke, its voice echoing through the vast space of the tomb. "Welcome, to my tomb. If you wish to claim my legacy and the treasures I have amassed, you must prove yourselves worthy by surviving the three challenges."

Kaelar and the elders exchanged nervous glances. They had come too far to turn back now. They nodded in agreement, accepting the challenge.

"Very well," the statue boomed. "The first challenge awaits you." And with that, the statue returned to its original state.

Kaelar and the elders looked around, unsure of what to expect. Suddenly, the ground beneath their feet shook, and the sound of rushing water filled the air. Before they could react, a large pool of water appeared in front of them, and a group of fishmen emerged from its depths.

Kaelar and the elders unsheathed their swords, ready to face whatever challenge lay before them. The fishmen circled them, their eyes cold and calculating. Kaelar noticed that each of them had a distinct feature, some had razor-sharp fins, while others had eyes that glowed in the dark. It was evident that these fishmen were not to be underestimated.

Kaelar took a deep breath and assessed the situation. "Stay focused, don't let them surround you," he instructed his companions.

He can feel the strongest Fishman was only at the peak of the Golden Core Realm, while he was already at the late-stage of Core Formation Realm. However, with their sheer numbers - 5000 of them - it would take some time to defeat them all.

The fishmen began to attack, their movements swift and agile. Kaelar and the elders fought back, their swords glinting in the blue light of the statue's eyes. Kaelar used his sword to deflect the blows of the fishmen while simultaneously attacking with swift, powerful strikes.

Seeing Kaelar was the strongest, the fishmen charged at Kaelar all at once, but he was prepared. He moved with quick precision, evading their attacks and countering with his sword. He slashed at the fishmen with a swift movement, cutting through their scaly skin.

The fishmen retaliated with their own attacks, shooting out streams of water and striking at Kaelar with their fins. But Kaelar was too quick for them. He dodged their attacks and sliced through their bodies with ease.

One fishman approached Kaelar, his fins sharp and ready to strike. But Kaelar was ready for him. He swung his sword in a circular motion, sending out a powerful gust of wind that knocked the fishman off his feet.

The elders also did not delay, and they soon joined the fight, each of them using their own unique techniques to take down the fishmen.

Elder Shiro used a technique called "Wavebreaker," which allowed him to channel his spiritual energy into his sword, creating a shockwave that knocked several of the fishmen off their feet.

Elder Li used a technique called "Dragon's Roar," which allowed him to summon a powerful blast of wind that sent several of the fishmen flying through the air.