

I Created 135

Chapter 135 135: Dark Moon Clan, The Trouble Maker

After their meal, they left the restaurant and walked towards the tower. Along the way, they passed by several other sects, each with their own unique style and techniques. Elara couldn't help but feel a sense of awe and respect for the other cultivators, all of whom were striving for the same goal - to become stronger and reach the pinnacle of cultivation.

As they approached the tower, they noticed a large crowd of people waiting outside, their faces filled with anticipation and excitement.

However, the Heavenly Sword Sect disciples were blocking the entrance, preventing anyone from entering. Elara's group stopped in their tracks, their attention drawn to the curious gazes of the onlookers.

"Wow, look at their uniforms," a voice from the crowd exclaimed. "They must be from the Radiant Holy Lands!"

Another person chimed in. "The Radiant Holy Lands! One of the three strongest sects in the Azure Continent! No wonder they look so impressive!"

"They look so powerful. I bet they have some amazing techniques," a young man added, his eyes fixed on Elara's group, especially on Elara, who was captivatingly beautiful.

Elara's group tried to ignore the stares and whispers as they made their way through the crowd, but they couldn't help but feel a sense of pride and accomplishment. They had worked hard to earn their place in the Radiant Holy Lands, and it was gratifying to see others acknowledge their efforts.

Elara could feel the weight of the stares on her and her group. She tried to maintain her composure and lead her group forward. The admiring whispers and murmurs continued as they walked past the crowd.

"They must be so powerful," someone whispered. "I wish I could join the Radiant Holy Lands."

"Did you see the way they moved? So graceful and powerful at the same time!"

Seeing the commotion, the grand elder of Heavenly Sword Sect who was tasked with guarding the tower noticed Elara's group and flew towards them. Elara and her four top disciples quickly paid their respects to the grand elder, knowing that even though their sects were vying for the hegemony of the Azure continent, there was no killing between their sects. Furthermore, powerful people were respected in this land, and the grand elder of the Heavenly Sword Sect was much more powerful than them.

"Grand Elder Zhi, it's an honor to see you here," the grand elder of the Heavenly Sword Sect said with a smile.

"Grand Elder Lan, it's been a while since we last met," Grand Elder Zhi replied, returning the smile.

Elara watched in amazement as the two grand elders exchanged pleasantries. She knew that Grand Elder Lan was one of the most respected and feared cultivators on the Azure Continent, and to see him so cordial with Grand Elder Zhi was a testament to the respect and admiration they had for each other.

"I see you have a group of talented disciples with you," Grand Elder Lan said, his eyes scanning Elara's group.

Elara stepped forward, bowing respectfully. "Thank you, Grand Elder. We are honored to receive your praise."

Grand Elder Lan chuckled. "No need to be so formal, young one. We are all cultivators here. May I know your names?"

Elara introduced herself and her four disciples, and Grand Elder Lan nodded in approval.

"Impressive. I can sense the strength and determination in each of you. Keep up the good work, and you will surely make your sect proud."

The two elders discussing the current state of affairs on the Azure Continent and the challenges that lay ahead for their respective sects.

Elara watched the exchange, feeling a sense of admiration for the two powerful men. Despite the tensions between their sects, they were able to show respect and decorum, setting an example for the younger generation.

After a while, Grand Elder Lan turned his attention back to Elara. "Elara, I have heard from Grand Elder Zhi that you are the official successor to become the next sect master of the Radiant Holy Lands. Is that correct?"

Elara nodded, feeling a bit nervous under the elder's scrutiny. "Yes, Grand Elder. That is correct."

Grand Elder Lan examined Elara closely, his eyes narrowing as he sensed her cultivation level. "Hmm, I can see that you are already a middle-stage Golden Core. Impressive. And you are not far off from breaking through to the late-stage."

Elara felt a sense of pride as she heard Grand Elder Lan's words. She had worked hard to reach this level, and to receive praise from such a respected elder was a validation of her efforts. However, she couldn't shake off the feeling of unease that came with the reminder of her grandfather's sacrifice and the two teachers that had died in the tomb. She knew she had to honor their memory and continue to push herself to be the best cultivator she could be.

Grand Elder Lan turned to Grand Elder Zhi. "She is a worthy successor. You have chosen well."

Grand Elder Zhi nodded. "Haha, of course. We have faith in her abilities."

Grand Elder Lan turned back to Elara. "Becoming a sect master is not an unworthy goal, young one. But remember, with great power comes great responsibility. You must always put the needs of your sect and the cultivation world before your own desires. Do you understand?"

Elara nodded solemnly. "Yes, Grand Elder. I will do my best to uphold the traditions and values of our sect, and to lead with integrity and honor."

Grand Elder Lan smiled. "I have no doubt that you will, young one. Keep up the good work, and you will surely become a powerful cultivator in your own right."

Then they heard another commotion again, this time people were making their way with fear expressions because the new arrival group was from the Dark Moon Clan.

Dark Moon Clan's reputation was not good in the Azure Continent; they enslaved monsters and humans, so a lot of people detested this clan.

However, they couldn't do anything because they were powerful, and most of the Dark Moon people were half-human half-monsters. Elara's group and the two grand elders turned to face the new group, watching with caution as they approached the tower.

One of the Dark Moon Clan's disciples, a half-monster with fur and fangs, stepped forward and spoke in a low growl. "We are here to seek the tower's secrets, and we will not be stopped by the likes of you."

Grand Elder Lan raised an eyebrow. "The secrets of the tower belong to us Heavenly Sword Sect. Little bastard, you have a lot of courage. Do you not know who you're speaking to?"

The half-monster disciple sneered. "Of course, I know who you are, Grand Elder Lan. But that doesn't change the fact that we are here to see what's inside in that tower. If you want to stop us, then we'll have to settle this with force."

The disciple's words were bold and threatening, but Grand Elder Lan remained calm. He used his spiritual pressure to exert dominance over the Dark Moon disciple, causing him to cough up blood.

Thorn, the infamous right-hand man of Garok, the Clan Master of the Dark Moon Clan, stepped forward, a sly smile on his face. "Elder Lan shouldn't take a kid seriously," he said. "But I'm sure he knows better than to mess with us. After all, we're not just any clan. We're the Dark Moon Clan, and we don't take kindly to those who stand in our way. As far as we know, this tower is not yours. It just suddenly appeared when your space crack was destroyed."

"This tower landed in our territory, so it is technically ours," said the disciples of the Heavenly Sword sect who had just arrived after hearing the commotion. More and more disciples arrived, backing up Grand Elder Lan's argument.

Grand Elder Lan snorted. "Hmph. You talk big, but you know nothing of true strength. Come, let me show you what it means to be a cultivator of the Heavenly Sword Sect."

With a wave of his hand, Grand Elder Lan released a powerful spiritual pressure, causing the ground to shake and the disciples of the Dark Moon Clan to cough up blood. The half-monster

disciple of the Dark Moon Clan looked terrified. Thorn immediately countered it, making it disappear.

Thorn stepped forward, his sly smile still in place. "Now, now, Grand Elder Lan. Let's not be too hasty. We're not here to start a war. We just want to enter the tower. Perhaps we can come to a peaceful agreement?"

Grand Elder Lan scoffed. "Peaceful agreement? You're not in a position to negotiate. The tower belongs to us, and we will defend it with our lives if necessary."

Thorn chuckled. "Well, you're certainly a stubborn one. But I suppose that's to be expected from a cultivator of the Heavenly Sword Sect. Very well, if you insist on being difficult, then we'll have to resort to force."

The two groups stood facing each other, tension thick in the air. Elara could sense the hostility between them and knew that things could turn violent if they didn't find a way to resolve the situation peacefully. As a future sect master, she knew that it was her responsibility to ensure that the values of the Radiant Holy Lands were upheld, even in the face of danger.

She stepped forward, raising her hand in a gesture of peace. "Everyone, please. We are all cultivators here, seeking to improve ourselves and our sects. Let us not resort to violence. Surely, there must be a way to resolve this peacefully."

The half-monster disciple snarled, but Thorn held up his hand, silencing him. "She's right. We don't need to resort to violence. Perhaps we can come to some sort of agreement. What do you say, Grand Elder Lan?"