

I Created 150

Chapter 150 150: First Encounter (Part 1)

As they continued their journey through the necropolis world, Elara decided to share her previous encounters with the monsters that inhabited this realm. She felt it was essential for her companions to be aware of the creatures they might face. Walking alongside, Elara began to recount her experiences.

"During my previous expedition into this necropolis world, I encountered a fearsome creature known as a zombie," Elara began, her voice steady but tinged with a hint of caution. "These creatures are reanimated corpses, devoid of life yet driven by a relentless hunger. Their bodies decayed and their movements sluggish, but they possess surprising strength. To defeat them, we must strike with precision and sever their connection to the dark energy that sustains them."

The disciples listened attentively, absorbing every detail of Elara's explanation. The concept of a zombie was entirely foreign to them, but they understood the importance of understanding its vulnerabilities.

Elara continued, "Another adversary we might encounter is the skeleton warrior. These skeletal beings are remnants of powerful cultivators who met their demise in this necropolis world. Bound to eternal servitude, they wield weapons with deadly skill and retain a semblance of their former martial prowess. They can be relentless in battle, but their weak points lie in their brittle bones. A well-placed strike can shatter them, rendering them motionless."

Finally, Elara spoke of the last creature she encountered. "And then, there are the ghosts, ethereal entities that linger in the Ghost Valley," Elara explained, her voice tinged with a touch of sadness. She paused briefly, reminiscing about her past encounters in that haunted place, but she quickly composed herself, ensuring her emotions didn't betray her.

"These spirits often burdened by grief, rage, or unresolved matters. They have the ability to phase through physical attacks, making them elusive and challenging adversaries. To effectively combat them, we must rely on spiritual techniques and cultivate our inner strength. Furthermore, it is crucial for us to be able to discern their weaknesses and exploit them to gain the upper hand."

The disciples nodded in understanding, mentally preparing themselves for the ethereal encounters that awaited them. They knew that their usual cultivation methods might not be as effective against these incorporeal beings, but they were determined to adapt and find a way to overcome these challenges.

As Elara concluded her explanations, she emphasized, "Remember, these monsters are foreign to our cultivation world, but they are not invincible. We have trained tirelessly, honing our skills to face any opponent. By working together and utilizing our knowledge, we can overcome these obstacles and continue our journey towards enlightenment."

As Elara and her disciples delved deeper into the necropolis world, their footsteps echoing through the desolate landscape, a sudden disturbance in the air caught their attention. The ground beneath them began to tremble, and a low, guttural moaning filled the air, growing louder with each passing second.

The disciples exchanged glances, their eyes filled with both anticipation and trepidation. They knew that their first encounter with the creatures of this realm was imminent.

Just as their hearts started racing, a horde of Golden Core zombie warriors emerged from the mist-shrouded surroundings. Their decaying bodies bore the signs of past battles, their eyes empty voids devoid of life. A menacing aura surrounded them, exuding a palpable sense of danger.

Great Elder Zhi, his expression unwavering, turned to Elara and her disciples. "This is your first true test in this realm," he said calmly. "I shall observe and intervene only if your lives are truly endangered. Remember your training, stay focused, and trust in your cultivation."

Elara nodded, her eyes reflecting determination. As a future Sect Master, she understood the importance of leading by example and relying on her disciples' capabilities. She took a step forward, her voice carrying with authority.

"Everyone, prepare yourselves!" Elara commanded. "Remember the weaknesses I've explained. Strike with precision and sever their connection to the dark energy that animates them. Stay vigilant and work together. We can overcome this trial!"

The disciples exchanged determined glances, their resolve firm as they readied their weapons and unleashed their cultivation techniques. Elara, though still a disciple, carried herself with an air of leadership, taking her place among her companions.

Lyra, her voice filled with determination, called upon her elemental powers. She conjured a torrent of swirling water, aiming to douse the zombies and weaken their decaying bodies. The water cascaded over the zombies, momentarily slowing their advance.

Lirien, her eyes shining with focused energy, utilized her precise swordsmanship. With swift and calculated strikes, she aimed for the joints and weak points of the zombies, severing limbs and incapacitating them one by one.

Rian, his internal energy blazing, channeled his cultivation into explosive fireballs. The flames engulfed the zombies, reducing them to charred remnants of their former selves.

Tavian, his mischievous grin replaced by a determined expression, relied on his lightning techniques. He summoned bolts of electricity, crackling and dancing through the air, striking the zombies with electrifying force.

Elara, while not yet wielding the authority of a sect master, displayed her potential as a future leader. She harmonized her light-type energy with her companions, lending them strength and enhancing their attacks. Her presence inspired them to fight with unwavering determination.

As the disciples unleashed their skills, the battlefield became a chaotic whirlwind of elemental forces. The air crackled with energy, and the ground shook with the impact of their strikes. The disciples fought with coordinated precision, supporting each other in their individual battles against the horde.

Great Elder Zhi observed the disciples' prowess with pride, recognizing their growth and potential. He maintained his position, ready to intervene if necessary, but he had faith in their abilities.

The battle raged on, with the disciples displaying their cultivated strength and strategic teamwork. Each zombie that fell infused them with a sense of accomplishment and propelled them forward.

As the last of the zombie warriors crumbled to the ground, the disciples stood amidst the aftermath of the battle, their breathing heavy but triumphant. Their victory against the horde was a testament to their cultivation and the strength of their unity.