

I Created 350

Chapter 350

The crowd, momentarily stunned into silence by the tower's unveiling, soon erupts into a cacophony of voices, each person attempting to voice their thoughts over the din.

"Did you see that? The tower—it just appeared out of nowhere!" exclaims one bystander, his eyes wide with wonder.

"Such craftsmanship, such beauty... It's unlike anything I've ever seen," murmurs another, her gaze locked on the tower's shimmering facade.

Amidst the crowd, a cultivator with a keen eye for detail remarks to his companion, "Notice the symbols etched into the base? I can't even decipher what rune it is. This tower must hold unimaginable secrets."

The companion nods in agreement, adding, "And the energy emanating from it... It's powerful, but not menacing. It invites exploration rather than warding off."

As the crowd marvels at the tower's appearance and speculates about its origins and purpose, Argon observes quietly from a distance, a satisfied smirk playing on his lips. The culmination of his work, now revealed for all to see, marks the beginning of a new chapter.

Seraphine, ever the provocateur, leans in closer to Argon, her voice laced with amusement. "Well, it seems we've given them quite the spectacle. The talk of a rare treasure wasn't far off, was it?" she teases, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

Argon simply nods, his attention momentarily captured by the tower. "Indeed. But let's see who dares to uncover its mysteries. The real treasure lies within, and it's far from what they're expecting."

As the cultivators from the Starlight Sect, led by the formidable Sect Master Tianwei and his elders, make their way toward the tower, the air crackles with anticipation. Their presence alone commands respect, but it's clear they're as intrigued by the tower as everyone else.

"The stage is set," Argon murmurs to his companions, "Now, let's watch the play unfold."

In the charged atmosphere surrounding the newly revealed tower, the crowd falls into a tense silence as Sect Master Tianwei raises his hand, commanding immediate attention. His voice, authoritative yet calm, carries clearly to every corner of the gathered throng.

"Everyone, since we don't know what's on the other side of this portal, what about letting my sect go in first?" Tianwei proposes, his gaze sweeping over the sea of faces before him. "We will share our findings inside. Is that acceptable?"

Murmurs ripple through the crowd, the undercurrents of anger and frustration barely contained. It's apparent to all present that the Starlight Sect intends to monopolize whatever treasures or knowledge the tower may hold. Their dominance, often unchallenged, now tests the patience of the diverse assembly of cultivators and onlookers.

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Seraphine, unable to contain her disdain, leans closer to Argon, her voice laced with sarcasm. "Master, this sect is truly overbearing. They even want the tower all to themselves," she observes, her gaze fixed on Tianwei and his retinue, who stand poised and unyielding.

Argon, ever the strategist, acknowledges the situation with a nod, his eyes narrowing thoughtfully. "That's indeed a problem," he muses aloud, his tone deceptively calm. "But if it really comes to it, wiping them out would be an easy task."

The bold statement, though spoken quietly among his group, reflects Argon's confidence in his own strength and the capabilities of his companions. It's a declaration of their readiness to challenge the Starlight Sect's dominance, should the need arise.

Around them, the crowd's restlessness grows as Tianwei's proposal sinks in. The idea of the Starlight Sect gaining exclusive access to the tower's mysteries does not sit well with many, their expressions ranging from indignation to outright hostility.

Yet, despite the brewing discontent, the sect's formidable reputation and the visible display of power by its elders and Sect Master serve as a deterrent. Few are willing to openly challenge Tianwei's decree, the risk of confrontation outweighing the lure of the tower's secrets.

Seeing that no one in the crowd dares to voice opposition, Sect Master Tianwei gestures confidently to his hundreds of students and teachers. They begin to move towards the tower, the anticipation among them palpable. The students, whose cultivation levels start at the Golden Core Realm, buzz with excitement over the prospect of exploring the mysterious tower and uncovering its secrets.

However, as they cross the portal, an unexpected phenomenon occurs. Tianwei and the five elders—Elder Jianyu, Elder Qingshan, Elder Mingzhe, Elder Xuefeng, and Elder Lianzhao—find themselves abruptly separated from their students and teachers, and transported to a completely different environment, leaving the others behind.

They stand on a small floating island, one of many suspended in a vast sky. Below them, an endless expanse of clouds stretches as far as the eye can see, occasionally broken by the sight of other islands hovering in the air. The sudden transition and the loss of their charges leave the elders momentarily disoriented.

"Where are the students? And the teachers?" Elder Jianyu exclaims, scanning the surroundings with a furrowed brow, trying to make sense of their situation.

Elder Qingshan, ever calm, takes a deep breath before responding. "It seems we have been teleported directly to another world. This tower might be the as the space rift, where it contains a destroyed world. However, this world, doesn't seem destroyed.

Sect Master Tianwei, taking a moment to assess their surroundings, gestures for silence among his elders. The island they find themselves on is serene yet alien, the ground beneath their feet solid yet seemingly suspended in mid-air with no visible support.

"This is no ordinary place," Tianwei states, his voice steady as he turns to face his fellow elders. "Our cultivation as Soul Strengthening Realm practitioners has likely triggered a mechanism within the tower, separating us from the others."

Elder Mingzhe, eyes narrowed in contemplation, adds, "The students and teachers... they must have been sent to a different location. Perhaps this tower sorts entrants based on their cultivation levels."

Elder Xuefeng, looking around the floating island, comments on their immediate challenge. "We find ourselves in what appears to be a realm of floating islands. Our priority must be to understand this world and find a way to reunite with our sect members."

Elder Lianzhao, the most adventurous of the group, steps forward, excitement tinged in his voice. "Look at the horizon. Other islands float nearby. There might be bridges or paths connecting them. We should explore."

Sect Master Tianwei nods in agreement, his gaze fixed on the distance. "We proceed with caution. This world could hold untold dangers. Let us stay alert and uncover the mysteries of this place. Our sect's honor and the safety of our members depend on it."

As the group prepares to explore the floating islands, the absence of their students and teachers weighs heavily on their minds. The unexpected division forces them to adapt quickly to their new environment, relying on their experience and cultivation to navigate the unknown.

The elders follow Tianwei's lead, stepping cautiously along the edge of their island, seeking any indication of a path forward. The serene beauty of the floating islands belies the potential threats that lurk within, from unpredictable weather patterns to unknown creatures that might call this place home.

"This world... it's unlike anything we've encountered," Elder Jianyu murmurs, his voice laced with a mixture of wonder and apprehension.

Sect Master Tianwei and his elders begin their cautious exploration of the small floating island they find themselves on. Despite its relative smallness compared to the surrounding islands, the terrain is diverse, with patches of lush grasslands giving way to rocky outcrops and sparse forests. The razor-sharp winds circling the island create a constant hum in the air, a reminder of the unique challenges this realm poses.

Elder Qingshan, focusing on their immediate surroundings, notes, "There appears to be no bridge or visible path connecting us to the other islands. Our only option is to explore this one thoroughly."

Elder Mingzhe, scanning the horizon, adds, "The winds... they're not just natural phenomena. They seem to be part of this world's defense mechanism. Approaching the edge carelessly could be dangerous."

Sect Master Tianwei, leading the group, decides, "We'll make a thorough survey of the island. Keep an eye out for any signs of pathways or mechanisms that might reveal how to navigate between the islands."

As they venture deeper into the island's interior, navigating the uneven terrain with ease born from years of cultivation, the group's keen senses are constantly on alert for any hidden dangers or secrets this mysterious place might hold. The air is fresh, filled with the scent of unknown flowers and the occasional sound of distant, unseen creatures.

Suddenly, Elder Lianzhao, who has been examining the flora along their path, stops in his tracks. His eyes widen in recognition, and he bends down to inspect a small, vibrant herb growing out of a crack in a rock. "Look at this," he calls over his shoulder, his voice tinged with excitement.

The others gather around, their interest piqued by his discovery. The herb in question is delicate, with luminous blue leaves that seem to emit a soft, pulsating glow. Tiny, star-shaped flowers of a deeper blue hue adorn its slender stems, creating a contrast that's striking against the green and brown backdrop of the island.

"This is a Skythread Herb," Elder Lianzhao explains, his gaze locked on the plant. "It's extremely rare in the outside world, known for its potent healing properties and its ability to strengthen one's connection to the wind element."

Sect Master Tianwei leans in for a closer look, his expression one of genuine curiosity. "To find such a herb in a place like this... It suggests that the environment here might be conducive to the growth of other rare and valuable plants."