

## I Created 352

### Chapter 352

Meanwhile, on the second floor of the tower, the situation for the teachers and students of the Starlight Sect is markedly different from the battle their Sect Master and elders are facing. As they are abruptly teleported into this new and foreboding environment, a world teeming with undead creatures, chaos ensues.

Without warning, the groups find themselves under immediate assault by hordes of undead, their ghastly forms emerging from the shadows to attack with relentless hunger. The less experienced students, particularly those without the protective presence of a teacher, fall victim to the onslaught, their screams cutting through the air as they either perish or suffer grave injuries.

Amidst the pandemonium, however, four figures stand out for their composed demeanor and the ease with which they defend themselves against the undead. These are the top students of the Starlight Sect, each boasting a cultivation level within the Core Formation Realm. The leader among them, a young cultivator with a cultivation at the late-stage of the Core Formation Realm, surveys the undead monsters with a look of disdain.

"Is this it?" he sneers, his voice laced with contempt as he effortlessly dispatches another undead creature with a flick of his wrist. "These monsters are too weak."

His name is Zhi Ruo, and his confidence and strength make him a figure of admiration among his peers. The other four top students, each skilled in their own right but not quite at Zhi Ruo's level, can't help but agree, their expressions a mix of respect and a bit of envy.

"Haha, big brother Zhi Ruo, you're too strong! These undead creatures stand no chance against you!" exclaims one of the students, a girl named Mei Lin, her eyes shining with admiration.

"Yeah, if only all the challenges in this tower were this easy," chimes in another student, Wei Feng, as he parries an attack from an approaching undead, his movements fluid and practiced.

Luo Jin, one of the quieter students among the top five, nods in agreement, his focus never wavering from the undead he's currently engaged with. "It's fortunate we have Zhi Ruo with us. His strength gives us an edge."

As Zhi Ruo and his companions cut through the undead with efficiency and precision, their path gradually leads them toward a structure that stands out starkly against the desolate backdrop of the world of the dead. In the distance, a tomb looms, its ancient stone facade covered in creeping vines and moss, suggesting it has stood there for centuries, if not longer.

"Look ahead," Zhi Ruo commands, his sharp gaze fixing on the tomb. "There could be treasures or powerful artifacts inside. Let's explore."

The group approaches the tomb cautiously, aware that such places are often guarded by more formidable creatures or protected by ancient curses. The air around the tomb feels heavier, charged with a palpable sense of dread and anticipation.

Mei Lin, her curiosity piqued, can't help but voice her thoughts. "This place... it feels different from the rest. Be careful, everyone. We don't know what lies within."

Luo Jin, however, remains silent, his focus on the tomb's entrance. His intuition tells him that they are about to face challenges far greater than the undead they've encountered so far.

As they stand before the tomb's entrance, a heavy stone door carved with ancient runes and symbols, Zhi Ruo steps forward, ready to take the lead. "Stay alert," he advises, pushing against the door with his cultivation energy.

The door creaks open with a sound that echoes ominously through the air, revealing the dark interior of the tomb. A musty, decayed scent wafts out, filling their nostrils and making them instinctively wary.

Inside, the tomb is shrouded in darkness, the only light coming from the flickering flames of torches that line the walls, seemingly lit by an unseen hand. The air is thick with the scent of ancient dust and the faint, unsettling smell of death.

Zhi Ruo, unphased by the tomb's oppressive atmosphere, steps inside, his eyes scanning the darkness for any signs of danger or hidden treasures. "Let's move forward. Keep your guard up," he orders, leading his group into the heart of the tomb.

The tomb's interior is a labyrinth of corridors and chambers, each filled with the remnants of those long passed. The flickering torchlight casts eerie shadows on the walls, making the atmosphere even more oppressive. Zhi Ruo leads the group with unwavering confidence, his eyes keenly searching the dark for any hidden threats or opportunities.

Suddenly, they come across a large chamber. The center of the room is dominated by an intricate puzzle—a massive stone floor mosaic depicting a mythical battle between ancient gods and demons. Each piece of the mosaic appears movable, suggesting that the correct configuration would reveal the path forward.

"Looks like we've found our first real challenge," Zhi Ruo observes, his tone betraying a hint of excitement. "This puzzle must be the key to unlocking the next section of the tomb."

Mei Lin approaches the puzzle, examining the pieces closely. "These symbols... they might represent elemental forces. See here? This looks like wind, and this one resembles water."

The group gathers around the puzzle, each trying to make sense of the symbols and patterns. Their discussions are filled with speculation and trial, but it quickly becomes evident that none of them possess a deep understanding of ancient lore or puzzles.

"We're wasting time," Zhi Ruo growls, his patience wearing thin. "Just start moving the pieces. We'll figure it out through trial and error."

The group hesitates, aware of the potential dangers of tampering with ancient mechanisms without understanding them fully. However, Zhi Ruo's authority is not to be questioned, and they begin to rearrange the pieces of the mosaic under his direction.

Their actions trigger a series of mechanisms within the chamber. The ground trembles, and hidden compartments open, releasing a swarm of venomous darts towards the group. The sudden attack catches them off guard, and in the chaos, one of the students, Wei Feng, is struck multiple times. He collapses to the ground, gasping for air as the poison quickly takes effect.

"Damn it!" Zhi Ruo curses, leaping to Wei Feng's side. Despite their efforts to administer antidotes, it's clear that the poison is too potent, and Wei Feng's life slips away before their eyes.

The loss of one of their own sends a wave of shock through the group. Mei Lin's face is pale, her eyes wide with fear. "We... we should have been more careful. This is all because we rushed into it without understanding."

Zhi Ruo's expression is grim, but he refuses to let the incident deter him. "This is the price of seeking power," he states coldly. "Wei Feng's sacrifice won't be in vain. We'll solve this puzzle and claim the treasures within."

The group, shaken but determined, refocuses on the puzzle. With renewed caution, they study the symbols and patterns, slowly beginning to understand the logic behind the ancient design. After several tense moments, they finally align the pieces correctly, and the mosaic glows with a soft light, revealing a hidden passageway leading deeper into the tomb.

Their success is bittersweet, the excitement of discovery tempered by the loss they've just endured. Zhi Ruo leads the way into the newly opened path, his eyes set on the horizon. The group follows, their resolve hardened by the challenges, they can only put their trust in Zhi Ruo.

As Zhi Ruo and his group advance into the deeper recesses of the tomb, the narrow passageway opens into a vast chamber, its ceiling lost in the shadows far above. In the center of the room, a figure shrouded in a cloak of darkness stands motionless. As they step closer, the figure stirs, revealing itself as an undead monster of formidable stature.

Its skin is a ghastly pale, stretched tight over protruding bones. Long, decayed fingernails scrape against the stone floor, creating a chilling sound that echoes through the chamber. Its eyes, deep and void of life, glow with a malevolent green light, fixating on the group with an unspoken promise of demise.

Zhi Ruo, undaunted by the sight, unsheathes his sword, which immediately bursts into flames, illuminating the chamber with its fiery glow. "Stay behind me," he commands, his voice steady and confident.

Mei Lin, standing at his side, opens her delicate weapon, each movement fluid and graceful. Water droplets condense around the edges of the fan, swirling into a small tempest at her command.

Luo Jin prepares their own elemental attacks. Luo Jin's hands crackle with electric energy, sparks jumping between his fingers.

The undead creature moves with a surprising speed for its decrepit form, lunging towards Zhi Ruo with claws extended. Zhi Ruo meets its charge head-on, his fire-imbued sword slicing through the air, creating a trail of flames in its wake. The heat from his blade singes the air, but the undead monster is swift, dodging the initial strike with an agility that belies its undead nature.

Mei Lin steps forward, her fan flicking open with a sharp snap. With a graceful twirl, she sends a torrent of water towards the creature, aiming to douse its movements and slow it down. The water coalesces into sharp, ice-cold blades mid-air, slashing towards the undead with precision.

The monster, caught between the fiery assault of Zhi Ruo's sword and the icy sharpness of Mei Lin's water blades, lets out a guttural roar that shakes the chamber. It counters with a dark, necrotic energy, emanating from its body in waves, seeking to drain the life force of its attackers.