

I Created 68

Chapter 68 68: Second Floor (Part 3)

He could feel the knowledge and wisdom emanating from the pages, and he knew that he had stumbled upon something significant.

"System, is the knowledge contained in these ancient scriptures and tomes, are from this world." He asked.

Looking around, he can see a lot of traps around, before you can approach these ancient scriptures and tomes, you need to deactivate a lot of traps.

[Yes.]

Simple answer, but made him excited.

He then spent hours reading and studying the tomes, absorbing the knowledge contained within. He learned about cultivation techniques, formations, alchemy, and even divine weapons.

Although he can't concoct any pills or set a formation array. The knowledge he got was enough to broaden his horizon.

Argon was amazed by the amount of information he had acquired. He knew that this knowledge would be invaluable in his cultivation journey.

As he was about to leave the room, he noticed a small wooden box tucked away in the corner. He opened it and found a black robe with golden embroidery. He could feel the power radiating from the robe and knew that they were no ordinary clothing.

[Host, this robe is called 'Shadow Hunter Robes,' it was crafted by a powerful cultivator of the Shadow Hunter Sect. This robe is infused with powerful shadow energy, and it can enhance the user's speed and agility. It also has the ability to create illusions and conceal the host's presence. This robe is incredibly rare and valuable, and it would be an excellent addition to an assassin cultivator. Even the not assassin practitioners will become a skilled assassins.]

Hearing it, he swallowed a mouthful of saliva.

"System, can I take this one?" he said.

[I already told you, that the host can't use any item that comes from the floor, you can only use items the ones that you buy from the system shop. It is the restriction set by the system itself.]

Argon really wanted to cry. That's right he doesn't take any item because of the stability bullshit, he just can't. He said those, just to comfort himself.

"Alright, I won't ask again."

He exited the room with a dejected look.

After exploring for another hour, he found himself in a long corridor.

As he walked down the long corridor, he noticed that it was different from the other parts of the tomb.

The walls were adorned with intricate carvings and embellishments, and even though it was old and full of cracks, it can't take the beauty away. And there were no traps or obstacles in sight. It was as if the designers of the tomb wanted the visitor to reach this point.

Finally, he reached the end of the corridor and found himself standing in front of a massive door. It was at least twenty feet tall and ten feet wide, with intricate carvings and patterns etched into its surface.

The door was made of dark wood, and inlaid with gold and silver filigree that glinted in the torchlight.

The door was so grand and majestic that it took Argon's breath away. He could feel the power emanating from the door, and he knew that it was the final test of the tomb.

He placed his hand on the door, and it hummed with energy. The door slowly began to open.

As the door creaked open, Argon stepped inside and was greeted by a sight that left him speechless. The room was massive, with high ceilings and ornate decorations that spoke of opulence and grandeur. But the beauty was marred by the state of the room. It was as if a disaster had struck the throne room, leaving it in disarray and chaos.

The furniture was overturned, and the floor was littered with broken pottery and shattered glass. The once-beautiful tapestries that adorned the walls were now torn and frayed, and the smell of decay filled the air.

At the end of the throne chamber, there was a throne and a huge humanoid bone sitting on it. The bone was at least 40 feet tall, with jagged edges and menacing coercion. Even he felt a huge pressure from it, he felt like a breath of this monster can kill him right now.

The bones were adorned with twisted runes and symbols that seemed to glow with a sickly green light. As he approached the throne, he could feel the bone's power resonating in his bones, threatening to overwhelm him.

The skull was the size of a small car, with empty eye sockets that seemed to stare right through him. The teeth were razor-sharp, and the jaw was hinged in such a way that it could snap shut at any moment.

The ribcage was as wide as a house, and the bones looked like they could crush a man's skull with ease. The spine was twisted and gnarled, with protrusions that looked like they could impale a person.

"System, what is this monstrous creature?"

[This is a default boss of the tomb called Tornit, right now it is only bones. The host can either revive this boss with soul coins or change it with another boss creature. And for the description of the Tornit, the host can read it himself, because it's quite long.]

In the next moment, a transparent screen appeared in front of him.

[Tornit is a humanoid giant creature of pure malice and darkness. It is a massive, bloated monster that stands at least 40 feet tall and has a grotesque, distorted body that is covered in thick, mottled skin. Its limbs are thick and muscular, with long, sharp claws that can tear through steel as if it were paper.]

The creature's face is twisted into a permanent snarl, with a gaping maw filled with razor-sharp teeth that constantly drool a viscous, greenish fluid. Its eyes are small and beady, gleaming with a malevolent intelligence that betrays its cunning and cruelty.

The Tornit emits a foul odor that reeks of rot and decay, making it difficult to approach without feeling sick. Its bloated body pulsates with a sickly glow, emanating a dark energy that seems to drain the life force from those around it.