

## **I Created 124**

### Chapter 124 124: Undead Horde Emerges From A Teleportation Portal

"I have no idea," replied the sect master, his eyes never leaving the tower. "But we must be cautious. We don't know what kind of dangers could be waiting for us inside."

The people around them murmured in agreement, their fear and curiosity growing with each passing moment.

Suddenly, the door of the tower began to creak open, its hinges groaning in protest. The people fell silent, watching with bated breath as the door slowly swung open.

And then they saw it.

A massive teleportation portal, its swirling vortex of energy illuminating the inside of the tower. The people gasped in surprise and wonder, their mouths hanging open in shock.

The sect master was equally stunned, his eyes widening in disbelief. "This...this is a teleportation portal," he stammered. "What kind of power could create something this big?"

The people around him murmured in agreement, their eyes fixed on the portal. Some were hesitant to approach, while others were eager to explore its mysteries.

"What do you think it leads to?" one man asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

"I don't know," his companion replied, his eyes fixed on the portal. "But we must be cautious. We don't know what kind of dangers could be waiting for us on the other side."

As the crowd hesitated, one brave man stepped forward, his curiosity overcoming his caution. He approached the portal with a determined look on his face, ready to take the risk of entering the unknown.

However, just as he was about to step through the portal, a skeletal hand shot out of the swirling vortex and grabbed him by the neck. The man gasped in terror as a fully-formed skeleton warrior emerged from the portal, roaring in anger.

The civilians around the tower screamed in terror as more and more undead creatures began pouring out of the portal. The brave man fought back with all his might, using his cultivation techniques to push the skeleton warrior back into the portal.

But it was too late. The undead horde had already begun to pour out of the tower and into the waiting crowd. The cultivators of the Heavenly Sword Sect immediately sprang into action, unleashing a flurry of sword strikes and energy blasts to fend off the undead onslaught.

The fight was brutal and tragic. The undead creatures were relentless, their bones creaking as they advanced on the human fighters. The cultivators fought back with all their might, using their cultivation techniques to unleash a variety of powerful attacks.

"Someone help us!" one of the cultivators cried out, his sword arm faltering under the weight of a massive skeleton warrior. "We can't hold them back much longer!"

The people around the tower were horrified, watching in terror as their friends and loved ones were cut down by the undead horde. Some low cultivators even began to flee in all directions, desperate to escape the carnage.

But the cultivators of the Heavenly Sword Sect refused to back down. They fought on with a fierce determination, their eyes blazing with a fierce intensity. They would not let the undead creatures take them down without a fight.

The sect master of the Heavenly Sword Sect, a renowned swordsman who had already entered the realm of sword dao, was at the forefront of the battle. He brandished his sword with lightning-fast movements, slicing through the undead creatures with ease.

Then he saw a huge monster come out of the portal, its terrifying roar sending shivers down the spines of the low-level cultivators. The sect master's eyes narrowed as he focused all his attention on the creature. It was a skeletal lizard-like monster, with four legs and razor-sharp claws that glinted in the dim light of the moon.

The monster's bones seemed to be made of a black, obsidian-like material, and its glowing red eyes burned with a fierce intensity. The sect master could sense the power emanating from the monster's body, and he knew that it would not be an easy foe to defeat.

The sect master took a deep breath, his mind racing as he assessed the situation. Although the monster only had a mid-stage Core Formation realm, the sect master knew that he would still need

time to kill it. Time was not something they had a lot of, as more and more people were dying with each passing moment.

The sect master launched himself at the monster, his sword slashing through the air with incredible speed. The monster responded with a barrage of razor-sharp claws, its movements lightning-fast.

The two combatants clashed again and again, their swords and claws ringing out in the air. The sect master's swordsmanship was flawless, his movements precise and calculated. He dodged the monster's attacks with ease, his sword striking with deadly accuracy.

But the monster was not an easy foe to defeat. Its claws were razor-sharp, and its body was incredibly tough. The sect master's attacks barely scratched the surface of its obsidian-like bones.

As the fight continued, the sect master began to grow frustrated. He could see a lot of people dying as time went by, and he knew that he needed to end this fight quickly. He tried a new technique, a powerful sword strike that he had learned during his years of training.

"The Thousand Cuts of the Heavenly Sword!"

With those words, the sect master unleashed a flurry of sword strikes, his movements blurring into a white streak of light. The monster tried to counterattack, but it was too slow, its movements hindered by the damage it had already sustained.

The Thousand Cuts of the Heavenly Sword rained down upon the monster, each strike precise and deadly. The obsidian bones cracked and shattered under the force of the blows, and the monster roared in agony as it collapsed to the ground, defeated.

Without wasting any time, the sect master immediately turned his attention to the remaining undead. With a fierce determination, he launched himself at the creatures, his sword slicing through their brittle bones with ease.