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Chapter 158 158: Isadora And Ma Kong Arrive At Veiled Forest (Part 1)

On the outskirts of the Veiled Forest, a tranquil hush settled over the ancient trees and shimmering mists that veiled its secrets. An otherworldly disturbance shattered the tranquility of the ancient woodland. A colossal wormhole tore through the fabric of reality, its energy crackling and pulsating with an intensity that resonated throughout the forest.

The powerful disturbance began to ripple through the air, a disturbance that caught the attention of those seeking treasures hidden within the forest.

Word of the commotion spread like wildfire, carried on the whispers of the wind. Cultivators from far and wide, driven by their insatiable desire for treasures and rare artifacts, felt the tremors of power and recognized the potential for untold riches. With hearts ablaze with anticipation, they abandoned their current pursuits and converged upon the outskirts of the Veiled Forest.

Thousands of cultivators surged towards the source of the disturbance, their footsteps shaking the earth beneath them. They trampled over tangled underbrush and forged their way through the dense foliage, their eyes glinting with a mixture of excitement and greed.

As they drew closer to the epicenter of the upheaval, a scene of chaos unfolded before them. The air crackled with anticipation, the scent of competition wafting through the forest. Cultivators from different sects, clans, and schools jostled for position, their robes billowing in the wind as they raced against time to claim the treasure they believed awaited them.

"Move aside! This treasure is mine!" shouted a burly cultivator, pushing his way through the throng with a fierce determination etched upon his face.

"Not so fast! I've come a long way for this opportunity," retorted a slender cultivator, his eyes glinting with a mix of excitement and cunning.

The clash of egos and desperate cries for supremacy filled the air as the crowd grew denser, anticipation and impatience reaching a fever pitch. The whisper of legends and tales of unimaginable wealth echoed among the cultivators, fueling their desire and propelling them forward.

But as the cultivators reached the vicinity of the still-unstable wormhole, a collective gasp escaped their lips. The sheer magnitude of the anomaly and the raw power emanating from it gave them

pause. The shimmering mists of the Veiled Forest danced with an otherworldly glow, and the towering ancient trees swayed in reverence, as if paying homage to the cosmic forces at play.

"Is this the legendary treasure birth? Truly, we are blessed with great fortune!" exclaimed a wide-eyed cultivator, his voice trembling with excitement.

"We must act swiftly! The treasure awaits!" cried another, his voice filled with fervor and determination.

Driven by a combination of ambition and curiosity, the cultivators pressed closer to the edge of the wormhole, heedless of the dangers that lay within. They reached out with trembling hands, eager to be the first to claim the mysterious treasure that awaited them.

But as the crowd descended into a frenzied scramble, the wormhole continued to expand, its power intensifying with each passing moment. The cultivators, now standing at the precipice of the unknown, teetered on the edge of triumph or tragedy, their fates intertwined with the unfolding cosmic event.

As the wormhole finally stabilized, the air crackled with anticipation. A hushed silence fell over the crowd as two figures emerged from the otherworldly portal, their presence commanding and their aura oppressive.

The first to step forward was Isadora, a vampire of royal blood. Her ethereal beauty was unparalleled, her porcelain skin reflecting a faint, mesmerizing glow. Long, flowing ebony tresses cascaded down her back, accentuating her regal stature. Her eyes, a piercing shade of blue, held an otherworldly charm that seemed to beckon and ensnare the hearts of those who beheld them.

Isadora's passive charm power exuded an intoxicating allure that instantly affected the low-level cultivators. Their gazes turned fixated, their mouths agape as they succumbed to an overwhelming desire in her presence. If Isadora so wished, she could command these mesmerized individuals to attack even their closest friends, their minds clouded by a potent enchantment.

Beside Isadora, Mah Kong, a colossal minotaur, emerged from the wormhole. His massive frame towered over the crowd, each step resonating with the weight of a mountain. His brawny physique, encased in ancient armor adorned with intricate runes, emanated an intimidating aura.

Mah Kong carried a colossal axe on his back, a weapon that seemed perfectly suited to his formidable strength. Its gleaming blade reflected the ambient light, casting an ominous glow upon

his surroundings. As he towered over the crowd, his eyes surveyed the cultivators with a mixture of indifference and superiority, acknowledging their presence but showing no sign of recognition or concern.

The gathered cultivators, once filled with fervor and anticipation, now felt the weight of an oppressive aura emanating from Isadora and Mah Kong. Their excitement waned, replaced by a sense of trepidation and respect. They exchanged uneasy glances, realizing that they stood before beings of immense power and authority.

Isadora's gaze swept over the crowd, a flicker of surprise crossing her otherwise composed expression. Her voice dripped with sarcasm as she addressed the bewildered cultivators, her words laced with an air of superiority. "Oh, how kind of you, mere humans, to welcome us with such grandeur," she taunted, her tone biting. "Since you have already gathered here so obediently, I suppose you may as well stay."

Mah Kong grunted, his voice deep and resonant. "Since you're all already here, there's no need to leave so soon. Stay and witness the true power that awaits you."

Their words hung in the air for a moment before the ground beneath them trembled with an unsettling resonance. From the depths of the stabilized wormhole, a multitude of undead creatures began to emerge, their monstrous forms shrouded in darkness. With a bloodlust in their hollow eyes, they wasted no time in unleashing chaos and carnage upon the unsuspecting cultivators.

The cultivators' expressions twisted from anticipation to horror as they realized the dire turn of events. Panic swept through the crowd like wildfire, screams of fear and desperation filling the once-promising atmosphere.