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Chapter 161 161: Destroy The Ebon Citadel (Part 1)

With a solemn bow, Mah Kong stepped forward, his grip tightening around his mighty axe. The Core Formation Whispering Shadow glided toward him, its eyes gleaming with an ethereal light. They exchanged a brief moment of silence, acknowledging the imminent clash between their formidable forces.

Mah Kong took a deep breath, his muscles coiled like a tightly wound spring. He activated a technique known as the "Thunderous Mountain Split," channeling his immense strength into his axe. The weapon began to vibrate with a low, rumbling hum, resonating with the power of thunder itself.

A smirk played across Mah Kong's face as he taunted the Whispering Shadow. "Do you think you can withstand the might of my Thunderous Mountain Split? Your feeble existence will crumble beneath its weight!"

The Core Formation Whispering Shadow's eyes flashed with anger, its ethereal form quivering with a newfound resolve. It unleashed a barrage of attacks, its movements swift and erratic. But Mah Kong, fueled by his cultivation and the thrill of battle, effortlessly deflected each strike with a combination of raw strength and precise footwork.

With a mighty roar, Mah Kong swung his axe in a wide arc, aiming to cleave the Whispering Shadow in two. The force behind the attack sent shockwaves through the forest, causing nearby trees to sway and bow in submission.

The Whispering Shadow, sensing the imminent danger, summoned its own elemental powers. Dark tendrils of shadow energy coiled around its form, intertwining with the ethereal mist that comprised its being. It retaliated with a barrage of shadowy projectiles, seeking to pierce Mah Kong's defenses.

But Mah Kong was no ordinary cultivator. He was a master of body refinement, his physique honed to perfection through years of rigorous training. He moved with lightning-fast reflexes, evading the projectiles with a combination of agile footwork and calculated twists of his body.

As the battle intensified, Mah Kong's excitement grew. He reveled in toying with the Whispering Shadow, goading it to unleash its full strength. He laughed heartily, his voice booming through the forest. "Is this all you've got? I expected more from a Core Formation cultivator! Show me your true power!"

Enraged by Mah Kong's taunts, the Whispering Shadow gathered its energy, drawing upon the depths of its cultivation. It unleashed a devastating wave of dark energy, attempting to overwhelm Mah Kong with its sheer force.

Mah Kong stood firm, planting his feet firmly into the ground. He channeled his inner strength, allowing it to flow through his veins like a torrential river. As the wave of dark energy crashed against him, he braced himself, the muscles in his arms bulging with raw power.

The impact sent shockwaves through the forest, causing the very ground to tremble. Mah Kong gritted his teeth, pushing back against the force of the attack. Slowly but surely, he began to advance, his steady steps crushing the undergrowth beneath his feet.

With each step, Mah Kong's strength grew, his aura expanding like a raging inferno. He swung his axe with renewed vigor, its thunderous strikes cleaving through the dark energy and shattering the Whispering Shadow's defenses.

Finally, with a mighty swing, Mah Kong delivered the finishing blow. His axe connected with the Whispering Shadow's core, unleashing a cataclysmic explosion of energy. The ethereal being dissipated into a cloud of dissipating shadows, its existence extinguished.

Mah Kong stood amidst the remnants of the battle, his chest heaving with exertion. Sweat trickled down his forehead, mingling with the dirt and grime on his face. He wiped it away with the back of his hand, a triumphant smile playing upon his lips.

Isadora approached, her eyes filled with admiration. "Well fought, Mah Kong," she praised. "Your strength and skill are truly awe-inspiring. You have proven yourself a formidable warrior."

Mah Kong bowed respectfully, his heart filled with pride. "Thank you, Lady Isadora. I am honored to serve and fight alongside you. Together, we shall conquer this Veiled Forest and bring glory to our lord."

Their alliance fortified by the victory, Isadora and Mah Kong continued their relentless march through the Veiled Forest, their determination unwavering. They knew that even greater challenges awaited them, but they were prepared to face whatever lay ahead, confident in their cultivation and unwavering spirit.

Amidst this horrifying scene, Azrael and Cambion stood at the forefront of the undead horde, their presence commanding and resolute. With each step they took, the ground trembled beneath their feet, as if acknowledging their power and dominance. As they advanced, the field of death parted before them, the undead creatures making way for their formidable leaders.

Finally, the gruesome feast subsided, and Azrael and Cambion stood before the imposing gates of the Ebon Citadel. The fortress loomed like a menacing shadow, its obsidian walls rising high into the sky. Black smoke billowed from its towering spires, obscuring the moon and casting an eerie glow over the desolate landscape.

The gates themselves were massive, constructed of dark iron and adorned with grotesque demonic carvings. They creaked open with an otherworldly groan, as if the very essence of darkness protested against their intrusion. The path beyond was lined with ancient, withered trees, their gnarled branches reaching out like skeletal fingers, whispering secrets of forgotten lore.

As Azrael and Cambion crossed the threshold, the air within the Ebon Citadel grew heavy with malevolence. The very walls seemed to exude a palpable darkness, as if infused with the essence of all the evil deeds committed within its confines. Shadows danced and writhed along the corridors, their movement accompanied by haunting whispers that echoed through the empty halls.

The interior of the citadel was a labyrinthine maze of corridors, chambers, and grand halls, all enveloped in perpetual twilight. Flickering torches lined the walls, casting long, dancing shadows that seemed to come alive with a sinister sentience. The air was thick with the scent of decay, mingling with the faint trace of arcane energy that permeated every inch of the fortress. The walls were adorned with grim tapestries depicting scenes of suffering and torment.