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Chapter 169 169: Ma Kong's Death

As the whispering shadows lashed out, their attacks passed through the illusory figures, dissipating into nothingness. Isadora, her voice filled with confidence, taunted her adversary. "Your feeble attempts are futile, for my illusions shape reality itself. You cannot escape the grasp of your own doubts."

With a sudden surge of energy, Isadora's illusions solidified into tangible forms. Spectral warriors, wreathed in shadows, materialized around her, each one bearing a unique weapon. They engaged the whispering shadows in a dazzling display of combat, their movements fluid and precise.

The late-stage Core Formation whispering shadow, realizing the dire situation, gathered its remaining strength and unleashed a devastating burst of dark energy. Shadows surged forth, engulfing the battlefield, threatening to consume everything in their path. But Isadora, undeterred, tapped into her cultivation, channeling her inner power.

In response to the imminent danger, Isadora's illusions transformed into a protective barrier, a shimmering dome of light that repelled the encroaching darkness. The whispers of the shadow energy clashed against the barrier, creating a fierce struggle for dominance.

Meanwhile, Mah Kong, having fought his way through the lower Core Formation whispering shadows, reached the late-stage Core Formation whispering shadow. The minotaur's colossal axe swung through the air with tremendous force, aiming to cleave through the defenses of his formidable opponent. However, the late-stage Core Formation whispering shadow, with its superior cultivation, easily evaded the strikes, its agility matching that of a fleeting shadow.

Undeterred, Mah Kong shifted his tactics. With a mighty roar, he infused his axe with his core energy, causing it to emit a blinding light. The weapon became an extension of his own cultivation, capable of disrupting the shadow energy that protected his adversary.

As Mah Kong pressed his assault, the late-stage Core Formation whispering shadow retaliated with lightning-fast strikes. Its movements were a blur, as if it could teleport from one position to another in an instant. However, Mah Kong's endurance and raw physical strength proved to be an insurmountable obstacle for his opponent.

With each clash, shockwaves rippled through the battlefield, shaking the trees and causing the ground to tremble. Isadora, observing the fierce struggle between Mah Kong and the late-stage Core

Formation whispering shadow, intensified her illusions. The very air seemed to warp and distort, casting doubt and confusion upon the enemy.

As the battle reached its climax, Isadora's illusions took on a new level of complexity. She created illusory landscapes that shifted and twisted, disorienting the late-stage Core Formation whispering shadow. The very ground beneath its feet transformed into a treacherous terrain, with ethereal spikes and phantom traps lurking at every turn.

Mah Kong, fueled by sheer determination, pressed on, his axe swinging with unmatched ferocity. Each strike created shockwaves that reverberated through the battlefield, shattering the illusions that surrounded them. The clash of metal against shadow resonated through the air, accompanied by the thunderous roars of the minotaur and the hissing whispers of the enemy.

Isadora, realizing that her illusions alone would not be enough to defeat the formidable foe, tapped into her middle-stage Core Formation cultivation. She channeled her energy, summoning a mesmerizing display of illusionary flames that danced around her. The flames melded with her illusions, creating a fusion of fire and deception that engulfed the battlefield.

The late-stage Core Formation whispering shadow, momentarily caught off guard by the sudden surge of power, found itself ensnared in a web of illusory flames. The scorching heat distorted its perception, making it difficult to discern reality from fiction. Isadora took advantage of the confusion, launching a barrage of illusory fireballs, each one exploding with a blinding burst of light and disorienting illusions upon impact.

As the flames raged, Mah Kong seized the opportunity, redoubling his assault. With each swing of his colossal axe, he shattered the defensive barriers of the whispering shadow, his strikes fueled by the intense energy of his core formation cultivation. The sheer force behind his attacks caused the very air to tremble, cracking the illusions that veiled their surroundings.

In a final act of desperation, the late-stage Core Formation whispering shadow unleashed a surge of dark energy, enveloping the battlefield in a suffocating shroud of shadows. But Isadora, drawing upon her unwavering resolve, created a counterforce of blinding light. The brilliance of her illusions pierced through the darkness, dispelling the shadows and illuminating the true nature of their surroundings.

With the battlefield bathed in light, the late-stage Core Formation whispering shadow's strength waned. Its movements became sluggish, its once formidable attacks reduced to feeble attempts. Sensing victory within their grasp, Isadora and Mah Kong coordinated their efforts, combining their powers in a final, devastating assault.

Isadora summoned a grand illusion of a celestial beast, its majestic form towering over the battlefield. The illusory creature roared with otherworldly power, unleashing a shockwave that shattered the remaining surrounding shadow of the whispering shadows. Mah Kong, infused with the energy of Isadora's illusion, unleashed a final, earth-shattering strike. His axe cleaved through the weakened defenses of the late-stage Core Formation whispering shadow.

As the axe descended, the late-stage Core Formation whispering shadow's eyes widened in desperation. "Oh, tree God, help me!" it cried out, a plea born out of sheer desperation.

In that very moment, a branch shot forth from the colossal tree with astonishing speed, impaling both the leader of the whispering shadows and Ma Kong. The minotaur, caught off guard, could not react in time, and he too found himself skewered alongside the dying leader.

Ma Kong could feel his life force and energy rapidly draining away. Panic filled his voice as he managed to warn Isadora amidst the chaos. "This is bad," he rasped, his strength waning. " Lady Isadora, be careful! The branch drains our life force!"

As Isadora struggled, she herself became the target of a malevolent branch. It lashed out with incredible speed, impaling her and causing searing pain to shoot through her body. Branches began sprouting from the colossal tree at an alarming rate, impaling everyone on the battlefield, including the whispering shadows and the undead creatures.

The battlefield turned into a scene of agony and chaos as the whispering shadows and undead creatures fell one by one, pierced by the relentless branches. Isadora, weakened but determined, refused to give in. She continued to fight against the pain and launched desperate attacks to free herself and her comrades.

However, the branches seemed relentless, appearing from every direction and impaling anyone within reach. Isadora's heart sank as she watched helplessly while Ma Kong's life force and energy were drained away, his once mighty form growing weaker by the moment.

As Ma Kong breathed his last, Isadora felt a surge of grief and rage. She knew she had to escape the clutches of the branch before it drained her life force as well. With all her remaining strength, she summoned a powerful illusion, creating a diversion to momentarily distract the branch that pinned her.

In that fleeting moment, Isadora mustered all her remaining energy and unleashed a wave of illusory fire. The flames engulfed the battlefield, searing the branches and momentarily halting their assault.

Isadora seized the opportunity and willed her illusions to form a protective barrier around herself. The shimmering dome of light shielded her from the onslaught of the branches, buying her precious seconds to devise a plan.

Gritting her teeth, Isadora tapped into her middle-stage Core Formation cultivation, drawing upon her inner power. She channeled her energy and created an intricate illusionary net, weaving it into the very fabric of the cultivation world. The net expanded, entangling the branches, restricting their movement and sapping their strength.

With her illusions holding the branches at bay, Isadora focused on freeing herself and the fallen Ma Kong. She mustered her remaining strength and conjured a mirage of duplicates, all working in unison to sever the branch that impaled her.

The illusions wielded ethereal blades, slashing through the branch with precision and determination. Their combined efforts, fueled by Isadora's unwavering will, slowly weakened the branch's defenses. But even as they chipped away at it, the branch fought back, thrashing and writhing in an attempt to keep its hold.

Time seemed to slow as Isadora and her illusions continued their struggle against the relentless branch. Sweat dripped down Isadora's brow as she poured every ounce of her energy into the task at hand. Finally, with a final surge of power, the illusions delivered a decisive blow, severing the branch that impaled Isadora.

With a gasp, Isadora collapsed to the ground, her body weak and battered. She looked in the direction of the fallen minotaur, only to witness his body disappearing into a cascade of shimmering light particles. Anger and frustration etched across her face as she realized the true extent of Ma Kong's sacrifice. Although, she knew that, as a subordinate of Argon, possessed the ability to revive after death, but that didn't alleviate the weight of her responsibility.

Although Isadora was aware that Ma Kong would eventually return to life, she had made a solemn promise to his lord, Argon, that she would ensure Ma Kong's safety under her care. The fact that he had perished, even temporarily, weighed heavily on her conscience.

Pushing herself off the ground, Isadora took a deep breath, drawing strength from her resolve. She knew that the battle against this new tree God enemy, will be a hard fight, still he need to complete the mission that Argon give to her, that is to destroy this Veiled Forest.

Pushing herself off the ground, Isadora took a deep breath, her determination unyielding. She knew that the battle against the formidable tree god enemy would be an arduous one, but she was resolute in fulfilling the mission entrusted to her by Argon - the complete destruction of the Veiled Forest.