

I Created 279

Chapter 279 279: Crater As Big As A City

Yet, the grotesque eye's power was unyielding. It unleashed psychic attacks that assailed Seraphina's mind, attempting to disrupt her concentration. She gritted her teeth against the mental assault, her willpower a shield against the intrusion.

The battle became a dance of light and darkness, a clash of wills and powers. The grotesque eye's unblinking gaze remained fixed on Seraphina, and she could feel its malevolent intelligence probing her thoughts.

Seraphina's attacks intensified, the dark energy she wielded becoming a swirling tempest of power. She poured every ounce of her Core Formation strength into her assaults, determined to overcome this nightmarish adversary.

But as the battle wore on, Seraphina's strength began to wane. The relentless assault of the grotesque eye, its unending psychic onslaught, and its otherworldly resilience took their toll. She could feel her powers faltering, her protective barrier weakening.

With a final, desperate surge of power, Seraphina unleashed a devastating burst of dark energy. The swirling vortex of shadows enveloped the grotesque eye, obscuring it from view. The night was filled with the eerie echoes of their battle.

For a moment, there was silence, an ominous calm that settled over the battlefield. Then, with a bone-chilling wail, the grotesque eye erupted from the shadowy vortex, its eye ablaze with malevolent fury.

Seraphina's barrier shattered under the force of the abomination's counterattack. Dark energy surged toward her, overwhelming her defenses. She tried to evade, to summon another protective shield, but it was too late.

The dark energy struck Seraphina directly, engulfing her in a swirling storm of malevolence. Her form convulsed as the psychic assault penetrated her mind, her screams echoing through the night.

Her comrades, helpless witnesses to her struggle, watched in horror as Seraphina's essence dissipated into the darkness. The grotesque eye, victorious in its malevolent triumph, hovered ominously in the night, its lidless gaze devoid of emotion.

Meanwhile, hidden within the shadows, Ma Kong observed the battle with impassive eyes. His mission had not yet called for his interference, and he remained an enigmatic observer in the face of Seraphina's tragic defeat.

As the night wore on and the echoes of battle faded, Ma Kong's gaze turned toward the horizon, where the next city awaited. He knew that his mission to eliminate any demons that threatened their conquest was far from over, and the shadows would be his silent ally in the battles yet to come.

Upon his arrival at the next city, Ma Kong was met with a gruesome sight. The battle had already reached its conclusion, but not in the way he had anticipated. The undead, skeletal and reanimated horrors, had emerged victorious, their eerie forms feasting upon the remains of the defeated demons.

Ma Kong's eyes, as dark and enigmatic as the abyss, surveyed the macabre scene before him. The streets were littered with the broken forms of demons, their once-mighty powers reduced to nothingness. The air was heavy with the scent of death and decay, and the undead creatures paid him no heed as they savored their grim feast.

A voice, cold and tinged with a hint of amusement, echoed in Ma Kong's mind. It was the voice of the undead that protected this place.

The voice said, "It's you, Lord Ma Kong. Please forgive me, I thought you were an enemy."

Ma Kong, with a deep chuckle that seemed to reverberate through the shadows, replied, "You're pretty quick at killing your enemies, it seems."

The voice emanated from a phantom, a spectral figure shrouded in darkness. It spoke with deference, "Thank you for your compliment, my lord. I did eliminate them through assassination."

Ma Kong's tone held a note of satisfaction, "Efficiency is a valuable trait, especially in times like these. But enough of that, I must continue to the next city. I hope the fight there is not already over."

The phantom responded, "Of course, my lord. I shall remain vigilant here."

With a final nod, Ma Kong once again melted into the shadows, his form blending seamlessly with the darkness as he departed for the next city. The voice, now alone amidst the eerie stillness,

continued its spectral watch over the aftermath of the battle, a silent guardian in the service of the almighty one.

As Ma Kong arrived at what should have been the next city, he was taken aback by the sight that greeted him. Instead of a bustling city, he found himself standing at the edge of a massive crater, a colossal depression in the earth's surface as large as a city itself. The surrounding landscape had been utterly obliterated, leaving only the vast, gaping cavity before him.

Ma Kong's eyes narrowed, and he scanned the desolate landscape. However, amid the devastation, he noticed a peculiar sight—an untouched patch of ground at the center of the crater. It was as if an invisible barrier had shielded this area from the cataclysmic event that had befallen the rest of the city.

Approaching cautiously, Ma Kong's sharp senses detected a presence within the untouched zone. There lay a demon, grievously wounded and on the brink of death. The demon's form was battered and broken, and yet, despite the dire state of its injuries, it retained a flicker of life.

The demon's gaze met Ma Kong's as he drew near, and the dying creature struggled to raise its head. With ragged breaths and feeble movements, it uttered in a raspy voice, "Who... who are you? Don't come closer, or I'll kill you... like how I destroyed this place."

Ma Kong halted, his gaze unwavering as he observed the feeble demon before him. He couldn't help but chuckle softly, a low, rumbling sound that held a hint of amusement. "Demon," he said, his voice carrying the weight of his power, "you truly threatened me, yet you can't even move your own body."

Drawing closer, Ma Kong continued, his voice carrying the weight of his power and authority. "And what's this about you destroying this place? Your cultivation is weaker than mine, and even I couldn't obliterate an entire city, leaving nothing but an empty crater. Explain yourself."

Glacius, despite his grievous injuries, let out a maniacal laugh that echoed through the desolation. "Hahaha, why would I tell you that..." He sneered, his voice laced with defiance.

He squinted at Ma Kong, his eyes narrowed in scrutiny. "From your appearance, you're from the monster clan," Glacius observed, his voice dripping with disdain. "I thought we already destroyed all the monsters here. I guess there is one who slipped through the net."

Glacius continued, his tone growing more derisive. "Before the war happened, the four Soul Strengthening demons destroyed the whole monster clan."

Ma Kong, however, showed little interest in the fate of the monster clan. After all, he was not native to this realm, and the politics and conflicts of this world held little significance for him. "Well, I have a lot of ways to make you talk..." Ma Kong's voice turned ominously cold. "This will make you beg me to end your suffering."

Glacius, despite his pain, attempted to summon a defiant retort. "You... won't... get anything from me..." he spat out, his words strained.

Ma Kong's gaze remained unyielding. He knew that Glacius was on the brink of death, and time was running out. "Stubborn to the end," Ma Kong mused, almost to himself. "Very well, you shall find out soon enough."