

## I Created 284

### Chapter 284 284: The Approaching Danger (part 1)

As the cultivators from both the Radiant Holy Lands and the Heavenly Sword Sect gathered on the city walls, a palpable tension filled the air. They stood in solemn anticipation, their gazes fixed on the horizon.

After an hour of waiting, those ominous clouds appeared on the distant horizon, slowly advancing towards them like a foreboding harbinger of doom. Elara's voice, low but resolute, cut through the silence. "Here they come."

Her words hung heavy in the air, and a collective shiver ran through the assembled cultivators. The approaching clouds signaled the impending arrival of the undead, a threat that had haunted their world for generations.

The heartbeat of every cultivator seemed to quicken as they watched the clouds draw nearer. Fear, determination, and anticipation mingled in the expressions of those who had gathered to defend their realm.

Grand Elder Zi, standing beside Elara, gripped his staff tightly, his expression unwavering. He knew that this moment marked the beginning of a battle that would test their mettle like never before.

Elara's companions, including Lirien, Tavian, Lyra, and Rian, felt their hearts pounding in their chests. The playful banter from earlier had given way to a solemn resolve. Each of them had trained tirelessly, honing their skills for this very moment, and now it was time to put that training to the test.

Lirien, who had been the instigator of the earlier teasing, now wore a determined expression. He exchanged a glance with Tavian, his partner in mischief, and they shared a silent understanding that this battle was no laughing matter.

Tavian, always quick with a joke, now found himself focused and ready. His lightning techniques, once a source of amusement, were about to be put to the ultimate test.

Lyra, the voice of reason among their group, had her eyes fixed on the approaching clouds. Her magic, honed through years of study, would play a vital role in defending the city.

Rian, the thoughtful and reserved member of their team, took a deep breath, centering himself for the battle ahead. His martial skills, tempered through years of discipline, would be their shield.

As the gloomy clouds drew closer, the cultivators held their positions on the city walls, weapons at the ready, and incantations on their lips. They were a diverse assembly, representing various sects and backgrounds, but in this moment, they were united by a common purpose — to defend their world from the encroaching darkness.

Elara, her eyes fixed on the approaching threat, whispered a final command to her companions. "Stay vigilant, stay united. We face the undead together."

With those words, the tension on the city walls reached its peak. The cultivators, their hearts resolute, awaited the inevitable clash with the undead.

As the gloomy clouds drew nearer, their shadowy veil seemed to stretch endlessly across the horizon. It wasn't long before the ominous figures of the undead began to emerge from the shroud, revealing themselves in all their grotesque and horrifying forms.

Amidst the advancing undead horde, there stood colossal abominations, each one striking terror into the hearts of the low-ranking cultivators. These monstrous beings, towering over the battlefield, exuded an aura of death and decay that made even the most seasoned cultivators shudder.

Grand Elder Lan, his usually composed expression marred by concern, spoke in a low voice to those around him. "This is worse than I expected. There are four undead creatures among them that are stronger than us."

Elara, her eyes narrowing as she assessed the approaching threat, replied grimly, "I see them, Elder Lan. The larger undead are formidable adversaries. From our experiences in the tower, we know that it often takes two to three cultivators of the same realm to defeat a single one of these creatures."

Grand Elder Zi, equally troubled by the situation, added his thoughts. "You're right, lady Elara. While dealing with the lower-ranked undead is manageable, the Core Formation undead present a grave challenge. We have only seven Core Formation Realm cultivators, including ourselves. This will indeed be a tough fight."

The gravity of their predicament hung heavily in the air. The undead, driven by some unknown force, had amassed a formidable army that threatened to overrun their city. The prospect of facing

four undead beings of Core Formation Realm strength was a daunting one, even for cultivators as skilled as they were.

Elara, her gaze unwavering, turned to her companions. "Prepare yourselves," she said, her voice resolute. "We will focus on the lesser undead."

Her companions nodded, their expressions reflecting their determination. They knew that the battle ahead would test not only their strength but also their unity and resolve. With the monstrous undead drawing closer, the cultivators of the Radiant Holy Lands and the Heavenly Sword Sect readied themselves.

The moment the undead drew near enough, the battle began. Elara, her hands aglow with radiant light, was the first to act. She unleashed a brilliant burst of energy, creating a protective barrier of light that enveloped her companions. This barrier would shield them from the impending onslaught.

Lirien and Tavian, known for their swift and synchronized combat style, sprang into action. With Lirien's lightning-fast movements and Tavian's mastery of lightning techniques, they became a blur of motion. Lirien's twin daggers crackled with electricity as he deftly struck down the approaching undead, while Tavian unleashed bolts of lightning that arced through the enemy ranks, incapacitating them with paralyzing shocks.

Lyra, a master of fire elemental, channeled her powers into a dazzling display of pyrotechnics. Fire erupted from her outstretched palms, consuming groups of undead in searing flames. The smell of burning flesh filled the air as her precise control over the flames ensured that her allies remained unharmed.

Rian, the stalwart defender, held his ground at the front lines. His swordsmanship was a dance of precision and control. With every stroke of his blade, he cleaved through the undead with unwavering determination, forming a protective wall of steel for his companions.

The undead, though numerous, were met with fierce resistance. However, the true challenge lay with the Core Formation undead, towering over the battlefield like living nightmares. Grand Elder Lan and Grand Elder Mei, both masters of the Heavenly Sword Sect's martial techniques, focused their attention on these formidable foes.

Beside him, Grand Elder Mei's movements were a blur of fluidity and grace. Her martial techniques, honed through years of rigorous training, were a testament to her mastery. She fought the undead with a blend of agility and power, her sword techniques cutting through bone and sinew with devastating efficiency.

The battle raged on, a symphony of martial arts and elemental magic, as the cultivators of the Radiant Holy Lands and the Heavenly Sword Sect fought with unwavering resolve. Their unity, honed through their shared experiences and determination, became their greatest strength.

In the midst of the chaos, Elara's radiant light clashed with the darkness of the undead, creating a dazzling display of ethereal energies. Her movements were like a dance, each step precise and purposeful. With a flick of her wrist, arcs of light shot forth, searing through the undead ranks.

Lirien and Tavian moved in tandem, their movements a testament to their years of training together. Lirien's daggers flashed with deadly precision, finding their marks with uncanny accuracy. The crackling lightning that danced along the blades sizzled through the undead, rendering them motionless.