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Chapter 285 285: Battle Of Core Formation Beings (part 1)

Tavian, always quick with a joke, now fought with a fierce focus. His lightning techniques, once a source of amusement, became a devastating force of nature. Bolts of electricity arced through the battlefield, finding their targets with pinpoint accuracy. The undead, once relentless in their advance, now stumbled and fell as they were struck by the electrifying onslaught.

Lyra's mastery over fire manifested in an awe-inspiring spectacle. Flames erupted from her palms, cascading like a fiery waterfall onto the undead horde. Her control over the inferno was remarkable, ensuring that the flames consumed the enemies while sparing her allies.

Rian, the guardian of the group, stood at the forefront of the battle. His sword was a flurry of precise strikes, each blow calculated to incapacitate or destroy an undead foe. The fallen undead crumbled under his relentless assault, forming a barrier that protected his companions.

The lesser undead were met with formidable resistance from this group of highly skilled cultivators. In the midst of the chaotic battle, their camaraderie and shared purpose shone through. They moved as one, a well-coordinated unit that repelled the undead with remarkable efficiency.

The low-ranking cultivators, inspired by the determination and skill of the group at the forefront, banded together. Their numbers were vast, and they were determined to defend their city. Though individually they were of lower cultivation realms, their combined strength became a force to be reckoned with.

Amidst the clash of steel, the crackling of lightning, and the roar of flames, they fought valiantly. Their formations were simple but effective, as they relied on teamwork to protect one another's backs.

As they fought, there was a chorus of voices. "Watch your left!" "Cover me!" "Form up!" These cries, born of necessity, echoed across the battlefield. Each cultivator played their part, some wielding swords, others staffs, and a few displaying elemental mastery. Together, they struck down the lesser undead, slowly gaining the upper hand.

The determination in their eyes was unwavering. They were fighting not just for their lives but for the safety of their homes, their sects, and their loved ones. With every strike, every evocation of power, they pushed back the darkness that threatened to engulf their world.

The battle was intense, the clash of light and darkness, life and death, magic and martial arts. And in the midst of it all, the unity of the low-level cultivators and the skill of the more experienced warriors created a symphony of hope amidst the chaos of battle.

As they continued to fend off the lesser undead, the low-level cultivators began to understand the true meaning of unity and courage. They might not have the power of Core Formation, but they had the heart to defend their world against the encroaching darkness. And as they fought side by side with their more experienced counterparts, they knew that their realm had a chance, as long as they stood together.

Amidst the ongoing battle, the attention of the two Core Formation Realm cultivators, known as Master Zhou and Master Xian, was drawn to a colossal undead creature. This behemoth, unlike the humanoid Core Formation undead, was a massive, beast-like abomination.

Master Zhou, his eyes narrowing as he observed the creature, spoke to Master Xian. "Look at that monstrosity. It's unlike anything we've faced before."

Master Xian nodded, his grip tightening on his staff. "Indeed. This beast-like undead is a new threat. Its sheer size and power are unprecedented."

The beast-like undead was a grotesque fusion of various creatures, with mottled, rotting flesh and bones protruding from its form. Its eyes glowed with an eerie, malevolent light, and its movements were surprisingly agile for a creature of its size.

As the two Core Formation cultivators approached, the undead behemoth let out a deafening roar that shook the very ground beneath them. Its gaping maw revealed rows of jagged teeth, and its claws were as sharp as blades. It charged forward with a speed that belied its enormous bulk.

Master Zhou and Master Xian acted in unison. They exchanged a brief, knowing glance before engaging the beast-like undead. They knew that coordination and precise teamwork were their best chances of victory.

Master Zhou, a master of earth-based techniques, stomped the ground with his foot, causing the earth to rise in a protective barrier. The undead creature crashed against this solid defense, its frenzied attacks unable to breach the earthen wall.

Meanwhile, Master Xian, a master of air manipulation, leaped into the air with a graceful flourish of his staff. He channeled his energy into the staff, creating a whirlwind of razor-sharp winds. This aerial assault shredded the undead's already decaying flesh, sending rotten pieces flying.

The Core Formation undead was relentless. It roared again, this time releasing a vile, toxic breath that corroded everything it touched. The earth barrier held, but the corrosive gas threatened to eat away at it.

As the acidic breath of the beast-like undead ate away at the earthen barrier, Master Zhou's brow furrowed in concentration. He knew that they couldn't keep up this defense for long without putting others at risk. The corrosive gas was not only a threat to them but also to their fellow cultivators on the battlefield.

Master Xian, still hovering in the air, focused his energy on maintaining the whirlwind that circled around the beast-like undead. He knew that even a slight lapse in concentration could result in a catastrophic release of toxic gas.

As the situation became more dire, the two Core Formation cultivators exchanged another glance. It was a silent communication that spoke volumes. They needed to take down the beast-like undead quickly, before it released another round of its corrosive breath.

As the battle raged on, it became evident that the Core Formation undead posed a significant challenge to the human cultivators. The sky had become a battlefield in its own right, with three of these nightmarish foes locked in combat with two human Core Formation Realm cultivators.

The clash of energy and power in the aerial battle was a sight to behold. Blasts of dark energy and radiant light illuminated the sky, and shockwaves from their attacks created tremors on the ground. The two human cultivators understood the gravity of their actions – their immense power had the potential to harm their comrades on the battlefield below.

Elder Lan, the most powerful among the Core Formation Realm cultivators with his Late Stage cultivation, found himself engaged in a fierce battle with one of the Core Formation undead. His foe was a grotesque amalgamation of bones and decay, its empty eye sockets glowing with an unholy light.

As Elder Lan dodged the undead's bone-shattering attacks, he couldn't help but feel the immense strain of battling a Core Formation undead alone. The undead's malevolent presence threatened to overwhelm him, but he stood resolute, knowing that the fate of their world rested on their shoulders.

Amidst the chaos, Elder Lan's voice resounded with determination. "We can't hold back, no matter the cost. We must protect our comrades on the ground, even if it means we risk collateral damage. The survival of our realm depends on our strength."

He knew the risks all too well. Their world was on the brink of annihilation, and sometimes sacrifices had to be made. With each clash, Elder Lan unleashed powerful bursts of energy, his attacks shaking the heavens. He was determined to overcome this undead foe, even if it meant using his most devastating techniques.