

## I Created 287

### Chapter 287 287: Elder Lan's Battle (part2)

Elder Lan's battle with the Core Formation undead had reached a critical juncture. Their clashes were as thunderous as they were relentless, echoing across the battlefield. As the fight continued, it was evident that Elder Lan was pushing his limits to the extreme, and the undead was proving to be an unyielding adversary.

The Core Formation undead unleashed a barrage of shadowy tendrils, each lashing out with the intent to drain Elder Lan's life force. He deflected some but couldn't avoid them all. The dark tendrils made contact with him, sapping his strength and leaving him momentarily vulnerable.

With a mighty effort, Elder Lan countered with a dazzling sword technique, driving back the encroaching darkness. But even his masterful swordsmanship couldn't suppress the Core Formation undead's malevolent presence.

As the battle raged on, Elder Lan's every movement became a testament to his unwavering determination. He wove through the air with an ethereal grace, each strike of his blade a symphony of deadly precision. The undead, however, proved to be an unyielding force of nature, its relentless assaults shaking the very foundation of the battlefield.

Every clash of their weapons sent shockwaves echoing through the sky. The Core Formation undead's attacks were calculated, each strike aimed with deadly intent. Yet, Elder Lan's defenses held, his blade meeting each assault with a resounding clash.

Elder Lan's Heavenly Sword Dance reached its zenith, unleashing a crescendo of radiant swords that seemed to pierce the heavens themselves. The battlefield was bathed in a dazzling display of light, a beacon of hope amidst the encroaching darkness.

However, the Core Formation undead was far from defeated. It responded with a surge of malevolent power, a dark aura pulsating around it. With a thunderous roar, it launched a desperate assault.

The Core Formation undead unleashed a storm of darkness, a torrent of malevolence that threatened to consume everything in its path. Elder Lan's eyes widened in recognition of the undead's final gambit.

The cultivators below watched in horror as the sky above was shrouded in an ominous, swirling vortex of darkness. It was a technique known as the "Eclipse Devourer,"

The Eclipse Devourer was a devastating technique, capable of overwhelming even the most formidable foes. It was a maelstrom of pure darkness, an inescapable void that threatened to annihilate anything it touched.

Elder Lan knew that this was the undead's attempt to annihilate everything. He felt the pull of the Eclipse Devourer's gravity, an irresistible force that threatened to tear him apart. He knew he had to act quickly.

Amid the chaos, Elder Lan's voice, though strained, echoed in the minds of the Core Formation cultivators below. "My friends... I cannot falter. For our world, I must go beyond..."

With those words, Elder Lan made a decision that would carry the weight of a final, desperate gambit. He knew that to defeat the Core Formation undead and protect their realm, he had to unleash a technique that would consume his own life force. It was a technique known as the "Heaven's Sacrifice."

The "Heaven's Sacrifice" was a legendary and forbidden technique, passed down through the annals of their sect's history. It was said that in times of dire need, when all hope seemed lost, a cultivator could choose to sacrifice their own life force to wield unparalleled power. The cost, however, was steep—by using the technique, the cultivator would shorten their lifespan dramatically.

Elder Lan, drawing upon his deepest reservoirs of strength and resolve, channeled his energy into the final strike of the Heavenly Sword Dance. As he did so, his form became enveloped in a radiant aura, and his eyes blazed with a fierce, sacrificial light. The sword in his hand pulsed with ethereal power, its brilliance intensifying.

The Core Formation undead, sensing the surge of energy, hesitated for a fraction of a second, a rare hint of fear flickering in its malevolent eyes.

With a triumphant roar that echoed through the heavens, Elder Lan struck. The final stroke of the Heavenly Sword Dance was a blinding explosion of radiant light. It consumed the Core Formation undead, searing through its malevolent form with overwhelming force.

The explosion that followed was like a supernova, a cataclysmic release of power that bathed the battlefield in an intense, radiant brilliance. The shockwave shattered the nightmarish creature, its form dissolving into nothingness.

The undead, once relentless and malevolent, was vanquished, and the battlefield fell into a stunned silence. The cultivators below looked up in awe and sorrow, for they knew what Elder Lan had done.

As the radiant light began to dim, Elder Lan's form descended from the sky, his body frail and ethereal. His once-vibrant aura had been greatly diminished. The sacrifice of the "Heaven's Sacrifice" had taken its toll.

Elara's group rushed to his side, catching the grand elder as he descended. His breaths were labored, his face pale. With a knowing smile, he whispered, "Protect... our realm..."

Elder Lan's eyes closed, and his body became as insubstantial as a wisp of smoke, dissipating into the air. The sacrifice of his life force had been made, and their realm was safe for now, but it had come at a great cost.

As the radiant light from Elder Lan's final sacrifice began to dim, the cultivators below, including Elara and her companions, gazed in stunned silence at the space where their grand elder once stood. His lifeless body was nowhere to be found, his essence having dissipated into the very air they breathed.

Seeing the disappearing body of Grand Elder Lan, the memories of Elara's grandfather sacrificing his life to protect her from the undead knight rushed in. Elara didn't even know her tears were pouring out. She stepped forward, her voice choked with emotion. "Elder Lan, you... you've saved us all."

Tavian, his usually irreverent demeanor replaced by solemnity, nodded in agreement. "He was a true hero."

Lirien, his gaze fixed on the spot where Elder Lan had stood, added, "The world has lost a great soul today."

Lyra, her voice steady but her eyes glistening, spoke softly. "His sacrifice will be remembered through the ages."

Rian, his usually composed expression betraying a hint of sorrow, bowed his head in respect. "May he find peace in the realms beyond."

Among the remaining Core Formation cultivators, their battles raged on as they confronted their own formidable adversaries. Despite the chaos and danger surrounding them, they couldn't help but steal glances at the luminous explosion that had heralded Elder Lan's ultimate sacrifice.

One of the Core Formation cultivators, Master Shen, a skilled fire elemental, gritted his teeth as he manipulated flames to fend off his opponent. He spoke to those around him, his voice filled with admiration and sorrow. "Elder Lan... what a hero. He's given us a chance."

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Master Wei, known for his mastery of defensive techniques, deflected a powerful strike aimed at him. He glanced toward the radiant aftermath of Elder Lan's battle, his expression a mixture of grief and respect. "He truly went beyond. We owe him everything."