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Chapter 289 289: Althea In Action (part 1)

The undead horde, led by the colossal Core Formation Undeads, continued its relentless advance, leaving behind a path of destruction that defied imagination. One by one, cities fell under the shadow of impending doom, their walls and defenses unable to withstand the might of the undead onslaught.

In the city that now faced this grim fate, its residents had scrambled to prepare as news of the approaching menace had reached their ears. In just a single hour, they had reinforced their walls with powerful arrays, summoned their most skilled defenders, and armed their troops with the best cultivation artifacts.

The city's residents gathered on the walls, their faces etched with determination and fear. They knew the horror that was approaching, and they were determined to protect their home at all costs. Every man, woman, and child who could wield a weapon stood ready.

As the undead horde drew closer, their grim visage cast a shadow over the city. The enormous Core Formation Undeads led the charge, their steps shaking the very earth. With a deafening roar, one of them struck the city gate with a single colossal blow.

The gate, reinforced with the most powerful arrays and enchantments, should have withstood such an attack. However, the sheer force and malevolence behind that strike shattered the gate and sent stone and debris flying. The defenders who had been standing on the gate were thrown back in disarray.

Chaos erupted as the undead horde surged into the city. The city's defenses crumbled before the relentless onslaught. Civilians cried out for help, soldiers fought valiantly, but it was a battle that seemed impossible to win.

Cries for mercy and pleas for salvation filled the air. People ran through the streets, desperately trying to escape the relentless advance of the undead. Buildings were toppled, and fires broke out, adding to the mayhem.

The Core Formation Undeads, immune to fear or pain, were like juggernauts of destruction. They shattered defensive formations, cutting down anyone who dared to stand in their way. The carnage was relentless, and the city that had stood for centuries was reduced to a scene of devastation within minutes.

Amid the chaos, individuals who had once been hopeful cultivators now found themselves facing despair. Families were torn apart, and heroes emerged, ready to sacrifice themselves to buy their fellow citizens a few precious moments.

Just as hope seemed to dwindle, a blinding light descended from the heavens, bathing the vicinity in a radiant glow. The intensity of this light was so powerful that the lesser undead creatures nearby were reduced to nothing more than ashes, their malevolence erased by the purity of this divine energy.

Althea shrouded in this brilliant aura, emanated an air of burning anger and unyielding resolve. Even though her face remained hidden, the intensity of her presence spoke volumes. It was a manifestation of her determination to protect and avenge.

Meanwhile, in his throne room, Argon watched this awe-inspiring display with an air of detached interest. "Ah, this must be the sect master of the Radiant Holy Lands," he mused, acknowledging the power before him.

Ma Kong, ever eager for combat, spoke up with a grin. "My Lord, she looks strong. I want to fight this human."

Argon, however, dismissed the notion with a chuckle. "Haha, for now, let the monsters of my dungeon handle everything. There's no need for my subordinates to reveal themselves just yet. The creatures I've summoned are more than capable of handling this."

Indeed, Argon had calculated well. The creatures he had unleashed upon the Azure Continent were of such formidable might that the inhabitants had little hope of prevailing against them. They were a calamity incarnate, leaving little room for a counterattack.

However, Argon was no stranger to contingencies. If, by some miracle, his monstrous army were to face defeat, only then would he unleash his dark subordinates to finish what had been started.

As the radiant aura of Althea descended upon the battlefield, the ten colossal Core Formation Undeads came to an abrupt halt, their immense forms looming over the city. They, too, were affected by the holy light, their malevolent energy momentarily quenched in the face of such divine power.

In their towering presence, the undead beings communicated through their collective consciousness, their thoughts resonating in a strange ethereal manner.

Undead One: "This human is dangerous. We must be cautious."

Undead Two: "Indeed, her aura is overwhelming. She wields tremendous power."

The strongest of the Core Formation Undeads, a towering behemoth with an aura that Althea rivaled Althea's, spoke next.

Undead Leader: "I have received orders from His Lord. Six of us will engage this human, while the remaining four, along with the lesser undead, shall continue the destruction."

This pronouncement ignited a heated debate within their collective consciousness.

Undead Three: "But His Lord's orders did not specify who should engage the human. We all wish to fight."

Undead Four: "Indeed, we have no fear of death. Let us all confront this threat together."

Undead Five: "I've been sharpening my blade for centuries, and I want a piece of the action."

Undead Six: "We must prove our worth to His Lord."

Undead Seven: "Agreed, all of us should fight. Let this human witness our might."

The dispute continued within their collective minds, each undead arguing passionately for the honor of facing Althea in battle. Their lack of fear in the face of death and their desire to prove themselves were evident.

Undead Leader, with an air of authority, attempted to quell the debate. "Enough. His Lord's orders are clear. Six of us will confront the human, and four will continue the destruction."

Yet, the dissension persisted. It was clear that these undead beings, devoid of human emotions, had their own forms of pride and competition. Who would have the privilege of fighting this formidable human remained a point of contention among them.

Undead One: "I have an idea. We should prove our worth by drawing lots."

Undead Two: "That's a fair solution. The fates will decide."

The Core Formation Undeads, despite their imposing appearances, resorted to a game of chance to determine who among them would have the honor of facing Althea. One by one, they reached into their collective minds, selecting lots. As the results were revealed, it was determined which six would confront the powerful human.

Althea, shrouded in the radiant light of her formidable power, stood ready to face the six chosen Core Formation Undeads who now encircled her. Her eyes remained hidden, but her aura exuded confidence and determination. As a peak Core Formation cultivator and the sect master of the Radiant Holy Lands, she was well aware of her own strength, and there was no fear in her heart.

The Core Formation Undeads, on the other hand, began to act on their chosen roles, unaware of Althea's abilities and the discussions among their peers. As they surrounded her, they communicated with her, believing it to be a typical confrontation.

Undead Leader, the one chosen to lead this confrontation, stepped forward. "Human, you face the six of us. We shall determine whether you are formidable."

Althea's voice, though calm, held an air of unwavering determination. "I stand before you, resolute in my duty to protect this realm. If you seek to challenge that, then prepare yourselves."

As they spoke, their voices resonated within Althea's mind, and she couldn't help but be surprised that these creatures could communicate.