

I Created 291

Chapter 291: Althea In Action (part 3)

Althea, aware of the impending danger, released a burst of pure, blinding light that repelled the Undead Leader's devastating strike. The collision of energies sent tremors through the battlefield, creating a shockwave that resonated far and wide.

In the midst of this intense exchange, Althea shifted her tactics. She summoned her Earth Technique once more, causing the ground beneath the feet of the Core Formation Undeads to tremble and crack. Columns of stone and earth erupted, creating a chaotic and perilous terrain.

The Core Formation Undeads found themselves struggling to maintain their footing. The ground upheaval disrupted their coordinated assault. In the chaos of the battlefield, they were forced to recalibrate their positions, giving Althea a much-needed respite.

Seizing this moment, Althea called upon her Ice Technique. Icy shards, sharper and more numerous than before, materialized around her. With a swift and graceful motion, she hurled them at the Core Formation Undeads, creating a deadly barrage that sought out their vulnerable points.

The Core Formation Undeads, caught off guard by the sudden transformation of the battlefield, attempted to raise barriers of Core Formation energy to shield themselves from the icy onslaught. But Althea's precise aim and the relentless nature of the attack made it impossible to protect all vulnerable areas.

As the icy shards struck their massive forms, they left behind glistening wounds. Frostbite covered the wounds, creating an eerie, frosty sheen on the Core Formation Undeads' bodies. Despite their near-immortality, the Core Formation Undeads were not immune to physical harm, and the agony of the icy shards was evident in their towering figures.

In the chamber on the special floor, Argon and his subordinates continued to watch the intense battle on the floating screen before them. Their eyes remained fixed on the epic clash between Althea and the six Core Formation Undeads.

Argon, with his characteristic air of detached interest, observed the unfolding combat. His gaze flickered with a semblance of intrigue, although his posture remained unchanged.

Ma Kong, his subordinate, couldn't help but show a hint of enthusiasm. "Oh, this human is really not bad."

Ma Kong couldn't help but show a hint of enthusiasm. "Oh, this human is really not bad."

Azrael, standing beside Ma Kong, nodded in agreement. "En, getting the upper hand while fighting six undead creatures, even if the six undead stages are lower than that human, it's still impressive for a human."

Argon's other subordinate, though silent, acknowledged the remarkable feat they were witnessing. The battlefield was a maelstrom of elemental power and raw determination, and Althea's mastery of Light, Earth, and Ice Techniques.

The undulating energies on the screen reflected the intensity of the battle. Althea's radiant aura clashed with the malevolent force of the Core Formation Undeads, creating shockwaves that reverberated through the battlefield. Each move, each technique, was executed with precision and purpose.

Argon, with an air of detached interest, observed the spectacle. He recognized the significance of this encounter, for the broader currents of power in the Azure Continent.

As the battle raged on, it was evident that Althea was not only a formidable cultivator but a strategic and adaptable fighter. She leveraged the terrain, exploited her adversaries' weaknesses, and utilized her elemental techniques with seamless fluidity.

The Core Formation Undeads, while more in numbers, they were not without vulnerability. Althea's calculated assaults left them momentarily disoriented and struggling to counter her relentless onslaught.

With every clash, every surge of energy, the fate of the city hung in the balance. The undulating waves of power were a testament to the unforgiving nature of this world, where strength and skill were the currency of survival.

The Core Formation Undeads, sensing the tides of battle slipping away, knew they had to take drastic measures. In their shared consciousness, they communicated without words. It was a

collective decision, a last resort to prevent defeat and to fulfill their unwavering loyalty to their lord, Argon.

Undead Leader projected his will into the minds of his brethren. We need to use that technique at the same time. If this continues, we will be defeated. We cannot let our lord down.

Undead Two, Three, Four, Five, and Six, though devoid of fear, shared a sense of determination. They were more than willing to give their all for their lord, and a collective resolve filled their undead hearts.

With a synchronized understanding, they summoned their formidable Core Formation energy, channeling it with eerie precision. The air grew heavy with malevolent intent as the energy of death radiated from their towering forms.

In the city below, the cultivators that didn't leave the city felt the change in the atmosphere. An ominous, palpable dread crept over them. They knew that a cataclysmic event was unfolding above, and they could only watch in horror as the battle between Althea and the Core Formation Undeads reached a critical juncture.

The Core Formation Undeads unleashed their ultimate technique, their energy intertwining and converging in a colossal manifestation of destruction. A vortex of dark energy, suffused with the power of undeath, began to form above them.

Althea looked at the scene with an ugly expression and sensed the impending catastrophe. Her eyes widened as she realized the gravity of the situation. The energy she had seen the undeads wield was of an entirely different nature, an abyssal force she had never encountered.

Reacting with instinctual urgency, Althea drew upon her elemental mastery. She called upon her three elements, Light, Earth, and Ice, in a desperate attempt to create a defensive technique that could withstand the impending cataclysm.

Radiant tendrils of light intertwined with massive stone constructs, forming an intricate defensive lattice. Ice encased the structure, adding layers of fortification. The city's residents watched in awe and terror as this elemental defense took shape above them.

The Core Formation Undeads completed their incantation. The vortex of dark energy spiraled downward, surging towards the city with malevolent force. A chilling wind swept through the

streets as the vortex drew closer, its ominous presence sending shivers down the spines of all who witnessed it.

The clash was imminent. The vortex of dark energy met the radiant, elemental barrier. The moment of collision unleashed a cataclysmic explosion, a maelstrom of clashing forces that rent the very fabric of reality.

The shockwave extended outward in all directions, obliterating everything in its path. Buildings disintegrated, defenses crumbled, and the ground itself ruptured as if it could no longer bear the immense power.

Half of the city was consumed by the devastating force. The blast wave of energy extended for miles, leaving behind a scarred landscape. The city's inhabitants, those who had not been directly in the path of destruction, were left reeling from the aftermath.

The skies darkened as a cloud of debris and dust filled the air. The city, once a vibrant and bustling metropolis, now lay in ruins. The battle between Althea and the Core Formation Undeads had exacted a heavy toll, a testament to the merciless nature of this cultivation world.

Amid the chaotic aftermath of the cataclysmic clash, the air itself seemed to hold its breath, laden with debris and swirling dust. The once-prosperous city now lay in ruins, its streets reduced to rubble and its towering buildings reduced to piles of wreckage.