

I Created 292

Chapter 292: Tornit's Arrival (part 1)

In the aftermath of the cataclysmic clash, it became evident that all six of the Core Formation Undeads had perished. Their once imposing figures lay lifeless amid the wreckage, their dark energy spent in their final, desperate attempt to bring devastation to the city. The aura of death that had surrounded them was replaced by an eerie stillness.

Althea, though victorious, had expended nearly all of her strength. Her body, still radiant from her mastery of Light, Earth, and Ice Techniques, now bore the visible signs of exhaustion. The toll of the battle had been immense, and Althea realized that she would need to replenish her energy before pursuing the remaining Core Formation Undeads.

As she began to focus on her own recovery, a low-level cultivator approached her, his demeanor marked by a mix of nervousness and awe. He had seen legends of Althea's prowess, and now he stood before her, compelled by the urgency of the situation.

"Master Althea," he began, his voice trembling slightly, "do you need help?"

Althea, though weakened, smiled at the young cultivator. "Yes," she replied, her voice carrying a reassuring tone. "I need you to see if there are any civilians still around, and help them out of the city. We need to ensure their safety."

The young cultivator's eyes widened in surprise and gratitude. To him, Althea was not just a prominent figure but a living legend. He had only heard tales of her incredible abilities and her unwavering dedication to protecting the innocent. Now, she had entrusted him with a crucial task.

With newfound determination, the young cultivator nodded. "I'll do my best, Master Althea. I'll make sure they're safe."

As he hurried to carry out Althea's instructions, the city's survivors began to gather around her, offering their gratitude and support. Despite the devastation, Althea's presence gave them hope, and they understood that she was their beacon of protection in these troubled times.

Althea, with a weary but resolute smile, watched as the young cultivator and others began the task of rescuing those who remained in the city. She knew that her battle was far from over, and that the remaining Core Formation Undeads were still a significant threat. But for now, the safety of the city's inhabitants was her top priority.

Back in the current time.

Argon and his subordinates, still situated in their chamber on the special floor, continued to monitor the unfolding events on the floating screen. Their expressions remained stoic, but the air was thick with anticipation as they observed the Core Formation Undeads being vanquished one by one due to Althea's arrival.

Argon's gaze, though often detached, held a hint of intrigue. He had observed many battles in the tower, but Althea's display of power was proving to be something extraordinary. His mind, however, was already contemplating the next move.

Within the confines of his own consciousness, Argon communicated with the system, a voice echoing in the recesses of his thoughts. "System, release Tornit. Let's see how this Althea fares off in front of Tornit."

As the remaining Core Formation Undeads met their demise at the hands of Althea and the Core Formation Cultivators, the morale on the battlefield surged. The arrival of Althea had become a symbol of hope, a beacon of light in the midst of despair. The undead forces had been pushed back, their relentless advance halted.

Althea, though fatigued from her previous battles, was determined. With the support of her fellow Core Formation Cultivators, they fought back the undead forces as if they were swatting mere insects. Their combined efforts were awe-inspiring, a testament to the strength and unity of the cultivators.

The skies above were a tumultuous battleground, and the city's residents, witnessing this epic clash, found new strength within themselves. They knew they couldn't stand idly by while these courageous warriors risked their lives to protect the city.

However, in the midst of this hopeful surge, a massive, jagged crack suddenly tore through the darkened sky. It was as if reality itself had been torn asunder. From within the gaping rift, a colossal hand emerged, grotesque and deformed.

The hand was followed by an entity that defied all reason and nature, and it was none other than Tornit. The creature's appearance was a nightmarish vision, a grotesque embodiment of darkness and malevolence.

As Tornit fully emerged, it stood at a towering height of at least 40 feet. Its body was bloated and twisted, covered in mottled, sickly skin. Its limbs were thick and muscular, ending in long, cruel claws that could rend steel with ease.

The creature's face was a horrifying mask, twisted into a perpetual snarl. Its gaping maw was filled with razor-sharp teeth, drooling a viscous, greenish fluid. Its beady eyes gleamed with malevolent intelligence, revealing its cruel nature.

Tornit emitted a noxious odor of decay, and its very presence seemed to drain the life force from the environment. Despite its massive size, it moved with unnatural speed and agility, defying the laws of physics. It emitted a guttural, menacing growl that sent shivers down the spines of even the bravest warriors.

This colossal, grotesque monster was a creature of pure evil, a manifestation of darkness and malevolence. Tornit's arrival cast a shadow of fear and terror over the battlefield, and it marked a new and deadly phase of the battle.

As Tornit fully emerged into the mortal realm, Althea and the remaining Core Formation Cultivators turned their attention to this monstrous threat. The battle for the city had taken a darker, more perilous turn with the arrival of this embodiment of malice and darkness.

The arrival of Tornit had shifted the very balance of the battle. Althea, though weary and drained, stood tall, her eyes locked onto this monstrous adversary. She knew that the fate of the world now rested on their ability to face this malevolent force and emerge victorious.

The appearance of Tornit sent shockwaves of fear and dread through the ranks of the cultivators and even the undead. It was as if a vortex of despair had opened up in the midst of the battlefield.

Low-level cultivators, who had been witnessing the battle from a distance, felt an immediate change in the atmosphere. The very air seemed to grow heavy with malevolence. Some clutched their chests, feeling an inexplicable sensation of their life force being slowly drained away. Panic rippled through their ranks, and they scattered in all directions, fleeing as far as they could from the monstrous presence of Tornit.

Even the seasoned Core Formation cultivators, who had been battling with renewed vigor, couldn't escape the sinister effect of Tornit's arrival. They, too, sensed their life force ebbing away, albeit at a slower pace. A sense of helplessness settled in as they realized the extent of this monstrous creature's power.

Among them, Althea alone seemed unaffected by the draining force. Her radiance, born from the mastery of the Light element, seemed to push back against the encroaching darkness.

Looking around at her fellow cultivators, Althea couldn't help but wonder about the reasons behind this affliction. 'Was it because of my same realm with the undead? Or was it my connection to the Light element that offered me some semblance of protection?' Althea thought.