

## I Created 293

### Chapter 293: Tornit's Arrival (part 2)

Tornit's presence on the battlefield was overwhelming. The ground quaked beneath its massive form as it let out a roar that sent shockwaves through the very souls of those present. The roar seemed to echo from the deepest abyss of darkness, and the battlefield trembled in response.

Althea, recognizing the imminent danger, shouted over the deafening noise, "Everyone, fall back! I will fight this undead alone."

The other Core Formation Cultivators, their faces etched with a mix of fear and helplessness, could only nod in reluctant agreement. Even as warriors of great skill and power, they understood the futility of joining the fight against Tornit. Their life force was being drained with every moment of proximity to the malevolent creature, and their attacks would only be a burden to Althea.

Reluctantly, they began to retreat, leaving Althea alone to face the colossal abomination. As they moved to a safer distance, their eyes remained fixed on the impending battle, filled with a mixture of dread and admiration for Althea's bravery.

The battlefield now stood as a stark contrast to the previous hope-filled moments. The city's residents who had found courage in the presence of the cultivators watched in silent awe, their hearts heavy with fear for their savior.

Althea, her energy renewed through sheer determination, faced Tornit with unyielding resolve. She knew the fate of the city and its people rested on her shoulders. With a deep breath, she initiated her counterattack, launching herself toward the monstrous being with incredible speed.

The battle that ensued was a clash of opposing forces, one of pure malevolence and the other of unwavering light. Althea's techniques, honed through years of dedication and mastery, were a sight to behold. She utilized her mastery of Light to create blinding rays that seared through Tornit's putrid flesh.

The earth responded to her will, manifesting as towering stone constructs that rumbled toward Tornit, seeking to ensnare and immobilize the creature. Ice Techniques manifested as shards of frozen crystals, each strike sending a bone-chilling chill through the air.

Tornit, in response, swung its massive limbs with surprising agility, creating shockwaves that rippled through the earth. Its claws, sharp as razors, sought to rend Althea asunder. The greenish

fluid that dripped from its maw was acidic, sizzling when it came into contact with her light barriers.

As the battle raged on, the other Core Formation Cultivators watched in silent awe, their expressions a mix of concern and amazement.

One of them, a seasoned warrior with a grizzled appearance, muttered to the others, "Have you ever seen anything like this? Althea's power... it's beyond comprehension."

A younger cultivator, his eyes wide with wonder, replied, "She's incredible. It's like she's wielding the very forces of nature against that abomination."

A female cultivator, her voice filled with admiration, added, "We must have faith in her. She's our only hope against that undead."

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In the highest mountain peak of the Heavenly Sword Sect, Kaelar, the Sect Master, sat in deep meditation, his energy connected with the very essence of the mountain. He was immersed in a profound state of cultivation, the world around him a distant echo.

Suddenly, an elder of the sect, his expression marked by anxiety, approached the meditating Kaelar. His heart raced with trepidation as he interrupted Kaelar's meditation. "Sect Master," he began, his voice trembling, "the life lamp of Grand Elder Lan has extinguished. Something must have happened to him."

The news struck Kaelar like a bolt of lightning. Grand Elder Lan was not just a trusted senior cultivator but a dear friend. Kaelar's aura momentarily fluctuated with a mix of shock and grief, but he quickly reined in his emotions.

With a calm that seemed almost unnatural given the circumstances, Kaelar spoke, "I know what has occurred. Thank you for bringing me this news. You can return to your duties now."

The elder was perplexed by Kaelar's seemingly composed reaction in the face of such tragic news, but he dared not question the Sect Master's judgment. Nodding in acknowledgment, he turned and descended the mountain.

Alone once more, Kaelar's thoughts turned to Grand Elder Lan. He knew that his friend and mentor had ventured into a battle from which he might not return. Grand Elder Lan had foreseen the possibility of his own sacrifice in the fight against the undead, and he had made it clear that he was willing to lay down his life for the sect and the world.

With a heavy heart, Kaelar muttered under his breath, "Grand Elder Lan, your sacrifice will not go unnoticed. I promise to take revenge for you."

Before he could resume his meditation, another elder arrived with a grave expression. Without delay, the elder conveyed another piece of news that widened Kaelar's eyes with astonishment. Kaelar's tranquil demeanor vanished, replaced by urgency.

He rose from his meditation position and, with a sudden gust of energy, took to the skies with incredible speed. The world around him became a blur.

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The battle between Althea and Tornit raged on, an epic clash of power and malevolence. Althea's mastery of elemental techniques was on full display as she unleashed blinding rays of light, sent stone constructs towering toward the abomination, and shattered the air with frigid shards of ice. Her techniques were awe-inspiring, a testament to her skill and determination.

Tornit, however, proved to be an adversary unlike any Althea had faced before. Its grotesque form moved with unnatural agility, and its tough, mottled skin seemed impervious to Althea's attacks. As her blinding rays met Tornit's flesh, they only left faint, superficial scratches. The stone constructs, while massive and imposing, barely slowed the undead creature's advance. The shards of ice melted upon contact with Tornit's skin, hissing and steaming as they did so.

Althea's face bore a mix of frustration and determination as she continued to engage Tornit in combat. She couldn't afford to falter; the city and its residents depended on her.

On the sidelines, the other Core Formation Cultivators watched in silence, their expressions revealing their concern for Althea's well-being. Their commentary on the battle reflected their awe and worry.