

I Created 294

Chapter 294: Tornit's Arrival (part 3)

The seasoned warrior, with a deep sense of respect in his voice, remarked, "Althea's resolve is unwavering. But this undead... its strength and resilience are beyond anything I've ever seen."

The younger cultivator, still wide-eyed and filled with admiration, added, "She's holding her ground against that monstrous creature. It's like a battle of gods and demons."

The female cultivator nodded in agreement. "Let's not underestimate her. Althea's resourceful. She must have a plan."

Althea continued her relentless assault against the formidable Tornit, her unwavering determination driving her to seek a way to overcome the seemingly insurmountable odds. She realized that her individual elemental attacks were proving ineffective against Tornit's impervious skin. It was time to tap into the deepest wells of her mastery and explore the true potential of her elemental powers.

As she faced the grotesque abomination, Althea began to channel her mastery of the elemental forces she commanded. She took a deep breath, drawing upon her connection with the elements of Light, Earth, and Ice. Each element had its unique attributes, and she aimed to combine their powers in a way that would outmatch Tornit's incredible resilience.

In the midst of the battle, Althea first called upon the Light element, the essence of purity and illumination. She focused her will, creating a radiant sphere of intense light around her. The sphere pulsed with brilliance, casting an intense, blinding radiance in all directions. The sheer luminosity was overwhelming, akin to the light of a sun.

With the Light sphere enveloping her, Althea turned to the Earth element. She extended her hand toward the ground beneath her and drew forth immense stone pillars from the earth. These pillars rose with incredible speed and precision, converging upon Tornit from multiple directions. The earth constructs were not just obstacles but a part of her newfound combination technique.

Simultaneously, she called upon her mastery of the Ice element. Instead of launching separate ice shards, she focused on weaving a network of intricate ice patterns within the blinding Light sphere. These patterns served as traps, designed to freeze Tornit's movements and slow down the abomination's attacks.

The culmination of these elements created a devastating technique. As Althea released her energy, the luminous Light sphere expanded, illuminating the entire battlefield. The earth pillars, infused with the power of Light, became incandescent and glowed with a brilliant radiance. Tornit, trapped within the sphere of Light and caught off guard, found its movements slowed by the icy patterns, its colossal limbs momentarily frozen in place.

Tornit let out an ear-piercing screech, its monstrous form writhing within the sphere. It was evident that Althea's combined elemental technique had taken the undead creature by surprise. It was a brief moment, but it was all Althea needed.

With a surge of determination, Althea directed her radiant energy toward the immobilized Tornit. The Light, Earth, and Ice elements merged into a blinding convergence, creating a searing crucible of elemental might. The sphere tightened around Tornit, channeling its power with focused intensity.

As the combined energy coursed through Tornit's tough skin, the undead creature's grotesque form began to distort and contort. Smoke rose from its flesh, sizzling and hissing as it burned. Despite the formidable resilience of Tornit's skin, this newly formed elemental onslaught was something it couldn't entirely withstand.

A cascade of sparks and flames burst from Tornit's body as the elemental attack took its toll. The undead's roar of agony and fury echoed through the battlefield as it struggled to break free from the radiant prison of elements.

The other Core Formation Cultivators, watching in awe, had their expressions change from concern to hope. They witnessed Althea's incredible display of power, a technique born from the perfect harmony of her elemental mastery. It was a testament to the heights a cultivator could achieve when pushed to the limits.

The seasoned warrior couldn't hide his admiration. "She's doing it! Althea is breaking through the undead's defenses!"

The younger cultivator, no longer wide-eyed but filled with a newfound sense of determination, said, "This is our chance. With her strength, we can defeat this abomination."

As the searing crucible of elemental might enveloped Tornit, the situation began to shift on the battlefield. Althea's incredible technique was visibly weakening the undead monstrosity, its grotesque form writhing in agony within the brilliant sphere of Light.

Seeing Tornit's vulnerability, the Core Formation Cultivators, who had initially held back, exchanged determined glances. One of them, with eyes widened in realization, exclaimed, "That's right. This is the perfect time to join the fight."

The other Core Formation Cultivators nodded in agreement, recognizing the opportunity that Althea had created. The seven of them unleashed their formidable powers and soared into the air, descending upon the battle with determination etched on their faces.

Their arrival did not go unnoticed by the other cultivators who had been watching the battle from a distance. Inspired by Althea's display of power and the arrival of the Core Formation Cultivators, they joined in, eagerly flying up to support the cause.

Amidst the chaotic flurry of cultivators joining the battle, Althea, still focused on maintaining her technique, turned around to witness the sudden influx of reinforcements. Her eyes widened in shock and alarm. With the undead Tornit trapped within her elemental prison, she had not expected so many to heed her call for help.

She tried to shout out, her voice filled with urgency, "Go back! It's too dangerous!" But her plea fell on deaf ears. The cultivators, driven by their determination to help, had already engaged Tornit.

Tornit, still writhing in the radiant prison, suddenly lashed out with surprising speed. A massive, clawed limb swiped through the air, knocking several cultivators off balance. The grip of the Light, Earth, and Ice elements on the undead weakened, and the sphere began to crack.

A monstrous hand emerged from Tornit's twisted form, stretching out towards the closest cultivators. With horrifying speed, it ensnared them, pulling them into Tornit's grotesque maw. Panic and terror gripped those caught in its grasp, their desperate cries filling the air.

Tornit's vile power manifested in a horrifying ability. It began to siphon the life force from its victims, draining them of their vitality. The unfortunate cultivators weakened, their faces contorted in agony.

As if this wasn't enough, Tornit's hunger knew no bounds. It sank its teeth into some of the trapped cultivators, consuming them with a chilling declaration: "Food."

The trapped cultivators found themselves struggling to maintain their strength. In desperation, they cried out, their voices a mix of pain and fear.

One of the cultivators, caught within Tornit's grasp, begged, "Please, someone help me! I can't hold on much longer!"

Another, who felt their energy wane, added, "We were trying to help, but we've become its food!"

Althea, witnessing the nightmarish scene, felt a surge of desperation. She knew she had to act quickly to save her fellow cultivators. She focused her energy and prepared to unleash another devastating attack.

The cultivators caught in Tornit's grasp, their voices filled with anguish, cried out for salvation. Their pleas reached Althea, strengthening her resolve. She channeled her elemental mastery once more, determined to break Tornit's hold on the cultivators. The battle had taken a dire turn, but Althea refused to yield.

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