

I Created 295

Chapter 295: Tornit's Arrival (part 4)

The damage inflicted by Althea's powerful attack was awe-inspiring, yet it soon became apparent that Tornit's malevolent vitality was more resilient than they had dared to hope. The grotesque creature's wounds began to close, its monstrous form twisting and shifting in response to the onslaught.

The arrival of the additional cultivators, while initially a glimmer of hope, quickly turned into a tragic turn of events. The once valiant fighters found themselves ensnared by Tornit's nightmarish appendage, their struggles futile against its unnatural strength. With every horrifying snap and slurp, lives were extinguished, and the once hopeful battlefield turned into a scene of unimaginable horror.

Cries of despair and regret echoed through the air, mingling with the sickening sounds of Tornit's feast. One by one, the brave cultivators who had joined the fight found themselves succumbing to the insatiable hunger of the undead abomination.

A young cultivator, barely out of training, whimpered, "I never should have... I should have stayed back..." His voice was choked with regret as he felt the life force drain from him.

A seasoned warrior, now trapped in Tornit's nightmarish grip, gritted his teeth against the pain. "I thought... I thought we could make a difference..." He glanced at Althea with sorrowful eyes, his regret palpable.

Amidst the chaos, Althea's heart pounded with a mixture of grief and determination. She watched in horror as her fellow cultivators met their tragic end, their sacrifices in vain. The weight of responsibility bore down on her, but she couldn't afford to falter.

With fierce resolve, Althea summoned every ounce of her strength. She unleashed a torrent of elemental power, aiming to break Tornit's hold on the remaining cultivators. The blinding radiance of her attack seared through the air, illuminating the battlefield with an intensity that matched her determination.

The Light, Earth, and Ice elements converged once more, surging towards Tornit. The sphere tightened, exerting immense pressure on the undead abomination. It screeched and writhed in pain, its monstrous form contorting under the assault.

The Core Formation Cultivators, witnessing the devastation, rallied their remaining strength. They coordinated their attacks, aiming to strike at Tornit's most vulnerable points. Their combined efforts, coupled with Althea's unyielding resolve, created a surge of energy that threatened to overwhelm the undead creature.

The battlefield was a scene of pandemonium, with elemental forces clashing against Tornit's monstrous presence. The heavens themselves seemed to tremble, and the earth quaked in response to this epic confrontation between them.

As the combined efforts of Althea and the Core Formation Cultivators pressed upon Tornit, the undead abomination writhed and screeched in a cacophony of torment. Smoke and sparks erupted from its grotesque form as the barrage of attacks took its toll.

Tornit's malevolent vitality was now visibly waning, its monstrous figure distorted by pain. It was a moment of hope, where it seemed that the collective determination of the cultivators might actually triumph against this unthinkable adversary.

However, just as it appeared that victory was within grasp, Tornit's malevolence burned with even greater intensity. It let out a deafening, otherworldly roar that resonated through the very souls of all who witnessed it. An eerie green light, tainted by the essence of death, radiated from its being.

In an instant, Tornit's entire form seemed to convulse, and the nightmarish appendage ensnaring the remaining cultivators shifted. As if with a mind of its own, the abomination unleashed a devastating, concentrated blast of energy, unlike anything the battlefield had seen.

The blast was an overwhelming force of malevolence and death, a dark tide that swept outward, obliterating all in its path. The radiant sphere of Light, Earth, and Ice shattered into fragments, its brilliance fading as the dark energy consumed it.

The cultivators who were still trapped within Tornit's grasp had no time to react. The blast struck them with merciless, inexorable force. For a moment, the air was filled with a blinding, green luminescence, and the thunderous sound of the blast resonated like a death knell.

The result was catastrophic. The cultivators, caught within the blast's sinister grip, were either instantly reduced to lifeless husks or lost consciousness as their vital energy was brutally siphoned away. The once brave defenders of the city now lay motionless, their hope and determination snuffed out.

Amid the devastation, the seasoned warrior, who had once held onto hope, had a defeated look in his eyes. His voice, which had once carried a sense of purpose, had grown dim. "We... we tried," he muttered, his voice heavy with despair.

The younger cultivator, who had believed in making a difference, now found himself questioning their sacrifices. "Is this the end... for all of us?"

In the aftermath of Tornit's devastating counterattack, the once hope-filled battlefield lay in ruin. The life force of the courageous cultivators who had joined the battle had been ruthlessly drained, their sacrifices in vain. The field was now littered with motionless bodies, victims of the insatiable hunger of the undead abomination.

Amidst the wreckage, Althea had not emerged unscathed. The blast that had emanated from Tornit had struck her with brutal force. Her body, once filled with a radiant aura, was now dimmed. Her energy was visibly depleted, and her once unwavering strength now wavered. The life force that coursed through her had been siphoned away, leaving her feeling weakened and vulnerable.

"Is this... the end?" Althea's voice was a mere whisper, a testament to the toll the blast had taken. Her eyes, once filled with determination, now held a glimmer of uncertainty. She had faced formidable adversaries before, but this... this was different. This was a force beyond anything she had ever encountered.

Coughing and struggling to remain on her feet, Althea whispered to herself, her voice a mere shadow of its former strength, "This... this is not the end. I can't give up now." Her determination remained unbroken, even in the face of the darkest of moments.

She surveyed the battlefield, her eyes filled with grief and remorse for the fallen cultivators. Despite the overwhelming odds and the incredible loss they had suffered, the fire of determination still burned within her. She understood the responsibility that rested on her shoulders and knew that she couldn't falter now.