

## I Created 328

### Chapter 328

As if answering Elara's plea, the sword begins to glow, bathing her in a radiant light. In an instant, she feels a surge of power, unlike anything she's experienced before. Her cultivation, previously at the peak of the Golden Core Realm, ascends to the Peak Core Formation Realm. This temporary boost fills her with a newfound strength and clarity, but she's acutely aware of the daunting challenge ahead. The Skyhunter, a formidable beast from the Soul Strengthening Realm, stands before her, its power dwarfing her own even in this elevated state.

Elara stands her ground, the glowing sword in hand, as the Skyhunter charges with a ferocity that seems to tear the very air apart. She moves with grace and speed enhanced by her boosted cultivation, managing to parry and dodge the beast's relentless attacks. Each clash sends shockwaves through the battlefield, a testament to the incredible power at play. Despite her valiant efforts, it's clear that Elara is barely holding the Skyhunter at bay. The gap in their realms is a chasm that raw power alone cannot bridge.

Watching from a distance, Kaelar and Althea, the two Sect Masters. Especially, Althea, Elara is like her daughter and witnesses her struggle. Her hearts are filled with a mix of pride and dread, seeing the young cultivator she nurtured facing such a fearsome foe.

Althea's eyes, usually calm and commanding, now blaze with a fierce determination. She finds herself locked in combat with a monstrous entity, its strength surpassing even that of the Skyhunter facing Elara. Yet, even as she engages her formidable opponent, Althea's focus is split, her concern for Elara palpable in the air.

"Kaelar," Althea shouts over the din of battle, her voice laced with urgency, "Elara... she's facing the Skyhunter alone!"

Kaelar, equally ensnared in his own desperate fight, glances towards Elara, his heart tightening at the sight. "Goddamit, where did these creatures come from."

Kaelar's frustration echoes through the tumultuous battlefield, his voice a mix of anger and concern. "She's outmatched, but she's not backing down. We must finish our battles quickly and aid her!"

Althea, amidst her own swirling vortex of combat, nods, her resolve steeling further. "Yes, we must hurry. Elara's courage will not be in vain. I refuse to let it be."

Back with Elara, the Skyhunter's onslaught intensifies, each attack more ferocious than the last. The beast, sensing the temporary nature of Elara's power-up, aims to outlast her. However, Elara, fueled by the surge from her sword, meets the beast head-on, her movements a blur of speed and precision.

Amid the frenetic energy of the battlefield, Elara prepares to counter the Skyhunter's next move. Drawing deep from the well of power the sword has unlocked within her, she calls upon a technique she has honed over countless hours of rigorous training. Her voice cuts through the chaos, firm and resolute, "Radiant Dawn Strike!"

With those words, the sword amplifies the light surrounding her, coalescing into a blinding beam directed straight at the Skyhunter. The air around the blade shimmers with intense heat, as if the very essence of the sun were compressed into a single, devastating attack. This light-type technique, renowned for its purity and destructive power, is Elara's chosen method to pierce through the Skyhunter's defenses.

The Skyhunter, in response, summons its own technique, a testament to the wild, untamable power it wields. "Galeforce Tempest!". The beast taps into the essence of the wind, summoning a tumultuous vortex that surrounds its form. This wind-type technique is not just defensive but also highly offensive, capable of deflecting attacks while simultaneously launching razor-sharp wind blades towards its opponent.

The battlefield becomes a clash of elements, light against wind, as Elara's Radiant Dawn Strike meets the Skyhunter's Galeforce Tempest. The light beam, pure and focused, slashes through the howling wind, illuminating the swirling vortex with its brilliance. However, the Skyhunter's control over the wind is formidable, creating a barrier that diffuses the light, turning the direct confrontation into a dazzling spectacle of competing forces.

Elara, undeterred, pushes more of her energy into the attack, her determination unwavering. "You will not break me," she declares, her voice echoing with the strength of her resolve.

Despite the ferocity of the Skyhunter's wind barrier, Elara's Radiant Dawn Strike begins to make headway, the beam of light piercing through the tempest bit by bit. The spectacle is a testament to her indomitable will, a beacon of light against the encroaching darkness. Her technique, a perfect fusion of her cultivation and the sword's inherent power, shines as a testament to her skill and determination.

The Skyhunter, recognizing the threat, ramps up its assault, sending wave after wave of razor-sharp wind blades towards Elara. She dodges and weaves through the onslaught, her movements a blur,

each step taken with precision and grace. Yet, the constant barrage takes its toll, draining her energy with every moment she's forced to defend rather than attack.

Realizing the need for a decisive action, Elara channels the last reserves of her power into the Radiant Dawn Strike, the light from her sword growing even more intense, almost too bright to look at directly. The battlefield quiets for a brief moment, all eyes drawn to the spectacle of light versus wind.

With a final, determined shout, Elara unleashes the full might of her technique. The beam of light, now magnified in intensity, breaks through the Galeforce Tempest, striking the Skyhunter directly. The impact sends shockwaves across the battlefield, the light overpowering the wind, enveloping the beast in a radiant glow.

The Skyhunter, caught in the full force of the Radiant Dawn Strike, lets out a roar of pain and fury, a sound that resonates with the primal fear of a wild beast facing its end. Its form begins to waver under the relentless assault, the wind energy that had been its shield now scattered by the overwhelming light.

As the dust settles and the light dims, the Skyhunter staggers, weakened significantly by Elara's attack. Elara, panting heavily from the exertion, holds her sword pointed at the beast, ready to end the battle. Her stance is firm, a reflection of her unyielding spirit, even as her energy wanes.