

I Created 86

Chapter 86 86: A Hellish Day Descended On The Three Kingdoms (Part 2)

The person fights back, but the zombie is too powerful. The cultivator fall, his bodies torn apart by the undead creature.

The cultivators scattered, trying to avoid the zombie's grasp. But it was no use. The zombie was too fast, too strong, and too powerful. It caught them one by one, sinking its teeth into their flesh and feasting on their bodies.

The scene was a gruesome and horrifying sight. Blood and gore splattered everywhere, and the sounds of bones cracking and flesh tearing filled the air. The cultivators' screams echoed through the forest, their cries of terror falling on deaf ears. It was a scene that would haunt the survivors for the rest of their lives.

They had never seen a zombie before, and they had no idea how to fight against it. Even if they know, they still couldn't do anything, as the zombie warrior was too powerful for them.

As the zombie continued its killing spree, one of the cultivators managed to break away from the group and run toward the safety of the city. However, his body was already mangled and battered from the zombie's previous attacks. His clothes were ripped to shreds, and blood and flesh hung from his wounds.

The survivor stumbled through the forest, his eyes wide with terror and pain. He gasped for breath, feeling the cold embrace of death creeping up on him. He knew he had to keep going, had to make it to the city, he had to warn the others.

As he stumbled into the city, he collapsed onto the ground, his body wracked with pain. A group of guards rushed to his aid, but they recoiled in horror at the sight of him. The survivor's face was unrecognizable, his limbs twisted and broken, and his wounds oozed with infected blood.

One of the guards knelt down beside the survivor, trying to calm him down. "What happened?" he asked urgently. "What did this to you?"

The survivor barely managed to speak, his voice weak and strained. "Monster... powerful monster... in the forest... it's killing everyone... beware..."

The guards exchanged a worried glance, and one of them asked, "What kind of monster? What does it look like?"

The survivor struggled to give a coherent answer, but eventually managed to croak out, "I... don't know... never seen anything like it... be careful... it's strong..."

The guards exchanged worried glances. They knew they couldn't take any chances with this threat, especially since the survivor's cultivation was Opening Qi Realm, which meant that the monster was likely even stronger than that.

"We'll send word to the city lord," one of the guards said firmly. "We need to prepare for whatever is out there."

The survivor nodded weakly, relieved that someone was taking his warning seriously. As he closed his eyes and slipped into unconsciousness, he knew that the fate of the kingdom was in the hands of those guards.

The guards wasted no time in sending word to the city lord. The guard rode as fast as he could through the busy road, leaving confused looks on the people that he pass through. The guard didn't care knowing that every minute counted in this situation. When he reached the manor, he was immediately taken to the lord's chamber, where the lord was deep in thought, pondering the state of the kingdom.

"Your lordship," the messenger gasped, bowing low. "Something has happened. There is someone, saying that a powerful monster had emerged in the forest and killed all of his crew in the forest."

The lord looked up, his eyes narrowing in concern. "What kind of monster?"

"We don't know, your lordship," the messenger replied. "The survivor said he had never seen anything like it before."

The lord nodded, his mind already racing with possibilities. "Gather all the cultivators in the city," he commanded. "We need to prepare for battle."

Their city was constantly attacked by the monster race. So, the city lord take all the threats seriously.

But first, he needs to confirm what the threat was, using the cultivators in the city.

The messenger nodded and hurried off, spreading the word throughout the city. The cultivators, who had been living in relative peace for years, were suddenly thrust into a state of emergency. They gathered their weapons and gathered in the main square, waiting for orders from the lord.

The lord arrived soon after, looking stern and resolute. "We have a dangerous enemy on our hands," he said, his voice ringing out across the square. "We don't know what it is or where it came from, but we do know that it is killing our people. We must stop it at all costs. If you all think you can kill it, do so. But, if not retreat back to the city. As for the rewards, it's the same as before."

The cultivators murmured amongst themselves, some were exchanging nervous glances, and others were chill and relaxed. Some were just here for the rewards, but most cultivators here have a family in the city so these people will do everything to stop the threat.

They knew that this was a serious threat, and that they might not all make it out alive. But they also knew that they had to try, for the sake of their families, their friends, and their city.

The lord gave the order, and the cultivators set out into the forest, searching for the monster that had caused so much death. They searched for hours, their eyes scanning the trees and the ground for any sign of movement.

Suddenly, a loud roar echoed through the forest, causing the cultivators to freeze in fear. They knew that the monster was near, and they braced themselves for the fight of their lives.

The cultivators stood frozen, listening intently for any movement or sound. Suddenly, the silence was broken by the sound of rustling leaves and snapping twigs. The cultivators drew their weapons and readied themselves for battle.

As they moved towards the sound, they saw a figure stumbling towards them. It was the survivor, covered in blood and barely able to walk. He collapsed in front of them, gasping for air.