

I Created 87

Chapter 87 87: A Hellish Day Descended On The Three Kingdoms (Part 3)

As the cultivators advanced, they heard the monster's roars getting louder and closer. They formed a circle, ready to defend themselves from the attack. Suddenly, the monster appeared, charging towards them with incredible speed. The cultivators attacked, but their strikes barely scratched the monster's skin.

The monster was massive, towering over them, with sharp teeth and claws. Its eyes glowed with an unearthly light, and its roars shook the ground. The cultivators were terrified, but they knew that they had to fight on.

"Stay together!" shouted one of the cultivators. "We need to weaken it before it kills us all!"

The zombie moved towards the survivor, its jaws snapping hungrily. The cultivators knew they had to act fast. They launched a coordinated attack, striking the zombie from all sides.

The cultivators attacked the monster with all their might, but it was like fighting a mountain. The monster swung its claws, sending some of the cultivators flying, while others managed to dodge. The cultivators' weapons were no match for the monster's thick hide.

One of the cultivators stepped forward, a determined look on his face. "We can't let it get away with this!" he shouted. "We have to keep fighting!"

The monster roared in response, and the cultivator charged forward, his weapon raised high. The monster swung its massive claw, knocking the cultivator to the ground. The cultivator struggled to get up, but the monster was too fast, pinning him down with its massive weight.

The other cultivators fought on, but they were no match for the zombie warrior. One by one, they fell to its claws and teeth, their bodies torn to shreds. The forest was filled with the sounds of screams and roars, as the cultivators fought to the death.

Finally, only a handful of cultivators remained, their weapons broken and their bodies battered. They stood together, facing the zombie warrior with grim determination.

"You monster!" shouted one of the cultivators, his voice filled with rage and sorrow. "Look at what you've done! You've killed so many innocent people!"

The zombie warrior didn't respond, only continuing to advance towards the remaining cultivators. They knew that this was the end, that they had no chance of winning. But still, they fought on, refusing to give up.

In the final moments of the battle, one of the cultivators stepped forward, his eyes filled with tears. "We fought for our city, for our families," he said, his voice shaking. "But in the end, we couldn't protect them."

The zombie warrior let out one final roar, and the cultivators braced themselves for the end. Shortly after, the forest fell silent, the only sound the crunching of bones and the tearing of flesh.

After feasting on humans, the zombie continued walking toward the city. Every plant that the zombie stepped on died, because of the corrosive energy emitted by the zombie.

As the zombie warrior emerged from the forest, the guards on the city walls could see the aura of death emanating from it. The stench of decay and blood filled the air, and the guards felt their stomachs churn. They had seen many monsters before, but nothing like this. The zombie warrior was like a force of nature, unstoppable and terrifying.

The guards knew that they had to warn the city of the approaching monster. Without hesitation, one of them rang the bell that was only meant to be rung in the event of a beast tide. The bell echoed throughout the city, its loud tolls sending a wave of panic through the streets.

People rushed to the safety of their homes, locking their doors and windows. Merchants closed up shop, and farmers hurried to bring in their crops. The city was in chaos, and the guards knew that they had to act quickly.

All the sect, families big or small, cultivators, and guards rushed toward the city wall, they were ready to protect the city at all costs.

As everyone arrived at the city walls, however, they didn't see a beast tide, but instead an unknown monster. Its massive form was almost twice the size of an adult human, and its roars shook the very ground they stood on. The cultivators and guards drew their weapons, ready to defend the city with their lives.

"What is that thing?"

"I don't know, but one thing is sure. This thing is more dangerous than a beast tide."

Everyone agreed, what they felt right now, was like facing death itself. Some people even started retreating and fleeing from the city. This kind of people only cares for themselves, and in the cultivation world, these kinds of people were everywhere.

But as the zombie warrior got closer, they could see that its body was covered in wounds and scratches. It had clearly just experienced a battle.

At this time the city lord arrived. His face was grim, and he could feel the fear in the air. He looked up at the monster, his eyes narrowing as he tried to assess the situation.

"Everyone, listen to me," he said, his voice ringing out across the walls. "This monster is a grave threat to our city, and we must do everything we can to stop it. We cannot let it reach our homes and families!"

The cultivators and guards nodded in agreement, and the city lord turned to them.

There was a resounding "yes" from the crowd, and the city lord smiled grimly.

"Then let's show this monster what we're made of!"

The brave cultivators and guards charged forward first, their weapons glinting in the sunlight. The zombie warrior let out a deafening roar, and the battle began.

The zombie warrior roared as it charged toward the cultivators and guards, its massive body shaking the ground beneath them. The wind whistled in their ears, as the monster moved faster than anyone could have imagined.

The rest also charged toward the zombie warrior without a fear, their weapons glinting in the sun. The monster roared and swung its massive claws, but the cultivators were more coordinated this time, dodging and parrying the monster's attacks.