

I Created 88

Chapter 88 88: A Hellish Day Descended On The Three Kingdoms (Part 4)

The city lord stood back, watching the battle unfold. He knew that this was a battle he had to join, but he also knew that he needed to wait for the right moment. He focused his energy, feeling the wind swirl around him. The city lord was a late-stage Qi Gathering, and his main element was wind.

The cultivators were doing their best, but they were still struggling to land a blow on the monster. Even if they do land a hit, Its thick skin was like steel, so their attack doesn't do much to the zombie, and its movements were too quick for them to keep up with.

One of the cultivators, a young man with fierce eyes, stepped forward. "We need to find a way to slow it down," he said. "Maybe if we could freeze it, we could land a fatal blow."

The other cultivators nodded in agreement, and all cultivators that use ice-element began to focus their energy on creating an ice field around the zombie. But the monster was too fast, and it evaded the attack with ease.

The city lord watched the battle with a critical eye. He knew that the cultivators were skilled, but they were fighting a losing battle. He felt the wind pick up around him, and he knew that it was time to join the fight.

With a sudden burst of energy, the city lord leaped into the air, his body surrounded by a whirlwind of wind. He landed in front of the zombie warrior, his eyes locked on the monster.

The cultivators and guards stopped their attacks, surprised to see the city lord join the fray so soon. They watched in awe as the city lord launched a flurry of wind strikes at the monster, each one hitting its mark.

The zombie warrior roared in anger, swinging its massive claws at the city lord. But the city lord was too quick, dodging the monster's attacks. He continued to strike at the monster, his wind attacks growing stronger with each blow.

Even though the zombie is a Golden Core monster, its movement was pretty slow for its realm. And wind elemental-type user is known for their quick reflexes and speed.

The city lord spoke, his voice carrying across the battlefield. "You will not harm my city, monster!" he shouted. "You will not harm my people!"

The zombie warrior roared in response, swinging its claws even faster. But the city lord was ready, and he dodged each attack barely. He continued to strike at the monster, his wind attacks growing stronger and more focused.

The city lord tried his best to dodge every attack from the monster, because he can feel that even if one of that attacks landed, it was over for him. He sees death waving at him with every attack he avoided.

The two in the eyes of the cultivators and soldiers were evenly matched, but the city lord knows that his one foot was already in the coffin, with just one mistake he will be buried directly.

Their powers collide in a deadly dance. The air crackled with energy as the city lord and the zombie warrior fought on, neither one willing to back down.

The zombie warrior let out a roar, and the city lord responded with a blast of wind that knocked it off its feet. The monster struggled to get up, but the city lord was relentless, unleashing a barrage of attacks in the distance that left the zombie warrior reeling.

Everyone also joins the attack, releasing all kinds of techniques toward the monster.

But even as the city lord and everyone fought with all their might, they can see the zombie warrior seemed to grow stronger. Its wounds healed almost instantly, and its attacks became more ferocious.

The city lord was starting to tire, his attacks becoming weaker and less frequent. The zombie warrior saw its chance, lunging forward with its claws extended.

The city lord barely managed to dodge, but the monster's claws grazed his arm, leaving a deep gash. The city lord winced in pain, but he didn't let it slow him down.

"You'll never win!" he shouted.

Suddenly, the wind around the city lord grew stronger, almost as if in response to his words. The cultivators and guards looked on in awe as the city lord unleashed a powerful technique that he had been saving for just such an occasion.

He had been practicing this technique for years, honing his mastery of the wind element. And now, he was unleashing it in a single devastating blow.

The technique was called "Tempest Dance," and as the city lord unleashed it, the wind around him grew even more intense. It began to swirl around him in a vortex, growing faster and faster until it formed a tornado.

The attack hit the zombie warrior with incredible force, sending it flying across the battlefield. For a moment, it seemed as if the monster was defeated.

But then something strange happened. The zombie warrior started to glow with an eerie green light. Its wounds began to heal even faster than before, and its eyes burned with an unholy fire.

The city lord realized too late that he had been fighting a lost cause. The zombie warrior was too powerful, and there was nothing he could do to stop it.

The zombie warrior had too much power, too much stamina. And with every passing moment, it was getting stronger.

Suddenly, the monster let out a deafening roar, and the ground beneath them shook. A wave of dark energy washed over the battlefield, knocking everyone off their feet.

When the dust cleared, the city lord struggled to get up. His arm was bleeding badly, and he could feel his energy waning. He looked up and saw the zombie warrior standing over him, its eyes glowing with an otherworldly light.

Its eyes burned with a fierce hunger. The city lord knew that this was the end.

The cultivators and guards watched in horror as the zombie warrior plunged its claws into the city lord's chest. The sound of tearing flesh filled the air, and blood spattered across the ground.