

I Created 89

Chapter 89 89: Mysterious People

The city lord let out a blood-curdling scream, a sound that echoed across the battlefield. It was a scream of pure terror and despair, a sound that chilled the hearts of all who heard it. The city lord knew that he was going to die, and there was nothing he could do to stop it.

"No!" one of the cultivators screamed. "This can't be happening!" But it was happening.

The city lord was dead, and there was nothing anyone could do to bring him back. The zombie warrior continued its killing spree, its hunger for flesh and blood seemingly insatiable.

The cultivators and guards fought on, hoping to buy time for the citizens of the city to escape. But it was a hopeless battle. The zombie warrior was too powerful, and its attacks too deadly.

As the last of the cultivators fell, their bodies torn apart by the zombie's claws, the citizens of the city fled in terror. They ran through the streets, desperate to escape the monster that was destroying their homes and their lives.

But the zombie warrior continued on its killing spree, its eyes burning with an unholy fire. It was a force of nature, a monster that could not be stopped. And as it moved through the city, leaving a trail of destruction in its wake, the people knew that they were doomed.

In the throne chamber, Argon watched from the screen floating in front of him, his face emotionless as he witnessed the devastation. He knew that this was all his doing, that his desire for soul coins had led to the unleashing of this monster upon innocent people.

But even as he watched, he felt nothing. No guilt, no remorse, no sadness. He wondered if it was because he was no longer human, but a dragon. Perhaps his emotions towards humans had been stripped away along with his humanity.

But then he saw a small child, no older than five, running for her life. She tripped and fell, and the zombie warrior was closing in on her.

However, the zombie run past the child, and attacked the cultivators that were trying to help the child. There were still a lot of cultivators in the city, that didn't join the fight.

Argon ordered the zombie warrior to not kill any ordinary human, because apart from they didn't give much soul coins to him, Argon was still a little comfortable killing ordinary people. After all, it was not that long before he got transported to this world. As for cultivators, Argon doesn't mind killing them, because he knows they we're not really that innocent.

Argon grew bored of watching the zombie warrior wreak havoc on the city and decided to change the location on his screen to see if there were any other interesting battles happening in the Oland Kingdom.

He came across a scene of a familiar cultivator, it was Dryden, engaging in an epic battle with a skeleton warrior. The skeleton was wielding a giant sword, and Dryden was dodging its attacks with ease, landing swift strikes with his sword in return.

Argon observed the battle for some time, impressed by the skill and agility of both combatants. The skeleton warrior was fast and strong, but Dryden was clearly more skilled and experienced.

After some time, Argon changed to another location. It was the Plague Sect, and he saw the Sect Master of the Plague Sect engaged in a fierce battle with a ghoul.

The Sect Master's power was unlike anything Argon had seen before. He could control the dead like a puppeteer, commanding the dead bodies of cultivators to attack the ghoul with deadly precision. It was like watching a masterful conductor directing an orchestra, except the instruments were undead monsters.

Argon was fascinated by the Sect Master's abilities. He had never seen anything like it before. It was similar to a necromancer, and Argon wondered what other secrets the Plague Sect held.

"Interesting..."

Argon muttered to himself as he continued to watch the battle unfold. He made a mental note to keep an eye on the Plague Sect in the future, as they seemed to have some powerful and unique abilities.

As he continued to watch, he noticed something strange happening. The ghoul seemed to be weakening, its movements becoming sluggish and its attacks become less powerful. It was as if something was draining its energy, sapping its life force away.

Curious, Argon zoomed out on the ghoul, trying to identify the source of its weakening. And that's when he saw him: a figure cloaked in black robes, standing just out of sight, his face hidden in the shadows.

Argon zoomed closer to the black robe, his curiosity piqued. He realized that it was the work of a figure in a black robe, standing on the sidelines of the battle, seemingly observing the fight with dispassionate eyes.

Argon couldn't see the face of the figure, as it was obscured by the hood of the robe. But there was something about the figure that made him feel uneasy, a sense of mystery and power that radiated from its very being.

'A hidden expert, or something else' Argon thought.

He knew that in the cultivation world, there were many powerful experts who preferred to remain hidden and observe from the sidelines. They were often more dangerous than those who openly displayed their power, as they had the element of surprise on their side.

The figure in black was not just an observer, but it was actively draining the energy of the ghoul, weakening it to the point of defeat.

Argon made a decision. He would keep an eye on the black-robed figure, to see if it posed a threat or if it had any valuable information. And as he continued to observe the battle between the Plague Sect and the ghoul, he realized that there was much more to this place than he had ever imagined. He thought that he was already at the top in this place, but there were still secrets and powers beyond still lurking in the dark. Making him looking forward to what challenges this place will bring him.

Suddenly, he noticed something. One of the, the skeleton warrior that he had placed in the Tudela Kingdom, had died. Argon immediately changed the location on his screen to the Tudela Kingdom, and saw that the skeleton warrior on the ground.

In that place, he saw a group of people with white robes circling the skeleton warrior that was slowly fading away. Argon could see the people around, including the king of the kingdom, worshiping the people in white robes as if they were messengers of the gods.

The people in white robes then suddenly flew towards the location of the zombie warrior, leaving the fading skeleton warrior behind. Argon was curious about the people in white robes and their powers.

So, he immediately changed the scene to the zombie warrior, who was still wreaking havoc in the city.

He didn't make the zombie go back to the dungeon but wanted to see the power of these white robed people.

"Let's see what kind of power these people possess." Argon was looking forward to it.

Fast forward, the group arrives at Salen City, the city was still in chaos people running around, trying to escape from the zombie warrior.

As Argon zoomed in on the zombie warrior, he saw the people in white robes approaching. They had a calm and collected demeanor, as if they were completely unaffected by the chaos and destruction around them.

One of them stepped forward, a woman with long golden hair and a serene expression on her face, the leader of the group, and a middle-stage Golden Core Realm. She raised her hand and pointed it at the zombie warrior, and a beam of bright light shot out, striking the zombie's chest.

The zombie staggered back, clearly affected by the attack, but it quickly regained its footing and charged forward again. The woman raised her hand again and another beam of light shot out, striking the zombie's head this time. The zombie roared in pain, but it did not stop. It continued to charge forward, seemingly unaffected by the woman's attacks.

Argon was impressed by the woman's technique. It was a light-based technique, and it seemed to be quite powerful. But it was not enough to stop the zombie warrior.

Seeing the situation, the other white-robed cultivators then stepped forward, surrounding the zombie warrior and attacking it from all sides.

They moved with incredible speed and agility. They were clearly skilled cultivators, each with their own unique techniques and abilities. One of them had the ability to control fire, sending flames shooting out of his hands and engulfing the zombie in a fiery inferno. Another had the ability to create illusions, confusing the zombie and making it attack the air around it.

With the white-robed cultivators working together to take down the zombie warrior. Despite the zombie's incredible strength and durability, they were slowly whittling it down, each attack weakening it further.

Finally, the woman with the golden hair stepped forward again, her hand glowing with a brilliant light. She shouted a command, and the other white-robed cultivators stepped back, giving her space. She then unleashed a devastating attack, a beam of light so bright and powerful that it illuminated the entire city. The beam struck the zombie warrior directly in the chest, and there was a blinding flash of light.

When the light faded, the zombie warrior was gone. In its place was a pile of ash, scattered on the ground. The white-robed cultivators stood around it, panting and sweating, but victorious.

Argon was awed by the display of power. He had never seen anything like it before. These white-robed cultivators were clearly skilled and powerful.