

I Created 139

Chapter 139 139: The Battle For Revenge

In the Eternal City, where the hustle and bustle of millions of people fills the air, one can feel the energy pulsing through the streets. The city itself was a marvel of architectural wonder, with towering buildings of stone and steel reaching towards the sky. The roads were paved with cobblestones, and the buildings were adorned with intricate carvings and beautiful murals.

As the city grew bigger with each passing day, it began to surpass the Capital City of the three kingdoms in size and grandeur. And at the helm of this magnificent metropolis stood Tan Zong, the city lord. His fame had spread far and wide, and his name was known to everyone in the three kingdoms.

But despite his fame, Tan Zong remained humble and unassuming. He cared little for the adulation of the masses, and instead focused his energies on the city's growth and development. Under his leadership, the Eternal City had become a hub of trade, culture, and learning.

The city's main attraction was the huge tower that stood in the middle of it. It was a towering structure, a dungeon that made the people of the three kingdoms catch up in the Azure Continent. It was said that only the bravest and strongest cultivators dared to enter the dungeon's depths, for it was filled with untold treasures and ancient artifacts.

Near the colossal tower, the air crackled with anticipation as a massive crowd of 70,000 cultivators lined up in orderly rows, resembling an army preparing for battle. The atmosphere was tense, for these cultivators were about to embark on a perilous journey into the first floor of the tower, known as the goblin world. The previous attempts had resulted in significant casualties, but this time, they were determined to succeed.

Leading this courageous charge were the two top groups of the Eternal City, the Phoenix Blades, and the Harmony Alliance. Alix, a formidable leader, stood at the forefront of the Phoenix Blades, his presence commanding and his determination palpable. Flanking him were his trusted vice-captains: Eryx, Nox, Zam, Kato, and Jin. Each of them possessed unique skills and unwavering loyalty, ready to face any challenge that awaited them.

In the Harmony Alliance, the captain, named Leon, exuded an aura of calm authority. His strategic prowess and unwavering commitment to his comrades made him a respected figure among the cultivators. Standing beside him were his two vice-captains, Liara and Feng, both renowned for their exceptional combat skills and their ability to inspire those around them.

As the crowd hushed, Alix of the Phoenix Blades stepped forward, his voice resonating with determination. "Today, we venture into the Goblin World, a place fraught with danger and untold treasures. Our fallen comrades will be honored by the items we retrieve, the monsters we slay, and the new horizons we conquer."

Leon of the Harmony Alliance followed suit, his voice steady yet filled with conviction. "We stand united as the strength of the Eternal City, and together, we shall overcome any obstacle that comes our way. Remember, we fight not only for ourselves but for the future of the three kingdoms, and the innocent people that these goblins have mercilessly slain. Every month, they launch their attacks, causing havoc and suffering. Though we may not be able to eradicate them entirely, let us mete out justice, granting them a taste of the death they have inflicted upon others. Let this be a lasting reminder, etched in their memory, that their reign of terror will never be forgotten nor forgiven."

Most of the people gathered here have experienced the pain of losing their families to the goblin attacks that occur every month in the outside world. Their hearts are consumed with a single desire: to unleash their wrath upon the goblins and exact revenge. However, a bitter truth lingers in the air—these goblins possess the ability to revive, rendering them nearly immortal. Consequently, some individuals have resorted to targeting the same goblins repeatedly, attempting to thwart their revivals and fueling the growing animosity between humans and goblins.

The cultivators listened intently, their hearts stirred by the words of their leaders. They had witnessed the power and prowess of the Phoenix Blades and the Harmony Alliance, and now they stood ready to follow them into the unknown.

As the speeches concluded, a surge of determination swept through the crowd, igniting a collective spirit of courage and unity. The cultivators tightened their grips on their weapons, their faces resolute and their eyes ablaze with determination. They were prepared to face the dangers lurking within the Goblin World, for the sake of their fallen comrades, and the pursuit of strength.

With the Phoenix Blades and the Harmony Alliance leading the charge, the crowd began to march toward the entrance of the tower. The ground trembled beneath their feet, echoing their unwavering resolve. The Eternal City watched with bated breath as these brave cultivators set forth, their destinies intertwined with the challenges that awaited them within the depths of the tower.

The hobgoblin rider, perched atop his fearsome mount, was given a crucial task by his superior, an hobgoblin. He was ordered to keep a vigilant eye on the location of the entrance. Little did he expect the sight that awaited him.

Its eyes widened in astonishment as it observed the unending stream of humans materializing before its gaze. Some goblins had reported a complete absence of humans in the surrounding forest, making this sudden influx all the more perplexing.

The hobgoblin immediately realized the gravity of the situation and knew that he had to report back to his superior immediately. Without a moment's hesitation, he spurred his mount and sped off towards the goblin stronghold to deliver the news.

In the boss room, Ghorm sat in his large chair, deep in thought. The room was dimly lit, with only a few torches providing flickering light. On the corner of the room, a giant gray wolf slept soundlessly, its breathing slow and steady.

Ghorm was interrupted from his thoughts by a sudden knock on the door. He frowned, wondering who could possibly be disturbing him at this hour. He called out gruffly, "Who is it?"

The response was a voice he recognized, that of a late-stage Qi Gathering Hobgoblin. Ghorm's frown deepened. What could this Hobgoblin want at this time of night? He sighed, resigned to the fact that his solitude was about to be interrupted.

"Come in," he barked, and the door creaked open. The Hobgoblin shuffled into the room, bowing low before Ghorm. "My lord," he said, his voice barely above a whisper. "I apologize for disturbing you, but there is urgent news."

Ghorm waved a hand dismissively. "Speak," he said, his voice gruff.

The Hobgoblin straightened up, his eyes filled with concern. "My lord, we have received a report from our scouts. A massive army of humans, numbering around 70,000, is advancing rapidly towards the entrance of our cave."

Ghorm's eyes widened, his brows furrowing in disbelief. "70,000? Are you certain?" he asked, his voice laced with a mix of surprise and wariness.

The Hobgoblin nodded vigorously. "Yes, my lord. They are approaching with great speed, and our scouts confirm their cultivation levels are formidable. They seem to be led by that person and his group."

Ghorm's expression darkened at the mention of "that person." "I see," he said, his voice low and dangerous. "That group of mad humans that reached half of the cave before retreating. They've come back for more."

The Hobgoblin nodded again, his face grim. "Yes, my lord. What are your orders?"

Ghorm rose from his chair, his massive form looming over the Hobgoblin. "Prepare for battle," he growled. "Send out our strongest warriors and set up traps at the entrance. We will not let them pass so easily this time."

The Hobgoblin bowed low. "Yes, my lord. I will see to it immediately." And with that, he scurried out of the room, leaving Ghorm alone with his thoughts once again. He knew this battle would not be easy, but he was determined to not let anyone pass the first floor at all costs.

After the rousing speeches, the massive crowd of cultivators surged forward, their determination propelling them deeper into the forest. As they marched through the dense forest, they encountered only weak goblins that posed little threat. With swift strikes and precise techniques, the goblins were dispatched effortlessly, their bodies falling lifeless to the forest floor. The cultivators moved forward without hesitation, their spirits unyielding.

The forest seemed to part before them, as if sensing the unwavering resolve of the cultivators. Branches and foliage swayed as the army advanced, their footsteps resonating with purpose. The air crackled with an electric energy, a palpable anticipation that surrounded them.

After what seemed like an eternity of trudging through the forest, the cultivators finally arrived at the entrance of the cave. Towering before them, it loomed as a formidable obstacle, its dark mouth beckoning them to venture deeper into its depths.

The leaders of the Phoenix Blades and the Harmony Alliance, Alix and Leon, stood side by side, their expressions resolute. They surveyed the army that had gathered under their command, a force

united in purpose. With a nod of silent understanding, they stepped forward, leading the cultivators into the mouth of the cave.

The entrance swallowed them, plunging them into a world of darkness and uncertainty. Torchlight flickered, casting eerie shadows along the walls. The air grew heavier, thick with the scent of damp earth and anticipation. The cultivators pressed on, their formation tight, their senses alert for any sign of danger.

They knew the path ahead would not be easy. The goblins and hobgoblins awaited them, a place teeming with peril and hidden traps. But the cultivators were undeterred. Their hearts burned with the desire to avenge their fallen loved ones and bring justice to the goblins who had caused so much suffering.