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Chapter 157 157: Azrael And Cambion Arrive At Ebon Citadel

Jiang Feng's eyes blazed with a mix of determination and frustration. He stared at Li Mei, his voice laced with defiance. "Li Mei, you underestimate the importance of this treasure! It holds the power to elevate our sect to unparalleled heights. Sacrifices are necessary in the pursuit of true greatness. I will not let our chance slip away!"

Li Mei's expression turned solemn as she met Jiang Feng's gaze. "Master Jiang, I understand your ambition, but the essence of cultivation lies not only in personal strength but also in the bonds we forge with our fellow disciples. We must value their lives and honor the principles our sect was built upon."

A chorus of desperate cries echoed across the battlefield as more disciples fell under the relentless assault of the dark creatures. The Celestial Flame Sect was teetering on the edge of destruction, yet Jiang Feng remained steadfast in his resolve.

"Li Mei, you speak of principles and bonds, but in the face of true power, those things pale in comparison," Jiang Feng retorted, his voice tinged with desperation. "I have worked tirelessly to bring our sect to prominence, and I will not let this opportunity pass by. If it means sacrificing our sect, then so be it."

Li Mei's eyes welled with tears, her voice filled with sorrow and disappointment. "Master Jiang, this is not the path our ancestors envisioned for the Celestial Flame Sect. They believed in unity, compassion, and the pursuit of harmony. Your actions now threaten to unravel everything they worked so hard to build."

Jiang Feng's resolve wavered for a fleeting moment, but his desire for the treasure burned too fiercely within him. He turned his gaze back to the ongoing battle, where the struggling disciples fought valiantly against overwhelming odds.

"No matter the cost, I will obtain that treasure!" Jiang Feng declared, his voice resonating with a mix of determination and desperation. "I will not let our sect fade into insignificance. The power it holds will reshape our sect, possibly be on par with the Heavenly Sword Sect, and I will be the one to wield it!"

Li Mei's voice trembled with sorrow and regret. "Master Jiang, I cannot condone this path you've chosen. I implore you to reconsider, for the sake of our disciples and the honor of our sect."

But Jiang Feng's heart was hardened by his obsession. He turned away from Li Mei, his eyes fixed on the treasure within the Ebon Citadel. With a resolute expression, he pressed forward, leaving behind a trail of fallen disciples and shattered bonds, determined to claim the treasure at any cost.

Just as Jiang Feng was about to take another step forward, a sudden disturbance in the air caught his attention. A rift began to tear open in the middle of the battlefield, crackling with raw energy. It started as a small fissure but rapidly expanded, revealing a gaping maw like that of a massive beast. An immense wormhole materialized before them, radiating an otherworldly energy that sent tremors through the battlefield.

The gathered disciples of the Celestial Flame Sect turned their attention to the anomaly, their battle momentarily forgotten as they witnessed this awe-inspiring sight. And from within the heart of the wormhole emerged two figures, stepping onto the field with an otherworldly presence.

The first figure to emerge was Azrael, the Dark Creature Swordmaster. As he stepped forward, the air seemed to grow heavy with his aura. His jet-black skin absorbed the surrounding light, emphasizing his ethereal appearance. With his flowing silver hair and glowing red eyes, he commanded the attention of all who beheld him. Azrael's dark armor clung to his muscular frame, accentuating his agility and grace. The eerie darkness emanating from his blade and the haunting melody that trailed in his wake set the stage for a clash of titans.

Beside Azrael stood Cambion, a demon warrior exuding a palpable killing intent. Clad in sinister black armor adorned with intricate demonic motifs, he gripped a spear that gleamed with a malevolent energy. His presence alone sent shivers down the spines of the disciples, the weight of his demonic heritage evident in every move he made.

Jiang Feng, temporarily stunned by the sudden appearance of these formidable beings, found his voice. "Who... who are you? What is the meaning of this intrusion?"

Azrael gave a quick glance at Jiang Feng, his red eyes filled with indifference, as if he were merely acknowledging an insignificant insect. He looked around at the chaos, the despair of the students, and the relentless assault of the dark creatures. Then, he uttered a single word that sent shivers down the spines of everyone present, his voice carrying an icy chill.

"Kill!!"

In an instant, the air grew thick with a sickening presence. From the depths of the wormhole, an unholy legion emerged. Skeleton warriors, their bones clattering with malevolence, rose from the ground. Their empty eye sockets fixed upon the terrified disciples, hungering for the taste of warm

flesh. Zombies, their decaying forms oozing with putrid decay, staggered forward, their mangled limbs driven by a mindless hunger.

Ghostly apparitions, wreathed in ethereal mist, floated through the air, emitting wails of torment that chilled the soul. Ghouls, their twisted forms contorted with hunger, scurried towards their prey, ready to tear into the living. And towering above them all, the reanimated corpses of massive beasts, their rotted flesh hanging from their bones, lumbered forward with an insatiable bloodlust.

Panic and despair gripped the disciples as they realized the true horror of their situation. They fought valiantly against the onslaught, but the sheer number and ferocity of the dark creatures overwhelmed them. Blood splattered the ground, screams filled the air, and the stench of death permeated the battlefield.

Jiang Feng, once consumed by his obsession for power, now stood frozen in terror. The magnitude of his actions and the consequences they had wrought crashed down upon him with cruel clarity. He watched helplessly as the students of his sect, the teachers and elders, were torn apart by the relentless assault of the undead.

Amidst the chaos, Li Mei's cold voice rang out once again, cutting through the cacophony of screams. "Witness the fruits of your ambition, Jiang Feng. This is the price of your insatiable thirst for power."

Azrael paid them no heed. He observed the massacre with detached indifference, a silent observer of the devastation he had unleashed. The Dark Creature Swordmaster and his demonic companion, Cambion, stood unyielding, their presence radiating an overwhelming aura of dominance.

The once-ambitious Jiang Feng now found himself trapped in a nightmare of his own making, surrounded by the corpses of his fallen comrades and the relentless onslaught of the undead. And as the battlefield descended into an abyss of gore and despair, the hollow laughter of the ghost echoed through the air, a chilling reminder of the consequences of unchecked ambition in the cultivation world.

As the growls of the undead creatures filled the air and the scent of blood and death hung heavy, Azrael and Cambion remained unmoved, their indifference palpable.

Jiang Feng, his voice trembling, confronted the enigmatic figures before him. "Who... who are you? What have you unleashed upon us?"

Azrael's gaze pierced through Jiang Feng, devoid of any empathy. "You don't need to concern yourself about that, just die already." Azrael raised his hand.

As Azrael's hand rose, Jiang Feng's eyes widened in horror and realization. He tried to react, to defend himself, but it was too late. In a display of casual power, Azrael launched a swift and precise attack, a blade of dark energy extending from his fingertips.

Time seemed to slow down as the attack consumed Jiang Feng. His body convulsed and contorted under the force of the blow, his screams merging with the agonized cries of the battlefield. In that moment, the full weight of his ambition and the consequences it had wrought bore down upon him.

Azrael's face remained impassive, his dark eyes fixed upon Jiang Feng's writhing form. There was no satisfaction or malice in his actions, only a detached executioner carrying out the sentence.

The Dark Creature Swordmaster's attack ended as abruptly as it had begun, leaving Jiang Feng motionless on the blood-soaked ground. His life force flickered and waned, fading into the void of eternal darkness.

Cambion, standing alongside Azrael, glanced briefly at Jiang Feng's lifeless body before returning his attention to the chaos unfolding around them. The demon warrior showed no signs of remorse or pity, as if the demise of a cultivator held no significance in the grand tapestry of their purpose.

Amidst the maddening cries of the undead and the stench of death, Li Mei's voice echoed with a chilling finality. "Your ambition led you to this end, Jiang Feng. May your demise serve as a cautionary tale to those who dare to tread the path of unchecked power."

The battlefield descended further into an abyss of despair, the hollow laughter of the ghost reverberating through the air like a haunting requiem. The remnants of the Celestial Flame Sect were left to face the consequences of their fallen leader's choices, while Azrael and Cambion faded back into the shadows, leaving only the lingering darkness in their wake.

In the aftermath of the massacre, a heavy silence settled over the once tumultuous battlefield. The growls of the undead creatures, their hunger unabated, echoed through the air like a twisted lullaby. It was a chilling symphony that filled the void left by the fallen warriors, a macabre reminder of the insatiable nature of death itself.

The lifeless bodies of the cultivators lay strewn across the blood-soaked ground, their once vibrant spirits extinguished. The undead, their eyes glazed with an eternal hunger, feasted upon the remains of the fallen, tearing into flesh and bone with a frenzied frenzy. The sound of their gnashing teeth and slurping tongues reverberated through the desolate landscape, a grotesque chorus that spoke of the grim fate that had befallen them.