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### Chapter 162 162: Destroy The Ebon Citadel (Part 2)

Paintings of demons and dark creatures adorned the ceilings, their eyes seemingly following Azrael and Cambion as they made their way deeper into the citadel. Sinister statues stood in alcoves, frozen in poses of agony and despair, their marble gazes fixated on the intruders.

As Azrael and Cambion ventured further into the heart of the Ebon Citadel, a sudden disturbance in the air. The walls of the citadel seemed to ripple and shift, as if the very fabric of reality was being torn asunder. From the shadows, figures began to emerge, their forms seemingly melding with the darkness itself.

The Void Sentinels had arrived.

These formidable adversaries materialized through the walls, their presence emanating a sinister aura. Their appearances living up to their name. Clad in dark, ethereal armor that seemed to absorb all light, they blended seamlessly into the shadows. Their forms flickered and shifted, giving the impression of beings composed of pure darkness. Each Sentinel wielded a weapon infused with the power of shadows, crackling with a menacing energy.

Azrael's eyes narrowed as he assessed the situation. He turned to his undead creatures, his voice carrying a commanding authority. "Undead legion, heed my command! Obliterate these interlopers!" With a wave of his hand, the undead creatures surged forward, meeting the approaching Void Sentinels head-on.

With a bone-chilling howl, the undead creatures surged forward, their twisted bodies colliding with the spectral forms of the Void Sentinels. The clash of dark energies created a cataclysmic spectacle, with shadows and ghostly apparitions intertwining in a dance of destruction.

The undead warriors, driven by an insatiable hunger, tore into the Void Sentinels with savage ferocity. Skeletal swords clashed against incorporeal shadows, while zombies relentlessly attacked with their decomposing limbs. Ghostly apparitions wailed and unleashed ethereal blasts, colliding with the void-born adversaries. Ghouls leaped and clawed, tearing at the very essence of the Void Sentinels.

The Void Sentinels, masters of the shadow element, retaliated with swift and calculated strikes. Shadows coalesced into razor-sharp blades, slashing through the undead with deadly precision. They harnessed the power of darkness, launching devastating waves of shadow energy that

shattered bones and disintegrated flesh. The very fabric of reality seemed to warp and twist under their malevolent influence.

As the battle raged on, the clash between the undead creatures and the Void Sentinels intensified. Blood, shadows, and spectral essence stained the cold stone floors of the Ebon Citadel. The air crackled with dark energy, each strike resonating with the power of opposing elements.

Azrael and Cambion, witnessing the epic struggle unfolding before them. Their eyes glimmered with curiosity and a trace of satisfaction, their expressions stoic as they assessed the situation. They observed the ebb and flow of the battle, analyzing the strengths and weaknesses of both sides, their minds calculating the optimal moment to intervene.

Azrael's gaze never wavered as he observed the ferocious clash between the undead creatures and the Void Sentinels. His crimson eyes narrowed, analyzing the patterns of the battle, seeking the perfect opportunity to tip the scales in their favor. Beside him, Cambion maintained a respectful distance, his eyes filled with admiration for Azrael's strategic prowess.

"These Void Sentinels possess formidable power," Cambion remarked, his voice laced with awe. "But they underestimate the strength of our undead legion."

Azrael nodded, a faint smile playing upon his lips. "Indeed, their reliance on the shadow element makes them vulnerable to our forces. Shadows are powerless against the undead, creatures already steeped in darkness."

As the clash continued, the tide of battle slowly began to turn. The undead creatures, driven by an insatiable hunger for destruction, displayed a resilience that even the ethereal forms of the Void Sentinels could not match. Their decayed bodies regenerated with each strike, their relentless assault wearing down their spectral adversaries.

Ghouls, with their nimble movements, maneuvered through the chaos, exploiting weaknesses in the Void Sentinels' defenses. With razor-sharp claws, they tore at the shadows enveloping their foes, disrupting their cohesion and sowing confusion. The Void Sentinels' attacks became increasingly erratic as their unity faltered.

Azrael observed the opportunity that presented itself. With a gesture, he signaled his undead creatures to intensify their assault, targeting the weakened Void Sentinels with renewed fervor. Skeletons raised their swords high, slashing through the ethereal armor with bone-crushing force. Zombies lunged, their rotting jaws clamping down on incorporeal limbs, tearing at the very essence of the Void Sentinels.

The battle reached its crescendo as the undead creatures closed in on the remaining Void Sentinels. Shadows writhed and recoiled, their strength waning against the relentless onslaught. The citadel echoed with the anguished cries of the Void Sentinels, their once-imposing forms now disintegrating into mere fragments of darkness.

Azrael and Cambion watched as the last of the Void Sentinels faded away, vanishing into the void from whence they came. The silence that followed was heavy, pregnant with the triumph of the undead legion. The citadel, once consumed by darkness, now bathed in the eerie glow of victory.

The undead creatures stood victorious, their forms battered and tattered, yet triumphant. Azrael and Cambion approached, their presence commanding and their expressions resolute.

"You have fought well," Azrael commended his undead legion, his voice resonating with a chilling authority. "Revel in your victory, for it is well earned."

Cambion bowed his head respectfully, acknowledging the strength and leadership of Azrael. "Your power is unmatched, Azrael. I am honored to fight alongside you."

Azrael's lips curved into a faint smile. "Together, we shall continue to reshape this cultivation world for our lord."

And as the echoes of their victory resounded through the desolate halls of the Ebon Citadel, Azrael and Cambion prepared to face the next challenge that awaited them. Their dominion over the cultivation world was inevitable, and none would dare defy the might of the forces under their almighty lord's command.

Cambion, ever respectful of Azrael's power, stepped forward and raised his voice, his words filled with reverence. "Azrael, your strength and wisdom guide us on this path of darkness. We are privileged to fight alongside you, and we shall ensure that our lord's dominion is unchallenged."