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### Chapter 163 163: Cambion Fight Alone

Azrael nodded, acknowledging Cambion's words with a sense of satisfaction. "Together, Cambion, we shall forge a legacy that shall be etched in the annals of this cultivation world. Our lord's name shall be feared, and those who dare stand against us shall be crushed."

The undead legion, bolstered by their leaders' words, prepared for the next phase of their conquest. Their eyes glinted with a hunger for power, their twisted forms exuding an aura of menace. They moved as one, a relentless tide of darkness, leaving behind the defeated remnants of the Void Sentinels as a testament to their might.

With their victory over the Void Sentinels, Azrael and Cambion knew that they had only scratched the surface of the Ebon Citadel's challenges. They pressed forward, their path leading them through a series of stages, each one more treacherous than the last.

The first stage they entered was the Chamber of Eternal Shadows. As they stepped into the chamber, the air grew thick with an oppressive darkness. Shadows danced and swirled around them, concealing hidden dangers. The undead legion followed closely behind, their eyes glowing with an unholy radiance that pierced through the gloom.

Azrael and Cambion exchanged a knowing glance, their senses heightened as they prepared for the unknown. "Be vigilant," Azrael warned, his voice carrying a note of caution. "The shadows within this chamber hold secrets and traps. Do not let them ensnare you."

As they ventured deeper into the Chamber of Eternal Shadows, the darkness seemed to come alive, taking on tangible form. Shadows coalesced into twisted figures, wielding wicked blades and attacking with an eerie precision. The undead creatures fought valiantly, their necrotic forms clashing with the shadowy adversaries.

Azrael's dark sword sliced through the shadowy figures, cleaving them in two with each precise strike. His movements were swift and fluid, a deadly dance of death and destruction. Meanwhile, Cambion twirled his spear with expert precision, thrusting it forward with calculated force. The tip of his weapon pierced through the shadowy adversaries, dispersing them like mist.

As they progressed through the Chamber of Eternal Shadows, the shadows grew thicker, enveloping their surroundings in an impenetrable darkness. Whispers echoed through the chamber, chilling the very marrow of their bones. But Azrael and Cambion remained undeterred, their determination unyielding.

Suddenly, the shadows converged, forming a colossal figure that loomed over them. The Shadow Monarch, a manifestation of darkness and malevolence, stood before them, its eyes burning with an unholy flame. Its presence was suffocating, emanating a raw, overwhelming power.

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The battle in the Chamber of Eternal Shadows was fierce, but the undead legion proved their resilience once again. Their tenacity and Azrael's strategic guidance allowed them to overcome the shadow creatures, reducing them to mere wisps of darkness.

Exiting the Chamber of Eternal Shadows, Azrael and Cambion found themselves in the Hall of Cursed Souls, the second stage of their journey. The hall was adorned with spectral chains that dangled from the ceiling, swaying ominously. Tormented whispers filled the air, echoing through the chamber as if carried on an ethereal wind.

As they stepped into the Hall of Cursed Souls, the atmosphere grew heavy with malevolence. Cambion could feel the weight of the curses that lingered in the air, igniting a burning rage within him. His eyes narrowed, filled with a thick killing intent.

Cambion's eyes narrowed, his grip tightening on his spear. A solitary figure venturing into the heart of the cursed hall. His demonic presence radiated with an overwhelming killing intent, a palpable force that clashed with the tormented souls trapped within.

The spectral chains hanging from the ceiling rattled, their ethereal links resonating with the souls' anguish. The whispers grew louder, their haunting voices filling Cambion's ears. But he steeled himself, the resolve in his crimson eyes unyielding.

Azrael, aware of the dangerous aura permeating the hall, placed a hand on Cambion's shoulder. "Be cautious, Cambion. This hall is teeming with curses that can drain your strength. Focus your mind and steel your will."

Cambion nodded, gripping his spear tightly, his demonic aura pulsating with anticipation. "I can sense the presence of an early-stage Core Formation enemy nearby. It seems we are in for a true test of strength."

As the undead legion waited at the entrance, Cambion advanced alone into the heart of the hall. The spectral chains swayed ominously, their ethereal forms dancing in the air. Tormented souls moaned and whispered, their anguished cries echoing through the chamber.

Suddenly, a figure materialized from the shadows, stepping into the dim light. It was an enemy, its features mirroring Cambion's own. However, this opponent exuded a chilling aura of power, its eyes filled with a hunger for dominance.

"So, you dare intrude upon the Hall of Cursed Souls," the enemy cultivator sneered, its voice laced with arrogance. "Prepare to meet your demise at my hands."

Cambion met the enemy's gaze, his own eyes gleaming with thick killing intent. He twirled his spear, its silver tip gleaming under the faint glow of the spectral chains.

"You may have attempted to imitate me, but you cannot replicate the strength of my demonic cultivation," Cambion declared, his voice dripping with confidence. "I shall show you the true meaning of power."

The enemy scoffed, a smirk playing on their lips. "Your arrogance will be your downfall. I have surpassed the limitations of your feeble cultivation. Prepare to witness true power."

With a burst of energy, the enemy cultivator unleashed its core formation strength. A surge of power rippled through the hall, causing the spectral chains to rattle and the tormented souls to wail in anguish.

Cambion remained undeterred, his focus honed on the opponent before him. He channeled his demonic essence, his aura intensifying with each passing moment. The air crackled with tension as the two adversaries locked eyes, a clash of wills about to unfold.

Without hesitation, the enemy lunged forward, its movements swift and precise. It brandished a black blade wreathed in dark energy, each strike aimed at exploiting Cambion's weaknesses.

Cambion met the onslaught head-on, his spear techniques blending fluidly with his demonic abilities. With a graceful spin, he parried the enemy's strikes, deflecting them with pinpoint accuracy. His movements were a deadly dance, a testament to his mastery of the spear.

"Is that all you have?" Cambion taunted, his voice laced with confidence. "Your imitation falls short, for I am the true embodiment of darkness."

The enemy's eyes narrowed, its frustration evident. It intensified its attacks, channeling its core formation power to unleash devastating strikes. Shadows twisted and contorted around them, enhancing the ferocity of its assault.

But Cambion's resolve remained unbroken. With each clash, he adapted, analyzing his opponent's techniques and exploiting its weaknesses. He countered with swift thrusts and deft maneuvers, aiming for vital points that could cripple the enemy's cultivation.

As the battle raged on, the tormented souls in the hall seemed to stir, its spectral forms twisting in agony. Their ethereal cries merged with the clash of weapons, creating an eerie symphony of despair.

"You may have power, but you lack the resolve to wield it," Cambion stated with a cold determination. "I, on the other hand, embrace the darkness within me."

With those words, Cambion tapped into the depths of his demonic cultivation. A surge of dark energy emanated from him, enveloping his spear and imbuing it with a malevolent aura.

His attacks became swifter, deadlier. Each strike carried the weight of his killing intent, aiming to sever the enemy's connection to their core formation strength.

The enemy, now on the defensive, struggled to match Cambion's ferocity. It staggered under the relentless assault, its blade faltering against the onslaught of demonic power.

Sensing the opponent's vulnerability, Cambion seized the opportunity to deliver the final blow. With a lightning-fast thrust, he propelled himself forward, his spear slicing through the air with a lethal precision.

The technique he employed was known as the "Soulbane Piercing," a skill honed through years of cultivation and battle. As his spear neared the enemy's chest, the air itself seemed to tremble with anticipation, acknowledging the impending doom.

The tip of Cambion's spear pierced through the enemy's defenses, penetrating its core formation shield with a resounding impact. A wave of dark energy rippled outward, engulfing the enemy in a vortex of shadows.

A strangled cry escaped the enemy's lips as the Soulbane Pierce took effect. Dark energy surged into their body, disrupting their core formation and causing their cultivation essence to crumble. The enemy's body convulsed, wracked with pain as their cultivation foundation shattered.

Cambion withdrew his spear, the enemy's body collapsing to the ground with a thud. The hall fell into silence, the tormented souls momentarily still, as if witnessing the finality of their own fate.

"Your imitation ends here," Cambion declared, his voice resonating with a chilling finality. "May your defeat serve as a reminder to those who dare oppose our lord's reign."

Silence settled over the Hall of Cursed Souls as Cambion stood amidst the aftermath of the battle. The tormented souls seemed to quiet, their whispers fading into the ethereal background.

He turned away from the fallen enemy, his attention now focused on the next stage of their conquest. Azrael approached, his eyes gleaming with approval.

Azrael approached, his eyes gleaming with admiration. "Impressive, Cambion. Your Soulbane Pierce technique is truly formidable. You have shown the true strength of our demonic cultivation."

Cambion inclined his head slightly, acknowledging Azrael's words. "I am humbled by your praise, Azrael. This is all thanks to our lord, Argon," he said with a worshipful gleam in his eyes, his thoughts consumed by reverence for their powerful leader.

Azrael's expression softened, understanding Cambion's devotion to their lord. "Indeed, Cambion. Our achievements are a testament to the guidance and strength bestowed upon us by our Lord... We shall continue to carry out his will and spread his dominion throughout the cultivation world."