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Chapter 164 164: Azrael's Might

As Cambion and Azrael exchanged words of loyalty and reverence, the doors at the end of the Hall of Cursed Souls creaked open, revealing the entrance to the last stage of their conquest. The air grew heavy with anticipation as they stepped into the final chamber, an expansive arena bathed in an ethereal glow.

They entered a vast chamber, the heart of the Ebon Citadel. The arena was bathed in an eerie, otherworldly glow, emanating from arcane symbols etched into the walls. The air was heavy with a sense of foreboding, as if the very fabric of the cultivation world trembled in anticipation.

In the center of the chamber, five towering figures stood tall and imposing—the Core Formation Void Sentinels. These powerful adversaries possessed an aura that transcended the mortal realm. Their forms were enshrouded in darkness, and their eyes glowed with a malevolent light.

Cambion tightened his grip on his demonic spear, feeling the surge of energy within him. Azrael unsheathed his dark sword, its blade humming with an unholy resonance. The time for words had passed. It was time to unleash their full power.

The undead creatures, loyal to their leaders, formed a protective barrier around the perimeter of the arena, engaging the lower-level opponents and keeping them at bay. Their skeletal forms moved with an eerie grace, their attacks precise and relentless. Even in death, they proved to be formidable adversaries.

Meanwhile, Azrael and Cambion faced the Core Formation Void Sentinels, their eyes locked on the five powerful enemies before them. The tension in the air was palpable, and a silence settled over the chamber as the battle-ready adversaries prepared for the clash.

A mocking smile twisted the lips of one of the Core Formation Void Sentinels, the peak Core Formation one, had flown to the watching area. Azrael's anger flared at the audacity of this opponent, a fellow peak Core Formation cultivator who dared to belittle their might.

"You dare to mock us? You shall pay for your insolence," Azrael spat, his voice laced with fury. The dark aura surrounding him intensified, pulsating with his inner rage.

Cambion's eyes narrowed, his gaze fixed on the arrogant enemy. "Prepare yourself. Our lord's power shall be your undoing," he warned, his voice carrying the weight of his determination.

With a swift, graceful movement, Azrael lunged forward, his dark sword gleaming in the ethereal light. His technique, known as the "Shadow's Embrace," was a testament to his mastery over darkness. As he swung his sword, shadows surged forth, wrapping around the enemy's defenses, seeking to drain their strength.

Azrael's blade sliced through the air with an otherworldly swiftness, leaving behind a trail of shimmering darkness. The shadows coiled around the void sentinel's body, constricting their movements and draining their vital energy.

The void sentinel's confident smirk faltered as their cultivation essence was gradually sapped away. They struggled to break free from the suffocating grip of Azrael's technique, but the darkness clung to them tenaciously, feeding on their life force.

Sensing the imminent defeat of their comrade, another void sentinel lunged forward, unleashing a barrage of devastating energy projectiles. The projectiles tore through the air, aiming to shatter Azrael's defenses and disrupt his concentration.

But Cambion, ever vigilant by his ally's side, intercepted the incoming onslaught. With a swift motion of his spear, he summoned forth a demonic shield, a fusion of his spear techniques and infernal energy. The shield materialized before Azrael, intercepting the energy projectiles and dispersing them harmlessly into the air.

"Impudent fools," Cambion hissed, his voice tinged with contempt. "Your attacks shall find no purchase against us."

As the energy projectiles dissipated, Azrael seized the opportunity to strike. With a surge of power, he unleashed a devastating counterattack, his dark sword cleaving through the void sentinel's weakened defenses.

His technique, known as "Eclipse Sunder," was a display of unparalleled precision and strength. The blade danced with malevolence, leaving behind a trail of distorted shadows. Each strike carried the weight of Azrael's fury, aiming to sever the enemy's connection to their cultivation essence.

The void sentinel's eyes widened in disbelief as Azrael's blade bit deep into their form. Darkness enveloped them, consuming their essence and casting them into eternal oblivion. Their body crumbled, dissipating into nothingness, leaving behind only a chilling echo of their demise.

With unwavering determination, Azrael pressed his advantage. His movements were fluid and precise, each strike calculated to exploit the Void Sentinel's vulnerabilities. The dark sword danced through the air, leaving a trail of inky shadows in its wake.

As the battle ensued, Cambion leaped into the fray, his demonic spear whirling through the air with deadly accuracy. He unleashed a barrage of thrusts and spins, each movement synchronized with Azrael's attacks. Their combined assault was a symphony of darkness, each strike amplifying the other's power.

The remaining Core Formation Void Sentinels, witnessing the fate of their comrade, felt a twinge of fear creeping into the depths of their soul. The aura of the dark swordmaster and the demonic spear user was undeniable, their mastery of their respective techniques unmatched.

With a primal roar, Cambion unleashed his own technique, "Infernal Vortex." He tapped into the abyssal depths of his demonic cultivation, summoning a swirling vortex of flames around his spear. The infernal flames licked at the air, hungrily seeking to consume their foes.

The Core Formation Void Sentinels found themselves trapped within the raging inferno, their movements hampered by the searing heat. The demonic flames seeped through the cracks in their defenses, scorching their cultivation essence and leaving them vulnerable.

With a final coordinated strike, Azrael and Cambion delivered the decisive blow. Azrael's dark sword cleaved through the weakened core formation shield, while Cambion's spear impaled the heart of their opponent. The chamber reverberated with the final, agonized cries of the defeated Void Sentinel.

A hushed silence fell over the chamber as the remaining low level void sentinels beheld the fate of their fallen superior, fear flickered in their eyes.

"Enough," a commanding voice boomed through the chamber, echoing with an air of authority. It was the peak Core Formation void sentinel, who had descended from the watching area, his presence radiating an overwhelming aura of power.

Azrael's eyes narrowed as he locked his gaze on the approaching void sentinel. He could feel the immense cultivation energy emanating from the peak Core Formation opponent, a force to be reckoned with. But not as strong as him.

"Cambion, stand down," Azrael commanded, his voice firm but laced with an undercurrent of determination. "I shall face this bastard alone."

Cambion's brows furrowed in concern, but he quickly composed himself, respecting Azrael's decision. "As you wish, Azrael," he replied. "He's all yours."

The dark swordmaster took a step forward, his grip tightening around his dark sword. The air crackled with tension as he prepared himself for the ultimate confrontation. His eyes burned with a mixture of fury and determination, focused solely on the peak Core Formation void sentinel.

"You dare to mock us, belittle our might, and think you can stand against us? I will show you the true extent of my swordmanship," Azrael declared, his voice resonating with an intensity that sent shivers down the spines of all present.

With a surge of energy, Azrael activated his most profound technique—the "Abyssal Desolation." Darkness gathered around him, swirling and coalescing into a massive vortex of shadows. The shadows twisted and writhed, hungry for the opponent's demise.

The peak Core Formation void sentinel's eyes widened, sensing the imminent danger that lay before it. It tensed, readying itself for the battle that would determine its fate.

Azrael charged forward with unparalleled speed, his dark sword gleaming with malevolent intent. He sliced through the air with a blinding swiftness, leaving behind trails of swirling shadows in his wake. The ground shook with each step as his aura intensified, radiating a palpable sense of dread.

The peak Core Formation void sentinel met Azrael's advance head-on, its own cultivation energy surging in response. It unleashed a barrage of attacks, each strike infused with raw power and precision. But Azrael effortlessly evaded their onslaught, his movements a seamless dance of darkness and agility.

With a fluid motion, Azrael countered with a technique known as "Shadow's Bane." His dark sword became an extension of his will, cutting through the enemy's defenses like a blade through paper. Shadows wrapped around the void sentinel, constricting its movements and draining its strength.

The peak Core Formation void sentinel roared in fury, its cultivation essence flaring with renewed determination. It retaliated with a devastating energy wave, a display of their overwhelming power. But Azrael stood firm, channeling his own energy to create a barrier of shadows that absorbed the impact.

As the clash continued, the arena became a battleground of titanic forces. Arcane symbols etched into the walls pulsed with energy, amplifying the combatants' cultivation prowess. The very fabric of space seemed to tremble, caught in the throes of their clash.

Azrael's eyes burned with a fierce resolve as he unleashed one of his techniques—the "Soulshatter Nova." With a resounding cry, Azrael channeled his dark energy into a concentrated sphere of pure destructive force. The sphere pulsed ominously, crackling with malevolence and the power to annihilate.

He launched the Soulshatter Nova towards the peak Core Formation void sentinel, its trajectory guided by Azrael's unwavering focus. The sphere hurtled through the air, leaving a trail of shimmering darkness in its wake.

The void sentinel, recognizing the imminent danger, summoned its own defensive technique—a shimmering shield of dark energy. The shield quivered under the impending impact, the clash of opposing energies threatening to tear it apart.