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Chapter 165 165: Kael, The Azure Blade

With a thunderous explosion, the Soulshatter Nova collided with the void sentinel's shield. The impact sent shockwaves rippling through the chamber, shaking the very foundation of the Ebon Citadel. The shield strained against the onslaught, cracks spiderwebbing across its surface.

But Azrael was relentless. Drawing upon the depths of his cultivation and fueled by the memory of every insult hurled their way, he poured more energy into the Soulshatter Nova. The cracks on the shield deepened, and the light within began to flicker.

With a final surge of power, the void sentinel's shield shattered, unable to withstand the devastating force of the Soulshatter Nova. The concentrated darkness engulfed the void sentinel, tearing through its form and ripping its cultivation essence asunder.

A cacophony of cries echoed through the chamber as the peak Core Formation void sentinel disintegrated, its power unraveling in a vortex of shadows. Azrael stood amidst the dissipating remnants, his face cold.

Cambion approached, his respect evident in his eyes. "Impressive. Your technique was flawlessly executed," he praised, his voice filled with admiration.

Azrael sheathed his dark sword, his gaze unwavering. "It was a necessary victory," he replied, his voice steady. "We cannot afford to let our enemies mock us, for it would be an insult to our lord's name."

Together, Azrael and Cambion turned their attention to the aftermath of their battle. The remaining void sentinels, low-level and high-level alike, cast wary glances their way, a mix of fear and awe etched upon their faces.

Just as Azrael and Cambion believed the battle was won, an unexpected turn of events took them by surprise. The lifeless corpses of the defeated void sentinels and the scattered remnants of the low-level void sentinels began to converge, swirling together in a macabre dance of dark energy. The air grew heavy with spiritual pressure.

Suddenly, from the amalgamation of death and decay emerged an old man, a frail, elderly man with skin clinging to his bones. Despite his appearance, a palpable spiritual pressure emanated from him,

affecting even Azrael, who was renowned for his indomitable will. Cambion struggled to maintain his composure, his body trembling under the weight of the spiritual force.

The old man raised a bony hand, and with a single wave, a wave of energy rippled through the chamber. The undead creatures burst into a blinding light, disintegrating into nothingness. All that remained was the lingering echo of their existence, fading into the ethereal void.

With the room now cleared of the undead minions, the old man fixed his gaze upon Azrael and Cambion. His eyes bore the weariness of age, but also a twisted hunger that sent a chill down their spines.

"You have proven yourselves formidable," the old man spoke, his voice carrying an air of ancient wisdom and malevolence. "But your strength pales in comparison to what I possess."

Azrael's eyes narrowed, his suspicion growing. "Who are you, old man, and what is your purpose here?" he demanded, his voice laced with a mixture of caution and disdain.

The old man let out a dry chuckle, a sound that seemed to reverberate through the very core of the chamber. "I am the master of this Ebon Citadel," he revealed, his voice dripping with malice. "A place where I have lured unsuspecting cultivators, robbing them of their life force to sustain my own existence."

"You dare to toy with the lives of others for your own selfish gain, even though you are a human, you are no different from us," Azrael said, his voice dripping with scorn. His mocking smile revealed his disdain for the old man's actions.

The old man's eyes narrowed, a flicker of anger crossing his face. "You know nothing of what I have sacrificed and what I have become," he spat back, his voice laced with bitterness.

As the old man spoke, a gust of wind suddenly swept through the chamber, causing the atmosphere to grow heavy with anticipation. The air crackled with energy as a figure emerged from the shadows, stepping into the dim light with an aura that commanded attention.

It was a man of imposing stature, his presence radiating with an otherworldly power. Clad in flowing azure robes that billowed around him, he exuded an air of authority and strength. His eyes, a piercing shade of sapphire, scanned the chamber with an intensity that seemed to pierce through the old man's defenses.

Silence fell over the room as all eyes turned to the newcomer, a stranger from a distant continent who had witnessed the old man's treachery and sought justice for the innocent lives he had stolen. The old man's eyes widened in recognition, a mix of surprise and fear flashing across his face.

"You...," the old man stammered, his voice trembling. "You're supposed to be dead! How... how did you find me here?"

The stranger's voice boomed through the chamber, resonating with an otherworldly power. "I am Kael, the Azure Blade, the harbinger of justice," he declared, his voice carrying a weight that commanded obedience. "I have traveled across realms to put an end to your wicked deeds."

The old man's voice quivered with desperation. "You cannot understand the depths of my suffering. I needed their life force to heal myself, to survive."

Kael's gaze hardened, his voice filled with righteous fury. "Your personal suffering does not justify the torment you inflicted upon countless innocent lives," he stated, his words ringing with conviction. "You have forsaken your humanity for selfish gains, and for that, you shall face the consequences."

With a swift motion, Kael drew his sword—a gleaming azure blade that seemed to radiate with its own inner light. The sword hummed with power, resonating with Kael's unwavering resolve.

The old man stumbled backward, fear etched across his face. "You cannot defeat me," he spat, his voice trembling. "I possess the power of this Ebon Citadel!"

Kael's eyes gleamed with determination as he took a step forward. "The power of darkness is no match for the light of justice," he proclaimed, his voice cutting through the old man's feeble defenses.

In one fluid motion, Kael raised his sword high above his head, channeling his cultivation energy into a devastating technique known as the "Celestial Sunder." A brilliant beam of azure light shot forth from his blade, slicing through the air with unstoppable force.

The old man's eyes widened in terror as the beam of light neared, its intensity searing through his defenses. In a desperate attempt to protect himself, he summoned a barrier of dark energy. But it proved futile against the overwhelming power of Kael's attack.

With a resounding impact, the "Celestial Sunder" shattered the old man's barrier, engulfing him in a blinding explosion of azure light. The chamber shook as the force of the attack tore through the Ebon Citadel, shattering its foundations and reducing it to ruins.

When the dust settled, only a charred silhouette remained of the old man, his life force drained. Kael stood amidst the wreckage, his sword still in hand, his expression one of grim satisfaction.

"It is done," Kael declared, his voice echoing through the remnants of the Ebon Citadel. "Justice has been served."

Kael's gaze shifted from the ruins to Azrael and Cambion, the enigmatic beings who had aided him in locating the old man. Their presence was unfamiliar to him, their unique races intrigued him, for he had never encountered beings like them in all his travels through different continents. With a discerning eye, he studied them, sensing a foreboding aura that clung to their very beings.

"You two emit a peculiar energy, a bad omen that lingers," Kael remarked, his voice steady and observant. "What purpose do you serve in this world?"

Azrael, the shadow kin, inclined his head slightly, meeting Kael's gaze without fear. "We seek power and dominion, unyielding in our pursuit." he responded, his voice carrying an otherworldly resonance.

Kael nodded, his expression grave. "Your intentions are questionable, yet I owe you a debt for guiding me to this malefactor," he admitted, his voice tinged with a hint of gratitude. "For now, I shall not interfere with your affairs, but be warned—your actions will not escape the scrutiny of justice."

Azrael's lips curled into a sly smile, devoid of fear or concern. "We have no fear of death," he stated with a hint of pride. "But mark my words, Kael, the Azure Blade, we will continue to walk our path, undeterred by your judgments."

Kael's eyes shimmered with a mixture of curiosity and wariness. "Your resilience is commendable, but remember that every choice bears consequences," he cautioned, his voice laden with a weight of authority. "Walk your path, but do not stray too far into the realms of darkness, for it may consume you."

The tension in the chamber remained palpable as the three figures regarded each other, their purposes and destinies intertwined, if only for this moment. They understood the fleeting nature of their encounter, each returning to their own quests and responsibilities in this vast cultivation world.

With a final nod, Kael turned to depart, his azure robes billowing behind him. "Remember, Azrael, Cambion," he called out, his voice carrying a solemn tone. "I am but a wanderer, a seeker of truth and balance," he announced cryptically. "Where darkness thrives, I shall bring light. Remember my name, for it shall be whispered across continents: Kael, the Azure Blade."

And with that, Kael vanished into the shadows, leaving Azrael and Cambion to ponder the words of the Azure Blade, their encounter with him becoming but a fleeting memory in the grand tapestry of their intertwined fates.